#### -SYMPHONY OPENS **SEASON ON NOV. 4**

## BACK FENCING

By A MAN APOUT TOWN

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We dropped in on the city commission meeting last Monday night for the first time, and ware well entertained. From the cutset, when Iruns Hanley, the City Clerk, rattled off the minutes of the preceding meeting, we enjoyed the opportunity of sitting back and studying the commissioner during their cumpared moments. Mayon Marta appeared very business-like, but congenial as he directed the course of affairs. As the preliminary-business was being taken care of, the picture of the city fathers appeared somewhat like this: Halbert, slumped over en the table, seemingly in deep thought: Moody, fervently puffing on a big cigra and occasionally looking about far familiar faces in the crowd in attendance: Heaceek, in passive relaxation, his mind seemingly a long way off. Treasurer Corson, checking and double checking a sheaf of papers before him, all action and serious: Manager Egbert, look ing older with his glasses on, watching Corson with an interested hand director one isses in the law of the commission of the control of the cont

during her talk to the Lions Club last week told the boys something about the bed coverings of Europe, which was enlightening. She said that the covers were so short, that one had to decide which part of the body one wished to keep warm during the night . . . and act accordingly. If your feet were snuggled in the blankets, your arms and shoulders would be unprotected . . and vice veras. She chuckled and admitted that it was quite a stunt to keep both extremities of the body warm at the same time. Just one of the problems of the touring Americans—it would seem.

The Eccentric office the other day when the call for information concerning Fred Goldmith, of curve ball pitching fame, came in from "Believe It Or Not" Rhyl representative. We remembered seeing Walter Raychel, manager of the local Credit Bureau, sitting with Mr. Goldmith in a front box at Navin field, so suggested that he be consteated for information. It seems that Walter frequently dreve around to Goldmith's home and picked him up and took him in to see the Tigers. Although etting well along in years, Mr. Goldmith enjoyed his ball games, and seemingly got quite a kick out of the special attentions which were directed his way when he visited the Detroit ball park.

A Rice Howell, newly elected President of the local Exchange Club is setting a fast pace for future Presidents to shoot at. The weekly program is always a major problem for service club executives, and Rice evidently has made up his mind that there will be no blanks on the program report for the year when he turns over the gavel to his successor. This week Rice was informed that the speaker scheduled to appear could not fill the engagement. Rice dashed out and collared Arnold Berndt, supervisor of instrumental music in the schools, and succeeded in landing the High School String Ensemble for the Tuesday luncheon. Guy Jesson, who was to have had the program for the day, also did some last minute work and secured local talent in the person of Oliver Kirk, who recently returned from a trip through Mexico. Both of the attactions showed up—so the bill turned out to be a Musical Travelogite, as it were, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The only unstrument from the control of the day in the cooks had not been advised about the added number of guests—and several of the club members were obliged to forego the pleasure of eating, for the time being, at least.

is just plain lucky. The other day while driving along one of the bastiful reads of Bloomfield, she lost control of her car, feet behaved and turned over in her car. . . and came out of it without our ratch. In fact, some passing motorists tipped her car back our wheels, jushed her back on the road, and she drove the trusty car back to her home—tone the worse for wear.

Amount town have remarked of late, about the fine qualities, character and executive and preaching abilities of the RC. Clarence Wright, recently moved to California. It seems just a bit too bad that in so many cases, we folks seem to wait until someone has left our midst before we find time to say nice things about them. It would be SO much nieer if the nice things said were uttered while the one referred, to was still near at hand. Some of the kind, words would invariably drift back . . . and make some one's life a bit happier.

And while on benerolent thoughts, we might tell you that we heard of an individual the other day who really is unusual these days. She is the "but deathoused" type of friend who cames to the home of a fine the day of the second of the secon

Tis an old, old thought . . . but it is still worthy of consideration.

Tom Mills, one of the head men over at Wilson's Drug Store, is back on the job afters a three week leave of absence, part of which was spend at the University Hospital, at Ann Arbor. He is looking well, and says he is all set to go again . . pipe and all.

Thrombing through a trade magazine the other day, we came across this espation—"Recipe, For Romance." An we have not yet assumed a flowing beard and a pair of crutches, we went on and read what it was all abouts . . and as Hallow'en time is not far away, we'll pass it on to you: Take a haystack, Hallowe's moonlight, a pretty witch and an athletic here. Mise well with firelight, flavor with marshallows—mask off . . . and you have "Steepie for Romance." It's an idea for a party anyway . . . and docun't sound so lad. Just leave off the athletic here part and we might go for it.

Hollow'en parties, we'll bet our old felt het that the coming event, which is now being planned by a runnber of our crite minded citizens, will be a humdinger. Last year's affair was a grand success, and we'll say that the Hallowe'en Party coming up next month for all the young and eld of the city will surpass it. It will require a blet of week on the part of a goodly number of individuals, and if you are called upon to help—Don't make excuses—make good.

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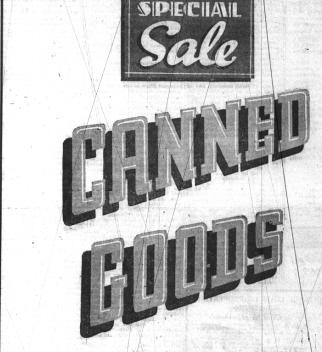
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