BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 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.

Brucker Fails Oakland County

The next time you hear Governor Wilber M. Brucker rave about his desire to "keep up the morale and patriotic loyalty of the splendid citizens of the great commonwealth of Michigan," just remember this: in the face of a tax delinquency that has resulted in the practical confiscation of many Oakland County properties, and after 12 banks had closed their doors in Oakland County, the State Tax Commission came within our county borders and doubled, trebled, and in some cases quadrupled, existing valuations.

The Tax Commission admitted that it made no difference if the new valuations were not placed on the various township rolls for another year, especially since Pontiac and Royal Oak cities would not receive the new figures until 1932. So petitions and delegations of pleading citizens were sent to Lansing to confer with Governor Brucker, requesting that he withdraw the Tax Commission's activities until next year. Eventually, Governor Brucker, through the attorney-general's department, arranged to make the new figures stick.

Oakland County citizens, in the face of the Governor's refusal to help "keep up their morale and patriotic loyalty," will do well to remember this next fall. We do not question for a single moment the Tax Commission's right to come into Oakland County and make tax revisions; but we do question the sincerity of Governor Brucker when he fails to recognize the pleading of an already tax-burdened populace to perform an official duty which would not decrease Oakland's share of the state taxes, but would only serve to restore their confidence and trust in organized government at this critical time.

Governor Brucker, in his refusal to help Oakland County in the tax situation, has, in our opinion, forfeited most of his right to expect their continued belief in his political promises. Such action can be but satisfactory to a growing Democratic party in Michigan. Michigan people, it is becoming more and more apparent, will gravitate politically toward candidates with sympathetic hearts.

Scrip Is No Disgrace

It is no particular disgrace for the local Board of Education to offer scrip money to the teachers during the next few weeks, until 1932 taxes begin to come in. Such procedure, during a period of tax stress, has often been resorted to by various governmental groups for many years, and probably will continue for such a time until mankind is better able to administer the affairs of government.

We do not think our school teachers will suffer to any extent in the disposition of their scrip. Already many Birmingham business concerns have shown a willingness to accept the scrip at its face value, knowing that the school district will honor the negotiable paper as soon as it obtains the 1932 taxes.

One conclusion may be drawn, however, from the fact that the Board of Education has found it necessary to use the scrip, namely: the ability of many local people to pay their taxes promptly has been interfered with by the lack of former income. This means, it seems to us, that the school authorities must regulate the immediate future of our schools in such a manner as to keep the expenses within the ability of people to pay their taxes. If some curtailment of school activities is necessary, we are sure the people are willing to face the issue squarely, and to meet it like loyal Americans. Schools cannot be operated with greatly diminished revenues. People know that, and are generally agreed that economy, when necessary, is desirable in all units of government.

OVER IN IONIA last week the entire community congratulated the Jonathan Hale & Sons Milling Co. upon having arrived at their 75th business milestone. The Ionia County News, in honor of the occasion, published a special eight-page section, filled with interesting stories about the early beginning and progress of the milling company. Even former Governor Fred W. Green used nearly a quarter of a page of advertising to offer his own personal congratulations. We, too, would like to send kindly thoughts Ionia-ward to the Hale folks—for a concern that stays in business that long, with a clean and untarnished record for honest dealing, should be praised. (Honest dealing, we presume, is the real reason why they have lasted 75 years.)

THE APPOINTMENT OF C. E. MURRAY, local architect, to the Village Planning Commission, to succeed the late Thomas S. Parker, undoubtedly brings a capable, practical mind to the task. Mr. Murray's many year's of experience in creating homes and buildings should provide the Planning Commission with considerable help in their collective efforts to make Birmingham a beautiful, yet practical, community.

U. S. NAVY ORDERS A SISTER dirigible for the mammoth Akron, recently let loose. We hope the girls will never get into a quarrel of any kind—don't you?

Armistice Day To Us

Yesterday was Armistice Day. It commemorates the 12th anniversary of the close of the World War. It provokes us to the thoughts of the heroic dead, and stirs within most of us a solemn desire to avoid future wholesale slaughter upon battlefields. For the living, especially that portion of the world that loves children, each Armistice Day ought to bring us new resolves to so conduct our own affairs that we, as individuals, will do what we can to prevent the taking up of arms against another nation. As a reminder of the terrible cost of war, please read the following by Henry Richard:

"Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in the attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and a song of praise, should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven."

Our Brother's Keeper

This period through which the world is struggling is more than an economic crisis. It involves more than a study of strategic plans to ambuscade the dollars which fled.

Humanity itself is on trial. The civilization which we have evolved is undergoing the supreme test.

If there is such a thing as brotherhood among men, now is the time to show it.

Drunk with wealth, we have strayed a long way from the fundamental and eternal truth. We have been living in a house stuck upon golden stilts. And it has crashed.

In our agony and suffering we have discovered that Jesus Christ meant what he said. The Golden Rule was not a pleasant homily intended for reward-of-merit cards with silk fringe on the edges and diamond dust shining on the snow scenes. It was a simple statement of the eternal law, the same law that keeps the stars in the skies and the world turning on its axis.

We speak of breaking the law and commandments. You can break them; but they break you. "Love one another" was more than an admonition to light the path of virtue. It was the statement of an eternal principle upon which all law, all philosophy, all business, all ethics, all civilization rests. Like all the doctrines left by the Christ, this was the sublimity of common sense—the finality of practicality—the only sure foundation upon which civilization can rest.

During these money-glutted years we have tried each to go our own way alone. Years of greed and money lust have ended with this terrible lesson: That wealth evaporates and leaves men stark and with naked hearts.

It is for us to see that this terrible rebuke has not been in vain. For us to see that we rebuild the fallen structure on the rock of brotherhood.

This winter will be a period that calls for all men to have fortitude, strength and sympathy. It is, for once, clear to the dullest mind that we can only help ourselves by helping others.

Out of this period of re-adjustment we can regain our souls. It can be a better world because of this period of hunger and sorrow; a stronger America and a sounder civilization if it brings to us a realization we are given the privilege of being our brother's keeper.

The remedy for our financial crisis lies not in laws, federal commissions, in panacea or financial errors.

The sound and practical answer was told two thousand years ago in a sermon spoken on a mountain in Palestine.—*Los Angeles Times.*

DETROIT OFFICIALLY has ordered a check on the use of its city-owned automobiles. When completed, it'll probably be a dandy check to cash against the people's taxes.

OUR SUGGESTION to eliminate forest fires would be to plant trees of the kind that we buy for our fireplace.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

I HEARD a man say of another: "That fellow doesn't know what it's all about!"

Well, who does?

Do you? Does that scornful critic know? Do any of us know just what it is all about? When we are well and strong and happy we think we know or we do not think so very much about it—but when we are down in the mouth and humiliated or remorseful then we wonder and wonder.

Marshall Maslin

One fact is sure. One command is certain. Though all the evidence may not be in we little creatures cannot know just what it is all about—much of the time we must act as if we did.

* * *

When we are young we dream of the gallant accomplishments of very young men. Alexander the Great conquered the world when he was hardly more than a youth. John Keats wrote immortal poetry and died at 26. William Pitt was prime minister of England at 24. Newton solved the laws of the universe at 21. . . . As we grow older our heroes age. We remember Gladstone still vigorous in his eighties. We remember a great Roman statesman who learned Greek at 80. We decide that there is still plenty of time for us.

* * *

A doctor said: "It's quite all right to have an annual health examination—if you can endure the truth. If the examination shows that they are in bad health some people go to pieces. If the examination shows an excellent state of health other men at once proceed to do too much."

* * *

So men are called Stuffed Shirts. . . . What are Stuffed Shirts filled with? Arrogance, Pomposity, Pride, Ignorance and Meaningless Noise. They make up the stuffing of Stuffed Shirts.

* * *

When I was a boy my dearest ambition was to be able to jump from a moving freight car as the brakemen did—facing backward. . . . I still think it a considerable accomplishment. . . . Before you smile in pity, please try to remember what unachieved childish ambition of yours haunts you still.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Horseback riding among the laughing beauties seems to be just utterly ut at present.

Mr. John Acsley had a full and hearty meal for all the family of green corn the 14th of this month, raised in his garden under his successful gardening.

Will Jenks is the father of a bouncing baby girl, and now he smileth upon his less fortunate brothers, with a smile that is childlike and bland.

Aunt Es's beats 'em all, and she ranks with the best of them for raising good, large healthy beets. For proof, see the curiosity that beats 'em all, at our office.

Prof. Clibe is anxious to have all the volumes belonging to the township library promptly brought in, so that they may be duly classified. Look through your books, and if they have the earmarks of the township Library, bring them in.

The steamboat express train was thundering eastward from Pontiac one day last week, when a man was discovered by the engineer standing in the middle of the track with his coat in his hands as a signal wildly waving it in the air. Visions of bridges swept away, and track torn up flitted before the engineer's mind, and he reversed the engine, applied the air brake, and as the long train came to a standstill, the man calmly climbed aboard.

"What's the matter? What did you stop the train for?" breathlessly asked Conductor Bobby McHarge.

"Faith," answered Pat, "I wanted to go to Detroit."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Go to the Maccabee Hall tonight and get a good supper for only 15 cents.

Fine day for election a regular Republican day.

John D. German has added a telephone to his home on Woodward avenue. Any one who so wishes can now call John up or down as he pleases.

It is said that the best way to preserve apples in the winter is to wrap them in newspapers so as to exclude the air. But it must be a newspaper on which the subscription has been paid else the dampness resulting from what is "dew" might spoil the fruit.

The Troy Cornet Band will give a grand entertainment tonight, Friday, Nov. 9, at the Troy Hall. You are cordially invited to come and encourage the boys with your presence and your financial contribution.

The latest brain puzzler in this part of the woods is as follows: A farmer and his wife desired to weigh a pig but had no scales. The man weighed 160 pounds and his wife, 139 pounds. They put a board across a fence so that when they sat on each end of the board it balanced. They then exchanged places, the wife taking the pig in her lap, just balancing the board again. How much did the pig weigh?

Conductor Robinson of the D. G. H. & M. Ry., has good sound sense coupled with a fine discernment and judgment, and that is why he bought the J. Ed. Quick place on Woodward avenue. We have known Mr. Robinson, ever since we can remember, as a popular, genial and pleasant conductor on the "Old Reliable." Why, we can remember trying to look six years old to him when we must have been at least 12, and you know that was a good while back when you come to think of it.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Birmingham will observe Armistice Day. While today is not set aside as a legal holiday and business will be carried on as usual, many merchants in the village intend to close their doors from 11:30 A. M. to 12:02 P. M. in honor of those who sacrificed in the World War.

The opening of the hunting season Monday will find many Birmingham men with guns raised and "raring to go." Most of those who plan a trek northward are seasoned hunters, and have several antler heads mounted and placed in their dens, or basements or somewhere.

Proposals for an enlarged department of health for Birmingham are being prepared today by Dr. A. W. Nevett, health officer, and when completed will be presented to members of the Village Commission for approval.

Mrs. T. R. Donovan and Charles J. Shaw were re-elected directors of the Oakland County Chapter of the American Red Cross at the annual meeting held recently.

A new high mark for circulation was reached at the Baldwin Public Library during October when 2,335 books were loaned, according to the report submitted to members of the library board at their meeting Thursday night by Miss Blanche G. Kerns, librarian.

He who goes for an evening stroll along some of the busy streets of the village must watch his step. He is likely to stub his toe. Turning back, he will find small, round holes, just big enough for a boy's fist. Those holes mark the autumn marble shooting grounds.

Second Best Good Enough

"If you would enjoy good health you must rise at five and take a cold bath."

"I get you, doctor—what's the next best?"

Getting It Straight

"She is suing her husband for desertion, isn't she?"

"Oh, dear, no. Mrs. Babbage She's suing him for destitution of convivial rights."—Sydney Bulletin.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The Other Chap Says Something—

WRITING EDITORIALS

There are three kinds of editorials—those that praise, those that are made up of pollyanna dribble, and those that condemn. The first and last should always be constructive, and the second should be taken out and shot at sunrise. If an editor only editorializes on those things that merit praise, he is only fulfilling half his job to his community. He must also make comment on those things or personages that warrant criticism of the condemnation type. When he fulfills this last half of his editorial duty he is bound to personally incur the enmity of some, because those criticized take it as a personal matter, coming from the personal and social viewpoint of the editor.

That is the most unpleasant part of the editing business, for there is many a time that an editor must criticize the public acts of a person he likes socially, knowing well that that person may not be able to make this distinction and will construe the criticism as a personal matter between the editor and himself.

But a wishy-washy newspaper (correctly dubbed a 'rag') never did a community any good, and helps its town just about as much as a sugar-tit makes a man out of a baby.

An editor should enjoy praising the good things of his community, but he shouldn't close the eyes of his paper to those things which are detrimental to the community's progress, even at the sacrifice of a few fair-weather friends. Big men realize their imperfections, and take criticism fairly—little men squirm and whine and run bellyaching to those from whom they would seek sympathy.—Herbert S. Case in Munising News.

LIQUOR CONTROL

A well known editor of one of Michigan's leading weekly newspapers is out with a new plan for controlling the liquor business. He would take the profits for private interests out of the liquor business and turn whatever profit there is in the manufacture, sale and distribution of intoxicants over to the dry forces to be used in the teaching of temperance.

We have a better plan. Place a small tax on beer and wine, ginger ale and cracked ice; a slightly heavier tax on whiskeys and liquors; remove all restrictions on manufacture and sale; and let drunkenness and debauchery and poverty and broken homes and crushed hopes and abandoned careers and diseased and crying children and drunken mothers and brutal fathers and sin cursed society teach its own lesson of temperance. Sell it in every grocery and gas station same as Coco-cola. Let competition set the price. Let there be no control except that exercised by the individual. Tax it for revenue, not to control. It never has been controlled. It will not be controlled in this generation or the next.—Verne J. Brown in Ingham County News.

IF A FOOL AND A WISE MAN AGREE, WHAT IS THE DISADVANTAGE OF FOLLY?

A certain man owned an orchard and employed an Indian to tend it, promising him in return for his labor two-fifths of the harvest.

When the apples were gathered and placed in baskets for the market, the man said to the Indian: "Is not ten greater than five?" "Much greater," said the Indian. "Then I shall do better than I promised," said the man. "Instead of two-fifths, I shall give you two-tenths of the crop."

The Indian knew he was being cheated and threatened suit at law. "That isn't necessary," said the man, "I shall call in my two nearest neighbors and leave the decision to them." The Indian agreed and the neighbors were called.

One of them was a stupid man who thought a tenth greater than a fifth and therefore concluded that the Indian had been given his just due and more. The other neighbor was an expert mathematician but hated all men whose skins were not white. He also decided against the Indian.

Now what shall you say of these neighbors? One was stupid and the other prejudiced, and they reached the same decision. Was the stupidity of one any more of a handicap than the prejudice of the other? If each depended on his mind for guidance, and both were tricked in the same manner, in what way is a prejudiced man superior to a stupid one?

You have heard the old story of the mother and daughter who saw a drunk man stumble and fall as he tried to negotiate a street crossing. "Filthy, disgusting brute," said the older woman; "he should be sent to jail." "Oh, Mother," cried the girl, "it's Brother Billy." "Poor darling boy," said the mother; "some filthy brute has got him drunk."

Do you think such bias rare?—Robert Quillen in Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.

KILLINGLY FUNNY

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

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Frank Lloyd Wright, famous American architect:

"Our government buildings are exaggerated, extensive morgues."

John Dewy, philosopher:

"All that is distinctive in man, marking him off from the clay he walks upon or the potatoes he eats, occurs in his thoughts and emotions."

James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany:

"I believe short selling is as dangerous an attack on property as setting fire to another person's house."

E. Bardsley:

"Everything in nature has a purpose but no one has discovered what is the purpose of the 460 species of fleas."

David Sarnoff, electrical engineer:

"Ignorance is the greatest liability on the balance sheet."

H. G. Wells, British author:

"It is manifest to everyone now that the existing cash and credit system is breaking down. It is ancient and worn out. It is rotten."

Milo H. Gates, preacher:

"We need to get the angels down out of the church windows and into the pews."

George Bernard Shaw, British writer:

"In Soviet Russia, the gangster would have as much chance of surviving as a rat in a yard full of terriers."

Franklin T. Adams, columnist:

"Fine feathers make terrible looking hats."

Will Rogers, humorist:

"This would be a great time for some man to come along that knew something."

Ben Lindsay, famous jurist:

"Reno's system of divorce is that of a slot machine. You put in the papers and out pops a divorce."

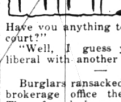
James J. Johnston, fight promoter:

"The last ten seconds aways make a champion."

Jest For the Fun of It

Too Liberal

"I hereby sentence you to 99 years in the state penitentiary.



Have you anything to address the court?"

"Well, I guess you're pretty liberal with another man's time."

Burglars ransacked a New York brokerage office the other day. They found, however, that most of the loot was just around the corner.

—"Life"

A Rank Injustice

"There is a photograph of your sweetheart in the paper with a warrant for his arrest. Terrible!"

"Just what I thought! Jack is much handsomer than that."

Famous Firms Now & Then

1st Stude: "She's the most consistent necker in school."

2nd Stude: "Ah-h—perpetual emotion!"

—George White's "Scandals"

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.

To the Editor:

I wish to express to The Eccentric my appreciation for having published "The Mirrors of 1931."

Although the author is enshrouded in a mystery of anonomyy, his delineation of the character of those who are possible candidates for the presidency in 1932 was, nevertheless, most enlightening.

I hope some anonymous gentleman or anonymii gentlemen will publish again some kind of Mirrors in 1936, so that we may see in them reflected those who aspire to get into the White House.

Very truly yours,
PETER D. ARISTOS, D. C.

To the Editor:

There was a large delegation of Birmingham taxpayers at the Commission meeting last Monday evening, and through their representative, Mr. Arthur Tuggey, presented to the commissioners of Birmingham ways and means whereby the cost of village government can be reduced many thousands of dollars to the taxpayers.

And, judging from the applause given Mr. Tuggey, his points were well taken. So, in all fairness to the taxpayers, the least the Commission can do is to think seriously and act wisely in regard to this matter. For, as I understand, the commissioners are the servants of the people, elected to serve the people of Birmingham at th minimum and not the maximum cost of government.

JOHN McCARROLL,
431 Park Street.

To the Editor:—

I am wondering what your thought is, about a little publicity on the destructiveness of the children in Birmingham around Halloween time.

It seems that we have suffered particularly this year and the destruction seems to be of a kind that I cannot appreciate or see where the fun comes in. I am sold on perfectly good Halloween pranks, but surely there should be some line drawn as to what are really fun pranks and wanton destruction.

We have a very attractive office on East Maple near the new station, in which there was expensive leaded glass. Every window in this office was broken out and for good measure, both large rocks and clubs were used to beat out the leader portion so that there is no possible chance of repairing. It will cost us quite a lot of money to put in new leaded glass.

On the corner of Harmon and Woodward we had a large sign on the property formerly owned by the D. U. R. This sign was so set that it was in no one's way, however, boys worked for over half an hour, according to reports we received after the damage was done, and completely wrecked this sign beyond any hope of repair. This sign was a rather expensive one.

They also did some minor damage at our Adams office north of Maple and our Quarton Lake Estate office at the corner of Lake Park and Maple, such as dumping the flower bed dirt on the front porch, etc. This we could more or less expect and outside of the inconvenience of having to pick these boxes up and cleaning up the dirt, no material damage was done.

All of us have played Halloween pranks in our day and I expect that there is no reason why this generation or the next should not. However, if you think some little word in your paper might impress parents to the extent that they would say something to their children regarding wanton destruction, I would like to see it written.

Very truly yours,
WALSH, JAMES & WASEY CO.
By Carl Bradt.

Our Scrap Book

SINGER OF HYMNS

Is it the Vesper sparrow whose care is God's? It must be. For to listen to his hymn it would seem that he has a secret all his own, a secret, the possession of which gives him sure confidence and a great joy.

A tilt upon the extreme end of the ridge-pole of the old sloped roofed house, as the sun decifnes he sings! A burst of adoration pours from his tiny form as he faces the flaming West, "He cares for me! He cares for you, for me, for you!" His head thrown back in ecstasy he rejoices, and praises, for all the world to hear.

The lilacs blooming beneath him, point upward, sending incense with his song, up and out towards the great unknown.

Then the sun is down—the singer is gone on the last sweet note, his happy day done.

Tomorrow at the appointed hour he will come to his minaret tower, calling us to praise. Nor will he forget us next summer. As he was with us last year and this. For we perceive that he has chosen his ridge-pole for a permanent choir loft.—Mary Eaton Burnett.

Silent Harmonica

Little Emily, aged five, kept watching very intently a man who was eating corn off the cob at the adjoining table. Finally she looked at her mother with wondering eyes. "Mamma," she said "why is it that no music comes out?"—Boston Transcript.