

# 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 or Wilmette 1920  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ..... \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

April, the opening month of spring, has come up fully to expectations. The only day that surprised anybody was Easter Sunday. For pure unadulterated just-as-it-should-be weather that Sunday took the first prize absolutely. The temperature couldn't have been more balmy. The lack of moisture also was entirely welcome. For the wearing of gay garments by both sexes it was precisely suitable. The loveliest day in the Garden of Eden was left miles behind. But it must be repeated that nobody even hoped for such a day.

The remainder of April was of the conventional kind. The mercury tried all the stops between 30 and 80. At intervals the sun shone, and at other intervals the skies wept. On one day at least the atmosphere was full of large snowflakes. Ulsters, top coats, and no coats vied for first place during this medley month.

May had better be a little less fickle than her sister if she doesn't want to get herself thoroughly disliked.

Winnetka Talk has been criticized for publishing an advertisement wherein is offered for sale certain listed accounts. It is declared by our critics that such publication constitutes a serious injustice to the persons and firms named in the advertisement.

We have no intention of being unjust to anyone. We aim to deal fairly with everybody. Our papers never have been and never will be other than clean and square. Moreover, we never have and never will publish an advertisement until we have satisfied ourselves that it is fit to appear in a progressive community newspaper.

We believe that we are playing fair in publishing the advertisement mentioned above. Each of the debtors named in the list has been given ample opportunity to pay his bill. The creditors have been more than willing to make arrangements for deferred settlements. The publication is the result of either neglect or stubbornness on the part of the debtor. Finally as the only method left for getting money justly due, these accounts have been offered for sale. Incidentally, it must be remembered that the overhead expense involved in carrying slow accounts is shared by those who pay their bills regularly. Winnetka Talk will continue to publish advertisements of this nature until we can be shown that we are wrong.

Fortunately the type of person that believes a fight cannot be both clean and peppy is rapidly disappearing. Time was when dirty work was a legitimate part of the game, but today good clean sport is demanded by public opinion. This is evidenced by the vigorous disapproval aroused all over the country when baseball players are convicted of throwing a baseball game; or when it is known that a prizefighter has resorted to nasty tricks to win a match.

## Clean Fights

And now that the spring elections are over, north shore candidates and other citizens have no cause for shame or even regret when recalling April election days. There were no actions or words during the preceding campaigns that the most scrupulous might object to. And when one considers the unpleasant antagonisms that have grown up in political campaigns on the north shore and elsewhere and the reflections that have here and there been cast on decent citizens, the cleanness of the recent elections and campaigns is noteworthy.

Village officials were chosen in all our north shore villages—Glencoe, Winnetka, Kenilworth and Wilmette. In Glencoe and Wilmette there were contests, party against party, but in neither village was there any open display of partisan hostility. Perhaps feelings of individuals were ruffled by thoughtless words and insinuations. But incidents of this sort were exceptions.

Some outsider may conclude that the contests were spiritless and limp. Some may think that a competition cannot be keen unless it is also ugly. Such views are erroneous. The fights in Wilmette and Glencoe were spirited and sharp. They were also free from mud-slinging.

Intelligent and self-respecting citizens can fight vigorously and wholeheartedly and at the same time keep free from petty tricks and dirty work.

Every north shore community is naturally and necessarily deeply interested in the activities and accomplishments of every other north shore community. Every problem, every solution of a problem, is shared by all north shore citizens. Our boys and girls attend the same high school. There they live together, not as individuals coming from some separate towns but as one big family. There are other inter-community bonds like the Theater Guild and the North Shore Art Guild.

## A Decade of Good Work

With such facts in mind it will not seem out of place for us to call attention to the completion of ten years of F. C. Stifler, as pastor of the Wilmette Baptist church. To young and old alike the church performs a service that no other agency can perform. It arouses and feeds those activities that bring the individual into close and vital relation with "that power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." It binds into a living unity people who otherwise might go their ways alone.

The Wilmette Baptist church has rendered, and is today rendering, these invaluable services to Wilmette and indirectly to the entire north shore. May the second decade of its pastor be even more beneficial to the congregation and community.

# SHORE LINES

## LINES TO A BLIND FRIEND

I love you more because you cannot see  
The first new tender signs of spring,  
The buds upon the tree.  
I know you cannot see the gold and green  
Which wakes to laugh in radiant happiness;  
But you can touch the violet's velvet sheen,  
And that will help to make the dark seem less.  
I know you cannot see the still blue sky  
Which floats upon a myriad unseen wings,  
But you can feel the gentle wind  
And let it kiss your lips  
As it goes by,  
And here it when it sings.

Perhaps the darkness which has come to you  
And closes out so much of other lives,  
May slowly lift, and lead you  
To rare vistas where forbidden beauty lies.  
A happiness of wondrous waking there,  
A glowing spring of bursting bloom and green;  
For those to whom our buds and flowers  
Blossom and are not seen.

—R. A.

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SINCE IT APPEARS LIKELY THAT NO STREET IN WILMETTE WILL WISH TO BE THE PIONEER IN A GENERAL REPAVING PROGRAM, MIGHT NOT ONE VENTURE THE SUGGESTION THAT PRESIDENT ORNER STAGE A LITTLE COIN-FLIPPING CONTEST IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS? IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT AMERICANS, PERFECTLY IMMUNE TO PLAUSIBLE ARGUMENT, WILL ALMOST INVARIABLY ABIDE BY THE HARD AND FAST RULE OF CHANCE.

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## Simple Reasoning

Dear Mique: Your reasoning on the recent "Orner"(y) political situation, is rather late. We who elected him know he will improve beyond this present stage of perfection, for the simple reason that it is written so that all who run may read—"Earl E."

—THE LADY NEXT DOOR

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## Not 'Sprised

Mique: Did you perchance read in the current notices of the Kenilworth club that the elite of the north shore are about to dance to the music of "Cope Harvey's Full Orchestra?"

—JOHN JOSEPH

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Dear Mique: Relative to an Employment Agency advertisement in a recent issue of your valued publication announcing pressing and cleaning on the side, the thought is most violently impressed upon my mind that the establishment must be unique of its kind. Surely the great American public realizes that employment agencies are invariably both pressing and cleaning—financially. Or, maybe it's the new advertising candor we hear so much about.

—LA BELLE DE NUIT

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## Rhyme of the Ads

I've kept that school girl complexion,  
I've walked a mile for a smoke,  
I've asked the man who owns one  
And he tells me it keeps him broke.  
I know when it's time to retire,  
And I've heard that they satisfy.  
But there's one thing that keeps me guessing,  
No matter how hard I strive:  
I'd like to know just whether or not  
I'm one of the four out of five.

—N. E. A. BULLETIN

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## Increasingly Vexing

Sign on parkway at Wilmette Masonic temple:  
Please do not park only on one side of the street.

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## Atmosphere

While sauntering along Via del Lago, the principle thoroughfare of "Spanish Town," lately called "No Man's Land," we somehow felt the urge to recline in a doorway and lazily enjoy a cigaret—but, caramba, it was cold, and not a drop of Mescal. (at least that's the way it sounds.)

—MIQUE