The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 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 Wednesday. The right is reserved, however, to make such editorial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

A Politician Proposes

Brook Brawnade, in a recent issue of Judge, suggests the following method for a political candidate to propose to his "best girl."

"Darling, you have with you as guest and principal speaker this evening, Mr. Wentworth Cheeler, candidate for your husband. (Slap) Have a cigar? I have lived in this vicinity all my life and have during this period enjoyed the respect confidence and admiration of all the local feminine citizens.

"My past record and reputation are open for your inspection as to my ability to serve as your husband. I am, without a doubt, the most honest, able, generous, handsome, distinguished, cheerful, attractive, deserving and trustworthy man in this great city!

"I presume your indecision is the result of the contemptible, insidious work of my honorable opponent who is afraid to come out in the open and allow you to choose between us on merit alone.

"Now, (Slap) Have a cigar? Do you realize that my honorable opponent is the most worthless, iniquitous, selfish, dishonest, wasteful, querulous, deceitful and corrupt scoundrel who ever asked a girl to marry him? Do you?

"Aha! Here is your baby sister! Come to your sister's future husband, baby. (Kiss, kiss. Isn't she the sweetest most adorable little girl in the whole world? Now! (Slap) Have a cigar? You have reached the crossroads of your life! Vote 'Yes' for Cheeler and follow the smooth highway of contentment and love—not the rocky road of regret and sorrow! I promise that you shall have everything you desire! (Fist lands solidly in open palm.) All you need do is marry me! Elect me your husband and live in a paradise on earth! Remember my slogan: 'Be Happy With Cheeler!' "

Battleships And Schools

Neighborhood scraps, resulting in injury or death (and generally expensive lawsuits) as well as war between nations, are the results of poor and impoverished thinking by those who engage in them. If we could educate boys and girls to live and let live; to be willing to sacrifice when necessary for others; to refrain from ill-temper and hateful impulses—if we could do these things with proper education and thus avoid scraps and war, what an inexpensive product, after all modern educational systems would be. Why, Folks, you could build twenty times as many schools as there are in Birmingham today for the cost of only one first class battleship! Really, when you stop to think about it all, you must admit that there are many things more inefficient and therefore expensive than any unit of modern governmental functioning.

S(ch)wabbing It

"Charlie" Schwab, multi-millionaire steel magnate, told America the other day that "the federal government must balance its budget, and restore confidence." Quite true, of course. We hope Mr. Schwab will use the same theme when he stumps the country again if we are even again engaged in war. Of course, it all depends upon whether you wish to sell or save. Where did that navy phrase of "s(ch)wab the deck" originate, anyway?

Crying Need Of Vigor

A vigorous supply of crying cannot meet a crying demand for vigor. Without vigor a newspaper flops. Without vigor a sales manager flops. Without vigor an advertisement flops. And a salesman.

With a vigorous determination to live, the old buggy-whip manufacturers might have invented games to play with whips, might have built up the children's market, or a sport market.

We thought the bow-and-arrow industry had closed down four hundred years ago; but the last survivor's vigor came through at the critical moment . . . and today, look at all the bow-and-arrow life about us, archery clubs, teams, talk, togs. If archery gets much more popular there will be a chance for some vigorous arrower to come back.

Oh, Minnesota!

A St. Paul married woman has the nerve to suggest that tax relief be brought about by taxing every bridegroom $500.00 for the privilege of getting married. Even if the lady is right, she has no business offering her private relief measures as a national panacea! Besides, during a depression does she want to be anti-Roosevelt enough to propose race suicide as a cure-all for hard times? Oh, Minnesota, why do you do this!

WASHINGTON, D. C., is a section of the United States where citizens who reside there are not allowed to vote, or have anything else to say to Congress. All the rest of the United States is a place where citizens are allowed to vote but have nothing to say. Outside of that, both Congress and Washington are national curiosities.

Why Have We No Leaders?

There never was a time in the history of the United States when leadership was needed any more than today. Have you figured out just why our country has not developed a definite, strong leader? Isn't it simply because there has not risen upon our national horizon any individual of unimpeachable CHARACTER. There are plenty of men in the United States who know very, very much about business or professional matters; there are many materially wealthy men; some of whose fortunes run up beyond the half-billion mark; there is great evidence around us today of the physical success of thousands of men—but there does not loom upon the horizon of the public mind any GREAT SOUL, any outstanding man who can be handed the reins of government and lead the stampeding, frightened mob to sanity and safety.

Of course, the REAL reason why no such figure is available is simply because a great majority of our people have not fashioned their own lives, and their own collective national perspective, along those CHARACTERFUL lines that create the fertile soil from which CHARACTERFUL LEADERSHIP does spring into life.

The world has gone mad with lust and greed, and distrust and war! It will awake from this miasmatic dream ere long and, stretching itself with a newness of vigor, it will emerge upon a calmer, more secure, sea of life, where the voyage of trustful living will again be resumed by human beings. After all, Folks, material wealth in itself is not worth anything, is it? You've got to have something more than yellow gold to give to life to make it worth living. You've got to give life CHARACTER! There is no substitute for it, ever.

Fly To Isle Royale

An aviator chap named Harold Westcoat has started an airline between the Upper Peninsula and Isle Royale, according to editor Herbert S. Case, who last week told of a trip he and Mrs. Case made in the amphibian plane used by Westcoat. You can fly from Marquette to Washington Harbor, Isle Royale, in 40 minutes. That new airline ought to attract lots of people to visit this great beauty spot, situated in the middle of Lake Superior. Several years ago, in company with R. J. Coryell, Clarence Wilet, and Robert Y. Moore, we visited Isle Royale on a fishing trip. We had to drive all the way to Port Arthur, and it required an entire day to reach our destination by boat. If you seek a real treat, and a real thrill, we suggest you become a passenger on Mr. Westcoat's plane to Isle Royale.

Busy Men Do Things

There is an old saying that "if you want to get a thing done turn it over to a busy man." This truth is easily seen all about us today; the really successful man or woman is the one who is struggling through many, many tasks daily—tasks seemingly without end. Anyway, if you want further proof of the truth of the saying, just be reminded that God, when He wanted something done upon His earth, called upon men who were busily engaged in tasks at hand.

MOSES was busy with his flock at Horeb.

GIDEON was busy threshing wheat by the winepress.

SAUL was busy searching for his father's lost beasts.

DAIVD was busy caring for his father's sheep.

ELISHA was busy ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen.

NEHEMIAH was busy bearing the King's winecup.

PETER and ANDREW were busy casting a net into the sea.

JAMES and JOHN were busy mending their nets.

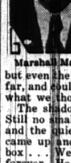
A HINDU MYSTIC, silent for the past seven years, has come to the United States, to bring his philosophy to our people. He still refuses to talk, preferring to use a portable blackboard for conversational purposes. If only we had a few silent Hindu mystics in Congress!

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFERED 1,040 beatings at the hand of her husband, and has finally divorced him because of cruel treatment. The beatings took place during their 19 years of "marital martiality" or "martial maritality." What a skunk that husband must have been.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

Did you ever lose your way and wander in strange places, strange ways, pretending to be brave, but in truth as forlorn as any mother-less, wandering child?



Marshall Maslin

And, being lost, did you ever come again to the familiar and the comforting and the secure?

* * *

Our white rat was lost . . . And for a few hours we felt quite soppy about him and his adventure. . . . We let him out of his box, and he had a pleasant time playing about in the garden, through the iris and under the columbine and over the grass. And then he disappeared and would not come when we called him. We sent the cat after him, but even the cat could not find him. He had gone too far, and could not find his way home again. Or that's what we thought.

The shadows lengthened and the sun went down. Still no small white rat with the quivering whiskers and the quiet manner. It grew dark and the moon came up and still no white rat coming home to his box . . . We gave him up and decided he was gone forever. He was far away from home, perhaps two yards away. Or some strange cat or a dog had gotten him . . . But late at night, with a searchlight, again we looked through the garden for him, without much hope of finding him. Nor did we find him.

But in the morning he was back, shivering, somewhat dirtied, subdued. Some time in the night, nosing his way, he had struck a familiar trail at last and had come eagerly to the familiar shelter of his box. He was glad to see us and he seemed glad to be home.

* * *

And though I have small knowledge of white rats and their ways and thoughts, I think I do know how he felt . . .

Because, men and women, too, are sometimes lost and wander away and fear they will never come home again. They lose hope and they lose courage. The adventure they had thought so fair, so attractive, turns grim and forbidding.

Through dark days they go, and into lonely years.

Sometimes they never get home, but sometimes they do—and then the old despised commonplace is dear to them, as it was never dear before, and a sweet contentment rises within them and takes full possession. They know then what it means to be lost and to find their way home again to the peace they had surrendered.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

The bee on the swamp hole near Mr. Vaughan's last Friday was a success, James Shaine was manager.

Ye lovers of Terpsichore, don't forget that the second 4th of July Ball comes off Tuesday evening, July 4, 1882, at National Hotel. Of course, nine host Daines will see that all have a good time and enjoy themselves.

Our barber is a very aesthetic individual, and it took three different men last Sunday to cut his hair to his complete satisfaction. His hair requires four cuttings inside of 24 hours. Oh Gawge!

Fourth of July is almost here and not a move has been made to celebrate it. Rochester, Romeo and others of our sister villages are making stirring preparations for the Fourth and nothing done yet by Birmingham. Too bad!

The boss cow (or cow-boss) is owned by Theodore Blumberg at the south toll gate. She manages to produce 37 pounds of rich pure milk in one day and her proud and happy owner has refused $125 for herself and calf. She is a cross between the Jersey and Durham breeds.

Everybody and his brother are invited to the Birmingham Driving Park next Saturday p. m. Bring your horse and trot races for fun, to pack the track and fit it up in order. Come one and all and have an afternoon's sport for fun. So the Association says "Everybody Come."

On Tuesday last, Daniel Dunn of Big Beaver, drove a load of wheat to town and sold it to Ira Stile. Well, what of it? Why, just this. The combined weight of wagon, wheat and all was 5,000 lbs., and the combined age of the two horses was 50 years, and they looked as if they were good for 50 years of labor yet.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

There is more than one backyard in the downtown district that needs the attention of the village officials.

A vacant lot in the center of town is being used for a cow pasture much to the annoyance of everyone in the vicinity.

The flower-beds at the Baptist Church have been put in order, the lawn mowed, and altogether it is one of the neatest spots in town.

Peter B. Kerr has a new auto and it is a beauty. He and his family certainly do enjoy it. Seems to be what you ain't livin' unless you have a buzz wagon.

Our Village Improvement Society put the fountain at the depot in order, and the grounds are nicely kept by Dennis in charge. The place is a credit to our town.

A Michigan editor is used to women became he said in the obituary that her husband had gone to a happier home. It doesn't always pay to tell the truth even when writing an obituary.

Have you seen R. F. D. 4's new rig for carrying mail? It must be seen to be appreciated. It looks easy riding and must be, or that there Wood man would not have invested in it. He is not riding around all the time for his health.

Years ago, about 28 we think, we asked the then supervisor of our town to tell us the assessed valuation of the township. He threw a fit all over himself and said, "Don't you do it—worst possible thing you could do for your town. Why! Those fellows at Pontiac will see what we are worth and increase our taxes." We couldn't see them, nor can we now, what's the diff, so here goes for the assessed valuation of the Township of Bloomfield, which according to the report of our worthy and efficient Supervisor Porter, reads like this: Real estate, $1,866,230; personal, $831,450; a total of $2,700,830. Guess this is going some. For the village tax, which you will have a chance to pay next month, we find the assessed valuation of village property is: Real estate, $626,100; personal, $362,070; a total of $988,170, nearly a million dollars for this quiet little village of the plain, and we are going to, just like the rest of the township.

Five Years Ago

At fitting solemnity pervaded St. James' Episcopal Church Tuesday night when the Rt. Rev. Bishop Herman Page of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan performed the ceremony of institution of the Rev. Warner L. Forsyth, as rector.

Fourth of July celebrators this year will have to wait until July 1 to obtain fireworks in Birmingham according to a unanimous decision of the Village Commisson at the meeting Monday night. The Commission went on record as approving a resolution adopted by a previous Commission, which prohibited the sale except on July 1, 2, 3, 4, and in some cases, on July 5.

Class exercises are being held tonight for the graduating class of Baldwin High School and final preparations are complete for the commencement address tomorrow evening in the high school auditorium. Fifty-six seniors will be graduated. This is the largest class in the history of Baldwin.

Plans are nearing completion today for the old Hill School reunion to be held Thursday and Friday of next week. U. Grant Race of Detroit will be toastmaster, and Edgar A. Guest is expected to be the main speaker.

The first of the summer union church evening services will be held Sunday evening in the Methodist church, with the Rev. Henry S. Evans, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, preaching, and providing the program from his church.

Work on the paving of Woodward avenue, which has been delayed since Monday, was scheduled to begin today according to announcement of village officials.

"SHORT" CIRCUIT

The Other Chap Says Something—

A LITTLE MORE MODESTY, PLEASE!

Modesty is a virtue that many politicians are prone to overlook. From present indications it appears that the dear public is going to be shown some horrible examples of self-advertisement. Just last week a rare one came to light where an official donated 10 per cent of his salary to the city. It seems reasonable to suppose that other politicians will now become avid for a little of the same publicity.

But a little thought upon the subject should convince every candidate that these five and 10 per cent donations seem trifling in comparison to losses sustained by business men. What is a five or 10 per cent reduction in a fancy salary to losses ranging from 25 to 100 per cent suffered by men in private life?

Most of us like to keep our charitable acts from the headlines. A touch of this modesty would seem becoming in those who run for office. Otherwise some of the candidates will appear to be seeking fancy salaries merely to enable them to give greater alms.—Ingham County News.

A MAN'S RELIGION

There is nothing effeminate about the Christian religion. One must be every inch a man to follow Christ. It was a man's job to tackle the Scribe and the Pharisee, to take the part of the poor and the outcast, to set aside tradition and superstition, to brave the wrath of a Jewish priesthood and a Roman State. None but a hero with the consciousness of approval of God could withstand the persecution and abuse that were heaped upon Him. None but He could carry that cross up the rugged path of Calvary. Following Him were men like Matthew, Peter, James, Paul and the rest who went to their death in defense of their faith in Him. There was one weak man. He forsook Christ and betrayed Him. We still have the weak brother with us. We need not go back to Judea and Judas to find him; nor do we have to go back to Paul and Palestine to find the strong. There are men today whom wheel and rack, and faggot, and torch and arena, and cross would not affright; men who stand four square to every wind that blows; men who have a right to wear the name, "Christian."—Lapee County Press.

WE'LL GET BROWN

One of the chief beneficiaries of the state payroll said the other day that Vern J. Brown would be "checked and hamstrung when the personnel commission to revise state salaries began their work. This man indicated that there were enough friendly politicians on the commission and enough influence to make Brown's effort to clean out the loafers and the pensioners, die aborning.

Perhaps this is so. If it is, we shall look to Mr. Brown and Mr. Espie, both members, to keep the taxpayers of Michigan informed of who, why and how sensible economies are defeated. There is no question but that Brown has incurred the enmity of several hundred soft-job holders. His kind of publicity is poison to them. They will not lose their jobs without a struggle.

It is going to be interesting to watch the outcome of this commission. If it fails we feel sure that the seventy newspapers which have carried Brown's articles will go further. As has been suggested a number of times "if the Brown articles are untrue why has not some person started a libel suit?"

There will be no libel suits. In fact, the half has not been told.—Clinton Co. Republican News.

ParaLaffs

May

Long ago the doctors abandoned the idea that bleeding the patient would cure all his ailments, and sooner or later the same light may dawn on the tax-levying agencies.—Arkansas Gazette.

So We Would

Short selling is the sale of stocks you don't own. Most of us would be delighted if we could sell the stocks we do own.—Dunbar's Weekly, Phoenix.

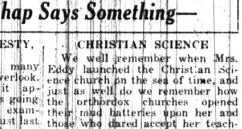
Yes, A Trifle!

Just now it looks as though the 1928 estimate of the genius of American industrialists was exaggerated a mere trifle of 90 to 95 percent.—Nashville Banner.

Jest For the Fun of It

TOO TRUE!

"Why on earth did you marry her?"



"We thought it would be better if we saw a little less of each other."

—O—

Fact and Fancy

Oh, take your ledger, if you
And pile your money high,
And I will tingle the Pleiades
And watch the world go by:

Oh, count your profit and silly loss
And close the brimming till,
The while I follow a starry cross
Beyond a starry hill.

To an island dreaming far and far
Away in a southern sea
That I will buy with a tiny star
From my golden treasury. . . .
And yet . . . by the way, old man . . . could I borrow
A five-spot, say, until tomorrow?
—Wilfred J. Funk in "Life."

—O—

Puzzle

What puzzles us is the psychological side of New York City politics. It seems so strange that a man who can't remember where he got $150,000 never forgets where he put it.—Boston Herald.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Henry Ford, auto manufacturer: "As between a law which favors drinking and a law which favors sobermess, the American home and church and school and workshop stand for the latter."

Wm. E. Borah, U. S. Senator of Idaho: "As to some cities in the United States where suffering is intense, I would go unwilling to vote a dollar to be distributed by the class of officials now in control in those cities."

Harold M. LaFount, member Federal Radio Commission: "The evidences of a return to normal business conditions are as obvious as the budding tree is a sure sign of the approach of Spring."

Daniel A. Poling, President, Allied Forces for Prohibition: "The Republican and Democratic parties have not yet adopted a Wet plank."

Amelia Earhart Putnam, only woman to make a solo flight over the Atlantic: "Outside the demonstration that a woman can fly the Atlantic alone, I don't see that I have added anything to the science of aviation or anything else."

Thomas G. Harrison, secretary, National Council for Prevention of War: "Unless we can unite as a group and solve our problems peaceably, we shall be forced to accept the negative proposition of war, and probably with Japan."

Vassili Bloecher, Commander of Soviet Far Eastern Army: "The flames of real war are beginning to flicker near our frontiers."

Robert B. Howell, U. S. Senator of Nebraska: "Sheep are selling in Omaha for as low as ten cents a head. That's a peek at the agricultural situation."

Alfred E. Smith, former governor of New York: "It is a false friend who leads the poor man to believe that capital can be unreasonably taxed or soaked without injury to him."

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior: "With prosperity, many parents unload the responsibility for their children onto others. With adversity, the home takes its more normal place."

Time to Keep Cool

Instructor: Suppose you were at 10,000 feet and your plane broke suddenly into flames, what would you do?

Pupil—Pray for a cloud-burst, sir.

* * *

Belgium has an area of 11,752 square miles.

* * *

Bolivia is the only country in South America without a seaport.

* * *

Cuba is known as the "Pearl of the Antilles."

* * *

Sugar has been the dominant crop for 150 years in Cuba, and its price is the barometer of prosperity for the island.

* * *

Czechoslovakia is about the size of Illinois.

* * *

Czechoslovakia is one of the richest countries in Europe agriculturally.

* * *

The Free City of Danzig was established under the treaty of Versailles to create a port for Poland.

Only nine states in United States have operators' license laws.

DIRECTORY

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