BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 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 Wednesday. 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.

Brucker; Michigan's New Deal

Wilber Marion Brucker, 36-year-old Saginaw native, will be Michigan's next Governor, taking office January 1. His rise to high office in this state has been a phenomenal one—bidding promise of greater honor, plus obligation, in years to come.

Mr. Brucker is a clean, wholesome, crusading type of public official. In many years of contact with public officials as a newspaperman, we have never seen one more imbued with a real sincerity of purpose, aided by natural talents, than Mr. Brucker. He is young enough in practical politics to be unspoiled. That's a new kind of deal for most branches of modern government.

As with any successful politician these days, Mr. Brucker is probably confronted with the hungry teeth of many political hangers-on who hope to profit in a material way through his elevation to the Governor-ship. Mr. Brucker will require great courage to withstand the onslaughts of "the pack that yelps at his heels." That he has such courage, we fondly hope.

Behind him lies a record of clean, wholesome public service; ahead of him beckons the high road of further opportunity. His present steps will determine his gait, as well as the path he will pursue.

Honor to Youth, in the person of Wilber M. Brucker!

Michigan has accepted his challenge. Let us pursue the journey of the high calling of good government.

Justice Grabs The Coat Tail

Some may think it just an accident; others may laugh it away as a mere foolish imagination—but don't you think there's a bit of real poetic justice in the following:

A. Nicholas, bankrupt merchant of Yazoo City, Mississippi, was believed by his creditors to have some money—but they couldn't find it. It appeared as though Mister Nicholas would escape having to pay his losses.

But Nicholas was, at times at least, religiously inclined. Just whether or not he is a hypocrite, a Pharisee, we will leave to your own deduction, Good Reader. However, the other day Nick went to church; he even got down on his knees, while he was there, though the motions of praying to his God, We suppose, too, that Mister Nicholas was praying for universal justice. He was given it. The reached down (the newspaper dispatch said it was a projection on the pew) and lifted up Nicholas' coat tail—revealing a rather bulging money belt.

Police later discovered the belt filled with ten and twenty dollar bills, totalling $14,000.

Here, you see, is the practical way in which religion makes people honest—even if it reveals them at times as hypocrites. Mister Nicholas, poor bankrupt, becomes Mister Nicholas, dishonest religionist, apparently.

Moral: don't get down to pray in church unless you are willing to take the consequences.

AN ENGLISH SCIENTIST, Sir James Jeans, predicts that some day another ice age will develop this earth, destroying all forms of life upon it. Unless the brilliant Englishman is only mistaken, we suggest that something be done about it when Congress convenes next month. Certainly, with the depression an everything, our national lawmakers won't let us freeze to death.

"HOOVER AND RUM are main issues in voting today" was the manner in which a Detroit newspaper headlined the recent election. Wasn't that the way Al Smith was characterized two years ago? Or has the elephant joined the donkey in choosing a national political drink?

BOTH DEMOCRATS and Republicans, viewing the recent elections over the land, are satisfied with the results. Well, we're glad that the politicians are partially happy—even if the non-political voters are sore who pays, and pays . . . and prays?

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM declined in 1929 over 1928. It appears that the prohibitive prices attached to liquor are doing more to outlaw John Barleycorn than the threats of federal prosecution.

THE PLAN TO ANNEX part of southern Oakland County to Detroit was lost last week when Detroit's majority was against it. That was a sensible thing for Detroit to do, in our opinion.

A NEARBY NEWSPAPER declares that "big men aren't bothered by little rules in time of emergency." Is that why some big men creates emergencies so they can break the rules?

IF ALL THE RUMORS about "hard times" were laid end to end, they would not do a single thing to restore prosperity.

A Great Soul Passes On

God stood revealed the other afternoon as, together with a half thousand silent people, we sat looking down upon the lifeless features of George L. (Dad) Adams, for 55 years editor and publisher of the Fowlerville Review. No longer able to convey by word or deed his thoughts, the inanimate figure of the dean of Michigan weekly publishers beckoned to many of his friends, however, and Fowlerville's Methodist church that closing day provided the setting for a funeral service most rare; for during the hour devoted to the memory of a very wonderful soul of simplicity, the little church where "Dad" obtained his weekly diet of Christianity was overflowing with loving hearts, gathered to pay him homage.

A half dozen pastors—one of them from another denomination—rose to their feet and, with faces poised above the feast of flowers that perfumed the air, offered their testimonials of tribute to the memory of Fowlerville's most respected son. Is it any wonder that many throats filled, and eyes misted over, as friend after friend, some of them choking with emotion, tried to paint with words the picturesque life of George L. Adams?

We have seen many human situations, during our life as a newspaperman, but none eclipsed in simple, abiding friendship and love, the loving assemblage at "Dad" Adams' funeral. Certainly, his mother and widow, as they gaze upon the vacant chair given to their son and husband five years ago by the Michigan Press Association, upon Mr. Adams' completion of 50 years of journalism in Fowlerville, will be solaced and comforted as they recall how he still lives in the hearts and minds of hundreds who mourn his passing.

There's a new-made, flower-laden mound of soil pushed up slightly above the level of earth in Fowlerville's cemetery; beneath it lies all that remains of the mortal "Dad" Adams. But that isn't he, at all! . . . for he still walks about the streets and enters the homes of his beloved home community, administering through the magic of loving memory. And he still remains an inspiration to Michigan journalism; he arranged the 26 letters of the English alphabet into many words of help and righteous admonition, just as he arranged the attributes of Godly character into a life of wholesome rectitude. The Gardener cut off the rose from its mother vine, but it blooms still upon the living room table; it sends its aroma through the air, and inspires beatitudes of thought.

The Elevated Roadway

Residents of Oakland County, especially of Birmingham and its environs, are happy because the plan to build an elevated highway over the new Grand Trunk roadbed, between Detroit and Pontiac, carried in last week's election. Imagine an automobile highway, free from cross traffic, over which you may maintain a safe speed of even so much as sixty miles per hour! With such a project you have an instrument, in these automobile days, which means much for the transportation of human beings.

What does that mean for this district?

Well, if you lived in Detroit, working there every day, and longed for suburban life, wouldn't you be tempted to move out of the Fourth City if you could travel back and forth each day with speed and safety?

The Eccentric believes with many others that this area seems on the verge of an influx of new residents simply because better transportation will soon be available.

Money Defeats Mrs. McCormick

The daughter of that arch-politician, Mark Hanna, once U. S. Senator from Ohio, was badly defeated by Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, in the recent Illinois election. While we may admire Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, the lady we refer to, we certainly rejoice in her defeat. Not because a Democrat beat her; rather because her money beat her. We compliment the citizens of Illinois who, mindful of the danger of any candidate spending too much money (in these days when so many things are purchasable with money) to win an election, turned down Mrs. McCormick's expensive manner of getting votes. Mrs. McCormick will do well to study the tactics of Senator James Couzens, the Michigan Congressman who this fall spent almost nothing, comparably, for the electorate's support.

JUST THINK OF IT, fellow-anglers, an Illinois scientist unearths some worms said to be 350,000,000 years old! Imagine trying to catch fish with wigglers and night-crawlers that are so old they can't even scribe a curve in the water. Just why a man should waste his time on such bait is more than we can figure. But you never can tell about these scientist chaps—they put in their time digging up old things that contain no life—just for museum purposes.

SOME AMUSEMENT has been given the American public by the news that a lone vote registered in a New York precinct cost the taxpayers of that city $1,127.00. This vote, on the surface, appears to have cost too much—but what would have been the cost if there were no popular government, and a monarch ruled the land? Vastly more than $1,127.00—as your history will prove.

NORMAN C. ORR, Oakland County prosecutor, has allowed the word to go out that he may, or may not, call a grand jury investigation of the County's governmental household. He'd better make up his mind—for soon his term will expire.

THE WHITE HOUSE LAUNDRY is being made over into more office space. Isn't that a dirty shame!

Inspired Thoughts

Some Day

Some day I shall be going back again
And stand knee deep in grass and clover.
I shall watch the last light pale and wane
While a great gray wind blows over.

The dark will thread her fingers in the trees
And weave a mantle for the day descending.
A fragile moon will light the sky's black seas,
And I shall taste the quiet of this ending.

—Doris Kirkpatrick.

..EX-N TRIX

VERSE THAN EVER

When the moon hangs low in Idaho
And the goose hangs high in
Rome,
The Leaping Lad of Leningrad
Recites this simple pome:

"Thopkie Thanthki
I'm th' manthki
Wanth to hold your
Little handthki
When you are so near
(Boop-boop-a-roo-thki).

But I have to
Get permitthion
From th' Thought
Committhion
When my hearth in
Thith condithion,
Ain't it awful, dear?"

Don't Tell Anybody

Or the Thrilling Adventures of Arf, The Curb-stone Setter, Concluded

(What went on before . . . Arf is born. He lives in New Jersey, or was it Old Madrid? He recovers in the Bowery, New York City, N. Y. He then engages in numerous thrilling adventures, including the theft of the Kooh-i-noor wrist watch, and by the way, that was the biggest wrist watch ever mined in Africa. He also learns the unprofitable business of "lifting leathers"—underworld parlance for picking pockets, or larceny from the person. He is saved from an early death by the fortunate appearance of a friend in need, but is blown into Holyoke, Mass., when his cruel master's vest pocket blows up—that is to say, when the nitroglycerin in his cruel master's pocket is exploded. Oh, and then there were a lot of other adventures too numerous and thrilling to recount here, but we've run out of mats of our hero, and therefore will conclude the series this week. Who cast that disparaging remark? Oh, well, be patient, it's almost all over now, only a few more lines.

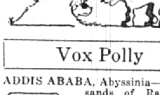
But before we go into that, Arf has just escaped from his second cruel master, and is running with his mouth full of marauma intent upon seeing Justice Dunne, and returning the swag to his second cruel master's victims. Now, on with the dance!)

I raced Fall Mall (adv.) down the street with all New York at my heels. I could breathe only through my nose because the roll of bills I carried in my mouth would have choked a hippopotamus. Really!

Someone had seen me, of course, and my efforts to conceal the money had been in vain. By the time I got my second wind, I was passing through Keego Harbor. And the next thing I remember I was getting married. I shall never forget it! I met the sweetest little girl in the world and she looked somuch like me, people thought we were twins.

She it was who saw me being pursued. She it was who ran by my side as we turned into Long Lake Road. She it was who turned west into Birminghan and put pursuers off the trail. And finally she it was who turned my life into the pleasant dream it is today.

We now live in the Sons Exclusive Hills district, running about in and out of our hand-painted cave, playing hid-and-seek. May I introduce us in our latest photograph? We are now known as Arf and Arf. See us below:



Vox Polly

ADDIS ABABA, Abyssinia—Thousands of Ras Tafari's subjects prostrated themselves before the emperor as he entered his carriage. As the carriage was driven off, the sovereigns bowing to right and left, many of their subjects crowded behind the vehicle and, prostrating themselves, kissed the dusty streets over which it had just passed.

Horse-Scope

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

According to the stars adverse aspects are on the way and people who have money and refuse to order their winter's coal until there's a foot-snowfall are more likely to have walk around for at least several days with icicles on their chins.

The wise ones declare that this is not an auspicious planetary rule for small town grocers to encourage charge accounts.

Children born on this day will probably have such wonderful appetites that they will want corned beef and cabbage for breakfast.

Babington Brakenbucket was born on this day and will be remembered as the broker who built up a 400-foot pyramid of paper profits and then did a "dippy dive."

Famous Finales

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa.—When Mrs. William Herzberg saw a rat in her novelty store she shrieked; then fired a toy cap pistol to frighten it away. A spark from the pistol ignited a flimsy masked ball costume, and in a few minutes the store was ablaze. Mrs. Herzberg was carried from the building by Virgil Feniello, a near-by barber who heard her screams and dashed through the flames to her aid.

.THE NEW WEATHER VANE

The Other Chap Says Something—

MAKE STATE PAY SO MUCH PER MURDER—

One man has suggested one way to eliminate the crime of cold blooded murder. His suggestion is this: Every naturalized citizen is what we call a subject of the United States. If a subject of the United States is killed in a foreign country the United States demand reparation—and the country where the killing took place is required to pay $100,000 or what ever amount is agreed upon. This amount goes into the federal treasury. Now, if the federal government demands reparation for the death of a citizen in a foreign country, why not demand reparation from the state for every cold blooded murder of one of its citizens, all of whom are subjects of the federal government.—Eaton Rapids Journal.

THE WORLD WILL GO ON

Prince Tokugawa, who is president of the house of peers of the Japanese diet, arrived in New York on his way to Washington the other day and was interviewed in the regular course of business by metropolitan newspaper men. What impressed at least one of the interviewers was the prince's "placidity." He found the New York sky line "charming," but added: "we are building such things not quite so high, but what does that matter." Reports of killings by head hunters he dismissed with the observation that "they have killed others before," and that there is no reason for alarm. As to earthquakes, he said, "there always have been earthquakes." Then somebody spoke of bread lines, and the prince remarked, "Ah, you mean unemployment. But, my friends, did you ever know of a country in recent years that had no problem like this? It does not matter, because it will be taken care of. Yes, doubtless it is a sad state of affairs, but remember, my friends, the world is not coming to an end."

Doubtless such an attitude of mind as these remarks indicate is partly a matter of temperament, but doubtless, also, it is in part a matter of self-schooling that might very well be emulated in this country. Prince Tokugawa's remark that the present industrial depression here and elsewhere is a sad state of affairs, but that the world is not coming to an end, is a statement we all might take to heart, remembering that this viewpoint, quite typical of Japanese thought, does not prevent the government and leaders in Nippon from doing their utmost to alleviate and correct bad conditions.

Like an eclipse of the sun or of the moon the depression will pass, and will emerge again soon into the glow of prosperity. Why not think about that?—Detroit Free Press.

THE ONLY BASIS

In Canada, in most of the provinces, there is a governmental sale of liquor.

Three of the rules that are set down are as follows:

Liquor must not be sold to those who abuse it, and sales should not be made so as to render possible a continuance of drunkenness.

Liquor must not be sold to those who from the amount of their purchases and from their standing and circumstances are likely to be supplying bootleggers.

Liquor must not be sold when the financial standing of the purchaser is such that the sales must be followed by a diminution of the comforts of life in the family.

Good rules, you say. And they are.

But in the saloon days there were plenty of good rules and regulations, plenty of them. Every crime that could be headed off by law was prescribed. There was a sincere attempt to make saloons as decent as possible. But good rules did not work and good rules will never work in connection with the liquor business because the liquor business wants no rules and regulations. It is essentially lawless and it always will be.

The only way that it will ever be hamplied is to make it an outlaw and deal with it as such.—Ionia County News.

VIRTUE USUALLY LEAVES UNTIL PROSPERITY LEARNS TO FEEL LESS IMPORTANT

The four causes and preservers of virtue are jails, religion, pride and poverty.

Man is not virtuous by nature, but evil—which means that he is by nature inclined to do the things he ought not to do.

His natural tendencies long ago made trouble for him, and to prevent such trouble he invented standards of morality.

Neither precept nor practice has yet made these standards instinctive, and he violates them unwise instructors or hard experiences teach him self-control.

The control of natural impulses is the hardest task in life, but it is the task most necessary in the development of decent manhood.

And since the practice of virtue is so difficult and so necessary, and man's unsupported will is incapable of it, certain aids are provided by Providence, by human wisdom and by a beneficient Nature.

Many who cannot be saved by any other influence are kept in paths of virtue by their fear of jail.

Many more, claimed in their youth by a wholesome religion, practice virtue to escape punishment and win eternal reward—or, having learned sincerely to worship their Creator, gladly follow the way of virtue to please Him, as all men surrender their own way to win the approval of one they revere.

Pride is the salvation of the high and mighty who have no fear of jail or acquaintance with religion, as they are superior in other things, so they would be superior in virtue; and class pride prompts them to scorn the immorality that dishonors men of a lower grade.

Poverty saves those who have no fear of jail, or benefit of religion, or pride of class.

They escape immorality because it costs money and because poverty keeps them at work.

Those long accustomed to wealth may be saved by religion or pride, but the newly rich, unsupported by caste standards, are like colts that kick out of harness.

As wealth makes them superior to other men, they feel superior to the laws other men obey and the religion other men practice.

Without restraint they run amuck, but wild life dissipates their money and brings them again to the poverty that encourages virtue.

Wealth now prompts the American to scorn law and feel superior to religion, but when he has grown accustomed to it and finds it no longer a sufficient proof of superiority, he will return to virtue and claim it as the sign and symbol of his lustly proud caste.—Robert Quillen in Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Smith W. Brookhart, U. S. Senator from Iowa:

"Short selling is a fraud to start with; if you sold a horse you didn't own you would be put in jail."

John W. Barton, banker of Minneapolis, speaking at the American Bankers Association:

"I am very much inclined to the opinion that our standard of living is too high."

William McPherson, President, American Chemical Company:

"The scientist does not expect the miraculous."

Thomas Lipton, yachtsman:

"I can best answer the generous spirit in which you people have received me by saying that I hope to be back before long for another try."

Lewis I. Newman, Rabbi:

"Only tame kitchen and yesmen lack foes."

Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy:

"Words are beautiful, but rifles, machine guns, ships, airplanes and cannons are better."

Aldous Huxley:

"In the modern state high brows, being poor consumers, are bad citizens."

Henry Ford, auto-maker:

"If women are wise they will become a growing power, but in the bosoms of their families, not in industry."

James J. Walker, Mayor of New York:

"The political beach is strewn with the wreckage of those who took the nice things said about them to heart."

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor:

"I am one who believes that we are soon to emerge from this period of depression and enter upon a new and lasting era of prosperity, surpassing perhaps all former periods of prosperity in the history of our country."

ParaLaffs

First

The naval treaty, as we now understand it, is an agreement to hold the first slow-motion shipbuilding race in history.—Judge.

Bakers Are Happy

Anyway, the difference between the price of wheat and that of flour indicates that somebody is making a little money.—Vancouver Sun.

Ask Dad

Denver educator says school is taking the place of home. But dad, as he helps Willie build the Caesarian bridge and trail zinc and cosine to their lairs, gets the idea that the situation is entirely vice versa.—Arkansas Gazette.

Don't Say It

New Yorkers drop a lot of ticker tape on visiting heroes, but the ticker tape also drops a lot of New Yorkers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

The heaviest vote ever polled in Bloomfield was raked in last week. Six with a majority of 34 for Garfield and Arthur.

The Tam O'Shanter is rapidly shrinking out in Detroit, and all the ladies agree that for a love of a bonnet or a duck of a hat, nothing equals the T. O'S. For sale by Mrs. Furnan.

Kip Opdyke was fooling around a revolving shaft in the grist mill one day last week when a portion of his beard became strongly attached to it, and—snap! New Kip goes around with a smooth chin.

Ed Chapman was the only happy Democrat on earth last Sunday. The advent of a fine young daughter was what made political news fall, big. Insignificant, and, Ed felt big enough to lick his father. The whole family are doing nicely.

Hugh Kenny is the lucky boy of Birmingham and the smile which lights his countenance as he scoops in his election bets cannot but excite envy. Among his trophies, Hugh wins a shirt from a young lady who wagered it against 16 yards of calico, on Hancock.

Mitchell (Dem) has his revenge on Whitehead (Rep) for the loan of his Garfield pudding bag string. While Mitchell was prancing around the forepath of the week feeling first rate, Whitehead was flat on his back with the doctor pouring down extract of podophyllin on one side and his wife industriously applying him with mustard plasters on the other side, and Jim Beattie at the door every five minutes anxiously inquiring "How long will he last?"

We're not a political paper but we have quietly put down all the election bets we have heard of and will publish the names of all parties who refuse to pay their bets. Just as fair for one side as it is for the other. If you didn't intend to pay you shouldn't have bet. Fair weeks warning.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Our high school foot ball team added two more games to their string of unbroken victories last Friday and Saturday by defeating both Fenton high school and Ward's athletic club. A big crowd turned out Friday afternoon to see the game with Fenton high and were well rewarded by seeing one of the cleanest sport contests fiercely fought games that has occurred on the local gridiron this fall.

The annual meeting of the Oakland County Federation of Women's Clubs was held at Oxford on Nov. 4th. Some fifty were present representing about three hundred and fifty club women of Oakland county.

Mitchell, ye Eccentric scribe, is dodging the first touch of winter in the Sunny South.

Residents of the hills, just this side of Circle City, continue to make improvements on their already magnificent grounds.

J. M. Clements, of the stone shop, announces that he has cut the price of new shoes to $1 per set, at the same time maintaining his high standard of workmanship.

That function called "The Men's Supper" at St. James Church on Wednesday evening, Nov. 26, will be—well, what's the use? You'll come and see for yourself anyhow.

Stewart James Cobb is the young registered pharmacist who arrived safely two weeks ago at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Cobb, Woodward Ave. He seems to take to Birmingham fine and his parents are taking to care for the young stranger.

FIVE YEARS AGO

One of the lovliest weddings of the year was solemnized last evening at 8:30 o'clock in St. Paul's Cathedral in Detroit. Rev. S. S. Marquis officiated when Miss Barbara Louise Thompson, daughter of Walter Thompson, of Winborn Hall, Bloomfield Hills, became the bride of Milton Spencer Withee of Greenwood avenue.

To the end that Birmingham may work to a definite goal relative to its ultimate municipal boundary limits, the village officials Monday night went into the subject in detail, even conversing with members of the Berkley Village Commission, by telephone at the invitation of President Shain and commissioners Bingham and Bell.

Perfectly satisfied with the proposed west side right of way line established by the State Highway Department for the Wider Woodward avenue improvement through Birmingham, but unwilling to go on record as in favor of the entire blue print as submitted by Thad Seeley, member of this week's commission of the village commission Monday night refused to place their approval on any part of the plan, holding that such approval might be misinterpreted by Governor Groesbeck.

For the blue print which Mr. Seeley submitted for the approval of Birmingham, depicted the solution of Woodward avenue in the village in two 100-ft. streets, one over the present Woodward avenue and the other over the Grand Trunk railroad, roadbed when it is abandoned upon removal at some future time.