

# The Birmingham Centric

PART TWO

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FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 7

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1928

\$1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

## P. X. MALONEY RITES HELD

Birmingham firemen were called to the Star Motor Coach, offices, last Friday morning when some waste in the rear of the bus garage caught fire. There was no damage. The offices are on South Woodward avenue.

Catholic Church, Detroit.

Mr. Maloney is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary E. Maloney and five sons: Charles Maloney of Cheboygan, George D. Maloney, Gerald Maloney, and John Maloney all of Detroit, and one daughter, Mrs. John Darval of Davis avenue, Birmingham and seven grandchildren.



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IN A **PHOTOGRAPH**

**ARNOLD STUDIO**

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## Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

**Ernest Booth, a philologist** contribution to a recent American Mercury points out that the terms "racket" and "racketeer" now grown so common in conversation, had their origin as trade names in the business of dynamite safes. "This was years ago out west. Now one hears from a member of any of the professional surrounded with dignity, "Oh, my racket is medicine," or "Yes, I find law a good racket." The history of the term is similar to the history of many terms which originated in the underworld and were evolved to the drawing rooms. It first applied to the dynamites, then to other industries outside the law and now it has become "legitimate." Soon I shall hear from the clergy.

It was first brought to my attention by a puglist, years ago. His head battered and scarred from the punishment he took in years of prize-fighting (ah, vain man!) his brain duller than ever from the years as "catcher" his finances a vacuum, his health merely a memory, he had few prizes to sing for the world and especially for his profession. "Fighting is the toughest racket you can find in all Hell if you close the doors and start to look," he said.

The faculty of prize fighting always seems to assert itself. Those who make money from the "racket" usually have it all spent by the time they grow too old for fighting. Thousands follow the calling and make a scant living. In most cases they would be better off following the occupation of their father and brothers in driving a truck.

How does a person ever take to such a road to livelihood? I have known quite a number of fighters. I fail to remember one who did not spend his youth in a "tough" neighborhood where as a child it was the best possible form to submit meekness on his neighbors from the next block while a few miles away, in another neighborhood, other children were making mud pies and taking their music lesson.

The youngsters who manages to fight with the greatest amount of ease is picked up by a "manager." He finds he can get paid for doing the thing he formerly found was the most amusing kind of recreation. The buggery ride appeals to him. He is billed as "The Pride of Shantytown" and the Dutch Diggers Brotherhood loses a distinguished, if embryonic, member. About this time the other boys whom he used to fight get guns and start the hunt for gasoline station attendants and later on, banks in isolated neighborhoods.

I find myself headed toward a very serious sociological problem which I am ill prepared to discuss. Rather would it be more amusing for you, dear Campfire Girls and Brother Woodmen of the World, if I recall the story of an Italian fighter I know in Chicago a few years ago and the night he fought a "set-up" in Akron, O., and found the "fix" had been placed upon his tussled, black head.

One boy was born under the impressive name of "Antonio Yario," which in due time was changed to the more practical "Jimmy Kelly." Under this latter name you will find his records if you care to look a few years back. They thought at one time he would be bantamweight champion. This Akron set up came at the time he was howling over all opponents with a right hand which nothing seemed able to stop.

Jimmy, with his group of handlers, stepped into the Akron ring, the star of Italy dancing in his eyes. The crowd cheered him and cheered even though he was in the home town of his opponent. He was hardly aware of all the cheering. In his mind were the words of the manager, "Go right left and one-two. Hit, and right and the right in had belly. Left on his jaw, right in his belly. Soon you wear the crown."

Nothing could stop that right hand. "Left on his jaw, right in the belly."

Afterwards there would be a big dinner with all his friends and some of the red wine he never drank before a fight. "Left on his jaw, right to the belly, Jimmy."

Both fighters were called to the center of the ring while the referee gave them the usual instructions: "There are to be clean breaks... fight every minute... when I tap you on the shoulder, like this, break..." and all the rest of it that Jimmy did not hear.

Jimmy had taken his first look at the other fellow and thought it would be easy. This Akron boy was a half head taller. He was Polish and his lifeless blond hair was short cut. Jimmy looked at his jaw, lantern like, and thought of the left jab. The physical condition of neither fighter could be guessed at as they both still wore their bathrobes.

The great voice of the mob, a giant's breath, hesitated briefly. The fighters returned to their corners. Soon the gong and then

**WE HEARD IT SAID BY—**

Mrs. I. E. Kake of Birmingham, the Birmingham Credit Bureau: "The credit bureau has filed 55 suits, obtained 37 judgments, has seven cases pending, collected one garnishment and has had 10 paid and dismissed. The activity of the organization is increasing each month."

## HILLS SERVANT RUNS AMUCK

Police Finally Subdue Butler Who Terrorizes Women

A negro houseman who ran amuck at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. O'Dell in Bloomfield Hills, terrorizing women of the neighborhood with a large knife, backing the automobile out of the garage and wrecking it and finally holding Bloomfield Hills police at bay, is in the Oakland County jail today awaiting arraignment.

The man who gave his name as Willie Connelly, 31 years old, was finally subdued by Patrolman Delos Anderson and William Story, clerk in the Hills. He admitted to police he had been drinking.

The man weighs but 125 pounds. He did not strike anyone with the knife but is said to have forced women of the residence to barricade themselves in their rooms until police arrived.

When Patrolman Anderson and Story had the man, he continued to flourish the knife menacingly at Anderson and Story and to hold the sergeant and Anderson's revolver to quiet the man, police say.

**FIND \$5**

Charged with driving with the car out on West-ninth Street, 270 Chandler street, Pontiac, paid a \$5 fine at Justice Floyd Buck's Court Saturday. The arrest was made by Deputy Sheriff Earl Walker.

The left to the chin and the right. Jimmy had thrown off his robe. A left to the chin... he was limbering up on the ropes... Suddenly the mob went wild, crying "What was it? They hollered and got to their feet; they were pointing at him. His manager, too, had gone mad in this insane world and threw an overcoat at him. Someone else threw a towel. He ducked them both. The place was a bedlam. Then Jimmy found out. He had forgotten the formality of dressing for the fight and compared to what Jimmy had on, the women of the hoop-skirted state: "There are to be clean breaks... fight every minute... when I tap you on the shoulder, like this, break..." and all the rest of it that Jimmy did not hear.

Then Jimmy did a foolish thing. Probably all the punches he had taken in his years of fighting did something more to his head than merely leave his ears cauliflowered, but instead of covering himself with one of the friendly coats thrown at him, he hopped through the ropes and ran down the noisy aisles to his dressing room. A minute later when his manager arrived, he found his fighter crying.

"All I could think was the left to the jaw, the right to the belly," he said. "I forgot about dress."

And when the fight was over, after 10 rounds of the worst kind of torment for Jimmy, the referee announced it a draw.

## FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS—of Long Ago

**43 YEARS AGO**

When Mitchell's car strays from home Tom Hanna makes a paper blanket and labels it thusly: "straid from Hum Flese Return me to Mitchell." The spelling always brings a spell on that youthful feire.

If Harry will take off his shoes when he goes to see his girl, to one will know he was there. The size of em gives him dead away.

Fishing is the order of the day.

New Baltimore's once flourishing temperance hall now does a rushing saloon business.

Bicycles are quite the fashion. Dan Johnston has a new one and it's a beauty too.

Charlie Crocker, our musical blacksmith, has gone to pastures new, merely for a change of an air and climate. Sorrow to have Charlie go, and the band boys are carrying crape on their sleeves in token thereof.

One of the good young farmers who lives out in the woods toward Frankin, while plowing the other day had the misfortune to break a plow point, and "choking" up his wife from the house, he shouted for her to "bring down a wrench and a plow point," and she in her sweet innocence waltzed down into the field with a whiffetree and a broad axe. Tableaux.

Fine embroidered and plain lap robes and dusters at J. R. Carson Jr. & Co's.

**25 YEARS AGO**

The Lord did a good thing when He struck the Presbyterian church with lightning last week. Subscriptions were collected and in no time at all a new cement walk was laid in front of the church property, a much needed new roof was put on, the steeple taken down and the edifice is to be given a double coat of paint by Parks and Carter and takes quite a shock to wake up; some folks but they will wake up when properly touched.

Birmingham and her surrounding country never appeared more beautiful than at the present writing. Everything is fresh, verdant and green—even to the editor. Say, buy a ticket, will you?

What is prettier than a baby girl in the home of anybody? The following homes in Birmingham have been blessed the past week by the safe arrival of a little Miss:

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLean, to Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Brown and also one to Mr. and Mrs. V. Vale. We are glad to say that every little lady is the prettiest ever.

There will be an auction sale of high grade clothing for men and youths, men's fine Forest City hats, mens and boy's straw hats, and linen, rubber, celluloid, reversible and paper collars at C. Merrill's store room, Royal Oak, on Saturday next, June 6. U. G. House proprietor, M. H. Blunt, auctioneer.

R. F. D. No. 1

The willing workers will meet and it is understood that an inquest will be held this week, in Mt. Clemens. Scherf's body was removed to the Bell Funeral Home in this village.

Oscar Miller has had his buggy painted. Look out for a rate girl, auctioneer.

John Keyser has just finished putting a wire fence along the east part of his farm, and it's a Michigan from drowning in Lake Michigan.

**RITES HELD FOR VICTIM**

Man Who Dies in Earth Cave-In Leaves Widow, Two Children

Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon for Charles F. Scherf, 39 years old, at his home in Big Beaver. He was killed Saturday morning in an earth cave-in at the Nine Mile road and Woodward avenue.

Scherf was born in Detroit, June 8, 1888. He is survived by his widow, Hazel Gibbs Scherf, and a son and daughter, Raymond and Jessie. A small child of the couple died two weeks ago.

Oakland County deputies investigated the accident, Saturday, June 24 at the home of Mrs. Charles Simons.

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