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The hand of God is in each bloom
Endowing them with sweet perfume—
With radiant hues of every tone—
From seeds and bulbs that MAN has sown!

And as this place, I step within,
There comes to me, with pleasant grin,
With twinkly eyes and friendly hand—
That genial man who owns the land.
And I believe his flowers impart
That smile that blooms within his heart!
And they have placed upon his face
A friendly smile—a touch of grace!

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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Country Houses
Society & Sports

Contents for NOVEMBER, 1925

	Page
Cover	
A Meet at Cloutsham	by Jimmy Vhay 5
"Oh To Have A Little House"	by Mrs. T. R. Donovan 5
Cartoon and Verse	by Marion Holden 6
The Tyrant of the Ring	by Fred D. Farrar 8
Society	by Elizabeth Penny 9
Books	by Marjorie Avery 11
Sixth Hunt Race Meeting of the B. O. H.	by Howard Weeks 14
As They Hunt In England, photographs	15
Country Clubs	16
Dear Old Golden Rule Days	by Harold George 18
Country Comment	by Eva Marlotte 20
A Word On English Sporting Prints	by J. O. T. 24
Harry M. Shaw To Be Advertising Manager	by Gordon Beer 27
Social News of the Clubs	28
	30

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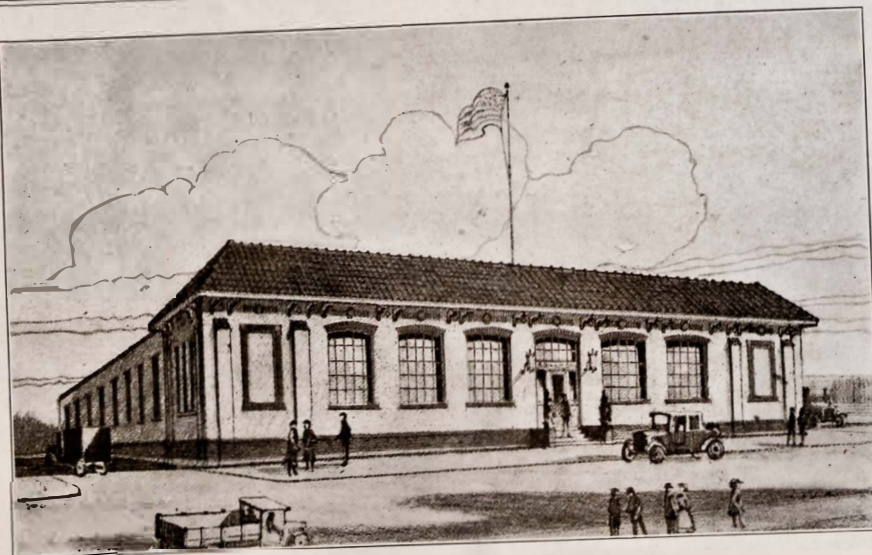


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THE AFTERGLOW



A Meet at Cloutsham With the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds

By MRS. T. R. DONOVAN

THE meet was scheduled to take place at eleven o'clock, but as Cloutsham was over thirty miles from Minehead, where we were staying, Wadd the faithful chauffeur who knows every inch of Somerset and has driven "Trippers" like ourselves to meets for over fifteen years, told us to be ready at 9:30. The madness of those early morning drives along the narrow roadways—more like lanes—with no room to pass should we meet another car, still sends a shudder down my back. Thank goodness every one was going in the same direction with the meet uppermost in their minds and the few farmers we met clambered out of our way in some mysterious manner.

Arriving at Luccomb some of the party found their horses awaiting them there but thanks to Wadd, the Groom had taken my horse further on to Webber's Post thereby saving me a hard ride of nearly four miles up the moor.

At last after the 1915 Armstrong-Siddley had laboriously climbed the 3 in 5 gradient we reached Webber's Post which was merely a crossroads on the top of the moor. I soon found my horse—a big bay. Having had a bit of bad luck the week before with a short-backed whippet, light legged grey just over from Ireland, I had changed from Henry Hawkins of Skittle Alley just back of "The Plume of Feathers Hotel" to the Smith stables on Irnham Road. Not that old 'Awkins was lacking in good hunters in his yard, for after a heated argument and profuse apologies he mounted me beautifully on the one morning I had cubbing with Lord Poltimore's pack near North Molton. Nevertheless I liked my Bay, for it strangely enough proved to be the same horse I had ridden last year, when the kill took place in the beautiful Lorna Doone Valley.

We started across the moor down a valley then up again on a very narrow, steep, cobbled lane until we came to a farm house on the edge of another moor where they kennelled the packs and took out the tufters, the said

tufters comprising about three or four couples of the cleverest hounds. The field, comprising on this day between two hundred and fifty and three hundred people stood around the farm buildings shivering, trying to keep their horses warm and dry, for a little more than what the English term a dry mist and we in this country call a nice rain had suddenly descended upon us. A few brave souls had waited in the cold wind out on the moor to see the tufters thrown in and had been rewarded by seeing the stag go away in good style. We were fortunate on this day in having the tufters find so readily for there was a day when we waited from eleven until three before we even so much as budged from the same spot.

The tufters were now whipped off and brought back to the farmyard where the remainder of the pack was unkenelled and all then laid on the scent thus giving the stag about twenty minutes start. We all started pell mell down this same cobbled lane ordinarily wide enough for three horses abreast but now with at least six all struggling to keep the pack and the master, Col. Wiggen, on his good grey hunter, in view. I held my breath in expectation of being kicked every moment, especially in the mad rush through the gates, for not having fully recovered from one slight token of what a horse can do with his heels at home, I was not looking for another quite so soon.

We at last came out on a high ridge with the glorious farm lands of Somerset below us and there was the stag bounding away over the hedges and fields in one direction with the calf and hind in another. Down the moor side again we rode across some fields, along a road until a cross road was reached, with some going one way and some another. I did not know what to do until suddenly appeared George Hendrie saying, "I'm

going this way." Knowing his unerring judgement as a fox hunter at home, I decided to cast my lot in with him. After a hard

(Continued on Page 25)





The little house that was built by the Harry F. Kleins

"Oh to Have a Little House!"

By MARION HOLDEN

Photographs by Thomas Ellison

*"O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!"*

*To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delft,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!*
From "An Old Woman of the Roads."
By Padraic Colum.

OBVIOUSLY, the achievement of simplicity takes immense restraint. The very effort to capture it so often creates complications. The Harry F. Kleins of R. F. D. No. 3 Birmingham—which is two miles north on the Adams road, one mile east and a few rods north again—have, by careful planning and much repressing of unessential detail, made the ducky little house pic-

tured here come to life much in the spirit of the old farm houses that were once such substantial inhabitants of this region.

Opposite the old Klein estate were three acres which seem to have been arranged on purpose by a thoughtful landscapist a century ago. There they are, ready made in a sort of triangle, sloping down from the road, with huge elms here and there and a little gurgling stream ambling through, so that a small white bridge could make even more delightful the approach to the house. One day this little house will serve as a guest house or gardener's cottage, but in the meantime it is perhaps the most livable small house that one could come upon in the mid-west. For we haven't yet the genius for living beautifully in small space out here. We try for elegance, and achieve—the usual thing, cut and dried out of a builder's catalogue.

The house, small as it is, integrates in every detail with the tastes and lives of its owners. It contains, as you may see by the plan, only a living room—with dining end—two bed rooms, bath, kitchen and the small screened porch which opens from the dining end and from the kitchen so that it may very nicely be used as a breakfast porch in pleasant weather, looking out as it does over green acres, across the little stream and beyond to the white fence that marks the country road.

Now Mr. Ellison—the man who made these lovely photographs—has photographed houses pretty much all over this country and England. He had been taking photographs all the afternoon of houses that were indifferently good—nice houses, you understand, but just houses.

(Continued on Page 23)



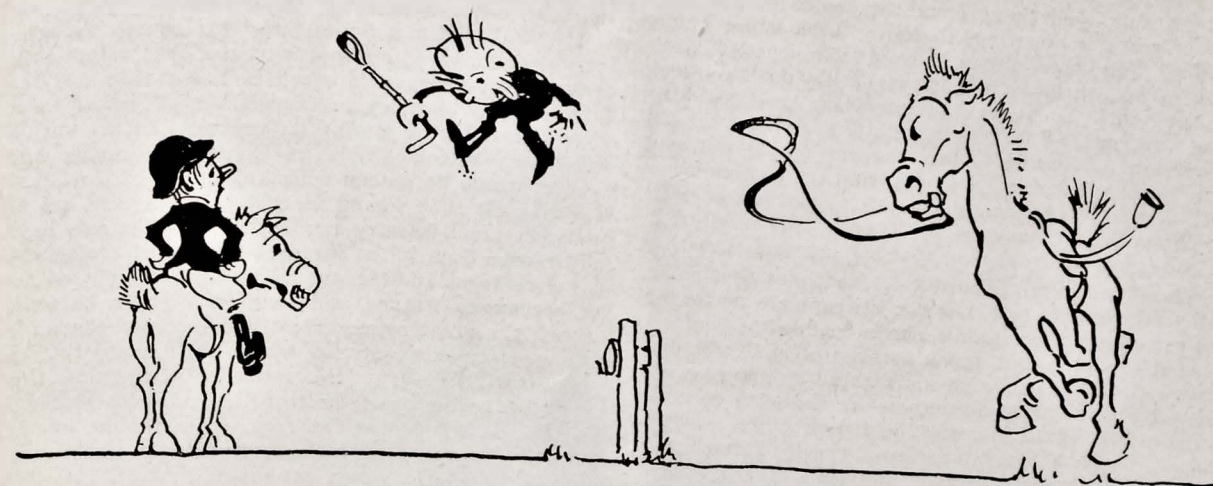
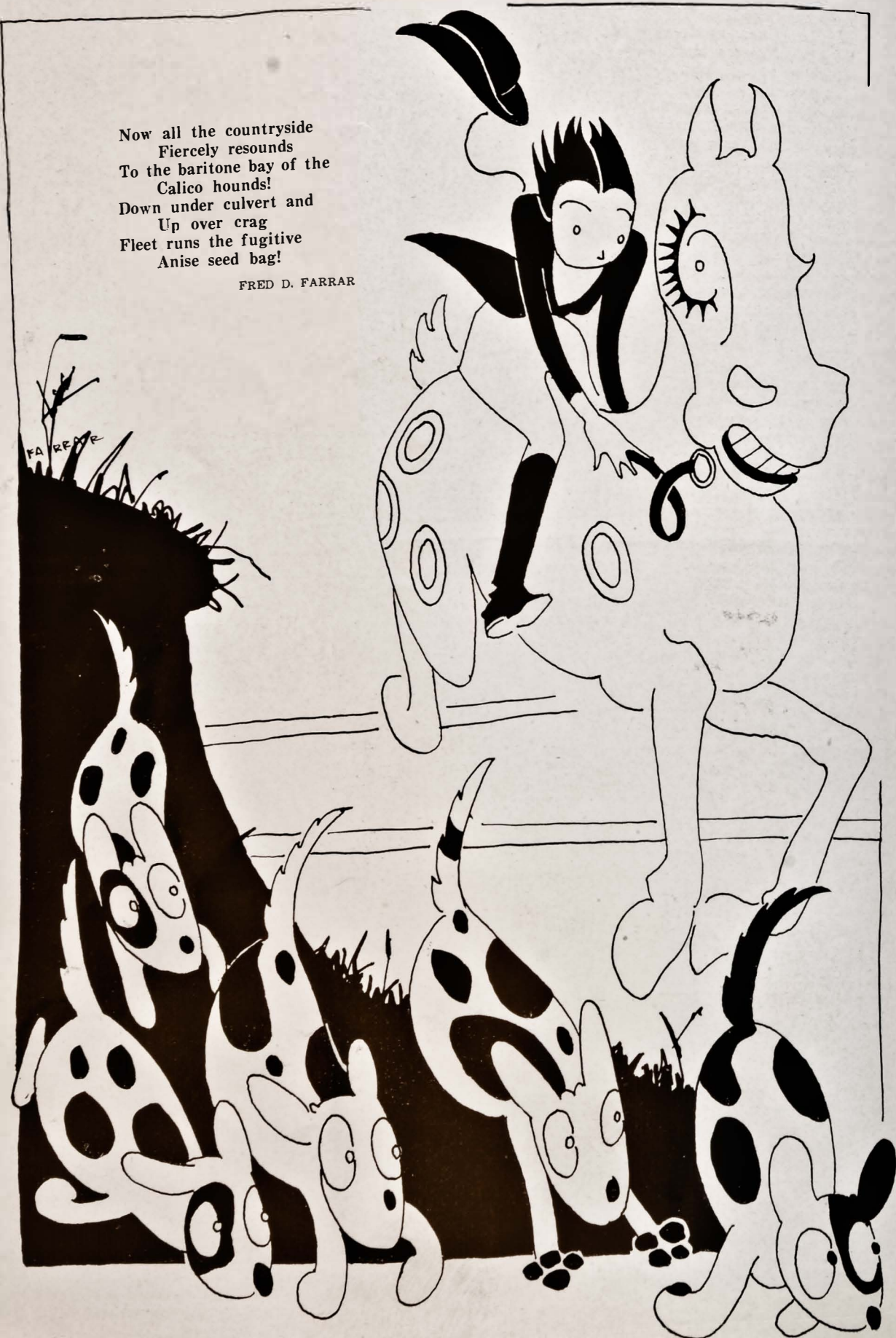
The dining-end of the living room with a door onto the porch and into the kitchen



The charming details of the furniture and its arrangement are the result of patience, sandpaper and taste

Now all the countryside
Fiercely resounds
To the baritone bay of the
Calico hounds!
Down under culvert and
Up over crag
Fleet runs the fugitive
Anise seed bag!

FRED D. FARRAR



The Tyrant of the Ring

Long May He Ride!

By ELIZABETH PENNY

RIDING talk—racing talk—hunting talk—the air of Bloomfield fairly resounds to the beat of horses' hoofs! Inevitably you reach the momentous decision that you will go out to the Bloomfield Open Hunt for a few lessons, "just to brush up your form." And then—well, when the Fall hunting begins you'll probably walk away with a brush or two for pride's sake.

You encounter a friend, wise in the equestrian art, and you learn that Mr. John Waller, instructor extraordinary to the Bloomfield Open Hunt, is just the person to put you in the way of realizing your ambitions. Splendid! But wait a moment.

"Have you ever ridden before?" This from the friend. You modestly confess a slight degree of instruction.

"Well, don't mention it! Take what's offered and don't talk back, then you'll get along famously. Otherwise—! - ?" The conclusion is not encouraging. However, a little mystified but nothing daunted, you proceed to arrange for early morning class work.

Thus it is that about nine-thirty of a pleasant summer's morning the Tyro (that's you in your new and not altogether unselfconscious riding raiment) enters the ring with nine or ten other seekers after sportsmanship. Some boast a long and honorable record in the

field, others are as green as the Tyro, but all seem to harbor a gnawing anxiety. The Tyro concludes that this is serious work.

Enter the Tyrant, not looking the part. He presents a mild and amiable exterior. The Tyro is reassured, and concludes that she has been playfully deluded. She sits her mount with conscientious erectness and adjusts the reins to the hair's breadth of perfection.

The first command comes with business-like precision to the Tyro's straining ears.

"Pressure of both legs—all together at the word of command—tr-r-ot!" By some miracle the Tyro finds herself trotting at the proper instant. Not so hard, after all. She breathes more easily.

"Le-e-ft turn!"

Well, that's easy.

Who said this class-

work was hard? She advances, one of an orderly line, into the boards.

"A-way!" Now what in the world does that mean? She hesitates, and is lost. Her horse, unable to climb the fence that confronts him, proceeds to bite it—the horse coming up on the Tyro's left considers biting her—the horse upon her right has vanished around the curve—traffic jams, and confusion reigns!



He presents a mild and amiable exterior

An anguished shout from the center of the ring. The Tyrant is asserting himself. "Look where you're going! You know your right hand from your left, don't you? Well, when you're going right why don't you look to the right? You'll never get anywhere looking behind you, will you?" The Tyro, not quite knowing what it's all about, not daring to face the outrage Tyrant, can only manage a feeble "No-o, sir," and try to regain her lost place in line as inconspicuously as possible, pursued by the indignant italics of the Tyrant. The worst of it is, she has a dismal feeling that she deserves them.

From then on all is cheerless. The reins develop an astonishing elusiveness, her two stirrups are no longer the same length, her saddle, she is confident, is buttered, and her horse, but now a paragon of affability, displays vicious tendencies to spurt ahead, to side-step, to halt with devastating abruptness—in short, to do anything calculated to increase the rider's misery. The lesson proceeds through a series of cavalry formations, conducted with cavalry rigor and lack of sentiment. Circles, turns, inclines—all acquire a new and terrorizing significance; and ever the voice of the Tyrant continues implacably exposing the Tyro's lack of dexterity.

"R-r-ride—halt!" Never were words more welcome! But the end is not yet. The Tyrant is putting up a bar across a hurdle, about—well, not much more than six feet from the ground. But the Tyro sits at ease. This is not in her line at all. She soulfully admires her classmates' airy ease in leaping over the awesome obstacle. Perhaps in a month or two even she—

Her name. It never sounded less euphonious!

"I-I-I've never jumped. I-I can't." The moan is her own.

"Can't? Do you know how I spell that? W-O-N-T! Bring him around, Miss, I'll do the jumping—just you do as I say."

The inevitable has descended upon her; escape there is none. With her heart threatening her ribs with instant demolition, her ears buzzing, and her eyes swimming, she takes the place indicated. Dimly she hears the master's voice—blindly she obeys it, as the only reliable thing on earth.

"Bo-o-ody for-ward!" And somehow, there she is on the other side, alive and, in a manner of speaking, well. She looks back. The six-foot bar has shrunk to a bare two feet, and—blessed miracle!—on the face of the Tyrant is a smile!

"Not bad, Miss. Not bad at all!"

He is a tyrant no longer, but a friend and an Oracle! And the Tyro, descending, pulverized but proud, to her own feet, realizes that the vision of hounds and brushes, though distant, and prefaced by much labor and humiliation, is attainable, so long as she "takes what's offered, and doesn't talk back."

If you accuse Mr. John Waller point blank of being a Tyrant, he will respond quite seriously and quite amiably, "When we're in the ring, Miss, there's just one man there, and that's myself. And in the ring I've no favorites. Outside we're good friends, I hope; but nobody talks in that ring but me. That's the only way I can get results."

And if it is true that any man's methods are to be justified by their results, then Mr. Waller's are justified to the most carping critic's entire satisfaction. He has turned out many fine riders who do their instructor credit in the hunting field and in horse shows. And the most experienced of his pupils place implicit reliance in his judgment and invariably consider his decisions final,

for they are based upon long experience and upon a thorough understanding of his profession.

Mr. Waller comes honestly by his apparently arbitrary procedure. For a man who has been a first-class cavalry instructor at nineteen is not apt to get the habit of prefacing his commands with "Please." For several years before joining his regiment he was with a well-known racing stable in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, where he gained wide knowledge of this form of sport. He then served for twelve years with one of England's crack cavalry regiments, "The Queen's Bays 2nd Dragoon Guards," as Sergeant Riding Instructor, and on the outbreak of war went with his regiment on active service to France and Belgium. There he went through the great retreat from Mons, one of the war's most spectacular events, in which the Cavalry played such a splendid part. His reticence concerning this part of his career leads one to believe that his personal share in the action was far from discreditable; but in common with many of his countrymen he practically refuses to talk of his own exploits.



"I'll do the jumping—just you do as I say"

After the war he took charge of a gentleman's racing establishment in England; then he came to the United States in May, 1922, and came directly to the Bloomfield Open Hunt, in the capacity of Riding Instructor and Stable Manager, in which work he has had marked success. When Mr. Waller came to the Bloomfield Open Hunt there were about fifteen horses in the members' stables. This number has been increased to about fifty at the present time, and among the riders there has been a corresponding increase in skillful horsemanship and in an understanding of horses and their ways.

(Continued on Page 26)

SOCIETY

By MARJORIE AVERY



Miss Barbara Thompson's marriage to M. Spencer Withee, son of Milton J. Withee, of Birmingham, will take place at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, November 12, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Miss Thompson is the elder daughter of Walter Thompson of "Whinstone House," Bloomfield Hills, and her wedding will follow closely on her betrothal announcement the middle of October. Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Marquis will perform the ceremony.

Mrs. Edward Wallace of Grand Rapids, will attend Miss Thompson as matron of honor; Miss Jane Thompson, her sister, will be maid of honor and she has chosen Mrs. Donald Sanderson (Katherine Bromley), Mrs. James H. Cooke, Miss Betty Harris, Miss Edith Robinson, Miss Marjorie Wurzer, Miss Marion Beck, Miss Dorothea Bachmann and Miss Priscilla Bailey as the bridesmaids.

John Hinsdale Thompson, the bride's brother, will assist Mr. Withee as best man, and Donald Sanderson, Harold Noack, George S. Withee—the bridegroom's brother—Truman Barbier, Richard W. Calkins, of Chicago; Charles Fawyer and Frank Lambert of Pontiac will seat the guests. Ruth Jane Henkel, daughter of the Edward Henkels and Patricia Gene O'Brien, daughter of the Eugene G. O'Briens, will act as flower girls.

Mr. Withee and his bride will leave immediately for the East and will sail for a trip abroad.



Miss Irene Barbour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour, whose marriage to James Eugene Duffy, Jr., of Bay City, will take place in December.

D. D. Spellman

The rehearsal dinner will be given by Mr. Thompson, on Wednesday evening, November 11, at the Detroit Club.

* * *

December has been chosen by Miss Irene Barbour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour, for her marriage to James Eugene Duffy, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James Eugene Duffy, of Bay City. Her engagement was announced in June.

* * *

The Annual Point to Point and Steeple chase Races of Bloomfield Open Hunt club took place on Saturday, October 24, at the Edward P. Hammond farm near Pontiac. An informal dinner was held at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club on Saturday evening after the steeplechase, and prior to the affair, on Friday evening, the out of town guests and the members of the hunt clubs of the vicinity, were entertained at a formal dinner, also at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Behr, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Niblack and Mr. and Mrs.

Joseph Bowen, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John Smallman and Col. and Mrs. Morgan, of London, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Windsor White and Ralph Perkins, of Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Case, of Toronto, were out of town guests at the races.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Angus D. McLay of Frank street, left in October for the Virginia Hot Springs, where they spent some time.



GORDON MENDELSSOHN'S HUNTING HOUSE-PARTY AT MINEHEAD
From left to right: Mrs. and Mr. Bonnesen, Princess Viggo of Denmark, Catherine Bigelow from San Diego, Gordon Mendelssohn, George T. Hendrie, Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. T. R. Donovan and Prince Viggo.

MISS EDITH ROBINSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson, of "Overbrook," Lone Pine Road, will be introduced to society on November 19 at a tea given by her mother at the Detroit Golf Club from four to six. Her brother, W. Dean Robinson, will give a dinner for his sister on November 5. The guests will be last year's and this year's debutantes.

The week-end of October 24 Miss Mary Isabel Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manley Davis, entertained some of her Liggett school friends at a house party at "The Round-Up," Mr. Davis' ranch house near Davisburg. The guests included Mary Morley, June Williams, Lindsey Prentiss, Betty Cady, Mary Elizabeth Grosse and Nancy Atkinson.

Delphine Vahy was the guest of Miss Nancy Atkinson at the Michigan-Navy game last Saturday; Barbara Traub was the guest of Mary Isabel Davis, all of the girls being guests for luncheon after the game at the Delta Chi house in Ann Arbor. On the way back from Ann Arbor on Saturday night the party stopped off at the Sunset Hill club for the Halloween party which was being held there.

The party of ardent hunters, recruited from the Hills during the late summer, to attend Gordon Mendelssohn's house-party in Minehead, England, for the stag hunting and cubbing have returned to their homes after a six week's absence. The party included Mrs. C. C. Winningham, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan and Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie.

On Sunday evening, October 18, Mrs. F. Farrington Holt entertained at a buffet supper at her home in Birmingham complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young and Mr. and Mrs. B. Botsford Young. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young (Martha Newbro), who were married in Paris late in August, were the guests of Mrs. Young's mother, Mrs. Dupont M. Newbro, at her summer home at Lake Angelus, prior to returning to London, England, where they will reside. Mr. and Mrs. Botsford Young, (Ruth Lasley) were also visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery L. Lasley, en route to their home in Chicago.

Miss Rebecca Thompson of Philadelphia, arrived on Saturday, October 24, to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gillett, Jr., of Birmingham.

Miss Ella Barbour spent some time in the East, the early part of October, where she visited Miss Henrietta Hoopes, in Wilmington, Del. Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour and their family have moved from their home in the Hills to their winter residence on Jefferson avenue east.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Allen Valpey of Detroit, have purchased the Charles W. Warren house, on Baldwin and Harmon avenues, and have moved into their new home.

Birmingham residents and those of the surrounding country have been kept busy during the past few weeks attending and giving "Vanishing Parties." These affairs have been arranged by the Birmingham Branch of the University of Michigan Women's League for the League Building Fund, and have assumed astounding proportions. The parties were started by Mrs. Lee A. White, who entertained in October at a luncheon for seven guests. Each guest who accepts an invitation brings a small contribution to the fund, and pledges to play hostess in her turn to a party of guests numbering one less than the affair she herself attends.

Mrs. A. G. Ostermann, Mrs. Laurence Thomas, Mrs. L. G. Welch, Mrs. T. B. McCutcheon, Mrs. Leroy N. Grown, Mrs. Verne Burnette, Mrs. Charles J. Shain, Mrs. Arthur J. Halgren and Mrs. Max B. Horton are among the many who have entertained for this cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn D. Halstead returned the middle of October from a six weeks' trip in the West where they visited Yellowstone Park and California and returned by the way of the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Walker with their son, Thornton, their daughter, Miss Helen Walker, have left for Florida, where they joined their other daughter, Miss Mary Walker, and will sojourn in the South, for the winter.

The Michigan-Illinois game on Saturday, October 24, at Urbana, drew several fans from Birmingham. Mr. and Mrs. Farrington Holt motored to Chicago the week before and attended the game on Saturday, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Robbins and Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Winston.

Miss Carol Colton, who spent the summer with her Aunt, Mrs. Franklin Robbins, of Lone Pine road, returned to Detroit, in October and will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. Jessie W. Colton, of Gladstone avenue.

Mrs. Edward Wallace of Grand Rapids, who will attend Miss Barbara Thompson as matron of honor at her wedding to M. Spencer Withee on November 12 was her guest for a few days the end of October. Miss Thompson and her father, Walter Thompson, entertained at a small dinner party at their home "Whinstone Hall" on Monday evening, October 19, complimenting Mrs. Wallace.

Miss Marion Beck was hostess, the middle of October, at a delightful buffet supper in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sanderson, (Katharine Bromley) who had recently returned from their wedding trip.

They are residing for the winter at the Fairway Apartments on the Six-Mile road. Mrs. Sanderson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Bromley of Bloomfield Hills.



Miss Elizabeth Goodenough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luman W. Goodenough of "Longacres," Farmington. Miss Goodenough is a freshman at Smith College this year.

During the Christmas holidays, when Miss Grace Briggs returns from her European trip, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will give a ball to compliment their daughter Edith and Miss Grace Briggs whose engagement to their son has recently been announced.

Mrs. William J. Vhay, of Bloomfield Center, left in October for a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Murphy, in Suffield, Connecticut.

Mrs. Benjamin Briscoe visited her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Booth, in Birmingham, for a short time in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Dodge and a group of guests occupied the club's cottage over the week-end during the Bloomfield Open Hunt races. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munroe Campbell, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney T. Miller, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin K. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart L. Pittman, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gillette, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome E. J. Keane.



BOOKS

By HOWARD WEEKS



JUST to keep peace in our family the first book we will dilate upon for your benefit or boredom will be "Wives" (Harper & Brothers), by Gamaliel Bradford. Mr. Bradford heretofore has exposed some "Damaged Souls" to the ruthless gaze of the populace and in this book he introduces seven wives for our approbation or condemnation in company with an introduction which he titles "Confessions of a Biographer."

Some of Mr. Bradford's "Wives" (nothing personal about this) turn out to be most fascinating women. With calm exposition he gives us the strange and pathetic story of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the puzzling and pitiful figure whose actions must have sorely tried the patience of her great husband.

Mrs. Lincoln's life was tragic; she lived to bury three of her four sons and her husband and, it is believed, towards the end her mind became unbalanced. Even before the death of Abraham Lincoln, when Mrs. Lincoln was the first lady of the land and her son Willie died "the mother was inconsolable and her grief led her into strange and fantastic ecstasies of passion till a crisis came."

This crisis, according to Mr. Bradford, was when Lincoln took his wife by the arm and led her to the window and, with stately, solemn gesture, pointed to the lunatic asylum. "Mother, do you see that large white building on the hill yonder? Try to control your grief or it will drive you mad and we will have to send you there."

Lincoln sorely tried the patience of his wife by his refusal to conform to ordinary social customs. He said what he thought when the desire prompted him; to his wife, eager and anxious to establish herself as a social hostess, these breaches of so-called etiquette, made by a man, who despite his greatness in everything else, was Mrs. Lincoln's husband, were untenable.

Vicariously Mr. Bradford draws a most interesting picture of Lincoln in his sketch of Mrs. Lincoln. This writing about Lincoln makes one eager to read Carl Sandburg's life of Lincoln which we hear is soon to be published.

Other women in Mr. Bradford's book are Theodosia Burr, a most fascinating figure; Mrs. Benedict Arnold of whose tragic life the author gives a most interesting account and the delightful Dolly Madison whose career was most remarkable. The lives of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler and Mrs. James G. Blaine do not prove to be as enjoyable reading as those first mentioned. This, however, does not seem to be the fault of the author, who as always, writes carefully and well. In his "Confessions of a Biographer," Mr. Bradford has some striking things to say about that branch of writing.

Whenever William Beebe writes a book and we read it, we are filled with a desire to run out and stop people on the street and ask them if, by some unaccountable chance, they have missed his latest one. Now it is "Jungle Days" (Putnam) and a book that is filled with intensely wise, calm and beautiful writing. In this book Mr. Beebe transports the reader to the jungle—and we mean it, too—when you read this book you're not at home, you're right with the author. In writing of the strange and almost unbelievable happenings which he finds in the jungle, Mr. Beebe mingles with his naturalistic observations a mellow and omniscient intelligence that penetrates the reader's mental hide, however tough it be, and forces him to say—with someone or other—"Here is a man—and here is a writer." Which of these is the most important you may judge—but read the book.

Witter Bynner breaks a five-year silence this fall and appears with a new volume of poems entitled "Caravan" (Knopf). Mr. Bynner, while not of the lineage of great poets, is deserving of an audience. He is at his best when he lyricises and, regrettably enough, he seldom does in this book. Many of his poems are too intensely subjective—almost didactic—but here and there he captures a fleeting emotion and imprisons it within a lyric of unusual charm.

Amy Lowell's latest and posthumous book, "What's O'Clock" (Houghton-Mifflin) is as vital and colorful as her many other volumes of verse. Many of these poems were first printed in magazines and some may be familiar, but it is a familiarity that breeds admiration. Miss Lowell was a remarkable woman in her poetical achievements and an influence for great good in the poetical development in this country. These poems, written while Miss Lowell was busy with her monumental biography of John Keats, show no slackening of her diverse talents and are a most fitting published conclusion to a literary career of great brilliance.

If you expect long winter evenings soon to come, to while them away we recommend: "The Grand Ecart" (Putnam) by that delightful Frenchman, Jean Cocteau; H. G. Wells' newest and probably nine hundred and eighty-seventh book, "Christina Alberta's Father" (Mac-Millan); "Jacob Faber or the Lost Years" (Harcourt-Brace) by the Wasserman of "The Goose Man" and "The World's Illusion." We haven't read this latest book, but are told by persons whose authority we enjoy questioning that it is as fine as his others.

Then last—yes, and perhaps least—if you like to chuckle over pictures go and get "Cartoons From Life" (Simon & Schuster) by Ellison Hoover. The pictures are flawless fun-making as is the introduction by Robert Benchley. Also "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans" (Knopf), a book of cartoons by that unique Mexican Miguel Covarrubias, is excellent entertainment, including the foreword by Carl Van Vechten.



For three hours they stood in the cold October rain

Sixth Hunt Race Meeting Of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, October 24

NEVER was Steeplechase run under more unpropitious circumstances than those which greeted the sixth annual hunt race meeting of the Bloomfield Open Hunt on Saturday, October 24. The rain came down and the thermometer with it, but in spite of these things enthusiasts thronged the field, refusing to have their ardor damped. With cold October rain trickling down their necks they stood for three hours in the mud, madly cheering favorites, the while they drew oil skins closer, blew on cold hands and stamped overshod feet to keep from becoming entirely numb. Lovely ladies appeared with oil skins over their furs and firemen's helmets atop their heads, old gentlemen, nothing daunted, wrapped up in gay mufflers, and everybody paraded up and down with a cold but jolly look, while the betting went merrily on between events, the entries took their places and labored through muddy corn fields, over fences, over soggy turf and brush.

Of the five races the third race for the Grosse Pointe

Hunt Point-to-Point Challenge cup, presented by Arthur A. Fowler, Esq. of the Essex Fox Hounds, was the big event in spite of only three entries. In this four mile race Burgoright, owned by Mr. B. L. Behr and ridden by Mr. A. Davis, was winner; Easy Rider, ridden by Mr. John Bosley, came in second; MexO, owned and ridden by Mr. E. S. Nichols, third.

There were nine entries for the Meander Plate, a run of three-quarters of a mile on the flat. Com. Inghram from the Winburn stables came in first, with Red Wing, owned by Mr. J. D. Rucker, second, and Strymon, owned by Mr. B. L. Behr, third.

The Open Steeplechase, with seven entries, was won by Daniel Boone, also of the Winburn stables; Ra-Hutch, owned by Mrs. Austin S. Niblack, came in second; with Oyster Bed of the Winburn stables, third. The prize for this event was \$200.00 to be divided proportionately among the three winners.

(Continued on Page 31)



The pleased rider (Al Davis) and owner, Mr. Leslie Behr, of Burgoright, winner of the Grosse Pointe Hunt Point to Point Challenge cup



Finish of the Burns Henry Memorial race with Sandrock taking the lead

*The end of a
fox hunt in Coun-
ty Cork—the
terrier being put
down the hole.*



*The carcass is
thrown to the
hounds*





COUNTRY CLUBS

By HAROLD GEORGE

Golfers are supposed not to mind the weather and tradition has it that they will keep trudging around the fairways no matter if it rains or snows or freezes. Tradition has had to take a fall, however, and the best thing that can be said about October is that it was a fine month for bridge.

Bloomfield Hills was able to hold its biggest and most elaborate tournament of the season, Aviation had to keep its course open a month longer than it intended to because the members wanted to play, Birmingham decided two championships and Pine Lake completed its women's title matches.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS

President's Day at Bloomfield Hills became a much talked of event when it was learned that an automobile had been donated for the first prize. But the golf committee decided the gift of an automobile would be putting it on a bit thick for a strictly amateur tournament and that nobody in the club they knew of needed a car anyhow. Instead of a car, they said, why not split the pot, a matter of seven or eight hundred dollars, and give everybody a chance? So that's the way it was.

With the donation and an added appropriation by the club a list of 44 prizes was made up. Practically everybody with any kind of a score got a prize. Lou J. Lepper, being quickest on the draw, got the first selection; not because he had the best score, but because he drew No. 1 out of a hat which contained 44 numbers. It was another demonstration of the marvelous intuition prevailing in that family—Mrs. Lepper started it by winning the draw when she was tied for first place in the District mixed foursome.

All the club has to worry about now is its women's championship. After a prolonged struggle with rain and snow and cold winds, Mrs. R. C. Jamieson and Mrs. F. W. Brede have reached the finals, Mrs. Jamieson by eliminating Miss Grace Beamer, 7 and 6, and Mrs. Brede by defeating Mrs. Manly D. Davis, 1 up.

BIRMINGHAM GOLF CLUB

Birmingham has embarked upon a new policy and the club hereafter will not confine itself exclusively to golf, as in the past, but will consider also the social demands of its members. Under the direction of Mrs. P. Dodd (and Mr. Dodd, too, for that matter) a series of luncheons, teas and bridges will be held in town preparatory to a big season at the club next summer.

Mrs. Dodd is chairman of the women's general executive committee. She will, if necessary, appoint sub-committees to look after the details of the various divisions of the women's activities. But the main thing for the present is to keep the members together and interested after it gets too cold and wet for golf.

Mr. Dodd announces that the club, while officially closed during the winter months, will be accessible at all times. A program of winter sports—more especially skiing and tobogganing—will be offered and the clubhouse will be open. The large fireplace in the foyer will provide enough heat for winter parties.

Golf competition ended at Birmingham with the women's championship, which was won by Mrs. Charles H. Stewart. She defeated Mrs. Rex I. Lee, 4 and 3, in the final. In the semi-final, Mrs. Stewart defeated Mrs. J. L. Whitehead, 10 and 8, and Mrs. Lee defeated Mrs. C. E. VanWormer, 3 and 2.

OAKLAND HILLS COUNTRY CLUB

The two great golf courses, one of them of nationwide reputation, have had an abundance of play in spite of the bad weather. The competition, however, like that at most of the other clubs, has virtually ended for this autumn. The final for the women's championship, long delayed for various reasons, was to be the last important event.

Mrs. Stewart Hanley, District champion by virtue of her victory over Mrs. Harley G. Higbie, of the Country Club of Detroit, was one of the finalists at Oakland and Miss Madge Miller the other. It would hardly matter which won, since only those who know them well ever can tell which is which. They look alike and dress alike and both are very charming women.

Oakland Hills pledged its faith in Norval A. Hawkins by re-electing him to the presidency. Under his direction the club has progressed mightily and the annual report revealed an excellent financial footing and a balance on the right side of the ledger for the year. Serving with Mr. Hawkins on the board of directors are E. G. Wasey, George P. Trendle, George W. Carter and P. G. Findlay.

AVIATION COUNTRY CLUB

The course was to have been closed on October first in order to start work on certain changes and improvements in some of the holes, particularly on the fourth, which is to be changed so it won't cross the road. The closing was postponed until November first,

however, to permit playing of final matches in the mixed foursomes and Huddy pin tournaments.

Closing the course will not bring about any great cessation in the activities at Aviation. It is one of the most popular and best attended country clubs in the District during the winter. Aviation's fine facilities for skating, skiing and tobogganing are not lost on the members and by the middle of next month, if the weather is like it was last year, the attendance will be like that in the middle of the summer.

PINE LAKE COUNTRY CLUB

The annual Blues against the Reds tournament and the women's championship having been completed, Pine Lake will call it a season and lock up the front door until the first of April. Mrs. A. J. Prentice after modestly remaining in the background for a year, came to the front again in the women's championship and won it by defeating Mrs. A. C. Wall, 2 and 1, in the final. Mrs. H. M. Thatcher, who took the title away from Mrs. Prentice last year, lost to her in the semi-final.

SUNSET HILL CLUB

Sunset Hill embarked on a new season of activity, its second, by a dinner dance which was in the way of a first anniversary celebration, on the last Saturday of the month. These dances will be held every Saturday during the winter. On the twenty-seventh, the monthly tea was inaugurated and these will be held on each subsequent twenty-seventh hereafter. Sunset Hills has begun to form plans for an active outdoor winter season as well, which may include skating, skiing, tobogganing and possibly ice boating.



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NOW THAN AT
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Dear Old Golden Rule Days

When Birmingham Was "Piety Hill"

By IVA MARLOTTE

THERE is a sweet, mellow flavor to the memories of Birmingham pioneer days and a gallant staunchness about their human survivors which gave a particular meaning and charm to the reunion of the scholars of sixty years ago, on Saturday, October 10, inside the walls of their "little red schoolhouse."

The building is now an attractive Colonial cottage, the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clizbe, with the old bricks painted yellow, the high windows and deep cornices giving it the appearance of old fashioned substance and reality. It has been remodelled inside into a spacious modern home with high ceilings and hardwood floors and with softly decorated walls where once the old blackboards hung. It sits peacefully at the corner of West Maple avenue and Southfield avenue, once the Old Mill Road, and overlooks the changed but still beautiful River Rouge valley. Automobiles whisk by on smooth pavements where once farmers drove their teams on rude dirt roads, but the kingly old trees along the street and on the hillside have grown there for sixty years, and, like the scholars of sixty years ago, have gathered a gentle dignity with the passing years.

The fifty guests came early in the afternoon to visit



Sixty years ago these were the scholars who answered roll call in the little red school house

with keen enjoyment until the moment when George Mitchell stepped to the door and rang the old school bell just as he had for those same folks long ago. Then



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he opened and read the letters from other old scholars who have gone out from Birmingham's "little red schoolhouse" to carve important niches for themselves in the lives of other communities. Then the reminiscences began. The boy who "licked the teacher," the one who used to recite "The Polish Boy" with great gusto and the little girl who brought her tatting to school were all discussed and many long forgotten names were brought back to memory. Stephen Trowbridge who served the state of Michigan as Attorney General and died at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant career, was recalled when some mention was made of the hospitable Trowbridge home.

Mr. Mitchell has made his own niche in Birmingham. He and Almeron Whitehead brought out the first issue of the Birmingham Eccentric and continued to own and edit the paper for forty-two years, although for a time it was necessary for both young men to hold their regular jobs during the day and edit the paper at night. They together founded the bank of which Mr. Whitehead is now president. Mr. Mitchell was the Birmingham postmaster for thirteen years.

Oscar Angsman, Detroit attorney, then became the focus of memories as he recalled the pictures of other days and told of the pretty little belle at whom he had looked across the aisle with shy, adoring eyes. That same little girl was in his audience smilingly shaking her head. She insisted that she had been just a quiet little girl, not at all pretty, and "was always playing in the mud."

Then with a heart stirring tribute, Mr. Angsman introduced Dr. George Hickey, who taught there in 1865 and 1866. He is eighty-six years old, a man of dignity and presence still. He reads without glasses and speaks in clear, forceful tones, his dark eyes twinkling with humor and friendliness. He held the quiet affection and respect of his scholars of old who audibly recalled him as a handsome young man with dark, glossy curls and glowing black eyes, who resembled the actor, Edwin Booth, in appearance and dramatic power. After leaving Birmingham in 1866 he graduated from the University of Michigan and entered the Methodist ministry from which he is now retired after a long and honorable service.

Dr. Hickey spoke of the contrast between "Then and Now." In the light of other days his audience beheld the old schoolroom, its roaring fire which the schoolmaster had built before school time, the boys skating on the old mill pond by Erity's mill and playing two old cat in the school yard and the girls playing drop the handkerchief with spelling school and singing school in the evenings, lighted by tallow candles. The copper-toed, red-topped boots and long trousers of his boys were compared to the school boy garb of today, but he found himself unable to make a similar analysis of feminine apparel. He described the crude railroad which ran from Detroit to Pontiac and the farmer's teams coming in over the Saginaw Turnpike, now Woodward avenue, with wagons loaded for a trip to grist mill or a plow point to be sharpened at John Hunter's foundry. Then beside that picture he placed one of the Baldwin High School just a half block away, with its playgrounds and athletic program, its comfortable heat from an unseen source, and the paved streets over which its pupils drive their automobiles to school. The hundreds of kinds of prepared foods now in daily use were then unheard of and oats and bran were fed only to cows and horses. He slyly contrasted the modern telephone and telegraph to the old fashioned "tallowoman." Birmingham was then "Piety Hill" a settlement of some five hundred people.

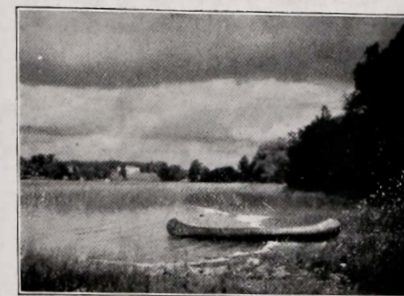
As he called out more than thirty names of his pupils whom he remembered he asked again and again, "How many remember him?" or "How many knew her?" and hands went up eagerly as they did long ago when he asked how many knew the morning's "memory gem." News was given to him of each one whose name he called. Sometimes it was of prosperity and happiness in another place, sometimes one was pointed out sitting behind him and sometimes heads were sadly shaken and brief mention was made of the passing of an old school mate.

Miss Emily Davis and Miss "Mattie" Baldwin were his two primary teachers and he taught the high school classes. Miss Baldwin afterward became a power in Birmingham and her portrait, borrowed from the Baldwin Public Library which she carefully nurtured thirty-five years ago, was hanging on the wall.

The "little red schoolhouse" was built in 1854 and vacated when the Hill School was built in 1869. It was occupied for a time by the Barclay family and was later purchased by Horace Randall who developed the grounds into a private park where he had a few deer and a fish pond and where many a neighborhood picnic was held.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Clizbe live there and open their home each year to this significant gathering. Mr. Clizbe was at one time superintendent of Birmingham schools and later served as a member of the school board and as president of the village.

The president of the village, Charles Shain, and Mrs. Shain, Miss Mary Griffith, hostess at the Community House, the superintendent of schools, Clarence Vliet and Mrs. Vliet called during the afternoon. At four o'clock the guests went over to the cafeteria in the Baldwin High School where the daughters of the old time scholars and teachers served a lunch before good byes were



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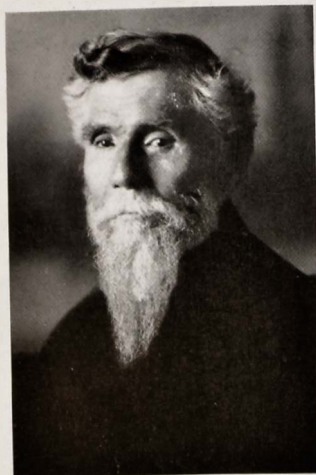
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"The Hardware House of Quality"

said for another year and the fifty old friends went home.

Here and there in Bloomfield Township an old house still stands like the "little red school house," mute testimony to the hospitality of former days, but the lovely homes of Bloomfield Hills have replaced most of the farms of the pioneers.



Dr. George Hickey, who taught in Birmingham at the little red school house in 1865 and 1866

There is the Mary E. Satterlee home on Adams Road, the Trowbridge house on Trowbridge Farms out Woodward avenue, "Whytemere," once the home of David Patchett, and now, after seventy years, occupied by Nelson Whittemore, and "Larkspur," recently the Old Farm Inn, which was built by Dr. Ziba Swan, who was justice of the peace in Bloomfield Township for forty years. Lone Pine Inn replaces the homestead owned long ago by one Lewis Cantine and many of the rooms show the original huge timbers which went into its construction. The stately W. T. Barbour residence stands on property once owned by the Trowbridge family and the John Endicott farms were once owned by William H. Smith, whose two sons live in Birmingham. Dr. Hickey's father, Canessa Hickey, lived on the farm which is now Vinsetta Park, and preached to the Indians. The Latham home in Birmingham on Southfield avenue was once the George C. Randall farm and the southern part of Birmingham is built on the old Barnum farm. The Barnum homestead stands remodelled into a modern home on Pierce street, occupied by L. B. Cix and Mrs. Grace Barnum Bruce lives nearby at 314 Frank street.



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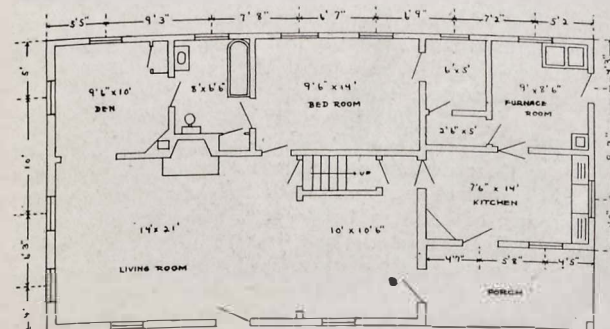
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"Oh To Have A Little House"

(Continued from Page 7)

When we drove down to this one and dismounted with all our paraphernalia, I could see a flash of interest and enthusiasm kindle in the little man's eye: "Now this," he said, "is the real thing!" And indeed as one enters the long living room one is amazed by the simple perfection of detail and ensemble.



Floor plan of the Klein home

The Kleins designed the house themselves, to suit their own needs and tastes; put it onto paper themselves, with a scale ruler—no easy trick, if you've ever tried! Then the village carpenter came and built it, the village mason put in the chimneys, and there you are! Much of the material in it is old—though one does not feel at any point that the desire to be moth eaten per se has been anything of an influence. The flat laid siding came from an old barn, was put on over the usual siding and building paper and painted many times. The shutters, which work from the inside, are all that is needed for blinds, there being few passersby on the side road which the three acres face. The inside doors are made of new wide boards, which have shrunk a little, leaving interesting cracks down their length. The iron latches and hinges were made by the village blacksmith after old designs, and, contrary to expectation, they work beautifully.

The center of interest in the room is the chimney-piece of old brick with its two quaint shelves for plates and candles. The bricks were picked up casually here and there by the owners and set into place by the aforementioned village mason who could (and would) follow suggestions. The copper hood, made by the village tinner, adds another individual note.

The charming details of the furniture and its placing are of course only the result of patience and sandpaper, and taste. Some of the pieces were found about the country, at antique shops and farm houses; many of them were in the family. If a piece seemed out of scale with the room—as the walnut secretary did—these people who know what they want and why, sawed off the precious legs and brought it into perfect proportion.

Since there is no electricity in the vicinity they have made the most of it by substituting and making much of kerosene lamps and candles. The brass cabin lamps on the walls have simple printed-paper shades; for the rest the good old glass lamps of our grandmothers shed a soft light from the tables. Candles here and there in brass sticks and against the wall in copper pan-scones give additional light when it is needed.

New and old braided and hooked rugs are indicated of course, on the wide floor boards. In the small front bed-room—which, with its day-bed is really a tiny den—is a ducky corner of old brick backing a Franklin stove, a cozy spot where friends may toast their toes after a winter's ride.

(Continued on Page 26)

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From East Maple Road in Birmingham, drive North on Adams Road, to the winding graveled roadways of Eastover Farms.

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COUNTRY COMMENT

WE learn on good authority that one of the great delights in the life of the late Mr. William Livingstone, were his frequent drives through the country north of Detroit, particularly around Bloomfield Hills. He would leave the office late in the afternoon, drive out one of the north-going highways, slowly traverse the winding roads through hills and woods and along the lakes, returning to town in time for dinner, refreshed and rested.

When Mr. Milton A. McRae was in town the other day—for he always does come back to Detroit for a few weeks out of every year—he talked at length about the growth of country life everywhere throughout the country. He was among the first to admire Bloomfield Hills and to see in them the possibilities for joyous living which have since been so extensively carried out. Had his wife's health not obliged him to make a permanent home in California, he declares that he would now be at least a part-time resident of Bloomfield.

Mr. McRae's youngest daughter, who was recently married to Mr. Richmond Temple and is now living in London, has also acquired the English urge for country life, believing that the ideal life anywhere may be led with an apartment in town and a place in the country kept open all the year.

Out Rochester way the farms continue to be snapped up. It has been amazing and amusing to watch the avidity with which old farm houses have been hunted down and seized this summer and fall. A few more years will probably see a brand new country life development along Paint Creek and Stoney Creek—those picturesque little streams that have sung through so many changes.

Up at Alpena—where so many people hereabouts go for the various shooting seasons—they have been cutting a new golf course out of virgin forest. And—comment extraordinaire—a huge bear stalked across the 9th hole the other day.

Mr. Huston Rawls has purchased the old Sidney Groover farm of 138 acres out toward Orion. This is a particularly beautiful acreage removed from the highways and approached by wooded lanes. Mr. Rawls will keep his horses out there and use the adorable old early American farm house, which has been remodeled by Wallace Frost, as a hunting lodge and week-end place.

Mr. Carlton Higbie, who has been looking for a house-site near the Hunt club, has purchased that eight acre piece on the Kensington road, which joins the Hammond farm on the south. This has always seemed to us an ideal location for a country house.

It is good news that Birmingham is doing something about beautifying the banks of the River Rouge with a view to eventually making a public park out of this delightful natural setting.

Waller says: "Don't let anybody tell you you're going be 'ooked if you ride with your heel down, in the stirrup. If you're gonna be 'ooked you'll be 'ooked, and nothing can prevent you, but riding 'eel down's not gonna make it 'appen."

A Meet at Cloutsham (Continued from Page 5)



Col. Wiggin, Master of the Hunt

forty minutes galloping we suddenly came upon the larger share of the field and the pack with Ernest the huntsman making a scientific cast for the lost line. One old farmer said in his quaint way, "They be gone towards Brenden," another said, "No that beant right!" But Ernest, who never lost a line for long, soon had the pack away again and off we went through a beautiful woods of mountain laurel, across another moor to the edge of what looked like the end of the world and suddenly at our feet—it seemed at least a mile below us—lay the Bristol Channel. The hounds were running along the beach "like smoke" as the old English fox hunters say, with the stag gone to sea.

The beauty of the country is indescribable and makes one forget for a moment the poor stag battling for his life, but I must add right now that the farmers are always pleased at a Kill. One stag they say, will ruin a whole turnip field in one night and many times on the way home we answered the anxious query, "Did you have a kill?"

At last after a tortuous descent and two miles of galloping on the macadam road between the intersecting old towns Porlock and Porlock Weir, the stag was seen being brought in by a boat. His antlers were beautiful with the brow, bay and tray on both sides and three and two atop. Col. Wiggin, the master, very kindly presented me with a "slot," known in fox hunting parlance as a pad, and indeed it was one of the most thrilling moments of my life. I was also blooded by Ernest and told under no conditions to remove the tokens from my face before the following morning. The run altogether had lasted over three hours and we were glad to find Wadd and motor slowly back to Minehead, after having consumed quantities of good English tea at the famous old Ship Inn at Porlock.



Miss Katherine Bigelow, Mrs. Donovan and Mr. Hendrie just before the Cloutsham Meet

Bloomfield Village



Again Judson Bradway Extends the Limits of Bloomfield Village!

The same, picturesque winding drives lined with shade trees, the same desirably-rigid restriction characterizes this new addition to the north and west—a section of high rolling land, in many places beautifully wooded.

Residence sites 90 to 250 feet wide, as deep as 350 feet, offer a variety at a cost surprisingly low for property of this exclusive character.

Bloomfield Village is in the heart of the country club district—just west and north of Birmingham where Bloomfield Hills begin. A number of attractive homes are now completed. Improvements in the new addition—including winding drives, elm trees, sidewalks, storm and road drainage, water and sanitary sewer system—will be completed in early Spring.

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Judson Bradway Co.
MAJESTIC BUILDING **Realtors** PHONE MAIN 0045

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Lovely old trees.

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Nothing more picturesque.

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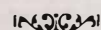
"Oh To Have A Little House"

(Continued from Page 23)

For it's an all-year-round-house, heated in winter by an Arcola which operates from a fuel room back of the kitchen and is aided by the two open fires. There is no basement.

The main bed room, opening from the right of the fireplace, is as charming as the rest but couldn't, unfortunately, be photographed with Mr. Ellison's overbearing camera which must spread its feet about. The bed in this room is spool turned, with grandmother-made quilts and an old tufted spread, a chest of drawers rubbed to a dull luster, and two old walnut mirrors.

The atmosphere of the little house suggests, inevitably, Cape Cod—and at the same time you feel its perfect fitness for its Michigan setting. There is not anything in it that is superfluous; everything is used, and loved probably—nay, undoubtedly, for while I didn't sentimentalize with the mistress of the house over the exact temperature of her affections when contemplating the walnut secretary or the little grey jugs in the leaded-glass cupboard, I took it from general indications that this house and the things in it are loved for themselves—for their line and form—as well as for the associations which are as a nimbus about them. For here—and what a relief it is with early Americana running riot over the land—is no antique craze which has carried the collector into irretrievable indiscretions—but a simple and quiet adaptation of every old piece to its original function in its own proper setting.



Tyrant of the Ring

(Continued from Page 10)

In the opinion of experts he is by far the most able instructor in this part of the country. His horsemanship and proficiency as a horse master are the result of a thorough understanding of the art, in theory and in practice. The man who has not only trained some of England's finest riders to acquit themselves creditably under the most difficult circumstances, but has also trained other instructors to an ability equalling his own, is now putting into the hunting field horsemen of whom the Bloomfield Open Hunt may justifiably be proud.

But first and last if you want to know Mr. Waller's work, ask his pupils. The ones who shook the hardest at their first lessons will sing his praises loudest, and will stoutly affirm his inalienable right to be a "Tyrant" in the ring. He has earned it, and—he gets results! Long may he ride!



"Here's to the fox
In his earth below the rocks,
Here's to the line that we follow,
Here's to the hound
With his nose upon the ground—
While merrily we whoop and we hollo!"

Here's to the horse
And the rider too of course,
Here's to the rally of the hunt boys;
Here's to every friend
Who can struggle to the end,
And here's to the tally-ho in front boys!"

—From an Old English Hunting Song.



"The Most Soundeth Mightily"—engraved by T. Sutherland

A Word on English Sporting Prints—By Gordon Beer

SINCE the English people are traditionally keen devotees of sport, it is but natural that a great number of their artists in the old days, should have chosen the sporting scene for their subject both in painting and engraving. Years have added a flavor of quaintness to what were once considered more or less realistic representations of the hunt and the chase so that lovers of sport in its modern trappings, get a zest from these old paintings and engravings that no modern picture could give them.

For whatever modern opinion has to say of the savagery of the old time sports, there is no denying the picturesque and exhilarating side of the subject. Prints and engravings, supplementing the older oil paintings, show more clearly than any amount of descriptive writing, what the sports were like that prevailed at different times in the past. Though woodcuts are not included among the finest sporting pictures, some of the old English woodcuts are quaint and amusing.

To most people there is probably a greater fascination to be found in old shooting prints than in those relating to any other sport. By shooting prints I mean those in which pheasant, partridge, widgeon and wild duck figure. It is not so easy to explain why this subject should be of particular interest unless it is because the artists who drew or painted these pictures were men who were familiar with the gun, and who consequently knew how to make their sportsmen hold their guns realistically. While it is true that shooting prints are not so often copied and reproduced as are many other sporting prints, fakes and reprints are sometimes met with even here.

Among the early artists who have left us works of great charm are George Moreland, William Ward, Samuel Howitt and Wolstenholme. The print reproduced here is from a set of four which were painted by H. Alken and engraved by T. Sutherland.

As the love of sport and of country living grow in this

country—and they are growing rapidly—these fine old prints will have as much appreciation from the sportsman and hunter as they now have from the connoisseur.

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Harry M. Shaw To Be Afterglow Advertising Manager

WE are happy to announce that we have secured the services of Harry M. Shaw, as advertising manager for The Afterglow. Mr. Shaw was formerly advertising manager for the B. A. C. Backer at Buffalo, he was also at one time in the advertising department of the Hamilton Times and for two years special representative in charge of advertising and the promotion of sales for the Firestone Tire and Rubber company here.

His long and varied advertising experience will make him of especial value to our clients, for whom he stands ready at any time to write copy or perform any service needed by them.

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Attractive four acre piece with River Rouge frontage, also small lake with island, priced at \$12,500. This piece adjoins the Booth School development.

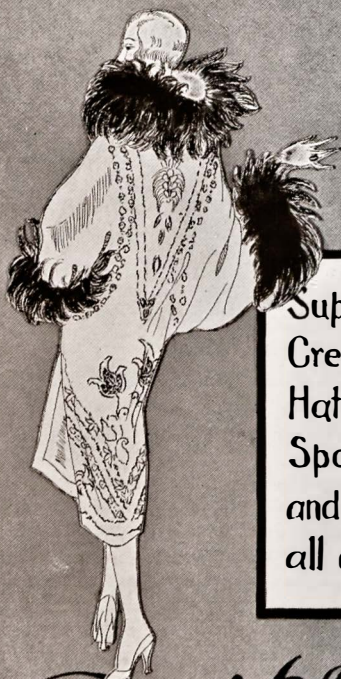
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Social News of the Clubs

BLOOMFIELD HILLS

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Traub, who bought the Robert L. Jamieson home at Oak Knob, were guests at the club before moving into their new home. Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson have taken an apartment in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Harry are back from Northern Michigan and have been guests at the club. Miss Peggy, their daughter, has returned to Miss Bennett's School, Milbrook, N. Y., for her senior year.

Parmenas Club was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson, of Lone Pine road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheldon received in honor of their son, Fred, and his bride, Mrs. Fred Wheldon, who was formerly Miss Gertrude Darden, of Suffolk, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Haines Wilson are at the club for the autumn.

Mrs. C. D. Morris, of Pontiac, entertained 100 guests at a bridge luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Chester Smith entertained forty guests at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. B. Botsford Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young.

Mrs. John W. Watling was hostess to thirty guests at a bridge luncheon, honoring her guest, Mrs. Robert Parker, of Pasadena, California.

A formal dinner at Bloomfield Hills on Friday opened the Open Hunt festivities and an informal dinner Saturday closed them.

Mr. W. A. Hamlin and his son, Joseph F., entertained fourteen guests at dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour and family have moved from the club to their town house in Detroit for the winter.

OAKLAND HILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Morris B. Draper, of Meadham, had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hamilton and their daughter Miss Ruth, of Grand Rapids, and entertained them at the club. The following week, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pratt, of Los Angeles, who were on their way home following an extended European trip, whom they entertained at the club also.

Mrs. Newbolt L. Pierson gave a luncheon for Mrs. W. A. P. John, formerly of Birmingham, but now of Detroit. Mrs. R. H. Mann was hostess to a group of Birmingham women interested in organizing community pre-school age study groups.

Mrs. Fred Gregory entertained at a bridge luncheon.

PINE LAKE

Dr. and Mrs. George A. Andrews, of Farrand Park, were house guests at the club during October.

Mrs. Waldo Fellows was hostess at a bridge luncheon for twelve.

SUNSET HILL

Mrs. Carroll Steinhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, of Pine Lake, entertained at a luncheon for nine.

The Pontiac Women's Club held their opening meeting with a tea for 50.

Mrs. Goodloe Rogers, of Birmingham, entertained at a bridge luncheon for eight.

The Rotary Anns, of Birmingham, gave a luncheon for twenty.

Mrs. Harry W. Cobert, Mrs. C. E. Smith and Mrs. C. G. Miller, all of Pontiac, were hostesses to 130 at bridge luncheon.

Mrs. T. C. Rice-Day entertained fifty guests at bridge luncheon at White Gables.

Mrs. Howard E. Coffin, of Detroit, entertained at a bridge luncheon for twelve.

Hunt Race Meeting

(Continued from Page 15)

The Burns Henry Memorial Challenge cup, presented by Mr. E. P. Hammond and contested for by amateurs who were members of a recognized Hunt, or army officers, was won by Sand Rock—again of the lucky Winburn stables. Jonas II, ridden by Ralph Perkins, came in second, with H. T. Cole's Slumberer, third.

The Bloomfield Hunt Plate, for thoroughbreds which have not won a point-to-point race over post and rails, was won by Mr. H. M. Jewett's horse, Armor, ridden by G. Gaylord; Clifford McDonald on Mr. E. S. Nichols' horse Picket came in second, with E. S. Nichols on Reina O., third.

Mr. William Hendrie was chairman of the race committee, Mr. Lyman D. Gooderham, secretary. Members of the committee were Mr. J. A. Braun, Mr. C. A. Bray, Mr. M. F. Gagnier, Mr. E. P. Hammond, Mr. G. V. N. Lothrop, Mr. E. S. Nichols, Mr. Wessen Seyburn, Mr. G. W. Slaughter, Mr. R. Stoepel, Mr. W. N. Whittemore, Mr. J. F. Williams and Mr. C. C. Winningham.

The judges were Mr. Allen Case and Dr. F. T. Murphy.

The Meet was held on the E. P. Hammond farm, Square Lake road, in Bloomfield township. The racing officials were: Mr. Allen Case, Dr. F. T. Murphy, Mr. W. T. White, Mr. John W. Dyar, Mr. A. W. Fowler, Mr. G. V. N. Lothrop, Dr. M. B. Perdue, Mr. F. J. McDonald, Mr. C. H. L. Flinterman, Mr. G. E. Preston, Mr. Walter Judd, Mr. William McCullough, Mr. C. A. Bray and Mr. R. Gill. Dr. G. P. Raynale and Dr. E. A. Pillon were the doctors, and Alex Copeland, the veterinary.

Country Comment

(Continued from Page 24)

The Grand Trunk has announced the building within the year of a new round house at Pontiac. This will enlarge the capacity for handling freight in this district and will necessitate the doubling of the tracks between Pontiac and Detroit as soon as the Woodward question is settled.

* * *

A master plan of the highways of Oakland County has been adopted by the Oakland County Board of Supervisors. Copies of the plan are to be placed in every township clerk's office and filed with the county board of auditors so that henceforth no plat can be adopted that does not conform to it. Superhighways in Wayne County that extend into this county are laid out 204 feet wide. The map was prepared by the county road commissioners.

* * *

It was with a sense of shock and loss that members of the Bloomfield Open Hunt learned of the death of their manager, Mr. Lyman Gooderham, last Sunday morning, November 1. Mr. Gooderham had not been in the most robust health for some time, and it is feared that the inclement weather on the day of the Steeplechase brought on the attack of pneumonia that caused his death.

* * *

Mr. Wessen Seyburn has sent the six good chasers and hurdlers from his Winburn stables down east for a trial in several November events. On October 28 and 30 they figured in the United Hunt Club meet at Belmont Park, on November 7 they will appear at Meadowbrook, Long Island and on November 14 at the Pickering Hunt, Phoenixville, Pa. After that they will be taken by John Bosley to his stables in Monkton, Md. for a well earned winter's rest.



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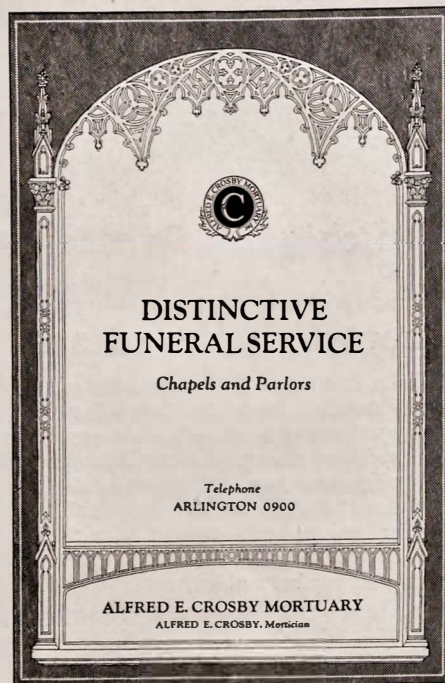
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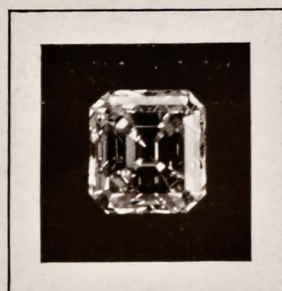
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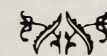
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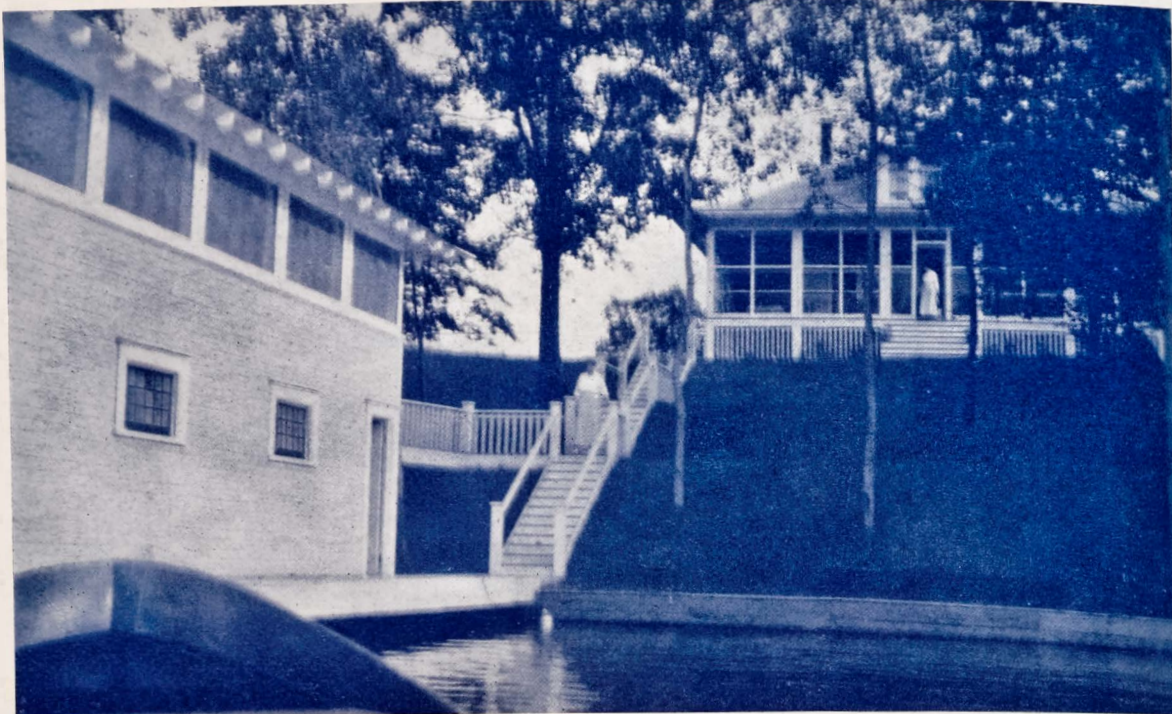


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