

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Those who are so unfortunate as not to be acquainted with the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay may get a first glimpse into a most unusual mind by reading aloud the poem here appended, called "God's World." Miss Millay is called by one of our foremost critics, "the most gifted of the younger lyricists." This critic also holds that the quality of her poetry "approaches and sometimes attains greatness." You will perhaps agree with this reviewer of her verse that the two stanzas below express a "hunger for beauty so intense that no delight is great enough to give the soul peace."

God's World

*O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That great crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!*

*Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.*

Hinton G. Clabaugh of Winnetka, recently appointed chairman of the state parole board, declares that politics will have no weight in considerations of the board; that "fixers" will be unwelcome; that he will have a free hand in dealing with cases; that it is distinctly understood that the governor will not interfere.

No Politics

This is exactly as it should be. Whether a prisoner should be allowed to leave the prison on parole is a matter with which political friendship should have nothing at all to do. The one question is, should this prisoner be allowed to leave on parole, on his word, supported by certain customary restrictions? Friendship here cuts no figure. Each case must be decided purely on its merits.

It may be that Mr. Clabaugh will find it hard to shut out politics. We do not believe that he will yield. His quoted language sounds like that of a man who means what he says. He knows the issue clearly. He states it clearly when he says, "There will be no politics in these cases. I am not a politician. . . . One of the conditions on which I took the place was that I be allowed a free hand. I have it." These are

not the words of a man who will weaken in a crisis.

Our duty as north shore citizens, fellow citizens and neighbors of Mr. Clabaugh, is to give him our moral support in his work. It is our privilege to let him know that we are with him in his resolution to keep free from politicians and grafters. The main object of this editorial is to assure him that we feel as he does. If there comes a time when he must decide between politics and patriotism we want him to know that his neighbors are with him in his fight against politics.

One of the surest signs that residents of a certain district are looking forward to

Regional Planning

an ever progressing future is the interest those residents take in planning for the growth of an area larger than any individual community. Men and women naturally are vitally concerned about their own homes, their own property. Whatever forwards the value of their own lot and house, immediately and lastingly holds their attention.

This interest easily spreads until it becomes an interest in the neighborhood. The householder not only cares about his own 50 by 150 lot and building but also about the group of homes clustered about his own particular home. Of course his interest about his neighborhood is not so strong as about his own home, but still it gets him out to a meeting which has for its object the prevention of some neighborhood nuisance, like roosters that greet the sunrise, human beings that mow their lawns before breakfast, dogs that run out at passing cars, radios that speak loudly at unseemly hours, odoriferous garbage burners.

And in many suburbs there is a real community interest. It is not by any means so strong as a neighborhood interest; and the reason is apparent. Interest is like many forms of energy: it decreases as the distance from center increases. A noise in one's own house is much more annoying than the same noise several blocks away. But nevertheless it often happens that a little noise at some distance should be heeded. It may be the sign of an approaching storm that will destroy one's home and family. People in the West learn to recognize a cyclone even when far away. Likewise a danger threatening a home far away may, if noted in time, be prevented from doing serious damage to one's own home. Interest in one's community may be of great benefit to the individual who entertains that interest. The value of our north shore property is largely due to this prevailing community interest.

There is an interest broader than community interest, it is regional interest, interest in the growth of a district embracing many communities. And just as a community interest benefits individuals, so does regional interest benefit individuals. It also may be maintained that a regional interest is more important than community interest, because a change that is good for a "region" will be good for the communities therein included.

An intelligent man will be interested in regional planning an intelligent Evanston woman will necessarily care for a good road between Highland Park and Milwaukee. What concerns a citizen of Glenview will concern an intelligent citizen of Winnetka.

SHORE LINES

ECHO

He will not return!
I know that this is so,
Yet the gate creaked
A little time ago;

And surely there were steps
Coming to my door—
Gay, familiar steps
Of one who comes no more!

I ran to greet my love,
But all that I could see
Were sober hollyhocks
Staring up at me. . .

—MONA LISA

We pinned a clean hanky on the buzzum of The Slave, and waved goodbye to him in the approved tearful fashion. He left a desk full of unpublished contributions, and darkly hinted that he expected to find 'em there on his return. So if you don't hop the rails of Shore Lines, it's 'cause we're scairt o' him.

THE GREAT GATSBY

"Pitiful, I calls it," said my neighbor, of "The Great Gatsby." I agree. The acting is pitiful except for the large, placid blonde who remarks with the enthusiasm of funeral music that she is "paralyzed with joy to meet you." And Gatsby's voice!

If Mr. Fitzgerald is showing the trend of American youth, I tremble with fear for our civilization.

Take your children, your parents or your girl to see the bootleg play of the age; profiteering, unhappy homes, extravagance, and one wonderful blonde!

—OSCAR

WHY SLAVES LEAVE HOME

*There once was a man called The Slave
Who was handsome and equally brave;
He went on a trip
With a Ford and a grip,
Because for him southern girls rave.*

Western Trains Leave Daily

We've just finished "The Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns, that story of the charming boy desperado who killed twenty-one men in as many years. It boots the tradition of a villain conventionally black-haired and brown-eyed, and sharp-tongued. Such old timers in the West as Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Thompson, King Fisher, Henry Plummer, Clay Allison, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Frank and Jesse James, the Youngers, the Daltons, were blond, good-looking, blue-eyed, soft-tongued, and lithe with a devil-may-care insouciance.

Pretty soon we expect to find out that the shrinking country violet who falls for the doity city guy is not willowy, frail and timid. Hmph! She'll turn out to be a two hundred pounder who ploughs a couple of acres, pitches a hundred bales of hay and chops down a few trees for settin' up exercises every morning!

—THE THIRTEENTH BUCCANEER

Humbusky sent a swell-elegant story, but it was so long it jumped the rails at a curve. It was an automobile story, anyway, and hadn't any business on our rails.

Shore Lines will conduct an Old Jokes Day on February 30, 1927. Decrepit jokes not making the column that day will be raffled off on April 1. Don't say we never told you 'nuttin'!

YOUR HANDS (to Adelle)

*Long ago, a tall lady
Went about each dawn
Gathering all the tired petals
Of all the flowers in the world.
I think she pressed their sad faces
Into your kind hands, Madonna.*

—COSETTE

This column PLAYS FAIR. We even type-write our copy for it in shorthand, so the compositor can't laugh at the jokes before our clients see 'em.

Any man on the North Shore, or within a radius of one thousand miles, is eligible to contribute to this column next week. But remember, men, no matter what you say, us wimmin will have the last line.

—JANE ARNT AND LYDIA