The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 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 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 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.

Support The Community House

There seems to be no end to the demands made upon Birmingham residents for contributions to funds, causes, movements and societies of one kind or another. Maintenance drives, campaigns, tag sales and what not combine in an almost ceaseless series of solicitations, and it is not by any means always possible to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy.

There is one cause, however, which falls without question into the class of the worthy. That is the cause of the Birmingham Community House. The Community House for years has filled a vital need in the lives of Birmingham residents. It has done untold good in centralizing social and club life, and administering to welfare needs. Moreover, it has enjoyed, and enjoys now, the benefits of able and intelligent management, assuring economical use of the money contributed to it.

Because of the banking holiday, the House did not hold its usual Roll Call last spring. Instead, it will sponsor a drive this fall, hoping to raise $9,100 which its officers estimate will be its minimum requirement for the coming year. The campaign opens next Monday. It deserves the wholehearted support of the entire community.

Upton Sinclair Changes

Upton Sinclair, famous Socialist author, has turned Democrat and will run as a candidate for Governor of California. Mr. Sinclair, whose books reveal that his soul long ago was seared by the hot iron of capitalism, will be required to "forsake," for politic's sake, his extreme Socialist policies. He will do this so that he may win enough votes to get himself elected. If he is elected, watch him carefully, for he promises to bring into action a regime that will make President Roosevelt's administration thus far seem Morganesque and Mellonesque by comparison.

For Mr. Sinclair's campaign will be built around a book which he will publish, entitled: "I, Governor of California, and How I Ended Poverty." The last paragraph will read thus: "And the Governor ordered a careful investigation to be made and it was found there was only one poor person left in the State, and that was a hermit who lived in a cave."

Well, California is certainly a great State, isn't it?

One NRA Danger

David Lawrence is the name of a Washington newspaper correspondent who is recognized throughout this country as a fair, accurate, and understanding observer of human activity in government. Therefore, when he writes upon a subject one can absorb it with the feeling that he is gaining a viewpoint that is constructive and helpful. Mr. Lawrence, although sympathetic to the NRA program, does point out one of the dangers that can attend its administration when he says:

"Our danger lies in that we may be selecting as the new 'enemies' of the country, as the victims of our freshly fanned hate and violence, the small storekeepers and business men, who constitute our finest citizenry. If we pit neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, what kind of a war will we be fighting? Is this not civil war? Is there no other way to win the battle against depression? Does American genius and resourcefulness thus acknowledge defeat? If we can conquer only by terror and fear and arraying merchant versus merchant and citizen against citizen then the price becomes too high to pay for even so-called prosperity. Victory at the price of human liberty neither satisfies nor endures."

Why Not A Full Commission?

Birmingham voters last April adopted a new city charter by an overwhelming majority of 2,324 to 369. That charter entrusts the city's governmental affairs to a Commission of seven members, no more and no less.

Just now, however, the Commission, for all practical purposes, has only six members. J. Harry McBride is still a commissioner in name, but he has been absent from the last three meetings, and he is now in Texas where he intends to spend the winter. When he left, there appeared to be a possibility of his returning within a few weeks. This possibility seems now to have disappeared, and since Mr. McBride has not seen fit, or perhaps has just not bothered, to resign voluntarily, it becomes the duty of his fellow commissioners to declare his office vacant. That they have this authority is made clear in Chapter III, Section 7, of the charter:

"Four (4) members of the Commission shall constitute a quorum, but a less number may adjourn from time to time and compel the attendance of absent members in such manner and under such penalties as may be prescribed by ordinance . . ."

The city is entitled to a full board of seven commissioners. The six members now active have full authority to bring Mr. McBride's term to an end, and appoint a successor. Are there any political barriers to prevent this from being done at once?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FAVORS an early completion of the St. Lawrence Waterway project. That's one kind of a "cut" that the middle west is willing to take, isn't it?

The "Giving" Problem

Welfare problems throughout the nation continue to puzzle officials of the various units of government that must, in some manner, provide food, raiment, and shelter for the needy unemployed. There never was, and there never will be, a more important problem confronting the human race than to see that an abundance of earth's necessities are distributed to the people who tread this globe. In the midst of plenty, some are in want. It is as though, in the midst of fresh air and sunshine, many people cry for light and oxygen. Blessed, indeed, are those who, having, give to those who have not!

Inflation Not "A Cheat"

To those who claim that a moderate inflation of the currency in the United States is in the nature of "a cheat," because it gives cheaper money to those who owe creditors, thus "short-changing" those creditors, let us ask this question: is not the deflationary process of a depression just as much "a cheat" for the person who owes to a creditor, and does not the creditor thus obtain, unfairly, more than the original debt intended? The pendulum of variable currency values is always at work, first in the interest of the creditor, then in the interest of the debtor. If this condition did not prevail, fewer people would be in possession of material wealth and more would be enslaved by a monetary system manipulated only for the perpetuation of the creditor class.

"Truth Serums"

"Truth serum," a drug that is said to cut off the conscious mind but leaves the subject able to talk and answer questions, is used by police to obtain results in a given case. While such procedure may reveal things to police that otherwise would not be available, we doubt if any judge or jury would ever convict a person on a "confession" so obtained. Instead of resorting to "truth serums," the officers of the law in this coutnry ought to resort to limiting the practice of criminal law to attorneys who honestly try to serve the ends of Justice.

Our National Defense

While we deplore the human qualities of evil that require nations to maintain national defense, we agree with those who insist that the United States keep its Army and Navy on a par with the exigencies of international relationships. This nation can always afford to crusade for less money "thrown away" for the preparation of war, which is what modern Armies and Navies generally seem to eventuate in, but we cannot afford to subject ourselves to the insane and uncontrolled greed of another nation, or nations, that may seek to devour us.

National defense is to our country what a police force is to a city; what an insurance policy is to your life or your property. Some day, of course, when individuals are less fiery and willing to fight, the need for armies and navies will decrease. But until then, let Uncle Sam protect his shores by those instrumentalities that, above all other things, foreign countries have learned to respect. And may that great day be speeded when nations actually can beat their swords into plowshares, and the evils that contribute to war be banished from human consciousness!

SAMUEL T. METZGER, Michigan Democratic commissioner of agriculture, has just authorized the State College to market a new kind of grape, to be known as "vineyard run juice grapes." Now, if only commissioner Metzger would let the public in on a few of the "lemons" of his own Party—but that would be an act of horticulture foreign to "political plums."

—o—

AN EFFORT IS BEING MADE by the Lord, through his preacher-salesmen upon earth, to join the NRA. A meeting for this was recently held by Michigan Methodist preachers at Ypsilanti, where they asked for a minimum wage scale of $800.00 per year. How cheaply the world values "the pearl of great price"!

GOVERNOR COMSTOCK announces that he will call a special session of the Legislature for the near future. Let's hope he conducts it in such a manner that he will bring honor and distinction to his Party—for that will mean that the general public is being benefited.

—o—

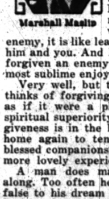
JEAN HARLOW, whose platinum blonde hair has waved from more than one movie thriller, has taken unto herself a third husband. If at first you don't succeed . . .

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

THERE is a flame that warms a man but does not burn. It is called, if you would give it a name, Forgiveness.

And there are two sides, as there are to all things, to this treasure of life. There is the forgiveness that is in the forgiver, and the forgiveness in the heart of the forgiven, of the man who has faltered and offended and who has been living for a dreary while in dark places, but who is lifted up and taken to the heart and made one of the dear circle of men again. It is the warm flame in HIS heart of which I am thinking.



Marshall Maslin

Much has been written of forgiving. Balzac said that when women love us they forgive everything. Sterne thought that the brave only know how to forgive. It has been said by someone whose name I no longer remember that when you half forgive your enemy, it is like leaving a bag of rusty nails between him and you. And Lavater said that he who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

Very well, but there's a danger there if a man thinks of forgiving injuries only in a proud spirit, as if it were a pleasure, a jewel, a debauch of spiritual superiority . . . The richest harvest of forgiveness is in the heart of the man who has come home again to tenderness and understanding and blessed companionship. There's nothing sweeter, no more lovely experience than that.

A man does many foolish things as he lives along. Too often he is weak, reckless, intemperate, false to his dream of how he should be living . . . Despite himself he offends those he loves and tramples their picture of him in the mud. He hurts them and shuts them away. And sometimes he thinks his own acts have banished him from their hearts forever . . . But they come to him and forgive. By a glance of the eye friendly and comforting. By a touch of the hand. By some dear inclusion of him in their lives they bring him shoulder to shoulder—and it's then the good flame leaps up in him once more and he is glad he is truly alive again and feels himself once more a man, the equal of any, and profoundly cleansed.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

J. Allen Bigelow's new house has received its first coat of plaster.

Mrs. Bub Burns had a lap robe stolen from her buggy the nigh. the circus was here.

C. R. Jenks has purchased himself a new trombone horn and steadly manipulate it in both the brass and string bands.

D. M. Johnson announces to the public that his offices will be closed next week. He takes a business trip to Canada.

The train came tearing into our quiet station one day last week and had hardly stopped when a stocky looking white bull dog jumped off and grabbed Jim Beckham's setter by the throat just as if he had come on purpose. Jim kicked him in the ribs, his owner got off and grabed him by the hind legs and Jim got his by the tail, the man got aboard the train again hanging on to his dog, train started, passengers yelled, Jim held on, so did the bull dog and the excitement was intense but just as Jim's heels began to fly the bull dog let go and Jim and his dog collapsed, the train went out of sight in the distance, stillness reigned in the vast amphitheatre and the wheels of the world resumed their monotonous hum.

Monday last, Joe Rainey began to clerk for J. R. Corson & Son. We are glad to see Joe get steady employment and trust he will improve his time and become a merchant prince some day.

Johnnie Crawford is busily painting his father's house. Having some leisure time, John is going to improve it by ornamenting the domicile like a sensible boy.

—o—

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Six more students entered school this week, necessitating the use of tables for seats, as the rooms are filled.

A report reaches us that some of our rude and rough boys have been refused the privilege of the library for 30 days by our village marshal because of bad conduct there.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hanley on Merrill street, Friday, Oct. 2, the prettiest little baby girl that ever came down the pike for Mike or anybody else. All doing fine and the parents' happiness is only equalled by Aunt Lizzie and several other aunts and uncles, to say nothing of Grandpa and Grandma Hawthorn.

A regular fight 'twixt two young men of our town occurred last Saturday night because of the alleged slandering tongue of one against the sister of the other. The champion of the lady walloped the villifier to Mother Earth in the first round, and while the victim was conscious told him "if he got up he'd knock his map off." He didn't get up at all until the Piety Hill "Hat Nelson" fell asleep and then the horizontal fee quietly made his successful sneak.

The B. H. S. play their first game of football on Friday, Oct. 9, against Royal Oak high school at Poppleton's grounds east of Maple avenue. A good game is expected, so turn out in order to encourage the boys of the high school for they are going to work like beavers earn sweaters with a "B". The lineup is: R. E., Charles Plumstead; R. T., T. Broughton; R. G., J. Blunt; C., Fred Vacht; L. G., Loren Stauch; L. T., Ernest Hunt; L. E., Deir or T. Harris; Q., Roy Montgomery; F. B., Earle Mudge; R. H., William Hanna; L. H., Emmory Hanna; head linesman, Charles Randall, the crack center of last year's team. Umpire, Glenn Robinson.

It is claimed that a man who squeezes a dollar will not squeeze his wife. In looking over our subscription accounts we are led to believe that some awfully good women are not receiving the pressure they deserve.

—o—

FIVE YEARS AGO

The "jitneys" are operating between Birmingham and Detroit every day under a permanent license, although their victory over the Eastern Michigan Motor Busses—formerly the Star Motor Coach Company—was gained only after considerable haranguing on both sides before the Village Commission Monday.

Solemn, beautiful and impressive were the ceremonies attendant upon the dedication and consecration of Christ Church Cranbrook Saturday by the Rt. Rev. Herman Page, bishop of the Detroit diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Village President Luther D. Allin, Commissioners Harry L. Wallace and George H. Roehm, and Clerk William M. Story were reelected to office in Bloomfield Hills Village in Monday's elections without opposition. All have served since the incorporation of Bloomfield Hills as a village two years ago.

The roof of the new postoffice building on North Woodward avenue is being built today. Contractors forsee the completion of the entire building within five weeks.

The Student Loan Fund of Baldwin High School is responsible for nine students being able to acquire a college education. Five graduates of the 1928 class from the high school are making use of the fund this year, and four others who started in college the year before are still benefiting by its assistance, officers report.

One Minute Pulpit

Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.—I Timothy, 4:12.

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

The Other Chap Says Something—

TO REFORM THE PRIMARY

Latest advices from Lansing are that the legislative counsel will take up the question of a reform of the primary and that they will do it in a way that will be really non-partisan. That's promising. If there's any one influence more than another that has contributed to the governmental chaos that exists today it is the direct primary as it functions on the statute books today.

The primary came in as a reform of the old caucus and convention. It did better the system at the outset but, like all other reforms, it later on deteriorated. It developed into a promoter for self Starters and a great field for bunk shooters, smooth talkers and blatherskites to get the attention of the people and be elected to office. Men got their names on ballots in the primary campaigns and actually got quite a few votes that wouldn't dare attempt to pass muster with a selective body of representative citizens passing upon their fitness to even ask for office.—Tom Conlin in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

THIRD PARTY TALK

We read the following paragraph in Geo. Averill's Birmingham Eccentric:

"What Michigan taxpayers probably will need is another party, recruited from both Democrats and Republicans—unless a miracle takes place before the fall of 1934."

What Bro. Averill says reminds us of an incident of our boyhood days, when a man came to father's sawmill for some lumber and said he wanted to build a new house. But he wanted to build it out of the material in the old house and wanted to live in the old house while he built the new house. The foregoing sounds a bit "nutty," we'll admit, but any new party formed in Michigan must of necessity be built out of the same people that are in the old parties, and, after all, our parties are just our people—nothing more—and will be just as good or just as bad as the people in them cause them to be. No, George, what we need is not more political parties, but an aroused civic consciousness and a higher standard of political integrity upon the part of all our people. The political selfstarters, political hitch hikers and self seekers will find their way into any party that is big enough to win an election, and organizing a new party with a new name won't make it any more difficult for that crowd to go out and "bulk" the people.—Bill Berkey in Cassopolis Vigilant.

Our Otherwise friend, George Averill, of the Birmingham Eccentric, either exhibits a refreshing innocence or a camouflaged naivete when he calls attention to the fact Michigan is going to compete with Monte Carlo by allowing general public gambling at Mackinac Island. The innocence exuded by George is in the fact that he sort of lays this to the "moral letdown that has smeared Michigan since a year ago." We don't pretend to know much about it, but if Friend George will go back into the history of games of skill and chance on Mackinac Island, he will find that the same rumor has persisted for many years back in good, bad and indifferent eras. In fact the theory has prevailed that no high class summer resort can get by without a little gambling on the side, and nothing has ever been done about it—or ever will. The point is it is no different now than ever.—Harry Whiteley in Dowagiac Daily News.

MOULDERS OF CHARACTER

"When earths' last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried," as Kipling says, the country newspaper editor, otherwise known as the small town editor, is going to be glorified. He is going to have a reserved seat in "Press Row" in the golden city and blazoned in light against the jasper walls we will read, "Earth's Moulders of Character."

When you have finished reading this preface, dig out the current issue of your home town paper, that is if you live in a small town; turn to the editorial pages. In nine times out of ten you will read editorial comment on the vexed questions of the day which are masterpieces of journalism. The flow of language and the best and finest ideals are expressed. The country editor stands squarely behind a clean and wholesome community. He is the character builder of his community. As a rule he is not dominated by higher influences. He is unafraid and portrays the truth as he sees it.

Filth and dirt find very little space in the small town newspaper. Here we find constructive thought put into print, fit for the boy or girl to read. This editor is an unassuming man, generally a mild mannered man. He is wise in the ways of the world; more frequently than otherwise he is a family man. His family consists of one wife and maybe several boys and girls. He gains a true perspective of life through watching the pit falls of others. He burns the midnight oil in an earnest endeavor to solve the problems of his community. He must of necessity be a veritable Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde; acquiring many roles as he mingles with churchmen and politicians, honest men and crooks. You might meet him in church on at the show, his mission is for a given purpose. In the archives of his brain are collected all manner and sorts of information. This brain acts like a sieve, filtering out all the filth and dirt and rendering to the community wholesome and constructive thought.

Yes the small town editor is one of the nations greatest assets, playing many parts in the affairs of men and fools, but to see the real man, you must meet him in his back garden on a Saturday afternoon, unshaven with a hoe in his hands and dressed like a hoboe; when like Puck he will say, "Oh what fools we mortals be."—Gazette, Inglewood, Cal.

FALLING LEAF AND FADING FLOWER

Comes morning and the chill of a new kind of weather. Down cellar we glide to start a fire in the long-unused furnace and the joy of stirring up a little heat warms up the heart. The sizzle of steam sounds good as we eat the morning oatmeal.

Outside the hills show trees turning gold and brown. We step on a cricket in the kitchen and know then that autumn is here. Outdoors we find the flowers drooping and the leaves of trees falling on our heads. A pumpkin is turning yellow in the fall sun and last "glads" in the garden call out and say: "Pick us now before the frost comes."

The day passes and home from work we go. The sun drops down an hour sooner than awhile back. The evening meal is over and darkness comes and we sit and read and know that the comfortable evenings around the family hearthstone are here. Yes, the summer, with all its happy memories is gone.—Dick Baldwin in Northville Record.

Jest For Fun

Physiology and High Jinks

Inertia and fatigue combined
Completely paralyze my mind
When there is work for me to do.
Yet, if at that very moment you
Happen to telephone me, then
My strength is as the strength of ten.

Vitality sets in at once.
I cease to be a flaccid dunce.
My engine starts in turning over,
And as a thoroughgoing loafer,
I do a job, which on the whole,
Bespeaks both stamina and soul.

It matters not what you suggest,
I have a most unbridled zest
For anything at all that you
Promote, from Stadium concerts to
The Biltmore roof. But still I find
That I am promptly undermined
By work, though why my dynamo
Gives out that way I do not know.
—Margaret Fishback in "Life"

—o—

To Get Familiar

Stage Manager: You handle millions of dollars in this play. Try to look as if you were used to it.

Hard-Up Actor: I see! Er—could you let me have $2 to rehearse with?

—o—

Famous Firms
Faster & Faster

—o—

Technique

First Soph—What kind of oil do you use in your car, Bill?

Second Soph—Well, I usually start out by telling them I'm lonely.—Lehigh Burr.

—o—

Tit for Tat

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio)—Having wonderful time. Marion is great.

Wife (telegraphing back immediately)—Same here. George is not so bad.—Cornell Widow.

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.

COMMUNITY HOUSE

To the Editor:

May I join in urging continued or newly-given support for our Community House in its drive for maintenance funds this fall? In providing charming surroundings, excellent service at all times, a most friendly atmosphere, adequate accomodations for all of Birmingham's needs for a social center, it is becoming an increasingly essential part of our community life.

For those of us who are spending more time in our own City of Birmingham, and finding our activities and interests leading us more and more through the doors of the Community House, it should be our first object for support. And we can only hope that those members of the community not so fortunate as we in time spent in Birmingham will join in supporting this worthy project in a spirit of cooperation and civic responsibility.

DOROTHY G. (MRS. G. HALL) ROOSEVELT
843 Puritan road.

GARDEN CONTEST

To the Editor:

Many expressions of appreciation have come to the committee from the prize winners in the second annual Yard and Garden Contest, recently completed. The committee in turn wishes to pass its appreciation on to the many workers who gave their time to make the contest possible.

Mrs. L. E. Holton, with all the good co-operation she received from the merchants, did much splendid and consistent work in arranging for the more than 50 prizes which were awarded. Mrs. Theodore F. W. Meyer had an efficient organization of judges to inspect the 101 gardens entered in the general contest, as well as those in the spring garden division.

Mrs. William McCallum added new interest with a children's division, and C. H. Ranney with a vegetable garden contest, for which the committee wishes to express to them its thanks and appreciation.

W. WHITING RAYMOND
General chairman.

Our Scrap Book

THE SELECTING OFFICE OF THE MEMORY

A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember is what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much it is well, it will save you beforhand the labour of erasure."

This advice would not be suitable to every author; an author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.—From "The Intellectual Life," by Phillip Gilbert Hamerton.

Mebbe!

To be sure, we don't know much of anything about this situation that everybody is talking about, but we have the ghost of an idea that mebbe there'd be less setback if there were less sitback.—Boston Herald.

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