

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

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 4300

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituaries, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

The recently arrived-at agreement of the North Shore realtors to close their offices on Sunday was reached only after careful

Realtors Close on Sundays

and prolonged investigation. Had this decision been the sudden outcome of hasty and prejudiced conclusion it might be taken lightly. But inasmuch as the views of all realtors involved were thoroughly canvassed and inasmuch as the vote for Sunday closing was virtually unanimous, the action has no little significance.

Among other things it doubtless means that an efficient real estate salesman can do enough business during the six days of the week to make it unnecessary for him to do Sunday work. Good salesmen in other fields prosper without using Sunday.

Obviously the Sunday closing rule cannot operate successfully if individual realtors open their offices on Sunday. It's plainly a case of all or none. Therefore in order that realtors and their office workers may not lose the weekly day of rest and recreation and that the general public become accustomed to confining its real estate buying and selling to normal working days it is hoped that the rule against Sunday opening be adopted by 100% of our North Shore realtors.

What shall be our slogan for the new year, not the one beginning January 1, but about September 5? We want one that

Keep On Growing!

shall be acceptable to both old and young, to business men and to professional men to housewives and to social leaders, to rich and to poor and to those with moderate incomes, to all human beings in short.

We believe that we have found one that only a very few will object to. These very few include the extremely lazy and indolent, the ultra-conservative, the self-satisfied. But these very few may for our purpose be forgotten temporarily. We believe that our suggested slogan will appeal strongly to the great majority of people everywhere.

It is "Keep on Growing."

It must be the aim of every really living person to keep on growing. Living in the real sense of the word is growing. And growing means expanding. The business man must keep on expanding his business, always reaching out for new business. He cannot be content with former victories. Good business grows.

One of the surest signs that human beings are coming to recognize the supreme importance of growing constantly is the steady spread of that movement known as Adult Education. It is only one of the

many evidences that he who grows most is most truly alive.

The north shore is beautiful but not by any means so beautiful as it might very easily be. Streets and vacant lots should

Keep the North Shore Beautiful

be kept free from rubbish of all kinds, especially paper of all sizes and all kinds from newspapers to wrapping paper. If citizens whose homes were near disreputable vacant lots would take on themselves the duties that the absentee owners of these lots have shirked, these citizens would render their neighborhoods a valuable service.

There are on the north shore properties signs so made and so set up as to increase the good looks of the property which they advertise. Realtors responsible for such signs are to be thanked and congratulated. Such real-estate men know that trees were not made to serve as posts for signs and that a good-looking sign sells more efficiently than the other sort.

Would not the north shore be kept more beautiful if more builders studied architecture and gained the desire to put up structures that would please the eye, that were not merely useful but also beautiful?

The love that boys in America and England feel for October is vigorously expressed in the chorus of a song written

October with Us Again

for the boys of Harrow School, England. It is easily among the first of all rousing school songs.

"October! October! March for the dull and sober;
The suns of May for the school-girls' play;
But give to the boys October."

This feeling is shared fully by all red-blooded human beings. There is that in the very sound of the word, October, which thrills and vitalizes. It suggests harvest, the maturing and gathering of fruits and grain, the filling of cellar, crib, and barn with the results of the year's work. It means the reaping of many days of hard labor, the reward of months of persistent planning and putting into effect.

On the north shore October marks the real beginning of a multitude of activities, of social activities of all kinds, of events in many fields—dramatic, athletic, civic.

Three cheers for October!

If you have been wanting to read a statement of experiences and ambitions that is clear, candid, and entirely genuine, read the words in which Dr. Richards resigned his Winnetka pastorate. What you will note first, perhaps, is the perfect combination of readability and simplicity, the total absence of insincerity and attempt to disguise real aims and intentions. Truly the north shore will lose in the departure of Dr. Richards a man and a minister of high qualities, undeniably unique.

The names of the artists who are to appear on the programs of the Artist Recital series will in themselves guarantee a season of delight mingled with real profit. Read the list and be sure to get your tickets: Claudia Muzio, dramatic soprano; Vladimir Horowitz, pianist; Albert Spalding, violinist; Andreas Segovia, guitarist; John Thomas, baritone.

SHORE LINES

THE HARVEST MOON

*As over purpling hills, the day declines,
And slumbrous grows the wind upon the height,
The vintagers turn homeward with the night,
The ripened fruit now gathered from the vines.
There in the gilded west, where golden shines
The last fair vestige of the day so bright,
Soon shall the harvest moon, fair orb of light,
Shed far her beams on mountain-mere and pines.*

*Oh, you, who walk these moon-flood paths with me,
What vintage have you gathered on life's way?
What sown? what reaped? the world is wide and free
To sow where'er you will, or what you may;
Oh, sow you well, that what you reap may be
As wondrous as the harvest Moon's bright ray.*

—Laura Rathbone, in "On Wings of Song."

We'll Take a Bit of "Mule"

Mique, my most revered professional pater, immediately pounces upon me as I enter on a pre-announced absolutely non-professional visit and orders me back to work. (Incidentally, the Soc. Ed wants me to write up a wedding, the Movie Ed a review, the Editorial Writer, an editorial and the Personal Lady to call for personals.)

Hence, as a Visiting Editor, I sit at the head man's desk and write—what, I know not. As usual.

As the Republican desk man on a Democratic paper I promise to subvert the news so as to swing Kentucky over to Mr. Hoover. By the way, have a mint julep.

How does it feel to be back? Just as if I had never been away. The only difference that I can see in the old home office is that the slams that have accumulated in about four months are now being released on me at the rate of forty-two a minute and, now being one of the South's most polite southerners, I fail miserably on the comeback. Ah, Kentucky what hast thou done to me.

—Hub, of Henderson, Ky.

Yes, Yes, Go On

Mique, Sir—Fil the Filosofer has returned from the wilds of Northern Michigan, and with him has also returned the dignity and solid worth so sadly lacking in our editorial rooms since his departure last June. His contributions, now to be delivered at short range, will deal with questions of the hour in masterly fashion. Readers of his column will sooner or later become aware of his leaning towards Herbert H. We also trust that the cleanliness and courtesy of his thoughts and words will convince his readers that he did not during his wilderness tour contract the habit of eating tobacco. In short the campaign for uplifting the manners and morals of the north shore has begun.

—Fil, the Filosofer.

Though no propaganda supporting the fact has reached the editorial desk, we are inclined to the opinion that National Joke Week is upon us, as witness the several contributions provided by some of our dearest enemies. We submit these with the express understanding that this column be absolved from all responsibility. Well, here goes:

(From Beth, just home from a fishing trip)

One of the men in our party hooked the customary sucker in lieu of the coveted perch, and, of course, to the delight of his boat companions. Says he, indignantly enough—"And I had to catch that thing when I thought all the suckers up here were in this boat."

Not so bad, but just get this one from Wickie:

A group of Glencoe women were in the midst of their weekly bridge party when the topic of conversation inevitably turned to husbands, who, it would seem, were in particular favor that day. Suddenly terminating the outbursts of praise, a meek individual volunteered: "Well, you'd probably feel pretty sick if you saw my husband." "Why?" came the astonished chorus. "Aha," says she, "because he's a doctor."

Not to be outdone by the others, our Soc. Ed. chimes in with comment concerning the reported casualties at last Sunday's Sheridan Shore Yacht club races. "It must have been terrible," she opined, "for didn't you hear that the Katydid broke a back stay, and that the Stork ran a buoy."

Positively Astounding

The customary serenity of Wilmette may or may not have been slightly disturbed early this week when a few dozen small boys scattered abroad the information that the state of Pennsylvania does very nicely without Sunday movies. And the obvious answer is: what of it, or, if so, because.

The only difference, after all, is that we choose to do OUR Sunday sleeping in the movies.

—MIQUE.