The Birmingham Eccentric

(Founded in 1887)

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THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 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.

Support The Church

Easter Sunday has again brought to the world a renewed consciousness of the Nazarene and His great place in the heart of civilization. Throughout the Christian world various church organizations seek to present Jesus' life and teachings to contemporary human beings. It costs money to operate these church organizations; without them the world we live in would, indeed, be little better than a savage jungle. Are you doing your part to maintain this Christian movement? Are you making a little sacrifice of time and money so that the world you shall leave behind will have been made a bit better because you aided your preacher in his effort to reveal Christ to you? Some day you will lie, cold and lifeless in body, as some preacher or priest presides over the last sad rites of your association with your dear ones, your friends and your neighbors; do you think enough of your own salvation to help, while you yet live, to assist in the support of the institution that christens, marries, and even buries you? Think it over, good friend!

Art Suffereth Long

Many famous artists throughout America, unable to find persons with money to spend on their wares, are now engaged in working under the CWA. They apply their skill in many ways, much of it in painting pictures on the walls of public buildings. Some of them now earn as little as one per cent of prosperity remuneration days. When people are able to have more money at some later date, the artists will fare better. It takes a depression to prove that people pay more attention to their bellies than their heads.

O'Brien On "Natural Gas"

Patrick Henry O'Brien, whose office in Lansing is paid to settle the State's legal questions, is a chap who is quite unafraid to take to himself any matter—regardless of what it may be—on any old question he's perfectly at home, like a sailor 'way out on the sea. So when Patrick was asked by Mt. Pleasant, in the midst of the oil boom up there, to talk on the subject of natural gas—why Patrick talked high in the air! And so, as befits a great spouter, Misther Patrick his mouth did connect with the subject assigned him to speak on, and now ain't our old State been wrecked?

Blood From Turnips

Michigan dairy farmers are being offered benefit payments for the reduction of butter production. The funds to carry this on will be obtained by adding a tax to be paid by the consumer, thus increasing the price of butter. Thus, you see, in the midst of unobtainable plenteousness, the federal government reduces the plenteousness, increases its price, and then expects the bewildered public to have the money with which to meet the cost. It looks to us as though the boys and girls in Washington are trying to accomplish that greatest of all feats, namely: getting blood from a turnip.

Man's Storehouse Of Good

In our youth a season and a year is a very, very long time—especially if it keeps us from the eternal playprivilege of childhood. As we grow older, and tasks multiply, a season or a year runs its course more rapidly. And our tiny world does, after all, too often become a limited thing, a frightening and sometimes terrifying location.

But when we lift our gaze and our thought skyward in the evening; when we marvel at the infinite pattern of life that unfolds before us in worlds at our very feet, but over which we seem to have little or no control; when we listen to an inspired choir of voices, a synchronized symphonic orchestra, and are deeply moved as these created harmonics make captive our soaring thoughts; when we stand uplifted before some beautiful blending of paint and oil, in which an artist has skillfully portrayed a fragment of life for us; or when we stand humble before an act of sacrifice and love another has made—when we do these things in our thinking we begin to peer over the tiny mortal world that so occupies us, and we are glimpsing Eternality.

Strangely (and yet not so strangely, either), these newer glimpses of loftier things within the view and vision of human beings are as myriad and as manifold as Eternity. They are as numerous to perceive and, perceived, to manfiest personally in human existence, as the drops of water in the oceans, or the grains of sands upon the shore. The doing of good to others, or just the mere contemplation of life's lovely human relationships, is a limitless heritage to all of God's children.

Do you recall the story about Eternity that Hendrick Van Loon writes of in his "The Story of Mankind"? In part, he says: "High up in the North, in the land called Svithjod, there stands a rock. It is one hundred miles high and one hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak. When this rock has been worn away, then a single day of Eternity will have gone by."

Seems to us that mankind's storehouse of the good and the lovely in human relationships is as abundant as the days of Eternity. Don't you think so, too?

Don't Dare To Give Up!

While there may be many times in your life when you feel that it is useless and futile to continue your efforts to rise above petty jealousies and hatreds, deep reflection advises that you be much happier and more successful if you continue in your purpose. For to move in an opposite direction is to fall to the level of these jealousies and hatreds, into the muck and the mire of circumstances that will make you very, very unhappy. Don't be discouraged; remember the cop who once asked a lady driver: "Didn't ya hear me yell for ya to stop?" . . . "Didn't ya hear me whistle?" . . . "Didn't ya see me signal?" To all of these questions the lady driver politely answered: "No, officer, I did not." Whereupon the cop, completely upset over the matter, flicked a tear away from his left eye, gulped sorrowfully several times, and then said through quivering lips: "Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good around here."

Are We Going Socialistic?

It is becoming more evident to people in this country that so-called material wealth may become one's "property" only by sufferance of government. When government decides that too few people have too much, and thereby seek to re-distribute more evenly that wealth, then the individual's ability to obtain and keep huge fortunes is diminished and curtailed. In such an era are we in the United States today. Of course we shall not go "all the way" socialistically. But we shall go quite a distance in that direction and, if it be handled and manipulated fairly, the great majority of Americans will favor it. (Please remember that "government is only the reflected combination of energy and or apathy of its sovereign citizens.")

Political Housecleaning

Pretty soon the "dear peepul" will be exhorted to vote for this and this, and that and that candidate, as contestants for county, state and Congressional offices get under way. While many are worthy of support, entirely too many are downright incompetent, dishonest, and ought to be forever kept from positions of public trust. The decent element in both major parties ought to do a belluvalotta housecleaning.

A Real Definition Of Inflation

(Author Unknown)

Professor Dingbat, of Wamdoodle College and Professor Rocking Horse, of Haywire College, lived in houses just one mile apart. They visited each other frequently.

One evening they got into a discussion of the fact that they lived one mile apart—quite a distance to travel to see each other, and that it took them a half hour to walk it. After a time the brilliant question occured to one of them why it would not be just as satisfactory, and even more so, in fact, to have the mile 10,500 feet, instead of 5,280 feet. If that change could be made they would then live only one-half mile apart.

That was pretty good as fas as it went, but it would still take them a half hour to walk the distance between the houses. They then worked out the idea that if the hour was 120 minutes instead of 60 minutes (and why should it not be), they could walk the distance in a quarter of an hour. Then instead of being separated by one mile or one-half hour they would be separated by only one-half mile and one-quarter of an hour.

But they used to carry books and other articles back and forth and then they decided that the pound should have 32 ounces instead of only 16 ounces and then they would only have to carry one-half as much weight.

That led to the thought that if they reduced the dollar from one hundred cents to fifty cents that would reduce their taxi fare in bad weather and would have less weight of money to carry around, if they ever got any.

At about this point the janitor came in and said, "If youse guys will get out now I will mop up and clean out the spittoons."—Detroit Saturday Night.

EVENTUAL GOVERNMENT ownership of all U. S. railroads is recommended in a report to President Roosevelt from federal transportation coordinator Joseph B. Eastman. No one can deny that many are the ties that bind railroads to the country. Next will come government ownership of all trucking companies then truck manufacturers, etc., etc. Boy! what a mess selfish capitalists have brought upon themselves in the past score of years, that they must be gobbled up in State Socialism.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

YOU MAY deny it all you wish—you may say that it isn't "nice" to do it—

But one of the lasting pleasures of life is Talking About People.

Marshall Maslin

You're sitting in a group and you don't want to play cards—and politics has (or have) been frayed out—and the NRA and AAA and CWA and the gold standard are finished — and you've recommended your favorite books—you've talked about the children—and it's too early, to go home and you don't want to go, anyway—

So you talk about people. . . . Not far-off characters in history. Not Caesar and Cleopatra. Not Henry the Eighth. Not Napoleon. Not Mussolini, Hitler, or Roosevelt. But people you know. People you see every day, every week. Acquaintances. Friends.

Not maliciously either, you understand. Not exactly talking behind their backs. Nor exactly the same things you'd say to their faces. . . . But just pleasant analysis, comment, friendly gossip about them. Just the sort of things they probably say about you when you're not there.

And it's fun.

Why shouldn't it be? And why shouldn't we talk about people?

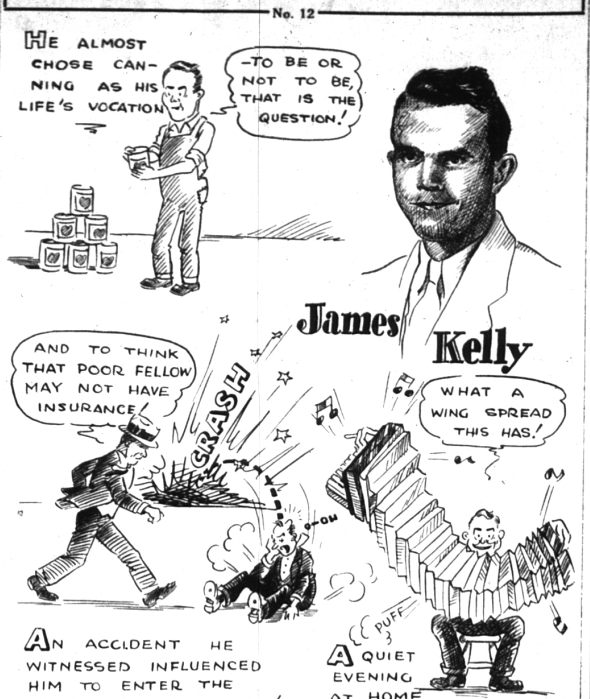
After all, people are the heart of life. Unless we are unnatural hermits, we can't live without them, without seeing them, working with them, pleasuring with them, sharing our experiences with them, fighting with them, talking about them.

They talk about us, we talk about them. We wonder about them, they wonder about us. We analyze them, they analyze us. We're puzzled about them, they're puzzled about us. . . . You're not supposed to talk about people, but if you don't talk about them—what, in the end, are you going to talk about? . . . About earthquakes, psychoanalysis, child care, operations, and recipes? Very well, talk about earthquakes, psychoanalysis, child care, operations, recipes and how to cure a cold.

But finally, make yourself comfortable, draw a long breath, and Talk About People.

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 12



James J. Kelly entered the insurance business 10 years ago quite by accident—a street car accident.

The accident occurred just in front of him while he was riding with a friend one night in Detroit. The street car struck and killed a pedestrian, and the tragedy brought home to Jim with telling effect the essential value and necessity of insurance.

A week later he had become a member of the selling force of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and has remained in the business ever since. He came to Birmingham and established his own agency here about five years ago.

It's hard to say what Jim would have been doing now had he not been an eye-witness to that accident. At the time it occurred, he was on his way to his home in Watertown, N. Y., from Edmore, Mich., where he had spent a year canning peaches.

The canning factory was owned by the father of one of Jim's closest friends, and the father had hoped both young men would stay with the business. Jim is glad now that things turned out as they did, even though he holds no aversion to the canning business.

Jim is a loyal member of the Birmingham Lions Club, and his one all-engrossing diversion is music. An accomplished performer on the banjo and a creditable fiddle player, he recently turned his attention to the accordion and spends long evenings now in an attempt to conquer the rub-your-stomach-pat-your-head movement required by the action of the keys and box.

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

Vote for good men.

Ed Miller rejoices in over 100 healthy swarms of bees.

There is some talk of organizing a base ball club in town.

Charlie Hunt rejoiceth over the arival of a new daughter.

New spring millinery and new wall paper and borderings at Mrs. Furman's.

Mrs. Esther Leonard of this village is quite ill, but we hope it is nothing serious.

The cross walk on Bates street intersection Mill street needs repairing at once.

Lost on Sunday evening, Mar. 23, between Corson's store and H. Carter's residence, three chair tidies. Please return to this office.

Charles Wood, the scientific ditcher, has already this spring, dug 120 rods, and is open for more coptracts. Orders can be addressed to him through the post office, or he can be interviewed on William Cobb's place one mile north and one-half mile east of Birmingham.

Our band was out last Saturday evening and furnished the public with several good selections of music. This is right, and now as a presidential campaign is about to open, and music is needed in abundance, we are glad to see the boys make this move. Pitch in, boys, and make all the music you can.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The matter of a motto for our village will be held open 'till April 20. In the mean time, make suggestions.

Mr. Haines, at the depot, will be glad of some rose bushes and some hardy shrubs for the depot grounds.

Have you noticed Taylor brothers' new electric sign? This is the very first electric sign ever displayed in Birmingham, and it certainly is a beauty.

Miss Clara McKay of Guelph, Ont., was the guest of Miss Tillie Walker last week Thursday and Friday. Of course, this popular, pleasing and interesting young lady took in the Stearns' musical. To be sure she did.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McClellan are now cosily settled in one of the Schlaack terraces. Mr. McClellan is the new superintendent of the D. U. R. and likes the town, the job and Birmingham people very much, and we all recip.

A snappy little fire in the rear of Cobb's drug store last Friday afternoon, caused by spontaneous combustion, gave the fire department and the individual chemical men all they wanted to do for a few moments. The excitement was great. The damage small and fully covered by ample insurance.

The musical at Mrs. Stearns' home last week given by the Presbyterian girls was a grand success in every particle, numbers, quality and financial. The playlet by Mrs. F. G. Crawford and Miss Lucy Ward was highly interesting, while all the numbers were received with enthusiasm. The affair cleared up about $15 and everybody had a nip of punch in a dry town that was most exhilirating with a nabisco or two thrown in.

FIVE YEARS AGO

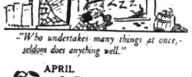
Traffic violations in Bloomfield Hills during March reached a high peak with 46 cases recorded and Justice Floyd S. Buck show. Twenfines totaling $974, reports from ty-six disorderly cases were heard and 13 reckless drivers, $635 of the fines being paid by the former. In the village, fines totaled $300 with eight cases listed. Fifteen state cases were heard in Buck's court, with fees of $210 collected.

A total circulation of 7,256 is reported today for the Baldwin Public Library and branches, according to the records of Mrs. Nancy B. Thomas, librarian. This is the largest circulation of any month in its history. A total of 423 books have been added.

The Village Commission Monday night is expected to pass a budget for 1929 for $401,230.22. This follows a preliminary agreement in committee meeting this week. Of the total amount, $317,974 will be raised by general tax.

Unless it meets with serious opposition, Lincoln avenue, between Pierce and Southfield avenues, will be improved this summer with an 18-foot strip pavement.

ALMANAC



"Who undertakes many things at once, seldom does anything well."

APRIL

2—Flour now $1,000 a barrel in Richmond, Va., 1865.

3—Congress votes to emancipate the slaves, 1862.

4—Henry Clay and John Randolph duel bloodlessly, 1826.

5—Romantic Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614.

6—Admiral Peary first to reach the North Pole, 1909.

7—Sauer Kraut re-named Liberty Cabbage, 1917.

8—Ponce de Leon founds St. Augustine, Fla., 1513.

One Minute Pulpit

He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him.—Proverbs 27:14.

Jest For the Fun of It

Not On The Menu

He examined the menu carefully and then tossed it irritably on the table.

"Waiter," he called, "is this all you have today?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, whose term of service expired at the end of the week.

"Why, there's nothing on the menu fit to eat—absolutely nothing," said the diner. "Bring me the manager!"

The waiter smiled.

"Very good, sir," he said. "How would you like him—grilled or fried?"

Requiem

Far scattered is the ribboned school
That used to hark to Ella Boole,
And Bishop James J. Cannon's roar
Has lost the power it had of yore.

Repeal's no more a theme of fright
To turn old William Allen White,
And in the frenzied Volstead race
No more does Canon William Chase.

And Upshaw, Heflin, Poling, Fordney, McBride and Wilson all act bored
And change the subject when you quote
The silly things they said and wrote.

—W. E. Farbstein in "Life"

—o—

Famous Firms

Rise & Shout

—o—

Service-Delayed

Waiter: Your coffee, sir—it's special from South America, sir.

Diner: Oh, so that's where you've been?

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

"HOW SOON CAN YOU PUT OUR TELEPHONE BACK IN?"

We are asked this question many times daily. For people have missed the convenience and protection of telephone service. They have missed both the social and business advantages of having a telephone in their homes.

They have found it inconvenient, and often embarrassing, to use a neighbor's telephone. They have learned that the extra carfare, driving expense and cost of public telephone calls would more than pay for a telephone of their own.

TO ORDER A TELEPHONE, VISIT, WRITE OR CALL THE TELEPHONE OFFICE

Installation will be made promptly

WABEEK STATE BANK

WABEEK BLDG.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

at the close of business

March 5th, 1934

RESOURCES

Cash on hand and due from other Banks	$148,178.72	
United States Government Securities	520,875.73	
U. S. Government Securities pledged to secure Public Funds on deposit	55,800.33	
		$ 724,854.78
Other Marketable Securities		452,114.24
Other Marketable Securities pledged to secure Public Funds on deposit		42,181.48
Loans and Discounts—Secured		38,184.24
Loans and Discounts—Unsecured		782.63
Furniture and Fixtures		9,111.87
Customer's Bonds for safekeeping		1,000.00
Income Accrued Receivable, Net		9,419.84
		$1,277,649.08

LIABILITIES

Capital		$ 62,500.00
Surplus		17,500.00
Undivided Profits		10,716.88
Reserve for Federal Check Tax		238.32
Expenses Accrued Payable, Net		225.68
Customer's Bonds for safekeeping		1,000.00
Public Funds on deposit—Secured by U. S. Gov't. and other Securities	$ 91,197.15	
Public Funds on deposit—Unsecured	37,391.20	
Commercial Deposits	640,791.27	
Savings Deposits	416,088.58	
		1,185,468.20
		$1,277,649.08

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