# BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 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 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 compo-ing 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.

## Village Economy

Harold Corson, village engineer, and James W. Parry, village manager, agree on most municipal propositions. But on the general question of economy there appears to be room for variation. For instance, manager Parry argues against complying with the Village Charter provision that calls for an annual gratuitous distribution to every resident of his annual report, on the basis of economy. The saving would be slight when compared with the need for continual public enlightenment.

Engineer Corson, however, is successful in retaining three assistants to draw maps and work on future projects; including his own salary, the village pays his engineering department $432.00 every two weeks—which is quite an item of expense when you consider the need for "strict economy."

Of course, manager Parry hires engineer Corson, which partially eliminates our opening allegation that these two municipal employees vary on certain phases of public policy. For manager Parry's attitude on the subject of economy is really the one that varies; engineer Corson is consistent in maintaining his belief that Birmingham, with an ever increasing tax delinquency, can afford to pay hundreds of dollars monthly upon a department whose activities are largely confined to paper projects.

## Struggle And Give Thanks

Getting tired of the struggle? Don't please. The world two years ago was filled with young men and women who would amount to something if they had to struggle. Now they are struggling. And they will amount to something. The depression will probably save the next generation. They are acting in the greatest play on earth. It is a drama of real life—though filled with action, it no longer is the movies.

If you are nearing the end of your patience with the younger generation, just think what you would do if you were facing the world today at the age of 24 to 28. You would see before you a bewildered world of adults, most of whom have gone hay-wire. That alone is enough to challenge, to excite wonder in youth. If you were youth today, you would have to get ready to change over to a new political concept of government; you would have to prepare for some startling changes in the religious attitude of your ancestors' making; you would be required to reconstruct your ideas of the home, to family life, and to many, many other human relations.

Compared with the life the next generation will have to meet, your own life has been quite peaceful. For the struggle you have had was not as serious as you thought, and you may be thankful for that. Think of the man it made of you.

## Why Didn't We Read It On The First Page?

Thousands of reasonably intelligent men are wondering why in the name of everything sane no magazine, newspaper, or other publication of worth-while circulation had the nerve to print on its first page in 72-point type these words of the great and lamented Senator Dwight W. Morrow, spoken before the market crash:

"It seems to me that you are all constructively drunk. In a little while you will all have a very realistic morning after. You bankers ought to stop this orgy before it goes too far."

According to Forrest Davis, of the New York World-Telegram, the words we quote were spoken into the face of a famous banker by Mr. Morrow.

IF BLOOMFIELD HILLS VILLAGE becomes a city, and if Birmingham should do likewise (a committee is investigating Birmingham's situation in this respect) the remainder of Bloomfield Township will not be very heavily populated. And that probably means that the tax rate will be increased for the Township.

GERMANY SOON WILL receive 300,000 second-hand radios, and the installment indebtedness of the United States will increase, according to statics. Apparently, in this radio business, the sky is the limit.

ONE OF THE WASHINGTON, D. C. fire departments was recently called to the Capitol to—well, anyway, it should have put out some of the hot arguments, but it didn't. Another faults alarm.

TAKE THREE LETTERS from the word "depression," and you find that what is left admonishes you to "PRESS ON." The three letters, you see, spell the word "DIE." Moral: eliminate anything that spells "die" and you will "press on" to anything but a depression.

IT IS SAID THAT EUROPE is now eating American groceries at the rate of 280 million dollars a year. And on our money, too.

YES, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, America still has the most desirable form of government in the whole world. Play that on your radio when things get static.

## Washington, The Nation Builder

By Edwin Markham
Author of "The Man with the Hoe."

Written especially for the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington.

A Spartan mother called him into Time,
And kindled duty in him as a flame;
While he was schooled by the primeval hills
Of old Virginia—schooled by her mighty woods,
Where Indians war-whooped and the wild beast prowled
His name was written on no college scroll;
But he drank wisdom from the wilderness.
The mountains poured into his soul their strength,
The rocks their fortitude, the stars their calm.

He grew a silent man;
Yet carried on all roads
The lofty courtesies, the high reserves.
He seemed to know, even in this noise of time,
The solemn quiets of Eternity.
But fiery energy, a live crater, slept
Under that mountain calm; yet never blazed
Into a passion, save in some black hour
When craven souls betrayed the people. Then
He was all sword and flame, a god in arms.

With the heart of a child, the wisdom of a sage,
He toiled with no self to serve.
He grew in greatness, year by luminous year
Until he carried empire in his brain.
Yet if no Cause, no high commanding Cause,
Had called him to the hazard of the deed,
None would have guessed his power
To build a nation out of chaos, give
To her the wings of soaring destines.
But at the Hour, the People knew their man,
The one ordained of Heaven, ordained to stand
In the deadly breach and hold the gate for God.

And when the Scroll was signed and the glad Bell
Of Independence echoed round the world,
He led his tattered host on stubborn fields,
Barefoot and hungry, thru the ice and mire—
Thru dolors, valors, desperations, dreams—
Thru Valley Forge on to world-startling hours
When proud Cornwallis yielded up his sword.
And all the way, down to the road's last bend,
Cool Judgment whispered to his listening mind.
Where there was faltering, he was there as faith;
Where there was weakness, he was there as strength;
Where there was discord, he was there as peace.

His trust was in the Ruler of Events—
In Him who watches. He could say, "The ends
Are in God's hand. I trust,
But while I trust I battle." In this creed,
His soul took refuge and his heart found rest,
When, after Yorktown, all the guns were hushed,
Still was our Chieftan on a battle line,
Fighting old laws, old manners, old beliefs.
He fought the outworn old,
And lit new torches for the march ahead.

Life tried his soul by all the tests of time—
By hardship, treachery, ingratitude;
Yes, even by victory and the loud applause.
When fortune flung to him a crown, he flung
The bauble back and followed the People's dream.
He turned from all the tempters,
Stood firm above the perils of success—
Stood like Monadnock high above the clouds.

He did the day's work that was given him;
He toiled for men until he flamed with God.
Now in his greatness, ever superbly lone,
He moves in his sole eternity,
Like far Polaris wheeling on the North.

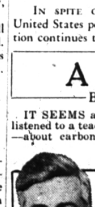
AS THE FUNNYMAN in Judge says: "Some of the people can fool you all of the time, and all of the people can fool you some of the time, but the rest of the time you have to fool yourself."

IN SPITE OF the uninterrupted deficit of the United States postoffice department, each administration continues to place its stamp of approval on it.

## All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

IT SEEMS a long time ago. I sat at a desk and listened to a teacher of physics tell about the elements—about carbon and tin and iodine and gold and radium and tungsten and oxygen—and about something that he called the Periodic Law.



Marshall Maslin

There were a lot of those elements, he said. More than 80 of them had been found. The world was all made of these elements. They were the raw material of all that was around us, in the air we breathed, in the food we ate, in the trees that shaded us, in the sun that heated us, in our own bodies.

But the strongest thing about them was that the scientists knew about elements that had not even been found yet. They knew their atomic weights, they knew their specific gravity. They knew those elements fitted into a table, into something that was called Periodic Law. One of those elements, helium, had been found on the sun before it had been found on the earth. Other elements might exist far out in space on Jupiter or Algebaran, and it might be years before anyone found them on our own little planet.

A man named Mendeleeff, a Russian, had worked out this Periodic Law more than 40 years before, and he described some of those elements long before they were found. He was a marvelous man, that Mendeleeff, and what a teacher told us about him and the elements made our small heads dizzy and left us a little doubtful, too.

It was a little too much for us to believe . . . But, of course, it was true, all of it. Ever since then, I've read, every few years, that one of those elements has been found. Just a few weeks ago someone found the last of the 92 elements, and now the great table is complete. Now all the wisdom of Mendeleeff has come true.

It makes you wonder. It makes you sort of reverent about this earth we live on and about the human beings who can figure out such things and make such incredible prophecies. It makes you wonder, too, if we might not, some day, find some new elements in men and women, that we don't know about.

We think we understand human beings, and we act as if we did. We talk about Love and Hate and Jealousy and Greed and Courage and Fear and other such things that make up human nature and influence us so greatly. And we assume that these are all there are.

But there MIGHT be others, there might be, deep within us, some quality, some element that no one knows about now and that might be more important than all the rest and that would draw all of them together into a less troubled way of living.

It MIGHT be found. No one can deny it, no one can affirm it . . . And the possibility makes the future fascinating.

## From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

### FIFTY YEARS AGO

Lots of rain, ice and snow last Tuesday.

That party at Big Beaver was the "boss."

Did you take a tumble on Tuesday morning last?

We smell a wedding down in Southfield. Send us some cake when it comes off, will you? If you don't there will be trouble in District No. 3.

Here's business for you. Nate Fall and Jay Reynolds a short time since, sawed 24 cords of 4 ft. wood twice in two in a trifle over 4 days, and kept their own saws in order. The work was done for A. D. Simonson.

An old-fashioned M. E. social came off at the residence of Silas Wattles in Troy last Wednesday evening. It was a surprise to Mrs. W. who received a handsome picture from the many warm friends in this neighborhood.

Last week Thursday the bell in our high school fell from the belfry a distance of about 20 feet, but fortunately no damage was done except knocking off considerable plaster. Teachers and scholars were somewhat frightened.

Somebody over towards Franklin is evidently getting short of meat. Harrison Young went out to the barn the other night to gather his turkies and if he hadn't gone just as he did, there wouldn't have been any turkies to gather, as he found a man skulking around the straw stack, who was evidently trying to get away undiscovered. Harrison immediately gave chase, but being unable to overtake the fugitive fired at him with his revolver, after repeated commands to halt. The man yelled a little yell, shook out another reef in his mainsail and disappeared in the darkness. Mr. Young promises to run faster and aim straighter next time.

Cy Jarvis and P. H. Sherman last Sabbath did with malice aforethought rig up the outside doors of the Birmingham School building so that they now swing out as well as in, a great precaution in case of fire or any other alarm to the students during school hours.

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A young lady of Franklin, after watching the man cutting ice on the pond west of town, for quite a long time, said to her companion, "My! But it must be cold for the man on the other end of that saw."

Mr. Samuel Bortle of Ann street, is a hustler from way back. He has to be, to get 60 names of tax-payers to a petition praying for a sewer, all in less time than two hours. This all happened on Monday last.

Miss Murl Springsted of Rochester has been awarded the free trip to Cuba prize recently offered by the Detroit Free Press for the most popular young lady. She is a most estimable young lady and wears her good luck modestly.

A man had been employed to make an inventory of the furniture in the house. He was so long about his task in the parlor, however, that the mistress of the mansion went to see what he was doing. On the floor lay an empty bottle, and on the lounge lay the man sleeping sweetly like a tired child. But the inventory had not been wholly forgotten. At the top of the page stood a solitary entry: "One wiping carpet."

William H. Lamb of Big Beaver is selling goods at a very low price and is badly rattled, in fact, is so upset that he is giving cigars away all over the safe arrival of a bouncing baby girl at his home one day recently. She can almost be heard to say, "Hello! Grandaddy Bob. How's things at Royal Oak?"

The Ladies Library Society of Birmingham has offered to give to the village its library of 2,400 volumes and 800 pamphlets, also its interest in the library building and throw in a $2,500 mortgage on the place, provided the building is used for a library and municipal building and provided that the village shall vote an annual tax of one-half mill on a dollar on the assessed valuation of the property in the village, and some people are kicking like the d— about it and won't have it.

### FIVE YEARS AGO

The first of the free health clinics for children of Oakland County will be held tomorrow at the County Infirmary on Elizabeth Lake road.

A petition requesting an increase in salary for the teachers of the elementary grades in Birmingham schools is being considered today by members of the School Board. Action is expected to be taken on it at the next meeting of the board March 14.

Before the Birmingham fire department could get the trucks into the station after a fire on west Bennaville avenue Sunday afternoon, the alarm sounded again for a fire on Park street.

A large and representative crowd of Birmingham citizens is expected at the open meeting of the Village-City committee at 8 P. M. tomorrow in the auditorium of the Baldwin High School, when the report of the committee will be read and discussed.

The state may abandon the Woodward avenue project altogether. This prospect loomed today following the filing in Circuit Court of a petition by Detroit realtors to restrain the state from continuing its plan to complete paving a 100-foot wide Woodward avenue through Birmingham this summer. The realtors will attempt to show cause before Judge Frank L. Covert next Monday.

### Most Have

Most girls have a skin they love to retouch.—Thomaston, Ga., Times.

## POOR BUTTERFLY

## THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING—

### TAX REFORM

As the question of taxation reform in Michigan is the more closely studied, ramparts of the opposition become more clearly defined. Which will prove the stronger remains a matter of doubt. Excelling in length of time during which it has withstood all attempts at scaling, stands the primary school fund, held as sacred to the education of a white bull to the Hindu. Next and even though of younger years, perhaps more strongly intrenched in selfish hope, stands the state highway fund. No adequate relief will be possible to real property until the whole structure of the primary school interest fund is wrecked and the state highway fund is stripped from the hands of a road building oligarchy. World peace talk is as popular among munitions manufacturers as road building vacations are among engineers and road machine manufacturers, both of whom exert altogether too much influence in state highway circles. Behind it all is the selfish hope held by about every village and hamlet in the state that some day a ribbon of concrete will pierce its main street. Behind the sacred portals of the primary school interest fund structure are massed every college and school board of Michigan. Behind those of the highway fund is to be found every road commission, every contractor, material man and machinery salesman. A lot of battering rams will have to be brought up before either rampart falls.—Verne J. Brown in Ingham County News.

### THE NEWSPAPER CRITIC

When you hear a man finding fault with the local newspaper, open it up and ten to one you'll find he hasn't an advertisement in it; five to one he never gives it a job of printing; three to one that he does not take the paper; two to one that if he is a subscriber he is a delinquent one; even odds he never does anything to help the publisher to run a good paper, and 40 to one he is the most eager to see the paper when it comes out and borrows it from his neighbors before they get time to read it.—Royalton (Minn.) Banner.

### MY LADY'S HANDS

It went something like this:

"They met after ten years. There were a hundred things that both women wanted to say and a hundred questions to ask. They had not seen each other since they left Vassar. Finally, seated on opposite sides of a table in a cozy nook of the Ambassador dinning room, Clara told how Tom had progressed—he was now manager of the new factory. Then she saw Nell looking at her hands. They were not the hands of a successful man's wife—rough and red from dish washing."

This is some smart Aleck's idea of how to bulldoze American womanhood into buying about 7 cents worth of perfumed glycerine and water and paying $1.00 for it. Have you noticed how many of the luxury products manufacturers are using this contemptible form of advertising to sell their stuff?

It may be excusable to educate people through advertising to avoid "B. O." or "halitosis." Generally just common ordinary old-fashioned soap and water and the kind of scrubbing grandmother used to demonstrate behind the ears and other areas of the anatomy will do the trick equally well. However, when an advertiser ridicules the marks of honest toil and the badge of thrifty home-making, when he spends $5,000 a page in a nationally circulated magazine in an attempt to make women ashamed of the hands which have ministered to the needs of their children and performed well the tasks of the home, he—well, we'd like to take a good swift kick at the pants of the effeminate dude who wrote the copy and three kicks at the millionaire manufacturer who paid to have it circulated.—Schuyler L. Marshall in Clinton County Republican News.

### TEACHERS ENGLISH

Well, well; see what we have here. The school teacher is being held responsible for sloppiness in speech. The man who makes the accusation is none other than Otis Skinner, the talented actor. Mr. Skinner says:

"School teachers largely are responsible for sloppy, vulgar speech in the United States.

"The school teachers should be an example in speaking English properly, in giving words their correct pronunciation and in imparting a pleasant mode of speech.

"Instead the teachers are as bad as the children. They whine and they mumble and they mispronounce the words and the children do the same after them.

"Teachers should be obliged to take more strict examinations, especially should they be required to speak our native tongue as it should be spoken and not murdered."—Tom Conlin in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

### THE BRIGHTER SIDE

In spite of the present depression, America has done more than the rest of the world in eliminating poverty.

Inadequate as wages still are, from the point of view of the purchasing power indispensable for a stable prosperity, they probably bear a higher ratio to the value of the final product than the labor of the worker bears to the total cost of production.

The national wealth, though distributed with villainous and ominous inequality, averages 20 times more per man today than in America of 1790; it has grown from $383 in 1850 to $4,000 in 1928; it is 4 times that of England, 10 times that of France or Germany.

America has done more for her children than any other nation in history. In 1929 our cities were spending 37 per cent of their revenue on education—a degree of generosity to youth never matched elsewhere. Our colleges, in their imperfect infancy, were teaching 1,257,000 students, 250,000 more than the rest of the world combined.

Many of these were receiving free tuition; one-third of them were working their way through, with something of the stoic grit of frontier days. We are not educating too many; we are breeding too many.—Will Durant in the Red Book Magazine.

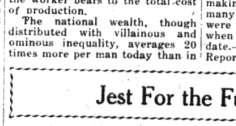
### GROESBECK NEEDED

With Frank Fitzgerald, present secretary of state, definitely removed as a gubernatorial possibility, there is a growing demand that Alex J. Groesbeck, three times governor of Michigan, and acknowledged even among his most bitter political and personal enemies as the most able executive in recent state history, may be drafted as a candidate to oppose Governor Brucker. The times demand a governor who is not afraid of his own future or job, a man of experience, capable of long hours of labor on matters in which he is thoroughly acquainted, a doer and not a talker. A more logical man to step into the present mess at Lansing and give the taxpayers an administration of efficiency and seriousness of purpose could not in our opinion be found in the entire state. What greater confidence in Michigan and its future could be desired than a Groesbeck in the executive chair at Lansing for the next two years at least? In order that the people might know whether he is planning on being a candidate he should get his hat into the ring earlier than he did two years ago. He waited so long before making his announcement that many of his friends in the state were tied up to some one else when he concluded to be a candidate.—Pat O'Brien in Iron River Reporter

## Jest For the Fun of It

### What A Relief

Son: "You can take your finger off that leak now, father."



Father: "Thank goodness! Is the plumber here at last?"

Son: "No, the house is on fire."

—o—

### Blacksheep

If all they say were true of me,
What a blacksheep I would be,
A rascal of the Nth degree,
Just really truly bad.

If what they say were true of me,
I'm sorry there aren't two of me,
Then we could reminisce, you see,
About the fun we'd had.

—Mary Hay in "Life"

—o—

### Famous Firms

Heaven & Earth

### Noah Numbskull Wants to Know:

Would a steady reign get a horse wet?

How far can a parachute jump?

When you "burn up" are you making a "fuel" of yourself?

If papa elephant carries a trunk, does little "Ella"phant carry a suitcase?

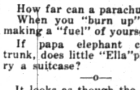
—o—

It looks as though the Japanese Army wanted to get into China so far that there would be no possibility of one of Secretary Stimson's notes ever being delivered to him.

—"Judge"

—o—

"Have you ever been fooled in love?"



"Fooled? I've been swindled!"

## The "Big Shots" Say:—

**Jack Dempsey**, former heavyweight champion:
"Boxing is a trade which must be learned—not something you can start with only strength and courage as your assets.

**Chiang Kai-shek**, former President of China, who advocated a conciliatory policy toward Japan:
"The more we endure, the more aggressive the Japanese become. The fate of China is at stake."

**Wm. V. Pratt**, Admiral, U. S. Navy:
"There is a critical situation as far as the safety of American citizens is concerned but, otherwise, this is a conflict between Japan and China."

**Edgar Wallace**, British author:
"A highbrow is a person who has found something more interesting than women."

**George Arthur Butterick**, preacher:
"Poor some people God is a mysterious slot machine and prayer is the penny. But the penny in the slot machine and out comes the candy."

**Randolph Churchill**, British writer:
"American men do not care about money. They care for work for work's sake. Over ninety per cent of their money is spent by women."

**James G. Harbord**, General, U. S. A., retired:
"The truth is perhaps that character rather than military skill gave George Washington his reputation as we have it today."

**Oswald Mosley**, British politician:
"Deficits are the fashion nowadays; all the best countries have them."

**Frank W. Taussig**, professor:
"Do not squander, do not hoard; live a steady, normal life and you will help steady business."

**Lord Morley**, British peer:
"We have got a banker's government, carrying a banker's policy, to meet a banker's crisis, caused by banker's mismanagement."

**Charles H. Mayo**, American surgeon:
"We owe the world something for the privilege of living, although a great many people think and feel just the opposite."

**Ignace Jan Paderewski**, former Premier of Poland:
"In time people may come to realize that the country offers a happier existence than complex city life."

## Our Scrap Book

### CARRIED BY THE WIND

Is there a grain of dust so small
the wind shall not find it out?
Around in the mill-wheel of the centuries, the iron of the distant mountain floats like gossamer, and is drunk up as dew by leaf and living twig. A thousand miles of cloud go by from morn till night, passing overhead without a sound; the immense packs a mile square, succeed to each other side by side, laid parallel, book-shape, coming up from the horizon and widening as they approach. From morn till night the silent footfalls of the ponderous vapors travel overhead, no sound, no creaking of the wheels and rattling of the chains; it is calm at the earth; but the wind labors without effort above, with such ease and such power. Gray smoke hangs on the hillside where the coach-heaps are piled, a cumulus of smoke; the wind comes, and it draws its length along like the genii from the earthen pot; there leaps up a great red flame, shaking its head, it shines in the bright sunlight you can see it across the valley.—Richard Jefferies, in "Field and Hedgerow."

## ParaLafs

### Should Be

It should be a great year for poets, 1932. It rhymes with blue and true and you.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

### Must

The way clamorous minorities are calling for billions in relief appropriations, they must think congress meets on Capital Hill.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

### Sure!

If the wolf shows up at your door, catch him and be a fur coat ahead, anyhow.—Los Angeles Times.

### How?

But if the national income is only $24,000,000,000, fires $5,000,000,000, accidents $3,000,000,000, and government $4,000,000,000, how do we pay for gas?—San Diego Tribune.

### Seems Clear

Well, it seems clear enough that the Culbertson system will win if you get the cards and can outplay your opponents.—Publishers Syndicate.

### Evidently

In Yorkshire recently there was rain, hail, sleet and snow, thunder, lightning and a gale all in one day. Evidently somebody had been rash enough to organize a winter picnic.—Passing Show.

### No Worse

Still, the destruction of life in the Orient is no worse than that in the Accident.—Newark Ledger.

### Light-O!

Now, let's have a little emphasis on the fact that 132,643 ban haven't closed.—Rockford Star.