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PART 2
OAKLAND COUNTY'S GREATEST WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

FORTY-NINTH YEAR—NO. 24 BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1926 $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

DEDICATION DATE SET FOR ADAMS SCHOOL

Committee Will Be Named Soon To Plan Program For Opening Of Addition.

A committe is soon to be named to make plans for the dedication ceremony to attend the formal opening of the new addition to the Adams School, it was announced yesterday by Superintendent of Schools Clarence Vliet. The tentative date for the affair is set for Oct. 27, at which time the new auditorium in the school is expected by Mr. Vliet to be completed.

While there is little yet decided upon regarding the activities Mr. Vliet said there will be an interesting program with several talks and entertainment possibly given by the pupils of the school.

The addition to the school is practically complete. It makes the accommodation of many more pupils possible and gives them several of the most modern school features.

Randle Cliffs, Md., is the smallest postoffice in the United States in point of receipts, which last year amounted to only $128.

Rapid Pace Through Europe Takes Birmingham Physician 25,000 Miles In Three Months

Editor's note: This is the last of a series of articles prepared for The Eccentric by Dr. Hugo Erichsen, Birmingham physician, dealing with his travels through Europe.

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN.

During three months of the summer I traveled approximately 25,000 miles, or the equivalent of once around the world. This, of course, was hard work but I wanted to see the many things that Europe had to offer and had but a limited time in which to accomplish the purpose.

The 25,000 miles took me to 13 countries and I was able to spend considerable time in all of them.

One of the most interesting things I noticed in all Europe was the policy of the American newspapers published in Paris; relative to the French government. They favored strongly the cancellation of the French war debt to America and seemed to uphold the French in many matters of this kind.

News Not Colored.

I do not believe their news is colored but editorially they seem to be for the country in which the papers are printed.

Their news-columns are devoted in the main to happenings of Americans in France. Police news of Paris and other events of current interest are not covered. There are brief accounts of the "big stories" in America, just enough to keep Americans in touch with the occurences at home.

In making all this mileage I naturally had the opportunity of coming in contact with many European travelers. Despite what is said about their aloofness, I found them quite social and, for the most part, congenial. Human nature seems to be the same everywhere; they are just folks.

The American somes to know pretty well the various traits of the Europeans through his contact with them in this country. It is, I believe, easier for him to appreciate them, as it were, on this account.

Loss Of Time.

There was quite as much courtesy shown on the railroads there as there is in America. The cars themselves, are not so comfortable and there is a great loss of time due to the fact that the countries are so close together and custom officers are present and ready to examine the baggage.

Germany and Switzerland, as countries, seemed to be the most considerate toward Americans. They respect American trade and apparently want to encourage it. The Germans, particularly, know that there are 100 cents in the American dollar and that it is as good as gold.

I believe the cheapest place in the world to live is on the Island of Capri near Naples. Many persons who own a small home in countries near there move to Capri and are able to live well on the income from the rents of their property. I know a German artist who has a small studio in Berlin who does this very thing. He lives far better on half the money at Capri than he could at home.

Class distinction is naturally more noticeable in Europe than in America but there is less of it since the war. The middle class, of course, is in the majority and its members are a great deal like the members of the middle class in America, only they are not enabled to live so well.

Munich And Innsbruck.

The two places in all Europe that appealed to me most were Munich and Innsbruck. If I were to make my home in Europe I should like

(Continued on Next Page)

GREEN NOMINATED BY 160,351 VOTES

Lansing Canvass Is Completed; Dickinson Beats Welsh By 2,912

Lansing, Sept. 29.—Mayor Fred W. Green, of Ionia, won the Republican nomination for governor by 160,361 votes over Governor Alex J. Groesbeck, according to the official canvass of the Sept. 14 primary, completed here.

The vote was Green, 397,700; Groesbeck, 237,399; Comstock (D), 17,685; Tintus (Prohibition), 103; Reynolds (Workers), 241.

Dickinson Nominated.

Luren D. Dickinson, of Charlotte, defeated Lieutenant Governor George Welsh for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor by 2,912 votes. The vote was Dickinson, 186,120; Welsh, 183,209; Fred B. Wells, 91,693; Oscar Riopelle, 67,355.

Congressman Grant M. Hudson had a majority of all votes cast in the Sixth Congressional district and defeated his wet opponent, J. Bradford Pengelly, of Flint, by 26,713, for the Republican nomination. Hudson polled 56,574; Pengelly, 29,861, and R. H. Cook, of Detroit, 15,355.

Glimpses at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

Almost daily Birmingham adopts another characteristic of the city. It will not be long, if I may turn prophet for a paragraph, until members of that small army of gray-haired men will occupy places at the cashier's counter of all-night restaurants bound to spring up here. What these men have been and whence they came usually is difficult to find out. They always possess a strained neatness—a dark suit subjected to more very severe brushings than a seat in the first rail road chair-car; a solid-colored necktie that must be handled carefully; hands as immaculate as a priest's. They make up for their slowness with a courtesy that never varies. Their eyes are the eyes of men who have mingled in life and been pushed aside.

* * *

"It is light work," one of them in Detroit said to me, "and the income helps. The children are grown now and have cares of their own. I would not impose." And he told me more about the children. He said they usually try to come to see him while he is at work on Christmas night, only last year his oldest daughter was in Chicago and one of his sons was ill.

* * *

I know now I am institutionalized. I have heard of sailors being discernible by the manner in which they walk while ashore, of the congenital habit of bootleggers to spend money, and I am told that a politician proclaims his profession by the way he shakes hands. It was not until yesterday, however, that I realized the letter had been placed upon my own chest. One whom I had never seen before asked me what paper I was on. He said he knew I was in newspaper work because whenever he saw me I was asking silly questions, looking into strange places and carrying two or three papers under my arm. Add a tin horn and you have a perfect portrait of a rag-picker.

* * *

Noon of a rare, sunny day and a group of Negro laborers at a curbstone on Maple avenue take their lunch. Bread in sections that are monumental. Meat. Tomatoes. And I leaned on a tree for support as I watched one top off the meal with a whole apple pie! Then they returned to their work of throwing muscle-tearing shovels full of gravel onto a truck. I know persons, who, after an interesting and intensive dinner of baled hay from Battle Creek, lie down for an hour.

* * *

An armored car parks in front of the First State Bank and money in bags is carried in. An opened door at the side of the machine reveals a man seated, a huge revolver over his knee and his face retaining an expression that somehow recalls "Treasure Island," read so long ago. A trowd of small children stand in stock-still admiration for the fellow—and their ambitions to be surgeons, policemen, engineers and burglars disappear like their gloominess on Christmas morning.

* * *

Hundreds of electric patriots shine to fight off the night that invades Birmingham. Autos, like beetles with glowing eyes and mechanical insides creep along the streets waging through the black. After they grow fewer a policeman enters the station at Woodward and Maple. A man, changing a tire on his car, bangs the rim raucously. Then the quiet is disturbed only by a homegoer who whistles "Bye-bye, blackbird," and clicks his heavy, leather heels on the walk out of time with the music. There is no more resistance, Birmingham has retired. The dark invader, chill as the greeting of a parvenue, rules.

* * *

A Ford runabout tows a sand truck, that was stalled, along Oakland avenue and the driver of the truck smiles with embarrassment at all who pass, like a man being taught how to ride a bicycle by the children in his neighborhood.

* * *

I should like someone to go back among the last rows of the audience and pick out a clever behaviorist for me. I do not want an ordinary behaviorist but rather one with erudition enough to make the world topheavy. I promise to treat the fellow kindly because he might be able to explain something that has me on the verge of pulling my own hair. I want to know why a red haired boy of 10 stood in front of a window on Woodward avenue where there is a canary bird and made the most horrible faces at the bird, who, in an indifferent manner, sang on and on.

* * *

Laugher of alsof superiority is one of the most difficult of the emotions to overcome. There is a certain super-dignified man whom I knew in another city and I always thought of him as Richard Cory, the tragic character around whom Edwin Arlington Robinson has written his best known poem. Added to the characteristics of Cory, however, my friends had a natural air about him that could be interpreted as the manner in which a Peggy Joyce would reject the proposals of a red nosed fellow from the gutter when he was strictly in his cups. I was surprised to see him in Birmingham Tuesday, driving his machine on one of the bumpiest streets. He recognized me and attempted his most suave bow. But alas, as he did, the machine hit some of the particularly beligerent bumps and he looked like a "yes man" suddenly gone crazy. Poor fellow, I suppose he will never live down his embarrassment, nor will I, for having laughed.

* * *

Rain is blown across the window

TWO MEN SENTENCED ON BURGLARY CHARGE

Principals In American Gas Station Robbery Enter Plea of Guilty In Circuit Court.

Dan Bussey, 34 years old, Fenton, today begins a sentence of one to four years in state prison for the burglary Aug. 24 of the American Oil & Gas station, Woodward avenue south of Maple avenue. Fred Shaver, 22 years old, 212 Delmar street, Royal Oak, with him at the time was paroled in Circuit Court for three years.

Both men entered a plea of guilty to the charge of burglary preferred against them by Serg. Clark Green of the Birmingham police department who arrested them the day following the burglary. He traced them to Royal Oak where they were at work in a creamery.

Shaver had never been in trouble before and Judge Glenn C. Gillespie said he took this into consideration in passing sentence. Bussey had a brief police record.

Repentance and a desire to resume his former work were the characteristics of Shaver in the court room. He said he intended to return to Royal Oak and face the world.

It was the opinion of officers that Shaver was an unwilling accomplice in the robbery. He remained outside keeping watch while Bussey pried open a window with a screw driver and took $60 from its hiding place in a box. Bussey was familiar with the location because he had worked in the station previously.

Several persons prominent in Royal Oak offered Shaver positions when they heard of his release.

M'BRIDE BLOCK NEARLY READY

Edgar A. McBride announced today that his group of stores and a garage on South Woodward avenue, north of Frank street would be completed Nov. 15. Excavation should be finished within a couple of days, he said. The buildings are to cost approximately $30,000.

The 85 foot frontage on Woodward avenue will be divided into four stores and a showroom. A garage in connection is said to be one of the largest in Oakland County. Negotiations are under way with a Detroit automobile company for rental.

STORES AND GARAGE NEAR COMPLETION

The group of stores and the gas station being built by William T. Barbour at Woodward and the Lone Pine roads will be ready for occupancy at an early date, it has been announced.

The store unit to contain five stores, is being erected along Woodward avenue to the south of the gas station, which faces the intersection. The buildings are of English country style of aggregate brick and stained wood shingles. The gas station is in the half timbered style, while the store building has stone work about the entrances and windows.

MORE PUPILS SEEN FOR HILLS SCHOOL

With expectations of breaking previous attendance records, the Bloomfield Hills school, Lone Pine and Cranbrook roads has started the fall session with 45 pupils enrolled, a check up showed.

The school is composed of two divisions, the lower of grades one to four, and the upper school of the fifth to eighth grades. About 25 are now enrolled in the former and 19 in the upper school.

The attendance last year was 55.

like streamers of water colored strings....the first galosh....or galoshes....worn by high school girls with black cats drawn on the backs of their slickers....those April showers....silly song....raining violets....like a choir of cupids staging a charde....many lines taken from Wordsworth and then cut up.... Clarence Vliet retains the professorial look even with a raised umbrella ....Jeanine Eagles singing counter melody to Wabash Blues....Sadie Thompson....melody melodrama....man told me a blind pig was the greatest medium of democracy in America today....said the observation came when he saw a fellow with a silk hat on a high stool next to a safe cracker in a speak easy....read it in Glimpses....see cal-louds up on a hill....then the hill is a mountain ....fine points....be a stickler for them....grayness that even softens the bright of a red, brick house.... music on a movie queen's glycerine tears....is there a Mr. Noah in the crowd....suppose his ark is parked in a safety zone....a horse slips on the slippery pavement....when I went to school I could have told you what error I just made....rain on bushes glistens....and glistens.... and everyone swears at the weather ....well, not everyone.

Many Exhibitors Win Prizes In Annual Flower Show Here

Announcement has been made of the winners in the Bloomfield Hills and District Horticultural society flower show at the Baldwin High School last week. The exhibit was an outstanding thing of beauty and a great number of those who entered flowers were rewarded with prizes.

Many Fine Collections

In the annual group Herman Severt, gardener for Albert Champion, had an excellent collection of asters, and scabiosa; Mrs. E. P. Hammond, of antershinium, and salpeglossis. The marigold and zinnias exhibited by Col. Edwin S. George zinnias took first place from an unusually large exhibit. Mrs. Shaw and George G. Booth exhibited the best roses.

Herman Severt entered a large collection of dahlias and had the best in the cactus variety. Other outstanding collections among the dahlias were from the Booth estate, Cranbrook, A. D. Dennis, gardener for Mrs. R. R. Sterling, and Earl Smith. Mrs. Shaw had the largest dahlia. In the gladiolus group James Pepperall and Mr. Severt exhibited large collections arranged for effect, in vases and baskets. Mrs. S. E. Heineman and Mrs. Shaw also had well-arranged collections.

Besides the best group of six fruits, composed of apples, grapes crabapples, plums, pears and peaches A. Lamond, gardener for George G. Booth had other prize winners in black grapes and desert pears. Among the other well-judged fruit, were the melons of J. Bennett, the apples of Mrs. Sterling and Mrs. Shaw, raspberries of W. Thorndyke, gardener of Mrs. E. A. Skae of the West Wind farms, Orchard Lake, and the culinary pears of Mrs. Hargreaves.

Best collection of twelve vegetables was by J. Dunlap, gardener for Mrs. Barbour, it consisted of lecks, cabbage, parsnips, tomatoes, egg plants potatoes, beets, corn, onions, carrots, peppers, and green husk cucumbers. The group of six vegetables, by J. Bennett, was composed of parsnips, carrots, cauliflower, onions, potatoes, and tomatoes. Among the specials in this class were some salsify and okra, exhibited by Mr. Severt, and a bunch of large English grapes and a bunch of large Delaware grapes, by Mr. Booth and Mrs. Thompson. The latter two made an interesting contrast.

The best exhibitions among the vegetables were James Vernor's wax and lima beans, beets, egg plants, parsnip and peppers; Mr. Severt's cauliflower, leek and radishes; Roy Collins, carrots, celery, and squash; Mr. Thorndyke's cucumbers, white corn, tomatoes, and marrows; Mrs. Hammond's Brussel sprouts and lettuce; George Smith's beans and carrots; Mr. Booth's corn and potatoes, and J. Bennett's cabbage and pumpkins.

The exhibition by Herman was the largest prize winner, taking 10 first and 11 seconds. George G. Booth took eight firsts but many of his flowers were not entered, being placed for ornamentation. Other large exhibits were by Roy and E. P. Collins, gardeners for Theodore F. McManus of Stonycroft; Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Shaw, James Venor, Mrs. E. P. Hammond, with large exhibits of annuals and perennials; and vegetables and George Smith, gardener for M. B. Whitelsee.

Winners Are Many

Group of perennials, arranged for effect, Mrs. W. T. Barbour, Mrs. Kuhn.
Twelve perennials, Mrs. Vincent Norton.
Collection of six perennials; Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Sterling.
Collection of six annuals, Mrs. R. Smith, Roy Collins, Ralph Stone.
Vase of perennial asters, Mrs. Shaw, George Smith.
Vase of six delphinium, Mr. Booth, Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Hammond.
Vase of six phlox, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hammond.
Any other perennial, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs.

(Continued on Next Page)

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