

POSTAL SERVICE EXPLAINED HERE

Postmaster Cobb Tells Rotarians About Work; Colgrove Condemns Civil Service

etly is proved, as the postoffice department does under the civil service examination method," declared Mr. Colgrove. "The matter of a person's efficiency receives no consideration, often a person is placed in poor service. I believe, everything considered, that Mr. Cobb is giving us excellent service with the facilities he has at command."

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Henry P. Macomber, Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills: "I know of two instances (at Old Lyme, Conn. and Wellesley Hills, Mass.) where, in residential communities which had some regard for the convenience of the business centers, strong public sentiment convinced the chain store magnates, by providing a color scheme for their exteriors which would blend harmoniously with the general surroundings than jazz red. Isn't this a matter which Birmingham might consider?"

only kind of mail that the government actually makes any money on," stated Mr. Cobb, who also added that "newspapers and magazines, plus the money being spent to boost airmail, are the chief causes of the deficit." Weekly newspapers, however, are only small contributors, government statistics show.

In 1928 the Birmingham post office did \$28,900 in business, while for last year we did \$50,331.00, thus assuring us a first class office," stated Mr. Cobb. "We shall continue to grow. I suggest that you all get back of our Congressman, Grant M. Hudson, because it is he who has much to say about a new and bigger postoffice. We have already outgrown our present postoffice."

Free From Politics Politics, especially in the smaller communities, plays very little part in the postal service, said Mr. Colgrove. He lamented certain faults of the civil service system of hiring postal employees, and referred to several specific instances in which his office had suffered as the result of inefficiency. Twenty-two people are employed in the Birmingham postoffice.

That something wrong exists in the postal service between Detroit and Birmingham is Mr. Cobb's belief; he stated often a package or letter mailed at the same time will arrive here from certain routes before another gets out from Detroit.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By GROVE PATTERSON

PUTTING PUPILS ON Our public school system these days provides special departments training for the mentally deficient. In some places there are "opportunity classes" for those who can go especially fast. A new idea in children's education is proposed that in connection with every large school there be set up a class for pupils who are not sub-normal but who for any one of a number of reasons have failed to advance. Such pupils are humiliated at not being able to keep up with the rest of the class. They become discouraged. They flounder along as best they can, having a miserable time. There is a lot of difference between being handicapped and being sub-normal.

BECOME AN EXPERT Most new industries suffer from lack of capital. Not so with aviation. The capital and the manufacturing facilities have outgrown the capacity of men to absorb and improve flying conditions. Here is an industry that needs experts. The aviation industry has growing pains. It needs thoughtful and highly trained men. The young men, looking to succeed in life, should above all things make themselves expert in some one line. Let them learn to do one thing better than anybody else and there will be a constant demand for him. There is plenty of money to promote aviation. The demand is for an enlarged, trained personnel.

BOYS AGAIN Fifty per cent of today's crimes are committed by youths under 20, says the New York police commissioner. Commissioner Whelan was born on the lower East Side in New York. He knows the handicaps of thousands of boys. "When the time comes for the club and the handcuffs it is too late," he says. He would have the police aid in welfare work among children. Here is a smart man—ahead of his times.

Mr. Vesuvius, most noted of the world's active volcanoes, is again spitting forth lava and smoke, and the residents of the "little" town adjacent to the pile are apprehensive. This photograph was taken when the volcano was staging a particularly impressive spectacle. (Herbert, N. Y.)

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A CHINESE GIRL WRITES SOFTLY, SOFTLY, ABOUT U. OF M. CAMPUS

Editor's Note—Miss Vaung-tsen Bang, the author of the following article, is a student of journalism from Bryn Mawr college, and for very few, is taking courses in the University here. Miss Bang will write for the Washington Tribune special and impressionistic articles.)

(By Vaung-tsen Bang) Since I am a student of journalism, I am naturally interested in the life of the University of Michigan. I have heard of it, of its gravity, solemnity, and sincerity. For education is a serious thing, isn't it? (And dangerous, too?) Do you see those steps in front of the building? They are a symbol of ascension, in other words, Ad Astra, or reaching to the stars. For the more you enter into the higher you ascend, the intellectual ladder, till you—

do not suppose you can ever reach the top, might I say? (You would be, if you did!) but it would be grand if you climbed the ladder. And it isn't easy climbing either—many fall. So softly, softly, and you yourself be careful. What is this I hear? Who is talking to me? Nobody is near me. Oh, the wind is blowing. Ah! it is the noise from the trees. I hear their leaves rustling. It is the rustling of the leaves. It is the rustling of the leaves. It is the rustling of the leaves.

In that corridor which connects the University Hall, one experiences a peculiar sensation: the place is at once warm and cool; the air is still and yet ceaseless, all-time; a busy corridor, the Times Square of the campus, and you hardly hear a sound! Everyone seems to talk in a hushed tone, and when they do, it is in a certain tone, a certain cast a timid, sympathetic look at it. "Oh, why such solemnity?" I hear the student say. And I suddenly hear that strange Voice replying: "It is the president's office, isn't it? He is the president's office. "Where is the president's office?" "That I can not tell. But a new one is coming, yes coming, sooner or later."

Perhaps the beauty of the campus lies in the beauty of its trees, tall, impressive, stately; and in the green smooth lawn, unspotted by beaten path (except at one place, which I suppose is a suggestion to the authority that there should be a cement walk); and the trees have different shapes too, some like the "umbrella tree." It is nicely located with a bench beneath it, where one can sit and read a book. But the bench is now most times empty. Seriousness!

But, is there any place where it is a little jollier and a little more gay? You know it is said that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The Voice hears it and answers: "Oh, yes, if you go to the stadium sports building, you will find the summer intramural activities going on." Yes, I know, but not everyone is an athlete. "Then how about the excursions? Certainly everyone can take part in them. And have you forgotten the "Repertory plays"?

Surely, that is a wonderful idea! It is one of the best recreations that the University offers to the summer session students. Whether it be the convict or the entangled husband, it serves to take away the burdened and the over-serious mind of the student from books, books, books. And the building in which the plays are given is itself commendable. The equipment is complete and almost perfect. The library is comfortable. It is one of the very few places on the campus where one can take a book from the shelf and enjoy oneself without waiting half an hour to get the book and to get it registered!

This building is the women's building, brought about by the effort of the women, the Voice tells me. "Are you convinced that women can do things, that is, if they want to? Because the Union is just as nice as the League. But then I have not seen it. (And sh! this is a secret—I am told that no woman can go into the Union through the front door. Their entrance is the side-door. And this is another secret; absolutely you can not tell anybody. At home we are taught that we must wait and stand in line through the hot or side doors. If we see a stranger coming through the back door, we shout—well, this is getting to be personal.)"

The Voice seems to have left me for a while. So, goodbye! Washnetaw (Ann Arbor) Tribune.

THE JACK OR "SCRUB" PINE

An unusual monarch of the barrens is the jack pine, for its domain is the vast stretch of open country where the sun scorches the soil in summer, and winter winds have billowing waves of snow into great drifts. Only a tree of the toughest fiber can endure such rigorous conditions. It is sterile soil, or parched dryness, and in winter, the bark on the main stem and on the trunk portions of the tree is dark red-brown in color, thin, and with a rough scale-like surface.

Never for its beauty will the jack pine be planted on front lawns with most aesthetic neighbors, and thus far it has not been used in the manufacture of fine furniture, although it usefully serves in lesser known capacities. But otherwise monotonously bleak landscapes in the state become less tiresome with the gray-green patches of jack pine, and the wood is used for packing cartons, pulp, laths, small stork, and most important, for boxboards. The single fact that this tree can make some worth of land which has been given up as valueless is sufficient excuse to warrant establishing plantations in certain regions. On the plantations of 20,427 acres made by the state forestry department during 1928, 20 per cent of the area was planted in jack pine seedlings.

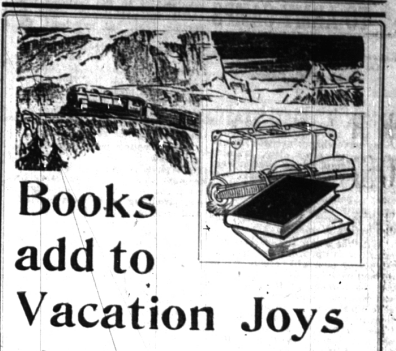
If you are traveling anywhere north of an imaginary line drawn between Huron and Ottawa counties, you will be right in thinking the small dusty-looking pines to be King Jack himself. The usual maximum height is about twenty-five feet with a diameter of perhaps a foot. The crown will not be symmetrical, quite the opposite in fact, because with all the difficulties of growing, the matter of form has been overlooked.

Unlike the white pine which has five needles to a sheath, the jack pine has but two as does the Austrian, Scotch, and red pines. These needles of the jack or scrub pine are twisted and sharply pointed and may be slightly over an inch in length. The cones, dark knobby affairs two inches long, often remain attached unopened to the tree for fifteen or

Farm Board Member



One of the last men appointed to the federal farm board by President Hoover was William F. Schilling, of Northfield, Minn., and of Northfield.



On the train enroute to a summer resort or camp, and in your grip three or four books to relieve the tedium of the trip and to add to the quiet enjoyment of the lazy summer days. Ideal companions on your vacation!

Have you read these new books? "All Quiet on the Western Front" by Erich Maria Remarque "The Listening Post" by Grace S. Richmond "They Stood to Folly" by Ellen Glasgow "Love Changes" by Ruby M. Ayres

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Albert Cummins Buried On Monday

Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. Monday at the S. O. Wylie Bell Home for Funerals, for Glen Albert Cummins, 25, well known resident of the village, for Glen late Friday at his home, 642 Watson street, following a brief illness. Rev. Robert M. Atkins, pastor of the First Methodist Church, officiated.

Mr. Cummins had been a resident of the village for 13 years. He attended the Birmingham schools and was employed as an automotive parts builder at the United Auto Supply company, Pontiac, at the time of his death. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Arthur Ferrier, of Davisburg; his father, Robert Cummins, of California; four sisters, Mrs. Alice Stickle, of Turlock, Cal.; Mrs. Florence Collins, of Davisburg; Mrs. Fannie Riddle, of Auburn Heights; Mrs. Nellie Carr, of Auburn Heights; a brother, Harry D., of San Diego, Cal.; and a half-brother, William Ferrier, of Davisburg.

FIREMEN USE GAS MASKS War days with the demand for gas masks were recalled Monday at 2:30 p. m. for Birmingham firemen. A gas line in an iceless refrigerator at a home on 132 Yorkshire road was broken, filling the house with suffocating sulphur gas fumes. Birmingham firemen answered the call, entering the house and plugging the leaking gas line.

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