

# WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK

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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 Wednesday 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.

**Grade Separation will save life.  
Let's have immediate action!**

Most autoists as well as pedestrians will admit that busy street intersections are real menaces to life and limb. People on foot and cars going and coming in several directions constitute a hazard that should not be lightly considered. In fact, so serious is this danger that in some cities they have not only stop-and-go lights, but also warning bells and even special signals to indicate to pedestrians when they should cross.

On the north shore stop-and-go lights are fairly frequent, and scarcely a month goes by that does not see the installation of new lights. Therefore the driver must be careful lest he overlook a stop-and-go signal, thereby laying himself open to a fine or a lecture on law observance.

We would call special attention to the new signs on Main Street, Wilmette, and also to the fact that the Wilmette authorities are enforcing with considerable vigor the observance of these signals. The width of this splendid concrete highway—52 feet—tempts the happy and unwary driver to step on 'er with unusual enthusiasm. But beware of earning a ticket from the police.

Incidentally, but none the less seriously, we urge the Wilmette authorities to build safety islands on the busy Main Street intersections. And wire them for red lights. Pedestrians, especially children and the old and feeble, need some such asylum half way across this broad expanse.

On Wednesday, the 27th of March, we started out on our quest of spring. She was due to arrive on or about March 21, but nothing having been heard of her on the north shore we figured that it would be a good idea to step southward and meet her coming.

Wednesday evening found us in Lafayette, Indiana, where we (which includes wife, car, and self) spent the night. No sign of spring yet. On Thursday morning we started out bright and early, heading toward Louisville. On the way we got our first evidence that spring was in the neighborhood. We saw a forsythia in full golden bloom.

From that time on we knew that our tardy young friend was certainly not far ahead. We were greeted by an abundance of flowering shrubs and trees—red-bud, peach, plum, spirea. Laughing daffodils met us at every turn of the delightful Kentucky road. As we sped on to Lexington we found that many of the trees were wearing their first tender green. The willow especially charmed us with its streamers of green chiffon.

Our journey ended at Berea, a small college town about fifty miles southeast of Lexington. Now we found out the cause of spring's lateness. She had been lingering in this happy little college town. Flowers were blooming on all sides—daffodils, violets, tulips. Trees were in early leaf. Shrubs of the blossoming kind were thick with blooms.

There seems to be some basis for believing that our real estate taxes will be doubled. If last year we paid \$300 this year we shall have to pay \$600.

**Will Taxes Be Doubled?** If this surmise turns out to be a reality, the consequences will be intolerable. Many owners already now burdened with heavy interest bills will not be able to carry their present holdings but will be forced to sell them at a heart-breaking sacrifice.

Only one ray of sunshine filters through the dark clouds. This terrific increase, if it materializes, may make us all pay more effective attention to the need of economy in both public and private affairs.

With the rapid increase of airplanes and air routes necessarily comes an increase in landing facilities, including beacons, fields, and hangars. Only a few years ago such facilities would not have been thought necessary. In fact, any one who suggested the making of provision for regular and frequent traffic between large American cities would have been thought visionary.

But air traffic is growing. Chicago is coming to be the greatest air center in the world. Indeed it looks as if in two or three years she would really lead the world as a center for airplane transportation. Aviation is already one of the foremost engineering vocations.

One of the latest "sky harbors" is the one which will soon materialize some three miles west of Glencoe, to comprise a modernistic clubhouse and an up-to-date stable for planes.

All autoists will admit that there is greater likelihood of accidents happening in cities and towns than on open country roads. There being fewer buildings in sparsely populated areas than in those more thickly populated, drivers can see more easily in all directions, whereas in cities and towns drivers can seldom see up and down a thoroughfare until they come to the intersection.

**Need for More Caution** There is great need, therefore, that in populous areas drivers should slow up at intersections and cross with unusual caution. Over and over it happens that a driver desiring to get on rapidly shoots across an intersection at top speed, having paid no attention to what might be happening at the intersection.

One of the greatest hazards on town streets is the wandering bicyclist. Often after dark he carries no light. And very often especially if he is a youngster, he wobbles in a most alarming way.

Let's be more thoughtful of one another.

We have no such fearsome things as prairie fires, but we do have at just about this time of the year field fires which come close enough to our homes not only to destroy the shrubbery but even to menace the safety of the buildings. Most of these fires burn themselves out without doing any damage, but they are not pleasant sights to one who lives near them.

## SHORE LINES

### 'TIS THE SEASON

YOU, TOO, NO DOUBT, WERE CAUGHT LUGGING A HEAVY COAT THROUGH LAST WEEK'S TORRID SPELL, ONLY TO FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT SUCH PROTECTION WHEN THE WEATHER MAN PULLED THE "COLDER" LEVER EARLY ON MONDAY, WHICH RECALLS TO MIND THAT THE SHARP UPWARD TREND OF THE THERMOMETER HAS BROUGHT OUT THE CUSTOMARY SPRING PROCESSION OF BOOK AGENTS, THE MORE OBNOXIOUS TYPES OF PUBLICITY SEEKERS AND WHAT NOT. WHAT APPEARS MOST STRANGE, HOWEVER, IS THE SCARCITY OF SPRING POETS. AND, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, WICKIE'S DOCTOR HAS PRESCRIBED ABSOLUTE REST. TRULY, THE UNKINDEST BLOW OF ALL.

### News Item

North shore folk representing varied stations in life rubbed elbows last Monday evening at the Legion entertainment in the Hippodrome where we were treated to a festival of fisticuffs (A. A. U. rules) with Evanston's aldermanic Al Smith as the presiding genius. Features were the performances of the Wilmette and Evanston drum and bugle corps (as per announcement) no, not in the ring—not to mention a siege of syncopation by Schneider's P. J. Huerter post band. The evening was topped off with a gratis (if you were lucky) lesson in "Hi Li," which, if you haven't heard, is a sort of glorified version of hand ball in which the contestants slap the elusive spheroid with a hollowed out half a gourd, the ultimate object being to distinguish a flock of gents with very Spanish monickers and shirts such as adorn the current species of school boy. A delightful time was had by all.

As noted in our preamble, Wickie, who doubles as poet and all-round critic of things dramatic and musical, is "vacationing" for a spell as per doctor's orders. She was brought home in a state of semi-collapse after witnessing a north shore dramatic production. It was just too good, reference being to the aforementioned d. p.

### Dis Is Ein Spring Song, Yah?

*I luffs to hear der leedle bird  
Vat chortles in der morn.  
It's so sweet vat you effer heara,  
It cheers ven I'm forlorn.*

*It bobs der branches down und up  
Each morning like der buddercup  
Ven blows der breeze. Outside I see  
Dot bird vat allus chirps mit glee.*

*Und den at night—oh vat a joy!  
To got to bed dum-dum, Oy yoy!  
Vat fun to sleep mit lots of snores  
Und vake to here der bird outdoors.  
—Glenna from Glencoe*

### The Wail of a Flat Tire

The gentleman who builds anew every week this pillar of paltry palaver saw fit a fortnight ago to vent his envy and malice on that kindly soul whose substantial editorials occupy most of the page at which you are now looking. Just because this same kindly soul had and enjoyed the opportunity of touring down into Kentucky with his other half, this column constructor referred in a most covetous way to the accidental fact that some people have more frequent vacations than others. He also hoped that the absent one would have a flat tire! Well, will some people never learn that creative brain work is more exhausting than mere hack work and demands longer and more frequent rest? And that envy is not an admirable trait?

Let it be known that we did not acquire a flat tire and also that we are the grandfather of two husky grandsons. As for Mique he'll never have a grandson, a granddaughter, or even a flat tire.  
—Fil, the Filosofer.

### The Windy City

**Reads a Chicago headline: "Seek Funds for Air Expansion."**

All appointments for Tuesday, the Sixteenth Day of April, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Nine, hereby cancelled, the occasion being the obsequies of another of our maternal ancestors.

—Mique