Preachers, generally, are sacrificing souls. They labor in love for the souls of others, and are often underpaid. They ought to receive higher earthly wages, don't you think so?

The Birmingham Eccentric

PART THREE

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 41 | BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1929 | $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

ARNOLD ELECTED IN ASSOCIATION

Photographer Is Made Secretary-Treasurer Of Portraiture Group

A. E. Arnold, Birmingham photographer, was elected secretary and treasurer of the Detroit Portrait Photographers association at a meeting Monday night at the General Motors building, Detroit. Frank S. Hinkston, and H. F. Windhurst, Detroit were named president and vice president, respectively. They will serve one year.

The association is composed of photographers of Detroit and vicinity. Aims of the organization are for the advancement of photography, and mutual benefit through the exchange of ideas and experiences in the work.

INFANT CHILD IS TAKEN BY DEATH

Funeral serices were held Saturday for Herbert Martin Allen, two-month old son, of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Allen, of Ortonville with burial in Roseland Park, cemetery, Detroit.

The infant died last Thursday at the home of its parents in Ortonville.

The parents are both natives of Birmingham, moving to Ortonville four years ago.

BLOOMFIELD MAN ON JURY PANEL

Robert Fisher, Bloomfield Township, Nelson Hughes, Southfield, and Lloyd Lawrence, Troy, are among the 60 jurors drawn to sit during the February term of Circuit Court. The term opens February 4, but jurors may not be called upon for duty during the first week.

Phone your news items to The Eccentric. Phones 11 and 12.

APPOINTED

FORBES S. HASCALL

Mr. Hascall, of 214 north Woodward avenue, is today deputy county clerk to succeed Donald Noggle, who has resigned to enter the private practice of law.

Mr. Hascall's duties began Monday following his appointment last Thursday by County Clerk Burton P. Daugherty.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hascall with whom he makes his home.

He was born in Vassar, later moving to Birmingham where he was educated in the public schools. Following his graduation from the Baldwin High School in 1922, he entered the college of the City of Detroit. Three years later he entered the law school at University of Michigan and in 1928, he received his LL.B. from there.

He passed his state bar examinations last September.

Glimpses— at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

WHAT STRANGE IMPLUSE IS IT, I WONDER, THAT STARTS persons crawling about on their hands and knees, peering into all sorts of outlandish places, when someone drops a coin on the floor.

A man in a Woodward avenue store the other day made a small purchase. He was in a great hurry and dropped a dime as he attempted to pocket his change. He announced apologetically it was only a dime and asked the other customers not to bother. But young and old of both sexes, their eyes gleaming, began rummaging about and there was little disuading them.

I tell you, I was amazed when I discovered myself in the midst of the hunt.

It proved trying for the owner of the dime who attempted many times to call off the sleuths but felt honor-bound not to desert them, despite his hurry. It was equally trying for the owner of the store who scurried about, righting upset merchandise.

A large police dog also was intent on the search. He acted much like the people except that he barked and some of the searchers seemed to envy him that ability.

A youngster with a dirty face finally dragged out the dime from under a radiator and proudly handed it to the perspiring owner who staggered weakly from the store.

—§—

AND WHILE IN THIS SAME MOOD OF WIDE-EYED WONDER, could some one please help me with this question. Everytime a young man seeks information and advice from his elder in the pursuit of a career, he is warned frantically against the evils of the career this same elder has pursued, and, perhaps, profited greatly by. Why?

This may be one reason so many young men and women leave college, their diploma held football like, under the arm, and not the slightest notion as to how and at what they will become occupied. I know several cases of men and women having completed their work in the School of Literature in some university only to roam, wander and regret during the next ten years of their life.

Hugh Walpole talked with Thomas Hardy relative to a career. He told Hardy he wanted to write. Hardy looked at him and in his eyes were all the tragedies that hammered and broke his characters. He said mournfully, "Don't"!

And to go back a few years in my own life, I recall many "Don'ts" with the same note of sadness. In their various turns, I had a macabre, almost ghost-like, "Don't" from a street car conductor, a milkman, a civil engineer, a banker, an actor, a lawyer, a physician, a bacteriologist, a cleric, a bootlegger, a prize fighter, a contractor, a teacher and 32 newspapermen. In addition to this I was warned against marriage, against remaining unmarried, against living and, I venture, could I have but talked with the dead, I should have been warned against dying.

All of these admonitions, I believe, had been acquired at the very interesting but very sad age of 18.

This all seems to me to mean everyone is dissatisfied at heart with his work. It is a drab struggle at best and the harness chafes, whether it is the harness of king or beggar, of life or death.

—§—

TWO MORE QUESTIONS: DO YOU LIKE GLIMPSES SET TWO columns wide and what ever happened to King George? Answer yes or no.

—§—

AD SIMILES: AS HELPLESS AS A PEDESTRIAN ON AN ICY Woodward avenue trying to dodge mud sprays thrown by autos.

AMONG THE WOMEN

ARTIST SEES NEW CULTURE FOR AMERICA

By DOROTHY E. WILLIAMS

A new art is being born from the conservative and modern schools which will typify America. This is the belief of Mrs. Alice Hagerman Thurber, of Oak street, well known artist and a native of Birmingham.

Mrs. Thurber is prominent among Michigan artists and is a member of the Detroit Society of Women Painters. She showed two water colors, a slavic girl and a still life group of hyacinths, in the exhibit of Michigan artists recently at the Detroit Art Institute.

Student In Both Schools

She is planning to exhibit in the independent show opening in New York City in March.

Mrs. Thurber has been a student in both modern and conservative schools. "I believe the modernistic strain will leave its mark" she said. "In the world of commercial art this modernistic element is most effective, but I can see little value of the modernistic element to other fields. Yet, it is true that some of the modernists who are working toward some conscious interpretation have achieved something," she said.

She sees this modernistic trend as an expression of the restless spirit of a people at a fever pitch following a war. "The same element is present in the music and literature of the day. Modernism is to the art world what jazz is to the musical world," Mrs. Thurber remarked.

Started As Child

As a child Mrs. Thurber loved drawing, but her parents were not thoroughly in sympathy with the ambition. She was to be a musician, so upon graduating from the Baldwin High School she was sent to Oberlin College to study the piano.

But she was not resigned to becoming a musician, and after completing her musical course there she went to the University of Michigan. At Ann Arbor she concentrated upon art work, later studing at the Detroit Art Museum school and at the Fine Arts School also in Detroit. She was going to be a portrait artist.

She was well on her way to becoming a portrait painter when she met Thomas Thurber and in 1897 they were married. She gave up the art world but not forever.

For a long while Mrs. Thurber did no painting. Then in 1918, the mother of five children, two of them successful commercial artists, once more returned to her beloved painting.

For a time she confined herself to still life groups and landscapes. But it was not the work she liked best. At first she feared returning to her portrait work. Feared that she had lost her skill, but her fears were needless. During the past year her oil portraits have aroused considerable favorable comment and now she is looking ahead to a future in portrait work.

Photo by Bachrach, Detroit

MRS. ALICE THURBER

New Culture Seen

Mrs. Thurber sees a new America boasting for the first time a culture of its own. "Europe is already forsaking the modernistic schools to return to the Dutch schools of Reubens and Rembrandt," she said. "Painting is growing smoother, and there is a feeling of roundness in the art of this new movement."

America will not be so quick to forsake the modernistic, however, she said, and in American art there will remain a trace of this modernism. "From these conflicting tendencies, the conservative and the modern I see a new art which will typify our country," she said.

'Rah for the Muzzle

Willie: "Did Mr. Edison make the first talking machine, pa?"

Pa: "No, my son. God made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."—Bell Telephone News.

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—AND THE POLICEMAN GOES TO JAIL

There appears to be a decided legal difference between the status of a duly elected service club sheriff and a regularly constituted policeman—even if that policeman be from so small a community as Birmingham and the sheriff be connected with so grand an organization as an Exchange club.

If you don't believe this declaration of fact, you are referred to one Kenneth Bingham, local realtor, upon whose consciousness recently at Lone Pine Inn this truth was impressed quite indelibly.

It seems that Mr. Bingham, in his desire to bring the proper degree of dignity to his newly acquired office of sheriff of the Exchange club, and thereby impress upon all Exchangites the necessity for law and order—especially in the payment of duly assessed fines for infractions of club rules—contrived to borrow the police uniform of Sergeant Richard Lawler, who works nights for Birmingham citizens in the business of guarding public life and property.

Thus, when Exchangites gathered for their weekly hour they were met with the "majesty of the law." It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Bingham looked like a West Point lieutenant, and was well on the way of reaping a generous harvest for the sheriff's bank.

As the meeting progressed, at about the mid-soup period, there appeared on the scene of the gastronomic festivities one Sergt. Delos P. Anderson, a regularly constituted minion of the peace, from the thriving village of Bloomfield Hills; without much ceremony, officer Anderson crooked his elbow through the arm of Mr. Bingham—the blue against the blue, both in color and intention. For, you will now understand, Mr. Bingham seemed to be under some kind of arrest for impersonating an officer of the law.

Well, Sergt. Anderson and psuedo-officer Bingham left the premises, and headed for an automobile. Psuedo-officer Bingham, after getting into the gas wagon, began to smile and then stepped out, figuring that the joke had come to a successful conclusion—but Anderson had other notions, and, after two or three jumps, returned the "cul rit" to the car, from which point he quickly took him to the local bastile. At this point, however, liberty asserted itself and the sheriff of the Birmingham Exchange club was allowed to return to Lone Pine Inn.

It then became known that Village President H. T. Ellerby, a member of the club, who had given Mr. Bingham permission to borrow the uniform, had arranged for Anderson's sudden appearance. All in all, the episode brought forth oceans of laughter and, although Mr. Bingham's earlier efforts to gather in the dimes were being rewarded, it was the opinion of those present that the appearance of Anderson and the subsequent developments of the situation really afforded the happiest "fine" time of the hour.

EDDIE, THE AD MAN

Put this year's Christmas gift buying on a cash basis—

MEMBERSHIP in our Christmas Savings Club means ample funds next year, when cash in-hand will be more keenly appreciated than at any other season. It is a bit late—but there is still time to join. Put a carefree cheer in Christmas giving this year by enrolling today. There is a club to fit the pocketbook of every member of the family.

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