Explores Volcano's Crater We take our hat off to Volcanologist Guisseppi Imbo, of Naples, Italy, who, in connection with his duties as director of the Vesuvius Observatory, recently explored the floor of the volcano's crater.

The director got to the bottom of the crater for the first time that any man has explored it in thirty years. He has been trying to make the descent since the last erruption in March, 1944.

Signor Imbo reached the crater floor by means of ropes to inspect the solidified lava and deep crevices, many of them giving off sulphurous smoke. He found no indication that the volcano, recently inactive, has an eruption scheduled for the early future.

But for us, personally, we prefer the less hazardous job of trying to get our car across Woodward at 14 Mile road.

Poor Timber Something tremendously devastating has happened in at least one very important segment of the nation's lumber business. It is apparent everywhere in the land. Grasp a piece of what was once a beautiful tree, and try to make it effective; it breaks and literally falls apart right where you want to use it.

Something should be done about it—maybe a Congressional investigation, or something. We refer to the lowly, but quite necessary wood toothpick. Have you, too, noticed that, especially with the flat ones, their points refuse to remain as part of this universally used tool?

Little Things Cause Trouble One of the perversities of human nature is that very often individuals blessed with many things in common, disagree violently and unintelligently upon the merits of a relatively minor matter.

There seems to be a trait in many individuals that compels them to be fighting about something all the time. If no major issues appear, they vigorously pump up minor questions, arousing ill-feeling and prompting them into positions of seeming importance.

Much the same characteristic is evidenced in our attitude toward the institutions of mankind. Without giving proper proportion to the great and overwhelming good, many of us incline to hunt up minor irritations and in the excitement of the search, we often lose sight of the tremendous good that exists.

100 American school teachers, completing a year of teaching in England under a British-American exchange system, were given a chance to meet and shake hands with Queen Elizabeth. They said it was "the highlight" of their year in Britain. Well, the Queen is a grand lady, of course, but only a human being. There are many other thrilling things to see in Britain, too, and we hope the gals saw enough of 'em to bring back something besides a Queenly smile.

What Will Happen? Evidently not over-impressed by the problems and perplexities which confront the human race, forward-looking astronomers sometimes speculate on what will eventually happen to the globe that we call the earth.

The experts generally agree that the most likely fate is that the sun will explode, shriveling the earth in a sudden, hot death.

Other less likely fates include the cooling of the sun so that the earth will be frozen waste-land, the destruction of the earth because of a smash-up between our sun and another star, the destruction of the earth through a collision with a comet and the possibility that the moon might come so close to the earth as to create tidal waves and volcanoes to wipe out the habitation of man.

While people seem to be interested in the effort to understand the future, there is no occasion for anyone to become excited. The experts do not think that the sun will explode during the next billion years, or more. We don't expect to be hanging around that long.

Know Your Future Mate A Chicago widow a while back put police on the trail of a prospective husband, whom she accused of swindling her out of a substantial sum of money.

Police described the man as a veteran operator, who has preyed on women for half a century. They related other instances where, under assumed names, he paid court to wealthy women and eventually disappeared with their money or jewels. According to the authorities, the man has an international reputation as a swindler.

The publicity given the experience of these women may serve a useful purpose if it warns other women and teaches them to investigate the character and credentials of ardent suitors, who, despite avowals of love, require ready cash.

Siesmographs last week recorded a slight earthquake, supposedly in the vicinity of Michigan's Straits of Mackinac. Do you suppose this was nature's reaction to Governor Williams' dreamy proposal for a hundred million dollar bridge over the Straits?

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Wives of Michigan's Senators Active in Own Special Washington Circles

(Special Story
From Our Washington Bureau)
By Esther Van Wagoner Tufty

WASHINGTON — Michigan is lucky, too, in Senate ladies.

Many, many times, the wives of our two senators "represent" the state, and both Hazel Vandenberg and Myrtle Ferguson have won approval and recognition.

No two women are alike. But these two Michigan women have a special gift for friendship. Different in how manifested, each is sincere and effective in collecting a coterie of real friends and many warm acquaintanceships.

They like people. At any Washington party these two Michigan wives attend, a great many people greet them on a first name basis.

Oddly enough, both have a yen for writing.

Hazel Vandenberg, before her marriage, did a reporting stint on the Chicago Tribune (which now lambasts her husband's foreign policy every Monday). For 12 years she has written . . . for free . . . for the Women's City Club magazine of Grand Rapids.

In that issue, she told her home town club friends about the Atlantic Pact, in her own inimitable way, putting the emphasis on the people who signed the Pact.

She knew the men. Of Britain's "chunky, blunt-spoken" foreign minister Ernest Bevin she said "We had learned to appreciate him during the London Conference, years ago, but he still is a surprise because one never expects such erudition and such oratory from his rough-looking exterior."

And the French Robert Schuman "has one of the kindliest faces I have ever seen."

She speaks of Belgium's Paul Henri Spaak as a "younger edition of Winston Churchill without his cigar." . . .

In these days of recuperating in a Grand Rapids hospital, she continues her association with her friends and writing. She expects to be back in Washington this fall.

Meanwhile, Myrtle Ferguson is leading the same kind of busy official and unofficial social life that Mrs. Vandenberg enjoyed before her illness when her husband was the junior senator.

Her personality sketches of front page folk appear regularly in the Detroit City Club magazine. And they are well written, revealing the kindliness and understanding of the woman who is the author.

Mrs. Ferguson is a great story-teller, too.

The death in Dublin the other day of Ireland's former president, Douglas Hyde, recalls a story she told after a vacation abroad.

At luncheon with President Hyde, Mrs. Ferguson noticed, probably with some amazement, the pictures of England's royal family hanging on the walls of his residence.

Queen Victoria looked down disapprovingly out of her guilt frame.

President Hyde, who like most Irishmen is allergic to the British, stood for some time in front of the picture.

Then he turned to Mrs. Ferguson and said "Fat old buzzard, wasn't she?"

Like the late Irish president, the Michigan senate ladies have not only charm and warmth, but a sense of humor.

Internationally Speaking

By Eugene Hess
International Market Analyst

This report on the Brazilian financial developments is original and has not been published in the United States until today:

One of the reasons for the recent visit of President Dutra of Brazil was the poor dollar situation in that country. We were, therefore, not astonished to hear, at the time, that this country and Brazil had negotiated earnestly about a $150,000,000 loan during that visit.

Since then nothing new has become known, except the very disagreeable fact that the Brazilian government has, on July 17, decided to restrict imports from hard currency countries, meaning mainly the U.S.A., still further. The new "positive list" for permitted imports will be published any day.

What has happened behind the scenes is an object lesson about tact in international relations. In this case a Brazilian statesman has publicly praised the American spirit of cooperation with such exaggerated terms that public opinion in Brazil has turned against the conclusion of the loan agreement which would have been in the interest of both countries, taking a long view of things.

Resonance

If I might never hear again
The sounds that I have grown to love . . .
The laughter of my children,
The tenderness that fills my husband's voice,
Never a concert or a symphony;
Never old love songs sung,
Nor the cadence of an organ's tones;
Our choir at Eastertime
Singing amid the Easter flowers
About the risen Christ;
Christmas carols across the snow,
A morning sermon
Or an evening litany . . .
And never the rhythmic rain against my roof,
Nor the wind blowing among our poplar trees,
My ears forever dull . . .
Still would I hear these precious sounds
For I have kept them all
Safe in my heart.

—BEATRICE McDONALD

Happenings of Long Ago

50 YEARS AGO
July 28, 1899

Frank Schanite and Charles Leet announce the purchase of the John Stabler laundry here. Brother Stabler will remain with the boys until they are capable of handling the work alone. At that time he and Mrs. S. will open another laundry in a nearby community. We extend best wishes to all.

* * *

There is a letter in the post-office, without any address, which was posted July 12. If anyone recalls such a letter, please contact Postmaster John Hanna, who would like very much to send it on its way.

* * *

Stewart Leonard met with a painful accident recently. While cutting brush he made a slip and cut his foot, severing an artery. Dr. Galbraith of Pontiac was called and dressed the wound. Now the patient is doing as well as can be expected.

* * *

The horse that was rented from Wm. Baum a couple of weeks ago was found in a stable at Orchard Lake. The attendant said it was left there by a Mr. Winter, who gave his address as Grand River road. Since Mr. Baum found the horse, himself, he isn't going to have to pay that $25 reward he offered.

* * *

Geo. J. Warner isn't saying much but keeps on sawing wood just the same and the early part of the week sold a horse for the neat sum of a thousand dollars. That is the kind of horses to raise and also the way to sell 'em. Geo. has more of the same class, too.

20 YEARS AGO
August 1, 1929

James Anderson, Jr., for the past eight years chief of the Birmingham police department, has submitted his resignation to the members of the village commission. He will continue as active head of the department until the appointment of his successor.

* * *

Complaints were registered against the village Monday night by members of the Birmingham Golf club regarding the pollution of the River Rouge. A formal request was made asking that something be done to relieve the situation. Commissioners made no comment on the letter, and ordered the matter filed for further study and investigation.

* * *

Because a Detroiter could not pay the $10 fine levied against him by Justice Floyd Buck, for taking undersized fish from an Oakland County lake, his fishing pole was held by the court. The fine was paid Monday and the property restored to the owner.

* * *

A representative of the Wabeek corporation, Monday night asked the removal of three trees on West Maple, between the Wabeek building and the Parmenter flower shop. The matter was tabled and will be given a public hearing on August 12.

* * *

The 82 local boys and their 15 camp leaders have returned from a joyous ten days at Lake Copneconic, where they were guests at the YMCA camp. The registration has far exceeded any previous year, according to Robert Lynd, general secretary of the Birmingham Y.

5 YEARS AGO

Dorothy Nett, 4383 Three Mile drive, is in Pontiac General hospital after receiving painful injuries when her Luscomb plane crashed Monday evening northeast of Birmingham. The cause of the crash is not known. Miss Nett is a member of Detroit's Victory Flying Service.

* * *

Birmingham firemen answered two calls Sunday. One alarm was a small fire at 998 Davis, the second a grass fire at the Sheffield Estates, which got out of control. Officials again warn against leaving grass fires without proper attention.

* * *

The annual water pageant of the Birmingham recreation program will be held Friday night at Barnum pool. The program has been arranged by Peggy Kohr, swimming instructor, and her assistants. They promise the residents of Birmingham something new and novel for this year's event.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Melvine W. Crump arrived here this week to make their home at 247 North Bates. Dr. Crump will begin his pastorate at the First Baptist church Sunday morning. He comes to the local church from Norristown, Pa. Mrs. Crump has always taken an active part in church affairs where her husband has served in the past.

* * *

A program of wiener roasts, dances, swimming and sailing events was the schedule for the 20 servicemen who were guests of Walnut Lake last weekend. The young men, selected from those listed with the Detroit USO, are guests at various homes in nearby communities whenever duties permit weekend passes.

Stormy Weather

Fate of Michigan Marginal Mines in Hands of Senate Committee

By Joseph A. Dear

WASHINGTON—The fate of Michigan copper mines may be decided in the next few days.

All depends on the strategic stock-piling program. Funds for this program are contained in the appropriation for the national establishment, which is now being considered by the Senate Appropriations Committee. And several members urge the program to stock-pile metals United States would need in a war be limited to one year.

According to Senator Homer Ferguson, Michigan Republican, such an action would mean the end of marginal mines in the United States.

On Friday, the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee heard James Boyd, director of the Bureau of Mines, predict continued hardships for marginal producers. He doubted non-ferrous metal prices would return to their post war high.

Boyd said small producers were hit hardest by the price drop because their labor, and other operating costs, are "relatively inflexible". He urged adoption of a program that would lead to the discovery of new mines able to compete with foreign producers.

Boyd also warned the senators that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to reopen many of the marginal mines if they are once abandoned. If not worked, they are in danger of filling with water, Boyd said.

Several of the senators questioned whether the United States mines would ever be able to compete with foreign operations enjoying much cheaper labor unless a tariff protection program was organized.

It is reported major copper producers that are domestic competitors of such mines as Michigan's Calumet-Hecla, oppose the stock-piling program. Both Congressman John Bennett, Michigan Republican and William Lynch, vice-president of the Michigan mines defend the program, pointing to the desperate war-time shortage of copper.

Have You Met? . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Benson Billings and their children, Josh, Stephen, Kathie and Guy who have moved from Portland, Oregon, to 579 Henrietta? Mr. Billings is with the Chevrolet division of General Motors.

THE ECCENTRIC'S
Camera Corner

A medium yellow filter will help you to picture fleecy, billowing clouds on bright, sunny days.

Filters to Help Your Pictures

A FRIEND of mine who has been taking pictures several years stopped me the other day with a question. It seems he had read about filters not long before and wanted to know if they could be used on any camera . . . even a box camera. I assured him they could. In fact, as I pointed out, some picture takers have won considerable fame for their shots using only box cameras with a wise choice of filters.

Sometimes a filter will make a mediocre picture good and one will often make good pictures better. Particularly, pictures taken on bright, sunny days in summer when the blue sky is flecked with white clouds. For a filter helps to darken the sky and bring out those white fleecy clouds. It gives more contrast between the sky and subject when you're picturing landscapes and certain filters will cut the haze that otherwise mars distant landscapes and mountain scenes.

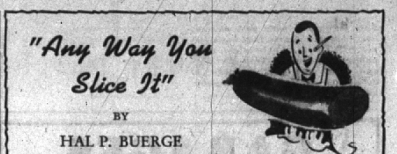
So if you've never tried a filter, these are surely good days to try one. And while there are numerous types, you'll find that a medium yellow filter such as the Kodak Wratten K2 Filter is widely recommended for pictures of various types. Certainly it's a good choice for a single, all-purpose filter.

And it's easy to use since it simply slips over the lens of your camera. Then you're ready to shoot. The only thing you need to remember is to increase your exposure because the filter cuts down on the blue light entering the camera, which builds up contrast between sky and clouds. So you must have a longer exposure to compensate for the fact that some light is blocked.

With a medium yellow filter like the K2 Filter this simply means doubling your exposure, either by using a larger lens opening or a somewhat slower shutter speed. And, if you have a box camera with fixed speed and lens opening, you can still use the filter. It's simply a matter of loading a box camera with extra-fast film . . . your dealer can tell you about it . . . and shooting as usual. The speed of the film will balance the loss of light through the filter, to give a good negative.

So don't, as my friend did, fail to discover the sparkle which filters can put in your pictures, simply because you feel that there isn't a filter of the right type for your camera. They come for all types of cameras. And you'll find that they can help improve almost all outdoor shots these fine summer days.

—John van Guilder



BY
HAL P. BUERGE

You never can tell in what business you are going to fall into the clutches of an unscrupulous crook, and this story is just another example of how the poor, unsuspecting public is losing their shirts to the fiends that prey upon the trusting clientele.

You meet them every day in various and sundry businesses all over the country; on the main streets of our largest cities and at the crossroads in our tiniest hamlets. On the farms and in our factories, one is liable to run into an insufferable sharpie at every bend of the road.

Somewhere in this favored land, there must be some field of endeavor still free of these muckers. Perhaps it is the newspaper business, but I guess that can be catalogued with my more stupid observations. Anyway, before I wander too far from my original theme, it's a pity the way the purchasers are being taken.

Some of you may not be ready to accept this proven truth and to the rest of you it will no doubt prove a cruel blow to your morale. It may even be better to leave uncovered some of these sordid examples of men taking advantage of fellowman, but my oath as a reporter of all the news that's fit to print compels me to air them.

Now that I have prepared you for the pangs that will surely pierce your heart when you hear it, I will inform you that a notable case of dishonesty has been brought to light in the bait dispensing division of the fishing industries. It's a fact, and proof has been established by information gleaned from the findings of Rollie Reese and Joe Moery, local business men, who conducted this amazing test which will be set down among the classics in the annals of game research.

It has been established by this piscatorial pair that at least one vendor of tantalizing bidbits to tempt the taste of the finny tribe should crawl into one of his worm cans to bring the measure closer to an exact count.

A couple of weeks ago our fact finders went on a fishing trip up north, where it was their good fortune to fish on a private lake that was so well stocked that the fish were continually swimming into each other. Their noses were all sore from ramming into one another broadside. To be hooked by a fisherman is considered a means of escape only to be indulged in by a privileged few. This honor is fought for by the bigger and stronger fish on a "winner-gets-caught" basis. This process is termed the "demise of the fittest."

On their way to this anglers' paradise, Rollie and Joe stopped by the side of the road at a bait shack where they paid for, and supposedly received, one hundred worms. Now, let me tell you how this cunning, conniving, culprit literally cut their throats.

Once on the lake, our sportsmen started baiting their hooks, always careful to see that none spilled out of the can and making sure that only one worm was pressed into service. They hauled fish out as fast as they could bait their hooks and in no time they had their limit for the day. Fifty worms and fifty fish. A mighty fine batting average.

Next day they took the same can of worms and started over again. Proceeding at the same pace of one worm and one fish, they soon had forty-six fish . . . but what's this . . . the worms were all gone! The eager fish had taken advantage of every worm and still they had only ninety-six fish.

That viper at the bait dispensory had gyped them out of four worms which is actually much worse than it sounds, because it cheated them out of four fish. This story is only related as a warning to everyone who intends to go fishing this summer. Always count your worms before driving away. No adjustments can be made after you leave the bait shack. "That's too much bother," you say? Okay, do like I do, buy your worms in advance and take them home and have your wife count them.

Michigan Mirror
INTERPRETING THE NEWS

By Gene Alleman

SAULT STE. MARIE—Security fences are back in place at the St. Mary's falls canal.

At the close of World War II the army engineers removed the tall steel barriers. Troops left Fort Brady. The government announced it was abandoning the post established in 1823.

When Hitler's Nazis were threatening to invade England and then proceed by Greenland toward this continent, American workers feverishly constructed landing fields near the Soo. Anti-aircraft troops moved freely on both sides of the American-Canadian international boundary.

* * *

In 1949, four years after V-J Day, Washington military officials changed their minds. The steel gate is back, ready for instant use. Tourists continue to inspect the locks freely as before. Thousands of visitors daily witness the passage of long ore boats through the locks in almost endless procession, day and night.

Fort Brady, recently abandoned, may be restored in 1950 to active status. The government has agreed to permit the state to use the barracks during 1949 as a state hospital. But in 1950—well, that is another matter.

* * *

The Soo is verily a town built by canal locks.

One hundred years ago it was a village of only 500 souls, mostly French and Indians and their half-breed kin. In history this spot at the junction of Lake Superior and the St. Mary's river pre-dates the Revolutionary war by more than a century. The Jesuits built a mission here in 1668. Father Jacques Marquette conducted services in a small chapel surrounded by a log stockade fort.

In 1797 the British constructed a bateau canal and lock, with a nine-foot lift, on the Canadian side. American troops destroyed it in 1814. The British still maintained a fort on Drummond Island in 1815. Incidentally the ruins of this last British outpost on American soil may still be seen. The fort cemetery is nearby. The fort and the cemetery are unmarked and forgotten.

* * *

As a notice that the Soo was an American frontier, army troops built Fort Brady in 1823. The reign of the British and French here then came to an end.

One hundred years ago the portage of goods around the St. Mary's river fall was the Soo's leading industry. In fact when the State of Michigan decided in 1855 to build a canal and lock the inhabitants were highly resentful. The canal threatened to end their livelihood, the carrying of freight around the falls.

The centennial of the Soo's first canal locks, now one of the leading tourist attractions of Michigan, is to be celebrated in 1955. The state legislature has recognized the event, and a bill is now before Congress to assure federal participation.

* * *

Every Michigan child is told in school how the Soo canal carries more freight traffic in a year than all the other canals in the world. The great Panama canal is a piker by comparison, although equally vital to our security.

The military strategic importance of the Soo locks was doubly recognized by the United States government during World War II when a huge ore-loading railroad terminal was rushed to near completion at Escanaba. This project swallowed up many millions of war bond money. It reflected the jittery fears of Washington strategists as to what might happen if the Soo canal locks were bombed out of usefulness by raiding Germans.

Today, as midwest tourists again freely inspect the canal locks, they do so in the shadow of war-time security fences. Fort Brady will probably be reactivated before 1955 when the Centennial is held. This northernly Michigan city remains a key economic artery of our nation in peace as in war.

Have You Met? . . .

The newcomers from Oak Park, Ill? They're Mr. and Mrs. Claude D. Olmstead and son, Paul who are now living at 1898 Graefield. Mr. Olmstead is on the controller's staff at the Ford Motor Company.