

Harry S. Starr, local civil engineer, is about as enthusiastic a fisherman as can be found anywhere. He knows the woods "like a book," and can tell some wonderful angling stories.

# The Birmingham Eccentric

PART TWO

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 29

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1928

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## VILLAGE GIVES \$464 TO RELIEF

All Contributions For Florida Sufferers Believed To Be Received

Birmingham contributions to the Florida relief fund total \$464.42 it is announced today by Charles J. Shain, village director in the Oakland County chapter of the American Red Cross. Because of the waning of interest in the aid to the Florida hurricane victims, Mr. Shain believes that few other donations will be made.

The report of Miss Carrie M. Taylor, executive secretary of the county association, reveals that from luncheon clubs, one from the village of Birmingham, one from a business establishment and many small sums placed in boxes comprise the total.

A list of the sources of the contributions and the amounts is as follows:

### WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Joseph E. Pope, local realtor: "The annual directories published by The Eccentric are of vast benefit to the business and professional men, as well as the general public. I use one every day. I certainly am glad that The Eccentric is now engaged in getting out the 1929 directory."

Exchange Club	100
Village of Birmingham	100
Kate C. Kempf	50
Lions Club	25
Small donations left in contribution boxes	30.82
Other donations from boxes	13.60
D. H. Ladd	10
Thomas A. Neal	10
Mrs. R. H. Mann	10
J. McCarroll	5
Keystone well Drilling Co.	5
Mrs. L. W. Mix	5
Total	\$464.42

The Archdeacon of Nottingham, Eng., declared in an address recently that he felt the day was coming when it would be necessary to post "Gentlemen, remove your hats; ladies, put on your skirts," on the outside of his church.



## No Gift is More Acceptable

Children's portraits by ARNOLD are Christmas Gifts supreme! They are cherished not only as tokens of love and friendship, but as works of art.

You are not so busy—you are not so busy as we will be in December.

## THE ARNOLD STUDIO

Character Portraits That Live Forever  
KUNSKY THEATRE BUILDING

## Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM  
By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

K. D. BEGS TO INQUIRE whether I believe all I write. To bill collectors, K. D.: To persons who submit poems on their reactions to the vagaries of the lazy daffodils. Or in this column and the titillations for my ego among the book reviews?

Ofward, K. D., the answer in the latter two instances is "yes," although I believe, or am inclined to believe, by the time of the next edition may be altogether another matter.

You see, when I was a child, I believed in Santa Claus and in the superhuman powers of a certain bird which is constantly losing its popularity in American households. I believed in many other things. Then later on, I found them to be silly and made the discovery also that I had been quite thoroughly kidded.

It strikes me that most people are being kidded and do not know it. I mean all those who are so sure of things. They get hold of a notion of some strange and outlandish sort and always keep it with them.

Archaic people have told them such and such a true and they swallowed it, just as Jonah swallowed the whale. If I make myself clear. And if someone says or writes anything not in accord with their weird creed, then that person is either crazy or a heretic and should be dealt with accordingly.

Do I occasionally say things you "hope I do not believe"? Then I say them because they seem to me to be worth consideration, and either because I feel sorry for the poor fools who are so beastly smug and satisfied their Tennessee bromides are absolute, or because I hate them as earnestly and thoroughly as one can hate the intellectual amnesia that characterizes this social garbage.

Anyway, the letter was a very fine one, and in behalf of my constituency, I make a deep and profound bow.

THE PUBLICATION OF HUNGER FIGHTERS by Paul de Kruif, which is inadequately reviewed by me in this issue, recalls the story I have, second handed, about his resignation from the faculty of the University of Michigan and his subsequent career up to the publication of Arrowsmith, on which he and Sinclair Lewis collaborated.

The personality of this de Kruif is sterner than anything Florida has to offer and it is just as dominating. A huge person physically, he stomps about carrying a great stick he is said to have taken from a German officer during the war, and seems always on the verge of committing homicide.

He hates most people, and at the diversity, students were the apt ones to feel his scorn. A question from their timid lips would call forth a hurricane that sent them scurrying for shelter, and once safe, again longing for the comforting and protecting arms of mother.

He had a row about some supplies for his laboratory with one of the em-b-a-s-s-y's of the illustrious Dr. Marion Leroy Burton (R. I. P.—by all means, R. I. P.) and resigned. That is, he tried to resign but had quite a time of it. You see, he had not brushed up on the matter of resignation and for the greater part of one afternoon kept telling the wrong deans he was through.

They were sundry, very sorry (and there seems to be little question that they really were sorry) but they had not the authority to accept.

"Then who in Hell will accept my resignation?" he wanted to know. "My dear fellow," the last dean told him in the most gracious of tones, "naturally the head of your school." (These quotations are mine.) Then, by gosh, where was he?

Unaware of the strife on the campus, the learned head of Dr. Kruif's department sat in a small boat on Whittemore lake thinking great thoughts that only a department head in a great university can think—and fishing. The day had been warm, and as twilight settled over the world, the great scientist reviewed hope that he would return home with some fish. A slight breeze was refreshing as he took a lunch from a small basket in the bottom of the boat. Finishing his sandwiches, he lighted a pipe and again allowed his imagination to take him many places in the great science world of which he was a part.

On the shore there was a scene quite so serene. This terrible de Kruif had the owner of a boat livery backed into a corner. He was shouting at the fellow, who grew more timid and apologetic at every sentence from this huge, insane person who came upon him so suddenly demanding the rental of a boat, when all the boats were out. Suddenly de Kruif walked away from him as he would from an experiment which proved worthless.

He clapped his hands and started shouting at the great man of science in a boat. But alas, reveries of the profound are not to be interrupted. In the boat it was still peaceful. A fish nibbled away at a worm on the professor's line, ate it all, then swam quietly away.

Suddenly there was a great splash and the boat was jarred. The gentleman of thought, startled, turned around and beheld the head of Dr. de Kruif emerging from the water. Seaweed reeled languidly on the crown of his soaked head, halo-like. "Say," panted de Kruif, as he treaded water, "I resign. Understand? I resign!" Then he swam away.

He headed to Detroit, obtained a position in a laboratory, wrote articles for a magazine which resulted in the magazine having to face bill suits, then headed for New York ready to settle down at writing.

He met Lewis at whose instigation the novel "Arrowsmith" was started. There was a decided difference of opinion when the book was published. I understand it was over the manner in which the authorship was credited. At any rate there was a great row in the publisher's office which resulted in de Kruif stomping out and near murdering an office boy who attempted, in behalf of the publisher, to have him return for a continuation of the conference. I understand he cabled Lewis, then in England, stating at great length, his grievances. So far as I know, the difference has never been ironed out.

I am not sure this story is absolutely accurate. I have for it only the word of an intimate friend of the author, and that, to me, is sufficient.

## Gain Reported At Pierce Library

A circulation of 665 books for the past month is reported for the Pierce School branch of the Baldwin Public Library, according to Miss Gertrude Melody, in charge of the branch.

A pronounced circulation increase each time the branch is visited is noticed, according to Miss Melody.

"I feel very well satisfied about the attendance and circulation at the school branch," Miss Melody says. "The students are learning fast to use the library and quickly becoming a home."

When a telephone company proposed to change the name of a telephone exchange at Braddock, near Pittsburgh, dry residents of the community entered a vigorous protest. The new name proposed was Braddywine.

## NEW WINTER COATS

Lavishly Trimmed with Fur, Special

# \$49.75

A COLLECTION of coats that have an air of Paris chic about them... coats of rich English Broadcloth, made more attractive by such lovely furs as beaverette and caracul. Coats of velour de laine, flatteringly finished with fox or wolf.

Beautiful New Winter Shades

FEATURING especially the joyous bright shades. All coats are beautifully silk lined and all are exceptional values at \$49.75.

Others \$24.75 to \$69.75

## Buy With Confidence ANNIS FUR COATS \$95 up

### They're Wearing Square Scarfs

Striking printed designs in a riot of colors add chic to the square scarfs for the new season. One of them will touch your ensemble with the smart amount of yipsyish gypsy.

\$2.95

### Color Harmony in Gloves

The soft mannish ease of this doekien gantlet has made it the most popular glove of the season. Fits the hand snugly and crushes attractively over the wrist. In black and the new coffee tones with contrasting stitch. At only—

\$2.95

Others \$1.95 Up

### Slip Into a Negligee—

And be lazy in the smartest way. Tailored and lace trimmed styles in boudoir colors. Materials are silk crepes.

\$12.00

## L. E. Davidson BIRMINGHAM DEPARTMENT STORE

Birmingham's Foremost Store

## VILLAGE WOMAN'S AMBITION TO PAINT REALIZED LATE

An example of how ambition can burn quietly through the busy years of a woman's life and attainment when leisure at last makes opportunities, is shown by Mrs. Thomas Thurber, of Detroit, one of Birmingham's artists.

Mrs. Thurber first studied oil painting at the age of 12, in the following years the three "R's" claimed all her attention. Graduating from the old Hill School, she was in the first class to enter the University of Michigan without examinations being required. On concluding her education at the university, she lost no time in reviving her latent talent, attending the Detroit Museum of Art, then under the direction of Joseph Gries, on Jefferson avenue. Here she studied from life and also began to exhibit some of her pictures.

After her marriage came a dormant period for her art, during which time she devoted all her energies to her home and five children. However, when her second daughter commenced to study painting, Mrs. Thurber's easel stood beside hers at the studios of an art school in Detroit. She was

now working in pen and ink, and in charcoal and oils.

In 1920, she first exhibited with the Detroit Society of Women Painters, and has done so regularly ever since.

This summer Mrs. Thurber attended the Armour Institute, in Chicago, where she studied under Mr. Kreighbill and also Mr. Frederick Fursman. The former is a primary palette and dynamic methods, whose influence is very apparent in some of Mrs. Thurber's recent paintings. Mr. Fursman is more conservative in technique, painting smoothly in a decidedly minor key.

Mrs. Thurber steers a sane course between all extremes of expression. She says: "I like to investigate everything new. There can be no standing still in life, so, as one must go either forward or backward, I endeavor to do the former. I used to think, with many others, that modern pictures were difficult to understand and often were unpleasant; but now that I have studied the matter I realize that what appears to be distortions in drawing are not just perversity or incompetence, but an inevitable part of organization design. Another thing—according to modern principles, the value of a picture depends mainly on its ability to make an emotional appeal."

Mrs. Thurber has two landscapes with the Detroit Society of Women Painters, and has done so regularly ever since.

John Drinkwater's famous historical play "Abraham Lincoln" has been secured by Central Methodist Church of Pontiac as the second number on the Central Entertainment Course for this year. Nov. 5 is the date of its appearance.

Twelve New York actors will form the cast. This is considered by many to be the most outstanding play produced in either England or America during the last decade. One dramatic scene is when Mr. Lincoln, is notified of his election to the Presidency of the United States. Another is when he is pleading before his cabinet for the freedom of the colored people.

The church has announced that there still remain a few season tickets and a few single admission tickets that may be secured by those wishing to attend this and the following numbers.

## DRINKWATER'S PLAY NEXT ON PROGRAM

WALTER WINCHELL  
Announcing—  
"Your BROADWAY and Mine"  
By  
Walter Winchell  
Broadway's Most Famous Columnist  
To Start Thursday, Nov. 8 in The Eccentric!  
DON'T MISS IT!