BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1930

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. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesday. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the copy submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

The Spirit Of Christmas

One instant shines through all the centuries when all else fades and crumbles into dust—a lowly manger birth! Compared with this, man's proudest moments are ridiculous! What conqueror, in all his majesty, has left behind so great an heritage to humankind as did this infant babe? Not one! His Love is ours eternally!

Oh, Christmas! Who would dare destroy the day and fill the hearts of men with selfishness, with greed, with envy, malice, hatred, death? A year's five thousand wakeful hours of sin will fade before its few short hours of Love! One flame will light the void! Unselfishness, forgiveness, gladness, smiles, the joy of giving, sweet hope, the laugh of childish innocence—all these belong to Christmas! Mists that rise condensed of human spite, whose foul miasma breathes slander and spits tongues of livid hate, all these dispersed and flee before the Son!

Let orthodoxy vanish, dogmas, creeds, and stones of temples fall if Time so wills; the Light remains! And by its radiance dim earth becomes a star whose gleaming dust dispels the terror of the clouds above! For Love and God are indispensable!

On Christmas Day let voices ring in song, in joyous mirth! Let willing hands perform in charity! Let eyes flash messages of cheer and sympathy, and tongues speak words of faith and hope! For these are golden hours! A Merry Christmas, friends; God keep you all!

(Reprinted by request)

Better Teaching Needed

Dr. William O. Stevens, headmaster of Cranbrook School, recently told Birmingham parents and teachers that today's schools lack fundamentals, and that as a result of this failure to teach basic studies, scholastic graduates are not properly fitted to enter the business of life. Dr. Stevens, who is recognized as a real leader in student training, cited among the ills of our American mass educational systems these salients: too many pupils in each class for efficiency; the requirement to put children through the grade; cluttering up of time with extras, and the lack of time for fundamentals.

As an educator of junior and senior high school grades Dr. Stevens listed the knowledge he expected such finished students to have as: ability to read understandingly; to write legibly with pleasure; to spell correctly and readily; to know thoroughly geography, where cities, capitals and states are located; to have a mastery of the simple processes of arithmetic; to know English grammar enough to use the parts of speech, and how to compose sentences.

Seems to us (doesn't it to you?) that what Dr. Stevens is asking for is merely the building of a substantial foundation for growing minds in boys and girls. Having attained a firm foundation, the towering edifice of a human life can then be built with safety, without fear of crumbling.

Michigan's New Governor

Next week Wilber M. Brucker, only 36 years old, will assume the reins of Michigan's government. His every act will be under close observation—he will enact what might be called "Modern Youth On Trial As A Crusader In Government." Governor-elect Brucker is as yet unspoiled in matters of politics; we pray to God that he may remain so forever. His state needs such a public official—and he, himself, will gain from it rewards of the heart and spirit beyond human reckoning.

Music Hath Charms—

Birmingham's Thursday Musicale last week tendered $100.00 to the Community House Welfare committee, for distribution among the needy at Christmas time. The money came from a surplus of the recent Gabrilowitsch concert here. Thus does the power of music upon human hearts—and pocketbooks—aid in the cause of the Good Samaritan.

DON'T FORGET THAT MUCH CREDIT for the prosecution of Otto Sachse, Pontiac millionaire who is now in Jackson prison, goes to county prosecutor Norman C. Orr. Mr. Orr, although maker of several mistakes during his term of office, has done many worthy things, for which he should receive thanks.

W. D. KNOX, BIRMINGHAM ARCHITECT, is the inventor and designer of a Theatre Car for use on railroads; in it you will be able to listen to your favorite talkie star, while traveling over slender ribbons of steel. We congratulate Mr. Knox upon his mental activity in the realm of invention, and wish for him great heaps of royalties.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW until we can again enjoy the jokes in Washington.

Now We Can Rough It

For the benefit of people who crave back-to-nature recreation, the United States Forest Service is setting aside large tracts of our national forests as "primitive areas." In these woodland regions will be no resort hotels, no baths and radios, no permanent structures, and practically no trace of civilized life. The only roads will be those for the use of rangers guarding against forest fires.

The relatively untouched Far West will contain most of the primitive areas. Fifteen tracts have been selected in California, and one has been set aside in the Mount Olympus region. Eleven others in Northern Idaho and Washington are under consideration, and five are planned for the intermountain region. The forests of New England, Pennsylvania, and the South are also being studied for possibilities.

Scientists and students of wild life, as well as the recreation-bent, are being provided for by the Forest Service. For the first group, "natural areas" are being set aside from the public, and for the second "experimental forests" that will give opportunity for research in silviculture and plant life.

Our New Prosecutor

Clarence L. Smith, a former South Lyon, Oakland County, youth, next week takes over the office of County Prosecutor, succeeding Norman C. Orr, of Big Beaver. Mr. Smith, in the selection of his assistants which he has already announced, has shown some good judgment, if information which comes to us is correct.

There is no bigger governmental task facing any Oakland County official than that which stares into the countenance of our new Prosecuting Attorney. He will be presented with many problems during the next two years of his term, some of which will test his ability and his personal courage.

What will be the record of his accomplishments? Well, that will be best revealed by the condition of law enforcement in the County—for a Prosecutor, you may recall, is the titular head of our local enforcement agencies; he sets the pace for all other law enforcing officers to follow.

May good fortune attend your office, Prosecutor Smith. The future is open before you; you, and you, alone, will determine the kind of record you will make. The best that others can do is to help you, to follow you.

Congress: A Circus

Down in Washington, D. C., many Congressmen seek to have enacted into law a variety of desires, urges, and impulses—some unselfish, but most of them selfish. Congress has come, in these days of ballyhoo and super-press-agentry, to be in part a two-ring circus, with plenty of peanuts and monkeys scattered along the midway. Here and there, however, you observe a Senator or a Representative who really wants to aid his country in making progress toward a stabilized government; such men deserve your finest goodwill—and your finest goodwill can best be expressed in aiding your government by the exemplification of good citizenship. For bad citizens are the causes of poor Congresses, and therefore, unstable government.

As You Give—

Christmas is upon us again. It is an annual occasion when people of the Christian world, in commemoration of the birth of Jesus, pause in respect and reverence for the good of their souls; it is a time when the impulse to give is allowed to express itself through the exchange of gifts, or of help to the needy.

Happy is he or she who, midst the grind of today's tedious treadmill of human activities, finds it within the heart to open up the purse, or to extend willing help, to another.

We Are Made For . . .

If more people manifested cooperation, tolerance, kindliness, what a great world this would be! Do you recall what Marcus Aurelius once said about cooperation? Paste this in your notebook:

We are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to Nature, and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turned away.

WHEN THE AMERICAN LEGION holds its annual convention in Detroit next year it is planned to have the Prince of Wales present. An invitation is being extended to the heir to Britain's throne to be among those in attendance. When he comes from Windsor, we wonder if he'll use the new tunnel, the Ambassador Bridge, the ferry, or an airplane.

IN THE FINE SPIRIT of neighborly friendliness, the citizens of this community are going to concentrate upon Birmingham merchandise in the selection of their Christmas gifts. Have you not noticed how well local merchants are prepared to serve you?

A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM'S HILLS

Peace lay on the hills of Bethlehem,
In a night of long ago,
And a stillness reigned in an azure sky
Whilst silvery stars hung low.

And one great star in the firmament
Outshone, by far, them all
Guiding the way to the stable,
For there, in a lowly stall

A tiny Babe lay sleeping
Watched by His mother, mild—
And Joseph with the shepherds, too,
Knelt 'round this Holy Child.

Outside, the still, white-mantled night
Breathed peace and joy untold
For the Child of God was sent to earth
His message to unfold.

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace to men of good will."
Celestial choirs still are singing
O'er that far-away Bethlehem hill.

H. M. D.

..EX- NTRIX

A POST-YULE CAROL

And now the Christmas joy is done,
And little children, one by one,
Go wailing to their beds.
And from their candy-eating sprees
Appalling nightmares such as these
Go racing through their heads:

Under the shedding Christmas tree
A beardless Santa stands
And crushes all the toys with glee
In large and sticky hands.

Hot cross buns.
Cross-eyed buns.
One-a-penny—
Don't want any
Hot cross buns!

It's raining,
It's pouring,
Teddy bear's snoring!
No he ain't!
Dolly's paint
Has melted on the flooring.

Candy canes, red and white
Hear 'em holler! See 'em fight!
Now they're thin. Now they're fat.
What'll papa say to that?

Santa's reindeer in the hall
Playing with the rubber ball
See 'em slide! Watch 'em fall!
What a noise! An' that ain't all!

Wake up! Wake up!
See the tree!
All the presents
Just for me!
What's wrong? What's wrong?
It's not a tree!
It's just a faded
Chimpanzee!

"Look out below!"
The brownies shout.
"Look out! Look out!
For your big toe!"
What awful folks
Th' Brownies are!
They're making candy
Out of tar!

Patsy Doll has had a fit.
She wants a pail of powder.
Oh, where is it? Oh, where is it?
She's getting even louder.

Th' electric questionnaire is broke
An' every time you ask it,
"What is th' matter? Dear, Oh, Dear!"
It whispers softly, "I want beer.
I want it in a basket!"

Tin soldiers in a big parade
Are going off to war.
Oh, no, they're not.
They're fraid to fight!
They say it's much too cold tonight!

Amos 'n' Andy.
They look dandy
In their Lincoln.
But won't they speak
Except in Greek?
How disappointing! Drab!

"Among th' swellier animals in th' dixionary," says the Arkansas school boy, is th' keitloa. Th' keitloa is a two-horned rhinoceros of Bechuanaland an' I have wrote a pome about him.
Th' Keitloa is two sharp-horned
An' he has been since he was borned.
He's big an' fat, but not so tall,
An' that ain't all,
at all atall.

RENO GOLD RUSH DRAWS CROWDS
—News Headline

And, incidentally, girls, the name of the center of the gold rush, a community only 90 miles from Reno, Nev., is Lovelock."

Contention of writer in The American Mercury that should be confuted by any of numerous Hoosiers:

"Every spot in Southern California seems to be prolific with romance. Every bit of clay feels a stir within. Poets are born here and some come on Pullmans and breakbeams. Verse blossoms out on the police force and stories are as likely as not to be spun by street-car conductors. The rattle of the riveter is drowned only by the click of the typewriter."

NOT A NEW INVENTION

A device for "scrambling" speech to prevent eavesdroppers from listening in on trans-atlantic conversations is the latest invention reported emanating from the Bell Telephone laboratories.

Perhaps that's what they've been applying to the dial phones.

THE VILLAIN'S REPLY
Or,
The Truth Will Out, Eventually

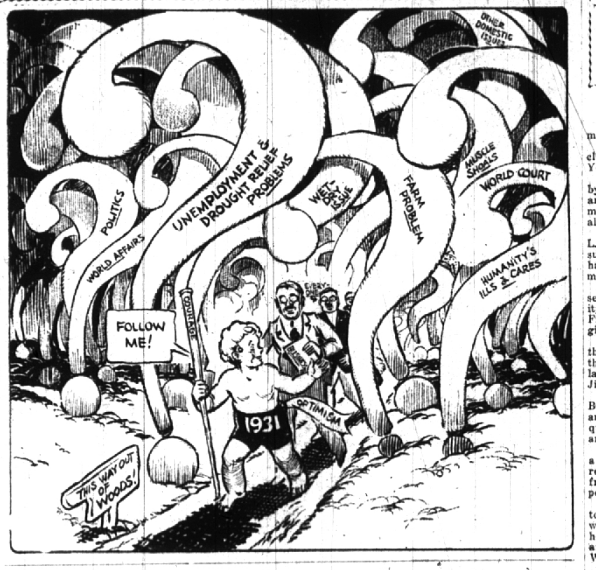
You thought I had forgotten you—
That when you went away so blue,
I suffered much of anguish too.
You did. I had. Ha-ha. 'Tis true.

You thought each little word I said
Came from the heart and not the head.
You thought I was sincere, well-bred.
How easily you were misled!

And when I told you—as I cried—
I contemplated suicide
Because a kiss I was denied—
How gullible you were—I lied!

Ha ha ha ha ha-a-a- (exit left.)

ALL RIGHT, SON! LEAD THE WAY!



The Other Chap Says Something—

A Community Benefactor—

A good life insurance agent who represents a good insurance company is an asset to a community. An insurance agent calls upon his prospects many times preaching to them the doctrine of thrift and protection.

Many men come to the end of a long business career with nothing saved for their declining years except their investments in insurance. The business that is flourishing so splendidly today may be dissipated by a turn of the market or a season of business depression.

Nothing is sure in business or investment. The bond that looked so desirable when purchased may lose its value and be repudiated by its maker and the investment lost or depreciated.

Often it happens that the business that flourished under the direction of its owner and his personality and genius may depreciate to a fraction of its value in the hands of some other member of the family—and the wife and often the children are left with no source of income with nothing that they can turn to, to keep up the home. The stock certificates, the investments in this and that enterprise fail to pay out and the certificates represent nothing but a useless bundle of papers.

The family whose head has been wise enough to make his investments for the future in life insurance has no doubts or worries about their sureness or their soundness. Markets may go up or down, crop failures come and go depressions, famine, drouth or floods alike do not affect them. Each month the check comes in on time. The sacrifices necessary to make it possible are all forgotten and there remains only the satisfaction and security that its presence can afford.—Flint Weekly Review.

How To Be Good

We always knew that M. H. DeBoe, talented editor of the Charlotte Tribune-Republican, was a nice boy, correct in his habits, punctilious, courtly and erudite, but we never quite knew the why of it all, to what training it was due, etc. Now "Doc" himself explains everything in this editorial paragraph. It is worthy of emulation. The item says:

"The long evenings are just around the corner. The writer is grateful that he doesn't know how to play cards and there is equal pleasure to doubt in a friendly pipe or bowl, but our suggestion is to give one's self a little spiritual fellowship. It is just possible you may find your own company quite agreeable. Turn on the radio; do a little book reading and think seriously on these lines from Paul's letter to the Philippians:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are, just, whatsoever things are prue, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

George English in Huron County Tribune.

Thanks To The Giver

Despite the bungling of mankind with the abundance of wealth who have caused widespread depression and actual want on the part of thousands of honest people we can lift our hearts and minds in thanksgiving to Him who has made ample and rich provision for every want of the human family in every corner of the earth. So not only once a year, but every day of our lives let us get attuned with the Infinite mind, for then we shall see the lame leap for joy, the blind see and the deaf hear. Let us get down to the first principles of our Christianity and "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all those things shall be added unto us," and because we have not done it millions of us are poor, sick and blind to the abundance that may be ours on every side, for there is no lack or withholding by Him who gave us our being.—J. E. McMullen, in Linden Leader.

Eddie Guest

One of the speakers on the program of the University Press Club at the meeting I attended two weeks ago was Edgar Guest, the famous poet of the Detroit Free Press. Mr. Guest was easily the greatest attraction of the meeting. In commenting upon Mr. Guest and his appearance on the program, Bill Berkey of the Cassopolis Vigilant has the following yarn:

We were having a visit with Mr. Guest, when he commented upon the fact that he always shrinks from reciting his poems (he calls it speaking his pieces) and that he actually breaks out in a sweat when he is on a program for that purpose, even though he has been doing it for years. He said that when he finally gets to Heaven and St. Peter lets him in and has escorted to some comfortable place, if some old friend comes along and says "Eddie, come over here and speak some of your pieces for some friends of mine," he will know he isn't in Heaven after all. —Tom Conlin, in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Sinclair Lewis, American novelist: "I think that those who create poetry and music may be almost as important as the coach of a mid-western football team or the manufacturer of a carburetor."

Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York:
"I'll never get so much pleasure out of anything as I got out of holding public office."

Bruce Robertson, Child Guidance Director:
"Child guidance is necessary in our schools; and not only should the child be educated but their parents as well."

Arthur Eddington, British professor of Astronomy:
"We are a complicated physical machinery—puppets that strut and talk and laugh and die as the hand of time turns the handle beneath."

Rabindranath Tagore, poet-philosopher of Indian:
"I have not seen any sign of happiness in all of the countries of the West."

G. K. Chesterton, British author:
"Marriage has its tragedies. Free love has its tragedies. They are the same save for a trifling thing. Marriage includes honor."

Albert E. Einstein, German scientist:
"An empty stomach is not a good political advisor."

Fred Astaire, musical comedy star:
"Modesty is the best policy."

Henry Ford, industrialist:
"Wages of workmen are more important to the country than dividends to stock holders."

Reinhold Neibuhr, preacher:
"The source of most of the help of the world lies in glib optimism."

Oliver Lodge, British scientist:
"My doctrine is that life exists in space, that mind is a higher development of that, and I presume that spirit is a higher development still; but they all exist in space."

Herbert Hoover, President of the United States:
"The passion of the American fathers and mothers is to lift children to higher opportunities than they have themselves enjoyed. It burns like a flame in us as a people."

William Veaxie Pratt, U. S. Admiral, Chief of Naval Operations:
"With parity in our hands we become practically the balance of power in any war threatening us around the world, and as we go the war is apt to go."

Edwin B. George, chief of the Marketing Service Division of the Department of Commerce:
"With all of their open credit and installment committments the American people is not hopelessly mortgaged."

Ruth Bryan Owens, congresswoman from Florida:
"The public has the wrong idea about congressmen. They're really a hard working crowd."

J. C. Flugal, professor, London University:
"Modesty when its essential nature is recognized, can interpuse no reasonable objection to nudity, nor in the long run, can economics. Hygiene, too, emphasis nakedness in many circumstances."

Hamilton Harty, English nobleman:
"Never once do I remember hearing over the wireless anything approximating to music."

R. G. Parson, Anglican Bishop of England:
"Real emancipation, real freedom, means complete liberty and full opportunity to be and to become yourself, not somebody else."

Charles G. Dawes, Ambassador to Great Britain:
"The business fool in 1929 was he who had no fear; the fool now is he who has no hope."

ParaLaffs

They Do

An American endowment will make it possible for Prof. Einstein to secure the services of a trained mathematician as his assistant. Offhand, one would say that it is Einstein's readers who need the assistance.—New York Times.

He Isn't Home

Mr. Nye would like the name and address of the man who predicted that women would lend a gentle and ennobling influence to politics.—Judge.

Or Windshield.

Modern conditions have improved life for infants. They now cut their teeth on steering wheels.—Dayton Journal.

These Are

"These," remarked the job hunter, "are the times that try men's soles."—Atlantic City Union.

Right

Our mail convinces us that not a single sucker list was lost in the great market collapse in the latter part of 1929.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

The Same

Archeologists have found an upright skeleton, the arms extended, palms up. Doubtless an ancient winter resort.—Macon News.

Coolidge used to weigh his words. Now he counts 'em.—Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO
Dec. 24, 1880

Had the measles? Merry Christmas!

The Ladies' Library will be closed on Christmas and New Year's Day.

Erastus Wooster was surprised by about forty of his acquaintances last Tuesday night and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

The second hop of the G. I. R. L. S. last Friday night was a grand success. The crowd could not have been more select nor the music better.

And now in this merry holiday season, remember the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Freely ye have received, freely give.

Tom Adams was bound to dance the Varsovienne and Jim Beattie the Quadroped at the social hop last week. Tom can explain, eh Jim?

A few more photographs of the Birmingham school with the scholars attached for sale cheap. Inquire of Mitchell at Ingeman's and he will explain.

Our readers will find elsewhere a full and detailed account of the recent fire at Southfield Centre, from the ready pen of our corpetent correspondent at that place.

Jule Rundle says he would like to have a party this season, but will have to postpone it, because he can't afford to have a party and buy a farm the same year. Well, we can wait.

Those Southfield boys are a queer set. They can't be driven to do anything, but at No. 3 they are kissed into submission. The boys call it capital punishment, and it works like a charm, for osculatory exercise promises to be just the thing this season.

There was a bird concert in East Tawas last Wednesday, consisting of 25 cages of singing birds, together with vocal and instrumental music by the best amateur talent of the East Tawases.

A J.S Beer announces the grand opening of the Birmingham Museum. Come and see the Wax Doll Show of all the latest styles.

Ladies cloth sacques and elegant dolmans, fine goods for the Christmas holidays, for sale at The Bee Hive in Pontiac.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Dec. 22, 1905

If after all these years of waiting the liquor laws are to be enforced in Oakland county, then will many a weary mother and child take heart and give thanks for answered prayer, and in no part of our county will there be greater joy than right here in our own village. If to "screw down the lid" on law enforcement means to screw down the coffin lid, to cover the weeping eyes of that poor mother tottering on the brink of the grave, if it means to cover the breaking hearts of wife and child, then are lawbreakers wise, and for months have been, screwing down the lid. Since the law of humanity does not suffice for the liquor seller, then hasten the day when some other law may come to our release. . . . A SUFFERER.

Chas. Cliff had a part of his jaw removed by Dr. Shaw at his new office on Tuesday a. m.

Send an absent friend a Christmas Souvenir postal—a Birmingham view, a fine collection at Whitehead and Mitchell's.

A Wolf store started a promising fire last Friday in the store of Mrs. J. H. Carter, opposite the school house. A burned floor and a singed set of wainscoting was all the damage done, the ladies putting out the fire with water in pails. Mrs. Carter forbid the tying up of the fire hazzi realizing that she could put it out and have less damage by fire than by water from the city hose.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Dec. 23, 1925

Birmingham was something of a factory center 30 years ago. Where Bell's Garage now stands on East Maple Ave. was a planing mill, and where the present garage factory where plow points and other utilities were made. A handle factory faced the waterworks park and the fire barn reading factory occupied part of O'Neal's store. From Pontiac to Birmingham ran a gravel road but the country from Birmingham to Detroit was so marshy that a plank road was necessary.

Bargain hunters were out Saturday night and, ever mindful of the many necessities of a Christmas dinner, could not resist temptation when it presented itself in the guise of many food stuffs all to be had for nothing in two parked automobiles downtown. One lost $5 worth of groceries, the other about $3 worth.

Members of the Birmingham Rotary Club Monday noon enjoyed a few minutes of childish fun when numerous presents—none of them costing more than 25c—were exchanged.

The world may test its soul by its attitude toward children, especially at Christmas. In the United States our census reveals that more than a million children of school age are working in mines, factories and on farms. Their little fingers bleed. In the centers of our great cities they cry, that our papers may be sold. The culture of the street is America's contribution to their lives. Persons who understand the spirit of Christmas are they who desire for all the children of the world the blessings of life that they cherish for the children of their own hearts and hearths.