

WILMETTE LIFE

ISSUED THURSDAY 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 Tuesday 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 Hasten the Day!

Some weeks ago a bill was introduced in Congress calling for the building of postoffices in a long list of villages and cities. In fact, at first glance, we wondered if any American community had been omitted. Apparently, it was intended as a bait for votes.

Whether or not the bill was intended as bait for votes, one fact is clear, and that is that north shore towns have given the bill a very cold reception. The Wilmette Civic league, emphasizing the present need for rigid economy in national affairs has unanimously voted against the building of the proposed postoffice in Wilmette. A postcard ballot on the proposal has brought out from Wilmette citizens a decided "No!" The village board has also rejected the proposal.

Both elements in this issue are well worth underlining. The introduction of such a bill in such times as these is reprehensible. The rejection of the proposition by individual communities is highly praiseworthy.

The press informs us that Tom Mix's horse, the celebrated Tony, can understand many English words. When spoken to, he responds properly. That's one thing, at least, that an auto can't do. But we mustn't be too hasty about implying that autos will never understand language, because you can see in the Chicago station of the North Western road vending machines that talk when you buy something of them. But up to the present, autos haven't learned to respond to words in any language.

So it is that with the coming of the horseless age the world has become a little lonelier for man. Soon we shall have lost the pleasant opportunity of conversing with the horse, generally and improperly called a dumb animal. He who has never heard a horse whinny his gladness at the sight of his master or of food has missed a rather happy experience.

We're not sorry that horseback riding has been encouraged on the north shore. The sight of horsemen negotiating our fairly numerous bridle paths makes us

aware that there still exists in our immediate midst enough wholesome conservatism to prevent the complete arrival of the horseless age.

Men may come and men may go, but village libraries go on entertaining and enlightening their constituents. Whether stocks go up or down people continue to read. It would really seem after a perusal of annual reports that as stocks go down people increase their reading. Good books are an ever-present help in trouble. They comfort, sustain, and strengthen.

If you are a high school student who has fallen behind in school work, plan to take a course or two in the summer at New Trier. Summer schooling will also help you to get ahead. It will be pleasant as well as profitable. The tuition charge, found necessary because of decreased funds, is relatively small.

Organized play not only transforms promising young criminals into good citizens but develops average youths into better social material. Our various play agencies make north shore towns excellent homesites. We advise all newcomers to make it their first business to get acquainted with these agencies.

We are glad that the Henry P. Williams prizes continue to be awarded at New Trier High school, and especially glad that the awardee is the son of the originator. The cultivation of a nice sense of the value of language is an activity that should never cease to be stimulated in our public schools.

Winnetka will make good use of information regarding damage done by the heavy rainfall of Sunday, June 5. The information will be used to lessen damage from similar source in the future. Such action is surely more sensible than mere regret.

The days have come when north shore people begin to think about using the lake as well as the tub. But it looks to us as if it would be a number of days before persons of middle age and beyond could willingly dispense with the friendly hot water faucet.

One of the really gratifying features of the doings of various north shore governing bodies is the reduction of municipal expense budgets. Inasmuch as such reduction means lowering of future tax bills it ought to arouse plenty of applause.

It's certainly a very ill wind that doesn't blow good to somebody. For example, even the loss of a job or the gift of a voluntary vacation may enable the victim to read that book which lack of leisure has so long prevented.

Commencements over, north shore boys and girls can now turn their attention seriously to the problem of using the summer profitably. We hope that a fair number of them have already decided to attend summer school.

SHORE LINES

Drifting Blossom Petals

*Drifting pink petals of blossoming tree,
Swooning in sweetness, fall upon me.
Here do I languish and dreams come again
Poignant with loveliness, chastened with pain.
You are beside me once more, oh my love,
Your glance enfolds me like wings of a dove.*

*Heart, give me courage to travel the way
Stalwart hearts travel, to enter the fray,
Join in the labor the brave thing to do,
Life, give me courage, my way to pursue,
Usefully, fruitfully . . . see, even now
Bees hum and weave 'round each rose-tinted bough.*

*Even as I linger, I feel like a drone,
God, give me courage to go on, alone!*

—Irma Keehn, Glencoe.

Thoughts while catching a fleeting glimpse of a National Political Convention—

Dropped off within a few blocks of the Chicago Stadium last Tuesday morning and gaily proceeded to the door of the convention hall.

But we didn't get far . . . at first.

Police everywhere, great long lines of bluecoats in such close formation there wasn't a chance to slip between their legs.

Managed at length to find a spot where the line had broken temporarily and—through courtesy of a genial sergeant—reached the coveted door . . . but not before we were implored to purchase everything in the category of knick-knacks, indicative principally of the "wet" trend.

Under slight pressure, at length accepted a button from the hands of a pretty Miss which called forth to all and sundry that "My Vote Goes Wet." Lo, and behold, we discovered it was a gift. "Wear it with my compliments," said she. And we did, at least until out of sight of the fair repealist.

Inside the hall . . . strains of organ music, college songs, popular ballads, marches, whatnot, just by way of heralding the gathering through . . . notables on the great platform . . . a dozen cameramen for every notable . . . flashes, flares, racing messenger boys, a swarming beehive of humanity . . . confusion.

Yet how quickly all were settled—we thought it would be hours—Chicago and Andy Freyne know how to handle crowds.

Soon the booming of the gavel and the 20th national convention of the Republican party is in progress.

The man with the gavel doesn't forget that it's Flag Day. Impressive ceremony with Legion colors and bugle corps . . . a Flag Day oration . . . the Star Spangled Banner.

Back to convention business, but only after the eminent divine has given the invocation. Speeches of welcome, more flashes and flares as ever more notables are ushered to the speakers' box. Routine organization business and introduction of the Key-note . . . and our cue to get back to the day's work.

It's a wonderful age . . . we managed to hear part of the Keynote speech after getting back to the north shore.

And while the Republicans were engaging in the preliminaries of a national convention, Wilmette held a similar session preparatory to establishing a Perpetual Harmony convention to select Village officials (next year). The meeting was not a complete success because the chairman of the Wilmette affair was in absentia doing his stuff as a G. O. P. delegate from Illinois.

While the stadium looked nice enough at the G. O. P. reunion, we have decided it's much more to our liking when adorned for a boxing bout, hockey match or six-day bike grind.

—MIQUE.