

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1929

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper.

The right to be corrected, however, to make such corrections, should be presented before noon on Wednesday. The right to be corrected, however, to make such corrections, should be presented before noon on Wednesday.

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It was my privilege to be a guest of my good friends, Editor and Mrs. George Averill, at their home in Birmingham last week.

Several weeks ago we enjoyed over the week end the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Conlin, of Crystal Falls, in the Upper Peninsula, at our home here.

As the result of this visit, Mr. Conlin, who publishes the Crystal Falls Diamond Drill, published the following observations upon his return home.

We re-print it here to show how another views the progress of Birmingham and vicinity. Here are Mr. Conlin's observations:

"It was my privilege to be a guest of my good friends, Editor and Mrs. George Averill, at their home in Birmingham last week.

My mind went back many years ago to my first visit to Birmingham, nestled as it was then in peace and quietness at a distance from its big neighbor, Detroit, that made it an ideal place for residences, the rural atmosphere is everywhere and close by is the metropolitan atmosphere that one might breathe at will.

Its main street, over which arched that beautiful, peace denoting row of maple and elm trees stood out in my memory distinctly from that day.

But, what a change! The quietness and rural atmosphere has gone; that row of elms has given way to a row of "white way" lights.

One is jostled and pushed along, perhaps not as much as in Detroit's main street but at a pace that commensurates that of the big city.

Trapped in a maze, actively everywhere, has supplanted the quietness of the village of Birmingham is a village. It is large enough to claim city status, but the position of village seems to satisfy and when one passes out into the township districts about it one can get an inkling of why, especially when it is seen that it is a village of residences and business houses.

No industrial plants mar the picture in Birmingham. It is a residential section for Detroit's better class of working people—the fellows holding the white collar jobs. The result of this condition is that the homes are substantial and well kept.

No elaborate show of wealth is visible, but comfort and substantialness are apparent on all sides.

For long suburbs there is a question. I heard talk of high taxes and of the desirability of industry locating in the village so as to add valuation in big chunks to the assessment roll.

"My host took me on a ride through the Bloomfield Hills, a territory adjacent to Birmingham where many of the wealthy Detroiters, including Senator Couzens, have established their homes.

The exhibits of wealth, luxury, comfort that I saw in the splendid mansions of these people was amazing. Only a few short years ago this highly priced real estate was ordinary farm property; today it contains a collection of homes that is the equal of any in the central west, to say the least.

I couldn't help but contemplate upon this display of wealth and what it means. Much of it is newly obtained wealth, gotten from the automobile and its development in Detroit.

Wealth in the hands of persons with the right kind of vision can mean so much for a community! There is so much to be done, so many cases that one wonders that there is so much distress in some parts of the country after witnessing such a display as Bloomfield Hills presents.

"Capping the shaft of this development in Bloomfield Hills is the wonderful colony of Cranbrook where Mr. Booth of the Detroit News has his home and where he is building his school for boys, a wonderful institution wonderfully projected by its patron.

My wish is that any of my readers who happen to be in the vicinity of Birmingham may take the time off from their projected path to visit Bloomfield Hills and especially the Cranbrook project."

Some LEARNED SCIENTISTS are seeking ways and means of making breathing more orderly and regular.

We wonder if their ultimate findings will be so radical as to take our breath away.

DETROIT'S VOTERS, it appears, have now finished their fall canning. It would seem, too, that they wish to preserve bowls of certain fruits, as well as give the raspberry to others.

A POET DOWN IN PERU was sent to prison for three years. Would you call that poetic justice?

WE'RE thankful for the ordinary things. The bright adventures of each passing day. The long-suffering letter that the mailman brings. Children at early morn.

With all their charms inborn. The glory of the sun. After the day is done, Music and bows to while the lonely hours.

Winter's snow, summer's flowers. Thanksgiving Day brings fellowship and cheer. With merry feasting, and with sober thought. For all the blessings of a bygone year.

Its fleeting hours with merriment are fraught, And fervent gratitude. For shelter and for food.

For love and hope and life. For rest from war and strife, For many precious treasures we possess, And all earth's happiness.

—BEATRICE McDONALD.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY has satisfactorily tested a gas generator that uses bootleg rum, or other forms of alcohol, instead of gasoline.

And to think that the announcement of it came just when President Hoover, our national and international leaders seek to keep down the military forces of the country!

Step Up, Mr. Sink!

Charles A. Sink, state senator from Ann Arbor for this district, is being mentioned very favorably throughout Michigan as a likely candidate for Lieutenant-Governor next fall. He has behind him a distinguished record in the state legislative body, is thoroughly acquainted with Michigan's affairs, and is warmly supported in both branches of the legislature, and ought to make an excellent race for the office if he decides to run.

May we remind our readers, too, that Mr. Sink has another qualification for the office of Lieutenant-Governor: his long contacts with the School of Music of the University of Michigan, of which he is now president, enables him to bring to office a knowledge of harmony and concord of sweet sound that are bound to result in excellently rendered programs.

We hope that Mr. Sink becomes a candidate for the office; and should Luren D. Dickinson, of Eaton County, succeed Lieutenant-Governor, become a candidate for Governor next fall, we sincerely trust that no banners will bear the legend "Sink with Dickinson." (You may also spell this latter Sink with a small "S")

Who Writes The President's Papers?

Almost every President has had his "ghost writer." Hamilton wrote most of Washington's state papers; Roger B. Taney wrote Andrew Jackson's; the historian Bancroft and the great lawyer, Jeremiah S. Black, wrote Andrew Johnson's. That is to say, these understatements polished into brilliant language the vigorous thoughts that the presidents themselves supplied.

Exceptions to this custom were made by Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson, who penned their own papers, though they sometimes had the Secretary of State formulate some important part of their presidential addresses. Lincoln's second inaugural address is regarded as one of the most nearly perfect literary structures that has come from the White House. It would be interesting, however, to know definitely the author of Lincoln's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

A President's literary style is rarely thought of apart from political and state declarations. In Calvin Coolidge's magazine articles we have a striking exception, and judging from the interest and comment on the part of readers, a pleasant one.

President Hoover has developed a homely style that makes his address noteworthy. It is so foreign to the scientific and technical writing that we are used to that there is a writer of fiction about it. Nothing like these papers has ever come from a President. They have the sort of charm that one finds in the best of Goldsmith's Chinese Letters.

The Story Of North America

American archeology is very much the fashion and has been put on the front page with eclat by the modest but much-heralded flights of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh over the Maya regions of Mexico. The Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of American Ethnology, and the Carnegie Institution of Washington to name a few, have initiated in our capital—all have been busy exploring, excavating, and restoring prehistoric ruins in the South-West.

Other quiet students are working on the remains of the languages spoken by these peoples, also rummaging among old bits of prehistoric writings, digging to see the meanings of hieroglyphics, and restoring to something like grammatical order the various scraps of words and phrases. One day the merriments of buildings, carvings, sign-writings and surviving oddments of spoken language will be fitted together like the pieces of a puzzle, and all will be able to read the story of North America, from centuries before Christ to Columbus.

Poverty And Disease

J. E. McCullen, editor of the Linden Leader, is as much as possibly inclined as any newspaper man in Michigan. Out of his more than seventy years of interested observations upon life, he recently said in his "wasp": "It is used to be so common that a lot of people got the absurd idea that God looked upon it as a virtue, when in fact it is a mark of ignorance of the Almighty's beneficent laws. The coming church will, we believe, outlaw both poverty and disease and refuse to hand over the best of this earth to the ignorant and the ignorant, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and man's about time his children were annexing more of it."

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For These Blessings, Oh Lord, Let Us Be Truly Thankful



The Other Chap Says Something—

KEEPING TO THE RIGHT

The old motto, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is being paraphrased for motorists in America. "Keep to the right and go ahead," Maryland has joined the van of states which require motorists to drive on the extreme right of the highway except when passing other cars, and is stepping to the forefront in enforcing the requirement.

New York State has actively applied such a rule since its construction of three and four-lane highways; and Massachusetts has adopted it, or rather reasserted it, for it has become an unwritten rule of the road almost everywhere in the United States. Most Massachusetts motorists will approve announcement of the rule in their state, and equally welcome the declaration by state and local police that it will be active hereafter, since many who have driven widely in other states are of the opinion that Massachusetts' "middle-of-the-road" drivers, so many that it has become a hazard of cutting around on the right of slower cars.

MICHIGAN IN OCTOBER

Joe Haas of the Holy Herald was out in God's big outdoors last week with his eyes open to all the glory and splendor of the varied colors of the woods hills and valleys, and reveling in an atmosphere such as October can only give to a state like Michigan and beholding with open vision the

WHO'S WHO AND TIMELY VIEWS

Education For Every Child Announced As Missouri's Policy

By HENRY S. CAULFIELD Governor of Missouri. (Henry Stewart Caulfield was born at St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 9, 1844. He was educated at St. Louis college and the law department of Washington University. In 1868 he began practicing in St. Louis. From 1907 to 1909 he was a member of congress from Missouri. He was judge of the St. Louis court of appeals from 1910 to 1912 and was director of the St. Louis Public Library from 1918 to 1921. He took office as Governor of Missouri in 1920. He is a Republican.)

A FAREWELL TO YOUTH

"The smart woman says her skirts will below the knee and fall.—Style note.

"Another six months while you sit on the music, between the saxophone and the drums, and youth—noisy, frank, unselfish, gaudy youth—kisses her hand for five wings.

For five wings have been with us, all sorts of knees, bumpy juicy knees, pointed ones, silvery ones, and a little Peter Pan's flipping skirts out of the way and telling the world "I won't, I won't."

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rare pictures that Nature affords on every hand, he reverently took off his hat and burst into a paean of praise, declaring: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Then he challenged Florida, California and all other boasted spots to show greater and more sublime grandeur than ever Michigan has to offer enjoy at this season.—E. McMullen in Linden Leader.

PHIL OSOPHER

A Metamora shiek calls his sweetie Radio because she gave him the air. Another, more fortunate, says his is like brown sugar—so sweet and unrefined.

Antique dealers along the country's main roads are complaining that the factories are "way behind in supplying the summer demands.

The reason a movie queen demands such a large salary is because she thinks she has to live in style like the big game accustomed to in her pictures.

Having listened a little to Fire Prevention talk last week, the average citizen of Lapeer County is ready to forget about it until next year.

"Girl motorists are improving," says an expert. That's just the trouble. They sometimes go in the direction they signal and people are not used to it.

Few wives believe that their husbands have to work at night.

Most men wish to retain their eye-sight until the styles change.

It is rare witness who testifies satisfactorily to plaintiff and defendant but some people try it.

Our idea of an optimist is trying to figure out why his summer garden failed to produce catalog results.

Every body will agree on general principles; the row starts when some fool tries to apply them.

But How Temporary! If happiness exists, I've found it. A half a minute pie with a boy around it.

Not until he has been some time married does a man really begin to think seriously of matrimony. —Lapeer County Press.

She Wondered Why They Laughed. Teacher was explaining a problem in geometry at the blackboard.

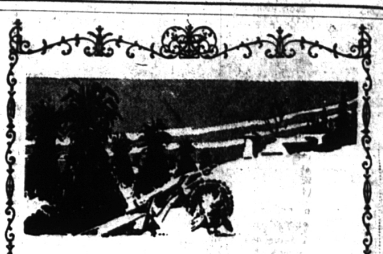
"Was Harold's wedding a swell affair?" "Positively! They even puffed rief."—Montreal Star.

Income Properties

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These properties will not only show a handsome return upon the investment but are located in growing districts where population and property values are rapidly increasing.

Colgrove Buck & Tillotson REALTORS



Prayer to the Giver

Lord, I am glad for the great gift of living— Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain; Grateful for joy, with an endless thanksgiving, Grateful for laughter—and grateful for pain.

Lord, I am glad for the young April's wonder, Glad for thefulness of long summer days; And now when the spring and my heart are stunder, Lord, I give thanks for the dark autumn ways.

Sun, bloom, and blossom, O Lord, I remember, The dream of the spring and its joy I recall; But now in the silence and pain of November, Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giver of all.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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