

# Around The Cracker Barrel

Just twenty years ago Jimmie Walker was leading parades of policemen, firemen and master barbers up Fifth Avenue. He would be well out in front, smiling, bowing, and doffing his Tammany model silk hat to an adoring populace. The sachems and sages of Tommunt would follow more sedately behind, attired in their uniforms of striped trousers and cutaway coats, but sedately resenting the antics of their bantam mayor ahead.

Jimmie would probably step out of line to accept a rose for his buttonhole from an old Irish lady standing by the curb. And by a queer coincidence, numerous press photographers would be right at that spot with camera ready.

A speech on the City Hall steps would be the fitting climax to the four mile hike, and after bursts of oratory and humor, the city's idol would repair to a place where music and dancing were the stock in trade. Around the table a few valuable concessions would be passed out to the worthy, and the city government would dance lightly on its way.

Later, when Judge Seabury was able to get the jumpy little mayor back in this country long enough for a few questions, Jimmie parried them all with light quips. He was still the hero of the people, but they were beginning to wonder if their Jimmie wasn't just a bit too light for the job.

A fair weather sailor he was. Giving no thought to the real problems which faced his city of five boroughs, he was tremendous when the spotlight was upon him, but faded into nothingness when the joy ride was over and the pressure was on.

Since Manhattan's playboy mayor was dimmed into obscurity, we've suffered a great depression and a tremendous boom. Through a sort of infectious national pessimism we allowed our economy to reach a new low during the thirties. And because of an infectious national optimism, we also allowed our economy to reach a new high in the years since the war.

We are now apparently in one of those transition periods and we don't rightly know where we will end. In the last half century our economy has been like the pendulum of a clock, swinging from side to side. We've had nothing but extremes. And what we wonder now is, will the pendulum of our economy swing to its fullest extent in the opposite direction?

What happens to us in the next few months, or year, will be answered by us alone. If we are the same fair-weather sailors that we've been in the past, then we'll come closer to being engulfed by the waves. But, if we are real sailors, enjoying the chopping of the waves and the blowing of the gale, then we'll continue to sail on until we reach here to sell—and everyone is selling something—how many

I see reports that the stock market is low, and that unemployment is increasing. Let's not be overcome by either. Since the advent of the Securities and Exchange Commission, with its attendant laws and rules, the stock market has long since ceased to be a barometer of our economy. The average stock trader is a person of optimism and fear, but mostly fear. No one in this world can run faster than stock traders when they get the jitters. They should hold every Olympic record. They are the fair-weather boys of our national economy, right up in front when the band is playing and the sun shining—but slinking in their hide-outs when the piping gets tough. And it takes a professor of economics to ferret out their usefulness in our scheme of things.

And the papers say more people are out of employment. Some people just don't want to work, and the slightest excuse from the stock traders that a few clouds are on the horizon will cause them to sail their boat to the nearest sand beach. There is a group in this country who love to be unemployed, especially since a generous government will make their lack of employment the reason for bountiful dols. A man can work, always, if he has a mind to. There are still a million ways to make a living in this country, but you have to want to enough.

We are the people of this country, and we determine its thinking. We've squawked mightily in the past few weeks, and Congress rushed to adopt the major portion of the Hoover method of cutting costs of government. We can refuse to permit our economy to work its way into something like a full-dress depression. But we won't bring such a thing about if we join in the chorus with the stock traders and the unemployed.

Consider your own business. How much of your potential market do you enjoy? Now, honestly, isn't it true that you've hardly scratched the surface. No matter what you have to sell—and everyone is selling something—how many people don't you sell? What can happen to your business if you stretch out a bit for newer markets, or if you more intensely cultivate the market you are in?

Let's quit talking about readjustments, periods of recession, and about a depression. And when we have muzzled ourselves, let's think and act enthusiastically and optimistically. It's either our world to conquer, or the other fellow's. We'll either sail our ship into the gale, and like Ulysses "beat the sounding furrows till I die," or we'll head for the nearest beach and hide in the bushes.

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## BEVERLY HILLS NEWS

By DOROTHY KELLY  
Phone B'ham 4349

### Picnic Breakfasts

Mrs. Bob Steer of Auburn Circle were co-sponsors with the Donald Quaffes last Sunday at picnic breakfast at Palmer Park. It was 25 members and nine children of the Co-Lumni Club that partook of most baked goods and eggs cooked on an open grill.

A. R. Lafont, 32251 Arlington, gave a stag breakfast Saturday. Mrs. Miles Burke, Robert Donlay, Tom Witteridge and William Ford and Art "Jabofoed" were a breakfast of fresh strawberries, ham and eggs, they all went to the Lake Forest Country Club for a day of golf.

### Fish Story

Jim Morel is back at 4324 Arlington after a week's fishing trip in Northern Canada. One wouldn't believe the fish grew that big, but Jim has pictures to back up each couple of nights that they slept in their clothes and still nearly froze.

### Newcomers

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Kenney and daughter Karen, age 2, moved into their new home at 4411 Amherst Road. Kenney is associated with his father in the Kenney lumber company.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew J. Setina and daughter Mary Jane, age 7, are now living at 3904 Auburn Drive. Setina is Carson Boice's service manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Adair are in their new residence at 4124 Arlington Drive. The Adairs have three married children, Robert who lives in Berkeley, Lorraine, Mrs. Lawrence Gouvere of Detroit and John who was married last Saturday to Kathleen Moore in the Lutheran Church. Jack and Kathleen will make their home in Oakfield in Detroit when they return from their honeymoon. Adair owns the Adair Press in Detroit.

### Supervised Play

The Royal Oak-Beverly Hills association announces that it will have a supervised playground at the old Knight-Meard real estate office on Grandview and Sheridan drive. Miss Helen Von Weller will be the leader and the hours will be 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Morning class will be for the tiny tots and the afternoon for the older ones. Sally Douglas has volunteered to help Miss Von Weller, and if any one else would be willing to give a few hours time a week, it would be a great help.

### Bus Family

Seon Skinner is five. He invited Carl Wagner, Greg Doe, Mary Heller and Dickie LaFave and Wendell Frouge to his party last Saturday. He had little plastic carts with candy, a big three-layer cake and lots of little favors to take home including a Jump Jump Doll for each one. Seon has started riding lessons too and feels real big when he jumps out of his stirrup. In fact, a lot of things have been happening over there at 4405 Seminole. Frank, the head of the family, has just returned from a month's business trip to California. Kitzys, has just had four more little Kitzys and would like to find some nice little boy or girl to help her take care of them.

### Visitor From England

Katie and Tommie Doo went out to the airport last Monday to pick up Collin Richardson from Sperry Limited which is located

### Carnation Print

Like a cool breeze on a hot summer day is this latest rayon dress with its fresh carnation print. The lovely spun rayon fabric, made of Avicore rayon yarns, is cool, soft, and pleasing to the touch. It washes and irons beautifully.

just outside of London. Richardson came over from New York and went to the U. M. Her grandfathers, James Scobie and uncle, Andrew Scobie, arrived from New York on Wednesday to be here on the graduation Thursday as well as the sports house. They returned to Ontario on Monday.

### Dinner Guests

Jane and Frank Egan, 32261 Arlington, entertained at a chicken barbecue on the lawn last Sunday. Mary Ellen Mead, Jane's sister, and her husband Jack and daughter Jane Ellen were the guests. The affair was such a hit that the Egan are already planning another for this Saturday when a group that has been rotating with pot luck dinners will meet at their home. These guests will include Mr. and Mrs. Bethel B. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Herm Everhardus, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bolton and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Adams, 1439 Fulton Place, let several people take advantage of the cool temperature in Beverly Hills and entertained 16 people on the lawn of their home Sunday for drinks. Both Mill's and Dorothy's fathers came for Father's Day. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brown and their three kiddies and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wiegerink, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer, Elaine, and Rae Palmer, were present. Elaine, who is Dorothy's sister, stayed with the Adams'. She just received her B.A. from Colorado College and hopes to go into social service work. She majored in psychology.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Heikkila honored their daughter Martha at an open house, held on the lawn of their home at 30799 Fairfax last Sunday. The trees were decorated lavishly with maroon and white crepe paper, which were the class colors of the Baldwin graduating class. The buffet table carried out the same color scheme with ham and turkey and all the trimmings.

Mrs. Hubert Heikkila of Detroit, Mrs. William Johnson of Highland Park and Mrs. Emil Pyrola of Farmington assisted Mrs. Heikkila with the serving. Relatives, neighbors and friends

### Welcome Home!

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Triefel of Arlington Drive crossed their threshold last Sunday in a different way than they ever did before, and with much more excitement than they did last January when they stepped over it for the first time to be in their new home. This time they had a son, Paul Martin, Jr., who was born June 9 at Larper Hospital.

### News in Brief

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Naylor, 32338 Sheridan, finally decided they couldn't stand anymore of his uncertain Michigan weather and left for their summer vacation. They will visit Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., and Jacksonville, Fla., before starting homeward. Their three children, Carlone, Virginia and John are accompanying them.

Jane daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Adams, is off for a whole summer of swimming. Last Sunday her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmers came to visit them. Jane returned with them to spend the summer at their cottage on Duck Lake.

Frankie, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. X. Murphy, 32280 Auburn Circle, will leave for his grandparents' home in Howell tomorrow to spend a week.

The Al Joldersma with their two little ones, Diane and Tommie started off on the first leg of their vacation. They will visit Mrs. Joldersma's family in Iowa, and on the way home stop-off in Holland to see his parents.

Fran, Snellham and Betsy Warner, both of Auburn Circle, spent last Friday at the fair given by the Junior League. They both attended the monthly meeting of the League held at the Country Club in Gross Pointe on Tuesday. Mr. Warner asks that anyone having books which they might place on the League carts for hospital patients, please contact her.

Mr. and Mrs. Gelvin Pearl, with their guests Mr. and Mrs. Army deZavignon of Detroit, had dinner at the Pine Lake country club one day last week, returning to the Pearl home on Verona Circle for the evening. On Friday Colvin

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