

Birmingham before today

By Minnie Hunt Salzer
The first house north of the Valentine property was built by Mr. Robert Hanna. Mr. Hanna had a daughter Mary and a son Robert by a former marriage. He was also the father of Ida and Viola Hanna.



Mrs. Salzer

Ida is the wife of Mr. Ford Peabody. I believe the Peabody's have two sons. Miss Ida Hanna was teacher in one of the Birmingham schools before her marriage. I believe that her mother was also a teacher before her marriage to Mr. Robert Hanna, Sr.

Robert Hanna, Jr., is the husband of the former Miss Elizabeth White. Mary died many years ago. She was a very dear friend of Miss Sara Knotts.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Smith was built in more recent years. The Smiths have a daughter and two sons. Mr. Smith belongs to the firm of Erwin and Smith. Mrs. Smith has been very successful in the raising of canary birds for several years.

The house on the north side of the old Hurlburt home was built some time in the early 1900's for Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their daughters Maxine and Virginia.

Mrs. Pearl Taylor became an active member of the Presbyterian Church and at the time that I knew her she was a prominent member of the Woman's Literary Society of Birmingham.

The house north of the Taylor home was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley and their daughter Grace. This is still Mrs. Wiley's home. Mr. Wiley died several years ago. Grace is still married and is not a resident of Birmingham.

The first house on the west side of Southfield avenue and south of Baldwin Park was built by Mr. Robert Bookham and owned by him, as was also the home owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett.

Mr. Bookham was married twice. His first wife was a Miss Parker. They were the parents of one son and a daughter Jessie. He is survived by his second wife, who was the former Miss Edith Hamlin. Mr. Bookham and his wife, Edith, lived in the house that to the park. The larger house was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin and this one was the home of the Hamlins and their son Ray, for a number of years.

The Hamlins were in the milk business in Birmingham for some time.

Mrs. Edith Bookham, her brother, Ray, and her friend, Miss Wedgwood, have lived a few years near Ortonville, most of the time in recent years.

The next owners of the Bookham home were Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox. Mrs. Nellie Wood is the sister of Mr. "Doc" Wilcox and Miss Louise Rousseau. Their parents owned the property south of the old Glabe home, on the west side of Southfield avenue. I believe that the father, John Wilcox, was a Civil War Veteran. Mr. Wood built a gas station on the land which was part of the former Bookham property. Mrs. W. Wilcox's name is Rousseau. The property on the south side of the Wood property belonged to Rev. E. D. Bird, who sold the land to James B. Hunt. This later became the property of Ira J. Chatfield and he built the house which is still there. The McNally home was south of the Chatfield home.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Bowers built the bungalow that is next to the McNally house and it was here that Mr. Bowers died. The Bowers had two daughters, Myrtle, who is the wife of Mr. Orson Hunt of Townsend street and Mrs. Jessie Smith, who is a graduate of the B.H.S.

Mrs. Bowers was a sister of Mr. Frank Burnett. The house next to the Burnett home, on the south is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Navin and family. Mrs. Navin was the former Miss Blanche Heib, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Heth. Their home was built by Mr. Hamlin and has been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Pease, (Miss Grace Camp), and also of Superintendent and Mrs. Clarence Viett and family.

Jots n' Jest

WITH round-the-world airplane tickets now available, George Palmer Putnam has a good chance to catch up with his wife, Amelia.

Story says Justice Van Deventer is retiring to farming with distinction. Well, any "farmer" with a \$20,000 annual income would be distinctive.

Scientist said to have devised new kind of arithmetic probably got the idea from those income tax lawyers Roosevelt is chasing.

Research workers at Cornell gave a pig nervous prostration. It's liberty they took the hog for a Sunday drive.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!

"Peril and the Beast"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

DISTINGUISHED Adventurer Bill McArthur, of Kearney, N. J., comes in with the explanation of what happens when a sailor kicks a cow.

Now Bill doesn't claim to have covered the whole subject of cow-kicking in this yarn of his. According to him the results differ, depending on where you are. If, for instance, you were to kick a cow in a barnyard in Podunk Corners, Pennsylvania, the cow would probably give you a reproachful look and amble away to another corner. If, on the other hand, you kicked a cow in Texas, you might get tossed around a bit for your trouble. Those Texas longhorns, I understand, are short tempered and angry, and not to be mistaken for the fat, easy-going kind of cow you'll find in Pennsylvania.

But Bill McArthur kicked a cow in a land where cow-kicking is a really serious business—a doggone sight more serious than kicking a Texas cow, or even one of those prize bulls that chew matadors up over in Spain.

It Was Bill's First Visit to India.

It all started in September, 1904, when Sailor Bill McArthur stepped off a ship at Kidderpore, India. Bill had been in a lot of places around the globe, just like any other sailor, but this was the first time he had ever hit India and the country was strangely new to him.

He hadn't walked ten steps before, he says, he had twenty beggars following him. "Some of them," he writes, "had withered arms and legs. Some of them were little kids dressed in dirty rags, and patting their stomachs to get across the idea that they were hungry. And right behind them were their mothers, ready to pounce on them and take away the few annas (small Indian coins) that anybody might give them."

"India is a land of misery," Bill goes on, "but it is a land of contrast as well. There were beggars—yes—but on the other hand I saw women loaded down with jewels and diamonds, too, and fantastically arrayed in rich robes."

But that isn't all Bill saw—and he didn't confine his operations to seeing, either. Old Lady Adventure lay waiting for him right around the corner, and it wasn't more than a minute or two before he ran smack into her.

Wouldn't Get Muddy for Any Cow.

Bill passed through a bazaar, turned a corner and came into a muddy street lined on both sides with strange buildings. Halfway up the block was an old white cow, lying in the middle of the road seemingly oblivious to the people who were walking around her. It was a strange sight to Bill—a cow lying in the street in the heart of a thriving Indian city, but he wished that doggone cow had more sense than to plunk herself down in the middle of the road. On both sides of her was mud. She was occupying the only dry section of the pavement. Bill couldn't get past her without dirtying his shoes and getting his trouser legs all covered with muck.

As Bill approached he decided he wasn't going to walk in the mud for any cow. He picked up a stick and, when he reached the animal, he gave her a poke. Bill couldn't talk to that cow in the Hindi lingo, but a poke in the ribs means, "Get out of the way," in any language. The cow started to scramble to her feet.

Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to Bill as if all India had ganged up on him. In the twinkling of an eye the street was alive with jabbering, gesticulating natives, all making for Bill with fire in their eyes, clenched fists upraised, and Lord knows how many long knives up the sleeves of those long shirts they wear.

He Had Poked a Sacred Animal.

And that precise moment Bill remembered hearing about the sacred cows of India. And he had just given one of them a fine, sacrilegious poke in the ribs!

The mob was picking up sticks now, and uprooting cobblestones from the pavement of the street. Bill was hemmed in on all sides. The enraged natives were gathering together to rush him, and Bill knew that if he was going to do anything about it he'd have to do it mighty doggone quick. There was a building behind him and that offered the only means of escape. The door was open and Bill turned, dashed up the steps, and ran inside.

The place was a temple of some sort, and it seemed there was a funeral in progress. Bill doesn't know what he did to turn the gang in the temple against him, but they seemed to be just as mad at him as the mob outside.

Then and there Bill thought his time had come. With an angry mob rushing him from behind and another one coming at him from within the temple, he knew he didn't have a Chinaman's chance. There was no use trying to fight that gang. There were too many of them. Bill just stood there, his hands down at his sides, waiting for the end to come.

But it didn't come. Suddenly Bill heard shouts behind him, and turning he got a glimpse of khaki uniforms. The crowd was still furious, but the sight of those soldiers made them stop and think a minute. And then, a couple of those uniforms were pushing through the mob toward Bill.

They reached Bill's side, and Bill says he almost cried when they took him by the arms and started rushing him through the mob. Never had a couple of uniforms looked better to him. "They escorted me back to my ship," Bill says, "and there I was received by my shipmates with a lot of good-natured razzing. And, believe it or not, I welcomed that razzing. It did more to bring me back to my normal senses than any thing else could."

Dig in for Year at North Pole



Daring, sub-zero, longtime aviation experiment is that which the four men above, Soviet scientists, expect to perform in the next 12 months while stationed at the North Pole. Left to right the four, who will spend a year studying conditions at the pole to test the advisability of launching a Soviet-U. S. air service via this point, are E. T. Krenkel, radio operator; I. D. Papanin, head of the group; E. K. Fedorov, magnetologist and astronomist; and P. P. Shirshov, hydro-biologist.

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