

New Interest in Government Price of Freedom, Says Speaker

Honor Is Paid Memorial Day To Fallen Heroes

If Americans soon don't take a new interest in their own state and local governments, they may find freedom slipping away from them, Ralph L. Lee, of General Motors' public relations staff, told the group which gathered about the soldiers' monument at Greenwood Cemetery for annual Memorial Day services last Thursday.

"Price of Freedom

"Freedom is not license, but involves a definite price," he said. "That price is a real interest and real participation in our government. We must turn over a new leaf and assume these obligations, for if we don't, and through neglect others take on responsibilities that are really ours, we are going to find freedom getting

away from us."

The traditional parade of the day left from the High School going to Woodward avenue and thence to Oak street and the cemetery. The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, marching veterans, formed the backbone of the parade. Others in the line of march included Bruce G. Booth as parade marshal; city officials; the veteran group auxiliaries; war nurses, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, Spanish War veterans; a firing squad and providing the music, was Baldwin High School band in its colorful uniform.

At the cemetery, the Rev. Joseph O. Nelson pronounced the prayer. Brief messages were given by Edwin Minks, VFW; Richard Dewey, American Legion; Mrs. A. Holmes of the VFW Auxiliary; Mrs. Georgia Moore, American Legion Auxiliary; Mrs. R. P. Cole, D. A. R.; and Bill Roberts for the Boy Scouts. War nurses placed the wreath on the monument. After a volley by the firing squad, taps were blown by two students, Harold Jones and Jack Crim.

Reception in Memory Hall

Mr. Lee, who lives at 1009 S. Field, likened the day to a reception in Memory Hall. The departed guests present at the reception have one thing in common, he said: "Each is dressed in uniform, and each dropped the things he was interested in to take up the cause of preserving freedom protecting the country against its enemies and to preserve our democratic way of life. When these guests arrive, they are interested in knowing how well we have protected the investment they made with their lives."

"Our report might be humilitat-

ing. We have been so busily engaged in our own knitting, cutting our own fortunes and taking advantage of the liberty our ancestors brought for us that we have lost sight of the true nature of our freedom. For freedom once granted, and once taken for granted is soon lost. Today we can only think of this subject in terms of the boom and crash of runs in places where democracy is being

Battlefront Here

"However, the battlefront of democracy is also here.

"There was a time when all nations tried to follow us, but because of conditions and the seeming failure of Democracy to provide for its adherents, some have turned away.

In conclusion, Mr. Lee pointed out that the price of freedom is acceptance of the obligation to participate in the government, and second, that "In the enjoyment of freedom we must not forget that we are not alone. Our responsibilities fit of that freedom as individuals without weighing the effect on society as a whole. Our individual and social welfare will not prosper if our individual programs conflict with the welfare of society in general."

Mail Catalogs Appear Funny 50 Years After

BY LINDO MOORE

Consider the alarm clock. Now, a day after a hypothetical, unvoiced waker-upper that murmurs something about that horrid hour of 7 a. m. and suggests that one really ought to arise sometime soon. It is a mere shadow of its sturdy 1890 self. In those days, when men were men, the alarm clock was an out and out tyrant. It shot a lance of light through the night through with a sound reminiscent of a small boiler factory. Came the morning, the sleeper was jerked into consciousness by an alarm blended from equal parts of fire siren and Last Trump.

How many familiar things have suffered a like evolution that in itself reflects the changing history of the United States is something to ponder over. David Cohn pondered to some purpose and his resulting book, *The Good Old Days* is an inexhaustible mine of Americana.

Basing his book on Sears Roebuck mail order catalogues he portrays the moral and cultural wanderings of America not with dull statistics but by recalling the domestic and commercial catgets in use for the past 50 years.

He writes with humor and affection. For one fascinated reflection, he exhumes such antiquities as pianos with mandolin attachments, the Acme Queen and one long clock, two color Bibles, "From Eden to Calvary" by Grandma Beuben Proscott, ladies percale sunbonnets. Fancy colored mummy-effect worsted round cut sock suits and a host of other curiosities. It is a parade of the trade-goods that Americans have been buying—and even lugging home for the past 50 years. It makes an absorbing kind of history. Illustrations culled from the ancient catalogues enliven the pages.

Decade, by Stephen Longstreet. The life of a single family during the topsy-turvy Thirties. From tough, lusty old John Rowlandson down to the twins, evergreen of the family is profoundly affected by the march of unpleasant genetics that characterize the decade.

Bird in the Tree, by Elizabeth Gougeon. The background is the 18th century home of the Elliots, hidden away on a forgotten strip of Hampshire coast. The action takes place in 1938, but has its roots deep in the past.

Unicorns in the Bahamas, by Rosita Forbes. When the world famous explorer wanted to settle down and build a home for her own, she chose one of the Bahama islands as her "isle of Eden." Her book describes not only her own island but delves back in the history of the whole group. Explorers, pirates, savages, business men, adventuresses and soldiers crowd her pages in a vivid pageant.

Night in Bombay, by Louis Bromfield. The brilliantly colorful and decadent cafe society of the Indian city comes to life in a novel of modern drifters and adventurers in modern India. Inexactly mixed in its pages are the lives of a wealthy playboy, an aging, unattractive international spy, rajah, jealous purdah wives, beautiful European adventuresses. The whole makes a vivid portrayal of a bit of not very pleasant characters.

Astronomy for the Millions, by Grant Van Allen. How the secrets of the stars are captured and there are exact directions and chart for casting of horoscopes. Whether or not the reader takes the matter seriously, there is plenty of fun to be had from the book.

Eaton Likens Barnard's Special Train To 'Delivery of Cattle to Market'

As usual, at the recent Republican State Convention held in Grand Rapids, Wayne County's political boss, Edward N. Barnard, hired a special train in which to bring several hundred delegates for the cost of transportation. The Detroit lawyer admitted he paid for the cost of transportation, meals, etc., "as my personal contribution to the Republican Party." Why does he do this philanthropic thing? Because, folks, he expects and gets plenty of remuneration in return, such as jobs and patronage for his followers, nice legal fees for himself. Publisher Elton R. Eaton of Plymouth, likens Barnard's train of delegates to the average "herding and delivery of cattle from the ranch to the market." Here is Mr. Eaton's comment on the subject:

This column is chiefly devoted to interesting information about good old Michigan. While this article may seem a bit out of line with the usual type of material prepared for Michigan, My Michigan, it, nevertheless, is not so much out of place as one might think.

Most everybody has watched at a railroad crossing at sometime when a stock train has rumbled down the railroad track.

The passing of a stock train is always an interesting sight. Specially built stock cars, with wide spaces between the slatted sides provide plenty of ventilation as well as enabling one to see fairly well the kind of stock being rushed to the stockyard as disposed of to the packers bidding the highest price.

Frequently supplies of hay and grain are shipped along with the trains that are loaded with cattle, hogs or sheep, if the trip to the market is to be fairly long one. Sometimes, too, the shippers send along workers to look after the stock and see to it that none is

trampled under the hoofs of any of the crowding cattle.

The other day the writer was over in Grand Rapids when another type of train rolled into that city. No, it was not a cattle train. It was made up of passenger cars instead of stock cars. Dining cars took the place of feed troughs. It was a typically good type of passenger train, such as the Pere Marquette operates.

But there was something about it all that caused the thought to flash through the writer's mind—how similar to a cattle train it seemed!

Herded into the cars were some 200 delegates whose transportation had been paid to a Republican state convention in Grand Rapids. Their fare was paid because it was known that they would vote as the one who put up the cash for their "joy ride" wanted them to vote.

They didn't eat hay or corn—but what chicken! And boy, what straks! The overworked chiefs on the two dining cars filled the tummies of the hungry crowd before it reached Grand Rapids. Always like to feed their cattle well just before the stock reaches the market.

Ever see stock unloaded from a train after its arrival at its destination?

How similar was the procedure in unloading the crowded train of delegates at Grand Rapids the other day.

The gent who said he controlled the votes of these delegates, wasn't at the depot when the train arrived. So the doors of the cars were not opened for more than 15 minutes after the train had come to a stop at the station.

The fellow who boasted that he controlled the votes of these dele-

gates wanted to be there before the delegates might begin swarming out over the city streets. He wanted to tell them just what to do when they went into the district "caucus"; to recognize only those wearing pink carnations. Yes, sir, the delegates had to have instructions as to how they should go to the convention.

After receiving instructions in the ABC's of what to do and what not to do—that is, just how to vote—the doors of the passenger cars were opened.

Ever see cattle herded down a roadway?

The writer thought back to the days when he used to see herds of cattle being driven down a thoroughfare from the railroad yards, as he saw these delegates herded into a big hotel room at Grand Rapids.

And there they voted not according to the dictates of their own judgment, but voted just as their chief herdsman told them how to vote!

What a mockery of decent party government!

Kind reader, this is not just mere jest. The herding of the Wayne county delegates and their submission to orders as to how they should vote, are facts. And the fellow who says he paid for the transportation and the meals on the train is Eddie Barnard, who goes steps, too, at the demands of his super-boss in Grand Rapids.

Girl's Ankle Sprained In Auto Mishap

Irene Closs, 22 years old, recovered a sprained ankle in a crash Saturday morning at 2:47 o'clock when the car in which she was riding, driven by Mike Schaldenbrand, 24 years old, of 1617 Parkview, Detroit, crashed into the parked car of C. M. Davis, 864 East Maple. The moving car was brand new.

The fellow who boasted that he controlled the votes of these dele-

De Molay Honors Lloyd McQuater

Lloyd McQuater, of Birmingham, district deputy for the Order of DeMolay, was honored Tuesday evening in Detroit when he and four others were awarded the Cross of Honor for distinguished service to the Order. He, Otis Alford, another from Bay City and two in Detroit were conferred the honor by Harold F. Koch, of Dearborn, member of the Grand Council. Only 24 of these awards were made this year.

throughout the United States and other countries where the DeMolay is active. DeMolay members are principally under the age of 21. McQuater, a member of the Masonic order, is one of the leaders.

FORCED INTO COLLISION

William Sargent, 28 years old, of 3008 Clairmont, and Doyle Col, 168 E. Wilson, Pontiac, were driven in a crash last Friday at Woodward and 14-Mile road. Sargent net police that in order to avoid a truck, he was forced to strike Col's truck.

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Hospital Attendant Job Is Available

The position of Hospital Attendant at the Selldridge Field hospital is open, the Birmingham U. S. Civil Service office at the Post Office has revealed. Applicants must have had at least three months' experience as attendant, orderly, practical nurse, or student nurse, or related work. The salary paid is \$1,080. Closing date is June 20. Further information may be obtained at the Post Office.

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