

# THE AFTERGLOW

*A Greater Detroit Country Life Monthly*



**JULY**  
**1925**  
25 CENTS

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field Village is to be instantly identified with families of good taste.

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# THE AFTERGLOW

A Magazine  
Dedicated to  
the Interests



of the Residents  
of Bloomfield  
Hills . . . .

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 5

### Table of Contents

JULY, 1925

	Page
Cover Design	
A Page of Pageant Scenes	By Elinor Millington 4
Upstairs? Downstairs? An Interview	5
Ballade, Not of Heat, But of Humidity	Verse by Howard Weeks, Decoration by Reed Bachman 7
With the Grand Opera Stars	By G. Schlotterbeck 8
College Women of Birmingham Organize	By Cora H. Farrar 9
Quartermore, the Home of Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn	10
In the Days of Real Sport	By Forrest S. Campbell 12
Cartoon	By Jimmie Vhay 13
Bloomfield Society	By Marjorie Avery 14
Bloomfield Horses Take Blue Ribbons	16
Editorial Page	18
Books	18
A Page of Club Activities	By Howard Weeks 19
	20

**Better A Class  
Outfitters  
to the  
Gentleman  
GOLFER,**  
WHALING'S  
617 Woodward Ave  
Detroit,



A page of scenes from the pageant in the Greek Open Air Theatre on the Booth estate given by the National Woman's party, June 6.

## Upstairs? Downstairs? Never Mind the Stairs!

An Interview with D. ALLEN WRIGHT, Architect,  
Concerning the American Trend Toward  
One-Story Homes of Character  
and Distinction

AT least one consideration that is eliminated in the planning of a home is the all absorbing question of stairs when a one-story house is the type chosen. Upon that choice hinges an interesting study, a study of the marked American trend toward houses of character built on one floor. Volumes can be expended discussing points pro and con about this type of architecture. Perhaps an explanation of a few points will show why the United States as a whole, and Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham, in particular,

are subscribing so enthusiastically to this logical plan of house construction.

It is a native American trait that the race favors living on one floor. Witness the vast number of apartment dwellers in substantiation. Blocks upon blocks of little cottages and simple bungalows bear this truth out further. Whether it is the innate New England thrift of our forebears, or the hard-headed practicality of the people, the fact remains that Americans do not need to be sold on the idea of one-floor living.

With this as a background, it is quite natural that the next step in the growth of popularity for this class house, should be in refining its fundamental design, in making it more distinctive, in creating out of this basic ground work a home of true character.

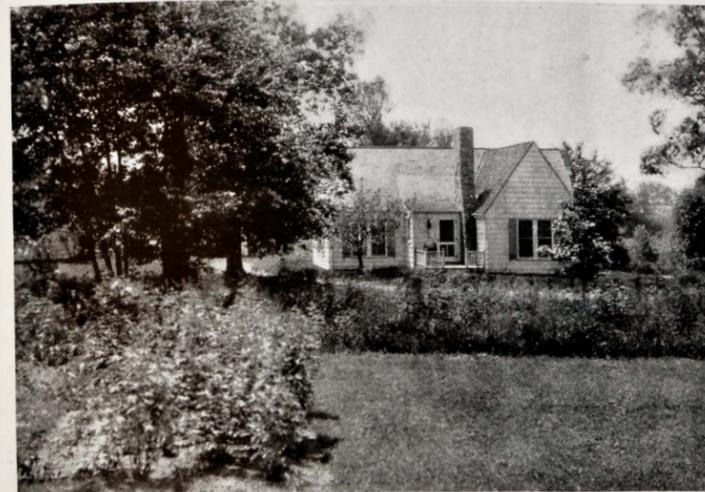
Here the World War comes in for its part in the transformation of the American one-story house into a thing of beauty.

We all know that the native American has a marvelously retentive memory. Not thorough in its retentiveness, necessarily, but a mind that, impressed by the artistry and beauty of an object, carries for a long time the vague consciousness of having been impressed.

In 1917 America entered the war. Americans by the thousands flocked overseas, were billeted in France, England, Belgium and elsewhere on the Continent. They lived in the midst of European life, architecture and activity. And the charming simplicity of the one-story houses, so common in Europe, made an indelible impression upon their retentive American memories. Whether the building was an atelier in France, a Belgium carpenter shop, or a quaint thatched garden cottage in England, the varied possibilities of beauty and convenience which the one-story structure embodied, made a strong register in the American minds.

No wonder, then, when the United States was back again upon a peace-time footing with home building activities resumed that many an ex-soldier would exclaim: "Well, I want to build a house on one floor, not an ordinary bungalow, but a cute little place—you know, something like we used to see in France."

The war may well be said to have created a veritable renaissance in American house design. Impressions gained across the wa-



Cecil F. Charlton residence, Birmingham



Built for W. J. Woodruff, Birmingham



Home of Hugh W. Hitchcock, Birmingham

ter did much to remedy the evils of past practices. It had long been a somewhat disgraceful American custom when a home was contemplated, to jump into the waiting automobile, dash madly about looking for an idea already expressed in concrete, frame or brick form; then to return home triumphant, more often than not with an execrable design to copy brazenly, rather than a good one to imitate judiciously.

Travel the nation over and you will find this practice changing. From the haciendas of California to the cottages of Cape Cod—yes, in the hills of Bloomfield and Birmingham, you will find going up constantly homes built on one floor. And they are homes which are built with distinction and character expressed in every line and angle.

Some may think of a one-story house only in terms of a six or seven-room home. By no means are the advantages of such a



Built for Manly D. Davis, Oak Knob, Bloomfield

type limited to the smaller structures. Many and many a four and five-bedroom place rambles delightfully over one floor, with interesting gables and wings and breaks in the roof line to add character to the whole design. Architects and builders have proved that the idea of not building a large house on one floor, is as fallacious as the theory of never building a home without putting a full basement under it.

The advantages of one-floor construction? Oh, they are countless. Much less effort is expended in housekeeping. Bedrooms can get full benefit of any gardening or landscaping about the place. A low-lying artistic effect is easily procurable. Especially true of the smaller design is the fact that the all too common top-heavy appearance is completely eliminated. One-story design permits of a greater using of a house. And, after all, is that not the main purpose of a home: to be used?

The disadvantages? Certainly, they exist; but they are present in much smaller quantity than one might imagine. Owners will tell you that the greater advantages more than offset for them, at least, the lesser disadvantages.

It does not call for a far flight of the architectural imagination to visualize a quarter-million dollar home spread out in interesting fashion over the landscape. The conveniences of one-floor living are too many and varied to limit the size of the structure in which they are planned to be enjoyed. Home owners planning residences of good size, as well as those who have a more modest building sum, are recognizing how attractive one-floor houses can be made.

Where there is gently rolling land or slowly rising heights, as in Oakland county, one class of beautiful home may be se-

(Turn to Page 25)



Manly D. Davis House, Oak Knob, Bloomfield

# BALLADE ° NOT OF HEAT BUT OF HUMIDITY!

By Howard Weeks

Decoration by Reed Bachman

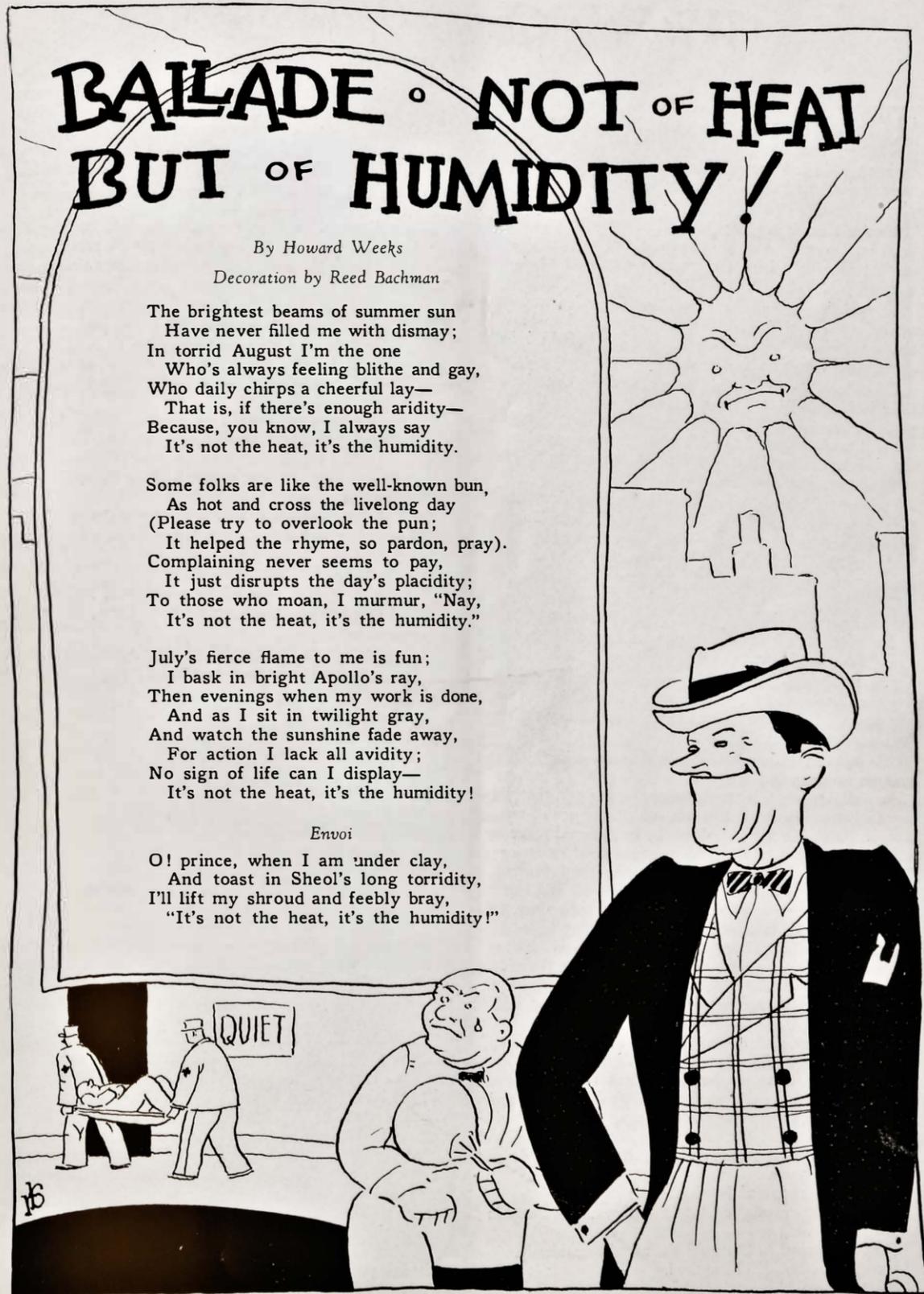
The brightest beams of summer sun  
Have never filled me with dismay;  
In torrid August I'm the one  
Who's always feeling blithe and gay,  
Who daily chirps a cheerful lay—  
That is, if there's enough aridity—  
Because, you know, I always say  
It's not the heat, it's the humidity.

Some folks are like the well-known bun,  
As hot and cross the livelong day  
(Please try to overlook the pun;  
It helped the rhyme, so pardon, pray).  
Complaining never seems to pay,  
It just disrupts the day's placidity;  
To those who moan, I murmur, "Nay,  
It's not the heat, it's the humidity."

July's fierce flame to me is fun;  
I bask in bright Apollo's ray,  
Then evenings when my work is done,  
And as I sit in twilight gray,  
And watch the sunshine fade away,  
For action I lack all avidity;  
No sign of life can I display—  
It's not the heat, it's the humidity!

Envoi

O! prince, when I am under clay,  
And toast in Sheol's long torridity,  
I'll lift my shroud and feebly bray,  
"It's not the heat, it's the humidity!"



## With the Grand Opera Stars

By G. Schlotterbeck

THRILL, glitter, glory abound at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, with its super-artist groupings aback the proscenium, and afront its massive curtain the vaunted Diamond Horse Shoe, aglow with the sparkle of flashing gems and the shimmer of luxury-rich sartorial display.

Illusion there is in plenty afore the footlights, and it is not until one meet the artists back stage and at rehearsal that grave reality lays bare the common clay that streaks the voice of gold.

My privilege it was for a considerable period to be connected actively with this Temple of Art, and to have intimate association with most of the members of the brilliant aggregation that tread its boards.

Often have I wished I had been spared the experience of close intimacy with the petty character qualities that form part of many of the world's greatest in the field of operatic art and achievement, and well is it for the general public that it is not allowed entree behind the scenes, to be looted of its illusory ideals.

Uniquely, the most smooth-tempered, adaptable among all the stars was the one most eminent, Enrico Caruso. Time was when his services at \$150 per week were scouted by "Doc" Leahy, of the Tivoli Theater, San Francisco, who could see little promise or future for the great tenor.

Then, in a dash, the tables turned, and fortissimo Caruso crashed into high light at the Metropolitan at \$2,000 for each performance, the bare announcement of his name on a bill taxing the house to capacity.

And through all his mounting eminence Caruso remained ever the lovable, romping boy, unspoiled by white heat success, and ready, eager at all times, to assist fellow artists to the extent of his purse.

One incident, in particular, I recall as revealing his noble qualities of heart and soul.

An ordinary, small-salaried chorusman, early in the morning of a certain Saturday, had received gloomy news from his home in Italy. Deeply depressed, he had slipped away and purchased a length of new, heavy rope, then, returning to the Metropolitan's property room on the third floor, had fastened the rope to a large nail in the wall and hanged himself. Two property lads, passing the open door, had noticed in the half dark room, the limp hanging figure, and were admiring the painter, who, with brush could depict so life-like the human form, meanwhile leaving the victim to strangle.

Carefully we cut the rope, lowered the body, and laid it on a table nearby.

Downstairs the curtain was about to rise on "Rigoletto", with Caruso and Melba as co-stars.

In some way news of the suicide had reached Caruso. Ignoring performance and audience, he dashed up the stairs and into the room, cast horrified glances, then hurled himself, full-length, upon the lifeless body of the man he had frequently aided with funds, and for full 10 minutes poured forth his manly tears.

And what a portrayal he then gave!

At fall of the curtain on Act One, I met Melba rushing toward her dressing room.

"What happened to Caruso?" she asked breathlessly.

"Haven't you heard?" I inquired.

"No, what is it?"

Briefly I told the sad story.

"Ah, that explains it," she fairly shouted. "Caruso was simply beside himself. He carried me off my feet. Never before have I seen a performance so inspired. It was too wonderful!"

At rehearsals Caruso was first to arrive, the last to leave, never shirking, and piling repeat on repeat until he had satisfied fully the directing chief.

A pet diversion for Caruso, when on stage, and not singing, was that of slapping the bare arms of minor women artists, this being his method of impressing upon the company the vivacity of his youthful spirit. Only once did I see a sharp reaction to this little pleasantry—one night he had slapped Mme. Jacoby a bit too hard, and had a narrow escape from a stinging face slap in return.

Every week at the Metropolitan brought unexpectedly some incident, rich in color, sometimes bright and gay, other times sombre, drab.

There, for instance, was a visible stir when the wide-heralded young Italian conductor, Toscanini, entered the orchestra pit for the first time to direct a Wagnerian opera *without score*, a proceeding unheard of by the self-assertive fiddlers and hornists.

Slyly the concertmeister had taken the pains to "frame" the situation through instructions to certain players to render false notes.

But Tosci was not to be trapped.

"Gentlemen, that is wrong," he commented quietly.

"We've played it so often, we ought to know," the offenders snapped back.

"If you will turn to page 20 of your score, bar 12, you will find I am right," Tosci rejoined, reaching deep into his prodigious memory.

The trick was turned, and never again did player attempt liberties with Tosci. The Master had arrived.

A memorable performance, that set audience, orchestra and stars aghast, was that of Verdi's "Falstaff", wherein Tosci conducted the famous, colossally difficult 12-part fugue without flaw and without a note before him.

A stirring episode was furnished by a young American, who had been trained and widely lauded in Germany.

Her debut was staged on a Monday night, with friends present in troops and battalions. So pitiful were her efforts, that when they had been reviewed by the critics, a bare shred of her stupendous prestige remained.

Next morning I was in the managing director's office when the lioness darted in, flaming with rage. Drawing out her contract, she waved it menacingly under the chief's eyes, then tore it to scraps, and ground them under her heel.

"That's what I think of your critics," she blazed. "Vermin, that's what they are, vermin. In Berlin they were at my feet, here they drag me into the gutter."

Mme. Nordica, gentle soul, also had been witness of the furious outbreak. Waiting until the storm had calmed, she rose, and laying her hand quietly on the spitfire's shoulder, said quietly: "Don't make the mistake of believing that the operatic art of the world has been entrusted solely to your keeping. And don't delude yourself with the thought that New York critics are not competent. They are the finest in the world, as I learned, first to my sorrow, then to my lasting gain. Your tone production is vile. You sing as though you were trying to swallow a set of teeth. Take my advice, and watch Caruso when he sings. Then, if you

(Turn to Page 20)

## College Women of Birmingham Organize

By Cora H. Farrar

ONE balmy summer afternoon, in the middle of August, 1920, at a benefit bridge given at one of the big Bloomfield Hills estates, a group of four women, newly arrived in the community, were playing cards. The conversation drifted to the subject of colleges and all four women were discovered to be college graduates. "Why don't we form a branch of the Collegiate Alumnae?" suggested one of the group, and so the Birmingham Branch of what is now called the American Association of University Women, was launched. A notice was inserted in the local paper and personal notes were mailed to all known college women of the vicinity. A meeting was held on October 20, 1920, at which 16 interested women appeared and Mrs. Charles J. Shain, an able executive of great ability, was elected to the presidency, which she held for two terms, and under whose guidance the young association attained great progress.

The first year was spent in getting acquainted and studying local conditions and problems, and deciding what should be the first project of the new organization. An infant scholarship fund was just being established in the High school and that seemed the most pressing need to which to lend aid. For the first three years of its existence, the association concentrated its money-making abilities on raising a sum of \$1200 for this object. The fund was then incorporated as a Village activity, with its own board of directors and is now helping 10 graduates of the Baldwin High school through college.



O'Connor

Mrs. Charles J. Shain, whom the university women elected as their first president.

Every January, for the past four years, the branch has entertained the girls of the graduating class of the High school at a beautifully appointed luncheon, at the Lone Pine Inn, with the idea of encouraging an interest in higher education in these seniors. The speakers have been splendid women; Dean Myra Jordan, Dean Jean Hamilton of the University of Michigan, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland of the Detroit Board of Education and Miss Lois Rankin of the International Institute.

The study of Legislative problems has held the interest of the group from the first, with reports on pending bills and letters signed by the branch to the senators and representatives, both state and national. The present scheme of a reformatory to be built for wayward girls at Okemos, within a few miles of our State Agricultural College has seemed a menace to the youth of the college, and the erection of the old type of building has been actively discouraged and the newer cottage system in a purely rural and isolated locality urged by the branch.

The subject of rural education was seriously considered, and Mr. M. S. Pittman, director of rural education, during whose regime such strides have been made in improvement in Oakland County, was invited to speak at an open meeting, at which Mr. F. J. Lederle, Supervisor of Oakland County,

(Turn to page 28)



O'Connor

Mrs. A. J. Halgren, president of the Birmingham branch of A. A. U. W.

# "Quartermore"

The Home of Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn  
Robert Swanson, Architect



Viewing Quartermore from the shore of a small private lake.

Hance



The small reception room is on the first floor, adjoining the dining room. Like the other rooms it is finished in rough plaster, with heavy oak doors, old furniture, bright stuff curtains and mellow old Persian rugs.

Hance

QUARTERMORE on east Long Lake road, was built to be an all-year-round house of medium size with enough of the atmosphere of an English hunting box to be in keeping with the fox hunting activities of Bloomfield Hills. In designing the exterior, the architect, Robert Swanson, adhered closely to English prototypes and included such details as leaded glass windows, an old English knocker, a small entrance court plastered and beamed and set with small box trees in tubs, and a tall English bay window running from the first to the second floor.

The interior is finished in rough plaster; heavy doors inset with small leaded glass windows give at once an air of privacy and a sense of proximity between the rooms. From past experience the owner knew that the rooms most used were the dining room and the kitchen with its offices. These, therefore, were



Adjoining the reception room is the dining room.

Hance

placed on the first floor, with a small reception room. The living room is on the second floor, where it commands a view of Whay's lake behind the house. The Master's suite and the guest suite are on the same floor, each containing a bed-room, bath and sitting-room.

The garage is attached to the house, with servants quarters above, thus making only one heating plant, and water system necessary.

The exterior is a combination of timber, shingles and red brick—a warm blend of color. A red brick wall along the road is now being built which will give the approach an air of privacy and distinction. Planting and landscaping of course, will soften contours which are now a bit harsh.

The name "Quartermore," has an original and unexpected meaning: it was chosen because the house, being within a stone's throw of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, afforded its owner, on early morning hunts, a quarter of an hour more to sleep!



The living room on the second floor contains many interesting pieces of furniture and objets d'art collected by Mr. Mendelssohn.

Hance

# In the Days of Real Sport

A Reminiscence by Forrest S. Campbell

Mr. Campbell in the last line of this article declares that "in a few years the skippers and boats will have passed out, and all these pleasant sports will be but a cherished memory." However, a new generation of skippers has grown up, and the sport of sailing on the blue waters of Orchard Lake is being revived. On Sunday, June 28, a group of enthusiastic sailors met in Mr. Willis Ward's old boat house to organize a new yacht club.



The Century Cup presented to the Orchard Lake Yacht Club by Willis Ward.

Five boats, each designated by a color, and manned by a crew of two hardy lake sailors started from the Ward boat house and raced around the island on Sunday, June 21. Dr. Campbell Harvey with Mrs. Harvey won the race in "Yellow." The other contestants were: Mr. Clarence Patterson and Lieut. Donald Bailey in "Green"; George Hodges, Jr., and Mary Elizabeth Ward in "Red"; David Fitch and E. Stiles in "White", while Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ward sailed the blue boat.

Mr. Harold Ward will tell of the renewed interest in sailing on Orchard Lake in the next issue of THE AFTERGLOW.—Editor's Note.

BY request I contribute a brief sketch of the aquatic sports which took place on old Orchard Lake, and I allow my memory to turn backward to the good days of Auld Lang Syne when a few of us jolly old "fresh water sea dogs" used to meet on the blue waters of this beautiful lake and sail our boats in contest for the glory and honor of winning the flags and cups offered by the Orchard Lake Yacht Club.

A handsome silver cup was presented to the club by Mr. Willis C. Ward and Mr. L. H. Pelouze, called "The Century Cup," and it was a most coveted prize; it was a work of art and the most valuable cup of its kind in the country. Then came the "Orchard Lake Cup." It, too, was a handsome cup and a prize worthy of its donors. We were amateurs, pure and simple, who sailed our boats just for fun and the sport there was in it. What exciting and bully good times we had! How we used to watch the other fellow to see what he was doing to make his boat slip along and move faster through the water, and when the night came on, how we used to haul up our sails and steal out on the lake to try her out, thinking we were the only foxy fellows on the water, but only to discover a phantom sloop or a double cat was on the job, too.

Well do I remember the first race for the Century Cup.

Willis Ward's "Tantalizer" (a double cat), sailed by Harry Lewis, and "Tempest," built by myself for a winner, met on the lake for the first time in contest for the Century Cup. It was a beautiful day in the early fall; the wind was just right for both boats, and the skippers were watching each other like a pair of hawks and maneuvering for best position. There was a large number of spectators on the shore, all deeply interested in the boats and crews. It was a most exciting moment when the gun was fired that gave us the start, and away we went like a pair of gulls with our white wings spread to the breeze. The "Tantalizer" proved the faster boat and the winner of the race and cup. The "Tempest" was beaten, but we were not discouraged—our motto was "try again." We were a trifle disappointed, but still in the ring. We took off our hats and gave a cheer



for the victor, sailing away, thinking and dreaming of how we might get there in the sweet bye and bye.

In the spring a "Richmond was in the field"—a new boat had arrived to challenge the winner—"The Zenda"—owned by Mr. E. W. Stoddard, and she proved a whirlwind. When we started our summer races she showed us "a clean pair of heels," and won both cups and the champion flag.

Now came a nightmare; Mr. Ward had been sitting up nights thinking, and had constructed a model of his own ideas. He did not let a soul know what he was doing until one afternoon, when the secret was let out, and a number of our members went over to his barn to see his new creation. It was a conundrum—the most uncanny, queer-looking thing we had ever seen; it was fearfully and wonderfully made. We

guessed it a bridge for a ditch. It looked like a couple of ax heads, placed butt to butt. We gave it up, and then Mr. Ward said it was a boat—a racer. We all laughed heartily at the insinuation and had a lot of fun at its expense. The inhabitants came from far and near to see the false alarm, as they dubbed it; but when "The Hoo Hoo" and "Boo Hoo" was launched and spread her beautiful silk sails to the breeze, we were all greatly astonished at her wonderful speed, and it certainly made us all sit up and take notice. This new champion, which we all considered a joke, proved a joker indeed, and took all the tricks.

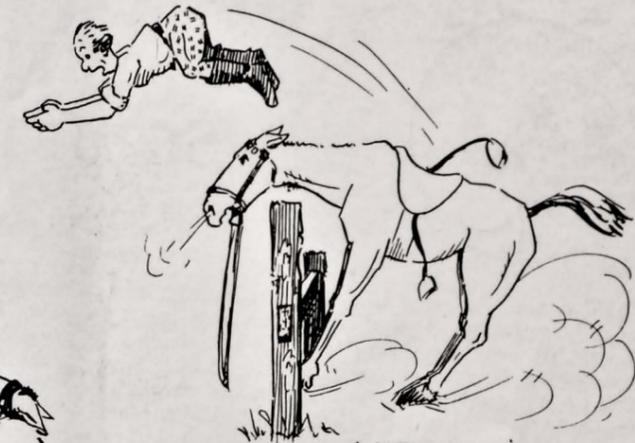
"The Campbells were coming" when the northwest winds blew "Keewahdin." It landed on Orchard Lake, and began to make trouble for the champions immediately. They called her "Campbell's scow." It took a little time to get her tuned up, but when she started she was a winner sure, and the scalps of Zenda, Hoo Hoo, Tantalizer, Paralyzer, Paralytic, all hang on her wigwam door.

Then came "Skwapaha." She was the perfection of the builders' art, a perfect boat, owned by Messrs. Skae, Ward, Pelouze and Hammond. We all wondered what that name meant, and it caused quite a little speculation; and then some brilliant person discovered SK stood for Skae, WA for Ward, PE for Pelouze and HA for Hammond, and the riddle was solved. She beat "The Tempest" one season, but the old boat came back.

At one time there was a beautiful fleet of sailboats on Orchard Lake, including Bert Noble's "Ellen Marie," the fastest double cat that was ever on the lake, a winner of flags and a handsome cup and other trophies. There were "The Zephyr," "The Islander," "The Mary," "The Irene G.," "Spray," and a number of others, but they are mostly out of commission now. A number of the skippers still live on the shores and in the immediate vicinity of the old racing grounds, but many of them have dropped out, the strenuous sport was too much for some of them; but occasionally one or two of the old boats can be seen on a beautiful day sailing on the historic old lake. In a few years the skippers and boats will have passed out, and all these pleasant sports will be but a cherished memory.



PREPARATION FOR A HIGH-DIVE



A FRONT DIVE



A BACK FLIP



JACK-KNIFE



SWAN DIVE

## LEARN TO DIVE WHILE YOU RIDE



# BLOOMFIELD SOCIETY

By Marjorie Avery



ONE of the few large affairs which brightened the socially quiet days of June was the tea and reception given by Mr. and Mrs. George G. Booth at their estate, Cranbrook, on Thursday afternoon, June 18, to meet Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Marquis, who from now on will be permanently identified with the Hills. Dr. and Mrs. Marquis are residing on the Lone Pine road until such time as Christ Church, of which he will be pastor, is finished. Dr. Marquis will also be the head of a new boys' school which will be established in the Hills.

About 200 guests attended the affair from Bloomfield, Birmingham and Detroit. The hours were from 5 to 7 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Booth and Dr. and Mrs. Marquis received in the library, which was brightened by huge bunches of blue delphinium and yellow roses. Pink gladioli and delphinium also decorated the music room, and in the dining room, the buffet table, which was laid with a lace cloth, was centered with a large bowl of pink roses, snapdragons and baby's breath.

Mrs. Booth wore a gray chiffon gown and Mrs. Marquis was attired in white crepe. Two of Mrs. Booth's daughters-in-law, Mrs. James Scripps Booth and Mrs. Henry Scripps Booth, ushered the guests.



Miss Barbara Thompson, daughter of Mr. Walter Thompson.

MRS. EDWARD ASKIN SKAE and family, who have been spending the past winter and spring in Grosse Pointe, have moved to their country place in Bloomfield Hills. Miss Florence Skae left on Monday, June 22, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred V. Casgrain, for the Casgrain summer home at Whitefield, N. H., to spend a few days before going to Pine Land Camp, Center Harbor, N. H., for the summer.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM TEFFT BARBOUR and family moved the middle of June to their Bloomfield Hills estate, Briar Bank, for the summer. The engagement of their older daughter, Irene Tefft, to James Eugene Duffy, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James Eugene Duffy, of Bay City, was announced at a dinner given by Mrs. Barbour and Miss Irene Barbour, on Saturday evening, June 20, at their

Bloomfield home, in compliment to Miss Barbour's house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase Ashworth, of Watertown, Conn. Following the dinner the guests were taken to the Bloomfield Hills Country Club to dance.

Miss Barbour, it will be recalled, received her education at Miss Porter's School, at Farmington, later spent a year in European travel, and during the past winter has been studying costume designing in New York. Miss Barbour made her debut on November 10, 1922, at a late afternoon reception, given by her parents, at their Jefferson avenue home, and at a ball on the night of December 28. She is a member of the Junior League and the Tau Beta Association.

Mr. Duffy was graduated from the University of Michigan, College of Engineering, in 1924, and has been a student in the Harvard Law School during the past year.

MR. AND MRS. HUGH CHALMERS and family have moved to their summer home, "Woodcrest," Bloomfield Hills, for the summer.

MRS. HENRY SCRIPPS BOOTH entertained her nephew, Henry Gerhauser, of Cleveland, during the last weeks of June.

FREDERICK, George and John Hammond, Walter O. Briggs, Jr., and Francis Palms, Jr., spent a week during June at the Hammond Camp at Atlanta, Mich., for fishing.

A CHARMING party took place on Thursday evening, June 11, when Mrs. Ralph L. Polk, Jr., entertained at dinner at her home on Lone Pine road, complimenting Mrs. H. J. Leshar, of Naples, Fla., who was visiting Mrs. Polk, Sr., of Detroit.

EDWARD P. HAMMOND, JR., his cousin, Edward A. Skae, and James Flynn went east in June to meet Gary Flynn and accompanied him to Detroit, on his yacht, by way of the Hudson river and the Erie canal.

## Birmingham

MRS. GEORGE M. DWELLEY and her three children, Thorndyke, Carol and Noel, of Maple road east, left on Saturday, June 13, for their summer home in Maine where they will spend the coming months. Several informal affairs were given in Mrs. Dwelley's honor before her departure.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY MACK returned the middle of June from a visit with Mrs. Mack's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Packer, of Saginaw, and left immediately for an eastern trip, where they spent some time with Mrs. Mack's greataunt, Miss Phoebe Tyler, of Tyler, Pa.

MR. AND MRS. MELVIN J. KATES have leased their Oakland avenue home to the Raymond Ballantines, of Detroit, for the summer, and will spend the coming months with Mrs. Kates' parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leonard Wilton, at Grosse Ile.

MRS. JOSEPH P. LITTLE, of Birmingham, with Mrs. Gordon LeFevre, of Detroit, sailed from New York, the end of May, for a summer's trip to Europe.

IN June came the announcement of the chairmen of the committees for the annual street fair of Birmingham, which will be held this year on Saturday, September 12, under the auspices of the League of St. James Women, of the St. James Episcopal Church. The committees are composed as follows: General chairman, Mrs. E. A. Stone; vice-chairman, Mrs. T. R. Donovan; handkerchiefs, Mrs. E. C. Smith; novelties, Mrs. R. E. Kearns; grab bag, Mrs. C. E. Buck; dinner tickets, Mrs. Leigh B. Lynch; financial secretary, Miss Sadie Sly; dairy, Mrs. W. Nelson Whittemore; luncheon, Mrs. F. L. Klingensmith; delicatessen, Mrs. Walter G. Morley; bake sale, Mrs. E. B. Roby; afternoon tea, Mrs. E. H. Binham; linens, Mrs. W. G. Wall; dolls, Mrs. Verne Burnett; children's clothing, Mrs. Walter M. Giles; pillows and bags, Mrs. William C. Harris, and aprons, Mrs. F. C. Weller.

(Turn to Page 25)



The wedding party of Mrs. Charles Thorne Murphy (Elise Vhay), who was married May 30. Left to right: Mrs. William Ward Duckett (the bride's sister), bridesmaid; Miss Lillian Vhay, maid of honor; Delphine Duckett, flower girl, daughter of the William Ward Ducketts; Mrs. Murphy; Lenore Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Fisher, and niece of the bridegroom, and Miss Delphine Vhay, bridesmaid.



Miss Mary Taliaferro, with Woodpecker, who took several prizes at the horse show, June 19 and 20. Woodpecker and Freckles' Sister ridden by Mrs. T. R. Donovan took first place at Lansing in the pairs of hunters.



William, Mary and Everell Fisher, children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Fisher, on their matched horses.



Mrs. T. R. Donovan, with her great favorite, Freckles' Sister, reserve champion at the Lansing show. Mrs. Donovan placed third in the ladies' hunters' class at the Detroit show.

### Bloomfield Horses Take Blue Ribbons at Show

AT the fifth annual horse show of the Detroit Riding and Hunt Club, the largest and finest in its history, Bloomfield Hills entries carried off their fair share of honors, blue ribbons and cups. The show which lasted two days, Friday and Saturday, June 19 and 20, was well attended on each occasion, and the large crowd witnessed many interesting feats of horsemanship and a few spills.

Miss Betty Stahelin on Grey Dawn won the first event for children's saddle ponies on Friday, and took second place with the same horse on Saturday in the young people's saddle horses, Miss Mary E. Fisher on Iona Pelter winning first place. Miss Josephine Braun took third prize in this event and third place in the saddle horse event on Stoney Creek.

In the junior riding competition, Miss Betty Stahelin, on Grey Dawn, took first, and Miss Josephine Braun took second. Miss Braun on Stoney Creek, placed high in every event she entered, winning second place in the open jump and third in the light weight hunters' class.

Ammeter, ridden by Miss Viola Hammond, Rosebud, ridden by Miss Margaret Standart, and Goodwill, ridden by

Sam Chisom won the blue ribbon for the best team of three hunters over the regular course in complete hunt livery, as the closing event. Miss Hammond took second place in the Corinthian class, a closed event, and Mrs. J. A. Blackwood came in third on Argonne. In the Green Hunters' class, Miss Hammond came in third riding Intrepid, and in the ladies hunters' class she took the second prize.

In the touch-and-out test, a closely contested one, Mrs. T. R. Donovan's horse balked and threw his owner at the third fence. However, Mrs. Donovan was uninjured. She came in third in the ladies hunters' class.

Miss Mary and Everell Fisher won the pairs of saddle horses class No. 6 event, while Everell Fisher, riding Iona Pelter, was awarded the trophy in class No. 4, for saddle horses. Second place was taken by Miss Jeanne Gilchrist in this event, who took a trophy the following day on Superlative, in the saddle horse event. The Fisher children scored later on when Everell, driving Limerick, took first place and Mary Fisher, driving Chancellor, took third in the road hack event.

(Turn to page 24)



William Clark and Palatka, owned by William Hendrie. They came in first in the Green Hunters class.



Miss Josephine Braun on Stoney Creek collected many ribbons with this versatile horse.



Miss Elizabeth Briggs on Val Jean, a lightweight hunter.



Joseph Braun, Jr., won the Juniors' Open Jump on Gift.



Miss Betty Stahelin on Grey Dawn.



Miss Viola Hammond took several prizes on Ammeter.

THERE was a time not long ago when one could leave Detroit on a Sunday morning for a day's outing in Oakland County to camp on the shore of any lake without molestation from irate land owners, but as has been expressed in the classic phrase, "them days is gone forever."

The growing realization on the part of the city dweller of the need of country life for at least a part of the year has brought Detroiters out by thousands into the hills and onto the shores of Oakland County's beautiful lakes.

Such numbers of people have joined the exodus that, although the county boasts over four hundred lakes, they have practically all been bought, either for subdivisions or for the private summer residence of wealthy men.

In fact, so great is the demand for lakes and so high their value that many projects for damming up streams to create more lakes are now well under way. One by Mr. Frank Blair, of the Union Trust Company, near Orion, has been completed, and he has made a beautiful lake out of cattail swamps. It is but natural that the fortunate possessor of valuable lake frontage is no longer willing to let the public park upon his land and generally make itself at home at his expense.

Ordinarily father can only spend his week ends at the lake. It would be too much to expect an ordinary mortal to stay in his cottage at that time, thereby permitting strangers to disport themselves on the shore for which he paid.

Both personal and legal battles have been waged on the question of the owner's right to drive off trespassers, if, indeed, intruders are trespassers at all. We have, therefore, taken the trouble to gather some information which may be of value on this point.

The late Mr. E. C. Woodward, proprietor of the Orchard Lake hotel, had become uneasy about his title to beach along his shore which had become dry by the lowering of the lake level, and had left a narrow strip of land between the original and present water-line. Some persons had argued for squatter rights to this land.

He, therefore, wrote the land office at Washington requesting the necessary blanks upon which he could file claim to this land. Following is a copy of the letter he received in reply to his request:

"Care E. C. Woodward,  
Orchard Lake Hotel.

"Dear Sir:

"I am in receipt of your letter, dated 10/12/14, stating that you own certain land on the south side of Orchard Lake, in Michigan, and wish to make application for the survey of the land under the waters in front of your dry land line, and you request blanks to execute in order that you may apply for the survey of the same.

"In reply you are advised that Orchard Lake is shown by the plats on file in this office to cover certain lands in Secs. 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, T. 2 N., R. 9 E., Michigan, and it was duly meandered when the subdivision surveys of the township were executed in 1817. Lands under the waters of a meandered lake situated in front of a grant by the

## THE AFTERGLOW

A BLOOMFIELD HILLS MAGAZINE

Published Monthly by the  
AFTERGLOW PUBLISHING COMPANY  
THEODORE H. MILLINGTON, - President and Treasurer  
CATHERINE MYERS HERBERT, Vice-Pres. and Secretary  
916 Dime Bank Building, Telephone Cadillac 8826 Detroit, Michigan  
Summer Office at West View Estate, East of Bloomfield Open Hunt Club, Telephone Birmingham 7038-M Subscription \$2. a year 25c copy

CATHERINE MYERS HERBERT, Editor  
ELINOR MILLINGTON, Art Editor

VOLUME 1 JULY, 1925 NUMBER 6

United States are not subject to a survey and disposal by the Government.

"In the case of Hardin V. Jordan (140 U. S. 371) it is said: 'It has never been held that the lands under water in front of such grants of meandered lands, are reserved to the United States, or that they can be afterwards granted out to other persons, to the injury of the original grantees. The meander lines run along, or near the margin of such waters, are not run for the purpose of limiting the title of the grantee to such meander lines.'

"In the syllabus of the decision, it was held that: 'Grants by the United States of its public lands bounded on streams and other waters, made without reservations or restrictions, are to be construed, as to their effect, according to the law of the State in which the lands lie,' and that, 'by the common law under a grant of lands bounded on a lake or pond which is not tide water and is not navigable, the grantee takes to the center of the lake or pond, ratably with other riparian proprietors, if there be such.'

"As it does not appear that the land about which you inquire is public land of the United States, no blanks will be furnished you to execute in order that you may apply for the survey of the same.

"Signed: D. K. PARRETT,

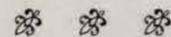
"10-17—J. P. K.

"Assistant Commissioner."

This, we believe, establishes the fact that the land under the water belongs to the abutting property holders. The title to the land having been taken from the United States through a chain of individual owners to the present day does not seem to give any but the title owners and his assigns any right to enjoy the use thereof.

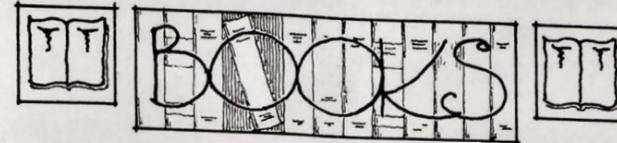
It follows, therefore, that any use of a lake, such as bathing, wading, watering of animals, the dropping of an anchor from a boat is trespassing upon private property. A right to fish belongs to the public on a meandered lake. But this does not carry with it the privilege of bathing, camping on the shores nor anchoring of boats in which to do the fishing, without the consent of owner of the land under the water.

Noisy and other unseemly conduct is subject to other statutes besides trespassing and need not be tolerated.



THE county and township authorities should take active measures to place correct road signs and prevent private direction signs from being placed at intersections of the public highways.

The property holder and taxpayer is entitled to road signs being so placed that anyone wishing to buy his produce or his land can find the road on which he lives if they know the name of the road in advance. Farm advertisements offering various things for sale often carry the name of a road. This is of little use if the road has no sign.



By Howard Weeks



OF the books of the past month or so the most interesting that has fallen in our gnarled grasp is "Bring! Bring!" (Boni & Liveright), a group of remarkable short stories by one of America's finest writers, Conrad Aiken. In opposition to this book the worst thing we have encountered in two or three fortnights or so is "Mayfair" (Doran), a book of short stories by a man who once was an honest and admirable writer but now has turned into a cheap literary confectioner. We refer to the Armenian lion, Michael Arlen. His first book, "The London Venture," which we enthused over five years ago, was excellent prose; but now these charming people in green hats walk through badly made stories that echo too frequently the words and ideas of other and greater writers. Arlen might still be writing well if Max Beerbohm, Oscar Wilde and a few others had not lived.

To return to Mr. Aiken's book, we wish to state that here are stories and the application of a literary method so far superior to that of the popular Armenian that there is no

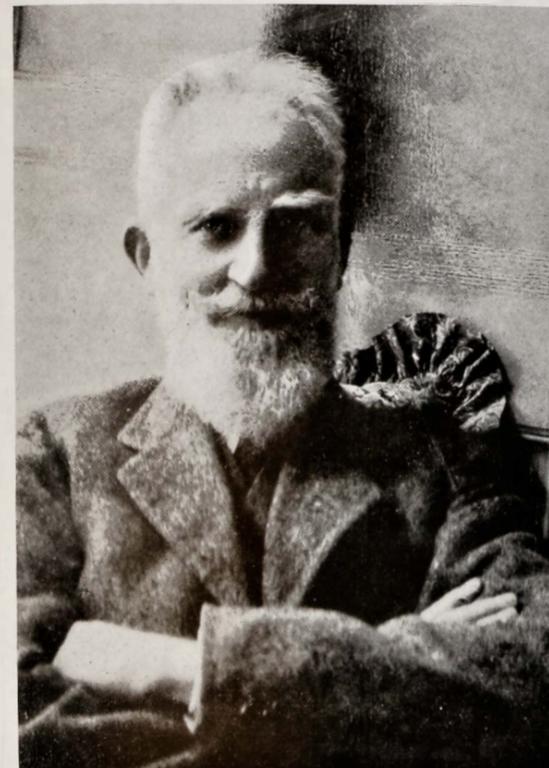
comparison. They seem to be writing in a different language. Mr. Aiken is a poet, critic and now a short-story writer of consummate ability. In these 13 stories he gives us glimpses into the thoughts and actions of unusual people in a most extraordinary and admirable way. If you are interested in the finest type of modern American writing, the work of Mr. Aiken should lie within your ken.

Another splendid book of recent publication is "Mrs. Dalloway" (Harcourt-Brace) by Virginia Woolf. Mrs. Woolf's marvelous perception of life's important subtleties has been displayed in other books, but in this story of the adventures of an Englishwoman in London in the time-space of a single day, she has outdone herself in clarifying, in her own peculiar and effective method, her rare and penetrating impressions.

For entertainment of the eye, ear, nose and throat variety, don't miss these two books: "Webster's Poker Book" (Simon & Schuster) and "The Book of Diversions" (Greenberg). H. T. Webster, the cartoonist, has been chiefly responsible for the poker book and he is aided and abetted by George Ade, Marc Connelly, George F. Worts and R. F. Foster. Any man who has ever attempted to fill a bob-tailed straight or a three-card flush or has ever listened to the remark, "This is positively the last round," will probably lie down on the floor and scream with laughter at this piece of work and order several copies for his friends. It is the best thing that has ever been done on the great American pastime. It contains Hoyle on poker, most useful at times to settle arguments, and there are also in a sliding compartment in the book a set of poker chips, embellished by Webster, several I. O. U. blanks, tastefully decorated, and a bunch of invitations to poker parties all ready to slip in the mail-box.

"The Book of Diversions" answers the question for all time of "Well, what'll we do?" when a group of friends get together all of whom are tired of bridge, more tired of mah jongg and not able to afford another quart. Franklin P. Adams has edited a section for reading aloud which is admirable as far as it goes; Deems Taylor, capable music critic of *The New York World*, has filled the book with unusually singable songs, of which both words and music are printed. There are a number of new games which are a relief from crossword puzzles, etc.; there are camping hints; suggestions for the hostess as what to serve at all times of the day and night—in other words if six people were wrecked on a desert island and they had "The Book of Diversions" it would be a year or more before they'd think about rescuers.

"Table-Talk by G. B. S." (Harper's) will be interesting to all those who enjoy reading Shaw or anything about Shaw—or for anybody else, in fact. The book is compiled by Prof. Archibald Henderson, Shaw's biographer, and the conversations are between the biographer and his subject



Bernard Shaw, whose "Table Talk" is still entirely Shavian.

(Turn to Page 29)

## A Page of Club Activities



D. D. Spellman

Miss Jane Thompson, daughter of Mr. Walter Thompson, a popular member of the young Hills set.

### Bloomfield Open Hunt

THE BLOOMFIELD OPEN HUNT CLUB will give its annual horse show for the young people on Saturday, July 4. The program, which will again begin at 2 o'clock, will consist of five horse show events and four gymkhana events. A buffet luncheon will be served at the clubhouse at 12:30 o'clock. Miss Annette Phillips is general chairman, assisted by a committee composed of Miss Elizabeth Lee Pope, Miss Rosemary Braun, Miss Jane Wingham, Edward P. Hammond, Jr., Francis Palms, Jr., Charles Wingham and Ralph Polk. M. F. Gagnier will be the judge.

### Bloomfield Hills Country Club

THE regular Saturday night dinner-dance on June 6 was well patronized in spite of the warm weather, for 150 reservations were made for dinner. Among those present were: Senator James Couzens and daughter, Miss Madeline, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fisher and son, Louis, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Trumbull, Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Jamison, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Kinsel, Mrs. Irene Kinsel Boydell, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Judson Bradway, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huyette, Mr. and Mrs. C. Haines Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Traub, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bee with sixteen guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Newcomb, Jr., with six guests, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Roberts, Miss Grace Briggs, and Mr. W. S. Robinson

Mrs. E. H. Jewett had a luncheon on Wednesday, June 3, with covers laid for six.

Mrs. A. W. Smith entertained eight guests for dinner on Thursday, June 4.

Miss Winifred Grindley and guest, Miss Janet Laney, of New York, spent Thursday, June 4, at the club.

On Wednesday, June 10, Mrs. W. H. Traub entertained the Detroit Garden Club with a luncheon. More than 50 were in attendance.

Mrs. Frank Joyce gave a bridge luncheon Wednesday, June 10, for 18 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bee gave a farewell party at the club on Saturday, June 13, for Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, who left on June 15 for a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Ewald and daughter, Miss Shirley Ewald and Miss Kathleen and Miss Ilene Keeno, of Grosse Pointe, were the week-end guests at the club, June 27 and 28.

Mrs. W. G. Harry and daughter, Margaret, and son, Billy, leave July 1 for Northern Michigan for the remainder of the summer. Mr. Harry will join them about August 1 for a month's visit, after which they will return to the club.

### Oakland Hills Country Club

MR. C. M. CULVER entertained the Detroit Employers' Manager's Association with a dinner for 60, on Tuesday, June 23, and Mr. David Lasley had a dinner for 28.

Mrs. R. K. Floyd had a luncheon for 12 women, and Mrs. J. F. Donnellon invited 16 to luncheon on Wednesday, June 24.



Bachrach

Miss Peggy Harry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harry, who with her parents will spend some time at the Bloomfield Country Club after a trip to Northern Michigan.

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### Oakland Hills Country Club

Miss Beatrice and Evelyn Findlay, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Graham Findlay, who have returned from the Mount Ida School, Newton, Mass., where they were graduated on June 3, will spend the week-end, June 6 and 7, at the Oakland Hills Country Club, where they will be entertained by their parents. Mr. Findlay is a director of the Oakland Hills Club.

On Saturday, June 6, 350 members and their guests attended the club dinner-dance. Among the private dinner parties for that night were Mr. F. T. Geis, Jr., who entertained eleven couples; Mr. C. E. Truxell, who had 26 guests for dinner; and Mr. A. E. Griffith, who entertained 16 friends.

On Monday and Tuesday, June 8 and 9, 200 officials of the United States Railroad and Steamship Lines were entertained at Oakland Hills by the Dodge Brothers Motor Company.

On Monday, June 8, Mrs. F. D. Heath of Detroit entertained 125 members of the Women's Review Club at luncheon.

Mrs. R. H. Hyde entertained 16 at luncheon on Tuesday, June 9.

On Wednesday, June 10, at 11:30 a. m., a club bridge breakfast was given by the women of Oakland Hills. More than 200 were there.

Mrs. A. J. Weatherwax of Detroit entertained at dinner on Thursday evening, June 11. Her guests numbered ten.

Mrs. Richard Bragaw entertained at luncheon on Thursday, June 11. Covers for 12 were laid.

The week-end guests at Oakland Hills on June 6 and 7 were: Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Floyd.

The week-end guests at Oakland Hills on June 13 and 14 were: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Nebel and guests and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whirl, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Brennan, and Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Findlay and daughters, Evelyn and Beatrice.

The club gave a dinner-dance for 250 guests on Saturday, June 13. The same evening a dinner party for 15 was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hebel.

Club bridge night was Wednesday, June 17, and proved to be a popular affair. The same day a bridge luncheon for 10 was given by Mrs. R. W. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rule gave a dinner for 25 on Thursday, June 18.

Week-end guests on June 20 and 21 were: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Berend and guest, Mr. E. J. Kneip; Mr. T. E. Chancellor and Mr. R. P. Henderson, of York, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crofutt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crittenden, and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thomas.

On Saturday, June 20, there was a dinner-dance for 200 guests. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thomas entertained 15 at dinner at that time.

Monday, June 22, Mrs. G. A. Tompkins entertained with a luncheon for 10; Mrs. W. J. Peoples gave a luncheon for 20 guests, and Mrs. Max O'Leary, a bridge luncheon for 20.

### Golf Events for Women

The following program has been arranged for the season of 1925:

(1) Friday of each week is Ladies' Day. The last Friday of each month Ladies' Guest Day—each member may have one guest without greens fee charge.

The only exception as to Friday is when that day falls on a holiday, or in case of unavoidable conflict.

(2) In all events, contestants must make their entry and be ready to tee off by 11:00 a. m. on day of event.

(3) It is expected that all rules governing the use of the two (2) courses by our ladies will be substantially the same as for the season of 1924. These rules will be promulgated by the greens committee and posted on bulletin boards. Strict observance and whole-hearted co-operation on our part will result in making our play more enjoyable by ourselves, our families and our guests.

(4) All events, unless otherwise specified, on present south course:

Friday, May 8—Qualifying round; medal play; Spring Handicap Tournament—(Oakland Hills Handicap Cup)—Three (3) flights of 8 each will be provided for.

Friday, June 5—Mixed two-ball foursome, starting 3:00 p. m. Ladies' choice. Match play against par. Three-fourths of the combined medal handicaps to apply in match play. Prizes to winners and runner-up.

Friday, June 12—Kickers' handicap. Blind bogey event. Select your own handicap.

Friday, June 19—Stroke competition. Medal handicaps. Prizes for low gross and low net—18 holes.

Friday, June 26—Match play against par. Match handicaps to apply. Prizes to winners in both A and B class.

Schedule for July and balance of the season will be given later.

Notice—Special events for beginners with handicaps, 18 to 36. Besides the regular events scheduled above, there will be medal play (low gross and low net) for beginners on Friday of each week, starting May 8. Players wishing to enter these events must be ready to tee off by 11:00 a. m.

### Pine Lake Country Club

BEGINNING with the first Saturday in June, Pine Lake is having dinner-dances on that night throughout the summer.

\* \* \*

The Annual Children's Day Party will be held on the afternoon of July 4. The following committee have this in charge: Mrs. V. J. Davis, chairman; Mrs. Chas. J. Wright, Mrs. Louis T. Morrow.

### Results of Golf Tournament

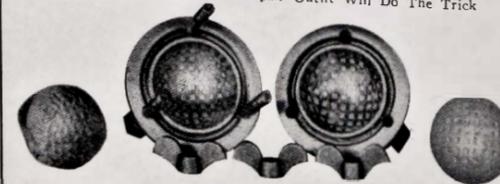
May 9-10—Best ball—handicap.	Gross	Hdc.	Net
Winners:			
Lou Morrow—Walter Chanter.....	81	16	65
Runners Up:			
D. S. Eade—C. H. Welsh, Jr.....	85	15	70
May 23-24—J. L. Hudson Trophy, 18-hole medal handicap.			
E. C. Janisse.....	89	24	65
Decoration Day—Match play against par—handicap.			
F. H. Dohany.....	5 up on par		
A. J. Stecker.....	5 up on par		
Tied for winners—not played off yet.			

The ladies' weekly tournaments, held every Thursday, started June 4. Mrs. A. J. Prentice won low gross and Mrs. M. T. Watson low net.

### Tea at the Old Mill

TEA will be served at the Old Mill Antique Shop at Rochester, Mich., beginning Saturday, June 27, every day except Sundays, according to Miss Ada Freeman. Light luncheons or suppers will be served by appointment.

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We will send you ten balls, which are worth \$1.00 each, and the UNIVERSAL OUTFIT, which will enable you to remake your own golf balls hereafter, all for \$10.00. Send us twelve used balls, we will remake and return ten of them to you, together with the entire set, paint for two hundred balls, and paint Remover for two hundred balls. The whole will be forwarded you Parcel Post, C. O. D., \$10.00. If you haven't twelve used balls send what you have, we will make them up and return in the same proportion as above specified.

Some skeptics imagine a ball cannot be repaired without altering its weight, or throwing it out of balance, or causing it to lose its resiliency. Not one of the above statements is true. A ball repaired by the UNIVERSAL OUTFIT is just as good as new. Many golfers remarking their golf balls claim they can get longer drives with a UNIVERSAL remade ball than they can with a new one.

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### Colonel George Will Tell of Trip

COL. EDWIN S. GEORGE, who has just returned from an extended trip to South Africa, will tell of his most interesting experiences, and Mr. William C. Richards will report them for THE AFTERGLOW. The first of three articles covering the trip will appear in the next issue of the magazine.

### Bloomfield Horses Take Ribbons

(Continued from page 15)

Second place in the pairs of jumpers test went to Miss Elizabeth Briggs and Billie Bell, riding Gaelic and Val Jean. Miss Briggs was also successful in the closing event, the teams of three hunters over the regular course in complete hunt livery. She took third place on Gaelic along with W. F. Tromble and Billie Bell, on Val Jean and Red Rambler, respectively.

Another Bloomfield Hills' resident, C. C. Winningham, Jr., took third place in the open jump, on Silver String. The judges were Samuel W. Taylor and T. H. Smith of New York.

Bloomfield Hills horses and riders were particularly well represented at the Third Annual R. O. T. C. horse show held at East Lansing the last two days in May. Mr. William Hendrie's fine horse, Dominion, came off as champion of the state, with Freckles' Sister, belonging to Mrs. T. R. Donovan, as reserve champion.

Present also, and riding in the various events, were the Charles T. Fisher family, who entered four horses, the W. O. Briggs family, with Miss Elizabeth and Miss Grace Briggs taking the hurdles in fine style. Little Miss Rosemary Braun, on Stoney Creek, rode well in the most difficult events, and won the red ribbon in the light weight hunter class. The Charles T. Fisher family entered their five beautiful horses, Sunbeam, Moving Picture, Kid O'Kildare, Royal Irish and Limerick. Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn also entered four horses and rode in several events.

Mrs. T. R. Donovan not only rode the reserve champion of the show but came off with the cup and the blue ribbon in the Ladies' Hunter class, and also in the pairs of hunters, with Miss Mary Taliaferro's horse, Woodpecker. She also won third in the medium weight hunters' class. Incidentally, she was the most expert woman rider who entered the show, taking her jumps casually and gracefully quite without the usual agony.

In the Hunt event, with the riders in red, riding in groups of three, although the Grosse Pointe team took the first two places, the Briggs' beautifully matched team came out third, not leaving Bloomfield unrepresented although the Bloomfield Open Hunt team was unfortunately disqualified because of an unavoidable accident, on the second hurdle.

Among the Bloomfield people attending the horse show were Mr. William Hendrie and Miss Marjory Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Braun, Miss Mary Taliaferro, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McDonald, Wesson Seyburn, E. S. Nichols and Gordon Mendelssohn.

### Small Houses

(Continued from page 6)

cured by tying the whole effect to the terrain with a well-designed, thoroughly practical and soundly logical one-story home of individuality. Fortunately for the one-floor design, as well as for the home of two or three stories, everyone will not like it. But the charm and simplicity of it offer a pleasing variation from the accepted order. See if you don't agree as you drive by the many dotting the nearby landscape!

### Society

(Continued from Page 15)

THE Style Show, of the Rotary Club of Birmingham, which was staged on Thursday evening, May 28, in the Baldwin High School, interested a wide number of participants and spectators. The film, "The Dressmaker of Paris," was shown, and a group of young women from Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham displayed models from the J. L. Hudson Company. The proceeds from the affair were given to the Crippled Children's Fund.

The models chosen were Miss Margaret Donnelly, Miss Katherine Donnelly, Miss Suzanne House, Miss Eleanor Mack, Mrs. Henry Mack, Mrs. Charles Craig, Mrs. Laurence P. Smith, Mrs. Edward G. Wasey, Mrs. William E. Blythe, Mrs. Howard L. Simpson, Mrs. George M. Dwelley, Miss Helen Walker, Miss Winifred Huntoon, Miss Hilda Trumbull, Miss Charlotte Whalen, Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, Miss Isha Ali and Miss Maurine Hameless.

Boxholders at the affair included the George T. Hendries, the T. R. Donovans, the W. Nelson Whittemores, the Harry W. Taylors, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Marquis, the Charles J. Shains, the George P. Raynales, the W. W. Raymonds, the R. W. Reilys, the Stowe D. Baldwins, the Donald Camerons, and the David H. Ladds.

\* \* \*

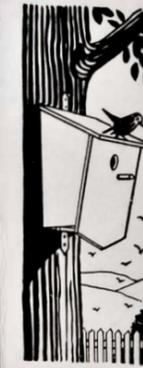
THE last week of May Mrs. Francis F. McKinney, of Greenwood avenue, was hostess at a small tea, honoring her sister, Mrs. S. Arthur Houston, who, with her husband, Bishop Houston, and their children, Wilber, Ann and John, were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Brotherton, of Pingree avenue, Detroit.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Zelmer Dowling entertained for Bishop and Mrs. Houston at a dinner at their home. Bishop and Mrs. Houston left shortly afterwards for Seattle, Wash., where Bishop Houston will be Bishop of Washington.

\* \* \*

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE M. DWELLEY entertained at one of the most delightful parties of the month in Birmingham, on Saturday afternoon, Memorial Day, inviting a group of their young married friends. The party was called a "Treasure Hunt," and the guests drew for partners, and, starting at the same point, were led all over Birmingham and the Hills by the means of clues. The couple returning in the shortest time were given prizes. After the hunt, dinner was served at Mr. and Mrs. Dwelley's home on East Maple road.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Mark S. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. George Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. David H. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Loren T. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Muehlmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Asper, Mr. and Mrs. Hal G. Trump, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Colgrove, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, Dr. and Mrs. George P. Raynale, and Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Gordon.



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## Grand Opera Stars

(Continued from Page 8)

will permit, I will ask him to give you a few instructions in the proper way of producing tone, well forward."

After six days of sulking, the "sweet angel-face" decided to follow the timely advice. She sought the aid of Caruso, who, ever the gallant, responded to such effect, that on her second appearance the "Dainty Miss" was so mightily acclaimed by the critics, that her repute at the Metropolitan was forthwith and permanently set.

A number of roarily funny malheurs did their utmost to ruin a series of super-fine presentations.

One night a noted German tenor essayed the role of "Lohengrin." With majestic fervor, from a small raised platform, he rang out his "Farewell" to the white-necked swan.

"Farewell, beloved swan," he began, at the same time retreating recklessly on the platform.

Finish he never did. Toppling backward, full-length, he had disappeared, with his costume of cream and delicate blue, leaving visible to the convulsed audience only the soles and spurs of one pair of large boots.

A special matinee of Wagner's "Rheingold" had filled every seat in the house, with spectators standing three deep. The first scene, showing the Rhine maidens gambling in the ocean depth, had ended, and the elaborate scenery had been lowered into the traps. Followed scene 2, of rustic calm and beauty, and given over wholly to Wotan and Fricka.

Breathlessly the audience sat under the music's magic, when suddenly a stooped Irish woman, carrying a bucket of water in her left hand and a floor mop under her right arm, trudged slowly across stage, causing a riot of merriment on the other side of the footlights.

The mop woman had outwitted the inspector, stationed in the wings, who momentarily had quitted his post.

An unusual mishap centered about Burgstaller, who long had been the favorite of Mme. Cosima Wagner, at the annual Festivals in Bayreuth. He was the guileless "Parsifal"—It was act the last, the very climax. Slowly he approached stage center, spear in right hand, and wearing full armor with helmet. His move was to anchor the spear in a small opening in the stage, remove the helmet and shield, lean them both against the upright spear, then fall reverently to his knees. As precaution a small safety bracket had been built on the under side of the stage, to brace the spear and prevent its slipping through. Unknown to the stage manager a careless super, prowling in the basement, had knocked away the bracket, leaving the way clear for a long journey cellarward.

Nervously Burgstaller maneuvered, finally landing the lower end of the spear in the opening that seemed to chuckle at the fun to follow. In an instant the spear had vanished up to the metal-pointed headpiece. Quickly Burgstaller recovered the slippery rod, but by no method of cajolery could he persuade it to stand erect. In desperation, then, he nodded to a super in the wings, who rushing forward, held the spear aloft, while Parsifal's prayer was offered amid the greatest applause ever heard within the Metropolitan's walls.

A well known Juliet, tall and statuesque, played one night to an undersized Romeo from sunny Italy. Reaching down from the balcony for the hand of her ardent wooer, she found the gap too wide. During her frantic struggle to clasp hands, the scenery started tottering, and threatened to spill itself over the stage. Furiously lovely Juliet screamed to her scared boy-sized lover: "You little shrimp, why don't you grow?" A scene hugely relished by those in the front row who had heard the savage comment.

The climax of happenings was registered in a performance of "Carmen," and with it came the revelation of a bit of humanity.

In one act of the whirling opera, a bridge is erected on the stage, over which the company of soldiers is to pass. Supers were always carefully cautioned to break step while crossing the bridge, to avoid vibration and possible accident. On this occasion, however, Frank Rigo, first assistant to Teddy Seidel, stage manager, had failed to issue the instructions. Proudly the soldiers started to march over in strict military rhythm. Suddenly there was a sharp, heavy crash, and in an instant the stage was filled with moaning, seriously injured men.

Then followed the warming human touch.

An attractive young woman was seen quietly to leave the auditorium for the side hall at the left. Doffing her opera cloak, and stripping several rings from her fingers, she handed these to one of the company executives, rushed back stage, rolled up her sleeves, and took complete charge of the wounded. With bewildering executive ability she drafted into service as aid every person available, dressed every gaping wound, then called for her valuables, and leaving not a trace of her identity, slipped calmly out into the night.

At close of the New York season, I took the entire company of 200, under guarantee, across the continent, starting at Boston, and appearing successively in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, Tex., New Orleans, Birmingham, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn. Here, again comedy stalked the players.

At Pittsburgh we presented the Wagner Opera, in which Grane, the horse, plays a leading role.

A rigid company rule required that the steed be thoroughly aired before being led on stage, as stable odor was highly offensive to Mme. Ternina, the title star. But on this particular night the rule had been flouted, and the managing chiefs were in a panic, lest Ternina would refuse to go on.

Flashing a bright thought one of the stage hands volunteered with, "I can fix that all right, just give me ten dollars."

With the money in hand, he rushed to the nearest drug store, purchased one gallon of strong violet water, and returning in high glee, doused the black charger, from head to heel, with the pungent perfume. Under the heat of stage lights, the alcohol in the aromatic compound soon started its itching work under the animal's skin. First he ate up all the property plants in sight, then began chewing down the scenery, sending Ternina into such a tantrum of hysterics that the performance was all but wrecked.

At Omaha the little donkey, drawing the clown's cart in "Pagliacci" suddenly turned balky. Scorning the bait and lure of tobacco, chocolates and feminine caresses, the stubborn beast refused to stir, fore or aft. The situation was becoming uproariously acute, when a giant end chorus man stepped forward, lifted the donkey and cart into his arms, and carried them bodily off stage.

At Kansas City we appeared in the huge Convention Hall, upon a portable platform with dressing rooms made of flimsy canvas on either side of the stage.

At end of Act 1 our business manager, Ernest Goerlitz, noticed that no one would leave the auditorium.

"I never saw that before anywhere in the world," he commented. "That nobody goes out between the acts—what's the reason, I wonder?"

The mystery soon cleared. As the flower maidens in "Parsifal" changed costumes into tights, their forms were vividly silhouetted against the filmy canvas.



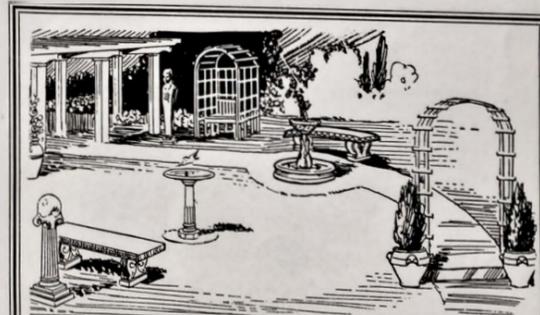
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## Imagination

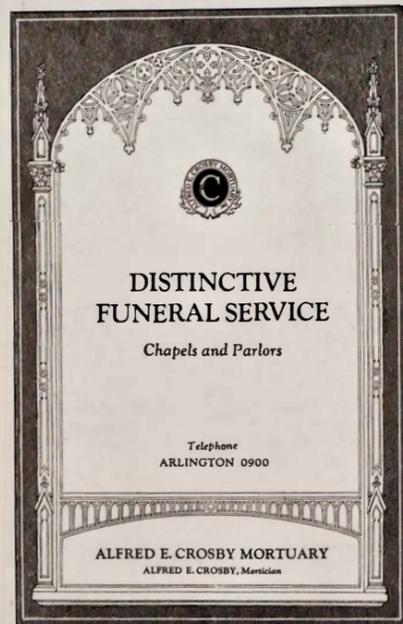
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"Now I understand," Goerlitz chuckled, "you couldn't drive that crowd out with the whole police force."

With an expense account every six days of \$40,000, financial disaster was everywhere predicted for this tour, but so thoroughly had the soil been prepared through aggressive advance publicity, and so hungry were the "provinces" for Grand Opera of New York standard that the six weeks on the road returned net profits of \$85,000, and set a record, after 14 years of consistent failure to pilot successfully this immense organization across the American desert.

## College Women Organize

(Continued from Page 9)

also spoke, and Mrs. G. T. Hendrie gave an interesting talk on the Farm Bureau for Girls.

Last year, Miss Mary Eade conducted a Round Table of illuminating lectures on International Relations, which was sponsored by the University association.

This year the Pre-school idea has held the center of the stage with the organization of 10 study groups for the study of the Pre-school child and its problems. The outgrowth of this movement is the hope of the establishment of a unit of the Merrill-Palmer School in Birmingham in connection with the school system, as is now being done in the Highland Park schools.

Inspired by a lecture and the film "The Gift of Life," given under the auspices of the association, the branch has arranged a Social Hygiene program, showing "The Gift of Life" to mothers and children, with the co-operation of the Parent-Teachers associations. Birmingham is the first town in Michigan to give this great educational opportunity to its children, and the branch has sent in a recommendation for a state-wide program to be adopted by the state organization next year.

Among the well-known and interesting speakers, who have come to Birmingham sponsored by the association, are Miss Estelle Downing, formerly of Ypsilanti; Dr. Rachel Yarros of the Social Hygiene Board; Mrs. Bessie Leach Priddy, who talked on Reconstruction Problems; Mr. M. S. Pittman, who discussed Rural Education; Miss Marie Hopkins of Michigan Agricultural College, whose subject was the diet of infants and young children; Dr. Helen T. Woolley, Miss Mary Sweeny, Miss Edna White and Miss Walleen, all of whom discussed various phases of the Merrill-Palmer School; Miss Anita Pollitzer, Mrs. Myron Vorse and Mrs. Bessie Moton Garner, who discussed the Lucretia Mott amendment; and Dr. Mary Stevens who gave such an enlightening talk on the penal institutions of this state.

In May, 1923, the state convention of the American Association of University Women was entertained by the Birmingham branch and about 60 delegates attended.

To maintain the various enterprises of the branch, several schemes for money making were staged by the members, among which stand out the Thanksgiving dance at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club, two barn dances at Dunning's Corners, several benefit bridge parties, a most successful Fashion Show, an Athletic meet staged at the Baldwin High school by students from University of Michigan and several movies.

The quota to the National Headquarters fund has been paid off and at the annual picnic, given at the home of Mrs. A. G. Ostermann in Oak Knob, Mrs. Leigh B. Lynch, the second president, turned over the work of the branch to Mrs. A. J. Halgren, the newly elected president, who had just returned from the National Convention at Indianapolis, where she had been sent as a delegate from the Birmingham branch.

In the program for 1925-26, the Educational work is stressed. The Pre-school study group idea and the project of a Merrill-Palmer Unit in our community will occupy the paramount position of importance and effort. A Social Hygiene Program of great educational value to the youth of the village, will be a constructive feature and the study of International Relationships will be an important phase of the work of the year, the aim of which will be to make a finer community for all children and all villagers and to help establish friendly relationships with other nations, through banishing old prejudices and ignorances and by extending hospitality to foreign students in our institutions of learning and by intelligent study of foreign problems and our responsibility in them.

## Books

(Continued from page 19)

Shaw, it seems, from these conversations, is still delightfully Shavian.

Paul Jordan Smith is a southerner who, not long ago wrote a first novel of some distinction called "Cables of Cobweb." His new book is "Nomad" (Minton-Balch) and while a work of ability and interest, it is too obviously Cabell out of John Cournos. Mr. Jordan-Smith takes his hero and with two other fantastic characters sets him tramping about this country and having adventures which the author uses to satirize the so-called American scene. Cournos did this on an international scale in "The New Candide" and did it a little more deftly than Mr. Jordan-Smith.

And now before the collection is taken up and the Ladies' Aid Society meetings are announced, we wish to advise, for your spiritual welfare, the reading of "Paul Bunyan" (Knopf) by James Stevens—not Stephens. You may have heard of Paul; he is the great American lumberman whose blue ox, Babe, measures 42 ax-handles and a plug of tobacco between the horns. To say anything more about this most delightful and authentic American fantasy would spoil the story—but read it.

## Extensive Developments on the Dodge Road

**A**DAMS ROAD, commonly known as the Dodge Road, which joins Woodward Avenue on the southern outskirts of Birmingham, crosses the Perry Road northeast of Pontiac and joins the Orion Road farther north, is being developed extensively this season. Mr. Judson Bradway has opened his Eastover Farms at the junction of this highway and the Bloomfield Center Road, and Wormer & Moore announce the opening of East Bloomfield Farms. These subdivisions are restricted to residences and small estates.

East Bloomfield Farms front on Niles, Woodbrook and Monnier Roads, one-half mile east of the Dodge Road and one-fourth mile north of the proposed extension of the East Bloomfield Center Road. The homesites will be comprised of five-acre tracts, and a \$10,000 restriction will be placed on the cost of the homes. Graveled roads are a proposed improvement.

In the village of Birmingham, Wormer & Moore have developed Northlawn Heights adjoining the links of the Birmingham Golf Club between Northlawn Drive and Lincoln Avenue. Southfield Road lies a short distance east of the property. The average size of the lots will be 80 by 140 feet, with proposed improvements of sewers, water mains, and gravelled streets. Restrictions are from \$7,500 to \$10,000 for residences, and plans will be approved by the company.



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Cadillac 5969

Cadillac 6100

## Builders' Directory

FOR the convenience of the readers of THE AFTERGLOW we are printing a list of artisans and tradesmen of good reputation who are available at all times.

BRICK MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham.

BUILDER—York R. F. Giddey, Lexington Building, 2970 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit.

CARPENTER—William Van Every, Ray Clark, Carl Westerby, Birmingham.

DECORATOR—D. A. Green, Tillotsen Brothers, Pontiac.

ELECTRICAL FITTINGS—Leonard Electrical Fittings Co., Birmingham.

LANDSCAPE GARDNER AND GARDENING—Harold F. Klein, R. F. D. No. 3, Emerson C. Brown, Gerard Putters, Birmingham.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS—William P. Smith, 18 South Sanford Street, Pontiac; Packard Charlton Building Co., Levinson Bldg., Birmingham.

GENERAL TRUCKING AND EXPRESSING—Robert Hanson, hauls black dirt, fertilizer, Walled Lake.

PAINTER—Robert Appell, Dale Carter, R. F. D. No. 4, Birmingham.

PLUMBER—Glen P. Seely, Pontiac; Lewis Henry, D. B. Wilkinson, W. H. Miller, Birmingham; L. D. Holser, Pontiac.

STONE MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham. R. F. D. No. 6.

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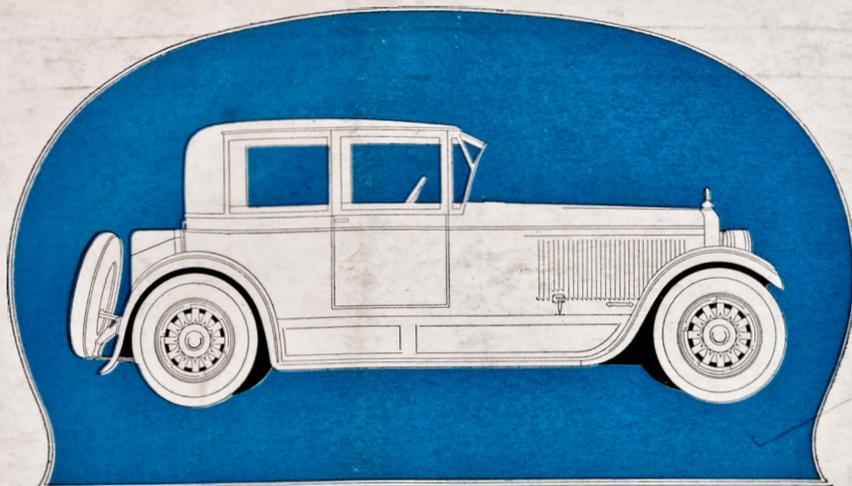
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W. Whiting Raymond

Main Office: Penobscot Building, Detroit  
Branch Offices at Birmingham and Bloomfield Hills

Birmingham  
Bloomfield Hills  
Southfield Hills  
Troy  
Avon  
Detroit



## I Don't Want to Be Ordinary

Frankly—I don't want to be ordinary—dress like everybody else—look like everybody else.

I don't want to be self-conscious.

When I thrust my radiator into the van of the traffic press I want to be nice to everybody, but get away first.

I don't want to be slow on my feet.

When I take a hill I want to look back on the aristocrats.

I don't want to be conspicuous, but I love to have people stop and watch me go by.

I am The Great Jordan Line Eight.

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I wish I could sew. I'd  
love to be a credit to my  
parents. But between you  
and me, I love that horse.*

# J O R D A N