The Birmingham Eccentric

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GEORGE ROGERS AVERILL, *Editor and Publisher*
ALLEN TENNY, *Managing Editor*
PAUL NEAL AVERILL, *Advertising Manager*
CLARENCE S. WARNER, *Asst. Advertising Manager*

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 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 superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by law 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.

Be A Vigilant Voter

If ever this free people—if this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work."

Do you know who said that? None other than beloved Abraham Lincoln who, though a holder of public office himself, was on so high a plane of service that he elevated mere politics to statesmanship.

But it is good to remember Lincoln's words in these days when, as we near national, state, and county elections, dozens and even hundreds of candidates plead for your vote.

Voters should be careful. Shrewd politicians will make efforts to mislead them. Facts will be carefully stated in truth, oftentimes, to hide the truth, by using qualifying words.

Every voter should carefully consider every candidate's character. Judge whether he is the type to serve conscientiously and honestly. The first qualification for every office-holder should be character.

Above all things, don't be fooled by promises. Any candidate can make them. Many of them are made each political year which are impossible of being carried out. Many inexperienced candidates make impossible promises without knowing that they can't carry them out.

If a candidate has previously held public office, judge him by his record there. That much of his life, at least, is a public matter. Discussion of a public officer's record is not slinging mud. A candidate should not discuss personalities, but issues, however.

It is up to the voters through the nation to make every campaign a matter of comparing records and hearing vital issues discussed. The voters are the ones to discourage unfair tactics, mud-slinging, and wild promises which can not be kept.

Success In Business

Many men and women in business are capable in a majority of the duties that are peculiarly theirs, even though on the whole they may not have attained great and permanent success. Very often the only barrier standing in the way of an individual may be some apparently trivial negative quality.

Take, for instance, the chap who knows nearly everything about, let us say, the tailoring business; he knows his goods very well, is an able wielder of the needle and cuts his cloth exactly to suit the pattern; he possesses a pleasant personality—but lacks a very necessary quality, let us say of decisiveness. His mind is alert, and generally he manages to provide a theoretical solution to some specific problem, but fails to act upon it! He might as well never have thought of the solution. Consequently, his entire business suffers.

In his case, would you not suggest that he needs to cultivate the quality of decisiveness? No use for him to learn more of the technical details of his tailor business is there? All he needs is to cultivate the habit of applying his thoughts to whatever phase of his business bothers him at the moment. Most of us lack some quality of success wholly separate from the technical phases of our business or profession. We should find what it is, then set about, through constant practice, to strengthen it in our daily routine of business.

Our Garden Contest

The recent awards made to prize vegetable garden winners in the contest staged in Birmingham this summer is worth repeating in succeeding years. Edward T. Atherton and Mrs. Atherton, of Baldwin avenue, as well as other winners, deserve much praise for the efforts they put forth to entice Mother Nature to turn their backyards into veritable magic lands. People who garden, we have found, generally get more from Mother Earth than exercise of body and food for the table; they get a kind of spiritual regeneration that springs from the soil right into human life.

WE, OF THIS GENERATION, out of the generosity of our purses, certainly have created many bonds to bind us to our posterity.

WHENEVER YOU GO TO CHURCH you are given an opportunity to place your price on the value religion plays in your life. The total collections Sunday after Sunday ought to inform clergymen whether or not the merchandise they are handing out is worth much to their listeners.

MANY A POLITICIAN'S HANDSHAKE prior to election has turned into a shake-down after the votes were counted and he took office.

PRESIDENT HOOVER is Pushing hard for the five-day week for all industry. After convincing industrial leaders that they should follow his advice, let's hope the President is able to bring on some work for them to do, eh?

State Funds Tied Up

Would you like to know just how much of Michigan's money is in the hands of receiverships for banks that have closed, and which have as much chance of being recovered as the average deposit? According to State Treasurer Howard Lawrence's annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, eighty-six closed Michigan banks have $9,503,662.18. Some of this money will, of course, be recovered; practically all of it is in former state banks. Do you need any further evidence that Michigan's state banking laws are seriously in need of repair?

"F. D." Is Not "T. R."

In nominating Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic party placed a real barrier between themselves and an immediate four-year lease on the White House. For Governor Roosevelt, when placed against the background of the family name that really has carried him thus far, is easily seen in his true light, i. e.: the mere shadow of "T. R." New York's Governor, good as he may be, is as yet, to most serious Americans, incompetent to handle the Presidency.

Who Says No Civic Spirit?

The good folk of the Village who annually lend their services to the election boards have done it free this year, and thereby save the rest of us about $250, says Village Clerk Irene Hanley.

In former years members of the election boards got from fifty to seventy-five cents an hour for their work, as well as their meals and refreshments at night at the close of the voting. And that set the taxpayers back. This year they are not only foregoing the "trimmings," but they're foregoing the salary.

The members of the election boards are to be congratulated and thanked. Who says we haven't any civic spirit in Birmingham?

"Rise Up, Ye People!"

Our American form of government, allowing each citizen a voice in public affairs, has endured many human struggles—it has emerged with varying degrees of success in keeping with the amount of INTERESTED INTELLIGENCE manifested by its people. Right now our country is engaged in perpetuating popular government with too much DISINTERESTED APATHY of its people. No government, or other form of human activity, can be sustained without intelligently directed effort. Unless people in high places in the United States evidence more unselfishness and a higher type of leadership they will be consumed by the stampeding herd of voters who have come to mistake ballyhoo for ability, promises for performance, and corruption for character.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Democratic nominee for the Presidency, will jump around the United State in ten or a dozen big talks, his managers say. Well, the Governor ought to set some new jumping records—since he has shown that he can do a lot of jumping around without even leaving Albany.

LAST YEAR THE STATE of Michigan planted over 47,000 acres of its lands to new trees, surpassing every other state in the Union. And it is to the everlasting credit of The Detroit News that reforestation had gained such importance in the Wolverine State. Just one of many illustrations of the manner in which American journalism dedicates itself to the welfare of society.

NOW WE WONDER IF WOMEN in general will admit that some of their sex are capable of being "up in the air" for days at a time.

IF ANY OF YOUR grandchildren ever ask who was America's most unpopular man during the early 1930's, just tell 'em his name was Hy Taxes.

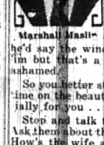
AN UNCOMPLETED million-dollar hotel in Miami, Florida, is being turned into a huge poultry raising plant. We wonder why they didn't just turn it into what it was—an aquarium for fish.

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin—

Whoa, there! Not so fast!

Where you going in all that rush? What's so important that you must be making all that speed? Better slow down, old fellow, if you don't want to burn out a bearing. Just keep going so fast and first thing you know you'll lose your ears right off your head.



Marshall Maslin

The wind took 'em, that's what it did. I knew a man it happened to.

Well, I didn't exactly know HIM, but my brother knew a man who knew that man quite well. And when he went down the street people would stop and stare and follow him around and finally they'd ask, "Lord, man, what happened to bofe your ears?" and he'd say the wind blew 'em off and nobody'll believe im but that's a fact, it did! . . . And he was SO ashamed.

So you better step on your brakes and spend a little time on the beautiful scenery that Nature made specially for you . . . .

Stop and talk to people. Tell them about yourself. Ask them about themselves. How they getting along? How's the wife and how are the little children, and how about that bright, biggest boy who made the rasoline engine and the girl who sang so charming-ly? And how were the crops and how were the sales this year? And how's the man himself and what does he think about guv'ment and pol-tics and doesn't he notice a change for the better and does he really think God cares about this world, is He lovingly experimenting with us, or what? Ask a few questions and get a few ideas about things. Why don't you?

Stop and talk to small boys and to little girls who tick their fingers so shyly in their mouths . . . And pat puppy dogs and win big dogs out of their growling attacks . . .

And pause to admire a slim green snake wriggling through the garden . . .

And look at a flower and gawk into a store window at pretty things and hang over a fence to watch a steam shovel doing its uncanny, perfect stuff!

That's the stuff! slow down and get acquainted. The world isn't impatiently waiting for you, time doesn't wear out. Time waits. "Watch yourself, sabre!" Watch other people, too. Go easily. Go nutsies. Brake yourself down to a saunter. Have a good time while you're moving so pleasant-like, so gracious-like along the road of life. And you'll never, never be sorry you quit being in such an all-fired, zeklish and cantankerous hurry!

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Born: On Sunday last, Sept. 2nd, to Mrs. C. Popplewell, a girl.

New steps and platform in front of the postoffice. Good Improvement.

Aesthetic: Royal Oak young ladies use nothing but embroidered mustard plasters.

Read the "Pineapple" advt. on the cheap column. Frank is a generous man full of days' work and wants all of his friends to give him a trial.

Miss Maggie Desmond and a lady friend from Detroit are in town lady-ing and parlor-ing drugged by taking for a year and a half of pink rallies.

Sidewalks in our town in several places require the quick attention of the village fathers who also ought to order the weeds harvested on some or all of our streets.

Mrs. McLaughlin's barn on Townsend avenue has been removed to its proper position out of the street and the sidewalk extended to a junction with the Fifteen street walks.

Some unregenerate son of a gun stole Hiram Lamphere's pants rifled the pockets of about $3.50, and escaped scot free. They abducted the unmentionables with the aid of a fish hook attached to a pole, and found very successfully.

Quite a crowd of the lovers of the beautiful in nature assembled at Mrs. George Blackwell's on Tuesday evening to witness the blossoming of our night blooming Cereus, and the lovely flower came up to the expectations of the assembled multitude in style. The green homely stalk of the organly branch commenced to unfold at about seven o'clock in the evening and when we arrived at about 10 o'clock the beautiful flower was in full blossoming in all its perfection, filling the whole house with its delicate fragrance. At daylight it was bud has again closed.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What has become of the curfew law that was promised us?

It is said that the first morning glories in town are those grown from the seeds distributed by the Ladies Literary Club.

On Wednesday, Aug. 24, an elaborate luncheon was given for Miss Charlotte Blanding, by her aunt, Miss Addie Sly, assisted by her friend, Miss Lacar of Philadelphia. Covers were laid for 12 guests. The table decorations were in pink and were very very unique. The place cards were limericks, original and admirably suited to each guest, causing much merriment. Miss Sly's handsome home, overlooking Quaker park, was so much pleasure to everyone, gave the jolly party a most delightful automobile ride.

Mrs. Elizabeth Randall on Ann street has been cheerfully engaged in entertaining Mrs. Delia Phelps of Pontiac and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Babcock of the far North, who took in the State Fair on this visit.

Little Edmund Bunyan got into the limelight of public notice by being reported as a lost child at the fair grounds on Monday of this week. Being only four years old, his disappearance caused a heap of distress among his distracted parents. The Police department on the grounds made diligent search, but were unsuccessful for the young lad was in the care of Ed. Jarvis, trying to get home, but on account of the great multitude, was unable to do so until about one o'clock in the morning.

The State Fair is an unlimited success. Large crowds are in attendance and on Labor Day more than 50,000 people thronged the grounds. Everyone was delighted with the display. Nearly a person in our vicinity missed attending, and nearly every household entertained companies who reached them on state fair account.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Indications today are that the village commission will be unanimous on the proposed widening of Maple avenue from Adams to Southfield from its present 66 feet to 86 feet.

Figures are being compiled today on the total enrollment of the Birmingham schools this semester, which is expected to surpass current Clarence Fries, to reach 2,400.

Building permits issued in Birmingham in August show an increase of almost 100 per cent over those issued in July. The August total is $136,945, as compared with $80,055 in July. The largest single items are homes, a outstanding business buildings being included in the August list.

Another rigid prevention against fires in Birmingham is instituted today by chief William G. Olsen with the start of a safety inspection of all residences, in addition to the regular fire department. Two village-wide inspections will be made annually according to plans and suggestions of the committee of fire department officials. Report will be made by firemen.

One final effort to eliminate the surface contamination in the water in southern Birmingham by the chlorinating process will be made early today by the village before this method is abandoned.

Bids are being received today by Frederick H. Madison, architect, for materials for the Quarton School to be built at Chesterfield and Daisy streets, following the approval of the plans by the school board.

THE THREE "R'S"—1932

The Other Chap Says Something—

RICHES AND SHAME

The tragic end of young Reynolds, scion of the well known South Carolina tobacco family, is another satisfaction for a more inclusive Federal control of great fortunes at the passing of the owner of these riches. The career of this boy of 20 was the same old story. Too little attention to fundamentals and too much to "the fictitious sources of pleasure." Young Reynolds had been twice married, the last time in Monroe, Michigan, to a Broadway dancer, flew his own plane, dismissing entirely the age old philosophy that "too much of anything is bad." His death from a pistol shot—the source and course of the bullet is still a mystery—following a wild party at his magnificent estate, climaxed the old old story.

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world.
When Pleasure treads the paths which
Reason shuns.

No person should inherit more than a million dollars and such a law should be so written as to prevent distribution of these great fortunes too far in advance of any such expectancy either by anticipated dissolution or deliberate destruction. A million dollars instead of the twenty million young Reynolds inherited would not likely have changed his viewpoint on life or his sudden leap into the mysteries of the beyond but his remaining millions, by any tests of intelligence, belongs more properly to the public than the chorus girl wife and her relatives who contributed nothing to the Reynolds fortune save, possibly, as tobacco customers. These great fortunes are made possible not so much through genius as through the orderly and sympathetic agencies of government and this profit should be returned, after death, to the benefit of the people who made it possible—in other words to the public. The time will come in this country, in fact it is much nearer than we realize, when the law on this subject will preclude such a wanton divesting of cash as is likely to be the case with the Reynolds fortune. The second generation of the super rich should be content with a million dollars while most of the rest of us start in the race of life from scratch.

It is better to die since death comes surely,
In the full noon-tide of an honored name,
Than to die at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

—Muriel DeFoe in Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

FOUR DOLLAR WORDS

In modern slang, the "four dollar word" usually means a big word, or one that is not in common use.

Many politicians use four-dollar words before they are elected and after they are elected. They talk and talk, and all too often talk is as far as they get.

George W. Welsh is a candidate for Governor of Michigan. He talks and talks, uses a lot of words but some way they don't mean much, because we have heard the same words and phrases used often before, and then have noticed the lack of action that follows them.

He says: "The real issue today is the problem of maintaining and continuing the institution of orderly government. The power to tax is the power to destroy. The bankruptcy of the taxpayer means the inevitable bankruptcy of the commonwealth."

Now that's all true enough. As far as they go, they're a fine testimony of four-dollar words. But what Mr. Welsh ought to do is to go on from there and explain in words of one syllable just what he proposes to do about this tax matter.

Mr. Welsh is not alone in his method of talk. Many other candidates talk the same way, and then fail to do anything about it, or even to suggest anything constructive.

The only way to bring taxes down is for public officials to see to it that less money is spent. It doesn't seem necessary to use a lot of words to secure that result if officials are really interested in saving the taxpayers' money.—Tuscola County Advertiser.

THE MODEST PENNY

Consider the humble penny. Although representing the lowest unit of our monetary system, it is one of the most useful and active. States have built up road systems through the collection of pennies by weight and gas tax. The Post Office Department at Washington estimates that the increase of first-class letter rate from two to three cents will increase its revenue $300,000,000 and thus help materially to reduce the customary deficit. It is possible, should the sales tax ever come into general use, that the major cost of running governments may be done through penny collections. The penny is a modest little coin but a very useful one in the conduct of orderly society.—Hastings Banner.

The Tax On Checks

Besides being required to do all the work of computing the amount of tax on checks that are drawn on their institutions, banks have the undesirable task of deducting the amount from balances and taking on the disagreeable role of tax collectors for the government. The banks receive nothing for their work—not one cent. Worse than that, they face a certain amount of withdrawals because of it at a time when banks need to have their assets undisturbed. Don't blame the bankers. They can't help it. He is simply a victim. Special taxes are necessary, we know, if the credit of the country is to be maintained. It does seem that the bank check tax penalizes a class of people who are the greatest benefactors of the business life of any community—those who keep money in the banks—and to top it off, places the stigma of collection on the banker.—Schuyler A. Marshall in Clinton County Republican-News.

Jest For the Fun of It

Air-Minded Person

"Yesterday I had aviatica."

—o—

"What wave length?"

—o—

Looks Fishy To Us, Too

When caught robbing a fish shop, the poachalest—smoke a herring.

You know what the herring said: "Off my brother's kipper!" (Unless the judge will order a herring on this one).

—o—

What Does That Make Me?

"When the Elks have that other animals super have?"

"I don't know—what?"

"Paranoia."—New York Mirror

Study in Inflections

"I'm leaving for good."
"Good!"
"Good."
"Good!"

Aren't Husbands Cute?

Wife: How do you like the potato salad?

Hubby: It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?—Life

Famous Firms

Hither & Thither

Complaint

At dinner
If anyone
Passes me
Another pickled peach
With jelly on it
I shall—
Well, I shall probably
Politely decline it.
But I can think of so many, many
Many phlanthropic heroic things
I should like to do.
—Ruth Pack in "Life."

The "Big Shots" Say:—

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

"Neither the last American tariff—the highest that has ever existed—nor the new English tariff has protected the United States and Great Britain against lack of work."

Henry Ford, industrialist:

"I know from daily observation for over 40 years that there is not one per cent of the drinking done in the United States that was done formerly."

Richard E. Byrd, explorer, now temporary chairman of the National Economy League:

"The combined debt of our local, state and federal governments is seven times as much as it was in 1913. There is no reason for that but inefficiency and extravagance."

Italo Balbo, Italian general, delegate at Disarmament Conference:

"I say without any beating about the bush that the ones who would have been tricked most of all would have been the Italians."

Robert Cecil, British political leader:

"It is a great pity flying ever was invented."

George E. Sokolsky, writer on the Far East:

"Japan may achieve greatness as a world power but an unfriendly China can drag her down by wasting her economic resources and involving her in constant conflicts with commercially jealous western countries."

Josia Stamp, British banker:

"We are greasing the wheels for a real industrial revival as soon as the people believe it is possible."

Paul H. Douglas, professor of Economics:

"Nearly one-half of the states are now not two-party but really one-party states."

Arthur N. Sheriff, head of a school for boys:

"The modern boy lacks the sheep-like quality of former generations, has more independence, less hypocrisy and more real honesty."

Ernst Lubitsch, film actor:

"It makes no matter to me if an actress is not beautiful. How she talks wins me and, I dare say, you too."

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 250 words, and must be in the office by Tuesday noon for publication the following Thursday.

BALKO CASE

To the Editor:

Mr. Bernard Schrader has repeatedly advertised himself as qualified for the office of sheriff upon his past record. Therefore I believe it should be in order at this time to publish some of the highlights of Mr. Schrader's conduct as a deputy sheriff under Mr. Schram's administration. For instance, the Marion McKinley Balko case, No. 17061, which is on file in the county clerk's office for the public to examine.

The substance of this case is as follows: My daughter, Marion McKinley Balko, was taken from my home in Birmingham at 10 o'clock by deputy sheriff Bernard Schrader and others without a warrant, and taken to the Birmingham police station where she was questioned, and the officers, it is alleged in Mrs. Balko's declaration, did with force and arms make an assault on said Marion Balko, and did then and there beat, bruise, wound and ill-treat Marion Balko, and held said Marion Balko two days without a warrant.

When Mr. Schrader returned Mrs. Balko to my home she became hysterical and was under the doctor's care for several months. Her condition was so bad that for months her reason was despaired of.

After being taken to the county jail Mrs. Balko was put in washing windows. Mrs. Balko sued for $50,000. The case was settled for $1,500 by Sheriff Schram who later tried to get the county to reimburse him, but was refused.

My daughter, Marion Balko, is the daughter of James McKinley, now deceased, who was a member of one of the oldest families in the county. My brother is Harry Russell, a prosperous farmer and influential citizen of Oakland County.

Does this record of Mr. Schrader as a deputy show him to be qualified for the office as Sheriff of Oakland County? On the contrary, it proves that he has been negligent and neglectful to the office to which he aspires.

I believe that the women voters of Oakland County will have something to say to Mr. Schrader's candidacy for sheriff in the primary election, Sep. 13.

MRS. W. F. McKINDEY
547 Henrietta street.

Our Scrap Book

EXCERPTS FROM "POOR RICHARD'S EARLIER ALMANACS"

He that cannot obey, cannot command.

Approve not of him who commends all you say.

Writes injuries in dust, benefits in marble.

Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

Liberality is not giving much, but giving wisely.

Better is a little with content than much with contention.

You may talk too much on the best of subjects.

He's a fool that cannot conceal his wisdom.

Let thy discontents be secrets.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books.

Teach your child to hold his tongue—he'll learn fast enough to speak.

It is better to take many injuries than to give one.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of his dinner.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, do thy enemy to gain him.

He that would catch fish must venture his bait.

He that speaks much is much mistaken.

Search others for their virtues, myself for thy vices.

'Tis easier to prevent bad habits than to break them.

A quarrelsome man has no good neighbors.

What you would seem to be, be really.

Many a man thinks he is buying pleasure, when he is merely selling himself a slave to it.

Half the truth is often a great lie.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Well done is better than well said.

If you lose a troublesome visitor, lend him money.

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

The doors of wisdom are never shut.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one raises you but even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

AUGUST MORNING

It was a flawless morning of mid-August, and the docks presented a picture of the liveliest activity under an amber superfluity of sunlight. The breeze was sharply flavored with salt and the exotic fragrance of spices from the India Wharf, and overhead the bland white clouds of summer preserved a stately leisure of their own. The splendid warehouses of Broad Street were bright with white and pumpkin-coloured paint, and far away the State House dome hung like a shining bubble over Beacon Hill.—From "The Orphan Angel," by Elinor Wylie.

Quite So

The trouble with the world seems to be that frozen assets have been accompanied by cold feet.—Dallas News.