BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)

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

Telephone 11 and 12.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

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

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 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 the 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.

Honest, Efficient Fitzgerald

If there is any single subject upon which The Eccentric likes to editorialize, it is commenting upon the virtues of an honest, efficient politician. When we stumble upon a man who, in the discharge of his official duty, thinks more of the public's welfare than his own, we like to tell the world about it; for such a gentlemen deserves commendation, public goodwill—which is, incidentally, the most substantial security he may obtain for his very political life. For the public, after all, is quite able to detect honesty and fairness in its officials.

Such a public official we believe Frank D. Fitzgerald, Secretary of State, to be. Many others feel the same as we do. For instance, read what Murl H. DeVoe, state editor of the Charlotte Republican-Tribune, in writing about the recent Republican state convention at Kalamazoo, says about Fitzgerald:

"Old time political friendships, and associations that have stood for a decade or more in Michigan politics, have been swept aside and forgotten in a new contest for state control. For example, Frank Fitzgerald, closer to Groesbeck perhaps than most any other man in Michigan, is now definitely and happily identified with the Green et al camp. Another reason for never harboring political hates. Today's mythical enemy may be tomorrow's bedfellow. Frank Fitzgerald is a perfect exhibit for this philosophy. No man in Michigan has more or stronger friends. He has played the game honestly, viz. his political 'yes' is everything the word means. That kind of a politician commands and holds respect which politically means influence and leadership."

Already, although only in office less than three months, "Fitz" has shown his outstanding qualities to the electorate in his treatment of the tasks that have been presented to him. He is courageous, and quiet; he is efficient, and effective; he is honest, and humble; he's a peach of a Michigander.

And, as long as he remains so, this little old newspaper is going to bat for him whenever, and wherever, it is necessary to do so.

The King And The Shirt

How does one become happy? Is happiness a static thing, stationary as a statue, or is it something that is always just around the corner? Can money buy happiness; does happiness attend fame?

Listen to the brief yarn of the old King who, desiring to be the earth's happiest man, offered his daughter and half his kingdom to the man who would find the earth's happiest individual, and bring back this happiest individual's shirt.

"All I require is that shirt to make me happy, too," believed the King.

So, after many days of wandering about the earth, a young Prince, hoping to win the daughter and half the kingdom, made his report thus:

"Your Majesty, I have searched far and wide, o'er the whole earth for the happiest man. I visited the homes of the mighty, the famous, the rich. I sought in vain for one who revealed in countenance and action the beatitudes of a happy soul. Finally, I found one."

"Then make hast to give me his shirt," commanded the King.

But the young Prince replied: "Sire, one day I wandered down in the poorer section of a great city, where money, fame and might are unknown as the world knows it; I came upon a one whose voice sang jubilantly of the things that were in a heart that overflowed with some strange alchemy of the soul, whose face was lighted by a fire not of the earth. 'Here,' said I, 'is a really happy man, I will go to him and buy his shirt.'

"When I brought forth my golden doubloons, and offered him a handful for his shirt, I found that he did not possess a shirt. He was so rich in spirit that he had neglected to obtain money enough to buy a shirt."

By the way, just what is happiness, and where shall one find it?

MICHIGAN AMERICAN LEGION officials are trying to have the Legislature adopt a bill requiring that elementary civics be taught all high school pupils, with the hope that they will become better citizens. Our own opinion is that good citizenship will never be attained merely by making encyclopedias of boys and girls; good citizenship comes when the heart is enjoined to the head. We know some people who are in possession of great gobs of parliamentary and other legislative information, yet who are poor citizens.

OUR STATISTICAL department, after 146 years of incessant research, reports that there are some people in Chicago who have never seen a human being get shot. We are now working on statistics to learn if Detroit has any citizens who have never seen a person half-shot.

A NEW YORK BANKER was promoted in Sing Sing prison the other day. He was taken from the coal pile and made a checker in the brush factory. Truly, the pen is mightier than the stock (ade).

The Glory That Grates

It is a social fact that the more people you herd up into one unit of government, the more inefficiency, misunderstanding, and inability to get along with one another you will find. It is, after all, somewhat difficult for one person to get along with himself, isn't it? Then why should we expect a mass of people, numbering hundreds of thousands and millions, to attain any great degree of efficiency in the administration of its affairs!

Take the case of Chicago, if you will, or of New York. Can you find in any place on this earth, a greater degree of inefficiency in the administration of either city's municipal affairs? Can you picture two greater caricatures than William Hale Thompson or Jimmy Walker, Chicago's and New York's mayors, respectively (if not respectfully.) Can you imagine any serious-minded private corporation willing to hire Jimmy Walker, who spends most of his time greeting celebrities or travelling about the country, or Bill Thompson, who bellers and brays like a jackass and supplements his own brays with a band?

New York and Chicago, for many years, have proved that when you get too many people paying taxes into a common coffer, you make it impossible for the prevention of some of those people's hands getting into the same coffer on the rebound. And from this travesty upon decent, efficient government, Detroit might well take heed, and stop its foolish desire to reach out and grasp more and more territory to its municipal bosom.

We do argue that there is no foolish waste of the taxpayers' money in what may seem like a certain amount of duplication in government; but we would point out to all who wish to merge many communities into one large one that the merger brings with it greater opportunities for corruption and graft—as any large American city may offer proof.

You can't create efficiency by herding too many people together under one municipal roof; like a great gathering of relatives at the reading of their uncle's last will and testament, there is bound to be a difference on opinion, and a scrap for the spoils.

Let's keep our municipalities within efficient operating bounds; let's keep them small enough to be able to observe and regulate their official activities.

Barber Shop Chords

The first musical invention was the human voice and few critics there are who will deny it is the greatest means of musical expression—worshipers of the Theremin and the musical saw to the contrary.

That the human voice, alone or in numbers, can also create more discords in less time than any single instrument, with the possible exception of a cheap radio set or a small boy taking his first lesson on the mouth organ, is another axiomatic statement few will debate.

But with the advance—or decline—in music through the promotion of jazz and meaningless "modern" harmonics and un-harmonics, America saw the gradual lessening of individual music strivings. No longer, except in a few rural communities, did lovely Millicent entertain her beaux with sentimental ditties, dragging the accompaniment out of an untuned upright piano by its very roots. No longer did "that old quartet" serenade on the street corners, or even in the privacy of Ed Rogers' parlor.

Everything is purchased at a price and we suspect that the abolition of that source of degradation—"the poor man's club"—cost the United States countless, amateur quartets. The loss was not immediately felt, however, probably because quartets had become so common that the really good quartets were drowned out in the general din of the excessively discordant ones.

Then, too, "the poor man's club" was transformed into a gloomy speakeasy where the silence was broken only by the tinkle of glasses and the unpleasant gurgle of water being mixed with liquid fire to produce that greatest of fallacies—the highball.

And as axiomatically true as the statement that everything is purchased at a price is the far older one—"There is good in all things." By which we mean: that as a result of the hard times the popularity of the blind pig with its sinister silence has perceptively diminished and with the recovery from months of comparative privation America's amateur baritones, basses, tenors and second tenors are singing again.

As proof of which we repeat the recent announcement that the Birmingham Lions Club is organizing an old-fashioned quartet whose repetoire will include such popular strains as "Sweet Genevieve," "Old Black Joe," "Down By The Old Mill Stream," and perhaps, even "Sweet Ad-Oooo-liiine."

If there's anything rarer than a day in June, it's the mesmerizing magnificence of the close harmony referred to in the good old days as a "barber shop chord." Here's wishing more power to the Lions Club Quartet with our sincere hope that the second verse sings on key when "the boys" burst forth in the closing harmony of "Oh, What A Pal Was Marty" at their first public performance in the Community House.

AND, AS TIME GOES on in the manner that time has of doing, "stars" come and go within the constellation Hollywood. Most of them flicker for brief intervals, just as they are wont to do upon the screen; then they shatter and become so much dust. We have often wondered how many of them ever really attain happiness.

IF THE AVERAGE CITIZEN of this country were as respectful of the law as he seems to want the law-enforcing officers to be, the law-enforcing officers would be as law-abiding as the average citizen—don't you think?

"BROADER RELIEF Asked For Vets" is the hue and cry in some portions of Congress. Which means that, when the discussion ends, it'll be about as broad as it is long.

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who are interested in the weather for next week, we learn that it's going to be unsettled. Well, we're glad that's settled.

IT IS REPORTED THAT for every two divorces granted to women, one is granted to a man. Question: which is the most gallant of the sexes?

AN AVERAGE OF $130.00 weekly is received by air-mail and passenger pilots. Sometimes the wages are received by the widow.

..EX-NTRIX

PRESIDENT TO GO FISHING AT EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY
—Newspaper headline.

And we don't blame you,
Herb, old boy—
What with the times as is,
We, too, would kinda like to hear
Th' creel's unwindin'—whizz.

Such sounds as these
Are better far
Than legislators' yells,
An' soothin' all
Th' nation's woes
When all th' streams and rills
Is callin' yuh
When you can't come
Is four an' twenty hells.

Sometimes I think
Th' President
Has got it kinda tough,
Although he's got a
Big White House
An' all the other stuff
That people want
When what they got
Is plenty good enough.

If folks would only realize
What magic they can do
With hickin' rods for fairy wands
They'd do th' same as you.

THIS-WEEK'S TABLEAU

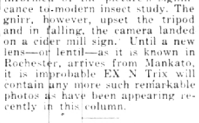
Early in the history of aviation, Nicholas Longworth Butler, the designer of the modern billiard cue and an inventor of note, designed an airship similar to the one above. It could accommodate three men and a medium-sized doe on a 600-mile journey if the wind was favorable and the ballast used was the heavy thoughts of legislators.

This, however, is not a duplication of Butler's invention. It is a flying gnnirr, an inevitable hangover of a puzzle string. Our eccentric photographer miraculously snapped a photograph of the insect over in Franklin last Sunday. Needless to say, the photograph is the only one of its kind and is therefore, priceless.

Our photographer had gone to Franklin to snap rural scenes for publication in the Philanderer, a society pamphlet. He had focused his lens on the landscape and just as the shutter clicked, the gnirr flew by. (Scientific journals please copy.)

Our photographer was unaware of his remarkable "camera-catch" and replied, "Aw, gnertz!" when informed of the picture's significance to modern insect study. The gnirr, however, upset the tripod and in falling, the camera landed on a cider mill sign. Until a new lens—or lentil—as it is known in Rochester, arrives from Mankato, it is improbable EX N Trix will contain any more such remarkable photos as have been appearing recently in this column.

WITH THE ROOKIES NOW IN TRAINING



Sacramento, Calif., Mar 19—Glassarm Cassidy, recruit pitcher for the Detroit Tyros, showed his amazing knowledge of the National Pastime here today in his explanation of the sacrifice hit. Cassidy, the only sandlot product now seeking a berth in the big leagues, said: "A sacrifice hit is when de bases are loaded, two men are out, the score is four to one, it's de last half of de ninth and de batter pops to de outfield. It's a sacrifice hit because den everybody goes home."

Famous Finales

(News Item)

DETROIT.—Miss Hazel Chapman admitted she was quite a tolerant young lady, except in the matter of steak without gravy. And Michael Sarkerionsan's black eye is testimony of Miss Chapman's strong feelings in the matter.

Miss Chapman came to Michael's restaurant at 3 a. m., demanding steak and gravy. Michael brought forth a fine steak.

"Where," said Miss Chapman, with lifted eyebrows, "is the gravy?"

Michael was apologetic. The gravy department, he explained, closed at midnight. There could be no gravy.

Whereupon Miss Chapman hurled the steak full into Michael's face, following with a few swift rights and lefts. Chairs were overturned, Michael yelled, and a policeman came. Miss Chapman went to jail.

"Nothing makes me madder" Miss Chapman told the judge as she paid a $25 fine, "than to order steak and gravy and get nothing but steak.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

J. W. Lee is visiting feminine acquaintances in Detroit.

Ike Morgan has a new three dollar dog,—'tis a beauty.

Al Cady struck his foot recently and cut it wide open; axe him about it.

Maple sugar, sweet oranges, cranberries and onions at Corson & Sons.

F. Roche's fat porker has got to be killed—fact; he snores so loud that the neighbors have demanded his death, and Mr. R acts accordingly.

Chas. Brush over in the Brooklyn suburbs woke the echoes one morning lately over the arrival of a thirteen pound boy. This makes Charlie the happy father of a four horse team of boys.

Ike Morgan's little "yaller" dog was accidentally locked up in Beer's bakery last Saturday night, and the next time Arthur's eyes rested upon the dog and the ruin he had wrought, he was mad, for the ambitious little canine had eaten Noah's ark and the candy rooster, besides knocking down, chawing up and destroying a great many articles of considerable value.

Dock Leet's horses enjoyed a grand bit-of-a-shindig Tuesday afternoon. Starting from the hotel barn they ran away, turning on Troy street, sticking the monument fence they tore a section out of it and left the wagon tongue and hind wheels; at Blakesley's corner they deposited the front wheels, turning south on Bates street, they tore up a terrified equines were found pasturing beyond Tom Flinn's farm and as far as we could see when Doc started for home everything was in applepie order and as good as ever.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Among the ancient clothing worn at the costume concert last week was a bonnet one hundred years old worn by Mrs. Corson.

Down in the Campbell subdivision it is getting positively dangerous to let your chickens run loose. Bang!—dead hen.

Ladies of the M. E. church will give a supper March 26th. Save your appetite and all come prepared to eat. 25c worth. Full particulars next week.

One day last week in Detroit while stepping from his car which he thought was about to stop and didn't, Charles Dickinson of Elm Crest, this village, was thrown violently to the pavement. His face was badly cut and he was rendered insensible for some time. At this writing the good man is as good as ever.

The Michigan State Telephone Co. have a large gang of men at work in this vicinity. They are overhauling the entire lead of wires from Detroit to Pontiac replacing iron wire with heavy copper wire, besides erecting new poles and stringing new wire for 50 new subscribers soon to be added to the Birmingham Exchange. This new work requires 400 new poles and nearly three tons of wire and will be a great addition to the Birmingham office.

A person who worked hard a year ago for a free public library is responsible for the following:—What has become of the sewers, the much needed sewers, the have to have right off sewers, the sewers that were used to defeat the library movement? It can't be that they were urged solely to defeat the library, for one could do so bad a thing as that, yet if not why has a whole year gone and no steps been taken in that direction? Now another election is past—was anything about sewers submitted to the vote of the people? Looks queer, don't it?

FIVE YEARS AGO

A whiff of what appeared to be smoke emerging through the floor of the Community House a few days ago, led Miss Mary Clark Griffith to open the basement door, and lo! a black cloud that would have shamed a hoarding oil well met this movement, and in an unbelievably short time the house was virtually flooded with the household furniture—soft, coal smoke and soot. Aid from a hardware store soon arrived on the choking scene. And now comes the suspicious part. Directly under the corner of the "Ball Room" where the modest Charlestonerfrolic at the weekly dances, is located the furnace and its attendant attachments such as chimney pipes, ventilators and so forth. The chimney flue had been shaken from its moorings in what must have been a bad storm and was lying inert and independent of former environment on the cellar floor. Products of soft coal combustion were issuing in goodly quantities from the great cavity recently created. Now with all back in order again, an official probe of the matter has been concelled. All indications however, tend to fix the blame on the world's best exercise, ye evil Charleston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shain returned to their home on Pierce street yesterday from a trip to the West Indies.

Next week Miss Clara Bingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bingham of North Woodward avenue, will return from the National Cathedral School at Washington, D. C., for the Easter vacation.

On The Life Of Man

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid tonight.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

—*Henry King* (1592-1699)

Just A Minute . . .

From
The Detroit Bureau of Government Research

—ABOUT INDUSTRY, GOVERNMENT AND RESEARCH.

The civilized world recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of modern lighting. Through mediums that his discoveries had made possible, the grey haired Edison invoke hasily of his own invigorated gratification if he had brought a little more happiness to mankind.

This half century, building on the patient labor of other generations, has been a golden age of scientific discovery and invention.

With electric lamps came the dynamo and motor. The Pressure converter made the larger use of steel possible. The gasoline engine emerged from the laboratory and into commercial usefulness. The first skyscraper grew up on City Hall Square in New York.

The world—and particularly America—entered into a second industrial revolution with economic and social changes as significant as those that followed the use of steam a century before.

The increased production of goods has brought more than half of our people in to urban life; twenty story buildings have grown up on two story thorofares; home ownership has dwindled; population is transient. From laborer to superintendent and clerk to manager, there is a feeling that tomorrow's livelihood may be gained in another occupation and in another city.

But if modern science has profoundly influenced industry and the production of wealth, it has had corresponding burdens put on this common effort we call government.

When Edison laboured in his laboratory at Menlo Park, there were no telephones, auto trucks, germ theories of disease, psychopathic clinics, aviation fields, sewage disposal plants, safety engineers, platoon schools, and streets with inch foundations.

City government was a rather simple and inexpensive affair, doing pretty much as cities were doing a century, or perhaps even ten centuries, before.

But modern industry requires a dense population from which to secure its workers, creating in turn satellite industries—rapid transportation, banking, wholesale and retail distribution—each agitating competitors.

Incident to congestion are the changes that arise from surrendering rural life—expensive parks and play grounds supersede the free open spaces of the country; costly fire and police protection stand in place of the volunteer fire brigade and the town marshal; pavements are built to carry heavier and more vehicular traffic; streets are widened and extended; and the educational system is developing to meet changing requirements.

Higher standards of living create a demand for public activities not known a decade or two ago. The city filters its water supply; streets are widened and parkways planted; educational facilities are expanded; ashes and rubbish are carted away; drainage and sewerage are extended; street lighting is amplified; traffic is regulated; monumental public buildings are constructed—all being improvements not considered necessary in other times and other places.

Complete care of the sick and poor is no longer left to the ministrations of private and ecclesiastical charity; city prisons tardily become instruments of correction; the insane, the destitute, and the incapacitated are given larger opportunities for cure; vice is rigorously repressed, and commercial recreation regulated.

Such government becomes essential, not incidental, to our daily lives.

Governmental tasks must be well done or the result is economic loss and social hardship.

Government is our greatest industry. Each year it consumes twelve billion dollars, or perhaps 14% of our national income. Each producer works one day each week for it. About one producer in each eleven is employed by it.

Other industry spends unnumbered millions that its output may be improved and increased, and its costs reduced.

Government, with little improvement in methods, is expanding its services in inevitable response to natural causes, building structure upon superstructure, expanding details and increasing costs.

The progress of governmental administration into science implies the same careful examination of methods as is found in private industry: the same trial and error processes of improvement; and the same development of standards by which results may be measured.

Consider that public officials have the same initiative and intelligence as employees of similar responsibility in private business. Even so, what time, and what funds, have they to make experiments in the more effective and economical conduct of departments? If experiments were made, and they revealed desirable changes, what imperious pressure will not be brought to maintain existing conditions, in the interest of the incompetent, in jobs, in contracts, and in political preferment?

Government is a science in which research can produce as profitable results as in private industry.

But because government is a public and not a private industry, such research must come from the outside, as have all important improvements in government—civil service; budget procedure, centralized purchasings, etc.

Private Philanthropy must do for government what the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Sages have done for medicine, education and charity.

ParaLaffs

Don't Blame You

We quit trying to understand the fine points of economics as soon as we found out that having too much gold would bring on hard times.—Judge.

Check

The wet celebration of a bigger minority in its favor is like whooping it up on finding a bigger empty barrel.—Dallas News.

A queer race of people, the Parisians. They think of Notre Dame as a Cathedral.—Detroit News.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

Are You High-Hatting Yourself?

THERE YOU GO, wearing a High Hat. There you go, thinking nobody can see it.

You deny it hotly, with a hurt look. You say you're not wearing a High Hat. You never snubbed anybody in your life. You never passed up an old friend. You've always been friendly and sociable and one of the fellows. Nobody can say you've ever been a snob. And you can't stand people who wear a High Hat through life. They give you a pain.

Yes, I know. That's right. You don't High Hat other people, that's true. But I know you better than other people know you. I'm your sister of that . . . And I tell you that you're wearing a High Hat. You've been snubbing Yourself. You've been snob about your own dreams and desires. You've been High Hatting YOU, and that's the worst of all High Hatting.

You know what I mean. Don't say you don't. You wanted to be one kind of fellow—and you're another. You wanted, perhaps, to be a teacher and live a quiet and reflective life, earning little but living largely. But you're not a teacher, because you High Hatted that ambition and became a businessman instead. It's all right for other people to be businessmen—they fit into it better than you do—but you are miserable and you know it. . . . You never wanted more than two or three friends—and you could have had those few, if you had really wanted them. But no, you decided you had to have a thousand men and women. And your heart is hollow because you High Hatted your deeply friendly self.

All your life, it seems, you've been wanting to do something—something you ought to do—and then sacrificing it for something cheaper and more glittering. You've been High Hatting yourself and you haven't known it. Or maybe you've known it and been ashamed to admit it.

How do I know these things about you? . . . Well, I know myself. And I know how often I've done things I didn't want to do just because I wasn't brave enough to follow my own road. I've snubbed myself, high hatted Me and pretended I wasn't doing it—and been sorry and disgusted afterwards. . . . So I can tell by the look in your eyes that you've been doing it too. And if you wish to be friends with yourself again, just get rid of that High Hat. It's not too late.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Henry F. Ashurst, U. S. Senator from Arizona:
"I do not insult men by inference, insinuation, inuendo, suggestion, circumlocution or periphrasis."

Samuel Goldwyn, movie man:
"The trouble with the talking pictures is that there are not enough successful stage plays."

George V., king of Great Britain:
"Some laundries do use up linen, don't they? But, I suppose it's good for trade."

Edward A. Filené, merchant:
"Prosperity does not happen. It must be made."

John Drinkwater, British dramatist:
"A lesson which history teaches us is that the truly great man is not the extremist."

S. M. Shoemaker, Jr., preacher:
"The heathen are not all across the seas."

Alphonse Capone, known as "Scarface," Chicago gangster:
"I leave the American people to judge as between General Butler and myself and I am satisfied to abide by their verdict."

William T. Manning, Bishop:
"The clever wicked men are the most harmful in the world."

Nancy Astor, M. P.:
"I don't mind red-hot bolshevism or socialism but what I object to is hypocrisy and humbug."

John Erskine, author:
"In time we may permit the author to write for publication what we are willing to discuss with him man to man."

Will Rogers, humorist:
"Everybody nowadays is suggesting ways of getting prosperous on somebody else's money."

John Boynton Priestly, British novelist:
"I have crossed the ocean before to the West Indies and from there I looked in the direction of the United States and sneered."

George E. Roberts, New York banker:
"If we are to continue to have wars, and they continue to be more destructive, as they will if we have them, they will put an end to progress and destroy civilization."

Charles G. Norris, author:
"No progress was ever made by passing laws."

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.

The Birmingham Eccentric,
Birmingham, Michigan.
To the Editor:

In the recent Bloomfield Township primaries I was a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace to fill a vacancy. I was prompted to become a candidate for this office because it carries with it a membership on the Township Board, which manages the affairs of the township. I felt that many drastic changes should be made in the manner in which this Board has operated in the past.

I based my candidacy on a platform of DAYLIGHT GOVERNMENT and specifically recommended that: (1) the minutes of the meetings of the Township Board be published regularly, (2) the township books be audited annually, (3) the salaries paid the officials and employees be placed on a basis of services rendered.

Considering that I never before ran for public office and that my opponent was Mr. R. J. Coryell, our present Supervisor and a man who has held local public offices for the past 25 years, the total of 247 votes cast in my name was very gratifying to me. However I believe this vote was primarily a strong expression of the public approval of the platform of DAYLIGHT GOVERNMENT and the principles upon which my candidacy was based.

That the Township Board has taken recognition of this public expression to some extent is shown by their inviting newspapermen to their last regular meeting held on Mar. 9, which resulted in the publication of some of the business transacted at this meeting. I hope that in the near future they will go even further and regularly publish even the minutes of their meetings.

I was also gratified to learn that at this same meeting the Board asked for bids covering the audit of the township books. I earnestly hope that a real and thorough audit will be made, not only this year but in the future.

It is also to be hoped that the Board will adjust the salaries of the township officials and employees by placing them on a basis of the value of the services rendered.

If the Board will do these things, and thereby establish the township affairs on a sound business basis, not only will they receive my utmost support but will receive that of the general public.

I want to thank the public for their support in the primaries and I am hopeful that they will continue to show the same interest in public affairs as they have shown in the recent past. This public interest will foster DAYLIGHT GOVERNMENT, which will ever be the strongest factor in the bringing about of EFFICIENT and ECONOMICAL government.

Very truly yours,
DAVID LEVINSON.