

WILMETTE LIFE

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WHAT TYPE OF MAN?

The following editorial appeared in WILMETTE LIFE, issue of July 18, 1935:

The country is now in the throes of a presidential campaign, a full year in advance of the time when candidates are usually nominated. This early activity was instigated largely by the "grass roots" conference at Springfield in June, which marked, or gave evidence of, a rebirth of the Republican party and the discovery that it is not as dead as the obituary notices would indicate. Everything now points to an aggressive and possibly acrimonious campaign in 1936, with the issue already handed to his opponents by the present President—the New Deal vs. the Constitution, the Supreme court and state's rights.

The matter of candidates will be uppermost in the minds of voters from now on. Not so much as to whom they shall be as what they shall be. It is no certainty that Mr. Roosevelt will be the nominee of the Democratic party, but it is highly probable. It therefore behooves the Republicans to exercise great care in the selection of their candidate, and to give much thought to the type of man best suited to bring the government back to a sound and sensible basis of operation by which recovery may be had, not so much from the depression as from the morass of debt and social experiment into which it has been plunged. Upon that selection success at the polls may hinge.

There has been much villification of industrial corporations, their traducers losing sight of the fact that America is itself the largest and most important corporation within its borders, and the further fact that only business men can successfully motivate and direct any industrial or commercial undertaking.

The need of the hour is for a real business man to steer the ship of state. There has been enough of rhetorical marvels, of dreamy theorists, of law school prodigies, of humanitarian geniuses who would make the world over and change human nature in a day. Somewhere in this country, in the mills or factories or mines or on the farm, there is a man who, though he may not be able to write great state papers or tell an alluring bedtime story, knows what money is for and how to use it; knows that he could never have remained in business had he continually borrowed and never paid; knows that only the methods employed in his own business, applied to national affairs, can prevent bankruptcy and attain solvency; knows that only through putting men and women to work can prosperity be achieved and happiness gained. That man may not be a politician, but he should be made president.

IT'S GREEN BAY ROAD

The Village board of Wilmette and the City council of Evanston cannot be too highly commended for their acts in providing an identical name for the through highway which parallels the

North Western railroad, Evanston in changing West Railroad avenue, and Wilmette in changing Main street, to Green Bay road, have contributed something worth while to the entire north shore. It goes a long way toward reestablishing one of the early trails that led from downtown Chicago to the Wisconsin city. A part of that trail was Ridge avenue, in Evanston. Now, beginning at Emerson street, it continues as Green Bay road to the north Evanston limits, through Wilmette and Kenilworth to Center street, Winnetka. The only stretches now missing are in Winnetka and Glenview, and it is hoped that the Village boards of those communities will find a way to complete identical nomenclature to where the highway merges into the original Green Bay road at Glenview's north limits.

NOVEMBER 3, 1936

On next Tuesday, November 3, will be held the most important presidential election within the memory of any but the very oldest of our citizens. Transcending the question of who shall occupy the White House during the next four years is whether the fundamental principles of American government shall be continued or changed to others diametrically opposed. The issue has been clearly drawn. One major party stands for one, another for the other. About that there can be no controversy.

In these circumstances the responsibility of the individual voter rests heavily upon his shoulders. And well it may, for never has so critical and far-reaching a decision been put up to him. It becomes his duty, then, to cast his ballot in accordance with his firm convictions, determined by a thorough understanding of the separate propositions, and what the candidates stand for.

Failure to vote will be inexcusable, unless due to serious illness. No considerations of business necessity or social engagements should be allowed to interfere with the sacred duty of joining with other Americans in deciding the future of the country, whatever that decision may be. Negligence has already disfranchised no fewer than 25 New Trier voters who did not take advantage of the privilege of registering by mail in time to get their names on the poll list. Failure of a like number to go to the polls would seriously reduce the vote of the township.

November 3, 1936, promises to be written large in the future history of America. To have a part in its decisions is not only a privilege but a patriotic duty.

THROWING PEBBLES

A subscriber writes to complain of the dangerous practice, now being indulged in by thoughtless juveniles, of throwing pebbles at automobiles as they are being driven along the streets. The practice, our correspondent states, is increasing rapidly, causing no end of annoyance to drivers and damage to cars.

Of course, the practice comes under the head of malicious mischief, and indulgence in it constitutes a violation of Village ordinances. It thus becomes a duty of the police department to suppress it, through the punishment of the guilty ones. However, that is a large order to hand to the police department alone, for it is almost impossible to catch these urchins in the perpetration of the nuisance. The act is not openly committed and it is an easy matter for a boy to throw pebbles at a car and then disappear in darkness or behind shrubbery. To stop the practice the cooperation of parents with the police is essential. If parents will talk to their children, whether or not they have any suspicion of their participation in the violations, explaining to them the danger not only of serious damage to cars, but of personal injuries to occupants, much will be accomplished toward abatement and final cessation of what the youngsters consider to be fun. And this accomplishment will be without inconvenience to either parents or children.

NEWS-COMMENT

Well, well! So the Statue of Liberty was fifty years old Wednesday. We reminded the missus, who sometimes asks embarrassing questions, that the copper goddess is wearing her original dress. How successful that strategy was will not be known until later.

* * *

A Saturday dispatch reports a Rome newspaper as stating that 15,272 priests and nuns have been slain in Spain, and that 18,987 churches, convents and religious schools have been burned or sacked. Who was it said that civilization is only skin deep?

* * *

A Los Angeles man who did the cooking while his wife earned the living, is seeking separation and alimony because she criticized his cooking. "Turn about is fair play," as we are often reminded.

* * *

A north shore civic organization, accustomed to discussing everything from the Einstein theory to women's fashions, recently devoted a session to the dog question. Now, the dog question on the north shore is a mighty touchy subject, and is approached with caution by the villagers whose paramount purpose is to avoid a riot, or at least a community feud. But the members of this particular organization, in regular conclave assembled, asseverated boldly that the fate of the dog, which includes his future station in north shore society, must be settled, and settled forever. The discussion just naturally gravitated to three propositions, as follows: Shall dogs be permanently confined as under the provisions of the quarantine now in effect, and permitted off the owners' property only on leash? Shall they be permitted to run at large with muzzle attached? Or shall they be drowned at birth, as are Republicans in the sunny South? That reads like a "little ballot," at a village election, but it isn't. And it contains more dynamite. A verbal barrage broke the instant the honorable presiding officer concluded presentation of the propositions. Opinions were of all shades and extent. Those favoring drowning numbered more than one would expect, led by a noted horticulturist who uttered impassioned words in defense of local gardens. The dog with a muzzle found many friends, but the majority favored an ordinance in accordance with the present quarantine provisions. What they had against the Village dads they did not disclose.



* * *

Well, it's only four days until the big election, and no one has yet found out what the President intends to do if reelected. New Dealers say that to ask him is an insult. The President himself becomes furious and makes charges of "red herrings" and other things, but he doesn't say a word about what he intends to do. A good tip for Americans is that when a candidate for the presidency doesn't dare come out and say what he means, vote for the other fellow.

* * *

"A 'Young Republican' fan corrected the New Deal base ball score, announced at the Stadium last week, to read: '25 billion balls; 13 billion strikes; 11 million left on base; 9 errors; 2 runs.' Who gets the pennant?"

"Ex-Judge."

* * *

Chicago voters will on Tuesday, we hope, vote to kill the cock-eyed ordinance passed by a cock-eyed city council placing Chicago and all contiguous territory under Eastern Standard time. For a month now we have begun each day by cussing that crack-pot ordinance, and any wife will tell you that a day begun by cussing is already half spoiled.

THE PHANTOM REPORTER.