

FRED W. GREEN

Versatile, Human, Likable

A Brief Sketch of the Career and Personality of Ionia's Leading Manufacturer and Mayor, Who is Opposing Governor Groesbeck This Fall.

By Lee J. Smith, in Detroit Saturday Night.

It requires no vast amount of political acumen to predict that, within a few weeks, one of the two most conspicuous men in Michigan will be Fred W. Green, of Ionia. The other will be Alex J. Groesbeck, of Detroit and Lansing, and, to a considerable degree, the conspicuity of Governor Groesbeck will be the result of the persistent public attention paid him by Mayor Green.

It is safe to say that in every one of Michigan's 89 counties are persons who know Fred Green "personally." That is to say, they call him Fred or General, which is almost as familiar since the title, earned as a member of governor's staff, has always been amusing to Green—although he earned it by hard and unobtrusive work for the state under Phogre, who appointed him inspector general of clean houses after a scandal which made a national stir.

There is a belief, not so very sound that the north woods are a good ground for the qualities of heart and soul that make a man. A man actually may be very much worth-while in civilized society and at the same time be more or less of a liability in the wilderness because of broken arches or a delicate digestion. At the same time, Fred Green in the woods gives a well-rounded picture of Fred Green in industry, Fred Green in politics, Fred Green at home, Fred Green of the golf course, or Fred Green at a base ball game. Picture a man of no more than average height, broad of shoulder and thick of chest, carrying himself with military erectness, but beyond that with nothing at all military about him. Probably the most democratic man in Michigan, his is not the hand shaking, cultivated democracy of the politician, but the natural gift for meeting folks, liking them, remembering them and making them like him.

Most of us, in self-protection, would be compelled, reaching Green's position in the world, to fend off the mass of humanity somewhat, but Green meets all comers and asks for more. On his way up north he is received on familiar terms by conductors, brakemen, Pullman porters and dining car waiters and at Seney, the late P. M. Stillman, train dispatcher, station agent, postmaster, and others not so humble, who would welcome him as a brother, more sincerely than any other claim on him than that they need him. To all these affairs he brings a zest, a delight in the game and a shrewd inside knowledge.

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named for Rev. Fr. Kennedy, of Ypsilanti, a life-long friend of Green's, who with his own hands did much of the work of erecting what the natives call the clubhouse. Green is not affiliated with the Roman Catholic church but like the beloved priest during his life-time, makes no suggestion of creed when it comes to friendship, or helpfulness.

Camp Kennedy is no joy-ride camp. The click of the poker chip is not heard there, and if you were a guest and made the mistake of sitting up late before the fire, you would regret it in the dark of the morning when Stanley plucked at your blanket and announced breakfast. A good breakfast, well served, and around the table, elbow, Chapman and McBurney, Green's partners in the camp and in business enterprises, Mayor John Smith of Detroit, Ross Fowsey of Hamont, Michigan, who trains bird utility men who does everything from driving cars to enforcing the law, and all hunters must be on the Grand Marais-Seney road — safely out of the brush, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Judge that the general guests, Detroit, and perhaps one or two other guests.

Breakfast is by artificial light, but there is no early-morning dullness in that camp. Green hits the deck with a jig step, a snatch of song and much hearty laughter. At night it is just the same, although there are sometimes hunters who are not much in the mood for frolic. Duer Hunting, according to the Green schedule, is based work. Green himself is physically, along Rooseveltian lines, and like Roosevelt, hunts with might and main. He invariably hangs up his buck but that doesn't stop him. He will "play dog" for the others, slung through swamp and thicket, and if there is nothing else to do, will fare forth in a blizzard to prospect for the next season's trout fishing.

Sport is one of the things that saves Fred Green from being the ideal, lush club type of business man. A pointer quartering a grouse cover, a favorite fly rod and a "fast stream, a game trotter thundering down the stretch, the swift going of a pair of well-matched boxers, the sweep of fairway and the smack of club on ball—he will turn from these to the intricacies of new machines for weaving reed furniture or to untangle what he has often done, the snarls in the lives of those who live in his town. He is a man who has a way of other claim on him than that they need him. To all these affairs he brings a zest, a delight in the game and a shrewd inside knowledge.

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get out of being mayor of his home town. To save themselves the trouble of re-electing him so often, the Ionia voters have altered the charter to make an officer's term of office two years instead of one.

Green is about as thoroughly a Michigan product as can be imagined. He was born 34 years ago when Pine was king, in Manistee, and spent his boyhood in Cadillac. After high school, he worked his way thru the state normal at Ypsilanti and was a teacher in the public schools. His first business was in the insurance field. He paid \$300 for that first opportunity and borrowed the money, without security. He aid his way through the University of Michigan law department and finished just as the Spanish-American war broke out. He commanded Co. G, 51st Michigan Volunteer Infantry, in Cuba and came back battalion adjutant.

He was elected city attorney company. Associated with John W. Thwaites in that business, he carried on the development until the Green Michigan law department and finished just as the Spanish-American war broke out. He commanded Co. G, 51st Michigan Volunteer Infantry, in Cuba and came back battalion adjutant.

One of the most famous sporting men in America made the remark, after meeting Green a few times: "I would bet my life that no man could meet Fred Green, and be with him an hour, and not admit that he had formed a strong liking for him."

REX BEACH'S "THE BARRIERS" COMES TO BALDWIN Baldwin Theatre presents a fine program for the coming week. Everyone who has ever read Rex Beach's sea story "The Barrier" will remember the brutal skipper, Stanz Bennett, one of the strongest characters of modern fiction. It is being presented at the Baldwin in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film the last three days of this week.

Beginning Sunday, June 13th, the Ben Verschleiser production "Wreckage" featuring Maj Allison and Holmes Herbert will be shown. Scott Dunlap as the director has given jobs in free shops and Green has turned hundreds of young men from costly non-productive to self-respecting craftsmen—and he didn't abandon the undertaking when he gave up prison contracts in 1921, despite the insistence of the state administration that he should continue to employ convicts. How many men, after serving prison terms, have been helped along and kept straight, year after year, by Fred Green, nobody knows, but Green himself, and he won't tell. They has never been any talk about it. There never will be.

the man arrived too late for dinner. Mrs. Green and Peggy had gone to Grand Rapids to a Shakespearean play with a group of Peggy's school mates and Fred Green cooked a venison supper—it was late in the fall and entertained his guest, at the Michigan club.

In the basement of the Green home is a great log cabin. Ross Fowsey, Brown of Newby Lake, and Green himself, cut the hemlocks in the upper peninsula. There are a fireplace, stoves and trophies and the atmosphere of a hunting lodge. In this spacious den sacred to the master of the house, it is not the school children invade it in swarms.

Fred Green spends considerable time by himself, but the things he has of comfort and luxury and beauty, he freely shares. When he is alone it is riding over a river, or wading a forest stream or trailing a buck in November.

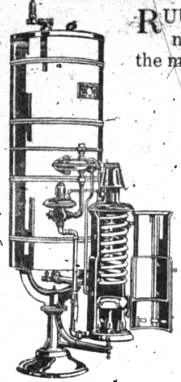
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Monday and Tuesday, June 14 and 15, "Beverly of Graustark", what is said to be Marion Davies best picture comes to the Baldwin. "The Little Old New York", "Janice Meredith", "Zander the Great", "Light of Old Broadway" and other big screen successes, has never appeared in better advantage than in this exceedingly popular tale of an American girl adventuring in royal court circles abroad.

George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Beverly of Graustark" is one of the most successful and popular novelists America has produced. Other pictures include: Wednesday and Thursday, "Souls for Sables" and to close the day of the vaudeville for the season, with summer prices in effect, beginning Monday, June 14th, Orchestra 35c and 10c. Balcony 25c and 10c.

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