

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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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 offering for sale of the fifty year old church at the south-west corner of Dundee and Saunders roads, one of the very few landmarks in the north shore area, provokes both comment and regret. The comment is that we in this new world have the habit of obliterating the old and substituting for it the new. The regret is that in our obliterating we show so little regard for the past, for history.

It may be entirely impracticable to retain this interesting old edifice which has done so much towards ministering to the religious life of this area. The organization owning this building probably is acting most reasonably in offering for sale this familiar structure. What we do regret is the unseemly haste, so common in the United States, to be off with the old and on with the new.

It is good to know that in many of our north shore towns there are those who are interested in saving some landmarks, some monuments of earlier days. There are on the north shore several historical societies which have accumulated a gratifying amount of historical material and have actively supported the preservation of various landmarks. For such organizations we bespeak the interest and cooperation of all north shore citizens.

Northwestern university generously offered Dyche stadium to New Trier high school for its Thanksgiving championship game with Evanston. New Trier declined.

This important game was played on New Trier field, a field much less adequate for such a game than Dyche stadium. Had the game been played at Dyche stadium, double the number of people who actually saw the game would have attended. The public as well as the teams must be considered when games as important as this one are to be played.

Perhaps New Trier authorities had some plausible reason for declining Northwestern's generous invitation. We haven't yet heard what it was. We trust, however, that New Trier thanked Northwestern for its offer.

With what anywhere else than in the United States would be considered alarming speed the movies, heretofore only visible, are now being made audible. Not only are the dumb being made to speak but all sound producers, from the mosquito to the tornado, until now mute in the movie theater, are making themselves heard. The term, audience, for years a misnomer, is rapidly getting to be entirely appropriate.

We first heard a movie at McVickers theater. It looked and sounded fairly na-

tural. So nicely were the two machines synchronized that film-people seemed to be talking. The illusion was convincing.

We suppose that there are many smaller movie houses in America in which there are no photophones, or whatever they're called. They have become a regular feature in Community House, Winnetka. The next startling improvement will be the introducing of visibility into radio programs.

Now that Thanksgiving has come and gone, and now that we have before us a straightaway stretch to Christmas, let us call to mind the claims of that society whose aim is the prevention and destruction of tuberculosis, the National Tuberculosis Association.

The sale of Christmas Seals, the means by which the association secures funds to wage its campaign against tuberculosis, began on Thanksgiving and lasts until New Year's day. The more money that is contributed for the carrying on of this splendid work the greater will be the results.

Buy plentifully, more than you have ever bought before. Show your good will and your Christmas spirit by contributing generously.

The other evening we saw the play with which the North Shore Theater Guild opened its current season. It was "The Man With a Load of Mischief" by Ashley Dukes. We're sufficiently acquainted with the present world and its ways to know that morals are undergoing radical changes. We also know very well that sex is the central theme of a multitude of novels and plays. But we are just old-fashioned enough to wish that the Guild had not seen fit to put before us and our friends such a lewd production as the aforesaid comedy by Ashley Dukes.

Could Dr. Freud know how many books have been written elaborating and applying his principles; how many articles on the same theme have appeared in magazines and newspapers; how many speeches on the same subject have been made; how much language has been spent discussing more or less profitably psycho-analysis; could he know all this he might feel much surprised. But could he know the appalling amount of misinterpretation, misapplication, and over-emphasis his fundamental beliefs have received he would retire into a Trappist monastery and never speak again. Could he know how many young people have had their views of life distorted, their plans twisted, and their careers blasted by studying what they thought were the doctrines of Freud, we are sure that he would add to his silence everlasting regret and remorse.

Such organizations as the Indian Hill Improvement association are of very real benefit to those whom they represent. The history of many such an organization is full of praiseworthy accomplishments, of valuable services rendered, of limitations removed, of advantages secured. In America countless neighborhoods, sections of cities, would still be lacking certain fundamental facilities, like parks, railway stations, and schools, had there been in those neighborhoods and sections no improvement associations.

## SHORE LINES

### LIFE'S A HARP

*Life's a harp whose sweetest strings  
Are broken far too soon,  
And I who played the harp so well  
Now can find no tune,*

*No song to sound like those I loved  
When harp and I were young,  
And now a hundred themes must die  
Before they are begun.*

—Wickie.

### "Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow"

Dear Mique—Now it is time to make my will and "Faire mes adieux" to L. H. Inc. and readers of the fair publications. So I, Beth, do hereby leave the duty of filling Gin's water pan so that the office dog will still be able to "woof" his way into the editorial sanctum. The party of the first part does also bequeath to the party of the second part the joys of wrong numbers, the pleasure of not finding an important person at home fifteen minutes before press time, and, last but not least, calling personals a whole morning with the net result of one item. And to the patient soc. ed. and the ed., himself, I leave the task of breaking in the new girl, who, though she may not be as dumb as the party of the first part, will undoubtedly ask a lot of questions. "Good bye, good luck."

—Beth.

### The Tang of The Sea

*Heigh ho! for a peep at the briny deep,  
And a full rigged ship a-sail.  
As she leaves the Keys with a spanking breeze  
With the water on her lee rail.  
The woods and the hills—the lakes and the rills  
All appeal in a sense to me;  
But the way I was nursed has left me a-thirst  
For the tang of the salted sea.  
So here's to the Jack as he mans the Smack!  
He is worthy our hearty thanks.  
Let's wish him good luck as he runs a-muck  
Of the fogs on the treacherous Banks.  
For a maid with a sigh, and a moistened eye  
A-waiting, love hungry and drear;  
May be seen to bewail the belated sail  
All alone, on the darksome pier.  
When the winds do blow and the gulls fly low,  
A wife—or a mother—is there  
In the fading day, and scanning the Bay,  
While silently breathing a prayer.  
So here's to the Tar from the Banks or afar!  
May he ever come back! say we.  
And here's to the lass! and the social glass!  
To all! and the tang of the sea.*

—Henry F. Stow.

### Episode II. Revised American History

Mique—We have passed Mt. Shasta, one of its two peaks leveled by volcanic eruption. As we approached, I seemed to sense a nervous tension among the passengers, and admit I held my breath. It took two hours to pass the lava beds at its base, but nothing happened, and I took another breath as we pulled into safe territory.

An old fellow was sitting next to me. I took him to be a native, he had long whiskers, and I asked him when the mountain had erupted last? He said he didn't know—he had only lived there twenty-five years.

We arrived in San Francisco on Monday, and stayed over Tuesday. I asked my friend if they had earthquakes on Tuesdays. He thought a moment and said: "No, I never heard of one on a Tuesday, but volcanos and earthquakes have no regular habits. You might be here a month and not see a single earthquake, and then just after you leave we might have a good one." I told him I didn't come out to see one, and would be just as satisfied if it postponed observance of my visit.

It will be good to get back to the north shore, where you don't have earthquakes and volcanos slipping up on you unexpectedly. —Hoyt King.

While touched with the spirit of the pre-holiday season, may we mention briefly that one of the finest gifts to be bestowed at or near this Yuletide will be that ever-so-attractive one, Beth, (as note above) who is to be carried away, far away across country—there to apply her deft journalistic manner to the joyous routine of home-making. Some fellows get all the breaks!

—Mique.