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Birmingham before today

By MINNIE HUNT SALTZER

The residence on the North East corner of Merrill street and Southfield Ave. was the home of the parents of William (Rusty) Wright, one of Birmingham's professional baseball players. Just east of this home was the residence of the Watkins family. "Watkins is Greek," I believe that Ella Watkins was a teacher.



Mrs. Saltzer

Just east of the Watkins residence occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Phillips. Their daughter was Mrs. William Hawley whose husband was Harold Corson's uncle. It seems to me that Rev. Bartlett and family made their home here at one time. Rev. Bartlett was a Methodist minister. Rev. Levi Houghton and wife owned and occupied the home in the early 90's. Mrs. John Crawford and Mrs. James Cobb are both daughters of Rev. Houghton. Across the alley toward the east, was Mr. and Mrs. Beardslee's home. Mr. and Mrs. Beardslee had two sons and two daughters, Charles, William, Nancy and Orlin.

The house that stood near the corner of the next alley and Merrill street was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and for daughter and son. Her daughter's name was Rosie. Later this house became the Seymour home. Mrs. Henry Bassett and Mrs. Eva Jenks were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour. The residence was originally a one story structure but was later remodelled. For a number of years there was a high, tight board fence surrounding the Hill school grounds. The removal of this fence was a great improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toms and son Charles lived in the first house east of Chester street on the north side of Merrill street. Mr. and Mrs. Toms, like many other residents of those days, often went strolling on Sunday afternoon and usually Mr.

Toms carried a neat walking stick. He was one of our leading barbers, at that time, with a shop on Woodward Ave. There were the days of the old style barbers, and also of the wooden Indians who patiently extended cigars, of wood, to the passerby.

Ed O'Neal owned a large wooden horse on wheels. This horse often stood in front of the old harness shop but was later kept in the front window of Ed's new shop. Quite often I made my way to my mother combed my hair and became of Mrs. Frank Beardslee and cousin of Mrs. James M. Hunt, and a charter member of the Birmingham Masonic Lodge, called me the "squealer girl." Sometimes my mother would become exasperated and would threaten to have me. Toms cut off my curls. This resulted in making me very much afraid of him and I would always keep a safe distance away from him.

When I grew older I discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Toms had a friendly neighbor and I often stopped to visit with them while on my way to school. Charles Toms learned telegraphy and worked in the telegraph office, at the Grand Trunk on Monday days. They lived when Mr. George F. Aldrich was the agent there.

Between the home of Mr. and Mrs. Toms and the old Town Hall building was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Masters, parents of William and Doris. Mr. Masters was a Mason and Mrs. Polly Masters was a Past Matron of the O. E. S.

Mr. Chas. G. Hunt purchased this property of Mr. Masters in the early 90's. He also owned the 40 acre farm on the S. E. corner of Quarten and Lasher Roads, which was later known as the Clev farm. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were dentists and strict observers of the law.

They owned a large tract of wood on Sunday, usually on the young folks of the town went their way to Edworth League, the Edworth League or B. Y. P. U. meetings. He never took a back way but came up W. Maple and thence south of Bates to Merrill St. much to my embarrassment and indignation because I was a member of the Edworth League and was an observer of Sunday, as the Sabbath.

The Square James' home was in the block now used as the Municipal park. The house was situated about midway between Bates and Henrietta Sts. The rear of the house was about 20 feet from the Merrill St. lot line. The front of the building was about halfway back from Martin St. and there were several evergreen trees on the lawn.

The barn was situated close to the east lot line about half way between Merrill and Martin St. I believe that the house that stood at the N. E. corner of Merrill and Henrietta Sts. was sometimes referred to as the "Haggerty House." MacAlister Randall and family lived in this house at one time and I am quite sure that this was Lewis Randall's birthplace. The other children were Mildred and Nellie. When Mildred was a little girl she buried her pet kitten so that the other children of the neighborhood couldn't play with it. When she dug it up later on in the day she was quite tearful because her pet was refused to come to life and play with her.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Camp was the last house between the Randall home and the land belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brooks at Pierce and Merrill Sts. This home stood north of two large evergreen trees and there was a maple tree between the walk and the street. Mr. Camp's father was associated with Barber Stanton in the drover business. Mrs. Camp was a sister of Mrs. Charles Reynolds.

Mr. Camp was one of our first D. U. R. motormen. A serious injury received while on duty made it necessary for him to relinquish this line of work. Mr. and Mrs. Camp were the parents of Grace, John and Mable. Grace was the wife of Mr. Percival Pease and the mother of a daughter and a son. The son died in infancy. Grace was a very lovely child. Mr. and Mrs. Pease lived in Chicago and it was a sad occasion in Birmingham when word was received that Grace and her daughter and her husband's mother were among the number lost in the Iroquois Theatre disaster, in Chicago. My husband was playing the piano when I began reading the paper which told of the disaster and even now when the same piece is played it vividly recalls that evening of so long ago.

Neighbors

On a quiet street, in a big house, Dwell a happy family.
And across the street from the big house,
A cottage one could see,
But in spite of the size of the big house,
There stretched a bond of love,
To the occupants of the cottage.
Like a blessing from above,
When death hovered over the big house,
The cottagers did their bit,
And when sorrow came to the cottage,
The big house, too, was hit.
Most of those who lived in the big house,
Have now left this world of pain,
And half, who then lived in the cottage,
Can never return again.
But those who are left from the big house,
And those from the cottage small,
Will never sever the bond of love,
Whatever may befall.

Community House Gossip

SATIA Y. OSBORNE

The vagaries of the human mind, as exemplified in the whims of fashion, have always intrigued us. (There, darn it, that "intrigued" word finally got in here, in spite of us. Do you despise it, too?) Women, and men too, seem perfectly able to change like hamsters to suit the changes of fashion. Not only their thoughts, but sometimes even the shape of their bodies, seems to change in conformity with what is "being done."

Take the matter of furniture, for instance. When grandpa courted grandmama on the hair cloth sofa in the parlor, was he made of different stuff, that could cling to that silbery surface and not skid gracefully to the floor? And what of father called on the Gibson girl that was mother in her youth, and reposed in the Mission chair. Mr. Morris, were his legs of a different length than now, when he reposed on the back of his neck in a club chair? Apparently they must have been.

Which brings us to the subject of Aunt Mary's favorite chair—yep, and Uncle Jim's too. For though fashion may come and go, the jockey chair is a perennial favorite. Just now it is suffering a slight eclipse in favor of these affairs that look like a combination of the orchestra chairs and the dentist's chair, but make no mistake about it, there is still nothing to take its place. For the young mother holding her baby, for grandpa when she's peeling apples for a pie, for Uncle Jim when he hits his up close to the kitchen stove, the rocker is the only suitable chair.—P. S. If in spite of all this, you still cling to style and have no use for that old Boston rocker in the back bedroom, we'd like awfully well to get for an invalid who has no sitting up chair to get well in. A straight chair just won't do for that, now will it? Something thoroughly un-fashionable with cushions in it, please.

We do have some of the grandest people in the town. Like the man that has given the House a charge account for coliver oil and oranges for babies. No hollown about it, but that's our idea of a "regular guy."

The Community House Primer
Chapter 4. Ownership and Government.

The Community House is owned by the people of Birmingham through the Community House Association. This Association is composed of all those who during the year have contributed \$1.00 or its equivalent to the House. One meeting is held yearly, on the first Monday in February, when members of the governing board are elected. Usually no other business, beyond the hearing and approval

of annual reports, is transacted by this meeting.

The governing board consists of fifteen members, six men and nine women, elected 5 every year. Vacancies caused by death or resignation are filled by vote of the remaining members. Membership is for three years or the unexpired term. This board elects its own officers, a president, a vice-president, recording and corresponding secretaries and treasurer, meets on the second Monday evening of the month and transacts the business of the House. Those who have served as presidents of the board are as follows:

- Mrs. Frank Miller—Feb. 1923-Dec. 1923.
- Mrs. Chas. Shain—Dec. 1923-Sept. 1930.
- Mrs. F. H. Holt—Sept. 1930-Feb. 1933.
- Mr. L. N. Pyle—Feb. 1933-Feb. 1935.
- Mrs. R. L. Chissam—Feb. 1935—(To be continued, since nobody stops us.)

Our Ben burned his hand pretty badly last week, but insists that it is not painful and is of no importance. It is better and we're glad of that.

"Is there any alcohol in cider?" "Inside who?"

Novice (with great determination) after numerous attempts—(I) dare have till I hit this ball.

Caddy—Well, you can get some other laddie to hand yer sticks, for this is my bath night.

The Difference
James—The modern girl is nothing but an animated doll.
George—Except in one respect—she doesn't call "Mamma" when she is squealed.

TROY TOWNSHIP Primary Registration and ELECTION NOTICE

TO BE HELD
MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1936
From 7 a. m. to 8 p. m.
East Stand Time

For the purpose of Nominating Candidates for the following Offices:

TOWNSHIP Supervisor, Clerk, Treasurer, Highway Commissioner, Justice of the Peace (Full term), One member of the Board of Review and 4 constables.
LAST DAY FOR FILING PETITIONS
FEBRUARY 11, 1936
at 5 o'clock—East Stand Time
TOWNSHIP OFFICE OPEN FOR REGISTRATION
FEBRUARY 11, 1936
from 8 a. m. until 8 p. m. East Stand Time and every day from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. until February 22, 1936, which is the last day.

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Troy Township Clerk.

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To illustrate: In Detroit stands Michigan's largest long distance switchboard. It represents invested money, skilled labor and thorough engineering study. The need for this switchboard did not exist at the time plans were made for it. But a careful survey of the future had plainly indicated that such a need was coming. And when it came, this Company was perfectly equipped to handle the heavy traffic of long distance calls that flooded in and out of Michigan's great industrial areas.

The intricate mechanism behind your telephone cannot be assembled overnight, nor thrown together to meet a sudden need. It must be "built ahead." To do this intelligently—and economically—requires an intensive engineering survey of such factors as shifts in population, industrial developments and trends in real estate. The neglect of these preparations could be as wasteful as building a bridge accommodating a single lane of traffic, only to find later that additional lanes are imperative.

It is not a mere academic theory that this policy of building for the future is the only way to provide high-grade telephone service. Experience has repeatedly demonstrated that there is no other way.

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SAGINAW \$2.25	\$3.60
FLINT \$1.25	\$2.00
DETROIT .50	.80

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By as critical as you like— it's your money you are paying out and you are entitled to the most that every dollar will buy you... That's why we say—go see the Oldsmobile! Look at its size. Try out its roominess. Count up its modern fine-car features! Note for yourself Oldsmobile's every convenience, every provision for extra safety, extra comfort, increased economy and extra long life... Then consider this Oldsmobile "The Car That Has Everything"—is priced but a little above the lowest!

\$665 - \$810

See \$665 and up... Right \$810 and up... See Oldsmobile's new subject to change without notice. Safety Glass is standard equipment. All models. See and hear Oldsmobile in person. Car shown in color and accessories shown in black. See Oldsmobile at a General Motors Dealer. See Oldsmobile at a General Motors Dealer. See Oldsmobile at a General Motors Dealer.

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- KNEE-ACTION WHEELS for level, swaying ride.
- RIDE STABILIZER for level, swaying ride.
- SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES for quick, straight-line stops.
- BIG OVERSIZE TIRES for additional comfort and traction for stops.
- "FURST-TOP" BODY BY FISHER for greater protection and beauty.
- NO DRAFT VENTILATION for plenty of fresh air without drafts.
- CENTER-CONTROL STEERING for effortless, true-course driving.
- SAFETY GLASS for extra protection all around.

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