The Birmingham Eccentric

(Founded in 1878)

Published every Thursday, at Birmingham, Mich., In The Eccentric Building, 216-222 North Woodward Avenue.

Telephones 11, 12, and 13

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(In Oakland County)		(Outside Oakland County)	
One Year	$2.00	One Year	$2.50
Six Months	1.00	Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.50	Three Months	1.00

All newspaper and advertising copy must be in the Eccentric office by Wednesday noon to obtain insertion for that week.

The Eccentric is a member of:
National Editorial Association, Michigan Press Association, University Press Club, and Oakland County Weekly Press Association.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1933

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 laws of the state. Because of the 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.

Here's Real Neighborliness

Friendly neighborliness! What a fine example of this was evidenced over in Clinton County a few weeks ago when farmer neighbors of the family of a man who had just passed away did some threshing on his farm, without even consulting the bereaved family. These kindly rural neighbors knew that it was threshing time—time to reap the harvest! And so, just as another Reaper had gathered in the soul of Lafayette Silverhail, respected Clinton County farmer, so did the kindly neighbors of a man who had become endeared to them assist in harvesting his crop. Schuyler L. Marshall, understanding St. Johns editor, commented on the simple virtues of these folks in these words:

"Home, friends, neighbors—thank God there are still places in the world that know the meanings of these words. Such neighborhoods are not the problem centers of America. The robberies, the thieving, the murders and kidnapings do not originate where neighbors and friends live together, helping and being helped. If the world was made up of such people world peace conferences, industrial recovery acts and disarmament would not be in the dictionary of everyday events."

J. Barleycorn Staggers In

With the apparent momentum of an irresistible force, the 18th Amendment is being bombarded as one State after another votes to repeal this federal dry statute. John Barleycorn, needed not only to carry liquid to quench the thirst of a majority of his countrymen, is being put to work by his government to earn money to meet the payroll. "John," in his excessive use of strong drink, carries a Pandora demijohn of evils that work hardship and misery to man and his mate and their children. Will his return to legal society be controlled by temperance and moderation; or will those who make money by introducing him to the public once again force this world-citizen from our shores? The unsteady John will some day be exiled by statute—and perhaps again welcomed back.

Hurrah For Stebbins!

If Michigan should hold a recall election and Governor Comstock is returned to private life, he will be succeeded, for a while, by Lieut.-Gov. Al Stebbins, of Ionia. Mr. Stebbins is an undertaker—and perhaps in his business life he may be a great success; but as Lieut.-Gov. he is said to be a grave failure. Here is a short speech that he is reported to have made as presiding officer of the Michigan State Senate during the early morning hours of Saturday, June 10; it is a gem for its brevity, its clarity, its powerful appeal to logic, and some day it ought to be engraved upon the underside of a tombstone for certain branches of the Democratic Party. Here it is:

"I have said it a number of great many times and I repeat it now, that if the legislature did not do nothing else but appeal a lot of laws it would be all right. I want to say that judging from what I seen tonight I have been confirmed. That's all. Precede."

Advertising

Bruce Barton, noted writer says, "Advertising as a profession is young, but advertising as a force is woven into the very texture of the universe itself. The scent and color of flowers are an advertisement to the bee. The plumage of the bird, his color, is advertising of a very effective sort, designed by Nature to insure the success of her chief interest, namely, the perpetuation of the species. The clouds are an advertisement of the coming storm. The first warm winds from the south proclaim the return of spring. Everywhere we discover the design to attract attention, arouse interest and provoke action. This is advertising. More specifically we think of advertising in terms of molding public sentiment and guiding public action."

Our Tragic Governor

The Eccentric agrees with those who hold that Governor Comstock should not be recalled. Although he has proven himself a tragically sad disappointment to a majority of those who voted for him, (and this includes Republicans as well as Democrats), the Governor has not as yet earned a recall. If he is deserving of shelving, it must come about either through Legislative impeachment proceedings, or by defeat in 1934. Personally, The Eccentric has always had a certain admiration for Mr. Comstock's loyalty to the Party he represents. We hold it a tremendous loss to Michigan that his post-election performance thus far has fallen so short of his pre-election promise.

WILLIAM H. WOODIN, Secretary of the Treasury in President Roosevelt's cabinet, is to resign this fall, reports from Washington declare. Mr. Woodin, also an amateur musician, may know his symphonic melodies, but he certainly has proved himself incompetent to harmonize the nation's closed banks with government currency notes.

Al Smith Muses

Al Smith from atop the great Empire State Building in New York, looks out upon the world and muses on the nature of man—including man's feebly expressed efforts to govern himself fairly and happily. In a recent issue of The Outlook, which he edits, the former Democratic candidate for the Presidency declares that "at the bottom of the causes of the depression is human nature. It is only by raising the general level of the human character throughout the world that a new society free from the causes of the depression can be brought about."

Continuing his musing, Mr. Smith says:

"I do not mean to say that we must spinelessly accept present conditions. I do not mean to imply that there is such a thing as putting too much faith in political and scientific schemes of salvation. This is the field day for the academic planner, for the man who has been reading in the library, writing books and lecturing to students, and who now has a great big laboratory for experiment.

"The first article of the recovery act, is obviously the work of the new school of social and economic planners.

"The act is labeled as a temporary emergency measure so as to get it by the United States Supreme Court. . . . If its terms are carried out literally, the tendency will undoubtedly be to cripple initiative, legalize and even officially encourage, monopoly, raise prices and require higher tariffs to maintain the new structure. In such a triumph of bureaucracy, the little man would be lost in the shuffle.

"On the other hand the powers may not actually be used. It may be just another case of giving the radicals the machine and letting the conversatives run it. If this is so, in the end it will not satisfy either group, and both groups are likely to feel that they have been handed the bologna.

"I am in favor of applying the curb to industry where necessary, but not of placing the heavy, paralyzing hand of the government upon all the business enterprise of the nation. I believe in good public administration, but I know its limitations. I am in favor of restoring conditions which make business leadership possible rather than of looking to the government to provide it."

Lansing Propaganda

Michigan taxpayers are rapidly becoming the victims of a high-powered propaganda bureau that is being set up by the Democratic administration in Lansing. Governor Comstock and his political cohorts make no bones about the fact that they intend to use State money to "inform" the voters of affairs in State government. Of course, you may rest assured that all such "news" dispatches that come from their respective offices will be colored, (modestly? maybe!) by the ones who release them.

While it is true that for several years certain State departments, such as the Conservation, Michigan State College extension bureau, and the Secretary of State, have sent out publicity releases, they have been largely informative—certainly not openly political propaganda. Now come the Democrats who, unable to obtain the kind of publicity they want because they have not fulfilled their election promises, declare that they will use State funds to pay high-powered press agents to "get favorable publicity."

Unless we are badly mistaken, few Michigan newspapers will "use the stuff." But the expense to the taxpayers will continue. Perhaps, then, the Democrats will decide to appropriate sufficient funds to start a State-wide newspaper of general free circulation, "so that the public will be informed accurately at all times of what a howling success State officials now are."

P. S. We hope that Governor Comstock does not overlook the fact that Isaiah Leebove, his friend and counselor, is entitled to a special edition of his own. The Governor can write a sort of Leebovian biography, revealing his motives for such devotion to a man who has been openly condemned by the Michigan Democratic Party.)

Good For The World

The World Economic Conference at London has adjourned, without doing much of a tangible, material nature, it appears on the surface. Perhaps this is true—but only in part. For the things with which this conference dealt are things of the mind of man; things that are the very causes of much of the world's difficulties—things of selfishness and greed. One would have to be a rapid optimist to expect that such a conference would speedily settle all international problems.

The Conference, however, was a start in the right direction; it provided the machinery with which nations may settle their economic disputes; it focused the attention of the man in the street upon the idea that somehow or other, financial and industrial demoralization may be controlled. The World Economic Conference idea will not be forgotten, but will eventually be developed as an instrumentality of aid to the end that the commerce and trade of the world may be carried on with less hazard to human comfort and safety.

Will Rogers' Generosity

Will Rogers, the humorist, gives away a great deal of his earnings to deserving causes. The proceeds he will receive from the Gulf Refining Co. for seven Sunday broadcasts will be turned over to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. In appreciation of his generosity to the Salvation Army, Commander Evangeline Booth wrote a beautiful letter to the rubber band-chewing funny-man, containing this deeply moving paragraph: "All the gratitude our hearts can speak is small compared to what our hearts do feel and the most practical way I can think of to demonstrate this is to assure you that if ever you want for a bed or a meal you will find it in The Salvation Army." We'll wager that the generous spirit of Mr. Rogers was touched by the potential truth that lies in that paragraph.

OAKLAND COUNTY IS SAID to be flooded with slot machines. Many public places, including golf clubs and roadhouses, offer the small shining boxes as a means of alleviating ennui in this vale of tears. What has Sheriff Roy Reynolds to say about this racket?

ALBERT EINSTEIN, wise scientist and philosopher, told an inquiring writer that "Falling in love is by no means the most stupid thing mankind does . . ." As usual, you see, the distinguished thinker was expressing himself in terms of relativity.

WE WONER IF THE YEAST manufacturers will start bragging about the fact that the price of bread has risen.

KEEPING IT ON FRONT PAGE

(News Item—Mayor of Chicago, shocked by some shows at World's Fair, orders them toned down and dressed up.)

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING—

THERE'S A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

The man who isn't 100% with President Roosevelt in his effort to bring back industry and trade to a normal basis is either a knave or a fool. This nation cannot continue much longer on a basis which consigns a large part of the people to a dole basis. It's the duty of every man to fall in line and keep step.

However, there is one feature of this revival program that is lagging and in which the President is either fooled by those who are supposed to represent him, or, if he has the true information, he's covering up when in radio addresses he says that the banking situation is cured or words to that effect. The banking situation may be cured for the big fellows who are and have been in position to keep millions of cash from small institutions available and which have been seeking to capture the banking business of the country but it is far from cured for the small banks that were ruthlessly closed by his order and which are being prevented from protecting their depositors in reorganization by the despotic demands of the subalterns who hold the bank reorganization in their hands.—Tom Conlin in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

THE BEAN QUEEN

Another queen is to be added to the galaxy of Michigan queens. At the coming Bad Axe fair in Huron county a bean queen, with fitting ceremonies, is to be crowned. She will take her place alongside the cherry queen of Traverse City, the peach queen of St. Joseph, the blossom queen of Benton Harbor, the tulip queen of Holland and the sugar queen of Tuscola county.

Now, Michigan will have a real queen, not one all prettied up with blossoms, flowers and ribbons. If we were a judge of the bean queen contest we would select the girl as robust as robustest. Robust bean, not one of these stylish-like flappers but a full-boosomed young woman with enticing curves and a strong underpinning, in fact, a girl with a digestion and temperment capable of withstanding a straight bean diet.

We would even go a step beyond to see just what she could do in the line of bean soup and baked beans. The baking of beans is an art. The baking of beans is a test-for any cook. Women who have gained fame with their preserves, their cakes, their meringues and their pies have been known to chalk up laurels for cures when it came to baking beans. They are prone to serve beans which rattle on the plate or, what is worse, to serve them so dry and tasteless that they are not palatable. The Huron bean queen, we hope, will not only have the physical characteristics her position demands but will have the ability to prepare her beans well-cooked and with just that amount of bean nectar that makes a dish of baked beans as much dessert as a cherry pie.—Vern J. Brown in Ingham County News.

THE GREATEST CRIMINAL

Nations of the world seem to be getting together unanimously in organizing to combat crime. The hand of the law is preparing to reach out unhampered by national boundaries. Chicago will be the focal point of law enforcing agents from all over the world. This drive against crime is admirable but how much longer will it be before the nations of the world co-operate to subdue the greatest criminal of all—war!—Dick Cook in Hastings Banner.

SPEAKS HIS PIECE

Geo. R. Averill, Birmingham editor, does not mince words in telling former Gov. Fred W. Green that he will be out of luck if he attempts to carry out his threat of being a candidate against Senator Vandenberg. Nothing like getting in on the ground floor to let 'em know where a person stands. This paper, like the Birmingham Eccentric, offers no apologies in showing appreciation of Senator Vandenberg.—Harry Izor in The Durand Express.

WORLD RECOVERY, BY WAY OF THE GOLDEN RULE

Cutting out all graft and the uncompromizing enforcement of the Golden Rule in all lines of life we venture to say world recovery on a permanent basis would soon be in evidence, and without it all the laws that may be enacted or programs dictated by presidents and kings are nothing more than ropes of sand. For the grafters, big and little, will continue to prey on the multitude, emphasizing the fact that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."—J. E. McMullen in Linden Leader.

OUTRAGEOUS DECISION

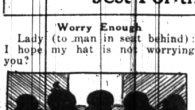
A decision has come out of Lansing relative to the sales tax to the effect that the merchant may not pay on actual cash sales, but must pay on all sales. Hence if you sell an article it makes no difference whether or not you ever get paid for it, you must pay the tax—that's not a sales tax that is a tax on you for giving credit and on your losses. It is just one more of those half baked legislative decisions which have been prevalent during the last session. While this last statement is outstandingly true, we lay but little of the blame at the feet of the legislators. If they had had a head with any definite program, it would have been different, but the governor was in the middle of the sea unable to sight land in any direction.—Frank Bryce in Grand Ledge Independent.

We have a Pigeon woman who thinks a dog has more sense than the average man. She says that a dog can bury a bone in the back yard and a month later dig it up, and that a man can put his pipe down in the house, and in five minutes it takes the entire family to find it.—Geo. Shaw in Pigeon Progress.

Jest For the Fun of It

Worry Enough

Lady (to man in seat behind): I hope my hat is not worrying you?



The Man: It's worying me a lot, madam. My wife wants one like it.

—o—

My Bonnie

My tryust is on her vacation
My tripst's awau fpr a week/
My tyneat us in her vsearion
Wgile thsee damb keys play hude and seej.

Chris

Bren bock, bring back
Oyj, prung beej muy Onnie.to my to, mr;
B(&ng b4xj, be-ng biez
Oj, wong bosk my beInio-1 mix—
oh helk!

—Pitt Panther

—o—

Famous Firms If & When

A Solution

The captain realized that there was no hope for the sinking boat, and said, "Is there any one among us who can pray?"

A meek man stepped forward: "Yes, sir; I can pray."

"Good," said the captain, "you start praying while the rest of us get life belts on. We're one short."

—Annapolis Log.

—o—

Down With Shad

The spinal column of a shad
Is something that I wish I had
Myself, that I might now be able
To feel completely comfortable
In taking just the rod instead
Of bothering my little head
With bones. We line and all should snooze.
The while our hostess picks and chews
Her way through the aquatic course
Alone. Why should she try to force
On guests, this enervating dish?
Are we I wonder, jelly fish
Or men, that we should struggle through it
When we have every right to bow it?

—Margaret Fishback in "Life"

ALL OF US

By Marshal Maslin

I'VE JUST heard about Louise.
And what I heard makes me feel sort of soppy.
If you knew Louise, you'd understand completely.
I knew her a few years ago, when we went to school with my sister. A little thing. Pretty. An only daughter of parents who adored her and protected her and would have been glad to have her "stay at home." . . . She went through school and became a teacher and I didn't see her again. . . . I heard she was married to a sea-going chief engineer, and that she'd had a baby. And that's all I knew.

But yesterday I heard what had happened to her and what she and her husband are doing. . . . I saw some snapshots. . . . She's living, she and her husband and their baby, in a log cabin that he built on some government land in the Sierras. He just the sea. They have a fur farm, with long-haired rabbits and mink. They live there all the year round. It's pretty in spring, summer and fall, but it's tough in winter and hard work all the seasons of the year. . . . It snows. It snows high, thick and heavy, clear to the eaves of the house sometimes. They have to shovel their way to the pens to keep the rabbits alive, to feed them. . . . They don't see anybody, they're living the way their grandfathers and grandmothers lived.

Louise does not wear pretty dresses any more. She doesn't go to teas and dances. . . . She wears trousers and high leather boots. She goes on skis. I saw a snapshot of Louise sitting in her doorway with the snow three feet deep in front of her, an apron over her trousers, holding a fat, healthy, naked baby on her lap. . . . I saw other pictures of Louise and her husband smiling, and they were good to see. My sister tells me that Louise is completely happy. She likes it there, with her husband and her baby, and has everything she wants. She doesn't think of herself as brave or unselfish or adventuresome. This is what she wants to do—and it's SWELL.

Marshall Maslin

That's the way we all ought to be—brave without knowing it, bold without banners, strong without comparing ourselves with others, happy without thinking how wonderful we are to be so wonderfully happy. Then everything would be swell!

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS —of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

The handsomest and best display of geraniums in town is seen on the porch of Mrs. N. M. Corey's house on Martin street.

Johnnie Nixon bids fair to become the boss snake charmer of this vicinity. He killed three blue racers recently which measured from five to six feet each, and last week he demolished two large rattle-snakes in the hay field. Like the lamented A. Ward, John is "sum on snail."

Chancey Blair, Till Trowbridge and Mike Boyer finished harvesting with a grand free-for-all foot race amongst themselves, each putting in a dollar, the winner to have $2, and the second best $1. Of course Chancey came out ahead and Till and Mike tieing divided the $1, making it cost the hind men only 50 cents each. A poor fatherless orphan of a tramp started and derailed the race.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Sherman, Mrs. and Miss Furman, Mr. and Mrs. John Irving and family, Miss Hattie Ladd, Misses Jennie and Maggie Brown and others have been having a glorious time at Camp Pretty-darn-likely on Long Lake for the past ten days and if we are to believe half the stories of big fish, gigantic mosquitoes and involuntary baths with heroic rescues, we shall never get done regretting that we didn't follow in the footsteps of our illustrious brother editor of the Pontiac Bee and shut up shop for a week and then we would have been "pretty-darn-likely" to get there.

Last Monday morning Alex Parks went to hitch up his span of handsome black horses and found they were gone from the pasture while the bridles were missing from the barn. Of course there was but one solution—the horses were stolen—and officers were notified and the town in an uproar in a few minutes, while our scribe sharpened up a new lead pencil and prepared for at least a column of nice local. Our hopes were dashed to the ground however by the appearance of the team led by Mr. Parks' son Austin who had been out to the farm and got them, they having got out of the pasture and made a bee line for their old headquarters. Never saw such luck in our lives.

—o—

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Dr. C. M. Raynale has gone to Harbor Beach to return home with Mrs. Raynale, who has been there a few weeks. They are expected home today or tomorrow.

Samuel Bortle is home again after having the time of his life on a fishing trip north of Pt. Huron. Angling only three hours he captured four bass and a five-pound pickerel. One of the bass tipped the beam at three and one-half pounds, and the rest at four pounds. Of course everybody ate the fish.

A. Whitehead and son Raynale left on the big steamer Northwestern last Saturday afternoon for Duluth. From this point they go straight to Yellowstone Park for a few weeks of out-door life, the guests of Captain M. O. Ilsley, who is in command of the United States troop now at that point. J. Allen Bigelow is already on the ground and awaits them.

First sun-flower of the season is in bloom at the north end.

—o—

Miss Mary Utter has presented the Public Library with a fine picture of James Russell Lowell.

A special meeting of the Village Council was held last night, but though there was a quorum present, there was "nuttin' doing."

Birmingham is alive. Even if it is dry town, you could buy ice cream in seven different places Saturday night last in as many different languages.

Hurrah for the Detroit Tigers. They are in second standing and in a fair way to win the 1908 penant, and best of all something has driven away Mitchell's hoodoo for he was present at the game Monday, when the Tigers swallowed down the New York club in the 7th inning.

Unless Birmingham does something to end the nuisance it will lose some of its residents.

Someone has taken the seat from the lawn in front of Mrs. Stearns' home. Anyone giving to the authorities information that will lead to the arrest of the guilty parties will be rewarded by the Village Improvement Society.

—o—

FIVE YEARS AGO

New buildings for municipal equipment are being considered by the Village Commission today following requests made Monday night at the regular meeting by Manager James W. Parry.

Bids for the paving of Woodward avenue in Birmingham are to be received at the highway office in Plymouth, Aug. 23, according to announcement today by Luther D. Allen, member of the Oakland County Road Commission. It is expected they will be opened at the time of receipt.

Petitions for the purpose of saving Birmingham's trees are being circulated today by members of the newly formed Community Arts Association of Oakland County.

Poems That Live

THE DAY RETURNS

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of Life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart!

—Robert Burns

One Minute Pulpit

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men. —I Thessalonians 5:15.

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