BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 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.

1932 Will Be As Good Or As Bad As You Make It

To you, as eternity unwinds its endless scroll of years, comes another calendar year, 1932. Within its folds are wrapped everything that is possible to mankind. For you and me, though, there is the chance to choose. We are not compelled to receive and retain anything that is not good for us.

If you will adopt these few suggested thoughts, perhaps you will gain a new idea of our human years, and who knows but what you will be much happier in the process? If, then, you will look upon 1932 as merely a span of endless time within a universe, and that you and everybody else just happen to be conscious organisms at this particular time in the earth's life, you will begin to see that, after all, we are alive only as we react to this world through our thoughts. What you think, then, determines who and what you are, doesn't it?

If, as a growing child, you are sent to an art school, the chances are that you will become an artist—for all you took to the art school was a state of consciousness, which you caused to be made into recallable records of what you learned at the art school. Had you been sent to a law school, a medical school, or a technological institute, you would have graduated with a conscious knowledge of the specific studies you engaged in. Of this you may be sure: the correct study of art, law, medicine, or some industrial pursuit would not have made you something aside from their own fields. If you wish to become a violinist, you study music as it is applied to the technique of a violin. Studying a violin does not make you an excellent bricklayer.

All of which suggests merely this: if you want to be a certain kind of person, attain a particular objective in life, you are required to dwell upon it mentally, to ponder it thoughtfully, to act upon your thoughts in due time.

What does 1932 hold for all of us? Well, largely what we intend to think, to dwell upon, as 1932 unwinds itself into 1933. If you wish to succeed in your business, you will be required to analyze its present problems, find a solution for them, and apply the solution. Most of this will have to be done, too, in time outside of regular business. If you want to be respected by others, you will find that proper conduct, both public and private, is necessary to win that respect. If you want to be improved mentally, the best manner yet discovered is to plan what branch of knowledge you wish to make progress in, and then study, observe, discuss, reflect. (Remember, too, that that which comes from the invisible and uncharted realm of thought gains entrance in a receptive, a yearning, a deserving mind.) If you want to retain your justly earned material possessions, be wise in your investments; refuse to engage in investments that are tinged with speculation and gambling. Experience has shown, especially in the past two years, how foolish in the end are the wise in the beginning of an epoch of gambling.

Above all, may we remind you, that this world of ours is governed by very definite moral laws. You cannot escape the evenly balanced penalties and rewards of eventual justice. To think that you can is, in our opinion, to deny the ability of God to govern this universe. There is a provable exactness of the moral laws just as there is in the realm of mathematics or physical science. Two plus two equals four; certain proportions of hydrogen and oxygen gases result in the liquid we call water; water, when heated to 212 degrees at sea level turns into steam, or lowered to 32 degrees crystallizes into ice; a good act done today, an hour of correct study and thought upon a subject, a bit of self-sacrifice for another, these, too, are rewarded by the moral laws.

Once upon a time two Romans stood upon the hilltop, overlooking a great, rich city. One of them, a Governor, said: "I am all powerful; whatever I want is mine. By the mere issuing of a command I can have anything within this city. Because of my great position, I need want for nothing." His companion, attired in the simpler garments of a philosopher, smiled into the stern face of the Governor. "Ah, Sire, what you say is true. You are great, you are all-powerful. You are the Governor. But only as long as you remain Governor does your power last. At any minute, by a turn of Fate, you may lose all, so that even the lowliest inhabitant of your city could scorn you and refuse you so much as a crust of bread. But I, because I am a simple man, because I want nothing that belongs to others, I have a power greater than that of Kings. I seek to conduct my own life in such a manner as to *deserve* what I need. Sire, the wisdom of all the ages declares that to *deserve* a thing is more powerful with God than to command it."

A Happy New Year, everybody! It's yours—if you strive to attain it.

THE CHAP WHO SAYS there are parts of this country where news of the depression has not yet reached must have been referring to the cemetery.

A MISSOURI DOCTOR DECIDED to forgive his patients who owed him money. So he published their names, with the amount of debt, in the community newspaper, 75 names each week.

Why Work Is Scarce Today

In order to head off some of the political spellbinders who may appear on the election horizon next year, we have fashioned a very simple reason for today's problem of unemployment. In the following brief rhyme you will learn the real reason why jobs are scarce. For . . .

Man once toiled in field and mart to earn some food and bread. But that was years and years ago, before he used his head. His hands were tired, his body sweat, his soul was filled with dreams, and so he started in to make some great and small machines.

"Machines will free my hands of toil; no longer will I brave the dangers of a former life—no more will I be slave."

Thus spake mankind. That's why, my friend, in Nineteen Thirty-one, man could not find a job to do—his working days were done. The moral of this is, you see, if you life would not spoil, just to refuse to make your dreams turn into great and small machines that cheat man from his toil.

An Advertising Parable

Here is a new parable with a moral pointing the value of persistent advertising:

A husband, arriving home at night, asked his wife: "How long, Mary, since I began calling you Mary?"

She replied, puzzled: "Why, you've always called me Mary!"

"Well, that's the way it seems to me, too, remarked the husband, thoughtfully, "but after all we weren't children together. We did meet somewhere or other, and there must have been a 'Miss' and 'Mr.' period, although for the life of me I don't know when. Do you?"

The wife impatiently answered: "I don't know and don't care. Come, hurry; we're late now."

And that's the whole of the parable. It is used by the editor of the Woman's Home Companion, however to show what advertising does for a product of merit. Makes people call it by its first name. Creates friendships so deep that people can't even remember when they really began.

"Check up on this parable sometime," suggests an advertising man. "When did you first meet the dentifrice, the cereal, the packaged or canned foods, the toothbrush, the soaps, the toilet articles and dozens of other products whose names have become household words? When were they first introduced to you? You've forgotten: they've always been 'first-named friends,' it seems. You never called them 'Miss' or 'Mr.'"

SOON THERE WILL BE NO ANGLE from which to look at a woman. Fashion decrees that curves are coming back. Any corset manufacturer will tell you that you cannot stay the feminine figure from an inclination to plumpness.

"THIS IS THE HARDEST JOB I've tackled since I signed up for this team," exclaimed the Sing Sing fullback as he made after the slippery footpad on the opposition eleven.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

THERE'S a piece of my California that's like no other land in all the world. It is the Mendocino coast, that is bare and rocky, swept by storm.

Marshall Maslin

All along the way a little road twists incredibly in and out of the cliff. To the left is the sullen sea and the rocky headlands and on those gaunt fingers that point to the west, sheep that look like little moving boulders crop the short grass, and sure-footed Holstein cattle browse and ruminate and know not why. To the right are the high hills and the redwoods, and it is there that the deer of California run free and hide and break over the more and spring most lightly up the slopes.

The fog climbs the river ravines and scales the heights and drinks of it and grows taller. It's a strange, a stalwart, country and hardly one you're likely to be thinking about at Christmas time.

But Christmas was there, long before the Russians came down to it from the north and the Spaniards came up to it from the south and Anglo pioneers came over to it from the east and took it for themselves. Christmas was here among the Indians who fished from those rocks and did their subtle best to slay those wary deer. . . . The tribes were cousins. And in the late fall of a year more than half a century ago, this boy became aware that the Indians were having a great celebration. They were talking and dancing and talking and there was a great party of them. The Indians, not noble Indians, had come over the mountain and joined in a feast with their cousins. They came carrying great bundles. . . . After the feasting they went away, leaving their bundles behind, saying nothing of them. In those bundles were the entire food supply of the coast tribe—their dried fish, their dried meat, their gathered acorns—all they had worked to achieve in the hot summer months. They added their food supply to the food of the valley tribe and went back to their bleak coast to face the winter, to face short rations, to face hunger until spring came again to California.

And no one among them thought it odd that they did this. For, the next year, the Indians from the valley would carry their winter rations to the coast and with as little fuss and as little ceremony leave their possessions with their cousins—and then go home to face their meager winter. No one could explain why the Indians did it. They had always done it, it was the right thing to do, and so it was always done. It was mad, it was foolish—but just the same it was splendid.

It was not Christmas, exactly, for those poor Californian Indians never had heard of Christ, but it had, deeply within it, the very giving spirit of Christmas. And I know—all of us know—that there is no Christmas anywhere unless it partakes of that same madness, that same wild and selfless generosity that made those simple Indians give all they had to their cousins and then turn to face the wintry storms with empty hands but happy hearts.

And if none of us alive this day can understand those Indians, we do know that there was One who lived on this earth a long time ago and He would have understood them and their ways. Because He gave Himself as easily and as selflessly as those savages gave of their store of acorns—and it was His giving that makes His birthday so precious to us today.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Swear off.
January 1882.
Happinooyere.
Turn over a new leaf.
New Year's Ball tonight.
Now you pay 4 percent on taxes after Jan. 1, 1882.

Tonight George E. Daines gives his usual New Year's Ball and as usual we predict a full house and lots of fun.

Miss Olia Pickering of Franklin was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain for a Christmas present by her father, Mr. Cooper Pickering.

Mrs. H. A. Randall was the happy recipient of a magnificent gold watch and chain from her husband on Christmas. "Gus" never does things by halves.

We want a telephone to Detroit. That's just what we want now, and we will jump up and subscribe for it at the rate of $10 a year, and where is the next one?

Bennie Converse fell through the ice on Stanley's pond on Monday last, and was valiantly rescued by a young son of Dr. Truscott. Ben was "awfully afraid that the happenstance would get in the paper," so he brought the time in himself.

A bob sleigh which was leaning up against the wall in Olney's blacksmith shop, fell down on Monday morning last and frightened the team of Mr. George Jackson, which was hitched in the shop, and they came out of there as if they had been sent for on important business. No damage was done, but Mr. Jackson's team made excellent time toward Southfield but were stopped before they reached home.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

'Tis colder.
Almost time for that January thaw.
Have you noticed that the days are getting longer?

"There are 14 ways to Hell," says the Rev. W. R. Newell, and he might have added that the transportation facilities are pretty fair on all of the routes.

There are many striking examples of the value of good roads. Wherever roads have been permanently improved it has been found that there has been a very great increase in value of the adjacent property.

All conductors and motormen on this division of the D. U. R. have a warm spot in their hearts for Ashley Pond and wife, the generous couple having remembered "the boys" with a dollar each for Christmas.

The merchants in Birmingham will do themselves proud and confer an everlasting favor on the farmers who come in from the west, by fixing up the watering trough at the handle factory. It has been talked of for some time by the village authorities but somehow or other, they don't get at it and the farmers need it.

The Xmas tree with the preliminary program for the little folks, was an entire success at the M. E. Church on Christmas Eve. Corlis Shatwell, as Santa Claus, kept the children and all happy, and with the exception of a few misplaced candy bags, all went merry. Arms full and pockets full of presents and hearts full of good cheer.

FIVE YEARS AGO

With 2,060 students registered in the Birmingham schools at the close of 1926, Superintendent Clarence Vliet anticipates a registration of 2,700 by the end of 1927. This year's total is greater by 300 than last year's he said.

"At the rate Birmingham is growing now, I believe the population will reach 12,500 by 1928." Mr. Vliet explained, "we estimate that one in every five persons is a school child."

A bright past and an even brighter future.

This is the attitude toward Birmingham of its business and professional men as one of its most successful years draws to a close and prosperity continues to come to the village. Merchants in Birmingham during 1926 have experienced unusual sales. Figues released by the Birmingham Credit Bureau indicate an increase of more than $1,000,000 in gross sales over the preceding year.

A carload of horses and the full pack of hounds will accompany the members of the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club when they leave for Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, to hunt fox for six weeks.

A Board of Commerce for Birmingham within the next year.

This is the slogan of village business men according to E. W. Lackie, secretary of the Credit Bureau, who declares every effort is to be made to have the institution materialize before another new year.

Natural growth of Birmingham resulting from the completion of the greater part of the Wisner Woodward paving and the desire of persons to live away from their business is given as the reason for Birmingham's prosperity to be continued throughout 1927.

Circulation for the first 11 months of 1926 at the Baldwin Public Library reached a figure higher by over 3,000 than the total circulation for the year 1925.

Two Of A Kind

A farmer whose place adjoined a golf club was taking a short cut across the course when the club's worst player was addressing the ball. The dub player wagged his driver to and fro for several minutes, missed four swings and finally managed to hit the ball about a dozen feet. Then he glanced up and saw the farmer. "I say," he protested, "only golfers are allowed on this course, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," replied the farmer. "But don't worry, I won't say anything, if you don't."

EUROPE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

The Other Chap Says Something—

PROFITABLY UTILIZING LEISURE TIME

A few years ago, certain publishers of educational books waged an intensive advertising campaign to tell the public what great things an individual could do by devoting fifteen minutes a day to this, that, or the other thing. The advertisements were intended to sell books, but the thought they expressed was worthy of repetition for unselfish purposes.

When Richard H. Waldo, president of McClure Newspaper Syndicate, told a Spokane audience recently that many world problems could be solved in leisure time, he had no books to sell. He had no selfish thought behind that statement. It is a fact that nearly all of the great accomplishments of the past were conceived in leisure moments; and it would be merely a repetition of history if some person enjoying an hour of leisure would conceive a thought which would lead to the solution of our present day problems.

It is possible to acquire an education in fifteen minutes a day. Three hundred and sixty-five such periods would be ninety-one hours and fifteen minutes. In ten years one would have devoted to study 912 hours and 30 minutes—more time than a college graduate has spent in class rooms. And this study, because of the short periods in which intense concentration would be maintained, would be far more productive than the average college course.

It was brief periods of study, oft repeated, that produced minds which we hold in reverence today. It was leisure turned to creative effort that produced some of the greatest gems of music which have lived through the centuries. It was the dreams of leisure moments, turned into productive action, that built most of our great industries.

Leisure—the minutes when fancy is free and the body idle—is the fundamental thing behind every progressive movement the world has ever known.

But there is another side to the thought. A man can become a thief, a drunkard, a dissipated rascal in his leisure moments. The moments which might be devoted to lofty dreams are much more often—much more easily—devoted to degenerating activities or to just plain idleness. But though the majority of our people abuse their leisure, it does not necessarily follow that leisure is bad.

A few leisure moments devoted each day to constructive thinking soon show their effect in increased mental capacity of the thinker. It is just as easy to advance as to retrograde. And the average person needs only a brief period of guidance to make constructive application of leisure a pleasure.—S. A. Wickware, Editor Times, Priest River, Idaho.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Frank Elsie called our attention to the following article which appeared in one of his tailoring magazines. It is pretty good dope and the kernel of thought a keen one:

"One of the most persistent advertisers in the history of success was Robinson Crusoe. He knew what he wanted—a ship—and he put up an ad. for one. He flung a shirt on a pole, at the top of his island; that, in the language of the sea, was plain to every seafaring man.

"The circulation was small—there was no other medium—but Crusoe kept at it despite the fact that he got no inquiries for a long time. He changed his copy—as one garment after another was frayed out and in the end got what he wanted.

"Suppose Crusoe had taken down that signal after a time and declared "Advertising doesn't pay.' Where would he and his story be now?

"Put up your signal and keep it there. Crusoe advertised under very discouraging circumstances. You've got a sure thing—it is only necessary to have the patience, persistence and pluck of Robinson Crusoe—and the good ship "Better Business will soon tie up 'long side your pier."—Grand Ledge Independent.

YOUTHFUL NOTABLES

Foreign Minister Grandi, who made such a favorable impression during his stay in the United States, has been a leading figure in Italy for several years, although he is now only 35. His youthful ability has been the subject of much comment, and has recalled notables of the past who attained great fame at an early age, a few of which may be mentioned.

Alexander the Great had conquered virtually the entire known world before his death at the age of 32.

William Pitt became prime minister of England at 24.

Viscount James Bryce finished his great historical work, "The Holy Roman Empire," before he was 24.

Ruskin wrote "Modern Painters" at 24.

Michaelangelo did his statue of David at 26.

Keats died at 25, Shelly at 30, and Bryon at 36.

Newton was only 24 when he formulated the law of gravitation.

Hume shocked the Christian world with his writings before he was 28.

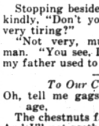
Mendelssohn wrote the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," including the famous wedding march, at 17.

All these, and many more illustrate in greater or less degree that elusive quality called genius, which neither science nor philosophy has ever satisfactorily explained.—Tuscola County Advertiser.

Jest For the Fun of It

RUNS IN THE FAMILY

While crossing a common an old woman noticed one of those men who go around jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up.



Stopping beside him she said, kindly, "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not very, mum," replied the man. "You see, I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."

To Our Comedians

Oh, tell me gags that droop with age,
The chestnuts father knew,
And I'll not seethe in sullen rage
And itch to strangle you.
Bring on your jokes, the ancient ones,
That Mikes have told to Pats,
But spare us any further puns
About "Eugenic" hats!
Continued slams, continued slaps
At Fashion's queer decree
Will put no feathers in your caps
As Kings of Comedy.
Your fickle public soon will start
To put you one the skids
Unless you comics have a heart
About "Eugenic" lids!
—Arthur Lippmann in "Judge"

Famous Firms
Hither & Yon

Keeping Up Appearances

Mr. Close—Since we are going to move, we can be satisfied with a used car.

Mrs. Close—What do you mean?

Mr. Close—The new neighbors won't know but what we were the ones who used it.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland:

"Government is just as fallible as the fallible men who run it."

Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War:

"If another World War breaks out the dawn of the dominance of the yellow or black race will be in sight, for the dominance of the white race will be ended by suicide."

Vickie Baum, authoress:

"I did not meet Greta Garbo. Nobody can; she's too shy."

Dorothy Dix, newspaper writer:

"Married couples do not go into conferences, they go into battle."

John Dewey, philosopher:

"Learn to act with and for others while you learn to think and judge for yourself."

Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture:

"If the stock market ever was the barometer of business, it is not a thermometer registering the temperature of cold feet in high places."

Wm. G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury:

"The primary cause of all wars in modern times is economic strain and that in turn is the result of intense financial and commercial competition."

Tsuyoshi Inukai, new Japanese Premier:

"Why, we wouldn't take Manchuria as a gift. We'd have to look after and protect all those 30,000,000 Chinese—and feed them."

Ogden Mills, under-Secretary of the Treasury:

"Alarmists and scandalmongers who talk of the United States going off the gold standard should be pilloried on the Sub-Treasury steps."

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. Letters must be limited to 500 words.

Liked Christmas Editorial

To the Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation of your splendid Christmas editorial in The Eccentric of Dec. 22. It is hard to value such editorials in dollars and cents. But, if I should venture a guess, I would say it was well worth the price of The Eccentric for one year.

JOHN McCARROLL
431 Park street

Attention "Protectus" and Others

Letters intended for publication in this column must be signed with the full name and address of the author. This information will be kept confidential upon request, but it must be furnished for the protection of the editor.

Our Scrap Book

HOW TO SAY "PEPYS"

This John Pepys (Samuel Pepys' father) was a tailor who lived in St. Bride's Churchyard off Fleet Street, two hundred yards or so west of the City boundary at the old Fleet Ditch. The obscure London tradesman came of substantial middle-class stock, with origins at Cottenham in Cambridgeshire. A fourteenth century Pepy's was a protege of an abbot of Crowland, or Croyland, who had migrated to Huntingdonshire from Scotland. Samuel's cousin Roger told him of a document recording twenty-six householders of the name in Cottenham during Elizabeth's reign. No less than seventeen spellings of the name have been noted. In the Cottenham registers I find what appear to be Pepis, Pepyes, and Pepys. It is clear in any case that there was no family uniformity in the matter, and the same thing no doubt applied to the pronunciation of the name. Samuel, it is reasonably certain, called himself Pepys. Mr. Edward Hoare has recently discovered that in the books of his bank, where Samuel had an account, the name is spelt Pepies, and puts this in as evidence that the pronunciation was Peppis. A rhyme of 1675:

Him I must praise, who opened hath my lips,
Sent me from Navy, to the Ark, by Pppys,

suggests also that someone called him pips. But it is common enough even for acquaintances to be erratic about a difficult name, and the evidence as to Samuel's own use is sufficient. There are three sources of unbroken tradition—the descendants of his sister Paulina, the Sandwich family, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, all are unequivocally for Peepa. The family had an agreeable taste in nomenclature. John's father was Thomas, who, having a brother called Thomas also, was distinguished as Thomas the Black from Thomas the Red. John, further, had an uncle Talbot who became Recorder of Cambridge in 1624, and, better still, an uncle Apollo.—John Drinkwater, in "Pepys: His Life and Character."

ParaLafs

Same Here

Dr. Millikan, the scientist, has resumed his experiments in California to determine the speed of light. All we know is that it usually gets here too soon in the morning.—New York Evening Post.

Maybe

Perhaps the trouble is not so much the hardness of the times as the softness of the people.—Buffalo Courier-Express.

He Is

"I trample everything underfoot to reach my objective," says a fiction detective. So he's the guy that comes in late when we have an aisle seat.—Publishers' Syndicate, Chicago.

Not A Clue

We struggled through four new detective novels over the week-end, without coming across a clue as to why they were published. —Detroit News.

Can't Be

Business can't be as bad as we thought it was, when business men have so much time to devote to worrying over whether a golf ball weighs 1.62 or 1.55 ounces. —Judge.

Might Work

Looks like shoes the only way to insure preservation of wild flowers of this country is to cross them with poison ivy.—Ohio State Journal.

Who They Are

College heroes are young athletes who work their heads off so their coach can get a job that pays more money.—Los Angeles Times.

Sure

The wealth of the average American has been placed at $2,977, indicating that quite a few average Americans have been shortchanged.—Miami News.

Depends On She, It Do.

Lifting the face may have its good points, but it never has been able to arouse the interest that raising the hem of the skirt did. —Cincinnati Enquirer.