# The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1934


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.

## The McLeod Bill

To a very great extent, the federal government made it possible for the national banks of this nation to "go broke," taking the savings of millions of trusting citizens. It is only fitting, then, that this same government should restore all, or at least most, of these lost funds. That is why, we believe, the McLeod Bill should be approved by Congress. This Bill provides that the federal government pay all depositors who lost their funds when the national banks were closed over a year ago, and includes depositors of State banks affiliated with the Federal Reserve System. (It should be amended to include all banks closed since 1929). So, if you favor this payment, write or wire Senators James Couzens and Arthur H. Vandenberg, and Congressman George A. Dondero. Their address is Washington, D. C.

## The State Bond Issue

Michigan State officials are now waging a campaign to "put over" the $38,000,000.00 Public Works bond issue, to be voted on April 30. Vern J. Brown, Ingham County newspaper publisher and State Representative, who really wrote the bond issue bill, wants to see it approved, "provided, of course, that the Governor makes it plain that the money will be spent outside the realm of practical politics." Mr. Brown feels as do many others, that the caliber of some of our State officials makes it hard to believe that they can be trusted to be statesmen.

## Too Much Local Speeding

We respectfully call to the attention of Chief of Police John Hackett this: Too many motorists, grownups and children, of both sexes, use too many of our local streets as speedways. With the return of Spring, and the playing of children out-of-doors, motorists should be compelled to operate at a safe and reasonable speed. A campaign to remind motorists of this is in order.

## Comstock's Example

Isaiah Leebove, confidant and former financial-backer during Governor Comstock's campaign, is said to have reaped $270,000 in dividends from his oil leases, but has not paid a single cent to those who furnished $12,000 in capital to start the wells. Neither did Mr. Leebove furnish all desired legal information to State officials relative to his business activities. Well, since the Governor himself has refused to file details of his own election expense, can Leebove be censured for following in the evasive footsteps of his pal?

## Controlling The Movies

Congress was recently asked by one of its members to create a nine-man motion picture censorship board, to see that no picture is "harmful to the public or any part thereof in any respect." This legislation sought to place the government—which is the political party in control at the moment—in complete charge of the movies. We are glad that the Bill is side-tracked. It was only a further effort to control public sentiment. The federal government made such a poor success of its co-called control over the morals of the movies that any further political effort to regulate this industry from so centralized a place as Washington can only harm the public interest, in our opinion.

## Help Michigan Dairymen

Michigan is entering into a nation-wide movement to teach people to eat more of the products of the dairy farmer. That means that if we drink more milk, eat more butter, cheese, ice cream, etc., the problem of surplus will be diminished, and the farmer will in the end receive more for his labors. It is pointed out that people in Michigan and other States should discriminate by refusing to purchase items made of cocoanut oils from foreign countries, or made of cheap animal fats. Those in Michigan behind the movement hope to attain success similar to the successful program of education being carried on by Michigan sugar beet growers who have greatly increased the home market use of sugar made from products grown "at home."

## Guiding Our Youth

Local plans to assist Birmingham youth in the selection of vocations, being guided by G. A. Ziegler, of Madison avenue, will eventually mean much to many of tomorrow's citizens. Mr. Ziegler, aided by other local men and women, hopes to set in motion a Vocational Guidance Council that will fit into the gap that now exists between the study-world and the world of reality; the Council will become a sort of bridge to span that awesome and dangerous chasm into which so many unguided youth fall. Such a guidance plan is needed greatly; it deserves the cooperation of all adults. And some day, in later years, more than one grown man will rise to call those who helped him blessed.

THE NAZIS IN GERMANY now come forth with the declaration that Adolf Hitler is above God. From the viewpoint of the wisdom of the ages, is it not safe to say that that statesman is absolutely insane? History will, we hope, truthfully record that Hiler's regime was the era of The Enthronement of Nuts.

## Our Community Living Room!

Cities and towns are places upon God's earth where human beings, in a groping, yet earnest and sincere manner seek to plant and cultivate happiness for themselves and their posterity.

People—men and women, boys and girls—are living organisms, spiritual and physical in nature, who, by a thousand ways and means, try to organize themselves into groups; these groups begin with the family, become a State, a Nation, then the entire world. Yet no matter how large they eventually become as groups, they can never attain higher and happier summits in life than the sum total of their individual aspirations and yearnings, their single visions and sacrifices.

A home is a place where the family unit resides, and in it are many rooms. Perhaps the most enjoyed and enjoyable of all the rooms is that one where, in the spirit of intermingling in play and conversation, in a hundred different methods of social intercourse, Mother and Dad and the children, and the neighbors and friends, gather together. This room has come to be known as the Living Room. It has become the Community Room of the family unit. In it are born many of the parental programs that seek to uplift the lives of youth; in it are discussed problems of the day with friends and neighbors; in it the children gather to play, to read, to receive instruction.

A home without a Living Room is just that much less a real home, isn't it?

It is so, too, with communities. Cities and towns must have a place where the grown-ups and the children may gather in a great Living Room. It is a part of man's gregarious nature to build into his civilization an edifice where he may gather with his friends and neighbors, to enjoy social intercourse, or to lay plans for protection or for progress. One of the first accomplishments of those early Pilgrims who braved a cold and unfriendly New England coast was to erect a building where community life might be lived to the fullest.

Birmingham, too, has such a Living Room. To all of us it is called the Community House. Beneath its roof many gatherings have been held. Last year 86,000 men and women, boys and girls, found some manner of comfort and convenience within its walls. Dozens of organizations meet there regularly. Nonsectarian and without class demarcation, the Community House has opened its portals to all.

In the face of almost complete discouragement a year ago, the program for the year that has just closed was carried forward—in spite of the fact that scarcely any funds were in sight, over and above mere existence needs. But a group of determined local women, aided, alas, by too few men, made up their minds to "carry on." And they have! To their everlasting credit!

The years roll around—and Living Rooms, whether they be in the home of the family unit or institutions such as the Community House, must be supported. That's why, right now, many willing hearts and hands are joined together in efforts to raise funds for the coming year.

You will be called upon, Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, to lend your active aid in this worthy cause. There will be made available to you statistics regarding the important place that the Community House plays in the life of this area. We suggest that you actively support this great project.

It is your Community Living Room, worth protecting and preserving!

## An Humble Man

Thomas D. Lynch, for 24 years a familiar figure among local businessmen, passed to his reward last week. While Mr. Lynch never sought high places among the affairs of men, he did earn a place of considerable esteem in the hearts of those who knew him well. For "Tom," as he was venerably called, was content to walk the humble paths of life; his voice was never raised raucously in any public clamor. He attended, faithfully and to the best of his ability, those duties conferred upon him by his friends, his neighbors, and his community.

TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD RICHARD J. REYNOLDS, whose father gathered the money that millions of smokers burned in tobacco, has just come into a fortune of twenty-five millions of dollars. Now he will be required to assume responsibility for that huge fortune, and we'll wager that from now on he is less happy than he has been without it.

## All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin—

I DON'T THINK I've ever gotten over it. It was a great shock and I brooded over it for weeks and months. . . . Even as I think of it now and write about it, I feel myself getting into a rage against that unknown, unconscionable, grand and petty thief who stole my treasure.

Marshall Maslin

It was a terrible thing for him to do and I hope he lost it before he used it. Or I hope someone stole it first. . . . But he couldn't have suffered as I did. . . . Not possibly.

You see, I was a coupon saver. I collected coupons from cigar stores. It was a madness with me. I had friends save them for me. I saved every one that came into my hands and counted them over and over and put rubber bands around them and kept them neat and did everything but smooth them out with the family iron. . . . I got a catalogue and pored over it and dreamed of what I would get when I had 2,500 of the things. . . . I didn't intend to trade them for any petty little prize. What I wanted was something BIG. Sometimes, in a generous mood, I thought I'd get "something for the house"—a waffle iron or an electric percolator or a floor lamp or a vacuum cleaner. Sometimes I thought of a desk set or a tool chest or something like that. I wasn't going to waste those coupons on small prizes like a fountain pen or a pocket knife or a flashlight or a purse. . . . Not me, I would do the thing in grand style or not at all.

So I saved and I counted and I misered my way along until at last I had 2,862 of the silly things . . . and the Great Moment was just around the corner.

And then that villain, that creeping, crawling thief in the night, sneaked into my office, went through my desk and stole the whole bunch—and it was quite too much for my philosophy to bear. It's all right to have a philosophy, but what good is it at a time like that—when you've lost everything, or practically everything, including your faith in human nature?

So I quit saving coupons. Absolutely. . . . It was never again for me! Not for a million dollars or a Shetland pony would I ever save another coupon. . . . I was through. I had learned by lesson. I was free forever more.

## Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 13

Of all her many customers, only one knows her as "Miss Eder." All the others call her "Esther," and most of these will, no doubt, be learning for the first time that the full name of the popular manageress of the Twin Shop, 160 West Maple avenue, is "Esther Eder."

Esther still has the "temporary" job she was given seven years ago. That was after she had graduated from Detroit Central and Commerce High Schools and gone to work in an insurance office.

The insurance company went out of business and Irving Lippitt, a personal friend who owned the Twin Shop on Palmer avenue, Detroit, offered her a job selling and doing secretarial work in his store "until she could find something else." She stopped looking for "something else," however, long ago.

At first it was the selling part of the job that didn't appeal to her—or at least she thought it wouldn't. But she was due for the surprise of her life, for she found that meeting and dealing with people from behind a counter was not only interesting, but fascinating, and now she doubts very much if she would ever care to do anything else.

Fortunately, salesmanship agreed with Esther as much as she agreed with it, and when Mr. Lippitt opened a store in Birmingham three years ago last November, he put Esther in charge.

The first store here was a tiny space in the First State Savings Bank Building which soon became inadequate, and the business was transferred last October to the new and larger quarters on West Maple avenue.

Dancing and the movies, Esther is quite willing to admit, are her principal weaknesses, but if neither of these are available, a book will do, especially if it's a book on psychology.

## 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

Sunday fishing is the popular amusement this spring.

It won't be long before the boys will change to duck-on-the-rock or baseball.

Peter Anderson last week presented his wife with one of the new improved $50 White Sewing Machines, with all the attachments. The good woman was agreeably surprised and pleased as well.

Much talk and considerable excitement was occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of James Collier last week, but we are happy to state that Jim is on deck all O. K., and don't let it escape your memory.

Oscar Willits of Detroit, just returned from China, delivered a very lengthy and interesting discourse last Sunday evening to a very large audience. As Mr. Willits has a large circle of personal friends here, his remarks were listened to with close attention.

Although we never make a special effort to get full election returns, the following may be of interest to our readers: For supervisor, Edward Fosdick, 138; for clerk, Almeron Whitehead, 66; for treasurer, Julian Leet, 73; for Justice of the Peace, Benjamin A. Thorne, 60; for highway commissioner, Abram R. Vaughan, 16; for drain commissioner, John G. Durkee, 55; for school inspector, Montgomery G. Shutes, 56; for constables we give the whole vote. Julian Leet, 232; James O. Bentie, 241; Fenn Weston, 233 and Frank Lowes, 234. For county jail, yes, 65.

—o—

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The Easter exercises at the First Presbyterian church given by the children of the Sabbath School, was a fine and interesting entertainment. It would be wrong to specialize any one as good in their parts for they all were good, but Master James Parkinson as an orator and Norman McQuater as a soloist, were extra good. Mrs. Parkinson, superintendent of the Sabbath School, told of the growth of the school, and how pleased she and the scholars were at the large attendance that evening, and that the attendance of the Sunday School that day reached high water mark 101—and won. It seems that the public has been promised a duet sung by Rev. Jamieson and Mrs. Parkinson as soon as the attendance had reached 100. As neither one is noted for being a songster, the whole church awaits the song.

A jolly party of boys and girls accompanied Mr. Neil Blumberg, who started for his western home last Saturday. The bunch of young people were at the car to see him start accompanied by a lady friend, and this jolly bunch with rice and old shoes, etc., gave everybody the impression that it was a bridal couple. The joke went much to Neil's discomfiture.

Lee Green our popular laundryman is gaining ground every day. He now owns the property which he occupies, and will fix up rooms over head for his family. Prosperity will always follow a man who strictly attends to business and is saving and industrious.

The famous and justly popular Franklin Orchestra will give another one of its popular dancing parties this (Friday) evening at the Franklin Public Hall. The dance bill is 50 cents. Supper will be served to those desiring it at 25 cents a plate. Of course you'll have a good time if you attend.

—o—

### FIVE YEARS AGO

The Village of Birmingham will raise $317,204.39 by direct tax this year. This budget was approved Monday night by the Village Commission. A total of $45,826 is carried over from last year. The estimated miscellaneous income is $40,264.99. The total funds with which to carry on the business of government during the year, therefore, is $403,295.38. Last year an expenditure of $317,606.14 was recorded.

A future Birmingham with a population of 30,000 or 40,000 was predicted by James W. Parry, village manager, in a talk Tuesday before the members of the Women's Civic League at its luncheon at the Community House. With this in mind, Mr. Parry said, villagers should give proposed bond issues careful consideration before voting them down.

Formal approval of the sketches of Fred D. Madison of Royal Oak, architect for the proposed Barnum School unit, was voiced by the Board of Education at its meeting Monday night.

Work on the completion of the Woodward avenue paving in Birmingham will be started early in June, it is planned today by state highway officials.

## One Minute Pulpit

..That is, They which are children of the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed.—Romans 9:8.

## Jest For Fun

**Just Wishing**

Mrs. Henpeck (proudly): We were married 20 years ago today. Just think!

Mr. Henpeck (very sadly): I only wish it was.

—o—

**Sonnet from the Silk Department**

I stand behind my counter, tired, footsore,
And think, while spinning Cantons by the yard,
About that woman's face which some old bard
Has said once launched a thousand ships or more. . .
I see that face repeated by the score—
Youth faked, or flaunting double chins, or hard—
Among the milling women who bombard
Me with demands, on sale-days in this store.

It's worn by those expecting scrapes and bows,
The type that yawns through European trips—
(Close-plucked and smugly elevated brows,
High-curling nose and pettishly pursed lips)—
A face I'd like to bash upon the prows
Of not a thousand, but ten thousand ships!
—E. B. Crosswhite in "Life"

—o—

**Famous Firms**

Beer & Skittles

—o—

**Proof**

One Siamese Twin to Another: You must have had a swell time last night. I look like a wreck today.

—Williams Purple Cow

—o—

**A New One**

A Scotsman went into a telegraph office to send a wire, and was told that he had to pay for his message, but that his name went free. He thought it over for a while, and then said in a broad Scottish accent: "Ye may or may no' think it, but I'm an Indian, and my name is 'I won't be home till Saturday'."

—o—

**Help Needed**

A little boy had been extremely naughty, and his father told him to go to bed, and he would come up a little later and settle accounts with him. Before getting into bed the child knelt down and said: "Please, God, if you really do want to help a little boy in trouble, now's your chance."

## 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.*

### AN APPRECIATION

To the Editor:

With the passing of Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards, Birmingham's "Gold Star Mother," this community has suffered a great loss. A kind, gentle, patient and loving mother has been called home. A truly sincere friend and neighbor has gone. Her wise council and consoling advice will be missed by all who knew her. She met life's problems courageously and made life worth living for many of us.

With a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and a word of encouragement for every hope, her memory will live on as an inspiration to "hold fast that which is good." So as we with sad hearts here bid Mrs. Edwards good night, we know there will be a glad rejoicing in that cheerful good morning up yonder.

—A FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

### ALMANAC

KNOWLEDGE — DISCRETION

*"An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge."*

APRIL

9—"Rebel" General Lee surrenders to U. S. Grant, 1865.

10—Eli Whitney invents the important Cotton Gin, 1793.

11—Napoleon is forced to quit French throne, 1813.

12—Gen. Pershing pursues Villa into Mexico, 1916.

13—Noah Webster's first dictionary published, 1828.

14—Hailstones kill men and horses in Paris, 1360.

15—Abraham Lincoln dies of assassin's bullet, 1865.

### Poems That Live

**IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING**

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

—William Wordsworth


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**PRESTIGE**—A telephone of your own is both a social and business asset. And it eliminates the embarrassment of asking to use a neighbor's telephone.

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