

Public Forum

December 13, 1927

Editor, WINNETKA TALK:

For some time I have been protesting periodically against conditions of the Indian Hill crossing of the North Western and North Shore roads, which I negotiate every morning getting some of my children to school, and expect to have to negotiate every school morning for the next ten years.

I have in the past protested in season and out of season against the ridiculous closing of the Willow street viaduct, which was the only safe way of getting past the tracks at this time of the morning.

This morning in the fog I drove down to the Indian Hill crossing and stood fourth in line with ten cars, more or less, waiting behind me to get across. The gates were down for a long time because no one could see any distance in the fog. Finally the gates were raised, and I followed the three cars ahead of me across. As I got on the North Western track and was shifting into second gear, a locomotive burst out of the fog without whistling, and running silently, as I presume it was coasting down hill. It was apparently going 25 or 30 miles an hour. The gate man began to blow his whistle frantically. The gates went down. I managed to get across with a clearance of possibly 10 feet behind my car, and the gate man managed to stop the next car from getting across, although I felt shivers running down my back for the safety of the people in the car behind me. Death grazed several of us, and it was merely a matter of luck that there was not a terrible accident.

I left two young people at school, turned around and came back to the crossing, where I was held up for another ten minutes. As I stood within about ten feet of the crossing gates, cars drove across in front of us and around us on the wrong side of the street, stopping in the middle of the intersection and everywhere else. Finally the gate man, after keeping the gates down a long time, merely out of anxiety and not knowing what was behind the fog, raised them again, and I, being in the first car, shot across the track. The gates were lowered so quickly that they hit the back of my car, and an interurban slid by behind me.

There is enough time wasted at this Indian Hill crossing every year to pay for a subway at this point. If something isn't done, there is going to be a terrible tragedy.

There should be a subway opened up at a cross street farther north as quickly as possible, with sufficient space at both ends for maneuvering cars without danger. This and other engineering plans should be pushed as rapidly as possible. The traffic that goes by this point has no business crossing over tracks during the crowded hour of the morning. The Chicago and North Western railroad ought to be called hard for running trains past this point in a fog without whistling.

I am broadcasting this letter to the best of my ability. I know that a considerable public sentiment already ex-

ists on this point.

Yours very truly,
15-Year Winnetka Citizen

P. S. Discussing this proposition this morning with a friend who lives near the Indian Hill station, he recited the three or four narrow escapes he has seen or participated in recently at this crossing, and said the other day as there was a string of twenty or more cars lined up honking for the gate, the man in the tower shouted down to the flagman at the crossing: "Tell them to go to H—." Time and again I have noticed this spirit in this towerman. He ought to be removed from the job—but the essential point is that this traffic ought to be disbursed through two or three subways under the track unless the railroads can be forced to depress the tracks.

Car Does 80-foot Glide When Brakes Are Applied

Sunday morning a car owned by Dr. Dennis W. Crile, of 418 Ridge avenue, Winnetka, and driven by his chauffeur, executed an eighty-foot slide on the drive west of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad company's tracks and crashed into the car of E. H. Miller, of 670 Walden road, which was parked there. The gas tank and bumper on the Miller car were damaged and the bumper on Dr. Crile's car was broken off, according to the police report.


HOSTESS AT DINNER

Miss Betty Pain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Pain of 1417 Tower road, was a dinner hostess at Indian Hill club Thursday evening. After dinner, the guests went to a dance given by Miss Josephine Munroe in Chicago.

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