

# 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.

Years ago we used to play the pipe organ. We'd like to have it well understood that we held no regular position, but that sometimes in the absence of the regular organist we were invited to fill the vacancy. We always accepted.

## Playing the Pipe Organ

We began our organ apprenticeship by playing on a small reed organ at home, the kind in which the player generates air pressure by alternately working two pedals. How we loved to play the good old tunes, hymns mostly, on that black walnut Mason and Hamlin!

Our first acquaintance with that master instrument, the pipe organ, began when we began pumping for the aforesaid regular organist. It was laborious, pulling and pushing that big lever fastened to the bellows. It wasn't quite so hard when the organist played softly, very pianissimo. A few easy pulls and pushes provides air for many measures. But when the organist began to increase the volume of sound and transferred her fingers from the swell bank to the great, our labors became herculean. How we did bend our poor back and how the perspiration did flow!

In the course of time we were promoted from the pump room to the organ bench. That was a most pleasing promotion. Now we could indulge our artistic soul to the limit. We melted the hearers' hearts with Barnby's Sweet and Low and stirred these same hearts with the Pilgrim's Chorus. Wonderful times we had!

While certain sections of Chicago suffer at fairly frequent intervals the ill effects resulting from the contamination of drinking water, we on the North Shore are getting water that is as pure as, and very likely purer than, the spring water that poets praise so fervidly. And as for the liquid that came up in the old oaken bucket, containing a frog or two, —well, there is simply no comparison.

Having an abundance of the best of air and water we are assured of the two greatest assets in the job of living. Man can do without son, he can do without daughter, but civilized man cannot do without water.

Officer John Dehmlow, veteran in the public service in Winnetka, when retiring at the age of 70, replied to commendatory remarks in a few simple words, among which were the following, "I have tried to do my best."

## "I Have Tried to Do My Best"

It must be a great satisfaction to a man to be able to say after a long and useful career, "I have tried to do my best." These words speak of years of faithful work, of difficulties overcome, of hardships endured, of ideals adhered to. Not everyone when

his term of active work draws to an end can honestly utter these words. He knows all too well that there have been many times when he has not tried to do his best, when, to put it inelegantly but forcefully, he has laid down on the job.

But when anyone, man or woman, girl or boy, sincerely tries to do his or her best no fault can be found. A worker who tries to attain his ideals is open to no criticism. Probably he has made mistakes, but he has certainly stuck to his colors.

The aim of each of us should be to so live and labor that when our Scriptural span has ended each of us may be able to say, "I have tried to do my best."

Now that the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington are approaching it is well to remind ourselves of certain cautions concerning the use of our national flag. Too often we forget what the flag represents. Read these cautions and act accordingly.

## How to Use the Flag

Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the flag of the United States of America.

Do not let the flag touch the ground or the floor.

Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the flag of the United States of America.

Do not use the flag as drapery in any form whatsoever. Use bunting of blue, white or red.

Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, sides or back of a vehicle, or of a railway train or boat. 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 use the flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.

Do not put lettering of any kind upon the flag.

It will soon be up to the trustees of the village of Winnetka to decide whether or not the ordinance fixing the number of families to the acre in territory zoned "C"

## Think Hard

## and Go Slow

shall be reduced and if reduced just how much shall be the number per acre. Just now the matter is being considered by the Zoning Commission.

There is not the slightest doubt but that any considerable modification of this ordinance will have far-reaching effects, not only on business interests but also on residential interests. While the present allowance of 72 families per acre is unusually high, still before the number is materially reduced, most careful consideration of the consequences of such a reduction should certainly be made.

The interests of the residents of Winnetka should be taken into account. No doubt about that. But the interests too of the business people of Winnetka must not be neglected or too hastily weighed. The Winnetka business section is far above the average in physical appearance. Winnetka firms as a whole are prosperous. This is right and just as it should be. Any law which might change this condition should be considered carefully. We urge both the commission and the council to think hard and go slow.

## SHORE LINES

### RAINBOWS

Wind swept and laughing,  
With tangled hair  
And tears in crystal blue eyes;  
Dancing and dancing away somewhere  
With the stars wrapped up  
In her sun gold hair  
And a radiance as of a Paradise,  
As in glorious meeting of many skies.  
Her eyes and her hair,  
And what lightness of poise;  
Just a presence seems there  
But no whisper of noise  
Like the brushing of wings  
In a moment fleet  
The patter of tiny, restless feet.

The tree branches yield  
To the pressure of wings;  
Flowers nod  
To the music of beautiful things.  
Skies and trees and the air  
Drift together in song,  
She is part of all these;  
Glowing and fair  
Wind swept and laughing  
With tangled hair.  
Arms full of daisies  
And rose blossoms, too,  
Gold ones and pink and of varied hue.

Her song is the wind  
That we hear in the trees,  
Making quaint little fanciful melodies.  
When her daisies drop petals  
To earth here below  
Some call it cloud dust  
But we call it snow.  
Starlit and wind swept  
With laughing eyes,  
Dancing and tearful  
With smiles and with sighs....  
I would prison this opulent sprite,  
But the rain  
Has taken her off  
In its madness again.

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

### Lucky Child With Such an Aunt

Mique: Stop the presses! Stop the presses!  
You gotta get this in the line! I wanta be the first of your contribs to boast of being an uncle through that medium. Yep! 9¾ pounds of squawk. HECK NO! NAME'S WILLIE!

—Hub.

P. S. The fair Kentuckian is also an aunt.—H.

### It's Out o' My Territory

Dear Mique—  
My Daddy has built us  
A nice little home,  
Right here in Winnetka.  
So, if you should roam,  
Just drop in and see us.  
We'd be delighted, Mique,  
To get real acquainted  
With a bachelor like you.  
You don't know the address?  
They call it some lane.  
For the world of me, I  
Can't remember the name.  
I've just asked my Ma,  
And she says you should look,  
In the Winnetka issue,  
Of the telephone book.

—Artie.

### X Marks the Spot Where Fil, Etc.

Danny Davis encountered us in the midst of a tearful scene 'tother day, when we were prepared to be most solicitous over the repeated deferral of his Wilmette ice carnival, and plugged our lachrymal ducts with the reassuring avowal that he'll conduct an ice carnival this year if forced to wait until the Fourth of July to perpetrate the event. Whereupon the wise filosofer remarked (always dryly): "A season for everything and everything in its season."

### Luke's Bulletin Please Copy

The North Shore line, says Dominic Tom of Winnetka, seems to be having difficulty in depressing its tracks through our towns, but it has succeeded nicely in depressing its patrons by the simple expedient of raising the ante on its fares.

—MIQUE