

INSURE TODAY

It's Too Important To Put Off!

See
THOMAS H. COBB
—Insurance Agency—
FIRST STATE BANK BLDG. PHONE 948-949

Tell Your Merchant You Saw His Advertisement in THE ECCENTRIC

LIFE AT A BOY'S CAMP
Verbal Snapshots By One Who Is There

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of three articles on Camp Mikanakawa, the Detroit Boy Scout camp near Port Sanilac. Several Birmingham Scouts attended camp there during the three-week period that ended July 30, and four, Dumont and the writer, finished the second section, the end of the Mikanakawa season, Sunday afternoon.

By W. STODDARD WHITE
Camp Mikanakawa, Mich.
Mikanakawa, truly represents boys' camps as the "melting pot," a miniature model of the United States. At the camp now are at least one of the following: Dutch, German, Irish, Scotch, English, Russian, Polish, French, Swedish and Jewish. A large percentage of these are foreign-born, making the camp a true miniature melting-pot.

In a religious way the camp is also a melting pot. In a discussion in one of the tents one night last week, which finally turned toward religion, it was found after a census that present in the discussion were two Protestants of different denominations, a Catholic, a Jew, a Christian Scientist, and an Atheist.

Initiation is the big point of the second night of camp. The novices are lined up, each holding on to the one in front, until a long line is formed; they are blindfolded with the neckerchief that is a standard part of the Scout uniform, and led through brush, down gulleys, over trees, through part of the Lake Huron, up and down muddy banks and cliffs, while the worst part of the initiation into camp is the continuing process by the rest of the campers armed with paddles, belts, and strips of rawhide.

When the neophytes are judged to have been punished for their sins sufficiently, they are led to the canyons, their blindfolds removed, and they are decorated with the Mikanakawa neckerchief as full-fledged campers.

A novel system to prevent overcrowding at the counter of the camp store has been evolved by the clerk. The door to the store is the Dutch type, with the upper and lower parts separate, and a shelf forming a counter fixed to the lower portion. After supper or other meals often as many as fifteen candy-hungry campers raid the store, making demands for sweets and other supplies at the top of their voices, or loudly asserting that they "were first." Consequently this entails some pushing and shoving, often crowding the door of the store so that it is impossible to get any merchandise across the counters. So the enterprising clerk has wired up the edges of the door and the counter, fastening strips of tin to the edges and to wires that run to batteries hidden on his desk. The currents are controlled from buttons placed about the building at convenient points, and any unsightly customer who insists on pushing himself forward soon regrets it.

Considerable enjoyment is derived from the informal games often held on free nights. In these, whether they take the form of football, rough-and-tumble, or free-for-all, nearly everyone joins in and is pushed, shoved and mauled about until he is thoroughly mussy.

It is the last night at Mikanakawa. There is the silence of last minute studying for merit badges and other awards to be presented in the morning at the sectional court of honor.

The officers' tents are a blaze of light from gasoline lanterns. Elsewhere it is dark; the campers are working over their books and maps in the brilliantly lighted library tent.

Overhead the Big Dipper stands out against a myriad of stars. It is a clear night, ideal for the astronomer. There have been hardships and times when even the most tried and staunch camper wished he was home, but this is all forgotten now that the hour of parting is approaching. An air of mixed suspense and a sort of sadness fills the air.

It is the last night at Mikanakawa.

A bustle of activity rules the camp. Packing of boxes and trunks, riving of tents, and care of paraphernalia occupies all the camper's time. Before leaving the boys bid a farewell to the rolling plateau on which the camp is situated; the dark firs of balsams and spruces, interspersed with the silver birches; the sparkling blue-green of Lake Huron; the sunny bluff sloping steeply to the water; the coolness of the shady ravine dividing the camp grounds; the rank of canvas which have been their home for some weeks; and all the other spots of beauty and interest in the last few days, have come to mean so much to every camper. Soon the big orange truck which is to take the Scouts to Port Huron comes.

The "Tashmo" glides across the stern point of Detroit's beautiful island park, and the full blaze and glory of night life in the Motor City comes to view. The view from the water of Lake Stearns at night is one not to be forgotten. Electric signs, building illumination, street lights, all contribute to the blaze of light which meets the eye. The ship floats slowly into the wharf; there is a creak of giant timbers... shouts of dockhands... clanging of bells... a rush of water behind the paddles... the ship is still... the glorious adventure of camp is over.

Sportraits



BABE ADAMS


It used to be Pitcher "Babe" Adams. In the fall it might be Sheriff Charles B. Adams.

Yes, the former National league pitcher has gone into politics. He was recently nominated for sheriff on the Democratic ticket in the Harrison county, Missouri, primary. At present he is in training for the big battle, and if he can get around to shake enough hands before election day, the veteran will stand a good chance of winning the election.

stars. It is a clear night, ideal for the astronomer. There have been hardships and times when even the most tried and staunch camper wished he was home, but this is all forgotten now that the hour of parting is approaching. An air of mixed suspense and a sort of sadness fills the air.

It is the last night at Mikanakawa.

A bustle of activity rules the camp. Packing of boxes and trunks, riving of tents, and care of paraphernalia occupies all the camper's time. Before leaving the boys bid a farewell to the rolling plateau on which the camp is situated; the dark firs of balsams and spruces, interspersed with the silver birches; the sparkling blue-green of Lake Huron; the sunny bluff sloping steeply to the water; the coolness of the shady ravine dividing the camp grounds; the rank of canvas which have been their home for some weeks; and all the other spots of beauty and interest in the last few days, have come to mean so much to every camper. Soon the big orange truck which is to take the Scouts to Port Huron comes.



\$860

buys the new, larger
Erskine Six
—the most that \$860 has
ever bought in style,
comfort and in
PERFORMANCE—
proved by A. A. A. record,
1000 miles
in 984 minutes!

JEWELL MOTORS, Inc.
CLAUDE E. MOSHER, Manager
132 W. MAPLE AVENUE PHONE 1450

STUDEBAKER
The Great Independent

Tell Your Merchant You Saw His Advertisement in THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

HUDSON
Patents F-Head Motor



The U.S. Patent Office has granted patents to the Hudson Motor Car Company on the "F-Head" high-compression motor. The patent—No. 1,656,051, relating to internal combustion engines—covers the entire arrangement of valves, spark plugs and combustion chamber.

With the new patented design Hudson motors now are built with a compression ratio of nearly 6 to 1—20 per cent above the average—with correspondingly high standards of acceleration, fuel economy and power. It is practically impossible to make the motor knock under even the most adverse operating conditions. The motor is the liveliest, most powerful and economical Hudson has ever built.

\$1250 and up
All prices f. o. b. Detroit
Shows on pay for cars out of income at lowest available charge for interest, handling and insurance

Boughner Bros. Garage
134 S. Woodward Ave. Birmingham
Phone 70

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE

a Million Boosters
say it's **GREAT**

The Million Dollar
Valet AutoStrip Razor demonstrates
the necessity of stropping before each
shave

Because it solves the problem of men with stubborn beards, the new Valet AutoStrip Razor is taxing our factories' capacity to meet America's demand.

Everywhere wise men are turning to the new Valet AutoStrip Razor because it is teaching them the vital importance of never shaving with a blade that has not been properly stropped.

All barbers know that until it is stropped the cutting edge of every blade is a row of tiny needle points that scrape and tear the skin. Stropping smooths them out.

With the automatic self-stropping device of the Valet AutoStrip Razor you can do this in a few seconds. And the new model offers you many other modern features exclusive in this razor. It is the result of 21 years of experiment and the expenditure of a million dollars.

Both the razor and the blades have been distinctly bettered. Made of the costliest steel, treated by the exclusive Valette process, Valet blades have a perfect edge. The self-stropping feature keeps them so. New type guard gives you full use of the shaving surface of these keener blades. Instantly inserted or removed by pressing a button. Locked in a firm non-flexible grip, they put blade vibration and razor pull out of the picture for good. No need to remove the blade to strop and clean it.

Try this new Million Dollar Razor. You'll quickly learn to like it. And once you know its soothing shaves and friendly angle, you'll stick to it for life.

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at \$1.00 to \$25.

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream
Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrip Razor
35c—TRY A TUBE

VALET AutoStrip RAZOR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrip Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City

RITTICISMS
By BILL RITT

One Punch Palooka has joined the police force. He said he was tired of working for a living.

One Punch passed the intelligence test with flying colors. He pretended to be a mad man and refused to answer the questions.

When the chief first saw Palooka in his new uniform he asked for free tickets. He thought a circus was in town.

One Punch inherited his liking for the life of a patrolman. His grandpa became famous on the stage playing Rip Van Winkle.

And his old man was one of the best stores in town. One day a group of foreigners saw him on a street corner and hung a wreath on his car. They thought he was a statue.

The old man was once on the traffic squad, but gave it up. He couldn't find any one to blow the whistle for him.

One day he sat on a tack and his sudden energy caused the chief to fire him. He didn't want the old boy to set a bad example for the rest of the force.

One Punch intends to carry out the police traditions of his family. He's already picked out the park bench on which he'll do his dozing.

More than one-fourth of the firms that advertised by radio last year have quit the air, being convinced that this form of advertising is practically worthless, because it annoys the fans who buy radio sets for the entertainment afforded.

Otto Kaempfer, a blonde giant of Northampton, Eng., was arrested while cheering on three women in a rough-and-tumble fight to determine which should be his sweetheart.

NEW CENTURY MODELS
START LARGER
WAVE OF BUYING

Comparison
with all new offerings
now confirms Century leadership
in fine car field



New models, with new and brilliant features, refinements, and improvements, with metal tailored finish in all details throughout—now herald the Century's newest and biggest advancement in the fine car field.

Even now, Century sales figures foretell the whole dramatic story of a public demand for modern beauty and thrilling motor car performance which finds its best expression in the fleetness, stability, beauty and tailored-metal completeness and finish of the Century Six and Eight. A phenomenal success, without a moment's pause—month after month—is now climaxed and advanced by a newer and still more brilliant beauty to clothe the Century's most substantial offering in the fine car field.

Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, \$1345 to \$1645. Century Eight, \$1825 to \$2125. All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

NEW 1929 HUPMOBILE
CENTURY
SIX & EIGHT
RAY V. ORLEMAN, Inc.
HUPMOBILE DEALER
120 S. Woodward Phone 1885 Birmingham, Michigan