

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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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.

Next Tuesday is Election Day. The polls will be open from 7 to 5. The registration has been unusually large. Every citizen will want to vote. Men

## Men First Just This Once

Especially will this be true of men who take the train to Chicago to their occupations.

Therefore, women voters are urged not to go to the polls at 7 or 8, but to wait until 9, at which time the majority of men will have cast their votes. At 9 and after, women voters will, we believe, not have to stand in line but can vote conveniently and quickly.

We hope that this suggestion will appeal strongly to women voters and that they therefore will go to the polls after 9.

For the preservation and still more for the progress of the American republic there will always be a real need for true public servants.

## A True Public Servant

Our country will surely cease to prosper when there can no longer be found among its citizens public-spirited men and women, who at the expense of their own time, money, and energy, are willing to serve as members of various bodies such as boards of trustees and boards of education. These men and women, receiving no other compensation than the esteem and gratitude of their fellows, bridge the gap between the mass of the people and institutions such as schools and official village governments.

Such a public servant was Leslie F. Gates. For nine years he worked hard as a member of the high school board, also for part of the time as president. What his work in dollars and cents was worth it would be difficult to reckon. But that it would have mounted up into the hundreds of thousands can not be denied.

Not the least of his contributions to the welfare of the north shore was his real sympathy with the interests and activities of young people, especially high school students. What a man of Mr. Gates' maturity and ability and generosity can do for young people is beyond computation.

For our own benefit and for the prosperity of our north shore communities we need to appreciate more highly such citizens as Leslie F. Gates.

Many north shore residents are graduates of the University of Chicago, that great institution so young and yet so influential. Many

## University of Chicago Chapel

And there is no north shore resident who is not interested in its manifold activities.

Most will agree that the most important activity in the world is religious activity, that activity which goes on between men and God.

At the University of Chicago much emphasis has always been laid on this phase of student and faculty life, but until a few days ago no one building had been specially dedicated to its exercise and propagation.

Sunday, October 28, we attended the dedication ceremonies of the University of Chicago chapel, one of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in America, one of the best suited to accomplish its high purposes. We have not the power, nor do we know one who has, to imagine a nobler or more inspiring structure.

If you need a stimulus for higher and better living take a trip to Woodlawn avenue and 59th street and see this marvelous masterpiece.

As compared with the education of the Athenians the education of the neighbors, the Spartans, had on the whole a distinctly hardening effect. We do not mean brutalizing. Had this education been a little more

## Softening Influences

harsh it might have brutalized the Spartans. But it certainly trained these ancient people of southern Greece to work hard and endure patiently deprivation and suffering. Nor can it be denied that the education of the Athenians did actually soften their moral fiber.

Our high school principal, Mr. Clerk, said recently that the "dangers of auto driving to adolescents are subtle, varied, and accumulative." He then added, "A parent who allows his son or daughter of immature years to use a car must be prepared for almost anything."

Some day we shall ask Mr. Clerk just exactly what he meant by those two sentences. The adjectives, "subtle, varied, and accumulative" call for accurate and full explanation.

But whatever these words mean, it is certain that being carried short distances in cars tends to soften the fiber of young people. A two-mile walk twice a day is the best possible exercise for students and, moreover, saves money. We wish that more parents would insist on their children walking to school.

The season of long nights and short days is upon us. No snow has yet fallen. None to speak of. But the mercury has dropped into the thirties, and that means winter.

## Long Nights and Short Days

We don't love winter. But it's a fine time for indoor work. Office workers over 25 are braced up by a touch or more of frost in the air. One's blood flows more rapidly and abundantly. The out-of-doors doesn't call so alluringly as in warmer days.

Young people and those who still feel young are being somewhat disturbed by occasional visions of Thanksgiving, fleeting thoughts of turkey and cranberry sauce, passing recollections of delicious odors and tastes.

And way off in the hazy distance is Christmas.

The planks placed between rails at crossings should fill not two-thirds nor even three-quarters of the width of the crossing but the entire width. If they do not, what is likely to happen will really happen, as it did on that rainy evening, Wednesday, October 17, in Wilmette. An east-bound auto crossing the North Western tracks at Central avenue went off the planks, down between the rails and there stayed until hauled off. Had this happened just before one of the numerous through trains went thundering past, there would have been a horrible loss of life.

# SHORE LINES

## HOME-COMING

I

### Ready

"Taxi, taxi" . . . new stop lights, Green street repaved, old Prehn's mobbed with well—er—happy alumni wearing new clothes, slapping enemies of by-gone days on the back, a lonesome two or three looking in vain for others of their class and trying not to feel too old . . . and new Prehn's crowded with sophomore's smoking "a la Weirick" sending up clouds of blue smoke through long black cigaret holders . . . "Well, hello, how are yuh? Whatcha doin' this year?"

II

### Lights

"Go you Northwestern . . . Fight 'em Illini." Yellow mums, a muddy parking field, the stadium rocking with yells, the block "I" leading. The kick-off. Northwestern fumbles, the line breaks, touch-down. A yard to go for another and the line holds, it holds again. The half comes and the band plays a new song . . . the alums are out of it . . . formations welcoming "Rusty" and "Hail to the Orange." The Illini worry in the second half, the attorney-general gets a drubbing from an excited co-ed. Zuppke paces the sidelines when Northwestern comes within a foot of the goal, and the line holds. "We're loyal to you, Illinois." The day is ended . . .

III

### Curtain

"My dear, have you heard . . ." confusion, a babel of voices, everyone yelling for attention . . . babies, marriages, deaths. A banquet, with silver enough for everyone, at last; the undergraduates singing "dear alums, we welcome you," a late comer smothered with kisses. Corporation meeting, new house, hundred thousand dollars casually mentioned, gifts, loans, bonds. More callers, then the 6:02 train leaves carrying sleepy visitors, leaving tired students.

—Beth

## And May the BEST Man Win!

Next Tuesday we shall cast our vote for Herbert Hoover. It was long ago that we decided that should the opportunity ever come, we would help to make President that man eminently qualified by training and experience to pilot the ship of state not only safely but as successfully as Coolidge. Republican policy seems to us to fit present and immediate future needs better than Democratic policy. Our vote goes to Hoover!

—Fil, the Philosopher

WE HAD INTENDED, OF COURSE, TO AVOID POLITICAL ENTANGLEMENTS IN-SO-FAR AS SHORE LINES IS CONCERNED. BUT, SINCE FIL HAS INTRODUCED THE SUBJECT, WE SIMPLY CANNOT REFRAIN. FOR ONCE, THEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE RUN UP THE FLAG OF TRUCE AND DECLARE AN ARMISTICE WHILE FIL AND WE TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE PIECE OF BUSINESS IN THE INTEREST OF HERBERT HOOVER.

### Hooray!

And while on the subject—isn't it just too awful what a terrible man this Hoover person has become within the space of a few weeks. We've often wondered: would Wilson and Bryan have disliked him quite as much as do Al and Jim?

### The Thunder Thief

We cannot be certain as to who is tutor and scholar as between Jim Reed and Big Bill the Buller. Both have demonstrated uncanny adeptness in the business of dragging poor King George into our national and municipal political arenas. That proves we "listened in" on Jim 'tother night. Oh, yes indeed!

### Away With Politics!

Aside from all that, we're picking Northwestern to give Minnesota a good rub this Saturday . . . and hoping that Bobby Walthour awakens in time to steal a lap or two at the Six Day Bike races, and that Rajah loses no time in signing that Cub contract.

—MIQUE