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Birmingham Eccentric

"For a Bigger and Better Birmingham"

PART TWO

OAKLAND COUNTY'S GREATEST WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

FIFTIETH YEAR—NO. 23 BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1927 $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

SCHOOL BIDS TO BE OPENED

Many Estimates On Chesterfield Building Continue To Arrive

Bids continue to arrive today on the work and material for the new Quarton School, at Chesterfield and Oak streets, according to Frederick D. Madison, of Royal Oak, the architect. The bids will be opened, and selections made at the regular meeting of this school board Monday at 7:30 p. m. in the Baldwin High School.

Plans for the school are receiving minor changes in the details, suggested by members of the board, and work is expected to begin on the excavation soon after Monday night. The pavement on Oak street, from Woodward avenue to a point 500 feet west of Chesterfield, recently completed, insures ease in transporting materials for the new school, he says.

REALTY COMPANY REPORTS SALES

Walsh, James & Wasey Sell $109,800 worth of Home Sites In Two Weeks

Announcement is made today that the Walsh, James & Wasey real estate firm sold property valued at $109,800 between Sept. 1 and 15. All of this was subdivision property for homesites in Birmingham and Bloomfield Hills. Detroit people who plan on building here were the purchasers, according to C. L. Bradt, sales manager.

Among the new homes to be started here within the next 10 days, 5 will be in the Forest Hills development, 2 on Coryell Park, 2 in the Lone Pine Road Estates and one in the Talmferro Estates.

DUCK SEASON START BRINGS 2 COURT FINES

Opening of the duck season last week-end brought its usual quota of law-breakers. Two men pleaded guilty to shooting duck before sunrise and paid $15 fines each in Judge Floyd S. Buck's police court Saturday. C. Dailey, Detroit, was arrested Saturday by Deputy Robert McClure and arraigned before Judge Buck Saturday on this complaint. William Calver, Pontiac, was arrested by Deputy McClure Friday and arraigned before Judge Buck Saturday on the same charge.

Mrs. Hannah Smith of Harrow, Eng., made her first airplane flight at the age of 90, and immediately ordered a plane for her own use, to be piloted by her grandson.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS —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.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Belle Ward left Tuesday for Alma, where she will attend college the coming year.

Mrs. C. H. Hoffman visited at Clawson last Saturday.

"Dirk as Egypt" is an out-of-date expression. Say "dirk as Birmingham".

The Misses Mable and Edith Koontz were Pontiac visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Edgar Parks of this village received six premiums, five first and one second, on seven entries at the state fair last week. They were as follows: Flower piece in water colors, from nature, first premium; landscape from nature, Michigan scenery, second premium; charcoal drawing, marine scene, from nature, first premium; lead pencil, landscape, from nature, first premium; initial letter in colors, original design, first premium; photographic reproduction, first premium; initial letter in black and white, for photographic reproduction, first premium.

The Ladies' literary club will meet with Miss M. Baldwin during the month of October. A full attendance is urged for next Monday evening as it is the first evening devoted to Holland the subject of the year's study.

Miss Lena Bartram was a Detroit visitor Saturday.

The wedding of Miss Bertha A., elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Allen Bigelow, of Birmingham, and Dr. L. B. Neff, of Eastern Michigan Asylum at Pontiac, was solemnized in St. James' Church last week Wednesday evening. The church was tastefully decorated with palms and potted plants and the guests of honor passed through a handsome arch into pews draped with white asters and white ribbon. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Mr. Watson, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, including many from Detroit, Pontiac, and other Michigan cities. Mrs. Gould Morris, Raynale and Galbraith acted as ushers.

Mrs. Percival Pease and daughter, of Chicago, who have been making an extended visit with the former's mother, Mrs. Nellie camp, returned to their home last week. They were accompanied by Mrs. Pease's grandmother, Mrs. John calm, Bodine.

Mrs. Dr. Campbell and Mrs. Maude Campbell visited friends in Detroit last Friday.

Remember the oyster supper at Mrs. Theron Smith's this Friday evening. Supper 25c.

43 YEARS AGO

Mrs. G. F. Aldrich is visiting friends up the lake shore in the county of Alpena and will make quite an extended visit.

A Whitehead, postmaster, telephone manager, express agent and senior editor of this paper, is now in a perfect ecstasy to receive the hearty congratulations of his many friends over the arrival of a nice baby boy at his home Tuesday forenoon. To say that Whitey is happy is only to repeat the old, old story and now Gibbs must watch out or the young gentleman will be pushing the express cart and lording him on, of his job. Whitehead's feet have grown an inch within the last 24 hours and his body two inches by actual measurement.

Mel Buell has painted his house and it looks as neat as a country school marm. Mel has an eye to beauty as well as charitability.

Alfred Black is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy born last Saturday. He is to be called Blaine Black, which causes us to believe that Alfred leans toward Blaine and Logan.

One thousand, three hundred and forty-two bushels of oats were threshed out at Mudge's last so long ago in eight hours.

Julius T. Rundel captured 57 premiums and sold $700 worth of his celebrated Hampshire and Shropshiredown sheep by following up the fairs the fall. That good enough for Bloomfield.

Mrs. Betsey Alexander celebrated her 82d birthday by visiting her daughter and good grand-daughter, Mrs. Clyde Wooster, at Dodd's Corners last week. Mrs. Alexander finished quilting four quilts tabout only to hasten out to Dodd's Corners and insist on finishing two more for Mrs. Clyde Wooster. A pretty smart lady for one of her years.

Nate Fall is away ahead of George Mitchell and Frank Jenks because he avers that the only thing that saved the entire state of Michigan during the late earthquake was that the beginning of the quake he grabbed Taber's postdigger, bored a deep hole in the ground, put a fuse on it, lighted the same, and when the immense volume of gas and melted lava escaped, the shaking soon ceased and everything became calm.

While trying to catch up with a train at Holly one night last week Julius Rundel ran full tilt into a cattle guard and sustained quite painful injuries. Jule will recover of course—you couldn't kill him with a club—but the cattle guard is said to be an absolute wreck.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY BIRMINGHAM GIVEN BY MITCHELL

By GEORGE H. MITCHELL

CHAPTER VII

Dr. J. C. K. Crooks, with his wife, Carrie Gray Crooks, who, at the beginning of the Civil War, were forced to flee from Virginia for their lives, came here, and he at once began to follow his profession and was most successful. Mr. Mrs. Crooks began to teach school and I was a pupil. The doctor was an energetic member of the school board, and one of the leaders in getting the village incorporated. Later, they moved back to their old New York home, near Canandaigua, and both are laid away until the trumpet is heard.

Hon. James Bayley and his good wife lived where the D. U. R. waiting room "used to was," now the home of the new banking institution. When Mr. Bayley was in his prime a Troy farmer, his farm, where Will S. Walker now lives, which was a trifle over 200 acres in extent won the first prize for being the best, neatest, farm in all Michigan offered by the Michigan State Agricultural society in that year. This Mr. Bayley was in our present township, cleared, grandfather, but the farm today is all platted and a village almost itself. It was away back in those days when Mr. Bayley told Eber Toms, who was kicking on having to build a plank sidewalk along in front of his home on Saginaw street, now occupied by the Boughner brothers and Judson Bradway, "that if he could not afford it, move back on a side street where he wouldn't have to have a walk." But the colonel did not move.

Talk Sessions

During the times I worked for Mr. Bigelow, he had his store and I had my office in the old Jim Hunt village store, and during the hot summer afternoons, half of the village would be up there on the platform in the shade, gossiping, telling stories, and just passing away the time. Nell Carpenter, the village mailman, had a good business. Her shop was a regular hive, built up against the south side of the Hunt store.

Along with the many other old timers I recall were Patrick Mc-Kale and wife, and their family of Maggie, John, Billy and Jim. Also Millfield and wife and his wife's family, John, Jim, Kittie and Sadie. Another fine old lady living near by, was Mrs. Abigail Hopkins, loved by all. This list could go on forever.

There was Cornelius W. Jenks, our village collar maker. Nathan Jenks, father of Willie, now of Detroit. Mr. Jenks was a firm, good, er out west when he owned the Kohler farm. It was sold many years ago to O. W. Sipman, of Detroit. William had a son, who was well known down town as Cockeskin, a great story teller of his skill as a hunter and fisherman. This feat was the name of "Coonskin", and he solemnly vowed that the following story was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth:

One afternoon while fishing in Wing Lake in a light rain, making the fish bite fast and furious, he had caught a mess of bull-heads and just about all the boat would hold of pickerel, but just one more made him case, for he once got an awful nibble, a fierce tug on his line, that almost pulled him overboard. One night on the boat, he knew immediately he safely land his catch, if he let go his line, but when he landed and pulled his line he had a big fat coon.

Man Runs Amuck"

Prof. Mills a well-known hypnotist, held out here for nearly two months, years ago, and Frank was his best victim. These shows were held in the National's big hall room which was crowded to seating over 400. One night on this typewriter-plete less as if Frank with a broom for a gun, in a hypnotic state, ran all of a manufacturer of fly paper. This date was set to resume and this date finds the thermometer registering a temperature as out-landish as the expression on the faces of the countless ones who were present the office. I offer this combination of circumstances to any full grown mechanistic philosopher who is collecting data.

One reason for returning for a brief

was in that this week Glimpses celebrates its first birthday. There will, of course, be a party—glazed cakes and wine in gold chalices and music and dances and I want everybody to come and bring the kiddies. Remember, now, I won't take "no" for an answer because I want everyone there. Don't forget the time and place.

I wonder why we always think

of tragedy in terms of death of affairs of the heart that have wandered into memories. There are many other kinds of tragedies. Real poignancy reaches the same proportions yet they are passed by with as little notice as the funeral of a fire hydrant commands from a man running after a street car. Instance—a girl of six with long white curls resting on shoulders covered with pink organdie, emerged from a drug store, beaming upon an ice cream cone. A large dog bumped into her and the ice cream was reduced to a mere blund, ghastly something by the heat of the sidewalk. That's all—except that she walked away from it looking far into space.

Postoffice, 2:30 p. m. Saturday

Man of 40, tanned, watery eyes, knickers, probably an heir to a factory, attempts to leave building. Woman of 40, red faced, probably an heir to a restaurant, attempts to enter building. Collision.

Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

Even the comments appear to be a trend against the continuation of this column. Back in July when concrete pavement was synonymous in many ways with indigestion, and conversation gave it place in the scheme of things to electric fans and cold drinks, all this seemed so futile. I felt myself to be in the position of the fellow who lugs away at a piano until he gets it in front of a house, and then, exhausted, wanders away, secure in the belief that a sqadily legged girl will carry it into the music room. But the fact of the matter is that the spindly legged girl is indifferent to the piano because it is an indefinite thing with neither tone nor refinement, and has not could have been more fleeting. So I thought I should wait until the sun lost some of its sting, as it was reflected from the street, and the keys of my typewriter ceased to be single just the office. I offer to full grown mechanistic philosopher who is collecting data.

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Unless something happens that is not yet expected on, a few hours after this edition reaches the street, millions of people will be in a frenzy over a contest in Chicago to determine the world's most uncivilized man. Thousands of the more enthusiastic will have jammed their way into the stadium on Michigan boulevard in Chicago and will be provided with material for conversation for many years hence. The night Dempsey fought Sharkey and as many thousands were feverish over the result, I was in Detroit. I met a social worker on one of those dingy streets on the east side. It had been raining and the air was hot and sticky and discolored. On the steps of houses were mothers and their babies trying to breathe. The young man in social service work said, "You figure it out because maybe you are not prejudiced and I am. But this is what I think. It means America. Everyone interested in whether one man can hit harder than another and no one interested in whether there are mothers and their children get enough air to breathe." I said I could not do a great deal of figuring because perhaps I, too, was prejudiced.

And now that Glimpses has been resumed, I hope those who influenced it will have their punishment in this life. The first issue of it goes to a Ralph Smith and his immediate comrades who, throughout the summer, kept asking for Glimpses. I hope, merely that they have many children and that they all, for six generations, consecrate their lives to newspaper work, and that they grow hard they try, they never leave the field of journalism.

LIGHT MONEY USED

That part of the budget which provides for street lights has been exceeded for this year, it was reported to the commission Monday night by Manager James W. Parry. The report was made when Jay Walsh of the real estate firm of J. Walsh, James & Wasey asked for at least one additional light in the Fedding road section of Birmingham.

DRUNK DRIVER PAYS $25 FINE

Pontiac Man Arrested After Accident On South Woodward

James W. Smith, 284 Auburn avenue, Pontiac, is at liberty today after paying a fine of $25 on a charge of driving while under the influence of liquor, when arraigned in Justice Malcolm Hunt's office Saturday.

Smith was arrested and lodged in the Birmingham police station Friday night when his machine struck one driven by A. T. Spring, 1289 Ardmore avenue, Detroit on south Woodward avenue. No one was injured in the collision and the cars were but slightly damaged.

Police say Smith was driving on the wrong side of the road when the accident occurred.

LIBRARY GETS NEW VOLUMES

Barton Book Heads List of New Material Available For Circulation

"What Can a Man Believe," by Bruce Barton, author of "They Call Me Carpenter," heads the list of books recently acquired at the Baldwin Public library. Barton has become a figure in the literary world within the last year or so, and his new volume bids fair to become one of the books most in demand at the library, Mrs. Nancy B. Thomas, librarian, says.

Edward Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" a poem of almost epic proportions, is another of the recently acquired books. Lloyd Morris's "The Rebellious Puritan," Lilian M. Gilbreth's "Home Maker and Her Job," and "Your Money's Worth," by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, complete the list.

HOWARTH TALKS TO ROTARIANS

John B. Howarth, secretary of the Birmingham Rotary club and chairman of its Rotary education committee, was the principal speaker at the Monday meeting at the Chatoqua Tea Room. He outlined the mental processes of altruistic education, and stated that the ideals of Rotary, if allowed to flow through human conduct, will do much to raise the standard of life and living. Mr. Howarth referred to Rotary's six objects, each of which tend to lead out of the members the attributes that uplift and strengthen society.

Plans are under way by Charles J. Shain, president of the club, to entertain District Governor Omar Feddinn at a dinner and evening meeting to be held Oct. 3.

NUTHATCH, INQUISITIVE BIRD, IS DISCUSSED BY WILMOT WOOD

By WILMOT H. WOOD

Who has not, when passing a tree in the fall or winter seen a white and black bird scurry down the trunk of a tree, and heard the quack, quack" uttered, and, as he followed the creek with his eyes, seen it alight again in a tree a short distance away. This bird is the white-breasted, black-capped nuthatch. He starts up and down the trunk of the tree every few minutes, uttering his range "quank quank," as he moves in any direction, first head up, then head downward. Then he moves cross wise of the trunk. If he is on a branch, he will hang with his back downward, always looking for grubs or insects that infest the trees. He never seems to be quiet, but is always on the move. The bill of this bird is black, the upper mandibile straight, the lower one rounded upwards toward the point, and white near the base. The nostrils are covered with long curving black hairs. The tongue is of a horny substance, ending in several sharp points. The general color above is light blue or lead.

The tail consists of 12 feathers, the two middle ones lead color, the next three black, tipped with white for one-tenth, one-fourth and one-half an inch. The next two are black also, tipped half an inch or more with white, which runs nearly an inch up their outer edges. Both have white at the tips touched with black. The legs are of a purple or dirty flesh color, and the hind claw is much the largest. The inside of the wing at the bend is black; below this is a white spot spreading over the roots of the first primaries.

The whole length of this bird is five inches and a half. The extent is 11 inches. He rests and roosts with his head downwards, and possesses a degree of sagacity not common to many birds. The upper part of his head, neck and shoulders is a deep black glossed with green. His breast and belly are pure white. The vent and lower parts of the thighs are of a rust color, and the eyes, hazel.

The nuthatch can be kept about your home lot if you put up feeding places for him. Suet is what he likes best.

VILLAGE TO PAY LIBRARY TAX

The Village will pay seven-twelfths of the money from the half mill tax for the public library to the library board at an early date and will continue to make monthly payments, according to a decision reached at the meeting Monday night. Approximately $10,000 is owed to the institution at present.

First Church of Christ, Scientist
Birmingham, Michigan

ANNOUNCES A

Free Lecture

on

Christian Science

BY JAMES G. ROWELL, C. S.
OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

Member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

Baldwin High School Auditorium
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 2, 1927
At Four o'Clock

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