

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.

As members of a community it is our privilege, as well as our duty, to help all enterprises that aim to benefit the community. One of these enterprises is the public school, the outstanding institution in the upbringing of the young. Pupils will be in the future active, responsible members of the community, carrying the burdens, shouldering the important responsibilities. We should always stand ready to extend a helping hand to the schools.

Help Community Enterprises

The church also is an important agent in the spreading of good things throughout the community. It is the main channel by means of which the streams of religion are carried into homes and to individuals. The church instills into the community ideals that raise every-day life above the lower levels into the purer air of high ambitions and thoughts. The church merits the co-operation of community members.

In all our North Shore towns are organizations, like Community House in Winnetka, which are continual sources of inspiration and instruction to the people of the towns. These social organizations give instruction, direct and indirect, in such fields as the drama, music, public speaking and discussion, physical culture, language, and parliamentary drill. It cannot be doubted that by so doing they do good to the entire group of homes comprising the community. No one who is a real member of the community should refuse to contribute to the support of such organizations.

In addition to these enterprises one may find in every community other enterprises such as clubs, associations of business men, and fraternal organizations, which do their share towards making the work of living a more successful affair.

It is good for individuals to get into politics, at least far enough in so that every voter can grasp the issues involved and judge intelligently of the ability of each candidate to fill the office to which he aspires, or for which he has been suggested. We do not see how any democracy can function with any degree of success unless its members are members in deed as well as in name. Our country will not be really free until all its citizens participate in the responsibilities as well as in the benefits involved in the term, membership.

Keeping Out of Politics

But while it is well that individuals get into politics, we believe that it is also well that certain organizations should keep out of politics. Nobody can reasonably deny that it is a good thing for chambers of commerce to keep out of politics. Members of such organizations come from a variety of political parties and often en-

dorse antagonistic political creeds. Such organizations have a common aim and interest, expressed in the term, "business," and should not dabble in politics.

The American Legion keeps consistently out of politics and was therefore thoroughly justified in refusing Big Bill's invitation to enlist in the fight against McAndrew. A veteran and his buddies organized into a society have no call to play political favorites. We hold that all such groups should keep out of politics.

We've decided to order a "jitney plane," Yankee Doodle model, cruising range 475 miles, 3½ cents per mile. When it arrives we shall tow it out onto one of the large empty fields west of the North Shore suburbs, and there we shall practice until we acquire enough skill and confidence to enable us to hop off, fly and light successfully with the nonchalance of a Lindy.

Take Our Order!

What fun it will be to fly up to Milwaukee, some 70 to 80 miles away! What a surprise it will be to our friends to see us come swooping down in the street before their home! The paper says that these planes have a wing-spread of 43 feet. That will make our lighting on a street of ordinary width pretty difficult. It might be better to land on the beach, if we could be sure of not getting blown into the lake.

Every week-day, when the weather was propitious, we would fly into Chicago and light on the roof of the building where we work. But how could we take off? The roof isn't long enough to enable us to get a good running start. And if we didn't begin to soar before we reached the end of the roof we'd fall with our little plane ten or more stories down to the hard, hard pavement.

We were sure that spring was standing on our doorstep last Saturday when on that day we saw several groups of small boys playing marbles. Even though the mercury wasn't up to forty and a chill wind was snooping unpleasantly about, still the boys knew very well that it was time for marble playing, and they were going to play even if it froze their knuckles. And other older boys were playing catch.

Spring Has Arrived!

We cannot see the earth coming up again on even keel and the sun shining directly down on the equator, but we know that when March 20 comes during leap year that the time of the vernal equinox has arrived and that robins will soon be singing in the oaks and elms.

The coming of spring doesn't stir our blood the way it used to. Especially after such a mild winter as has just visited us do we find ourselves unexcited by the change of seasons. One day is much the same to us as any other, all pleasant and all profitable. We do, however, look forward to taking a spring auto tour.

We were present the other evening when members of the North Shore Theater Guild presented Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." We marvel not only at the ability of the actors to portray so convincingly such highly emotional types, but we also are surprised at their being able to stand up under the tremendous strain that these sustained portrayals put upon the actors who assume the roles.

SHORE LINES

SPRINGTIME

SPRINGTIME HAS MOST ASSUREDLY ARRIVED, AND THAT WITH A VENGEANCE. ALBEIT THE AIR IS A BIT CHILLY OF MORNINGS AND AT EVENTIDE, THERE ARE THE CUSTOMARY AND NUMEROUS UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS NOT THE LEAST SIGNIFICANT OF WHICH IS THE YEN OF THE EDITORIAL CANINE FOR ABSENTING HIMSELF FOR DAYS AT A STRETCH THE WHILE HE STRAYS AIMLESSLY HITHER AND YON IN SEARCH OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR. THEN, ALSO, THE BIG BOSS HAS RETAINED A CORPS OF LANDSCAPE GARDENERS TO DRESS UP OUR SPACIOUS FRONT LAWN PREPARATORY TO THE FITTING OF ITS NEW SUMMER GARB.

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Other positive evidences of Spring are the various and sundry interesting—if not actually amusing—Village Caucuses through the medium of which the annual crop of political recruits, who otherwise do duty as highly respected businessmen, are put through their paces and duly paraded before a critical assemblage of the more discerning citizenry. Political activity is in full swing and the curbstone sages are laboring overtime expounding the latest slants on the age-old ills of our great and curiously constituted commonwealth.

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These protracted political sessions never fail to exhibit a startling assortment of oratory—fair, bad and atrocious, with emphasis, obviously, on the latter classification.

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Then, too, there is the usual quota of regulars who, for lo these many annums, have employed the periodical pre-election powwow as a peculiarly fit occasion to drag forth from the shelter of their closets the all but forgotten and decidedly unwelcome skeletons to which all municipal households fall heir.

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With several hundred well developed cases of the mumps reported by our north shore health authorities, it appears that all the Caucus orators happily escaped the affliction. A sore throat is all one can reasonably expect in the instance of this species of our local gentry.

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Yet, the Village Caucus is an essential institution. By virtue of it the good citizenry more readily shakes off the lethargic spell attendant upon the winter hibernation and lends itself to a siege of individual and collective vocal exertion and ballyhoo designed to encourage a certain transitory alertness that bridges the balloting season and affords ample excuse for that fishing trip after the fast receding echoes of the torrid campaign have faded into the distance.

In Strange Old Gotham

This from a New York dispatch: "The suicide of an unidentified man who jumped in front of a subway train at 125th street and Broadway today resulted in paralysis of northbound subway traffic for forty minutes. While an emergency crew extricated the body, the man, shabbily dressed, waited at the southern end of the station until the train was nearly opposite him, then jumped squarely on the tracks."

But Really, She's Not

"A recent addition to Evanston's smart little shops is the hat shop of Berthe Fluke," runs the startling announcement in a contemporary journal.

That large hole they're digging on the north bank of the Drainage canal at the Sheridan road bridge in Wilmette is positively not the inaugural of Chicago's new subway. In fact, we have definite knowledge that Big Bull, the "Builder," has nothing whatever to do with the operations, he being at this time interested in a small reconstruction job with Brother Len.

How did you like a pome-less column for a change? Neither did we. Can you help?

—MIQUE.