BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 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.

County Taxation Problem

Here is something to make you be concerned over Oakland County's tax problems. On May 1 there was still a delinquency on the collection of winter taxes amounting to 48 per cent of the whole levy. That means that nearly one-half the taxes levied in Oakland County for state, county, road, drain, and other miscellaneous taxes (not including school taxes) have not been collected up to May 1. Oakland County is in the worst condition, financially, that it has ever been in, and needs the best aid obtainable to lead it to safety. We suggest that the various cities and villages, through their commissions and councils, cooperate with the board of supervisors and auditors to guard against a complete collapse. Taxation today is Oakland County's most serious problem.

The Legion In Politics

Speaking in terms of the machinery of practical politics, United States Congressman Seymour H. Person, of the Sixth Michigan District, told American Legion men here a few days ago that they will be ruling the country within ten years. Mr. Person is the person who last fall defeated Grant M. Hudson; Hudson is a dry person, whereas Person is for the persons who seek repeal of the 18th Amendment.

Thus, you observe, how politicians think so often—in terms of the next election. For Mr. Person is seeking to intrench himself solidly with the boys of the Legion; he believes that such an affiliation will be of especial value on election day. And he is quite right.

As a matter of fact, (and no Legionnaire will deny it) the Legion itself in its entrance into politics offers no greater panacea for the ills of government than any other group of our citizens. All the Legion can offer that other lesser groups cannot is the working machinery of a large group of people, to be used in the manner made possible by its leaders. As an organization, the Legion can do much or little for improvement in government, depending upon the quality of the candidates it presents and elects.

Under the splendid leadership of General Pershing, during the World War, the Legion brought a victory to the Allies in France. Under the proper leadership at home during peace time the Legion can bring about a great victory for good government.

The American Legion, as Congressman Person said, is a tremendous force in modern politics. It is to be hoped that within its ranks it will develop the type of leadership most beneficial to a better administration of our government.

From Father To Son

Up in Gladstone, Michigan, a few days ago, the father of little William Mottel was laid to rest. He had been a great worker for good things in Gladstone, including its youth activities. Joe Sturgeon, able young editor of Gladstone's Delta Reporter, penned, in his last week's issue, a personal letter, to be read to little Billy in 1946. The letter was the epitome of a fine regard of one man for another—the kind of words that any true son would be proud to learn fitted his father, and would serve as an inspiration to that father's son to "carry on." That was a beautiful letter, Joe. Your own soul is better for having written it.

The Barnum Pool

One thing that we would like to have explained is why is the swimming pool in the Barnum school closed this summer? It seems to us that this pool offers a practical course in life saving that far exceeds, in emergencies, the knowledge set forth in many of the other phases of the school curriculum. What is the use of educating a life if, when the ability to swim means the saving of your life, the life does not know how to swim, and drowns? It is true that the school must conserve its financial resources, we know; but why it has failed to provide a means of keeping the pool open this summer does not bring joy to a considerable portion of the people. In these arid days of prohibition this and prohibition that it would be most refreshing if some unit supported by the taxpayers' dollars would allow them to become wet.

BIRMINGHAM'S PRESENT POPULATION is estimated at 10,450, according to figures compiled by school officials, an increase over the 9,127 given out by the 1930 government census. The number of school children between five and 20 years of age is 2,935, an increase of 61 over a year ago. Which shows that this area continues to attract additional souls to its pleasant boundaries.

SOME HUMAN BEINGS get mad at one another in the business world and start in to fight—unmindful of their tactics. They are like many wild animals, such as deer, elk caribou, and moose, who fight so foolishly that their horns become interlocked, and both perish.

Brucker's Ability

You hear much talk these days about efficiency needed in state government. Efficiency and economy are the hand-maids of sheer ability. Governor Brucker has had very little experience in the conduct of private business as with most public officials, he was elected because he was advertised to an electorate that was duty bound to cast its vote for some candidate. So the mere attaining to the post of Governor does not automatically bring with it the ability to be efficient and economical. Governor Brucker is morally okey and possesses a real willingness to do his best. If he is wise in his choice of appointees and advisors, and is loyal to his every obligation, he ought to make good during his first term. But he will do well to learn that, in politics, one slip may spring into a fall.

Our Foolish, Little Day

We who inhabit the earth are, by the very nature of our being, unable to get a viewpoint upon life that will fit us into the panorama of Eternity. We are educated to think and believe that OUR LITTLE DAY is all that there is to Eternity; so we go about, from the cradle of our youth to the grave of our maturity, unmindful of the best of life's verities. We miss most of life as we live it.

As individuals, and as nations, we are largely a predatory, covetous species of human life. Happy is the person who, early in life, obtains a greater vision of life than a mere opportunity for physical pleasure and monetary profit. Most of us do have a time in early life when, as unsophisticated boys and girls, we enjoy a natural simplicity and unaffectedness that brings us into rhythm with the best in life. As we grow older we are thrust into the midst of an economic system that tends to shrivel our souls and make us unsympathetic toward the problems of our neighbors.

The real objective of organized religion is to our hearts and minds something of the trustfulness and faith of little children. Only in proportion to our willingness to "put off the old man," and to become regenerated with the attributes of unselfishness and sacrifice do we attain mature lasting happiness.

We are all plants in the earth's greenhouse; behind us is a PLAN of PERFECTION—for God certainly intended us to be happier than we are. All we need, in order to grow into the beauty of a full-bloom flower, is for the sunshine of Love to reach us through the greenhouse roof; if we smear the glass roof with selfishness, bitterness, intoleration, lust, hate, fear, and covetousness, we must not expect the SUNLIGHT to reach our wilting stalk and leaf.

God's LIGHT comes only through the clear glass of an open, receptive mind; like the love of a parent for its child, it comes best where it is wanted!

Boosting Michigan

Under the pleasing caption, "What A State!", C. W. Hungerford, advertising and news manager of the Michigan Bell Telephone Co., says some nice things about the Wolverine State in the June issue of The Michigan Bell, excellent monthly publication of his company. To evoke your enthusiasm, we reprint Mr. Hungerford's timely comment:

Michigan is a great state! Great in extent and in scenic beauty. Great in its natural resources and it industries. Great in its history, its traditions, and the character and spirit of its citizens.

Consider its mines and forests; its fertile fields and its productive orchards and vineyards; think of its beautiful lakes and streams; its diversified industries and its splendid educational institutions.

Michigan is a good place in which to live! Here Nature is kind. We are not visited with flood, drought or other disasters to any degree. Nowhere else can people work more profitably nor under better conditions than in Michigan.

And no state has more to offer to the tourist, whether from outside or within the state, than has Michigan. Our Company, through the advertising columns of the Michigan press, has steadily called attention to the advantages of Michigan as a vacation land.

We hold that it is in the interest of every concern and every individual in Michigan, first, to contemplate and appreciate the privileges and advantages of working and playing in Michigan and, second, to call the attention of others, both in and out of the state, to those facts, continuously and by every proper means that will contribute to the pleasure and profit of every individual, every business and every community.

Michigan is a great state to live in and a great state to visit!

It All Depends On You

The real material with which you build your career is within you.

Your own self is your greatest capital. The secret of your future development is locked up in your brain, in your nerves, in your muscles, in your ambition, in your determination, and in your ideal.

Everything depends on your physical and mental condition, for that governs your vitality, your vigor and your ability to do things.

The amount of physical and mental force you are able to use in your vocation will measure your ultimate success, and whatever lessens this force, or effectiveness of your achievement capital, will cut down your usefulness in life and your chances of success.

—ORISON S. MARDEN.

Union Church Services

Beginning next Sunday night, four of Birmingham's churches will join in union services for the months of July and August, with all services in the First Baptist church. Other churches in the annual get together are the United Presbyterian, the First Presbyterian, and the Methodist. The respective preachers will alternate in offering their own argument why human beings should join the indomitable Christian army.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION to our good friend George E. English, publisher of the Huron County Tribune at Bad Axe: get another picture of former Governor Albert E. Sleeper—the one you used last week was too boyish and unsophisticated to do your leading citizen justice.

EX-NTRIX

"Card playing is on the increase. During the 11 months of the fiscal year the stamps that go on each pack brought the government $4,553,700 or $59,693 more than during the corresponding period of the year before."—Associated Press.

You say that stocks are down? Well, what is that?
I've got a good hand here—I'll bid a spade.
Two clubs you say? Oh yes, I'd heard that said.
Had dropped a third or more.
My partner bids
Two spades? Good work! A raise is welcome as
The Dow's in May. Our hands do seem to match
Up well tonight. What's that?
The breadlines in
New York are getting longer?
Seems I'd read
That someplace, too. But I forget, you see,
Mine all I read. But let's get on. The bid
Is up to you. You bye? Then so do I.
Two spades? Egad! Why, we'll make game without
Half trying, partner. — Lay yours down.—Nice work!
That's what I call a real supporting hand!
Now,—what'd you say?—production's off two-fifths?
Yes, yes, I guess it is. But lead them out.
There now, the first trick's ours, and all the rest
Should follow for a slam. The cards appear
To lie just right for that. Now watch them fall.
Just so, but— oh my stars, look what I've done!—
Too bad!—I know the unemployment fix
Is getting worse and business on the rocks.—
But partner, look what awful thing has passed—
I've counted one suit wrong and lost a trick!

* * *

Rev. M. S. "Mike" Rice of the Metropolitan Methodist Church of Detroit is not only a good speaker, but a first class entertainer as well. Resorting frequently to an apparently inexhaustible supply of good stories, and adopting with success most of the laugh-producing tricks known to the vaudeville stage, he has the faculty of keeping an audience in constant good humor which makes it reasonable to believe that his talents, if spent in another direction, might have won him as much renown from behind the footlights as they have from the pulpit.

He was in especially fine fettle at the Baldwin High School commencement exercises the other night, when he gave a large and responsive audience not only a good speech but a good show in the bargain. Among the best of his stories was one you may have heard before, but which is good enough to bear repeating several times. It concerns George Bernard Shaw, and Shavian anecdotes are always good.

It happened, according to Rice, a few years ago when Babe Ruth was at the peak of his baseball glory and his name was on the tongue of every American in all 48 states. Knowing that Shaw's comment on the subject would be enlightening, somebody addressed this cablegram to the venerable Irishman: "What do you think of Babe Ruth?" The reply came back, collect: "Who is she?"

* * *

Mr. Rice also told of a comical though somewhat disappointing experience he encountered with a class of English schoolboys on the 4th of July a few years back. He had entered the classroom, he said, merely as a curious visitor, but the teacher had invited him to address a few remarks to the boys and he had gladly welcomed the opportunity.

He began by asking the youngsters if they knew what the significance of July 4 was to the United States. Getting no response whatever, he asked them if they had ever heard of anyone who was an American. It was several seconds, Mr. Rice said, before a young chap in the back of the room raised his hand, stood up and ventured the name of Buffalo Bill!

George Allan England, ex-author, has given up writing to start a chicken farm. He thinks there'll be more money in the latter occupation, and he's probably right because in the poultry business there are no little pink rejection slips to discourage the hens.

* * *

In Texas a man has invented an alarm clock that will, when it begins to ring, turn on the toaster and the electric stove and turn off the radio; and in Arkansas another man has invented another alarm clock that will also serve as a cigaret lighter and drinking fountain. With such ingenuity it seems they might get together and invent an alarm clock that would really make a fellow get up.

* * *

Rudy Vallee attributes part of his present success to the fact that when he used to wash the windows in his father's store he even cleaned the soap powder out of the corners whereas the clerks only washed the middle. "Those clerks are still in Maine," Rudy says. Probably getting three or four notes wrong every time they sing the "Stein Song."

* * *

And there'll probably be those persons mean enough to suggest that "well, perhaps Rudy WAS a good window washer."

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Schoolsxout!
Picnic today,
Holly will celebrate.
A thousand or nothing!
How do you like our style?

Put a rich man straddle of a mule and the long-eared villian will throw him just as quick as if he was a beggar.

Fisher of the Pontiac Enterprise seems to know more about the democratic business than he does about his own. Oh Charles!

Luther Stanley has been courting in Detroit for the past week or two—that is to say "the elder" has been serving his country in the capacity of grand juryman.

The advantage of a married man over a single one is that he can have a circus every day if he likes, while the latter can have one only once a year.

E. J. Kelly of ye "Bill Poster" fame smiled on us and took in our circus. Oh, by gum!—that we should ever have lived to see Pontiac people come to Piety Hill for a circus.

A pocket from "C," Isabella County, says that A. Bub Burns acquired the plug hat in that county during his late residence there; and that plug hats there are every day occurrences.

Miss Myrtle Wiley presented to us some of the largest, richest and handsomest strawberries we ever saw. They were on exhibition for a short time only. Mitchell's failing overcoming his fear of "Whitey" led him to annihilate them in a short time.

The old horse "Dexter" with whom everyone is so familiar, and who has passed through the vicissitudes of every horse for several years in the barns of James O. Beattie, was purchased by Kipp Opdyke recently for a family driving horse, and Dexter will probably appreciate the green pastures of the Opdyke farm.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Name the country home by all means but first name the county road. Not only name it, but let a few people on that road club together and post street signs at the corner.

Miss M. M. Howell will give free lectures to the ladies of Birmingham and vicinity on "Good Health and How to Get it." Come and hear and learn at the M. E. church Friday F. M., June 22. All ladies are cordially invited.

Editor Glaspie of Oxford has been to East Aurora, N. Y. He thinks Elbert Hubbard a prince of grafters and the Roycrofters a lot of suckers. Oxford never was much of a place to develop the esthetic. The town runs too much to base ball to appreciate the heaven-high art of binding old books and making iron gates by hand. Just the same, Glaspie proceeds to give Hubbard a column of free advertising, which goes to prove the soundness of Hubbard's theory, viz: That there will always be suckers to bite if the hook is properly baited. There always was a lot of fake in Hubbard and a lot of commercial shrewdness in his Roycrofter nonsense.—Pontiac Gazette.

The Eccentric does not endorse everything it hears, but the following story is too good to keep in the background. In a village not far away is a merchant who is close fisted and not overly honest. Recently while in Pontiac he purchased a showy castor for $1, which he took home, and after putting a tag on it marked $14, made a present of it to the preacher whose church he attended. The reverend gentleman was much pleased, but the next day he took it back to the merchant, and said to him, "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford a castor of so much value, and if you do not object I will take $14 worth of groceries instead." The best part of the story is that the slippery rascal was so rattled because a lot of wealthy customers present were praising his generosity, that he actually complied with the good man's request on the spot.

FIVE YEARS AGO

The Village Commission decided Monday night that Bloomfield Court is to be paved with 16 foot concrete and that the cost of the roadwork is to be born, one-sixth by the village and five-sixths by the residents of Bloomfield Court who will be assessed according to benefits.

Birmingham will lose its one and only Civil War veteran when Samuel E. Green of Brownell street, says goodbye to the village three weeks from today. He has just sold his property situated near the Shain terrace and the proposed theater site to Stanley Peabody, local ex-farmer.

The Daily Vacation Bible School, which is the result of an earnest desire on the part of the Sunday School board of the Methodist Episcopal Church to give the children of the community a systematic course of the Bible stories and instruction, is now fully organized and ready for the opening of the school.

Final graduation exercises in the Baldwin High School culminated last Friday evening in commencement program officially marking the closing of the high school career of 52 graduates.

With the aid of some 40 clergy assembled from points throughout this section of the state, the Rt. Rev. Herman Page, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, laid the cornerstone of the new Christ Church at Cranbrook, Monday afternoon.

What promises to be one of the biggest events in the history of the schools of Birmingham will take place here today and tomorrow at the first reunion of the pupils of the Hill School.

Subscribe to The Eccentric, $2 per year, two years for $3.50.

The Other Chap Says Something—

OSBORN AND THE FREE PRESS

The Detroit Free Press in Sunday's record breaking issue was the one we hadn't expected to see. We were happy to read that this person wrote but the best part of the story lies in the fact that the past—a two way affair—has been blotted out. Tom Navin, the old Detroit boss in his lifetime, was good enough to need Chase Osborn and the governorship. Directly after his election the Navin type machine ship was rebuked by the man who previously had been anxious to get it. Navin had been devoted to Osborn and was proud and happy in a friendship which seemed deep-seated and sincere. Some time later—or this denunciation of Navin may have come on the occasion we are about to mention—Governor Osborn was asked to a dinner at the old Hotel Ponchartrain. It was a dinner coat affair and men high in the political, legal and industrial leadership of Detroit including E. D. Stair, publisher of the Free Press, were among the guests. Governor Osborn walked to the threshold of the private dining room, looked in and returned to his hotel. The incident caused a sensation in political circles. For years the Free Press played down any news on Osborn. During the last senatorial campaign the news columns of the Free Press treated the Osborn campaign fairly. Mr. Stair has forgotten and Governor Osborn was invited to write and wrote, as only he can, a most generous tribute to the Free Press. No man in the recent political history of Michigan had anything like Osborn's political opportunity in a national sense. It is not too much to say that he might have been the party's candidate for president. The opportunity, whatever it amounted to, fell away like a house of cards after Gov. Osborn's affront to Mr. Stair. Social quarrels never heal. Good politicians always forget. In the light of these facts read over again Governor Osborn's tribute to the Free Press. —Murl H. De Foe in Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

THE DOG IS FATTER THAN THE WOLF, BUT THE WOLF BEARS NO COLLAR MARKS

Developments within the next ten or twenty years will, in all probability, require drastic changes in American customs and institutions.

It is therefore high time for the thinking people of America to begin the development of some plan that will save what is left of their liberties.

In all civilized lands, thoughtful people are watching with anxious eyes the vast economic and social experiment in Russia.

That experiment, by whatever name it is called, consists in mobilizing the whole people to work for a common end.

Its possibilities are almost unlimited. Try to imagine how greatly American production could be increased if all industries were organized under one management and all citizens required to work when and where they were needed.

Waste, lost motion and duplication of effort would be eliminated. Costs would be cut in half. And this nation, operating as a single vast factory, would be able to produce goods so cheaply as to undersell all competitors in the markets of the world.

That, in outline, is the thing that is happening in Russia.

But there is another side of the picture. Mobilization destroys freedom. Recently the authorities in Russia had need of more railroad workers. The call went out, and every man who had done railroad work—though now a doctor or lawyer—was required to leave the occupation of his choice and return to the road at wages fixed by the authorities.

It is a system tremendously efficient. You will recall having a taste of it when America went to war. It gets things done, but it absolutely destroys liberty. Americans endured it in the name of patriotism, but even yet they are running amuck to get the taste out of their mouths.

Will they endure it again, without a war, to meet the competition of Russia and other lands ruled by dictators?

Some changes must be made to meet that competition, else America will lose her foreign markets and the prosperity based on them.

But prosperity at the price of liberty is too dearly bought.

Life means something more than efficient production. Better a hungry freeman than a fat slave fed in a communal trough.

It will be a sorry day for America when the people surrender liberty in the name of cooperation. —Robert Quillen in Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.

ParaLaffs

Wonderful

Yes, golf is a wonderful game. It keeps a man's mind off the business that he's neglecting.—The Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

Defined

Wealth? That's the stuff you accumulate to make life pleasant for any ornery son-in-law.—The Akron Beacon Journal.

Fashion Note

Many of the fashionable divorce suits show yellow streaks.—The New Castle News.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Will Rogers, comedian:
"The whole honorary degree thing is the 'hooey.'"

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior:
"We could have prosperity tomorrow if the people would abandon this dead center in which they stand and begin to buy at once."

Frank B. Kellogg, International Court Judge:
"One of the greatest obstacles to business prosperity is excessive taxation, existing all over Europe as well as this country."

Floyd B. Olson, Governor of Minnesota:
"The promotion of any object, however meritorious, succeeds only through advertising."

William Henry, business manager, Duluth Herald:
"Never before have American newspapers been as dignified and trustworthy as they are today."

William Green, president, A. F. L.:
"Unemployment continues; buying lags; social unrest is increasing; human distress is becoming more acute."

Our Scrap Book

SEA BREEZE

Winds have advertisments to all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds at sea, and seawinds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi a Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.—John Muir, in "The Mountains of California."

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