

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1929

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which are of general interest to the community. All copy must be accompanied with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be accompanied with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be accompanied with the editorial staff of the paper.

Praise All 'Round

Herbert S. Case, whose weekly Musing News last week paid the following tribute to a Birmingham citizen, served his first furling duty on the staff of The Eccentric, commencing, to ye gods, by Loren T. Robinson. Even in those days, seven years ago, Herb was a vigilant destroyer of typewriter keys and—well, guess we'd better quit praisin' Herb and let him praise Charley Kinnison, which he does as follows:

How very few of us utilize profitably the spare moments away from our usual routine of business duties? And this is but another way of saying how few of us live a life that any way near approaches the glorious fullness that is so essential to true happiness. But I know a man who is living a life brimming over with this true happiness and all because of his achievement aside from the regular routine of his business.

Charles S. Kinnison—he would much rather be called Charley—in this man. It was during the war while several of his brothers were overseas that Charley first wrote bits of verse. He wrote them in the letters that he sent to France to cheer up some of his friends and relatives during the months in the trenches. The verses came surprisingly easy and when the war was over and there was no excuse for writing letters to France, Charley continued to write these bits of home verse on the interurbans commuting between his home in Birmingham and his job as advertising manager for an industrial concern in Detroit. He wrote these bits of verse between sandwiches at a quick lunch counter. He wrote them at every opportunity he could find.

Finally he took samples of his verse and laid them before that kindly Irishman, Joseph A. Mulcahy, then managing editor of the Detroit Times. The Times liked his verse and agreed to give him a trial by taking two or three verses each week. It was a start. And each week Charley gave one of his unpublished verses to this writer for publication in the Birmingham paper. He did this gratis, for that is the kind of a fellow Charley was, and is, and always will be.

Several years went by and Charley's verse grew steadily in popularity with the Detroit Times readers. About two years ago this writer was given the opportunity to do one of the most pleasant assignments he has ever had, and that was to write and lay out a half page spread for the Detroit Times on "The House That Verse Built." Charley Kinnison had made good with "The House That Verse Built" was his beautiful, homey residence in Birmingham built by the money that his verses had brought him.

Now his verses, just plain little pictures of home-life that play happy music on the heart strings, are being used by hundreds of newspapers throughout the country and are bringing wholesome cheer to thousands of family circles.

But Charley Kinnison is still an advertising manager. It is in his day's work is done that he writes the verse that has so quickly placed him on an equal with the famous Edick Guest.

Yes, Charles S. Kinnison is a happy man, and made by utilizing those spare moments with which the lives of all of us are so full.

The New Township Park

Bloomfield Township residents had their first visit last Friday to their completed Bloomfield park—and they saw for the first time its unimmaculate beauties. They are profuse in their praise for the members of the township board who worked hard and for long hours seeing to every detail of the park. To Robert Y. Moore, R. J. Corvill, Floyd S. Buck and James E. Bayley, goes the major part of the credit for the park's completeness.

It bids fair to be the playground of Bloomfield Township and it is for Bloomfield Township alone. The playground for summer and winter will be the envy of the county and an excellent pattern for others to duplicate.

A Good Start, Chief

Chief Otter J. Tuttle aims to make the Birmingham police department as efficient as any department of its size in the state. He will demand, at all times, to have police officers to remember that the people are the ones who have created their jobs for them and indirectly pay their wages.

That is a good start. Although it is a non-sensational creature, a town often is judged by the manner, appearance and work of the patrolman on the street. While the superintendent of the Birmingham police has never been marked in Birmingham, the other extreme will be well received.

SOCIETY NOTE: Florence Trumbull, who is to marry John Cooldge, September 23, was given a lichen shower by the young social set of Plainville, the home of her father, on August 11. Trumbull. A good time was had by all.

A Chance To Help Boys

Up on Loon Lake, a few miles from Hale, in as wild and picturesque a bit of country as you would enjoy in a day's motoring, is located the new site chosen for a summer camp for Oakland County Y. M. C. A. activities. And to show that this 400 acre piece of land, with its mile and one-half on the lake itself, is destined to become the possession of Oakland County boys—well, just pinch yourself, men and women, and still believe in Santa Claus.

In these changing days, changing unceasingly in that complexity of industrial life with its tanning cities, with every bit of the old earth covered with electric lines, with more than grass or stream, youth must be provided for. You can put a boy, or a girl, in the midst of dangling civilization, give him every toy you can buy, all the food and clothing he wants—yet he'll be unsatisfied.

Freedom of movement and a chance to pioneer and explore. That's what any normal boy or girl wants, and that is what will be provided for in this fine summer camp project, just getting under way. Birmingham's portion of the cost of this Loon Lake camp amounts to \$9,000.00; no drive or campaign will be staged to raise this sum.

However, if you really want to lend a hand to a project that will mean that the boy of the community, just make up your mind to give \$25.00 or more (payable over five years) to the local committee in charge. If you seek further information just call on G. A. Ziegler, John B. Howarth, E. W. Seahorn, Robert D. Lynd, Clarence Vlier, H. T. Ellerby, Charles A. Bingham, George R. Averill, Charles I. Shain, J. J. Corvill, or Harry S. Starr—they'll tell you about it.

Birmingham's Growth

The announcement that Birmingham during July was eighth in the amount of building done among the leading cities of the state, and that the August total was almost twice that of July, is a significant one. The only cities to surpass it, in the following order, are: Detroit, Flint, Dearborn, Lansing, Ann Arbor, Grand Rapids and Pontiac. Such cities as Bay City, Ferndale, Bay City, Saginaw, Port Huron, Mt. Clemens and Kalamazoo are far in the background, despite the fact they all are much larger in population than is Birmingham.

It is astonishing, this forging ahead, but inevitable. Other announcements, just as astonishing, will be made from time to time, for Birmingham's growth seems to be almost predicated. The prayer most of us who love the village are offering is that the larger Birmingham of five years hence will be the thoroughly desirable Birmingham of today—with more persons enjoying it.

Another Reason, Mr. Nimmo

Thomas Rayfield and his nephew, James G. Fair, of Detroit, have been freed from state's prison which each was sentenced to a long term for a crime committed in Detroit. Testimony of a man called a dope addict is responsible for the sentencing. Diligent work of friends gained the men their release after proving the pair was "framed." If mistakes can be made in trial of men charged with robbery armed, mistakes can be made in trial of men charged with a crime. In a case of this kind, capital punishment, there would be no rectifying a mistake made in the case of a man on trial for murder. No doubt many men are in prison today in Michigan for crimes they did not commit. Little doubt, also, that persons have been murdered, other states for crimes of which they were innocent. Every such mistake—and there are too many of them—should be a strong argument against Michigan adopting capital punishment.

The Mayor And The Plumber

Political fireworks soon will be starting in Detroit as candidates for the mayor's chair swing into action. After all, being mayor of Detroit is merely a matter of Detroit. There is a larger salary and more prestige attached to it, of course, than in being, say, a plumber's helper. But a plumber's helper who gets his job in a decent and civilized manner and performs his duties honestly, is many times the man the back biting, mad throwing politician ever will be.

Room For The Lawless

The United States is staring out on a jail building campaign. Both the federal and the state prisons are overcrowded. Leavenworth has a capacity of 2,000 prisoners and has 3,700 inmates. Practically all of the state prisons are filled beyond capacity, the only exception being Maine which has room for some more folks in jail. Shortage of jails makes federal judges slow to send prisoners to them. In 1926 there were 5,210 convicted under the drug acts, 1,140 liquor law convictions and 465 jail sentences.

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AN AMERICAN expedition will seek to find Noah's Ark. When it is found, we suggest that it replace one of the old, worn-out tubs operating between Ludington and Milwaukee on Lake Michigan.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that vitamins have been found in hash should not alarm the hash-eating crowd, nor cause a flurry in any boarding house kitchen, nor make it busy as defecating as anything else found in hash.

THE RUSSIANS and Chinese are having some big, fine, fights these days. Hi, hi, gilliams, chop suey; rah, rah, rah, hitaki, hitaki in cavitory.

BELLY SUNDAY HAS two sons and both of them are being sued for divorce this week by their wives. Both sons should have been taken over their evangelist dad's knees and paddled in the tabernacle—or the woodshed.

Mrs. WILHELMSEN'S eight years of association with those not much interested in liquor reveals that all is not champagne that does prosper.

Smash! Bang! The Season Is On!



PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

ENJOYS CLUB

To the Editor: I spent Sunday and Monday at the 6,000 acre tract of the Birmingham Hunting and Fishing Club. I was surprised to see the fine lay out they have. The ground is very rolling and well covered with timber. There is trout stream and a 700 acre lake surrounded by white pine, Norway pine and birch trees as well as a fine bathing beach.

The deer are plentiful and there is also a good supply of partridges and prairie chickens. They have also received a shipment of wild turkeys from Wisconsin which will be kept in an enclosure until nesting time when they will be turned loose.

They have received a shipment of Mongolian pheasants which will also be liberated at the same time. There is a fine clubhouse under construction, 40x90 feet, made of cement blocks and with an asbestos flat roof, which makes it practically fire proof. The building is modern in every way, having electric lights and all conveniences of a modern home. It will accommodate 42 persons. From my observations this is the most progressive hunting club in Michigan. JAMES V. BAYLEY.

ROAD NOTES

To the Editor: I just returned from my vacation; drove 1500 miles—about my average per week when I am working, as I was away two weeks—but it gave me a closer touch with traffic from various States who were either going to or coming from my destination, the "Soo"; and as my mind was not engaged with my business, I could make mental note of the things that would concern my business. I got in the habit of putting my foot on the brake and slowing down and picking out a good place on the shoulder to get off the road whenever I saw someone coming towards me, or whenever anyone passed me going in the same direction—that is all but one driver, and they had no license from a State just Southeast of us—ran drove off the cement and STOPPED—gave them the whole roadway—for I could not tell from their driving just what rules they had at home. "If any" and everytime I met one of them my mind swung back on my business, and I wondered when we would get uniform traffic rules throughout the country and make life more living.

Every mile or two my mind would insist on noticing signs reading "Slow Moving Vehicles Keep to Right," and where do you think the slow movers were? I'll give you my guess. But possibly these men the same as the other signs I saw about as frequently. "Road Patrolled—Michigan State Police" and I will give you my guesses as to where I saw one on the fifteen hundred mile trip. And that is another story again—How can 60 motorcycle equipped patrol 88 counties, transfer prisoners, collect tax, test oil, guard prisoners, act as chauffeur for the dignitaries and enforce the other laws they are supposed to enforce?

It is my wonder that the daily papers are full of abuse to motorists and theft of their cars by

WHO'S WHO AND TIMELY VIEWS

UNITED STATES FORESTRY PROBLEM OUTLINED

By ARTHUR M. HYDE
(Arthur M. Hyde was born at Princeton, Mo., July 12, 1877. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the State University of Iowa. From 1900 to 1915 he practiced law at Princeton, Mo. He was mayor of Princeton from 1908 to 1910, in 1915 he moved to Trenton. From 1921 to 1925 he was governor of Missouri. He was appointed secretary of agriculture by President Hoover.)

The forestry problem in Michigan is indeed a most serious one. Magnify it many times and you have the forestry problem of the United States. That problem consists in finding ways to keep one-fourth of our land area productive, to supply about 400,000,000 cubic feet of wood a year, to perpetuate industries that employ over 1,000,000 men and turn out products valued at more than \$2,000,000,000 a year, to obtain the full benefits of forests in preserving soils and waters, and to preserve the important social values of forests.

One of the most important elements of the farm problem is the proper utilization of land. Our national heritage is about 600,000,000 acres. Of this 505,000,000 are classed as improved farm lands, capable of producing crops. Only about 350,000,000 are actually producing crops. On those 350,000,000 acres American farmers, the most efficient in the world, are annually producing vast stores of foodstuffs, which not only supply the demands of our

crooks and sniffers at nearly every intersection that the law obying motorist is caused by the driver who has a law passed making it illegal for an honest man to carry arms, but who is a poor guesser anyhow. He has his only protection—the uniformed State Police—from the highway, just guessing for I am a poor guesser anyhow. He has his only protection—the uniformed State Police—from the highway, just guessing for I am a poor guesser anyhow. He has his only protection—the uniformed State Police—from the highway, just guessing for I am a poor guesser anyhow.

H. O. BOUNDS, (Director, Safety and Traffic Division, Detroit Automobile Club.)

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

"BELIEVE IN YOUR TOWN "I was born in this dump and probably die here" quotes Frank Bryce in the Grand Legend independent in contrasting city and small town life. The remark was made by a Grand Legend citizen in conversation with a friend visitor, and the editor happened to overhear it. The picture drawn by Mr. Bryce of the average city resident is indeed realistic and will have its effect on many who would abandon their city for small town life. Some remarks, just as life itself, is just what one makes it, but the natural advantages first, last and always, are found in the small community. If there was ever any doubt in the writer's mind, the matter of choice between small town and city life, it was thoroughly dispelled as our acquaintance extended into close friendships with so many living in the busy whirl of city life. We have learned by such experience that the envy is on the part of our friends in the small town, and that the "dump" got under Mr. Bryce's skin, so did a slur by a former Grand Legend man make our hearts in conversation with and our head the other day. All he said, was that he would never come back to this "town" and go into

New Homes Near The Quarton School

Several new residences within easy walking distance of attractive new Quarton School.

These houses run in prices from \$15,200 for a well built, four bedroom house to the largest and finest structures in fashionable Quarton Lake Estates.

With the opening of school only a few weeks away, now is the time to make your Fall plans.



Friendly Thoughts By G. Dewey Kimball



Our minds go back joyfully to the scenes of long ago—to the little brook, to the little school, to the road that leads back home. Do we wander back in memory seeking for the happiness that was ours when our ideals were fresh, and inspiring, unmarked by life's struggle!

What folks say about our manner of conducting a service is of importance. This brings you actual knowledge—information that gratifies us. G. DEWEY KIMBALL FUNERAL DIRECTOR Ambulance Service 408 N. WOODWARD AVE. PHONE 450

business. Enough, though, to Blank's company accepts your cause resentment, that feeling of kind invitation, and will come standing up and asserting one's self with pleasure to your reception on prior in Durand (Mich.) Express.

A Dry One "Some men thirst after fame, some after money, some after love." I know something all three after. "What is that?" "Salt herring." "Anchovies is just asardine that understand sales-psychology." Captain Life.

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