Rifle Range Now Invites All Ages

Great activity is in evidence lately every Monday and Thursday evening in the vicinity of Cranbrook road near Lincoln. The cause is the Birmingham Rifle Range, where twice a week groups meet under the supervision and instruction of the citizens who have volunteered their services. This is one of the most popular activities sponsored by the Recreation Board, and the members of that body are hoping for a city-wide interest and participation by both adults and youngsters.

The men who have volunteered as instructors all have had years of experience in marksmanship and their enthusiasm matches that of their pupils. Several spectators have remarked on the serious manner in which the boys and girls are going about the project as they all seem very interested to learn. Visitors are always welcome, and many who have gone to watch have enrolled in the classes, bringing the present number of participants to 71.

Regardless of past experience, each new member receives a short period of training in principles of gunnery and in safety devices. After passing a test on these things, he is eligible to shoot on the range.

Due to the short twilight as fall comes on, all those who would join are asked to be at the range by 6 p. m. on class nights.

It is not necessary to own a gun to join as the Board has acquired a few .22 calibre rifles. However, anyone owning a gun of this type and wanting to dispose of it is asked to contact Sergeant Grant Springstead at the police station, who will quickly find a buyer. Sgt. Springstead is chairman of the program and he is assisted by H. H. Corson, Laurence Smith, Cleland Clark, Russell McBride, James Skeely, James Tuttle, Theodore Czerkowski, John E. Brown, Edward VanDevelder, William E. Story, and Wilbur Elliott.

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Jenny—On the grounds about the house.

Obituary

Lottie S. Stannard

Mrs. Lottie Sly Stannard, wife of Lake Stannard, died at her home at Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, on Saturday, Sept. 19, after a long illness.

Mrs. Stannard was the sister of the Misses Sly of West Maple road and Mrs. Emma Hupp, of Roanoke, Va.

She is survived by two daughters, one son and eight grandchildren.

Ester N. Boylan Dies

Ester Nellis Boylan, 38, of 1870 Northlawn died early today at St. Joseph Mercy hospital, Pontiac following a three months illness. Mrs. Boylan was born in West Chicago, where she spent most of her life. She came to Birmingham in May of this year. She is survived by her husband, Lee, two children, Lawrence Carey of the U. S. Navy and Lee Doan and her father Raymond Nellis.

Funeral service will be held at West Chicago in St. Mary's church with burial in West Chicago.

Arthur V. Lee, Jr.

Arthur V. Lee, of Bronxville, N. Y., died there Monday after a severe illness. He was 53 years of age.

Mr. Lee who is the brother of William M. Lee, a resident of Rivenoak avenue, has been known in this vicinity because of social and business contacts. He was in business with his brother for a number of years. Mr. Lee was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit.

He is survived by his wife, Emily, of Bronxville, his mother, Mrs. Arthur Lee, sister, Verna, and brother, William, of Birmingham. He is also survived by his son Arthur V. Lee III, of Bronxville.

Mr. Lee is the grandson of the late Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock, Ont.

Story of Aluminum Told in Technicolor

Samuel H. Knowlton, of Dorchester road, associated with the Aluminum Co. of America, showed technicolor motion pictures on the history of the discovery and development of that metal to Birmingham Rotarians Monday noon at the Community House. He was introduced by Rotarian Dane Milliman, of Yorkshire road.

The picture, beautifully done, revealed the hardships that the inventor of aluminum had in perfecting his process of manufacture, as well as getting a market for the product. The metal was first used in the court of Napoleon III, at which time it cost more than $500 a pound. Today's cost, of course, is but a small fraction of that.

William Ewald, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ewald, of 13 Barbour Terrace, Bloomfield Hills, was a member of the intramural championship swimming team at Brown University last semester.

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LOCAL

(Continued from Page 1)

in the pool for about an hour. Then we sat down to a delicious breakfast with the Grays and "Tommy."

At 9:30 the phone rang telling us to hop into riding clothes and Shaefer would bring Mrs. Roosevelt right over from the big house, where she had been staying, so that we could meet her and then go riding.

When she arrived we were so thrilled we could hardly speak, and when she told us we were going to eat lunch with the President we were confounded.

When our amazement vanished we found ourselves straddling a horse. We rode for an hour 'round and 'round a field of corn. Finally Shaefer came and picked us up, taking us back to the cottages.

There we changed for a swim and walked down to the pool. The Grays were already swimming.

In a few minutes three or four cars drove up and officials stepped out. The President went to the bath house. Then, Aunt Eleanor, Martha, Crown Princess of Norway, and her lady-in-waiting came down to the pool. We were introduced and in another second the President was seen dangling his feet in the pool. It was all very exciting.

In the pool we dove off of Aunt Eleanor's shoulders and through her legs until she was about done in.

Then we went in and changed clothing and Aunt Eleanor drove us over to the big house in her car, for lunch. There we got the Crown Princess and the President to give us their autographs.

At the table we were seated as follows: The President; to his right, Crown Princess, Mr. Gray, Tommy Thompson, Jane, Roosevelt, Admiral Brown, Mrs. Roosevelt, Dorothy Stannard, Harry Hopkins, the lady-in-waiting, Francis Stannard, and Mrs. Gray.

Conversation soon started and the president mentioned a visit. We soon found out it was to be Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

On the way home, Aunt Eleanor told us that we would meet him tomorrow at the picnic.

After we arrived at the cottages again, we went in swimming and swam the rest of the afternoon.

Tommy stayed for dinner with us while the others went to the big house to dine with the Churchills.

After dinner we again explored the grounds until bedtime.

August 13, Friday:

Early the next morning Fran woke us up and told us that Mrs. Roosevelt had talked to her in bed and said that she would like to go in swimming with us before breakfast. We swam for a while but the water was cold so we went in and got dressed.

We all came down to breakfast in riding clothes because we were going riding at 9:30.

Shaefer drove us over and I delivered some riding clothes to Miss Mary Churchill.

We rode for two hours and a half. This time Fran and Dot alternated on the pony and we rode around alone.

After a while we went over to look at the library. In about an hour a police officer came over to us and told us that Mrs. Roosevelt was waiting to drive us back to the cottages for a swim and then a picnic.

We sat on the back of the convertible, with the wind blowing through our hair, all the way home.

When we had finally changed and gone down to the pool everybody was there.

Prime Minister Churchill stepped over the busses with a cigar in his mouth and a ten gallon hat on and walked over to Dot, shook hands and said "Good morning, how are you?" We were all very surprised and thrilled at the same time.

Then the President came out and the two sat together at the end of the pool. It looked exactly like the Casablanca conference.

After a while the people in swimming went up to change for the picnic and the President said to us "You'd better hurry or the hot dogs will start barking" and Mr. Churchill said, "Yes, the hot puppies are already growling."

We laughed and hurried up to change.

At the picnic we had fish chowder, tomato salad, corn pudding, wienies, milk, fruit, and cookies.

Aunt Eleanor served and the others sat at and around the two tables.

Everybody had fun and when Fran, Dot and I were through eating we rushed up and got our autograph books from the house.

When we came back we got Harry Hopkins, Uncle David, Admiral Brown, the Prime Minister's Aide, the Prime Minister, and Miss Mary Churchill, Tommy Thompson and Aunt Maude to sign their autographs.

Then they all left except Mrs. Roosevelt and Mary Churchill who stayed to take a swim later on.

We went up to our rooms and rested for a while and soon went in swimming with Mary Churchill, Aunt Eleanor, and Aunt Maude. Before dinner we watched and played a few sets of deck tennis and then went in.

Aunt Eleanor and Mary went back to the big house and Aunt Maude and Tommy stayed for dinner with us. Afterwards I played the piano and we all went to bed.

August 14, Saturday:

In the morning we woke up with a dreadful cold.

At breakfast Aunt Eleanor said she had gone in swimming and had looked for us. We said we had a cold and we were very tired.

After we had eaten, Aunt Eleanor asked me to play for her. I didn't play as well as I could but she thought it was very good.

At 10:05 we said all our goodbyes and Shaefer drove us down to the Poughkeepsie station. We found our train was 35 minutes late so we went to the ladies' room and rested while Dot stayed with the bags.

The porter put us on the train but there wasn't even any standing room so we paid $1.61 more and took a pullman.

We got into the Grand Central at 10 to 1:00 so we hurried through the crowds and reached the train just as it was about to pull out.

There weren't any seats left so we sat on our bags in the aisle. Pretty soon a man gave us his seat to share between us. Fran was the worst off so she sat there while Dot and I went to the diner and got our lunch. We just reached it as a whole crowd of people came rushing in. Boy! Were we lucky.

After lunch we came back to our coach and two sailors gave up their seats for us. The rest of the trip harried along because I tried to sleep.

Finally we arrived in Providence and I was so dazed I could hardly see the two figures looking frantically around for our coach—Grammy and Aunt Amy.

After we had taken the bags to the car we drove home.

There we were put to bed and rested for a few days with excellent care.

All in all that trip was one of the best I have had in my life.

Rotarians Hear War-Time Problems Of A Public Library Aired

Problems of a public library and its contriuotions toward a community in time of war were discussed before Birmingham Rotarians at the Community House Monday noon by Miss Adeline Cooke, librarian. She was introduced by J. B. Howarth, Rotarian, and secretary of the Library Board since 1924.

Miss Cooke stated that she and her aids are endeavoring to place greatest emphasis these days upon a library's community value as a storage and clearing house for data and questions arising from the war; she mentioned various books, pamphlets, and similar literature available for everybody from a boy who wants to know something of a specialized nature preparatory to his enlistment, to questions touching on rationing and canning.

"Baldwin Public Library also has auditorium space which is used from time to time by groups for the discussion of current war problems and community activities, and we have cooperated in the national campaign to obtain books for the soldiers and sailors of the armed forces," she added. "To date we have collected many thousands of books. Another feature of our service is the answering of various questions over the telephone, questions covering almost every topic under the sun; we welcome such calls, too."

Among the guests at the Rotary Club Monday was young Clifford McBride, who was an enlisted man in the army and at Pearl Harbor when it was attacked. He now is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, home on a furlough. He is the son of Mrs. Julia McBride, 124 West Maple avenue.

(Held out last week due to lack of space.)

Hole-in-one Shot Made Here Sunday

For the first time during the golf season of 1943, and the third time in the history of Birmingham's Springdale Park, a hole-in-one was made from the sixth tee on the nine-hole course last Sunday. The lucky golfer was John J. Manco, 31 years of age, 10524 Borgman avenue, Huntington Woods. Playing with him at the time was John Cadez, a neighbor.

The rare shot was made for the hole distance of 110 yards, the same part of the course where the other two hole-in-ones were made.

In reporting the feat to The Eccentric, Mrs. Manco exclaimed: "My husband only started playing golf this year; his usual score for Springdale course is 51 for the nine holes. He certainly was happy over the lucky shot—and now I suppose he'll play oftener, and I'll become one of those 'golf widows' I've often read about."

SPEAKS TO LIONS

Charles R. Miller, sales engineer of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company, spoke to the Lions Club Wednesday on the subject, "Fuel for Tomorrow's Automobiles." He also made several enlightening statements regarding the supply and consumption of crude oil in America.

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PHOTO OF MRS. EARLIE KING, DEPT. 69

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