

# BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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GEORGE RODGERS AYERILL, Editor and Publisher  
LEO A. DONOVAN, Managing Editor  
PAUL NEAL AYERILL, Advertising Manager  
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**NOTE:** The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which may be of interest to the community. All copy must be submitted before 10 o'clock in the morning. The Eccentric reserves the right to make such editorial changes in the copy as may be necessary to make it conform to the style of the paper and as may be required by laws of the state. Because of the limited space available, the Eccentric cannot be held responsible for the return of copy not used. The Eccentric will be glad to accept copy for publication of any person, firm or corporation which will be published upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

## And It Came To Pass

And it came to pass, as Birmingham grew from the quaint little village that John Ruffin and his brother, Rufus, started when they picked their first tent here in 1819, that the needs of its people changed with the passing of the times. These two brothers cleared a small area in the then existing forest, made for themselves a log cabin, and sought a living from their new environment.

... And it came to pass that many little children, "Fifty Hill," for many years, it was known to the rest of the world—because its people were of a religious, a spiritual nature. Michigan grew; Detroit, the large "village" to the south of "Fifty Hill," grew—and soon Oakland County prospered into an industrial farm—with abundance for nearly all.

Birmingham became, for Bloomfield Township's rural life, its center, its concentrated business and social activity. It flowered into a quiet community life, contained many retired titles of the soil.

Then the world wide up—down Detroit way! Came the thundering hooves of the great Detroit way! Came the thundering hooves of the great Detroit way! Came the thundering hooves of the great Detroit way!

... And it again came to pass that Birmingham grew from its quietness, its pristine quietness, into a modern metropolitan suburb. Some of its early glamour and romance was lost as man-made needs and the orderly progress of nature, and stripped from Birmingham a few of the neighborly things held so dear.

Yet, not for long... for into the community there crept an idea... Small, at first, just a mere wish, a faint hope. It gained momentum as other things were introduced to its alluring possibilities... it breathed promise, to restore to Birmingham something of its quietness, its neighborly intimacy and helpfulness... it beckoned to little boys and little girls... it held untold promises to aid those who use it... it offered aid to the human race... it was a small, simple, in a Judean stable, a great cathedral... or a modern community house.

The people of Birmingham and vicinity have materialized in brick and stone the fine idea for community helpfulness that crept into the village consciousness some years ago; last Monday saw the new Community House opened to the public.

The great day of days has arrived! The Community House project is completed, in its physical aspects. The great task of utilizing its brick and stone to bring wholesome happiness to this community will begin.

With willing hands, trusting hearts, and friendly minds, it is destined to earn a cherished place in the life of this community.

... and it came to pass.

## The Vanishing Things

Another great institution of mankind seems to be slipping out. One of the really important and quite picturesque occupations is about to be removed from the home; and facetious commenters will have to look elsewhere for the origin of some of their jokes.

A man down in Kansas has invented an automatic machine to hang wallpaper. No longer, then, will the one-armed paperhanger be bothered with the dual necessity of scratching a flea bite with the same hand that wields the wide and lopping paper knife. No longer will the housewife be able to interrupt the outstretched arms of even a two-armed paperhanger, as she directs his wavering footsteps about the upper house.

Alas, and alack! Modern scientific thought no longer reveres the respected institutions of our fathers. The gentle milking cow is given way to the automatic milking machine, the horse has been relegated to quieter places than worn city streets as the automobile came into being; the front porch has been succeeded by the parked motor car or the night club; good old teeth have too often found founder; women's bustles have disappeared in favor of diamond waist lines for ladies, and hip boots for men have vanished as hip flasks make their debut upon masculine attire.

And now goeth the time-honored paperhanger! Was the poor thinking of this when he asked "what fools we mortals be?"

MOST MEN would refuse to work as beauty experts for women—yet they pride themselves upon their respective judgments when out upon the gala promenade of life. Few men would learn to create for Milady a permanent wave—even upon the sea of matrimony.

As for those highways, about the time they are all finished, everyone may be riding around in airplanes.

# Ford Is A Willing Talker

Henry Ford, manufacturer de luxe, appears ready and willing on almost all occasions to set portions of the universe in their respective right tracks. The fact that he says a certain thing, generally warrants its publication in many newspapers and magazines—usually because the world's richest man is talking.

But one thing that readers should remember is that Mr. Ford, though he speaks on many subjects, probably has a very limited knowledge of most of them. He is an industrialist; that is his good ore it is proved by the extent of his material resources.

As a humanitarian, he may know many phases of the social relationship of man that are Utopian, but he still refuses to reflect them in the operation of his industries to any idealistic extent. Should he put into social and industrial operation all the things he believes to be right and good, undoubtedly, under the present methods of running the world, he would go bankrupt with exceedingly rapid speed.

All of which merely proves that you may have revolutionary ideas about life, but you cannot be too far in advance of the mob if you wish to live to see your dreams accepted by mankind.

## How Much Cash Have You?

A young man who lived a busy, lively career, dashed every morning past a bank.

A little old man each morning could be seen in front of that bank, looking at a big, brass sign which read, "Save Your Money."

One morning the young man was a little early on his way to work. His curiosity overcame him and he stopped to chat with the old man.

"Does all that polishing of that sign help you to save your money?" asked the youngster.

"It does. For many years I have polished this sign at the foot of my day's work. It has taught me to save. I have \$2,000 in cash in this bank. Have you saved that much?"

The youth admitted that he had only a few hundred dollars just at that moment. The senior went on to say that he owned an apartment house and an automobile, and that his two children had completed their schooling.

The young man hung his head a little and galled away.

"I guess old Ben Franklin and the janitor of the little bank weren't so very far off in their ideas about thrift," he said, as he started to open his morning paper's schooling.

There is such a thing as saving so much that there is no fun in it. But there is also no fun in having no money to fall back on.

## How Henderson Started

The activity of a mere moment may change the destiny of an individual or a nation. For instance, witness how W. C. Henderson, radio owner of Shreveport, Louisiana, is reported by This Business Week to have gone anti-chain store.

"A local retailer told over KWKH how the chains were cutting in on independents. When he finished, Henderson seized the mike. 'He means' said Henderson, 'that those dirty, sneaking chain stores are coming into your town and taking your money and sending it out to a bunch of crooked, no account loafers in Wall Street.' A deluge of letters and telegrams poured in. Henderson seized the opportunity.

E. W. HOWE, 76 years old, and for many years, many years he was editor and publisher of the Atchafalpa Globe, in Kansas. For many years, though, he has spent his time as something of a hermit philosopher, gazing out upon the world with a critical eye. He believes that the old days were better for the production of real men and women, thus disproving, don't you think, his kinship with the sages?

AMERICAN PALE TEETH manufacturers last year exported 21,014,454 teeth, valued at \$1,247,913. America loses the rest of the world money with which to buy its food, then teeth with which to chew. If only some genius would repair the digestive systems of other countries to insure international good health.

NOT LONG AGO a public telephone in one of Chicago's municipal buildings aided some unvarnished, and unreliable, people to run up a long distance telephone bill of \$2,000.00 for one month only. Talk about your speak-ax in Chicago—here's at least evidence of more than one pig, don't you think?

THERE IS PLENTY of arguing as to whether skirts should be long or short. One argues that women spend enough energy pulling down their short skirts to build a network of great national highways.

## Inspired Thoughts

When we start out in the morning, to begin another day. With the deeds of many yesterdays to guide us on our way.

All our winnings, all our losses, some were great and some were small; And though each and every one of them, so inconsequential seem.

We will find in looking over them the building of a dream. A dream of life to us ideal if we could but recall. Those little words and actions, said or done in time of stress.

Have left a tone of discord, a stain upon the rest. As the days go rolling by us, faster each than those before.

May we turn to them for guidance they'll be with us evermore. We can choose the best of what we've done and leave the rest behind. Each and every one of them, that's been unkind, we never shall leave.

To pass our lips and leave their stain with others on our brow. And maybe when our years have passed, each day we've lived will find. Is better for this than before, our dream come true at last.

What greater tribute could we ask when this life's race is past.

—F. O. ROGERS.

Royal Oak, Mich.

# THE PIED PIPER AGAIN



## The Other Chap Says Something

**'CHAIN' AGITATION GROWS.**—'Agitation over the "chain" system of merchandising is reaching into every nook and corner of the country.

Banger was the first town in this immediate section to launch a crusade against the "chains," but other communities have followed in rapid succession. In South Haven where substantial community chest has been created to build a greater South Haven, an organization has been formed to combat the chain stores.

At Kalamazoo Thursday evening 3,000 men and women attended a meeting at the armory, at which an organization was launched for similar purposes.

This week's considerable group of Hartford merchants and business men have been a series of demonstrations on the Day Spring, setting forth the community relationship and the comparative advantages of chain and home-owned stores.

At the Kalamazoo meeting Thursday evening C. C. Fenner, lieutenant of W. C. Henderson, Shreveport, La., millionaire radio broadcaster, spoke as a leader of the "Merchants' Minute Men of America." Fenner charged that the chain stores take millions of dollars annually out of the communities in which they operate, and return nothing to the general wealth and prosperity of those communities.

Commenting on Fenner's address, the Kalamazoo Gazette said:

"The climax of Fenner's address came when he exhibited a number of articles, in pairs, one of which he said came from a chain store, and the other from a home owned store. The chain store article, Fenner charged, was purposely made from one to two dollars more than the other, and was a trick advertising stunt.

"The smaller package, he said, was made in a chain store, and cost one cent or two less than the price of the larger package sold at the home owned store. He said, mistaking the consumer to be deceived, he was receiving the same quantity and quality of goods for less.

"Fenner said he was fighting for state legislation to force manufacturers to mark up their wares in standard size packages and cans and print on the label the exact proportion of solid and liquid contents. He also said the legislature would be asked to provide for a fair and just taxation of chain stores."—Hartford (Mich.) Day Spring.

**WE RESIST IT.** As a friend and neighbor of Governor Fred W. Green we resent the unwarranted and vicious attack against his good name made by the Michigan Times in its attempt to depreciate and defeat the prohibition movement in this country.

No man seems above such attacks, no one so secure in public regard as to warrant such a slur from this slimy reptile going about the country denouncing and condemning the very things that we hold sacred with each other.

We are not so much concerned in the political issue, which this cowardly attack involves, as we are in the spectacle of this brazen attempt at character assassination.

We believe the decent citizenship of this state will not be misled by such propaganda. The work of Governor Green is to well known, too open and above board, to be in danger of being questioned by these foes of good government who are going about the country sowing seeds of reform-mongering seeking those whom they may devour.

We must admit our surprise at the avidity with which some people have grasped this opportunity to join with his defamers. In every instance one has but to look back the scenes to find the reason for this. Somewhere along the way Fred Green has stood between them and their attempted raids upon the public.

The governor has steadfastly refused since the attack was launched, to get involved in the mire with them. In that he is to be congratulated for his good judgment—his friends do not expect it of him—they have faith in him that does not demand any explanations.

But as his friend and neighbor we are not bound by any such limitations—there is no reason why the publisher of this newspaper should stand idly by and witness this attempt to besmirch not only the name of Fred Green, but the name of every citizen in Iowa whose loyalty made it possible for him to become Governor.

And we make no mistake when we say our sentiments will be echoed by every resident of Michigan, without whose support we know Fred Green and we love him for the enemies he has made in the cause of good government. There will be no desertion in our ranks—we'll take up the gauntlet thrown down and demand that it be a battle to the finish—Fred D. Keister in Iowa County News.

**EXPERTS.** Yesterday Henry Ford comes out with a statement that railroad rates are too high and follows this morning with an attack on diet, to the effect that the public would eat rice for breakfast, most lunch and potatoes, macaroni and fruit for dinner, never mixing starch, fruit and protein in the same meal. Herein lies an homily on an authority speaking within and without his belt.

Ford knows his stuff. All his life he has had dealings with rail, and he has also owned and operated one of the largest and most successful automobile plants in the world. But when he begins to talk on diet, his views should have no greater credence than the notions of any other proprietor of a sound set of teeth and a normal digestive tract. Much the same thing can be said of his notion about the Jews, happily retracted with the advent of his model A car—about square dances, vocational schools and American history.

But the public is all to apt to take the word of a man of his stature, and when Bacon or Erasmus could take all knowledge as their province, to the same end, and of all fields is so great that no individual can hope to master in a normal life span the sum of all things. There are mathematics, mathematics who spend a lifetime of endeavor on the stars, never getting to the end of the related field of molecular mathematics. The sciences of diet and history are equally vast. The amount of important and pertinent facts which a scholar of American history must assimilate is great—probably greater—than the information Mr. Ford must have at his command to hold his prestige as a captain of industry.

In this complicated world a prudent opinion on the part of a man like Ford is a great asset. But when he comes to plumbing and Mr. Ford's notions on diet are all of about equal value—William Allen White in Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

"The London taxi-driver is an excellent weather prophet," says a writer "No change," is his usual slogan.—London Opinion.

# Four-Bedroom Solid Masonry House In The Quorton District

\$15,500.00 will buy a new four-bedroom solid masonry house within a stone's throw of the Quorton School. Dining-room, living-room, kitchen, two baths, electric refrigeration, etc.

Architecturally this house is most attractive, setting well back from the street on a seventy foot lot, surrounded by beautiful maple trees.

With the neighborhood thoroughly established, its proximity to the new Quorton School, we do not believe it will remain long at the price. Shown by appointment.

**Colgrove Buck & Tillotson**  
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## The "Big Shots" Say

John Gibson, noted scientist: "Where the workers are sufficiently organized they will strike against the introduction of labor-displacing machinery. It is one of the few things they are really united about."

John Rawlands, newspaper expert: "The time newspaper photographs will be reproduced in natural colors, their cheapness will make them in reach of every paper."

E. E. Free, famous chemist and physicist: "Whatever the results eventually decide about the results of noise, there is no doubt that it is annoying millions of citizens. When these citizens get mad enough, excessive city noise will be stamped by the force of public opinion."

Ray Dickinson, economist: "The American economic situation cannot continue to produce its record prosperity if its managers will keep it on the basis of immediate profit alone."

Charles D. Chamberlain, noted aviator: "Flying is a good thing, and the mothers and fathers of Young America had just as well face the fact that their offspring are not going to be contented on the ground."

Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant: "I proposed, in an address before a medical association, that doctors would do well to organize as business institutions—ten or 15 to a company—to merge their knowledge and reduce their overhead."

Nathaniel Pfrer, foreign correspondent: "America has its Main Streets and its Babity. But the small towns of Europe less deadening than our own."

Fannie Hurst, novelist: "It has been embarrassingly true of the female of the species that you can lead her from one form to another of personal adornment, but you cannot make her celebrate about it."

Gen. James C. Harbord, radio magnate: "International broadcast is the most important of all radio work. It has a world-wide exchange of programs."

Rheta Childs Dorr, author: "The English are proud of their record of the world's most famous by no means satisfied. The average workman still spends a fourth of his family budget on drink."

Charles F. Kettering, General Motors Research Corp.: "There is nothing worse than a satisfied customer. A world full of satisfied customers would kill business faster than a dornal."

Daphne: Now I'm not going to hurt. New Patient: You can cut the back of my head—I'm a dentist myself.—Pearson's.

Sometimes consumers do not take the goods from the producer, but they find the goods in the store. The consumer has the choice, an important point to remember when you plan to remake the world on a scientific basis. If the consumer were not so fickle and did not feel only "praise" this freedom of choice, business could be conducted by high school boys. The enlightenment of the consumer, the choice and the winning of a favor are the two most difficult tasks in the life of a business man.

—William Feather.

## CONSUMER'S CHOICE

Life is its rhythm—how without any compulsion consumers can be depended upon to live just about as much of everything.

Every day one packer pays for live stock more than a million dollars in spot sales with no guarantee that receipts will cover the cost of the animals after the cost of converting them into meat and by-products.

Every day a commission merchant pays out thousands of dollars for highly perishable fruits and vegetables, uncertain whether they will find a market.

Two: hairnets, umbrellas, derby hats, and golf balls are made in the same factory. The assurance of a single sale at a price that will cover the cost of production.

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—William Feather.

## DIRECTORY

**Dr. J. S. Donaldson**  
Dentist  
X-Ray  
TELEPHONE 1187  
Suite 209  
WABER BUILDING  
Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

**Dr. John P. Wood**  
Ophthalmic Physician  
202 Leveaux Bldg.  
124 So. Woodward Ave.  
Telephone 2101-J  
By Appointment

**McAline-Starr, Inc.**  
Engineers - Surveyors  
(Registered)  
614 South Woodward  
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.  
PHONE BIRMINGHAM 801  
CIVIL ENGINEERING

**EMIL G. OLIN**  
Landscape Architect  
and Landscape Forester  
Sav. Mich. 607 Southfield Ave.  
Birmingham, Mich.

**Clare H. Ogden**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Room 3, Oakland Savings Bldg.  
Phone Birmingham 1017