The Birmingham Eccentric

(Founded in 1878)

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All newspaper and advertising copy must be in the Eccentric office by Wednesday noon to obtain insertion for that week.

The Eccentric is a member of: National Editorial Association, Michigan Press Association, University Press Club, and Oakland County Weekly Press Association

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 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.

Our Stand On Liquor Advertising

The Rev. W. Clarence Wright, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, sends this communication anent The Eccentric's announcement that whatever revenues it receives from the publication of national liquor advertising will be used for temperance education in the community:

"Rest assured that your recent announcement concerning the intention of The Birmingham Eccentric to print additional advertisements of alcoholic beverages brought disappointment to myself and to others associated with me in Christian work.

"We have rejoiced in the determination of the Curtis Publications, the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, the Gannett chain and other journals to carry no liquor advertisements whatsoever. Would that your weekly presented a policy nothing lower."

Our readers are well acquainted, we think, with our views regarding alcohol and its use as a beverage. We were staunch supporters of prohibition until it became apparent that its enforcement was impossible and was leading to intolerable conditions of crime, vice and corruption. We still believe in complete sobriety as one of the requirements of a wise, decent and orderly life. But we also believe that the only sane and effective method of combating the liquor evil—a method which was being used with telling results before prohibition, but was then abandoned because its advocates apparently thought their victory was won—is by educating young people in temperance.

Admittedly, the newspapers and magazines which are refusing to accept liquor advertising altogether are making a noble gesture. But we feel that it is a gesture and nothing more—as ineffective, in fact, as Don Quixote's brandishings against the windmills. For liquor is going to be advertised, and widely advertised, whether we like it or not and whether a handful of publications refuse to take it or not. If a majority of the newspapers and magazines of the country, or even a considerable number, should take a united stand against the acceptance of liquor advertising, The Eccentric would be only too willing to follow along. But an overwhelming majority of magazines and newspapers are accepting this advertising, and will continue to accept it as long as it comes their way. For The Eccentric to refuse to take it, then, would be little less than ridiculous, for we venture to say that not a single home into which this newspaper goes is not a subscriber to at least one other publication which does accept it.

By refusing to take this advertising we would be doing no perceivable good; by accepting it, and devoting to temperance educational all the revenues we receive from it, we hope to be able to do some good. How much or how little this will be, of course we do not know. But we do feel that, much or little, it will all be worthwhile.

NRA Defends A Free Press

General Hugh S. Johnson, who for months fought the newspapers of this nation in their effort to have the Constitutional freedom of speech and press paragraph incorporated in their NRA code, has had a change of heart. After the wholesale killings of the Hitler regime in Germany, during the following which German newspapers published only what they were told to, Mr. Johnson gleaned the flickering idea that, perhaps, a free press is quite a bulwark against dictators of the vicious type.

The newspapers of this nation, in refusing to take a chance on waiving their rights under the Constitution, have performed a type of public service that the next generation will undoubtedly live to appreciate. For, since this is an age of demagogues, it might be as easy for some damfool like Hitler to be placed in a high position of our government, and kept there by a servile and controlled press.

President Roosevelt months ago must have sensed this when, in patriotic defense of the First Amendment, he requested free and wide-spread criticism of his administration by the newspapers of the United States. We are glad that General Johnson now sees the light. In expressing his changed ideas he has proved himself a better sportsman, to say the least.

Beauty Of Men's Legs

We see that the "ricksha" boys at the Chicago Fair are to be allowed their shorts again. And thus is the rough sex given a chance to reveal to the visitors that the male lower extremity, Mexican hairless or Airedale, is worthy of presentation as a Century of Progress exhibit. We hope the Chicago ladies' club that objected last year to the shorts will cease their prudish panting and turn their attention to coverings for their own almost de-nuded sex.

Drifting Human Society

As a mere citizen before the ballot box of the United States, you are like a grain of sand on a drifting seashore. The winds blow hither and yon, the grains of sand go up the beach, back into the sea, or become an integral part of a dune. That's how most people are within this thing we call government—whether it be under the primitive rules of the Fiji Islands, the regulations of a Czar, King, Dictator, or the so-called statutes of a republic like the United States.

From whence cometh the winds that drift the seabeach? No one knows, precisely. Neither can our great minds analyze the origin of movements among nations. Perhaps the best explanation may be that, deep beneath the restiveness of human society, there is a desire and an uncontrollable intent that man SHALL PROGRESS!

When the selfishness and the ruthlessness of Czars and Kaisers lives out its duration, there may come the revolution of Lenin and of Hitler, of Mussolini or of Kemal Pasha. And when Capitalism, unbridled and corruptive, runs amuck in the United States, Brain Trustery gains control of affairs.

The gleam of sunlight in the whole muddle of human shifting sands is perceivable in that, just as all flora reaches towards the great sun, in the end all human activity reaches out for the Good and the True, even though dynasties, both God-claimed and political, are from time to time sent swirling through the air like grains of sand upon the ever-changing seashore.

We Dream In The U. S. A.

Adolf Hitler told the world that the reason he and his aides killed 77 Nazi revolters was "to save Germany and consequently the whole world." Of course, from his own point of view, Hitler can only succeed with his plans when he is not interfered with by any dangerous minority; therefore, since he claims that *his* policies are the only ones that can save Germany, it must be granted that he had a personal and political right to do what he did. Leaders in other countries, including our own, resort to lesser, but not meaner, methods to subdue enemies. But from a strictly moral point of view, (and, after all, MORAL LAW transcends any other), Hitler was absolutely wrong, and some day Hitler will pay for his tactics.

"He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword." And Devilish Adolf is a two-horned Satan in the eyes of most of the world. Hitler's cruelty is, and has been duplicated in many nations of the earth; we in the U. S. A. ought to get down on our bended knees every day and thank God that, though torn with strife of many kinds, we still dream lofty dreams, we still teach the idealism of the Nazarene, in our country; and may we never relinquish that privilege—whether Democrats, Republicans, or Socialists dominate at Washington.

Barleycorn, Pal Of Too Many

The repealers claimed that with the passing of prohibition we would witness the passing of the bootlegger and his gang. But, while in some degree this was true for a brief space of time, the bootleggers and their gangs are coming back again, it is reported in Michigan and other States that control and sell legal liquor. Which is probably true.

In prohibition days the bootlegger flourished because thirsty people felt themselves above the laws of their country, and purchased direct or through the blind pig. Now that repeal has come, and Michigan seeks to make a profit from liquor sales, the bootlegger is finding a market with individuals licensed to sell liquor, but who are lured to buy cheaper through the bootlegger than from State stores. All of which only continues to prove that John Barleycorn, in any man's country, is equally impossible to control, whether he is citizen, or outlaw.

The solution lies with the integrity of the mass of people; is it too much to expect patrons of liquor dealers to make sure that the stuff they purchase is from legitimate sources? Unfortunately, it probably is, not for all, but from just enough to undermine the force of the law. Too many people simply reverse the average politician's "public be damned" policy and by act declare that "the State be damned—I'll get mine as and when I want it."

BY THE WAY, CHILDREN, some day have your grandpappy tell you about the time that that bad bandit, Dillinger, drove his bullet-proof car within a hundred miles of the home-town.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

I used to know a man quite well.
And I liked him.

Marshall Maslin

He had had an interesting life. Lived all over the country. Done a great variety of things . . . Been up . . . Been down . . . Been around . . . And he was always amusing. He was intelligent and he had, I thought, a keen sense of humor about everything . . . He had talents, too. He could write, fight, sell things, tell a story well. And he had a new idea every day. Perhaps too many ideas. . . . I used to like it when he came into my office and sat down and told me stories or showed me the clever things he'd written . . . Any time I spent with him was worth every minute of it . . . He wasn't a friend, but he was an interesting acquaintance.

After a while he left town. He was going into another place, and for some months I didn't see much of him. Occasionally he'd come into town on a business trip and tell me how he was doing.

And after awhile I got the idea through him that his business wasn't doing very well . . . And a few months after I learned that, I found that he didn't have any business any more . . . It was tough. I was sorry for him . . . He was broke and I let him have a little money. Not much. He didn't ask for much. I was glad to let him have the money . . . Occasionally he borrowed a little more. Never paid any of it back. And I didn't expect him to . . . Only thing I didn't like was his dislike of the man who'd staked him in that business.

Soon he began to drop into the office every day, nearly, and sit down and talk. Even when I was working he'd talk. Even though he could see I was busy he'd start telling me a story . . . I was irritably patient and polite, but I did ask myself once in a while why he didn't get off my neck . . . And I began to suspect, perhaps unjustly, that he came to see me just to "borrow" money . . . It came to a head one day when I had only fifteen minutes to write something in and he wanted to use the time for talk . . . I told him I HAD to write, had no time to talk. But he wouldn't stop. He laughed at my protests and kept on talking . . . Finally the temper that's in me blew off the lid and I turned on him and expressed my feelings about a fellow who wouldn't let a man work in his own office . . . He flared back and stood up and said I'd be sorry for talking that way to him.

And out he went and I haven't seen him since . . . And I'm sorry for that because I had liked him, but I'm not sorry for telling him what I thought . . . Just between you and me and the lamp post, SHOULD I BE?

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 27

In 1924, J. B. Dill won the American Blower Company's prize for selling more heating and ventilating equipment than any of its other employes, and he began to wonder whether he couldn't sell other things as well as he could heaters and ventilators. Accordingly, the following year he began applying his selling ability to the more promising field of real estate, and he has been in the real estate busines sever since.

From 1925 to 1930 he was associated with Judson Bradway, and is now manager of the Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills office of the Harold Blake Sales Division. Practically all of his real estate activity has been in the Birmingham area.

Mr. Dill was born in Indianapolis, and spent 25 years in the heating and ventilating business before entering the real estate field. Following his graduation with a degree in mechanical engineering from Purdue University in 1900, he went to work in his father's factory, and after two years was put in charge of production and design.

He came to Detroit with the American Blower Company in 1913, and for two years was district sales manager in charge of that firm's Rochester, N. Y., office. From 1915 to 1925 he was sales manager for the Detroit office.

Mr. Dill served as president of the Michigan Chapter of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers in 1923-24. He is also a past president of the Detroit Alumni Club of Purdue University and of the Detroit Alumni Chapter of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. He is a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Moslem Shrine of Detroit.

Mr. Dill, who is married and has two sons, used to like to play tennis, but now favors the somewhat less strenuous sports of golf and fishing. Fishing is his special delight, and a week or two spent on one of the well-stocked Canadian lakes is his conception of the perfect vacation.

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

Say! did you lose a whip the other day? Well, if you call at this office and pay for this advertisement you can have it—if it's yours.

Out of five persons found sick in Holly by the census enumerators, three had what Josh Billings would call "snaix in thare butes"—and Holly is a temperance town, too. Oh Holly!

Young Eli Wooster, while raking hay and doing a full man's work one day last week, met with quite a severe accident and the loss of his great toe-nail by a horse stepping on his foot. The young major was at his task the next morning chuck full of grit and days' work.

While Mr. and Mrs. James J. Davenport were going home one day last week and were between the village and the mill, some one shooting in the brush nearby came near inflicting serious injuries upon Mrs. Davenport and her infant which was asleep in her arms. As it was, several shot raked the back of the lady's hand within a few inches of the baby's head. Such carelessness is criminal in the first degree.

A gang of four suspicious looking men were observed hanging around some of the better class of residences on Saginaw street last week between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and shot guns and revolvers were at a premium in that vicinity from that hour until dawn. Suspicious looking gangs of tramps have been camping in the woods in this vicinity and certain strangers with no visible means of support have been loafing around town. Lock your doors and windows, load the gun and tie the dog loose and when they come give them a warm reception.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

When Village Marshall Smith wants to borrow a horse again he'll think 2 times before he takes Druggist Cobb's delivery horse. Once is enough for him! Going to the powerhouse lately he and the horse met a car. What the equine didn't do isn't worth mentioning. The horse, in spite of all Charlie could do, dashed across Mr. Hagerman's lawn, turned a double somersault backwards, side stepped a tree, waltzed on his ear and barn danced our city official, who is today thankful he lives to tell the tale.

The annual M. E. Sunday school picnic was pulled off at Belle Isle last Tuesday, with the usual attendance and general good time.

The return game of ball between the North Side and the South Side will take place next Tuesday, down by the stock yards. The ambulance is being overhauled and the medical gentlemen have laid in an extra supply of lint and bandages, while the Council Chamber will be thrown open in case of need for hospital purposes. It has not been deemed necessary to prepare a morgue for the occasion. The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World will furnish a fine supper and the losing side will cheerfully foot the bill. Everybody invited to see the fun.

That leather-back turtle in a big tub in Charles J. Shain's window is one captured by John H. Bortle. They are a curiosity in this country.

A hay field opposite the John T. Shaw place, in Bloomfield Hills, had a decided Masonic appearance the first of the week. Every hay cock was covered with a little white apron.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Louis Randall, business manager for the Birmingham schools, has been authorized to purchase alcohol, that is—for school laboratory purposes.

Because he said he was taking an ill woman to her home when arrested for driving 70 miles an hour on Woodward avenue, Stuart Berzoma was fined $25 last Thursday in Justice Floyd S. Buck's court. He was given an alternate sentence of 10 days in jail. "No person that's ill should be driven 70 miles an hour," the judge remarked dryly.

Because they found 2 A. M. Sunday the ideal time for making whoopee at a picnic in a field off West Long Lake road, Bloomfield Hills, five Detroit men paid a cover charge of $175 Monday in Judge Buck's court.

Speaking of golf, Village President H. T. Ellerby has discovered a method of retaining his tees; he fastens a common piece of string from one tee to another and, after his driver has removed large portions of the earth in order to give the golf ball impetus, the tees remain within a few feet of their original position. He says that this use of the tees was included in the original Scotch rules and regulations, together with suggestions, concerning golf.

Miss Betty Jane Lamborn will be the guest speaker today before the Detroit Zonta Club at its luncheon meeting in the Statler Hotel. She will talk on her work as director of the WGHP broadcasting station in the Maccabee Building in Detroit. Miss Lamborn is known to many of her young listeners as "Lady Moon" and she has the distinction of being the youngest woman director of a broadcasting studio in the country. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie G. Lamborn of Worth street.

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.

COMMENDS EDITORIAL

To the Editor:

Your editorial in the July 5 issue of The Eccentric—"The Spirit of Our Charter"—is one which every thoughtful citizen will approve. No doubt, in writing this editorial you will have stepped on somebody's toes and may have hurt the feelings of some of your very good friends.

You have, however, shown a quality of editorial fearlessness in this matter which not only is highly commendable but which is not often in evidence in the press of today. Your position that, in the transactions of the City of Birmingham, the provisions of the city's charter must be observed, is correct. Your criticism then, in the case of the drafting of the contract covering the division of joint assets and liabilities of Birmingham, Bloomfield Hills and Bloomfield Township, the charter has not been observed, at least in spirit, because the city's mayor is a member of the law firm drawing that contract and he therefore will profit by any compensation that follows, seems beyond dispute.

The whole proposition is not, in this case, a question of graft, favoritism or legal ability, but a simple question of observation of charter provision.

The act has established a precedent so that, in the future, other parties less high-minded, less public-spirited, may feel justified in over-riding charter provisions for their own benefit and to the detriment of the City of Birmingham.

More power to you.

THEODORE H. MILLINGTON,
Oakland Avenue.

One Minute Pulpit

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name; the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.—Psalm 142:7.

Jest For the Fun of It

Bitter Rivalry

Miss Bride (loftily): Oh, I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed.

Miss Rival: No, dear; you were not there.

Hymn To the Normal

May I be permitted to say
In a modest, humble way
That normal people of today
Don't have a leg to stand on?
The world's gone funny that way.

Now, for instance, take the movies—out in Hollywood
It's quite evident that one should, nay,
One HAS to be spectacular
In an abnormal sort of way.
The biggest this, the biggest that,
On these issues directors stand pat.
Garbo has the largest feet,
Durante has the biggest nose.
Joe E. Brown the largest mouth,
Barrymore the most famous pose.
Eddie Cantor has the largest eyes,
Clark Gable the largest ears,
AND then—they have Mae West—
Do I make myself clear, boys?
But they'll all coin money for years. . . .

And when with men you have a date
Say for dinner, and a show,
The male gets in a huffy state
If with affection you are slow.
They go about town next day
And with raised eyebrows, they say

"What a cold dame—I do believes she's queer".
Never once thinking they could be in low gear.
To be vulgar and rude, it would appear,
Is quite in order with a certain sphere.
To hurp is no longer a social disgrace,
To lie in the gutter assurs one a place
With people of taste they simply say
"How amusing—what a divine sense of huomr—
We must have them to dinner—right away."
It's only in this day and age
That intimate gossip makes the froit page.
Walter Winchell and his blessed events
Are on and off before the marriage has commenced.
Do you think I'd win fame, maybe,
If I announced I was going to have a baby?

—Margo Fischer in "Life"

Famous Firms

Checks & Balances

Smart Answer

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"How much d'you want for the lot?" suggested a boy.

Just A Memory

Smith: I hesitate to mention it, Mrs. Greylocks, but your husband owed me $10 when he died.

Widow: Really! Oh, well, I know your glad now that you have something to remember him by.

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DIRECTORS

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"Your Bank in Birmingham"

COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES

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Ambassador Bridge—Detroit

SPEND AN ECONOMICAL VACATION IN MICHIGAN

There is no disposition in Michigan to "soak the tourist". Here you will find vacation costs moderate and accommodations to fit every pocketbook. Inexpensive tourist homes . . . moderately priced hotels . . . free camps . . . many points of historic interest and a variety of sports that cost but little to enjoy . . . all contribute to the pleasure and economy of a vacation in Michigan.

Michigan's tourist and resort business brings large sums of money to the state each year. It provides employment for thousands, and greater prosperity for all of us. We can increase that business further by telling out-of-state friends about Michigan's vacation advantages and by spending our own vacations here.

And, no matter which part of Michigan you visit this summer, banish worry by telephoning home and office frequently. Call ahead for reservations, or to tell friends you are coming. Long Distance calls will add but little to the cost and much to the enjoyment of your vacation.