# The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1933

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which it considers news value which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a new standard 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

## Three "Thirsts" Drink—Two Of Them For Last Time

Three grown male persons, unable to govern their taste in the matter of liquor, sat themselves down in a house near Auburn Heights one day two weeks ago and began pouring a very cheap alcoholic poison down their throats. They were seeking, of course, a sort of staggering adventure along the Street called Crooked, slowly, as one drink from the common bottle gurgled past the tonsils of each imbiber, trickling into their stomachs, thence numbing their non-discriminating brain cells, each became unconscious to the things of this world—which is the general way with anyone who drinks enough of even good whiskey.

Yes, John Barleycorn is a gay old blade! Those who stay with him long enough he accompanies on many a strange journey. In the case of two of the persons referred to above, John picked up their bodies and actually carried them right into an undertaker's establishment; for they died of the poison stuff. The third person, as this is written, may be alive still, or dead; we have not learned just where Mister Barleycorn left him.

Such is the way of a strata of life that not only drinks too much, but drinks stuff that is cheap and poisonous. Repetitions of this took place before prohibition began to slip, and will continue as long as the bootlegger is tolerated—and who is to say that he will ever be outlawed anymore than the more dignified members of John Barleycorn's family were since 1920?

Some people value their lives very cheaply—so cheap that they are willing to suffer animated decomposition by drinking what is poison in the form of a stimulant. Why not lay themselves down in the pleasant company of hungry river rats, to make for them a merry feast of flesh and blood? Why not, and . . . indeed, why not?

## Bank Closings Handicap NRA Recovery Program

The greatest single barrier to success for President Roosevelt's plan for national recovery lies, it seems to us, in this fact: too many of the nation's banking facilities are still crippled, with the consequent paralysis of the nation's credit structure. In other words, too much of the savings of millions of people are still impounded in closed banks, and banks that are open now are unable to extend sufficient credit to business and industry.

Money and its multiplied offspring, credit, are absolutely necessary to any restoration plan for any nation or community or individual.

Hindrances to more rapid banking reconstruction are created very largely by the inevitable bureaucracy and red-tape that always surround governmental handling of the problem. We firmly believe that the Roosevelt leadership desires to do everything it deems best for the improvement of the people of the United States. We believe that this intention includes help for bank depositors. But there is today, as there always has been, a woeful lack of direction in matters relating to the banking affairs of our nation.

What we need is another General Hugh S. Johnson, to handle banking affairs, just as this gentleman is now handling the NRA.

## Face The Way Of Life!

Many men and women of today's world, tried and tired of the problems that have come upon them with and since the World War, are prone to declare themselves irreligious, unbelievers in a personal or universal God. They feel, most of them, that somehow or other they do not deserve the hardships that have visited them; they inwardly feel that life has been cruel to them—more cruel, perhaps, than they have earned by their mistakes, intentional or unintentional. And so they turn their faces away from prayerful thought of religious, and try to face the end of life!

If only they would face the way of life itself!

For, contrary to popular belief, life never was intended to be a mere picnic, or perpetual holiday. Life was intended, as we see it, to be an abode for human consciousness where a man's CHARACTER and PURPOSES may be shaped into Eternal Harmony by the blows which life's various experiences beat upon his mettle and his metal.

Tragic, indeed, is the lot of a person who becomes so embittered that he no longer feels the need of a Sustaining Principle for his life. It is like a beautiful flower in the garden that has been covered temporarily by a piece of blown waste paper, and is thus shielded from the warmth and light of sun. Does the flower shrink in self-pity, and pray for the processes of wilting and death to hurry along? Or does it not pray for some wind and rain so that, as its strong body is swayed by the elements sent to it from Above, the very waste paper itself may be blown away—leaving the flower to greet the sunshine that always follows every storm?

The earthly man must have an earthly mother; so must the spiritual man within all of us have a common Father. But we must never cease looking for Him, if we would ever find Him.

## "Political Pat"

Recently The Eccentric received a fifteen-page manuscript of a speech which Attorney-General Patrick H. O'Brien gave at Houghton, and which cost twelve cents in postage. We suppose that many other newspapers in Michigan were sent the same document. Chet Howell, former State Senator from Chesaning, figured that the probable cost to Michigan in postage amounted to approximately $60.00. Mr. O'Brien, you may remember, tried to be the Democratic candidate for Governor a year ago, and still has the same designs, we understand. Perhaps that is why he is willing to use his office for further political purposes—even if sixty dollars per mailing. (Omigosh! how politics gets a man.)

## Keeping Body And Soul Together

Actual needs to keep the body and soul of a man together vary, according to the tastes and the standards of the country in which he lives. There are places in the world today where a man can sustain normal life for a small fraction of what, for example, the average man requires in the United States. The difference in costs to "keep" a man in the various countries of the world is reflected in the costs of producing goods and other commodities that are bartered and traded in the world of business. Thus, a nation like ours that pays high wages and maintains its people upon a high standard of living is forever on the alert to prevent the goods of a cheap-labor nation from competing with our own; for only through such guarding, maintained by tariff rates on imports, can we protect the employment of our own people.

Here are some figures recently released by the U. S. Department of Labor on average wages paid by a number of leading nations today:

| | |
|---|---|
| United States | $26.30 per week |
| England | 11.37 per week |
| Sweden | 10.20 per week |
| Germany | 9.02 per week |
| France | 7.25 per week |
| Belgium | 6.21 per week |
| Japan | 5.37 per week |
| Hungary | 5.08 per week |
| China | 1.31 per week |

## Destroying Ourselves

This instrument of human protection called "government" is, actually, a by-product of human activities; theoretically, of course, it would not exist in a nation whose people were super-men and women, who would be able to live and let live, who would always do the right thing at the right time, who would manifest only the highest qualities of LOVE and other attributes of Godliness. Thus, every new governmental activity that is created, whether by necessity or by selfish premeditation, adds to it new burdens upon the entire public, and builds up an oligarchy that can and does become a veritable Frankenstein monster, devouring the very people themselves.

The tendency today in nearly every so-called civilized government is toward bureaucratic oligarchy. Thousands of new tasks are given government, with hundreds of thousands of people added to the tax rolls. Once placed on the payroll, a public official and his coterie of aides is almost impossible to remove. So the costs of government increase, for those who govern seldom are moved to retrench. And in times of acute depression, such as now engage us, it is not to be expected that human nature in government will become overnight Utopian.

Where does the fault lie? you may ask. Well, it is up to individuals to become less selfish, more cooperative, more honest and fair in their relationships. Freedom for the individual requires self-discipline, self-improvement, self-sacrifice; these are the price of liberty. When they vanish from human activities there comes this thing we call "government"—which, in its manipulative and power-controlling phases, is but another name for human selfishness and lack of self-government.

There is thunder in the mob, and lightning strikes from its clacking boots; there is peace in individual conquest, and lovely days abound in its measured and rhythmic tread.

## All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

I LIKE praise . . . And I'm not exactly fond of criticism.

But I, too often, forget to praise other people.

I ignore my dentist until the next to the last minute.

Marshall Maslin

I never knew but two real teachers—who were able to make study fascinating and make the past a living part of the present and the future.

I couldn't shoot a deer—but I have no objection to catching a fish (if I can).

My feelings are easily hurt.

When I was about 13 years old, I was sure I had discovered the secret of perpetual motion . . . At about that same time, too, I thought that a jar pasted all over with cigar bands was the most beautiful object in the world.

I was afraid to sleep with the moon shining on me because I thought it would make me crazy. (Which was a crazy idea, too.)

I don't like abject humility. (I think it's a form of pride.)

I waste too much time. . . . I envy singers, but have no desire to be a "good speaker" . . . I wonder if I could learn to play the piano.

The most interesting thing in the world: Your own baby.

The most annoying thing: A flat tire.

I use to worry about being fickle.

I confess that I don't know nearly as much about children as I used to think I knew.

I drew more advantage than damage out of the war. . . . But I know that the world paid too much for my fun.

Perhaps patience is an overrated virtue. Perhaps it is not a virtue at all.

The ninth letter of the alphabet is the most boring on the other fellow's lips, the most delightful on ours.

## THE POLITICIAN TAKES HIS "CUT"

## THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING—

### STACK "DODGES"

The appointment of Franklin L. Dodge as disbursing officer in the office of Michigan's auditor general has come in for a lot of criticism and has occasioned a lot of not altogether complimentary talk in the past week. Dodge was only recently released from the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where he was serving a term for perjury, and his prominence in the notorious Remus case did not add anything to his prestige. The position which he has been appointed involves passing on all state vouchers for money, and is an important one. We do not know Mr. Dodge, he may be all right, but when organized society finds it necessary to incarcerate a man for his misdeeds, we assume that it would at least be in good taste to permit him to show his worth in some minor position before crowding him into one of the most responsible positions in our state government, especially when many worthy men with good records stand idly by waiting for a job.—Bill Berkey in Cassopolis Vigilant.

### BEER RACKET

Everything points to the possibility that Detroit gangsters are planning a chain of beer gardens to be operated in the city and environs in connection with illegal night resorts. One of Detroit's most widely known gangsters working in conjunction with other racketeers and with the assistance of an East Side politician, is planning the beer garden and resort chain, according to the information furnished the commissioners. If that kind of racket gets a strangle hold on the beer business the country will quickly go back to prohibition. If the beer business is continued as good as it is operated in most small towns now it will never be disturbed, because it is good and wholesome.—Al Weber in Cheboygan Observer.

### NO APOLIGIES

Governor William A. Comstock, speaking before a large group of Wayne county Democrats this week, says that he has no apologies to make for his administration. I am not conscious," he said, "of any single mistake that has been made."

It is lovely to be satisfied with yourself, as the Governor is, and while we do not care to question his motives, we cannot agree that there have been no mistakes in his administration.

We respectfully call the Governor's attention to the last presidential campaign, in fact to the entire four years that Herbert Hoover was president. The Democrats at that time hired Charles Michelson to "smear Hoover" and the gentleman made a masterly job of it.

Now that the Republicans are out of power, they are taking a leaf from the campaign book of the Democrats, and are starting in to "smear Comstock." They are not doing this because they dislike the Governor personally, nor for purpose politics, but because many of them honestly believe that he is not the man for this particular job.

The Governor will have to stand this criticism, so long as he remains Governor, for every man who ever held that job has had to take it on the chin, grin—and like it!—A. D. Gallery in Tuscola County Advertiser.

### THIRD PARTY

The third party movement in Michigan may get underway next election. If the Democratic administration is judged a failure, the independent voter is not going to become enthusiastic about a return of power to the Republican factions. Even with a semblence of a united front, there will be considerable numbers averse to going back to what has already been decided a failure, by an overwhelming majority. If the third party movement could be controlled by those concerned less with politics and more with good government, it might be strong enough to make a bid for acceptance in November, 1934.—Joe Sturgeon in Delta Reporter.

### WHAT IS THE N R A?

A man called on the telephone one morning this week and asked "Just what is this NRA?" We gathered that he had been reading considerable but had become confused at the multiplicity of angles of the Act. In the simplest language we are capable of, the NRA is the National Recovery Act in which remarkable powers have been put in President Roosevelt's hands for the purpose of reviving business, prices, employment—in fact almost everything that is and has been wrong with the United States for the past four years. The Act granted President Roosevelt wartime powers, and is designed to:

1—Restore more buying power to the people;

2—To give more people jobs by limiting the hours that employes may work in one day;

3—To abolish child labor in the South and North;

4—Set up a minimum wage;

5—Establish fair trade practices so that legitimate dealers may not be driven out of business by cut-throat prices;

6—Allow trades and lines of business to establish rules for their business, subject to the approval of the government;

7—Once these rules or "codes" are established the government proposes to force employers to live up to and abide by them;

8—The NRA is a survival of the 1917-19 war period. It gives power to put slackers in jail. (Not much has been said about this so far.)

The whole Act is based upon the theory that there must be earning power before there can be buying power. It is a distinct step of government into business. The government has first made emphatic requests. These may be followed by drastic commands with penalties attached. It first appeals to citizens to conform to its provisions in the name of patriotism. Those who refuse or who do not understand may feel the strong arm of the federal government if their actions threaten failure of the objects and purposes of the Act.—Clinton County Republican-News.

### MAKES 'EM CROOKED

It has been said that following the line of least resistance is what makes both RIVERS and MEN CROOKED.—Paw Paw Courier Northerner).

## Jest For the Fun of It

**Anticipation**

The young wife had been sent to buy some seeds. The florist showed her several packets.

"Are you sure these will grow into big, strong trees?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the assistant. "I guarantee them."

"Well, in that case I'd better have a hammock as well."

—o—

**Old Stuff**

It's lamentably clear to me
That I am growing old, to be
So stunned by nature in the raw.
With tenderness, surprise, and awe,
I note each embryonic bud
In our back yard. The very blood
Within my veins begins to skip
And gambol at a frightful clip
As I regard the crocuses
And all that pale green fuziness
Be-haloing the scrawny trees.
I never used to notice these.
Public delights, though it appears
They have been functioning for years.

—Margaret Fishback in "Life"

—o—

**Ah, That's It.**

"Edith, you are still flirting with four men. Haven't you decided which one you will marry?"

"No. I can't make up my mind which one my friends envy me most."

**That's Different**

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"I've already made three dates for tonight, but seeing as you're the football captain, the hell with the other guys, sir," she said.

—Penn State Froth

—o—

**Take a Census, Papa**

A busy business man was the father of a small family, which he was rarely able to see owing to the pressure of his work. One night, however, he agreed to stay at home and take care of the several young offspring, while his wife was out.

The next morning his wife inquired if he had met with any difficulties.

"Oh, no," he said, "I got them all to bed all right except that little red-headed one. I had to lick her before she would go."

"Why, John," exclaimed his wife, "That isn't our child; she lives across the street!"

—Island Lantern

—o—

**Wanted: Elocution**

Lady: Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?

Urchin: Yes'm; he sure does. He doesn't put any expression into it at all.

—o—

**Famous Firms**
**High & Mighty**

## Poems That Live

### THE REALLY RICH MAN

A man is rich:
If he has ideals that lift his head.
If he knows his fellow men as brothers.
If he has a conscience that knows no fear.
If men say of him—"He is an upright man."
If he has respect for the sanctities of life.
If he looks at life with clear, steady eyes.
If men hold him in honor and call him friend.
If, in trade, he does not trade his character.
If he is religious without tolerance or bigotry.
If his family holds him in deep affection and high respect.
If he has a mind in love with good books and noble truth.
If he has the kind of self-respect that leads him to respect his fellowmen.
If he is a saintly character without the air of superiority or cynicism.
If he is strong enough to be serviceable, and great enough to be humble.

—Selected
(Delta Reporter)

## 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

Bought your coal yet?

Fred Crombie was navigating about town last week.

Orion gets infected with soap peddlers—ditto our burg.

Mrs. Ezra King of Pontiac is visiting her brother, Dr. C. M. Raynale.

Mrs. J. S. Robinson, nee Emma Chatfield, is home visiting her parents.

Photographs of the dead burglar with a concise statement of the affair printed on the back, for sale at Whitehead & Mitchell's.

The ready helpers will meet at Mrs. Aldrich's on Saturday at half past two p. m. All are invited to attend. Hattie Simpson, Secretary.

The new roof on the post office is of best tin and the fact that H. Irving & Son, are doing the job, makes it sure that a good job is being done.

Several of our young gents have formed a boat club and have a boat and boat house safely at the mill pond. The motion that we have a regatta.

Mrs. Alanson Brooks has been visiting her children at Stanton and at Whitehall & Mitchell's, herself that she never had a pleasanter time in all her life. Miss Mary Brooks, daughter of E.J. Brooks, returned home with Mrs. Brooks.

We have the best comp in the state and dish up more local than any other publication extant and this too in a time of the year when news is so very scarce that a powerful tele or microscope can hardly find enough for a three liner.

We couldn't tell yo ufor the life of us what ailed Moses K. T. last Friday, he seemed to be so uneasy like, in a sort of a nervous frenzy entirely unexplained until we suddenly remembered that it was the day for the sewing bee to meet at his house and his domicile was crowded full of women. Verily Moses is blest.

Southfield belles lack gentlemen escorts—Oh! I would that we were single, we'd emigrate. The other eve a gang of those handsome girls scoured the country for escorts to take them to the ball in Greenfield and then some went single. One of them changed partners, we heard, because the first lover got shot in the neck.

—o—

### FIVE YEARS AGO

Work is to start on Birmingham's new postoffice within a few days, it was learned by The Eccentric yesterday from postal authorities in Detroit.

The new Quarton School on Chesterfield road is practically completed today and ready for the many Birmingham pupils who will attend when classes are resumed in September.

The many visitors who come thirstily to the fountain at Maple and Baldwin avenues for the water, which for six years they have found to their liking, soon are to receive it from a new and beautiful base, if the plans of village officials materialize.

The resignation of Henry S. Morgan of Detroit as the secretary of Senator James Couzens is announced today.

Birmingham trap shooters are represented at the Grand American trap shooters convention in Vandalia, O., this week by a party composed of Edward Daniels, Ben Peabody, Frank Schaak, Edgar McBride, Harry Potter and Frank Holznagle.

Melvin C. Hart, principal of Baldwin High School, is in Birmingham today, following his return last Friday from Columbia University, New York, where he was studying for a Master of Arts degree. He was in New York six weeks.

As a reward for his work in apprehending rum runners who pass through Bloomfield Hills village, Delos Anderson, for more than a year a patrolman in the Hills, was promoted to a sergeancy last week after he returned from his vacation. The promotion came as a complete surprise to him.

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The changes at the municipal building have given the Village Board a fine council room, and when we get the electric lights no town of our size can go ahead of ours.

It rains mighty easy now days.

Ray Forius, J. Allen Bigelow came rolling in Monday, glad to see everybody, and everybody glad to see him. Said he had visited Yellowstone Park, caught all the fish he ever wanted to catch and his heart, soul and body yearned for dear old Birmingham.

Mr. Karle Barr has finished a summer school of dancing at Cheboygan. He had a class of over 50, mostly resorters and a jolly good time. Aside from a big financial success, his work was highly commended by all of his pleased pupils. Earle is sure to win in his chosen profession.

The Presbyterian Sunday school picnic, after two postponements, was pulled off successfully Tuesday of this week.

After six weeks of a restful vacation way down in Virginia, C. J. Hupp and wife have returned home, much to the joy of their many friends. Their visit was at Mr. Hupp's boyhood home and a fine time was enjoyed.

On August 5, Ralph Clark bumped his auto into Fred M. Spicer, throwing out and injuring Harold, the 6-year-old son of the latter. Mr. Spicer was appointed next friend for the lad, and brought suit for damages. Friday last Justice A. W. Campbell gave the plaintiff judgment for $100 and costs.

Frank G. Pearsall's home and flower exhibit was omitted last week in mentioning the beauty spots in Birmingham. Without doubt his is the handsomest home and grounds in this village.

Prof. Dudley, superintendent of our schools, with his family have arrived and are comfortable settled in Robert Toms' house. The Prof. is a teacher of experience, and we predict for him a successful school year.

Mrs. Albert W. Campbell is home again from Chicago where she visited relatives accompanied by her daughter, Miss Zilpha, who kept right on going to Alpena, where she is visiting her brother, Daniel Campbell, a prosperous dentist of that city.

The following good news from an old friend is very encouraging: Friend Mitchell:—Once again it becomes my great pleasure as well as my duty to mankind to hand in a fleeting dollar to help you to buy grease for the "Great Moral Engine". Those who have been so fortunate as to know the fascination The ECCENTRIC holds for all who come within its sphere of influence can never willingly allow the day to pass when it is time to put up "without gracefully coming down." Very sincerely yours,

—Frank Buncher.

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## A Business Alphabet

A is for ambition
Business is the aim,
Causing some to worry,
Desiring just that same.

Efficiency the keynote,
Favors to retain,
Getting back the patrons
Has much to do with gain.

Industry and hustle—
Just treat your help aright.
Keep a heart of justice
Like the Son of Light.

Meet the public smiling;
No one seeks a frown.
Often hearts are breaking,
Practically out-and-down.

Quickly you'll recover
Recompense for pains
So carefully extended
To customers and gains.

Unless you heed my wisdom
Very sorry will be you;
When you reach to X-Y-Z
You'll recall my warning Q.

—Jennie Elizabeth Brown.
619 Pierce street.


## One Minute Pulpit

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.—St. Matthew 5:42.


WABEEK STATE BANK

Wabeek Bldg.

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

DIRECTORS

JAMES COUZENS — HENRY T. EWALD
FRANK COUZENS — GEO. B. JUDSON
CECIL R. CUMMINGS — ARTHUR J. LACY

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COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES