

WILMETTE LIFE

With which is combined WILMETTE ANNOUNCEMENTS and THE KENILWORTH TIMES

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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.

Numerous complaints are being voiced by our readers concerning the promiscuous littering of porches and lawns through the careless distribution of circulars, hand bills, and an assortment of other literature not dispatched through the mails. The burden of these complaints is that persons distributing such material frequently toss it in the general direction of the house entrance instead of taking the trouble to place it carefully on the porch or other location where it may be accessible to the householder. The result is that the wind catches up these papers and carries them over the lawns or into the streets, where they create a decidedly untidy appearance.

A Village ordinance prohibits the indiscriminate distribution from house to house of folders and other advertising matter. It does, however, provide for the granting of a license for such distribution to established publications and reputable business concerns. But such license does not extend the privilege of musing lawns or streets. It provides that care must be exercised to avoid such disfigurement as is so often the subject of complaint.

It might be well for citizens to bear in mind that they are under no obligation to endure this annoyance. The ordinance provides for penalties for violations of its regulations, and if Village officials are given specific and accurate information upon which to base action offenders can be brought to justice. It may be that a few stiff lessons will have a salutary effect upon those whose carelessness is responsible for an unsightliness which mars the beauty of well-kept lawns and avenues. Earnest cooperation on the part of citizens will, we are sure, be appreciated by officials, and contribute largely to overcoming the nuisance.

Use of the mails for distribution of matter directed to householders' attention is reasonable and more effective. Such distribution also brings direct benefit to your local postoffice which is reflected in increasingly improved service to the citizens.

To those whose faith is rooted and grounded in representative government the complacency with which individual freedom and civil liberties are now being surrendered has an alarming potent. That anyone should desire to usurp those rights is no more astonishing than that any American citizen should consent to give them up without a struggle even in a so-called emergency, or that legislative

bodies should find ways to yield them in contravention of the federal constitution, thereby setting up dictatorships.

It may be that at some future date men will write a better guide than the constitution upon which is founded our form of representative government. Up to this time no one has. An experience of a hundred and fifty years has fully demonstrated the wisdom of its framers and the just quality of the government it created, which, even with its imperfections, is better at its worst than any other at its best. To relinquish the individual rights it guarantees is to give up that which others fought to gain and preserve, that we might enjoy the benefits.

By lure of promise of relief from present difficulties or a wiser administration of public affairs citizens are induced to consent to a withdrawal of their constitutional right to representative government, to accept edict as a substitute for law, to entrust their destinies to a "benevolent dictator," and to become traitors to that compact to defend a constitution which Edmund Burke said existed "between the dead, the living and the unborn."

This idea of a one-man government is not only dangerous, but un-American. Yet we find it operating from the smallest municipality to the national administration. We see congress surrendering its rights and becoming nothing more than a ratifying body, without real legislative powers. We see state legislatures and city councils doing the same thing, obeying the orders of a single individual who presumes to hold dominion over all within his jurisdiction and in effect asserting his ability to govern them better than they can govern themselves.

We still think that the old deal is better than the new deal (it really is not new but very old), and that as a people we are more competent to govern ourselves than is any individual to do the job for us. This applies to local governments as well as to the national government. Granting honesty, sincerity, patriotism and high motives of service to the people, we have not so much faith in any man as to believe that all of his acts under a dictatorship can be wise or for the best interest of town, county, state or nation. In this connection one is reminded of the words of Congressman James M. Beck of Pennsylvania, who, in a discussion in the house of representatives on May 25, 1933, said:

"So far as the statement that this will be a benign dictatorship is concerned, that is a contradiction in terms. There is no such thing as a benign dictator . . . you might as well talk of lawful robbery or of peaceable murder as to talk of a benign dictator. It does not exist."

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the logic of having the U. S. and State highway markers removed from Sheridan road in the north shore villages and placed on the broad highways immediately west of the north shore. Common sense suggests that Sheridan road is not suited to through traffic. It is a scenic drive flanked by beautiful residences practically throughout its length in New Trier. Its twists and turns, hills and ravines merely serve to slow down traffic that demands high speed to reach distant points.

SHORE LINES

TO A BROKEN MARIONETTE

As you lie there in the ashes
With your body full of gashes—
And no semblance of the quaint
In your battered face of paint—
We wonder now what made you click
With every Thomas, Sue and Mick.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

Life was loud with wooden laughter,
With an ash pile for Hereafter;
The strings that moved you like some Fate
Are broken now; it is too late
For you to get another chance
In drama's brisk, staccato dance.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

In your prime you taught the teachers—
Breathed new life into the preachers,
While babes caressed you with their smiles,
And people came for miles and miles
To see you dance ere you were sunk
With dented pans and other junk.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

Once a most engaging midget,
You could win them with that fidget.
As you twitched from slender strings,
The darkest woes took sudden wings;
But now you're battered, and your heart
And body wait the junkman's cart.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

The savants went into a huddle—
Decided life was just a muddle
Until you set the chaos right
With your sassy smile, you sprite!
But now that you're discarded wood,
The savants lose their laughing mood.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

Your magic was a mirthful glory—
The heart of ev'ry song and story,
The blaze of autumn's frost-tinged leaves
Before the winter comes and grieves
Us all with chill of vain regret—
A broken, battered marionette.

Your soul has gone like quaint Pierrot's—
Whither no one . . . no one knows.

—R. W. N.

The Wilmette ordinance designed to maintain the village in a bone dry state despite the general trend toward liberality in the use of beverage, strong and otherwise, indicates that the proposed local law in question prohibits the manufacture, sale, storage or offering for sale of any beverage fit for human consumption containing more than one-half of one percentum of alcohol by volume . . .

But how about the stuff that's unfit for human consumption?

New York, cognizant of the fact that cold weather is approaching has requested Sally Rand to don more clothing for her now celebrated fan dance. Which reminds us that the Wilmette Chamber of Commerce, soon to stage a musical revue, has received the offer of a comely maiden to do a fan dance number that promises to be strictly different. She plans to utilize electric fans.

—MIQUE.