

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR—NO. 19

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1929

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## OFFICERS TALK TO ROTARIANS

Gibson, Howarth On Noon Program of Local Club

Dr. Warren P. Gibson and John B. Howarth, president and secretary, respectively, of the Birmingham Rotary club, occupied the program time here Monday noon with reports of the meeting of this Rotary District's officers at St. Clair two weeks ago. The meeting held annually to outline Rotary activities for the ensuing year, was presided over by District Governor M. R. Keyworth, superintendent of the public schools of Hamtramck, who won out over Charles J. Shain, local Rotarian, at the annual District Convention in Detroit last Spring. President Gibson praised the value of the St. Clair meeting, and declared that, "for enthusiasm and pep, it was as good as the annual convention of Rotary international which I attended at Dallas, Texas, this spring."

"Topics discussed included ways and means of bringing a greater proportion of the things Rotary stands for into the lives of each Rotarian, and then reflect them into each community where Rotary exists; better means of spreading Rotary's gospel of international good will and peace among the nations of the earth, there are now 3,189 clubs in 55 different countries; and more individual and club service to community betterment."

Secretary Howarth, who has attended the past five annual meetings of club officers during the two-day sessions, stated that Gov-

**WE HEARD IT SAID BY—**  
Ben Sewell, former captainer with the Canadian troops in the World War: "Since the close of the war I have given 265 free recitals for the benefit of disabled veterans."

## PRINCIPALS AWAIT TRIAL IN SLAYING

Marking Time Until Balko Damage Suit is Called in Court

WIDOW SEEKS \$50,000

Principals in the now famous Balko murder case today are marking time before the \$50,000 damage suit filed by the slain gardener's widow, is called in court next month.

Mrs. Marion Balko names Sheriff Frank Schram, Deputies Schrader and Rabatille and Patrolman Joseph McGregor, of Birmingham, in the suit, alleging she was mistreated during the three days she was held prisoner in the Oakland County jail for questioning in connection with her husband's murder.

Walter Balko, 35, love bandit, was killed when he attempted to molest Miss Fay Williams in a lover's lane near the Birmingham golf club June 23. Her companion, Roy McKilloan, killed Balko, McKilloan and Miss Williams are from Detroit.

The village of Birmingham is supporting McGregor in the suit, authorizing the retention of attorneys.

Others deny Mrs. Balko's charges.

## ALLEGED THUG HERE FRIDAY

Examination of Mildebrandt's Assault Suspect To Be Held Here

A postponement, requested by the office of the Oakland County prosecutor, in the examination of Lawrence McMillen, 29, on a charge of assault with intent to kill in connection with the shooting of Patrolman Henry Mildebrandt, will bring the alleged gunman before Justice Floyd S. Buck here at 2 p. m. tomorrow.

He was to have had his examination last Friday but the delay was granted to give officers time to gather additional facts in the case.

Andrew Germano, 34, said to have been another of the trio who assaulted Mildebrandt and escaped in a taxi stolen from Harry Reynolds, of Birmingham, early April 16, is still held in the county jail without bail, awaiting arraignment in September in the circuit court.

Miss Effie Tyson of Belfast, robbed a tailor shop and masqueraded for a month in men's clothing.

## Glimpses

at and about PARIS, By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

ONE COULD REACH INTO HIS POCKET AND PULL OUT a handful of grey and fog the morning the good ship DeLasse crowded its way to the pier at Le Havre, like the first glimpse of France, its air was seaportish. Through it all was the first glimpse of France.

Short, stocky Frenchmen on the pier tugged at the ship's cables; short, thin Frenchmen rode bicycles. A wandering peasant woman, wide of shoulders, stood off from the crowd of Americans meeting the boat. There was altogether too much commotion for that time of day.

The many "see you on the train," and "see you at the Ritz—don't forget," partings over, as we left the boat, there remained the French customs—aged men in Civil War uniforms—to pass. They failed to heed my two packages of Chesterfields, purchased on the boat at a higher price than in Paris.

In my train compartment were an American Mama, Papa and daughter. He wore a large fraternal emblem in his lapel, a cap, and had his golf sticks. The daughter's blonde hair and English accent with a synthetic Boston taint, demanded most of her attention. Mama, a bit sniffling, wondered what would happen to all of us if the fragile train hit another fragile train. For herself, she would be a great deal more comfortable, at the moment, back in Iowa.

The humidity wrapped itself around one; even when I stepped off the train again to see the other travelers leaving the boat, the weather made itself too noticeable. A crowd gathered around a liquor cart in the shed. People were drinking cold beer. One fellow was taking charge of everything. He was the interpreter.

"Donnie ma une bottle de beer," he said with gestures.

"Tell her I want some Cognac. How much?" someone near him requested.

"Comme bien pour le cognac?" he pronounced.

"Comment?"

"Lay Con-yac. Don't you understand? Lay Con-yac, Madame. Comme bien. Cet. Voici. Lord there goes the train."

French trains, I noticed, have a peculiar way of starting out with no apparent provocation. They stand on the track and suddenly they tear away. Perhaps like trains in other countries, they have good cause to start as they do, but it rather does one up to see them so impersonal.

The interpreter led the race. In fact, he constituted a race all of his own, for the others noticed that only a few cars were going. The remainder awaiting another engine. It was the first class that started. Few people ride first class on that train. It is about the same as second class except that it gets to Paris a few minutes earlier and costs a dollar or two more.

The interpreter tried to climb aboard but a uniformed Frenchman shouted at him from the platform of the car, and put his foot on the train. He was the first time the train became at all personal. He ran at the next car and an American kept him off. "You'll kill yourself, you idiot." This interpreter person was determined. As I suppose he figured he had come this far to see Paris and, by golly, he was going to see it. His effort at the next car was weaker, however. The woman porter, in her grey uniform and tricky little cap with the red border, merely had to shake her finger at him and say, "Non, non," and he gave up. It was, as I have explained, very warm for such exertion, and the interpreter disappeared in back of another car, his complexion a greenish yellow. In a few minutes he returned, looking much better. He entered his car and we did not see the gentleman again.

The Mama was still nervous, back in our compartment. She thought it was quaint that there were pictures and lace on the walls. The daughter also thought it was quaint. The Mama wanted to know the significance of the word "Etat" on the walls. They had studied the walls. But that's the woman of it every time, the Papa observed. He was quick at things. More practical. He had been in France just 35 minutes and already he had very decided notions about the nation and its people.

"They're certainly different from us," he said to me. "Take these trains, for instance. They could get a lunatic people in them if they sat them altogether like we do, instead of having these compartments. Don't you think so?"

I had not reckoned it up.

"Say," he said, "Isn't there a diner on this train. I'm hungry. Can't we get something to eat?"

"We stop for five minutes at Rouen. You can get a sandwich there."

"Holy Mackerel. I'm hungry. Say, what's the word in this country for sandwich?"

"Sandwich."

Colored houses of three stories pecked through the train window from their acres of farm land. The Papa's sense in the old country. The train slowed at a very small village and children begged pennies which were thrown to them from the train window. Then a woman, carrying a baby, begged pennies. She and one of the boys had very strong words over the ownership of one of the pennies.

"You should never throw money to people," the Papa with the emblem told another American. "It encourages them to beg. It makes for poverty and laziness."

I sat in the vestibule with some friends. It was very dusty than with the warm and rather rough riding. It was better, though, than with the gentlemen with the emblem.

Then we were at the Gare St. Lazare. One becomes more lost than ever, arriving there. There was a good deal of noise and many persons whom I had never seen before.

## LIBRARY NOTES

By NANCY B. THOMAS  
With the September issue of the Youth's Companion will go out of existence. The American Boy which is published in Detroit will take over its interests. With the disappearance of this magazine, which has been published for 102 years, goes the last of the well-known family magazines, which were popular 25 years ago but which have had a struggling existence for the greater part of the time since. When the movies did not attract, when the gramophone was not so simple, when the hanging-lamp was still used, families were at home in the evening. A magazine like the Youth's Companion was one that could be enjoyed by all. There were stories suitable for the young people, well-written which interested the older people too. There were puzzles, anagrams, conundrums and the like furnished entertainment. Reading aloud was a common practice. The interests of the whole family were not so diversified but what they could all enjoy the same story. But that time has passed. Specialization has claimed the magazines.

One will be devoted entirely to aviation, another entirely to golf, another to poetry, one for boys, another for girls, each catering to a distinct interest. It is not necessary to deplore this change. With specialization we get better articles than when a magazine had a variety of inter-

## THE LAST CALL

up to ONE THIRD OFF and more on all summer apparel, including bathing suits, sweaters, silk dresses, wash dresses, etc.; also men's knickers, golf sox, athletic underwear, etc.

### Summer Dresses

Dimities, fine prints, and broadcloths that wash well. Daintily organically trimmed. Sizes 14 to 46. Values \$1.25 to \$7.95.

Half Off

### Silk Dresses

Washable silks, prints, chiffons, georgettes, in styles that are desirable for fall wear. Values to \$21. While they last, \$5.

Half Off

### Blazers

Smart blazers for out-of-door and school wear. Sizes and junior sizes. Formerly \$2.95, now \$1.

### Beach Coats

Smart and colorful, were \$2.95, now \$1.

### Longies

Clever and practical longies for the beach and children. Made of linen crash, and duck. Values \$2.95, now \$1.

### Women's Bradley Sweaters

Values \$2.95 to \$7.95. Slip-over styles, some coat models, pretty pastel shades, attractive color combinations. Ideal for fall days and handy to have all winter.

1-3 OFF

### Children's Sweaters

Bradley and Ascher sweaters for babies and children. Slip-over styles, all colors and combinations.

One-third Off

### Bathing Suits

Bradley suits for the many hot days that are coming yet, when a dip in a Bradley will be most enjoyable.

1-3 OFF

### Boys' Wash Suits

95c

Washable suits of khaki and linen, sizes 2 to 8.

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## L. E. Davidson BIRMINGHAM DEPARTMENT STORE

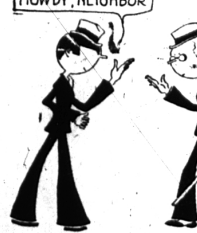
New Briggs-Birmingham Bldg.

Woodward Thru to Maple

Watch this paper for further announcements!

The Sensational **NEW COURIER** with the Kylectron NOW ON DISPLAY The Greatest Value in the History of Radio Also on display—**COURIER**, with Dynamic Speaker RADIO SERVICE General Electrical Contracting **BIRD ELECTRIC** 151 EAST MAPLE PHONE 90

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WE KNOW THE HISTORY OF EVERY STREET IN TOWN— IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHOM YOU'LL HAVE FOR NEIGHBORS, BEFORE YOU BUY SEE

**BINGHAM & BINGHAM**  
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE  
BIRMINGHAM MICHIGAN  
Telephone 2000

Our Real Estate Offerings are listed in the Classified advertising columns of this issue

Miss Effie Tyson of Belfast, robbed a tailor shop and masqueraded for a month in men's clothing.

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ests. However when an old standby like the Youth's Companion finds it cannot do business in this age we pause to consider the changes that have come with the years.

The monthly magazines have not the popularity they formerly enjoyed or at least do not circulate to the extent that the weeklies do. It used to be that news and information a month old was still quite fresh; now a week is none too soon to have events written about.

One of the conservative magazines "The Century" has just announced it will be a quarterly. It refuses to be hurried and does not care to compete with the monthlies which are striving to keep up-to-date as the weeklies. Their policy as they outline it is "with added leisure in which to make a better magazine, we give you added leisure in which to read and reflect. It will be interesting to watch the success or failure of this undertaking."

**Crowd Applauds Veteran Actor**

A large crowd at the First Baptist Church Sunday night applauded Ben Scovell, veteran British actor, who read "The Sign of the Cross."

Mr. Scovell, a nephew of the Sir Henry Irving and one of the first entertainers to perform for the soldiers of many nations during the world war, has been reading the same piece successfully for the past four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Kinman of College Place, Wash., recently celebrated their 73rd wedding anniversary.

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