

DISCUSSION

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terials, our scrap to fashion into the implements of death. China, Ethiopia, Albania don't have such munitions plants; they have to buy the fully made implements. China has been blockaded, unable to buy from the outside. She is beaten by her knees by our weapons in the hands of the Japanese military clique.

Japan Objectives

The Japanese attack for different objectives from the regular war objectives. To destroy the morale of the Chinese, the military center their attack upon the women and children, civilians, prisoners and wounded. No international rules hold for them, at least, protected the home as far as war would allow protection. The increasing use of opium, with its deadly derivation, heroin, is taking its toll in an awful way. Reduced to drug slavery, the people care not who is their masters politically. Over people thus degraded, puppet governments can rule.

There is also the matter of schools. The Japanese have eliminated over 100 colleges in Manchuria. There isn't even a high school to be found in the whole country west of the Mississippi. Learning is more highly prized by the Chinese than by any other people on earth.

All this degradation and humiliation is part of the deliberate and systematic program of the Japanese war lords, for by no other means can the Chinese be reduced to servitude.

Higher Education

So, the Chinese are gradually being driven to realize that they may not save their homes with both the United States and Japan. They are against them, China does not expect us to go to war in her behalf but merely that we will stop giving aid to her enemy. The Chinese could win against Japan alone, Dr. Judd believes.

Now is this more of our business? The speaker said that it may appear to be our business, but not too late. If Japan conquers China, she can produce at such incredibly small cost that she will drive us out of all the markets in the world. Chinese slaves with American machines will spell the doom of our working men. But two lots of labor here at two to seven dollars a day with labor at two to seven cents a day—then are whether Japan's victory means anything to us or not. "If Japan

gets China, we may elect a new administration every year, but business won't be any different. We arm them to ruin us. If we stop our decisive assistance to Japan she can't win this war. We gravely underestimate our power. Japan is the weakest member of the three-dictator combination; the wobbly third leg of the tripod. Japan is peculiarly vulnerable for so much of her economy is based on the export of raw silk. Three-fifths of all export that leaves her goes to this fine unspun cocoon-silk that America makes into beautiful yardgoods, and silk stockings.

Silk Aids War

If all the women of this country would stop buying silk stockings, Japan could be stopped in a few months. This conclusion is very logical. Certainly if not demanded of the women as a patriotic duty to sacrifice, they have always swung into line a hundred per cent. If a bit of money which comes from us goes to the Japanese military, the civilians of Japan who live on rice and fish would suffer no more by our boycott than they suffer by the continuance of this war. Whatsoever we do or don't do, someone will be hurt. In this case, our refusal to buy silk will hurt the Japanese common folk a little. Our continuance to support the Japanese war machine will hurt the neutrals as well as the Chinese. Pull says that 99 per cent favor China here, yet we are Japan's chief ally.

Refusal to make a choice is as much a policy as promising to do something. Wars come because we fail to do things as much as because we adopt policies. The Johnson Act takes sides; the isolationist continues to send their funds.

Pledges that call for passive non-participation are no help. There are more than these two. The greatest crusader was Christ, who made men so furious that they crucified him.

Was comes as the failure of peace planning. We do not submit to personal discipline. We should be camping on the steps of our radios, to see whether action which may save us from the final war cannot be taken.

If Japan, with our help, is unable to invade China, how on earth can she expect to conquer us when both China and ourselves catch ME spreading most of the day in the kitchen. We go to organize our society on the basis of the live live or on the basis of the jungle?"

WHO KNOWS?

1. Where is the Atlantic west of the Pacific?
2. Why is the Red Sea red?
3. How often does the century plant bloom?
4. What animal holds the speed record for running?
5. Which is the longest mountain system on earth?
6. Where is the "Painted Desert"?
7. When was the first newspaper printed in the English colonies in North America?
8. How high does the stratosphere extend?
9. How many U. S. acres have become worthless from erosion?
10. How much gold has come from the U. S. since January 1, 1937?

(See Answers on Page 8)

How to Vote

Mrs. Wigglesworth—"Have you decided how you are going to vote?"

Mrs. Guppy—"I think I'll wear my new three-piece dress, beige rayon with jacket, over a pink shadow-proof panel slip, with those new black net stockings and that close-fitting little hat you saw me wear Sunday."

Try an Eccentric Classified Ad for quick results.

From the Women's Angle

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

Every parent who squirms inwardly while sirens scream, guns bang, bombs burst and the general hubbub of crime on the rampage, comes bursting forth with unwholesome thoughts for children. This Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, psychiatrist and psychoanalyst of New York City, condemned radio thrillers as "emotional toxins," in an address at the closing session of the Chicago Mental Society for Mental Hygiene, recently, in Grand Rapids.

In efforts directed at other sources against over-stimulation of the child, the radio has been overlooked. Yet the ether is so packed with thrillers that it fairly crackles. Under some flimsy pretense, that the dissemination of criminal information is a benefit to society, sponsors are literally "getting away with murder."

When these hair-raising come on the air to the accompaniment of music artistically calculated to curdle the blood, children crawl around the radio. Observing them, one soon discovers symptoms of emotional strain. Hear Dr. Zilboorg on the subject:

"We boast of the educational value of the radio," Dr. Zilboorg said, "but casual observation will prove that the innumerable youngsters' attention is almost wholly absorbed by stories of ghosts, by blood-curdling melodramas, and by hair-raising adventure serials. A child of five voluntarily tuning in on a symphony program would be a phenomenon."

These programs are not only over-stimulating, but many of them are decidedly bad for children. Recently the writer joined a juvenile audience, pinned to the radio for a Sunday afternoon thriller. The radio, and it was still blaring when they left, but when they returned, it was silent, and remained so. But a permanent remedy lies not in forbidding the use of the radio, but in the use of the radio. "To forbid the child to listen to the radio is perilous since that would induce a sense of frustration." At least, it would tend to arouse his curiosity, and cause him to resort to secretive ways and means of hearing programs that gave him a thrill.

Dr. Zilboorg proposes as a remedy that parents encourage children to re-tell or act out their thrillers. His reason is that as the child talks and acts, he creates.

"He comprehends that he is dealing with the simulation of reality, and with reality itself," Dr. Zilboorg explains. "It should be taken into consideration also, that while the method proposed might be helpful to some children, it might fail to bring the same understanding and reaction in others. It might be regarded by others as an indication of parental approval."

A slower but more general remedy might be, through publicity and educational methods, to discourage sponsors by turning the tide of public opinion against harmful programs of this type.

By Carol Dweley

"The whole trouble with housework," observes the budding anarchist dietitian, from the depths of her cozy perch, "is that you make too much work of it. If I ever run a house of my own you won't catch ME spending most of the day in the kitchen." She continues to theorize, unmindful of the gleam in the House-keeper's eye. "Now if I were preparing a meal I'd reason it all out, and make my head save my heels."

That's enough. Before she has time to draw another breath, the budding housewife finds herself in the kitchen, her ears still ringing with the maternal command to: "Go ahead and GET the dinner then." Can it be that there is a faint touch of sarcasm in the tone of the chief-cook-and-bottle-washer, or is she simply being a little bit of a demonstration of HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE?

Well, the youthful housewife braces herself philosophically, and fills the teakettle with water. She decides to peel some potatoes while waiting for the water to boil. As she progresses, it might be noticed that the peelings are thicker and the potatoes thinner than is usual, but let it pass.

A demonic spluttering and hissing from the stove announces that her water has reached the boiling point with a little more enthusiasm than seems exactly necessary. However, after she has finished mopping up the puddle, there is still enough left for the potatoes.

Next comes a green vegetable, which she finds growing very handy in a can on the pantry shelf. Oyster in hand, she studies the problem. The scientific mind advises her to attack the can with the opener until one or the other reacts satisfactorily. She tries force. She tries guile. Finally she compromises and some dressed lettuce (and a little with hazel for her bruises).

While the meat is broiling, she starts to set the table. A cloud of smoke from the kitchen interrupts her, as she ponders over the correct position of the knife.

"How are your heels, dear, are they saving your head?" This homely remark from the restful living room isn't a bit helpful. The poor amateur cook salvages what is left of the potatoes, and asks a final wild look around the kitchen. Then she summons the family to dinner.

Dessert! Frantically she assembles a few bits of fruit and cheese, somewhat the worse for wear, and decides to introduce the family to the Continental manner of ending a meal. "Coffee!" Of course there's no more boiling water and she has to heat some. The family is very tactful. . . . As indeed it should be, seeing that the amateur cook has labored three long hours to get the dinner.

By Nellie Hurley Minnie

Two little girls, widely separated by geographical lines and social circles celebrated birthdays recently. Shirley Temple, the social top model child of movieland, observed her tenth birthday by riding on her private 150-foot roller coaster which has been especially erected for her in her own yard. The second child, whose birthday only a few days before had caused considerable international speculation, was Lilybet, the 13-year-old future queen of the British Empire.

Despite the fact that both girls' birthdays were heralded by much publicity and their own plain little Jane has much more worldly possession, your own plain little Jane has much more future majesty or the fabulously rich Shirley might envy.

There were no quiet family birthday parties for either of these children, for through public admiration these small-girls have been deprived of all sense of privacy. The English girl, because of her birth has resting on her slim shoulders the future existence of an entire empire. Long and tedious years are ahead before she will be fully equipped to do her part in the domain. And Shirley Temple, although one of the highest paid stars in an industry famous for exorbitant salaries, finds her life packed with responsibilities that few children of ten years have vaguely imagine. There will never be carefree afternoon picnics for this child star; she will never know the fun of playing hopscotch with neighborhood boys and girls. Her footprints follow her everywhere, admiring mobs form wherever she goes.

Although these little girls are the envy of children throughout the world in reality it is your own plain son or daughter who is the fortunate one for a childhood free and unhampered by cares and responsibilities, is the priceless heritage of every child.

SPORTSMEN DINE

TRILBY, May 7 (MFA)—Members of the Triby Sportsman's club held their fourth annual banquet here recently and checked off an imposing list of accomplishments for 1938.

Trilby is an incorporated town of about 300 and the sportsman's club boasts a membership of nearly 100 percent. The organization sponsors all recreational activities in the community including hunting and fishing projects, boys and girls indoor and outdoor athletics and senior men and women's groups.

The club maintains a lighted softball field, skeet trap, archery and pistol ranges, and furnishes uniforms and equipment for all boys and girls teams.

Recipe For Success

The man who does a little more than his share each day will eventually succeed.—Aitchison Globe.

Places For Noses

The grindstone is no place for a man to keep his nose, but his better than in other folk's affairs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Is Life?

Life is a shuttle.—Shakespeare.

Kresge Stores Join In Honors For Mother

A special tribute will be paid to Mrs. Catharine Kresge of Saylorsburg, Pa., by her son, S. S. Kresge, and by thousands of well-wishing employees in the S. S. Kresge "dine stores," which he founded. Mrs. Kresge's picture will be displayed this week in the window of all 739 Kresge stores including the local unit, managed by B. E. Holt. The tribute will mark the stores' Mother's Day observation as well as Mrs. Kresge's 100th year, which she is now enjoying.

BITS OF B'HAM

Three girls from the Detroit district will be active in Mt. Holyoke college on Saturday. Miss Mary Wiebel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wiebel of 3825 Oakland avenue, Birmingham, a senior, will play the leading role of "the trachea" in the annual pageant. Miss Constance Lattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Lattie of 620 Laurel street, Royal Oak, a sophomore, will be one of the women pageants in the pageant, while Miss Elizabeth Anne Goodrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Goodrich of 418 Lincoln road, Grosse Pointe, a freshman, will be a masked man dancer.

What Your City Commission Is Doing—

May 8, 1938

Bills were approved in the amount of \$21,860.82, including a two week payroll for the period ending April 30th in the amount of \$6,323.04.

A public hearing was held to consider the creation of a special assessment district covering the cost of construction of a sewer on Coolidge (Monter) Road. No objections were indicated and the assessor was directed to proceed with this roll.

A public hearing was held to consider the creation of a special assessment district covering the cost of grading and graveling a part of Cambridge Road. More than 51% objection was received from property owners in that district, and the hearing was continued until May 29th, 1939.

There was some discussion of the sidewalk situation on the south side of Maple, near Chesterfield, and it was decided to take no action on construction of a walk at this time, but to, during the summer, determine the line of the walk, and remove existing obstructions.

A petition was received, and referred to the manager, requesting that a 29 ft. alley between Elm and Palm streets be closed. Ed. E. Russell, Harry B. Muchman and A. F. Plant were appointed to serve on the newly created Architectural Committee, to serve under the provisions of the Building Code.

Monday, May 22nd, was set as a date to consider the creation of a special assessment district covering the cost of storm sewer on Elm Road from Buckingham to Webster, and thence easterly to a satisfactory outlet.

The manager was authorized to apply for an amendatory grant from the Federal Government for the purpose of completing the sewer disposal project.

IRENE E. HANLEY, City Clerk.

Obituary

Mrs. Margaret F. Taliaferro

Funeral service was held at 2 P. m. Tuesday at the Thomas W. Taliaferro residence in Bloomfield Hills, for Mrs. Margaret Forbes Taliaferro, with Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Marquis officiating. Burial was in Woodlawn cemetery, Detroit. Mrs. Taliaferro died Saturday night after a long illness. She was born July 4, 1862, at Charlestown, Prince Edward Island. The Taliaferros were married in 1886, came to Birmingham in 1912 and moved to Bloomfield Hills in 1926. Mrs. Taliaferro is survived by her husband and two daughters, Mrs. Stanton Clark of Bloomfield Hills, and Mrs. Frederick Ward, of Oxford.

Size 42 Shoes for These Feet



Sole claim to fame by 26-year-old Buster Scott of Snowhill, Ark., is demonstrated above. Buster's feet dwarf the foot of Roy's head. Eight inches wide across the toes, 16 inches long, they're big enough, says Buster, to give him the big foot championship by two feet.

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OVERHEARD IN BIRMINGHAM



"George, you certainly look a lot better since you started sending your suits to Ridley."

"Thanks, Betty. . . . Ridley's Miracle and Form-Fressing make me feel better, too. It's the best cleaning I ever bought!"

3-pc. Suits, 89c—Cock & Curry

RIDLEY Cleaners

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Lawn Mowers \$6.95

16 inch with 10 inch wheels, 5 Disston Steel blades, Roller bearing wheels.

GARDEN HOSE \$3.89

50 ft. length with couplings, 3/4 inch single braid.

CYANAGAS can 35c and 50c

A dust for killing moths, mice, rats and ants.

MOLE TRAPS \$1.25

ANTROL—Set of 4 40c

EEZY WEAR GARDEN GLOVES pr. 75c

All sizes for men and women.

PEONY SUPPORTS 29c

18 inch circle

GRASS SHEARS pr. 49c

WIRE PLANT PROPS 10c to 15c

GARDEN SPRAYS

Dew Special Ferry Black Leaf 40 Arsenic of Lead De-Misture Red Arrow Sherman Williams Pestroy (Dusting Sulphur).

HUSTON HARDWARE

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*Transmission and Differential . . Drain . . Flush . . Refill 49
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OIL CHANGE—5 qts. Sinclair Opaline Oil—Regular \$1.35 \$1.10
*Transmission and Differential . . Drain . . Flush . . Refill 49
SPECIAL—Combination Price \$2.59

Special No. 3

OIL CHANGE—5 qts. Sinclair Opaline Oil \$1.35
*MOTOR FLUSH—Regular \$1.25 N. C.
SPECIAL—Combination Price \$1.35

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