

"Calling Husband Like Calling A Hog!"

Here's a timely subject for editorial comment that may interest housewives the world over! It comes from Michigan State Fair headquarters in Detroit . . . so here we pass it on to you:
Wives, the proper way to call your husband is to imagine you are calling a hog.
Anyhow, the Michigan State Fair says the technique is the same and advises ladies entering in its husband calling contest to observe the same rules set up in the Premium Book for the hog calling.
Both contests again will be featured at the State Fair September 2 through 11. Until this year there were no judging conditions for the husband calling event and when someone thought there ought to be, general manager Donald L. Swanson, a husband and father of four children, took a look at the hog calling rules. He concluded they would do for husbands, too.
So here's some hints on calling your hogs and/or husbands, as explained in the

Premium Book:
Thirty per cent for volume necessary to reach the ears of the hogs and/or husbands, especially if they are in the back eighty and the wind is blowing from the wrong direction.
Twenty per cent for variety which is more effective than a monotonous, uninteresting call.
Twenty per cent for voice charm or appeal which convinces the porker and/or husband of sincerity and honesty.
Ten per cent for originality which allows the hog and/or husband to distinguish its master's voice from those of the neighbors.
Ten per cent for musical quality which makes hogs and/or husbands happier and light-footed as they come in to eat.
Ten per cent for facial expression of caller in action which is the surest way of judging the extent of the effort.
By the way, all State Fair entries close August 12 this year—including entries in the hog and/or husband calling contests.

Baseball Needs More Evenly Divided Teams

A business firm sometimes does better if it helps its competitors. Owners of baseball clubs might ponder this.
Experience has proved that more people come out when ball teams are evenly matched and each has a chance for the pennant.
A runaway race keeps rosters at home. That's where they stay when one team is hopelessly inferior, too.
This is the situation now in the American League. Kansas City and the Balti-

more Orioles are not in a class with the other teams.

THE STRONGER CLUBS might well think about trading or selling surplus players to these weaker clubs. The winning teams are afraid of losing ground to their more dangerous rivals, but that may be short-term wisdom.
In the long run, baseball games might be better and more equally attended if every club had a pennant chance.

Mumbo-Jumbo In the Michigan Central Railroad Station

A few days ago we were at Detroit's Michigan Central Station to meet a relative and, among other things seen and heard, was the train announcer's voice over the loud speaker. To understand what the announcer was saying was not possible; it was a mere jumble of guttural sounds with an occasional word you would know. Here is a small, but important, sample of antique and obsolete railroading.
In this day of tremendous progress in electronics and radio and TV speakers, plus Hi-Fi stuff, why doesn't the Michigan Central (or New York Central) improve

the equipment over which train arrivals and departures are announced to the public?
Would a half dozen less-loud speakers, (instead of one blasting speaker) placed at proper acoustically determined places in the station improve the situation?
We'll wager it would!
Anyway, here's hoping somebody in authority and connected with the NYC will read this constructive criticism and do something about the problem.
We'll learn when next we visit the big station.

Kindly Little Acts Makes Friends

To make a man a friend, it is not necessary to do something spectacular. Little acts of courtesy and helpfulness are far longer appreciated. This holds true also of friendship between nations.
One token of friendship is the American Library in Paris, which is now 35 years old. In 1920 it was founded partly by an endowment from the American Library Association, and partly by a gift of books no longer needed for the camp libraries of the American army.
The aim was to make available to the French the best in American literature and other intellectual achievement. The

best current books and magazines have been provided.
THE AMERICAN LIBRARY in Paris has weathered the depression, World War II and the Nazi occupation. To the original library has been added a branch on the Left Bank of the Seine River in Paris, and branches in six other cities. It has 80,000 books and circulates 300,000 books annually.
Undoubtedly it has helped greatly to make the Frenchman realize that the average American is not the greedy plutocrat of caricature, but a person with tastes not unlike his own.



Vacation

HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE

By ALICE E. MORGAN

In looking over an early copy of the premium list for Michigan's 1935 state fair, we noticed two contests for children: a horse sense and a hog calling. We think there should be a third, child calling.
In this field more women have had greater experience during summer months than either of the others.
First, few, if any, Birmingham women—husband calling and hog calling. With this done, stop all traffic up and down the by-ways which might get bused over in the mad rush.
Then, gather the well-rehearsed mothers in one corner, say somewhere near the band shell and turn them loose.
Allocate each one a full minute, no less, to send out the clarion call for her young. Give a full set of words, maybe "ice cream and chocolate cake" for each one to yell, remembering that this contest is scheduled for just about noon.
HAVE THEM all shout in unison, then singly, not bothering with announcements, etc. Give names, qualifications and addresses.
Judges would simply sit right where the mothers had been gathered. Sit there in comfortable chairs, with stop watches in their hands.
There'd be no chance of skulduggery in judging this, because the mothers who gathered her hungry offspring in first would be the unquestioned winner.
No one could say that the judges' ears had grown tired; that he favored a certain entry because he knew her; that the winner's husband was a close friend of the judge. None of these dark thoughts could enter into it at all.
It would be a pure test of calling. Junior would pick mama's name, the multitude and come back full tilt, probably yelling, "Where? Can I have a second helping?"
NOW OUR IDEA of a really interesting contest to test the power of one's lungs is something like this:
Have women with small children register for the contest in the

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

I've gone overboard for "pay television!"
You know, the new system whereby certain TV programs can't be seen unless you "unscramble" the screen with a predetermined amount of cash money.
Now the reason I'm for this sort of "pay-as-you-see" television is an obvious one: the more programs I must pay to see, the more money it is going to cost me to operate my set.
Since I have a limited amount of funds which I find I must spread around on such incidentals as food, milk, house mortgage, gas for the car, an occasional article of clothing for someone in the family—naturally I have an appreciable little left over to use on TV programs.
THUS WILL I SPEND less time in front of my TV-set, and certain things around the house soon may get attended to—like putting the doorbell back in order, painting the kitchen, fixing the laundry tub faucet, repairing the hinge on the garage door—and a few dozen other assorted, husband household tasks.
Yep, "pay-as-you-look-at-it" television is for me.
I'll drive me away from my TV set—and heaven knows I spend entirely too much time looking at it now!

Seems about the only thing which may make your elm trees beetle-proof is a huge chesecloth bag like fruit farmers sometimes use to discourage birds.
If for some reason I decide to try some

occupation other than newspapering, I believe I shall try to hook up with some reputable envelope manufacturer.
It may be I can stimulate his sales and fill my own wallet fast by the simple method of selling return envelopes with pleasant-tasting glue on the flap.
From some of the awful stuff presently used, it's a wonder people continue to lick them!
I've got a couple of ight-tasting glue users which I'm seriously thinking of taking my business elsewhere to a better-tasting adhesive user.
In local municipal circles, private comment has it that the Michigan turnpike authority's toll road stands a much better chance of going in than does Highway Commissioner Ziegler's freeway.
Principal support of this view is that the turnpike's plans and financing are definite, compared to the plan Ziegler still seems to be carrying around in his hat.
Most of Ziegler's hopes were pinned on a 90 per cent interstate construction contribution out of Washington.
But Congress has just tossed this aside by enacting no such enlarged road program. Congressional leaders said it could be two years before it comes up again.
In the meantime, Turnpike Authority Chairman George Higgins can be expected to exert increasing pressure on Ziegler to either "put up or shut up."

Six Earn All "A's" At U. of Michigan

Six Birmingham area students more, 15008 Dunblaine, Virginia are among the 112 earning all "A's" for the spring semester at the University of Michigan.
Included in the 80 all "A" students in the college of literature are Peter Ray, junior, 22260 Brooks lane, Joseph Kubac, senior, 31100 Stafford, Kenneth Nowicki, sopho-

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Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham of Today.

50 YEARS AGO
Aug. 4, 1905
Jerome Hamilton, clerk in the National hotel at Birmingham, always comes over on Thursday to bet on the Oxford baseball team. He was on hand at the Pontiac game, and after placing a ten, stood up in a buggy to witness the slaughter of the county seaters. When Pontiac scored four runs in the fatal ninth, Hamilton fell from the buggy to the ground. The shock was too much for the betting fan.
Mr. William Souths and family have been very happy in entertaining visitors from the West—the great state of Iowa. Mr. Lester, an old friend of the family who lived in Troy in '23 was one of them and a hale, hearty gentleman he is to be sure.
15 YEARS AGO
Aug. 8, 1910
Cute six-year-old Herral Gowenlock pulled a "Gorrikan" last Sunday afternoon and walked into the city of Birmingham a little before three o'clock, after having already walked five miles on what she thought was her way home. She had left the Detroit Zoo earlier that day.
Miss Carol M. Boehm, formerly of Bloomfield Hills and a sister of Dr. Harold R. Boehm, of West Long Lake road, who has been one of the most successful workers in the Detroit YWCA for the past 16 years, has been appointed metropolitan general secretary of the association to succeed Mrs. Erie Layton Gates who will retire this month.
Orchard Lake Women sailors awarded their prize for July to Mrs. Benjamin H. Micou, who finished the month with the percentage 148, at their luncheon Friday.
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She married a good provider!
Dad's a whiz as a good provider . . . even thought of the home food freezer!
And Mom, who likes to set a good table, finds it the best friend a cook ever had. It keeps in arm's reach the good things and the good buys; she's always coming up with Mom shops once a week or less now, too, thanks to her HFF.
Upright or chest buy the one that fits
See your DEALER or Derrill Edison
"Home Food Freezer"
"Sometimes a woman's intuition is just a suspicion that made good!"

The "Ordinary" Americans
AMERICA IS MADE OF PEOPLE—HARDWORKING PEOPLE—GOOD PEOPLE.
PEOPLE LIKE THE BIG-TRUCK DRIVER.
THINK YOU CAN DRIVE, SON? TRY DRIVING ONE OF THESE BIG BABIES CROSS-COUNTRY. TRY BACKING IT INTO ITS DOCK.
THE TRUCK DRIVER IS A REALLY GOOD DRIVER. HE DIMS HIS LIGHTS—KEEPS TO HIS LANE—SIGNALS CARS BEHIND WHEN IT'S SAFE TO PASS.
IF YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT, PRAY FOR A TRUCK TO COME ALONG—THE DRIVER MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE. HE'S SAVED OTHERS.
REG-MANNING