BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1931

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 in each week before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work 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.

Township Fire Protection

Add fire to the two elements—time and tide—that wait for no man.

The recent blaze in the home of Mr. A. Claire Wall on the outskirts of Birmingham is evidence enough of the need for immediate action by the authorities to prevent a recurrence of the incident.

Mr. Wall's chimney caught on fire. Mr. Wall called the Birmingham department and was told that he could get no relief from them. Birmingham taxpayers had been supplying fire protection service to the outlying communities for several years and whenever the fire fighting equipment left the village, the village homes were placed in jeopardy. The village's proposal that Bloomfield, Troy, and Southfield Townships contribute enough money to purchase and maintain adequate equipment to fight fires in their territory failed of accomplishment. Troy and Southfield admitted they could not foot the bill.

Mr. Wall called the Bloomfield Township Fire Department upon the advice of the Birmingham Fire Department. The Bloomfield Township Fire Department is a pick-up truck with several fire extinguishers and metal rakes, adequate enough for extinguishing grass fires in the unpopulated areas. The Bloomfield Township Fire Department could not be reached. At first it was reported their fire department telephone was out of order. The telephone company denied the report.

Mr. Wall then called the Bloomfield Hills Village Fire Department. Chief Russell Moore of the fire department there admits he did not relish the task of fighting a fire out in the township while his own community was unprotected. Mr. Wall, he said, was incensed and justifiably so. Chief Moore took the responsibility of leaving Bloomfield Hills to answer the alarm. He saved Mr. Wall's home.

Had Chief Moore refused to go, Mr. Wall might have called the Pontiac, Keego Harbor, Detroit, or Royal Oak Fire Departments to protect his home. Their services might have been granted immediately. It is also a long ride to Mr. Wall's home from any of these communities. By the time fire engines from any of them arrived, Mr. Wall and his family might be homeless.

You who live in Bloomfield Township, but outside of Birmingham or Bloomfield Hills Village, have practically no fire protection. You pay plenty of taxes for many things—every one of them of less importance than the protection of your home against fire.

Who doubts the seriousness of the condition?
Whose problem is it to solve?
Who will solve it?
When?

Learn This By Heart

Folks, here's one of the finest bits of sentiment we have observed in many days; we count the man or woman very fortunate who, within the next day or two, learns it by heart—and forms the habit of repeating it mentally every 24 hours. Here it is, written by an esteemed gentleman whose name is James Allan:

Ideals

As you think, you travel; and as you love, you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thoughts, but can endure and learn, and accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate towards that which you, secretly, most love. In your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your wisdom, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.

THE 12-YEAR-OLD SON of an Illinois laborer has become the state's champion speller. The eventual attainments of that youth are limited only by his own future use of his leisure time. Though he may now be able to spell "success" and define it, he has yet to learn the task of applying it. But already he seems to be on the way to doing that. His parents have a fine right to be proud of their boy.

NEXT THURSDAY EVENING, in the Community House, many men and women will gather to pay homage to the life of a fine gentleman; his name is John Bradshaw Howarth, local businessman, known for his unselfish service in many channels of society. The gathering is fitting tribute to this kindly soul.

NOW THAT CHRISTMAS is past, and you've received the usual January bills, don't forget that the winter taxes are being collected now.

WHO WILL BE BLOOMFIELD Township's next Supervisor? Well, from present appearances, there is no lack of candidates.

Yost Discusses Liquor

People who know Fielding H. Yost, for nearly 30 years the University of Michigan's athletic coach, generally believe what he says to be the truth; few men of any standing in this state surpass the popular conception of manly character that is credited to Ann Arbor's fine citizen. Which makes a recent article in the Christian Herald most interesting—because it reveals some of Yost's ideas upon a very important subject, namely, Prohibition.

Just listen to what "Hurry Up" Yost says about it:

"Liquor's no problem to me. I faced it and made my decision on it when I was a boy in West Virginia. I resolved never to touch the stuff, and I never have. Liquor has never been a problem in my family. Not a member of my family ever became a drunkard. No, I'm not interested in this thing on account of myself, nor on account of any member of my family. I'm interested in it simply on account of boys—all boys. For their good I want this liquor evil wiped out. Does that make me a fanatic?

"We're having a far better percentage of success under Prohibition than we ever had under any other law that attempted to regulate liquor selling. We've always had liquor-regulation laws of one kind or another . . .

"Referring to the old saloon not coming back under any plan for repeal of the Prohibition Law, Yost declared, "what difference does it make what it's called? Call it a dispensing station if you want to. It's all the same thing. It's a place where liquor is sold. Some fellow once said to me 'but then they'll have to buy it by the quart.' I answered, 'the only difference that will make is that then you'll make him buy forty drinks at a time instead of one'."

Coach Yost has decided views upon this subject of Prohibition; his influence upon youth does not stop, apparently, with athletic instruction. He offers a personal example of sobriety to all who may observe him; he stands revealed as a fine character in public morals in a day of social confusion. Yost deserves commendation for his great coaching—coaching that not only shows young men how to plunge and tackle upon the grass-covered stadium floor, but also teaches them how to plunge through the intoxicating invitation of Bachuus and to tackle life's problems according to duly created rules and regulations.

What Is Opportunity?

What is opportunity? Is it a condition, or a circumstance, that falls down from the sky, right into your lap, shouting: "Here I am, oh man! take my hand and I will lead you to a hidden vault of vast riches." Or is it merely a fortunate condition, or circumstance, created by a man or a woman through sheer ability, enthusiasm, and action?

Would you not agree that opportunity, though it is said to knock upon every person's door at least once,—would you not agree that one must provide the door? Certainly—and even place a knocker upon the door's surface, for sometimes, you must remember, the summons is soft—almost silent.

Perhaps never more in the history of man have greater opportunities for service to the world (and for which the world is willing to pay in its own coin) been within reach of the human hand. In spite of the ups and downs of ordinary existence, the sun rises each morning, beckoning us to continue the journey to yonder mountain peak—and thence to others.

Right now, in Birmingham, in Detroit, in various sections of Michigan, are boys and girls who, within a score of years, or less, will rise from a present obscurity to heights of greatness; they may become financiers, great educators, crusaders of some liberating idea for the uplift of mankind! All they possess is a span of time, (even as you and I) a few talents and the will to develop and apply them, (even as you and I) and a real inclination to work tirelessly at their allotted tasks. Even as you and I may change our obscure present into a renowned future (even as those whose names have marked the progress of the human race) so is the same privilege given to those who follow us.

What do we do with our leisure time? That, generally, reveals the manner in which we each prepare to receive the knock of opportunity upon the door of our earthly shelter.

EX-GOVERNOR FRED W. GREEN commuted several life sentences of state prisoners just before he turned his office over to Wilbur M. Brucker. The Ionia chap also pardoned others. He did what his conscience, plus the advice of other properly informed persons, argued as best. In part, he did what he has so often bitterly criticised others for doing. Politics too often makes people that way, doesn't it?

GROSSE ILE, FASHIONABLE suburb in the Detroit river just below the Fourth City, put on several rabbit hunts recently; it appears that the Ile was over-run with the wild bunnies, as the result of state game protection provisions. Now if Detroit itself will take fresh encouragement on this game business, and go after a few skunks . . .

OAKLAND COUNTY is on the verge of entering the formalities of a grand jury investigation into the life of its public officialdom. Assistant attorney-general Philip H. Robinson is to conduct the affair. From it all will probably come a finer, healthier administration of county government, don't you think?

Things We've Said Before . . . .

"X" EQUALS WHAT?

We have been reflecting for a few moments upon the question of taxes. We have arrived at a definite conclusion regarding the popular conception of part of this much discussed question—our conclusion covering specifically the origin of the word. You may do your own thinking relative to what else is implied in the following:

T stands for "take."
A stands for "away."
X stands for "the unknown quantity."

Although the "X" may be applied in the exact working out of a problem in algebra, even the best mathematicians to date have been unable to solve the problem of governmental revenue. It looks as though the "X" in "tax" may always be "an unknown quantity."

..EX-NTRIX

For twenty-five years
And more, Eddie Guest,
You've turned on the sunshine
Much more than the rest;

You've pounded out verses
And sonnets and rhymes
In all of these years more
Than ten thousand times!

To tell you the truth, Ed,
We don't understand
Just how you can do it,
But then—there's demand—

And demand must be met
By supply, we suppose,
Yet where it all comes from
The Lord only knows.

Now, Eddie, unless we're
Inspired by spring
Our verses all sound like
This here little thing.

It's winter, of course, now
And sweetie's upset
Because we've not sent her
That long sonnet yet.

So please take a minute—
Your wife wouldn't mind,
If you told her, you know,
That you're just being kind—

And write to our sweetie,
Some swell song to sing—
But do it this evening—
She won't wait 'til spring!

THE ARKANSAS SCHOOL BOY

"Wile readin' through th' dictionary I seen a pitchur of a queer animal, th' dugong. Th' dugong, th' dictionary says, is "An aquatic herbivorous mammal allied to the manatee, inhabiting the Red Sea, Indian ocean, etc. The male has tusklike upper incisors.' An' so I thot up this pome about him, wich maybe ain't true, hardly, but sounds like th' dugong looks:

When th' dugong goes to shore
It's not 'cause he's too wet;
He's probable just hungry
An' he wants some grass to et.

James K. Watkins, the new commissioner of police in Detroit, won laurels in his youth as a scholar at the University of Michigan and at Oxford. The result of such training in England may be the adoption of the "Oxford accent" (in the opinion of some of our best Forecasters) by the entire police department. If such a thing ever happens you'll probably be getting your traffic violations tickets from Detroit policemen who'll address you thusly:

"Beg your pahdon, sir, but you've violated a traffic ordinance. May I see your license to operate a motah vehicle? You did contrary to the warning signal, y'know. Deucedly irregular, y'know. Might've crawshed an-othah motrist, comin' 'round th' corner. I'm afraid I shall have to give you a ticket, sir. Headquahter's will be expectin' you, sir, to appeah within fohty-eight hours. Theah y'ah gov'nor. Toodle oo!"

Instead of the customary:

"Pull overthurh, you! Whatthelyatryint'do, huh? An' no back talk neither, see! Don't pull non o' that stuff about not seein' that light. Y'crashed it and y'know blankety blank well, y'did! Where's ya driver's license? Oh, gettin' lippy, eh? Well, we'll see about that. Pile outta that hack, an' be damquickabou't. No liquor, huh! Well, here's yer ticket. Here's yer ticket, I say. No back talk! etc."

JUST AN OFF-DAY

Irwin Neff, Jr., who lost four straight games of ping-pong to "Champ" Taylor in the biggest contest yet staged in these parts, wants the readers of The Eccentric to know that he is not downhearted because of his defeat.

"I just had an off-day," says Mr. Neff. "I wasn't feeling well. My racquet was too small. I was a little nervous. I don't want people to take this statement as an excuse. I feel that the next time I'll beat Mr. Taylor like a rug."

Wagontracks, Jan. 15.—Three young ladies of this community last night chased Elmer Keen all over town, avowing they'd lambaste him if they caught him. Elmer is one of the best bridge players in these parts and the girls said the reason they wanted to lay violent hands on him was because he was so good at holding hands.

Thirty-nine radio talks on dentistry will be broadcast from Harvard University, which undoubtedly has caused some Player On Words to refer to them as boring programs.

OUR WEATHER MAN

There's nothin' like a good snow fall t' make a man feel rugged and strong for a moment—an then weak's a kitten—unless it's a pretty girl's tears.

"The height of something or other," one of our medical friends reports, "is the recent establishment of a New York men's furnishings store, of 'a fashion clinic. These 'fashion clinics' eventually will result in men so fastidious that they will be referred to as 'giving male impersonations.'

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS —of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Did you get shampoozled?

Oh, the beautiful buckwheat cakes!

How do you like the sleighing now?

"Prof. Simpkins" was in town Sunday.

Sam Slade made glad the hearts of his parents by a visit over Sunday.

The thermometer has amounted to less than nothing several times this winter.

T. A. Ward had a very sick horse at the hotel barn, but Drs. Young and Camp saved the patient.

The high school lyceum boometh and is interesting, but we daresn't go up to see. They make everybody talk up there, and we are no talkists.

The Birmingham Driving Park Club are hatching up a grand scheme for the benefit of all horse breeders. Ask any member for particulars.

Mrs. Ed Ford is not sick as stated in our last issue. On the contrary she did six large washings last week, besides some ironing and housework. Ed is improving.

Dick Leet has no idea of sueing the Railroad co. for damages to his ankle, and if they don't begin proceedings for damaging the brake, Dick is willing to let bye gones be bye gones.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Another one of those accidents occasioned by a flying auto and a careless auto driver took place on Thursday last. Mrs. Anderson of the hotel had been ill for some time, and on Thursday last her husband took her and little Willie Cager out for a drive with one of the horses from Baum's livery. When going down the hill by the car barns, a truck automobile with another car on top, met them. The auto was going at a great rate of speed, far faster than the law allows, and occupied the entire road. Of course the horse was turned out, but was so frightened that it flew down the road, overturning the carriage, and ran like mad until stopped uptown. The occupants were all thrown out. Willie Cager and Mrs. Anderson were taken to one of the homes near the car barns, where they were cared for, while Mr. Anderson came uptown to see how the horse fared. Mrs. Anderson and the little boy were badly bruised, but no serious injuries resulted.

The following books have recently been added to the library: "The House of Mirth" by Edith Wharton, "Rose o' the River" by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "The Marriage of William Ash" by Mrs. Ward, "Brewster's Millions" by McCutcheon, and "In the Bishop's Carriage" by Mirian Michelson.

Will Henning was happily surprised one night last week by his friends of Southfield, and he was surprised. Will said join hands and have a good time, and they did.

Invitations are out announcing the party given by the Fleur de Lis club Jan. 26 at the Johnson-Shaw hall. Guy's orchestra has been engaged and dancing and cards will be indulged in, dancing beginning at 8:30. A fine time is anticipated.

Irving Bailey, an ex-motorman, has opened a cobbler's shop at the White marble works, where he will be pleased to do good his fellow-beings' soles.

FIVE YEARS AGO

At the March village election the old Town Hall will be used for the last time as a voting booth for that district south of East and West Maple avenues, while another booth will be erected some place on north Woodward avenue to take care of the rest of the village's voters. Another booth will be erected for the next annual election, as the Town Hall may be removed to make way for plans for the new Baldwin Public Library.

What is heralded locally as one of the most progressive moves made by a village commission in recent years took place Monday night when President Shain and Commissioners Bell and Ladd adopted a resolution giving them the power to appoint a five-man planning commission for Birmingham. These men will meet once a month with the view to planning the manifold liltities, comforts, aonveniences and educational and recreational sides of Birmingham; their powers are merely for suggestions, the village commission having final disposition of all recommendations. The new Planning Commission will be given two years before it is expected to bring in as complete a plan as possible looking to the future development of Birmingham.

Bargain Friday

Friday is the "RED LETTER" day each week in the business circle of Birmingham. Shrewd women buyers look forward to this special ad which describes the special "BARGAIN FRIDAY" values feature by the stores in these two beautiful Briggs Buildings. Think also of the convenience of buying whatever you need . . . . all within these two buildings. All on one floor. All within the same half block! Get the FRIDAY BARGAIN DAY HABIT NOW. Start tomorrow. Look at these savings!

DON'T MISS IT!
Every Friday we offer a special item. See it in our
"Window Display"
F. W. Woolworth Co.

FOR FRIDAY ONLY
Our regular $2
FACIAL
$1
Make your appointment NOW!
Marguerite Beauty Salon
Ground Floor Theater Bldg.
Phone 505

FRIDAY-SATURDAY
Allen A Hosiery
59c
Pure Silk, Perfect
Irene Shop

FOR FRIDAY ONLY
Del Monte
COFFEE
3 lbs. for **$1**
Piggly-Wiggly

FOR FRIDAY ONLY
This is a timely event!
Kitchen Cabinets
All price ranges included
10% off
Truax Furniture Store

FOR FRIDAY ONLY
Beautiful Box
Assorted Flowers
$3
Taylor Floral Shop
Phone 1260-W

January Clearance Sale
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Suits and Overcoats
$23.50
Values to $60
Birmingham Department Store

Friday Special
A message to men . . . .
It is your duty to have a good photograph. Your family wants it . . . business often demands it.
Call our studios today for an appointment.
3 Portraits, large size - $9.75
The Arnold Studios
211 Theatre Building

FOR FRIDAY ONLY
10 Ties $1
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Axler's Hand Laundry
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SUNDAY-MONDAY-TUESDAY
HAROLD LLOYD
"FEET FIRST"
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SUREST
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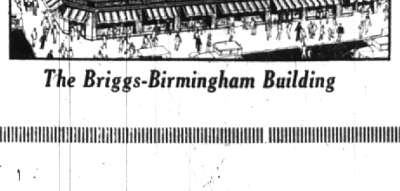

The Briggs-Birmingham Building

Briggs-Publix Theater Bldg.