

## WILMETTE LIFE

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The dawn of Christmas is just beyond the eastern horizon and will soon burst over an expectant and a welcoming world.

### "Merry Christmas"

It is the one day of the year in which the thoughts of the peoples of all lands are centered upon an identical event, the eyes of all peoples focused upon an identical scene, the voices of all peoples joined in a joyous harmony of gratitude for the most wonderful birth the world has ever known.

Christmas opens the annual season of good cheer. It is the time for giving of gifts, for the voicing of good wishes, for expressions of love or high regard of which we are too sparing during the balance of the year. It is the day of family reunions, when sons and daughters foregather beneath the old home roof and gladden the lives of ageing parents whom they see much too seldom. It is the time when little ones become the center of all plans and preparations, the objects and victims of mysterious scheming for their own happiness. If circumstances require that the imagination be stretched a bit to explain just how Santa Claus gets down the chimney with the big pack on his back, or through the key-hole in the absence of a chimney, it is likely that the angel up yonder will write with a light hand in recording the fact.

The Christmas spirit is the most contagious thing in the world. It can rarely be escaped. One may hold aloof for a time, but in the end he must yield. Heaps and heaps of dolls and toys in show windows may be resisted; myriads of trees, brilliantly lighted and gleaming with synthetic snow, may be withstood; the savory odors of mince pie and roasting turkey may only bring a consciousness of hunger; but let the ears be greeted by sweetly intoned voices rising on the night air in the words of that marvelously beautiful carol, "Silent Night! Holy Night!" and resistance is dissipated.

This year, more than ever, it is essential that there be no resistance to the Christmas spirit. There is great need for it everywhere. If there be hearts in which the spirit of "Old Scrooge" holds dominion; in which there is no desire to look upon childish happiness, and from which good will is excluded, they should be opened wide for the entrance and enthronement of the spirit of Christmas. If there be those who have no children of their own, or whose children have outgrown the myth of Santa Claus, let them be reminded that there are now in every community hundreds of little boys and girls who will have a difficult task to keep the

tears back and to join in play on Christmas day if Santa Claus fails to visit them. Seek out some of these and make it your business to see that they are not disappointed. Make sure that some sweet but unfortunate little "mother" will have a real doll to hug to her bosom on Christmas morning, and that some poor little boy shall know the joys of a real sled or pair of skates. It is a splendid thing to do, and no power on earth can keep such a Santa Claus from joining in the glad refrain, "Hosannas in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

Come January 3, the peace and quietude that has reigned more or less over the country will be rudely broken by the assembling of congress. Already speculation is rife as to what is going to happen.

### The Next Session

Will the boys who have been nosing around among their constituents go back with an awakened sense of their responsibilities or will they continue to run as a flock of yesmen and vote any way they are told, without question? Indications seem to point to the latter course. There will, of course, be half-hearted and sporadic attempts to halt the orgy of spending that has continued unabated since last March 4, but they are not likely to get anywhere.

Also, quite a rumpus is forecast over the money question, which, it is charged, is retarding recovery and keeping industry in a straightjacket. It is probable that the net result will be that the President will do as he pleases, seeming at this moment to have sufficient support to put through whatever monetary program he has in mind.

The NRA, AAA, PWA, CWA and other ingredients of the "alphabetical soup" will meet up with some obstacles when the appropriations bills are considered, but in the end the President will get the money he asks for, no matter what the purpose may be. And then there will be much digging around to find new methods of taxation. And what taxes they will be!

Thank your lucky star that you are not a Republican congressman.

This is the time when our north shore villages, beautiful at any season, take on added touches of attractiveness because of

### A Happy Custom

the many marvelous displays of holiday decoration and lighting. Of late years outdoor illumination has received especial attention, private citizens and municipal authorities participating to achieve unusual effects in community holiday attire that has been both the envy and pleasure of many visitors from other sections. This year, no less than preceding ones, it will be well worth while to drive over the streets of these communities and view the many artistic and original displays to be seen on all sides. With the delight that is sure to come from the beauty of the scenes there will also come a realization that here are people who not only appreciate things artistic, in whatever form they may be revealed, but who also possess the very human instinct that is father to the desire to share with others that which is both a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul.

## SHORE LINES

### Christmas Joy

Have you ever watched a tiny child  
At Christmas time? Ah, yes!  
Have you helped him find his playthings  
And shared his happiness?  
Did you ever note the pleasure  
He derives from some small toy?  
If you haven't, you have missed a lot;  
You do not know the joy  
Of Christmas.

Have you ever watched a mother  
Bending o'er her baby's bed,  
As she whispers, "Merry Christmas,"  
And strokes his curly head?  
Did you ever note the Christlike love  
Revealed for that small boy?  
If you haven't, well, you've missed a lot,  
For there's no greater joy  
On Christmas.

—Olivia Kingsley.

### YULETIDE MOODS REGARDING 1933

The doctors give Old 1933 only a few more days to live. Already the historians are preparing to embalm the old fellow. But 1933 is not sad as he nears the limbo of lost years, for his finest day is yet to come.

Like a thoroughly human old man who has sinned deeply and lived nobly, 1933 is grateful for the few more golden sunsets allotted him. He does not spend his last days withering in a rickety bed, but he stands—then suddenly keels over when he is saturated with sunsets.

Even the ghosts become golden in these last days . . . and countless skeletons cease rattling in family closets . . . for the bells are beginning to ring and the sunsets are becoming red as the heart of a fireplace. Out of the north, the south, the east and the west, rides an old man with whiskers of tropical luxuriance, a nose of arctic red, and a breath laden with a fire that Sen-Sen and chewing gum will not quench. For the robust visitor has been quaffing the liquor of love for fifty-one weeks, and he is going on a giving spree—the noblest dissipation of all.

The pale features of Old 1933 reflect the glow of the new arrival . . . but the eyes of Old 1933 are young again with a light of their own—a light that has been born into every year since a certain star shone in the east.

The blood becomes warm in 1933's old veins as he thinks of a Monday that will not be blue with the burdens of drudgery and junked hopes . . . a Monday that will be devoted to giving—not getting.

Old 1933 thinks of this day when hypocrisy, greed, and smallness of spirit slink away, suddenly aware of their own rottenness. He thinks of this Monday when kindness, generosity and mirth light the whole world with a wonder that never grows old.

He knows, though his ears are cauliflowered with the prattle of hare-brained economists, that the Bank of Kindness will never fail and that the bloated checks, written on the Bank of Selfishness, will bounce to the stratosphere while smelling to heaven.

Yes, Old 1933 can die happy, knowing that it is worth while to live for 365 days . . . knowing that his sins are purged and that his accomplishments are set aglow by one day of real living—Christmas.

GENUINE YULE JOY—It will be a great relief to the public to be reminded that the typewriters of columnists, punsters and other verbal racketeers will be silenced for a day. Yep, it's even possible that some skinny columnists will be padding themselves to play Santa Claus for their children. Columnists should be good at this, for they've padded plenty of anemic copy. (Pity the progeny of a punster—except on Christmas.)

MEMO FOR SANTA CLAUS—Dear Santa: You will notice plenty of stockings hanging from various places early Monday morning. But please remember it isn't washday. You're the man they're waiting for.

R. W. N.