

TWO IN ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

The dog-hearing conducted by the City Commission for that portion of the poppance owning dogs is now a matter of local history, but one thought remains in the mind of the writer passing on. I believe it was Mrs. Henry Hart who made the very excellent point, which should be a hint to parents, regarding discipline over their offspring.

Someone raised the objection that dogs running at the rate of the wind, to which owners have given considerable time and care. It was then Mrs. Hart informed the commission that she had a dog which did not do as much damage as children, who speed through yards, regardless of what injury they may do to the straggling lawn or garden.

One doesn't care to inform the police, as Mrs. Hart pointed out, but it is annoying to have children tramping down grass, climbing fruit trees, breaking down benches, and invading gardens as if there were no such thing as property rights. No doubt others in Birmingham have had similar experience.

After all, one does not expect a dog to know anything about respecting the rights of others, but one does expect that parents will impart some information to their children. Birmingham children have been known to have a hand in other minor acts of vandalism such as breaking windows and smashing screens. Not only do they seem to accept such privileges as the divine right of kings, but they are frequently impatient when property owners attempt to exercise their rights.

Children of this type are exceedingly troublesome, but after all, the parents are responsible. They are guilty of overlooking an important obligation, that of teaching their children the right of respecting and protecting the rights of others. Sometimes the individual is not obedient in some cases, and if the child is not to imitate the modern trend to place emphasis on developing one's whimsies if the modern with the fact that after all, they are only part of the social scheme.

By Carol Dweley

Thing, are not what they seem, my children. The singing sun may be a sun-stroke for you. Your best friends may be the kind who will fill to your will heads together and plot to turn your leisure hours into misery and disaster.

Worst of all, you never can tell what will happen to you next. Things are not what they seem, my children. Take, for instance, that tasty little number to whom you were introduced on the clubhouse porch, just before everyone decided to go swimming. You don't know that this is a boy glow. Can it be possible that this involved of females actually smoke to you, murmuring: "Oh I just can't WAIT to see you in a bathing suit. I can tell from your shoulders that you must look divine."

And when you blushed and gulped, was it possible that her dainty little hand playfully stroked you, as she whispered: "Don't deny it. I'm sure you came right out of the blue, just on purpose to teach poor little me how to swim. KNOW I won't be afraid of that great big lake with YOU to protect me."

Unfortunately, that's just what did happen, and while you're in a lovely fog of summer romance and manly pride, how are you to know that this adorable stranger is really a female octopus? Too bad, isn't it, that things... oh well, you know the rest of it. She's simply a woman in her suit, and the mirror has assured you that you'll measure up to expectations. Well, well—this is going to be a swell summer! The two of you share a meditative cigarette, but of course the rest of the crowd has to spoil things by calling to you to come on in before they come and get you. The dream girl plays up beautifully. She sticks a dainty pink toe into the tepid water; she utters a gleeful chirp; she says: "Oh

come on and teach me to swim this minute." And of course you leap to her command, determined to give your all for her sake. So you wade out into waist-deep water, and tell her to lie down—that you'll hold her up.

"NO!" she shrieks in horror. "Why I'd simply ruin my hair if that nasty water got on it." Smiling, indulgently, you explain that no one can learn to swim standing up. She compromises by crouching in the water, with her lovely head rising above a foot above the surface. You breathe a sigh of relief and decide that this will do well enough for the first lesson.

"All right," you command. "Put your arms out in front and your feet out in back. Float on your stomach and I'll support you." Feebly, she sticks her arms out. "No-no-no," you breathe, as to a child. "Stick your arms as straight as you can and still have them relaxed. You'll never get it if they're bent like that. And where are those feet? Get 'em off the bottom!"

The rest of it isn't your fault. She's not long when she made sure that her cap was on right—and then that darned bead on your nose, just as she straightened out, without a word of warning from either of you! If she had even been wearing a cap like a stone and let you fish her out, it would've been better than the actual facts of the case. Her despairing scream make you start with surprise. Then when she grabs your ankles, of course you go down too. And THAT'S when you find out that she's a female octopus. She rises to the surface and once, but won't recognize her face by opening her eyes. And while she's looking at you and screaming, of course you can't arise and comfort her. Father than down, you finally do rise to the surface and smile at her, reassuringly: "No harm done," you pant. "Let's catch our breath and try again."

And THEN: as the waves at you malevolently before sliding on to you, you feel a little shiver as that tennis ball week; as she convinces the entire party that your horse-play nearly ruined her delicate health; as you go back to the locker room and dress, huffy—REMEMBER: things are not what they seem.

Michigan Mirror

NON-PARTISAN STATE NEWS LETTER

LANSING—The greatest reforestation program in the United States is under way in the Upper Peninsula. A total of 110,000 acres of cut-over waste land, left idle by lumber slashing, have been replanted with pine trees. Thirty thousand acres of trees are being added annually. Wholesale tree planting on such a large scale has never been achieved successfully elsewhere.

These facts were revealed this month to members of the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau by Lyle Watts, forestry director for Michigan and Wisconsin.

To the people of the Upper Peninsula conservation and the tourist industry go hand in hand. Foresters offer the one and only hope for economic salvation. Many mines have closed. Lumbering has depleted nearly nine-tenths of the virgin forests. To the tens of thousands of unemployed residents, it is recreation, rather than the virgin forest industry, that offers a ray of encouragement for their future.

Public Ownership

Public ownership of forest lands both by the federal and state governments is advocated by Forestor Watts.

It is illuminating to know that a group of Michigan conservation enthusiasts, led by John C. Pratt, publisher of the Escanaba Press, fathered the establishment of federal forests by congressional enactment.

On a commercial basis selective logging is difficult to put into practice, because of competitive conditions. As long as some lumber firms insist on cutting all merchantable timber in one haul, lumber men declare that the forester's dream of selective logging will never be realized.

More than 600 million feet of lumber were cut last year in the Upper Peninsula—far in excess of what should be allowed if the forests are to be maintained permanently.

It is another case of free competition vs. public ownership. Again the Great White Father is being implored to solve our problems.

'Dead-End Region'

For years the Upper Peninsula has been on a "dead-end" street. Because of the vast distance from the sea to Ironwood the development of good roads has been slow.

Today, U. S. 2 is paved most of the way west from Soudan, Mich. This route is a scenic, skirting along Lake Michigan from St. Ignace west to Breton within sight of blue water at all times. Eventually this beautiful highway will be extended east along the lake shore to Port Huron, near Manistique.

From Watersmeet to Ironwood this route takes you through a dense forest country without even a farmhouse in sight for nearly 50 miles.

Building of a bridge at the Straits will likely attract heavy transcontinental traffic through Michigan. The Port Huron bridge will be the gateway for west-bound traffic. Ironwood will be the gateway for east-bound tourists.

Strange Contrasts

Until you have visited the Upper Peninsula, you do not know Michigan.

It is a land of remarkable contrasts.

A few years ago it was one of the two most isolated areas in the United States. A large percentage of the entire population was in the iron mining centers. Today, the Upper Peninsula leads to recreation—the tourist industry—as the hope for future economic activity. And recreation means sightseeing, fishing and hunting in the daytime and entertainment at night.

We visited the luxurious Gateway Inn, a \$200,000 establishment on the state line near Lake Oakes, Wisconsin, just a few miles south of Watersmeet. Imagine this: Eight of the finest bowling alleys you have ever seen; a dozen billiard tables; a huge restaurant in the gayest modern decorations and superb equipment; a club bar and a gaming bar; and a splendid sliding outside outfit in red neon lights.

Fashionable city people, smartly attired in resort tops, mingle with lumber-jacks—all in a smart sophisticated atmosphere imported up into the "North Country," miles from a city.

Upper Peninsula people are the most hospitable people in the Middle West. They think nothing of driving 150 miles for an evening's entertainment together.

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PERSONALITIES IN MUSIC

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, A.S.C.A.P.

From Indian to Modern Music



COMPOSER, pianist, educator and lecturer on Indian music, Charles Wakefield Cadman, A.S.C.A.P., holds a distinguished place in the roster of American composers.

Johnstown, Pa., says him first descendant of a long line of Revolutionary War patriots. His music flows descends from great-grandfather Wakefield, builder of the first pipe organ west of the Alleghenies. He was church organist in Pittsburgh, music critic of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, director of music at the Wolcott Conservatory in Denver and the University of Southern California. Educated almost entirely by Pittsburgh music teachers.

His interest in Indian music took him to the reservations at Omaha, Nebraska, and Winnebago, Collaborator most frequently with Nellie Richmond Boehart, A.S.C.A.P., with whom he composed "At Dawning." From the land of the Sky Blue Water," the

grand opera "Shanewis" and many other works.

Performances by great symphony orchestras over large radio networks maintain his high standing in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP), which licenses his compositions for public performance for profit. He is also a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and Doctor of Music at University of Southern California and Wolcott Conservatory of Music, Denver.

Now resides in San Diego, California. His latest orchestral work, "Dark Dancers of the Mardi Gras," with Cadman as pianist, was played twice by the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic.

Cadman says: "Only one-fifth of all Indian thematic material is valuable in the hands of a composer, and it is suitable for harmonic inclusion in the Sky Blue Water," the

... of the Sky Blue Water," the