The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 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 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.

Village-To-City Election

Next Tuesday, September 6, the citizens of Birmingham will be given an opportunity to express themselves on the proposition of changing from village to city form of local government. For a long time that question has been before our people, its many angles have been discussed time and time again. True, there have been, and probably still are, honest differences of opinion upon the advisability of making the change. Several years ago the proposition was voted down; since that time, however, state legislation has removed practically every former objection, and there is now a very real change manifest in many of those who formerly were opposed to the change. Notable among these are Village President Harry Allen and Commissioner Lawrence Hulbert. Both these men have recently gone into the problem at much length, together with others on the village commission, and they have expressed themselves as not opposed to the change to be decided next Tuesday.

One thing only stands between the village commission's unanimous and hearty approval or disapproval of the question at this time; it is the welfare cost that may be the heritage of our proposed city after January 1, 1933. At that time, under present plans of the Oakland County Board of Supervisors, the matter of taking care of indigent persons will be returned from the county to the individual cities and townships. There is a possibility that Birmingham's change to a city, and the necessity of taking care of its own welfare after next January 1, will at least prevent the city change from decreasing the immediate cost of our local government. However, if the welfare is continued by the county, (and efforts are being made in this direction) there is no question but what the city change will provide Birmingham with the machinery of a more efficient and more economical local government. There is no reason why a community of our size should support its own village government, and also that of a township unit as well.

In other columns of this issue of The Eccentric will be found plenty of discussions and reasons why the proposition of changing to a city is a wise one. We suggest that you read them over very carefully before casting your vote next Tuesday. After all, you, as voters and taxpayers, are the ones who must decide the matter.

The Eccentric agrees with those who assert that the welfare problem is of considerable importance in the matter; but even this phase should be considered in the light of a period of years—and we may well remember that the present welfare costs are temporary at best.

Changing from village to city form of government is, of course, merely a means of adopting new governmental machinery. The ultimate efficiency of a new form of government, in itself, is and cannot be any better than the type of people who support and administer it.

So please remember Tuesday, September 6. It is the day when you will be given an opportunity to express your opinion upon the question: "shall the village of Birmingham incorporate as a home-rule city without change of boundaries"?

Eva Tanguay

A score of years ago the name of Eva Tanguay symbolized the super-essence of what we calmly refer to as jazz today; she became the queen of burlesque, and when she played in vaudeville her daring appearance on "nights" outside the realm of burlesque was "the talk of the town." She was physically a thing of perfection; she made lots of money, too. Now she lies ill and her fortune is about gone, as she tries to remain a passenger on the Ship of Human Existence, in her Los Angeles quarters. Her story may be duplicated in the lives of many who have "hit the high spots" of life upon this planet earth. We wonder if she still can hear the reverberations of her applauding audiences of the years ago as she popularized a song that was called "I don't care"; and have the lustful staring masculine eyes that came to see her burned themselves into a kind of blackness in her soul? Poor Eva Tanguay . . . almost forgotten . . . vanishing into the limbo of all forgotten flesh . . . a dimmed bulb in the footlights of the theater of the world.

Hoover's Epochal Speech

We presume that several minds worked upon the recent speech of acceptance uttered by President Hoover. But, more than all, we feel that the underlying theme of humanitarianism that in reality gave the speech a soul came from that great Universe of Good that, in human crises, takes possession of the minds of people in high places. Every age produces its own epoch-making things; every human travail brings forth some great spiritual evidence that proves there is a God in Heaven . . . and upon our earth. When he gave America his recent speech, President Hoover was speaking from the high plateaus of sincere and sacrificial service to his countrymen.

What Manner Of Repeal Does Our Country Seek?

One of the questions asked and answered in a piece of publicity sent out last week by Mrs. Fred M. Alger - Michigan Branch of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform is as follows: "Question: After repeal, what do the W. O. N. P. R. want?

Mrs. Alger, answering: They want the control of liquor (so uncontrolled since prohibition) to be in the hands of the State, with Federal control of interstate liquor traffic. They want the education of the people to true temperance through health agencies, the home and the public schools. The Organization will not disband after repeal. It pledges itself to go on working until these are accomplished."

Mrs. Alger's stand now seems to fit in with the recent prohibition utterances of President Hoover. If she and her Organization are in favor of a plan that will forever outlaw the old saloon; will minimize, or even eliminate, for private interests, the profit from the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages; that will set up a perpetual vigilance movement to sell people on the value of true temperance that borders and even includes the free personal acceptance of complete sobriety as a good rule for life; that will keep the federal government in the position of guardian and enforcer of the several state's individual laws upon this important social problem—if, we repeat, these women stand for a *vigorously controlled citizenship* for Joan Barleycorn, then The Eccentric suggests that they be given the sincere consideration of every serious-minded voter. This newspaper and its publisher stand squarely for law enforcement; for the strict observance of the 18th Amendment as it now stands. But we also recognize the inability and unwillingness of a majority of our citizens to observe this Amendment in our Constitution, and we feel that the Republican party's plan for its reformation is the best political device yet created to solve the problem.

We are opposed to outright repeal. It would force a return of conditions even worse than the old saloon. A portion of our populace drinking, with the great majority either temperate or completely dry, and all done legally, is far better than a majority of them drinking illegally, while the remainder of temperate and dry citizens witness the corruption of government in both high and low places, and idly or helplessly stand by and see their country's Constitution nullified.

Let's be safe in this prohibition matter by being sane in judging its success or failure to date. Prohibition, of course, in itself is not on trial; its virtues have not failed; where it has been lived up to human happiness has been abundantly manifest. Only human nature has failed to live up to its pledge. But human nature must be met practically, and with due regard to its limitations.

We Are Pagans All

The Detroit Board of Commerce, in an effort to relieve the unemployment, and its attendant welfare problem in the Fourth City, is seeking data from employers on the possibility of relieving the situation. The Board of Commerce, alarmed at the increased tax burden caused by unemployment, is resorting to strenuous measures in a movement to aid the matter. Thus do we witness a phase of our social readjustment in these mechanistic days. The real tragedy of the situation lies in the inability of the great mass of human beings to survive in a world that for too long has been dedicated to the worship of Mammon. We are taught too much to depend upon "human" institutions; we are grossly lacking in a common faith in a Common Provider; we have grown to love our neighbor in words, and ourselves in deeds. We are pagans, stumbling over the dead images of human-made dreams; we gasp for breath in a world of pure air. But, as a two-legged race, we shall improve!—given time!

SINCERE "DICK" BALDWIN, in his Northville Record, last week had the modesty to shout: "Don't want to brag too much, but we just happened to think that Mrs. R. T. Baldwin is the best applesauce maker in Northville." Sounds like a lot of baldwin applesauce to us, too.

NEW YORK'S Jimmy Walker is so shy that he might assume a new alias with his retiring disposition as the first syllable.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

PEOPLE laughed at me while I was building my gate. They said it was too heavy and too clumsy and too ugly and that it would never, never do.

Marshall Maslin

And where would I get hinges strong enough to carry it and what kind of lock would I use, and what child would have strength enough to push that gate open, once it was in place?

But I didn't mind. I knew what I was doing. Or, at least, thought I did. Had plans. Had ideas. That gate would be quite all right. Let them laugh. . . . There had been an opening in our back fence for years and that opening needed a gate. Not to keep people out, but just because good fences, whether you like it or not, make good neighbors; and fences need gates in them.

So planned the gate and I made it. . . . Took timber that was four inches by four inches through. Took other pieces that were two by two. Fine, sturdy redwood timber. Took six-inch nails. Collected saws and hammers and t-squares and planes, and went to work. Forgot everything, building a simple gate. Went on my knees to it, in the reverence of working with my hands. . . . Sawed carefully. Measured exactly. Put my gate together temporarily. And was staggered by its size and weight. Lost a little faith, but concealed my doubts and went stubbornly ahead, telling people just to wait and they'd see one of the finest gates anybody ever made. . . . Hammered it together. Missed a few nailes and made shameful dents. Bored holes for all my hangers, set them truly in place. Chiseled a square hole for a small piece of oak to serve as my locking bar. Holsted my heavy, heavy gate—my deprecated—my most abused—my beloved gate into place . . . and there it swung, not exactly as lightly as a feather, but easily enough to give the pride and confound the scoffers.

And one who had doubted and teased agreed that it was really "a very nice looking gate." And a quite small boy who is an authority on such matters came along and stared and examined every detail of its structure, and praised it highly.

So everything was quite all right, and since the builder's craft halfway approached his dream the builder of the gate was not ashamed to look upon his handiwork . . . And he was out of all proportion proud.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Married, at Rochester, on Sunday last—oh! but we were to say nothing about it.

Mrs. Dr. William Bailey of Detroit, and her two children have been visiting at F. C. Simpson's the past week.

That Saginaw street gang will need relief pretty soon. First thing Jones son knows he will have to pay for a pair of hinges.

Will McFarland has returned from Petoskey and now enjoys in the possession of a new and handsome top carriage and harness valued at $175. Verily he way of the prodigal is smooth and rich in reward.

The Evening News says that the telephone exchange between Detroit, Birmingham and Pontiac will be operated in about two weeks. The line is already in course of construction between here and Pontiac. Good.

If those plants of yours are covered with insect life, you can drive them all away (that is not the plants) with 10 cents worth of whale oil soap.

A Southfield lad took a fractious horse to take his "Gidget" Lake girl to a skiff dance and the animal did persistently refuse to go, whereat the lad was exceeding wroth and lambasted the foresaid animal with extreme unction and a blue beech gad and it took seven hired men and 300 lbs. of moral suasion "before they had come to the town line."

The iron fence around the soldiers monument, which was broken down by a runaway team about a year ago, and which has been in a deplorable state of repair ever since, was repaired and put up as good as new one day last week by a distinguished individual from Detroit, at whose expense we are unable to relate.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A jolly party of eight young Birmingham ladies were entertained at the Sly farm last Wednesday. They walked, sailed for and returned in the auto.

Miss Snowden gave a dancing party last Thursday evening to about 50 members of the Epworth League of Central M. E. Church of Detroit, who came out on the special car, Yolande.

With a waste basket in every corner one would not think it necessary for anyone to throw boxes, bags, papers, etc., on the street, yet so little progress have some of us made we do it, even in our country. Yet people are constantly forced to spend much valuable time, picking up after those to whom no sense of neatness seems to have been given. Farmers who visit the city should will make a note of this. We have a pointer and know that this is no false alarm. The wood and stave mill will soon remove from the part of the country for the reason that the farmers won't loosen up and sell their timber. Elm timber is wanted, and the company is today paying a higher price for the timber than ever before. When the mill first started here, they paid $7.50 per M. Now they are paying $75.00 per M, and still it is not forthcoming very fast. This is no idle alarm, and if you have any elm timber, that you want its full value, now is the time to say so. When the plant goes it will be a long time, if ever again, before you have a chance to sell your elm for the price they will offer you now.

James Cassy, driving horse was killed by a trolley car near Rochester, one day last week. The motorman did all as he should to avoid trouble but it was no use. This foolhardy equine jumped on the track until it was hitting squarely in the side, and landed in the fence.

Wonder if the State Fair Management ever considered sprinkling the road from the city to the Fair Grounds? It would be a master stroke of business to do it, and we should have a week, (which the fates forbid) and then, of course, it won't be needed.

FIVE YEARS AGO

With the faculty for the Birmingham schools completed and the free text books ready to be delivered to the various buildings, Birmingham schools stand ready for the opening of schools next Tuesday, Sept. 6.

Reports from the village office and police department today say that in event Gov. Green has proclaimed a day of observance of Armistice Day. No programs have been announced for Monday by any local organizations, it has been found.

Transmission from street lamp to street lamp, lighting and extinguishing them, and covering 15 miles each day for a period of 13 years, was the task set for an old resident of Birmingham, who died last week. The caring for the old oil street lamps was done by Alston Huston, 67 years old, now living at the West Brother street home.

Action on the plans for the proposed eight story Couzens office building on West Maple avenue is at a standstill today pending the outcome of the question of widening West Maple avenue.

Plans for a combined city hall, police station and village office all in one building will be submitted to the Village Commission Tuesday evening at the regular meeting.

Too Long To Wait

Week-end Guest—I've made up my mind not to retire until I'm seventy.

Sleepy Host—Whose hint have been ignored—is that an old chap, I hope you won't mind if I turn in now.

SOON THE REAL INDIANS!

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request. Letters must be limited to 500 words, and must be in the office by Tuesday noon for publication the following Thursday.

A PLEA FOR VIRILITY

To the Editor:

What the world needs today is real, red-blooded he-men. There are plenty of people content with doing their work in a mediocre fashion but few are content to take the pains in doing their tasks which mark a person as diligent and persevering. The satisfaction derived from work done the very best far outweighs any discomfort encountered in paying attention to details and the more delicate side of life.

A man of average ability sometimes surpasses a person of greater skill because of his habit of seeing a job through and because he has learned the secret of CONCENTRATION and attention to details. He has concentrated on the task before him and definitely applied himself to the mastery of it by concentration.

Another reason why one man will succeed where another will fail is open-mindedness. The latter will see his job **only in relation to himself.** The former will see himself and his job in their true relation to life. His relations to others, his manner of living, his family and friends, his tastes and habits, will all be seen by him in their true proportion to life.

S. T. G.

A NATIONAL GUARANTY BANK

To the Editor:—

In your issue of Aug. 25 you very kindly reported my talk before the Lions' Club on the subject of "Bank Deposit Guaranty." I beg to call your attention to your reporter's error in stating that I "suggested a national guaranty bank to take the place of the Federal Reserve." I regret that my talk should have given rise to any such misunderstanding, as that is far from my proposal. Owing to the vital importance of the idea of deposit guaranty, I beg of you the privilege of stating my suggestion correctly in the hope you will give it publication.

The Federal Reserve has rendered too valuable a service in our banking system to merit suggestion of abandonment. Its vast concentration of the bank reserves in its vaults amounting to 46.92% of all the money in the country and the inclusion of 76.40% of all the country's banking resources in its system became the country's greatest and most efficient instrument of our recent unparalleled credit expansion. It would be foolhardy to even suggest its abandonment.

What I tried to point out is that the law creating it so limited its ability to function during the depression that important changes of the law are necessary. I read excerpts from the Congressional Records of speeches made in support of the bill stating that its adoption would "make panics unknown," that depositors would be reimbursed in case of a bank failure" etc., etc., and I tried to show by the overwhelming number of bank failures in 1930 and 1931 that the consummation of its promotions as well as of the public have been terribly disappointed, that as an element of security to depositors it has been a complete failure, and that it has no legal provision for guaranteeing depositors. It has billions for expansion but not a dollar for security to depositors. It also has completely failed to make money more easily available to banks in times of depression.

The Federal Reserve has never used more than about one half of the reserves deposited with it for re-discounts. Therefore a portion of these reserves could better be pooled for deposit guaranty under government control. Out of this reserve pool depositors could be paid in full in case of such bank failures as might occur in the future. I showed that approximately one-fourth of its reserve deposits could have paid the net losses to depositors in the failures of 1930 and 1931.

My plan involves the creation of a Federal Guaranty Bank under government control, with resources of about 3 and one-half billion dollars, of which about one-third of the reserves deposited with the Federal Reserve would be a part. If two billions of this fund were appropriated for credit-aid to banks in temporary need, similar to the aid now being furnished by the Reconstruction Finance, it would prevent failures of deserving banks. The remainder of its resources would be ample to pay depositors of such banks as might be beyond help and eventually suspended.

The aid now provided by the Reconstruction Finance is claimed to have saved 3,600 banks from failure, assisted in opening many others and has saved the deposits of over 20,000,000 persons. A magnificent record, but it is only a temporary expedient.

A sound deposit guaranty plan must include that feature as a permanent part of our banking system, because "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." When one contemplates the tremendous influence upon the present upturn of business the saving of the 3,600 banks has accomplished, it becomes apparent that such aid made permanently available would prevent most of our banking ills in the future.

It is understood by all that any kind of investment, excepting U. S. Government bonds, involves risk, but such risk should be measured from bank deposits because deposits are not investments. They constitute money placed in trust, and should be surrounded by absolute security. In making an investment the investor, if he is careful, can obtain reliable information. But the average depositor can not find out anything about the soundness of his bank. The law prohibits the spreading of information which might tend to discourage the making of deposits. With deposit guaranty such laws no longer would be necessary.

THEODORE H. MILLINGTON

TROY EXPENSES

To the Editor:

We wish to correct an article appearing in your edition of Aug. 18.

Your paper quotes Mr. Clarence V. Smazel of the Michigan Municipal League staff as saying that Troy Township spent $49,277.49 in its general fund, not counting debt payments, and that under no circumstance can its operating expense be brought under $40,000.

We cannot see how Mr. Smazel arrives at this $40,000 figure when you consider that Troy Township has made a saving of $28,000 in street lights alone, $13,000 having been paid in 1931 before the lights were discontinued, cut $1,000 from the supervisor's salary, and $400 from the clerk's salary, and has cut the health salary and expense $700. Interest on debt service will be $2,000 less this year. In all a saving of over $23,600. Deducting this amount from $49,277.49 leaves an estimated expenditure of $25,677.49, providing no other economies are effected.

This is certainly far under Mr. Smazel's $40,000 estimate and reflects great credit on the township officials who have cut $32,000 in expenses from the general fund alone.

L. ROSENBERG
Public Accountant

MRS. HARRY M. RUSSELL

To the Editor:

If you consider these verses worthy of publication I shall be glad. They have been written in memery of the late Mrs. Harry M. Russell.

I prefer to remain

ANONYMOUS

—o—

IN MEMORIAM

Tread gently—
Death is leading her forth
Across Life's threshold.
Her spirit, bursting these earthly confines,
Is entering large eternal places.

That spirit
First heard long ago as
A baby's feeble wail,
That looked up laughing into mother eyes
And later trudged its happy way to school.

That spirit
So lovely, that settled
As a pure white dove
Upon her, the night that she gave herself
In marriage to the fine, good man she loved.

That spirit
Crowned her as a halo
All through those faithful,
Happy, often weary years of motherhood.
And now, as strong wings, bears her free away
And we who weep, rejoice.

Judicial Wisdom

The defendant was being sued because his goat had eaten up the plaintiff's garden. The goat was in court, and little attention was paid to him while witnesses were being chosen.

When the first witness was to be sworn they looked in vain for the Bible.

"Your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "that goat has eaten the court's Bible."

"Well," grumbled the court, "make the witness kiss the goat. We can't adjourn court to get a new Bible."

The OTHER CHAP Says Something—

TOO MUCH LAZY MONEY

There is entirely too much lazy money in this country at this time. There is too much money idling around in idleness. This is one of the big reasons why business isn't any better than it is. There is too much of money in this country but it is hedged about by fear of spending it.

There are growing indications that we touched the bottom of the depression six weeks or two months ago. Reports from many parts of the country indicate that employment is increasing and that prices are on the upgrade. This is a most favorable sign, and every effort should be made to keep the slow progress of recovery moving ahead.

At this very point is where the millions of dollars, now resting in secure idleness, can be made to do their part. A goodly part of this money should be placed in circulation by using it for purchases. For it is only when money begins to circulate in a normal manner that idle factory wheels will begin turning, with idle men grabbing their dinner pails and hurrying on to beat the morning whistle.

Active money, not lazy money, is the only kind that will bring back normal times. And you and your friends are the only persons who can begin the campaign of putting this idle money to work.—Royal Oak Daily Tribune.

NEWSPAPER IDEALS

Dean Akerman, of Columbia University, writes:

"I am tired of hearing the press criticized by business, men banks, advertisers and educators. Despite its imperfections and faults journalism is performing public services equalled by those of no other institution in the United States.

"When men say that the press is superficial and transient, that it goes about its business in a hit-and-miss, grab-and-take manner when they charge that it is corrupted or influenced by sinister forces and that editors and reporters are magicians, they seek to destroy what in many cases they envy or fear. Frequently, too, their cynical and disillusioned attitude toward their work and the institution they represent, newspapermen promote this criticism.

"It has seemed to me for some time that it is necessary for newspaper and advertising men to have more pride and confidence in journalism. The business of publishing newspapers will succeed financially only as a result of the constant progress of the profession of journalism. Everyone knows that it is more difficult to be than ever to have ideals. But the press of America ever lost its idealism, if newspapermen lost their faith in independence in the press, there will be a disintegration of public morals far greater than anything we have witnessed yet up to the present time."—Iron River Reporter.

ParaLaffs

Must Have

That man who said we would never have another banner year, it is possible that he was misunderstood. Maybe he said "picnic."—Industrial Relations.

Trust

An old lady in Missouri has written her first novel at the age of 70. We trust this will set an example for many other authors.—Life.

The Difference

The difference between foreign and domestic relations is that our statesmen keep the latter on the government payroll.—Weston Leader.

It Is

It's too bad that the American people can't work up the same amount of indignation over the length of the breadline that they do over the lines at the public golf course.—Judge.

Man

"Some men earn large incomes by writing original stories for the screen," says a film critic. The time may come when some of these stories will be used.—The Humorist.

Some Have

Hindenburg, we read in the papers, has a steady flow of senile talk. Yes, we've often heard of the Hindenburg line.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

We Read

"The Man With the Hoe," we read, earned $250,000 for Edwin Markham, the man with the rake-off.—Boston Herald.

Jest For the Fun of It

Pardon, Please

"Didn't I see you taking a tramp through the park yesterday?" he asked.

"A tramp! How dare you—that was my father!"

—o—

Epitaph for a Playwright

The curtain falls
to indicate
the passage of
several years

—o—

Who Wouldn't?

"I never knew till I got a car," said the minister, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Why, do you hear much of it on the road, sir?" asked the lady.

"Dear me, yes!" replied the cleric. "Nearly everyone I bump into swears dreadfully!"

Famous Firms

Hey, Hey and Whynot

—o—

Night Wahr?

"Newspapers are one-sided."
"How is that?"
"They always make a fuss when a famous man dies but never when a famous man is born."
—Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig

—o—

Hymn of Helpfulness

My verse, though not quite in the Keats tradition,
May modestly lay claim to one proud mission:
It always can (as in the present case)
Be used to fill an awkward two-inch space.
—Life