

Traffic on Foot

By W. E. Hill

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Just a lady backing out of the wrong side of a coupe, thereby giving the driver of the car behind a fearful jolt.



Four varieties of dirty looks directed at a taxi driver who made an unlooked-for left turn. If pedestrians would only realize how a mean look from a person on foot engenders feelings of hatred in the plastic mind of a taxi driver, only the sweetest of smiles would wreath their brows. Because taxi drivers, even the most callous, will seldom if ever run down a pedestrian with a sunny smile.



Mrs. Pflug and Mrs. Falter are the taxi drivers' delight. Mrs. Pflug will rush forward and will be drawn back to the curb by Mrs. Falter, with squeals of terror, and then Mrs. Falter will start across, only to be dragged back by Mrs. Pflug. Sometimes, unless aided and abetted by the traffic squad, it will take these lovely ladies a good ten minutes to maneuver a street crossing.



"I know my rights, and don't you forget it, young man. And don't you hand me any of your lip!" Officer Reardon has seen fit to stem the tide of traffic on foot, of which Mrs. Isabel Dahl is an integral part. And no big bully of a cop can push Isabel Dahl back to the curb with impunity, no, siree!



Julia and Josephine live 'way out in the suburbs and often walk out on the state road, talking intimately of this and that. Sometimes they are so absorbed discussing personable boy friends that they forget and stay right in the path of the cars. And if a limousine with a couple of unoccupied seats happens along, why Julia and Josephine will, if urged, accept a lift back home.



"Hey, you, what's the idea? Wanta get run over?" Officer Burelli giving Marilyn and Gracie a heavy lecture before seeing them safely over the street crossing.



These boys just have to run out into the thick of the one-way traffic, seeing it's the season for baseball. Not so good for nervous motorists.



The care-free jaywalker cutting across where traffic is thickest and lights are reddest.



Hiker on a state road getting all set to request a lift from a passing motorist. He's trying very hard to look wistful.