Around the Cracker Barrel

One of the most fascinating stories—yet to be written—will deal with changes in the past three years in the Ladies' Dress Industry. It will be a story of a titanic struggle, fierce competition, geographical rivalry and outright piracy.

Your grandmother probably made her own dresses, and those worn by the feminine side of the house. When the need arose she went to a dry goods store, and after looking through a catalogue of models, bought a pattern. At another counter she bought a few yards of cloth, some trimming or lace. The cloth selected may not have been at all suitable for the pattern; indeed the pattern itself may have been one the store keeper had for years. But grandmother liked both, and that's the way styles were determined. After hours of hard work, the completed dress looked like no other in town. It was almost an impossibility for the wearer to ever see a duplicate.

This, of course, was the age of the dressmaker. The town dressmaker was a better than average seamstress, who to some extent also did the designing of her creations. But quite as often the buyer would tell the dressmaker just what she wanted. If that dressmaker really wanted to gain a reputation, she would subscribe to a Parisian fashion magazine. Though she could not read a word of French, she could—and did—copy the models pictured. By this method we became acquainted with that group who called themselves "Parisian dressmakers."

But the way your mother had her dresses made was a lot more tedious than the methods of securing a new gown today. It would take weeks to get the dress, even after many hours of consultation and discussion. And during those weeks were many hours of "trying-on." The cost of the dress was usually quite high, and a really high styled gown of silk or taffeta would cost a pretty penny.

Then the real Parisian dressmakers began to move to New York and a few other points. Their foreign accents, their subtle salons, their garish and unusual designs brought custom from far and wide. Women came to these emporiums of fashion from all over the country, while pattern makers copied the "originals" at will. This was the age when the dressmaker would take a long look at the customer, walk around her in apparent study of her figure and type. At the same time the transplanted seamstress was carrying on an endless conversation which was calculated to produce an answer to a real question: Just how much will the traffic bear?

It was at that time that style magazines began to appear in the homes of the fastidious, and women discussed the relative merits of these foreign stylists. Usually in the end the price tag determined which was the best. Following which certain Parisian salons began to make up gowns in advance of the customer's arrival, and these were shown—one at a time—as the latest creations from Paris. It was great while it lasted—for the dressmaker.

But mass production of ladies' dresses was a certainty. American looms were turning out fabrics as good as any of the imported stuff. American genius for manufacture was beginning to calculate the size of the dress market. The change began. First came the sweat shops in New York, and the mad race for volume and public acceptance was on. After a few years, the sweat shop passed. In its place came the modern factory, with good working conditions, where machinery does precision work, and hours of labor are limited by law. Production began to increase by leaps and bounds. The market began to expand as dress costs went down. Selling became a real problem, and soon everything in the book was being used to get the business.

Style magazines began to spring up over night, and their circulation mushroomed into astronomical figures. Every woman bought one or more of them every month. Women and girls read these magazines as men read the sport pages. Definite trends in styles began to appear, and the fabric became a very important part of the style.

The late war pretty well put a stop to all this, for fabrics were very scarce and production was turned to wartime needs. The Parisian influence went out with the fall of Paris. There was little to denote style trends; whatever you had was O. K. But when peace came again a new war broke out among the dress manufacturers. Paris tried, again, to move in and tell New York what the style was to be. New York laughed. Probably never again will Paris dominate women's styles in America.

But New York didn't laugh when the West Coast began to tell the ladies what the style is. These Westerners, with their usual flair for accomplishment, began setting up their own dress houses, began hiring designers who quickly developed that Western Look. The movies began to plug this Western trend. Men's styles were given a quick overhauling, too. You know what I mean; those so-called sport shirts with a diagonal zipper from your right shoulder to your gun hip. Only Adolph Menjou can wear this stuff right.

Well anyway, the West began to push New York around. But the West didn't get too far in this effort, except in sports wear. In this field the Westerners, with modifications of their original styles, have completely out-maneuvered the Easterners. But in the ladies' dress field the Westerners went to such extremes that the ladies gave them the heave-ho, just like the men. Which was just great for New York, until another State began to horn in.

The great and sovereign State of Texas jumped right into the middle of this brawl. They took some of the best from the East and blended in just a touch of the West. The result has been altogether pleasing, even though most women still feel the Texas styles are a bit too casual for dress wear. Whereupon the West Coasters and the stylists from the Lone Star state make some more quick revisions checked out that ranchy cow boy feeling, and are now making real progress.

While watching all these maneuvers New York was setting its own styles. It came out with the New Look, which swept like a tidal wave over East and West alike. The style magazines plugged it; the movies had to. New York had won the first round. Who'll win the succeeding rounds we don't know.

All of which has been a most wonderful thing for the women of America. This fierce competition, local and sectional, has brought prices down. Today you can buy eight or ten gorgeously designed dresses, made of fine materials, and well tailored, for the same money your mother spent for one or two models from a Parisian salon.

Out of all this have arisen certain leaders, and many imitators. A few dress houses really create the style. These outstanding houses have superior designers, get better fabrics from the best mills, have better merchandising methods. But they are plagued by modern pirates who steal their styles, who rush inferior imitations to the market, and who still try to get the same price as those they imitate. The unwary retailer is being used as an outlet for dresses which are not as good as those they copy. Perhaps a slightly better price, or longer terms, makes it easy to enlist the services of these retailers who think more of profit than their customers' well being.

All of which makes a fascinating story, the outcome of which can't presently be foretold. But one thing can be told now. Campbell's Village Store, when Fall comes round again, will handle the most outstanding styles of the real leaders, East and West. We won't go for any imitations, for anything just as good. We've gone into this whole problem quite thoroughly, so that you can get the very best at the most reasonable prices. It won't be long now when you'll have the pick of the best, at prices which will make dress buying a pleasure.

ROSS S. CAMPBELL,
Proprietor.

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Birmingham Michigan

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ICED TEA AND COFFEE SERVED ON SATURDAY.

Friday Win Moves Chryslers Closer to Second Place

By Bob Berges

The Birmingham Chryslers moved a step closer to second place in the Southern Oakland County League Friday, defeating Royal Oak Wholesale 8-6. George York went the route for the Chryslers after getting off to a shaky start.

The Wholesalers jumped York in the first inning. Cliff Bradley walked. Bob Groves doubled. Al Kruguer brought them both around with a line single to center. Don Johnson forced Kruguer and Howard Bailey lined into a double play second to first.

The Chryslers got those two back and one to spare in their half. Conway Adams walked; Jim Ferns singled him to third. Eddie Miller hit to second and all runners were safe when Ferns beat the force play at second, Adams scoring the first run.

Bases Loaded

John Kalmanek was hit by a pitch, loading the bases. Bill Eade walked, forcing in Ferns. Bernie Borgeau struck out. Jack Nelson grounded to short, Miller scoring. When Kalmanek also attempted to score, he was cut down, ending the inning.

The Wholesalers again took over the lead with three runs in the fourth. Bailey lined to Adams, but Gordon Baker smashed a single off York's glove, and stole second. Carl Hill lined a single to center, but Adams quick play held Baker on third.

Harry Sutterland tripled to deep left, cleaning the bases; and came home on Bradley's single after Mark Hettler struck out. Ferns dropped Groves' grounder, but redeemed himself with a leaping one hand stab of Kruguer's line drive to deep short.

Some Kind of Record

The Chryslers scored four runs in the fifth, routing Hettler, starting Wholesale hurler. During his stay Hettler must have set some kind of a record by hitting four Chrysler batters.

Kalmanek singled. Eade tripled him home. Borgeau singled Eade home. Bill Purdy took over for Hettler on the mound. Borgeau took second on a passed ball and Groves made a diving, one-hand stab of Nelson's smash, recovering in time to tag Borgeau going into third, Nelson reaching first.

Insurance Run

Purdy hit Witt and both runners advanced as York grounded to second. Adams brought them both home with a double to left. Ferns flied to center, ending the inning.

The Chryslers got an insurance run in the seventh when Borgeau singled, moved up on York's walk, and scored on Adams' second double.

The Wholesalers started the ninth with a rush, but York steadied and put out the fire. Bradley singled and moved up on a passed ball. He hurt his leg sliding into second so Cliff Stewart ran for him. Groves scored Stewart with his second double to right.

York settled down here and Kruguer grounded to Witt, Johnson struck out, and Bailey hit a dribbler in front of the plate and Eade threw him out. York pitched excellent ball with the exception of two weak innings, striking out four and passing six.

Theater School's 'Stage Door' Ends Current Season

For the season's final production, the Theatre School at Cranbrook will offer "Stage Door", under the direction of Carl G. Wennberger, with Sally Howard playing the lead on Friday evening and Mary Ann Brownlee on Saturday. Davida Robinson and Louise Kelley will share the role of Olga Brandt; Tally Card and Mary Moore, Big Mary; Jane Burrows and Marilyn Scheel, Little Mary; Alice Shaw and Davida Robinson, Bernice Neimeyer; Ann Averill and Elaine Ditchy, Ann Braddock. Mary Moore and Tally Card, Bobby Melrose.

Louise Bruce and Sheila McGinnis, Louise Mitchell; Peggy Perkin and Carolyn Daneke, Susan Paige; Carolyn Daneke and Marie Bruce, Kendall Adams; William Bailey and Pat Harrington, Sam Hastings. Tom Mills and Ned Schneider, Fred Powell; Johnny Yessayan and Randall Garrison, Lou Milhauser; Ned Schneider and Tom Mills, David Kingsley; Randall Garrison and Don Ross, Dr. Randall; Pat Harrington and William Bailey, Larry Westcott and Tom Thiede and Bob Roensch, Billy.

In both casts are Peggy Reed as Mattie; Marye Rose Raider, Madeline Vauclain; Norma Lee Kase, Kaye Hamilton; Elizabeth Boyne, Linda Shaw; Jo Laucomer, Jean Maitland; Elaine Neilson, Pat Devine; Joanne Mock, Mrs. Orcutt; Roger Pryor, Jimmy Devereaux; Tim Adams, Keith Burgess; Jeanne Helgeson, Mrs. Shaw and Norman Naumoff, Adolph Gretzl.

Ruth Mills and Jeanne Helgeson have assisted in the direction of "Stage Door", with Kit Scheifele and Ruth Mills taking care of the business details. David Locklin and Dick Allen have produced the settings, and Randy Garrison has charge of properties.

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BRIDGE AT THE COMMUNITY HOUSE

By James C. Gray

(A report on the duplicate bridge tournament held every Wednesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. You and your partner are cordially invited to participate.)

'Twas brutal for Birmingham bridge players in the bonspiel of July 28. Because—from Bound Brook, New Jersey, came Bob and Brownie Bates to befuddle us with brilliant bidding, batten on our bobbles, and bilk us out of the biscuits. In the north and south division of this eleven table game no local team came within alibi distance of their score. Bud Polin and Gladys Bogue took second money. John and Florence Kraur were third.

The east and west teams engaged in a slam-bang battle with the lead shifting from one to another all evening. Chuck Crandall and Tom Cookerly finally wound up on top. Ernest Guy and Jean Heugh were second, and Charlie Strelinger and Harry Weller third.

"What exactly are you doing partner?" Tom Cookerly gazed at Chuck Crandall in amazement. The final trick of the deal was about to be played. Chuck apparently had thrown off two of the chair rungs and was diligently scraping them together over an ash tray.

"Fire by friction," mumbled Chuck.

"I don't get it!"

"Gotta eat this ace. Can't stand raw aces. Gotta cook it." The deal:

NORTH
S—2
H—K 10 3 2
D—K 3 2
C—Q 10 9 3 2

WEST (Chuck)
S—J 10 7
H—Q 7
D—A 10 9 8
C—K J 8 7

EAST (Tom)
S—Q 9 8 6
H—J 9 8
D—J 7 6
C—A 6 5

SOUTH
S—A K 5 4 3
H—A 6 5 4
D—Q 5 4
C—4

The auction: South, one spade; North, two clubs; South, two hearts; North, three hearts, South, four hearts.

"In the first place, partner, I was stuck for a lead," said Chuck lugubriously. "South had bid spades. If I led that suit it might give him an automatic finesse. I couldn't afford to lead trump while there was a chance to cash my queen on a finesse up to my hand. And I couldn't see underleading the diamond ace. So I finally decided to lead the club jack.

"You know what happened. Dummy covered; you took the trick with the ace and returned a club. South pitched a diamond and I grabbed the trick with my king. Now, I guess I should have laid down the diamond ace. But it looked to me like South was blank in diamonds at this point and I didn't want to set up dummy's king.

"So I dreamed up the spade ace in your hand and led a low spade, South took the trick with his king, ruffed a low spade in dummy, led a trump to his ace, and ruffed another spade in dummy, establishing the suit.

"Then, you will recall, he made the unspeakable lead of the heart king stripping me of trump. Finally he led two rounds of high clubs from dummy and threw his diamond losers on them. Of course, you ruffed the second one with a high trump but it was too late to set the contract by that time."

MORTGAGE SALE

WHEREAS, default has been made in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage dated September 19, 1947, executed by Earl W. Parrish and Ethel Frances Parrish, his wife, to Michigan National Bank, a National Banking Association, Flint, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County, Michigan, in Liber 2165 of Mortgages at Pages 440-441, on October 9, 1947, and

WHEREAS, the amount claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of SIXTEEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED THIRTY-FIVE and 37/100 ($16,535.37) DOLLARS and interest in the amount of ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY-EIGHT and 32/100 ($188.32) DOLLARS, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, and default having been made whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative,

NOW, THEREFORE, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held) on the 27th day of October, 1948, at 10:00 in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time, of said day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit:

A part of the northwest quarter of Section 27, Town 2 North, Range 10 East, said described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of said Section 27, distant south 0 degrees 14 minutes 10 seconds east, 1075.0 feet from the northwest corner of said Section 27; thence south 0 degrees 14 minutes 10 seconds east 595 feet; thence north 89 degrees 37 minutes 30 seconds east, 1190.36 feet; thence north 2 degrees 54 minutes 50 seconds west, 615.57 feet; thence south 89 degrees 37 minutes 30 seconds west, 846.16 feet; thence south 2 degrees 54 minutes 30 seconds west 20.03 feet; thence south 89 degrees 37 minutes 30 seconds west, 515.83 feet to the point of beginning, containing 16.294 acres, Township of Bloomfield, County of Oakland, and State of Michigan.

Dated: July 22, 1948.

MICHIGAN NATIONAL BANK, a National Banking Association, Flint, Michigan, Mortgagee.

WILSON, HOFFMAN & DAVIDSON, Attys. for Mortgagee, 806 Mott Foundation Bldg., Flint 3, Michigan.

July 29, Aug. 5-12-19-26, Sept. 2-9-16-23-30, Oct. 7-14-21, 19-31

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