

Record Time

By Carol Dewley

Just to paraphrase an old poem, we wouldn't turn a hair if you said that we were growing tired and old, or that health and wealth had missed us. But please don't ever say they've stopped recording the more inspired moments of some of the handmen. Honestly, we get more kick out of hearing the music go round.

Pristance, have you heard Hal Kemp's "Danger, Love at Work?" It's springy, singy, swingy—and all the other blarbs they use in the moon pitchers—tops in Kemp, in other words. Maxine Grey sings, and you know she's okay.

After hearing the other side, "The Loveliness of You," we numbed in our heads, "Ah—this almost reveals the secret of Kemp's success." Anyway, we've decided it lies in his novel contrast in the conversations between the instruments. And the way the mellow pieces, like the accordion, tone down the staccato sharpness of the brasses. And of course, his ambig-

tious time breaks. Some upstart named Bob Allen sings. (Now—we were only kidding. But where's S. E.)

"Heaven Help This Heart of Mine" sounded like Shery Fields, until the familiar Rudy Vallee trilled. Darn it, he's no long-underwear pappy, he's good. And you'll like the gee club singing, "Harbor Lights," the other half, is almost the better half. There's a smooth prelude on a superlative piano. And Rudy's refrain is proof no. 101-A that mawkish words can be redeemed by intelligent singing.

"I'm Gonna Play in the Varsity Band" is gone by Clyde S. B. McCoy. (No, wicked ones, those initials mean "Sugar Blues," not a bad name.) The piece is a silly little hop, with plenty of that idiotic rasping horn. "Basin Street Blues" is a fitting other side. The whole band gangs up for a slow, smooth melody, leaving the poor little horn jittering around on the edges. It doesn't care though, and has a fine-time hiccupping and trilling. Finally they let it in, and off to town they go. More fun.

"Posin'," played by Tommy Dorsey and the Climax Seven, is

tops for them. It'd be a lot of fun to dance to, especially if one followed the musical instructions of velvet-throated Edythe Wright. And to boot, it's a corry little hit.

"If You Should Ever Leave," is well done, even if Master Tommy is a shade too loud on his pushpipe (trombone, to you alligators.) He reels and is very sympathetic during and after the vocal.


In a burst of pianomania, we listened to Fats Waller's "I've Got a New Lease on Love." Oh Waller, Waller—and to think that half the time he plays with only one finger. You'll dote on the—vocalizing. (Oops, we almost called it singing for a minute there.) "Sweet Heartache" is slow, and for once there's enough piano. Fats must've been riding high and feeling good when he sang those words. Anyway, you will, after hearing him, and especially the explosion at the end.

NO HUNTING or TRESPASSING SIGNS may be obtained at The Eccentric office. Use them to protect your property during the hunting season. (adv. 25-30)

The BOOK SHELF

Late Book Reviews and Literary Criticism

by Doris Flint



Forty-two year old Author Clyde Briob Davis ("The Anointed") has had a very interesting career ranging from a steamfitter's helper, chimney sweep, electrician, detective, a knock-about journalist to the author of a best seller. He says he is a Protestant in politics and a Democrat in religion. One of his favorite pastimes is spinning members of the W. C. T. U. and D. A. R. in revolving doors. He lives in Hamburg, N. Y. and is descended from a one-time heavy-weight champion of the Erie Canal region.

Sherwood Anderson, author of "Winesburg, Ohio," was one of a

family of eight children, the parents of whom are said to have moved about so much that no two of the children were born at the same address. It was necessary for him to go to work at the age of twelve to help the family income. Through his brother, Karl Anderson, portrait painter, he was able to come in contact with such writers as, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht and Floyd Dell. Sherwood Anderson is a self-descended writer; formal schooling ceased at the age of fourteen. His "Winesburg, Ohio," published in 1919 brought him recognition. Critics began comparing his writing with that of Dostoevsky and

Chekov neither of whom he had ever read.

Agna Enters, noted dancer and artist, in Europe at present compiling an autobiographical volume which Stackpole and Sons will publish this Fall. The book will tell of her experiences in the arts, her travels, and her critical studies of the dance forms. It will be illustrated with her own drawings made while working under a two-year Guggenheim fellowship. Many will remember her visit to Lansing a few years ago on the Lansing Town Hall. Some time later her drawings were exhibited in Detroit.

A recent issue of the magazine "Life" shows a series of interesting pictures taken by John Lewellen and his wife Wilma of Muncie, Indiana in retaliation to the photographs taken of "Middletown." America's most famous small town since Sociologists Robert and Helen Lynd made their study of Muncie and published "Middletown" and "Middletown in Transition."

The captions to the pictures are all written by the Lewellens and

are clever indeed.

A tip for your Reference Shelf Carl Van Doren's "An Anthology of World Prose" includes the best prose from all periods and all countries in one volume.

Rogey's Thesaurus 1937 edition can be bought for \$1.00 and is indispensable as an authority on the use and choice of words.

HORTON TRESPASS LAW CITED FOR HUNTERS

LANSING—Sept. 29.—Small game hunters who open the upland bird and rabbit seasons in Michigan next month should not go afield without a thorough understanding of the Horton trespass law, say conservation men here.

The Horton law was enacted by the state legislature in 1925 to protect landowners from illegal trespass. Under this act a hunter, who with firearms or dogs, enters upon enclosed farm lands or farm woodlots connected therewith to hunt without consent of the owner, is subject to arrest.

The law does not say that the landowner must erect signs on his property so as to prevent trespass.

Blue Ribbon Award To A. E. Arnold For 'Chalk Tone' Study

In the annual fall meeting of the Michigan Photographic Society, Allen E. Arnold, local photographer, won a blue ribbon for one of his camera studies. The meeting was held at Bad Axe, Sunday and Monday.

Mr. Arnold's prize-winning photograph had as its subject, Susie Feitler, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Feitler, of Flint. It was made by a new version of the "Chalk Tone" process of finishing, with which either a reddish or blue tone may be given to the finished picture with the same finishing solution.

Membership in the Photographic Society is by invitation only, the invitations being based on samples of the candidate's work, his record and various other standards. Mr. Arnold has been a member for the past seven years. The society meets twice yearly, in the spring and fall, to discuss new problems and their solutions in the photographic world.

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