

The Birmingham Eccentric

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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have new value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper.

What's a Man Worth? Money isn't everything—nor purchase everything. A few years ago Rotarian Tom Davis, of Montana, was asked by a rich Montana mining man to handle his legal case for him. Davis refused.

Gov. Green Denies "Trickery"

The following, self-explanatory letter was received yesterday from former Governor Fred W. Green, of Michigan, in relation to the editorial which appeared in The Eccentric last week.

Will you kindly correct a statement in your issue of August ninth under the head of "Smith's Trickery." This is the statement: "You may recall that Green got Judge Jeffries into a same strategic position four years ago to cut into Groesbeck's natural Wayne County votes."

Is Capitalism Going?

Norman Thomas, twice Socialist candidate for President, believes that most of the Federal and State and County Municipal obligations piled up in the past decade will be repudiated, in whole or in part. He says that capitalism in the U. S. A. is on its last legs.

When You Who Pay!

When you enter some publicly supported office, gaze upon the furnishings and the amount of personnel required to operate it. If the furnishings are luxurious; if there seem to be many complicated devices within its interior; if there are numerous secretaries, stenographers, and if the people in charge seem to be waited upon by many subordinates, just remember this one thing: all this luxury and operation is being paid for by your taxes!

ALTHOUGH WE MET C. W. (Dad) Klammer, late publisher of the Dearborn Press who passed on two weeks ago, only once, what we learned of and about him reflects credit upon his soul. He was a quiet man in love with his work and his wife. He published a good weekly newspaper, filled with constructive news and comments.

IN 1929 ACCORDING TO Judge Guy A. Miller, of Detroit, it took 41 months for an average case to reach trial. In 1934 it takes 12 months. Do you suppose the judges down there will ever receive the vision and the courage to be able to declare, say in 1936, "We take only a month for a case to be tried in the courts that are maintained by the people and for the people and at the people's expense?"

FRED R. MING, stalwart Republican of Cheboygan, former Speaker at Lansing in the House of Representatives, is a candidate this fall for Lieut.-Governor. He has had a distinguished record as a public official in past years, and we hope he continues to make steady progress toward a return to the State Capital.

Republican "Gang Rule"

No more experienced and respected a weekly newspaper publisher exists in Michigan than Thomas A. Conlin, of the Crystal Falls Diamond Drill. Mr. Conlin has been a Republican all his more than sixty years of life. He has been loyal to that Party—even to the point of opposing some of its "leaders" when occasion has arisen.

"How much longer," says Mr. DeFoe in the Charlotte Republican, "is the Groesbeck-Green feud going to be the major issue in the Republican Party in Michigan? Isn't it about time the matter of state affairs received a little attention?"

Yes, Muri, we think it is time but we don't agree that the question this time is really a Groesbeck-Green question, not with those who have drafted Groesbeck. A more exact designation of the issue would be, "Is the coming election to be a 'Gang of Republicans' vs. a 'Gang of Democrats' or is it to be clean government, devoid of chislers vs. a 'Gang.'" It was a "gang" that put the Republican party in Michigan where it is.

A man well versed in Michigan politics said to me recently, "The day after the primary the fireworks started to blow up. It's going to be a real battle; the Democrats are not shy of a fight, particularly if Mr. Fitzgerald is nominated and he fails to cleanse himself of the gang that's running him. The people will learn who filled the banks with crooked real estate mortgages; they'll be told how the securities of Michigan were manipulated so that a few of these gang politicians might get rich on issues of inflated real estate mortgages. Don't make any mistake. The Democrats haven't been asleep." That's the talk that is going around and that is what the Republican Party has got to face. The time to prepare is now, before the night before the next gets vulnerable again.

St. Down and think it over. It's only about 14 months ago that the gang was dunned by Republicans from Keweenaw to Monroe because of their manipulations of the state Republican convention. If they succeeded in their designs another stacked convention is in sight. Had the opportunity to read a letter from a Michigan man (his name is Groesbeck) who either, or wasn't when I last saw him) who we talked to be a candidate for one of the state positions to be filled by the coming convention. He told how, already, this gang that works politics from January 1 to December 31 each and every year, has sewed up the nomination; had picked a state nominating convention. These are the things that are in the contest, not Green or Groesbeck. It appears to me that the question of taking the Republican Party out of the hands of a gang is really a "matter of the state's affairs."

"Cy" Is Interviewed

"How's things on the farm, Cy?" "Purty good, I guess. I won't know until I hear from Washington." "Hear from Washington?" "Yep. They keep the books, I get a quarterly report on how I've been doing." "How's crops, Cy?" "Everything looks purty fair, although I wouldn't know much about 'em." "You wouldn't know much about 'em?" "Nope. I don't bother with details no more. You see the Government's agot a brigadier general, a retired naval officer and a couple of college professors. They've taken all the responsibility off my shoulders." "God for the old farm pap, Cy?" "Shucks! I don't worry about the mortgage no more. Uncle Sam looks after that. I don't even know what the mortgage is. Some day when the Government men are around, I'll ask 'em, just for fun.—Industry and Labor.

SEARCH THE PERSONAL RECORDS OF EVERY DEMOCRAT

holding a major office in the State of Michigan, you will then realize how few of them ever made a success in their personal non-political activities. That is the real reason why the Democratic Party in Michigan, since 1932, has not brought real governmental leadership to a stricken electorate.

AS ONE GAZES upon the efforts of various governments to bring order out of disorder, one is reminded of that strange paradox of the cow: How can a brown cow eat green grass and give white milk with yellow butter in it?

A PENNSYLVANIA MAN is suing a baker because she bread he purchased contained a small piece of iron, resulting in damage to the eater's teeth. We suppose the eater had brass enough to call a copper to the scene, resulting in the damage suit. It is now up to the lawyers to iron out the case.

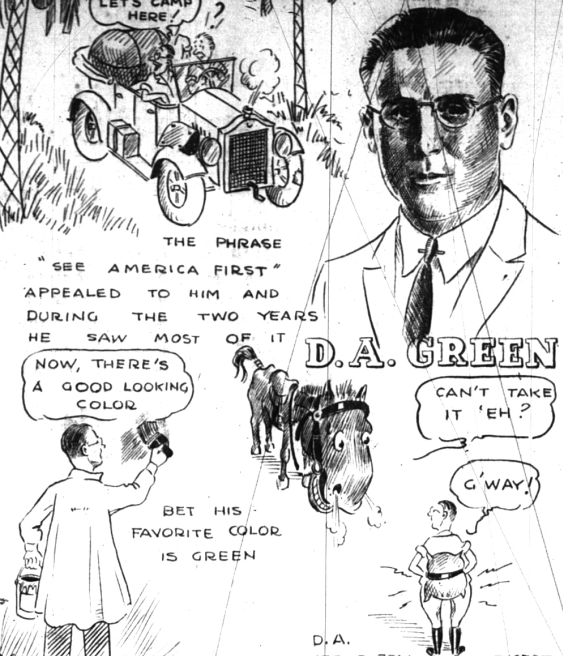
THE GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA, under rule of martial law in the Minneapolis truck drivers' strike, threatens to place newspaper under strict censorship. His name is Olson. It ought to be Hitler.

THE SPEED AND PACE and tempo of today is more rapid than ever—every body knows that. It is expressed well by the motorist who said: "That's an attractive town we're coming to, wasn't it?"

WE UNDERSTAND that Candidate Lacy wants to place a tax on all bank deposits. Isn't that an undue penalty on thrift?

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 31 AW-COCONUTS LET'S CAMP HERE



Green's wall paper and paint store at 175 West Maple avenue was founded by L. C. Green, who came to Birmingham from Oxford to open a laundry here in 1901. The laundry continued until about 1913, and seven years later Mr. Green entered the interior decorating business.

His son, D. A. Green, whose initials serve all his friends for a year and a half, withdrawing to take a two-year automobile tour around the country with two other young men. Working their way as the Masonic lodge in the union save two, and their experiences included everything from sight-seeing in New York City to mining gold near Bishop, California.

Jest For Fun

Too Kind a Heart Dobbs gazed at the partly eaten portion of chicken on his plate and sadly shook his head.



"Anything wrong, sir?" asked the waiter. "I was just thinking," said Dobbs quietly, "the man who killed this chicken must have had a kind heart."

Warning!

Men who call you "little pal" Are angling for some other gal. And there's no fool like an oiled fool!

The Other Chap Says Something—

"I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE" Yes, sir, we mean for Dixie; back to the title and we're back south with yammy (and pappy, too); we long for the Mississippi (and we long for Alabama). We are missing all that sort of thing. Not alone for sentimental reasons do we long to be down in the Dixie, where they say we were born. Here where the AAA is passing out those checks and away from here where the processing taxes are paid, we want to be in on the pay-off arranged by southern statesmen with the help of northern yes men and certainly could not have foreseen that their blind voting was selling their own constituents into financial slavery.

Table with 4 columns: State, Rental and Crop Tax Paid, Benefits Received. Rows for Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Texas, Alabama, Louisiana, Total.

ALL OF US

By Marshal Maslin WONDER who started this business, anyway? Whenever I sign a document of any kind, one of those terrifying things with thousands of words of small type which we are always advised to read before we sign, I find that I must tell the man behind the desk my mother's maiden name.

THE TIME before that it was an insurance doctor who wanted to know her maiden name. And I've also given it to credit men, to bankers, to book-sellers, to realtors, to all sorts of public officials. They never ask me what my favorite color, or what I think of the Five Year Plan, or do I think there's anything in the theory of evolution, or do I like slip-on or hydraulic bras or corsets, or many hours I sleep, or things like that. No, they don't ask anything with it after they get it. They leave it on the document and file it away forever. I suppose it's no good to them. They can't sell it to anybody, can't write her under that name, can't put her name on it without thinking twice and turning it over to the law. Other people tell me that it isn't personal with me, either, asking around and I've discovered that it's not personal with me, either. They must be sure that they all have to tell their mothers' maiden name, too. There must be some law about it. If you don't give your name, you're not legally married, after all. I was looking at my marriage license the other day and I happened to notice that it had my grandmother's maiden name on it instead of my mother's. I distinctly remember that the man asked me for my mother's name and intended to give it to him. I was perfectly cool and composed at the time, of course, but somehow or other he didn't get what he wanted. Do you think it's too late to do anything about it?

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

—of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO Miss Gena Peabody of Haverhill, Mich., is the guest and relative of L. H. Peabody's family this week. Master Otis Fuller is absent on a vacation at Grandpa Bennett's at Ypsilanti, where his mother will join him the latter part of the week.

To the many kind friends, who are worrying themselves about my pants, I will say that if they will kindly get a bolt of cloth, I will see that a pair large enough for me is made immediately. Harper Sprague.

A whole gnat of folks, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Daines, and daughter, Winnie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hoffman and daughters, the Misses Fanning, Laura and Hattie, are camping out at Pine Lake this week.

William Ferguson left his trunk at the depot all right and after a freight train, it was all wrong. The trunk had somehow or other fallen between the platform and rails, the cars had all given it a kick as they passed, and what was left of it, was only fit to make matches. Of strange to say, not one article inside of the trunk was damaged. The boy was rather warm for \$50 damages, but was cooled down by the solid argument and soothing tones of our worthy ticket agent, G. F. Aldrich, so that he thanked Mr. A. kindly for the care he had taken of his defunct trunk, soiled wardrobe, etc., and wanted to pay him for his trouble.

Twenty-five years ago The village fire department house is undergoing repairs—and they are much needed.

Mrs. Wiley Pierce and three little girl Pierces, en route for their new home, called on friends here Monday and Tuesday. Twin girls 2 1/2 years old, and one a little girl, or, keep the good little Frank Quick. Pierce's mother very busy, but she is happy.

Mr. L. D. Caffill is now a regular Birminghamer. For how long and why? Well he has just purchased the tidy home he has been renting from James J. Davenport, and now owns it. At the head of Bates street, Mr. Caffill has a fine home, plenty of land, and convenient to his car. Success to him. What will Jim do with all his money? Watch for him to still build another pretty home, sell it and make more simoleans.

Harry Jenkins was routed out of bed last Monday at 3 A. M. by six soldiers looking for a deserter. Harry joined the gang, and at last the soldier was located three miles north of Pontiac and was taken back to camp.

EIGHT YEARS AGO A new system of traffic signals will be installed along Woodward avenue in Birmingham this fall, according to announcement made today. The present lights will be placed on the side of the street at each important intersection.

A heavy rain Tuesday night and yesterday offered relief to Oakland County farmers from the intense drought which has lasted several weeks. Hope that many of the crops, thought to have been destroyed by the intense heat, will now be saved, was expressed from many quarters.

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