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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1924.

JUST A BIT O' FISHIN'

By G. R. A.

This column this week will set forth observations made during a week's fishing at Houghton Lake, Roscommon County, Michigan, about 185 miles north of Birmingham. It will contain an assortment of impressions covering most everything from cobblestones to human beings—including, of course, an account of "the big fish that got away."

In company with John A. Wendorph and Harry S. Starr, of Brown street, Rex Hoop, Wendorph's chauffeur of Royal Oak, we left Birmingham at 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, September 23. We arrived at the Wendorph cottage on Houghton Lake shortly before one o'clock. We were agreeably surprised to note that the lake was filled with water—and expectantly looked forward to a big catch of fish. More about the fish later.

Nature was busily engaged in her autumnal painting of the foliage along the route. The blackened stumps of thousands of acres of cut-over and burnt-over lands were contrasted against the veritable rainbow of popple and shrubbery that somehow—despite the lack of assistance from man—insisted upon paying homage to the sun. The rolling country north of Saginaw was beautiful as far as coloring goes—while dozens of streams, some of them filled with trout, served to break the monotony of endless stretches of land. Life was abundantly evidenced everywhere.

We were rolling along the gravel road at a pretty good clip; the Pere Marquette railroad running parallel at our left. Suddenly ahead there loomed into sight about a dozen scattered houses, while along the railroad tracks there stood what was once a freight car—with the trucks removed—and across one end of the car was a sign boldly setting forth to the world that this particular spot on the earth's surface was the town of "AVERILL." Needless to say, we were curious to learn just what branch of our family had ever had enough money to get a town named after him. We found out from the proprietor of the general store. It was related that, about forty-five years ago, a man named Averill owned stock in the Pere Marquette railroad. He made a trip over the road, coming to a hustling lumber town that was then known as "REDTAG." But Redtag had no depot. So Averill agreed to maintain a depot in Redtag and Redtag changed its name to AVERILL. Three times Averill built a depot, and three times it burned down, hence the freight car. The funny part of it was that the person who advanced us the information, on finding that we were descended from the Averill tree, began a sort of personal attack upon us for not having a fourth depot built. And we told him that the price of asbestos was too high.

Hundreds of people north of Saginaw, though more or less supplied with "red schoolhouses," evidently do not assemble in religious worship. We passed dozens of abandoned churches along M 20 and M 24; the presence of many abandoned farm houses and "shacks" probably accounts for the condition of the churches, even if those who still live in the various locations were bent on seeking religious education.

Jack Frost plays some queer pranks in his fall travels about Michigan. Passing through one section of the country the scattered crops would show the results of frost-bite, while a few miles farther on the same kind of crops would be as green as during the late summer. This, perhaps, is because of the rolling condition of the country, the deeper valleys affording protection from the prevailing winds.

Governor Groesbeck has said that the reason he is using state auto license money to widen Woodward avenue is because Oakland, Wayne, and Genesee counties have long supported the good roads movement through the northern part of the state; he now believes that some of this money should be used where it came from. A trip through the counties on the way to Houghton Lake will prove the Governor's statement. Many of the natives in the upper counties depend upon their earnings on the roads for a livelihood. Horses are often used to haul drags along the gravel roads, while occasionally one may see several men using rakes to smooth the roads.

Rex Hoop, one of our party, is an excitable fellow. One afternoon we came upon Rex several miles out in the woods; Rex was bent on securing some birds, and carried a shotgun. Just as we came within hailing distance of him, he jumped out and hastily fired down the road. He missed his target, but exclaimed as we neared him, "Wonder what that was?—it had a long bill, ran like a cat, and had a bushy tail." Starr volunteered that it must have been a combination of a Heron, Daschund and a Squirrel.

The perpetual movement of life may be observed everywhere. Two men sit in a boat on the Muskegon River; their lines are baited with live minnows; a leaf, having finished its summer's work on the bough of a tree, is fluttering to the surface of the moving water by the wind; the leaf floats down the stream; a tug at the end of the fine shows that life beneath the water's surface is seeking food; birds swiftly fly overhead, silhouetted against bleached clouds. Life is living!—even beyond the haunts of society.

Houghton Lake affords a splendid sky-frame for sunrises and sunsets. The lake is 17 miles long, 9 miles at the widest part, and sprawls over 87 miles of shoreline. It is said to be the largest inland lake in Michigan. Within a few minutes after the sun sinks below the horizon, in a crimson pot of red-gold, darkness creeps over the water. But words can hardly describe sunsets or sunrises—they must be seen by the eyes, and the gazer's mind must do the painting.

Cobblestones are profusely scattered about Roscommon county. Scarcely an acre of ground that does not—or did not—hold on its surface an assortment of variegated stones, remnants of the glacial age. These stones play a big part in the architecture of the country, and nearly every lake cottage boasts its cobblestone chimney. Huge piles of these stones may be seen along the road—they offer a building material to replace the slaughtered forests of Michigan.

Most of the larger streams or rivers are dammed up at intervals, the power of the stored water utilized in the manufacture of electricity. Sad to relate, however, the power companies have not provided a means of fish propogation in building the dams. The real source of all Michigan's inland fish is the Great Lakes; stop the open travel of fish between the inland lakes and the Great Lakes and you prevent the annual replenishing of the former with fish, for the fish go up stream from the Great Lakes each spring to spawn. The dams, though supposed to contain a "fish syphon," which allows the fish to get beyond the dam, are not fulfilling their mission in this respect. Natives around Houghton Lake say they are unable to get new fish stock from the State Conservation Department, and that this, coupled with the uncompleted dams, will soon exhaust the fish supply. Unless the people of Michigan work together in closer harmony for the propogation of wild life in the State, there will be as few fish as there are virgin timber. And virgin timber forests in Michigan are few and far between.

This will interest the ladies. Each of our party had his own specialty in the cooking line. Wendorph became noted for his onion-fried potatoes; Starr excelled in getting out at five o'clock and mixing up a batter of pancakes; Hoop, though not noted exactly for any special dish, did himself justice when it came to dish-washing, by not breaking any of the china; while we, (pardon our modest claim), managed to apply the warmth to canned beans and eggs.

Many home-steaders spend part of their lives in the arduous job of reclaiming land by pulling stumps. We saw a number of tripods erected along the way, while in the vicinity of them would be seen hundreds of scrawny rooted, blackened stumps. The stumps are removed and the land tilled and sown to crops. The State of Michigan might do a great service by paying a bounty on every stump that is pulled up—it certainly ought to be worth more to the State than to any one home-steader.

At Michelson, on the Muskegon river, there is an old sawmill, the property of the Michelson Lumber Co. It was used last year, but not during 1924. If enough hemlock, tamarack and a few other struggling and almost extinct kinds of trees can be floated down the Muskegon next spring, the mill will work part of next year. The main street of Michelson is nearly 200 feet wide; it contains two ruts and some uneven grass. Along its two or three blocks are huddled about twenty houses—all of one type—and all of them are empty. The few children in evidence appeared fat and healthy; their bodies live close to Nature—may their minds do likewise.

In using minnows as bait, the hook may be run through the fish just above the backbone; this, of course, means that the minnow is pierced. If care is used such a minnow may be used for several days without fatal injury—unless taken by a larger fish. Starr noted that one of the fish used in this manner, after being placed back in the minnow box for three days, showed nothing of the piercing ordeal except a small scar, and was evidently as lively as ever. Just another effort on the part of Nature to continue its program of life.

Yes, we caught a fair sized fish "that got away." It was a pike, thirty inches long and weighed about seven or eight pounds. (Ask Starr to substantiate this age-old alibi.) We managed to maneuver it into Starr's landing net, when, as it was being lifted into the boat, it leaped skyward and vanished into its native haunt—taking along our hook. We relate this incident—not to prove that we actually hooked a big one, but just to show that we do know what constitutes part of the log of a fishing trip.

Lastly, we did return with enough fish for at least one meal for the respective families of each of our party—and—T. D. Lynch to the contrary notwithstanding—we did not buy them, either.

MY BABY'S PRAYER

By Beatrice McDonald

"A little child shall lead them." 'Tis my baby's evening prayer,
When at night I see her kneeling and commending to God's care
The ones she loves so dearly; that will always touch my heart,
And I know I will remember, though some day we're far apart,
The picture of my baby with her lovely eyes of brown
Closed tightly, and her hands clasped, and her golden head bowed down.

"A little child shall lead them." I am praying with her, too,
I am asking God to keep her just as sweet and pure and true;
Just as innocent and loving, and at eventide each day
That the years may find her kneeling in the selfsame baby way.
I am asking God to guide the little, faltering feet aright
Of every mother's baby in the whole, wide world tonight.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS—of Long Ago

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

43 Years Ago.

This year cider apples ought to be plentiful seeing there is no other kind, and William H. Smith, the cider mill man, wants 10,000 bushels at 15 cents a bushel.

Harry Satterlee is attending school in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Home from Colorado after nearly two years—Arthur Groves looking well and hearty.

Will Rainey returned to Ann Arbor last Thursday where he will continue his studies at the University.

A cooper in the employ of Sam Mills by the name of Charles, has made 220 apple barrels last week and stopped work at 2 o'clock P. M. Saturday. Pretty brisk work.

Jake Lawson wishes it distinctly understood he hasn't sold his dog and that his canine friend is not for sale, never was and never will be.

J. P. Fredericks at the Birmingham Mills will commence grinding buckwheat on Friday next and thereafter every Friday during the season he will grind. He will call for and deliver family quantities free.

A prominent horse dealer from Pontiac was in town last Saturday looking over some fast stock. Jim knows a good thing when he sees it. It was "over the hills to Pontiac" Sunday morning and as he went by houses and barns on his way home he told his friends that he walked home because it "made his feet ache so to ride."

A cake and coffee social was held at the Town Hall Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Michigan firesufferers.

Last Monday evening the High School Lyceum decided that a farm was better than an education for a young man. The Vice President, Mollie Smith presided over the meeting. Rev. Goodman delivered his oration on education and it was well received. Next Monday evening the Lyceum will discuss whether the lives of great men are greater incentives to the young than books. Chief disputants: C. A. Bigelow, I. B. Richardson.

Our office curiosities the past week have consisted of a large funnus or puff ball brought in by J. V. Stevens. The shape of the article was such that it needed only six strokes of the black paint brush to make everyone want to shake hands with it thinking it was Mitchell. Then Joseph Meade handed in a peach with a sort of a unicorn horn on one side which was the marvel of the age until we ate it up—horn and all. We welcome curiosities—especially the edible ones.

The meeting for determining the location etc. of the new artesian well on Tuesday evening was a flat failure owing to the want of proper notice we hope, for it is a matter of vital importance that this water business should be attended to. Let us have a rousing big meeting and get down to business. There has been cash enough pledged by our business men and citizens to put the well down far enough to get water if there is any water to be had and as it is a move in the right direction at last, we sincerely hope the movement will not be allowed to go by default.

Redford Center has a new bridge across the Rouge that we feel proud of and casts honor on the builder, G. W. Lee.

25 Years Ago.

The cutting of prices on the staples in groceries and dry goods in our village is the talk of the State. Nowhere in the state of Michigan can the user buy sugar so cheap as in Birmingham. It sold for 5c per pound last week and cost a considerable over this price by the barrel. Coffee, too, if all sold last week for 8c a pound, cheaper than you or anybody else can buy it by the carload. So if you want to live cheap, come to Birmingham, where taxes are nothing, and groceries, much less.

Of all strange looking things in the vegetable line, the one that Frank Smith brought into our office last Monday beats anything we ever saw. Our jaw is tired answering the (en) thousand questions asked as to "what it is." Some say it is a gourd, others that it is a California cucumber, while some solemnly aver that it is a banana melon. We think it is a cross between a snake and a twiptalagliaclagorta. We wonder if this is not a species of the serpent that once roamed around the garden of Eden, and can promise that Mr. Smith's finish is in sight if he ever does it again.

Married in Detroit, Tuesday evening, September 26, 1899, Minnie Broadway, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bradway, to Edward Benedict, both of this place. The happy couple left immediately for Ann Arbor, their future home where they will be pleased to receive their many friends.

If the party who took the dinner pail from the corner of Willetts street on Sunday morning with Mr. Berry's breakfast in it would please return the pail and dishes, they would be welcome to the eatables. If not returned before the next issue your name will appear in the next issue after, for you are known.

Here is what a lady in a neighboring city found on a fresh blotter when she dropped into her husband's office the other day: "eno gnilrad nwo yM." Having received no such communication from him for years, a question naturally arose, which has not been satisfactorily settled yet.

An Oklahoma court has sent a man to prison for five years for passing a counterfeit nickel. It seems to take some people a long time to learn that such things are for church contribution baskets and not for general circulation.

Gathering hickory nuts and all others seems to be the order of the day and the farmer who wants a few for home eating has to be on the qui vive every moment in order to save his crop.

Little Jimmy Montgomery sports a badly burned ear, the result of too close contact with a very hot lamp chimney. Perhaps you heard the little chap yell, if not it wasn't his fault.

"Dewey Day"—September 29, was celebrated at the home of Mr. James Chappel, by the arrival of a little son. Will he be a namesake of the great Admiral?

George Wright is proud of the fact that he has a pear tree in full blossom, and quite a sight it is too. But to George, it appears a little out of season.

Vic James is the sad and sorrowful owner of a full fledged carburetor on his Ford, left in it which takes most of his time nursing.

At the next literary Society the quotations will be from Tennyson and the current events, facts pertaining to Klondike.

Harry Tibbles and Callie Ellenwood are attending the Pontiac Business Institute, which opened last week.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9th

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OVER a million dollars a day is lost to America in wealth destroyed by flames—to say nothing of the human lives taken by the red terror.

On Fire Prevention Day the whole country is urged to attend to the great need for a heavier guard against fire.

Each one of us has a duty—to leave no stone unturned that will make for greater safety for our homes, our stores, our other property from fire.

Make Fire Prevention Day in 1924 a banner day for Birmingham by **ridding every property in it of fire hazard.** Then—let's keep Birmingham that way.

Fire Prevention Day, too, is a good day to consider what protection you have against loss, if fire should come.

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NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

WHEREAS, Minnie M. Pierce, made and executed a certain mortgage bearing date the ninth day of April, A. D. 1921, to the Birmingham Lumber Company, of Birmingham, Mich., which mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Oakland on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1921, in Liber 289 of Mortgages on Page 77.

AND, WHEREAS, the amount claimed to be due upon said mortgage, including interest at the date of this notice is the sum of Six Hundred Forty-three Dollars and Seventy-seven Cents (643.77), including principal and interest and whatever taxes the undersigned may pay up to and including the date of foreclosure of this mortgage, and an Attorney fee of Thirty-five Dollars ($35.00) as provided for by said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured thereby or any part thereof.

AND, WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by said mortgage whereby the power of the sale contained therein has become operative.

NOW THEREFORE, notice is given that by virtue of said power of sale and in pursuance thereof and of the statutes in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder at the Saginaw Entrance of the Court House in the City of Pontiac, in said County of Oakland, that being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said County on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1924, at twelve o'clock noon, Central Standard Time, the description of which said premises contained in said Mortgage is as follows:

Land and property situated in the Township of West Bloomfield, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, as follows:

Lot One Hundred Seventy One (171) Assessor's Plat No. 1 of the East end of said Lot of Sweets Harbor Sub. Also a part of the West one-half (½) of the Southwest quarter (¼) of Section One (1), and part of the East One-half (½) of the Southeast quarter (¼) of Section Two (2), Township Two (2) North, Range Nine (9) East, according to the recorded plat thereof.

BIRMINGHAM LUMBER COMPANY,
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