

Canadian Anchorage, with eyebars to receive the cables just before cement is poured.

## The Detroit International Bridge

"Ambassador" and "Suspension" Describe Its Spiritual Mission.

An Editorial Meditation by James Schermerhorn.

Sure, I'll dash off a piece for the Michigan Press Association, about the Ambassador Bridge, that two mile convex now stretching its steel shapeless between century-tested neighbors, Uncle Sam and the Daughter of the Snows!

But not a word about the commercial side of the project, foreshadowed by those two piers lifting their stark outlines to heaven at the water's edge of Detroit and of Sandwich, Tecumseh, Ojibway, Windsor, Walkerville, and Ford City, the Border Cities.

Joseph A. Dower, as intrinsically sound a financier as Detroit ever bequeathed to New York, looked after all that when he turned vision into verity on the ruins of a rejected combined highway and pier undertaking and delivered to the Detroit International Bridge Company the rights acquired by him under his 1924 options from the American Transit Company and the Canadian Transit Company, together with revenues powers obtained after the project took its present form.

Anything so thoroughgoing a builder as Mr. Dower, president of both companies, may have left unproved or unproven, teaching the tidal returns from the linking of teeming territories, may be left safely to real estate pamphleteers and American and Canadian industrial, automobile, lake resort and Chamber of Commerce phraseologists.

Here is something to inspire a "song of sapphire and pockets full of rye," figuratively and constitutionally speaking. And it will not be necessary for anyone to plead, "Let all rise and sing!" Thrilling imagination, this mighty enterprise is more like the fulfillment of Scripture where it says: "He hath put a new song into my mouth!"

In business I claim co-equality with Ephraim, for whom Daniel proclaimed: "Awakeners! Yeh done gone an' m'orgaged our WH home!"

"Only temporarily, Dinah," soothed Ephraim, "an' den it'll be 'closed'." "All I know about finance," confessed a senator when they were discussing the repeal of the silver purchase section of the Sherman Act, "is that it takes two names besides my own to make my note good."

This pen disclaims any pretensions to fiscal knowledge. It has no grasp upon modern commercialism. What it knows about business is mighty little, and that little is depressing. It agrees with what the editor of Life said in a recent comment on the way the world is trending, when it gets it full in the face from a full-page advertisement or fight for toe-hold in the shopping district:

"Somehow there is a disagreeable sense nowadays of everything being for sale!"

Isaiah anticipated the prices hung up for best spellers, peace essays, most perfect human forms and faces and cleverest name for a remedy for housemaid's knee when he cried: "Everyone loveth gifts and followeth after rewards."

But that is neither here nor there. Or rather it is on both sides of the sapphire strait that is being spanned by this colossal carry-you-over. The spirit of getting while the getting is good, is rife. The noonday luncheon interpreters say it is the mainstay of progress. Even in the sanctuary there are said to be among the "thousand tongues to sing" those who intone:

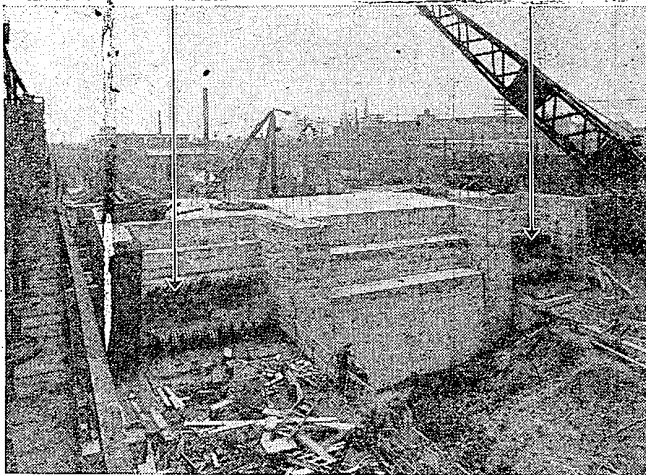
"Bring forth the royal dividend And crown it king of all!"

But from this fourteenth floor attic, prepared place of exile for a publisher so unsophisticated as to attempt "a daily fit for the home," I can catch above the leafy outline of Belle Isle and the widening solitudes of the Border Cities, the smiling uplands of the Dominion, rising entrancingly to the horizon.

One of the year's best sellers, winner of the Pulitzer prize, philosophizes over the fate of five Peruvians who went down with the "Bridge at San Luis Rey."

Macaulay had a penchant for bridges. While he had the brave Horatius hold the one over the yellow Tiber, to stop the Tuscan army's advance on Rome, he foresaw from London Bridge's broken arches the ruins of St. Paul's. Direful prophecy, still unfulfilled.

Lord Byron employed the melancholy "Bridge of Sighs" in fair Venice



American Anchorage ready to receive the suspension cables.

spaces that are round about them as the hills are round about Jerusalem.

You just better believe it is thrilling to a heel and toe exile, self-pledged to his 100 miles a month afoot, to realize that a little way down the river, by lofty path, his daily pilgrimage may soon range after on the other shore!

To one who has tied all the strait-side tramps Tecumsehward and Sandwichway, it makes, or broader thinking to realize that, the trip across is ere long to be a matter of simplest human locomotion; and there are the shining concrete ways leading to Lake Erie's blue expanse and glorious beaches.

I speak as one having a scheme on foot. As for the thousands upon thousands of vehicular patrons, let these partisans articulate for themselves!

The Hurons' waypath of a hundred years ago become one of the Sandwich side a slightly approach of 3,400 feet; the crude possibility of pontoon and float of half a century back and the hope of a low situate on piers in a later period, grown into the longest span in the world (1,550 feet) and a clearance of 152 feet over high water in the river—to this superb certainty has the dream of international contact come!

Permit an immaterial worker and a mere walker, for his part to bow before the wonder and the wrought substance of it all!

II

Your bridge is the Miss America of architectural competitions. Among all created things for outdoor adornment, it takes the palm. In slashing lines and contour and contrast, it never fails to enthrall.

It is water colored art; and is often served by stylized settings on both sides. Illuminated in imparts a new glory after night!

Add to the untraced symmetry the eye-filling intensity of it, and you will understand the partiality of poets and painters for this prodigious thing of lofty piers, graceful arches and powerful cables, sometimes looming above us in massive strength, sometimes caught in perspective through emerald vistas, sometimes standing spectrally against the sky.

"Faith an' what is the motor between the brick fort?" asked Pat.

"It is to kape the brick together," said Mike.

"Egorra," said Pat, "I thought it was to kape thim apart!"

A hardboiled brother said he did not want to know a certain man. "I want to hate him," he declared grimly. "If I know him I cannot hate him!"

AMBASSADOR BRIDGE is ere denticulated to break down detachment that breeds distrust. By many minutes it brings two shores closer. No Ambassador means the absence of close and friendly relations. When an Ambassador is established it is a sign that good understanding and mutualty are restored.

Not only traffic but Internationalism gains by Columbia-Canada thoroughfare. Barriers are burned away by the fires of affiliation.

The AMBASSADOR BRIDGE is a fine symbolism.

So is SUSPENSION BRIDGE—the longest in the world. It signifies that separation is suspended—that hatefulness, inharmoniousness are hung up.

Suspended, hung up permanently—which is a long and desirable SUSPENSION!

The Rush-Bagot Treaty, maintaining for over a century unbroken peace along 3,000 miles of unfortified frontier, has at once a Memorial and an Ally in this AMBASSADOR SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

For preserving international tranquility its towering piers are better than Planes, "Wings" of land-darting-croscrossers better than Cavalry, its Millions of Motors better than Mortars.

To signalize restored good will two South American countries placed on a mountain crest a statue of the Christ, marking the very boundary that had been the cause of fierce contention.

Two nations stretch across the Strait of Detroit the AMBASSADOR

## SPLINTERS

We missed genial "Jimmie" Hasselman from the crowd. Probably fell into the An Sable on the way up.

"Bill" Berkey lifted his toes wonderfully in the hop-skip-jump, but his heels dragged in the backward race and Bill did a beautiful head spin.

Major E. R. Eaton was one of the most persistent of the fishermen, but Mrs. Eaton says most of the fish that got to her table are "canned." Well, if he keeps at it, the Major will learn.

One member of the Haskins family was missed from the gathering—"Betty." Well, Betty got married just a few days prior to the oystering meeting, and—well, you know how shy girls are.

"Ted" Thompson borrowed a rod and reel Saturday afternoon and went fishing. Returned a few minutes later with a 4-pound pike and promptly beat it for home. Didn't dare take chances with that gang over night. Wise old owl.

Among the later arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Robt Gifford and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Martin of the Eaton Rapids Journal and Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Levinson of the Laramie Enterprise. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Babcock of the Redford Record.

Former president D. E. Hubbell of the Criswell Jeffersonian appeared each morning cleanly shaved except for what George Averill called a "bleich" under his nose. Dave convinced by replying that Mrs. Hubbell wanted him to have the shoe-brush "henned," but that one look at George's brilliantly colored mustache decided him against the henna proposition. Well, if each of them is satisfied, why should the rest of us worry?

Let others, the Pragmatic and the Pragmatic, decant upon the assured economic and commercial fruitage of this tremendous performance. It is privilege enough for this pen, believer that "nation under pain of chastisement" should not lift up sword against nation," to acclaim the spiritual and peace-preserving aspects of what man's genius is achieving in flinging a steel highway from shore to shore. Cadstone's inspired figure of "hands across the sea" is fulfilled in the approaching fact of friendly feet across the strait—feet shot with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

JAMES SCHERMERHORN.

## City Had Distinguished Visitor Last Friday

East Tawas had a distinguished visitor last Friday at noon, in the person of John Coolidge, son of the president of the United States. His presence in our city, however, was not noted until after his departure, for with true Coolidge reticence he came without blare of trumpets, and left unobtrusively.

Into the Holland Hotel last Friday noon came two travelers seeking luncheon. There was nothing to mark them from other autos, save that one was dressed in uniform. After dinner the usual formalities were carried out—paying for their meal and registering. They left the hotel immediately. James Larkin was presiding at the hotel desk, and curiosity as to the identity of the man in uniform prompted him to scan the register. His surprise can be imagined as he read the following: John Simmons, U. S. S. Dakota, John Coolidge, Northampton, Mass., From Isoco County Gazette, East Tawas, June 28, 1928.

Veteran John Randall of the Mio Telegram was most heartily welcomed by all the "gunn," who did everything possible to make his outing a pleasant one.

## "The Lodge" On Van Ettan Lake

A little paradise of trees,  
And crystal lake and fragrant breeze,  
Cool paths your weary eyes to ease,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

Green lawns and stretching porch so wide,  
A view of tranquil countryside,  
A place where peaceful joys abide,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

You GOLF, if that appeals to you,  
You row or paddle a canoe,  
A place where fishing's good sport, too,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

There's riding, tennis, and a dance,  
And golden moons that weave romance,  
Bright skies of loveliness enhance,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

Fine rooms, good beds and comfort deep,  
Where young and old can really sleep,  
And meals! A memory to keep,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

You'll meet there splendid folks and kind,  
A friendly welcome you will find,  
With hospitalities entwined,  
VAN ETTAN LAKE!

—Anne Campbell (Detroit News Poet)

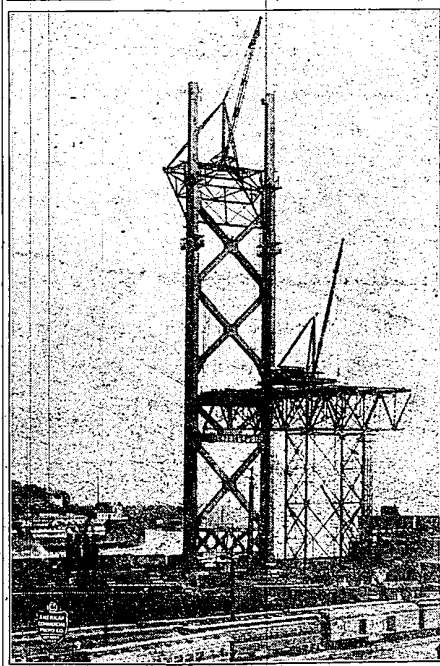
Satisfactory evidence that the membership of the M. P. A. uses good judgment in electing its officers was demonstrated at this summer outing meeting. They are all winners, as shown; by President Berkey, Vice-President Hanna and Secretary-Treasurer Wood, each coping fine prices in the athletic contest.

## "PECK'S" OWN WAY OF TELLING IT

When the days are grown warmer and the grass is showin' thru, and the pussy yellow's burin' and the streams are callin' you; you can hear the frogs a-shrillin', see the robins in the trees, and you throw away the mothballs from your summer DVDs. Then you get a lizzy feelin', like your skin is ful o' dope, and a Christian white man's collar feels like so much hangman's rope. Your mind ain't on your business—you go walkin' round in dreamin'—you see the four-pound brook-trout go a-scootin' up the stream; you can see their dark forms glidin'; you can see the water break near the rapids on the Sable or on blue Van Ettan Lake. Then your fever sets the hundred, and you're gosh-darned sick, till you crank up the old silver and you head 'er for the creek. —R. E. Prescott, Chairman Entertainment Committee.

Tales of big bass have been eclipsed by Russell Walker of Royal Oak. Walker reported taking an eight-pound bass from Williams Lake in Oakland County June 24. The fish may be a record for Michigan.

Never before in 50 years has fishing for pickerel been as good as it has this year in the St. Clair River, according to George Simpson, a farmer and an ardent fisherman living near Marine City. "Catching pickerel from boats has been an easy matter during past years," he says, "but this season the 'snakes' are being stalked by fishermen off the docks and banks."



LAST LIFT OF AMERICAN MAIN TOWER, 383 FEET HIGH