

Village Commissioner Lee A. White spent this year's vacation building a stone cabin up on Drummond Island. He thus manifests that one of man's strongest instincts is to build himself something.

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BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1929

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## DETROIT MAN HEADS LIST IN NET MEET

Maxwell Eliminates Birmingham Man in Play Here

FINALS DATE NOT SET

Norval Maxwell, of the Detroit Tennis club, was the winner last Sunday in the Labor Day Invitation Tournament at the Birmingham Tennis club.

The Detroit player eliminated Howard Johnson of Birmingham in four sets, winning the first at 6-1, losing the second 4-6 and taking the next two sets 6-4, and 6-0 for the loving cup. The final match started at 5 p. m., being played at that hour because of the excessive heat during the afternoon. It was after sundown when the match finished, thus ending the three days of hard play for the trophy.

The finals in the doubles have yet to be played off. No date is set for the meet. The netmen in this last match of the event are Howard Johnson and Frank Johnson against L. Colburn and Irving Kelly, all of Birmingham except Colburn. Johnson and Johnson earned their way to the finals by defeating Mort Neff and Larry Howe in two sets—7-5, 7-5. Colburn and Kelly eliminated Warner of the Birmingham club and Lederle of Royal Oak, last season's captain of the high school team there, in three sets, 9-7, 4-6, and 7-5.

Much interest was shown in the game during the tourney. The matches were watched by many. The younger boys, especially, showed a keen interest in the game. It is reported.

## Teaching 3 'C's Important As 3 'R's Says Vliet

NOTE: This is the second of three articles on education by Clarence Vliet, superintendent of Birmingham schools. The third will appear next week.

By CLARENCE VLIET  
Time was when the education of youth centered around the "three R's." Not only did teaching revolve around this trio but it confined solely to it. That day is past. We have discovered there are some things as vitally necessary to education—the development of character and physique, a stimulation for truth, the promotion of clear thinking and clear living.

Today reading, writing and arithmetic are basic as ever. But it is a more rounded training that develops reasoning and fosters individuality. We have outgrown primitive educational methods.

Likewise our attitude toward living has changed. We build better homes; we have reduced our working hours and increased our social activities. Our playgrounds have supplanted the alleys for our boys and our parks afford the picnic grounds for our citizens. School buildings have become the community center for play and social recreation and the head-

## Glimpses

at and about PARIS

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

YOU TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS at holiday time before you go anywhere. One always takes a walk through the streets but especially if it is holiday time. Walk through Place Vendome for a block and the streets are filled with people, even though it is only early evening. Cafes have extended their tables from the sidewalks to the street and the orchestras, next door to one another, across the street, all play at the same time. People dance to music that falls to tempt me.

Americans, newly arrived, stand at the door of their hotel and look on. One of them seems rather confused about the entire procedure. His companion is telling him of a recent experience. "He said he would take me all over Paris. Places Americans never find. I would not have to pay him anything but just take care of the bills. Isn't that interesting? And so decent of him. All I'd have to do is pay the bills. He's a guide. Told me it's quite legal. Makes his living at it. I said it must be hard work and he told me it was harder than I imagined. But his father was a guide before him. Good old family tradition. I should have come from a family like that. Just show people the places and let them pay the bills."

His companion was still rather confused at the dancing and had not heard.

The talker laughed. "Isn't that fine about the bills?" The vague one heard the last. "Oh, cut it out about the bills," he said.

You get to Montparnasse in no time, even though your cab is sent around innumerable corners by neat sergeants des villes, who wave short white clubs at your driver. Stop at the Rotonde. Crowded and not very much, but you must see it, you are told. There is little possibility of walking through the streets. Companions get a death grip on one another and sway with the crowd. So we are across the street looking at sidewalk booths where people play the wheel for boxes of candy and toys. After a few more tries at crossing the street, I am off for giving it up.

"Isn't there some other place in Paris I must see?"

Then the friends who live there insist not.

"Not on this night. Paris is here tonight and Paris is usually home in the evenings. Everything else is for the Americans. Montmartre is for the Americans. The Bois—for the Americans. The Boulevards are for the Americans. Here is one place on this night a Frenchman does not have to hire an interpreter. Come on, we're crossing the street."

Then the French people were carefully catalogued and indexed for me.

"Everyone one knows in Paris is in the country over holidays, especially with this heat. The people here are the people who can not afford to leave the city. But aren't they gay? See them."

I saw them. They were gay. Then a girl blew out a whining horn that unraveled and hit my right eye. She laughed and said something in French that went too fast for me to understand. She was gay.

It is very noisy and lights glare. Accordions drone heavily in the orchestras. Dancers on cobblestones bump into you and you all laugh and they dance away.

We found an empty table at a cafe and I had a bottle of Perrier water with ice and a glass of black coffee and a sandwich. I needed it.

Upstairs it was crowded with tables and stuffy air and persons who danced. A large and handsome negro was popular on the dance floor. He never could get back to his table because of the many blonde girls who would get in his way and make him dance.

"Harlem Harry is having a terrible time," Ann observed. "I wonder if he's a guide, too."

"What's Harlem Harry?" Jeanne asked.

"In this case it's a groggy gigolo."

A girl came to our table selling small paper pellets. They cost six francs a bag. People buy them to throw at other people. Some of the girls the dancer had not danced with yet threw pellets at him. The ones with whom he had danced didn't, though. Ann noticed this.

"That's because he's a good dancer," she said.

Then she and a French girl who sat near her got into some kind of argument. Ann doesn't speak French. Jeanne translated but gave it up with a shrug when she could not get them to argue over the same subject. The French girl wanted to argue about her coat and Ann thought she was talking about citronade.

Ann said, "Let's get out of here, it's too tough."

We agreed to go, but fighting for a principle, we insisted it was because of the heat that we would leave. So Ann gave the French girl a parting look and we left.

No one else showed any intention of going home in all the city—it was two nights before a holiday.

When Paris celebrates Bastille Day, it is a celebration.

quarters for adult education and been taken beyond them. We have added to these the "Three C's"—Character, Culture and Citizenship.

We have come from an existing to an evolving life. We are striving to make education a means of wisdom. Today the school house is the measuring rod of progress. Often it is the architectural pride of the community. It is equipped beyond the dreams of a generation ago. Class rooms and subject matter no longer repel pupils. Compulsory attendance laws do not account for the yearly pyramiding of school attendance. The teacher personality, combined with fresh air, sunshine and good cheer are impelling. Physical development is encouraged, the practical in education stressed and the cultural side of life emphasized. Music, art and drama have become an important part of the curriculum. Foundations are laid for better and more abundant living and a finer spirit of human relations.

These influences reach beyond the pupils into the home. More and more are we bringing the school into relationship with the family. The parent-teacher associations have proved the connecting link. They are an evidence of the growth of a common interest in educational work.

Our schools are the mirrors of our national progress. It is one of the blessings of our democracy that we keep these schools afloat, responsive to the country's growth. We are of those who feel that the "three R's" have not suffered by the change but that a great stride has



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