

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 4500

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$2.00 A YEAR

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.

Some people, usually young, think that one year is a long time. Others, usually older, think it a very short time. When one is waiting for a tardy acquaintance and has nothing to do, the minute hand creeps around the dial. But when one is absorbed in some activity, the minute hand covers the dial with alarming speed.

Not Very Long!

Robert Kingery, secretary of the Chicago Regional Planning association, said recently, "It won't be very long now, I mean 15 or 16 years, when one may drive south from Evanston on an outer drive." We venture to assert that many of his hearers must have been surprised to learn Mr. Kingery's conception of a not very long time. They probably think of 15 or 16 years as quite a long time.

In fact on the north shore great changes occur in even five or six years. If a north shore resident were to return to his home after an absence of five years he would scarcely recognize certain districts which he had known well before his absence. In the last few years enough building has been going on west of our north shore towns to confuse people who go away for only the summer months.

To a child sixteen years is a very long time; and it would be something of a shock for a sweet young thing of sixteen to realize that it wouldn't be very long now, only 16 years, when she would be a nice old lady of 32.

On the north shore is an organization just as important in its field, and just as active, as the Boy Scouts. More is heard about the latter organization probably because it is older, and perhaps because of the innate diffidence of the more retiring sex.

North Shore Girl Scouts

But be all that as it may, there is in every north shore town an active troop of Girl Scouts.

Its general purpose and aims are much the same as those of their brother Scouts—development of physical, mental, and spiritual health by the most efficient methods. These methods are mostly disciplinary, less emphasis being placed on book work than on actual exercise of the powers of the individual. The Girl Scouts have a summer camp at Juniper Knoll, Wisconsin.

Every year the Girl Scouts of America meet in national convention, at which time their honorary president, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, occupies the chair. It is especially fitting that the wife of our president-elect should have been elected to this position and this bond between an organization of future women citizens should have been established, because it is certain that as time goes on women voters will play an increasing part in the governing of our country.

At home Christmas joys are greater than anywhere else. At home Christmas candles burn more brightly, Christmas candies are more delicious, Christmas presents are more wonderful, than in any other place. We have attended many Sunday

How to Make Them Happy

School Christmas entertainments and have had as much fun as the next fellow awaiting Santa's arrival and the distribution of gifts. But on Christmas no other place is a match for the home.

Do the children in the various institutions in and about Chicago, children in the so-called "Homes," enjoy Christmas as much as children in real family homes? We cannot believe that they do. Is there no way of bringing real holiday happiness to these little wards of the state?

Yes, there is a way. Good people in Wilmette discovered it twenty years ago. Every Christmas day these kind Christian folks invite orphans living in the orphanage at Lake Bluff to come down to Wilmette on Christmas morning and spend the blessed day with them.

More pages in our last-week papers than in any previous editions! Our high-water mark. A little modest gloating over this gratifying fact will, we trust, not be found distasteful.

Over the Top!

This reaching of a top-notch record means a great deal to us whose pleasant and exacting work it is to get out these community news magazines. We enjoy the work. In fact, there is nothing, when we're feeling fine, that we'd rather do than get out a newspaper. But it's real work. Some of us work not only all day but, on occasion, a large share of the night. So to us a hundred page issue is a most pleasing sight.

We know that all our friends, including our readers, and our advertisers, who, of course, are also among our readers, are happy with us in our achievement. We thank our friends in advance for their congratulations.

We have gone over the top, but there are other tops to be gone over. We live and work in a progressive area. Everybody on the north shore does things. Each year will see all of us far beyond our present position.

'Tis the week before Christmas and what gifts to get for wife, relatives, friends, and others, we haven't the dimmest idea. We presume that there are many others, especially of the less tender sex, who find themselves in our dilemma. Which is as follows. If we give no gifts this year, we shall deserve none next year. That's a prospect we do not care to contemplate.

The Week Before Christmas

We, this time including you, should by this date not only have our lists made out but should have done considerable of our shopping. The stores are full of one thing or another suitable for young and old, masculine and feminine. Where'er we walk, we see store windows glittering with jewelry and alive with all species of toy animals.

As for us, not including you this time, we don't much care just what we find in our Christmas morning sock. We have plenty of ties, two pairs of suspenders, and an abundance of shirts and collars.

SHORE LINES

THE GOOD KING WENCESLAS

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter's fuel.*

*"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."*

*"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.*

*"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind grows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."*

*In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
He who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.*
—Traditional

Speaking of "Good Fellows"—the good King Wenceslas might well have been the daddy of 'em all!

Headline in Evanston Review—"Wilmette Gardeners Spend Evening With Husbands." Which calls for the customary: interesting, if true.

Hinting by Implication, No Doubt

Dear Mique: I don't know if this is a warning, a threat or a promise, but I wish to broadcast the fact that there will be NO MISTLETOE in my house this year. I interviewed Hizonor Santa Claus recently in the interest of SHORE LINES, and regretfully report that he is not particularly partial to li'l noozpaper gurrils. In fact, he emphatically denounced me and the rest o' my kind for circulating the report that he will arrive with his reindeers, as in previous years. "Reindeers!" he snorted so vigorously that his long white whiskers blew down one whole subdivision in Glencoe, "How come I should be an old fagey? Didn't Charlie Lindbergh, himself, in person, convert me to the new mode of travel—by airplane? It's noiseless, though, so tell the youngsters to go to sleep as usual on Christmas Eve." Then he chuckled, and the people in Pago Pago trembled, thinking it was thunder. But he remembered me and scowled, "Next time you put me in the old-fashioned class, I'll COMPLETELY forget about you. "Humph! Geeeee," I thought, as I dashed away, "I t'ink he was kind o' annoyed!"
—Wickie.

Merry Christmas!

—MIQUE.