

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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

Of recent public enterprises one of the most valuable is regional planning. "Laying out" individual cities and villages, providing on paper for local parks and civic centers, and showing where future town roads and boulevards shall run—all this means better and more beautiful places for human beings to live in. But individual separate towns and villages may be convenient and comely and still the combination may be discordant and utterly lacking in decent interconnections.

Value of Regional Planning

A stranger driving from the Wilmette postoffice to the Winnetka postoffice by way of Kenilworth pursues a weird and devious route. He drives north on 11th street in Wilmette to Chestnut street. Turning to the west he seeks vainly for some means of getting into Kenilworth. But not until he has got almost a block beyond 13th street does he strike Cumnor avenue. There he turns into a direction which he unfortunately thinks is north and is soon wandering around in Kenilworth, only to find himself after much twisting about, back in Wilmette via Sheridan road. Days later he asks old residents just why the streets in Kenilworth don't run in the same directions as those in the towns north and south of it. He learns that the towns were laid out independently of one another.

Regional planning, if carried into effect, will obviate such difficulties as those indicated above. It will provide long-sighted plans for communications between Chicago and its suburbs. It may justly be expected to prevent conflicts between individual community projects and foresee such an inter-community future as, when materialized, will be a pride to coming generations.

The Annual Mothers' and Daughters' banquet to be held at New Trier on February 16 will not only be an occasion affording great pleasure to those who partake but will also be productive of much good to the school and the community. The high school teachers, also invited to be present, will meet the mothers and thus come to a much better understanding of the students themselves. The mothers will get very useful ideas as to their daughters' school environment.

The letter sent not long ago by the Winnetka Branch of the American Legion to Mayor Thompson replying to his request that the Legion join the disgraceful fight against McAndrew was one of the most delightful documents that we've recently had the opportunity of reading. If after going through it, His Honor doesn't see that there are plenty of self-respecting men in and about Chicago then he should visit in person a meeting of the Legion.

Next Sunday, February 12, is the anniversary of the birth of one of America's greatest citizens. Almost 120 years ago

The Birthday of a Great Citizen

Abraham Lincoln was born in the backwoods to a life of hardship and hard work. With little help from those nearest to him he fought his way to the presidency, a position whose prominence and honor are only surpassed by the burden of responsibility it places on its occupant.

It seems to us that his two primary qualities were his ambition and his sympathy. Had he not been ambitious he would have been content to remain a backwoodsman, a man like thousands of others. He probably would have acquired a little plot of land, cultivated it, married, raised a family, and lived an everyday existence. But something unusual within young Abe spurred him on and continued to drive him onward towards excellence. Call it "divine discontent."

His sympathy with suffering in man and animal seems also, like his ambition, to have been uncommon. A slave sale, which he attended in early years, hurt him as if it were a sword piercing his vitals. The knowledge that American boys were being killed by the hundreds in the war was almost more than his tender heart could bear. The marvelous statue by St. Gaudens shows the sympathy of this remarkable man, this great American.

Unfortunately there are in almost every community men and women who treat policemen as social inferiors. Obviously these men and women think that the proper attitude to take toward the police is that of condescension and fault-finding. And the language and tone they adopt when speaking to these guardians of public welfare is harsh and arrogant.

Recently we heard of one of our North Shore matrons with more money than kindness or manners, who when asking for protection of her home during a short absence treated the police as a drill sergeant treats a raw recruit. Instead of requesting she ordered. And anyone who has been ordered knows the difference. She quite insisted that her needs and demands receive immediate attention and that the police being village employees were the servants of the citizens and nothing more.

What a distinct contrast this treatment is to that of those liberal minded citizens who not only sent a gift to the police for their valuable aid in time of most urgent need but, what was more deeply appreciated, also sent a letter expressing heartfelt gratitude.

It will be a good day for every community when every resident without exception uses the golden rule in dealing with village officials.

The habit of the late Edward L. Ryerson of giving to charities while able to make the gifts in person and of not delegating the giving to executors is surely a sensible practice. If we had plenty of money we should also take great pleasure in using it before we died to help needy and deserving individuals and societies. After death we should not be in a condition to get any pleasure out of our gifts to the poor, and others. And anticipating before death the pleasure of giving after death is not much fun.

SHORE LINES

Afterthought

Oh January, cold, bleak month,
Dreariest of all the year,
Have you one small excuse for being?
One, perhaps—I cannot find it.
Ah, two-faced Janus, how you tease us
With a blizzard, then a March day.
Have you not one desire to please us
Shivering in your wintry blast?
Your days are numbered, one by one,
They must inevitably pass,
Just once again I put the query—
I do admire your subtle wit—
Have you one small excuse for being?
One, perhaps—I cannot find it.

—GEORGIA REB.

The Feeling Is Mutual

Stern-visaged as the public prints please to depict the irrepressible Mussolini, he has to date failed utterly to hand us even the semblance of a scare. This in spite of the fact that a solicitous flapper friend volunteers the information that Il Duce is the mortal foe of all bachelors. If worst comes to worst, we'll climb *Mein Herr Doktor Peltzer's ruecken* and give the Big Guy the run of his life.

Lessons in Proposals

And, speaking of the merry, though just now precarious state of bachelorhood, what do you suppose those married girls over at the Wilmette Methodist church mean by inviting their unmarried sisters to a Leap Year party.

A Parody

The midnight hour approaching fast,
His tired form in bed he cast.
About he tossed, no sleep, no rest!
So he sat up and cursed this blest
"Excelsior."

An overstuffed pink suite he spied,
A lovely present for his bride:
"How is it you can sell so cheap?"
The salesman chirped a little peep,
"Excelsior."

The bridal pair at breakfast cooed
"We'll take a little breakfast food."
The bridegroom swore he could have felled
That raucous waiter when he yelled,
"Excelsior."

A pocketbook on birthday came,
With bulging sides—"Oh, is he game!"
A hundred dollars, I'll be bound"—
But when she looked inside she found
"Excelsior."

Now when she quit this world he hied
Himself unto a medium—cried!
"Ask why she gave me such a jolt."
Back came her voice like thunderbolt—
"Excelsior."

—H. F. S.

Founts of Knowledge

This Mike Angelo Portenhauser, who, with his genial associates, has been engaged the past few days in daubing the confines of the sanctum sanctorum, develops considerable philosophy the while he wields his artistic brush. Twixt he and Jim (the right bower) one can readily provoke copious comment concerning any possible subject of discussion. During their stay, for instance, has come hitherward all the knowledge that really matters. In fact, we've been busy all the while gathering up pearls of wisdom and rubbing paint spots off our new suit and overcoat.

Oh, They Just Love It

The device installed at Winnetka police headquarters for the purpose of electrocuting stray dogs is proving highly satisfactory, comments a Village official. Yet we'll wager the condemned beasts would have reason to differ.

Girls, He's Simple Immense

Alva Lee Adams, world's champion one man orchestra, who devotes his leisure to pill rolling, is soon to risk his crown (or that of his brown derby) in a Chicago Rotary song-leaders contest. Which may be considered the height of something or other.

After considering all the available candidates for Cal's job at the White House, may we beg leave to announce that we're out for Helpful Herbert Hoover? We've learned, among other things, that he's a better smoker than we.

—Mique.