

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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On his wedding journey in the summer of 1843, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow passed through Springfield, Massachusetts, and there visited the United States arsenal in company with Charles Sumner. After Mr. Sumner had endeavored to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better expended upon collecting a great library, Mrs. Longfellow turned to her husband and urged him to write a peace poem. Here follow several stanzas of that poem:

*This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.*

*Ah! What a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!*

*Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial symphonies?*

*Were half the power that fills the world with terror  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts;*

*Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"*

*Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals  
The holy melodies of love arise.*

The muse most adored by a men's glee club is Harmony, heavenly Harmony. Melody and Rhythm come in for only a slight share of a glee club's worship. What male singers strive most to achieve is that perfect vocal blend that causes thrills and chills to run up and down the backbone of the performers and lends ecstasy and enthusiasm to the hearers.

The history of the glee club goes back to the prehistoric time when the morning stars sang together and produced that wonderful phenomenon known as harmony of the spheres. There must have been crea-

tive listeners present. Otherwise, who reported the concert? And the singers must have been of the male persuasion. We don't believe that in those early days women would have been allowed to appear in public.

Since that time there have been many forms of glee clubs. Doubtless the monks of the middle ages sang part songs, sacred and secular. Judging from pictures of these portly monastic singers, they thoroughly enjoyed delivering their vigorous and lusty carols. The big hand hewn, smoke blackened rafters, must have re-echoed again and again with their warblings.

The college glee club is of comparatively late vintage. The boys thus banded together were not particular as to the musical value of what they sang, provided only that it was sentimental or funny. Their repertoire ranged from "Seeing Nellie Home" to "Listen to That Mule." Very recently the Harvard Glee Club has taken to learning and singing pieces of such high class that the old time alumnus feels slighted. Why do the boys neglect "The Pope He Lives a Jolly Life?"

The very latest glee club that has come to our attention is the North Shore Glee Club, made up of north shore men. Recently the club gave a concert and aroused considerable favorable comment. We understand that they rehearse regularly and will continue to make public appearances.

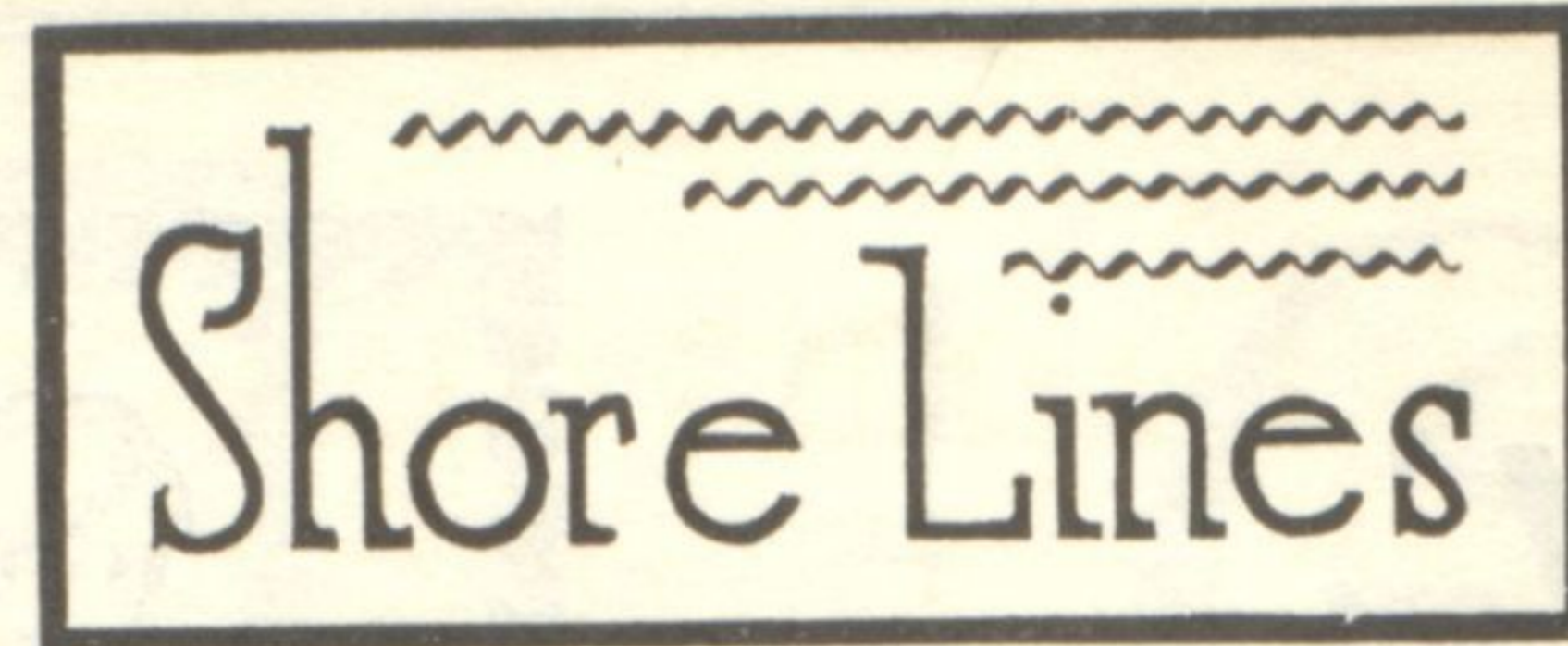
Next Thursday is the day set aside by national proclamation as the day on which to give thanks. Even if a man is irreligious he will do well to call to mind next Thursday his occasion for gratitude.

**Give Thanks** America is prosperous beyond all normal expectations. Since the war the nation's wealth has piled up to such an extent as to call out not merely the envy but to some extent the hostility of debtor nations. The income tax has been surprisingly reduced and doubtless will be reduced still further. Car ownership is now the rule in professional, business and laboring classes.

It seems then as if we should recall this Thanksgiving Christ's story of the Pharisee and the publican. Our gratitude should be free from all taint of self-congratulation. It should be outward looking and humble, instead of conceited and arrogant.

At the Thanksgiving dinner we should think of those less fortunate than ourselves. While enjoying the feast of plenty can we not avoid the note of self-praise and be truly thankful to the great Power that has blessed our work and crowned our labors?

All North Shore residents have a right to be proud of the honorable age of the Glencoe Library Club. It was founded in 1872 and is now in its 54th year. Think of what the North Shore towns must have been way back in '72! Only a half dozen years after the Civil War and one short year after the great Chicago fire. May the Library Club of Glencoe live to a hundred and more!



## INDIANS IN KHAKI

Nine thousand strong, we volunteered  
From lonely tepee and from town;  
Long standing tribal doubts were cleared  
And from our fathers came no frown.  
Forgotten then, was Wounded Knee—  
Full-throated rose our battle cry;  
This much should our white brothers see;  
We too, were not afraid to die.

Nine thousand strong, her red sons sprang  
Beneath Columbia's arm, upraised;  
O'er lillied France their rifles rang—  
Their foes fell backward, beaten, dazed;  
And through dim, cratered No Man's Land  
Our Scouts like shadows flitted by,  
And now our white brothers understand  
We, too, were not afraid to die.

Apache, Sioux—our fathers' dream  
By Lodge fires, scattered thru the West;  
They watch their sons' gold chevrons gleam—  
A cross glows on some warrior's breast.  
And there are lodges where, at night,  
The death chant rises to the sky  
For youths who proved in many a fight,  
We, too, were not afraid to die.  
—By Arthur Chapman

And that by way of an afterthought of Armistice Day.

## Sportsmanship

We know of a great football star who carried Northwestern through to a memorable victory over that ancient rival, Chicago, who, after it was all over and the inevitable "tumult and shouting" had died away, commented to us privately and without a touch of sarcasm: "Wasn't it tough that we had to beat them so badly?"

The only prediction we ever made publicly on football proved correct in the case of Northwestern vs. Chicago. We've about decided to quit calling 'em on the diamond, at the ballot box, the race track and the boxing ring, and to stick to the gridiron with our prognostications.

Hence—it is our conviction that Northwestern will trim Iowa this Saturday and that Minnesota will take the measure of Michigan. Net result—Northwestern will be Conference champions! Easy, isn't it?

Three friends just returned from the Illinois river country with a plenteous supply of wild duck. A fourth has gone to Texas for his shooting, and thence to Hollywood to witness more "shooting." Yesterday we partook of the game fowl. No report as yet from Texas.

Others, it appears, get all their shooting nearby in certain of the choicest sections of the teeming metropolis.

## The Old Order Changeth

Country Editor indicates that New York state is overwhelmingly dry because the majority of the Republican balloters failed to express themselves in the recent Prohibition referendum.

All of which corroborates our suspicion, expressed just after election time, that both wets and dries won signal victories. Success of the Pro-Volsteadians might even be termed a Union Signal victory.

Winning without voting would probably appeal to a majority of Americans.

Everything seems twisted since the Great War—and the Florida Hurricane.

Walter Expert Eckersall declares Stag lost because he had a weak team. So we suspected.

## Much Too Early

Sir: The doctor said I should be in bed at ten o'clock. And I am—every morning.  
—Wickie

Mr. Turkey Gobbler's peekin' around the corner. A drumstick, if you please—and lots of taters and gravy.  
—MIQUE