

Garden Club Receives Greeting From the Heart of the Desert

Mrs. Laura Hayes Fuller Describes Beauties of Garden of Allah

Editor's Note: Members of the Garden Club of Winnetka, it is felt, will be happy to share with other readers of Winnetka Talk the accompanying letter by the pen of Laura Hayes Fuller, former president of the club, who, while stopping at Cannes, France, essayed a trip into northern Africa over the holidays. The letter, written in the heart of the desert, is a beautiful message, particularly in its description of the famous "Garden of Allah," and merits the interest of every reader of Winnetka Talk.

Hotel "Transatlantique,"
January 1, 1924.

Editor, Winnetka Talk:
Will you kindly publish at your convenience the enclosed open letter to the members of the Garden Club of Winnetka. With best wishes I remain
Yours very cordially
LAURA HAYES FULLER,
(former president).

Bim Mora, Africa,
January 1, 1924.

Dear Members of the Garden Club:
This is a greeting to you all from the heart of the desert on this beautiful warm sunny New Year's day.

Since leaving home last August we have visited many gardens; stately ones near Paris, historical ones attached to the medieval chateaux of old Touraine, the magnificent Rothschild garden just across the street from our little villa in Cannes, the street itself though called the Route de Frejus, being really the old Aurelian Way of the early emperor of Imperial Rome, but nothing has interested us more than the "Garden of Allah" in which we have just spent the morning. It is still green, remote, exquisite, exactly as described in Michen's novel. Not a flower disturbs its deep shade with a note of color unless we except the bougainvillea with its clustering rosy masses clambering over the snowy villa near the massive entrance gates.

The paths are of silvery sand and wind through deep thickets of eucalyptus and orange and palms which have grown so tall they completely shut out the sky. One comes quite suddenly upon the little white mosque, the "fumoir" where Domini and Androvski met and parted. The blue china dog, still undisturbed, remains the solitary inhabitant of the gay pleasure pavilion with its crimson cushions and decorations of dancing girls, the Ouldnaies—done in panels of gold and silver embroidery.

Following the winding paths we reached the heart of the garden, a dark spicy temple of evergreen, where one can sit and listen to the silvery voices of hidden trickling rills and grow dreamy to the soft, monotonous cooing of an African wood dove. We walked to the end, the farthest boundary, and rested on the low stone wall overlooking the desert, the desert with its glowing sands, its veiled purple hills, its magical distances. A caravan came winding toward us among the shallow dunes, the camels nodding as they walked, bearing their Arab riders dressed in white with scarlet cloaks, and snowy turbans, and mounted astride the basket-panniers of golden dates from the south.

Live Bible Days

One cannot get away from the feeling that here they are still living in Bible days. The flocks upon the hills attended by a solitary white clad shepherd; the old men with beautiful faces in sweeping robes of wine color on blue, mounted on tiny donkeys; the dark faced carriers with their skins of wine and water; the sweet Jewish maidens with their striped shawls, filling their pitchers like Rebecca at the well.

I had just written this sentence when, as if to mark the contrast, a gay, laughing group entered the glass room at the hotel where I alone was writing. Five men with cameras, three pretty girls, and then Claire Windsor with her clear-cut features, slender and lovely, in a perfectly tailored riding habit, her arm tucked into that of debonnaire Bert Lytell, and, last but far from least, the little black eyed French boy who forms his under study in the new play the Metro company is filming here, "The Son of the Sahara."

We left France just before Christmas, preferring to spend the holidays in Africa rather than to accompany the Fontaine School to widely advertised St. Moritz. Mr. Theodore Brown and his family, formerly of Winnetka, were of like mind and we crossed the Mediterranean with them on the steamer "Tim-gad" and have met them frequently since.

Christmas At Algiers

We spent Christmas at Algiers, a beautiful snow white city, its houses rising one above the other in their setting of rich green, crowned on the top like a pearl with the oriental dome of "St. Mary's of Africa," a cathedral, formerly a mosque, whose statue of the madonna, with black face and hands, a relic of earliest Christianity, stands looking far out over the blue sea.

We motored down from Constantine

high perched upon a rock, the civitas of the Romans, with its magnificent gorges and roaring torrent below, to Tringad, the best preserved ruins of an ancient city in the world unless we except Pompeii. It is most interesting preserving as it does, the Forum, the market place and shops, the Hall of Justice, the great warm baths, a heathen temple to Jupiter, three Christian churches with beautiful mosaics, and all the features of a great city, even to the splendid stone pavements, still plainly showing the wide ruts made by the chariot wheels.

Then out past the El Kantara, an oasis of gardens in a gap called by the natives the gate to the desert. One huge chasm spanned by an old Roman bridge still in use separates the black rocks and icy winds of the north from the red granite and warm sunshine of the Sahara where, near the water courses, the palms and figs and dates grow in great profusion, such luscious dates as we have never before tasted.

This has lengthened out into a long letter and yet I only commenced it to say Hail and Farewell as president of the Garden club and to wish many Happy New Years to you all; and to thank each and every one for the support and kindly interest given to our May Market. I also wanted to express

my warm appreciation to all those who opened their homes to our club with such friendliness and hospitality. I am very sorry that I could not have been present at our annual meeting, to greet and introduce our new president to the club.

Phoebe and the young people have just come in for tea after a long camel ride into the desert to watch the sunset, so I must say goodby.

With renewed good wishes to all, I remain

Yours very cordially,
LAURA HAYES FULLER.
Address: Pavillon Menival,
Cannes, France.

Trust and Savings Bank Enjoys Prosperous Year

Officers reelected to direct the affairs of the Winnetka Trust and Savings Bank in 1924 are: M. K. Meyer, president; Alfred D. Hermann, cashier and Allen T. Weinstock, assistant cashier. Figures from the official report issued January 5, 1924, show the total resources of the bank to be \$1,046,967, capital stock \$35,000 and surplus, \$22,000. Time deposits are \$498,464 and demand deposits \$484,423, totaling \$982,887.

The past year brought entirely satisfactory results for the Trust and Savings Bank, according to Mr. Hermann, cashier, who looks forward to an even better year in 1924.



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