The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 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 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.

A New Social Order

Homer S. Cummings, attorney-general for the United States, told members of the American Bar Association, in annual meeting at Grand Rapids, that this nation has not acquired a dictator in the person of President Roosevelt. "Fundamentally," he said, "all we hope to do is to release and direct the vital forces that make for a healthy National life. I do not share the view that these efforts will result in the creation of a new social order, even though I realize that there are forces moving to that end. New social orders, like poets, are born, not made."

If Mr. Cummings will study the background of the poet, he will discover that a poet may receive some legacy of talent for the rhythmic expression of utterance, but he will be a poet of a degree in keeping with the life and times about him. Therefore, we assume that Mr. Cummings' statement was a bit of oil on the waters, to smooth out the waves of fear for the U. S. Constitution that have hurled themselves upon the shore of much of the public mind.

For we feel that a new social order IS COMING RAPIDLY UPON ALL OF US IN THESE UNITED STATES.

This new order was made necessary because of the fact that man's invention of machinery and chemistry has removed him from the former human fear of famine and pestilence, into the realm of plenteousness and abundance, which calls for a readjustment of the relation of the rich to the poor, the strong to the weak, the employer to the employee, the government to the governed. No one can tell exactly how this new social order will work out. All we can do is to hope and plan for the best.

To continue Mr. Cummings' metaphor, all we can do is, cooperate with intelligence and less selfishness in our human relationships, so that this new social order may bring into each life more that is rhythmical and beautiful and harmonious—sort of change the prosaic alphabet of everyday struggle for existence into a real poem of life.

A Wayward Boy

Not just because he was the son of rich parents, but rather because he was pampered and spoiled through parental indulgence, 17-year-old Balfe MacDonald, Flint matricide, becomes No. 34,200 in Jackson State Prison. This mere boy, angry because his mother refused to grant him money and permission to go to California, a few months ago crushed the life from her physical body with a set of bookends. Weeks after, he was caught in the south, and now lives at the State's expense.

Some will cry for the blood of young MacDonald, foolishly; for if ever there was evidence that an erring parent is majorly responsible for a wayward boy, it seems to us that this case does. Each of us is, mostly, what others have made us until we reach maturity. Therefore, let's sensibly look upon young MacDonald as an erring bundle of habits largely created by others, either by erfors of omission or commission; of course he should be isolated from society until society knows that these errors are either abandoned by suffering or supplanted by evidence of goodness. This spoiled boy's deviltry may well sound a warning to all parents who erroneously pet and pamper their offspring.

A Daily Dozen For The Mind—

It seems to me we need today a setting-up exercise for the mind. Before we leave home in the morning we should arm ourselves with constructive thoughts, we should build up our mental-resistance to thoughts of fear and worry, we should start off the day on the right-foot mentally. Success and happiness depend upon our Quality of Thought.

Write your Daily Dozen for the Mind, then read it every morning before you leave for the office, or memorize it and say it to yourself while you shave. Here is mine:

1. Today I am going to be bright, cheerful and happy. I'm going to enter the office with a cheerful "good-morning." I'm going to have something pleasant to say to everybody.
2. Today I am going to look for the good in others. I am going to praise instead of blame.
3. Today I am going to act the part of a success. I am going to tackle my work with a positive, constructive, mental attitude.
4. Today I am going to shut the doors of my mind to fear and worry. I will not let these robbers of peace and poise enter my Mental Kingdom.
5. Today I am not going to hurry. I am going to do my work quietly without rushing and fussing.
6. Today I am going to take time to live as well as to make a living.
7. Today I am going to meet my problems and tasks with faith and courage.
8. Today I am going to make the better man in me Boss.
9. Today, to the best of my ability, I am going to strive to practice the Golden Rule.
10. Today I am going to be a good citizen; I am going to do my little part in the building of a new and better world.
11. Today I am going to strive to be a bigger and a better man than I was yesterday.
12. Today I am going to have a simple, child-like faith in God, as my Father.—Friendly Adventurer.

We Need Better Law Enforcement

Because our concentrated "herding up" of people in modern life has made it necessary for the creation of wide-spread governmental agencies to administer to our needs, we have, among many such things, law-enforcing officers and a judiciary. Human beings spend plenty of money in the way of taxation to provide what they are pleased to call a civilized substitute for the old-fashioned six-shooter.

The law-enforcing machinery is supposed to be on the watch for violations of our protecting laws, to arrest wrong-doers, and turn them over to the courts for judgment. The courts, aided by the prosecuting attorneys of the various counties, are supposed to try the offenders. The courts, of course, are rightly supposed to be fair and impartial, to prevent the miscarriage of justice, either to the offender or to society at large. The prosecuting attorney, on the other hand, is sworn to the obligation of vigorously prosecuting a person who is arrested by virtue of the warrant issued by the law-enforcing officers by his, the prosecuting attorney's own office. So much for the paid position of the two groups.

During the past three or four years, when so much of official and private graft and corruption have been revealed to the average man and woman in the street, it is pitifully true that the record of legal punishment is almost a blank. Petty offenders, variators of lesser laws and ordinances have been arrested by the thousand, and sent to jail; but persons who are suspected of high crime in other activities of human life have many times gone Scot free—some of them never even having been haled into a court. In many such cases the public can only conjecture what is wrong with the institution of righteousness as it is manipulated by human beings. In brief, there seems not only to be a law for the rich and a law for the poor in some tribunals of the nation, but there also seems to be a law for those whose wrong-doings might affect politics, and for those who incarceration in the bastile does not.

What we need in this country more than a good five-cent cigar is greater courage and simple honesty in two branches of our social structure, namely: in the law-enforcing and judicial sections of our publicly supported government—and we will only get them when the people, themselves, manifest such traits and thus project them into their public officials.

In other words, Folks, the average of courage and honesty in public office is just about as high as it is out in the world from which such public officials are recruited. No river can rise higher than its source; no public official can long hold his job if he tries to be more courageous, more honest, more sincere than the people want him to be.

Why Bother?

Why bother about the other fellow? If he is having a tough time of it in business and his personal affairs are out of joint, isn't that his concern, not mine? If he is flat on his back in the hospital, why should I visit him? If local politics reek with corruption, well, isn't that just politics anyway? If there's crookedness and double-dealing in my line of business, why should I trouble myself so long as it doesn't hurt me?

Maybe this isn't the answer, but it comes to mind. Some Hindu, whose name has long been forgotten, first stated it. Generations have repeated it so often that it has taken its place among the proverbs of the East. It is:

"Help thy brother's boat across and lo! thine own has reached the shore."—(The Rotarian Magazine).

Aimee Goes Vaudeville!

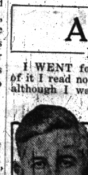
Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton has signed a contract to preach on the vaudeville stage. She may be motivated altruistically, as she avers, but we'll wager our last year's straw hat that she did not fail to note that the collection box would be filled with more than just a few nickels and dimes. This lady personifies a queer mixture of the flesh and the spirit. We wonder just how old Gabriel records some of her goings and comings among the children of men.

AND WHAT, IF WE MAY ASK, has happened to the Reed report? About the same thing, apparently, that has happened to the clock on the First State Savings Bank Building.

WOULD NOT AN APPROPRIATE TITLE to the victor in a sweet corn-eating contest be "colonel"?

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin



Marshall Maslin

I WENT for a vacation—and for the first half of it I read no newspapers. I could have read them, although I was in a far, high place, where there are no thieves, no traffic problems, no telephones, no radios, no electric lights, no street cars . . . But I read no newspapers. Not because I wanted to get away from them—they are my job, a part of my bloodstream and the breath I draw—but because I thought I'd have a better life if I got myself away for a while from the life that is mirrored in newspapers, from all the hustle-bustle, struggle-clamor, fight-fume existence of 1933.

So there were no newspapers . . . But chipmunks darted over rocks and came boldly-timidly to take food from our hands. And streams murmured on the hillsides and the wind rushed through the pines and the water in the lake was bracingly cold and the granite hills were strong and comforting, and the sunset on the mountain was splendid, and a man had a good appetite, and if he laid a tool down by a tree and came back two days later he'd find it there still, untouched . . . It was a fairly safe life—with no echoes in it, anywhere, from the city streets and the crowded hearts of another life.

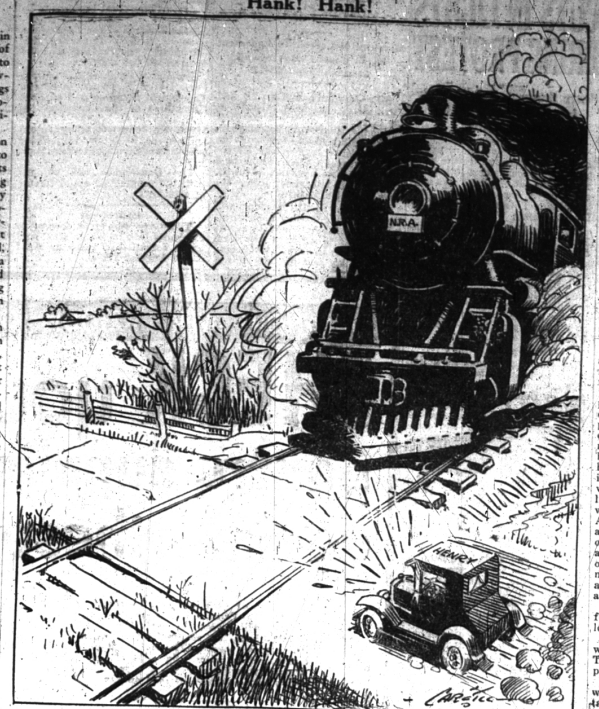
So for a while I read no newspapers—and perhaps I was proud of my freedom.

Freedom? did I write? But that was not freedom. That was but a recess, a space for breathing, for strengthening. It was, in a way, a retreat from life . . . And so I went back to newspapers. Went back to repeal elections, bond issues, street cars, murders, suicides, telephones, salesmen at the door, national recovery acts, automobile collisions, radio programs, crowds, red and green traffic lights, time tables, and all the fierce, feverish, passionate and pathetic pageant that is reported each day in the papers.

Did I go protesting? Did I go as the poem says, like the galley slave? Did I come down from the hills, sad and self-pitying as if the life of the city were too much for mortal to bear?

No. I did not. I came gladly, as a child comes home. I came willingly, respecting the city to which I returned. I came as I think nearly all city men come back to their towns, eager to be a part of that life again, glad to share its struggle and pain and perplexity and despair and defeat and triumph once more. Praising the hills where they had their vacation, joyously looking back to those precious days, but deeply contented to be a part of this life that you see reflected in the papers . . . Back at work again.

Hank! Hank!



The OTHER CHAP Says Something—

EVERYTHING CHANGING

Most of us, including bankers, real estate operators, dry reformers and politicians, have had our moments of disillusionment since 1929. Two and two used to make four but that was before the depression and the NRA. Two and two now often make three or even five. Nothing is so constant as change and there have been few periods in current history when so many changes have taken place as the last three or four years. Not alone have material things been altered but there have been marked changes in economics, education, philosophy, religion and morals.—V. J. Brown in Ingham County News.

The truth hurts. Also there is another old saying that "truth will out in the end."

Senator James Couzens' testimony in the grand jury investigation of the Detroit banking situation is hurting in more ways than one. Those speculating bankers who gambled with depositors' money are likely having some sleepless hours pondering over some of the blunt statements being entered into the record by Michigan's courageous Senator. His testimony has placed an entirely different face on the bank situation, and tends to justify the drastic action of the government officials in refusing to reopen the two old banks.—Joe Sturgeon in Delta Reporter.

When to Be Nonchalant

By CLIFFORD McBRIDE

When piano tuner calls to tune your piano free and says a neighbor sent him.

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

Grant Race studies at Ann Arbor this year.

Miss Zenia Post wields the birch in the Crouch School district.

Burglars gave Cassie Crawford a call last week. Perhaps they were looking over his white turkey stock.

The Police Gazette this week has an account, with illustrations, of the burglary and shooting which happened here lately.

Miss Jennie Ebling of Big Beaver opens teacher's salary by banging the pupils in the Appleton School district in Troy.

School began last Monday with a refreshingly large attendance. We predict a brilliant and very successful term. Foreign scholars are very numerous.

Mose K. T.—here! A good lady from Owosso says she renews her subscription to The Eccentric but would like to read something else but Taber, in the paper. So good bye Mose.

We are in receipt of a bundle of oats from Harbor Springs which bears the footprints of our friend Byron Bickford. They are over six feet high and we can't believe that they are wild oats for By sowed all of that kind down here.

Adam Bayley shooteth his little rifle 60 rods from Miner Spencer and the ball came so close to Miner St. that he sees the bullet's track and yells "look out there!" Sixty rods with a high ridge and a forest between them. So our reporter says.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Remember school books are cash, so don't ask for credit. Charles J. Shain.

Communicated—This is what a "dry town" means for Birmingham. You can't get a bowl of bread and milk at any time at any price. The hotel and restaurant are closed and the traveling public are warned to keep away. Plans were made and the money was ready to build a $15,000 two-story brick hotel which would have meant as much for our town as the Ponchartrain or the Cadillac for Detroit. What have the prohibitionists done to offset this condition of things? And the farmers go down to the Wayne County limits and get drunk, when they used to come to Birmingham, get a glass of beer, if they wanted it, and go home to their families sober and contented. If you don't believe it, just come out from Detroit on any late car, especially on Saturday night. There are more vacant houses in Birmingham than there has been in 10 years and our taxes are doubled. What's the reason?—A Temperance Taxpayer.

According to official reports, there are no "blind pigs" in Birmingham. It may be because our pigs are not blind.

The latest telephone additions in this village are L. Lee Truax and C. D. Dickinson, residence; and Louis Stock and David J. McKinley, farm lines. Let the good work go on.

Dr. W. H. Poole has a stirring article in another column that reflects very badly on the rising generation of Birmingham. The Doctor is right! A gang of boys in our village are surely fitting themselves for criminal lives and in a few years ahead unless they turn square about and be honorable and honest boys, their parents will have cause to weep bitter tears of sorrow over their disgrace. Boys, turn about. Be manly little men.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Bloomfield Township voted the same way as did the remainder of Oakland County Tuesday in nominating a complete Republican ticket for state and county offices. Gov. Fred W. Green took the nomination from George W. Welsh in a landslide. Norman C. Orr of Big Beaver gained 15,518 votes to 9,114 for Clarence W. Smith in the race for the prosecutor's office. S. O. Wylie Bell of Birmingham was fifth in the six-cornered race for the two coroners' posts.

Work is under way today on the final lap of the widening and paving of Woodward avenue from Lincoln avenue to Oak street.

With approximately 2,000 school children registered and back at their desks in Birmingham schools today, Superintendent Clarence Vliet expects an additional 400 to be added by Friday afternoon.

Because the few bids offered for the four houses on the municipal block which the village tried to dispose of at public auction Tuesday afternoon were so out of proportion to values, all bids were rejected by President H. T. Ellerby and Commissioner J. H. McBride, and plans are now under way by the Village Commission to form a holding company to move the houses to lots, and dispose of them through the Birmingham

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 of The Eccentric not later than noon for publication the following Thursday.

THE DELINQUENT TAX PROBLEM

To the Editor:

The problem of handling delinquent taxes due municipalities—cities, villages and school districts—has become of major importance within the past year due to the unprecedented amount of such taxes which have accumulated because of bank closings and the tie-up of financial resources of every class.

Delinquent taxes prior to 1929 amounted to but a small percentage of the total tax levied. Such taxes were generally small, and, bought by tax title men in May of each year, produced a steady stream of money for the various taxing units. Commencing with 1929, defaults increased in an alarming degree and in 1932 reached 60 per cent of many tax rolls.

To meet this decrease, municipalities have reduced wages, discharged employes, postponed repairs, ceased borrowing for capital expenditure, and have as a last measure declared on interest on bonds and also defaulted on serial bonds which are due. Bank closings and receiverships have aggravated a bad situation and now millions of dollars of municipal bonds which were formerly ranked triple A have become "cats and dogs" and are selling at great discount on the open market—some as low as 20 cents on the dollar. A vicious circle has been established and much distress has been brought about for municipalities, for banks and for taxpayers.

Taxpayers are in line, however, for substantial relief in the following ways:

1. Assesments for 1933 taxes will be the lowest in five years. The average decrease will be 40 per cent.

2. The 15 mill tax rate law will result in the lowest combined tax rate for the past five years. This reduction will average 40 per cent.

3. The Moore-Holbeck bill postpones the payment of all delinquent taxes for 1931 and prior years till 1933-1942, in one-tenth to be assessed each year.

4. Act 133 P. A., Mich., 1933, makes it possible to pay delinquent taxes by using bonds. Since, due to unusual circumstances, it is possible to purchase suitable bonds for such purposes at very low prices, in most cases it will be possible to settle 1932 delinquent taxes and other years if desired for less than 50 cents on the dollar. Taxpayers should urge that the City Commission and the Board of Education should each pass at once the resolution which is necessary to enable taxpayers to take advantage of this act.

Such resolutions have already been passed in Birmingham, Royal Oak, Clawson and Berkley and a considerable amount of such tax has been settled by means of bonds. It is to the great interest of every municipality to have such bonds retired, thereby reducing the debt service charge and thus permitting a greater portion of the tax levy to be used for operating expenses.

CLARENCE VLIET,
416 Brown Street.

MR. O'BRIEN AGAIN

To the Editor:

It seems that your esteemed paper cannot refrain from taking a slam at our attorney general whenever it needs something to fill up space. The last caustic witticism purports to depict friend Patrick H. O'Brien as making every move for his own political furtherance.

Now to gently refute. I had done what I could for him in his primary race for governor and as soon as he was defeated I began of my own accord to exert every effort for his nomination for attorney general. He knew I was doing this for him but the day before the nominating convention at Lansing last September I received a letter from him saying that he understood another good Democrat wanted the nomination and, said he, "I do not want to stand in his way as he is a fine fellow."

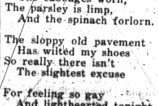
Now the word "Eccentric" means peculiar and by its hearty support of such men as Hoover and Mellon and its constant attacks on men like Mr. O'Brien we simply must reason that it is living up to its name.

LOREN N. O'BRIEN,
Manton, Mich.

Jest For Fun

Speed Personified

"What would you do," asks a famous judge, "if you opened your front door and were faced by two six-foot burglars?"



We estimate that we would do almost 20 miles an hour.

Third Avenue Drizzle

The lettuce looks weary,
The cabbages worn,
The parsley is limp,
And the spinach forlorn.

Cause and Effect

"Why does a red-headed girl always marry a quiet fellow?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."—Annapolis Log.

Singer: "And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

Listener (rising): Is Miss Laurie in the audience?

Another Disturbance

Landlord (to prospective tenant)—"You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio or Victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches sometimes."—Penn Punch Bowl

Speed Personified

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We estimate that we would do almost 20 miles an hour.

Third Avenue Drizzle

The lettuce looks weary,
The cabbages worn,
The parsley is limp,
And the spinach forlorn.

The sloppy old pavement
Has wilted my shoes
So really there isn't
The slightest excuse

For feeling so gay
And lighthearted tonight,
Unless it's because
Of the gent on my right.
—Margaret Fishback in "Life"

Famous Firms
Brush & Comb

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"No, but my fountain pen scratches sometimes."—Penn Punch Bowl

ParaLaffs

Cheap at Any Price

This would be a good time to get religion. It's one thing everybody could afford.—Toledo Blade.

Lucky Men

Many men who complain that their wives don't understand them would be paying alimony if they did.—Greenfield Republican.

Merely A Domestic Matter

What the wheat surplus calls for is a million more young brides to burn up one slice of toast in three.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Poems That Live

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief,
But with delight
No more—Oh, never more!
—Percy Bysshe Shelley

One Minute Pulpit

Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—I Corinthians 14:20.

WABEEK STATE BANK

Wabeek Bldg.

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

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