

Woman's Club Plans Annual Meeting and Luncheon on May 2

Tuesday, May 2, in the Community House, members of the Birmingham Woman's Club will hold their annual meeting and luncheon. Mrs. H. D. Harris, president, will preside. Members of the Junior Department, with Mrs. R. J. Deimars as chairman, are making the luncheon arrangements and are planning a fashion show to follow.

Acting as models will be Mrs. L. M. Randall and Mrs. A. E. Eber, sole of the Junior Department. Mrs. W. D. Brenkert, American Home Department; Mrs. W. B. Archer and Mrs. E. A. Main of the Literature Department and Mrs. Earle Steele of the Fine Arts Department.

EACH MODEL will wear six

changes of costume featuring the newest spring and summer styles. Mrs. W. A. Rosso and Miss Yvonne Marshall will act as commentators while children of Junior Department members will model fashions for the small fry. The show is being presented by two Birmingham stores.

Others assisting the chairman are: Mrs. Robert N. Hornbuckle, Mrs. Harry Conwell and Mrs. James E. Tobias. Mrs. Robert J. Ebert is chairman of the luncheon tables and is assisted by Mrs. Bennett Root, Mrs. Brewster Sedgwick, Miss Betty Bricker and Mrs. Charles F. Zeigler.

The nebula in the constellation

Hills Branch of Garden Club Will Meet on May 1

May Day will be celebrated by the Bloomfield Hills branch of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association at 1:30 p.m. on May 1 when the group meets in the Brady lane residence of Mrs. Marcus Cunningham.

Mrs. Cunningham will show pictures of her recent trip to the Caribbean as the feature of the afternoon.

There will also be a question

Business Women to Hear Mrs. Gillen Lecture on Dolls

The Birmingham Business Women's Club has scheduled its mother-daughter banquet for 7:00 p.m. in the Community House on Thursday, May 4. Miss Margaret Twigg will be the toastmistress of the evening.

Mrs. Harmon Gillen, of Dayton, Ohio, will be the guest speaker on the subject of "Dolls Mothers Around the World". In connection with her lecture Mrs. Gillen will display her entire collection of over 200 dolls.

On the committee arranging the

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Obituary Notices

**MRS. BERTHA K. HOUGHTON**, 71, was buried in White Chapel cemetery Saturday following services at the Bell funeral home.

Mrs. Houghton died at her home, 1184 Dorchester last Thursday. She was born in Westwood, Pa., on May 24, 1878. She was graduated from the University of Indiana and the University of Michigan. She was married to Harry G. Houghton in Marion, Ind., in 1907, and came to Birmingham to make her home seven years ago.

She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Arthur McDonald, with whom she lived; a brother, Dr. Harry Killene and a sister, Miss Anna Killene of East St. Louis, Ill. Another sister, Mrs. O. P. Sharp of Winkinsburg, Pa., also survives.

**MRS. MARY M. CREW WILSON**, 83, died April 15, at her home, 1150 Westwood. Mrs. Wilson was born in Wabash, Ind., on Aug. 13, 1866. She attended the schools there, the Classical school at Indianapolis and Wells college in Aurora, N.Y. She was married to Edward Wilson at Wabash in 1890.

A member of the First Presbyterian church of Wabash, Mrs. Wilson was also a charter member and past president of the Woman's City Club and of the Woman's Reading Club. She has been a resident of Birmingham for the past five years.

Mrs. Wilson is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Wilson Gaffill and two grandchildren, all of Birmingham; a sister, Mrs. William W. Strickler, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and a brother, J. H. McCrea of Syracuse, N.Y.

Services were held Apr. 17 from the Bell funeral home after which the body was taken to Indiana for burial in the family mausoleum at Wabash.

**MIKE KISS**, 85, of St. Elizabeth home, Bloomfield Hills, died in a Pontiac hospital Friday night after a long illness.

Mr. Kiss was retired businessman, founded a packing house in Detroit many years ago.

The survivors include a son, Tibor, of Chelsea, and a daughter, Mrs. Stephen Benko of Hungary. Ten grandchildren also survive.

Rosary services were held at the Manley Bailey funeral home Sunday afternoon with a requiem high mass in the St. Elizabeth chapel on Monday. Burial was in Woodmere cemetery, Detroit.

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**Around The Cracker Barrel . . .**

A few evenings ago we attended the annual meeting of a nearby township. Being one of the few remnants of our government where action is dictated by the direct action of the people, and not through chosen representatives, we had looked forward to it with a slight feeling of nostalgia. Here would be an example of real democracy at work, where neighbor met with neighbor, where anyone could express an opinion, where the majority ruled. It would be a treat. I just knew it.

As soon as the meeting opened in a hall packed with people and with scores more unable to get in, the chairman of the meeting sounded a strange note for a democratic meeting. Even before reading the minutes of the previous meeting, he read from the Statutes of the State of Michigan a section empowering him to have removed from the assembly any person who refused to obey the orders of the chair. This pronouncement was met with merriment, a few boos.

Now what could this be for? It soon became evident. The populace had been welded into a pressure group by some articulate manipulators of public opinion. The people were not in attendance to take care of the business of the township in a normal and sane manner. They were assembled to vote as a block for those things which their rabble-rousing leaders had decided.

Insuendoes, invectives and outright accusations were the part and parcel of each tirade directed at the superior and the township board. Nothing was said with a smile. It soon appeared that people had not attended this meeting for the purpose of properly doing business, but only to give vent to premature impressions of immature minds.

I thoroughly dislike the term "adult education." It has a connotation which is a bit pathetic. It brings up a vision of some poor soul trying to learn something that should have been learned years ago. It always seems to be placing an adult in the same mental class as a youngster. Yet, in spite of my dislike for this almost universal term, I can't seem to think of any other term which is more definitive.

But after attending that sorry, pathetic exhibition of adult behavior, it seemed to me that something was very lacking in their thought processes. When adults can be herded into pressure groups by the read and spoken words of rabble-rousers, then there is a great and evident need for this thing called adult education.

The mind is a great and curious mystery which can be brought to its fullest fruition only by use. No lazy man ever developed a fine intellect, and no intellect however fine remains that way without constant nurture.

We adults can lose all those things we hold precious if we do not continually train and use our minds. It is not enough that we hold one or more university degrees. There has been a great improvement of the mind up to the point of receiving such a degree. But if the mind is not further trained after that time—and continually—then that partially trained intellect becomes dull and sluggish.

It is indeed a wise man who knows that education never ceases, who continues through life to feed his intellect as he does his body. Unfortunately, such men are few. Too many of us are content with having received an "education," feeling that we have arrived at the intellectual millennium, and not keeping that mind of our's fed with those things which mean growth.

Doesn't it seem strange that so many of us have no intellectual curiosity about the workings of government? We complain bitterly against those things we won't take the time to understand. We bitterly attack procedure taken by governmental agencies because we will not learn that those procedures are required by laws which have been passed to protect us from even worse abuses. We rave and rant at pedagogs in government, but by so doing become the prey of the rabble rouser.

Looking back at that township meeting, which was conceived by our forefathers in the glorious conviction that men had a right to determine their own destinies, I am quite sure that this herd of thoughtless persons who had become welded into an iniquitous mob were not conscious that they were giving an exhibition of how our inalienable rights are lost. They were not thinking, because they had forgotten how to think. They were being led, as a dumb sow is led by the nose to the butcher's knife.

I do not pity the man who won't think; rather I condemn him. He is the most dangerous individual in our civilization. He makes possible the work of bearing; he makes possible the use of vociferous pressure groups calculated to steal our liberties; he makes force into right; he leads us down the road to serfdom.

This seems like a far cry from operating a store, but not too far. Intelligent men everywhere are constantly striving to find a better way. Men of trained minds strive to gain profit for themselves by devising methods of giving the public better value. Dullness has no place in either the production or manufacture of goods. Competition exists only where competitors are keen, alert and inquiring. Competition brings you better values, it brings better services.

We have a job to do on this adult education. The subject of our attention doesn't live across the street; he lives in our own house, wears our suit, is us. Let's take a look at him in the mirror tomorrow morning as we shave, and see if we can get an honest reflection of just what is back of that beardless brow. Maybe we'll say to him, "You look a bit rusty to me. We'll see what we can do to brighten you up a bit."

ROSS S. CAMPBELL, Proprietor

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