

While on the subject of Thanksgiving, suppose we men offer up thanks to our women-folks for their year-round attentiveness to the needs of mere husbands.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR—NO. 34

Storm Windows
Combination Doors - Porch Enclosures - Cabinet Work
Smith Woodcraft Co.
Grant at Ruffner Phone 2218 for Estimate

VFW FEATHER PARTY
Masonic Temple Tue., Nov. 21st 8 P. M. Sharp
15 Games for \$1.00 Door Prize
Try an Eccentric Classified Ad for quick results.

LONE PINE ROAD ESTATES
Beautiful Timbered site on Gilbert Lake. This and other locations convenient to Cranbrook For up-to-date survey of Birmingham-Bloomfield Including some 1/4 to 3 acre sites, moderate restrictions.
Call 1250
Walsh, James & Wasey Co.
BIRMINGHAM, BLOOMFIELD HILLS, LAPEER, ROCHESTER, NORTH MICHIGAN, WEST MICHIGAN, PENNSYLVANIA
Main Offices

We offer profitable work for your savings ... free of speculative hazards

INSURED UP TO \$5000

BIRMINGHAM FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASS'N
243 East Maple Ave.

A Woman Hunter Tells of First Trip

It Was in Days Of Logging Camp

(Editor's Note—In this delightful story, Mrs. O'Hell, who summers in Bloomfield Hills and winters in Detroit, tells of her experience, as a bride, in accompanying her husband on a deer hunting expedition to the north woods. What's more she got her buck—but read how she felt about her prowess!)

By AGNES C. O'DELL

I was a bride when my husband of a spouse took me deer hunting to share with him the joys he knew. I was far from the novice or even athletic type, having had no brothers and with a father who was far too dignified to unbend to an outdoor sport. I had quite literally led the "sheltered life."

"My husband first tried to teach me to shoot a gun which merely lamed my shoulder and his disposition. I could not sight the rifle with my right eye, as is correct. As I preferred the left eye he tried having me shoot from the left shoulder but the target remained unscarred. However, with gun to right shoulder and left eye to sights, which caused the rest of my face to be hopelessly mashed into the butt of the weapon, I could riddle the bull's eye with surprising accuracy. He was completely fooled and baffled but let it go at that.

Pants—Unthinkable!
Next, I must have a proper outfit. Pants, in those days, were unthinkable on a female so I wore long black wool tights underneath a heavy knee length skirt. These with boy's high boots and a red "makin'us" and cap made me into a death dealing threat.

Finally, to be burdened in the long walk, I was hiked for one mile, then two, then three until I begged for mercy. I was flattered he wanted me with him but, in my heart of hearts, knew that I should never even try to hit any wild creature with soft brown eyes. However, I did not let this fear of being left.

I was the only woman on the long train ride in a day coach full of smelly hunters. I was rushed off at each little station and for four of an oilcloth covered counter, which I did not relish but was young and a pretty good sport.

To reach our camp we had to drive 20 miles after leaving the railroad. A teamster met us with

NEW HOME ON BROOKWOOD



Mrs. Lida Limbocker, of Detroit, her son, Harry, and two daughters, Eleanor and Jane, have just taken up residence in their new home at 1069 Brookwood Court. Walter Baulin, well known local architect, did the designing and Ralph H. Scheel, the general contractor. Snyder, Buck & Bennett, brokers, effected the property transfer.

a lumber wagon and I shall never forget that ribbon of road that stretched out ahead of us over the hills like an ever beckoning finger. Our destination was a logging camp and we were put up in a small log cabin which braced of a bed, over which the roof leaked snow upon us, two chairs and a small stove with an insatiable man.

Breakfast Disheartening
We were to eat in the cook camp after the men had finished. My first breakfast was a bit disheartening. It was still dark when, in delightful anticipation, we picked our way over the snow by the aid of a dim lantern. From the fresh, sweet air we stepped into a room reeking with smoke where eighty odd—very odd, Swedes and whatnots had just left and we sat at the end of a long table, being shamelessly stared at by the few who loitered and the cook, the cooker and the dishwashers. I say dishwashers, advisedly, for they were two men who seized the ends of a huge bag full of cutlery and shook it violently from side to side to dry the stuff.

Our plates were very flat and the salt pork recondite. My appetite left me but, not wishing to offend (and I was being watched) I, surreptitiously, wiped my plate with one of the pancakes before trying another. I limited my breakfast to soda crackers and watery coffee. We did not linger as I had to make a hasty exit only to lose what I had but lately gained.

After that, we bought coffee, bread, butter and wonderful steaks at the commissary and cooked in our own cabin. These camps have to furnish fire meats, coffee and butter in order to hold their men.

First Sight of Deer
We would start out each day before dawn and walk east into the sunrise and return at twilight into the sunset and those moments will live long in my memory. We would be passfoot along through the pregnant silence and suddenly find ourselves gazing into great eyes. My first sight of a deer died in the woods was breathtaking. My husband whispered "get him!" I slowly raised my rifle and fired straight up. The deer vanished and I was accused of luck fever. I let them think so, then, but from this far perspective—"my God, perhaps I had!"

Again, one came toward me. I raised my gun but wanted too long and the buck scented a log and flashed his brave white flag. My husband then shot and thinking he had wounded him, was also away after him through a deep swamp, leaving me to follow as I could. I spit long logs, struggled through bogs and scratched my face with branches but when I saw I had lost my way, I was afraid I would lose sight of my husband. But the deer outstripped him so he remembered me.

Once, we found fresh tracks and he sat me on a stump to wait while he followed for a way. We had a system of signals with little tin whistles which we each carried. One blow meant "direction"; two, "come"; three, "come quickly"; and if still no answer, fire straight up (my favorite way) "come"; three, "come quickly"; no answer and then I did not care if I spoiled his chance, so shot. No answer? I grew panicky and started running after his tracks. I did not go far when I met him returning and fell weeping into his arms. He had heard nothing, the jack pine plain deadening all sound. After that, I closely dogged his footsteps.

Bitter Success
He had sacrificed his own hunting for me and the days were passing and the tension spread. One day the teamster, a guide and I were each stationed on different runways. I was alone but within earshot when a great buck loomed in my path. I stood motionless so he did not see me. I prayed that one of the men might come but I dared not call out. He started to move away and I knew I must do something. Without aiming, I shot. I was horrified to see him fall on his knees and keel over. The sound of my shot brought them all running. They found me flat on my face sobbing bitterly. I can still hear their raucous laughter at my grief and feel the painful blox of proud husband upon my prostrate back.

He had the head of the darn thing mounted and I have hidden it in the far corner of the attic where, each spring after fall, it casts a baleful eye at me.

Fenton Man's Car Runs into Motorbus

An Eastern Michigan motorbus was rammed last Friday evening at 10:20 o'clock by a car driven by C. D. Atwood, 50 years old, of Fenton, Mich. His wife was hurt and was reported taken to Ford Hospital in Detroit. Her injuries were believed to have been of a minor character.

Article Times, 47, of 193 West Maple avenue, driver of the bus, said he had stopped at Woodward and Vinewood when Atwood's car came up from behind.

Value of Scouting Told at Meeting

A large group of prospective Boy Scout leaders heard testimonials as to the meaning and value of Scouting in a dinner held last Thursday night at the Community House.

The principal speakers were Amos Shields, chief executive of the Detroit area; Probate and Juvenile Judge Arthur E. Moore; and Edgard S. George, whose property is used by Birmingham scouts for their camp. Charles S. Kinnison was toastmaster of the meeting and was also author of the testimonial presented to Roy Weier, of Houghton Lake, but until very recently a local Scouter of long standing.

The testimonial, in the form of printed poem and signed below by Scout leaders, and then framed, praised Weier for his long service to the movement.

Mr. Shields told of the meaning of Scouting: "The building of men for character trained for citizenship."

He pointed out that its 30 years' existence proved the worthwhileness of the movement, benefiting the leaders as well as the boys. There is one leader for every five Scouts in Detroit, he declared.

Judge Moore told of his recent experience in sending a delinquent boy to the state industrial school, and placed much of the blame on the community for never having "given the kid a chance." "The biggest influence outside the home ago from Detroit" as the Boy Scouts, he declared.

He told of the parents of six boys in another community, previously indifferent when several attempts were made to start a troop, who decided to take an interest in the movement when their own sons had been hailed to juvenile court for a misdemeanor.

Col. George gave an interesting talk, praising the local directors for the interest they took in using Camp George without damage. (Detroiters formerly used the camp but lost the privilege when they became careless.) He spoke also of the many cases where fathers and sons had used the camp.

Have You Met?—
Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Schadt of 18261 Devonshire road who moved to Birmingham about two weeks ago from Detroit? The Schadts have three children, Ilione, a graduate of Albion College, Ewald who is a senior at the same college, and Elizabeth, aged 10, who attends Barnum School.

Mr. Schadt is an electrical engineer for Cadillac Motor Car Company.

They Come in All Shades, Man
"Hullo, Brown, painting the car again?"
"Yes, the wife's been making innuendoes about a winter coat she says exactly matches the color of the car."

Be Glad Tomorrow you bought Real Estate today—

Everyone knows that a home is the safest, surest thing any man can put his money into—besides, if you own a slice of these good old United States, you are naturally a better and more respected citizen.

Look what \$7,000 will buy in an attractive section of Birmingham near a fine school and good neighbors: 3 bedroom Colonial, large screened porch, beautiful landscaping, and all the things that make a house a home.

You can't afford to pay rent when values like this are kicking around:

Substantial home of solid masonry construction, large living room, sunroom, oil heat, newly decorated, corner lot completely fenced. Present price of \$9,000 is exactly half its original cost. Walking distance of schools and shopping. A sound home for a conservative family—

Always call us for better Birmingham values.

SNYDER BUCK & BENNETT
THEATRE BUILDING BIRMINGHAM 1400

We have several good rental properties still available.

3 bedrooms	\$30.00
2 bedrooms, close in	\$30.00
4 bedrooms, 2 baths	\$50.00
3 bedrooms in Quarton School district	\$70.00
6 bedrooms, 3 baths Quarton School district	\$110.00

Bloomfield Village . . . The location, beauty and extreme care taken in maintaining its standards sets BLOOMFIELD VILLAGE apart. See this property and find out how reasonably you can secure your homestead in this ideal development. A new home now offered at 366 Glenhurst

Judson Bradway Co.
REALTORS
259 S. Woodward Phones: B'ham 38; Elmhurst 6747

29 More Xmas Shopping Days
AT YOUR
Birmingham Good Will Stores

\$620 IN TRADE CERTIFICATES
REMAIN TO BE GIVEN AWAY BY YOUR GOOD WILL MERCHANTS

\$40 IN TRADE CERTIFICATES EACH WEEK FOR THE NEXT 3 WEEKS

\$500 IN TRADE CERTIFICATES IN FINAL AWARDS ON DEC. 22ND

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—Mr. J. O. Merchberger
1187 Smith Street, Birmingham — \$25.00

SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. Viola Peabody
439 Park Street, Birmingham — \$10.00

THIRD PRIZE—Mr. E. T. Engel
516 West Frank Street, Birmingham — \$ 5.00
—Mrs. H. G. Wall of No. 3 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills drew the Winning Coupons at the Wabek State Bank for this week.

Look for the Good Will Emblem When Shopping

Shop at your Good Will Merchants' Stores and Participate in their big Good Will Free Gift Offer!

A Good Will Coupon With Every 50c Purchase

MORTGAGE LOANS
MODERN METHODS OF FINANCING TO MEET TODAY'S NEEDS OF THE HOME OWNER

The enjoyment of home ownership is increased with a satisfactory mortgage. Let us cooperate in arranging a modern long term financing plan that will assure the benefit of every economy and convenience.

The Birmingham National Bank
"Birmingham's Community Bank"
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

INSURANCE BONDS THE BIRMINGHAM AGENCY
CHAS B. RANDALL OSCAR P. PETERSON
Insurance for Every Need
PHONE 840
1065 WOODWARD-BIRMINGHAM