

It's Done Differently in Bhavnagar

Julia Hoopengardner, Birmingham college student in India with the Experiment in International Living program, writes another of her letters from the Indian village of Bhavnagar.

Dear Friends and Neighbors: Would you like to know what goes on in a typical day at my home in Bhavnagar?

Basically, we are fulfilling the same needs as you are in Birmingham. Our methods may be different, though.

Everyone but me rises between 5 and 6 a.m. (Apparently, they think I need extra sleep.) Morning bath is out of a bucket. Then I'm called in time for breakfast.

Kokila is usually sitting on the floor of the kitchen by the gas burner when I arrive. Tea is served, along with rotties (what cakes), bananas, sometimes mangoes, and several fried breads. Then Deep and Mohendra hurry off to work.

NEARLY EVERYONE who has extra 25 M.P. (five cents) a day keeps a servant. Our family has several servants.

After breakfast they roll up the mattress and make the beds and wash the dishes. That is an interesting procedure in itself.

The dishes are washed in the typical courtyard, in the center of the house. We don't use soap to wash the dishes, but rather ashes and cold water. The brass and stainless steel come out surprisingly shiny.

Kokila spends the entire morning in the kitchen. No ready mixes available. The birds are free to fly in and out and watch her cook.

It takes a long time to roll and fry individually a stack of 25 or 30 rotties.

Flour and oil and water are kneaded together, kneaded and formed into balls. Then Kokila rolls them into medium saucer size.

They are browned in a pan, held directly over the flame until puffed up, then flattened and brushed with oil.

WHILE ALL of this is going on, several vegetables are cooking in peanut oil and spices. Most of

vegetables here are similar to those in the U.S.—but only similar.

Another pot, on a charcoal burner, might contain dal, a soupy mixture made with curries and eaten with rice as a last course.

Kokila and Gulaben and Ba (mother) eat the main meal first. Most Indian women didn't eat with the men until recently. Kokila does sometimes now, but more often she does the serving when the men eat. Unlike the village people, we eat at a table; we use our hands, though.

As the Indians explain it, that way each person is responsible for keeping his own eating utensils clean.

AFTERNOONS ARE a time for rest. After napping, the servants may wash clothes—rather pious with a wooden mangle. Somehow, the clothes seem to get clean, too.

After the hottest part of the day, I venture out again, to villages, schools, meetings, or friend's homes.

Evening meal isn't until 8:30 or 9 p.m. Vegetables in oil, rotties, and a desert of rice and milk usually make up the meal. Although we are a joint family, we eat as separate family units.

Always after a meal, we chew seeds to cleanse the mouth. Some of the men chew pond, a leaf rolled up with seeds and an edible wood and sometimes with tobacco inside.

THEN, TO brush the teeth, Indians use a particular type of twig. Chewing it is good exercise for the teeth. (Remember, we don't chew brush is disposed of after one using.

Evenings in Gujarat State are cool and pleasant. Nearly every home has a hitcock (swing). At the mehtas we all swing after dinner.

It is then that my family have told me their personal feelings toward India and life in general.

And I have shared with them, too.

We sing for each other and have a wonderful time. I sure feel lucky to be an experimenter.

JULIA HOOPENGARDNER



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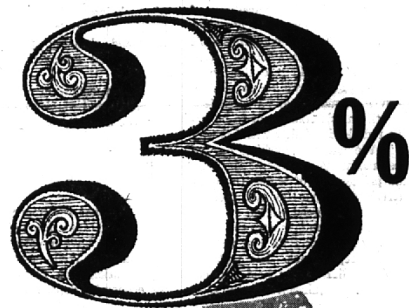
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LOOK WHAT'S UP!



ON ALL SAVINGS

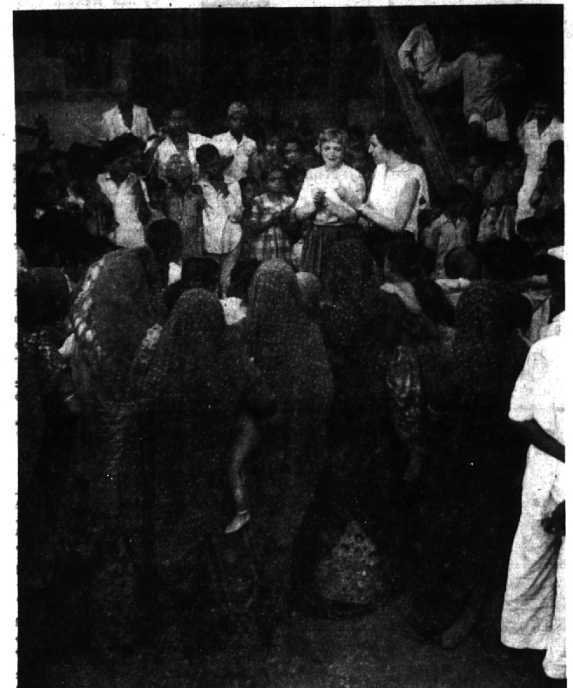
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Julia Hoopengardner (standing on the left in the center) leads singing villagers in Narey, near Bhavnagar, India, with Gloria Greenfield, experimenter from Cambridge, Mass.

100 YEARS AGO

Gen. Lyon, 487 Others Die at Wilson's Creek

By LON K. SAVAGE
Special Writer

It was perhaps six o'clock in the morning when the log roll sounded, and up and down the gullies, ravines and cornfields along Wilson's Creek in southwestern Missouri, 11,000 Confederate troops began getting up, starting their breakfasts under the scrub oaks and grumbling over the drizzle that had fallen during the night. Approximately a mile to the north, Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, the red-bearded Yankee who had saved St. Louis for the Union, rode among his army of 4,500

Arkansians and Texans encamped 10 miles south of Springfield, Mo., under the command of Confederate Gen. Ben McCulloch—an army that nearly doubled the size of the attackers. It was Aug. 10, 1861, 100 years ago this week.

Lyon moved his men into the attack at dawn, infantry and cavalry leading, a battery of artillery following. They were met by Confederate pickets who fell back, shouting out the warning.

At the same time, Sigel captured about 40 men, then opened up with artillery from a hill and attacked the Confederates rear with his infantry.

Within minutes, the battle became a continuous roar, and men were falling dead on top of each other in the cornfields.

Then, quite suddenly, there was a lull. Missouri Gen. Sterling Price, serving under McCulloch for the Confederates, recalled his lines, brought up reinforcements and counterattacked.

Rank after rank of Confederates charged through the bullets and into the Union line. Lyon ordered every available man into the fray.

Meanwhile, Sigel had met catastrophe, stumbling momentarily during the same lull, he, too, was counterattacked by overwhelming numbers, and his men turned and ran in panic, not to be heard from again that day. The Confederates now turned their full fury on Lyon.

Lyon, meanwhile, was in the thick of it. First, his horse was shot. Next, a ball grazed his leg and blood trickled from it. Then a shot creased his scalp, and the blood ran into his beard. Still he rode among his troops, shouting them forward. Only to his top officers did he confide, "I fear the day is lost."

Finally, bringing up the last of his reserves and personally leading them in a charge, Lyon was killed. A ball smashed his chest, and he fell into an aide's arms, headed for Springfield to retreat.

At that, the ranking Union officer, Maj. Samuel Sturgis, pulled up his rifle and ordered the attack.

The casualties were about the same on both sides: 223 Union men and 243 Confederates killed; 121 Union and 800 Confederate wounded. But 291 Union men, against only 30 Confederates, were missing.

Next week: Illness takes its toll.

The Birmingham Eccentric Features

AUGUST 10, 1961 PAGE 7

NATURE NOW

Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

Common House Fly

Insect Enemy of Man

WALLOON LAKE — A fly buzzed overhead and alighted for an instant on the open pages of my book and flew away.

OUR LIVES are closely intertwined with those of the insects. Bees and moths are such valuable pollinators that without them our supply of fruits and vegetables would soon be threatened. Likewise, their absence would erase many of our forage crops such as clover and alfalfa which provide a valuable food source for our dairy herds.

Some insects are harmless; others present serious threats to man's comfort and often to his very life.

FLIES BELONG to the order of two-winged insects, the Diptera. Some 10,000 species have been described from North America alone, and thousands await study in unexplored areas of the world.

Since they are carriers of filth and disease, many species are obnoxious to man and others are disastrous to vegetation and livestock. The Hessian fly alone annually destroys millions of dollars worth of grain.

The common fly is a vector of more than 20 human diseases including typhoid fever, cholera and dysentery. It also serves as an intermediate host to certain species of parasitic diseases such as round worms and tapeworm in animals and poultry.

As well as in man. By nature, this insect is such an efficient carrier of disease that a single individual can be host to anywhere from one to six million bacteria.

THE HOUSE FLY is not choosy in habits or manners and thrives in many situations throughout the world. However, the automobile has greatly reduced its numbers since man's tireless quest for perfecting medium for the eggs. A half-ton manure pile examined four days after exposure contained an estimated 400,000 fly larvae. Any excrement material or garbage provides a fertile breeding ground.

THE LIFE - CYCLE proceeds swiftly. Within 24 hours the eggs hatch and the larvae are ready to pupate and then flood us with requests.

After one of his appearances a while back, if we rot 25 calls, it would be nice to have his records when the kids pin it, the manager of one store says. "They hear him sing at a teen-age-

By Lydia King Fehse

Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

batch into white maggots. These turn into chestnut-colored pupae from which the adults emerge. Since this entire process is completed in six to 20 days, the fecundity of the species is staggering.

A known seasonal record for a single female is 2,387 eggs, carrying her summer's progeny well into the billions.

The house fly has one pair of membranes and transparent wings. The second set are represented only by two knobbed projections called "poisars," which sustain the fly's equilibrium in any position.

THE FLY'S COMPOUND eyes are typical of its kind. The feet are equipped with sticky pads which enable it to walk on ceilings. Body and legs are covered with thick short hairs which make excellent carriers for bacteria and parasites.

Moreover, the fly's most destructive powers are resident in its particularly moist structure and feeding habits. Obnoxiousness is taken only in liquid form through a kind of proboscis tipped with a spongy organ. If the food is solid, it is aided by regurgitation of food from the crop. Thus it is evident how a fly fed on infectious substances becomes a dangerous carrier and contaminator.

Michigan Facts

The opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1959 made Michigan the principal maritime state on the nation's Fourth Seaway. Now 30 per cent of the world's merchant fleet can reach our great seaports, and Detroit is close by water to European ports than any Atlantic seaboard city.

Michigan's salt supply is estimated as 71 trillion tons, almost 30 per cent of the world's total salt deposits. From our medicinal salt wells we produce nearly all the aspirin made in this country.

There are 600 islands in Michigan's territory. Michigan has the finest state-owned military reservation in the nation—on the 97,000-acre Camp Grayling.

WEEKLY VISIT

He Hopes to Set Records

By IRMA N. DAVIS
Staff Writer

"A friend and I picked my last name out of a dictionary. Of course we changed the spelling a bit," explains Bobby Beckin, 17-year-old rock 'n' roll singer.

His real name is Robert Youngs. He is a Bloomfield Hills High School senior and the son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Youngs of Birmingham Farms, Bloomfield Township.

In his first public appearance at a Detroit high school in March of this year, Bobby got a foretaste of teen-age adulation. The girls squealed and yanked buttons off his sports coat—some of their boy friends' fists were daily signalled down and wincecracked. "Can I touch ya, Bobby?"

But Bobby still wants to be a rock 'n' roll singer—preferably a famous one. Nevertheless, he's philosophical about it.

"Even if I don't make it," he says, "I won't mind too much. It's been good experience and I'll know I did it on my own."

What he has done in a few short months is to acquire a manager, come within a hairbreadth of a recording contract and make a number of appearances in the Detroit and Windsor area. Not only that, he is beginning to get fan mail—although some 75 letters reached the wrong address.

That was after he sang at a Seaborn High School tea dance in June.

had entertained the teen-ager audience. Called back for an encore, not once but twice, he was momentarily at a loss for a song to sing.

"Just make up anything and play it through once," he directed the band.

Then, turning to the audience, he asked them to suggest a subject. Within a timely groan, someone called out "final exams."

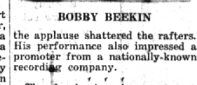
Bobby ad libbed some lyrics and sang a song.

The young singer also says disc jockey "Bud Davies" is the perfect name for him. He's given me a real boost. Other DJs have also helped me a lot.

He "lives for football," dates with special attention to a particular girl, and says "my big problem is my school work. My folks are lining up my appearances during school and I've really got to concentrate on my studies."

Local shops are, naturally, hoping he makes the grade with a recording company.

The negotiations fell through, but Bobby says his manager is sure he will "make it in a year or less." As he made this remark,



BOBBY BECKIN