BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 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 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.

Character Or Population?

Much publicity has been given to various sections of the United States with regard to their population—and most generally there would be great praises sung for those spots that had made the greatest inhabitant increase during the past ten years. Most of this publicity is but the expression of a form of vanity—yodled too often by boards of commerce and other interests, As though the real and lasting happiness of people depended upon the business of making great herds of them!

True, an increase of people into a given area generally creates a business prosperity—yet, alas! often the kind of prosperity that gets top-heavy and leaves a sad period of panic or re-adjustment in its wake.

It is quite fine for people to be sociably minded, and to unite together in an endeavor to transform a desert, a prairie, a hilltop, or a valley into communities; this is the inevitable result of mankind's system of livelihood, barter and exchange—but this is, or ought to be, a secondary consideration when one refers to the virtues of a community.

Birmingham, as far as population increase is concerned, has made better than the average in growth during the last decade; its people may occasionally refer to this population increase, yet when the real virtues of this area are related they seldom consist of mere population figures. Birmingham, or any other population center, may take pride first in the cultural and educational progress made within its boundaries—for in these channels of human accomplishment lie a majority of life's peaceful and happy pursuits.

The virtue in any community that is worth bragging about is its CHARACTER, don't you believe?

Uncle Sam, A Paradox

We who comprise the animated human form upon this planet earth are, more often than not, a queer group of creatures; in the realm of arithmetic we bow to the rule that declares two plus two to equal four, yet, when it comes to the application of the rules of politics, industry, or international relations, we too often try to prove that two plus three equals four.

In many of our mass movements, don't you think, we seek to balance the affairs of the world with a ton on each side of the center line of the scale—one ton being 2,000 pounds, the other 2,200. (You will recall that these are the short and the long tons.)

For instance . . . the other day the first contingent of Gold Star Mothers was departing for Europe, when the United States battle fleet steamed up the Hudson River in New York State and spent the day in a mock bombardment of New York City. Here you see just a part of the training that goes into the future making of more Gold Star Mothers!

And, again . . . while the Departments of State and Commerce bend every effort to facilitate good will and foreign trade, a politically minded Congress succumbs to the selfish demands of the home exploiters and levies a tariff designed to kill very quickly our export and import trades.

Yet, some more . . . while the entire country is becoming alarmed at the staggering increase in our prison population, and objecting to the mounting burden of taxes required to isolate and "reform" the penal inmates, Congress and the various state legislatures never fail to pass more laws that label more human misdemeanors as felonies.

The United States has been so busy making money since the American Indian was started on the road to becoming a millionaire in oil, that it has not taken time to inventory its position with regard to its more mature problems. But it is going to do so, we believe, in order that it may be preserved as the world's greatest example of democracy.

All that we need, don't you think, is more intelligence of a fundamental and basic nature in our legislative assemblies in Washington and the various state capitols? Less thoughts about votes, and more about humanity is what we require from our public officials.

MEMBERS OF DETROIT'S board of education over-rode Mayor Bowles recent veto relative to school purchases, believing that Hizzoner did not understand the "sityasium." The Mayor ought to study methods in other seats of learning, don't you think?

PRESIDENT HOOVER HAS ordered a "dry drive" via the Department of Justice. Here's a case where the dry crusaders seek to become dripping wet—would you say?

WOULD YOU SAY that a corking good dry was any better than a sopping wet? Or that the corkscrew is any symbol to wear for a man who goes straight?

To Drink Or Not To Drink—

People are alternately wet and dry. They also become hungry and not hungry. They want—many of them—to be where they are not, and what they are not they eternally seek to become.

There was a time when the people of the United States, desiring to drink varying amounts of beer, wine, whiskey, and other forms of liquids that bring sparkle to the eyes and dullness to the speech, allowed places to operate where these drinks were sold. The owners of the then existing distribution system (like all progressive producers and distributors of mercantile commodities) did everything they could to increase sales; they were so successful as merchandisers of the stuff that the people finally rose up in their legislative assemblies over a decade ago, and outlawed the sale and distribution of spirituous liquors in the United States.

In brief, the Prohibition Law was enacted, followed by the Volstead Act, and ever since those who want to drink have been buying wherever, and whenever they can. As the result of their desires to make purchases, there has sprung up a vast system of merchandising, commonly known as the bootlegger. Nothing so mysterious about this, is there?

The Prohibition Law was, we are led to believe, enacted in order to outlaw the legalized traffic of liquor in the United States; by so doing, it hoped to cut down the use of liquor, keep more people sober, and cause more of the poor man's earnings to go to the needs of his family. We do not see how anyone can find fault with Prohibition just because it has not eliminated the organic desire to drink on the part of millions of people—this phase of our national existence is a moral and social one, isn't it? . . . and not a legislative one.

Prohibition is a national experiment in the United States, in an effort to outlaw the sale and distribution of intoxicating liquor; it is, all must admit, the only American constitutional method of doing so. (Remember, we are not here discussing total abstinence—a thing that prohibition can never accomplish by legislation).

There is a world movement on, and there has been for a long time, to outlaw war. Conferences have been held galore; peace pacts and covenants have long been dangled before the signatory heads of governments, and who will deny that the leading nations of the earth have not made some progress toward international amity? These various activities are being done to accomplish but one thing: PEACE. Do we want PEACE? Then, if you please, we must "prohibit" war!

Let's assume that we some day will have all nations signed in an agreement to outlaw war; does that definitely assure permanent peace? Certainly not. Peace is a condition of human relationship that is free from bloody strife, and is found only where the finer characteristics of people are personified in their daily lives.

In this, if you ponder the matter, you will find efforts to obtain world peace similar to our national efforts to obtain SOBRIETY.

The Prohibition Law has merely been a national instrument by which a vast majority of the several United States have, through their state and federal legislative assemblies, decided to wage a civil war against the sale and distribution of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes. It has, and is, waging a war upon this phase of human activity in a manner entirely within the letter of the federal Constitution.

The present Prohibition Law is but an adopted method of outlawing the legal traffic in liquor in the United States. It will remain until some better and safer means of combating the problem is presented and adopted by the American people. Total abstinence, like peace, depends upon the place it occupies in human consciousness; it must be wanted, if it is to be obtained. You cannot eliminate all traffic in the manufacture and sale of liquor by passing a Prohibition Law, any more than you can prevent murder or stealing by passing laws against them; but you can make it ILLEGAL and punishable by fine and imprisonment to commit an act deemed as harmful to the good of society—and that, largely, is what the Prohibition Law has accomplished in the United States in ten years.

The Cause Of It All—

Just as a means of refreshing your mind upon a subject of refreshment (?) we herewith reprint those few words enacted by Congress a decade ago, words which have been the cause of a controversy of nation-wide magnitude. Here it is, Folks—the little, old 18th Amendment, the source of a new epoch in American life:

"Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States, and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

"Section 2. The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Do you think this Amendment will ever be removed from the Constitution? If so, during this century?

The Wages Of War

Friederich Wilhelm Goebel, known as the originator of the military tank, is suing the German government for $2,500,000. He is now aged and enduring privation. He claims that it was he who first built a tank for purposes of war; from his fertile imagination's handiwork he now seeks gold with which to protect his old age. Thus do we witness the human expression of a lust for gold—though old Goebel undoubtedly performed a popularly patriotic service when he invented his tank. The gold of Mammon has caused much trouble in this old world—only because man has made it his idol. Millions of youth have been cut down by the merciless barrage of Mar's guns; Goebel is entitled to his reward as fittingly as any warship or ammunition manufacturer, don't you think?

BURGLARS WERE about to rob an Atlanta, Georgia, home when the family rooster out in the yard started to crow; the burglars left at once. Good work, old boy, say we—worth crowing about, too!

SCIENTISTS ANNOUNCE the discovery of a fish fossil with a hinged neck. Some day, we hope, they'll find the progenitor of the fish family that managed to eat worms off a hook without endangering their mouths.

..EX-NTRIX

Little dabs of powder
Added to the paint,
Make the "sweet girl graduate"
Something that she ain't.

* * *

Hoi Polloi

"The day has come when no candidate can successfully carry water on one shoulder and gin on the other."—*Mrs. Charles H Sabin, dry law reform advocate.*

Horse-Scope

"If the stars incite, stay in at night."

According to the stars bathing suits worn by beach beauties this summer are quite likely to be of such an abbreviated nature that it will be necessary for the life guards to spend most of their time watching the "Gawking Georges."

During this sway young people with big ideas and short strokes had better not venture out too far from shore.

The seers say that political interest will be keen under this rule and politicians who are up for re-election may discover that it will take more than a blast of hot air to get back into office.

Children born on this day will always have a very difficult time in locating an ice cream cone stand.

Sapolio Spinningwheel was born on this day, and will be remembered as the greates radio announcer that ever spoke with a lisp.

* * *

HOW'S OLD HINTZ?

A plug hat that has grown somewhat rusty can be made to look like new by rubbing shoe polish on it and then brushing it briskly with a shoe brush.

An Akron tire company is about to begin the manufacture of clocks with rubber movements. The rubber makes them noiseless.

A most delightful and healthful breakfast dish can be made by cutting spinach into fine pieces and then mixing it with crushed strawberries.

Never throw away half a cantaloupe. Dry it thoroly in a fast oven and use it as an ash tray.

Beans will bake more rapidly if beaten gently with a hammer before they are put in the oven.

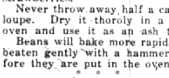
* * *

I was arrested yesterday for breaking a traffic ordinance and will have to go to court Monday. Will I have an unpleasant experience when I face the judge?—O. T.

Not necessarily. Your experience will probably be fine.

* * *

TODAY'S HEALTH PROVERB



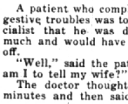
An apple a day may keep the doctor away, all right, all right, but don't be like Amos T. Addlebrain. He thought he'd keep the doctor away for a year and just when he got to 365th apple they called the ambulance and consultation. Consultations cost more than doctors.

CAUGHT

A patient who complained of digestive troubles was told by a specialist that he was drinking too much and would have to knock it off.

"Well," said the patient, "what am I to tell my wife?"

The doctor thought for a few minutes and then said, "Tell her



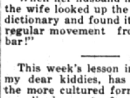
you are suffering from syncopation. That will satisfy her."

The patient did as he was told. "What is syncopation?" asked his wife.

"I don't know," said the husband, "that is what he said."

When her husband had gone out the wife looked up the word in the dictionary and found it meant "Irregular movement from bar to bar!"

This week's lesson in profanity, my dear kiddies, has to do with the more cultured form when you are digging out of a bunker off



the sixth fairway. The authority for this particular intriguing combination is from O. B. T. Parrot (Old Blasphemy Tar): "By all the nameless newts of Newfoundland—by al the deckle-edged, saffron-colored, beer-imbibing blue beards of Boston, gr-r-r-r (oh, fiddle-sticks!) one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine—."

Then, if no one is looking, smile sweetly, and ask the caddy for a number four iron, with which you will find it easy to chip out in three more strokes and onto the green. You won't drive onto the right green, of course, but at least, you will be out of the bunker.

HIS OPEN SEASON!

The Other Chap Says Something—

PADDLE 'EM GOOD, TOO!

While a large percentage of the people of Michigan are crying for quicker and surer justice, Michigan's prisons are crowded disgracefully. Coleman C. Vaughan, local man and chairman of the state prison commission, was at Ionia Friday to attend a meeting. The Reformatory has a capacity of 1,200 people and right now has 1,800 prisoners. One boy attracted the commission's attention. He is 16 years old. He, with other boys, stole an auto and held up a gas station. In order to care for the 1300, the prison school is filled with cots—being used for sleeping quarters. Crime and the care of criminals is using up the state tax dollar more and more rapidly every year. What are we going to do about it?

Of course, there will be dozens of people who will condemn us for what follows, but we believe the state should at least try an experiment. When a sixteen-year-old kid decides that auto stealing and the holdup racket is a smart and easy road to luxury and is brought to prison we would take him out to the prison "woodshed." For a week we would daily paddle his pants soundly. We would fix that young rooster so that it would be extremely painful for him to sit down, and during the week we would feed him bread and water and keep him confined between paddlings in a lonely cell. At the end of a week we should have a talk with him; tell him he was going to have another chance to go straight; that if he was brought back again the dose would be just three times as severe as this first one—and make good on the promise if he came back.

Every stick-up man is a coward. They dread physical pain. Their mentality in most cases is none too high. They fully understand and fear physical punishment. This sort of thing would cost the taxpayers a mighty small percentage of what a year's confinement now costs. It would take these youngsters away from several month's association with hardened criminals. It would forestall the postgraduate course in crime they now receive by daily association with criminals and moral degenerates. I would rather see a boy of mine buried than spend two years associating with the unspeakable characters who are spending their lives in prison; at least if my boy did spend two years there I never would expect him to be anything but a criminal the rest of his life. —Schuyler L. Marshall in Clinton County Republican News.

IT'S A RATTLESNAKE

Crooked politicians, grafting office holders and public officials who fear public scrutiny into all public business, and who hope to have enacted in other states a law that slipped through up in Minnesota, which seeks to muzzle the press, are hopeful that the fight the Chicago Tribune is making to have the United States supreme court knock out the Minnesota law, will be a failure. There are some nit-wits who think the Minnesota law is a good thing, but if there is a reason in the world why there should be a law prohibiting discussion in newspapers of public questions and public men, we have never heard of it. Public business concerns every person who pays taxes and they have just as much right to know about it as the officials they select to conduct that public business.

You can bet your last dollar that when public officials close the door in their deliberations in the face of the public, there is either something crooked in view or else they are fearful of public opinion as to what they are doing.

Urging editors of the nation to oppose aggressively any law designed to give courts power to censure newspapers. Walter M. Harrison, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, opened its annual meeting a few days ago in Washington and asked support of the Chicago Tribune campaign against the Minnesota "gag" law.

The Minnesota Statute, Harrison said, holds that any newspaper or publication which regularly publishes malicious, scandalous or defamatory matter to be a nuisance. Under the law, he continued, the Saturday Press, a small weekly publication of Minneapolis, was restrained from publication.

The injunction was sustained by the higher state courts and the Chicago Tribune, Harrison continued, planned to carry it to the supreme court. The American Society of Newspaper Editors had offered to join the fight against the law.

"Here is a club in the hands of crooked office holders which the press cannot accept with folded hands if it values its freedom," Harrison said. "Without a jury this summary proceeding may be used in a campaign to destroy property.

"The rules of law governing libel, slander and privileged publications are ample protection of the public."

Harrison said there was danger if the Minnesota law went unchallenged that similar statutes might be passed in other states. He urged support of the Capper-Lagguardia bill designed to protect reporters in their refusal to divulge information in any federal court.

Harrison, representing the Oklahoma City, Oklahoman and Oklahoma City Times, deplored the "flood of publicity and propaganda" and the growing use of press agents.

Harrison advocated the newspapers getting into the broadcasting field and prepare for use of television.

Support for a bill by Senator Vandenberg of Michigan designed to prevent a judge sitting in contempt proceedings in which he is a challenger was urged.—Elton Eaton in Northville Record.

Our Scrap Book

If a man from Mars should visit the earth on Saturdays and Sundays, he would be much impress by our religious professions.

If, after such a visitor, he should visit the earth on a week-day, he would be impress by our practices—they are so different from our professions.

If this imaginary man, says Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist party in New York, and an ordained Presbyterian minister, should go to our jails, courts, streets, factories, and farms, he "would find that in every-day life it is regarded as more important to know the judge than to know the law; that there is one law for the rich man and another for the poor; that there is one code for the black man and another for the white. He would discover that the petty offender frequently is punished more severely than the major. He would discover that the fourth offender convicted of shoplifting must go to jail for life, and that one who steals a whole oilfield is elected to our largest corporations."

So Mr. Thomas chides us all—Jews and Christians—for donning our religious cloaks on Saturdays and Sundays, as the case may be, and doffing them during the week-days. He was speaking in the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, substituting for the Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, and his sermon is quoted in The Herald Tribune. The Socialist churchman's examples of daily violations of the Golden Rule and of the precept that one practise what he preaches may be found in almost any reading of the daily press.—Literary Digest.

Kidding The Great Ones

Ponce de Leon, the famous explorer, was dressing for the annual Tenth Avenue Block Party. He was to be the guest of honor and Her Ladyship the Duchess of Dearborn was to be his partner in the Grand March.

What magnificent preparations had been made! What gala decorations decorated the cobble-stone streets! And musical comedy stars were to give the program of entertainment.

Ponce dressed quickly. Within an hour he had trimmed his grey beard, pulled on his satin knicker; and his lace-trimmed silk shirt He had combed his hair—what little there was of it, brushed his false teeth and slipped into his waist-coat. A clean ruff had been produced by Alphonso, his manservant, who now began a search for Ponce's stockings.

Now, Ponce was a vain man and his legs were clownish, spindly appendages that did no honor to the great adventurer. The little knobs that should have been his calves were ridiculous in the extreme and his bony knees and thick ankles were a curse. Many a maid, attracted by his accomplishments, had turned him down because of his uproariously funny legs.

Now, however, Ponce had found the solution. A costumer on Delancey street had made him a pair of stockings, exquisitely padded that gave him the appearance of a dime-novel hero. And Ponce was well pleased, you may well imagine.

After an hour's futile search Alphonso returned to tell his master that the padded stockings could not be found. Ponce was in such a temper, he wept. His tears were wetter than on that occasion in Florida when he discovered that what the Indians referred to as the Fountain of Youth, was only a soda-fountain in Palm Beach. Here was disillusion, disappointment as great as man had ever suffered in history.

"Bring me a pair of Whole-Pruf hose," said the sad man resignedly. "I shall not miss that Block Party." And then he put them on, rolling them carefully at the ankles, and went to the block party.

There were a great many college students at the block party, and so my dears, the modern custom of garterless socks was originated.

Notice to subscribers in Birmingham and Oakland County. The price of The Eccentric is going to be raised to $2.00 per year after the "Everybody Wins Campaign." Subscribe now, help a candidate and save. —Adv. tf

Edda Mussolini, daughter of the Italian dictator, was married to Count Gallazzo Ciano in Rome.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

To the Editor:

Residents of the Village of Birmingham and Bloomfield Hills are particularly fortunate again this year in being permitted to hear the lovely carillon recitals being given twice each week by Mr. Anton Brees at Christ Church.

In an age given over largely to affairs of little artistic value it is a source of keen pleasure to be able to enjoy these programs while sitting in comparative solitude in an automobile parked on the winding roads of beautiful Bloomfield Hills.

But I should like to call the attention of the people who take advantage of the opportunity to hear these programs of the unnecessary traffic tie-ups that usually result after the concerts are over. If motorists would only be a little more courteous in driving away from the district near the church a great deal of the unpleasant atmosphere of crowded traffic conditions would be done away with. I would therefore suggest that motorists avoid speeding away from the church and creating tie-up at Woodward and Lone Pine Roads.

Yours truly,
Ralph W. Barbier.

Detroit, Mich.,
June 7, 1930.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Henry Ford, discussing prohibition:

"Don't worry about the so-called society drinkers. They very quickly find themselves down and out, and they don't count anyhow."

Prime Mussolini, Italian Dictator, addressing Fascist soldiers and sailors:

"Prepare yourselves with arm and with heart in order that when the Fatherland shall call you you will be ready to defend it."

Walter (Rabbit) Maranville, veteran short stop:

"I don't care what they use. I can play just as well if they use a ping-pong ball, or a watermelon. If anybody else can hit it or throw it, I'll play with it."

F. H. Saddler, Captain Destroyer Tender Dobbin:

"There is harly any trouble between sailors and marines; they just stay apart."

Stuart Chase, author:

"In a nation of eighteen million bath tubs we have the dirtiest streets and parks on the planet."

Jan A. Wallace, editor, Farm Journal:

"Twenty per cent of American farmers are making money and making progress toward real prosperity."

Elinor Glyn, British author:

"Americans will only know thorough happiness when they free themselves from superstitious worship of what they call public opinion."

Will Durant, philosopher:

"Democracy is not a cure for war, but war is a cure for Democracy."

They Have Murmured:

IGNORANCE

Ignorance is that state of mind in which is nothing, and from which comes nothing of use or value to the world and its people. Ignorance is not a mental vacuum, for if it were it would become filled with knowledge. Would it be untruthful, or unscientific, then, to say that ignorance is nothing; that nothing is a lack or absence of something? All of us ignorant of many things, few of us of some things. Isn't life granted us to resurrect ourselves from semi-ignorance to wisdom?

Plato once declared "Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune."

"It is better to be a beggar than ignorant; for a begger only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity." Aristippus.

"Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or stars." Confucius.

"A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men." Saadi.

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