

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1930. NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with this office.

Gov. Green Should Explain

Why is it that too often a man high in public office presents a decided dual personality toward affairs of state? For instance, Governor Fred W. Green has done some very decent and constructive things for Michigan since he became Chief Executive four years ago, for which he should be given commendation; on the other hand, however, Governor Green has, either directly or indirectly, acted foolish—even unpardonably. He has refrained from making an open, frank statement of his feelings toward Wilbur M. Brucker, attorney-general, now candidate for the Governorship, and apparently opposed to the candidacy of Judge Edward J. Jeffrey, Detroit Democrat, as a Republican contestant to the Governorship.

Governor Green undoubtedly dislikes Alex J. Groenbeck, and his attitude now can only be attributed to his intense political hatred of the former governor. How can you account for Governor Green's actions? How else can you credit the despicable treatment of George Welsh's desire to have his name withdrawn from the approaching ballot, according to Secretary of State John Haggerty? Can Governor Green be outside the circle of reports to such extent that he is not even aware of his own party to this, then he ought to say so in no uncertain terms.

This newspaper supported Fred W. Green, a citizen of Ionia, four years ago. We were thoroughly convinced that Mr. Green could, and would, execute a high type of political character in the Governor's office. It is apparent that we are disappointed in his lack of graciousness and dignity, and it is revealed during the closing days of his administration.

We are sorry that it is so. Sorry for the personal memories of Fred W. Green, who ought to carry with him into private life the recollection of his own good and noble service to his state, and for the Republican party and for the deserving citizens of the sovereign state of Michigan.

It is, indeed, unfortunate in these strenuous days of American life that people who occupy high places in public life tumble from their exalted pedestals with feet changed from alabaster to clay, determine to sink and mingle with the common variety of mud that yet remains along the edges of America's highways of political life.

Saving Young Lives

One of the big bright spots in the traffic situation is the condition respecting children, says a report of the Third Annual Conference on Street and Highway Safety.

At a time when the accident toll among adults is constantly rising, the nation's children are demonstrating that they have the intelligence, stamina and capacity for understanding the laws of safety that enables them to accommodate themselves to the conditions of a more hazardous world.

Six years ago it is said, the value of teaching safety in the schools was problematical. Today it has been established beyond doubt that such teaching is a tremendous influence in the preservation of life.

According to statistics issued by the Bureau of the Census, if accidental fatalities to children had increased during the last seven years at the same rate as accidental fatalities to adults, there would have been over 3,000 children killed in traffic accidents last year, and 3,000 more killed in other kinds of accidents, who are now living. Figures covering the last three years show a large increase in motor fatalities for adults, a smaller increase for children of pre-school age, and a very important decrease for children of school age.

This does not mean that we have solved the problem of accidents to children. Fine work has been done and is being done; still finer and more complete work should be done. Every school in America should give its pupils the teaching that will enable them to safely meet the hazards of daily life.

A WEST VIRGINIA golfer becomes mad when he drives three balls straight into the water hazard at the 17th hole. He threw his clubs, bag and caddy in, then jumped and screamed them all. How can one expect to control a golf ball when one can't control one's anger?

BOYS IN VARIOUS localities seek to bring to themselves and their town fathers by sitting up in trees for long periods of time; is this another proof of man's ancestry? Or are not all people monkeys?

WALTER TRAGLE, president of the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) announces his company has discovered a means of obtaining two barrels of gasoline where it formerly got but one from crude oil. At last here's good news for those Scotchmen who refrained from buying cigarette lighters because of the upkeep.

The Face Of Washington

Just which of many faces is the one that George Washington used most during his life is to be determined, as near as possible, by a committee of seven art critics. This group of artists will decide the problem, which has raged for 100 years, in preparation for the 1932 Bicentennial Celebration of the 200th Anniversary of Washington's birth.

How difficult is the task confronting these gentlemen may be realized by anyone who visits a little museum in Valley Forge. Here an entire wall is covered with portraits of Washington, but each face is so different that the visitor comes away with more confusion and less knowledge than ever of the man himself. Washington has been painted by one artist as an idealist with delicately modeled, refined expression and by another as a stern, almost unlovable character. It is the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, a worshipper of Washington, who depicted the First President with sandy hair, which is best known to the country. It has been extensively used as a frontispiece in history textbooks, so many adults and most children have this impression of Washington. On the other hand, the bust of Washington executed by Hudson, French sculptor, is preferred by many people for its naturalness.

Whether Washington's Indian false teeth marred or helped his appearance is a matter that the committee must consider. Some of his portraits give the impression that they were a drawback, while others make them a decided aid to the President's appearance.

A forest ranger without spurs? Without a Stetson hat? Without even a horse? Strange as it may seem to movie fans and Western novel readers, such rangers do exist. They are the sea-going rangers who help to look after Uncle Sam's two national forests in the rain island-dotted coast regions of Alaska. One is the Chugach, Indian name, which is 7,000 square miles, and the other the Tongass, covering almost 26,000 square miles.

The ranger, with one assistant, makes his rounds in a power boat that navigates the numerous bays and fjords of that region. It is no easy job. His territory has no well defined chart, yet he must know the intricate and ever-changing waterways of his 7,000 square miles, and the other the Tongass, covering almost 26,000 square miles.

Some of the ranger's tasks include the inspection of a timber sale, the survey of a homestead, the appraisal of a fox farm, or the measurement of water power. He possesses a valuable knowledge regarding the forest lands, Indian affairs, and the personnel of various camps and settlements. It renders important aid in solving problems of that remote region. The ranger carries with him besides the tools of a woodsman, navigator, and mechanic, clerical equipment of file case, typewriter, and adding machine, for he must do office work on his job.

On Making Comparisons

Most people live in terms of hours and days—minutes; too few of us gauge our present circumstances against the background of a decade, a score of years, or even our own life's experience. We in America, are in a hurry to get somewhere; we dislike to stand still in the harness—even for a necessary drink of cold water on our journey over the heated sands of life. That's probably why, when a business slump hits us, we become impatient if delay so quickly—and look back so slightly for comparison.

Always feeling it that our business, taking the country as a whole, is much better than our business psychology," says Martin J. Insull, president of the Middle West Utilities Company. "I think comparisons with 1928 would prove the former and our comparisons with 1929 cause the latter. We business the country is now kept far above normal basis. It reached its peak about the middle of the year. So far this year, therefore, we have been comparing with a rising curve. From now on it will be different and our business psychology soon will change."

The fact seems to be that fluctuations, whether booms or depressions, are not so important in the long run as they appear close at hand. The trend of business activity and prosperity is gradually higher every year and this is more significant than the short-term changes."

IT WOULD SEEM from the Holly Herald that the village of Holly is well on its way toward its own municipal zoo. The following link advertisement appeared in that paper's issue recently: "Lost: Young male tiger and white cat. Clayton Horton."

POLITICAL ADVICE: when seeking a public office, refrain from uttering your own convictions upon a subject; this will make it impossible for the public to ascertain your ideas, and they'll therefore have to vote for you in order to learn what you stand for.

IT MAY BE ALL RIGHT for the housewife to rush about after flying moths in the clothes closet, but why she knocks over the dishes in the pantry is beyond the understanding of a mere male. For we never yet saw any moth willing to eat turnips, spinach, parsnips, or dried apples.

A READER ASKS: "What is the best time of day for fishing?" And the diplomatic answer is: any time between 12 o'clock a. m. and midnight. During these hours most fish are caught—some of them fishing.

WHO REMEMBERS WHEN the old-fashioned bar had an open trough in front of it, about two inches deep and four inches wide, where the customers could throw their old cigars, cigarettes, chewing tobacco, and anything that the stomach could no longer hold? Yet some people seek the return of this open sewer.

Our Daily Bread. And back of the mill, the snow, the flour, the mill. And back of the mill is the wind and the shower. And the sun, and the Father's will. —MALTBEY D. BARBOCK.

Inspired Thoughts

EX-TRIX

INTERESTING STATISTICS Cold facts: 300,000 eggs, a record for all time, are now in storage.

Says the Arkansas School-boy is dangerous insects. They sneak up on you and bite you in your ear, your neck, your hand, your arm, your leg, your head, your face, your neck, your arm, your leg, your head, your face, your neck, your arm, your leg, your head, your face.

UNINTENTIONAL HERO —was grand of you to die from that height, fully clothed, to effect such a magnificent rescue. "That's all very well," snarled the looker-on declared, "but what I want to know is—who pushed me in?"

KNOWN WORDS FOR A SONG DIMITRIE'S CREDIT Into the valley of Debt Rode the six hundred. The rider's mind was as they went. They put to go and buy Into the valley of Debt Rode the six hundred.

ROD WISE, down in Cleveland, remarks: Steam blown off makes me so glad, so glad that I don't know what to do with myself. "That's all very well," snarled the looker-on declared, "but what I want to know is—who pushed me in?"

The government announces that the looker-on declared, "but what I want to know is—who pushed me in?"

Vox Polly

"The rude man who contented the horse in going on the man of more refinement must be made to feel the man entirely refined deserves to reflect."—Dr. William Lyon Phelps.

During the hot weather there are more don'ts than issued in the regular lists of health officers. For instance, "Don't drink cold beer."

Don't guess a woman's age and tell her. "Don't ask questions of a crowd of fellow-sufferers, don't remark, 'Gosh, it's cold.' And don't ask, 'Is that nice, now?'"

Don't enter a telephone booth, unless you are seeking the proverbial wrong number.

A Battle Creek philosopher writes: "A committee is a perfect device for postponing action and dividing responsibility."

Because I Love You. "A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: 'We're going to living in a better neighborhood soon,' she said. 'Next are we,' volunteered Mrs. Nixson, who was living in a better neighborhood soon."

Famous Finales HOE DOWN, Ark.—It was necessary for Joe Jellyfish, six feet and husky, to appear at the police station here recently and persuade several policemen to go home with him and pry his 290-pound wife off the top of his trunk as he could pack his belongings and be on his way.

(News Item)—Dusty, Kansas.—The youths cut in front of the other automobiles at a race ended in which each car alternated in the lead. The racing cars turned south in Mason street, just as a large moving van backed out of an alley.

WHAT A PRICE TO PAY! It looks as though, in the eyes of the Bowles, the mayor of Detroit, will be recalled. We feel terribly sorry for Mr. Bowles and we feel terribly sorry for a great majority of the people who voted him into office.

He was grand of you to die from that height, fully clothed, to effect such a magnificent rescue. "That's all very well," snarled the looker-on declared, "but what I want to know is—who pushed me in?"

DOG DAYS

The dog days of summer are here and the sun is shining brightly. The weather is hot and the dogs are barking.



The Other Chap Says Something

YOU CAN'T ATTRACT DARING MEN BY MAKING THE GAME EASIER. Everybody is agreed that the Protestant churches of America are losing ground, and almost everybody agrees that the fault is in the churches.

The church," says the critic, "must compete with the movies, golf, radio and automobile, and it isn't entertaining enough to win."

His rise in Detroit's public affairs has been phenomenal, which simply shows what a clean man can get politically in this day and age if he is willing to sacrifice his self-respect to become the goat of cheap and smelly politics.

We hope, for Charlie Bowles' sake, that he will not be recalled by too large a majority of voters. Anything to lessen the headache and heartache of a man who has made a mistake. What a price he has had to pay for a few brief months of glory!—Manning News.

OUR SCRAP BOOK

READING AND WRITING My reading is less interesting because all writers seem to know they are on display, and therefore they "act smart," as we say of children when there is company.

William E. Borah, U. S. Senator: "A radical in these days is one who believes in the constitution of the United States."

Herbert Hoover, President: "No tariff bill has ever been enacted or ever will be enacted under the present system that will be perfect."

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, opera singer on her 60th birthday: "Some day of course, I shall die. I would like it to be this way: Out on the stage I would sing the last note of a song. After that I would go off the stage and then, before my mother dies, I would be the most beautiful way to go."

They Have Murnured: AMBILITY. What has your attribute is most worth seeking than ability? For ability is that fine quality of character that brings to your presence the loveliest in friendship, in acquaintance, to be amiable and to be kindly, kind-hearted, sweet tempered; do you have in mind an amiable person, one who possesses these great qualities? Then you must love this person and how worthy is such a one of emulation? But, remember, amiable shows a temper with wisdom.

How She Broke! "Bob, I hope you didn't tell your daddy that you saw me kissing your sister last night!" "I didn't have to. Ethel woke up all night after you'd gone, and told us herself."—Wampus.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to reprint columns. All communications must be addressed to the editor, and must be self-sustaining upon request.

Although large crowds attend the Detroit Symphony orchestra-concert given on Belle Isle, every evening, the news has been that even larger numbers of people do not take advantage of them. The concert is given under the stars, in the open air; they offer unusual cultural opportunities to those who wish to have some recreation.

Perhaps of even more importance than their cultural value is the seasonal pleasure they bring. Sweet strains of music and the beauty of summer night are in perfect harmony, listening to a concert on Belle Isle is deliciously soothing; troubles are forgotten; care becomes a lie and the Kingdom of heaven seems at hand.

The concert begins at eight o'clock, when the sun is still above the horizon and the day is bright. As the concert progresses, the sun sinks. The seven o'clock concert around the shell turn darker and darker green, until, by nine o'clock, the sky is a beautiful blue. The light blue blue of the sky against the light blue blue of the lake is hardly perceptible. On the left on the river, lighted ships pass majestically.

Refreshing breezes arise from the lake, and make Belle Isle probably the coolest place out of doors for an evening.

The concert is held every evening in the shell. Monday night, when the sun is still above the horizon and the day is bright. As the concert progresses, the sun sinks. The seven o'clock concert around the shell turn darker and darker green, until, by nine o'clock, the sky is a beautiful blue. The light blue blue of the sky against the light blue blue of the lake is hardly perceptible. On the left on the river, lighted ships pass majestically.

Refreshment is available for those who wish to have some recreation. The Eccentric is pleased to reprint columns. All communications must be addressed to the editor, and must be self-sustaining upon request.

Kidding The Great Ones

Samuel Clemens, otherwise known to a reading and laughing world as Mark Twain, leaped upon a spike of the Guardian Angel, just as it came out of a bend in the Celestial River, and leaped upon Mark, this leaping upon a spike—was upon such occasions as this that Mark became a spokesman for the cause of Grinning Face and Happy Hours. The reason Mark Twain leaped upon a spike simply because he wanted a momentary rest; he figured that at this point in his life he wanted to go into an extra long bend, he could hold it (the wheel) over against the wall of the river for at least two minutes—and in those days two minutes were two minutes, equal to at least twice that amount today.

The river is especially muddy today. I saw a couple of pickaninny children gathering in cotton blossoms from my nearby fields. Mark, at that early period of his life, was able to contrast the color of mud with that of a pickaninny, and by such comparison to deduce the fact that water may attack and wash away mud.

Continuing to think, Mark thought to himself the kind of a person he would like to become if he were a pickaninny. He remembered that the decks of Mississippi River steamboats and placed him on the river. You may recall that Mr. Twain, born in Hannibal, Missouri, once worked on a riverboat, weekly newspaper in the Show Me State—and had not his brother returned from a trip several weeks earlier than had intended. The newspaper's circulation would be maintained to all points of the compass. For Mark had filled the weekly's columns with the kind of a stuff that is said to have quite truthfully reflected the townpeople.

Because this tendency to stick to facts, even though at times it became necessary to insert a little of emphasis and amusement, you know Mark Twain began to write books, and thus became a great writer of books. Most of them were funny books, twin-or, rather, we should say top.

As a pilot on Old Man River, Samuel Clemens, you may remember made his real mark. He knew every bend and turn in the dirty saw post uppusu uppusu "Zut" in its ever shifting channel as it hid his trick, or watch, at the steamer's wheel.

When I became famous enough to come to write biographies about me, I hope that you will not forget that, as that, as a spokesman for the common people, I learned my stuff grinding my teeth on the rocky river steamboat between St. Louis and New Orleans. Mark told a big, bumpy story once, an average of five or six words.

Overboard from the wing of an aviation airplane; it was evening, an ere going to bed, came out on Show Boat. Yet Old Man River just kept rollin' along—rollin' along.

Say Hello For Me. "Boy, I said to a London visitor who had been in the city who had been a messenger. 'I want to go to the bank.' 'All right, guv'nor, don't be long.'—Skip.

William, what was it Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed his violet hand in the hands of the beautiful queen to walk over? "Step on it, kid."—Catholic Opinion.

Warm backs, soggy shelters, and full stomachs eliminate some of the barriers to kindness, so we should not forget that "how easy to be amiable in the midst of happiness and success." Mad Swatchline.

Wampus. "I didn't have to. Ethel woke up all night after you'd gone, and told us herself."—Wampus.