

The Birmingham Eccentric

1878

Section
May 1953

Miscellaneous articles and pictures
related to history of this area

1953

48-Book Purchase Created B'ham's Public Library

Baldwin Public Library, which now serves a community of over 20,000 with some 38,500 books, is the fruit of a seed planted 84 years ago when Birmingham was a growing village.

On November 1, 1869, when Birmingham was town of 600 residents, 19 men and women who had belonged to a disbanded Good Templar lodge, voted to turn their share of the lodge treasury into a book fund to start a small library.

These 19 people formed Birmingham's first library literary society which consisted of: Frank Allen, Josephine Bailey, Martha Baldwin, G. Daniels, M. Castle, Elverton T. Jenks, Mrs. Griffin, T. Hastings, Julia Hughes, Busey Elderkin, Jennie Keyes, Em. Partridge, M. M. Randall, Rolin Scheyler, Anna Wilson, Sarah Wiley, and Libbie Tromy.

The society soon grew to include 19 more members and at the first annual meeting the treasury had a total of \$68.47, of which \$49.75 was spent on 48 books, the size of Birmingham's initial library.

THESE 48 books were assembled in the home of Mrs. Edwin Baldwin. Officers of the library were elected with Miss Martha Baldwin selected as secretary and librarian.

In 1875, the society found what they hoped to be a permanent home for their small book collection. An old Methodist Church on Merrill street was taken over by the society, then called the Ladies' Library Society, who washed, painted, scrubbed floors, made rugs for the old building.

Books were given out only on Saturday afternoons. Slowly the collection began to grow larger.

This first library was paid for and supported by parties, cake sales, socials, fairs, minstrel shows, plays, baby shows, lawn parties and dances which were held in Library Hall.

AS THE TOWN of Birmingham began to grow, the ambitious society decided that a bigger and better library was needed to satisfy the needs of the growing town.

A lot on the southeast corner of Woodward and Maple avenues was purchased by the society with the hope that a community center might be built which would contain a new library.

The township and village authorities could not be interested in this new project.

The township then bought from the Ladies' Library Society the old church that housed their book collection with the stipulation that the group might hold a lease on one room in order to continue their library venture.

STILL THE society never abandoned the dream of a new library. Its determined efforts brought laughs and criticism from the community for the boldness and extravagance.

Miss Martha Baldwin, a member of the society from the beginning and a very active and determined civic leader until her death in 1913, did much to keep the women inspired with their work.

For her untiring efforts to increase the educational opportunities of the growing community, the present Birmingham library was named in her honor.

The lot on the corner of Woodward and Maple avenues was decided upon as the site for the future library. Construction began while the society was trying desperately to raise funds to pay for the building.

THE SOCIETY sold to many town donors from 500 to 5000 bricks to be used in the new library. Miss Baldwin loaned \$2,500

on a mortgage. The lot had cost the society \$1,500 while the building was valued at \$4,500.

On December 1, 1895, the building was opened. Work was not over for the many society members, who had to arrange benefit after benefit to pay for and support Birmingham's new civic development.

In the winter of 1896, the library society took over the publication of The Eccentric for one week, presented a lecture course, a doll show and fair, their annual masquerade and St. Patrick's party in an effort to support their new enterprise.

BOOK STOCK increased from the original 48 books to 1,820 and Mrs. John Baldwin, in writing of the library, said "these books had raised the literary and cultural standards of the young people of the village to a plane which was unusual for so small a place."

In 1907, after supporting the library building for 38 years, the Ladies Library Society turned over the property to the village to be supported by a half mill tax.

This was not done without considerable debate and some concessions made by the society from its original offer.

Miss Baldwin cancelled the mortgage which she held and donated her equity.

A DEED then was given to the village by the society with several stipulations attached. They asked that the library be maintained in the building and supported by a half mill tax and that the village offices should have their quarters there.

Members of the society wanted the triangular space in front of the lot reserved as a park.

If the terms of the deed were not carried out, the society requested that the property and building be forfeited to the University of Michigan for library purposes.

Birmingham's population increased greatly and the police, fire and other departments soon moved into the building housing the growing library.

THE LIBRARY remained in these cramped quarters until 1927 when the cornerstone was laid for the present library on Martin street.

Miss Daisy Durkee was engaged as the first librarian and the first board consisted of Mrs. Retta Barr, Clarence Vliet, Mrs. Arthur Hartwell, Mrs. J. H. Marlotte, J. B. Howarth and Earl Potter.

Due to the rapid expansion of the village, the village commission decided the Woodward and Maple building was too expensive for a municipal building and too noisy for a public library.

The commission asked the library board to join them in setting aside the old deed. Before the property that housed the original library could be sold with the funds to be used for the purchase of the present library site, it was necessary to clear the sale legally to insure the property not going to the University of Michigan.

THE VILLAGE commission voted that due to the large interest

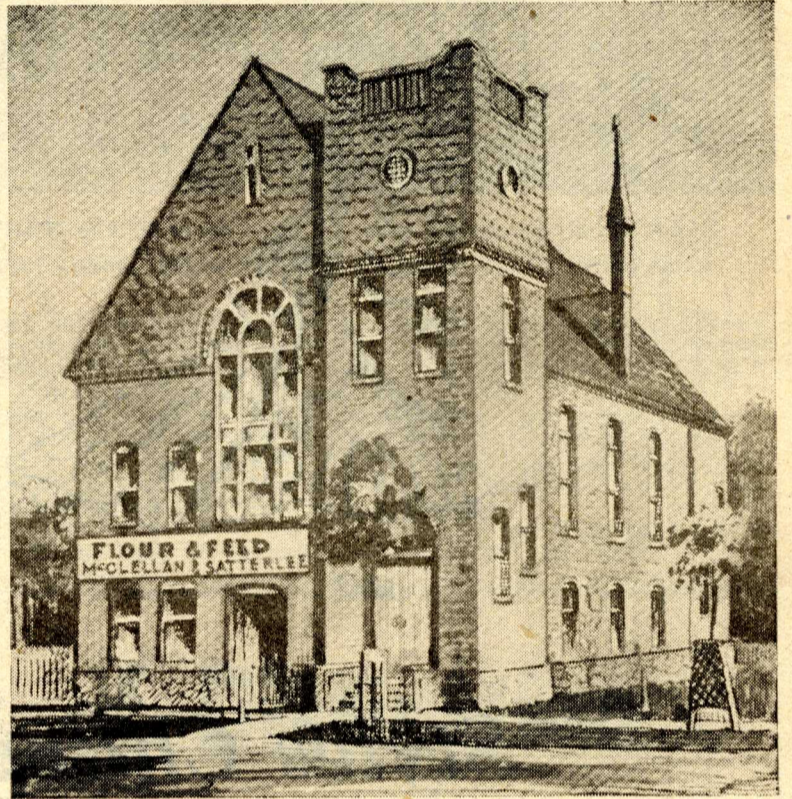
of the library board, the block of land bounded by Chester, Martin, Bates and Merrill should be set over for library purposes.

On July, 1926, a bond issue for \$175,000 was passed and Burrows and Eurich, Architects were given the contract for the building of the present library.

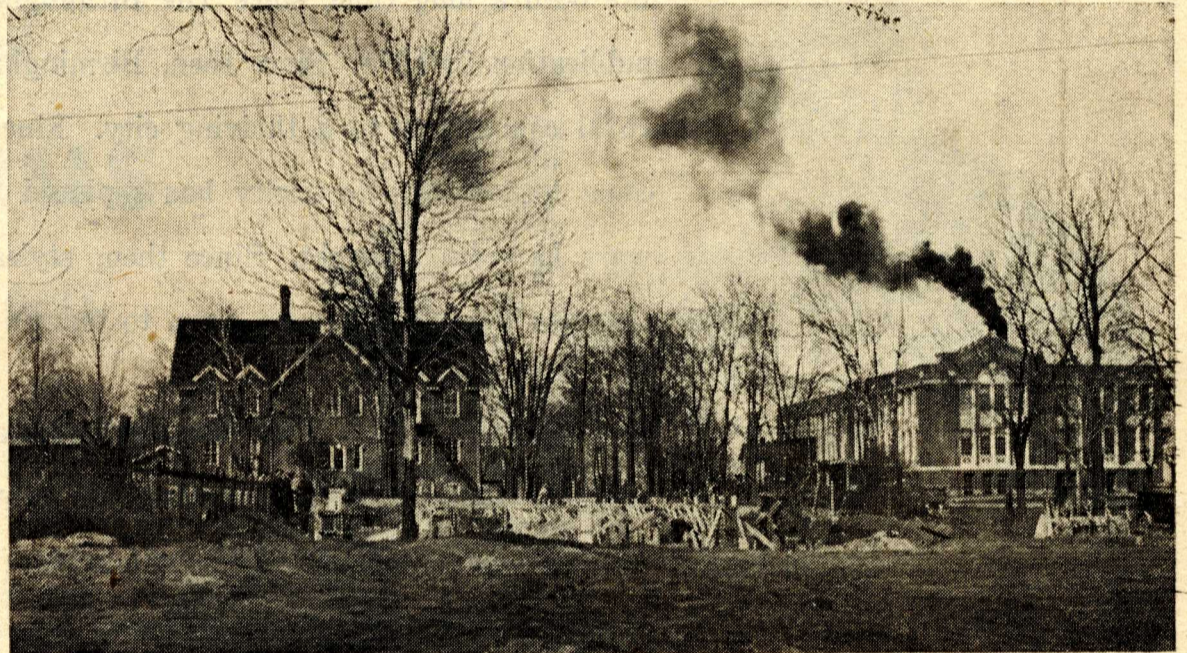
Ground for the building was broken in March, 1927, and the cornerstone was laid on April 16, 1927, which was considered the first important step in the construction of the Birmingham civic center.

At the cornerstone dedication, Miss Jennie Keyes was the only survivor of the original Library Society of 1867 to be present. The beautiful clock above the library desk today was presented by Miss Keyes.

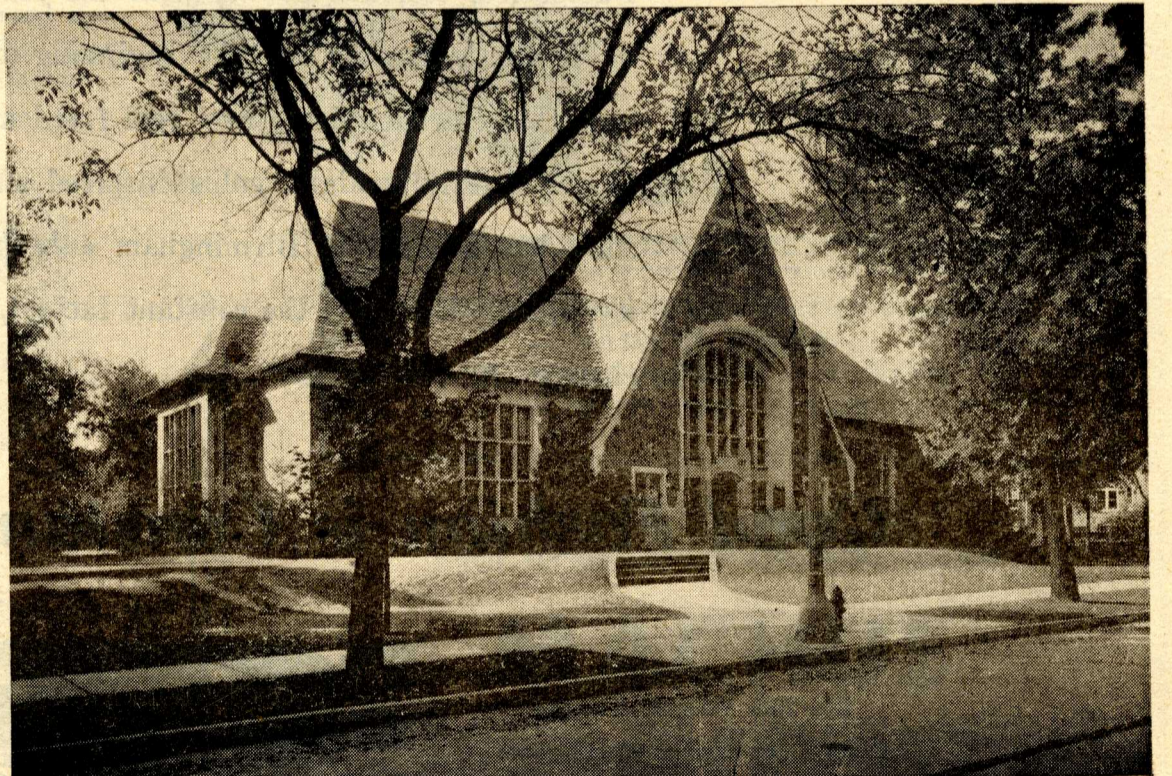
LIKE THE industrious founders of the library, the staff that managed the new library building immediately after its construction
(Continued on Page 5)



'LADIES' LIBRARY HALL' IN 1893
Property cost \$1,500, building itself \$4,500



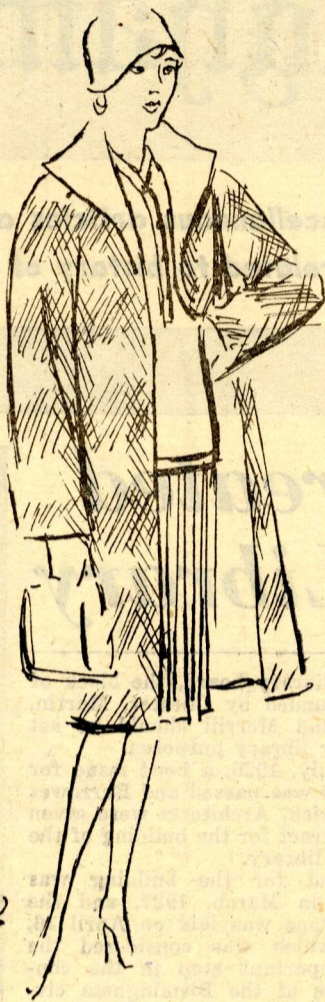
LIBRARY BASEMENT UNDER CONSTRUCTION, VIEWED FROM BATES ST.
Hill school in left background, Baldwin school at right



IN 1927, CITY'S PRESENT LIBRARY BUILT AT COST OF \$175,000
More than 41,000 volumes are stocked on its shelves today



1878



1925



1953

Styles Change with the Years —

It's been a long time, since The Birmingham Eccentric's first date of publication in 1878. Since then, Birmingham has grown from a small rural community to a thriving city. Since then, the machine age has come into being, electricity has replaced the kerosene lamp, two world wars have been fought. Since then, styles have changed from the intricately draped Polonaise gown to today's streamlined silhouette.

Through the years, The Birmingham Eccentric has faithfully recorded this history of development . . . growing in stature to meet the needs of an ever-expanding community. As Birmingham's oldest business enterprise today, we salute you.

Davidson's, too, has grown with the years. Since 1925, a year heralded by Harper's Bazaar as "the beginning of a great era of fashion" . . . a year that introduced the first real freedom in women's clothes, illustrated by the utterly straight, cubist-inspired silhouette . . . since then, Davidson's has brought to Birmingham *only the best in quality fashions*. Quality, value. These are the constant factors, no matter how styles may change. And so we say . . .

Good Fashion is Constant —

Our 28th Year of Bringing
Quality Fashions to Birmingham

The New
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WOODWARD AVENUE
BIRMINGHAM

MPA President, Detroit News Editor Congratulate Eccentric



Michigan Press Association, Inc.

257 Michigan Avenue, East Lansing, Michigan
EDgewood: 2-4610 Gene Alleman, Sec.-Mgr.

March 6, 1953

Mr. George R. Averill
The Birmingham Eccentric
North Woodward Avenue
Birmingham, Michigan

Dear George:

It has just come to my attention that in May of this year the Birmingham Eccentric will have completed seventy-five years of uninterrupted publication as the community weekly newspaper of Birmingham and vicinity. I should like to add my congratulations personally and as president of the Michigan Press Association for the splendid record of community service performed by the Eccentric throughout all those years.

By reading your newspaper quite regularly and thinking back over its beginning and the founding of your city I find a great similarity between the two. The Birmingham of today which is the descendant of the town founded by hardy, self-reliant pioneers is, itself, to be congratulated upon having such a mighty instrument of freedom and democracy, the Eccentric, which through its seventy-five years of existence has consistently fought for the growth and solid development of your community.

May we join with the people of Birmingham in wishing your newspaper a happy anniversary and many more years of usefulness.

Yours very sincerely,

MICHIGAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Bill Bailey
H. F. Bailey
President

HFB:eg

85th Year
A STATE ASSOCIATION SERVING
DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS
OFFICERS
(January 1953-54)

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Adrian Telegram
Adrian
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUIS J. BERMAN
Whitehall Forum
Whitehall
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
F. GRANGER WELLS
Port Huron Times-Herald
Port Huron

TREASURER
VALDO HERNAN
Richmond Review
Richmond
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MEREDITH CLARK
Vicksburg Commercial
Vicksburg

(1951-54)
GARDNER BLACK
Sanilac Jeffersonian
Crosswell
ROBERT S. MARSHALL
Ogemaw County Herald
West Branch
ALMON MCCALL
Grand Haven Daily Tribune
Grand Haven

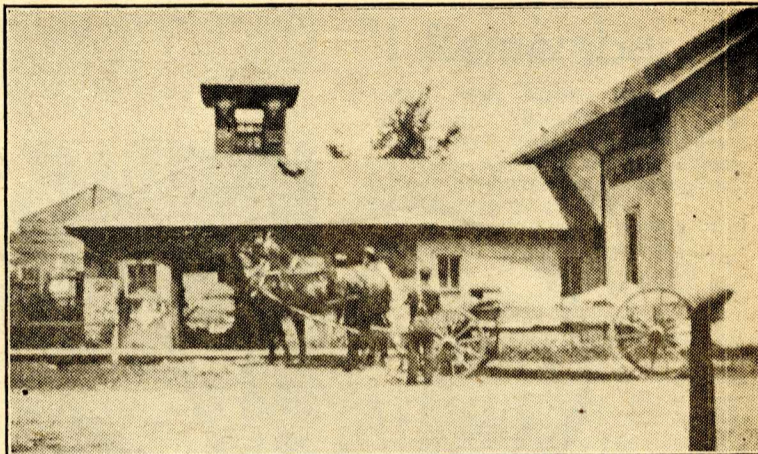
(1952-55)
ROBERT B. MILLER
Battle Creek Enquirer and News
Battle Creek
JACK SINCLAIR
Hartford Day Spring
Hartford
R. A. WATSON
Delta Reporter
Gladstone

(1953-56)
E. C. HAYHOW
Hillsdale Daily News
Hillsdale
COREY VAN KOEVERING
Zeeland Record
Zeeland
FRANK WORTHINGTON
Wyandotte Tribune
Wyandotte

May, 1953

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC
75th Anniversary Edition

Page 3



BUSINESS GOOD IN PRE-GAS BUGGY ERA
No chestnut tree where B'ham village smithy stood

News Exchanged While Anvil Rang

While the spreading chestnut tree may have been conspicuous by its absence, Birmingham once had a "Smithy" and shop well worth a poetic monument. With its passing 30 years ago went one of the last of the old business establishments.

To venerable citizens of the village its destruction, to make room for a more pretentious building, signaled the advent of the new age with its noisy "gas buggy," an age which seemed to be almost an intruder upon the quiet happiness of Birmingham.

MEL CLEMENT and Jack Baldwin were masters of operations at the old blacksmith shop which stood on East Maple avenue a few yards east of the location now occupied by Murphy's barber shop. Business was invariably good, or seemed to be, for the blackened chimney on the roof was always puffing wisps of grey smoke from the forge.

In the small yard in front of the shop passing villagers usually stopped to chat with Mel or Jack, two proficient conversationalists well versed in "Town doin's." "Hello Jack," (it might have been Sam Mills out for a morning walk.) "Been fishin' lately?"

"NOPE," Jack was hunched over a pungently smoldering hoof, "But it sure'd be a good day for it, Sam. Didn't have so cussed much work to do we could get Bigelow and go." "Better come anyway," says Sam.

"Guess you're right. Go get the buggy."

With Jack and Sam, and several others in town, fishing played second fiddle to nothing. Business was, perhaps, a necessary evil, and over enterprising establishments' counters there was not the modern terse adage—"Don't put off 'Til tomorrow—" but "Why work when you still have strength to hold a fish pole!"

BUT EVERYONE agreed that Jack Baldwin ran a good blacksmith shop, and that Dobbins was always carefully shod there. And there were plenty of "Dobbins" in town fifty and more years ago.

Wagon wheels would often come to the shop in decrepit condition, spokes loose or missing entirely, rims worn through, warped.

But Jack and Mel would get to work, and in a few days the old buggy'd be on her feet again.

Rough spring roads helped the shoeing business along no slight amount. In March and April horses would have to wait their turn tied to the iron post outside the shop. But this was no trouble at all.

JACK AND MELL could talk while they worked, and the smoky interior of the shop buzzed with important discussions of everything and everybody in town.

Perhaps sedate council meetings heard more pertinent facts about village affairs, but if you dropped in for an occasional chat with Jack Baldwin or Mel Clement your general knowledge was invariably vastly augmented.

Is it any wonder that the old shop's razing brought poignant recollections to those who had known it in its prosperous days?

"... Thus at the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought; Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought."

I Remember --

Says Alvin A. Mudge, 788 S. Adams road, "When a gang of boys, and I was one of them, would climb on top of Ed O'Neal's store on Woodward avenue and drop sacks of water on the men folks standing below.

"The roof of Ed's store was quite low in the rear, only 8 feet or so off the ground. Ed was in on it too, in fact he was the one who would boost us up onto the roof.

"The front of the store had a false front that extended up over the top of the roof so nobody could see us. I remember when the Shad-bolt brothers, George and Ren, got a sack full of water—and were they mad!

"NOWADAYS, when we older folks see kids play on our lawns or pick our flowers, we shake our heads and think the kids are acting terrible. We forget some of the things we did when we were young.

"I remember when a man named Ed Daniels ran a brick and tile works in the southern part of the village. He set aside a part of his property for a race track near the corner of Bates and Lincoln.

"It was a half-mile track and round, and all the local races were held there. Dr. C. M. Raynale, James Van Every, Ed Daniels, Julius Rundell, Mel Clement and Ned Daines were some of the men in the village who owned racing horses.

"THERE WAS A wooden tower on the edge of the track for the judges of the race to get a good view. Many a time I climbed up onto that tower when I was a boy.

"I remember how we boys used to crawl underneath the board sidewalks and pick up the pennies and nickles that dropped below. That's how we got our spending money.

"Birmingham had nothing but board walks when I was a boy and we had two especially good places to pick up the lost change. One was on Pierce street in the rear of O'Neal's store and the other was on Woodward in front of Featherstone's bakery shop (where Wilson's Dairy is now.)

"In those places, the board walks were up high enough from the ground, so we could wiggle and squirm underneath them."

Bloomfield Twp. Man Plays Part in Naming Of Battle Creek

Oakland County historians tell us that in 1826, Edward Baldwin, a pioneer of Bloomfield Township who came with his father Ezra in the fall of 1819, was employed with a government surveying party, surveying land in the immediate vicinity of the present city of Battle Creek.

Edward and a man named Taylor, had a desperate hand to hand fight with the Indians, giving the creek and the settlement the name which they now bear.

Barnum at a Bargain

Barnum school was erected at a cost of \$25,000 in 1912.

HARRY V. WADE
DETROIT NEWS
DETROIT 31, MICH.

March 1, 1953.

Dear George:

Let us be honest and concede that we get into the newspaper business with no sense of mission at the time, but because we are bent that way and because it is in our blood.

Once in the calling, however, we find that what we have undertaken is something of which personal fulfillment becomes the lesser part as time goes by.

We find ourselves a party to the democratic process, and realize that without us it could not succeed. "I would rather live," said Jefferson, "in a country with newspapers and without a government than in a country with a government and without a newspaper."

The first essential of a free society is free communication. In the maintenance of the democracy handed down to us it is essential that the newspaper tell us about ourselves. We must learn somehow to know our community and its affairs in the intimate way that a family knows itself. To this end the newspaper must constitute itself the printed diary of its time and locality.

The problem of the great metropolitan paper is to provide - with many mistakes and a continual awareness of shortcoming - the amount of information which the democratic theory of an informed public opinion requires.

Scaled to the dimensions of the community in which every citizen knows or is pretty much aware of every other, the task more nearly falls within the realm of the attainable. And in hundreds of such communities through the land it is undertaken and discharged with competence and success. Thus in its place it has signally served democracy and what we call the American way.

May I say, George, that we who have long known you are not a little envious of the consequences that have followed your choice of a calling and a community - as they affect you and those you serve.

Of all the communities in this corner of the world, the one that retains most of the natural endowment which commended it to its settlers is your Birmingham. There, it still is possible to see or easily imagine things as they were first found; where the hand of the improver has been more careful than in many to enhance rather than destroy.

To serve a community of that mind, which holds and cherishes the good, must carry with it a sense of privilege and pleasure, along with the responsibility and challenge which everywhere confront the press. To The Eccentric, our congratulations for attaining its present ripe age in the task of extending its good offices to a good community.

Sincerely,

Harry
Harry V. Wade
Editor, Detroit News.

McCoy Tailors

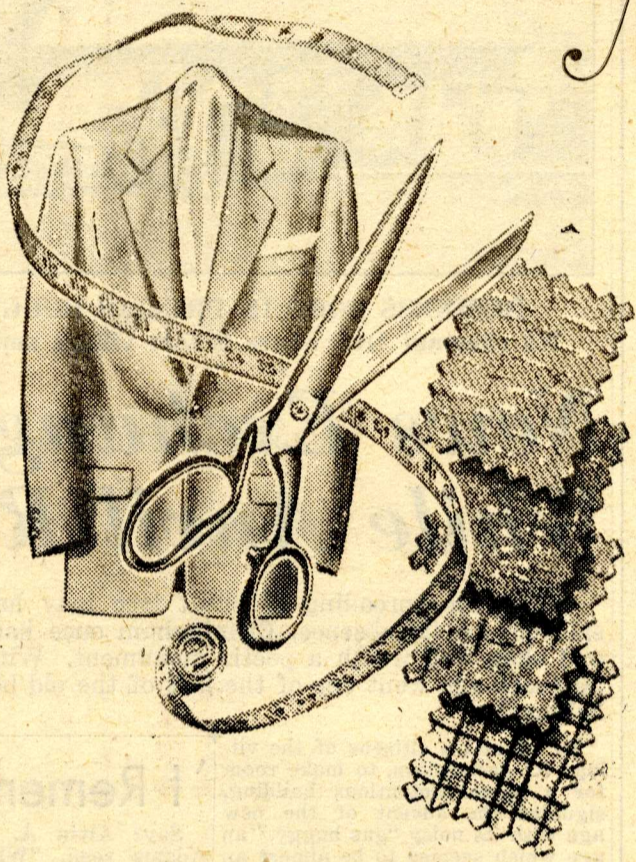
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We are not novices here at McCoy's, boasting several generations of collective experience in the fine clothing field, from the woolens at the mills to the finished garment on your back. Space does not permit our entire story, so stop in when convenient and "look us over".

The hand-tailoring necessary on McCoy clothes takes time—about three weeks. We advise selections at your convenience and they can be finished for you when you want them.

You are cordially invited to inspect the new woolens from all over the globe—custom-tailored for you in any style preference. Prices are no higher than comparable "ready-mades" off the rack that were made for no one in particular; and, of course, saving you a lot of time trying to find what you want.

This is McCoy's 36th year in the fine clothing field, and we have made a special effort to show you every desirable fabric under one roof, making it unnecessary to visit the big City to find just the right shade—fabric—color and style.

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We have added the finest hand-tailored slacks made for those who want them hurriedly or don't have to have them tailored. Flannels, Gabardine (sheen and charmeen) and sun-frost cords. Prices, \$29.00 to \$39.50, other slacks at \$22.50—Flannel and Gabardine, fitted with the same care as our custom-tailored slacks.



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Oldtime Business Building Made Into Residences

Over in Gray Court (which opens into Pierce street) there stand two houses of about the same shape and size and both have been stuccoed.

There is nothing unusual in their appearance and people pass them without a second glance. But they have a history.

Gray Court has not always been their resting place nor were they two houses in the beginning. They are two rejuvenated patriarchs who first saw the light of day nearly 120 years ago on the west side of Woodward avenue just below Maple when Birmingham was no more than a four corners.

As one building, they occupied the site at 128 S. Woodward.

SOMETIME between the years of 1835 and 1839, W. H. Botsford had the building erected, which he occupied as a merchant of general wares. He also acted as a banker for all the farmers of the surrounding country until one day he failed in business and lost all the money that had been loaned him.

James B. Hunt was the second owner of the general store. He rented it in turn to Button and Wood and then to Lyman Peabody.

About 1852 the Masons began holding local lodge meetings on the second floor of the store, and continued to meet there until 1872. During their occupancy, the store again changed hands, this time becoming the property of Benjamin Daniels who in time rented it to J. S. Stockwell, later judge of probate.

VOLNEY NIXON worked in the store for Stockwell three years, from 1875 to 1878. From there he went to Pontiac for six years, at the end of which time he returned and bought the store from Daniels for \$1,700. Nixon owned the store for 31 years and then sold it to Erwin Smith, who owned a meat market one door south.

They in turn sold the property to Morris Levinson in 1917 who had the old store moved to its present Gray Court site, and then erected the building that now stands there.

In spite of the statement that a house divided against itself cannot stand, this ancient structure, which was one of the largest stores in Birmingham in its time with its 80-foot depth and 24-foot width, hides its age under a coat of stucco and faces the world as two dwelling houses.

Color Blind?

On the streets of Birmingham one day in 1879 was noticed a woman wearing a green skirt with a brown over-dress, a purple neckerchief, a bow of yellow ribbon in her hair, a blue bonnet with a salmon colored feather and red flowers on it and a drab colored veil over her face.



"PADDY" WILSON was the cemetery sexton and general clean-up man around town—under Mattie Baldwin's instructions.

Mourners at burials long remembered Paddy's energetic shovel. With the words "Earth to Earth", Paddy would raise a generous shovelful of dirt high over his head with unerring aim.

The thud of stones and earth on the casket some feet below could be heard for quite some distance. The somber proceeding was all in the day's work for Paddy.

Paddy lived in a little house on the east side of the intersection of Saginaw street (now Woodward Ave.) and George street. Each day he would walk the distance back and forth to the cemetery.

I Remember --

Says Harold H. Corson, 979 Chesterfield, "That Almeron Whitehead was a big fellow over six feet tall while his business partner and life long friend, George Mitchell, was just a little, heavy-set fellow, full of pep.

"Mr. Whitehead spent the last part of his life in a wheel chair. In the yard of a house just west of the bank on the south side of Maple was a big elm tree 50 to 60 feet high. A frightened kitten had climbed up the tree and couldn't get down.

"Mr. Whitehead got a long ladder and went up to save the cat when he fell. As the result of that fall, he became paralyzed and never walked after that."

"I REMEMBER the 'Commons' where we kids played ball. Whenever a medicine show or a circus came to town, they always put up their tents on the Commons.

"This public playground was bounded by Southfield on the west, about two lots from Chester on the east, Merrill on the north and Fremont (now West Brown) on the south.

"There was one section of Brown street that ran from Southfield to Bates that was called the 'Potomac'. There were a lot of children in that section and they were always quarrelling, which isn't unusual when there are a lot of kids. I don't know who named it the 'Potomac' but it might have been George Mitchell. It sounds like him."

Public Library

Continued from Page One

found themselves fighting for the survival of the new edifice.

Lack of funds proved the spark for the beginning in 1932 of the Friends of the Library. This group which had a deep desire to see the new library prosper, raised \$100 to purchase new books with the rental fees going to support the new enterprise.

Through the years, the Baldwin Public Library found it was succeeding in its struggle for survival. More borrowers brought more funds into the library's treasury which also necessitated an increase in the size of the staff.

THE PRESENT staff consists of five girls and there is hope that if the finances could be increased further, the addition of a seventh girl would be possible.

The staff handles the circulation of over 38,500 books, quite an increase from the original 48. Also available to Birmingham residents is a record rental service and film rental service for city organizations.

The much-used library is governed by a six-member board which is currently trying to increase the revenue of the library to handle the rapidly increasing expenditures.

COMMENTING ON the library's lack of funds, Miss Jeanne Lloyd, present Baldwin librarian, said, "We're more or less doing a Model T business in a hydramatic age."

Like the undying efforts of the 19 originators of Birmingham's first literary adventure, years of reading pleasure may be expected from the Baldwin Library as it continues to serve the Birmingham community.

Round-Trip Ticket Across the State Used to Cost \$2.25

Many Birmingham citizens took advantage of the bargain offered by the local railroad in 1878. An excursion to Grand Rapids was promoted and folks from Birmingham could travel all the way across the state in only six hours—for only \$2.25. This price also included the return trip.

This special price was ¼ less than the usual fare. 'Tis said that the car from Birmingham was filled.

Keep Those Horses Away!

A Mrs. Electa Keyes, who lived on Mill Street near the Methodist church, complained publicly one day in August 1878. An announcement was inserted in the local newspaper informing parties who hitched their horses in front of her house on Sundays, to stop doing so. Mrs. Keyes said she did not have time every Monday morning to fill up the well dug by the stamping horses.

white background.

The members read their papers very persistently and intently. Sometimes a member whose interest in knowledge was so great he couldn't help it, looked over his neighbor's shoulder to see what was the news in those papers.

No one was allowed to talk in a loud voice—only loud enough. Profanity was discouraged but members were allowed to give vent to their feelings by pounding on the table.

SUCH EDUCATED and cultured words as these were frequently heard spoken in the most animated tones: "Say, What is trump?"

The Birmingham Reading Room flourished for a while, but when Bub Byrnes in 1881 opened a shooting gallery at the old tin shop near the foundry on Troy street, and Edson James started his billiard-saloon establishment, also on Troy street, membership in the Birmingham Reading Room waned.

Members may have done their reading thereafter at home, but one thing is certain—they never did their "reading" at the Ladies Library Hall.

Birmingham's Public Reading Room Open Only to Card-Holding Members

When Sam McCrumb vacated his boot and shoe establishment second door south of the southwest corner of Maple & Woodward, the interior was repainted and cleaned up to make way for the Birmingham Public Reading Room, opened in 1880.

It was run by William C. Reynolds and those who patronized the public room soon formed a reading club.

Men who scarcely had been known to read for years were seen there—busy reading from early morning 'till dewey night.

Such was the thirst for knowledge in Birmingham that, in that crowded room, sitting side by side on an equal basis, were rich men as well as poor.

Days and nights were spent in the literary circles that gathered around the tables in the knowledge-laden atmosphere of this noble institution.

Although a loosely knit organization, the membership was held to certain rules and regulations of the Birmingham Reading Room.

AT EITHER END of the north wall of the room was driven a ten penny nail and from these, hung in a graceful arc, was a heavy sheep's twine. On this was hung the "latest" newspapers—but according to the rules of the Reading Room,

were for show only.

A minister who did not seem to understand that these papers were to remain there, came in one day and asked that a paper be taken down so he might read it. Although there was some sly laughter at the minister's ignorance and innocence, he was allowed to do so.

Around the tables, the seekers of knowledge gathered—not to read the papers hanging from the sheep twine—but the papers which were dealt out by deft fingers to each of the mystic circle of readers.

ALTHOUGH THESE papers were not printed in English, those members who had studied very hard were able to read them very well. The papers measured 2 by 4 inches and to add to their attractiveness were printed in two different colors—red and black on a

PARISIAN HAIR DRESSER

JEWELRY

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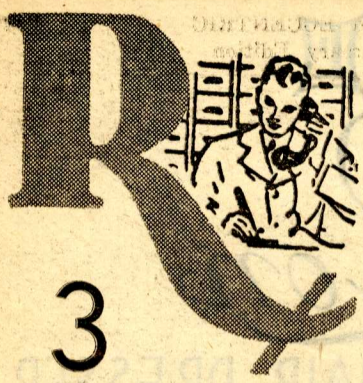
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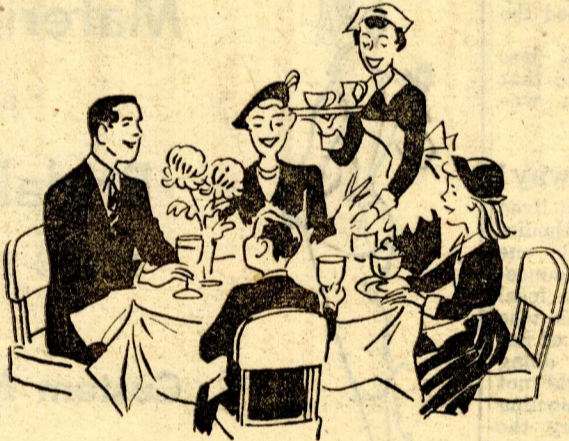
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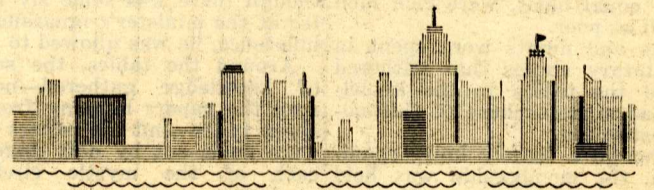
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Detroit 26, Michigan

Old Photograph Recalls 'Main Street' of 1878

Above is the major portion of Birmingham's "Main Street" 75 years ago. It is a winter scene, as the drifts of snow depict. The location is the northwest corner of Saginaw (now Woodward) and West Maple avenues.

That building on the left housed Tom Hanna's old shoe store; Wilson Drugs is there today.

Just over its roof can be seen the top of the old fire tower, which vied with the Methodist Church steeple for being the highest structure in the then village of Birmingham. Fire hoses, after each fire, were strung up into the tower to dry.

Next to the shoe shop was George Tom's barber "Parlor". Later George Beech took over the tonsorial equipment in the same place.

THE NEXT DOOR marks the entrance to the tailor shop once owned and operated by E. L. Jennings. E. L. Day had a shop in the rooms upstairs.

In the next place Herb Lee made a go of a grocery store and adjoining his place, Mrs. Furman prospered in the millinery business.

Tommy Rogers' Harness Shop was squeezed in next, and next is Robert Mitchell's enterprising grocery offering its merchandise to the public.

The next building, which is only partially visible, on the extreme right of the picture, was the location of the Daines & Bell undertaking business. (Kresge's five & ten is there now.)

PEOPLE OF that day, and for years afterwards, would chuckle over the various yarns about this block and some of its occupants.

For instance there was George Toms who liked to fish even more than he liked to see the customers come into his shop.

One day George Mitchell was standing in his father's shop when Toms came dashing in from the rear entrance, ran out the front door, back through his own shop, out through the back alley and into the Mitchell establishment again.

ABOUT THE fourth time this gyration took place, young George Mitchell became curious and stopped Toms who was at the point of expiration from fatigue.

"What's all the rush for, George?" asked Mitchell.

"Bigelow's after me and wants a shave," puffed George, "but I've got to go fishing with Jack Baldwin,"—and the chase was on once more.

DOWN THE BLOCK a few doors worked Tommy Rogers, quiet old harness maker who minded his own business, and so did everybody else.

He disliked to be bothered at his work, a characteristic which

the young village cut-ups soon discovered, and used to keep themselves well supplied with mischief.

Sneaking up to the window of the shop, three or four of them would tap on the glass, cat call and make things generally obnoxious for poor Tommy.

THE HARNESS MAKER would stand the racket for a very few minutes before seizing a long horsewhip and taking after the fleet-footed boys. One day, just as the gang had thoroughly aroused Tommy, young Wilbur Davidson, the preacher's son happened innocently by.

Rogers came dashing out of the shop, saw Davidson, and began to apply the horsewhip zealously, gloating over his final triumph over the cut-ups.



THIS ONCE WAS THE MAPLE-WOODWARD CORNER
Unpaved Woodward in foreground, Maple out of photo at left

The undeserving youngster, greatly chagrined, later considered joining the gang for the sake of vengeance. Far from hum-drum was village life in those days. Birmingham always knew how to keep dullness away!

'I Remember — —'

Recalls MRS. MAE HUPP, 251 W. Maple:

"What good times we used to have in the old village of Birmingham. My brother was a year older than I and I tagged right along after him.

"We played ball on the commons and went skating on the pond in the winter or went for rides in the cutter. I got to know every inch of the old town.

"I remember the fire tower that stood on the north side of West Maple, set back from the street. It was on the east side of the alley—the alley that is there today and which runs in back of the stores on North Woodward.

"The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bodine was on the north side of West Maple near the Henrietta intersection. They had a daughter that married Dr. C. M. Raynale, so Mr. and Mrs. John Bodine were grandparents of our Dr. George P. Raynale.

"THE SECOND HOUSE west from them on the same side of the street was the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Raynale. Dr. C. M. Raynale had inherited this home and property from his father, Dr. Ebenezer Raynale.

"Dr. George P. Raynale was brought up in this house. It stood on the corner of West Maple and Bates street where the Wabeek building now stands.

"The post office stood on the southeast corner of Pierce and West Maple. It formerly had been the store of J. R. Corson, Sr. Mr. Corson was the grandfather of Harold Corson now living in Birmingham.

"The little brown house of Billy Manser was the next building west from the Exchange Bank on the south side of West Maple. Mr. Manser was a cobbler by trade and had lived in the little house for many years.

"FARTHER DOWN the street was the Methodist church and the little yellow church house. The next building west was our house. My father, Thomas Thurlby, bought the house and property from J. P. Cranch, the ticket agent for the railroad. My father was a blacksmith and had his shop on East Maple.

"I remember Mrs. Electa Keyes who lived in the house on the southeast corner of Bates and West Maple, and was our next door neighbor. She was the widow of Douglas Keyes and lived with her daughter, Jennie, an old maid who worked in Blakeslee's store for many years.

"Every spring, Mrs. Electa Keyes—children called her Mrs. Electric Keyes, but I was never allowed to—used to go to the store with a paint pail and buy a pail of paint—the paint came in barrels then.

"GEORGE MITCHELL said he always knew when spring arrived

because Mrs. Keyes came for her paint. She then would paint the front porch steps and the front door and the outside cellar doors.

"I remember this section of town very well because it is where I lived and grew up and where I still live.

"The blacksmith shop of my father, Thomas Thurlby, was on the north side of East Maple, the next building east from James Beattie's livery stable. An alley separated the livery stable from my father's shop. My father owned 63 feet of land there.

"Farther down the street, east, lived Jennie Peck, a blind girl. She was a wonderful musician and I took music lessons from her. She lived with her widowed mother.

"THE OLD LIBRARY, the village offices and McClellan and Satterlee's feed store all in one building stood on the southeast corner of East Maple and Woodward. The library was on the second floor. This building was built for a library and Mattie Baldwin was the one responsible for it.

"Daisy Durkee was the first librarian we had in this town and I used to go in every once in a while and help her with the books.

"I remember Mattie Baldwin and the surrey she drove. No one ever changed Mattie's opinion about anything. She stood square on her two feet and never wavered. I remember when she and Mother planted some trees just east of the Methodist church years ago."

'I Remember.'

Says Harold H. Corson, 979 Chesterfield; "My father telling me about his father, James R. Corson, Sr. I never knew my grandfather because he died in the 1880's but he ran a general store here in the village.

"He was quite a mathematician, too, and as a hobby would solve all kinds of difficult problems which people from all over the state would send to him.

"At one time my grandfather taught a private school for boys in his home on West Maple which he built in 1838. The original structure of his house is incorporated in the present building of Hilly Acres, on its original site.

"My father, James R. Corson, Jr., was village clerk in the 1870's and at one time served as justice of the peace."

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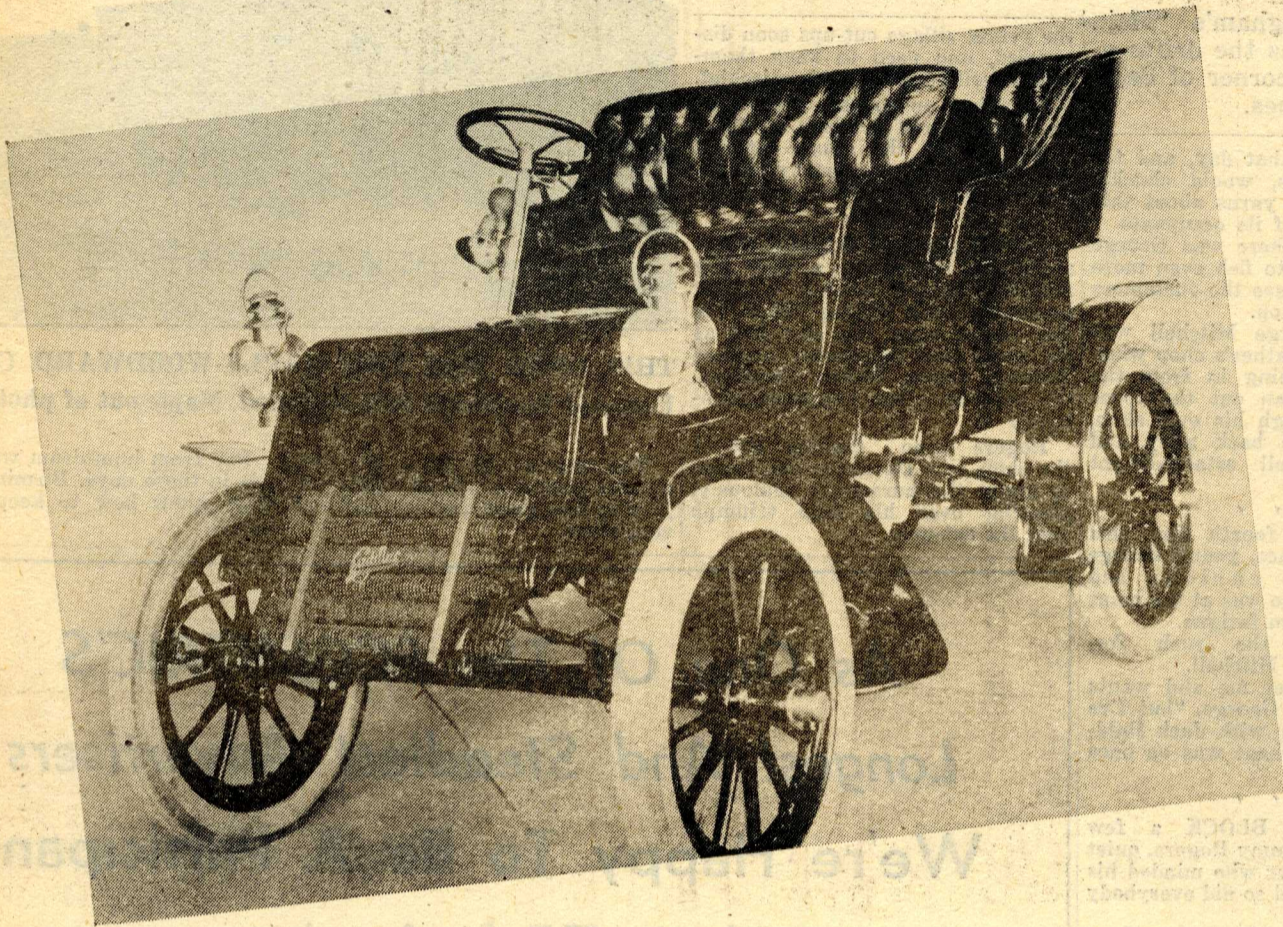
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Distinctively different atmosphere
Which pervades the entire presentation
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In appropriate wrappings is
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Gifts of character and fine quality.

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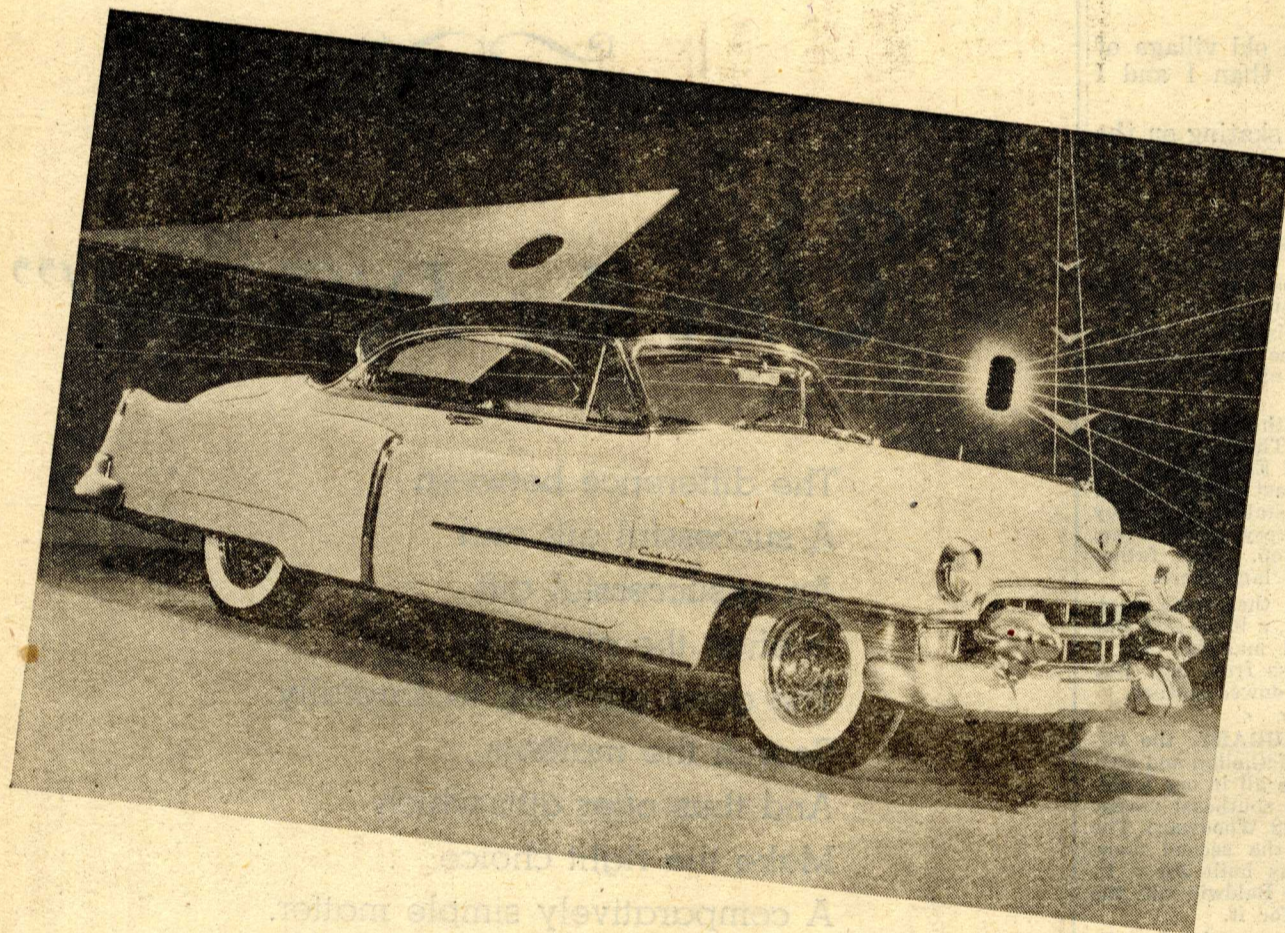
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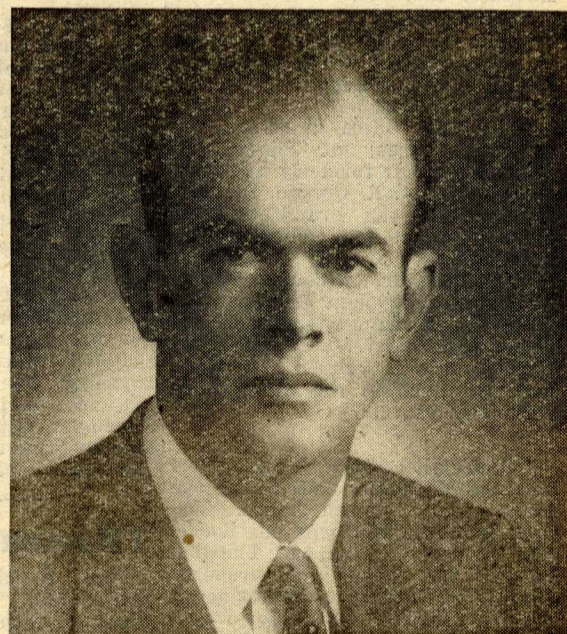
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Charles E. Wilson, Jr.

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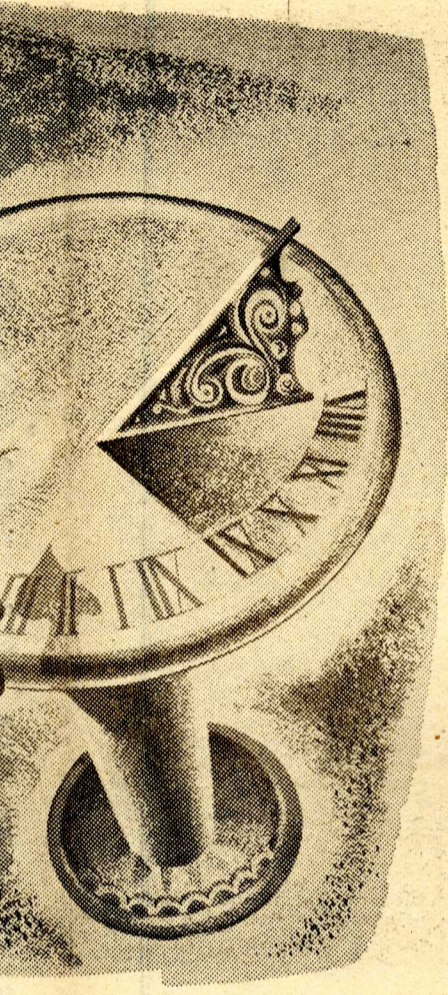
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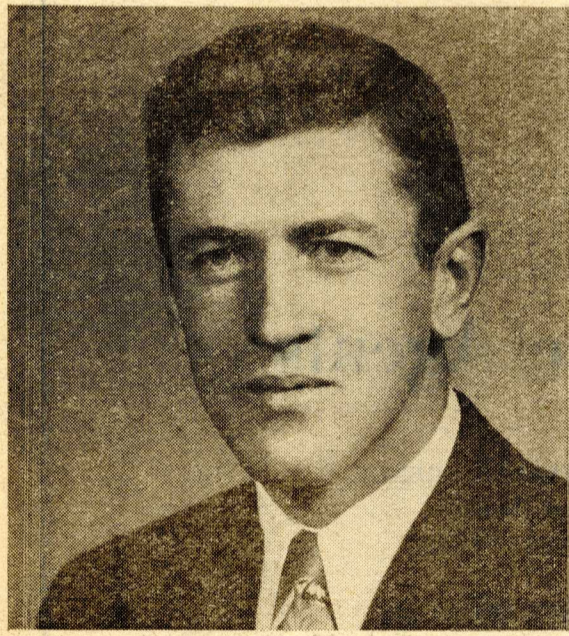
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• Birmingham, Mich.



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This difference is represented by your insurance agent.

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"I believe that these three have their distinct rights in our business: first, the Public; second, the Insurance Companies; and third, the Insurance Agents; and that the rights of the Public are paramount."

Birmingham Association of Insurance Agents

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Merle Oehm, Mgr.
300 South Woodward

BIRMINGHAM AGENCY
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106 South Woodward

THE McCLELLAN AGENCY
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Edwin M. Beresford
Otis C. Thompson
176 North Woodward

**EAD & GRAVES INSURANCE
AGENCY**
James H. Moore
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LAWRENCE McKAY, JR.
Insurance Agency
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BINGHAM & BINGHAM
Carson C Bingham
310 Wabeek Building

LEVINSON REALTY COMPANY
David Levinson
144 West Maple

**SNYDER, KINNEY & BENNETT,
INC.**
Harold T. Hagan, Mgr.
239 South Woodward

County's Oldest House Is in Bloomfield Hills

The brick and wooden house on the east side of Woodward avenue just north of Lone Pine road in Bloomfield Hills is believed to be the oldest house still standing in Oakland county. It now is owned by Miss Clara Ellen Benedict of 352 N. Woodward.

It was the home built by Deacon Elijah S. Fish who on Dec. 9, 1819, purchased the northeast quarter of section 23 (80 acres), from the government for two dollars an acre, as all public lands sold prior to 1820 were under the so-called "Two-Dollar" act.

Deacon Fish erected a wooden house on a knoll near the Saginaw trail, just east of the present site. Fish later moved this structure closer to the Indian trail and built a brick addition on the front of the house before the railroad went through in 1839. He also planted a maple grove around the house which still is standing.

The southwest corner of Deacon Fish's land, a small triangular section on the west side of the Saginaw trail, was sold by Fish to a man named Orville Morris, Miss Benedict said. The barn on the property belonging to the Deacon was moved over behind the Deacon's house.

IT WAS in this barn, history records, that the first Presbyterian meetings were held in this area. The barn now has fallen down, but Miss Benedict has kept as mementos a large wooden peg and a hand-forged eight-inch spike used in its construction.

It was on the triangular piece of land across the road, Miss Benedict said, that Dr. Ezra Parke lived. He was the first postmaster of Bloomfield township, being appointed in 1824 or 1825. The post office was under his direction until it was moved to Birmingham.

The house has been modernized but still is very much the same today as it was then, Miss Benedict said. The big fireplace in the kitchen—where all the cooking was done in early times—is still there. From the kitchen ceiling still hang the large hooks on which meats, some vegetables and fruits were hung for drying.

THE FLOORS of the kitchen, as in the rest of the house, are of thick oak in wide planks. Small cupboards were built into the hand carved mantels over the living room and kitchen fireplaces.

The walls of the brick addition are six inches thick.

"The house always is cool," Miss Benedict said, "no matter how hot the summer."

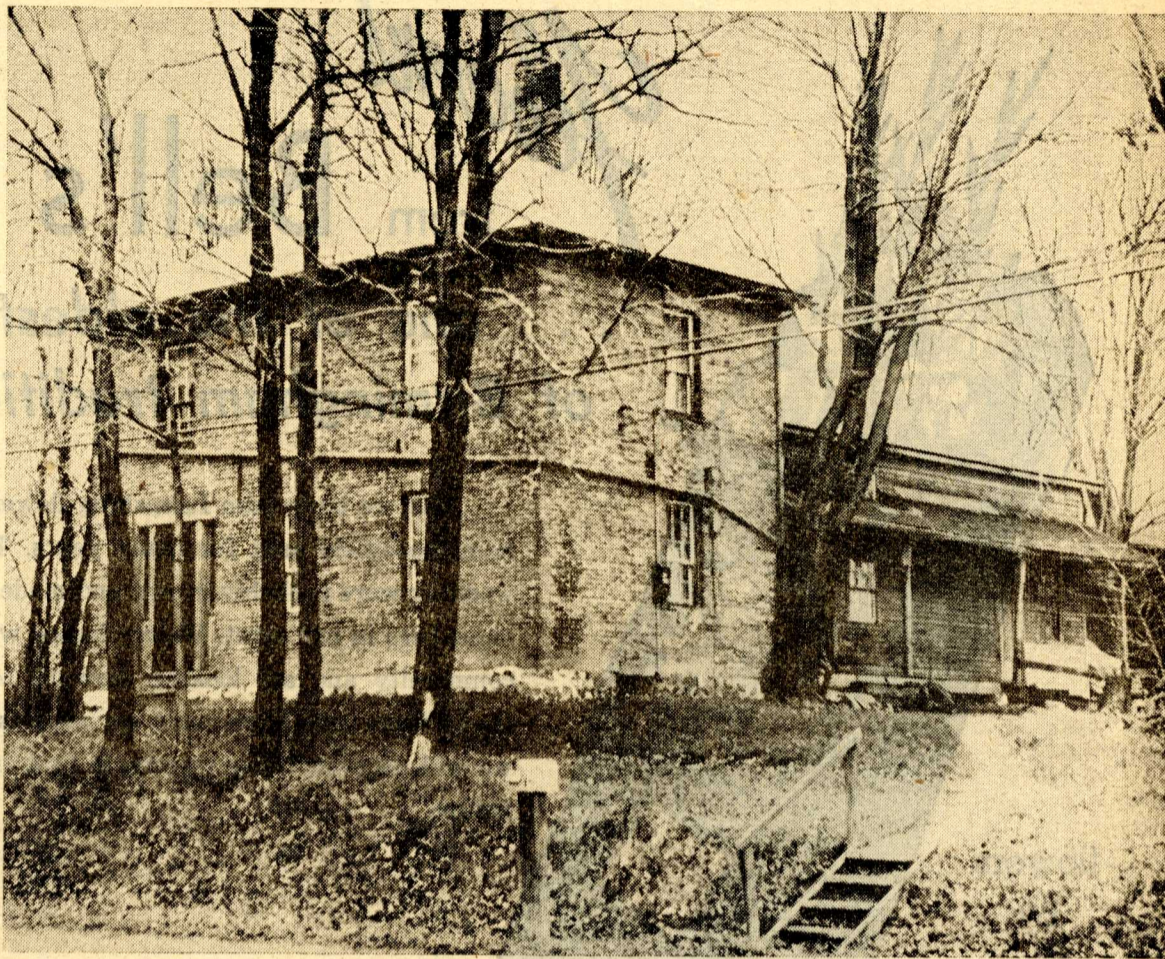
The home and land of Deacon Fish came into the possession of the Benedict family in 1857 when Fish sold the property to Miss Benedict's grandfather, Eri Benedict, who deeded it to his son John.

When John Benedict died in 1913 at the age of 76, the property was left to his widow, Ellen Celestia Adams Benedict, and his three children, Edward L. (deceased), Mrs. Hattie Brodie and Miss Clara Ellen Benedict.

MISS BENEDICT still owns her share of the Benedict farm, the Woodward avenue frontage and a section of the southern end of the original plot.

"I've had many offers to sell that land," Miss Benedict said, "but it's not for sale. I know how valuable that land is now, but I've taken a notion to keep it until I can say that it's been in the Benedict family for a hundred years."

"Sentimental, perhaps, but I just want us to own it for a hundred years. Anyway, I never close doors behind me and if I should decide to go back to the old Benedict farm, I can go. I know that I can return to the house where I was born and lived for so many years."



COUNTY'S OLDEST FRAME HOUSE IS ON US-10 IN BLOOMFIELD HILLS
Two-story brick addition has six-inch thick walls which keep it cool

'I Remember — —'

Reminisces CLARA ELLEN BENEDICT, 352 N. Woodward:

"We grew a lot of fruit on the Benedict farm. I remember my father going to Detroit to sell his grapes, his wagon loaded with the red, white and blue varieties. We had a big orchard, too.

"I remember when I built the house in Birmingham in 1914, after my father died. I thought it would be easier for my mother to live here in town but she never did say that she would. All she'd say is that she would come to look at the house.

"When I brought her here she went through the house and looked it over and then said, 'All right. Now let's go home.' She couldn't bear to leave the old homestead where she went as a bride in 1871 and where she had lived for so many years.

"We both went back to the Benedict farm and lived there until my mother died in 1933 at the age of 92.

"My grandfather, Eri Benedict, came to Detroit from Saratoga, N. Y. in 1844. He had built the largest hotel in the country at that time at Saratoga Springs but it broke him financially. He had \$5 in his pocket when he came to Detroit.

"My father was seven years old then. I remember his talking about the Detroit of those early days. The place where Grand Circus Park is now was just a cow pasture then.

"As a young man, he learned the machinist's trade working under his uncle, J. B. Wayne in the Michigan Iron Works. My father was never strong and he was forced by poor health to live out in the country.

"When he was about 21 years old, he and grandfather Eri Benedict bought the property belonging to Deacon Elijah Fish in Bloomfield.

"John E. Benedict had the original sheep skin deed—signed with a goose quill pen—from the U. S. government to Deacon Elijah S. Fish, but it disappeared from his trunk after he died. Minnie Bradley Benedict, my sister-in-law now has it.

"My father was married in 1871 to Ellen Celestia Adams of Franklin on Bingham road. They lived in the old Deacon Fish home while

grandfather and grandmother lived in the little house across the road on the west side of Woodward.

"When my grandparents were in their declining years, my father bought a house for them in Birmingham. It was situated on East Maple, then called Troy street, on the south side near the old Presbyterian church."

Capt. J. A. Bigelow Once Fought Under Custer's Command

John Allen Bigelow was a young lad when he enlisted with the northern forces in the Civil War. His war life was dangerous and eventful but he emerged from it with the title of captain, having advanced from a private's rank.

During his first enlistment, he was captured by the Confederates and at Andersonville prison, suffered the privations of a Yankee prisoner.

After some time, however, he was released and just as soon as possible re-enlisted under the name of John Allen. He served his country under Gen. George A. Custer with whom he became a warm personal friend.

In 1865, Bigelow lost his left arm and from that suffered greatly during his long and busy life.

Dr. J. W. Smith, of Detroit, paid Capt. John Allen Bigelow a visit one day in 1912. They talked over the days of 1865 when this same doctor amputated Bigelow's arm twice in eight days.

Booming Business

Birmingham in 1883 had three first class hardware stores, two drug stores and another promised, a new first class dry goods and boot and shoe store about to open with a \$5,000 stock.



Time was, when . . .

Fashion was dictated by provincial customs . . .

American women have thrown off the yoke, as trading the 'Horse and Buggy' for the new streamlined automobiles, and are living and playing in clothes streamlined to fit their new mode of life . . . Kay Cooley tries to interpret this new feeling in clothes, in sports and travel outfits, for which she has been long famed, and brings you the very newest and most exciting in fashions from each of her trips, including these ports she covered in 1952, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, Ireland, Paris, New York, South America and the West Indies.

We invite you to view our comprehensive collections selected for you from the top designers of today for your ever-active way of life!

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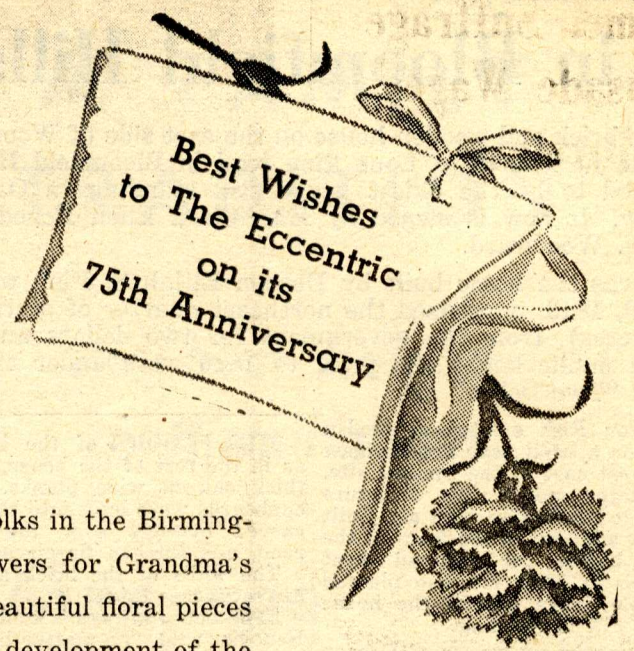
190 W. Maple
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MI 4-7744

Lobby of Statler Hotel
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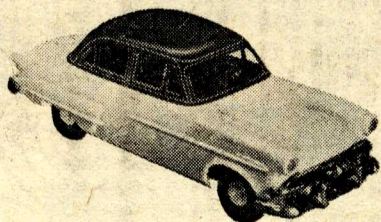
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Daily to Detroit
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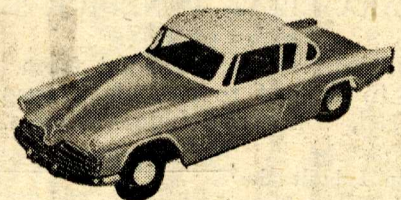
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WE SPECIALIZE IN FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS,
FUNERAL DESIGNS — WEDDINGS — CORSAGES.

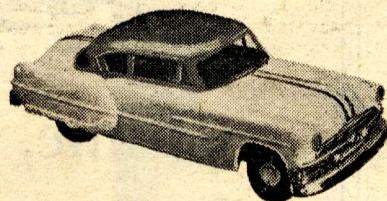
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Made of Aluminum . . .

200 BRIGGS BUILDING
BIRMINGHAM
MICHIGAN

Women Suffrage Crusade Waged In Birmingham

It took many years of hard work for women to gain the right to vote!

As early as 1903 reports of the Women's Suffrage movement appeared in the pages of The Birmingham Eccentric. Editors Whitehead and Mitchell took no stand at that time but printed comments from both sides.

One classic "pome", written by a disgruntled male found its way into the the local paper:

Rock-a-bye baby, your mama is gone
 She's at the caucus and will be there
 'till dawn
 She wore papa's trousers and in them
 looked queer
 So hush-a-bye baby, your pape is here,
 Rock-a-bye baby, Mama blows like a
 bellows
 She's run for three conventions, declared
 for three fellows
 She's great on the straddle—way up on
 the vote
 So hush-a-bye baby, your father's the
 goat.
 Rock-a-bye baby the dishes are clean,
 Papa's done scrubbing and put on the
 beans
 Your Mama is late, seems always to lag
 But heaven help Pop, if she comes home
 with a jag!

THE VOTES for Women movement made its initial bow in Oakland county in May 1912. An Equal Suffrage association was organized and plans made for an active campaign.

Miss Martha Baldwin was chosen as one of the vice presidents of the county association and represented Birmingham.

Miss Baldwin urged an outdoor campaign and suggested automobile parties to tour the county. At indoor meetings, she told members of the association, you are likely to have an attendance of people who are already converts to the cause, but outdoor meetings reach new people.

By this time editors Whitehead and Mitchell (probably influenced by their wives) were already won over to the Women's Suffrage movement.

ONE OF THEM wrote this comment in the Home Notes:

"When the woman comes home, flowers take the place of weeds. So in our political life, when women come in, some of the moral weeds are bound to go."

In the summer of 1912, the newspaper reported a "good talk on the suffrage question, given on our streets Saturday evening. The speaker told of the good work done by the women's vote in the six free states and of the campaign now on in six states."

Suffrage literature was distributed through the crowd by Mattie Baldwin.

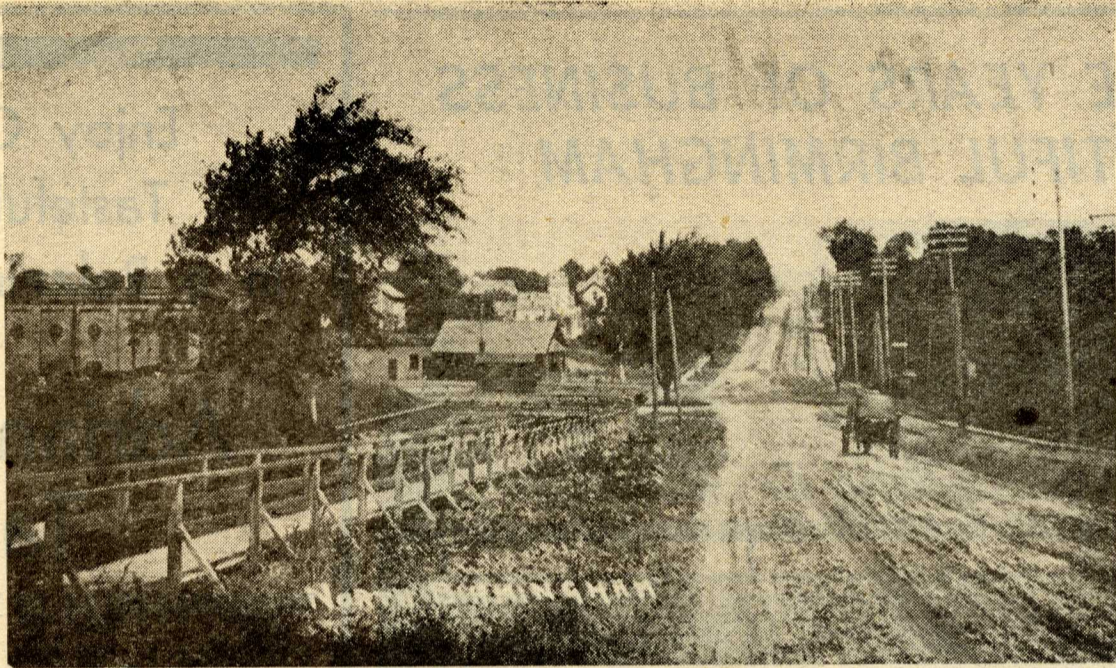
"Michigan is working hard to win justice for her women," commented The Eccentric.

THE HARD WORK of campaigning done by hundreds of Mattie Baldwins throughout the country finally resulted in giving women the right to vote.

The Equal Suffrage amendment was passed in 1920—seven years after the death of Mattie Baldwin.

It's No Applesauce!

Merrit Chase of Troy township drove over the plank road to Detroit the largest load of apples ever reported up to 1879. His wagon was loaded with 40 barrels of apples.



NORTH WOODWARD AVE. IN 1896—Complete with board sidewalk and dirt road which turned to mud when it rained. The old electric interurban tracks are at the right. At the bottom of the hill, just beyond the building at left center, Harmon street extends to the west. The odd two-story brick structure at the extreme left center was the old DUR carbarn, where a number of interurbans were stored and repaired. The barn was demolished shortly after the DUR was abandoned in 1931, and the property subsequently acquired by the late George Booth of Cranbrook. A few years ago, he gave the property to the city for use as a park.

A Rung Number?

Public notice in 1878: "The president of the village board wants all

ladders belonging to the village to be returned immediately and save further expense and trouble to the ones having such ladders."

Pick in the Wrong Pocket

Lost: An ivory toothpick somewhere in Birmingham in 1881.

'I Remember --'

Says Miss Martie Sly, 593 S. Glenhurst, "Attending Wing Lake school, just across the road from our farm—the land that my grandfather, Charles Sly, bought from the government in 1824.

"My mother used to pack a little red lunch box for me because I wanted to carry a lunch just like the rest of the pupils. But I ate the lunch during recess time and then would go home at noon and eat another lunch.

"There were about 25 pupils in the Wing Lake school when I attended it and Myra Covert Bassett—Ethel Bassett's mother—was one of my teachers.

"I ATTENDED the Union school house (now called Hill school) in Birmingham and graduated from the high school in 1895. There were 13 in the graduating class. Adele Snow, later Mrs. Wylie Bell, was one of my classmates and so were Sarah Ennis, Grace Bruce, Iva Bruce, James Cobb, Wylie Pierce, Jim Miller and Grace Houghton, later Mrs. James Cobb. Mr. E. F. Waldo was superintendent of schools at that time.

"I drove a little grey pony and buggy back and forth to school. I kept my horse in the Houghton barn and would go there at noon time to feed him. Grace Houghton lived in back of the Union school and her father was a retired Methodist minister."

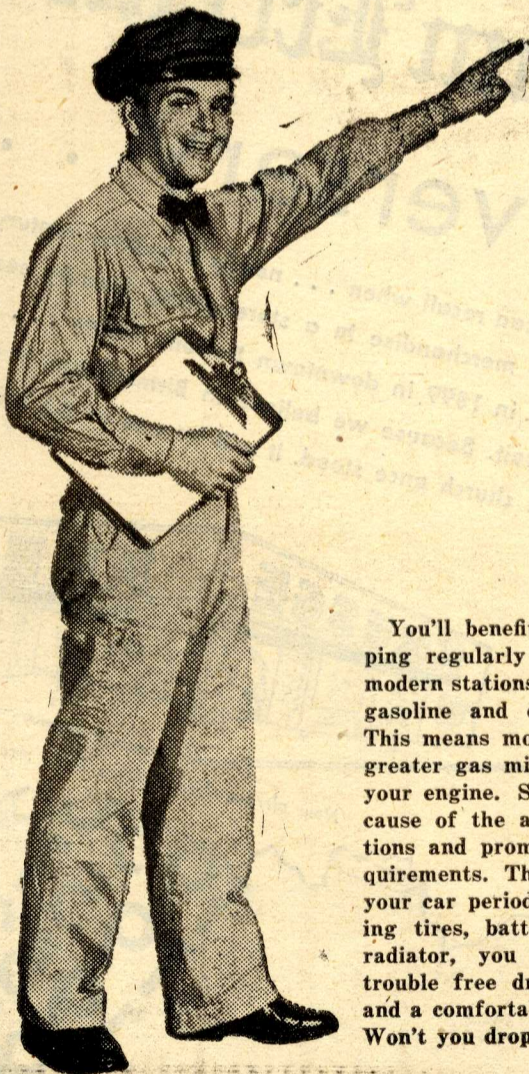
"Yes Sir!"
COURTESY
PROMPTNESS
EFFICIENCY

*are standard service
 at the three fine*

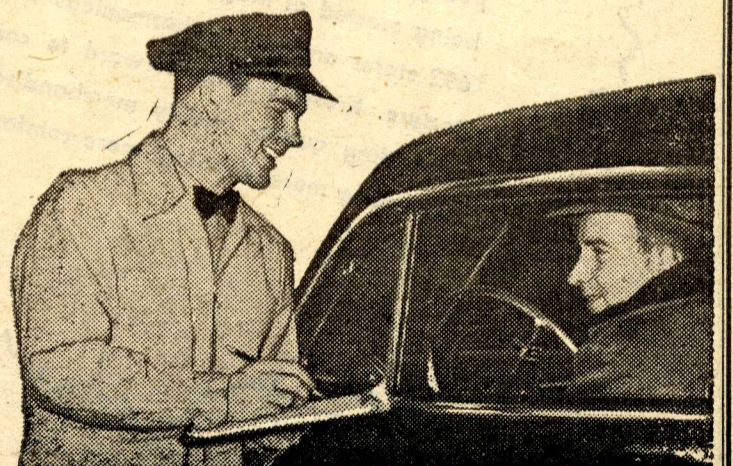


REEVE'S
STANDARD
SERVICE STATIONS

- Maple at Telegraph •
- Square Lake at Telegraph •
- Southfield at Northwestern •



You'll benefit in every way by stopping regularly at any of these three modern stations. First, you get Standard gasoline and oil, the finest available. This means money saved as a result of greater gas mileage and longer life for your engine. Second, you save time because of the accessibility of these stations and prompt attention to your requirements. Third, by having us service your car periodically, lubrication, checking tires, battery, oil filter, air filter, radiator, you are assured of longer trouble free driving and performance, and a comfortable feeling that all's well. Won't you drop in?



**Best Wishes
 and
 Congratulations**

to THE BIRMINGHAM
 ECCENTRIC
 on their seventy-fifth
 anniversary. May your
 future continue with
 great success.

An Ex-Employee
 Walter Forbes

**Forbes Printing
 Company**

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF BUSINESS
IN BEAUTIFUL BIRMINGHAM**



We're one-third as old, but just as enthusiastic as The Birmingham Eccentric over the fine community in which we have been doing business for the past 25 years. Our success has been due to the splendid patronage of the fine folks who have been our customers since we first opened and to the many new ones who are continually finding out that for the finest meats and groceries at the fairest prices in town, you can't beat—

The Virginia Market

George Fugman
608 South Woodward

Franz Fugman
Midwest 4-6430

WE WANT YOU TO TRY OUR HOME MADE SAUSAGES—ASK FOR A FREE SAMPLE
ALSO, OUR HOME-SMOKED BACON AND HAMS

Enjoy Good Food
Tastefully Served
In a Relaxing Atmosphere
at

**Adrian Cotter's
Tavern**

WOODWARD at 12 Mile Rd.

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• Serving De Luxe
LUNCHEONS & DINNERS

*Private Rooms For
Meetings or Parties*

*Bayne Cummins
at the Hammond*

CONGRATULATIONS
to the
**BIRMINGHAM
ECCENTRIC**
on its
75th ANNIVERSARY



1879
1879
1880
1881

The **S. S. KRESGE CO.** Congratulates
The Birmingham Eccentric
on its 75th Anniversary

We, too, are proud to be a part of Birmingham community life. We can recall when . . . nearly a quarter century ago . . . we first opened our Birmingham store on Woodward near Maple. Quality merchandise in a store giving friendly service has been the Kresge policy since Sebastian S. Kresge established his first store in 1899 in downtown Detroit. Today . . . still holding to that policy . . . there are 55 Kresge stores serving metropolitan Detroit. Because we believe in Birmingham, a new Kresge store is being erected at Maple and Henrietta, where the First Methodist church once stood. It will be one of the most modern of all our 692 stores and will be harmonious with local suburban architecture. Kresge's looks forward to continuing its tradition of providing quality variety merchandise to help make life for everyone more pleasant, more comfortable, more satisfying.



New ultra-modern Kresge's being erected at Maple and Henrietta.

1950
1951
1952
1953

Town's Old Mill Died At Ripe Old Age of 88

Typical of the rural communities of three-quarters of a century and more ago were the local mills, where nearby farmers brought their grain for milling.

Birmingham had such an establishment which was located on West Maple, close to the River Rouge. Power to operate the water wheel was furnished by damming the small stream. This mill operated for nearly a hundred years.

"Birmingham may well take pride in its progressive development during the past 75 years," recalled one of Birmingham's oldest residents before he passed on several years ago, "but what local industrious business of today is there to compare with the old mill? I remember when the machinery down there was running full tilt, day and night, grinding out flour for the farmers living in the vicinity of Birmingham."

Although quite a number of older residents today remember the old mill before it was torn down a generation ago, none of them were here when it was first constructed.

(Another picture of this old mill is shown on the front cover page of this Anniversary Edition.)

IT WAS ABOUT the year 1830, while Michigan still was a part of the Northwest Territory, that this original mill was constructed. Just who built it is shrouded in mystery, although Oakland County early records show that one Benjamin K. Pierce acquired the site in 1819.

A great amount of effort was expended in building up the eastern bank of the diminutive River Rouge to a height of some 20 feet. This narrow waterway then was dammed up, at almost the same spot where the present Quarton Lake concrete dam is located.

Then the mill was built and began its long service to Birmingham and the surrounding farm area.

THAT THE MILL was never idle for any great length of time during the next century is practically a certainty.

The ownership however, seemed to be subject to frequent changes, and not until the end of the 90's can one be certain of the names of the millers. During the interim however, the original building was often remodeled considerably, but its location remained the same.

From the crude water-wheel which furnished power when it began to grind wheat, successive owners built up the east bank of the stump-filled pond still higher, reconstructed the dam and were thus enabled to utilize more power for their new machinery.

FARMERS BROUGHT their grain for many miles to the old mill, left it, after weighing it, in the storage sheds, and returned a few days later for their flour.

No money changed hands in the transaction. The farmers gave their grain to the miller who ground it into flour.

For the service of the miller the farmers allowed him to keep the bran and middlings, husks of the wheat kernels and by-products of the grinding process, all of which the miller eventually sold to cattle and hog owners for winter fodder.

IF ONE IS to believe many of the older residents of Birmingham, the mill site must surely be looked upon as one of the most romantic spots in the days gone by.

"Yes, sir," an elder who knows said, "On warm moonlight nights the old mill stream heard softly spoken words of many a young couple, and they weren't a-talking much about village politics either!"

At the beginning of the present century the mill was owned by McClellan and Saterlee, two well known residents. About 1905 Saterlee sold his share to Bertrau, and the establishment was modernized until it was capable of serving the needs of the scores of new farmers in the surrounding territory.

A MAN named Mowh is said to have had the next interest in the busy "factory," but in 1910 it was

'I Remember.'

Says J. Bert Peabody, 272 Oakland, "When O'Neal's Harness shop was in the place where Peck's tailor shop is now. When Mr. O'Neal came here, he started out in business with only \$200. Dandy Hoffman worked for him."

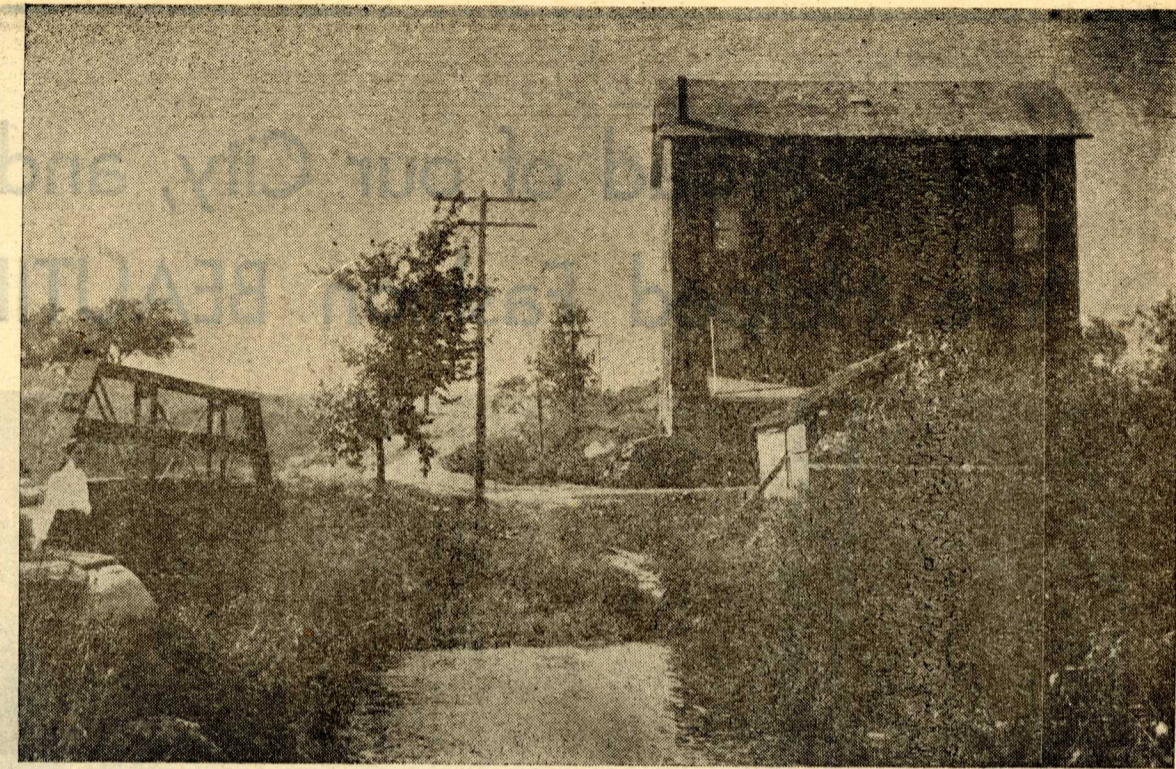
sold to the last of the millers, the late Niles Hansen, whose daughter, Mrs. William F. Henkel, still lives in the old homestead at 1080 West Maple, the first house west of the bridge on the north side, just above the old mill site.

In an interview with The Eccentric before he passed on, Mr. Hansen related some of the details of the busy years when he operated the mill, and of its utility to neighboring farmers, a few of whom are still residents of Birmingham.

"There was Fred Quarton," reminisced Mr. Hansen. "He had 200 acres just west of this house and extending along the banks of the old pond. His brother Bert had 160 acres just north of him."

THEY BOTH BROUGHT their grain to the mill as did Lyman Peabody and many others, some of whom lived up near Pontiac.

"When I was running the mill I fixed up the old dam, put in two good turbines and was able to turn out 50 barrels of flour a day. Of



B'HAM'S OLD MILL WHICH ONCE WAS ON NORTH SIDE OF W. MAPLE River Rouge in foreground (photo taken about the turn of the 19th century)

course to do that we had to work all night, but we did this many weeks of the year when the grain was being brought to us in large quantities.

I hired Bertran to help me, and one of us would run the mill during the daytime while the other took the night shift.

"DURING THE winter months

we got the grain from elevators in Pontiac and elsewhere, so there was no 'slack' time in the business.

"In 1918 I sold the mill and property to a Detroit concern for modern real estate purposes. That was the end of the mill.—There, down in the valley, you can still see the original foundation. It's sure a real landmark in Birmingham."

Hansen told of an incident in

which Henry Ford, interested in the old mill site, asked its owner where he got the power to run all of the machinery.

"Why I get it from the head of the Rouge," replied Hansen.

"Well I get mine from the bottom," countered the industrial magnate.

"Then you must get it all" en-joined the sage miller.

BAKED Foods of Distinction

The Mark of
Machus
for Many Years
in
Birmingham

No matter where they roam, one of the most vivid memories of home to a former resident of the community is the oven-fresh, tasty goodness of our baked goods and complete variety of pastries. Our products are among the many fine things of the community that somehow, just can't be imitated.



- BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED CAKES — MADE TO ORDER —
- FROZEN PASTRIES • CANDY
- PARTY SPECIALTIES

Gourmets approve of the
Food served at our Fountain-Lunch

MACHUS

PASTRY AND BAKERY SHOP

160 W. Maple

Midwest 4-1016

Best Wishes to The
ECCENTRIC

on the occasion of
their 75th ANNIVERSARY

We're Proud of our City, and Well We May Be, We Helped Fashion BEAUTIFUL BIRMINGHAM



The Parkway Leading to the New West Maple Bridge, Through the Rouge River Valley
—OUR LATEST AND MOST OUTSTANDING PAVING PROJECT IN BIRMINGHAM

*Designed and Engineered as an Outstanding
Example of Modern Civic Road Construction
by the ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT
of the CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
Completed in 1952 by*

TAYLOR BROTHERS CO. INC.

985 HAYNES

BIRMINGHAM

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We wish to congratulate The Birmingham Eccentric on the Occasion of its 75th Anniversary and also to pay our respects to Birmingham, now in its 134th year as a municipality.

We're pleased to have had a part in the growth of the community during our 31 years of operation in the construction business. We took part in the first large scale paving project undertaken in the city in 1926 and have participated in many another similar project here since that date. We're grateful to have been able to aid the citizens of Birmingham to build the streets that help so much to make our home town outstanding.