The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1952

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 wording 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.

Bungling—But Not Burglaring

Bungling, at times, as capitalism has been in this great country of ours, don't fail to remember that its system was responsible for a large part of the physical comforts and conveniences that we now enjoy. Capitalism does, in a very real sense, recognize property rights, and pledges the whole system of government to protect it against violent confiscation. Remember that when you are tempted to turn an attentive ear to the pleas of anything that is Russian in appearance. There is no gainsaying the fact that, as a nation, we are moving toward a more wide distribution of material wealth; but let us pursue this course without disturbing the fundamental principals of our form of government.

Calling Political Names

Leaders in the Republican National Committee are "calling down" Governor Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, claiming that he utters promises not included in his Party's platform. Here, you see, to what extent politics has degenerated in America. One candidate deliberately "steals the thunder" of his opponent, simply because it appears to be one piece of bait to catch votes with. Of course, with so great differences in issues, both Parties probably will resort to "personality" campaigns.

Spice From Spicer

Over in Paw Paw lives a newspaper editor whose name is Harold D. Spicer. Every week in The Courier-Northerner he is guilty of "Thinking Out Loud" in a column by that name. Last week he laments the fact that "there are those who always suspect something. When the sky is the bluest they can manufacture the most clouds, and when the sun shines the brightest they always imagine that a cloud is about to appear. If they are happier, all right, but I couldn't be. Remember, life is what you make it, just as the face you see when you look in the mirror is what you are like to others. When some of us take a look we should resolve at once to cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness and try to radiate happiness. Your world cannot help but be a reflex of you."

What Is The Cure-All?

Until men and women become more united in the common necessity of being less selfish, this old earth of ours will be the stage for much human unhappiness and plain want. Selfishness, from the little desires of people to crowd another out of line when making a purchase, the dangerous habit of ducking in and out of auto traffic, the grabbing of the largest piece of cake, the consuming ambition to create a world empire of industry or government—selfishness, let us repeat, is the basic cause of today's depression and all that goes with it.

Many remedies have been suggested to cure the present world economic disturbance. Governmental action may help alleviate the present distress but it will not prevent another period of prosperity being followed by an era of distress. The permanent cure of present unsatisfactory conditions lies in the spiritualizing of the human heart.

"No leader in public economy, no power of organization, will ever be able to bring social conditions to a peaceful solution," declares Pope Pious XI, "unless first in the very field of economics there triumphs social law based on God and conscience. This is the underlying value of every value in the political life as well as in the economic life of nations; this is the soundest rate of exchange." If it is kept steady all the rest will be stable, being guaranteed by the immutable and eternal law of God."

A more direct challenge comes from the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose bishops said, "the kingdom of God cannot be built upon the poverty of the many and the absurd and cruel wealth of the few." The conference adopted a resolution asserting that "the present industrial order is unchristian, unethical and anti-social, because it is largely based on the profit motive, which is a direct appeal to selfishness," and appealing to "the conscience of mankind to create a social way of life in which all men have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest possible extent."

POSTMASTER JAMES W. CORR warns local people that, unless they buy more stamps through his office, it will revert to second class, with a marked curtailment of service. For instance, routes will have to be changed and only one delivery daily made. We suggest that persons who usually buy stamps in other communities patronize the Birmingham post office part of the time, so that their homes may continue to enjoy mail delivery twice daily.

IT IS TRUE THAT a certain proportion of our public officials in high places are mere blustering fools, then it logically follows that there are too many believers of mere blustering fools among the voters.

Orr vs. Smith

Clarence L. Smith, for the past two years Oakland County prosecuting attorney, is being opposed by Norman C. Orr, whom Smith defeated after Orr had held the office but one term. Orr's defeat was attributed largely to the foolish behavior of some of his assistants, plus a few of his own. Smith rode in on a wave of frenzied voting. Both of them are Republicans. Orr, admitted by informed persons to be one of the best trial lawyers that ever held the prosecutor's office, is seeking to win the public vote in an effort to exonerate his former administration, and to prove that he can "come back" at a time when the job demands courageous prosecuting of all who betray public or private trust." The Eccentric was a critic of Orr during his last days as County Prosecutor but, in the light of his present declaration to "show that I have learned my lesson, and no longer will be imposed upon by incompetent aids," we suggest that the voters scan Orr's present campaign literature and, perhaps, give him a chance to stage that "come back."

More Open Discussion Needed In Village Business

The Eccentric, in behalf of local taxpayers, has protested repeatedly against the Village Commission's regrettable habit of conducting its business in so-called "committee" meetings from which the public is barred, and will continue to do so as long as occasion demands.

Such occasion arose again Monday night when the Commission adopted unanimously and without comment three resolutions, the merits of which had been established, in the minds of the commissioners, at least, at two previous "star-chamber" sessions.

But the merits of those resolutions will never be established in the minds of the citizens whom the commissioners were elected to serve, simply because they were never pronounced in the healthy give-and-take atmosphere of public discussion.

One of the resolutions, for instance, gave the village assessor a leave of absence for the remainder of the year. Admitted that this was a wise move on the side of economy, what assurance does the public have that it can do without an assessor more conveniently than without an engineer, a police officer, a fireman or any other employe you care to name? That problem and many others must have been considered thoroughly by the Commission. The public has a right to know how the solutions were reached.

Another of the resolutions requires village employes to take a week's vacation without pay. The manner of its adoption was quite apparently an attempt to shield Village Manager Parry from any possible criticism to which his previously announced policy of two weeks' vacation with pay might have subjected him.

Public criticism is always more effective than private censure, and, besides, Mr. Parry has demonstrated in times past that he is a man capable of accepting criticism with a fair amount of graciousness.

The Commission had nothing to lose, then, in bringing its discussions and resolutions out into the open where they belonged. On the contrary, it had a good deal to gain in public good will. The Commission may be impressed with the fact that it was elected to serve the people of Birmingham, and figure that as long as the service is performed, that's the end of it. Granted there are any number of ways to do the same job well, there still is no place for private meetings of public bodies in American democracy.

NOW THAT THE DATE for filing nominating petitions has passed, it is gratifying to learn that enough men and women have refrained from seeking office to insure at least a small percentage of the total eligible votes at the polls. From the number seeking some of the offices, one would guess that by mutual self-elimination the candndates could carry the election.

Rumors from New York hint that Mayor Jimmy Walker, if he is removed from his job by Gov. Roosevelt, will seek the Governorship himself on the Democratic ticket. Such a change in pace, if successful, ought to win for him the name of "Jumper."

IF GOV. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT thinks he can reform the federal government, make it more economical and efficient, eliminate useless and expensive departments and officials, bring about order and common faith in ideals, and do a helluva lotta other fine things, we'd like to ask him this: Governor, what are you going to do about Jimmy Walker—and when?

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin

YOU DO NOT know I am alive. You do not hate me, you do not love me, you are merely indifferent. That's the unforgivable offense.

Marshall Maslin

Long ago we stood at a crossroads and wondered which path we should take. And finally, because a man must decide at last, we took one road and followed it until now . . . But we never shall cease to wonder what we would have seen on that other road and where we would be now if we had taken it . . . But you'll never go back to that cross-roads again. And if you did, you'd not be the lad who stood there long ago.

I read in some book by Bernard Shaw: "I no longer desire happiness; life is nobler than that" . . . And these 10 words were like a sudden light in the darkness.

Does love "ennoble" men and women? What kind of love do you mean (or is there more than one kind of love)? And what kind of men and women? Love brings out, sharpens and concentrates what is there—it puts nothing into human beings.

I heard a man say to a child, "Never say 'He don't!'" . . . But I used to hear a great university president say, "He don't," and he insisted that it was a quite proper abbreviation for "he doesn't"

But if you care about the opinion of people who are not so learned, you must say "He doesn't."

Tell me my memory is bad, and I'll agree. Tell me I'm careless, and I'll admit there may be something in what you say. Tell me that my sense of humor is faulty, and I might at the proper moment confess the charge . . . But tell me I'm a poor judge of character, and I'll deny it. Hardly a one of us, except in a dark moment of humiliation, will admit he does not know his fellow creatures.

Do you desire freedom? It is worth having, but its possession will lay heavy responsibilities upon you. The free man must be greater than the slave, and the desire for freedom is not in itself a guarantee that we can use it.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

New houses being built by Mr. Randall on Maple and Broad in the land with a first-class engine threshes.

Dr. C. M. Reynale had a stopover last week Thursday, but did no damage to humor, only slightly injured his character.

Williams and Scherrer's self-propelled threshers passed through the village last Tuesday, making much music.

James Todd, Fred Smith and Charlie Cole threshed 81 acres of wheat in two days. Not bad for good for an old man and two boys.

Frank Pace has finished the fountain in front of his residence on Saginaw street, and it now spouts its 'ten feet high in the genuine breezes. How's that?

The young friends of Miss Eva Phillips gave that estimable young lady a birthday surprise party Monday evening last and enjoyed themselves very much.

Miss Ailee Peabody of Gilbert Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Shelby of Detroit, returned last week from a delightful trip around the Lakes from Detroit to Sault Ste. Marie and return. Miss Peabody expresses herself as highly pleased with the experience, being but slightly affected by the motion of the boat being crowded with merry pleasure-seekers.

On the 12th of next month the Grand Trunk Co. takes possession of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Road. The largest share holders on the road are John McDonald, Prime Minister of Canada, also John Sanford McDonald, a member of Washington Cabinet. They both personally accompanied with R. McLennan, ticket agent at Royal Oak, and will undoubtedly retain his service as they have found him always to be one of the most trustworthy and competent agents on the road.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Corn is very backward this season and always will be in this part of the state, for the reason that we have not enough German girls in this country.

Last week was picnic week, for nearly everybody in our city. There were hardly enough people left at home to take care of the town, and say nothing about business.

New steps at the doors of the stores of J. Roy Blakeslee, Spencer & Wolcott and Charles L. Reynolds, fill a long-felt want. Ed. Bolowsky and his little cement trick do the work in a truly neat and substantial manner.

Some of our poor men all remind us honest men ain't get no chance, the more we work there grow behind us bigger patches on our pants. On our pants once smooth and classy now are stuff patches covered kids, because subscribers jingle and won't pay us what is due. Let us then, be up and doing, send in your mite however small, on it, for the autumn storm is brewing and shall we go forth as all, and find ourselves wanderers, Birmingham is no Garden of Eden, either.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whaley are attending a Whaley family reunion, given by Miss Mae Whaley, at Glendale, O. This meeting is of great interest to this family, as some of them have not met for many years, and they all know that Miss Mae Whaley is very fond of hospitality, and will give them all a jolly good time.

Oxford's health officer has issued an edict forbidding the detestable and disgusting habit of spitting upon the public sidewalks, and has posted conspicuously about the village, signs warning spitters of their liability to arrest if they violate this edict. We have the same kind of an ordinance, but it seems to be lost in the shuffle, as not an arrest has ever been made for violating this law. It is a good law, and should be strictly enforced.

FIVE YEARS AGO

More than one million dollars are involved in real estate transfers completed today in Birmingham. As large an amount is involved in other deals nearing completion. The largest sales in the history of the village are recorded, and land prices are soaring.

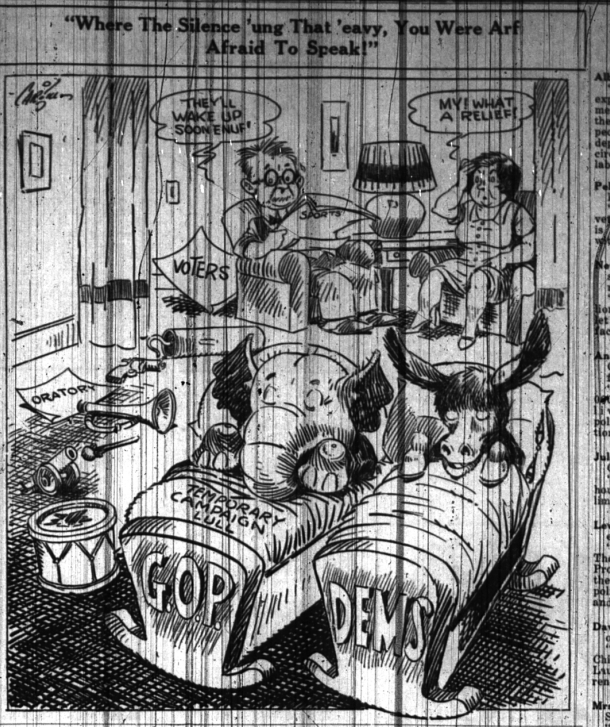
Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg has acquired land valued at more than a half million dollars, and will move his offices here from Detroit and erect a large building.

An apartment house six stories high, and planned to cost $36,000, is to be erected at Woodward and Yellowood avenues, following the purchase of land there. A $100,000 commercial building was announced for the northwest corner of Woodward avenue and Willits street.

Plans for a new building to cost in the neighborhood of $125,000 are being made today for the First Baptist Church following the sale of land owned by the church to Senator James Couzens. Rumors of possibility of the building of a fifth paid fireman were suggested by President H. T. Ellerby as the Village Commission meeting Monday night. Mr. Ellerby made his suggestion in connection with the recent early morning truck fire on South Woodward avenue and Smith street.

Birmingham is believed to be the keystone in the precinct fire hydrant disposal system, which will come up for consideration at 8 P. M. Friday, when the County Drain Commissioner meets in the K. of P. building in Birmingham. Birmingham does not come into the scheme willingly, and allow use of its property for the laying of sewers and drains, it is believed the scheme would be instituted by the cause of the necessity of tempting pipe lines to run around the village, it was said yesterday.

"Where The Silence 'ung That 'eavy, You Were Arf Afraid To Speak!"



The Other Chap Says Something—

Get One Thing Straight

Let us get one thing straight relative to the agitation for repeal of the 18th amendment. It makes not one bit of difference who is president of the United States. All steps for the repeal or alteration will have to start with congress and not with the president!—Grand Ledge Independent.

America Came Through

In 1893 stark ruin stalked through the land; 57 banks failed in a few months; mills, furnaces and factories shut down everywhere. Bankruptcy was on every hand. America had twice as many unemployed per thousand population as she has today. But she put them all back to work.

In 1907 panic broke loose. The production of pig iron dropped 50% in less than a year. All not the strongest men lost heart. "We are ruined," they declared. "Recovery cannot come in our time." Yet in two years prosperity had returned.

In 1921, when many honest and thoughtful people were predicting worse conditions, the country was already beginning to climb to the greatest era of prosperity it had ever experienced.

History tells how America has fought and won 19 major depressions. Good times always follow hard times as surely as day follows night. Prosperity always comes back. It is coming back this time, too.

Above all things, let us have faith.—National Publisher Association.

Never Forgot the Deadline

"I began my life as a reporter on a daily newspaper. It was in those early days that I learned to respect the deadline; learned that at a certain time each day certain of my work had to be done, the same as I learned that at a certain minute copy had to be in type, had to be set, proofs read, forms locked, presses started.

"When I got into business life I found that few men understood the meaning of a deadline; many of them were good at the start but poor at the finish for tomorrow was always a good day, or the next. It came to me that I possessed something these men did not—an intimate knowledge of what the deadline meant. So all my life I have mapped each day's course, worked to the deadline, swept my desk clean.

"Every day the deadline has been the regulator of my conduct; it has paid me big dividends, cost me nothing for salary, been my truest friend, my greatest benefactor—without my sense of the deadline, I might have been just another private in the ranks.

"If any man should ask me for my most prized secret, I would say to him:

"It is the deadline—make it your whip, your spur, your goal; make it a part of your daily creed and find a place for it somewhere along with your religion. Never forget the deadline."—Lester B. Colby in Milford Times.

Make the best of it; be cheerful, keep healthy and think constructively; everything's going to be all right.

The song written with that title was considerably ahead of time, so also were other songs intended to change the mental attitude that aggravated the depression. Some folks sat back waiting for miracles to happen; others set about to put their business and homes in order, to fit the new conditions. The latter class will always get along, and they seldom are forced on the welfare lists.

Independence means self-dependence, says Henry Ford. That is so, it good times and bad.—Delta Reporter.

Keeping 'Em Straight

The function of a newspaper is not only to accurately record all of the news that is fit to print, but also to act as a check on government and the unwise exercise of its control by officials and others who would spend too freely of the taxpayers' money. Nothing proves more effective in making the unscrupulous politician and officeholder behave than fear of the printed word.

Newspapers play an important part in checking and keeping down crime. What his friends and neighbors might say when the paper "came out" has kept many a man from going bad.—R. L. Curtiss in Farmer News.

Hurrah! Hooray! and Huzzah!

The Long hoped-for has actually come to be true.

The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway agreement between the Dominion of Canada, a sovereign power, and the United States of America, a sovereign power has been completed as to its terms. This has been announced in identical notes issued by each government.

The actual treaty is being reduced to form and will be signed shortly.

The agreement recognizes the power interests of the Province of Ontario and of the State of New York and each case will be dealt with by its own sovereign signatory to the treaty.

Thus has come into realization the dream of two decades, which will make the Midlands of North America, both Canadian and American the workshop of the world, to which will flow the raw materials of the world to be combined with their own, fabricated and sent to world customers on the Seven Seas.

It is a credit to vision and patience that the work is practically assured.

It is a credit to the two nations.

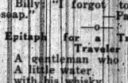
It is a credit to Premier Bennett, of Canada, and President Hoover, of the United States. As a mere preliminary observation we venture to say:

"Hurrah, Hoorav, and Huzzah."—Michigan Manufacturer.

Jest For the Fun of It

Was That Nice?

"You know, I'm the sort of man who doesn't mind kissing at him-



self when he says anything ridiculous."

"Well, all I can say is, you must lead a frightfully jolly life!"

Give-Away

Betty—"How did mamma find out you didn't really take a bath?"

Billy—"I forgot to wet the soap."

—Passing Show

Epitaph for a Transatlantic Traveler

A gentleman who preferred
A little water
With his whisky
Two or three,
Thousand miles of it
To be exact.
—ed. graham in "Life"

Songs of Suburbia

Norwegian, Irish, Croat and Finn,
Dutch, Cullud, German, Spanish!
Before we get them broken in
They pack their duds and vanish.

We try to lighten every task,
We aid in their endeavor;
But though we pay 'em what they ask
They come and go forever.

A private suite with private bath
Is here for their enjoyment,
But soon they're on the gypsy trail
Forsaking our employment.

Thus with Suburbia's household aids
We meet and then we sever.
Only one thing is sure of maids...
They come and go forever!
—Burton Braley in "Judge"

Famous Firms
Add & Subtract

Our Scrap Book

GALILEE BY MOONLIGHT

I woke with a strange noise of falling water and lay awake for a few minutes when suddenly some one tapped at the window of my compartment. It was Arif Eey, and we buried with Nakis Hanum, putting on long coats. It was a strange hill night, the place smelled of jasmine. We walked through a narrow lane and then through a passage leading to the lake. The whole place was covered with yellow jasmine, which gleamed in the moonlight, and the stillness was such that it disturbed and stirred one more than any imaginable sound could have done. At the end of the passage the lake leaped into one's eyes like a study in black and white. It had a brilliant white sheen, cast by the moon. And on the shores the sailboats seemed like such black shadows, falling sharply into the mirror-like transparence of the lake.

It must have been just like that when Jesus so often crossed it. He must have sat on the shore and talked to the fisherman, perhaps on the self-same old stones under the boards that were meant for a landing. We hurried back, all three silent and stirred by the beauty, the sweetness of the jasmine, and the historical significance of the place.—From "Memoirs of Halide Edib."

ParaLaffs

Shyer and Shyer

Ivar Kreuger, says a writer who saw the magnate a few years ago, "was rather a small and shy man." He kept on getting shyer and shyer until (in 1932) he was shy about $100,000,000.—Detroit News.

Made One Hit

A French composer has been summoned for assaulting his publisher with a heavy roll of manuscript music. The poor fellow only wanted to make a hit with his songs.—The Humorist.

Not Always

At least the big boys have learned that money's power to absorb a business doesn't always provide brains to run it.—Los Angeles Times.

Right

An author says there was more money in fiction five years ago than there is today. But at the same time there was more fiction in money.—Louisville Times.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Albert, King of Belgium:

"Since the end of the war, all experts consulted by the governments, have invariably expressed the opinion that prosperity of the people and peaceful relations are dependent upon freedom in the circulation of goods, capital and labor."

Pelham D. Glasford, Washington Police head:

"I have been a friend to the veterans, and my advice to them is to initiate at once a plan of withdrawal from the capital."

New York Wife, whose husband's sleep was disturbed by a lion's roaring:

"Put your own price on that lion and I will buy it. I want to let my husband have the satisfaction of shooting it."

Anton J. Cermak, mayor of Chicago, appealing to Congress for a loan:

"It is inconceivable that 4,000,000 people will be permitted to live without fire protection, police protection, without sanitation and without schools."

Julius Klein, Asst.-Secretary of Commerce:

"If we are going to the poor house, we are going there in limousines."

Lew Hahn, Department store executive:

"The country is run by gangs. There are the bootleg gang, the Prohibition gang, the tariff gang, the buddy-bonus gang, the local political gang, the banking gang and the Washington gang."

David Lloyd George, war premier of Great Britain:

"Japan has defied the world in China. France had her way at Ruhmne. Neither means to surrender its dominance."

Mrs. John N. Garner, wife of Speaker Garner:

"I don't have opinions, at least not for publication, or if I do, I keep them to myself."

LOOKS At LIFE

By EDWIN M. CLARK

Now how about our money that is "good as gold."

Under normal conditions money remains fairly stable in purchasing power, but the convulsion of modern warfare vitiates our gold basis. Since 1918 gold has hardly been worth the digging. I have this from a gold digger.

In normal times gold gets its value from its continuous use in the fine arts and as a basis for much of the world's money. In actuality it is given its value by the dictates of human fancy. Its use as money alone would not give it any fixed value. In times of war human fancy runs to bloodshed, and normal values are subjugated to the demands of conflict. Raw materials for the fight and the labor required to fit them for such use are, by strenuous demand, tendered rapidly advancing prices.

Farmer Suffers

Now the question is: How far and fully did this strenuous demand apply to our multiplicity of vocations? It applied in intensity only to such vocations as catered to conflict. Those vocations that did not especially cater to conflict did not receive the rapidly advancing pay. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc., and, more important than all, farmers, did not receive the inflated pay, but their expenditures were made with the rapidly cheapened dollars. It demanded with them a lower rate of life, and this had a tremendous effect upon our industry.

A nation's industry in times of peace caters almost wholly to the daily requirements of its people. But many of us seem blind to the fact that its tremendous aggregate is none other than a multiplication of individual requirements. And individual requirements can be, when necessity drives, reduced from 20 to 40 percent. Consider the effect of this upon industry when this is done—and millions are now doing it.

During the World War, considering its use in the fine arts, and as a money basis, gold had a quite fixed value. During the war the strenuous demand for pertinent materials and labor soon caused a cheapened dollar; and since the war the movement of gold between nations in settling temporary trade balances has added business disturbance where the gold shortage caused a lack of confidence in the fiat money based thereon.

Stability Disappears

During and for some years after a war there can be no such thing as stable money. This includes a money stagnation insofar as money purchasing will increase in value more than the profits of business—to say nothing of risk. Observe the increased value of the dollar in the fall of the last.

At the present time it is difficult to determine whether any attempt to keep wages high is a good thing. While many millions of our people are in fear for automobiles, radios, etc., incurred when the dollar had its low value, a high wage would aid in liquidating such debts, but, eventually, and essential to normalcy, the dollar must go up to its esteemed value in the fine arts—all dictated by human fancy. That means lower wages and related lower prices.

If you want it in few words: for stable money we must lift civilization out of the ruts of carnage. We must remove business from our professions of piracy.