BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)

Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in The Eccentric Building, 220-222 North Woodward Avenue.

Telephones 11, 12, and 13.

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(In Oakland County)		(Outside Oakland County)	
One Year	$2.00	One Year	$2.50
Six Months	1.00	Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.50	Three Months	1.00

All newspaper and advertising copy must be in The Eccentric office by Wednesday noon to obtain insertion for that week.

The Eccentric is a member of: National Editorial Association; Michigan Press Association, University Press Club, and Oakland County Weekly Press Association.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 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.

We Are Thankful

Thankful today, God o' Heaven and earth, we bow our heads in humble and contrite gratitude for Thy blessings upon our lives. For the food that will be spread upon our tables; for the willingness that urges us to share with less fortunate men, in the spirit of Christ, a portion of our worldly goods. For the sun and the moon, the winds and the rains, the stars and the warm nights when, in the bosom of Thy earth, Thou openest up to tiny seeds the mystery of Thy great Plan of Life, and causeth them to push up their slender bodies through the shielding soil, and thus provide nourishment for man. We think Thee for the Light that has shined upon the souls of men, and caused them to kindle the fires of Love, so that friends may be warmed, and strangers made friends. For the great courage of a pioneering people who came to these unknown shores, and founded this country, we pay Thee thanks this day. For the gift of every good thing, we seek to manifest our gratitude. We are thankful, Dear Father, for the thankful heart; we are thankful for this, and other, Thanksgiving Days.

Luck Or Labor?

To the intelligent worker, today beckons with opportunity. For today, with its need for readjustment, for new perspective, for freshened enthusiasm, offers a new economic contest—and the race will be won by the tireless, intelligent worker. Not luck, but labor, is, as always, needed.

Richard Cobden once said:

"Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines, Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on character."

Scrambled Slogans

Here is a nice parlor game. Have written on slips of paper certain advertising slogans. On another set of slips write the name of one of the various advertisers concerned. Mix each set in a hat or other receptacle and draw one slip from each and compare. Here are some of the results reported by a contemporary:

"Eventually, Why Not Now?"—National Funeral Directors' Association.

"Good to the Last Drop."—Haviland China.

"Has the Strength of Gibraltar."—Brookfield Butter.

"Hams What Am."—Famous-Lasky Players.

"The Danger Line."—Pennsylvania Railroad.

"The Flavor Lasts."—Squibb's Tasteless Castor Oil.

PRACTICALLY EVERY PERSON of any influence with whom we have talked of late is agreed that Wilbur M. Brucker, Michigan's next Chief Executive, is capable of giving us vastly improved government. We agree with them.

TWO MICHIGAN CITIES are about to adopt modern zoning ordinances. They are Grand Ledge and Royal Oak. Some day Birmingham, roused to the necessity of preserving its residential character, may pass a similar ordinance.

A GROUP OF 100 CHICAGO businessmen, determined to put an end to "Old Man Depression," are going to stage an execution December 31, and simply annihilate the darned old fool. If the Chicago citizens would only do as much for some of their politicians, who would say that a portion, at least, of prosperity would not return?

CLEVELAND, OHIO, HAS FOR many years been noted for its pioneering in matters of governmental progress. It now proposes a "school for city officials." This is news to bring a smile—a smile of victory to those who see the need for definite training for this country's public officials. It begins to appear as though the public will adopt the same system of choosing its various officials as it does the personnel of its army and navy.

A BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, BAKER tried one day recently to give away 800 loaves of bread to the needy. He succeeded only in giving away 350 loaves; next time he'll probably take along the hot dogs and mustard.

STALIN, DICTATOR OF RUSSIA, seems determined to change disorganized agricultural Russia into organized industrial Russia. We in America are inclined to think that only in our own land can colossal industries, such as U. S. Steel, Standard Oil, etc., be built up. Unless we watch out, experts point out, we may some day find ourselves subordinate to foreign powers in an industrial sense—and then watch out for the security of our own government!

Herbert Hoover vs. John Barleycorn

Here's a prophecy from a dry newspaper editor. It includes a bit of guessing as to President Hoover's coming stand upon this important American issue.

We prophecy that President Hoover will soon receive a report from the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission, in which the Commission agrees that strict prohibition is not a practical possibility in this country at present. The Commission will, we continue to guess, suggest light wines and beer, or will suggest that "intoxicating beverages" be defined in such a manner as to make legal the sale of four per cent beer.

President Hoover, faced with a great decrease in national income for the next year or two, due to lack of good business times, will be forced to seek some channel of federal economy. Shall he look beyond the savings to be effected in the elimination of an apparently paralyzed law enforcing agency, plus revenues to come from the legal sale of lesser spirituous beverages?

Make no mistake, Dear Reader, about President Hoover's personal dry inclinations; he undoubtedly still believes prohibition "an experiment, noble in purpose." But he is tied down, after all, by the red tape of politics and the instability of human nature.

Personally, we believe that if President Hoover would gather together a great many of our leading citizens, and seek their active cooperation toward the attainment of practical prohibition, (as he has tried to toward the restoration of national prosperity) much good would be accomplished.

Intoxication, or sobriety, or temperance, are merely conditions of human society, determined entirely by the state of a people's mind. Much education, attended by police vigilance and citizen reception to "noble experiments" in the conduct of human society, will eventually bring about strict prohibition in any land.

Right now President Hoover occupies a risky position—as regards his personal political fortune. He must try "to go it alone," and stand firm for a further trial of prohibition, or he must succumb to a present organized clamor for modification.

What will the President do? Well, if he remains plain Herbert Hoover, good Quaker, he'll oppose any plan for modification, we believe; but if he becomes' Herbert Hoover, head of the Republican Party in the United States, he'll go for a partial reinstatement of John Barleycorn—perhaps not the old man himself, but just a few of his spirited, intoxicatingly friendly relatives; lusty youngsters like Master Beer and Mistress Light Wines.

The time has arrived, don't you think, when even the President of the United States must make public, in no uncertain terms, his stand upon the Prohibition Law.

May Vandenberg Continue!

One of Michigan's best informed political minds ventures the assertion that Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Grand Rapids, will continue in the Upper House of Congress for many years; The Eccentric agrees with the sentiment, and herewith endorses all that Murl DeFoe, Charlotte editor and former secretary to Chase S. Osborn when the latter was governor, says about Senator Vandenberg. Mr. DeFoe's comment was occasioned by the Senator's appearance before the University Press Club in Ann Arbor two weeks ago. He writes:

"Michigan newspaper men generally feel a pride and satisfaction in the splendid record, past and present, of Senator Arthur Vandenberg and that this personal and fraternal interest in the political welfare of the former editor of the Grand Rapids Herald will carry through his next campaign for nomination and election is a very definite fact. Senator Vandenberg's career in Washington has been a stimulating exhibit of superlative courage, virility and ability. In his speech he urged the continuation of freedom of debate in the senate because, as he said, it is the only remaining place in our scheme of two party government where this sacred constitutional right has not been abridged by political rules. Senator Vandenberg said that this freedom of debate on several occasions in the last congress aided Michigan, notably on the St. Lawrence waterway project when Chicago and New York interests were able to crowd legislation inimical to the St. Lawrence route through the House but that the measure was held up in the Senate through this debate privilege as old in precedent as the federal constitution. Senator Vandenberg explained the contempt case brought against the editors of the Cleveland Press and the present status of his bill making it necessary for a second judge to hear and review all such contempt charges."

A LOS ANGELES GIRL WAS wedded to a Kansas City man the other day, via long distance telephone. We hope that nothing will ever occur to prevent them remaining on speaking terms.

SOON MICHIGAN will officially go "into the red." Even though her Governor is Green, the new auto licenses for 1931 will acquire the same crimson color that her state finances have been in for many years.

"WHITE MAN'S LAW Urged for Indians" is the way a daily newspaper headlines an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C. Well, if the Indians are able to enforce such law, they'll be able to re-gain their country, eh?

A JERSEY CITY MAN was ordered by the court to make his roosters remain quiet between the hours of 10 p. m. and 7:30 a. m. If the owner of the roosters accomplishes the judge's edict, wouldn't you say that was worth crowing about?

A PHYSICS PROFESSOR at Yale University declares the earth to be one billion, eight hundred fifty million years old. Gosh, that's at least five years more than we would have believed at first!

AT LEAST ONE ADVANTAGE accrues to worthless stocks: one doesn't have to lie awake nights worrying about their value tomorrow.

Inspired Thoughts

The Hour Glass

My hour glass is nearly run,
My days and deeds will quickly pass;
And yet my life has just begun,
For death will but invert the glass.

—ALEXANDER CAIRNS.

..EX-NTRIX

GANGSTER IS TRIED FOR TAX EVASIONS

Chicago news item.

"What next? What next?"
The gangster cried,
"Will men conceive
To hurt my pride?"
"Boo-hoo, 'tis true
I take their dough,
But why should they
Afflict me so?
"Why am I put
Upon the spot
For hiding all
The bucks I've got?
"Oh, I am not
Like other men,
My cash comes in
Just now and then.
The 'boys' all get
Their rake-offs too
And when they're done
I'm awful blue.
And now the government steps in
An' makes me raise
The price of gin!
My customers
Won't buy no more;
The income tax
Sure makes me sore.
It hurts me pride;
I'm sick inside;
I think I'll take
Me for a ride.

Vox Polly

"I grew into manhood with muscled arms as big as a bookkeeper's legs."—James J. Davis, secretary of labor.

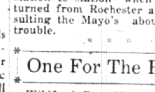
HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE? 'GAINST WOMAN'S INGENUITY?

Paris, France.—A swarm of bees occupied the pastry shop of a Parisian recently and the proprietor, upon coming to work, discovered all his pies and cakes furnishing sustenance for them. His attempts to rout them by violence met with all the success one might expect. The police were called. They sent for an apiarist. The apiarist suggested the bees be let alone until they had eaten their fill and that they would go away from there when they had finished. Not so the proprietor's wife. She invaded the shop with a vacuum cleaner and in a short time the bees that had not been sucked into the cleaner decided that "far-off fields were green"—and went their way.

And then there was a Scotchman who booked his passage from station to station when he returned from Rochester after consulting the Mayo's about heart trouble.

One For The Book

Wildfowl Bay, Nov. 26.—A 19-year-old duck on the verge of senility, waddled into the lobby of the Hunters' Paradise Inn near here today and asked for Game Warden Lester "Big" Shott, "I'm tired of it all," said the duck, "and



I want to give myself up. For 19 years I've evaded the barrage of buck-shot in these parts. How I did it is a secret that will be carried, unrevealed, to my grave." The duck then collapsed and died in the lobby of the inn.

Word has been sent out to 173 hunters in these parts to attend a Thanksgiving Day banquet here tomorrow at which the piece de resistance will be not turkey but wild duck.

Simile: As irritable as a fat woman on the fourteenth day of a fifteen-day diet.

How many on deck today . . . who can remember the days when Prime Ministers used to get together and settle the affairs of state . . . while circling the old pond . . . in ease and celerity that become those who were born to THE PURPLE? Today they don short pants . . . seven colored shoes . . . and GO for GOLF. Is it any wonder that the Reds are Rumbling and the PROLETARIAT always yelling that THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS?

Famous Finales

SEEDY BLUFF, N. D.—Osipus Shearlink, 48, barber, of this city, often told friends he was able to

get his wife to stop arguing by pretending he was going to hang himself. A few days ago neighbors found his body suspended in his cellar, his feet one inch from the floor. Citizen Shearlink had misjudged the rope-length.

THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE!

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.

Washington, D. C.,
Nov. 15, 1930.

To the Editor:

President Hoover's second Armistice address was the feature of the Good Will Congress of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches held here this week. It was delivered at the Washington Auditorium before a capacity audience. In his address the President asserted that America's duty is to seek new opportunities to insure the world against the horrors and irretrievable waste of war, and further, it is "the purpose of our government to cooperate with others, to use our friendly offices, and, short of an implication of the use of force, to use every friendly effort and good will to maintain the peace of the world."

The Kellogg-Briand treaty, he said, already has become a powerful influence in international affairs and is one of the most potent instruments for peace which the world has ever forged. Further development of this pact to assure mobilization of world opinion against those powers which fail to live up to its provisions he said, "would stimulate and would appeal to the dramatic sense of the world as a mark in the progress of peace."

"Carry on With the Pact" was the general theme of this fifteenth annual congress, and "International Friendship" the specific subject which was developed and amplified by such outstanding leaders as Dr. William Merrill of New York, Pres. Mary Wooley, of Holyoke College, Justice Florence Allen of Ohio, Hon. Alanson Houghton, Col. Raymond Robins, of Florida, Hon. C. C. Wu, Chinese Ambassador, Dr. S. Parke Cadman, Dr. John Mott, Hon. J. Gould Schurman, Prof. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University, Maj.-General John F. O'Ryan.

They one and all stressed the necessity of adherence to the World Court as an effective means of settling international matters in accordance with law and justice and as a true and permanent basis for national friendship that war impossible.

At the closing session yesterday Dr. William P. Merrill of New York and re-elected president of the alliance. A message was also adopted suggesting that the people of the United States would "welcome restraint" in building up the navy to the limit set by the London Treaty and urging an early convening of the proposed disarmament conference and the reconsideration of international issues likely to lead to misunderstandings. Among these latter were allied debts, immigration quotas and reparations.

Both for "economic reasons and as an evidence of confidence in and good will towards the nations joining the London Treaty" the message declared that restraint in building up the treaty limits would be favorably received. "It is one thing to prevent war," it continued, "it is a more difficult thing to create peace." In spite of all treaties made there has been no actual reduction of armaments by any nation."

HARVEY SIMMONS.

A Pennsylvania town has a ladies' fire department. It is a safe bet that they use only silk hose.

The Other Chap Says Something—

Music Mass Production

Only the other day a juvenile band was playing in the streets of a big American city. Everybody listened. No ear was immune to the sound of brass, for its penetrating volume rose above the din of traffic. An itinerant band it was, modeled on the rotation system, and its conductor, whose diminutive size placed him not much beyond the age of a schoolboy, exhibited the high degree of agility generally associated with the drummer. The band played in rapid tempo. The conductor kept time, sabering the air with his baton vigorously as he cut his way with devastating glee through one of Sousa's most popular marches. On either side of the street boys collected coins from those within earshot of the music. Then the band moved on. Sousa rested.

This, some observers take it, is evidence of the temper of the times. Mass production in music. Not long ago a harp, violin and flute would entertain in a restaurant doorway. Or a stray fiddle would jig an irish dance in a most unlikely neighborhood. Then came the radio, and the wandering minstrel gradually disappeared. The competition he found too keen, the odds of free versus paid-for entertainment too great. The singer moved into oblivion, leaving his voice issuing from a mahogany cabinet, and the musician left the expression of his emotions to an inanimate object on the street corner.

Gone are many of the wandering minstrels who used to linger in the streets of American cities. Gone, too, are many of the "artists" who flourished upon the feelings of benevolent Britons. The pavement artist who still adds exquisite hues to luscious fruit in a "still life," and the dexterous spoon player, who is still accompanied by a piano on wheels are but a relic of an age that is swiftly disappearing. The hurdy-gurdy man is signing off. His brother, the street minstrel is following suit. And while the new attempt to win public favor by mass or brass production carries with it the power to overwhelm, it can hardly hope to carry the capacity of sustaining interest for long. For this reason the itinerant band may aptly include among its numbers "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."—Christian Science Monitor.

We Need Leaders

We rant about crime, the moral breakdown of the people and all these things, and yet the writer glimpsed in a very readable report of a prize fight at Holland the other evening that "prominent city and state officials" including Jack Dempsey, formed a parade that moved from the hotel to the ringside. No names were given. To our mind this is a cheap and coarse position for our leaders to place themselves in.

We put too much public emphasis on the animal side of our make ups, which calls up the letter or telegram Governor Green dispatched to the Detroit M. E. conference, in session at Port Huron, that he could not attend because of pressing business of some sort. One of the Chicago papers the next morning carried a picture of Governor Green and Jack Dempsey taken in front of the boxer's training camp near Chicago. It is all right for us common reporters to do these things but the people expect (and have the right to) certain standards from their public leadership.

Judge R. R. McPeek, to bring in a local example, is a great lover of golf but he never plays Sundays. He does not object to golf or other Sunday played games but he doesn't allow himself to be used as an example for young boys or girls who may be having difficulty in getting the first home permission to play Sunday golf. We lack, and woefully lack in this country, a moral leadership along the lines followed by Judge McPeek. We need men and women who, when close questions of moral values are up, will occasionally lean backward instead of following the mob that puts laxity and daring above discretion and moderation. And it should be added that Judge McPeek is a red blooded, two fisted, all he man. Murl H. DeFoe in Charlotte Republican Tribune.

Campus Defects

A college professor, a man who will soon be given a doctor's degree, was in the office one day recently. We were discussing young people, college training, and the difference in the ability of youngsters to assimilate what colleges and universities have to offer. He said he believed the institutions of higher education were remiss in that they took no definite part in the development of personality and the broad aspects of salesmanship. He believed that personality and salesmanship were about 75 per cent responsible for the success of the people. Practical and technical training accounted for the balance. "We pour facts into our students. All they retain they pour back onto test papers. We rate them on the amount of cold facts they have stuck in their heads. It is their ability to sell this knowledge to the world that will determine their success. Nothing definite is being done to teach them this salesmanship," was his conclusion. The young folks are trying to work out their own salvation through their social organizations, fraternities and sororities. Some are doing a good job and some not so good.—Gladwin Herald.

Is This What's Wanted

Movie magnates claim to be "giving the people what they want." Are they? Here are the titles of the movies being shown simultaneously at six of the largest Detroit movie palaces, as advertised in the Sunday newspapers:

"Her Wedding Night"
"Matrimonial Bed"
"Life Of The Party"
"Those 3 French Girls"
"DuBarry, Woman Of Passion"
"Anybody's Woman"
—Farmington Enterprise.

Too Many Laws

In contemplation of coming legislative sessions perhaps one of the greatest needs of our country is the weeding out of absurd, unenforceable and needless restrictive laws which clutter our statute books, and start a movement to place law making in the hands of experts rather than turn the job over to the good fellows who are elected on the guise of a popular vote.—Linden Leader.

Quick, Philo, the Hounds!

Motorist—Are you hurt, my boy?

Butcher Boy (excitedly)—No, but I can't find my lives!

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Next month that fellow who as death comes around to gather up your loose ducats and calls it collecting taxes.

We're a day late this week. Printers won't work on Thanksgiving you know, too much interest in foreign affairs—such as Turkey.

Talk about cold weather. Our coffee mill froze up solid last Monday morning, and we began to prophesy a heavy frost for the basement with increasing coldness in the back yard.

Adams Bayley of Troy left a basketful of the nicest snow apples you ever saw with Mitchell and said: "Please take this basket over to Whitehead," and Mitchell thinks Whitey will say, said basket in about a week, or as soon as the apples are all gone. Verily Mr. Bayley must be more explicit in his directions and be ready to receive Mitchell's thanks for those choice apples.

A Troy street young man was sitting at the window in his residence last Sunday morning when he saw a plump little lady walk by, and he resolved to get a look at her charming face. He took a silk handkerchief from his pocket and started in pursuit; he soon overtook her, and gently putting his hand on her shoulder said: "Excuse me, dear madam—is this your handkerchief?" And as "Dinah" turned round she took the handkerchief and said: "Yes, suh. I am thankful to you, indeed, suh." This young man was just two seconds getting out of sight!

Two young ladies from the high school were engaged in the romantic pastime of riding down a hill, back of the Baptist church on Tuesday last, when their sled ran away with them, and dumped them ingloriously into the creek at the bottom of the hill. It wouldn't have happened if the sled hadn't been so very anxious to do it up Brown and nice. But then, they are Young yet, and may recover from the effects of the icy bath. They were dreadfully afraid it would get in The Eccentric, so we won't say a word about it.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Millie Walker, who has been very ill for several weeks, is now convalescing.

Mrs. Alvin Wooster, of Pierce street, is suffering from appendicitis, but is now gaining slowly.

Lost—A black pig marked with tar in ear. Hupp No. 101. Finder please notify J. H. Carter, Birmingham.

Mrs. Mary Donelson Shattuck of Pontiac, is the oldest member of the Methodist church there and is still a great worker.

Captain Cornelius Lossy, of Oxford, is dead. He was prominent in political and civic life, and a veteran of the Civil War. Neuralgia of the heart caused his death.

The magazine writer wants to know the four sweetest words in the English language. "Enclosed please find check" is a quartet that is hard to beat when addressed to a newspaper man.

FIVE YEARS AGO

To authorize a bond issue of $54,500 for the purchase of an addition to the site of the Hill School between Martin and Merrill streets, the Board of Education of Birmingham has called a special election for the voters of this school district to be held on Tuesday, Dec. 8, from 2 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Funeral services for Julius F. Rundel, who passed away last Saturday morning at the late home on East Maple avenue, were held Monday afternoon, with burial in Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Rundel, who would have celebrated 82 years old Jan. 26, had been failing in health for several months.

Rev. Floyd Emerson Logee was formally installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Birmingham at the installation service held Tuesday evening at the church. Dr. W. T. Jacquess of Detroit presided.

Beginning Wednesday, Birmingham's main "Four Corners" at Woodward and Maple avenues, is officially a "stop intersection" for all motor vehicles, including buses and street cars. This is a formal execution of a resolution passed by the village commission Nov. 4, and is made now because new signs have been received and are now being erected.

Lights of the type of those now on Woodward avenue between the Ten and Eleven Mile roads have been recommended for use along the entire length of the highway by the engineers of the Detroit Edison Co. according to employees of the company.

Concrete work on Woodward avenue has been suspended for the winter, according to Leon V. Belknap, county engineer. All concrete mixers and other machines necessary to the laying of pavement are being stored until spring.