NAME ADULT, PUPIL HELPERS

Annual Hallowe'en Festival Workers Are Selected Yesterday

Student and adult helpers for the annual Hallowe'en Festival, to be held Saturday, Oct. 30, on the Hill School grounds, were named at a meeting of committee heads yesterday afternoon in the Community House. Charles J. Shain, general chairman of the affair, announces the appointments as given below.

Ushers for the free motion picture will be taken from the American Legion post here. They include: H. H. Corson, Richard Dewey, Ray Cook, Wylie Pearsall, Ernest Burtraw, Gordon Bailey, David Levinson, Roy Montgomery, See Bird, Peter Aristos, Russell Fisher, and Howard Groves.

Adult helpers who will assist in all phases of the affair include: David Burleigh Clifford, Burton Rogers, Park Smith, Thomas Adams, George Baldwin, Wallace Dodds, William Manning, Ralph Mark, John Martz, Frank Steinal, Raymond Walmoth, Kingsley Brown, Paul Carrick, Charles Drake, James Morlay, Ralph Norton, Edward Rawlings, Charles Thomas, Nathaniel Finch, William Jeffery, Clark Bennett, David Green, Raymond Stetson, Leslie Ward, Legler Paxton, Horace Potter, T. W. Eustis, Lee Joslyn, Russell McBride, Fred Kemp, Charles Whitelaw, Charles Beals, Arthur Wingerden, Merle Bailey, Cleon Hoover, Emil Olin, Leroy Weir, Edward Laird, Ray Clark, Arthur Peck, Heber Gahm, Norman Porter, Charles Minting, Allen Aikens, Earl Moody, Maurice Watts, Robert Hulbert, John Rosso, Harry Steffee, Ingwald Wangberg, and Herbert Flemmington.

Student committee members are as follows: Publicity, Mary Drury, and Helen Riddell; Food, David Cole and Frances Chandler; Public Address System, George Ford; Presenting prizes and working on judges stand, Bob Bliss; Apple Washing Committee, Baldwin Junior High Student Council (Dick Burlingame, David Cole, Carolyn Wright, Carol Chandler, Albert Babbitt, Dorothy Bull, Bill Crim, Dorothy Dye, William Roberts, Mary Gardner, George Sterling, and Bob Garfield).

The Dance and Decoration committee of students is composed of Ward Cruickshank, Jr., John Ferris, George Rounds, Shirley Chamnade, Constance Peck, Mary Garfield, Kate Horne, Alice Painter, Annette Lambie, Theo Firth, Bob Stevens, Jane Gibbons, Frances Chandler, Frances Roura, and Frances Morrison.

CHALLENGE SALE

150 PAIR OF LADIES' Shoes AT $1.00 Pair

A fine selection of Oxfords, Straps, Ties, and Pumps—in black, brown, grey and white. Broken run of sizes. Values to $6.50.

ALL SALES FINAL

Young's Shoe Store

167 N. WOODWARD

THIS AND THAT

(Continued from Page One)

who shape tax policies of human affairs do not understand natural economic law.

The present troubles between capital and labor are wholly factitious, not necessary at all, mankind would follow natural law in economics; mankind does follow, in the production of material things, natural laws of chemistry, electricity, mechanics, metallurgy, mathematics, and other physical sciences. Because he does follow natural law in these realms he can make steamboats, airplanes, railroad systems, grand pianos, bridges, skyscrapers, and even toothpicks. And so mankind has tackled and solved the problem of great production—but his castle seems built upon the sands, for as yet he has not solved the basic problem of the more equal distribution of the wealth that he has created.

Many of you who read this column are puzzled and worried about the present and the future. You would like to do something about it—whether you are an employee or an industrial or financial leader. You didn't like the recurring depressions under Republican political leadership; and you don't like the present paternalism of the Democratic leadership; you are fearful of Socialism, and you are scared to death of Communism or Fascism. You hate war.

Life doesn't stand still. Government is no static thing, either. Everything is on the move. "Where shall we go from here?" you ask, and only confusion answers.

For myself, I am comforted to have read the philosophy of Henry George. It has revealed to me the fact that Divine Providence has revealed to man **a way out!** And, in a humble way, I'm trying to tell others about it. If you are interested further, you may obtain a copy of "Progress and Poverty" at the local Baldwin Public Library, or by asking me for one. Thanks, anyway, for reading thus far.

WAITS TWO YEARS FOR DELIVERY ON FIRST MOTOR CAR

(Continued from Page One)

bolt when we met them, and now and then the drivers would. I remember one time we met an old couple in a buggy. The horse stopped, but the old woman hopped out and tried to run She wore a long skirt and it kept tripping her. Finally she got to us, completely exhausted, and contented herself with saying that them things hadn't oughta be allowed.

"Her husband leaned out of the buggy and ventured, 'But Maw, if you'd stayed in the buggy with me, you wouldn't of fell.'"

Scaring horses wasn't the only diversion to driving the horseless carriage. One time the Winton, bearing four persons, ran out of gas in the country. Of course there were no filling stations, so the passengers deployed and ranged the surrounding terrain in search of fuel. Finally one of them returned, proudly bearing a quart of gasoline which the wife of a farmer had bought, to clean some clothes.

The manual of the manufacturer reveals yet another complication to the pioneer motorist. It says: "While there are many mechanics who could make any necessary repairs on the motor or carriage, we especially request that you write us, explaining any difficulty that might arise, before allowing the machine to be taken apart. A few words from us would, in most cases, make the repair a very simple and easy matter.

"The general mechanic welcomes an opportunity to tear the machine to pieces. He wants to investigate. Chances are, however, that such an investigation will be your loss." Which sounds almost modern.

"My father really was a great boon to motorists," maintained Mr. Staley. "I remember that once the town council wanted to pass a law, regulating the speed of the motor carriages to four miles an hour. Father took the whole council for a ride and proved to them that no mail man child was doing at 12 to 15 miles an hour and still live.

"After he had owned the Winton for about a year, father decided that he might want to enter the business himself. I'm in the automobile business myself, and I realize now that he had some remarkably advanced ideas. He interested a banker in himself, and they hired a skilled mechanic, to translate their ideas into models. Then the mechanic fell ill, and the business ended there. There was no one else to build such things."

He paused, smiling. "You know, I entered the automobile industry in 1908, and I was sure at that time that I'd gotten in too late. I thought that autos had become standardized, and from then on it'd be a question of simply selling the idea to the public.

"Imagine how few of them there were then! Our car didn't even have a license until we moved to New York. We had the first one in New York and the first in New Jersey, too. The plate was a little leather tab, with the letters W. C. S. on it. The drivers' licenses were made out by hand, and the whole business cost just a dollar. Each one was signed in person by the incumlient secretary of state."

LIVE IN TODAY SPEAKER SAYS

(Continued from Page One)

invested a part of their savings in travel, thankful that they had their memories of a trip which no depression could take away.

"Judging from the way Americans travelled during the past year, I believe, more than ever, that many of us have wisely decided to live in the now instead of the then", the minister told his listeners. "It pays well to remain in the present. Youths who are too sophisticated for their age, who aren't just innocent, inexperienced boys, are likely to sour on life before they reach the age of 40. And mothers who sacrifice for their children, going without smart-looking clothes and the books and lectures which will keep them up to date, in the end find those same children ashamed of them for having fallen behind."

Rev Aulenbach concluded by reminding club members that it is the immediate experiences that count and that be to healthy, normal and christian we must live as we live.

"Laugh a little, sing a little—and don't wait to pray a little until you are in trouble," he said. "Have a little grudge if only to be ashamed that you stooped to such. Then when the Eternal beckons you onward he won't have to inquire what became of all those experiences which you missed living through. Instead, the Eternal will say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. You lived so well during your lifetime that there is much in store for you in the future.'"

SCHOOL CLINIC IS PROVIDED

(Continued from Page One)

mental attitudes of pupils have been proved the cause of many cases of maladjustment, and in some cases, of serious consequences.

"It is reasonable to assume," he said "that we cannot expect a normal, healthy mental growth in children where mental disturbances block such a growth, any more than we could expect a normal and healthy physical growth unless diseases common as retarding factors are eliminated; both mental and physical health are extremely important to the progress of the child."

With juvenile delinquency reports indicating a constant increase in child delinquency in the State and knowing that delinquency is caused by conflicts that, if recognized, can be eliminated, it becomes the responsibility of every community to assist in the problem of child adjustment thrumental hygiene work.

In the past many cases from Birmingham have been referred to the Center. Much time now will be saved by conferring and counciling with the cases locally. Office space has been provided in the Administrative Offices of the Board of Education at the Old Hill School Building for clinical consultation and a records office.

Add Staff Member

Mr. Crull announced today the appointment of Mrs. Irwin Kelly as full time secretary in the administrative offices of the schools to handle increased work.

Bowling Scores

House League

	W	L
Orpheum Rec.	8	4
Pfeiffers	7	5
Kurth Real Est.	6	6
Milks Service	6	6
Jim Cox	4	7
E. & B. Steinle	4	8

High Game—Kurth Real Est., 2667; V. Lazarus, 222.

—o—

Ladies League

	W	L
Mulhollands	11	4
Davidsons	9	6
Aldrich Gas	8	7
Winninghams	6	9
McNellis Jewelry	6	9
Parks Coal	5	10

High Game—Aldrich Gas, 1174.

—o—

Edison League

	W	L
Team No. 3	7	2
Team No. 2	7	3
Team No. 8	5	4
Team No. 5	4	5
Team No. 4	4	5
Team No. 6	3	6
Team No. 1	3	6
Team No. 7	2	7

Junior House League

	W	L
B'ham Rec. Jrs.	10	2
Scribs Candies	8	4
Strohs of Pontiac	6	4
Ritters Beer Store	6	6
E. & B. Steinie, Jrs.	5	7
Det. Creamery	5	8
Marshall's Market	4	8
Olmstead & Wood	2	10

—o—

Merchants League

	W	L
Dixie Diner	9	3
Sherman's Market	9	3
B'ham Eccentric	8	4
Goebels Beer	7	5
Clawson Oil, Acc.	6	6
Stroups	5	7
Ted's Cafe	3	9
R. O. Guardian Bank	1	11

High Games—Dixie Diner, 2511; H. Jaeger, 585; F. Bennett, 200.

WRITES GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF HOUR BY HOUR LIVING

(Continued from Page One)

so they can't forget how horrible it is. It's one thing to read about war or see pictures of destruction, but it's something entirely different to witness the indescribable horror caused by one bomb. I only wish that munition manufacturers; the men who want to "wipe out the yellow race before it gets us;" and all the young men who think war might be an adventure—could have been in the Cathay Hotel the morning of August 14. That was the time of the bombing in Nanking road. They would have come out of the hotel to crawl over remains of humans to get to their battered cars, splattered with blood and bits of flesh.

They could have looked for people under piles of dismembered bodies or see, as the children of a friend saw—quite by accident—trucks full of what was left of people after they had started shoveling them up. Or see hundreds of Chinese women and children huddled around shop fronts in Chapei, where they had been caught before—all hope escape, bayoneted and slashed to ribbons and left rotting in the sun.

I could go right on telling stories like that for the rest of this letter but I'll spare you, save my own energy for something better, and only say that I hope you people can find time to do some actual work towards peace. Otherwise you will see yourselves involved, safe as you think you are, tucked snugly in between Europe and Asia. Meanwhile, American banks are lending banks to Japan to finance the war; the American government is allowing China credit, and munition manufacturers are making bombs which their government allows them to sell. The Chinese and Japanese use them to bomb the Augusta or the Hoover, causing intense feeling or perhaps war—all because some American business man had to sell a bomb and couldn't bear it if some other country took the opportunity to get in ahead of him!

A Plea For Peace

You people who have brains and strength enough to earn your bread and butter ought to have some wish or will to see what you can do to keep yourselves at peace. If intelligent men and women in America don't do more for peace than they are doing to-day, they will allow militarists to run our country into a war more dreadful than this undeclared war which is spreading so rapidly now. Perhaps I'm rabid on the subject, but in the last few months I've met too many persons who seem to think that a world war is inevitable. They think no one can do anything about it, and that the only thing to do is sit and fold one's hands and fight when we have to.

Death from a bomb can't be terrible—it's so sudden. I can't say I'd enjoy being gassed or bayoneted to death, but I wouldn't mind being a nameless corpse in Shanghai today, if I thought my husband, brothers and friends ever considered war worth risking their lives.

Boycott Would Help

A really strict boycott would stop this war in no time, and I can't see why our government doesn't do something about it. Perhaps a boycott isn't as necessary as allowing arms shipments, but it would be a lot more effective. America's spineless attitude can't be called neutral. All the American property in Shanghai isn't worth one life, and the cost of keeping the warships and men there is certainly more than the value of the property.

I have no desire to leave my new home and all we've put into it, yet I wouldn't expect Uncle Sam to protect it, even though I may have relatives to pay enough income tax to support a couple of marines for a while. Of course it's easy for me to be big hearted as we are young enough to start again. For the persons who have spent their lives here and put everything into the country, it's really a problem. I can see how they would rather die with their own roofs over them than give up and run. However, most of them realize that exposing themselves to such danger only involves innocent people at home, and it can't be done.

Ready To Leave

Not many of you, I daresay, have ever had to leave your home and everything you may possess. And if you stop to think about it, I daresay you wouldn't find it too easy. So don't be too harsh on the Americans in China who are trying to stick to their homes and their work. I am all for getting out temporarily, until things calm down, if that will make things easier for the American government—much as I think it doesn't deserve so much consideration.

In our case, getting out doesn't help. I have a nice little island all picked out, and unless the bombs start getting wings we'll be quite safe there. They say it will take five years to rebuild Shanghai, and here they have only been fighting two and one-half weeks. So I have no immediate plans of returning—no plans at all in fact—which makes it rather difficult.

It's two weeks yesterday since I left Shanghai on the Hoover, and I'm very comfortably situated with friends here in the bank. I'm glad to be a part of such an institution, for they have taken care of us women very well indeed. Yesterday I had a letter from George, which contained nothing but the war news of August 27. The men are working hard at the bank, doing what little business there is, copying records and so on. I guess they are glad to have something to keep them busy, and actually seem to be thriving in the womanless town.

Conditions Unpleasant

I certainly had no desire to go off and leave George, but the bank insisted. Most women felt that the men had a better chance of escaping in a show-down if they weren't hampered. Anyway, it's unpleasant living in Shanghai, with no gas for cooking; a possible water shortage; disease; not being allowed to stick one's head out very often; the constant sound of planes and bombs and thousands of refugees all over the streets.

Here I'm living a normal life, trying to keep cool and waiting for news from Shanghai and Peiping. A card from my father, written August 1, reached Shanghai on the 26th. It said that the family had moved from Yenching to the Methodist Compound in Peiping. From there they moved into the American Embassy grounds and I suppose they are still there, in view of the Nanking around Peiping at the present time. It seems unbelievable that it should take so long to hear from them, but everyone is used to getting no news as good news now. No doubt you people at home will get word more easily than we do. The paper today, however, says that all freighters are still at Keelung, so I really don't know where my family is.

"Not To My Liking"

George is a member of the American Troop, Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and may now be seen running around Shanghai in a uniform and a little tin hat! Naturally it isn't to my liking at all, but George insists he is only a policeman and not a soldier, which is about correct. The S. V. C. was formed in 1932, and consists of several different companies of different nationalities. I suppose there are about 3,000 men in all, who can be called upon to defend the settlement if necessary.

The American troop is cavalry, and the boys who belong are there mainly because they like to ride and enjoy competition with the British Light Horse Troop in paper hunts etc. Most of the firms like to have a couple of their juniors belong to the S. V. C., but when George joined, when we first came to Shanghai, I had a lot to say about the uniform. However, I was quite downed by George and the rest of the boys in the bank, who pointed out that he was getting a horse and a lot of fun for nothing.

While on our vacation I actually managed to talk George out of the Corps, by promising to take up riding again myself if he'd only stop. That was before we knew anything about the trouble in Shanghai. When we returned it was too late for George to resign, in the face of badgers, so to speak, so as soon as I left he went on duty with the rest of the boys.

We were lucky to have been away from Shanghai at the time of the bombing, for if we hadn't, George would have been called for duty the night of the 13th, and wouldn't have come home until the 19th. All of that time I would have been alone in the house, unable to sleep because of the shelling and worried to death about him. We were certainly lucky to have been away until the 18th, for had I been there, I would have had to leave with a lot of women on the 17th, on the Jefferson. Thus I escaped another harrowing experience. Most of my American friends in Shanghai did leave on the Jefferson, packed in like a bunch of sardines, sleeping on cots and on the deck, only to have an earthquake—the worst one they have had since 1882—hit them a few minutes after they got settled.

Transfer Under Fire

And that wasn't the worst of it. These women, many of them expectant mothers, along with many small children, had to go out to the mouth of the Whangpo river on a tender, since the Jefferson had orders not to come in. Of course they had to stay inside the tender, most of them on the lower deck, under the waterline, so they'd be safe, from stray bullets. Some planes had flown over the tender just as she left, and the Japanese had answered with a brisk shower of bullets.

When they reached the mouth of the river, 25 miles from Shanghai, the sea was so rough the tender couldn't get near the liner. For over an hour it rolled around with all these people inside. The passengers on the Jefferson screamed and carried on, because they thought the tender would surely capsize. They saw the bottom of it several times, it was so overloaded with passengers, and marine guards said it was a wonder it didn't sink. Being the world's worst sailor, I'm very happy to have missed that nightmare. The women who went through it said it was so appalling to feel trapped and helpless like that that they forgot all about the war.

As you know by this time, we had planned for our vacation an interesting motor trip with Bishop Ward and his daughter and a couple of our friends, driving from Nanking to Mt. Omei, in Szechuan. We were thrilled about the trip, for we were to have been the first party of Americans to make it—the first foreign women, too. Two hours before we were to leave for Nanking, on the 30th of July, the bank manager decided it wouldn't be safe. So we had to let the rest of the party go on without us.

Live In Bhuddist Temple

We decided to go to Pootoo, an island in the China Sea, about 150 miles from Shanghai. We spent an enjoyable two weeks, in spite of two typhoons and having to eat only rice and vegetables because we were living in a Bhuddist temple and they don't serve meat. We made the trip from Shanghai in a large coast boat, taking about 15 hours. We were told when we disembarked that the ship would probably not call for us in two weeks' The season for Pootoo had been very bad, and they didn't think it worth while to come five hours beyond Ningpo to pick us up. As we couldn't charter the whole steamer for our return trip, we decided we could manage to take a small Chinese ferry back to Ningpo and catch the ship from there. Well our trip back had its points, and herein lies a tale.

We took chairs from the temple early the morning of the 16th, arriving at the jetty and waited an hour for the ferry. No one knew when it would come; any time from 5 to 10 a. m., so we had decided on 7:30 as a good hour. We took sampans to the ferry, which finally puffed off about 10. Then we discovered it wasn't going to Ningpo at all, but that if we wanted to go to Ningpo we could get off at the next island and wait for perhaps two days for a boat to pick us up. Or we could go to a place called Chungshan, where we could get a bus to Ningpo. That's China for you any day, war or no war! *

We decided on the latter course, and reached this place about 2 p. m. Ningpo Chinese is rather difficult to understand at best, and it's a wonder to me how we ever managed. We had taken the amah with us to Pootoo, but she couldn't manage Ningpo any better than we could. We might still have been on the way if we hadn't met a Chinese chap in the Texas Company, who spoke both English and Ningpo Chinese. He joined our party on the bus.

We reached Ningpo half expecting to take the boat and half anticipating a train back to Shanghai, as we had met people on the way south from Shanghai who said that no boats were running. We got there about 4 p. m. and found that all Chinese ships had been up for several days. The British ship which had started for Shanghai the day before had turned back at the mouth of the river, and was returning to Ningpo. There was no train, either, until the next day, so we spent the night comfortably in a Chinese hotel.

George and our Chinese friend read all the Chinese newspaper extras, all of which seemed so wild to us that we didn't believe anything. We had received our passports in Pootoo until the 12th, but things had been quiet then. We began to worry in spite of not believing the paper though, for the amah and Mr. Kung made friends with other guests in the hotel who had fled from Shanghai, and the tales they repeated were none too pleasant. However, we still took off 95 percent as being exaggerations.

Told To Jump, Run

We were under the impression that the train ran from Ningpo right through to Shanghai—that is, with a change at Hangchow, about half way. However, when we arrived at the station, the morning of the 17th, we found that the train only ran to the Tsongo river, a run of two hours. From there we would have to take a bus to Hangchow. We should have reached the Tsongo at 10 a. m., but were delayed and got there at noon, in a pouring rain. We had passed several trains loaded with people fleeing south.

Just before we reached the river, the conductor told us to be ready to jump and run, for there were hundreds of persons who had been waiting at the station all night for the train to make its return trip to Ningpo. And jump we did, throwing our nine pieces of hand baggage after us. The amah and Mr. Kung were third class and we finally managed to

(Continued on Page Eight)

Progress?

"This," writes F. B. C., "is a true anecdote, told me by the next neighbor's boy, who enlisted and served through the World war":

"I was doing my watch on the deck of an A.E.F. troopship carrying overseas a cargo of colored troops. A smooth-faced mulatto came along and asked me: 'Do you think we will evah git to France, Mr. Officer?'

"'Certainly,' I replied. 'I have been over there and back four or five times already. Why do you ask a question like that?'

"'W-l-a-a-l, I doant know—I've been up heah fouh mawnins now—and we are always right in the same place.'"—Christian Science Monitor.

A new ski layout at Peterboro, N. H., includes an Undertaker's Loop and Undertaker's Paradise. Where they intersect would be Coroner's Corner.

GREETING CARDS

For Every Occasion

The Cheer Shop

THEATRE BLDG.

CRITICS HAIL JAS. R. ADAMS BOOK AS LEADER

(Continued from Page One)

prominent in the field for which the book is pointed. The list includes Geo. M. Slocum, president of the Advertising Federation of America; Fred C. Kendall, editor of Advertising & Selling; D. E. Ahrens, general sales manager of the Cadillac Motor Car Company; F. A. Berend, advertising manager of the Pontiac Motor Company; Fred A. Healy, vice-president of the Curtis Publishing Company; Merle Thorpe, editor of Nation's Business, etc.

Mr. Adams drew for his material upon twenty years of advertising experience during which time leading national business organizations have backed his advertising judgment with budget outlays approximating $100,000,000.

Mr. Adams, who lives at 983 Kennesaw, Birmingham, is a partner in the national agency of Macmanus, John & Adams, Inc., with headquarters in the Fisher Building, Detroit, and branches on the Pacific Coast. W. A. P. John, of Tooting Lane, Birmingham, is also a partner in the firm.

The advertising executive first rose to national attention as a business analyst with an address entitled "A Look in a Crystal," which was broadcast over a national radio book-up from the Post-Richard Club, Philadelphia, oldest and highest regarded advertising club in America. That was in 1934. Requests are still being received for copies of this address, which was printed in full at the time in the Birmingham Eccentric.

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Only Air Conditioned Kennels in America

Boarding -- Training -- Conditioning

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No sick dogs or dogs with any kind of disease accepted

ERIC BERGISHAGEN, Proprietor

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY

SPECIALS . . .

Here we list only a few of the many items which you can buy in our store at substantial savings. Advertised merchandise of known reputation.

50c Tek Tooth Brushes . . . . . 2 for 51c

50c Squibbs Dental Powder 39c
—and a 25c size Free

50c Calox Tooth Powder / 50c West Tooth Brush } both for 59c

Here's Our Challenge
---- YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Latest Model Kodak

F6-3 Lens—Kodex Shutter
Just In From Eastman Co.

List Price $22.00 ON THIS SALE $15.00

SCHOLLS FOOT POWDER
SCHOLLS FOOT BALM
SCHOLLS FOOT SOAP
MASSAGE BRUSH
TOTAL VALUE $1.30

ALL FOR 89c

Venida Facial Tissue . . . . . 2 rolls 25c
With Holder

Lavender Shaving Crm. (35c) / 5 Permedge Razor Blades (19c) } both for 39c

60c Drene – Soapless Shampoo 49c
50c VAL.

Savon-La-Russe Toilet Soap 3 cakes 29c

1 Lb. Black Psylla Seed 37c

1 Lb. Blond Psylla Seed 23c

24 SHEETS
Cascade Vellum Writing Paper 10c

24 Cascade Vellum Envelopes 10c

Hard Rubber Combs–Extra Quality . 10c
Dressing—Barber or Pocket style

Folding Brownie—2½ x 4¼ . . . only $5.00
MENISCUS LENS
Takes most popular size pictures.

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Small—compact—Takes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures.

SHAIN'S DRUG

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