

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000

Telephone Wilmette 1920

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Home at Last

*Now more the bliss of love is felt,
Though felt to be the same;
'Tis still our lives in one to melt,
Within love's sacred flame;*

*Each other's joy each to impart,
Each other's grief to share;
To look into each other's heart,
And find all solace there;*

*To lay the head upon one breast,
To press one answering hand,
To feel through all the soul's unrest,
One soul to understand;*

*To go into the teeming world,
The striving and the heat,
With knowledge of one tent unfurled
To welcome weary feet;*

*A shadow in a weary land,
When men as wanderers roam;
A shadow where a rock doth stand—
The shadow of a Home.*

—G. J. ROMANES

Our policemen and firemen, to say nothing of our village trustees and other officers, deserve our kindly and appreciative attention every little while.

Our Public Servants The fact that they are paid servants does not alter the fact that we ought not to neglect them in our pre-occupation with our own personal affairs.

The result of this neglect is two-fold—forgetfulness of their close relation to us and failure to co-operate with them, intelligently and wholeheartedly. We gradually lose sight of the important fact that they are working for us, guarding our lives and property. In pioneer days the settlers used to protect themselves, their families and their property, much as farmers now do. But with the thickening of population and the need of doing our work some distance from home, we delegate the work of protection to specialists. But it is still our property that is being guarded.

It is also true that we do not co-operate with them as effectively as we ought. We often pay no attention to the crossing lights. Why were the lights put there? To satisfy the whims of the police? Certainly not! Then why are we such fools as not to wait until we get the signal to cross? We don't want the health officer to placard our front door when Jimmy has the measles. Does the officer put up the placard to amuse himself?

Let's be intelligent!

Few organizations in the world are of greater value than that known as the Boy Scouts. Certainly none has a higher aim than the Scouts, namely, the development of boys physically, mentally, and morally. The future of our country is largely in the hands of our boys. What helps them, therefore, must help our country and its future inhabitants.

Help Boy Scouts

It follows then that the plan of having a Scout Leader who will be practically in charge of all the Scout Troops on the North Shore is a plan worthy of careful and unselfish consideration. And we believe that this consideration will make clear the value of a unified leadership.

In the first place it will bring the various local organizations into closer relations with one another. Each group, knowing and feeling that it is a member of a large organization, will take on a justifiable pride, that will quicken its morale. Moreover, every troop will come into more active co-operation with other troops. And there are many things that a super-organization can do that a single organization cannot engage in.

If the Boy Scouts in your village need funds for consummating this engaging of a district Scout Leader, as Wilmette does, help them with your money.

What we mean is that Winnetka got the silk flag for coming only 37.7 points shy of a maximum 100% vote at the recent November election. 62.3% of the voters in Winnetka cast votes at the aforesaid election. And if Winnetka can manage to win the flag only twice more, it will be hers forever. With Kenilworth, however, only two-tenths of a per cent behind in this latest race, Winnetka will have to fight hard to hold the prize pennant.

Winnetka Got It!

It is fitting that the emblem should be given into the especial care of the Winnetka League of Women Voters, for the League undoubtedly got out the winning votes. The members worked like Trojans. Unlike the Trojans, the women of the League worked for a certain result, which they achieved. And the flag is a suitable acknowledgment of this work, faithfully and effectively done.

In this connection it is worth noting that in no village last year at any of the elections was there a more than 50% vote. It must be admitted that it is peculiarly difficult to get out the extra 12 or 13%. Therefore, all the more honor to Winnetka!

Want to see the finest fire station in Illinois? We thought so. Well, then take a look at the Winnetka fire station. It isn't finished yet, by any means, but even now it is a station to stir up the envy of every fire fighter outside of Winnetka.

Three cheers for Duke and his hot band! He's leading them now down at the Haylofte. If anybody can warm up a bunch of bandmen to the ignition point it's our co-worker, Duke Bigelow.

SHORE LINES

*It softly covers autumn's brown
And clothes with white the earth and trees,
My heart a million pleasures sees
When snow comes tumbling down.*

*A character of great renown—
The fat snowman with stovepipe hat,
A coat-black nose and broomstick bat,
When snow comes tumbling down.*

*The music of the sleighbells sound,
The crunching of the horses hoofs,
And featherbeds on all the roofs,
When snow comes tumbling down.*

*The seasons' festive holly crown—
The family group around the tree,
No truer joy on earth can be
When snow comes tumbling down.*

—LITTUL WUN.

As another football season passes into history—save only the Army-Navy tilt—we join in the rejoicing over Northwestern's brilliant career and ascension to the supremacy of the Western Conference. Incidentally, we have blossomed forth in the role of seer, having successfully guessed two games and lost but a single prediction in three prognostications.

The question now arises—what are most of us to do with the long Saturday afternoons? It is with difficulty that one recalls just what occupied his time before the gridiron season started way back two months ago—besides bringing home the Sunday groceries.

ESSAY ON BOWLING

Since we are on the subject of athletics, it is mete that something be said about that increasingly popular indoor diversion entitled bowling.

Properly fortified with one of Mac's justly celebrated hamburgers, one engages, in company with various and sundry other persons about town, in an occasional exhibition of the art made famous by that historic rent dodger, Rip Van Winkle. Not one of the company may be said to be brilliant; all, however, are most certainly picturesque. If bibulous habits do—as any pre-Volsteadian will ascertate—bring out the baser side of the human, then bowling at least would seem to indicate just how the victim of such temporary adversity might be expected to conduct himself at the breakfast table.

Any pinman who rolls an average of 130 will tell you, upon inquiry, that he bowls for the exercise, merely. But let him achieve a 200 count and he'll regale you willingly and interminably, with a discussion of the finer points of the game.

A good bowling score gives some men greater satisfaction than a banner business deal. A circumstance which can probably be explained by our experts on psychology.

Bowling, more than any other indoor pastime, calls for individual skill as distinguished from group co-ordination. One is constantly in the glare of the "spotlight," so to speak, and each delivery of the ball is really a genuine test of nerves, what with an inevitable collection of spectators on hand anxiously awaiting the opportunity to cut in with pertinent—not to mention impertinent—comment regarding the player's short-comings.

Kings of Alibis

It is notable that no bowling emporium exists which is not subject to criticism. "Misses" and "breaks" are caused, always, by the unsatisfactory condition of the alleys, balls that are not just right for the hand, or "pins" that fail to measure up to standard. Never will it occur to the bowler that he possibly could be at fault. Every delivery would seem to justify a new and valid excuse for a similarly new and astounding alibi.

Not unlike the caddy, a pin boy develops into a student of human nature. His unrepressed contempt for the average player is scarcely less evident than the traditional attitude of a valet toward a totally unresourceful master.

Broad-shouldered King Mac, rendered most lenient by the broadening influences of the late unpleasantness in the vicinity of the Rhine, is the bowler's only true friend in whom one confides one's gross insufficiencies without fear of condemnatory rejoinder. Mac rejoices with the victor and sighs solicitously and in unison with the damned.

—MIQUE