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The following letter from crazy cousin Jim was in an envelop addressed to Miss Lizzie Golden, Dennison, Mich. (Ottawa Co.) The envelope was postmarked 1895 and it had a 2 cent stamp on it. The letter was written on lined paper that was 4-1/2" by 7". I believe crazy cousin Jim was James Golden, who was the son of Dennis Golden, who was the brother of Patrick Golden, who was the Father of Elizabeth Golden. That makes Jim and Lizzie first cousins. Both Jim and Lizzie were 22 in 1895

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Detroit, Oct 24, 1895

Dear cousin Lizzie, -

Having promised, on leaving, to write you, you no doubt, long since, have been expecting some token, of the fulfillment of that promise. Now that I have waited so long, I do not labor in search of news, but such is its plenitude, that I am put at an inconvenience to tell it in a brief space. And as it would be impossible to tell all that has transpired in and about the college, since I returned, you will have to be content with, such as I hope and think will amuse and interest you.

In the first place, I must tell you of an accident, happened to our proffessor of chemistry. He was preparing hidrogin gass. And the method he choose was with Hydrocloric acid and zinc. The zinc was in a bottle with two necks, in one neck was a funnel and in the other, a glass tube. He poured Hidrocloric acid, in the funnell, which working on the zinc produced the gass. The latter, at once began to escape through the glass tube. To prove, to the class that his experiment was a success, he attempted to light the gass. But there was his mistake: he forgot, that an appreciable time must elapse, before the gass forces from the bottle all the air, and comes out free. The former came in contact with the oxygen of the latter, and the excitement began. Of course an explosion was the result; and a noise equal to the report of a cannon was heard in every part of the house, and pieces of the bottle were found in every corner of the room. After the smoke cleared away and the excitement died down, the proffessor with an anxious and inquiring look surveyed the class, and when his speech again returned, with a faltering voice asked, "Is anybody hurt". But fortunately no personal damage was done.

Perhaps a little sketch of some of our college sports might be of interest to you. I will tell you of a game of baseball that took place one month ago Thursday last.

Our class, the Rhetoricians, challenged the Philosophers to a game. And in order to make the game somewhat exciting, it was suggested that some kind of a wager, awarded to the winners would be appropriate. After debating what would most likely suit the fellows, someone, more thoughtful than the rest, remembering boys unsatiabile appetite for pie, suggested that those delicacies form the wager. Accordingly twenty five of them were purchased, and the work began.

We played on the island. the game was called at two thirty, and at four o'clock the pies were the possessions of the Rhetoricians. To fully appreciate the sight, you should have been their. Of course, we were no hogs, and urged by our christian spirit, and (felial) love; we invited our vanquished brethren to partake of the spoils.

While they lasted, we were friends, and talked and joked together; but they being disposed of, the link which bound us together in friendship was destroyed; and the members of each class sought those of their own kin, and started for home: each class

shouting in chorus, and filling the air with its respective yell. The Rhetoricians piercing the air with Hobble, gobble, zip, bum, ba, Rhetoric tigers Ra, Ra, Ra, and What did we do, what did we do, we beat the Philosophers twelve to two, and so on; while the Philosophers followed at a short distance, occasionally, reviving their dejected spirits, and breaking the monotony of their surroundings, by spouting forth their one and only yell. We us wicks, Gleason's chicks, we'll be hatched in 96.

After about an hour and a half of such revelry we made our way towards the car, and there departed shaking hands with our vanquished friends. And next day we met at school, everything was sunshine.

But baseball, now is a thing of the past. The fall months are here, and with them, is ushered in the football season. We played a game last Thursday with the Detroit school for boys, but were badly defeated. We expect to play them again soon and I think we will regain our lost laurels.

We are to play a game next Thursday with the Michigan Athletic association, and as we have never played them before, it is hard to tell what the results will be.

I hoped, in the beginning of this litter, to tell you all the important events, transpired since September 1. But as you see, I have told you only a few of the affairs, and have already filled nearly ten pages so I think I will close and continue in my next.

Yours as ever.  
crazy cousin Jim