

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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ODE

*How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall find a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.*

*By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.*

—WILLIAM COLLINS

Next Wednesday is Memorial Day. It used to be called Decoration Day, but that was an inappropriate name, suggesting as it did an occasion when soldiers' graves were merely to be beautified by flowers. The deeper significance of the day did not appear in this former name. No person who had not been told would have guessed that May 30 was dedicated to the memory of America's fighting patriots.

But the meaning of the term Memorial Day is obvious. It is a memorial to those of our soldiers who have died and been laid to rest not in a cemetery but in a memorial garden. The name of the day calls on every one of us to remember with gratitude those who fought for our freedom from oppression.

Flowers have come to be the accepted language of our gratitude on Memorial Day. Their fragrance and beauty are a token of our sincere thankfulness. The mounds under which the soldiers are sleeping their last long sleep lose on this one day of the year their sober mantle of green and take on a fresh loveliness such as only living flowers possess.

As the great war fades into history there is increasing need for every American citizen, present and future, to revive in loving memory the deeds of our veterans, dead and living. The children especially should be taught the sacredness of Memorial Day.

Every year in our North Shore towns a certain May day is set aside as a garden market day. The day this year is Saturday, May 26, in both Wilmette and Winnetka. Such a day was held in Evanston on Saturday, May 19.

Not only flowers are displayed and sold at these garden markets, but also foods of various kinds, pottery and glassware, garden equipment, and balloons. Luncheon is served, and arrangements are made for spending all day at the market.

As usual the proceeds will be used in

beautifying spots in the respective communities that are now somewhat bare and unattractive. For example, the funds resulting from last year's garden market in Winnetka have gone far towards rendering the grounds around the public library pleasing to the eye of the passer-by.

Of all the big voting percentages heaped up in the recent April primaries Kenilworth piled up the biggest—83%. In 1926 Kenilworth's percentage was 47, only a little more than half of the 1928 showing.

Big Voting Percentages

Doubtless the dominant cause of this recent tremendous vote was the indignation of the North Shore citizens against the Crowe-Thompson political ring. The events leading up to and occurring immediately before the day of the primaries aroused the voters to a pitch of hostility against graft and crime that swept even the most indifferent to the polls. But there was another powerful cause of the record vote, namely, the activity of the Local Leagues of Women Voters. No one who has in the past few years become acquainted with the activity of these leagues, their high ambitions, their thoroughness, their persistence, their patience, their skill, can doubt that they had much to do with rolling up such a big primary vote.

Kenilworth came first with a record of 83% of her voters at the primary polls. Winnetka came second with a percentage of 81. Having won this contest, Kenilworth received the Izaak Walton American flag. If this village receives the flag in the fall elections she will keep it permanently. There is every indication of a great crowd at the polls. May the best village win!

President Mason of the University of Chicago resigns as head of that institution to become head of the scientific research work sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. Naturally he is enthusiastic about the possibilities involved in his new work.

Backed by a fund of over \$600,000,000 to expend on undertakings whose sole object is the benefiting of humanity, how can anyone connected with this important organization be other than enthusiastic and hopeful?

The statement of the aim and the activities of the Rockefeller Institution tempts one to imagine what would happen to this vast sum of money if it were placed where politicians instead of scientists could lay their hands upon it. What would the crowd defeated at the April primaries have done if placed within reaching distance of \$600,000,000? The answer is easy.

And yet both politicians and scientists are human beings with much the same physical equipment. As children they probably looked much alike. The difference very likely began after they had completed their high school courses. When manhood was reached what a gap there was between the two groups. In aims how diametrically opposed!

We dream of the day when politics will be so scientific that money will be regarded as only a means of achieving social welfare.

Remember that Poppy Day comes next Monday, May 28. Pay well for your poppy and remember the veterans, your comrades.

SHORE LINES

IL N'Y A PAS LA MORTE

*For those who are not with us here to-day
We wreath in flowers the dust whence they
Have been reclaimed. He is not dead
Whom we have known.
O, do not think he lies asleep
In deep moist earth,
But forward gone to new life
Glorified, immeasurable rebirth.
The things he did we do,
So grown a part of us.
We often think
The things he thought about and said.
He is not with us here,
But O, he is not dead.*

—Rebecca Anthony

Have One on the House, Boys

Mr. Yellowley's more or less alert minions swooped down upon the north shore last Saturday night shortly after some particularly vigilant villager had dispatched word to the effect that there were strange goin's on in the new store just opened by Al Wolff and his partner Ernie Griffis. Arriving in due time, after greeting a few dozen of the beer flat dwellers on the north side (just by way of bolstering their annoyed spirits) the expert testers charged with a solid, albeit slightly wavering front and there, right in the middle of their new store, in full view of all who chanced to pass that way, they found Al and Ernie opening a brand new keg of ten-penny nails.

Women in Politics

And while we're in the mood, mention should be made of the Northwestern co-eds who are determined to beat friend Al (not Wolff) by electing Nick (not the Greek nor Longworth), thereby effecting a simple scheme of keeping the wet banner waving high and with the same stroke save the Republican party.

Add—Politics

It is not improbable that the G. O. P. will employ the Flood Control weapon in their effort to trounce friend Al.

Fil an' Me Go Fishin'

*I got a letter the other day
From my friend Phil who wrote to say
That rummagin' round through a lot o' junk,
Stored away in a box er some old trunk
Up in the attic where it orn't to be,
He'd found his tackle an' thought of me.*

*Now Phil only writes 'bout once a year
An' when he writes twice I get an idear
That he's workin' too hard; an' I know about
What he's hintin' at; so I ask him out
To spend a few days—just what he's wishin',
An' we spend the time at restin' an' fishin'.*

*We light our pipes, an' I call my dog
An' set out fer the crick where a fallen log
Is stickin' 'way out in the midst of the stream,
An' bass an' crappies jest glisten an' gleam
In that heavenly mixture of sun an' shadder,
An' we fish 'bout as hard as if we had ter.*

*Er perhaps we all git in my old boat,
Push her out in the stream an' let 'er float,
Fast er slow er how she will
So long's I c'n smoke an' jest set still;
Phil in one end an' my dog in the other;
Me at the oars, an' no room fer another.*

*Phil an' my dog are 'nough fer me
When fishin' er huntin', for they don't be
Allus talkin' er barkin', when we're out
'Less there's somethin' worth talkin' er barkin' about;
There's many a thing said better in smoke
Than the finest words that's ever been spoke.*

*An' I jest set an' smoke an' fish,
An' maybe doze, an' almost wish
That nothin'll bite—an' nothin' does
'Cept an ornery skeeter with an ornery buzz;
An' I wake up an' see the sun has set,
An' it's time to go home, an' we do, you bet.*

—D. K. Grant

The Old Plug ventures the guess that the folks who bet on Dowagiac in the recent Churchill Downs canter must have been armed with Michigan bankrolls.

Come to think of it, D. K., it is most time for Fil's vacation. He ain't had none since the first o' May, or thereabout.

—MIQUE.