

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1931

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have value and which are interesting to the community. It is not a newspaper of record...

And There Was Light!

Thomas Alva Edison, a truly great son of a Great Father, passed on to a new form of eternal life last Sunday morning, leaving countless millions of human beings to ponder the value of his span of 84 years to the world.

In the beginning of Edison's life, only the spores of evil and the larvae of lowly and precarious footholds. And the stress and the heat were not illuminated very well, and Edison thought: "there should be more light within the precincts of man."

Baptists Here This Week

Birmingham, this week, is playing host to approximately 1,000 delegates to the annual State Baptist convention, from all over Michigan, and in a few cases from distant points in other sections of the United States.

Although taking care of so many visitors taxes every facility of this village, it is distinctly worth while. Villagers of other denominations who offered their homes to the visitors especially deserve thanks.

People Friendlier Now

At no time in a decade have people appeared so sympathetic and friendly toward one another, as since the present economic crisis really set in over a year ago.

When the common enemy of war, famine, or pestilence stalks over the highway and byways of a land, people become more cooperative and more willing to work together toward a return of peace, abundance, and health.

As Warner L. Forsyth, recently told a local audience, "Paradoxical as it may seem, it may interest you to know that the clergy finds fewer matrimonial difficulties in its congregations since October of 1929 than previous to that economically fatal day."

AL GARDNER IS SPENDING part of his ill-gotten gains as he hires lawyers to defend him this day against a suit brought by the United States government.

Aren't You Rich?

One of the most practical and inspiring magazines published today bears the simple name, "The Motorman." It is the monthly organ of that great modern business and professional movement that has given new visions to men; that has lifted more than one weary soul from the sloughs of despair, and placed him upon a higher level of confidence and enthusiasm toward the tasks of life.

I AM STILL RICH

We have passed through a panic, suffered from a crash on the stock market and are now more than half-way through the depression and I am still rich. It may be true that I have much less to live on than I had a year ago, but it is certainly true that I have just as much to live on as I did.

The depression has not lowered the value of a single friendship. Neighbors still greet us in the street and cordial words are exchanged by a devout faith and our souls hold us in high respect. The wife's welcome at the close of the day has not depreciated in the least and she continues to lavish her affection upon us with the same old extravagance.

No faith in the goodness of the universe is unimpaired. By that faith I am emboldened as I face defeat and despair. The prayers my mother taught me and the faith in God instilled in me by a devout father remain as priceless treasures no depression can touch.

No nation becomes great by becoming rich. Neither does a man find enduring satisfaction in life by owning something—only by becoming something. The most degrading poverty is that which results from killing the spirit that the body may be served.

This depression has cost us some of the things we created but it has robbed us of none of our power to create. We may lose some beautiful things but we have not lost our initiative to do all that we will, to go and hear the debate.

Our County Art Exhibit

Oakland County's first formal art exhibit, revealing to the general public the artistic ability of its painters, sculptors, and handicraft workers, was held in the Birmingham Community House during the past week.

Some of the exhibits were done by professionals, men and women who make their livelihood in that manner most of them, however, were done by persons who make art of a hobby, a pastime, a relaxation and recreation. The splendid array of things inspected by the public offers plenty of proof that Oakland County's inhabitants find time from the routine affairs of life to create and enjoy those higher pleasures of humanity—those yearnings for the expression of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

JAMES SWINHART, Birmingham resident, tells the readers of the Detroit News that the Federal government can bring employment to over a million men, and a large portion of the United States, by the construction of a canal around the Mississippi River. Mr. Swinhart, recognized as one of the most astute and accurate reporters in the United States, presented the project in a manner that ought to command the respect of President Hoover and the national unemployment committee headed by Walter Gifford.

ONE of the most heavily taxed nations on earth is Great Britain. How long her form of political and economic government may last is conjectural. Great Britain is an old and, from the human standpoint, a wise nation. If she breaks under the strain of selfish human nature, will other nations take heed and become less selfish?

HERE AND THERE, occasionally and also not so often, you hear or read about some phase of Michigan's malt tax. Those who sell malt seek to have the law made void in the courts. You can't blame them for that, can you? Still, there never was an age that did not find something brewing in it.

TO PREVENT UNLAWFUL, New York City's fire department is considering the plan of abolishing the noisy siren at night, substituting in its place a powerful beam of light. Carrying out the effect in its practical life, why not require Mayor Walker to use a sputtering candle?

IF EUROPE doubts that the United States is interested in her, let her consider why Uncle Sam's people have invested over 15 billions of dollars in her various countries during 1910 alone.

APPEARANCES ARE OFTEN quite deceiving. When asked, "Do you study chemistry?" the husband replied, "No, this is merely my wife's dressing table."

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO Rain again Monday last. Tim Trowbridge is back from the woods looking—he isn't very thin this even now.

High-toned Southfield boys should be more careful of their private correspondence, or there might be a disastrous breeze among the wind mills on those high sand hills.

Anyone wants to buy ashes, we can direct them to a lady friend of ours, who will not only make them a present of the ashes, but throw in all the old iron, wagon tires, and other junk her husband has been collecting for the past 10 years.

Monday evening a large audience assembled at the school-house for the purpose of attending a "Ladies' Night" given in order by the president with Miss Lizzie White in the chair. After the program of songs and recitations, the committee reported and asked to be discharged. Vote was then taken on the question, which resulted in favor of the affirmative.

Twenty Five Years Ago That cold snap last week made us think what we had done with our winter clothes.

Seelye Peck and family have the prettiest, coziest living rooms in the city, which has been the Maple avenue. A portly cocher adorns the front.

There are admittedly certain evils within the profession and lawyers are partly to blame, at fault for their existence. We have no control over admission to the bar, and usually more power to eliminate the unworthy from the practice of law.

THOSE ANTI-BRUCKERS Governor Brucker made an excellent decision when he appointed Al Richards. And speaking of Governor Brucker brings to mind the fact that Richards, Flint's political boss, has announced his candidacy for governor.

FIVE YEARS AGO On the 10th of June of 1926 and the doorbells of the town of the American, "The Hallo-ween season is on."

More than 3,000 horse enthusiasts thronged Oakdale Farm last Saturday and watched a Chicago horse romp away with the Gross Pointe Hunt point-to-point challenge cup for the third time in succession to take it back to Ontario club, the permanent property of the proudest man in many counties, J. Leslie Beer, owner of Brucorrig.

He doesn't save his money. He believes in having a good time right now. He doesn't know what the future holds for him, but he has a simple theory as to how to transform it into a mountain peak.

He doesn't worry. He doesn't fret. He'll lend you money. He'll borrow just as much. He has no enemies, but he has thousands acquaintances. He's a raganuffin fun and quite a deplorable character, and he or one of his distant cousins is buried deep in the disposition of the most unexpected people.

All we went to school together. We used to go barefoot on hot summer days. We haunted the same swimming pool, he was always the first in and the last out. Once he played hooky for five weeks at a stretch.

He used to dig worms in the cow-yard and ride on our bikes three miles out to town to a muddy lake and fish for a catfish with a cork, and watch the water skaters and talk about everything, and he was the kid who always had the mandarin oranges don't say anything about it. If he smokes too much—ah! he smokes too much, and what of it!

He doesn't care for calories or a properly balanced diet. What about his diet and meat is what he's going to eat. If he wants five lumps of sugar in his coffee, then he'll get five lumps of sugar in his coffee—have not say anything about it. If he smokes too much—ah! he smokes too much, and what of it!

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THE ICE BREAKER

BETTER TIMES DEAD AHEAD SIR! The illustration shows a man in a boat with a sign that says "BETTER TIMES DEAD AHEAD SIR!" and another sign that says "ICE BREAKER PLAN."

TO AN ORNOLD How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly in from splendor through our Northern sky.

At some glad moment was a nature's choice To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked in white black, and usually more, with rage and wonder, in a low degree?

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard, Desire unpeakably to be a bird? —Edgar Faunce (1842-1904)

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The "Big Shots" Say

Corwin McMillen, manager, Philadelphia Athletics: "I am rather pleased of course, that our boys have signed for the pennant. I hope we keep the world championship in Philadelphia."

Ralph W. Sockman, preacher: "We were paid but not regularly every Saturday night."

Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, divorced wife of the famous singer: "The divorce was for fame and happiness in the same sense."

William Green, President, American Federation of Labor: "The antidote for the hole is a job."

Morris Ernst: "The Americans are the richest nation in the world with the longest breadlines."

Samuel Crowther, writer: "Public speaking is a form of dramatic art and has nothing to do with thinking."

John Maynard Keynes, British economist: "Economists have not yet earned the right to be listened to attentively."

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Our Scrap Book

"MY BOOK AND I" If the world find fault that I speak too much myself, I find fault that they talk too much of me. I think of myself, I think of this, at least, according to duty. I think of the world, and the world of a subject he better understand and know, than I what I have undertaken and that I have better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor more or less than I have arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing but the truth to work; and that truth, I think, is the only truth, and since that is anywhere to be found, my book and I go hand in hand together. —Montaigne, in "Essays."

THE TRULY GREAT Wisdom to God prefer; for 'tis much less to have a fortune, than our happiness. That happiness which great ones desire, is but a shadow of the true happiness. With rage and wonder, in a low degree? —Montaigne, in "Essays."

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The Other Chap Says Something

CLEANING UP THE BAR Formerly Green used to say that you can find at least one shyster lawyer in every town. He could say now that in every large town you can find several lawyers who make a specialty of serving racketeers and usually more lucrative. Few of them are ever disbarred or disciplined. The de- cision of the Michigan State Bar Association, made at its Flint meeting, to incorporate after the manner of the California bar, and ask the legislature of 1933 for adequate power and responsibility for control of the profession is all to the good. President Oscar C. Hull put his finger on the sore spot when he said: "There are admittedly certain evils within the profession and lawyers are partly to blame, at fault for their existence. We have no control over admission to the bar, and usually more power to eliminate the unworthy from the practice of law."

THOSE ANTI-BRUCKERS Governor Brucker made an excellent decision when he appointed Al Richards. And speaking of Governor Brucker brings to mind the fact that Richards, Flint's political boss, has announced his candidacy for governor. The bar now has a chance. Brucker can beat him with his hands tied. Governor Brucker went into office when the unemployment conditions. A world-wide depression was having its inning. Brucker

CHURCHES FAILED The World War wrecked our economic and financial systems and the moral fabric of our 300 year old civilization has almost been stranded on the peaks of greed, avarice and appetite. Even the churches have not escaped. Our financial and economic systems will be revised and reorganized. What about the churches? They should be the sheet anchor of both the other. Roger Babson, the statistician and economist has said that the most of our depression troubles are due to a lack of religion in business affairs. May be he is right—George English in Huron County Tribune.

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Poems That Live

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All of Us

By Marshall Maslin DEEP within you there's a Good-for-Nothing Fellow who refuses to take this world seriously. All he wants is to be left alone. He doesn't want to be punctual, he doesn't want to be energetic or reliable or any of those other things that the world holds so precious. . . . He wants to snooze till noon and stay up till midnight. He wants to do as he pleases all the time.

That loafer wants to eat what he likes. What does he care for calories or a properly balanced diet? What about his diet and meat is what he's going to eat. If he wants five lumps of sugar in his coffee, then he'll get five lumps of sugar in his coffee—have not say anything about it. If he smokes too much—ah! he smokes too much, and what of it!

He doesn't save his money. He believes in having a good time right now. He doesn't know what the future holds for him, but he has a simple theory as to how to transform it into a mountain peak. . . . He doesn't read "serious books." What he reads is when his entertainment needs are met.

He doesn't worry. He doesn't fret. He'll lend you money. He'll borrow just as much. He has no enemies, but he has thousands acquaintances. He's a raganuffin fun and quite a deplorable character, and he or one of his distant cousins is buried deep in the disposition of the most unexpected people.

All we went to school together. We used to go barefoot on hot summer days. We haunted the same swimming pool, he was always the first in and the last out. Once he played hooky for five weeks at a stretch.

He used to dig worms in the cow-yard and ride on our bikes three miles out to town to a muddy lake and fish for a catfish with a cork, and watch the water skaters and talk about everything, and he was the kid who always had the mandarin oranges don't say anything about it. If he smokes too much—ah! he smokes too much, and what of it!

NEARBY and YONDER

St. Marks in the Bouwerie St. Marks in the Bouwerie is a splendidly one of the outstanding landmarks of early New York city. It also is one of the few old-time churches remaining in that city which still occupies the site originally selected and dedicated for worship, while the site is held to be the oldest now occupied. The church is unique. So is its history.

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