

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Politicians, for reasons of their own, have omitted from the Cook County coalition ticket the names of Judge Charles M. Thomson of Winnetka, Judge Oscar M. Torrison of Evanston, and Judge Frank Johnston, Jr. These men are now on the bench and have long and highly honorable records. In a recent vote cast by members of the Bar Association for the 20 judges who are to be elected at this coming election these three judges were among the top 15. Moreover, the three candidates substituted by the bosses for Judges Thomson, Torrison and Johnston were persons of absolutely no judicial experience and far below the latter three in the Bar rating.

The elimination of these capable judges from the list of regular candidates defeats the very purpose for which the bi-partisan coalition ticket was formed, which was to take the judiciary out of politics. This move of the political machine brings the judiciary, under this malign influence.

Judges Thomson, Torrison and Johnston will be on the ticket as independent candidates. North shore citizens are urged on June 6 to cast their votes for these worthy men and thus not only help to elect those who are an honor to the bench but also to block effectually the interference of politicians with the administration of justice.

Discussion often arises as to the proper manner of displaying the Flag. In recent years a conference was held in Washington under the auspices of the American Legion to draft an authentic code of Flag etiquette. The following rules are drawn from this code.

"The Flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authorities.

"When the Flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window sill, balcony, or building, the union of the Flag (the rectangle containing the stars) should go clear to the peak of the staff. The same usage should be followed if the Flag is on a rope stretched from a building to a tree or vertical pole.

"When displayed either vertically or horizontally against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the observer's left.

"When displayed over the middle of the street, the Flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street, or to the east in a north and south street.

"On Memorial Day the Flag is displayed at half-staff from sunrise until noon, and

at full staff noon until sunset.

"Do not let the Flag touch the ground or the floor.

"Do not use the Flag as drapery in any form whatsoever.

"When the Flag is displayed on a motor car, the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis or clamped to the radiator cap.

"Do not put lettering of any kind upon the Flag.

"Do not use the Flag in any form of advertising.

"The Nation lives, and the Flag is a symbol of the living Nation."

Surely it cannot be justly said that the churches make no attempt to adjust their hours to suit the desires and needs of their members. By beginning the church service at about 11 in the morning, the churches have for years given people plenty of time to sleep on Sunday morning. By leaving the afternoon vacant, as has usually been done by the ministers, men, women and children can read, drive and play around for four or five hours, or even nap, if they feel like it.

Moreover, the length of the service has been cut to fit the congregation. The sermon is now not by any means so long as it used to be. The old idea seemed to be that the greater the quantity of church attendance the better for the attender. But in very modern times, when it is really believed that the Sabbath was made for man and not vice versa, much is done to make church going fairly easy. One striking example of this willingness to be accommodating is the recent instituting of an 8:15 morning church service in the Wilmette Congregational church.

The pastor of this church is to be thanked by the members of his flock for having given evidence in so decided a way of his willingness to co-operate with them in making Sunday a day of both spiritual and physical recreation.

Shall we still put safety first? Did Lucky Lindbergh smash that old slogan to bits when he hopped across the pond? When he lit out so suddenly, without warning, when he flew alone, when he carried almost nothing that would save him from a watery grave, in case he was forced down, when he took all these chances, didn't it seem as if he was reckless? And then when in spite of these apparent handicaps he achieved his goal, didn't it seem as if he had proved that "safety first" was a rather cowardly suggestion?

No. The wise counsel still stands. Several facts show that Lindbergh's flight was not so devoid of forethought as it seemed. In the first place he endangered only his own personal safety. In the second place he is a man of unusual vigor and intelligence. In the third place the success of his venture was so important as to justify the taking of unusual hazards. Doubtless it also helped to establish good-will between America and France, a feeling that of recent months has not been any too strong.

"Safety first!" It still stands and will always stand under ordinary conditions.

## SHORE LINES

### Playmates

Sometimes I play with Charlotte Dean,  
Who lives upon the hill,  
And there's a lawn all soft and green,  
A fountain never still.

And brightest gold fish play in there  
Among the lilies white,  
At luncheon there, to lift your chair,  
A butler stiff and right.

Oh! dainty little Charlotte Dean,  
Your home is wondrous fair,  
I love to run upon your green,  
And see that butler there.

The buttons on his coat, I count,  
I try to walk like him,  
But when your marble steps I mount  
I don't dast even grin.

But when I play with Maggie Byrne,  
Who lives on River street,  
There is no butler tall and stern  
At Maggie's door to greet.

But Maggie's mother's eyes are blue,  
And tender, soft and kind,  
The look that comforts me and you,  
And says just "Never mind."

Oh! Charlotte Dean, and Maggie Byrne,  
I love the both of you,  
But mother says I've lots to learn  
Before my life is thru.

She says that I must learn to choose  
My friends with loving care,  
And poverty and riches fuse,  
For friends are everywhere.

I like to play with Charlotte Dean,  
But Oh! I like the way  
That Maggie's mother laughs between  
Her busy tasks all day.

She laughs with Maggie all the day,  
And wrinkles up her nose,  
Wish Charlotte's butler'd laugh that way  
But then—he can't—I 'spose.

Now Charlotte Dean, and Maggie Byrne,  
I love the both of you,  
But River street is where I learn  
What love and laughter do.

—SARAH SILVER.

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### Now We Can Say "Finis"

Dear Mique: Tell that fellow Hub, who wrote you last week that the guys with the hirsute appendages made a "cleanup" when Whiskery won the Kentucky Derby, he's all wrong. It was the boys in the tonsorial parlors who made the cleanup. Aren't they always picking the facial shrubbery and don't they often take one on the nose, so why shouldn't they cash in on the Derby winner? You'd have had this information earlier, but you know how hard it is to get a barber to talk.

—THE OLD PLUG.

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### The Robin

Erz a robin at comes, almost every day,  
An drinks in our yard, an n'en flies away!  
But 'fore he goes, he steps in the pan,  
An scatters the water like a big 'lectric fan!

He hops on the rim an looks all around,  
An shakes his feathers—an jumps to the ground—  
He waggles his tale an turns up his eye,  
An n'en flies away off in the sky!

He loves to take baths—different from me!  
Why should he bathe?—when he is free!  
He sets in the sun every bright day—  
Why should he bathe?—when he could play!

Pa says the robin seldom makes noise—  
An sets a example for some little boys!  
By keeping his hair and his feathers quite neat,  
An brushin his teeth and washin his feet!

An up in the morn! an greetin the sun!  
An singin all day—till daylight is done!  
An always is cheerful—even in rain—  
Cause he knows it'll clear up again!

—H. A. MILLS.

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Today's rain was not quite as moisture-laden as that of the last seventy-five or seventy-six days, don't you think?

—MIQUE.