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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1931

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 publisher.

"To The Editor"

The following letter-to-the-editor is culled from the columns of an Arkansas paper, the Van Buren County Democrat, and speaks for itself:

"Dear mr. editor: there seems to be so much talk about our hoover prosperity i believe it is my duty to rite you my views on same and help anilize the situation as far as possible so's we can make up our minds that we goter change our ways of living and soforth.

"i have took my own cases for instance, i see my own mistakes and many others have acted likewise.

"i bought a Ford instead of a farm and it wore out but the farm figured on is still o. k. I invested in a radio instead of a cow, and the radio gives static instead of milk.

"i am feeding 5 nice hounds which answers to the names of rollo, baby, didd, jake and barnum instead of three pigs. I had our parlor tuned instead of the well cleaned out. i spent all my cash in 1928 used my creddick in 1929 and traded up my future wages on installments in 1930, so hard times ketched me in bad shape.

"if i had spent my last $10 for flour and meat instead of gas and oil i would been o.k. i bilt a nice garage last year instead of kivvering my barn and i loafed in the woods huntin 2 weeds instead of in the pasture fixing it so my mules won't get out.

"But if i am on a cash basis now, i have no cash. i am tide to the end of my rope and the man i am working for is busted oner count of nobody wuldn't pay him and the cotton mills is closed down, because nobody can't buy anything they make. I had $4 saved up for a rainey day, but it turned dry and i spent same for inner tubes.

"mr editor I tried to make ends meet with a turnip patch but when i got reddy to sell turnips everybody else was selling turnips for nothin and the market was glutted. i am worried plum to the bone and my wife's kinfolks is comin over next tuesday to spend the week and my hand is so sore from being shuk by pollyticians i simply ain't able to pull my fodder. rite or rong if you here of any relief from the government I am willing to be a republican for a few weeks if that will help any.

"yours trulie,

"mike clark rfd."

Honor To The Cooks

For quite a number of years there has been impressed upon us a growing reality of life—it is of such great moment right now that we have decided to release it upon an ever suspecting world. It concerns the annual Thanksgiving dinner.

As one gets older, one is more observing of the great detail connected with this effort to domesticate the human species, especially if one is married, and has one or more children. You take this matter of a turkey, chicken, or other fowl dinner (and this observation holds for many other meals during the year—more especially in these days, too); observe how many days ahead of the event that the women of your household talk about and plan for the big meal. Then recall how, on the day of eating, they arose early, and worked like Helen of Troy to get everything in readiness. The hustle and bustle and the heat from the kitchen. The necessity of walking over, around, and between the hungry and getting-hungrier children.

And then the stuff is placed on the table.

You start in to eat (if you are the provider of the household, you'll start in after serving everybody once, and perhaps Billy and Johnny twice, and maybe even Susan will be on the verge of passing her plate again); the food tastes good. But, gee whiz! almost before you know it you are unable to eat any more. What required hours and days of preparation is consumed in a mighty few minutes! That's not fair, it seems to us, to the women-folk who have done all the work.

The older one gets, the more one is able to observe the tireless effort required to prepare meals—and other activities of this consuming world. The more one is able to observe the effort, the more one thinks that the results of the effort should last. It is so with Thanksgiving and other meals; it is so with commodities that you buy; it is so with organizations, with businesses, with governments—why, bless you! even life itself seems all too short to most of us.

There is so much to do, and so little time in which to do it, as some one once said. Perhaps a good Thanksgiving slogan would be "Choose your food wisely and well, but be sure you chews!" Then, we might stretch out the period of gastronomic observance to a point where, in time at least, we would pay proper homage to those who prepared it.

SOME TIME AGO WE REFERRED to the Statue of Liberty as the work of Garibaldi. An unknown friendly reader has reminded us that we should have credited Bartholdi with that work of art. Thanks.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS today is a greater number of earnest, serious listeners, and an equal number of earnest, serious talkers.

Will Michigan Remain Republican?

There is a rising revolt in Michigan against the manner in which the Republican party is conducting the state's affairs. The recent election of a Democrat, M. J. Hart, in the eighth Congressional District, is seen by many far-sighted observers as the beginning of a definite change in political sentiment in Michigan. From all sections of Michigan come declarations of distrust, disgust, and discouragement as to the ability of the Republican party's present leadership to bring satisfaction to the people.

One of the staunchest Republicans, Verne J. Brown, publisher of the Ingham County News, at Mason, last week voiced his alarm over the decline of the G. O. P. Mr. Brown is a member of the present Legislature, and what he says upon the subject is worth attention. Referring to the victory of the Democrats in the Eighth District, he says:

"The voters are tired of the political leadership offered in Michigan in recent years. They are tired of campaign promises forgotten before the lid is clamped on the ballot box. They are tired of biennial mud-baths and factional controversy. As citizens of a great commonwealth they know they are beset with economic ills, unjust taxation, an overburden of government, and while all are favored topics for campaign speeches, nothing is ever done to relieve a situation rapidly approaching the intolerable.

The average voter is not so dumb as some might believe—even though he has been fooled so many times. During the past year and more he has taken considerable time for thinking. Especially is this true of the farmer and the shop hand.

At the election of 1930 there were signs that all was not well on the party front. Evidences of many turning away from the arrogant, majority drunk, republican column to vote elsewhere were to be found in practically every district of Michigan. Many candidates who are held in highest respect saw majorities dwindle. Voters were casting ballots against a party, its management, and its organization. They were willing to go so far as to hit at those whom they had many times supported in order to register their displeasure against the dominant party of the state.

The eighth district results are clearly a repetition of 1930 popular resentment. The republican primaries of that district gave just the proper setting for such a revulsion. Opposition to present political conditions in Michigan, unlike the echo which dwindles in volume as it repeats itself, grows in intensity and resonance and vigor of tone.

Leaders of the party will do well if they quit quarreling over the crumbs which fall from the patronage plates and devote themselves to the problems of the commonwealth, to seeking remedies for the ills which beset the citizens of the state and to performing some of the things which were so glibly promised before election.

Failing in this they will find themselves and their party well on the outside whining and cringing under the lash of an offended electorate.

And if there is any single gesture which will make certain the retirement of the party next November it is the proposal for a pre-primary convention to put the gag on popular selection of candidates, now so glibly falling from the tongues of self-styled republican leaders and party managers.

IT MAY INTEREST you to know that the performance of "Journey's End" staged by the Village Players Monday night of last week netted local welfare funds $200.00. The tickets were sold by members of the Birmingham Lions Club. Back of that $200.00 were many hours of effort by the Players and the members of the Lions Club. The angel Gabriel will check that up in their favor. Incidentally, those Lions are a serious, hard-working, result-getting outfit. They have done much for this community. Remember that, and may they continue to roar.

WE WERE TALKING to Mr. and Mrs. James L. Oliver the other day when the Mrs. opened a small book, and, in order to emphasize her remarks, asked us to gaze upon the pages. They contained what we now recollect as much foreign stuff, with an occasional English familiarity of the alphabet. Puzzled, our only reply was: "Looks to me, Sue, like a lot of things that I ain't never et yet." (Mr. Oliver challenged me to put this in the paper. We have. He can't sue us, either.)

"JUDGE," THAT great humorous weekly, observes: "Say what you want to about Japan, but it's a relief to see a country fighting on its own money." We suggest that European countries mark that fact, and have more scrubles upon the subject of war—or be as franc as they can.

IT IS SAID THAT THIRTY YEARS are required for the average person to become moderately educated and settle down to the business of living. The remainder of the time, we suppose, is required to learn how to make a living and to settle up.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

SOME PEOPLE you never forget, You meet them once—for a flashing instant—and they are fixed on your memory forever.

It's like that with a mountaineer, a regular high mountain hill billy, that I saw one day last summer in the Sierra, as my friend and I were loafing at a boat landing near the foot of a trail that led up a mountain and over a shoulder and up to a valley of lakes.

Marshall Maslin

A boat came in loaded with fishermen. Two of them were city chaps—and no fish. One of the others was this fellow I remember so well. He was long and lean and shabby. His clothes were ragged, his shoes made me wince—they were canvas sneakers with hardly any soles to them. His rod was cheap and old, his basket bulged with fish. He was 50 years old at least, but he moved as if his legs were steel springs.

All day he'd been on the go, all day he'd been hiking over sharp rocks and huge boulders, in those thin shoes, on those thin legs. (I knew that country, I'd been there). But he was smiling still. He was as fresh as when he had started.

He waved his hand to the city chaps and said, "Glad I met ya!" and smiled at everybody and started off, up another hill, at a lope. . . . He lived in that country, he was a part of it, as the fish and the mountain flons are part of it. It did not tire HIM, it refreshed him; he was made for it as it was made for him. . . . I like to remember that mountain man.

I remember him with pleasure and I remember him with satisfaction. With admiration for him, adjusted so well in spirit and flesh to his high, rocky homeland. With regret for all the rest of us, particularly me, particularly those of us who live for a few vacation days, and are so badly adjusted. Or so carefully adjusted to so many foolish things, to such odd ways of making a living.

It may be good for a city man to get into the country and see how other people live, but it's bad for him, too. It disturbs him, it makes him dissatisfied with things he has learned to accept as natural ways of living. It upsets him.

Sometimes I wish I could forget that springy, smiling mountain man. . . . But, finally, I'm glad I can't.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Taxes.

Vennor predicts it and it must be so. The ice will freeze with the slippery side up this winter.

Almon Park, who has been up in Ward's camp for some time past, came home last week. Almon says the walking is first rate between here and Grayling, where Ward's camp is.

We print with pleasure a few words regarding the death of "Uncle Alf" Phelps from his neighbor, Josephus Smithe, Esq. Although we had a brief obituary of our departed friend in our last issue, as the present one is so much more extensive, we are very glad to use it.

The social dance at Library Hall last Friday evening was largely attended. The Perkins' brothers and Frank Sherman furnished excellent music, the cakes and coffee were unexceptionable, everything was lovely and we never saw a happier or a better behaved lot of young people. Perhaps we did laugh a little loud, but the way some folks dance "Sallie Waters" is perfectly killing. The new addition to the hall gives a good floor and plenty of room. The ladies give another of these pleasant little parties on Friday evening next.

Ed. Miller, the Township treasurer of Bloomfield, will be at Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store in Birmingham on Thursday next, Dec. 8, for the collection of taxes, and Thursday each week following. He will be at home, 2½ miles west of this place, on Fridays and at the county treasurer's office in Pontiac on Saturdays. Brace up, pay your taxes, save your percentage and be happy.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Milton W. Brown lecturers at the M. E. Church, Wednesday, Dec. 5, on the subject "The Superfluous Man."

Polly, the little black pony that Frank Durkee used to drive so much, is home at Blakeslee's again, after a five year's visit at Northville. Her looks show that she has had a good home and care.

Ward Lester of Orion has shipped eight of his mammoth bronze turkeys to Leland Stanford University, California. The express on the turkeys was $40, this with the selling price brings the total cost to purchaser about $100.

The hunters from the North are all home and safe and sound. Every last man killed all the deer the law allows but two of the party. Louis Ransall on his first hunting trip killed two and declared it was the greatest trip he ever enjoyed.

A new barber shop. Where? In the kitchen at the M. E. parsonage. Little Harold Kishpaugh in the chair and Maxwell Thurlby with shears in his hands, was just saying, "Sit still, or I will clip your ears," when Mamma Kishpaugh opened the door and beheld her little boy's pretty hair flying right and left about the kitchen.

The piercing shrieks of the fire whistle sounded on the air about a quarter to six last Monday evening and the whole town started for the little red house next to Dr. Baldock's on Fremont street, but 'twas all out before the crowd got there.

One of the largest Temperance gatherings ever held in Birmingham assembled at the U. P. church Sunday night. Mrs. Andrus, the pastor of the evening, took charge of the meeting, after the opening service by Pastor Good. Her talk was along sensible lines, old stereotyped statistics were left out and fresh, interesting news from the battlefield was well presented and received. Her theme was, "The Saloon Must Die."

FIVE YEARS AGO

Just about everybody who went deer hunting from Birmingham has returned happy, with a pair of antlers and enough deer meat to supply his friends.

Birmingham physicians today were considering the advisability of establishing a health department to be maintained by the village which will cost approximately $10,000. Reports were to be made by the doctors on their findings to members of the village commission.

Birmingham motorists today may obtain their 1927 auto license plates at the office of the secretary of state in Pontiac. The tags were placed on sale there and at other places in the state yesterday.

Citizens of the newly incorporated Bloomfield Hills Village are looking forward to the caucus Jan. 3 in the village when candidates for the offices will be named by them. Election will be held Jan. 24.

Bennie Friedman and Bennie Oosterban, star players of Michigan's victorous football team, will be the honor guests at the meeting of the Hi-Y Council Dec. 14 in the cafetera of the Baldwin High School, if present plans materialize.

If you see Christmas trees blooming along Woodward and Maple avenues one of these days, don't rush for the oculist or the brain specialist. There's a reason. Members of the Charles Edwards Post No. 11 of the American Legion plan to create Christmas cheer and atmosphere by "planting" trees in front of business places on both sides of Birmingham's two main business streets.

The Reason?

It is against the law to say anything snooty about a bank. You might start a run and cause a bank to fail before the directors have had time to borrow all the assets.—The Unemployed, New York.

ANOTHER LOST BALLOONIST

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

8TH DISTRICT G. O. P. REVOLT SEEN IN DEMOCRAT'S VICTORY

"Republicans of the Eighth congressional district of Michigan are in revolt against the party leaders, local, state and national.

"The election of a Democratic representative, in Congress by that district, one of the half-dozen strongest Republican districts in the United States, was the beginning and not the culmination of this revolt.

"Prohibition plays a minor part in this uprising, the major factor being discontent growing out of economic conditions, the blame for which is laid at the door of Republican party leaders.

"This information is the result of personal interviews with a large number of voters in three of the strongest Republican counties of the eight's district, Ionia, Montcalm and Clinton. The interviews were with farmers, merchants, professional men, laborers and factory workers. In most instances they were Republicans who had voted the Democratic ticket, many of them for the first time in their lives."

Asked why they voted Democratic, their answer the newspaper says, was "things couldn't be any worse, and a change might do some good."

"Low prices for farm products, high taxes, bank failures and in the face of all this the complacency of party leaders, have stirred the residents of rural Michigan to action," the newspaper says.

Menno Martin, a Montcalm county farmer is quoted as saying "we are not through. Next spring we are going to kick out the county officers. We are going after the state officers from Gov. Brucker on down and mark my words, there is going to be a Democratic president if these Republicans don't wake up."—Detroit News.

KILLINGLY FUNNY

Warden Laws of Sing Sing Prison, probably wishes he hadn't done it now. Being given a supply of football equipment by a professional team, Warden Lawes announced that sectional football teams would be formed. Immediately, the "student body" began to limber up and ask about eligibility. That was easy for the warden, who decided that no eligibility would hold, and that every one of the 2,300 inmates could try out for teams representing various cell blocks, whether "freshmen" or "postgraduates." However, it was discovered that no class songs or yells had been devised, and Warden Lawes, being a kind-hearted gent, must have been a bit shocked over the ghastly wit of an inmate of the death house who, it is reported, suggested a slogan with the words, "I could die for dear old Sing Sing."—Harry I. Izor in Durand Express.

* * *

ParaLaffs

* * *

Pedestrian's Prayer

Now I leap to cross the street,
I pray the Lord to speed my feet.
Should I be hit before I cross,
I pray 'twill be an easy loss.—
Albany Evening News.

Hope Not

Now that Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis have staged the first honest fight New York has seen in years, Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling may take to writing novels.—San Diego Union.

Jest For the Fun of It

Very Important

"May I speak to Mr. Smith, please?"

"I am sorry, but he is very busy just now. He said that unless it was very urgent I was not to wake him."

Kind Hearted!

A young man whose knowledge of cards was extremely visionary was roped in to complete a bridge of four. After a few moments he committed his first mistake by

playing a king on a trick already taken by his opponent's ace. "Good heavens!" bellowed the young man's partner, stung to wrath by the dreadful sight, "a king doesn't usually beat an ace, you know."

"I know," stammered the wretched beginner, "but I thought I'd let it have a try."

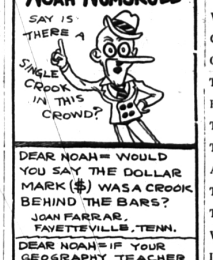
Famous Firms

To & Fro

Next Stage

"And has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now."



The "Big Shots" Say:—

Herbert Hoover, President of the United States:

"Unemployment presents not simply an economic difficulty but an acute problem for human beings."

Herbert S. Goldstein, Jewish Rabbi:

"I believe the time has come for the clergy, the social workers and the lay communal leaders to take an active and leading interest in the affairs of our political clubs."

Burton K. Wheeler, U. S. Senator from Montana, just home from a trip to Europe:

"Europe is today an armed camp and, in my judgment, war would break out if some of the nations felt that they could finance it."

Ray Long, magazine editor:

"In Russia the citizen seems to be more nearly contented than in any other country. But I don't want to live there."

Albert Ritchie, Governor of Maryland:

"The day for meeting crises by beating political tom toms has passed."

Sherwood Anderson, novelist:

"I do not agree with the people who try to apply mathematics and extreme logical abstractions to the regulations of the human race."

Mrs. Patrick J. Hurley, wife of the Secretary of War:

"No nation can rise above the moral and intellectual standards of its women."

Roger W. Babson, statistician:

"The only thing that has been sufficiently advertised in the past two years is the depression."

Dorothy Dix, newspaper counsellor of women:

"Men get plenty of hard knocks in the outside world without having a hammer-weilder at home."

William Green, President, A. F. Labor:

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness means nothing to the man who is out of work."

Our Scrap Book

HOLY GROUND

At times in some close, level street I stand,
Where jostling crowds make never ebbing tides;
Quick traffic rattles, or, for upraised hand
One moment stays, still breathlessly alert.
There suddenly, through no connecting thought,
Rise on my view steep hills of Switzerland,
The bright green slopes that foot those misty tops,
The rapid-springing flowers that throng the way
And make each meadow like a rainbow shine;
The sharp, sweet breath of resin-scented pines
Thrills me again, and from the heights above,
Where violet shadows fleck the glistering white
Intensifying its pure radiance,
Serene in silence that can never pall,
Sweeps down a message through the snow cleansed air:
"Just where you stand is place and peace for prayer."

F. Elizabeth Buck.

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