

WILMETTE LIFE

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ISSUED THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
LLOYD HOLLISTER INC.
1232-1236 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
A member of the Chicago Suburban Quality Group
Chicago offices: 1016-17-18 Willoughby Tower
Telephone Central 3355

TELEPHONE Wilmette 4300
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Grade Separation Will Save Life Let's Hasten the Day!

Officials of New Trier villages, who appear to be in somewhat of a quandary regarding what measures, if any, shall be

Regulation vs. Prohibition

taken to regulate the sale and distribution of beer in our communities, now have been provided with additional food for thought in their deliberations. They have learned this week, as the result of Tuesday's vote on the ratification question, that sentiment hereabout is decidedly anti-prohibition. They have good reason, moreover, to suspect that adoption of any measures that would result in virtual prohibition of the sale of beer—a beverage held non-intoxicating in fact—in these communities might well be contrary to the wishes of a large majority of the citizens.

The state law, if we interpret it correctly, now provides that no state license shall be issued to a prospective dealer in beer who cannot produce a similar license issued by the municipality in which he maintains his business establishment. By the simple expedient of failing to make provision for such municipal license, then, officials are able to prohibit the sale of the commodity (legally) in places of business within the corporate limits of the town.

It must be recognized that Tuesday's decisive expression was not prompted by hysteria. It was, as a matter of fact, the calm and deliberate voicing by substantial citizens of a well formed public opinion. It was not the first time the citizens had voted on the prohibition question. We all recall rather distinctly that as far back as November 7, 1930, these same villages expressed the self-same anti-prohibition sentiment. On that occasion they voted upon three questions of policy in a statewide election. They voted to repeal the 18th amendment to the Constitution of the United States; they voted for modification of the Volstead Act; they voted for the repeal of the Illinois Prohibition Act. This sentiment has been sustained and it has grown.

Such definite expression against prohibition must surely command the serious attention of our municipal officials in their deliberations concerning regulatory measures. While they are considering the efficacy of invoking old measures that served to prohibit the sale of beer prior to the prohibition era, or of fastening upon some other expedient to achieve the

same purpose, it is hoped they will also take into consideration just exactly what is the wish of the majority of citizens on the general subject of prohibition.

The most cheering down trend during 1932 was the drop of around 13 percent in the number of motor vehicle fatalities.

Concerning Motor Fatalities

There were 29,000 motor deaths in 1932 and approximately 905,000 persons more or less seriously injured, as compared with 33,500 fatalities and more than 1,120,000 injured in 1931.

"While these figures would indicate a decided improvement in the accident situation," says Charles M. Hayes of the Chicago Motor club, "a careful study of all figures discloses that users of the streets and highways exercised no more care than in the past. This is evidenced by the fact that there was an increase during 1932 of 1.3 percent in deaths per accident and an increase of 2.2 percent in injuries per accident.

"Of the total of 745,300 accidents, 291,190, or 39 percent, were caused by collisions with pedestrians and 323,830, or 43 percent, by collisions with automobiles. The year proved to be relatively more difficult for pedestrians, as there was a gain of 2 percent in the number fatally injured."

Need more be said?

Editorial comment in these columns last week urged, with what eloquence we could muster, the election of candidates in the judicial ballot who had been recommended by the Chicago Bar association. Imagine our embarrassment, then, to behold-

"Is Our Face Red"

elsewhere in the same issue a sizable advertisement issued by the Bar association. Well, friends, (and foes, too) believe it or not, the editorial was written and put in its abiding place considerably in advance of the receipt of the advertisement, which arrived, thanks to the enterprise of an advertising genius, all unbeknown to your humble servant. It's about the first time we've ever taken sides editorially in an election, customarily preferring to let the good citizens decide for themselves, and look what happened! Is our face red? It is. And not from sunburn.

If you have had reason to complain (and who has not?) about the current invasion by mosquito hordes, timed almost perfectly with the opening of A Century of

The Why of Mosquitoes

Progress exposition, we offer the consoling word from the North Shore Mosquito Abatement district that the particular species of stingers now among us is happily short-lived.

The Abatement district has done its best to counteract the inevitable results of exceptionally heavy rainfall which flooded the Skokie regions and surrounding areas to the west of the villages. But relief from the pest is now in sight.

Meanwhile, the suggestion is to simply swat, grin and bear it, practice a bit of patience and, above all, don't permit stagnant water on your premises! Mosquitoes breed only in stagnant water.

SHORE LINES

SUNSHINE SONG

When heat waves throb,
We can't resist
The wish to head
A pension list.

Though newspaper men sometimes yawn and yearn for rest, they're just brisk boys at heart. In fact—like all good boys and men—they have the habit of coming to the aid of their country. The scribes' latest exploit is the setting of a fine example for discouraged fishermen in the north woods. It seems that the so-called anglers couldn't pull in the whoppers. The line was always breaking at the critical moment.

Well, a group of newspaper men scooted up to them thar woods, got into a boat, and set sail for adventure. So thrilled were they by the beauty of it all, that they spun wondrous yarns—in fact, their "line" was too much for the fish, including the most ferocious of the tiger muskies. Chartering a squadron of airplanes, the reporters zoomed back to civilization and then "cleared all wires," using them to string up the fish. A photographer came along just before the deadline, so the boys mingled their smiling countenances with the sweet faces of the fish in time to make the first edition.

We'd have had the boys send the editors telephotos of themselves and muskies—but we passed up that idea. Thought maybe you'd regard it as a fish story.

Out of a fine regard for the sensibilities of our readers, we won't mention the story of the man who caught a dog fish—only to pass out when he found the picture of himself and trophy in the bulldog edition of his home-city newspaper. Nor shall we show you the affidavit signed by our society editor, to the effect that she once caught a dog fish that emitted the most piteous barkings she has ever heard. Such an experience wouldn't even knock a chip from our granite heart. For we have been to the ringside (with Westbrook Pegler) where we didst hear wrestlers groan heavenward. But Gabriel, alas, blew no horn—and the grapplers gradually subsided into sighing.

HUNDREDS AT BEDSIDE OF SICK LOCOMOTIVE

Hundreds of north shore residents paused in Wilmette, Monday night, to gaze at a locomotive which had suffered a fractured axle and was unable to continue its journey north. The residents even ventured to the side of the road bed where the locomotive was feebly panting after making such a healthy, puffing start from the Wilmette station. Some of the passengers in the cars, which the locomotive had been pulling, were probably unkind enough to make slighting remarks about the ailing behemoth which was doing its best when it unfortunately turned its axle.

Still there was a bright side to this vigil at the road bed. Persons in the crowd, turning their attention from the inert locomotive, recognized old friends, some of whom they had not seen for months. Sunburned backs were slapped with gusto, and many other pleasantries were exchanged during this reunion at the railroad.

And, according to latest reports, the locomotive is doing as well as can be expected.

It won't do locomotives much good to whistle this Saturday afternoon when 4,500 musicians play simultaneously at Dyche stadium, Evanston, in the grand blare, and finale of the national band contest for high schools.

We see by the papers that the flute champion of Idaho is pushing a lawn mower to earn money for his expenses during the national band contest. We suppose the big, healthy players of bass horns are paying their way by putting their shoulders to steam-shovels.

On commencement night, many grade-school students will get their first "dip" in this great sea of life.

We dislike to refuse, but we're too busy to speak at your graduation exercises.

—R. N.