

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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The making up and publishing of a high school scholarship honor roll early in the school year seems to us a very effective method of stimulating

## High School Honor Roll

students to excel in school work. It provides at the very beginning of the year an incentive to work hard. And once the habit of hard studying has been established it will continue to operate throughout the entire course, unless some unforeseen obstacle arises.

Praise is a great stimulator. A word of appreciation spoken at a critical time has often worked wonders. A student who has fallen behind his schoolmates and who despite his best efforts has failed to catch up has sometimes been so encouraged by a bit of praise from his teacher that he has tried again and achieved success. A girl whose best has been none too good has been lifted over a difficulty by a very little applause.

Men and women need to be praised, judiciously. Compliments often restore to a tired individual the last ooings of self-respect, and enable him to carry on. Just as a college team really needs to be cheered on by college mates, so do people literally need the hearty approval of friends and acquaintances. It keeps them going when the going is pretty stiff.

Was the name of some one in your family on the high school honor roll?

Matters affecting all north shore towns, including Evanston on the south and Highland Park on the north and all intermediate

## The North Shore

### Relations Committee

towns, constitute the program of the North Shore Relations Committee. It is a full program and an important program, for it presents many inter-community problems, the solution of which demands the united efforts of representatives of all north shore interests.

Our attention has been called to the fact that in our attempt to take a shot at the present Chicago school situation we have been supposed by some to be shooting at Superintendent Washburne. Not a few, so we understand, have even gone so far as to imagine that we objected to his taking a lecture tour now and then. Let us say very emphatically that we know of nothing at all in the activities of Mr. Washburne to criticize, but that on the contrary we regard him as having established in Winnetka a public school educational system that has no rival anywhere else for the achievement of desirable educational goals. The more widely spread his gospel, the better for America.

## Armistice Day

### A RED CROSS NURSE DOESN'T FORGET

(with apologies to K. C. B.)

I'm going to toss aside  
The lighter thought  
And tell a story  
For those who think  
I've been wondering  
Ever since yesterday  
When I met a girl  
On the street downtown  
If I shouldn't tell you  
What she said to me,  
So I'm going to write  
And let you know.

She doesn't look like  
The girl I used to know  
Because her hair has grayed  
And her eyes are heavy.  
But she smiled and said:  
"Do you know I'm thinking  
Of a day, nine years ago  
When they brought a boy  
Into the Base Hospital  
Where I was stationed  
In France, and I asked:  
'And who are you?'"

The boy had a smile on his face  
But I guess he didn't know it  
Because he was all banged up  
Where the shell fragments hit  
And he couldn't answer  
Though I kept on repeating:  
'And who are you?'  
And after while he closed his eyes  
And I knew the lights were out  
Because I'd seen others go that way.

That's nine years ago  
But somehow when this day  
Rolls around each year  
I catch myself saying  
Over and over again:  
'And who are you?'  
And just today  
After all these years  
It is clear to me  
That that fine boy  
Didn't need to answer  
Or tell me his name  
Or where he came from.

For now I know  
Just who he was.  
He was the boy  
Who gave his all  
That this tricky old world  
Might be a better place  
For all of us to live in;  
That we might secure  
That peace on earth  
And good will to men  
That God taught us about.

And so today when I take  
The old white cap out  
With the red cross on it  
I'll not be thinking  
Of those who fought and won  
And D. V., came back.  
I'll be thinking of those  
Who fought and won  
Not the war, but the glory  
Of being able to answer:  
'And who are you?'  
At the golden gate above."

—R. C. P.

## SHORE LINES

### MORNING

Early in the morning  
The world is mine alone.  
The sun just flicks the tree-tops  
And the hesitating breezes,  
That announce day is coming,  
Cool my cheek and whip my hair,  
This world that lies before me,  
So quiet—so intense,  
This world—is it the same  
That I see later in the day?  
No shouts, no crowds of people—  
Yet so very much more poignant  
Is this eloquence of silence  
That I find at dawn of day.  
The clinking of milk bottles  
And the morning paper boy  
Break this spell of fairy-land  
And thus the day has now commenced.

—GEORGIA REB.

### Crowded Hours

Traveling city-ward on the "Road of Service" tother evening we noted, immediately under the introduction to an article in the astonishing Liberty the italicized sentence: "Reading time 20 minutes, 10 seconds." "Ah, ha," said we, addressing ourselves, "Now we shall see." Forthwith the stopwatch was set and we proceeded post-haste. Rounding the curve below Willow street, Chicago, we pulled up in the stretch, and at Chicago avenue came under the barrier. Time: 20 minutes, 5 and 3/4 seconds. What was it we read? "Oh, why bring that up?"

### Memories

A lovely rose lay withering at my feet;  
What careless hands had idly tossed it there?  
Half tenderly I pressed it to my heart  
For it reminded me of one most fair.

All through her life she'd loved and cherished flowers,  
So I was glad that I had thought to save  
This lovely rose, and for her dear sweet sake  
I took it then and laid it on her grave.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

### Well, What of It?

Mique—  
Some years ago, or so it seems, somebody was a trifle provoked because the writer of the valued paragraphs immediately west of this column implied that stop-and-go lights had already been installed at Fourth and Linden. In fact this same somebody waxed very facetious at the expense of this same writer. Well, now that these lights have been installed and are working to keep separated the two voluminous streams of traffic flowing through that intersection, perhaps the said somebody will see that the writer knew exactly what was going to happen.

—FILUP SPACE.

### The Wistful Hour

The sun shines down from deep blue skies—  
The earth is drowsing in its rays—  
The birds are chirping on all sides—  
It surely is a day of days.

The air is filled with happiness,  
And all of us smile with the sun;  
But I prefer another time—  
The evening hour when day is done.

For at that time when shadows creep,  
And night puts on her jet black cloak,  
I sit up here in reverie,  
And sadly dream of distant folk.

And when the silvery gliding moon  
Silently glows between the trees,  
And from across the sleeping sea,  
There comes a faintly stirring breeze—

'Tis then I long for all the days  
I spent in meadows gay with flowers—  
'Tis then I hope and fervently pray  
For many future happy hours.

—THE PISCATOR.

### To M.....

In the center of a friendly, laughing crowd—  
And, suddenly, I find myself alone.  
My hands go on; my voice rises and falls;  
No tell-tale gestures, and no change in tone,  
Yet all at once I, I am far away,  
In vast uncharted depths of silent space,  
Where nought of God nor man remains, except.  
The echo of your voice, your haunting face.

—SHERRILL.

Burning leaves—turkey on the way.

—MIQUE.