

WAYNE FIRST BALDWIN FOE

Gridders Whipping Into Shape; Hazel Park Opens Home Season

With the wedding out process nearing completion, Miles W. Robinson, Baldwin High School grid coach, is beginning to have some ideas as to what team he'll send out on the field when the Maroon and White pikin teters yank the curtain at Wayne next weekend.

About 60 boys have been turning out regularly for practice sessions, and while the Baldwin men does not contemplate cutting the size of the squad he already has in mind a few of the boys whom he thinks are likely to be first string men for the bulk of the season.

So far as he can see, judging by the recent workouts and performances in light scrimmages, the first of which was run off Monday, Robby lists among his promising men, including both veterans and first year material, 15 line-men and seven backs.

Captain "Red" McBride heads the backfield, and with Rochelleau, James, Harrington, Hobel, Collins, Carson and Schack, will be the rough from which Robby will later select his quartet to perform behind the forward wall in the Wayne tilt, Sept. 20.

Showing the most promise in the line are D. Clark, Minting, Herbert, Carey, and Cox, end; Forester, Thomas, Birchong, and Anderson, tackles; Rose, R. Clark, Scalano, Cushing and Frye, guards, and Filkins, center.

Two other candidates who only recently reported and haven't yet

Won't Talk!



Patsy Clark

had an opportunity to sport themselves before Coach Robinson's eyes are Melvin Morehouse and Marion Holmes.

The local gridgers open the home season at Pierce Field against Hazel Park, Sept. 27.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Robert K. McClellan, local businessman: "Theodore Millington's articles on currency, as published in The Eccentric, are well worthwhile reading. From them I obtained a clearer understanding of the nation's financial problems. I congratulate Mr. Millington for writing them, and The Eccentric for publishing them."

Potsy Ignores Questions; Reporter Tackles His Own

Lions Leader Lends No Clarity To Pro-College Grid Argument

Armed with pads and pencils enough to stock several grocery stores, a roving reporter stormed out to Cranbrook the other day to hunt up Potsy (George is the given name and he hasn't quite forgotten it) Clark to put the kibosh on once and for all on this professional versus collegiate football feud.

Now when you are going to settle such a momentous question as that you've got to go to those in the know. Potsy used to play quite a bit of football for the University of Illinois, in fact when that school placed its greatest teams on the gridiron, Potsy was a member—that was in 1915. Not forgetting the teams turned out when a certain Red Granger was strutting his stuff. So, he should know.

A gardener appalled at our ignorance, finally told us where we could find the Lions' lair, warning us not to be too insistent for it was near lunch time, and how those birds did eat! Hogues, he said, to lunch we hurried over to Stephens Hall wherein we found our quarry, but not until we had successively listened to a giant football player tackle the ivories (play the piano), heard him play the other one about his letters from home, and watched still another huddle about moaning about a bum dog.

Lion Plays The Piano A tinkling melody floated out the window as we neared the training quarters and for a moment we

thought we had mistaken the building for some holdover act from Opera under the Stars. Nothing daunted, however, we shoved the door open and ventured up the stairs wondering what one who played such soulful music could be doing out here amongst such rough guys.

"That's no pianist," offered a giant red-headed guy, later he told us his name was Stacey. "That's just Ox Emerson. He gets that way every once in awhile."

Stacey, one of the freshman players on the Lions told us that he thought the type of ball played here was just out of Oklahoma University.

The Boys Share The Wealth Emerson wound up his recital with a flourish—lost—and sauntered over to a member of the squad staring ruefully downward at an ankle. Emerson took the foot in his hand, carefully feeling it, and he asked: "All you need is a shower." Glen Pressell, star Lion back, smiled, but just the same he thought maybe he'd better see Potsy, maybe he'd better see the all-Lions game, freshman vs. veterans.

"You can't see Potsy," said a card player downstairs, "but if you got any dimes you can stay here." We did not win letters are expected to plug holes in the team makeup. Jack Chera, Jim Van Horn, Bill Hunt, Dick Kern, Ray Rode, Charles Edg, Harry Proulx, Paul Selzer, Andrew Hinch, and Edwin Mosher.

Potsy, the man who was going to settle the argument for us, wasn't there, but he was upstairs consulting with his board of strategy about the plays to be run out for the cash customers at that night's game. We'd wait.

A Strict Schedule While occupied in that task, we got the daily repertoire the Lions go through while in training. Up at 7, the boys generally loosen themselves up and incidentally work up an appetite by taking a turn or two about the gym before the call to breakfast at 7:30. Chalk talk is held for 9:30 and if there is no morning practice scheduled the boys are on their own until noon.

Lunch Over the boys get ready for practice on the field. This lasts a couple of hours, then dinner is served at six. When dinner is over, nothing remains to do except play cards, lure the musicians on the outfit into a concert, or if they are fortunate, take a car into town and see a show. Bed at 11, earlier if you want.

You'll find Potsy down in the last room on the left, and we hurried down the corridor framing all our questions. What about pro football? Are pros better than college players? Can they play better when they are assured that a continued good performance will bring them in more gold, or can they play better when all they get is publicity and a bit of hero worship?

But He Won't Talk? But he won't show us down. All set for a big scoop he simply said: "I never argue about any of those things, no, sir."

His idea is that pro football is about the same to a man fresh out of college gridiron as college football is to a youngster fresh from a high school team. Probably he's right, for most of the players say it takes them three or four games to get used to the new type of play. "Tell you what I'll do though," says Potsy, who lives on Waddington road in Birmingham, "I'll give you a copy of my newest football magazine—hey, I wrote it myself. Anything you see in there will be authentic."

"Read My Book," Says Potsy The affair, "Football" by Potsy Clark, was an interesting, thorough presentation of every phase of the game, and as he himself says, he believes it a better football digest and guide than a book he collaborated in writing several years ago with Major John L. Griffith, Western Conference headman, and which sold for \$12.

And that was that. "Here, why don't you go down and see the boys play tonight," and Potsy flipped us a couple of passes. We went and saw. And still after talking to Potsy and after seeing his Lions play, we can't find an answer. Which is better? Pro ball or college.

The other night his team flashed occasionally, and for such an early season game, decided brilliancy was evident. The real answer is just this—the best pro football team will beat the best college team in any given year hands down, but when you pick out the best college players in the country and stack them up against a given pro outfit, not augmented by stars from anywhere else choose to pick them, that is a different thing. That is not a contest to determine supremacy—that is an exhibition.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1935.

Present: Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Robert M. Shadler, Deceased. Oliver H. Kirk, executor of said estate, having filed in said Court his final account and petition for discharge, the examination and allowance thereof, assignment of the residue of said estate, and the discharge of said executor.

It is Ordered, That the 15th day of October, A. D. 1935, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said account and petition for discharge of said executor.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate. RUTH INMICK HARBOLD, Probate Register. Sept. 12-19-35.

WEIGHT LACKING ON CRANE'S TEAM

Coach Cox Would Be Optimistic If He Could Find More Tonnage

So far as material, experience and speed for a little tonnage, the Cranbrook School football team should chalk up a good record this year. But whether those three elements will be enough to carry through to a winning season, is still problematical, and Coach Rod Cox is busy driving his charges through an early season practice to solve the problem.

More than 30 candidates reported at the initial session Monday, the first pre-season practice ever held by the school.

After several days of calisthenics, fundamentals drill and signal practice, Cox expects to have his men ready for a little tonnage by this Saturday. If he could mix in a little more weight with his squad's experience, right now he would dare forecast a successful year. One man on the squad, a newcomer, worth looking up, tips the beams at 187 pounds. But he far outweighs any other man.

Lettermen who have reported are Willard Parker, captain and end; Jim Ruthenberg, end; Henry Smith III, center; Newell McClen, tackle and George Hunt, guard. The following men who were carried on the varsity last year but who did not win letters are expected to plug holes in the team makeup: Jack Chera, Jim Van Horn, Bill Hunt, Dick Kern, Ray Rode, Charles Edg, Harry Proulx, Paul Selzer, Andrew Hinch, and Edwin Mosher.

My new link by JAMES ASWELL

NEW YORK—Eugene Daniels, the young man who was accused several years back of hurling a tear-gas bomb into a ventilator of the New York City Police Station, was charged with change, was going my way in 14th Street that other evening and we fell to chatting.

Daniels, who is witty, dapper and soft-spoken, was bound in a New York City soap-box session in Brooklyn. He showed me several scars on forehead and chin—mementoes of old wars of the sidewalk, he says, indeed, that he gets into several fights a week and has learned to handle his mix with a medium of skill.

"The bomb charge was ridiculous," he says, "the more anarchy than a North-western riot—less, in fact. I never saw the man who said he told it to me until after I had been arrested."

There is a rumor around Union Square that Eugene Daniels, the man who has been through the revolutionary, to speak in praise of capitalism, this too, he says, is a canard. His heart and soul are in the Share-the-Wealth movement these days.

New Hampshire born, Daniels is a college man; he talks with a New York accent. "Socialism," he believes that nobody should be permitted to have more than 100 times the money the average man has.

"You would confiscate the rest?" "Confiscate? It's not confiscation to take money from those who have too much, is it?"

"You'd take it, anyhow?" "Yes—take it. Call it that if you like."

I tried to get at the springs which actuate this strange young man. Why did he spend all his time in street-corner meetings, brawling with the police and the shouters up of rival nostrums? He liked to speak in public, he developed. He is not averse to an occasional fare of fistfights, either. He likes excitement.

"I'm working for a new social order," he said. "You're a Tory and wouldn't understand."

I got all the way home before I remembered where I had heard that one before.

But Mr. Daniels, in diction and background, is far above the average pavement orator. I am by way of being a connoisseur of payment orators—I eavesdrop on their harangues whenever I get a chance—and I can make the statement with confidence, I imagine that it is possible, after 10 or 15 minutes of active listening, to make out which side he champions—an impossible deduction with the consent of the New York soap-boxers.

He told me that summer time is hard on an "evangelist." "Social justice" evangelist. Audiences prefer to drowse on park benches rather than listen to a speaker, and over preachments which, in November, elicit cheers and slugging. Also, the literature those speakers distributes must go to all the cure-all causes doesn't go so well in hot weather.

"People are too preoccupied to share anything but the heat," he said. "I've already dined off my old football headgear and will be in the front row."

CRANBROOK MUSEUMS OPEN THIS WEEKEND

In response to a growing demand on the part of the public, the museums at the Cranbrook Institute of Science and the Cranbrook Academy of Art will be open to visitors each Saturday and Sunday afternoon beginning this Sunday.

Both museums will be open between the hours of two and five o'clock. That arrangement will be continued through the coming season.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1935.

Present: Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Florence Amelia Waring, Deceased. Vance Cheney Waring, executor of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said estate.

It is Ordered, That from this date be and is hereby appointed for presentation of claims against said estate, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1935, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate. FLORENCE DOTY, Deputy Probate Register. Sept. 12-19-35.

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