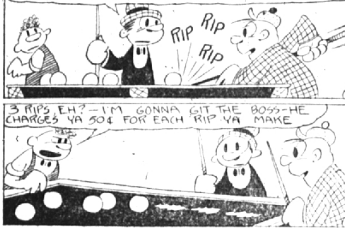


HIGH PRESSURE PETE

NO LUCK FINDING A TOOT TOOWN—WELL PLAY ONE GAME OF POOL AND GO HOME

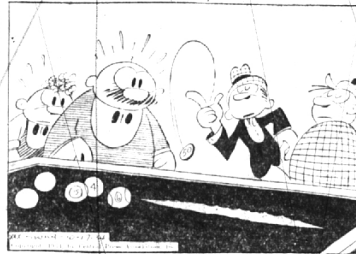


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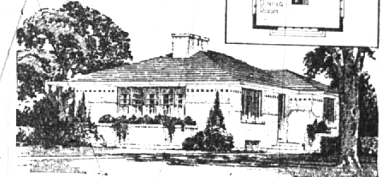
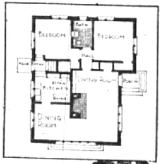
777 (OH YEAH?)



By GEORGE SWAN



Such Faith
"Where'd you all get that derby hat?"
"Hits a surprise fun mah wife."
"A surr riss?"
"Ah coming home de other night unexpected an' found hit on de table."—Bruce Every Month.

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MAC



Just a Minor Slip-Up

By Munch

DOES LIFE BEGIN
AT 40 OR BEFORE

Walter Pitkin and William Hale Debate Question at Fisher Theatre Oct. 23

A 25-year-old editor will challenge a famous psychologist's maxim—that life begins at 40—in a debate which promises to be fireworks from start to finish, as the second attraction of the Detroit Town Hall season at the Fisher Theatre, Wednesday morning, Oct. 23, at eleven o'clock.

Walter B. Pitkin, author of "Life Begins at Forty," professor of Journalism at Columbia University, best-seller author, farmer and psychologist, says not until 40 do we have enough sense to know what it's all about. William Hale, associate editor of Fortune magazine, who has also been the editor of Vanity Fair and the Washington Post, disagrees with Dr. Pitkin. Both men are brilliant speakers, and the rounds of verbal ammunition they will fire at each other promise one of the most stimulating and entertaining Town Hall meetings of the season.

Dr. Pitkin operates 5000 acres of farm land under advanced scientific management, is editor of The Farm Journal, writes a daily column for a newspaper syndicate and contributes to many magazines and periodicals, advises Federal and state governments on social problems and keeps a large staff busy with research into a variety of activities which he feels point the way to a more satisfactory and abundant life. He is the author of "More Power to You," "New Careers for Youth," "Secret History of Human Stupidity" and many others.

Mr. Hale is regarded as one of the intellectual leaders of his generation. At 14 he was graduated from Yale and wrote "Billingsgate Defeat" addressed to the youth of the nation and designed to stimulate them to seize their general heritage, despite the handicaps of the time, the prevailing conventions and the devious odds against them. His recent articles in the Atlantic Monthly and other journals have given him nationwide attention. Tickets for the debate are on sale now at Grinnell's, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the Fisher Theatre.

The Complete Story
The telegraph editor of a Denver newspaper complained to a country correspondent who omitted names in his stories. He wrote the man that if he neglected this essential detail in his next yarn he would be discharged.

A few days later the editor got this dispatch:
"Come, Colorado, June 3—A severe storm passed over this section this afternoon and lightning struck a barbed-wire fence on the ranch of Henry Wilkin, killing three cows—these names being Jessie, Bessie, and Buttercup."—Kansas City Star.

Well, Where Is It?
Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother 7 years old and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia and three days later he died."
Pupil (for ten seconds): "Silence for ten seconds. The voice from the rear—"Where's his sled?" —Armstrong Traz

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—
T. H. Millington, of Park street, author of the column in The Eccentric, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "My thanks to the many who read and seem to like my humble contributions. I get much pleasure from writing them, of course. In a world so confused and bewildering, it is hard to think straight and logically on economic questions. One thing this depression has accomplished, though, is to make more people take an interest in matters affecting their worldly possessions.

She Has Fortune
in Her Grasp

That stone which Shirley Temple, screen starlet, smugly displays is worth more than a million dollars. It's the famed 725-carat Jonkers diamond, on display in Los Angeles.

Nearly one-third the population of central and southern Chile is one Jew.



NEW YORK: This is the latest of the series, and the time in Manhattan for bookish parties. The kind-staged by publishers to acquaint the new with authors in the flesh. Well, I don't go to them. Novelists and essayists are, on the whole, unusual animals. They should be, one they would have no talent for the kind of writing stringing marathons which are their lot, practically from the cradle to the grave. So I leave the gray-tearful publishers to prove to me a redoubtable and thorough.

The only literary gatherings I ever attended which exhilarated me in proportion to the time spent were (1) the shoving at which Gene Tunney explained to a coterie of rapist debutantes the art and mystery of urzeitling, and (2) the hoopla at which Frank Black told me that yarn out of Malaya which he has not included and will not include in any of his tales of animal-tracking in strange lands.

But neither of these gentlemen—and I apologize to Gene should the statement distress him—should

temporarily a literary figure. Your typical big-time author turns out to be one of two things—a ballful and long-tongued introvert who only makes the guests wonder who is guiding him or her booklet or else a frigidly civil person who does not care enough of the guests to pay the publisher.

I go to movie parties and parties to introduce popular writers and parties to introduce popular writers. There is nothing breathtaking or super-smart or shocking about the booklines and is then hired. There is nothing breathtaking or super-smart or shocking about the booklines and is then hired.

Joe Harris, for all his desolate, black-boxed apartment in recent seasons, did not zoom to the heights as a reader entirely by luck, or accident. I predict he will be hearing considerably more of Joe Harris in the region and seasons to come. His integrity, there is his production, "Life's Too Short," now on view at the Broadhurst.

In the display he is a very great showman in the matter of casting to type. And in the matter of seeing to it he directs his opera, too, of course, that the actors speak, the human beings from the stage rather than real lines. It is in this matter of infusing dialogue with the warmth, the cad-

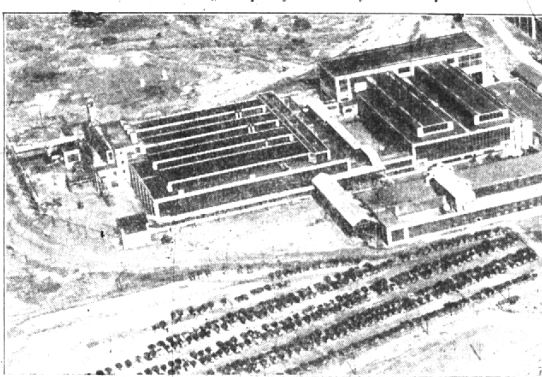
ence, and the "strumbling lit of everyday confab that he excels. "Life's Too Short" tells a simple tale of a simple man—almost indeed, a simpleton—who is hired, suffers needlessly during his even months of sipping toward a skunk-junk. He is doing the settable, yet you believe him. If the out-of-town trade inspectors, in enough numbers to carry the word out, it should have a pleasant run of months.

I had wanted to mention several other plays, but I am out of space. I had wanted to mention several other plays, but I am out of space.

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Pontiac Motor Company Foundry To Reopen



Pontiac Motor Co. is preparing to reopen its iron foundry which has been idle since the spring of 1932. It has been announced by H. J. Klinger, president and general manager of the company.

Pontiac in common with other divisions of General Motors has been obtaining motor blocks and other castings from the Corporation's foundry in Saginaw, but with the increase in the business of all divisions and the great schedules contemplated for 1936, the capacity of the Saginaw plant will be overloaded.

"It was only when Pontiac production fell off in 1931 in connection with the decline in all other divisions, that common sense dictated that it would be wise economy to place the foundry," said Mr. Klinger. "A foundry is the type of plant that must operate some where near its capacity to be profitable. And Pontiac realized it would be money made to keep this plant idle and take advantage of the huge production of the Saginaw plant."

"Now that our sales have jumped ahead at such a fast pace this year and with almost every business factor pointing to a continued increase for 1936, we fully expect to be able to use the full production output of our foundry."

An outlay of close to \$500,000 is being spent as a part of our general retooling program for 1936, to renovate the factory and bring its equipment strictly up to date. That work is progressing rapidly now, and the plant should be ready to begin operation in December. Of course, it will not reach its peak production until next spring, at which time employment should be furnished for over 500 additional men."

400 Tons Per Day
An inspection of the Pontiac foundry disclosed a modern plant, its construction having been completed in 1928. Four cupolas give an output of 300 tons of cast iron per day. Each cupola has a capacity of from 16 to 18 tons an hour.

In addition to being able to turn out 70 engine blocks an hour, the foundry will make all flywheels, clutch housings, exhaust and intake manifolds, oil pumps,

cylinder heads, etc. A progressive charging plant is being installed to serve the cupolas. The conveyor system is being done over completely to bring it up to date and to conform to changes in plant layout. A sand blast and apron conveyor are being added to provide for the progressive cleaning of casting. Cupola and sandblasting are to replace nothing in the cleaning of cylinders so that any slag or dirt on the surface it will be dug out.

Water sand will be reclaimed and used over again in the foundry and in part of the core work. We are ready to go into operation in December, the Pontiac foundry will incorporate every new development that has been accepted in modern foundry practice.

As superintendent of the foundry, Mr. Klinger announces the appointment of Robert R. Snow. Mr. Snow has had 35 years of experience in all branches of foundry business, and is one of the pioneers in automotive foundry work.

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