

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.
564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.
Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

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We should like to stress the word, "our," in the phrase, "Our New School Teachers." In a very real sense they are **our** teachers.

Our New School Teachers

They have come to the north shore totally unacquainted, perhaps, with both people and surroundings. The north shore is very little like the small towns where many of the new teachers have their homes. If we on the north shore may not be said to be lacking in hospitality it cannot be denied that many newcomers have found us somewhat over-occupied with our own interests. There is therefore some need for reminding ourselves that these new teachers are **our** teachers.

In the first place it is very likely that many of these strangers have had, and still are having, some difficulty in getting settled. There are few unoccupied quarters on the north shore, and rents and provisions are high. Anyone who has taken the trouble to compare the cost of small town or country living with the cost of north shore living has learned this fact.

Let us make our new teachers feel at home. One of the best ways to do this is to respond cordially when introduced. And then let us invite them to our homes. In passing, we may say that no little credit for bringing about this pleasant association between the oldtimers and the newcomers have been the numerous branches of the Parent Teacher association.

By hundreds and thousands America's children are returning to school. The highways from summer camps and resorts have been jammed with cars carrying sunburned youngsters and tons of baggage. The trains rushing homewards have been crowded to both platforms with lambs and sheep that for eight or nine weeks have been feeding and gamboling in happy vacation pastures.

Once more our north shore school buildings—kindergarten, grammar, and high—have become the busy hives that they were in June. Last year's books, covered with the summer dust will either remain forever unopened on the closet shelves or be passed on to little brother or sister. But the boys and girls with new or used books are in the school again all set for a busy nine months.

Begin right, boys and girls. Make up your minds to begin at the top and stay there all through the year. The machinery of your brain is a little rusty, but you can wear off the rust by a strong steady pull at the very first. And whatever you do, do this one thing—determine to like your work!

It is settled that Main street in Wilmette will be paved and that our sad eyes and badly jounced centers of equilibrium will somewhat later in the fall get a most pleasant surprise.

Paving An Important Street

For years at one time or another almost every north shore motorist has had occasion to use this very convenient and very bumpy thoroughfare. We have not now in mind the southern stretches of this avenue of industry but the two or three blocks adjacent to the North Western station. And when he, the afore-said driver, suddenly comes upon a new concrete highway fifty-two feet wide, how happy he will be!

From all who know Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rummel of Winnetka there goes to them a feeling of heartfelt sympathy. Death almost without exception is a shock, but the blow is almost unendurable when young people are suddenly taken away. And we sympathize sincerely with a family in which a son strong and full of promise has been called away quickly and without warning.

Heartfelt Sympathy

The most that friends can do on so terrible an occasion is to extend this heartfelt sympathy. It helps little, but it helps, because it is simple and genuine.

More or less obscurely, in the news columns, has appeared in slightly prosaic, statistical form, the closing chapter of an epic that New England ought never to forget—the epic of the greatest and most complete, the most efficiently organized, yet the most intensely human relief movement in all its history.

It is the last chapter of the gripping story that tells how the American Red Cross—still the greatest Mother, just as it was in war days—thrust out a strong hand to help New England back to its feet just nine months ago in the wake of a flood that shattered our communities and stunned, physically or economically many of its peoples and institutions.

Now, nine months after the catastrophe, when most of us here in one of the communities that it visited, have long been absorbed in our own affairs and have almost forgotten all about it, the Red Cross has just found it possible to withdraw, slowly and gently, the hand it thrust out so promptly a year ago.

The Red Cross has written this final chapter—in a candid official report. But, New England hearts and minds, remember again the task and how quietly and unobtrusively, how efficiently and completely it has been done. That chapter will be expanded into what it really is: the most essential chapter of a great epic.

—No. Adams (Mass) Transcript.

What a grand muddle it would be if our streets were not designated by plainly marked street name posts. In some respects at least a similar predicament ensues when residences and business buildings are not indicated by conspicuously placed numbers. Wilmette has enacted an ordinance requiring that every house and store building bear a number of size and location that is plainly visible from the street. Communities having no such regulation would do well to follow the example.

SHORE LINES

Strange Lands and Peoples

September 4, 1928.

Dear Mique—Took straw vote Wednesday at Charlevoix, Mich., for your column. Found one vote for Hoover. One vote for Smith would have indicated town 50-50, but as I located none, the straw would indicate that Hoover will carry Charlevoix unanimously.

Visited southern Michigan. Find talking politics fruitless. Fruit growers have a saying: "talking politics gathers no grapes." Also, it picks no peaches.

At Warsaw, Ind., it is different. Poets and novelists are in politics. Meredith Nicholson deplores corruption of Hoosier officials. He tells me, however, that when a governor, mayor, sheriff or police chief is off color, or as you might say, a "bad egg," he is retired on a modest pension. Board and clothes are furnished free. Frequently he objects to the cut of the suit on account of the stripes running horizontally instead of perpendicular.

I told him when we have to try a governor, we acquit him, reelect him and make him continue to earn his own living.

Outside of campaign times citizens of Indiana are a peaceful people. The natives do not come out from behind trees and bark at the authorities. When not writing books, they sit and spit and think. Sometimes they just whittle.

The state is not doubtful. It will go as usual. Each voter will vote the party ticket of his father and of his grandfather.

Respectfully,
Hoyt King.

Many Have Done Less, Few, More

Richard Aldington, translator of the works of Remy de Gourmont, the celebrated French figure in the world of letters, had this to say in a survey of that noted critic and creative artist's life: "He was born, he grew up, he read, he observed, he thought, he wrote, and he died"—adding: "he was not a great figure." Now, isn't that just too generous?

Chalk One for Winnetka

Mique—The artist Burnhams' of Winnetka, just off on a jaunt around this venerable globe, dropped a message through the mail slot at the branch office, and here it is—Evvie.

The Burnhams' Farewell

One fond farewell, Winnetka, our eyes swell up with tears;
We're on our way around the world, 'twill be about two years.
Yes, we've been vaccinated and inoculated, too,
Against the germs and other things we've got to travel thru.
Our first stop will be Tokyo, and there amidst the Japs
We'll eat raw fish and rice and soup and still survive, perhaps.
Then westward, ever westward, we'll proceed and parlez-vous,
Until, beloved Village, we resume our life with you.
—A. N. B.

Mebbe It's Engine Trouble

Dear Mique—Man standing on a street corner last night listening to a political argument had his first thought in twenty years and had such a spasm over it that the cops had to send in a riot call to quell him. Seems as though he'd been considerably worried over all of these now motorized things—like fire trucks and gang plows—and figured the whole universe was headed toward the meat-grinder. Then they had to go mention Henry Ford and John J. Raskob in the argument and the idea of motorized politics almost killed him.

—Hub of Henderson, Ky.

At any event it should develop into a rattling good campaign.

Tell Us About 'Em, Hoyt

Even though on vacation bent, our dear friend Hoyt, the north shore's ardent get-out-the-voter and arch enemy of the Politico-Crime union, has difficulty in refraining from similar research work in other sections of our astounding nation. It was rather surprising, then, to note that he is more or less familiar with the art of "picking peaches."
—MIQUE.