TWO IN ONE

By Majorie Elaine Porter

Sunday will be Father's Day. This is a great concession, but then Father has a few things coming to him—even if most of them are bills. There is every reason to sympathize with Father. He is the member of the family, who:

Miss Porter

Pays for the motor car so that Junior can have it on Sunday, Daughter can have it on Monday, Mother can have it on Tuesday—after which the garage man can spend the rest of the week and papa's money, tinkering with the doggone thing.

Gets up early every morning and gets his own breakfast so that: Mother may have her beauty sleep, Junior can get caught up on his sleep, and Daughter can wait until she smells the coffee, and knows she won't be asked to help.

Plays a sad and lonely game or "Button, button, who's got the button" while going forlornly over a pile of shirts in a futile hunt for one possessing the buttons in entirety.

Gazes wistfully from a pair of socks to the darning basket, wondering vaguely what keeps darning needles from becoming rusty when they are used so seldom.

Comes home tired and spent from the office, defiantly hopeful in spite of the fact that Mother is at her club, Daughter at a tea, and the kitchen is as deserted as the verandah of a summer hotel in a snow-storm.

Must be weaned on a can-opener from all the toothsome dishes Mother used to make when she was still a bride with the fond illusion that her husband would **always** have just what he liked for dinner.

Is forced to play bridge with all the dumb neighbors for the sake of meeting "social obligations."

Reluctantly leaves an easy chair under a lamp when Daughter's Latest Date blows in.

Must listen to Swing on the piano, on the radio, on Daughter's Date's guitar.

And who, when all is said and done, is just: "The Old Man," nice little guy, but horse and buggy—

Yes, Sunday will be Fathers' Day—all day long—just to make life happier for him on the other 364!

By Carol Dwelley

Vacations are coming, tra-la tra-la. Break out the ice packs and prepare the violent wards for an overflow of customers. Vacations are coming indeed, and with them an insanity which is brief but violent.

Touring, especially with one's husband, wife, children or any other member of one's family, is a horrible mistake. Everything is rosy when you start, but time alone can draw a merciful veil over your memory of conditions after the first 50 miles. The dog, if you have one, decides that the world is his enemy. He roars defiance at pedestrians, fellow-dogs, others cars and so on, usually in your ear. Also he snuffles all over the shiny clean windows and sheds so much hair that you wonder if you or he is wearing the fur coat.

Miss Dwelley

The children, if any, begin the ride in the back seat, each clutching a favorite toy and apparently willing to cooperate. At 10 a. m. they want to stop for lunch. Snarly-time usually starts shortly after that. By night you have a stiff neck from turning around to reprimand them. The moppets themselves are disheveled and fretful. Only the dog is having a good time.

And your car—the neatly-packed, spic and span car in which you rode off so proudly at the start of the trip! The windshield is covered with bugs and dust, turning into a thick paste when moistened. The dog has taken care of the seats and the back windows, and the kiddies have accounted for the rest. You are all tired and have decided to stop at a good hotel. You pull up before a gaily-lighted marquee, hoping that the elegant doorman won't notice the dust. He opens the door with a flourish. The kids fall out, in a manner that can only be described as sensational. Their coming is heralded by an avalanche of toys, magazines, sun glasses, pillows, road maps and assorted foods. The dog leaps out and begins to bark, furiously. After that it's every man for himself.

But the touring is not the least of your troubles. You probably have friends who have been going to the same place for years and years, and who just don't admit the existence of anything but good old Breakdown Lodge . . . "Right on the edge of Delirium Lake, and fun! Man oh man, did we ever tell you about the Labor Day lawn party we had when everyone just let 'er rip, and they hadda spray 'em with fire hoses to make 'em quiet down?"

You yield to the idea at last. In a flurry of enthusiasm you rush madly to the nearest store and plunge yourself into debt forever, assembling a wardrobe. The great day arrives and eventually you arrive too, at Breakdown Lodge, right on the edge of good old Delirium Lake. You find that it is more than on the edge of Delirium Lake—it appear to be in the exact center of the darned property. Your friends, splashing out to greet you, assure you that it's nothing: the heavy rains just filled the lake up a little—in a week or so you won't ever know it happened. (This is your cue to remember that you only have two weeks, and to wonder, grimly, if you're going to have to use a boat on the golf links too.)

Comes the dinner hour. You are busy meeting people, all of whom are in various repulsive stages of sunburn, and who twit you loudly for your city paleness. You don't notice what's on your plate, but simply take a bite of whatever it is. Faugh! It tastes like wet grass smells!

"Isn't that the nuts, boy?" booms your pal. "Caught right out in front here. We eat 'em every night for dinner—for every meal in fact. No use having an expensive food bill when you can get these marvelous fish, eh?"

At that point, you will probably decide that there's no use having a vacation, not at good old Breakdown Lodge anyway. You have learned your lesson, and it's a good thing. But we only hope they don't arrest you when you wind a chair around your friend's head, before you make your getaway.

Church News

First Baptist Church
Willits at Bates St.
Rev. J. O. Nelson, Pastor
9:45—Hour of Meditation and Prayer for Officers and Teachers of the Sunday School.
10:00—Sunday School. Classes for all ages, including Bible Classes for Adults.
11:00—Junior Church.
11:00—Morning Worship. Sermon, "My Impressions of the Northern Baptist Convention."
6:30—B. Y. P. U. Meeting. Young people are cordially invited to attend.
7:30—Evening Service. A service of praise and worship. Sermon topic, "The Plus Element in Human Personality."
The community is cordially invited to attend all the services of the church.

Christian Science Church
Chester and Willits Streets
Church each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday at 8 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:30 a. m.
"Is the Universe Intelligently Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science churches throughout the world on Sunday, June 19.
The Golden Text (Ps. 124:8), is: "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."
Among the Bible citations is this passage (Jer. 51:15): "He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, and hath stretched out the heaven by his understanding."
Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 502): "The creative Principle—Life, Truth, and Love—is God. The universe reflects God. There is but one creator and one creation."

First Methodist Church
Maple Avenue at Pierce, at Henrietta
John Edward Martin, D. D., Pastor
A. Shanley Reese, Organist and Director of Music
Miss Maude Curry, Director of Music for Children's Choirs.
11 a. m. Morning Service.
Church school meets at 9:45 a. m.
Junior Intermediates, Seniors and Adults, 11 a. m. Beginners and Primary.
6 p. m. Intermediate young people meet.
6:30 p. m. Young people meet.

United Presbyterian Church
Joseph Sears, Minister
Sunday Bible School—meets at 10:30 a. m. Dale Harbison, superintendent.
Morning worship services conducted at 11:15 a. m.
The Intermediate Young People—5:00 p. m.
Congregational Prayer Meeting on Wednesday Evening at 7:30.

First Presbyterian Church
North Woodward at Euclid Street
Rev. W. Glen Harris, Pastor
Miss Esther E. Gretter,
Director of Christian Education
The Pastor will preach on the theme: "Radiant Religion" at the hour of morning worship at 11 o'clock on Sunday.
At 9:45 all departments will assemble for worship and study. In the Intermediate Senior department worship centers in Waldenwoods Conference. The spirit and activities of youth at conference will be interpreted by Bette Elliott, Joan Seligman, Kate Osborne and Barbara Hunter. Those who have been interested in spebial work in the Gospel of Mark will take a look during the study period, giving the outstanding events of the chapters, key verse of the book, and its outstanding message to their own lives. New Testaments will be given on June 26th. Those who pass the test.
The Junior Department will hold a picnic at Bloomer State Park on Friday afternoon, June 17th, leaving the Church at 2 o'clock. Races, games, box lunch, ice cream, and many other attractions are on the program. Parents are assisting in the transportation. David Curry is chairman of the program on Friday night.
At 6:30 the Polygon Club will assemble on the lawn of the Penfield home, 324 Lake Park, for picnic supper and games. Following a presentation honoring two of its members the club will discuss Dr. Cleland McAfee's suggestions in a book-let, Making the Home Christian. Paul Penfield leads the group.
The preparatory service for Communion will be held on Wednesday evening, June 22, at 8:00. The Pastor will preach on the theme, The Supremacy of the Cross."
Senior High Christian Endeavorers will leave the Church at 6:30 Sunday morning and drive to Waterford Hills Farm where they will hold a worship service on the hill top. June Osborne leads the worship, in which a number will participate. Ruth Navin is planning the breakfast which follows. The group plans to return to the Church in time for Church School at 9:45.

St. James Episcopal Church
Rev. Warner L. Forsyth, Rector
Phones: Rectory 189, Office 2356
8 a. m. Holy Communion.
11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon. Second celebration Holy Communion on first Sunday of each month at 11 a. m.

Holy Name Catholic Church
Harmon at Woodland
Rev. James W. Cotter, Pastor
Sunday Masses, 6:30, 8 and 10 a. m. and 12 noon. Daily Masses, 7 and 8 a. m.

Redeemer Lutheran Church
Lincoln near Woodward
Rev. Theodore G. Wuggazer, Jr., pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
11:00 a. m.—Morning Worship.

Christ Church Cranbrook
Rev. Dr. S. S. Marquis, rector
Rev. Robert W. Woodroofe, Jr., curate
Holy communion, 8 a. m. each Sunday and 11 a. m. first Sunday of each month.
Church School: Brookside Division, 10:45 a. m.
Guild Hall Division: 11 a. m.
Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.

Franklin M. E. Church
Rev. Francis Wilson, Pastor
Morning Worship: 11:15 a. m.
Sunday School, 10:15 a. m.

St. Hugo of the Hills Church
Opdyke road
The Rev. Daniel T. Whollhan, pastor
Masses at 8, 10 and 11:45 a. m. and at 12:30 p. m.

Troy Presbyterian Church
Livernois Road
Reverend John Belch—Minister
Mrs. Edna M. Lee Organist and Director of Music
Sunday School 10:00 a. m. Grade classes for all ages.
Morning Worship 11:00 a. m.

Embury Methodist Church
Bennaville Ave.
Rev. Rudolph Boyce, Pastor
Church School—10 a. m.
Morning Worship—11:15 a. m.
Epworth League every Sunday at 6:30 p. m., at the church.

Daily Proof

Statisticians have just figured it out that idiots are on the increase. Every pedestrian has known this for quite a while—and quite a few careful drivers have suspected the same thing.—Los Angeles Times.

Not in the March of Progress

Another thing that seems to be a long way ahead is the foolproof railroad crossing.—Detroit Free Press.

Behind The Scenes With Tom Sawyer And Becky Reveals How 'Takes' Are Made

Editor's Note: Due to the fact that "Tom Sawyer" will be shown on the screen of the Birmingham Theater during the current month, Mr. Cromwell, who lives at 326 Lakeview drive, has written his impressions gained at the filming of Mark Twain's famous story. Mr. Cromwell was the guest of his uncle, who directed the picture, in Hollywood last summer.

By Cort Cromwell

Last summer my uncle took me to the Selznick International Studios where the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was being filmed. While there I met many in the picture's company and on subsequent visits, formed friendships with several.

Contrary to the popular supposition that most child actors are prodigies, neither Tommy Kelly nor Ann Gillis, who play Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher, are that type. They are well-behaved, intelligent children—read kids—and all are by no means dazzled by the good fortune of being picked for the roles. Tommy had always dreamed of doing the Tom Sawyer did, and consequently lives the part instead of acting it. His boyish enthusiasm in every scene is not at all synthetic; his naturalness carries him through the role without effort. Off the screen his manner is unassuming and his contagious grin is ingratiating.

Little Ann has as many freckles as there are holes in a seive, and for a youngster, has a grand little sense of humor. One afternoon she joined a group of us discussing the European war. I said that I'd heard Sam Goldwyn was putting on the war for a picture he was making and was getting a lot of free publicity. Ann retorted with a smile: "Now, come on, quit pulling my leg."

The popularity of all the younger members of the cast with the studio workers attested their calibre.

How 'Cave' Looks

Probably the most dramatic sequences of the picture take place in the cave which was built outdoors and covered by a huge cloth canopy. High at the top of the entire set, catwalks for lamps and spotlights circumvent each of two rooms. In one room was the construction for the entrance to the cave from the outside, and then when photographed from a different angle, is the descent into the cave from the inside.

In the other room, a high cliff rises on one side, a myriad of stalagmites and walls stand in the middle, and on the other side is another cave wall. The entire set is made of papier mache and has no top. Several of the stalagmites, walls, and the entire cliff face, Tom and Becky discover when they are lost in the cave, rise only about ten feet and are cut off abruptly. This is all the height needed for shooting. How a top was made for the cave will be explained later. The cliff, however, rises about forty feet.

A ledge comes out of a tunnel in the side of it, runs for some little distance and leads to a higher ledge where Tom sits. Chased by Injun Joe, Tom runs out of this tunnel, climbs this ledge to this higher shelf, to which he climbs. When Joe tries to climb up to where he sits, Tom throws his brass door knob in his face, and the stunned Indian slides down the slippery side into the deep gap and "oblivion." This bit of business takes place high at the top of the set, and the double for Victor Jory "Injun Joe" falls into a scaffolding full of mattresses at the side of the ledge construction.

Tricks in Photography

To make the top of the cave, the special effects man paints the ceiling, the stalactites falling from the ceiling, and the tops of some of the stalagmites on a big piece of glass. This is then superimposed on the film already taken, is retaken, and the completed product shows the cave as you will see it—a perfect reproduction of subterranean depths. This is called a "Cosgrove shot" because Jack Cosgrove is the special effects man who does this work. Studios call any special effect shot after the man who does them.

Since the picture is filmed in Technicolor, the props are painted in beautiful colors ranging from grays and browns of clay and dirt to pastels of all colors on the walls and stalagmites. The paint was applied by pressure guns, and to visitors on the set, appeared to be applied haphazardly. The picture will show, however, that beautiful effects were obtained.

Because Technicolor pictures require more light for clarity than black and white pictures, necessarily there must be more lamps focused on the spot where the scene takes place. Light meters are used to check the light from all directions on this spot. Any lights showing lower intensity than what is needed are brightened until the intensity is the same from all directions.

Shoot Exciting Scenes

It was interesting to watch them shoot the Sunday School scene; part of the searching party scenes in the cave; Tom and Becky discovering the throne; the two falling asleep; Tom, while being chased by Injun Joe, pushing Becky out of sight into a hollow in the wall; and, the tense sequence starting from where Tom does away with Joe by letting the cliff fall on him.

After discovering the throne, Tom does the old trick of spitting in his hand and hitting the saliva to determine the direction he and Becky will take. So many takes were made that Tom swallowed about a gallon of water in order to store up more "coming spits."

In the scene where the two kids fall asleep, the fire burning in the closeup shots is in a little grough attached to the camera just below the lens. A picture of kids falling asleep would seem easy to shoot, but they bungled through several before one was satisfactory—and then it was discovered that the oil in the trough had gone out. Two more takes finally gave the desired combination.

The marvelous performances the two kids give—especially towards the end of action in the cave—would do credit to older actors. Unforgettable is Ann's portrayal of Becky, when, due to the emotional reaction brought on by the action between Tom and Injun Joe, she becomes hysterical. Tod Brown, one of Norman Taurog's assistants made Ann go into a corner of the set and cry herself into the proper emotional condition in order to give realism to the hysteria. It is difficult to recall any child in movies giving a more exacting portrayal than this.

The Old, Old Story—One By One They Leave The Family Fireside

(Editor's Note: The following interesting comment was written by Schuyler L. Marshall, publisher of The Clinton County Republican-News; its universal application and appeal suggest that readers of The Eccentric will like to peruse it.)

—o—

Ten years ago it was a regular household routine to set the table for nine at this writers home. The six children, together with Grandma and Mother and me, held a convention three times each day. Those were pretty lively times. There were social complications and family politics. The youngsters used to gang up. Sometimes it was five against one. Sometimes two against three. More often it was the entire six kids against the old man, trying for something they wanted or some place they wanted to go . . . and frequently they had the quiet under-cover support of their mother.

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Ten years ago the oldest girl left for school. We recall how bitterly the youngest boy, then but five years old, resented the loss of his oldest sister and champion. As we left her that first day at an Ann Arbor dormitory he was rather heart-broken. At intervals since four more have left home. They get home frequently, but seldom all together. Just the youngest "rooster" is a regular boarder at the home table.

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These changes in big families come about rather gradually. One hardly realizes then when they happen. Later, as the big house looks empty and is quiet day after day and night after night, it begins to grow on one that never again will the old place be the same. The days of planned picnics and the nights of pillow fights are gone. The quarrels and wrangles which used to drive us to distraction —and probably would again— are distractions no longer—instead, happy memories.

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For a few hours Sunday afternoon and evening they were all back. We sat around the table together. Instead of current plans, joys and woes—there was reminiscing. "Do you remember when I ran away and visited you in school—I mean the time when I didn't have any buttons on my pants and you were terribly humiliated because the other kids at school laughed at me—and you?" From one foolish little homely incident to another the memories came back.

—

So for two or three hours the conversation went on with first one then another recalling things that caused the gray hairs—but now are funny. I sat back looking on . . . listening while they laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. We kept thinking what a shame it is that people do not have the knowledge or the understanding philosophy to appreciate and enjoy those simple incidents and happenings of home and family life when they happen. Life 'is too short—altogether too short —and the average person too wrapped up in current problems to have the perspective.

What Your City Commission Is Doing—

June 13, 1938

Bills were approved in the amount of $21,633.56, and the manager was authorized to purchase a ¾ ton panel body truck from the Yellow Truck and Coach Manufacturing Company, General Motors Truck and Coach Division on the basis of their quotation dated June 7th, 1938 in the amount of $665.00 plus $10.00 for shock absorbers.

Irene E. Hanley,
City Clerk.

—

Judge: Can't this case be settled out of court?

Kelly: Sure. That's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered.

Swim Time

With summer offering a warm invitation to beach and swimming parties, Ann Sheridan, film actress, donned the cloth playsuit of wine and rose color scheme, pictured above. The detachable skirt allows for the use of a bathing suit or a shirt-and-shorts outfit beneath. And the large bonnet shades Ann's eyes from the glare of the sun.

Would Be the Millenium

It would be grand if when a fellow was down and out his creditors were forced to take neutral corners and wait until he had again gotten on his feet.—Louisville Times.

SOCIAL BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon B. Kellett, of Faculty road, will leave Saturday, for Cambridge, Mass., for a two weeks' visit with friends. While there, Mr. Kellett will attend his class reunion at Harvard university.

* * *

W. Edwin Mosher, Jr., arrived this week from Williams college, to spend the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mosher, of Lone Pine road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart were hosts at dinner Saturday evening, at their home on Lake Park drive, to the old and new boards of the Village Players. After dinner, the boards held a joint meeting, the old board finishing up the year's business and then turning over the reins to the new group.

Attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Warren Pease, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Paul N. Averill, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice W. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner M. Cobb, H. Kenneth Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe C. Spinning, Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Middleton and Mrs. Harold F. Klein.

* * *

Among the members of the collegiate set who have returned to spend the summer vacation period with their parents is Harry D. Wise Jr., a junior at the University of Michigan and son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Wise of Williamsburg road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Clark of Willits street have as their house guest their niece, Miss Mildred Hall of Oak Park, Ill. Honoring the visitor, Mrs. Clark was hostess at tea Saturday. Miss Hall will remain in Birmingham until the middle of next week.

* * *

Mrs. Marc James Parsons left Sunday to join Mr. Parsons in Rogers Park, outside of Chicago. She has been residing at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lane Bishop of Poppleton avenue.

* * *

Mrs. W. D. Pittman Jr., of St. Louis will arrive on Tuesday to be the house guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pittman of Bradway boulevard. She will remain in Birmingham for about three weeks.

* * *

Mrs. Charles J. Shain was hostess at an informal tea Monday, in her home on Pierce street. Honor guest was Mme. Colerge DePons of Paris, sister of Mrs. Joseph Takken of Detroit, formerly of Birmingham. Mrs. Angus D. McLay presided at the tea table. Mme. DePons, who has been spending the winter in the United States, will return to Paris during the summer.

Obituary

Herbert A. Schug

Herbert A. Schug died at 10:30 a. m. Wednesday, at 4435 Oregon avenue, Detroit, his home for the past three years. Funeral services will be held Friday at 2 p. m., at the S. O. Wylie Bell Funeral Home, with the Rev. W. Glen Harris of the First Presbyterian Church officiating. Burial will be in Oak Hill cemetery, in Pontiac. There will be a Knights of Pythias service at the grave, since he was a member of the order.

He was born January 15, 1870, in Troy Township, and lived in this vicinity all his life until three years ago.

Mrs. Jennie Thorpe Schug, his widow, survives him. Also living are two brothers: John of Detroit and Howard of Texas; and a sister, Mrs. Mabel Stanley of Vassar, Mich.

Easily Satisfied

The average American tourist is inclined to think he has reaped the full advantages of travel if he is able to make mistakes in four languages instead of only one.—Los Angeles Times.

Uncrowded Space

A Wichita man returned from an unsuccessful duck hunt with this advice to his son: "Always remember, my boy, that there is a lot of room around a duck."—Kansas City Star.

FOR

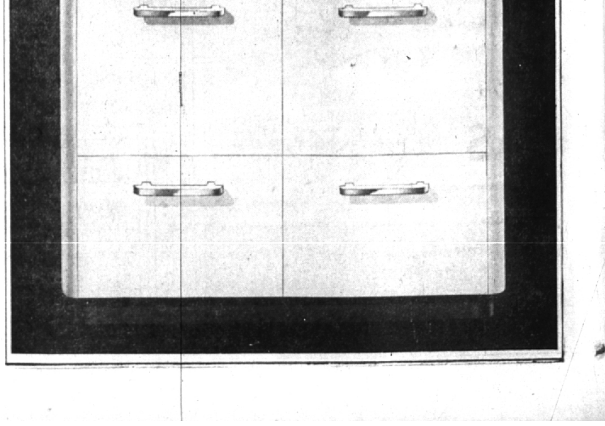
pleasanter kitchen hours

When you buy a new stove, you want a stove that will make the task of preparing meals easier and pleasanter. You want a stove that will be serviceable for years to come—that will prove a good investment and return the most for your money. You want a stove that will give satisfaction in daily use, and make your kitchen hours more enjoyable. You want a stove completely modern in design . . . one that is attractive in appearance and lends a new and sparkling note to the room.

In selecting such a stove, you can get valuable help and advice from your dealer. He will be glad to point out the various features of different makes and models, and let you compare their advantages. He will answer your questions and offer worthwhile suggestions. He will assist you in choosing the stove best suited to your needs.

After you have looked at all types and styles of stoves, you may decide to purchase an electric range. If you do, your choice will be a wise one. An electric range offers extra value . . . It brings CLEANLINESS — with heart as clean as sunlight. It brings BETTER FLAVOR — the delicious natural flavor of meats and vegetables cooked in their own juices. It brings healthful WATERLESS COOKING — with precious minerals and important food values sealed-in. It brings new CONVENIENCE, with more leisure hours. Ask your dealer to show you the 1938-model electric ranges today.

See the new electric ranges on display at department stores, electrical dealers or at your Detroit Edison office.



RadiOddities . . . . by Squier