

### Happenings of Long Ago

#### Fifty Years Ago

John H. Snow and wife entertained a large number of friends last Saturday afternoon. A grand supper in the grove was one of the attractions, and we are truly sorry that business compelled us to be absent.

The question of the hour in Birmingham is: "Who bathed Ed Lamb's pug dog in tarrapentine last Sunday?" The yells and howls of the poor canine were enough to awaken the dead, and if Ed ever finds the perpetrator of the act, I'll be goodbye to him.

J. Allen Bigelow and family left for their summer home at Watkins Lake on Saturday last, with every needed accompaniment of pots, kettles and pans for a great big time all summer long. The fact that Mort, the representative son of the family, had just returned from Ann Arbor, where he passed a most creditable examination which entitles him to a good send-off in the university next fall, no doubt added to the general enjoyment of the exodus. May peace and plenty and an abundance of "cold victuals" stay with them all summer long.

Editor Kudner of The Lapeer Democrat expresses our sentiments truly with this: "Don't write or ask to have printed, obituary poetry. It's nothing but the nearest swaddle, ridged by every one but the benighted relatives."

#### Twenty-Five Years Ago

At last Adam Gray's front porch is finished and it graces Woodward avenue well and wonderfully. It's large, roomy and handsome, and can anyone ask more of a porch? Certainly not.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bunyon and family, with Mr. and Mrs. George Bunyon of Sanilac, Col., celebrated the 4th and made a week-end visit with the family of the former, on Brown street. Did they have a good time? Did the eagle scream? Ask 'em.

News of twenty July "September Morn's" were caught "without the goods" by deputy sheriff Webster Bray Wednesday noon. After several calls from those who live in the vicinity of the millpond, who have been annoyed by his banks as nature produced the race, the blow fell. Sheriff Bray made his haul. Walter Rodgers and Warren Bray were the goats, and took a fatherly scolding from the truant officer, Richard Betz.

Walter Allen is now proprietor of the swellest cafe ever to be established in Birmingham. It is located in a large and airy room in the south end of town, with tables for ladies and everything modest, quiet and clean. Of course you can order—anything from a sandwich to a seven-course dinner—and it will be as good "as mother used to make."

#### Five Years Ago

Miss Mary Lambie and Donald J. Parry win University of Michigan grants. One-year tuition scholarships go to two prominent graduates of Baldwin.

Defer action of plans of bond-for-tax. Osborne resolution tables matter; Wheat and McBride demand action. Fear sharp drop in value of scrip.

Swimming team will provide support for Barham pool. Ernest Engel, coach at Baldwin, gathers old high school material for exhibitions. First meet scheduled for July 21.

"Q" to "Z" names come in week's bank payoff. James pleads with former depositors to collect dividends when due. Force totals overtime.

County and state officials clash. Sparks, auditor-general, disagree on procedure for accepting taxes.

Black is victorious in school board's "Best" night by 138-votes. Officers of 1932-33 are re-elected to posts.

Local churches join in services. Baptist and Methodist ministers plan joint sessions for the summer months. Churches to alternate in holding congregations.

### Chicagoan Chosen Rotary President

New president of Rotary International is George C. Hager of Chicago, pictured above after his election at the recent San Francisco convention. Hager succeeds Maurice DuPerry of France.

### Joy and Sorrow as 'Big Top' Folded



Employees of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus showed varying reactions when the "greatest show on earth" folded its tents in Scranton, Pa., and shipped back to winter headquarters after financially and labor difficult touring season. In the picture above seemed joyous as Ralph Whitehead (white shirt), executive secretary of the American Federation of Actors, told them the news—but at least one clown apparently was none too pleased.

### TWO IN ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter,

Now that schools are out for the summer, and older children are either at camp or preparing to go, the question of how to entertain the small fry is one likely to become a household issue. It is not a matter easily disposed of in some cases. The ages of the children are a major consideration of course, and another thing, is the relationship between the parents and the children. In some families they seem to be separate entities. The parents have their interests and the children theirs, and the two never get together on common ground.

In this type of household, the day may begin with father rushing to business absorbed in his own problems. Mother delegates the small children to the nurse or someone else entrusted with their care, and off she goes in her car for a day of shopping or golf, luncheon, and bridge. She is perhaps thinking about her own appearance in relation to her prospects for a pleasant day, and dismisses her family with the thought that they will be safe.

They will be, of course, and fairly happy with toys, sandpiles, and all the other instruments designed to make children forget the existence of their mothers. They have their lunch with their care, and off she goes in her car for a day of shopping or golf, luncheon, and bridge. She is perhaps thinking about her own appearance in relation to her prospects for a pleasant day, and dismisses her family with the thought that they will be safe.

Two many parents who pride themselves on their youthful viewpoint, might be surprised to learn it is the very thing they have lost. In place of curiosity and wonder, characteristic of childhood, they have acquired a self-centered sophistication.

To preserve the wonder and curiosity of childhood through the years of disillusioned maturity, is a gift. If one possesses it, living with small children is an ever new and revealing experience. Remembering that to the three or four-year-old, a trip to the railroad station to see the train come in is a genuine thrill, is a helpful parental indication. There are other "worlds" to be explored with the small child's curiosity as a guide—a garage, a fire station, an airport, and for older children the scope is even broader.

Many parents who do not, or can not send their children to camp for the summer, will find trips to the ball game, picnics, and other simple excursions, adequate compensation for all. If parents bonded with their children for amusement, would turn Peter Pan and live with their children, they would discover a new kind of family-tie, one that binds through the sharing of mutual experiences.

Miss Porter

en and their naps, and live through the hours in a contented sort of routine. This is not only one day, but typical of many throughout the summer in such a household.

Obviously, there is something wrong with this picture from the standpoint of the family in which even small children figure as personalities, as people to be lived with, and enjoyed. Believe it or not, there are fathers and mothers who would rather spend the time exploring the world again with their boys and girls than in golfing or bridge. They are the parents who have preserved enough of the Peter Pan and wonder, characteristic of childhood, they have acquired a self-centered sophistication.

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Miss Dwelley

"WHAT shall we buy for Joe Whooosis and Clara Curdie? They're getting married soon and of course we want to find something that will always be a reminder of us to them. We can't afford too much, but we've going to start shopping around and find a really unique present."

The bride-of-a-month often smiles, a bit grimly, when she hears such a cry. She has emerged from the frenzied kaleidoscope of showers, parties, rehearsals, fittings and thank-you notes, and has had time to take inventory on her haul. And she pities Clara Curdie.

Oh it's valuable stuff, all of it. There are a pair of water buffalo horns ten feet across, which Uncle Tammasner shipped by air mail all the way from Nairobi, Africa. Aunt Matty, who married into the navy, has sent a dinner cloth antimacassar by Chinese artisans and big enough to be used as a circus tent, in an emergency. There are four dozen ash trays of different materials, each big enough for but one cigarette. There are at least six dozen dainty linen towels, smaller than handkerchiefs. There are enough special gift trays to start a flourishing cafeteria. But there isn't anything that she and the bridegroom-of-a-month wouldn't just as soon lose. She grits her teeth, wondering how to fit the immense offerings of eccentric relatives into their tiny apartment. She class through the dainty little towels, knowing that they'll not be used in HER household. She makes a mental note to ask friend husband to buy one adequate ash tray. And she wonders what to buy for Clara Curdie.

That's just the trouble. If she approaches Clara, she will be met with vague mutterings and coy giggles. "Oh, I don't know what we want," Clara will simper. "Just so long as we know it comes from you, it will have an honored place in our home."

Whereupon, the prospective gift-giver gnashes her teeth and ends up by sending a dozen tiny towels of a painted tray to the newly-weds. It just can't be helped and it's Clara's own fault if she isn't pleased.

Why can't brides-elect get organized? If someone wants to give a shower for them, okay—that's fine and dandy. But instead of nicknawing around with . . . "Just so long as it's from you . . ." they ought to make sure that the shower presents are such that she is pleased, and that the time and money of her friends have not been wasted.

"If you plan a bathroom shower," she can say, "I'm completely stocked with dainty appointments. What I'd REALLY like would be for all of you to club together and get me even one big Turkish towel for me to wrap Joe in." And when her friends come to call after the wedding and the husband greets them as companions rather than traitors—the friends will feel well-paid for their efforts.

If it's a living room shower, Clara can tactfully hint the Joe's uncle works for Filmbath's Electric, and they really don't need gift lamps. "You know," she can add, "we have a big hole in the book-case. Do you suppose the girls would chip in and buy us a book or two. Your taste is so GOOD I know we'll like whatever you select."

By the time her wedding invitations are out, her friends will have a pretty good idea of her likes and dislikes, her color scheme and her needs. If the wedding presents aren't appropriate then well, she can always donate them to the church fair and blame their absence on the laundress.

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