SOME FLAPPERS ARE FLOPS when it comes to the presentation of real pulchritude. Every Jill does not get her Jack—though some of them do get the money.

The Birmingham Eccentric

PART TWO

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 1 | BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1928 | $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

STATE ASKS RETRIAL ON ROAD AWARDS

Amounts For Eight Mile Road Widening Excessive, Claim

HEARING ON APRIL 23

Hearing on the application of the state's attorney general for a retrial on the condemnation proceedings for the right of way for the wider Eight Mile road will be heard in circuit court, Pontiac, April 23, it is decided today.

State Attorney William G. Brucker petitioned the court for a retrial claiming that the amounts allowed property owners were excessive. The total the state was to give for the land is $1,108,120. This is for property between the Livernois and John R. roads, a distance of approximately two miles.

The motion is based on the statement that the amounts awarded are about $200,000 in excess of the largest amount the property owners could have expected to receive. It is charged the figures are, in some instances higher than the figures submitted in any of the testimony and in other cases were even higher than figures demanded by the property owners when settlements were discussed in advance of the suit. Property owners were permitted by the court to show the value of the part taken without any regard to what was left, Brucker claims.

On City Lot Values

It is further charged by the attorney general that the condemnation jurors were allowed to make awards based on city lot values rather than on an acreage or square foot basis, regarding the depth of the lots which in most instances were deep enough so the frontage could be taken and still leave ample property for city lots. The frontage remained but would be on a wider and better street than before, the attorney points out.

The state seeks to make the Eight Mile road into a super-highway instead of its present 66-foot width and is to take all the new width off the north side of

(Concluded on Page 6, Part 2)

Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

DANCE-NOTE

Pizzicato, sharp and thin,
Plucked upon a violin
Answers the hoarse, gusty, low
'Cello pizzicato.

Blow, blow a kiss and flutter in,
Your fragile, little, silly face
Tautly bright . . .
Your fluffy, ruffled ballet skirt
And satin bloomers trimmed with lace
Sheer and light
Flutter to the dainty, thin
Vibrato of the violin.

The spotlight is your sun
And you are spring
Balanced on a toe-tip
Quivering . . .
The spotlight is your sun
And you may bloom,
For one capricious moment
In this room.

You bend backwards and your ribs are outlined
And your high, full, sweet young breasts tug upwards, pull
At your bodice with a tremulous
Ardent movement that is beautiful.
And your hands are languid birds and your unquiet feet
Move to a spent legato of retreat.

You leap to a quick crescendo with the final note
Still beating like a hammer in your throat,
Flushing, you blow a kiss and kick a sparkling toe,
(Of course, you knew that you would stop the show . . .)
You flutter in again . . . the spotlight whips . . .
Your dazzled face, a quavering smile upon your painted lips.

Pizzicato, sharp and thin,
Plucked upon a violin
Answers the hoarse, gusty, low
'Cello pizzicato.

If I am running too much verse in this column lately you must remember that, after all, it is spring. The connection between spring and verse has always been somewhat vague to me, but people seem unanimously to establish a very definite relationship. I am not one to argue, especially when the verse has so lovely a tone as the note above. It was written by Ann Marie during a winter two years ago on one of the coldest days. She wrote it as traffic was at an especially high pitch.

—$—

Thirty years ago he was one of the hardest hitting heavyweights in the country. Today he tells stories in saloons. Since then he has served time in jail on a murder charge. Books have been written about him.

Like most persons of this strata he is melodramatic. Even the tone of his talk smacks of the playhouses along the old Third avenue. He sings his innumerable stories and in his voice is mingled the regret that he no longer can knock men into oblivion with a Blow and the pride that he knows more tales of far off dark places than any of his listeners.

I have seen him give his last quarter to a panhandler whose layout attracted his approval. I have seen him accept invitations to go and drink with men he hated intensely. He sings his songs for these people and he tells stories of fighters who were champions. He puts his strong pride in his pocket and brings out strong drink.

I should have said sooner that he has a trade at which, so I am told, he is an expert. But he rarely works. Everyone likes comfort and he has more than his share of this predilection. The mornings come early.

—$—

He is living "legitimate" in the strict sense of the word and is harmless. If it is wrong for him to spend the remainder of his life drinking to forget the long days in the death house where he was awaiting hanging, and then, after the sentence was commuted, the horrible years doing prison work, then he is committing wrong.

—$—

Sometimes it is difficult to believe that huge, dumb people feel things like those who go through the world being influenced by sounds and color and the moods of others. Yet I met him one time and the agony of torn pride was on his face. It was difficult for me to get an answer but finally he explained he had called on a former champion prize fighter who was in the city in vaudeville. The champion and he at one time had been close friends. They started to the hotel together—then the crash came and while one was the hero of the world the other was in jail. Now the former champion has a detachment of secretaries outside his suite to keep such persons away.

—$—

Some of these young men in offices must have futures.

I just talked with one genius. The man I wanted was not in and I tried to leave a message for him to call me. The mental mastodon to whom I talked thought I was trying to sell him some goldfish. He thought my name was Mr. Telephone. Then he decided it was McCall. He wavered a bit though, when Birmingham was mentioned and then addressed me by that title.

My opinion is that will this young man but apply himself, avoiding pitfalls and illness, take a few night courses and read the American Magazine earnestly, he will make the grade.

After about 50 years the company will buy him a bicycle so he will not have to walk with the messages anymore.

MAN SENT TO JAIL

In the Oakland County jail today Herbert Bale, Clair, Michigan, serving part of a five day sentence for disorderly conduct. The arrest was made Friday by Sgt. Richard Lawler and the case brought before Justice Malcolm Hunt.

Next Or Not Next Is Question As Prices Soar

Higher Costs of Shave, Haircut Seems Not To Effect Business, Barbers Report

"Next!"

But wait a minute. Today it costs 35 cents to be "next" if it is a shave you want and 65 cents if it is to be a hair cut in Birmingham barber shops, following the innovation of the new prices last Saturday.

Barbers, however, report that the first fear of the return of beards and flowing locks of the hanging garden type are vanishing into thin air for the men of the village take their turn and pay the extra 10 or 15 cents without comment.

The prices were raised because of recent state laws enacted which compel barbers to increase the overhead of their shops, it is explained.

The barber first of all pays an annual state license fee which is increased from one to three dollars.

Sterilizers are in all shops and all instruments used are subjected to the sterilizer. The law also compels the barbers to use freshly laundered towels on each customer. Likewise the day of the styptic pencil has gone after the high wheeled bicycle. From now on, the law states, all styptics must be liquid.

Two years ago barbers of Birmingham joined in the attempt to raise prices to the present standard but were forced to lower them again when the trial did not prove successful.

Beauty parlors are not affected by this law.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Rev. Robert M. Atkins, pastor Birmingham First Methodist Episcopal church: "The world needs its dreamers who, though apparently making no practical contribution to their time, yet offer a vision upon which others of a more practical genius build and create actualities. The world as it stands today, in all its ramifications, is largely the result of the thing dreamed by so-called dreamers."

MANY CHANGES HERE IN YEAR

Manager's Report Lists Accomplishments In Village During 12 Months

The year 1927 has seen perhaps more changes than any other year in the history of Birmingham, according to the annual report out today by the village by James W. Parry, manager.

Some of the achievements are change to a seven man commission, sale of the old library property, the soaring cost of the old pumping station, partial paving of Woodward avenue, the completion of the new Baldwin library, establishment of paid fire department, expansion of health department, establishment of engineering department, and the extension to the sanitary sewer system.

Many of these changes directly pave the way for other improvements in Birmingham, the report states.

THE DUST IS HEAVY WHERE ANDY WORKS

"I work in a shop and I did something to cut the dust in my throat."

This is the reason Anderson Smith, colored, 1812 Elm street, First ward, Justice Buck fined him $50 and five gallons of alleged moonshine whisky in his possession when arrested after a chase through Bloomfield Hills by patrolman Dolor Anderson of the Hills. Smith stopped.

Justice Buck fined the man $50 and suggested he find a place to work where conditions were fairer.

Patrolman Dolor Anderson of the Hills arrested Smith when he noticed the license plates on his car did not correspond. On the way to the station, Smith changed places in his car with a woman companion, then jumped while the automobile was in motion, and ran through the fields. He was halted after three revolver shots were fired by the patrolman.

VILLAGE REALTORS SELL PONTIAC LAND

Colgrove, Buck & Tillotson, of Birmingham, report the purchase of another piece of property situated at the southeast corner of Auburn and Shirley avenues, Pontiac, by the Community Improvement company. This property has a frontage of 47 feet on Auburn and a depth of 125 feet.

Already stores are being constructed here, the largest of which has been leased by the Kroger Company.

It is understood that this property, which was bought for investment purposes, sold for in the neighborhood of $300 per front foot.

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.

43 YEARS AGO

Mr. George Jennings of Troy had a surprise party lately. A pleasant company, a delicious supper and a good dance helped to pass the evening pleasantly.

Mel Sly of Southfield, Ed. Fordick and A. Whitehead of Bloomfield attended the Republican convention at Lansing yesterday.

It is reported around this bailiwick that Clark Blanberg has bought the small farm or place in this village of Mrs. D. Hubbard.

E. L. Jennings offers his land near the Birmingham mill for $75 per acre. Call early or you will lose the bargain.

There is a very highly flavored neighborhood scandal in five villages and highly respectable township of Southfield. The high contracting parties are dreadfully afraid the Eccentrics will get onto their racket. Don't worry children, we won't give it away. But, honest, now you'd better let up a little.

The skating craze is abating considerably; the rink is only open on Saturday evenings.

Bert Sprague and wife have arrived in Seagrove and have gone home to their respective mates.

Hiram Sober is spending his vacation with his parents.

Maud Rainey is home from Ypsilanti.

Sugar weather at last.

George Terry has rented his blacksmith shop to Jason Scott and is about to take a trip to California.

John Campbell of Idaho Territory is visiting his sister, Mrs. Rainey.

You can now telephone to any place in this county for only 20 cents. A general reduction is made by the telephone company to all its offices.

25 YEARS AGO

Enos Brayman has severed himself from his job in Pontiac.

Our new waterworks whistle, which reaches much house while being tested, seems to have lost some of its lung power.

Ed Fish of the National was tramping around last Wednesday and on inquiring the cause, stated he was in the same predicament as was Baalam when he went through the pickets. Now what ailed Ed?

Many Birminghammers took in the Detroit theaters last Sunday.

There is no use of us editors trying to save money any more. Senator Wellington has introduced a bill in the senate limiting fortunes to $10,000,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Blakeslee have sold their beautiful home on the west side of Woodward avenue, to Mrs. Cone of Troy for $2000 cash. Mrs. Cone was very fortunate in finding such a cozy home for sale in Birmingham.

You will see the election notice for a new county house at Pontiac, to be voted for at our next town meeting. Vote yes on it and let us see if we can't have a courthouse to match our grand county. Old Oakland certainly deserves something better than an old pookery built over 50 years ago. They do say the present style of courthouses is fine, and we ought to catch one while they are beautiful, roomy and comfortable. Let's, will.

A report of the Sigma Tau blowout will appear next week.

Muzzle your dog. The legislature has passed a law granting power to the village daddies throughout the state to pass laws governing the muzzling of dogs.

FLAMES ROUTE 200 CHILDREN FROM SCHOOL

Oil Soaked Field Ablaze Pours Fumes Into Classrooms

SMOKE COVERS VILLAGE

Routed by dense smoke that filled the class rooms, 200 school children were marched to safety Monday morning as flames menaced the Parker school at the Thirteen Mile road west of Woodward avenue when a field covered with crude oil near the building was fired.

The school which is in the city of Royal Oak was not in direct danger of fire, according to Chief Martin J. Bishop, but there was danger of suffocation to the pupils from the smoke.

Members of the Royal Oak department had the flames under control but the smoke, rolled north by a strong wind, hovered for many hours over Birmingham, four miles away.

The field was covered with an estimated 100,000 gallons of oil Sunday when a pipe line of the Imperial Oil company burst. The line runs from Indiana to Sarnia, Ont. Officials of the company ordered the oil fired.

A free day was given the school children until the smoke could be cleared from the building which was approximately 50 feet from the fire. They were ordered to proceed at once to their homes by Miss Florence Staley, Principal.

The cause of the break in the main is undetermined but it is estimated the loss was $7,000.

Flames spurting into the air encased in spirals of heavy, black smoke attracted hundreds of autos to the scene and the roads were partly blocked by the cars between 10 a. m. and noon.

The district is sparsely settled and no hotses were endangered.

Miss Susannah Barlow of Windsor, Eng., was disappointed in love when 20 years old, but kept her bridal gown to be used as a shroud when she was buried at the age of 101.

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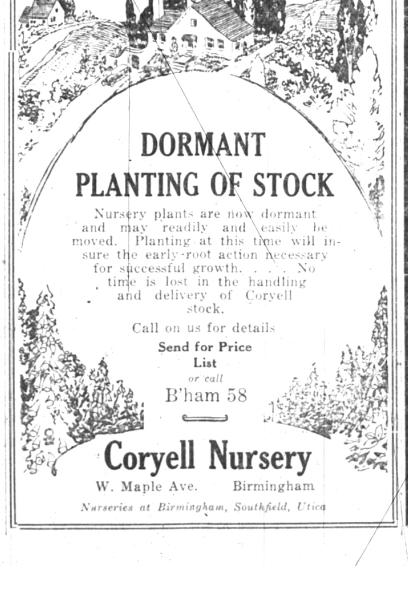

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