THE ECCENTRIC

Birmingham, Michigan

GEORGE R. AVERILL, Publisher

$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

126 N. Woodward Ave. - Phone 11

Entered as second-class matter in the Postoffice at Birmingham, Mich.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1923

A PUBLIC SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Last week we again recorded in the columns of this newspaper the names of seven people whose lives were snuffed out by traffic conditions on Woodward avenue. Before the summer is past we expect to be called upon again to chronicle the deaths of many people who have taken "their last drive" on Woodward avenue — "America's Most Dangerous Highway". And the fearful part of it all is that we do not know whose names will follow the caption: **The Dead.** It may be any one who travels this thoroughfare—even you and I!

We visited the Dines & Bell undertaking parlors the morning following the fatality that took the seven lives. The bodies were laid out all over the place. Having exhausted his regular supply of stretchers, Wiley Bell had to place the body of one of the victims on two planks. They presented a fearful sight—to all who looked upon their cut and scarred faces, their maimed and twisted bodies—and, in one case, the face, neck and shoulders of a woman who resembled a piece of charcoal more than a human being.

As we remarked to Mr. Bell, that morning, that "Governor Groesbeck and every member of the present Michigan state legislature ought to be summoned to Birmingham and locked in the room with the seven bodies for six or more hours—maybe they could then get together and devise a means to widen Woodward avenue." And Mr. Bell heartily concurred in the idea.

Woodward avenue, between Detroit and Pontiac, continues to carry over its surface thousands of motorists each day. On Sundays and holidays the traffic is practically continuous for miles at a stretch. It reminds us of the incline to a slaughterhouse, for none of the travelers know when his or her "turn will come".

Politicians? Yes, that's what we call the men we send to our legislative halls. Statesmen?—a ridiculous word to use when referring to some of them! We hope St. Peter remembers the names of those of the present Michigan legislature who fought and scrapped against the widening of Woodward avenue and hands each of them a shovel instead of a golden harp!

ABOUT Mr. FORD AGAIN

Since we published an editorial in this column last week, boosting Henry Ford for the nomination to the Presidency of the United States, we have had many comments come to our desk. Many of them agreed with us, while others opposed our thought. We're glad for both kinds of expression.

One of the opposition declared that "Henry Ford might be all right in industry, but as a statesman he would be distinctly out of place. He does not possess all the qualifications necessary to administer to the affairs of government".

Is there a man alive today who can take over the management of a large industry and personally direct the routine of every one of its departments? We do not think so. And if Mr. Ford were given the reins of government, does anybody think that he would personally direct the routine of each department of the United States? It has never been done by Mr. Harding or his predecessors—so why should it be done by Mr. Harding's successors?

The United States government is far too large a going concern to be entirely run by one man. It ought to be dominated by one man—a Lincoln or a Roosevelt, for instance—but never turned over to anyone who cannot fill the job. Men like Lincoln, Washington and Roosevelt are almost extinct, it appears. As far as ideas and ideals are concerned, Henry Ford probably comes as near the above trio as any man before the public in this country today.

We do not say that Henry Ford can set every department of this much confused government right, even though he is elected. All we know is that he is not lazy; is not a clever "politician"; is not after money through any public office; is absolutely fearless and—above all—a man who believes that nations should not engage in war.

Ford does not direct every department of the Ford Motor Co. But he has the happy faculty—like Thomas A. Edison—of surrounding himself with executives who are alive to the jobs into which they are thrust. We are sure that, were Ford president of this country, the cabinet officers would be filled because some persons were capable and efficient—not because they were "brother politicians" and deserved some recompense for aid in a campaign.

We are told that there are about 33,000 postoffices in the United States and its possessions. The postmasterships of all these offices are given out as "political plums" at the will of the fortunate candidates who are at any time elected to office. Thus, if a Democrat is elected president, then each of the 33,000 postoffices must have a postmaster of the Democratic faith. Then, when the party in control at Washington is of the Republican faith, each of the Democratic postmasters must make way for a successor of the Republican party. And vice versa.

This method is one that costs the American people millions of dollars every year. It shows us who do not mix in politics the manner in which rewards are given for aid at election time. It is as far from being an efficient way to economically spend the taxpayers' money as anything we know of. Yet it has always been thus—and will be until we become so tax-burdened that we wake up to our citizenship rights.

So, what are we going to do, Folks, when election time comes 'round again? Shall we listen to the silver-tongued oratorical elegance of some political campaigner, who tells us what a "helluva" good fellow he is; who has no particular gift but an over-burning desire to become a servant of the "dear people", and then promptly forgets us when he is elected——or shall we pick out a man who is something in the world; who has made an actual dollars and cents record which is undisputable evidence that he is a student of the affairs of the world and able to command a position of respect and trust among his fellowmen?

The latter is the kind of man we believe Henry Ford is—and we hope he is nominated on some ticket in 1924.

SHORT AND MAYBE SNAPPY

By G. R. A.

Persons engaged in the business of making newspapers, after looking over the manner in which governmental affairs are conducted, have a splendid chance of becoming ironical cynics. It seems that Mr. H. M. Nimmo, editor of the Detroit Saturday Night, has gained the topmost rung in the ladder of newspaper cynics. We have read the Saturday Night for a number of years and each week we look forward to reading something of an optimistic nature in Nimmo's publication—and we are too often disappointed. Brother Nimmo, it's all right to knock those whom you do not like; to ridicule the things and systems that you don't agree with; but, for the lovamike, why don't you propose a remedy for some of these bloomin' wrongs that are worked on the "dear, unsuspectin' public?".

—

"Real Estate Values Mount as Detroit Continues Growth", reads the headline in a paper of that city. And the funny part of it is that rents even beat the growth, we are told.

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Honest now, Folks, do you know of anything in our midst that is always boosting the popularity and prosperity of our town anymore than your weekly newspaper—the Birmingham Eccentric?

—

We see that Johnny Kilbane, for 11 years champion featherweight boxer of the world, was beaten by Eugene Criqui, a Frenchman, last week. That is an honor for the Frenchman and an honor for Kilbane to have retained his title for so long a time. But Johnny has become rich and doesn't need the title any longer. Johnny has been a good, clean boxer. We knew him back in Cleveland years ago when he was a freight checker for the Pennsylvania railroad, working for a dollar and sixty cents a day. He was a good boy then, and still is. The glamour of the spotlight never bothered Johnny. He never forgot his old friends. Money did not change him. He was a good husband and father, a splendid son—and is such today. Johnny was brought up in a poor home, and lived to place his parents in comfortable surroundings. His father is totally blind, and was cared for all the better by his wealthy son. The squared circle, in Johnny's case, left no taint of dishonesty and crookedness. It was made all the better and cleaner by Johnny's activities in it. Well, Johnny, you're only a young man yet—you've still lots of good to do before you take the "last count". Here's wishing you success.

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Clara Phillips, styled as the "tiger woman" and "hammer murderess", has at last been recaptured and now languishes in San Quentin prison, California. The long arm of the law finally caught her in its tentacles. It probably cost the people of California thousands of dollars to thus isolate one of their citizens because her brain became twisted and a crime was committed. Similar offences throughout the country cost all of us a pretty penny each year. We ought to erect more public schools and watch the penal institutions disappear.

—

It is now claimed the the "back to the farm move" is made possible by the automobile. We always had and idea that that's what took 'em away in the first place.

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June has long been heralded as the month of brides and grooms. Why doesn't some one inaugurate a "get a husband or wife week" to be staged annually each June?

—

Mrs. Ney Ford, wife of a wealthy Dearborn farmer, has been acquitted of intent to murder her husband. Her lawyers proved her insane, and she will now be confined in an Indiana asylum. This is a case of paying someone to prove you're crazy. Harry Thaw did the same thing.

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Each year forest fires consume millions of dollars worth of timber in Michigan. A good many fires are started through carelessness of campers who do not entirely extinguish their camp fires. It behooves all of us to be more careful this summer when we are out in the woods. Fire departments and city water works are too far removed from our woodlands to be of any use when a forest fire begins to ravage the landscape. Conservation of our timber lands ought to make lumber cost less. Let's conserve, then.

—

Governor Smith, of the state of New York, has signed a bill, repealing the State's law relative to prohibition enforcement. Of course, this will not make New York "wet" (or should we say "wetter"?) because the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution takes care of that. Governor Smith evidently has an eye on the job now filled by Harding, and will make an appeal to citizens of the United States who believe that water is made mostly to float ships in. We hope he is so badly fooled that he'll think the U. S. A. is part of the Sahara desert when the ballots are counted.

—

A Detroit newspaper records that "store bandits tie owner clerk in a holdup". Maybe the bandits had made a few purchases the day before and were merely returning the compliment.

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When you want good printing done, don't forget that it can be turned out promptly at the office of the Birmingham Eccentric.

—

One out of every four thousand persons living in France committed suicide last year, according to statistics just made public. The report says that this year's suicides shows an increase over last. It would appear that residents of France would rather kill themselves at leisure than let an enemy do it when France gets into another war.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Four Years Ago

The young people of the M. E. church held an ice cream social at Mrs. C. Utter's last week, which was largely attended.

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Truman Patch returned from his trip to Ohio on Wednesday of last week. He was taken ill and came home as soon as he could. Pleurisy or something of that nature, was the trouble.

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A Royal Oaker came to our enterprising druggist, F. Hagerman, on Tuesday, and asked for a porous plaster. Mr. H. promptly furnished the article, but it was refused, because, said Royal Oak, "it's full of holes".

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There is a man in this immediate vicinity who works a garden on the portion of the Village south of the school house, and the neighbors say if he don't stop "hugging his 'taters on Sunday they'll raise a rumpus".

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Master Allen Bigelow will commence the next term at the Military Academy at Orchard Lake. Master Charlie is a perfect gentleman in every respect and we heartily wish him success and rapid progress in his studies.

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The lawn party at M. I. James' on Wednesday last was one of the affairs which was largely crowned with success when a lovely evening, beautiful music, such a committee, and such a corps of assisstants as the ladies turned out to be, combine themselves together for the welfare of their numerous guests. All were happy, everybody had enough to eat (the cold ham was splendid) the host and hostess were everywhere at once, and Miss Jennie Douglas fairly out-did herself in presiding at the main table. The spacious grounds were tastefully trimmed and adorned with Chinese lanterns, the band called during the evening and discoursed excellent music and every one enjoyed himself immensely. Altogether, it was one of the pleasantest affairs of the season so far.

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Twenty-Five Years Ago

Died at her home in Franklin, on Friday, June 3, 1898, in the 34th year of her life, Mrs. Libbie Pike, beloved wife of Will Pike. Deceased was born June 21, 1865, and was married to Will Pike December 18, 1889. She leaves a husband, of Franklin; a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Riffenburg; a sister, Mrs. George Currin; and a brother, James Frost, all of Birmingham, to mourn her loss.

—

Last Sunday afternoon as the Misses Zona Logan and Mayme Daniels were out driving Miss Logan's pony, the animal, aggravated by a bumble bee stinging it, shied out of the road, upsetting the vehicle and throwing the occupants into a ditch. Miss Logan's left elbow was dislocated and the internal condyle of the humorous lady badly fractured, while her companion, Miss Daniels, escaped without injury. Mr. Jackson carried the injured home. Drs. Raynale and Shaw were called immediately. Their patient is doing nicely as can be expected. The accident occured about sixty rods north of the corners of Bert Peabody's farm.

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Our old friends A. Bailey of Troy, and F. G. Pearsall, invited a friend out from Detroit for a few days' fishing. They drove seven miles to their lake destination and found that although they had plenty of snake-bite remedies, plenty to eat and lots of worms—but they had no fishlines, hooks or poles and the old boat had no oars. They had a good time, jus t the same—but no fish.

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MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage from Charles Edwin Jones and Edith J. Jones, his wife, of Birmingham, Oakland County, Michigan, to First National Bank of Birmingham, Michigan, a Federal Banking corporation, which said mortgage was dated the 28th day of September, A. D. 1921, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland, Michigan, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1921 in Liber 209 of Mortgages on page 124, on which mortgage there is due and unpaid at the date hereof for principal and interest, insurance and taxes in the sum of $1,056.22 and no suit or proceedings at law and in equity have been instituted to recover the money or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 30th day of June, A. D. 1923 at 12:00 o'clock noon, Eastern Standard Time, we will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the easterly or Saginaw Street entrance to the Oakland County Building in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, (that being the building where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held) the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage together with seven per cent (7 c.) interest from the date of notice and costs allowed by law and provided in said mortgage including an attorney's fee, said premises being situated in the Village of Birmingham, Oakland County, Michigan, and described as follows:

Village Lots numbered 21 and 22 of Valentine's Addition to the Village of Birmingham, Oakland County, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County aforesaid in Liber 11 of Plats on page 19.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Birmingham, Michigan, Mortgagee.
JOHN J. CAPELL,
Attorney for Mortgagee,
910 Ford Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Dated March 27th, 1923. 45-2

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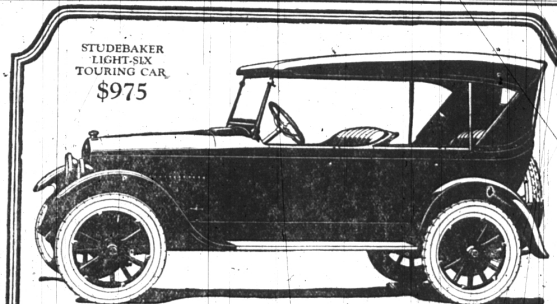

More Cars Shake Themselves to Pieces Than Ever Wear Out

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Vibration causes cars to grow old prematurely by racking their chassis, destroying the "metal life" of vital parts, loosening up their bodies and causing squeaks and rattles. Frequent, costly repairs are the result.

The Studebaker Light-Six is freer from vibration than any car of its approximate size or weight yet produced.

This has been accomplished largely by a complete machining of the crankshaft and connecting rods on all surfaces—a practice used by Studebaker exclusively on cars at this price and found only on a very few other cars whose selling prices are from three to ten times as high as the Light-Six.

There are 61 precision operations in the manufacture of the crankshaft alone, 40 of which range in accuracy from one-quarter thousandth to one thousandth of an inch.

The Light-Six motor embodies the most advanced design known to automobile construction. And no chassis at any price is built to more exacting standards of materials and workmanship.

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