

Birmingham Eccentric

"For a Bigger and Better Birmingham"

PART TWO

OAKLAND COUNTY'S GREATEST WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1927

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TOWNSHIP ROADS ARE HIT BY WINTER

Bloomfield Spends \$550 To Clear Its Highways Of Snow

Bloomfield Township has spent \$550 since winter began until today to clear its roads of heavy snow, according to a report made by John E. Wilson, highway superintendent. This includes work done on approximately 90 miles of roads here.

While no record has been kept of the actual number of inches of snow that has fallen this winter, the total is believed by officials to be higher than for several past winters.

Six men are employed in this work by the township. Three trucks and three graders also have been used to clear the roads of the snow, Mr. Wilson said.

Many persons in Bloomfield have been kept from their usual condition the township roads have been kept in this winter.

West Changing Since Gold Rush

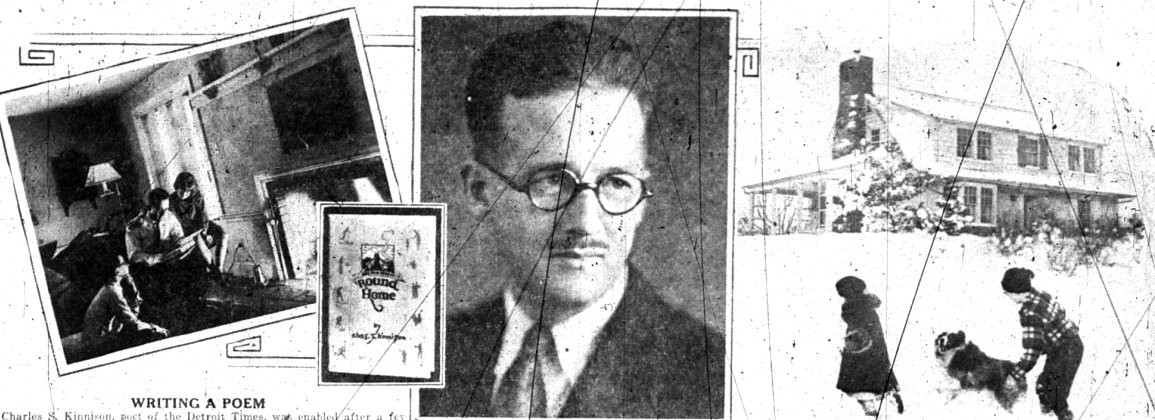
By J. A. WENDORPH
Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 2.—As Jan. 24 marks the seventy-ninth anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, I thought perhaps it would be interesting to you to know something of the man and place, where and how it was found, so I have given over some of my time in gathering data on the subject.

Commemorating the outstanding event in California's early history is the seventy-ninth anniversary of the discovery of gold at Coloma, El Dorado County, by James W. Marshall.

Coloma is within easy traveling distance from Sacramento over good highways and, although no celebration was planned, there was an influx of motor traffic to Marshall's Monument at Coloma, as has been the custom for several years.

Coloma is approximately 50 miles from Sacramento and the trip is such that it can be made easily in less than a day and there is a choice of routes. Going up, the motorist can go to either Placerville or Auburn and turn off from either point for Coloma. At this time of the year the Placerville way is the best. There is pavement all the way to Placerville and from there to Coloma it is a good dirt road maintained by the state highway commission. Or, if the motorist wishes, he can turn at Shingle Springs and take a dirt road to Coloma, going by way of (Concluded on Page 7, Part 2)

VERSE BUILDS BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR VILLAGE POET



WRITING A POEM

Charles S. Kinnison, poet of the Detroit Times, was enabled after a few years of publishing his verse to build a beautiful new home with the money realized. Mr. Kinnison's verse has met with great favor since its first publication in The Eccentric five years ago. He is seen here in the living room of the home with his two children, Gabriel, 14, and Mary Jane, 8. Both have been strong influences in his poetry. The artist shows his book, "Round Home," which is on the market this week.

MR. KINNISON

This poet feels that if he were not to Birmingham he would never have written poetry. He was a graduate engineer and foreign machanicist for the muse after coming to the village.

BUILT BY VERSE

And this is the beautiful new home on Hawthorne road. His two children and a faithful dog are playing in the snow outside. The residence gives strong testimony that the day of the attic poet is fading away.

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Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

Many, many stories float around.

One knows better stories from observation directly out of life than he has read. Almost everyone does. They know the story, for instance, of the person who has devoted his life to the someone else who either does or does not appreciate it. There are stories of a lifetime one realizes from a snatch of conversation he hears. So few of them are ever written; so few that, in comparison with the great number being carried around in the heads of all sorts of people, I have nothing to suggest. I am merely remarking.

Three men are talking. The subject is "bowling" and the scores they have made at the game. Three women across an aisle from them also talk. They are discussing pre-school education for their children. Come to think of it, that is fairly representative, is it not?

Vicious youth can, I now know, become adult youth. It may take an automobile skidding at an aged pedestrian to do it, but it can be done. I mean, merely, that a drowsy-executed too perfect Charles Kinnison slips on one of those slippery days.

There are women on the early morning buses out of Detroit for Birmingham. Their cheeks are a trifle paler and the rouge is a trifle more gaudy at that time of day. It seems to assert itself like a cry of pain. They are on their way to work, many of them after too little sleep. Their eyes are not yet bright and the tiniest wrinkles are put there by the early morning. They talk to one another more than the men passengers. Their conversation, like their laughter, is ponderous. But there seems to be sympathy.

A girl who must work in an office and a woman who scrubs doors. The latter is extremely neat. She has placed her sartorial faith in pins and they have merited it. Her worry is one that comes from years of being afraid to open a door lest the wolf enter. There have been years and years of that kind of existence; over the twisting of her hands show it. And then this office girl. One remembers the way she looks at the world through the bus window. It is like a child who sees for the first time a dreadful accident.

The world she sees at that time of day is arid. Its unpolished fields are brown and its fence posts are horrible. The canyons is a murky thing. Some disgraced painter must have done it when he felt quite remote from life. It is something at which one may stare and stare.

Four men rushing to work in a small sedan. They are laborers. Pipe-smokers. Small Christmas wreath dangles in the rear window. Hoops! Italians with picks and shovels along the roadside. Wind-torn checks. One of them sings or maybe he is imitating a soldier. Traffic lights draw more cars and his fence posts are more. Man with the newspaper used to be a prizefighter. Tinned cans and his fence posts are more. The Browning affair. Lips move as he reads slowly. Thick-necked policeman. Children on their way to school. Oh happy are the days of the Alabama. And that is another American myth.

He was jolted into a realization of Birmingham.

FATHER HOLDS SERVICES FOR HIS DAUGHTER

Rev. Harry S. Rhine, pastor of Troy United Presbyterian Church today at 2 p. m. for his little daughter, Ruth-Annette Rhine, who died Wednesday night at her home. Ruth-Annette was three and one-half years old. She had been ill only eight days, of bronchial pneumonia. She was born in East Meigs, Pa. Burial was in Royal Oak cemetery.

DRIVES WITH 1926 TAGS, MAN IS FINED

TAGS, MAN IS FINED

The first arrest of the year on a charge of driving with 1926 license plates was made at 2:15 Sunday, when Officer George Demson arrested Robert E. Tuttle, R. F. D. No. 3, Birmingham, on Woodward avenue. He was fined \$5 in Judge Edward S. Buck's justice court Monday.

Chief of Police James Anderson warns that he will continue his policy of arresting anyone driving without the year's license plates on their cars.

Drag Out Those Marbles Folks, Spring Is Here

If the readers of The Eccentric will promise not to burst into a song concerning the very scald birdie which goes jabbing along to the horror of all listeners concerned, we will announce what we believe to be the most welcome news since sometime in February, 1926.

The first robin has been seen, and it was twins.

Lillian Miller, 1128 Lincoln avenue, saw two robins last Friday while she was on her way to school.

The world's greatest highway may oscillate from 100 to 200 feet in width, capital punishment may or may not become a law of Michigan, these things we can worry and wonder about, and guess at the result.

But there's only one answer, and that is to get on with it. Spring is coming. It won't be a 204 foot highway to arrive on. Dear old humpy Woodward avenue, as it is, will suffice.

Village elections, and even township elections will not deter the lovely robin lady's on her way.

It is too safe and not ridiculous or tempting fate to think of the time when alcohol will no longer be necessary in the radiator. May the robins bob fast and frequently from now on.

Mitchell Finds Much Of Interest During Winter Trip In Florida

By GEORGE H. MITCHELL
Birmingham, Fla., Jan. 30.—"He it ever so humble."

There's no place like home with a big "I" except Daytona Beach, and here we are, in a home with the Whipple sisters in their cozy, neat and every way desirable family home, the Vermont Inn, so we feel all set for a good pleasant stay. Here is how we got here. Left Detroit one Wednesday at 11:30 p. m. That night and the following day and night saw an unrelenting Jacksonville at 9:30 a. m. Friday at night. We were taken to a good hotel, and stayed there 5 days.

That a lazaride to St. Augustine, a Spanish settlement, as much as can be saved from modern advance. You should see this one, a solid block wide, several blocks in length and all in a beautifully laid out park with tropical trees, and plants and shrubs cunning right in wonderfully green and generous growth.

Marble Statues
Marble Statues of the early Spanish discoverers and settlers are on all sides as well as a federal monument and a series of full playing fountains in the center of each block. Many years are different

HOOFBEATS

An Autobiographical Novel

By Pathos Petoskey

SYNOPSIS: Beggs entered the city. You can buy that man of yours a big horse for \$300. Soon it will be worth a million. He had no money. Well, he finally left. He was said because he had been told before of the opportunities in the country. He had real estate and a good job. He had not heard of it. Strange, he remarked to himself, how one country has real estate and another does not. He had also been told since coming to America that Russia was not civilized. Perhaps that was why it did not have real estate psychiatrists, nor Central and Eastern Europe. He was in Detroit, what ever that was. (To be continued)

CHAPTER IX
Well, Pathos withstood his initial test but the doctors were slightly puzzled in opinion. A police court judge advised him to leave New York and travel westward. The young man who had never yet had it all his own way was judge said.

Pathos would always remember that judge. He used snuff and had a red nose. He put a pinch of snuff on his thumb and inhaled it through the red nose. And he did not sneeze. In fact he hardly stopped talking when he took the west.

Go west! What did that mean? Pathos wondered. It was not so bedafled that he did not understand he was to leave New York. But he did not know what any other part of the country held in store for him. In fact he did not know there was more to America than just New York. He sought information.

From the first man, a real estate salesman came the following: "West. Boy that's the sticks. That's where people go to die. They starve and freeze and get away. You are now in the world's greatest city and on the outskirts of what is four months' walk to the most valuable part of the city. See that vacant lot over there?"

Pathos first of the most, from 12 to 15 feet of water when filled entirely surrounding the stone wall of the immense structure. Then in front, the one way of entrance was the drawbridge, and when that was raised all communication with the outside world ceased.

See Portcullis Fall
We saw the portcullis fall. (Used to read, "let the portcullis fall," and never expected to see it, but we did it with about 20 others were shown all about this old and historically interesting structure. First we saw an old Uncle Tom and Albi Dinah were stood up and knucked down to the highest bidder.

We stopped here over night. By the way the old Mansur Fort is now called Fort Marion. We walked over to this fort from the hotel, and here you can see exactly how an old fort was built to repel invaders. First of the moat, from 12 to 15 feet of water when filled entirely surrounding the stone wall of the immense structure. Then in front, the one way of entrance was the drawbridge, and when that was raised all communication with the outside world ceased.

Europe, you don't mean Europe, do you?

Pathos did not mean Europe, do you?

He was in a box car, speeding. Although the train was in reality going but 15 miles an hour, to Pathos this was speeding. In Russia one walked. Stupid to walk, thought Pathos.

There was straw in the box car and that is about all Pathos knew about it. He guessed they were delivering the straw "to some place in the west or in the east."

He hoped the former was the case. The west, someone had told him there were Indians there. Indians who ate people from Russia or from any place else.

The train rattled over rough tracks and Pathos grew hungry. It was the kind of hunger almost that a book had been written about. The kind of hunger, well, he was hungry. He was sleepy. The kind of sleep that a book should be written about. The kind of sleep, well, he was hungry.

Long lines of rail road tracks stretched out on a building a sign that told Pathos he was in Detroit, whatever that was. (To be continued)

Mr. Browning's experience mentioned. "It must be in, New rather refutes the idea that it is York," he said. "Outside of Jersey that's all there is except 'em young and 'em."

LIBRARY REPORT SHOWS INCREASE

250 More Books Distributed Than In January Of Last Year

With a total circulation of 2,517 books in January 1927, showing an increase of 627 over the December 1926 total of 1,888, the immense value of the Birmingham Public Library is evidenced.

According to Miss Blanche Kearns, librarian, the book distribution of January 1927 shows a gain of 250 over January 1926, which was 2,247 while this last month was 2,517.

The library membership has shown a decided increase in the last month. Miss Kearns's report shows that 67 new members were added, 47 of which are adults and 17 children.

Popular fiction far outnumbers non-fiction, including sociology, history and biography. The fiction distribution for this preceding month was 2,122 as compared with the classification of 1,855. The fiction class was made up of a total of 1,361 for adults and 781 for children.

The classes of non-fiction leading are sociology 70, literature 67, history 30 and biography.

"Generally," said Miss Kearns, "we women readers show a decided preference for fiction."

Village Youths Attend Oberlin

By REV. CHARLES H. MCCURDY
As one journey to Cleveland one may pass through Oberlin. Wherever good manners and sound learning are valued the name of Oberlin College is known.

Thanks to its great president, Finney and King, it has maintained a strong and independent existence without fear or favor. Possessed by the love of learning and of liberty, it has always offered opportunity to the poor boy and the lowly. One feels at once its democratic atmosphere. White and black and yellow mix are here in part of their purpose of serious training for life in this wonderful world of the twentieth century.

Into this academic atmosphere have come four Birmingham boys, Robert Schorr, affectionately known to his friends as "Laffy," John Gore, Robert Cronis and Emerson Gravelin. We may well be proud of our delegation. They are a credit to the old Village.

A Quiet Village
Oberlin village is a quiet community which owes its character to the college. Its whole life is influenced from the college and a center. There are no distractions to the student body. They have found the secret of a joyful life. (Concluded on Page 8, Part 2)

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