

Was A Time Time Gave A Bad Time

By Alice E. Morgan

The summer season is drawing closer by the minute, and here we go again, getting out a pad and pencil and sharpening our knowledge of arithmetic every time we try to plan a trip. Does the train, bus or plane leave on standard time, or daylight saving? Does that give us an extra hour or take an hour away? About the safest thing is to get there two hours early and just climb wearily aboard our transportation when it is ready to leave.

Detroit, at last fall's election, voted to retain standard time. Neighboring states are in advance, or daylight saving, time. Radio

programs and transportation are about the only sources of difficulty, and should not prove to be too much of a stumbling block. Just think what it must have been like in this country, years ago. In fact, it was not so long ago, and there must be persons living in Birmingham today who can recall when Michigan had 27 different time zones.

Took a Hand

That was before the railroad in 1883 took a hand in things and staged the General Time Convention. On October 11, 1883, the railroad adopted a definite "standard of time" which established five time zones—one in the eastern provinces of Canada and four in the United States, called eastern, central, mountain and Pacific times.

Before that there were nearly 100 different time zones, none clearly definable. Nearly every section had its own local or "sun" time. Your jeweler had his own "time" and your neighbor, patronizing another jeweler, might carry

a watch 20 minutes off from your line! A traveler across America would have to change his watch 20 times during the journey sometimes even turning it ahead as he proceeded westward.

Travelers Were Confused

As with the weather, no one did anything about the many "times," until the railroads staged their convention, prompted by the dissatisfaction of their transcontinental travelers confused by the time set-up. Under the railroad system the four U.S. zones were to use the "sun" time at the 75th, 90th, 105th and 120th meridians west of Greenwich, England, and all railroad clocks were ordered set to the new standard at noon, Sunday, November 18, 1883.

The Federal and state governments had no hand in the plan and some rebelled at it but the public liked the idea and quickly adopted the new standard. Eventually in 1918, or 35 years later, the Federal Government came around to thinking it was O.K.

Handed Leaflets Describing UN Town Meeting Here May 16



Photo by Sam Blanton
C. F. Guilford, Mrs. W. H. Selmeier, Mrs. Philip Pretz and Mrs. Duncan Hamner. Similar plans are being made to meet commuter trains the evening of May 16. (See story on Page One, Part One.)

County to Open Animal Shelter in Pontiac Saturday

As a climax to "Be Kind to Animals" week, the Oakland County Animal Shelter will open Saturday, May 7. Open house will be held for the public from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., according to Frances Bowles, corresponding secretary for the society.

Robert Connor, president of the Oakland County Animal Welfare Society, with offices at 1200 E. Walton, Pontiac, said that this shelter would provide proper care for animals from this vicinity throughout the year. "Every humane society," he said, "is dedicated to the task of securing the prevention of cruelty to all voiceless creatures. This job includes proper and prompt attention for all animals which may be sick, injured or otherwise in need of care."

The animal shelter will provide this care for animals from this vicinity whenever their plight is brought to the attention of the welfare authorities.

There are 10 soda fountains in the United States to every one in Europe.

Commuters arriving back at the Grand Trunk station Saturday afternoon were handed flyers telling of the "UN Town Meeting" to be held here May 16. Mrs. Stanley Cain, UN chairman, was assisted by Mrs.

Skinned Knees, Puppy Love, School Days--Mother Helped You Through All of Them

By Alice E. Morgan

Greeting card people and poets go into tall spins about Mother's Day, but what about us poor mortals who are "just folks"? We can, of course, refute the statement, which some make, that Mother's Day is a farce; that Mother should be honored last year, not just one day; that it seems hard to believe that in the meaning of the day, yet there are those who consider it that way.

On the other hand, there are the millions who are happy to have that one day when all Mothers stand in the limelight. They are the ones who quite frequently pause, on that day, to consider just what Mother means. Remember when you were very small? Remember the bumps you got, the skinned knees, the scratches and bruises? Remember how they became so much less by just having Mother look at them? She talked so quietly as she pulled the slivers and thorns out of chubby fingers that they really didn't hurt—too much. She made a game of putting on salve and bandages so that it wasn't so terrifying.

Calm and Unafraid
Remember the dark nights when dad came put quilts and spoons in the corners of your bedroom? Mother used to come into the room, her voice calm and unafraid, and sooth away those bee-bee jeebees in no time at all. Heaps of kisses and warm words spread across your forehead as her hand tucked in covers in around your chin and gave the pillow a final pat. And if the dreams were too bad, she might even lie down on your bed until you were fast asleep again. Remember...

Maybe there were times when she spanked you. Now, of course, you wonder why the poor abn wasn't driven to it more often, but it was pretty serious, then. It really wasn't right to paint the cat, nor to fill your pockets with flabworms, and forget to take them out before the overalls went into the laundry.

When she caught you smoking Uncle John's pipe, that wasn't such a good idea, either, any more than throwing a rock through the neighbor's window, or snowballing her little boy just because he cried so loud. No, those things weren't what Mother expected of you, and not being a jester, she had to use other corrective measures. She didn't want to be cruel, but she did want her youngsters to be well-liked and well thought of.

Wear Them Another Season
Remember when you wanted that kite, or pony, or dog? If the money was a bit scarce right then, Mother usually decided she could brighten up last summer's hat and coat and wear them another season. They were still in style and really were not too badly worn. Nor was it impossible for the winter outfit to be good enough for another season when you wanted a new sled for Christmas, too. Remember?

Remember how proud she was whenever you took part in a church or school program? Her eyes would shine, helped a little by the tears which were so close to the surface, and her hug was a little harder that day than it usually was.

When you graduated into high school her pride was a little sad. High school seemed so grown up to her. It meant dances and going to football and basketball games; some of them were even out of town and ended quite late at night.

Never Made Fun of You
About this time your love affairs began to bother you, remember? You moped around the house, at times, couldn't sleep and didn't want to eat. Mother was so understanding, and never made fun of you. She treated you swell, considering your problem as very serious, for of course it was. You knew you could always ask her advice, and no matter how busy she was she'd take time to talk it over with you.

Remember how patient she was when you reached the stage of plunging into every fad with both feet? She fixed your clothes to make you look like Clara Bow or Rudolph Valentino, and didn't say too much about the new diets you adopted which raised hob with her cooking routine. She was quite understanding about it all your

phases, and endured them patiently. Then college came along. She had nearly burst with joy when you stood with the other high school graduates to receive your diploma, and hung it on the wall just as soon as it was framed. That summer, though, you used to catch her with a far-away look in her eyes and she looked down the four years you would be away. Four years of new adjustments for you made life troubled for her.

Always Understanding
On graduation day she was there though, remember? She tried so hard to treat you like a grown-up, but it was hard, because you were still her baby. She managed fairly well, though, and you were terribly proud of her. Why, she was the nicest looking mother on the campus. She glowed, she was happy, she was there, she was your mother.

Yes, mother was always there and always understanding. She stood by through thick and thin. When childhood squabbles came along she smoothed them out, or stood by while you did it. When trouble came to you, you knew very well Mother was at your side, all the way through. She shared your sorrows and your joys, and she had many tears over your troubles of which you knew nothing.

You're grown up, now, but Mother is still with you. If you have a family of your own, she shares your pride in them, and you understand her more, now. You're happier to have that one day when you pay her extra-special tribute. If you're far away from her, it's about the only day you have.

Sure, there are birthdays and anniversaries, Christmas and other holidays, but these have to be shared with the rest of the family and with friends. It's the second Sunday in May that is for her, and her alone. It's about the only day in the year you can get your sentiment run wild enough to let you put your arm around her real tight, and whisper "God bless you, Mom!"

An oil-burning gas turbine locomotive with 3,000 horsepower and a maximum speed of 150 miles per hour has been designed by a Midwest manufacturer. The designer says the high speed is possible because the locomotive's center of gravity is low.

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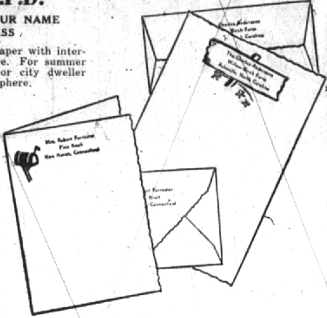
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