## WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

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A young couple once called at the office of that great surgeon, Christian Fenger, to arrange for an operation which the young

Health
Comes First!

wife had to undergo. They talked of the expense of the operation, of the possibility of distressing results, and of the

difficulty of setting a date that would suit all. The wise doctor listened patiently and with unexpected sympathy. He then placed his hand on the young man's shoulder and said gently but with impressive firmness. "Health comes first!"

This admonition should be kept in mind and practiced not only when such epidemics as the "flu" are abroad but also during periods when good health prevails. Though the advice of doctors to go to bed when you have a cold is rarely feasible because of the pressure of so many and such exacting responsibilities, still the fact remains paramount that health comes first. Persons of sedentary habits should recall the methods used by President Coolidge for maintaining his health under pressure of most insistent duties. Perhaps they will want to buy an electric vibrator.

Resolve to take during 1929 a little physical exercise every day.

Christmas came and now it's gone. Nothing more now till New Year's. While it—including Christmas Eve—was with us,

But Once a Year! we had the usual festive time. The hours were full of holiday cheer, and the spirit of good-will was evident everywhere.

If all the really old people (those who feel old no matter how few their years) should attempt to abolish Christmas, their attempt would be certain to end in failure. All the young people would combine to defeat the attempt. Christmas means so much to the young, no matter how many their years, that the mere proposal to make December 25th like any other 25th would at once arouse a hurricane of protests.

What a tumult of joy the coming of this wonderful day aroused in our youthful body! For weeks previous we had been looking forward to the morning of that joyful day when we hoped to find in our stocking, or beside it on the floor behind the stove, a pair of club skates, a book or two telling how Jack made his way up in the world against tremendous odds, a brand new checker board, a pair of warm woolen mittens, and most exciting of all a stationary Weeden steam engine that would really run and could be stopped just by turning a wheel. We always found some of these hoped-for presents.

Christmas is the children's holiday. We hope you're still a child!

The relations of high school boys is a term sufficiently broad to suggest a multitude of problems. It suggests problems in-

Suburban League Boys' Council of high school boys with other boys in the same high school, in other high

schools, with girl students and teachers, in contests of all kinds, in the class room, outside the class room, at social gatherings of various sorts, and so on almost without end.

There are plenty of these problems, enough without any doubt to justify the formation of the Suburban League Boys' Council, made up as it is of 12 seniors and six teachers from six township high schools—New Trier, Deerfield, Evanston, Oak Park, Proviso, and Morton. A council thus constituted is just the one to discover, discuss, and solve problems growing out of the relations of high school boys.

We know only one member of this Boys' Council, but inasmuch as he is the president we feel that our ignorance is not so reprehensible as it might otherwise be. We have known Alan Hoagland for many years. We knew him first when he was a little toddler. We have watched him grow up through the grades and through the first three years of the high school into his senior year. The good qualities of Alan are the ones that have caused his associates to elect him president of this Council.

A long and useful life to the Boys' Council!

Ends are just as natural and just as necessary as beginnings. This fact would be so obvious as to go without saying were

An End and a Beginning

there not many people who love beginnings but hate endings. Of course most of these foolish people are under age, rather

green in fact, but still some of these same children remain prejudiced in favor of beginnings all their lives. When the big End comes they act as if they hadn't known all along that its coming was certain.

The end of the year is at hand, and close at its heels will come the beginning of a new year. Something will happen just after the very first stroke of twelve next Monday night. An end and a beginning will touch hands and then separate. It will be like a relay race. 1928 will reach the mark where 1929 stands waiting. On the dot, 1928 will stop and 1929 will start.

Although, "Dear Brutus, the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings," still times and seasons do make a difference in our ways of living. Certain days do furnish us the unique opportunity of beginning over again, taking a fresh start, turning a new leaf. And surely there is no time so suitable for beginning over again as New Year's Day.

Great men in any field do things in a way that seems impossible to ordinary people. Horowitz, for example, plays the piano in a way that seems impossible to average pianists. To us his playing seems more than a miracle.

In the midst of life we are in death. When Mr. Harper of Glencoe was hit by that flying chunk of coal he certainly was taken entirely unawares. Tomorrow a chunk of coal or something else just as hard may suddenly hit you. Got plenty of insurance?

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