

OAKLAND COUNTY MAN TELLS OF FIGHT WITH ANGERED BIRD

Walter Hastings, of South Lyon, tall, genial official photographer of the Conservation Department, has encountered the fiercest fighting specimen of Michigan wild life. Recently Hastings sought pictures of the black tern and before he had finished getting some excellent views of this beauty he had learned something about the bird's fighting ability.

The fact that he was intruding on the private life of a pair of these birds undoubtedly was the cause of the opposition he met. Never in his 15 years of experience in this fascinating sport has Hastings encountered such bundles of fury.

Battle Was On

The word "bluff" evidently does not exist in the vocabulary of the black tern. As soon as Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, who by the way, is also an expert of long experience on photographing wild life, put in their appearance at the terns' domicile, the battle opened. There was nothing offered in the way of ultimatum, the birds swooping to the attack with a willingness that left the Hastings astonished. Not until they had left the neighborhood did the relentless fighting cease.

Mrs. Hastings crouched low in

the boat in which they were approaching the nest. It was necessary to let the craft drift to the birds' home, for a single move oftentimes suffices to spoil plans that have taken hours to work out. She had pulled rushes from the lake margin and covered her person completely. But the sharp eyes of the mother bird soon pierced the blind and she made her dive at the invaders. The bird flew swiftly at Mr. Hastings and pecked her head several times, screaming out her protests. Persistence, a word that is the foundation of men of the Hastings' success in their work, finally won out and the record of the birds' home life is now included in the pictorial history.

He Gets Them

This feat is typical of "Walt" Hastings. He has never failed to secure a set of pictures but what he has conquered. For as many as 90 hours he has remained in cramped positions, pestered by insects and other pests while waiting to "shoot" his prey. He has never given ground to a single bird or animal encountered in his years of study.

He has had some thrilling experiences while gathering material. Once while sitting in a blind, very narrow limits, he was as-

tounded to see a rattle snake crawl unconcernedly near his feet. With his feet affixed only in light weight shoes and tennis shoes, Hastings did not feel exactly comfortable while the snake was assuming a business-like pose. But if he were to make his escape, Hastings knew that he must either tread upon the unwelcome guest or else drop one of his many plateholders upon him. Such an accident, he knew, would result disastrously for the snake was already to do business. So he adopted the snake's game—that of waiting for something to happen. For more than an hour, man and snake occupied the blind, neither consciously moving a muscle. Minutes seemed like hours to Hastings as his body tired and began to ache. Then, apparently wearying of this rather tiresome game, the snake maneuvered out of the blind much the same as he came. Hastings' first move was to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

10,000 Pictures

These, of course, are unusual experiences. But to Hastings, his work amounts to almost a religion. It is doubtful if there is a man living in Michigan who gets as much first-hand information of the wild life and the habits of its animal natives as does this interesting man. He has come to know the guarded treasures of Michigan's most rare species of game and songsters.

He has over 10,000 still pic-

tures, of which 7,000 are of birds, in his collection. These are in the hands of the thousands of feet of motion picture film that he has taken. He has entertained clubs of sportsmen and life savers' groups and kindred organizations with his pictures in all parts of the country. Last year he made 246 shows.

Under The Hood

HAND THROTTLE HELPS

When touring, as everyone is or soon will be, the motorist is likely to find the foot that is held on the accelerator for eight hours or more getting tired. The hand throttle offers an avenue of relief. On the long stretches where the car's speed can be maintained with confidence, it pays to use the hand throttle instead of the accelerator to feed gas to the engine. It is simpler, as the name implies, and you have learned the trick have found. The opportunity for substituting the hand throttle for the accelerator is much larger than is supposed.

CLEAN INTERIOR, TOO

There is one part of the car where dirt shows up quite emphatically that is often missed by even the most ardent of car-cleaners. The point in question is the inside of the open car top. Many dogs this task because they do not know of its simplicity. The easy but effective way to make the inside of the top as immaculate as any other part of the car is to go after it with a stiff brush. The results are certain to be pleasantly surprising, especially in the case of the roadster or phaeton, the top of which is in a light tone.

Morris Wandesford of Chicago married a woman posing as the Princess Strodoff of London, was arrested for bigamy and then learned the "Princess" was a chauffeur's daughter.

The Diary of a New Yorker

by CLARK KINNAIRD

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to The Eccentric

New York, July 3.—A 25-cent pair of sunglasses is about all an isolated notable needs to preserve his anonymity in New York. Charles A. Lindbergh, a popular young man who is said to be an aviator, strolls on Fifth avenue unrecognized behind smoked spectacles. Lindbergh kept his presence in the city unknown for days with a pair of sun glasses as his only disguise.

On the other hand, Harold Lloyd needed only to go without his glasses shell-rins in order to escape notice in Gotham crowds. When he put them on to do traffic scene in Times Square, he was nearly mobbed.

"Balmy Sunday Sends Through to shore, Half a Million Spent Day at Coney Island" is a stock head in New York newspaper shops. It isn't news unless half a million pack into the series of amusement parks which comprise Coney, and at least 50 children are lost.

Coney is called the truly American playground, but I dislike to believe it. It represents retrogression commercialized to the nth degree. The entertainment, such as it is, has a hard glitter. The place is barren of natural charms. The visitor seeking relief from the blatant and stark reality of the city looks in vain for perspectives of beauty at Coney, except at night when lights are flashing. It has no convivial social side corresponding to that of the county fair back home. The "lonely visitor finds no fellowship. If he speaks to a stranger, as likely as not he gets a response in a foreign tongue or a suspicious rebuff.

So many children are lost at Coney that the police department has a special bureau to take care of the strays until called for. Every season there are a number of "repeaters," and police suspect that some parents, knowing that unattended children are given prompt attention by police, purposely "lose" offspring in order to enjoy a few hours unhampered.

Modernism has triumphed again. Municipal authorities have lifted the ban upon revelatory, one-piece bathing suits at Coney, and beaches are crowded with girls who evidently are obeying parental injunctions to hang their clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water.

However, each season the beach is thronged with persons in bathing costume long before the ocean water becomes warm enough to be inviting.

The war, it seems, is over. Hot dogs are half an inch longer.

At Coney there is a "wild man from Borneo" who howls, gnaws raw bones and dances crazily. He is a German-American who in his varied career has been a professional wrestler, "tattooed man," a "true-blood Cherokee," bouncer in a hook-knock show, sword swallower, "bearded woman." He has a wife and a family.

I wonder what children say when school authorities ask them the occupation of their father. Imagine the embarrassment of a boy who had to confess that his father was a bearded woman in a show!

What do you want to know about New York? Ask C. K., 2300 Times building, New York, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

EXPENSIVE BARN BURNS IN HILLS

Razing Of Nichols Stables Brings \$5,000 Loss; Horses Escape

Loss estimated at \$5,000 was suffered last Thursday when a barn on the estate of E. S. Nichols, on the east Long Lake road, was completely razed by fire. Birmingham firemen were called, but the conflagration had gained such a start by the time of their arrival that they were powerless.

A valuable horse owned by Mr. Nichols was removed from the burning barn by a neighbor. Several other horses usually kept in the stables were at the Bloomfield Open Club.

Milliecent Brice, aged 17, of Hammond, Ind., ran away from her father to escape a spanking and then threw herself into a river and drowned.

FIND WESTERN BUSINESS GOOD

Business in the southwestern part of the country is distinctly good this summer and prospects for the remainder of the year are highly encouraging, according to DuBois Young, president, and K. S. Cole, general sales manager of the Hupp Motor Car corporation, who have just returned to Detroit from one of the trips the two officials make a practice of taking frequently to keep in close touch with their field organization.

The tour just completed took them to Oklahoma City, and St. Louis, with a stop in Chicago on the way home. At all points visited they held conferences with their distributors, dealers and salesmen, took part in local exhibitions over the results of a series of unique sales contests. Hupp distributors have been staging, and found evidence of a change views with business leaders in industrial and commercial conditions.

"Crop prospects throughout the northwest are particularly bright," said Mr. Cole in an interview after reaching Detroit. "Oklahoma assured the greatest wheat yield the state has harvested in any season for six years, and the natural effect is a high degree of optimism among business men in that immediate territory." The favorable

crop outlook and its reaction on general business is not only reflected throughout the entire western belt but is bound to be felt in the country as a whole. The farmer is such a basic factor in the nation's prosperity that when money is plentiful in agricultural territory every line of industry is stimulated and we who produce automobiles in common with all manufacturers and distributors throughout the east and north will feel this fall the results of good crops in the form of heavy buying of manufactured products of all kinds by the farm states.

SECOND GOLF COURSE AT TROY NOW IN PLAY

A second nine holes at the Eastwood Hills Golf club, at Troy, was put into play yesterday, marking the completion of a full 18 hole course. A third nine holes are expected to be ready for play by August 1, according to word received from Frederick F. Smith, owner and president.

The north course, of nine holes, was opened last year. The south course, also of nine holes, was constructed, sowed with creeping bent, and opened to play yesterday, and the third nine should be ready by August, he said.

The course were laid out by Maurice Kimpse, golf architect associated with Mr. Smith. Mr. Kimpse has laid out several other local courses.

Two women handbags of Miriam Smith were lost several months ago at Martin Kalkreuth's club and then robbed him of \$40.

HUSBAND DRAWS HEAVY SENTENCE

Man From Big Beaver Jailed On Non-Support Charge

Harold Hauke, Big Beaver, was sentenced in a term of from 2 1/2 to 3 years in Michigan State Prison at Jackson, with the recommendation that he serve the minimum term, in circuit court, Friday, by Judge F. L. Doty, on the charge of failure to support his wife and three small children.

The case was heard by the court without a jury. Witnesses testified Hauke was a selfish party, eager to have a good time at his family's expense. It was shown that he bought a new gun and complete new hunting outfit for himself at a time when his family was destitute.

In spite of the fact that a Jew isn't a Christian at all, Louis Behr of Rockford, Ill., a Jewish student at the University of Wisconsin, was awarded a trophy for "Christian character, distinguished service and scholarship."

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Charge Accounts Invited

Bloomfield Hills Village TAX

Due July 1st, 1928

Please Take Notice

that the annual Village Tax of Bloomfield Hills becomes due and is payable on the 1st day of July, 1928.

I will be in the Village Office, Corner Woodward Avenue and Long Lake Road, every Saturday during July and August, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., for the collection of taxes.

M. B. Whittlesey
Bloomfield Hills
Village Treasurer

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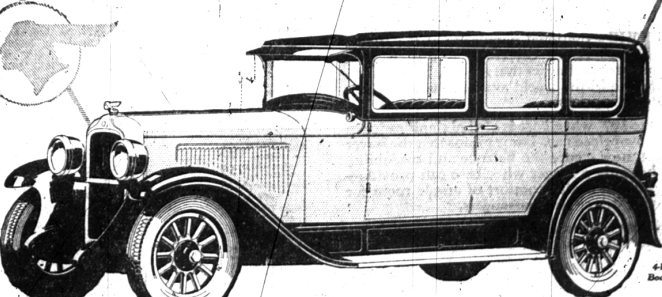
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