

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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Grade Separation Will Save Life Let's Hasten the Day!

If a man who had attended high schools 30 or 40 years ago, say in 1895, were to spend a week in our own township high school studying the activities of the music department, flourishing so vigorously there under the direction of Mrs. Cotton, he would certainly be surprised, and perhaps alarmed, by the amount of time and energy devoted to these activities.

He would see there a band and an orchestra, both of generous size. He would also find a large chorus and glee clubs composed of selected singers. If he continued his investigations he would find students taking private and group lessons, vocal and instrumental. It would be quite natural for him to wonder just when these musically inclined youths found time to get instruction in such necessary branches as mathematics and science. It might, however, occur to him that time formerly devoted to Greek and Latin had been handed over to music.

This man of 1895, if he were to attend a school concert would certainly not be willing to believe his ears when he heard such high-brow composition numbers as the Hallelujah Chorus and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. How could boys and girls learn to sing and play pieces which in his day taxed the abilities of accomplished musicians?

The answer would be, more and better teachers, more and better practice.

In these early days of the summer vacation the number of thumb tourists has grown to very respectable proportions.

Thumb Tourists They may be found at almost every intersection of country highways. To drive fifty miles and not be hailed by a dozen youths is a rare experience.

Like the prodigal son in the old story these thumb tourists can be seen even when afar off. There they stand at the road-side, one or two of them, wagging their regal thumbs. As you approach, the wagging becomes somewhat more insistent, and when you pass them their begging has become a demand and you get pretty clear evidence of their opinion of your personal character. "Aw! go on, you old . . . !"

Breaking our usual custom we picked up one of these amateur tramps the other day on our way to Milwaukee. He had

traveled from his home in Milwaukee to Baltimore, hitching most of the way, hiking only a few miles, and was on his way from Chicago to his home in Milwaukee. He had gone east to find work, but had found work openings much more rare there than in the neighborhood of Milwaukee. His experiences had been rather commonplace, the most exciting occurring when he was lost for six or seven hours in a West Virginia coal mine.

He was a confirmed stammerer. While he was emitting a series of fifteen or twenty unintelligible "Uhs," we almost lost control of the car in our unavailing effort to help him utter the appropriate word. But he certainly had a fluent thumb.

One evening while we were taking a trip about Montreal on a sight-seeing street car we noted that just above the entrance there was a small metal image of some animal. We asked the name of the animal and were told that it was a beaver.

After a moment of hard editorial thinking we saw that the busy beaver was indeed a fitting emblem for this busy city. The beaver is surely a busy little animal, always gnawing at a tree or fallen log, building a "beaver dam." We have the idea, perhaps not sound, that a beaver never stops gnawing. All day and all night he gnaws.

Montreal is just about as busy. People, street cars, motor vehicles are rushing here and there all day and, so far as we know, all night. Perhaps Montreal people sleep, but not more than a few hours out of the well known twenty-four. If you want to see just how busy they can be, observe traffic on a one-way street. The only way for pedestrians to get across is to find some intersection guarded by stop-and-go lights.

More buildings seem to be going up in Montreal than anywhere else.

If you don't like busy cities you will not love Montreal.

We shudder when we contemplate any "improvement" of the beautiful Hubbard Hill portion of Sheridan road. This "improvement" includes widening, decreasing of the grade, lengthening of the curves. State authorities say that these changes are necessary for the greater convenience and safety of motorists. We trust that such changes will be found not really necessary.

While there's life, there's need for new things or repairs on the old. Glencoe must have a water tank. Winnetka must have a new pavement on Center street and a rebuilt Community House. Wilmette must have a new booster water pump, and a community center. Does the road wind uphill all the way? "Yes, to the very end."

Anyone who on a humid afternoon has ever hung onto a strap in the elevated train all the way from Adams to Howard is in a position to sympathize with those who undergo this punishment twice a day six days a week and also to appreciate the good fortune of north shore commuters who rarely fail to get seats on the suburban trains.

SHORE LINES

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

Please read these touring notes:
Refrain from highway capers—
There are far more pleasant ways
To break into the papers.

MOTOR TOURING NOTES

When going up a long, steep hill, go into first just as soon as the engine begins to labor. Don't wait until the engine is about to take its last breath. Above all, don't try to rush to the summit of such a hill.

The greatest of motor commandments is, Keep on your own side of the road. Don't straddle the dividing line, except when traffic is very light.

Usually the worst roads are those leading into and out of towns. Moreover, one usually gets on the wrong road when going through a town.

Trust your speedometer to register miles. Don't trust your own impressions of distance. Many a driver thinks he has gone five miles when he has gone only two.

The biggest coward is the hit-and-run driver. A real man is willing to assume responsibility for his actions. A driver who can hit-and-run without remorse must have a rotten conscience.

—Fil Ossifer.

Before we go on, let us state that Fil Ossifer was not guilty of the rhyme that prefaced his "Motor Touring Notes." You see, Fil Ossifer is driving from west to east, and no person east of the Hudson would perpetrate such a "poem."

MISCELLANEOUS MUMBLINGS OF A SOMNAMBULIST

The Wilmette Public library, in classifying its new books, places a volume on "Checkers" under the heading of Fine Arts. Check and double check on that noise.

We read that William B. "Ben" Chapman, left-fielder of the New York Yankees and the American league's leading base-stealer, recently took out a license to marry. Let's trust that after the knot is tied, Chapman will never have occasion to steal home in his stocking feet.

At last Gin, the type-eating terrier of the sanctum, has a canine pal—if in name, only. The dog with the synonymous name is Laughing Gravy, new Laurel and Hardy comedy pooch. Can you conceive of it? Gin and Laughing Gravy—what a party!

A youngster, who was graduated from grade school at the age of ten, says that she intends to go into newspaper work. That's reassuring. The little girl has at least one human weakness, anyway.

One of the villages west of "these parts" must be adopting a strict economy program. Going through there the other day, we noticed that three policemen were riding one motorcycle.

If there were a fourth policeman in the rumble seat, we were unable to locate him.

Tears came to our eyes the other night when we read of the expert cooking done by the chef at Camp Ma-Ka-Ja-Wan, where north shore Boy Scouts are enjoying themselves. Why, O, why, with our restaurant-riddled "tummy," aren't we young enough to be a Boy Scout? O, well, we'll just drown our sorrows in another hamburger sandwich.

And please cook the thing on both sides.

—The Night Editor.