

## BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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## Loyalty To Our Sheriff

Frank Schram, sheriff three times of Oakland County, and now a candidate for a fourth term, has hurt our feelings most something or other. We who on several occasions praised him as a good man and great, fearless, tolerant, kindly, and sympathetic to the ill and ailments of the social order, are somewhat disturbed over Mr. Schram's most recent breach of etiquette.

It appears that even in Farmington, Michigan, there resides a chap named Benjamin Meyers, who has been a deputy-sheriff in Oakland County for about 15 years—one of those countless deputies that may exist in a county, and are called upon rarely to aid in a Sheriff. Recently, we learn, Mr. Meyers was talking to one William Wheeler, Royal Oak candidate against Mr. Schram this year; the day after Meyers and Wheeler were seen together, the following foolish—very foolish, we believe—letter was received by Mr. Meyers:

Hon. Benjamin Meyers,  
Farmington, Michigan.  
Dear Mr. Meyers:

This letter to you is with regret in as much as you have been a long time Deputy Sheriff in the City of Farmington, but due to the fact that I am going to be a candidate for the coming election and knowing that you are a strong supporter and spending a great deal of your time in campaigning for another candidate I feel that you are not loyal to this office at the present.

I also feel that in as much as you are a Special Deputy that it must be somewhat embarrassing for you to campaign for someone else and I know that it would be very much embarrassing for you to come in and see me that you are not loyal to the office you would like to have your commission revoked. On that account I thought I might possibly relieve you somewhat by informing you that your commission as a Deputy Sheriff is revoked to take effect immediately.

The Althouph I want you to understand that, that is any man's right to work and vote for whom he sees fit, although I do not think it is proper for you to be on the book as a Special Deputy if you cannot see your way clear to be loyal to this department.

Yours truly,

Frank Schram, Sheriff.

This letter was, in the estimation of many who have discussed it, a very, very unwise thing to write by any sheriff, anytime, to anyone. Just what Mr. Meyers' loyalty to the office of sheriff should consist of, other than to be ready and willing to aid in the enforcement of law, we would be interested in learning from Sheriff Schram; it distinctly DOES NOT include any obligation to work for the re-election of the incumbent sheriff.

Sheriff Schram, by his attitude toward Mr. Meyers, has placed a new interpretation upon his office in its relation to the public. He might just as well write every taxpayer who does not vote for him and say, in effect, that "due to the fact that I am going to be a candidate for the coming election, and knowing that you are a strong supporter and spending a great deal of your time in campaigning for another candidate, I feel that you are not loyal to this office at the present."

Then, because he discharged Mr. Meyers for non-support of his re-election, Sheriff Schram might add that every taxpayer who does not vote for him for a fourth term may look to please other than the Oakland County Sheriff's office for aid and protection.

It seems to us, who supported Sheriff Schram three times, that he should explain his action toward Mr. Meyers. Many others join us in the desire for such an explanation.

## The Political Parody

There are times, we all know, when a single mind, like a single key upon a piano, strikes but one note—and is far from being a chord of sweet and harmonious sound; the way to get harmony, then, is to use more than one key, or one mind—for certain kinds of melody, of course. That must be why the Senate recently rejected President Hoover's appointment of North Carolina's Judge John H. Parker to the U. S. Supreme Court—the Senate probably felt that the President struck the wrong key—to it promptly called for the Political Parody, and struck up its own musical setting.

It is comparatively easy for the modern preacher to fill the pews of his church at any given time; but to keep 'em filled is the real task. One must observe, then, that duty demands double to collect on church pews.

## Leaders Are Like Mountains

One man rides to his office at nine o'clock each morning, a liveried chauffeur to guide the wheels of his limousine through the heavy traffic. He appears very prosperous. Perhaps he may not have a chauffeur, and drives his own car. Yet these men are leaders in their fields of endeavor, gravely concerned with the seriousness of their spheres of life.

Another man, representative of the great throng of toilers, people who depend more upon physical exertion than pure mental labor, leaves his home at seven o'clock each morning, his lunch tucked under his arm as he walks to the nearest street car, or, perchance, he drives his own less expensive automobile to work. This chap is clean, honest, responsible to his place in society, yet less serious about the welfare of the world in general, and more concerned with having a lot of fun from life.

One man owns more material wealth, gravely ponders the life about him, and seeks new adventures upon the vast continent of the business and social worlds. The other man has less property to concern himself about, is satisfied with traveling back and forth to a task provided him by others. Each is necessary to the other; each, at times, envies the other.

The serious leader pines for his mental and moral leadership by being projected into the paradoxical solitudes of a noisy world about him; yet he does receive exhilarations of mind and soul completely unknown to his less serious brother. In the moment of a flash of infinite inspirations, he is able to perceive the beauty of a limitless horizon of improvement ahead, while behind he may view the panorama of a better society.

This is written as an encouragement to the serious-minded man or woman to continue his flight toward an ideal reality. The world needs the vast plains and plateaus, representative of the great army of clean and honest toilers, of course; it also needs the hills and the mountains.

For these hills and mountains, with their tops and peaks, not only provide levels from which to scan the adjacent lands, but they so generously and needfully catch the beloved rainfalls, sending by way of canyons the valuable moisture to aid nature in bringing food to a hungry world.

The leader and the toiler! both creations of the all-wise Providence. The mountain top and the plateau! Each a complement of the other!

## Our Friendly Police

Birmingham accepts its new police chief, John P. Hackett, with the trust that he may bring to this community a police department whose personnel will reflect credit upon those who support it. Birmingham is known as a "friendly town" by and among its citizens; it is their desire that Birmingham, through its official contact with outsiders, maintains the same spirit of friendliness. There is a distinction between friendly and unfriendly police of a community; from those who support it, Birmingham, he is willing to extend himself in the spirit of friendliness, even though it must necessarily be seasoned with the impartial discipline of a law-enforcing body.

## Women As Soldiers

Sex, as affairs of the human race are being conducted in the Soviet government of Russia, is doomed for social and economic elimination; it will, of course, always remain a biological status—but that's about all. For, we learn, under the plan of Ovacivichim, the Soviet society for the defense of itself, five million women are being trained for army duty—given the same opportunities and tasks that fall to men.

The Soviet regime, it appears, is determined to concentrate the mental and physical abilities of its people upon two basic things of life: one of them is super-production, the other is military efficiency.

Thus, when the Soviets get enough factories going to produce great quantities of goods for export, they will be able to back up their world market exploitation with plenty of soldiered both sexes.

From the activities of the Ovacivichim, it appears that a great majority of human thinking in Russia forebodes sinister aggression for the rest of the world.

Certainly, a race of men and women that gazes upon life from the depths of war's trenches, will produce a generation of children doomed to battlefield cemeteries.

## Unprotective Tariff

In principle, we observe, the tariff laws in the United States are designed for the protection of American industry and agriculture against competition by foreign countries whose scale of living is less than our own. That's fine—in principle; in practice, however, the tariff generally protects only those who wish to exploit the American people, for it not only excludes the products of other countries from coming to our home markets (because of extremely high duty) but it allows the United States capitalist to charge just what he wants for his stuff.

We are for a decent, protective tariff for the United States. But we can't see the sense of excluding other countries from marketing things that are more indigenous to their soils than they are to ours—for international good will can be maintained only when you allow all people to exchange their goods freely and on equal terms.

People must work; what they produce they must sell. Refusal to allow decency and fairness to govern the sale of goods upon the marts of the world will inevitably result in bad blood—or, to use a modern interpretation, WAR. There is a time when protective tariff emerges into unprotective tariff, don't you think?

## Inspired Thoughts

My faith is all a doubtful thing.  
Wove on a doubtful loom—  
Until there comes, each showery spring,  
A cherry tree in bloom;  
And Christy who died upon a tree  
That death has left behind bare,  
Come beautifully back to me  
In blossoms, everywhere.

—DAVID MORTON.

## EX-NTRIX

"Love," says the A.R.S. school boy, "is when you feel like giving a girl a kiss, and she feels like giving you a kiss, and you both feel like giving each other a kiss."

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## Horse-Scope

"If the stars incline, stay in of night."

Under this planetary government it should be a comparatively easy task for people who were born under a sign of the heavy apertures to tack into an oversized meal. The seers warn these subjects against consuming over three steaks at one sitting, especially those who would like to keep on their feet during the summer months.

Under this direction of the stars, farmers and good promises for large crops and good prices. Astrologers warn, however, that the tempt to turn the PROMISES in at the banks for a little READY cash is apt to result in a flat failure.

Children born on this day will never kick their Daddy in the stomach when he sleeps today and will be remembered as the snootiest hotel clerk that ever needed a snap on the nose.

HOW'S OLD HINT? The cheese can be destroyed by cooking the cheese for several hours in a pot of water, adding strong soap suds to the cheese.

Not crackers should be served with soup. Serve soda crackers.

Wallpaper can be removed by wetting it thoroughly and then rubbing it off with a brush. Never starch a buckwheat cake. If not stiff enough add a little plaster of Paris to the batter.

A frankfurter will add much to the cheerful appearance of a dinner table if given a coat of shellac immediately after it is boiled.

## "My Dear People"

When the politicians speak of "the people," they mean those millions of us who have lots of peep but very little pull.

Kind George, a little boy eating an apple—Look for the worms, sonny.

When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves.

A FEW DEFINITIONS  
Detour—A place where flowers grow by the wayside.  
Cash Register—A device for counting money.  
Bachelor Buttons—Safety pins and matches.

Jazz—A lot of noise in a big hurry.

Vacation—A short period during which you brood trying to make strangers believe you can't.

Bridge Expert—A person who looks vacantly at his hand for five minutes and then always plays the end card.

Jazz—A merry go round for fishes.

Parking Place—Where you leave your car to have the fenders dented.

Alimony—A court plaster that gets under the skin.

Pedestrian—A person who pays his bills.

Jazz—A lot of noise in a big hurry.

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Bridge Expert—A person who looks vacantly at his hand for five minutes and then always plays the end card.

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## HER ARCH OF TRIUMPH



## The Other Chap Says Something

## COUNTY GOVERNMENT

County government in Michigan hasn't changed a bit in 50 years—except for the worse.

Yearly it grows more unbusinesslike, more wasteful and inefficient.

How long would a big business enterprise or corporation, with 40 million dollars of overhead and expenses yearly, stand up if managed like the average county's business is managed?

But, we hear some one say, why knock and tear down? What have you to offer about building something better?

We offer these suggestions: In the first place there are too many offices and county officers.

There should be fewer but better men in the offices, men with more business training. They should have better salaries, but no fees.

To reduce the offices we would abolish the drain commissioner and register of deeds. The latter is purely clerical and could be handled from the clerk's office with less than half the present expense.

The drain commissioner's office should be merged with the county commission. The chairman of the road commission should and should have plenty of time to look after the drainage work. The roads need better land drainage.

The fee system in place now on county drains is pure waste. The free system is better. The roads need better land drainage.

Next, put the sheriff's office on a fixed salary with rigid supervision of expenses.

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## Kidding The Great Ones

## CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

English navigator and one of the founders of Jamestown, Virginia, laid down his copy of the Saturday Evening Post, having just concluded a hot article on "Golf, As She Ought to be Played At."

He flicked the white ash from his cornucopia pipe, and gazed expectantly toward the James River.

He was thinking of the good old days when, as a prisoner about to be slain by the Indians, the beautiful Pocahontas, daughter of an Indian Chief, saved his life by throwing herself upon him just as he was about to be killed.

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## PEOPLE'S COLUMN

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Not being a Lion, I did not hear the speech given by Harold T. Kirby when the Lion Club met last night. I read in The Eccentric what I presume is an accurate report of what Mr. Kirby said. That in my opinion, I imagine, have communitarian organizations, but instead of being insidious propaganda spreaders, the Lion Club is a school and college of the country, and the Lion Club is a school and college of the country, and the Lion Club is a school and college of the country.

I think that Mr. Kirby has stated the situation a little incorrectly. Our colleges harbor communists, and most of the larger ones, I imagine, have communistic organizations, but instead of being insidious propaganda spreaders, the Lion Club is a school and college of the country, and the Lion Club is a school and college of the country, and the Lion Club is a school and college of the country.

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