

# Storm

(Continued from Page 1, Sec. 1) never been fully completed.

"IT'S QUITE possible," he said, "that these previous storms actually were a help to us. The hurricane sixteen years ago and the tornado the year before had already removed a great many trees that were not strong enough to withstand the gale. We all felt that without this earlier removal our losses might have been much higher."

Whitman said that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walker, of Birmingham, were en route to Holden just before the storm struck, but were stopped by police in New York state.

"When the tornado hit," he said, "our home was outside the damage area, but when Carol and Edna came along, everyone over a wide area got it. We escaped without personal injury or property damage, but hope we will never have to repeat the experience."

# Thieves Attempt Proves Fruitless

TROY—Thieves broke into Allen's Collision Shop at 1770 Rochester road Saturday but left without taking anything, according to Patrolmen Eugene Sackner and William Baker who discovered the break-in Saturday night during routine patrolling.

"Either we were pretty close behind them or they couldn't find what they were looking for," said Sackner. "It looked like the work of kids."

# Hearing Aid Theft Reported by Wilson

Thief of two hearing from Wilson's drug store was reported Monday by Richard Wilson.

He expressed the belief that it wasn't entirely free from the night, only the case was taken. He asked parents to be on the alert for gold colored cases, about the size of a cigarette package, which they might see in possession of their children.



MAPLE STREET ENTRANCE of B. Siegel Co.'s new Birmingham branch is pictured above. At right, the Martin street entrance.

# This & That

(Continued from Page 1, Sec. 1) of a tougher ride than the night we spent in the tent. I wasn't afraid of bears... at least no more than Phil was... and he, having been in Alaska twice, said no ordinary bear could scare him, any place, any time.

So, Dear Reader, what had I to be scared about?

That night, Bob told us the next morning, the bears did show up about 150 feet from our dining campfire. He also suggested that perhaps they didn't come any closer on account of the strange nocturnal noises coming from the sleeping bag areas of both Phil and myself... admitting, naturally, that Phil snored louder than I.

THE GRUB BOX was only about 15 feet from where we all three were nestled down for the night. Well, honestly, I wasn't afraid of bears... at least no more than Phil was... and he, having been in Alaska twice, said no ordinary bear could scare him, any place, any time.

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# Siegel

(Continued from Page 1, Sec. 1) cation.

Kramer continued: "Culmination of B. Siegel Company's years of experimentation end of this day's 12 mile ride, I patted Phil on the rump and said to him, in a very low voice: 'Thanks for the ride, pal, you've left your mark on me, all right. For the next few days I won't forget you, either. But had I been required to go another mile with you on this trip, you may be sure it would be in the position of leading you... you wonderful animal... but wonderful as you are, you're nothing as compared to a quiet rocking chair on my grandmother's front porch!'"

In next week's article—the last about this trip—I'll assemble a few assorted impressions and notions gleaned during these western weeks; maybe a few of them will recall experiences you went through on a similar occasion, or will offer ideas in case you plan to make it in the future.

and merchandising, will be this new store for women.

"From its enhancing Maple avenue facade, its pleasing window-wall along Hates street, its simple Martin street entrance, to its smallest display fixture, B. Siegel Company's successful merchandising philosophy appears to have been realized by complete cooperation between the store's designers and the merchandising heads of B. Siegel Company.

"TOWARDS the center core of the building from the main floor level, is an enhancing travertine marble stair with aluminum covered members and aluminum handrail. This stair stands out as a major design feature in the interior of the store.

"A cantilevered canopy covered with porcelain over the Martin street entrance offers a pleasing and delicate feature to this secondary entrance, which offers easy access to either the upper or lower first floor level. Here ample use of glass, travertine marble floor and trends, face brick and lighting, make this entrance an unobstructed invitation to enter the store.

"Light is to be handled at the southeast corner of the building by providing adequate overhead space for trucks. Deck facilities and freight elevator allow for swift movement of merchandise to stock-rooms in the lower level.

# 8-Hour Day Again For City Manager

Birmingham City Manager Donald C. Egbert returned to his office on practically a full-time basis this week. He still must use crutches to help the leg broken in a June 27 auto accident west of Brighton.

RECOGNITION is being given to the desirability of having ample parking facilities available, and the B. Siegel Company will cooperate with the City government in furthering its parking program."

## Michigan STATE FAIR

Farm Fun Frolic  
Sept. 6, 7, 8  
2 THRU 11 DETROIT

Star Packed Colliseum Show: In person, Joni James, Frankie Lane, Miki Brothers, Fontaine Sisters, Ely Fitzgerald, Roy Hamilton, Koby Snow Quartet, Honey Brothers, Pete Johnson Combo, Ray Tracey, and Herschel Leib orchestra.

Thrill Packed Grandstand Show: In person, the Cisco Kid (Duncan Renaldo) and Annie Oakley (Gail Davis), Border Legion Riders, Canadian Dredweds, 250-Mile Auto Race.

Spectacular Midway featuring the World Famous Rotor and the Fabulous Sky Wheel Plus Spectacular Dancing Variety.

100,000 JUDGING SEPT. 6-8, 10, OR CHAMPION SECTIONS SEPT. 7

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# 2 for free

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RIDLEY CLEANERS

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# BIRMINGHAM PAINT

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WE SET UP OUR fishing rods while Bob Cottrell unpacked our duffle and grub. Within an hour Bob had the smell of steak and coffee in the clear air, an Phil and I joined him about the campfire. Up to then, we had not caught a single fish large enough to interest our frying pan.

That meal, eaten as we sat cross-legged upon the large tarpaulin spread upon Mother Earth, was better than anything ever served up at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City!

Although Bob had brought a tent, we didn't request that it be set up, preferring to pass the night in our sleeping bags, air-mattressed against the hard earth.

DARKNESS CAME about nine o'clock, and not many minutes later, and I was sound asleep—surrounded by high mountains at this 5000-ft. altitude; the air became cold while high overhead twinkled what seemed like a billion stars.

We woke up at six o'clock the next morning. I was impressed with the crisp, clearness of the air, the very invigorating and stimulating for eating a better-than-average breakfast appetite.

Kid a raucous, rasping or noisy sound about us. Just a brand new, fresh, unused and inviting New Day!

ANOTHER MEAL. This time pancakes, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. What more could a fellow wish for... unless it be a chance to wet a line fishing for trout.

Phil and I did some fishing from the shoreline of Lake Elizabeth, catching some rainbow and grayling trout. Not large ones, but we were informed by a nearby ranger that the "big ones" were in the other end of the lake, five miles away.

It was too far to walk... and at the time, too far to ride. (Remember why?)

However, that afternoon Phil and I did take to the nearby fast-running Belly River, and in less than three hours caught 17 trout, the bows and grayling, averaging 16 inches. We released all but four of them, which we had for breakfast the next morning.

PHIL AND I both agreed that rainbows are better game fish than the grayling. Rainbows "take to the air" while grayling may come out of water once or twice, then operate like brown trout and go into deeper places.

This stream, like most western mountain waters, is strewn with little and big rocks and boulders; aided by fast currents, wading it wasn't too easy. Phil had his best movie camera with him, mounted on a tripod. He'd photographed in color, playing a trout or grayling, then I'd perform the same operation for him.

That afternoon provided us with more pleasure than any like period of the entire trip. Incidentally, there isn't much preference in the taste of the rainbows or the grayling; the latter are more delicate and without excellence of color, except in their dorsal fin, which when held against the sun is quite beautiful.

BEARS, OF COURSE, roam all over Glacier National Park. The nearby ranger had told us of a mama bear and three cubs near a cube near the camping area at Lake Elizabeth, in search of food.

The morning of our second day the bears did show up, but Bob tossed a few rocks at mama and she and her offspring moved away. However, they also moved into a camp at night, making straight for the grub box.

So our cowboy guide wrapped the grub box up in a tarpaulin and then tied rope about it, leading the end of the rope over to his own sleeping bag where he would lie upon it.

"If a bear starts in on our grub box it will maul the rope and that will wake us up and then I'll throw stones at it, or do whatever else I must to shoo it away," explained Bob to Phil and me that evening as we turned into our own sleeping bags.

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IT WAS ABOUT three-thirty in the morning when I woke up, a few rain drops starting to fall. The night before clouds had formed overhead, and we felt that perhaps we might encounter some rain the next day.

Within 15 minutes, more and larger drops fell and Bob awakened. Then we roused Phil. A now-wet resulted in agreement that better start the campfire and get breakfast over with before the deluge hit us. This we did. It required an hour and a half to re-make up the packsacks and get all four of them on the two pack horses.

Finally a continuous fine drizzle set in and it was seven a.m. when, covered with large patches, we started back toward the Many Glacier Hotel, 12 mountain trail miles away.

OUR ROUTE TOOK us through considerable vegetation-covered mountain sides, with the usual variety of switch-back trails. It really was wonderful to ride over these rain-covered trails, on each side of which for four miles was a dense forest of tall, straight trunks of storks of Bear Grass, beautiful milk-weed-like flowers, clusters of a variety of other weeds and flowers.

Finally we approached the narrow mountain trail that, now above the timber line, led us to the 200-ft. long Ptarmigan tunnel that goes right through the uplifted mountain at this location, and leads downward to small but lovely Ptarmigan Lake.

Before getting on this narrow trail, guide Bob stopped the train and said: "Up to now you have been doing some good and having to guide your horses. From now on until we reach Ptarmigan Lake, keep your reins loose. The horses know exactly where they must walk, and will bring you safely over this part of the trip."

AGAIN, AS WE followed Bob's advice, and I observed the behavior of the horses, I was impressed with their intelligence, although now and then I thought the horse ahead of me (I was generally last in line) would place his feet too close together where the trail slanted toward the perpendicular.

Standing some distance below the timber line, one got the impression that above there is in most places complete barrenness, areas without any vegetation. But when we got up in this area, I was quite excited to discover a profusion of mountain flowers; purple clusters and beds of a wide variety, of many colors, of the floral world. I don't know many of their names, but they reminded me of buttercups, Black-eyed Susans, violets, forget-me-nots, and a great many other evidences that, even on a mountain side that is without visible soil, old Mother Nature sees to it that some of her beautiful "cosmetics" provide the "bloom of life" for human beings—as well as mountain goats and sheep—to see and enjoy.

A CONSIDERABLE distance on this trail back to Many Glacier Hotel was along the sides of a range of mountains. It had been blasted out, and along the side next to the drop-off huge blocks of the mountain stone had been placed an average of two feet in height.

Very little risk, I thought, providing the horse you ride, plus yourself, do not lose your heads.

And, so, after resting a few minutes at Ptarmigan Lake, below this tunnel, we proceeded the remaining four miles to our destination.

The scenery was grand; the experience was most interesting; the fellowship was excellent.

AND, AS I slipped down off my "good, ole Palpat" at the

Both Kramer and Walker ex-pressed great confidence in the coming future, and future.

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## MEAT VALUES!

Fresh Farm Dressed FRYERS 49c lb.

Prime Beef POT ROAST 45c lb.

Lean Fresh PORK LOIN ROAST Rib Cut 39c lb.

Eck-Rich SKINLESS FRANKS 49c lb.

SPRY CRISCO 3lb. 85c

MONARCH PEACHES halves & Freestone 41c

Premier TOMATOES 2/41c

V-8 JUICES 46c can 36c

5 lbs. CANE SUGAR 49c

Hamilton Grade A MED. EGGS 52c doz.

5 lbs. GOLD MEDAL FLOUR 49c

BLUE BONNET OLEO 27c lb.

TIDE-CHEER-DUZ 27c

REMUS BUTTER 61c lb.

## SNOW CROP FROZEN FOODS

ORANGE JUICE 5 for 99c  
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Large 12 oz. LEMONADE 3/85c

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Fresh Frozen PEAS 2 for 41c

CHICKEN THIGHS 1 lb. pkg. 89c

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# PEABODY'S