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THURSDAY, JULY 9, 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 publishers.

The Prism Of The Dawn!

Would you visit the greatest art gallery in the world, and marvel at the loveliest sky paintings that ever adorned the walls of earth? Then rise early in the morning and observe the spectrum of the sun, as it reveals its colorful self in the prism of the dawn! If you can, choose a morning when the eastern sky is partially camouflaged with clouds—and then just feel like bursting with sheer love for life as the white o' the Earth's Lantern daubs the racing, vaporized raindrops with the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red that it eternally mixes together in its celestial paintpot. To stand before such a colorful scene makes it well nigh impossible to enter the walls of the day without renewed courage, and a grateful heart. One of the things we hope to teach Billy, John and Susan is an appreciation of the art gallery of the sky.

What Are Governors For?

Recently we listened to Governor Wilber Marion Brucker tell a group of newspapermen that he finds certain types of criticism helpful. He admits that some of the criticism that comes his way is hurtful—not only from the standpoints of politics, but that some of it is manifestly unfair and is, therefore, wrongfully directed toward him. No doubt this is correct. As a lawyer, though, the Governor must recall how he, while prosecuting some prisoner, he resorted to exaggeration and fiction to win his case.

But speaking of justifiable criticism, just read these words recently published by Murl H. DeFoe, Charlotte editor, following comment which he received from a friend—with Governor Brucker as the target:

Friday, April 17th, our idealistic young governor welcomed beauty queens at his office at 11:00 A. M., flew to Detroit to attend the air show; flew back to Howell to speak at the dedication of the new sanitorium wing; flew back to Detroit in the evening to attend a banquet; motored to Pontiac to another blowout—all after 11:00 a. m. and while the legislature was struggling with legislation to relieve Michigan's financial plight.

Good God, what are we electing in this day and age—a Grand and Glorious Exhibit A for the peons and the proletariat to gaze upon in wonder—that, or have we earnestly hoped for a capable, honest and efficient executive who will possess sufficient leadership to advise and guide those representative citizens known as the Legislature (and they are representative) in solving pressing problems?

In this criticism I make no claims to wisdom nor any suggestions of solutions—merely that men cannot, regardless of their ability, court the plaudits of the thousands and at the same time remain in their offices and give proper attention to the business at hand.

Relatively Speaking—

Ever hear the story of the chap who, because of certain tie-ups with his relatives, lost his mind trying to figure out his place in the universe? Visited at the asylum, to the question of how he was sent there for keeping he replied:

"It all started when I married a widow with a grown-up daughter. Then my father, being a widower, married the daughter. That made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son; my wife also becoming the mother-in-law of her father-in-law.

"Then my step-mother had a son, who was my brother, being a father's son; but as the boy was the grandson of my wife, he was also my grandson.

"Then my wife and I had a son. My father's wife is my son's half sister and also his grandmother. Now, it is easy to see that my father became my step-son by marrying my step-daughter. Therefore, being my father's father, I am my own grandfather—"

The visitor stopped the lunatic at this point, thoroughly satisfied as to why he went crazy.

EVERY 21 DAYS the water content of your body (and you are supposed to be 93 per cent water) is completely changed, a learned doctor says. Would this offer any solution for the human inclination to change's one's mind so often? The same medic declares that the iron in your body is changed every ten months; he is still determining the inclinations of the brass.

LIFE IN THE RURAL SECTIONS of America holds more of life's eternal verities, beneficial happinesses, than ever before. And many, many persons are turning back to the sod in the human effort to find God.

IN THIS AGE OF RAPID transportation, continents have become merely neighborhoods. Well, with more and more people up in the air, is there any mystery to the quarrelling?

Backbone Or Wishbone?

Some one has said that "this depression is turning many backbones into wishbones."

The depression did not do this. The easy times which preceded it were responsible for the great softening. Jobs for the asking; profits for the picking; the "new era" thought of wealth without much work.

As a matter of fact, these recent strenuous months have been gradually changing wishbones back into real backbones. Depressions cure or kill.

Hard times have always fostered American progress and strengthened American character. Witness the bloody years of travail which made and preserved us a nation. Witness the winning of the West by our pioneer forefathers. It was not done through "easy times." Money they had not; hunger, danger and discomfort dogged their footsteps. It was a red-letter day to them that was without its quota of real privation. Yet they won through. They had backbone—not wishbone.

And we, their descendants, are baffled and bewildered by the fact that we have more money, food, comforts and conveniences than we know what to do with. A state of overproduction? Shades of our grandfathers!

All that we need today is more backbone and less wishbone. There is no use or hope in waiting for an individual Moses to lead us out of the wilderness. If our forefathers had waited for that they would not have got west of the Mississippi. Dynamic individualism, not the static grouping and groping of collectivism, will bring us through.

Individual backbone, courage and action are what we need today. And we need it in industry as much as elsewhere. Backbone to refuse to sell below cost; courage to replace obsolete equipment with better machinery; aggressive action in advertising and selling our products.

Backbones are stiffening. Already we can see some signs of better times peeping through the clouds of depression. Economic hardships are bringing back to us our heritage of courage. All that we need now to win through is ACTION.

Buying backbone, individually exercised now by the thousands of influential readers of this message, is all of the leadership we need to bring us out of the wilderness. And the most constructive buying, today, is represented in the replacement of obsolescent industrial equipment.—Iron Age.

The Center Of A Circle

Whether the average man or woman lives in a great city, or a rural "four corners," there is an inherent urge to seek the center of the circle in which we live and move. This urge is another name for ambition. Back of ambition, however, are many human motives, some of them vain and foolish. It is a large matter of human record that a person who seeks to be the center of his circle just for the sake of boosting himself, unmindful of real service to others, may attain the center of the ring, all right—but instead of being the hub around which the circle revolves and from which it gains the strength to be held together, the selfish one is merely a period within an endless line. There is, isn't there, a vast difference between being the center of a human circle and a mere period within an endless line!

Your Proudest Possession

Your credit standing. The man who has discounted every bill since he went into business has a two-inch chest expansion more than he would have if he hadn't.

There is pleasure in fishing, joy in drinking lemonade and such, congeniality in song, happiness in good companionship,—but all together they cannot hold a candle to the inner peacefulness and serenity that come to a man who discounts his bills.

If you don't believe it—but of course you do, because you have always discounted every bill. (Pardon just a moment, the Frigidaire is boiling over.)

Punching Mr. Barleycorn

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of those who are prohibitionists because they are dry by nature, here's a courageous bit of feeling from Illinois' Governor, Louis Emmerson: "If the Eighteenth Amendment and its attendant legislation through ineffectiveness produced the bootlegger, the speakeasy, and the illicit still, surely these and other evils cannot be destroyed by wiping out all State restraint. We cannot cure individual disregard for law by State disregard for the Federal Constitution."

HENRY FORD'S EXPERTS are experimenting to ascertain if they can't use more of the farm products as materials for his motor cars. He now makes the steering wheel out of straw and is trying out canteloupe and pumpkin pulp for some other parts. George English suggests, in his Huron County Tribune, that Ford cause "Hogs' squeals and the cow's bawl to be bottled up to take the place of the electric horn." To which we would add: take the prunes off the front seats of some of your cars, Mr. Ford, and tan their hides for wreckless driving.

RECENTLY WE CAME ACROSS this splendid morsel of thought: "To overcome inertia, it is first necessary to realize that there is no tomorrow. Tomorrow is always one day ahead of us. If we live to be a hundred, or a thousand, or a million, we shall never be any nearer tomorrow than we are at this moment. There is no time but now. Herein lies a paradox—the only way to get ahead of tomorrow is to start today."

SOME HAPPY SOUL penned these words: A little more praise and a little less blame, a little more virtue, a little less shame, a little more thought for the other man's rights. A little less self in our chase for delights. A little more loving, a little less hate—are all that is needed to make this world great.

MICHIGAN'S UNIVERSITY at Ann Arbor recently granted 1,990 degrees in its annual graduation exercises, held on Ferry Field. With so many "degrees" on its campus, one would almost expect things to sizzle and boil—yet this does not account for the students who are as yet half-baked.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN citizen, rich and poor, pays annually $105 in taxes. The Federal government takes $33.00, the state $15.00, and local units get the remaining $57.00.

..EX-NTRIX

("Science may teach man how to eat the transparent wrappings of his cigars in a diet experiment which will begin at Cornell University."—Associated Press).

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Vanderlip
As she looked in the cupboard door;
"Hubby, dear, come here at once—
You've got to run down to the store.

"I know the storm's getting worse outside;
I know it's a dreary night;
I know the left front tire is flat;
And that none of the lights will light.

"Nevertheless, you've got to go—
Don't kick! Never mind the rain!
The Wellington-Wards are coming to dine,
And we're out of cellophane!"

CLOSE OBSERVATIONS

By A. MUSTARD

624 Birminghamites Can't Be Wrong

Question: "What is meant by Wider Woodward?"

97 thought it was the name of a river.

85 thought it was a game played with a shuttlecock.

67 thought it was the name of a candy bar.

64 thought it was a fat man.

40 thought it was a new oil burner.

47 thought it was a cigarette ad.

39 thought it was a new mouth wash.

36 thought it was a corset.

41 thought it was a new religion.

30 thought it was a planet.

27 thought it was a bathroom fixture.

25 thought it was a state law.

21 thought it was a secret formula.

9 thought it was a questionable magazine.

3 thought it was a fifth dimension.

1 thought it was a relation of Mussolini.

1 thought it was a highway.

Next, 10 highly intelligent people were asked: "Why should Wider Woodward be wider than Wider Woodward and, if not, why should Wider Woodward be less wider than Wider Woodward?" Answers:

"Well, if that's the case, Hoover will be re-elected."

"Can you beat it! And I was sucker enough to bet on Stribling."

"I'm going to send my kid there next year."

"No, thanks, the paper boy brings it to the house."

"That's too bad. I suppose it means an operation."

"No, my husband doesn't drink nor smoke."

"Why don't you apply at the Welfare for help?"

"Serves her right. Why doesn't she pull her shades down?"

"I wouldn't sign a night for my mother-in-law."

"I'm going to trade her in soon."

CONCLUSION: Wider Woodward.

If they were us, those people in New York would be a little bit more cautious about those fellows Post and Gatty. Haven't they already given the whole world the run-around?

* * *

Shown here is a recent photograph of D. Donald Doormat, of Tall Grass, Mo., taken after only 2,431 applications of Herr Hairy's Hair Restorer. Two years ago Donald didn't have a hair on his head. Well, not more than three or four, anyway. And now look at him!

By using this famous tonic—endorsed by such persons as Stranger Lewis and the Late Knute Rockne—you, too, can look like this. Give it a try. It also makes a very fine beverage in hot weather when mixed with lye, rye dye and organ juice. Just feed it to the baby and watch its soothing effect! (Adv.)

* * *

Add Coo-Coos

The guy I'd like
To carve in two,
Is the bloke who always
Chirps, "Sez you!"

* * *

"Love, honor and play the fiddle"
Husband Not Violinist;
Wife Gets Divorce
—Newspaper headline.

SALLY'S SALLIES

Girls can't go much farther with bathing suits unless they go into the water.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Frank Durkee hands us the boss garden corn stalk. It measures over nine feet in length.

Our reading room is in full blast and has two daily papers besides other popular periodicals.

If someone we know of don't quit milking their neighbor's cows, they will hear something drop.

Barnum advertises a giant ox, a giant horse and a giant Chinaman. P. T. evidently thinks the times are out of giants.

Miss Mary McCracken of Southfield and Miss Libbie Lee, both graduates of the Ypsilanti Female Seminary are home from school.

Con Hoffman of Pontiac left for Europe last week for a two years' study under the musical masters of the old world.

A vehicle belonging to Mr. Hartrick was wrecked in front of Irving's house on the evening of the 4th. Too much fizz and bang.

Another lot of those ladies' trimmed hats at 50 and 75 cents. Great reduction on all hats and bonnets, and a fine variety to select from. T. F. Freeman.

One day last week A. T. H. Blumberg and Louie McBride were making excavations in a gravel pit on the McBride farm, they came across a ghastly, grinning, human skeleton, and the boys were at a loss to know what to do with their grim discovery. The form of the skeleton was perfect and intact, but as soon as it came to the air it crumbled to pieces.

The men proceeded with their work and one after another 12 skeletons were unearthed all lying in a row face down, with the exception of one small one, evidently a child which lay at the feet of the larger skeletons. The high cheek bones and prominent and well defined chins lead us to believe that they are the remains of Indians.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Birmingham has passed another Fourth and no damage done for which we are truly thankful.

Campers are out in great numbers from our village in their respective cottages by the lakes and are enjoying life greatly.

The R. F. D. boys of our postoffice celebrated the 4th in royal shape over the news that beginning in January, 1907, they are to have 15 days vacation with pay to go on. One of the carriers is overjoyed to think that after six months they are to have a vacation and advises the boys to save their money and get ready for the snap.

Lyman Richards of Troy has a record for hunting in that vicinity. A short time ago while out hunting he killed five skunks at one shot, while a sixth fell prey to a second bullet. The genus Mephitis were half grown and lying in a huddle when found by Mr. Richards.

Away from the Canal Zone, Panamania, from Empire F. O. comes a ticket good for one meal and an invitation from C. S. Brush to come and dine with him. Wish we could. As a note on the card says "not good for drinks," we can't really see any need to go.

A friend to town improvements told us confidentially the other day that if the powers at the M. E. Church would mow the high grass around the edifice and move the hitching posts from along the east side of the church, the great improvement would almost tempt him to "jine in" and be a Methodist. Let's do it. What do you say?

FIVE YEARS AGO

Arrests for violations of traffic and signals reached a high number over the holiday period of the last week. One officer alone, C. J. Green, made 11 speeding arrests and 13 signal violation arrests. The two days Sunday and Monday broke all past records for Birmingham, over 3,000 machines passing the Maple and Woodward intersection each hour.

Through the co-operation proffered by the publicity committees for the $415,000 bond election set for July 29, The Eccentric is this week enabled to present cuts depicting the interior of the $40,000 proposed fire hall. This building is to share a portion of the municipal site which the village plans to purchase either through general taxation or through bonding Birmingham for the sum of $200,000.

At a meeting of the Village Players last night, plans for a new theater which it is hoped will be completed before the opening of their activities in the fall, were discussed.

Ray A. Palmer, resident of Birmingham for the past three years, has announced his intention of running for the school board in this district where vacancies will be created by the expiration of the terms of two present board members. These members, Roy Taylor and H. B. Clement, have delined to run for another term.

Since the floor plan of the proposed public library will play a very important part in the service which it will give to Birmingham in the years to come, sketches of the main and mezzanine floors are shown in this issue of The Eccentric.

Until further notice, residents of Birmingham will not be allowed to sprinkle their gardens or lawns, in compliance with a resolution passed by the Commission at its regular meeting Tuesday night. This drastic action has been necessitated by the dangerously low level reached by the wells now in use.

Will you be there?
at
Bates and Martin Sts.
TUES. OR WED., JULY 14, 15
Detroit Players Show
Big Tent Dramatic Offering

The Other Chap Says Something—

LIFE'S POT O' GOLD

A certain man, not rich as the world counts riches, had two children, whom he loved dearly, and for whom he craved the best that life has to offer.

"Since I cannot buy beautiful things for you," he told them, a little sadly, "I shall try to teach you to see and love Beauty wherever it exists in the world around you."

So he walked with them in the woods and fields and by the riverside, and showed them many marvels which they had looked at, but had never really seen before—the silver sheen of young oats; the intricately-woven cradle of the oriole; the bark of the crape myrtle, tinted like ivory; the slender sickle of the day-old moon.

The children's playthings, too, were lovely things; mussel shells, lined with mother-of-pearl; chaplets strung of polished ruby and amber seeds; the flowers and grasses that hide away from careless, tramping feet.

"We have few coins in our purse," the father would say, "but see the silver that rims the clouds before the sun; on the surface of the lake where the light touches it; on the under side of the green bay leaf. Was ever satin soft as the petals of the wild rose, velvet of so deep a pile as that of the mullen leaves?"

On winter evenings, the three found pictures in the embers, or talked intimately of the friends in the old books upon the shelves—shabby, but priceless. Best of all, they played the dictionary game, that made words come alive.

In the fullness of time, the father was called away. One who named herself a friend came to condole and advise. "I wish he had left you a large, fine home like mine," she said.

"Our house seems large to us," the daughters replied, "for it holds so many things of value."

"But," the visitor objected, "you have no handsome furniture nor silver, no fine paintings on the walls."

"Your pictures are but copies," the younger girl said, "Our western windows frame the originals of Turner's most gorgeous sunsets; oaks such as Rosseau loved to paint; a landscape lovelier than Corot's masterpiece. On the sycamore by our gate you may see mosaics more marvelous than the rarest product of Byzantine art."

"You talk nonsense," retorted the consoling one petulantly, as she rose to go. "At least you will admit that a legacy of money would have made you happy—comforted you in old age."

The older daughter looked at the caller in amazement, as she opened the door. "My sister and I are very happy," she said, softly, "and richer than anyone we know. When we were small children our father found for us the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow."—Columbia State.

"SOUL FORCE"

A clergyman remarked a few days ago, that the recent triumph of Mahatma Gandhi in winning concessions for India from the British government, was a triumph of "soul force." It was a demonstration that armed force is not the only power that rules the affairs of men.

Much could be written about what can be called the power of great souls. George Washington was such a great soul. His courage and inspiration won independence for America. While he could have done nothing without armed force, yet the armed force would have been paralyzed without his great soul. As time goes on great souls will depend less and less on armed force, and they will paralyze its power by their influence over the minds and wills of mankind.—Mt. Pleasant Times.

* *

ParaLaffs

* *

We Know It

Another difference between death and taxes is that death doesn't get worse every time the legislature meets.—Akron Beacon-Journal.

Me, I Can't Read

Among the hardest problems modern parents have to solve are those their sixth-grade kids bring home from school.—Virginia Pilot.

American Custom

The British cotton industry is trying to develop a collar that can be thrown away after using. Here we send them to the laundry first. —Portland Express.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Rabindronath Tagore, Indian nationalist poet:

"I have traveled different countries lately and everywhere I see signs of suffering caused by politicians."

George Jean Nathan, writer:

"Show me a man who, as the phrase goes, works himself to death, and I'll show you an unimaginative dolt."

Richard Whitney:

"The rumor has been developed to a point where it has almost become a national institution."

Grandma Pruitt, Lost Corner, Ark.:

"You kin make out if you got corn pone, but if you ain't, seems like you feel holler all the time."

Albert H. Brunier, Chairman, Chicago Civil Safety Committee:

"I don't think you will believe me when I give you his (Al Capone's) figures that the annual liquor bill for the United States is $8,000,000,000 and six billion goes for corrupting officials."

Annie S. Matthews, New York political worker:

"The only way to really have clean politics is to organize the parties on a business basis, with the local leaders as recognized executives, with a job and salary attached, and money to run the business and the necessary help to do the work."

Leon Trotsky, exiled Soviet leader:

"The potential preponderance of the United States in the world market is far greater than was the actual preponderance of Great Britain in the most flourishing days of her world hegemony."

Robert Horne:

"A public man is a traitor to his country who at the present time fails to tell the truth as he sees it."

Walter S. Gifford, president, A. T. and T. Co.:

"We are going to go forward by the thought and efforts of thousands of intelligent, able people—by the wisdom of the many."

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