By E. G. Whitney

Here are a few figures compiled to show what your income as a local resident is according to federal economists: The national income for the first six months of this year totals about $35,000,000,000. This city contributed in the neighborhood of $6,000,000 or nearly one-fifth of one percent of the gross figure. Since the average individual's income throughout the nation is only $300 it means that local residents are far ahead of the mean with an income ratio of about $1200 per person annually.

E. G. Whitney

The government will, it is roughly estimated, collect about $8,000 this year in old-age security taxes from local employers and employees in retail, wholesale and service businesses. This estimate is based on a rate of one percent for wages and business. This rate remains constant until 1940 when it will be advanced to one and one-half percent. By 1949 workers and employers in the three classes here, paying the maximum of three percent, will be contributing about $24,000 to the social security coffers, half from employers, the remainder from employees.

Sometimes I'm amazed how good minds adopt faulty reasoning so completely. Editorial writers, particularly those on large dailies, are editorial writers because they are supposed to be able to interpret news, and intelligently present their views to the public. Yet, an editorial writer on a good sized daily not far removed from Birmingham, in commenting on the placing of new postoffices in small towns throughout the country, made several of the most absurd statements possible, stultifying himself and, in the reader's mind, casting doubt on the fragments of truth that were embodied in his story.

Briefly, the editorial takes the federal government to task for locating postoffices in small communities, claiming that such expansion is unnecessary and a drain on the taxpayer. Since the writer generalizes, he implies that, without exception, all such undertakings are extravagant and unessential moves (Note: The daily in question is quite G. O. P. ish.)

Birmingham is assured of a new postoffice within the next two years, according to a Washington news release, so let's see, if, in this instance, it is a New Deal blunder. First, regardless of politics, the government will not provide a new postoffice in any town unless postal receipts warrant it. By lease, the government pays $5400 rent annually for a small, crowded space removed from the local business district. The lease, covering ten years, calls for $54,000 payment in rent—and after that what have you. The new site and building will cost $155,000 which, figured at the present rate of rent payment, will take about 30 years to pay off. But—during that time this community will be provided with adequate postal facilities in addition to a building that will reflect Birmingham's progress. And don't forget that all during those three decades the bonded debt will be diminishing.

Take another angle in the matter. Beside providing the necessary postal service to residents here, our postoffice employs 27 regular workers and four substitutes, all but one living in the city and spending their incomes here. Coal, lighting and other operating expense also stimulate local business. The past year this postoffice expended over $63,000 in Birmingham. Certainly, a business that dumps that much money in the coffers of business houses, besides rendering an invaluable service to the public, deserves adequate housing and operating facilities.

Maybe I'm the one who is reasoning faultily but I can't help but conclude that that editorial writer either was a superficial thinker or deliberately distorting facts to criticize.

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

A Detroit newspaper advises parents, through its health columns, not to send children to school on a doughnut-and-coffee breakfast. We think they have something there. We'd like to add also that cigarettes should be omitted from the breakfast menus for school children.

Miss Porter

What to feed children for breakfast has been the favorite theme of household experts for so long, that one would thing all doughnut-and-coffee resistance had been overcome. Incidentally, however, it might be advisable to conduct a doughnut-and-coffee-survey to determine the consumption per-capita-per-school-child.

But what burns us up is, that in scanning all the reams about what to feed hard-working children for breakfast, no one has breathed a word about what to feed hard-working fathers (or what not to feed them) for this meal that is to send them out equipped to fight the battles of the day.

In some households, we fear, there is too little thought given to Father's breakfast. The breadwinner of the family has to get his own breakfast while his able-bodied help-mate continues to snooze, is a blot on the escutcheon of womankind.

And yet such a thing happens, is happening, all the time in thousands of American homes. Picture a scene like this:

Time: A cold Monday morning in January about 7 o'clock. Place: Kitchen, cold and dark. Cast of characters: Pater and Voice-from-Above (not meaning Heaven either).

Pater: (Rummaging noisily through cupboard containing pots and pans.) "Gabardine dear, will you kindly tell me where the coffee percolator is?"

Voice-from-Above: (Sleepily) "The what?"

Pater: "Coffee perco—O never mind, here it is" (Whistles absent-mindedly, "O give me a home where the antelopes roam," as he hunts through grocery shelf.) "Hey, Gabardine, I can't find the coffee."

VFA: (Muffled tone) 'S' on top shoof"

Pater: (Looking around bewilderedly.) "Where?—Never mind—I see it. Why in thunder do you put coffee on the top shelf where I can't reach—(Loud crash.) Oh what the . . . ."

VFA: (Angrily) "Henry, what HAVE you done now?"

Pater: "Dropped the coffee can and it's EMPTY. Got any more?"

VFA: (Anxiously) "Henry, no coffee! Isn't there some in that Mason jar behind the bread box?"

Pater: (Relieved) "Oh yes, here it is."

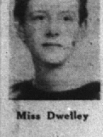
VFA: "And, Henry, isn't there one doughnut in the bread box?"

Pater: "Oh yes, yes, now I'm all set, dear. Thanks!"

VFA: (Indignantly) "What do you mean, 'thanks', I'm saving that doughnut and coffee for Junior's breakfast, he has to be in kindergarten by 9 o'clock!"

By Carol Dwelley

Here's something funny; (funny-peculiar, anyway.) The family in question was touring home after vacation. They stopped at a tiny filling station, anxious to get gas and be off again, for there were many weary miles to cover before they'd arrive home.



Miss Dwelley

The son, trying to speed matters up, thought he'd help out by seeing to the water. He tugged and wrestled with the balky radiator cap (and probably treated it to some fancy, if muffled language, too), but to no effect. Finally a little lad of about nine, who had been solemnly watching the proceedings, came up. He was so small that he could just about reach the cap. "Here, let me try it," he piped.

"Okay, muscles," panted the other, glad of a chance to rest. "Let's you show 'em how." And while he and the other occupants of the car gaped, the infant unscrewed the cap with one hand.

No triumph illumined his small features, but as he turned away to get the water, he murmured, "Some times I wonder about people . . . ."

* * *

And here's something else funny, especially appropriate to this time of year, when everyone is leaving for college or sending someone else off. It is the custom in most colleges to give several tests to the freshmen, not extrance exams, but just means of finding out things about 'em. One is an English test, designed, among other things, to ascertain how large a vocabulary the student has, and how at home he is in the English language.

One of the sections dealt with blank spaces, made up of a number of short dashes, which number corresponded with the correct number of letters in the missing word, like: "Two and two make . . . ." The particular question in this case was: "Either half of a married couple is a . . . . . ," with "spouse" as the missing word, of course. But one freshman had a different idea. With gloomy relish he filled out the blank, so the sentence read "Either half of a married couple is a s-u-c-k-e-r."

* * *

Forthwith is set down the fruitless chronicle of the lady who tried to do good. She had for a housemaid, a girl whose grammar was simply frightful—so much so that the family gasped every time she opened her mouth. The lady who tried to do good is a kind soul, and, along with her wages, she tried to impart to the maid some small and painless cultural hints.

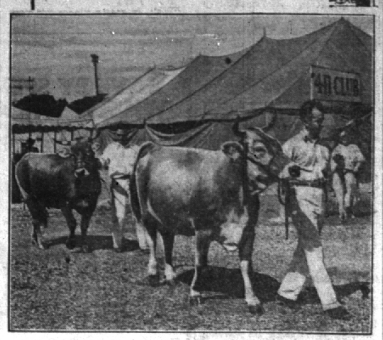
A little while ago the two were in the kitchen, where the lady was making out a marketing list and the maid was washing dishes. The latter scanned the cold grey landscape from the window, sighed, and said, "Oh ain't it awful to think that summer has almost went?"

Wincing, the other replied, but gently. "Not went, Mamie, not went."

And Mamie, with the air of one who refuses to be comforted, replied, "Well, maybe not, but it has almost went."

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

IT'S FAIR TIME



It's Fair time! Take your camera with you.

SEPTEMBER is fair time and I'll wager that mighty few of you have given any thought to this angle of snapshooting. Right? Honesty, the county or state fair offers more possibilities for snapshooting than space will permit telling about. There's the side-show band with its battered instruments letting forth loud blasts of discordant music. And there are the not so clean-looking vendors of dolls, trick gadgets, balloons and various other things of questionable value. Everywhere you turn is a subject for good human interest pictures.

But let's look toward the more serious side of the fair—the exhibits, for instance. By making intelligent use of your camera you can snap record pictures that may later prove invaluable. Then there is the judging of cattle, sheep, horses and hogs. If the judging is done in an open-air ring you can get the picture of the winner of the blue ribbon with any camera—box type or folding.

In taking such pictures, or any picture, as far as that is concerned, don't just look in the finder and snap the first thing you see. If the animal being judged has any unusual markings, manage to get to a place near the ring where these markings show up the best in your finder. Try, too, to avoid unattractive backgrounds such as telephone poles, wires or sheds.

Among the innumerable picture possibilities at the fair you will surely want to take some action pictures and a fair isn't complete without the thrill of horse racing whether they feature the veteran driver proudly seated in his sulky or the young, dare-devil jockey.

Snap a picture of the start of the race as the drivers or jockeys maneuver their horses to the barrier or starting post and by all means take your position at the turn of the track as the horses dash perilously around the curve and into the "home stretch."

Remember this, however. If you do not have a camera with a very fast shutter, say one that will operate at 1/500 of a second or faster, don't try to snap a rapidly moving object as it whizzes directly across the lens of the camera or direct line of vision. Your chance of getting a good, sharp picture is much greater if you catch your subject at an angle of about 45 degrees. It's always better to play safe than to take a chance and perhaps get a blurred picture. Load your camera and take along plenty of extra film on that eventful day when you are "off to the fair."

John van Guilder

NOTICE

The requirements or provisions of sections 31 and 32 of Act 66 of the Public Acts of 1929, including but not by the way of limitation, the requirement that the commercial, savings, and industrial loan business, investments, and reserves of the bank be segregated and the requirement that the funds deposited by savings depositors and investments made therefrom shall be held solely for the payment of deposits of said funds, have been repealed by The Michigan financial institutions act, effective July 28, 1937.

WAREEK STATE BANK,
Birmingham, Michigan
By F. C. SCHLORFF, Cashier
Sept. 9-16.

Try an Eccentric Classified Ad.

SCHOOL FOR AGED

Elgin, Ill.—Some 200 persons over 70 years of age will go to school again due to the generosity of Dr. Chas E. Sharpe, 78-year-old practicising physician, who has turned a 16-room mansion into an institution of learning. Dr. Sharpe explains that his sole purpose is to arouse a new zest for living among elderly men and women. School hours will be from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. five days a week. There will be no tuition fees, no text books and no compulsory attendance.

"Don't you get tired motoring on your own?"

"No, I always manage to run across someone."

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 7th day of September, A. D. 1937.

Present, Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Glenn G. Morrison, Deceased.

Alma Morrison having filed a petition praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased, and that administration of said estate be granted to Alma Morrison, executrix named in the said Will or to some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 4th day of October, A. D. 1937, at 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, at said Probate Office, is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing, in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, and that proponent cause a copy of this notice to be served personally or by registered mail, return receipt demanded, to each of the known heirs at law, legatees and devisees at their last known place of address within ten days after the date of the first publication hereof.

JAMES H. LYNCH,
Judge of Probate.

A True Copy.
FLORENCE DOTY,
Register of Probate.
23-24-25.

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 26th day of August, A. D. 1937.

Present: Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of John P. Lamb, Deceased.

Harris A. Lamb, administrator of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition, praying for license to sell at private sale the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described,

It is Ordered, That the 13th day of September, A. D. 1937, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted:

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.

JAMES H. LYNCH,
Judge of Probate.

A True Copy.
LEAH KOCH (Martin),
Deputy Register of Probate.
Sept. 2-9-16.

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 25th day of August, A. D. 1937.

Present: Hon. James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles E. Buck, Deceased.

Helen S. Buck, executrix 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 deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the 3rd day of January, 1938, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

JAMES H. LYNCH,
Judge of Probate.

HILL HAMBLEN, ESSERY & LEWIS,
Union Guardian Bldg.,
Detroit, Michigan.

A True Copy.
FLORENCE DOTY,
Register of Probate.
Sept. 2-9-16.

OWNERS REPORT UP TO

35 miles per gallon

LEARN ALL ABOUT THIS SURPRISE CAR FROM YOUR NEW WILLYS REPRESENTATIVE

R. W. Hollister Motor Sales

1532 S. WOODWARD PHONE 2966

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

● This sturdy, ultra-safe Willys costs less in gasoline, in oil, in tires, in insurance, in depreciation, in taxes... in fact, less in nearly every phase of motoring expense... Willys saves you up to $270 the first year—can actually pay for itself with savings. Visit the display rooms of your new Willys representative—then drive this Surprise Car. You will learn a lot of other surprising things that will interest you and help you save money. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo.

Willys

Half THE GAS... twice THE SMARTNESS

The message must go through—even when it has to go AROUND!

Loyal, alert, your operator meets her responsibility in emergencies and on the every-day job.

AT THREE O'CLOCK in the morning, near Flint, a gasoline truck and trailer caught fire by the roadside. The blast of flames, shooting upward, melted 75 feet of telephone cable — severing 250 important wires that linked Detroit to northern and central Michigan.

Immediately, quick-witted operators began routing Long Distance calls over substitute routes made available by the foresight of telephone engineers. And before it was possible to go near the white-hot mass of twisted wreckage, telephone plant men were on the scene, laying temporary circuits around the break.

This incident shows the spirit of the men and women who service your telephone . . . intelligent, responsible workers whose attitude toward the job can be summed up in these words:

At all times, at any cost, your message must go through!

In a crisis, and in discharge of ordinary duty, Michigan's telephone men live up to the highest traditions of the service.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

HERE IS WHAT Light Conditioning MEANS!

"Light Conditioning" is very simple. It means providing the right amount and the right *kind* of lighting for SEEING, COMFORT and BEAUTY . . . wherever eyes are used in work or play. Light Conditioning is scientific—there is no guesswork about it. But it is also flexible: If you wish, you may Light Condition a single table, a chair, a room. Or you may Light Condition your entire house.

The first step is to call in a Lighting Adviser—one of our Home Lighting Advisers will be glad to help you—to measure your present lighting and to advise you as to the types of lamps needed. "Light Conditioning" is not expensive: Very often, it is just a matter of rearranging reflector lamps and lighting fixtures.

Light Conditioning brings new beauty to your home . . . color and warmth to your furnishings . . . soft, diffused light to your rooms. But it also helps to provide restful, easy seeing, and helps to guard against eyestrain and fatigue caused by poor lighting conditions.

Why not Light Condition your home NOW? You can start with a single room if you like. But the important thing is to *make a start*. Telephone our Home Lighting Division for a survey of your home lighting. There is no charge for this service, and no obligation.

PHONE YOUR DETROIT EDISON OFFICE — ASK FOR THE LIGHTING DIVISION

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY