

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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What is the true function of government? This question is especially pertinent at the present time when the people have selected those who shall govern them and when the new term of government has not yet begun. At such a time it is eminently proper to determine what constitutes a good government.

## Why Have a Government?

But this cannot be determined until the true function of government has been discovered. Is it the function of government to keep running smoothly a machine that was started many years ago? No, not simply that. Is it the function of government to provide jobs for Tom, Dick, and Harry, and their relatives and friends? Absolutely not.

It is the true function of government to help men attain good and satisfying lives. Government is not an end in itself. It is a means of helping men attain good and satisfying lives. Only as it achieves this end can it be said to be functioning properly.

It is very easy for men and groups of men to forget what they should be trying to do. Especially is this true of men combined in immense political organizations, like city, state, and national administrations. Even smaller organizations like our north shore town administrations need at times to be reminded that it is their principal business to help men, women, and children under their jurisdiction attain happy and satisfying lives. Unless this objective be kept prominently in mind while village problems are being discussed and solutions offered, the results of such deliberations will be widely beside the mark. Every police regulation should aim at conserving and increasing the happiness and satisfaction of citizens and children.

The meeting of the Epworth League national council in Glencoe on December 5, 6, and 7, is a significant event. At this meeting the council will plan work for coming summer conferences, to be attended by upwards of 75,000 young people.

## Meeting on North Shore

The planning for the activities of young people in any field is a critical undertaking. When these activities are in the field of religion the discussions and conclusions take on supreme importance. If such planning is perfunctory and hasty, habits will be formed that may lead to failure in the lives of young people. If the planning is sincere and thoughtful, habits will be formed that will lead the young into lives of usefulness and happiness.

The fact that such a significant meeting is to be held on the north shore within easy distance of our homes may be emphasized as indicating that the north shore is not only an educational but a religious center.

While out riding one day recently with a friend from St. Paul we turned to the right and passed a car. "That may be all

## Uniform Traffic Laws Our Need

right down here," he remarked, "but if you did that up in St. Paul you'd certainly get bawled out." In Chicago and neighborhood, however, passing between a car and the curb is a common practice, whatever it may be in other cities. It is not so safe a practice as passing on the left, but it's done so often as rarely to arouse any comment.

Our St. Paul friend is also in the habit of signaling to following cars when he intends to turn to the right at an intersection or elsewhere. Down here we think such signaling unnecessary. In fact, we seldom extend the arm to give signals.

These are but instances of variations in traffic practice. There are many others, so many as to make it worth while to justify the recent action of the Chicago Regional Planning association, calling for a consideration by civic officials of the advisability of securing a greater degree of uniformity in traffic legislation and regulation. "With a different traffic ordinance on the books of every town," says the highway engineer for the association, "a driver cannot hope to become even remotely acquainted with them all."

A national standard for traffic regulation was drawn up by a conference called some time ago by President-Elect Hoover. It would be productive of much good if north shore authorities were to model their laws after this standard.

If not the most important branch of high school work, gymnastics is at least so highly important as to be indispensable. No board

## New Trier Gymnasium

of trustees of a modern high school would think it had discharged its principal duties if it had not made adequate provision for keeping in suitable health the bodies of adolescent boys and girls. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if high school, and also college, authorities had spent too large a proportion of their funds on physical culture.

But this charge will not be made against the trustees of New Trier high school. The school buildings house an immense body of students. And a gymnasium capable of meeting the needs of such a large student body cannot be built for a trifling amount. As costs go nowadays the amount expended on the new gymnasium, \$675,000, seems entirely justifiable.

This wonderful addition to the high school plant will be dedicated on December 7. On that day the public will inspect the building and its equipment. One of the features which will probably draw out the approval of the citizens of the township will be the possibility of so opening together into one large room the boys' and girls' gymnasiums as to provide a stage and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 3,000. As a community assembly hall this combination meets a real need.

The trustees, the school officers, and the students themselves are to be congratulated on the completion and putting into use of this admirable structure.

## 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, "On Wings of Song."

### B. C. B. A.

Gather 'round dear folk of New Trier and list to the strange tale of the B. C. B. A.! Wickie, who does an excellent job of unearthing strange and sometimes harrowing news bits from within the recesses of Glencoe and Skokie Heights, emerged last week with a novel and scintillating discovery. It was she, you will recall, who searched out the facts concerning the hiking commuters about a year ago, not to mention literally scores of other startling news bits. Well, we shall keep you in suspense no longer. Here we go: Wickie has located a youthful and thus far flourishing organization entitled B. C. B. A., which, translated into Americanese, reads "Brotherhood of Circulating Bachelors of America." The further fact is revealed that this happy enterprise has its national headquarters in Glencoe, with branch offices also located in that village. Just as soon as a member gets married, or, as the B. C. B. A. would declare, "goes out of circulation," that membership is forthwith null and void. "The Tuxedo immaculato," says Wickie, "is the official uniform of the D'Artagnans and a solemn oath is exacted from each member that feminine creatures are to be sternly and severely disregarded on the occasions when the entire association holds its annual convention in one of the popular and glittering movie palaces of the Loop." Wickie, by disguising herself as a smoking stand, sneaked in on a Grand Ceremonial of the Retiring of a Circulating Bachelor from circulation, overhearing the dolefully emitted tones of this merry and meaningful ballad:

"We do not sigh or weep or fret,  
For the one and o-ho-only.  
We do not drink or chew or pet,  
For we are never lo-ho-only."

### Nailing a Nasty Rumor

The official brown-derbied sleuth of the sanctum sanctorum reports negatively on the allegation that the B. C. B. A. and the W. C. T. U. are holding joint and quarterly consolation parties at the River Inn.

### For Which We Are Truly Thankful

Though you may have been negotiating the length of Wilmette's new Main street for several weeks, one refrains with difficulty from spreading the news that that magnificently broad thoroughfare is now officially opened. Yes, it was quite a party, with most of the north shore folk who really rate, quite thoroughly represented.

Augie came all the way from Muskegon, garbed in the appropriate attire for such occasions—a Coolidge yachting cap topping off a deliciously natty ensemble (if you know anything about clothes). He was accompanied by none other than Gin, the editorial canine, quite recuperated from recent doggish embroglios and sporting his Sunday best brass-studded makeup. Whistles were blowing—the Nelson laundry, the Wilmette Ice company and the fire station syreen. Also, as an added treat—passing Northwestern trains accommodated by shrieking at every crossing along the way . . . bands, drum and bugle "music" . . . cheers, bows, and speeches, tape cutting . . . and the grand march down the avenoo. At this Thanksgiving season we are truly grateful there are no more streets to open, at least officially.

Eddie, major domo of the Wilmette Village hall office crew, crashed through this week with the astounding information that Miss Holding is now holding down a job at the dog tax window. She fills the position most capably.

—MIQUE