

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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

This is the very first editorial that we have written in our new building. The very first! Isn't it wonderful? Yes, it is. Last

## "We're in the New Building!"

week we were writing in the front parlor of a flat, serving for the time being as an editorial sanctum. The room was jammed with desks, tables, telephones, books, and people. If a writer wished to change his mind he had to go out into the hall to find room to do it.

But now we are writing in a room that is roomier than six of the former sanctum. The desks and tables seem almost lost. To walk across the room is a real expedition. The floors, walls, and ceiling are of concrete, the concrete on the floor being covered with some slightly elastic substance, called mastic. Daylight streams in through half a dozen large casement windows, made of metal.

We can't tell in an editorial all the facilities and up-to-date elements in our new building. We are told that it is a model printing plant. We believe it. Upstairs there are offices for editors, advertising solicitors, and the publisher himself. Also an immense room for typesetters, make-up men, etc. Downstairs visitors will find the business offices and circulation department. And in the big space at the back elephantine presses, folding machines, power cutters, bindery, etc.

Come in some day soon.

Yesterday we put a penny into an automatic machine with the sure expectation of getting a piece of gum. We didn't get it. The machine failed to deliver the goods.

## Penny in the Slot Machines

We tried another. Same result. A third failed to produce the desired article. Three pennies lost!

Like other automatic devices, a penny-in-the-slot machine is fine when it is 100 per cent efficient. When it makes no mistakes it's worth all it costs. But when it won't work, it's an irritation.

If a human being doesn't do what's expected of him, the other party can get some satisfaction by berating the recreant or by beating him up. But what's the use of bawling out a machine that won't work? Or why beat up something that can't even feel uncomfortable?

Our conclusion is that automatic devices are conveniences IF kept in perfect working order. But for satisfaction in and out of season we prefer human beings more or less like ourselves.

We hope that you will have a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. Our last year's hopes along this line have doubtless sustained through a most trying year. Therefore we repeat our hopes.

The real meaning of Christmas is not to be found in the mere giving of presents. Enemies may exchange presents and still remain enemies. The simple fact that one enemy gives a present to another is no sure sign that the antagonism is ended. No, there must be something other than the mere giving of material gifts before Christmas can be truly celebrated.

## Real Meaning of Christmas

The real meaning of this most significant of all holidays is to be found in the message of the angels, "Peace on earth; good will to men." The right way to celebrate Christmas is to put into practice this message. When the spirit of peace and good will prevails, then indeed the kingdom of God will have come.

Too often nowadays this spirit of peace and good will is tainted with selfishness, stinginess, and cold prudence. Too often the giving, if the giver would only admit it, is obviously a bid for a return gift. Too often a gift is given only because one feels that he must.

It is too much to expect, or even hope, that there shall be on earth if only for one day in the year 100 per cent good will. Mothers and little children come closest to it. But everyone can on Christmas Day, at least, do his best to feel nothing but good will towards others.

It is good for members of a community to get together on certain occasions and take part in a celebration. Fourth of July get-togethers increase the patriotism of the participants. When citizens meet at church to give thanks, the feeling of gratitude to the giver of all things is deepened and strengthened. Community Christmas celebrations do much to promote the spirit of good will.

## Community Celebrations

It cannot be too much emphasized that man is a social creature. To keep sane he must mingle with others. For a little while he can find profit in going off by himself. But he must soon return to his fellows and live with them. Those who are forced by circumstances to live alone gradually lose their mental health.

Take your part in the Christmas celebrations.

Our North Shore Theater Guild has done a notable thing in engaging the New York Theater Guild Repertory Company to give "Arms and the Man" at Skokie School on December 28. There will be a few of us who can't go, but we congratulate those who will be there to see the performance. Our own Guild has shown unusual foresight, enterprise, and activity in bringing this wonderful thing to pass.

In country towns or in towns where traffic congestion does not occur, it may be all right for car owners to park their cars at the curb overnight. We have often, when sojourning in smaller towns than Evanston and Winnetka and in towns less burdened with cars, parked ours at the curb overnight. But overnight parking on the North Shore is distinctly a nuisance and should be forbidden.

# SHORE LINES

## Egypt

In the south beside the Nile,  
Where the Lotus lilies smile,  
And that great big silent Sphinx  
In the desert sits and thinks.  
I knew Egypt, by the way,  
Long before the Sphinx's day!  
In that land of magic spell,  
I have heard the mothers tell  
Bright-eyed babes who thought it true,  
All about the god Khonsu;

Always merry, always young,  
On whose brow a bright curl grew,  
As the moon does when it's new,  
Many a tale in days of old  
Of this merry god was told;  
How he played at draughts a lot,  
With the magic-maker Thoth;  
They were gamblers, I'm afraid,  
And the stakes for which they played  
Were five nights, all silver-bright  
With the merry moon-god's light!

Young Khonsu had other crafts,  
When he wasn't playing draughts.  
He was busy, so they say,  
Driving wicked imps away,  
In a really first rate style,  
From the homes around the Nile,  
In that land of magic spell,  
Where the mothers used to tell  
Bright-eyed babes, when moon was new,  
All about the god Khonsu.  
Helen Crossley (11 summers).

Note: Helen Crossley is a sixth grade pupil in the Wilmette public schools. The above poem was written in conjunction with her English class work. We are happy to welcome Helen to our contrib family and hope to hear more from her gifted pen.

## The Birth of Santa Claus

Child: "This Santa Claus, who is this chap?  
Why is he fat and greasy?  
Is it because some Chimney's small  
So he may slide down easy?"

Mother: "This corpulence is emblematic  
Of good will, my dear—  
Of loving mind! and purpose kind!  
And jolly Christmas cheer."

Child: "How is it he came from the Pole  
Which others cannot reach?  
Bill says he comes when sledding's good,  
At driving he's a peach."

"Although it's hard to go up north;  
Says Billy, with a frown,  
'It isn't any trick at all,  
It's easy to roll down!'"

Mother: "It's easy to roll down, my dear,  
But, for a worthy love,  
You must reach upwards, always dear,  
To meet that from above."

Child: "How is it there is always one—  
The same one grandpa saw?  
Bill says, 'his father was a bear,  
His ma, an Esquimaux'."

Mother: "The only Santa ever born,  
In spite of other lies,  
Was born of love!—in Bethlehem!  
And that one never dies."

—HENRY F. STOW.

## Worst Joke of the Year

Mique—Here's one hot off the griddle: Two men stood at the entrance to a Synagogue eating apples—and the juice came out.

JACK, THE NORD.

Note: Anent the above—only our extreme tolerance at this joyous season prevents a killing in the first degree.

Although Christmas hasn't arrived, we've opened our presents to find that the nicest gift of all is a splendid new sanctum sanctorum where we take genuine pride in welcoming our friends, both young and older. Today we heard inklings of a grand opening. Let you in on the fun a bit later. Meanwhile, Merry Christmas, and the hope that you, too, fare nicely by good old Santa.

—MIQUE.