

Editorial

The HIGHLAND PARK PRESS

Features

WHAT OF IT?—

By Eddy Smith

We're not going to waste valuable time and space to review the local outstanding events of the year past. However a few predictions for 1933 seem to be in order.

On the assumption that citizens holding public offices must be ACTIVE if they are to be of any value to the community, we predict that the local spring elections will be one of the hottest in the city's history. The good people of Highland Park are not going to elect candidates who wish offices merely for the purpose of "just holding them."

We predict a greater and more urgent need for the social service and the completion of the relief drive . . . that the federal agents will "house clean the "booze" joints located within 10 blocks of the city hall . . . that the Deerfield and Highland Park officials who have been getting into each others hair are going to get together and settle the water dispute (maybe) . . . that many of the local folks who were so smoothly "Insull'ed" are going to stop mooning and break off to a new start . . . that a show down is about due on the discrimination against the use of gambling devices (dice machines, miniature race tracks, and games of chance in which there is no merchandise exchanged) by the local merchants and the continual use of these machines by "private organizations" at carnivals in our public parks . . . that on the strength of a personal letter from a recent presidential candidate, Unemployment Insurance legislation will create a great deal of discussion in this territory before the termination of the next six months . . . and last but not least we predict on the basis of a talk with Hal Kemp at the Blackhawk last Thursday that the "Century of Progress" better bring plenty of business and visitors to this territory in 1933—OR ELSE. You know what.

In order to quicken the return of prosperity to this territory the writer would like to announce that all persons owing me money are hereby released from indebtedness.

"TIME"

It's come at last and it may even get here before beer. We've stumbled across what we believe to be a very significant rumor . . . that the local library is about to subscribe to "Time," the weekly news-magazine. One more suggestion. Why not in keeping with the "Buy American" campaign cancel the subscription to the "London Illustrated Times" and use the money for the "Chicagoan" or the "New Yorker"?

"OIL"

And now we are told by a local geologist that should we dig down

An Invitation—

The Highland Park Press welcomes short, sincere letters discussing matters of local importance to this city and the north shore, and will print a select few each week. Contributions, to be accepted for publication on this page, must be signed by the writer, must be short and to the point, must avoid personalities, and must reach this office by Monday noon for publication in the following issue. We reserve the right to use or reject all letters. Anonymous contributions will be ignored, regardless of their merit.

THE GREATEST AND THE SWEETEST THINGS IN THE WORLD

Few deny that life appeared in this world several million years ago. Man is the culmination of millions of years' process of evolving life.

From the earliest race to our time, the mind of mankind always looked on to the future of better days.

A philosopher of note has said, "Since men have existed, their main business has been to collect information and convey it from their own minds to the minds of other men, and this process will gradually bring about civilization."

We all firmly believe that the universal mind called God or Providence governs the Universe. We also know that the human mind and nature govern the earth.

Apparently one of these great

deep enough we would reach a vein of a superior grade of crude oil. Highland Park may turn industrial after all.

"TREES"

Don't think for one second that the hundreds of beautiful birch trees growing on the lake bluff at the foot of Central avenue came to exist like Topsy. They did not "just grow." This fine example of natural landscaping is the results of careful study and forethought. They were planted as mere saplings many years ago by Jesse L. Smith and Fritz Bahr.

DO YOU KNOW

That Irma Glen, N.B.C. organist, used to play the music box at the Highland Park theater of bygone days? Better still—do you remember the music box? . . . that Highland Park experienced its first traffic jam in front of the Woolworth dime store on Dec. 22 . . . that eight local business establishments folded up in 1932 . . . that Vic Cucchiara made radio sets in Highland Park when the big heads of the electrical industry were still amazed at the wonders of wireless. Vic scooped the North Shore on radio.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

It's coming at last . . . You've visioned it . . . you've wanted it . . . now you can have it . . . In other words get on the banj wagon and let the writer take you on the first trip of the Highland Park Merry-Go-Round . . . to be featured in this column next week.

—What of It.

governing powers is failing us by stubbornly refusing to do its duty to humanity.

Aren't the world's problems growing increasingly difficult each year? Have you ever analyzed these problems to find the real reason?

It is evident, my friends, that the human mind is not working in harmony with God and nature.

We are supposed to be in our highest state of civilization, and yet over one-half of our people get up in the morning and go to bed at night, spend all the day in the mere effort to get bread enough to live.

What further can we expect from an underfed humanity who have not elasticity enough, mind or body, left to do anything in the way of intellectual or moral progress? Are we being crowded in to a mere animal life? Some of our leading minds are trying to eclipse our aspirations, dull our tastes, stunt our intellect and make us mere tools to work little and starve mostly, and while one man in a thousand might have a chance to rise, the rest will cower under the circumstances and die.

I realize that we are better off today than our ancestors were. We are living in the greatest age of invention; The Machine Age.

Machines save the labor of millions of men, but they did not fill a single stocking of the many needy children whose fathers lost their jobs! The machine problem must be solved or we will soon experience a calamity greater than the universal flood.

The greatest thing in the world is love; in other words, love is the life of the world.

The sweetest thing in the world is a baby, and the next sweetest thing to a baby is the mother.

Those less fortunate need today the application of the trained intellect to use the truth in improving the condition of mankind.

Life properly understood is an open door to service, sacrifice and love. It is an opportunity to foster good will, heal distress, labor for justice and righteousness.

Peace, Health and Happiness is my truly wish to the people of this nation, and to all the world in 1933.

—Alfred R. Esmiz.

"That's funny," replied she. "I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke."—Tit-Bits.

"Mother: "Your face is clean, but how'd you get your hands so dirty?"
Small Son: "Washin' my face."
Boston Transcript.

COLUMN RIGHT—

By Jay Orr

Theodore Roosevelt was enormously proud of his reputation for remembering names. A caller would begin with, "I'm Mr. Jo—," and before he knew what had happened to him, he had been affectionately called "Jonesy" and shoved out into the hall. But the usual system failed to work, we are told in an article by Frederick L. Collins in "Good Housekeeping," in the case of a New York haberdasher named Kaskel who thought he would help out the colonel with a little personal history.

"Mr. President," he said, "I made your shirts—"

"Major Shurtz," interrupted the President, "I'd have known you anywhere."

The next speaker of the house of representatives will beyond reasonable doubt, be Representative Rainey, of Illinois. Naturally, this state will be proud to have a member of congress from Illinois as the presiding officer of the lower chamber again, but will Illinois be proud of Mr. Rainey? An utterance the veteran legislator made the other day makes me have qualms for his success in the chair. Commenting upon President Hoover's recent fishing trip, our future speaker said, "This country would be benefited if the President keeps on fishing for the remainder of his term. Of course, it doesn't cost him anything. The cost comes out of the treasury." This statement sounds to me exactly like a campaign spiel of a fourth-rate fourth-ward politician, running for dog-catcher. It doesn't indicate much ability to lead an ignorant House of Representatives in the path of constructive legislation, which is just exactly what we need now and what we expect of a Democratic administration which was elected on promises to "do something about it," and which will have a wonderful opportunity to make a good record during the next four years. The trouble with the "honest, homely statesmen from the sticks," like Mr. Rainey and our future vice-president, is that they too often allow passion to overcome calm reason, and unless the real leaders of the Democratic party can muzzle such Hiram's, the next administration will be ridiculous in the light of present-day American demands for honest, efficient government.

In the midst of depression, with dividends being drastically reduced in all lines of commerce and industry, and in many cases dropped altogether, and with bankruptcies and receiverships common, a snuff company which has maintained its regular dividends, votes its stockholders an extra dividend. A few days later another snuff company does likewise. A survey reveals that here is an industry which has not only maintained its business, but has actually done better in years of general depression.

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