

# Rambling Reverie

By E. G. Whitney

Pitter Patter: Boy bringing pair of lost glasses into office, "I found these near the Wayback Building". Speaking of the depression, times were black, people felt blue, some turned white with fear when they couldn't get out of the red. Then they became yellow, especially the green horns . . . our Chameleon race. I incidentally, men chasing after women and women chasing after men make the human race . . . fact, folks, wonder if wearing a necklace will give you a jolly look . . . Bill Ollershaw is a jolly critic . . . candidates for office have such lofty ideals . . . while they're candidates . . . meeting an old friend after a lengthy separation is refreshing like a cool drink on a hot summer's day . . . bankers get that cold look from handling frozen assets . . . we're glad School Superintendent Crandall is recuperating swiftly . . . what certain young Baldwin school boy enjoyed a very, very costly smoke . . . between Hauptmann and the Bonnie Quins there's nothing left to read . . . Spring is here judging by the number of boys tossing and batting balls on vacant corner lots . . . cheerio!

Why Knot: Recently when the Oakland County Teacher's Institute held their annual meeting in Pontiac, one of the principal speakers was Cornelius Stratton Parker, author of the book, "An American Idyl," who spoke on Life Begins at 4 A. M. Mrs. Parker referred to the need of a hobby for everyone who desires to keep happy, pointed out that it takes up idle time, develops resourcefulness. Citing a specific instance, the well-known author related the experience of a discontented millionaire who lacked

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Potent Potions: The most carefully guarded room of all in the eau de cologne factory in Cologne is a sort of enormous safe containing every kind of essence from musk to tear-rose. Charles Graves says, in "Gone Abroad." Each of the three bottles . . . the most exotic is the essence of the moss of oak trees, for to make a thousand of it takes the moss from half a square-mile of forest.

# Electric Notice

To the Qualified Electors of the City of Birmingham County of Oakland Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in the City of Birmingham, County of Oakland, State of Michigan on

# Monday, April 6 1936

from seven o'clock in the forenoon until eight o'clock in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time, for the purpose of electing the following officers:

### THREE COMMISSIONERS

### THREE MEMBERS OF THE LIBRARY BOARD

### ONE CONSTABLE

Said Election will be held at the following polling places:

- Precinct No. 1—Voting Booth at the Holy Name Church, Harmon Avenue.
- Precinct No. 2—Voting Booth at the Adams School, Oakland Avenue.
- Precinct No. 3—Voting Booth at the Municipal Building, Martin Street.
- Precinct No. 4—Voting Booth at the Wylie Bell Garage, east side of Elm Street, 150 ft. south of Maple Avenue.
- Precinct No. 5—Voting Booth at the Embury Methodist Church, corner of Bannaville and Woodward.

IRENE E. HANLEY, City Clerk.

# Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB Hello, Everybody!

"The Coffin-Shaped Sentry Box" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

"GETTING the horse laugh" may be just a "Bronx cheer" to most people but it saved the life of Robert McFadden of New York, as Bob's story will bear witness.

Bob got the life saving horse laugh during the World war while he and a few million other boys were "making the world safe for democracy" or something. He is a Scotch-Canadian and early in the war enlisted in a Scotch battalion in Canada and after some weeks of training landed in war-torn Flanders in February, 1915.

Bob's battalion went into billets in a little town, near blood-soaked Ypres, called Poperinghe. The German lines were not very far away across the little canal that runs through the old town.

Bob had one break though. He was an expert stenographer and as such was considered more useful back of the lines than he would be in the trenches. He didn't know anything about the practical side of war and if an officer had commanded him to "work arse," Bob probably would have sent in an order to headquarters for some artificial arse. That's how much he knew about military discipline.

Gets Chance to Be Real Soldier. Bob's outfit, among other duties, furnished the guard for the brigade headquarters. The guard performed sentry duty at headquarters and in time of war this is a pretty important job. Everybody knows that a sentry who deserts his post or sleeps on the job receives the supreme penalty of the army—death before a firing squad.

Well, sir, Bob was still fighting army paper work in the office trenches and getting pretty tired of it when one day his chance to be a real soldier came. The commanding officer of the brigade sent out an order for his guard to be composed only of six sentries. Bob was a six-footer and then some. He also had a husky pair of legs and as the outfit were kilted this was an important consideration for the good showing the C. O. wanted to make.

So Bob was taken off paper work and ordered to sentry duty. He hunched up on the parapet and a sergeant went on after him putting him through his paces. That night he got no sleep with the excitement and the study, but in the morning, he says, he knew as much as a West Point.

Is Assigned to Important Post. Tired but happy Bob arrived with the guard at brigade headquarters. Headquarters was an old Flemish farmhouse around which sentries walked their beats day and night. Each man was on watch four hours, then off eight hours and back again for four more hours. This job was to pace up and down across the main entrance and challenge every one who sought to enter. If they didn't give the countersign Bob was told to arrest them or to shoot to kill if they refused to stop at his command.

Everything went swell in the morning. Bob, looking like a million dollars, felt fine carrying around a loaded gun and stopping officers on his post. Everything went swell in the afternoon, too. He was up to his eyes in sentry duty when a storm came up and Bob found himself hunched back and forth in a driving rain. The minutes dragged and his legs—trained to exercise—draggled even more. He had a slicker on but the Flemish rain crept into every crack and wet him to the skin. At each end of his post was a small, coffin-shaped sentry box.

Falls Asleep in Sentry Box. But as the dreary hours stretched out Bob did go in. After all, he thought, a fellow can't sleep sitting up and there wasn't even a chair in these upright coffins. Also he could keep his eye peeled for the officer of the day when that demigod came around for inspection.

As I say, Bob went into the coffin-shaped sentry box. He leaned wearily against its wall. The rain beat pleasantly on the room. Bob closed his eyes—just for a minute—and fell sound asleep! The sentry box might well be a coffin now!

An hour went by. Bob snored on. He was dreaming of home and peaceful scenes. And death was just a few yards away from him—death in the form of the officer of the day who had just rode out in the rain to challenge the guard. Quietly he crept on the sentry box to Bob, found all well and came closer. If he found Bob asleep nothing could save the soldier's life.

Life Saved by a Horse Laugh. Suddenly Bob awoke with a start. A horse had neighed—the horse laugh—right in his ear. He scrutinized as though shot.

"Who goes there?" he barked—more asleep than awake. "Officer of the day," came back to him out of the darkness. And Bob's life had been saved by the horse laugh! Wow! What a close shave!

WNU Service.

### THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

YEP, MY BOY HAS GONE TO THE CITY TO LIVE NONE OF THEM ART COLONIES! HE CLAIMS THAT THESE 'NUTS' HERE TO BE INSPIRE FELLOW TO BE A GREAT PAINTER.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

Tell Your Merchant You Saw His Advertisement in THE ECCENTRIC

# SINCLAIR COMPANY OPENS OFFICE HERE

According to an announcement carried in this edition, Sinclair and Company, painters and decorators, have opened their new Birmingham business establishment at 229 Pierce Street.

The company is being operated by N. J. Sinclair and C. A. Sinclair. They have been in the painting and decorating business here and in Detroit for the past four years.

Mr. N. J. Sinclair stated that his firm offers local people prompt, efficient and high class work at reasonable prices.

# Suction Causes Glass Window To Crash Saturday

Suction, resulting from the high winds that swept the city Saturday, caused one of the two huge plate glass windows of the Oliver Motor Sales, 234 N. Woodward, to break and crash outside of the display room. No damage to other property resulted.

L. J. Whitfield, manager of the dealer agency which handles Cadillac and Pontiac automobiles here, stated that the glass window measures 168 square feet and costs approximately \$300. It is said to be the largest single piece of plate glass used as a display window in the state. According to Mr. Whitfield, the loss is fully covered by insurance.

This is the second time that the window has broken. Several years ago a car backed into the glass, causing breakage. When a Detroit firm brought out another glass in a truck it had to be returned to the company because it had been placed horizontally in the vehicle's body and therefore could not be raised upright for installation without danger of breaking. When it was again delivered, vertically, it took 12 men to place the plate glass in correct position in the window.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1936. Present: Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of the Probate Court. In the Matter of the Estate of Cassius W. Crawford, Deceased. Frederick G. Crawford, having filed a petition praying that he be appointed executor of said estate, and that administration of said estate be granted to the petitioner or to some other suitable person. It is Ordered, That on 13th day of April, A. D. 1936, at 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, said Probate Office, is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication in a copy hereof, for three successive weeks, previous to and day of hearing in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in the County of Oakland. DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate. FLORENCE DOTEY, Register. Mar. 19-26, Apr. 2.

# Judy O'Grady AND THE Colonel's Lady

HAVE A NEW COOK \* IN THE KITCHEN!

At the Autumn Salon of 1927 of l'Institut de France, the art of cooking was officially recognized along with painting, literature and sculpture as one of the Fine Arts. Over at the O'Grady's place, there is a lot of celebrating. They have hired a new cook . . . one with a reputation for some of the finest meals in town. And how do the O'Grady's afford it, you ask? Come close, and we'll tell you a secret: The new cook isn't human, she's an electric stove. Judy O'Grady likes to do the mixing and so forth, herself, but the stove does all the rest. And Judy says it's no brag that she owes half the success of her cooking to the new stove. She says it's the greatest help she's ever had. The cost? Well, how could the O'Grady's keep an electric stove if it were expensive? Judy says it was a pleasant surprise to discover how economical it is to use.

Here's another secret: The Colonel's Lady in the house up on the hill has a reputation for fine dinners, she hasn't cooked a meal herself for years and years—but she knows good cooking and enjoys it. She can afford to buy the very best there is. Money is no object . . . but if you'll look in her kitchen, you'll find the very same electric stove that Judy O'Grady has in hers!

\* NAME FURNISHED ON REQUEST

After all, why shouldn't we tell you now? The new cook is a modern electric stove—but almost any modern electric stove would do just as well. There used to be a time when only wealthy people could afford an electric stove. It was a luxury that marked the owner as one who demanded the best—and paid for it. Today, all that is changed. Even a family of modest means can afford an electric stove. And electric cooking—the advantages of cleanliness, healthfulness, convenience, delicious flavor—costs little more than fuel cooking. Electric cooking is unquestionably "the finest cooking that money can buy."

A BARGAIN DISH! Here is a true "economy recipe" for the cooking of a new meal. It calls for one pound of ground beef, one cup of tomato sauce and one cup of spaghetti. Mix all ingredients together. Marinate in French dressing. Cook and serve in lettuce cups or omelets.

ECONOMY SALAD 1 cup cooked carrots, 1 cup peas, 1 cup diced tomatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup lettuce, 1 cup dressing. Mix all ingredients together. Marinate in French dressing. Cook and serve in lettuce cups or omelets.

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he Detroit Edison Company