The Birmingham Eccentric

(Founded in 1878)

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

Telephones 11, 12, and 13

GEORGE H. ENOS AVERILL — *Editor and Publisher*
ALLEN E. AVERILL — *Managing Editor*
PAUL H. AVERILL — *Advertising Manager*
CLARENCE A. WAGNER — *Asst. Advertising Manager*

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 editorial and advertising copy must be in the Eccentric office by Monday 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, AUGUST 11, 1932

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 in proper order, in ink, and be received before noon on Wednesdays. The Eccentric reserves the right to make such superficial changes in the copy as are necessary to the style of the paper, and as required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical division in the composing room, headlines written by the staff may not be those that members of the staff cannot be used. Any reflection upon the character, standing or ability of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected if the matter be brought to the attention of the publisher.

Our School Finances

Faced with the serious necessity of paring its budget $80,000, the Board of Education of the Birmingham school district has annulled all teachers' contracts for coming year; this action was done last week and makes it possible for the Board to shift its plans to meet the available cash expected from taxes. The action of the Board, regrettable as it may seem, appears to have been necessary in the exigency that is upon us. Unless no definite assurance of a certain fixed income, the school authorities must be prepared to meet whatever situation develops, so that at least some educational facilities may be offered our children.

The Eccentric argued for greater recognition of the district's dwindling finances a year ago, and suggested at that time to some of the school officials that they "come right out and tell the people how badly crippled they are financially." True, they did effect some economies, but not enough to lighten the present condition that confronts them. The result is that the people, not knowing of the real shortage of funds in the school treasury, may be shocked to know that they are poorer than they imagined, and consequently tend to resist additional curtailments this coming year.

But facts are facts—even in real life, and an unsurpassed delinquency that now exists in this area is, after all, responsible for the whole dilemma. Our real sympathy is with the teaching staff who are made to suffer along with the taxpayers, of course—but who are made to suffer more than they should in our case, simply because of the huge bonded indebtedness of our school district (planned, of course, to meet an expected increase in our population—which has failed to materialize).

County Welfare Less

Do you know what Oakland County's most serious problem is? It is none other than taking care of its indigent welfare cases, now in the neighborhood of 15,000, a drop of 4,000 and 6,000 from early last spring. As far as can be estimated, the cost of operating the welfare department for the year ending September 30 will be about a million dollars. This fall the number will probably increase. Much credit is due the untiring efforts of C. B. Wilson, of Pontiac, who offered his services at a dollar a year to act as chairman of the Welfare Commission. Harry Pryale and C. B. Stiffler have been his aids. These men have made tremendous personal sacrifices to give of their time and ability in meeting this serious problem. They deserve the praise of every sincere person interested in our County's economic welfare.

War Welfare and Waste

Willingness of the federal government to extend funds for welfare relief to the states is resulting in a scramble for them. This money is being loaned to needy areas, because of unemployment conditions that still prevail over most of the land. It must eventually be paid back, since the Washington government is merely using its great credit to obtain the money. Bad as it is, radical as the frenzied attempt to relieve welfare problems is, it is far more humanitarian and equitable than the shameful waste of funds that always attends the making and carrying on of war. This fact alone offers some consolation to those who, studying the matter carefully, realize that the eventual solution to the unhappy alternating swings of prosperity and depression must be found in a greater willingness to live and let live. We must be taught that the fattened hog is generally led to slaughter.

Greetings, Tuscola!

The Tuscola County Advertiser recently completed its 60th consecutive year of publication, 28 of which have been under the guidance of A. D. Gallery, silver-backed and capable son Jimmy. Sixty-four years is a long time to publish a newspaper; to "get it out" for 28 years in the fine and able manner that the Gallerys have done is also no ordinary task. The Eccentric congratulates The Advertiser, its owners, and its readers for having withstood the ravages of time—and is glad that some time to have made so great a journalistic contribution to community newspaperdom. May the Gallerys still be on the job when it reaches the century mark!

IT WILL BE INTERESTING to observe the manner in which World War Veterans vote this fall. Especially those who (so-called) served about the National Capitol during recent weeks, seeking aid from Congress.

IT IS NOT THE EVER-LASTING CREDIT of the lesser units of government that they are paring down their expenses with greater alacrity than the folks in charge of affairs at Washington.

A GOOD DEMOCRATIC SLOGAN would be: Igo put the hoover in Hoover? The Republicans might answer that by saying the Democrats will roo the day they nominated Roosevelt.

God And Bungling Man

Kindly and gentle, "Bill" Berkey each week sends forth from his printing office in Cassopolis, Michigan, The Vigilant. In it you may find reflections of this fine gentleman's thoughts of and upon life. A few weeks ago he arranged the alphabet into a lovely tribute to Deity for the abundant blessings of our great land, and then chided man for his inability to consecrate them to the welfare of all. Here are Mr. Berkey's words, worth your careful reading:

Almighty God, whom men forget in their prosperity and turn to in their need, thou gavest us a great country, rich in all natural resources, a land where food is produced in plenty from great prairies and rolling farm lands, where everything grows that man may need; and thou gavest us rich mines of iron and coal and of the precious metals; and thou provided us with great lakes and rivers and fine harbors to carry our commerce; and thou increased our intelligence and gave us men who could devise great railways, and automobiles and all kinds of machinery to save man from too arduous toil; and thou didst make for us a veritable Garden of Eden here in America, oh Lord, where there was plenty for all and all had plenty; but the spirit of selfishness entered our Eden, oh Lord, and possessed man and he in the midst of plenty manyfold, he want, and man has bowed down to worship wealth and has forgotten Thee and has made a mess of the whole business; man has set up a system of production that he cannot control, and a system of distribution that does not distribute, and he wanders about in a daze following blind leaders of the blind; false prophets have arisen and real profits have vanished, and the people clamor for beer and our music has turned to jazz; and now, oh Lord, since man has made such a mess of all his blessings we beseech Thee to again turn the hearts of people to Thee, inspire them to unselfishness to labor, and to love, and give enough of them wisdom and zeal to again make this grand old country what it ought to be and what Thou intended it should be. Amen.

Why Not More Democrats?

An able Oakland, Atlee Pomerene, is selected by President Hoover as chairman of the Relief Finance Corporation. Pomerene is a good Democrat, and the reason he was chosen is two-fold: he will do a good job of it, and will help swing many votes for Hoover in Ohio. If Michigan had more Democrats within its boundaries, and loomed up every four years as doubtful for either major party in national affairs, it would be given greater recognition by the boys in control at headquarters. So, in order to allow Michigan to aid Uncle Sam in keeping the country from the rocks, let's stage a campaign for a bigger and better Democratic party in Michigan. In fact, let's pray for such a miracle. (Note: This was written before President Hoover announced Roy D. Chapin, of Detroit, as the new Secretary of Commerce.)

BILL SPLIVERS, OF WAGON TRACKS, is again sporting his silver corkscrew. "The worm will turn," says Bill, "and I'm just a gettin' ready for things to pop again."

AL CAPONE, infamous Chicago gangster, has been made first-baseman on the Atlanta federal prison team. Capone's great experiences in the Windy City ought to help him in preventing an opponent from stealing bases.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN, touring in Russia, bellers forth this queer request: "Soviet Russia should compel its women to refrain from the use of lipstick and other cosmetics. Such things are immoral." We suggest that she induce the Russian men to adopt this slogan: Lips that are painted shall never touch mine.

A TEXAS SCHOOL TEACHER has been reduced to the necessity of selling bugs to make a living. The bugs she sells help to kill other bug parasites. We suggest that she sell several carloads to eliminate certain species of bugs not far from the general vicinity of Washington's monument.

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin

NOTHING better than beef stew with dumplings. Even spare ribs aren't quite as good.

To come in from swimming or wandering in the fields or working, and be greeted by the rich smell of beef stew cooking in the kitchen—and to be hungry and to know that in a few moments we'd all be sitting around the table before a deep platter of steaming stew piled round with fluffy dumplings—it was heavening enough for any ravenous small boy.

With the careless, unseeing eyes of childhood I watched my mother, many a time, putting a beef stew together . . . Saw her cut the meat into cubes and sprinkle them with salt and pepper and cover them with flour . . . and cook them a little in a frying pan, to sear the pieces . . . and boil for a few minutes . . . then set the pot on the back of the stove to cook slowly for hours . . . and add carrots and onions and tomatoes and other vegetables from our own garden . . . and thicken with flour and add the dumplings (I'd forgotten entirely until I tried to remember).

I watched her make those dumplings, too . . . mixing and sifting the flour and baking powder . . . working in butter and adding milk and rolling it out on a board and cutting with a biscuit cutter . . . and steaming them and dropping them into the stew on top of everything . . . with the cover down tight and untouchable and the hood of children turned aside, no circumstances to lift that cover and stick a hungry nose down to that delightful combination of smells and tastes.

Suppose we thought, then, that beef stew with dumplings particularly made itself, and there was no trick of experience or wisdom, no art added to science, in the texture of those dumplings, in their lightness, their firmness, their perfection.

But I know better now . . . since a housewife told me. The secret was in letting the dumplings ALONE. In putting them into the stew, covering tightly, and NOT worrying and NOT lifting the lid to take that one tiny, FATAL look . . . That made the dumplings right. If you kept your hands off, you had good dumplings; if you fussed, they fell and were sullen and soggy and were the housewife's grief and made iron lumps in your stomach. Making those dumplings well was like living easily, working smoothly, raising children properly, minding your own business, or doing anything else that looks so easy but can go so terribly wrong if you don't know how.

I'm sure I would never trust myself to lay that cover on while the dumplings are coming so miraculously to perfection . . . I might manage the stew, but I'd fuss over the dumplings. As we all manage some things and fail on others.

Marshall Maslin

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mr. E. K. Taber and son Willis and "doing" Reed City and perhaps will visit Petoskey before they return, which is expected Saturday.

Hugh E. Kenney of Detroit is visiting in this vicinity from his labors in the city—and manages to while away his time by pitching bean bags and resting.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hatch and son, Avenue, visited Detroit last day or two, and to say Archie was delighted and surprised the metropolitans is drawing it mild.

Nate Pell and Levi Allen have been huckleberrying and tell of berries bodacious they picked and stem into the wagon. Of course these gentlemen are truthful.

Edson James and his bicycle took a tumble last Monday and the cycle was broken in twain, but Dr. John Baldwin mended it, fetched back bone together and now Edson can spin along the road as joyful as ever.

James O. Beattie, our wide-awake undertaker and business man, livery man, attended six funerals in five days last week and accomplished all the arrangements in his usual prompt and affable manner.

On Saturday next there will be an exhibition of Walde's Combined Road Builder on our public streets for the inspection of the village businessmen and anybody else may look on. The machine plows, grades, levels surface ditches, and snow plows and will make a mile of good roads a day. It will be exhibited by the inventor and patentee.

Ed Adams, formerly of Franklin but now of Detroit, has been visiting his uncle Wells Keeney, Esq., of Franklin, and other relatives in that vicinity. He is in partnership with his brother in the real estate business in Detroit and with rents he has a steady income of $75 a month, but he is not at all proud withal, and enjoys huckleberry pienics and the like, as much as of yore.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Andrew Anderson, with about 400 more brave Scots, laid the corner stone of the new lodge room and club house for the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit last Saturday. The proceedings were fine and the papers played so that we felt like joining the gang, and would do so, if we could say, "Kiool moll" with the r-r-r-r-r of the Scots.

Dr. J. L. Campbell is the owner of a fine auto, and what is better, he can run it all by his lonely, and makes it fly around in a way that attracts the attention of the speed laws. Not long ago, he ran down to the water works and happening to think that he should report by telephone, he stepped inside, leaving all the water works people around the auto inspecting it. He made a mistake in the phone to use, and raised the fire alarm; he flew away all ran to the water works in answer to the alarm. They saw at once what was the matter, but to his "minus" the doctor does not know what excitement he unknowingly caused.

Camping at Pine Lake are a very jolly lot. We enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Smith one day last week, recently at Camp Manilou on the beautiful bank of this favorite resort. We enjoyed launch rides galore, ate two big dinners and had a whole day of unalloyed happiness. The Birmingham colony there are a happy lot. All have their families with them, and own their cottages: J. Bert Peabody, Dr. Hoffman, Frank Ford, Sam'l C. Miller, Volney Nixon, and Robert Cowan. We came very near missing Theron B. Smith and wife who are comfortably at home, for we were well and all the rest of the Birminghamites.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Members of the planning commission are obtaining estimates today on the costs of widening Maple avenue following a recommendation made Monday night to the Village Commission that this widening be done in the near future.

Formal opening ceremonies for the new Baldwin Public Library at Martin and Chester streets will be held Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, according to an announcement made today by John B. Howarth, secretary of the Library Board.

Herbert C. Hoover is named today by Senator Couzens as the logical selection for the Republicans now that Calvin Coolidge has declined the 1928 nomination.

"Secretary of Commerce Hoover is of the right age, in good health, and has had experience and training for the office, of the chief executive of the United States," said Senator Couzens.

"Payment of $115,000 made by the Bridge Commission for the property at Maple and Woodward avenues by the village to the Bridge Commission and Development Company of Detroit, was to be received by the village of Rochester. The first $10,000 has already been paid. The money will be distributed equally at Birmingham banks, according to a decision of the Commission Monday night at the meeting. This is one of the largest cash sums ever received by the village. The owners will be consequently of the property and must make the present building job.

Whether it would be legal to create a special assessment district to assess and pave a Six Mile road for use as a site for drainage ditches, and then legally create another assessment district to provide that drain is a question that is being mulled over by Frank Doty, village attorney.

THE LION'S SHARE

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING—

U. S. NEEDS DICTATOR

As we see it not only the parties but the government itself is in trouble. It was Owen Young, a man of outstanding ability and one who has served admirably and unselfishly, who recently said that the United States needed a dictator—a Mussolini. We may need one, but we would not stand for one. We Americans are too independent. We cannot even obey laws which are written into the constitution as our experience of the last few years with the eighteenth amendment will testify.

We must have a house cleaning, however. We must have a brand of leadership in which we have confidence. The government is the last bulwark against chaos and confusion. When the confidence of the people wavers as it has come perilously close to doing in recent months it is time for complacent office holders to worry for their jobs. They are worrying. They have reason to worry.—Schuyler Marshall in Clinton (County Republican-News)

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Dr. Michael Pupin, who has been recently honored by the highest award of the engineering profession in this country, it predicted, a complete transformation of life as a result of the growing knowledge of electricity. Although people who look back to a time when anything electrical was a novelty may think that the world knows a good deal about it now, Dr. Pupin is not of that opinion. While admitting that electricity has already "revolutionized" the world, he describes what is now know about it as "meager." He explains that he has in mind the moving power which pervades everything, everywhere, including the "distant pulsating spiral nebulae many millions of light years away."

For the progress of science he has no concern as he observes its conquest of the material universe. What troubles him is "the tragic lack of development of human love."

To hatred, jealousies and prejudices, marks of that condition, he ascribes the sufferings of the world, declaring that while man's spiritual being is retarded he will be unable to enjoy to the full the fruits of material progress.

This view of the dependence of the material upon the spiritual comes from a physicist who has put the case better than the preachers do. Life here and now depends upon the victorious "force that has been called the greatest thing in the world."—Boston Globe.

"LEGAL LOOPHOLES"

An instance of this protection to a criminal's rights, to the point of absurdity, happened one day in the presence of the writer. A young man was charged with breaking and entering a chicken house and stealing chickens therefrom. When caught, he still had the chickens and did not deny the theft, but he hired a lawyer that was smarter than the prosecuting attorney and after a jury had been impaneled and the man placed in jeopardy, his lawyer moved to dismiss the case because the information filed by the prosecutor did not contain the words "in the night time." The man went free, but the average citizen fails to see anything in the case except chicken stealing whether it was at high noon or at midnight, and to the average mind the man who is known to be guilty should be convicted in spite of any such technicality. Because he had been once "placed in jeopardy," the case could not be started over again. We don't know why started that "jeopardy" business, but, once started it is like the brook that goes on forever, and will continue as an added protection to criminals for generations to come, for precedent is strong in legal matters.—W. H. Berkey in Cassopolis Vigilant.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

That man Butler—Nicholas Murray Butler—is rapidly reaching the point at which, in the interest of preserving what remnant still survives of the world's sanity, there must arise a demand that he be suppressed.

Nicholas Murray is so patently wrong about so wide a range of things as to which it is so easy to be right, that he has become a source of national irritation.

Even that, bad though it is, would not be so powerful an irritant were Nicholas Murray less given to the practice of proclamation.

One of the major defects of this Nicholas Murray person is the fact that he feels called upon to proclaim every day or two to a tired and disillusioned world his personal and individual reactions.

Viewed as a habit, this is excessively annoying. Regarded as a trick of strategy, it is technically bad and depressing.

Most of us really don't care a tinker's dam what Nicholas Murray Butler thinks about anything. We are somewhat seriously disinterested.—Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

HAPPINESS

Sink yourself out of sight. That is the secret of happiness. Lose sight of yourself, in something bigger. Have you cherished hopes that were never fulfilled, aspirations and desires that never fructified? Of course you have. Forget it. What good to mourn? Why allow regret and remorse to sap your spiritual vitality? Today is as full of opportunity for service as yesterday and only in service can be found content. The satisfaction that comes to a man who gives is incomparably greater than the satisfaction that comes to the man who gets. Nothing that you can give to God or man is so acceptable as the gift of self. "What new thing has He given to the world?" This is a question concerning Christ that was hurled at the Christian by the philosopher who thought he found in pagan literature parallels to His sayings. The Christian triumphantly replied, "He has given Himself." The greatest men who have ever lived, the men whom we most delight to honor, the immortals are they who have forgotten themselves in service. Herein lies happiness. Give up that habit of introspection. Selfishness and sorrow go hand in hand to extinction. Service and sacrifice make for everlasting happiness.—Lapeer County Press.

THIS WHITE RACE

Get out of your system the idea that you belong to a superior race. The yellow man has the same feeling toward you, and it is just as scientific. According to Dr. Carl E. Guthe, Michigan University anthropologist, the notion of race superiority is one of the white man's most cheerful illusions. Biologically, as based upon hairiness, or lip contour, he is nearer the ape, respectively, than the Mongolian or the Negro, he says. Then, as if to back up the contention he points out that we boast of our material progress and confuse that with culture—which, unfortunately for us, is quite another thing. Yes, we've noticed how white man are great contrivers at inventing things to do their brothers harm. Take the mechanics of war, for example; or a kit of burglars' tools; or the cleverness which so many employ to outwit the law. We shall still have to do some more evoluting.—Utica Sentinel.

No Longer

Congress finds it hard to realize that the taxpayers are no longer able to support the government in the style to which it has been accustomed.—Judge.

Jest For the Fun of It

Shocking!

Dorothy, attending church for the first time, was surprised to see the people about her kneel suddenly. Turning to her mother, she asked what they were going to do.

"Hush, darling," whispered her mother, "they are going to say their prayers."

"What! with all their clothes on?" said Dorothy.

—o—

Kiss Me Once—

Kiss me once, and let me go,
That our souls may never know
too much bliss.
Slender memories are best,
Just one rose leaf, dried and pressed, just one kiss!

Touch my fingers, say some phrase
That will gleam across life's days
without passion!
Leave me . . . When you've closed
the door
I will pray to Heaven for
Someone who will love in more
virile fashion.

—Margaret E. Sangster in "Life"

Foresighted Woman

A clerk in an insurance office answered the telephone and heard a woman's voice saying: "I want to insure my house against fire at once."

"Certainly, Madam," replied the clerk, "I'll send a man along at once."

"There's no time for that, I must do it now," cried the voice at the other end. "My House is on fire!"

—o—

Famous Firms
Sea & Land

—o—

Foresighted Doctor

Doctor: "No tobacco, no alcohol, no theaters, a quiet life, plain food, and early to bed."

Patient: "Yes, doctor, and what then?"

Doctor: "Then you will be able to pay my bill."

—o—

Not Particular

Artist: "Shall I paint you in a frock coat, sir?"

Millionaire: "Oh, don't make any fuss—just wear your overalls."

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Hester C. Bywater, British naval expert:

"Let American naval critics reflect on what their own attitude would be were the coast of California only twenty miles from the Asiatic seaboard instead of 4,000."

Pierre Etienne Flandin, former finance Minister of France, now in America:

"It is useless to believe that a miracle, with a magic stroke of a wand, will reestablish prosperity."

Lionel Barrymore, film star:

"Happy endings, some directors insist, aren't art. I don't know about that, but the wise old public we all work for likes 'em—and that's that."

Smedley Butler, Maj.-Gen., U. S. M., retd., to Bonus Army at Washington:

"You have as much right to lobby here as the U. S. Steele Corporation."

William Beebe, scientist and author:

"As a matter of fact, the things of mine people like best have been written in tree-tops, or in ditches, or sitting on coral reefs four fathoms down."

Henry Ford, auto maker:

"We cannot eat or wear machines. If the world were one vast machine shop it would die. When it comes to sustaining life, we go to the fields."

Agnes Smith, writer:

"So far as I can see, the Washington Bi-centennial has proved only one thing—that men and women of today look simply awful in Colonial costumes."

H. L. Mencken, literary critic:

"A man of fifty who still writes poetry is either an unfortunate who has never developed intellectually beyond his teens or a conscious buffoon."

Austen Chamberlain, former chancellor of the British Exchequer:

"There is not another nation whose credit has risen so rapidly in recent months and is now so secure as that of Britain."

Edouard Herriot, French Premier:

"A confident understanding between France and England is the central pillar on which alone we can build."

A. S. Blumgarten, doctor:

"A man is as good an executive as his endocrine makes him. If he has not the proper glandular make-up for an executive position, the public suffers."

Frank B. Kellogg, former Secretary of State, now Justice of the World Court:

"I do not fear another war. There is no disposition towards war. If it came, it would ruin the world."

Arthur Train, novelist:

"During the next few years, I expect to see a revival of general interest in works of poetry, fantasy, sentiment and the highly imaginative type of fiction which we call romance."

ParaLaffs

They Would

King George has sold one of his farms to cut expenses. A lot of American farmers would like to know how he found a buyer.—Miami News.

Also Is Right

The government is not only living beyond its income, but also beyond ours.—Tampa Tribune.

Just If

A lot of boys, who made good in the big city, came back and paid off the mortgage on the old homestead are back again. They are trying to persuade the old folks to get another mortgage.—Judge.

It Does

The dollar is said to be worth $1.60 now, but its value depends altogether upon what you buy with it.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

How?

Dr. Mayo says the human body is worth 67 cents. How does he explain a doctor's bill of $500 worth of repairs on a 67-cent machine?—Schenectady Union-Star.

All We Need

Since the depression, says a report of a recent survey, more people are eating at home. Now all we need to be really optimistic is another report saying people are eating more at home.—Boston Herald.

Perhaps

In Chicago they are tearing down buildings so as to save taxes. Perhaps if they would tear down taxes it might start building.—American Lumberman.

Nothing

If the size of the crisis is measured by the size of the leaders it calls forth, there's nothing to worry about.—Brooklyn Times-Union.

It Would

Wouldn't it be tough on Kentucky if all those colonels should demand a bonus.—Springfield Union.

The Reason

The chief reason congress as a whole has experienced so much difficulty in balancing the budget was because so many individual members playing politics had a lot of hot potatoes they had to keep bouncing from one hand to the other.—Philadelphia Inquirer.