

I well recall a Christmas morning over a score of years ago; I arose with a younger brother at about 4 a. m., and took the new, shiny sled out for a trial spin. I can still see those big snowflakes falling on that morn.

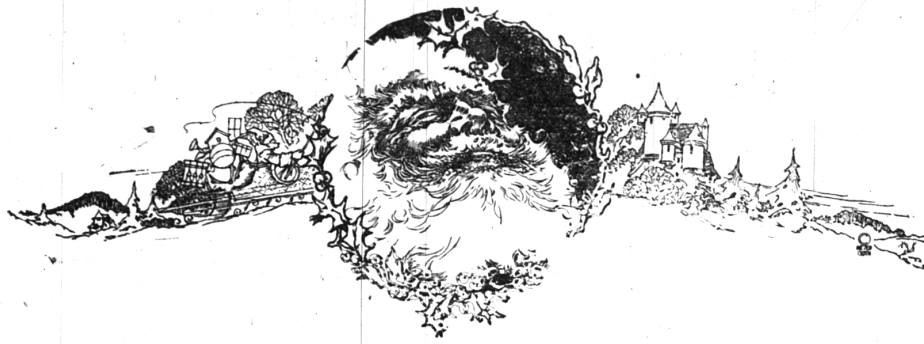
The Birmingham Eccentric

PART THREE

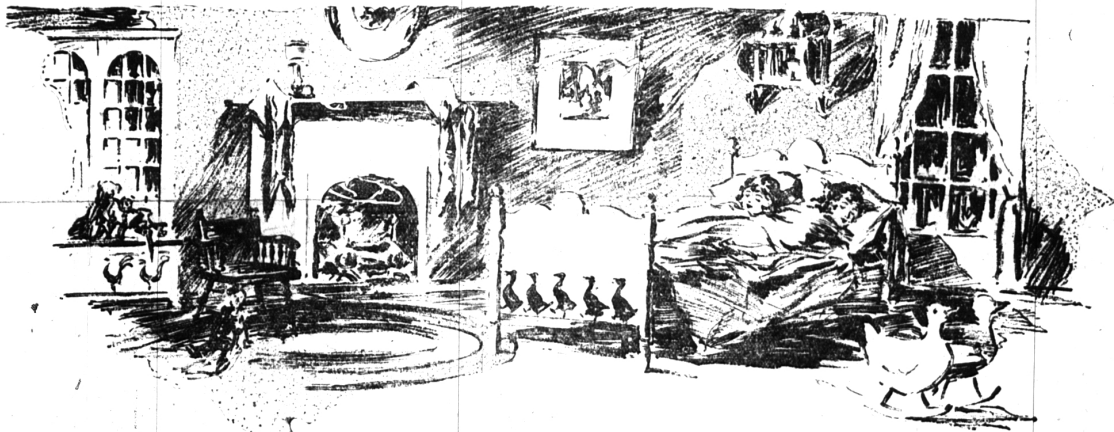
FIFTY-SECOND YEAR—NO. 37

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'Twas the night before Christmas



AND, suddenly, the murmur of the work-a-day world ceases. It is Christmas Eve . . . and over all the country there falls a soft blanket of peace. White tissue paper packages are piled waiting on the mantle. Eager, wide-eyed children are packed off to bed, to await the advent of a miraculous Santa, who crawls through keyhole and chimney alike.

The breathless rush is over. We have time to sit by our hearths and reflect upon the things which the last year has brought us.

Before we quite shut our desks and return to our own firesides we want to pause a moment and thank you for the pleasantness of your acquaintance during this year. Associations are the happiest things in life . . . and in the peace of this Eve of Christmas may we wish you much joy during the holiday, and increasing prosperity during the new year.

From the
Business and Professional Men and Women of Birmingham
and
The Birmingham Eccentric