

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Co-operate with your own public servants. Don't work against them. Work with them. There is no denying the fact that many otherwise sensible citizens regard our village officials, from policeman to president, in more or less suspicious, even hostile way. This attitude is shown most commonly and most strongly against the police. In every neighborhood it is not hard to find individuals who are short sighted enough to believe that the patrolman or the corner traffic cop has it in for them somehow or other. At the best they fail to see that the police are public servants who want to prevent trouble and not foment it.

If you're tagged for parking your car in the wrong place, pay the fine promptly and be glad that the police and the courts are co-operating with you to prevent trouble. If your son breaks the speed laws, take the consequences cheerfully, and thank the police for helping you to bring up your children to be law-abiding citizens.

Don't kick! Co-operate!

On October 3 to 5 Christ Church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, its golden wedding. Organized in 1876 it has lived through many happy, and some trying, years. Storm and sunshine have been its lot. During a half century the body of men, women and children, known as Christ Church, has worshiped God, seeking to make their daily living more truly like his whose name they bear. Today the beautiful little church building on the hillside spreads a benign influence not only over the neighborhood but over the entire community. And even the thousands speeding by in automobiles and casting only a fleeting glance at its vine clad walls and sturdy belfry carry away with them a memory that makes life lovelier than before.

We wish Christ Church much joy and prosperity! May its coming ten years be an era of even greater blessing to its communicants and to the entire village!

This summer and fall we've received at the hands of Jupiter Pluvius an over-abundance of water. No sooner did the sky smile a promise of sunny weather than the afore-said Pluvius opened the faucet wide and deluged hopeful mortals. We shouldn't be surprised if more snow were dumped this winter along the north shore than in any previous chilly season.

If ever there was need of the extending of sympathy to other human beings that time is the present when winds and floods have destroyed millions of dollars in property, taken the lives of hundreds, and brought misery to countless individuals.

Not only in Florida and neighboring Southern states does desolation reign but also in the Mississippi Valley states and our own Illinois.

We on the north shore have escaped these misfortunes, getting only an inkling of what nature can do when on a rampage. We know slightly what it is to have too much water. But our experiences have been pleasurable compared with those of our fellow countrymen living in the stricken areas.

Our money contributions to the alleviation of this suffering will do much. Homes must be rebuilt, business houses restocked, bodily injuries remedied. Money will help. But behind these contributions must dwell the kindly feeling of one man for another, the genuine sympathy that prompts generous action. It will always be true that "the gift without the giver is bare."

Make it your regular habit to vote at every election. You ought to vote at every election. Get into the habit of doing what you ought to do. One vote counts for only one vote, but it's the best you can do at the polls. As a true patriot you are called upon to express your choice. The fact that crooked politicians can control many votes is no intelligent reason why you should not cast your one lonely vote. Follow your conscience, which has never yet urged you to avoid voting but has always urged you to vote.

This season observant citizens have noted that Winnetka's streets are much cleaner and more orderly than in the past, in this respect comparing most favorably with streets of neighboring suburbs. Winnetka business men have also remarked that the streets in the Winnetka business district are far cleaner than usual and that the dust problem is much easier to handle.

The cause of this great improvement is the adoption of mechanical street cleaning methods in Winnetka, the using of motor driven equipment in the place of less efficient methods, such as manual labor or old fashioned street cleaners. Business streets are cleaned by this motor driven machine every other day, the work, however, being done at night in order to avoid parked automobiles. Residential streets are cleaned approximately every two weeks, whereas in previous years they were cleaned by hand labor, and then only once or twice during the season. Incidentally Winnetka is the only north shore suburb, other than Evanston, to use this up-to-date method.

Winnetka residents should be thankful for such a government and especially for such an efficient, wide-awake business management as puts into operation such beneficial methods. We are all too prone to accept such improvements as a matter of course, forgetting that good administration of public affairs means ceaseless vigilance and unusual intelligence on the part of civic-minded men and women.

SHORE LINES

A SONNET

I seem to have been born but for defeat,
To win but to lose, rise only to crash,
And, broken, feeling Fortune's wicked lash,
To hear her sneering laugh; yet it is meet
To think of this, consider it: how sweet
Are all these trivialities? How rash
To sigh for honor—fame—when Fate can dash
All hopes to ruin, awful and complete.
Love is the Victory of life! Some day
He'll come to claim me, passionately,
Wresting the cruel sword of Defeat away,
And when he holds me close to him I'll see
His dear blue eyes, and thrilled divinely, say:
I love you—you are all the world to me!

—VICTORIA

We saw the Wildcats trim South Dakota last Saturday, but might have enjoyed the game more if the teams had been a little more evenly matched. We were well satisfied with the score, however, and certainly no one could wish to see a more brilliant display of fumbling than that exhibited by Northwestern, not to mention the inspired work of the centers, who seemed to think they were throwing baskets in a basketball game.

We Think We Are Being Spoofered

Dear Slave:

Do you think that was nice of "Davy Jones?" I don't. But I like him all the more. I don't believe he is all dated up; he's just a woman hater too.

—EMMY

To the Slave:

You would say that I am from New Trier? Now the authorities are mad 'cause they say I'm a discredit to the school.

—DAVY JONES '46

We received a postal from the Princess this week. She mailed it from Italy, where she has been enjoying the romantic beauties of Venice, but was to arrive at Paris September 23. She will spend the winter there in "quite a nice pension very near the Bois de Bologne and the Arc de Triomphe." Oh, to be a Princess, and spend the winter in a pension near the Bois de Bologne!

A THOUGHT

A love letter written too long ago
To suggest anything but the wry
Scent of dulled lavender, is my heart.

—WICKIE

New York, with its "Peaches" and "Daddy" Browning, can't crow over the north shore even a little bit. In a Parent-Teacher association article this week we noticed a reference to "preschool mothers." We seem to have them beat by about ten years!

Our esteemed contemporary, the New Trier News, has resumed publication and we hope shortly to be able to cull a few more gems from its humorous columns, to add to our collection of last year. Just to illustrate what we mean we will herewith print two gems from last year that we added to our treasure box but never printed, as follows:

Green

A freshman stood on the burning deck,
And as far as we can learn
He is standing there in safety yet,
For he's too darn green to burn.

Frisbie: "When was the revival of learning?"

Troy: "Just before the exams"

Personal

To all whom it may or may not concern: Where are Little Wun, Doris L., and some of the others we have been missing recently? We hope they didn't all drown on their vacations this summer.

Watch this space next week. We will have a surprising if not important announcement to make. In the meantime, we enter the football prophet business by predicting that Northwestern will whip Carleton Saturday with a score of 20-6.

THE SLAVE.