

The Birmingham Eccentric

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U. of M. Radicals

Commenting on the tendency of educators to be very liberal in their instruction to youth, Elton R. Eaton, Plymouth newspaper publisher, recently wrote strongly on the subject. Mr. Eaton for four years served as executive secretary to former Governor Alex. J. Groesbeck, and knows intimately many of the problems of the State. Here's his reaction to the University of Michigan: "If our great University of Michigan tolerates a system of instruction which will breed a half hundred anti-American students among those enrolled, the State has arrived at some mighty serious thought ought to be given as to the real value of that institution to society. Education is a necessity, but that education must be along the right lines. The University is costing enough money without having it turn loose on the public a half hundred or more students whose destructive ideas are bound to be expensive to the taxpayers of the future. Few give serious thought to the statement made by Hon. George M. Clark, former supreme court judge of Michigan in an address a few weeks ago in Detroit when he declared that nearly 90 per cent of instructors in our educational institutions of the 'higher' type are teaching the doctrines of the Reds. These doctrines are not only anti-American, but they are destructive by both desire and intent. If we taxpayers are spending our money to educate a lot of rattle-brained, long-haired young Anarchists, it is about time we know something about the kind of instructors we have in our universities and colleges and what their aims are. Yes, we should not only know about what they are doing, but we should know about the things now being done, even though it should be necessary to go to the extent of abolishing a good portion of the work of the University.

Many of these instructors never made a cent of money in their lives except that paid to them through checks underwritten by the taxpayers of the State. They know nothing of business and if they were to be eliminated from the tax-supported payroll upon which they exist, a good share of them would have to be supported by relatives or the dole. Maybe it would be a good idea to require a University or college professor to first MAKE GOOD in private life, either in business or on the farm, before he is given a job teaching others how to do what to do. If this was a requirement of the teaching staff, you can rest assured the products of that institution would not disgrace the University and the state that supports it by singing the praises of national demagogues.

Gambling Away Our Destiny

The accumulated wisdom, gained from centuries of experience, proves that gambling of any nature works to the destruction of those engaged in it. Therefore, various forms of self-government, recognizing this demoralizing influence of gambling, have in days past enacted laws against this vice. But within the past two years many of the 'bats' have been led down, and gambling of many sorts is again being led down, such as Michigan, getting revenue from horse racing.

We observe that Wall Street prophets now declare that within two years there will be a national lottery conducted in the United States, the prime purpose of which is to get revenue to carry on the federal government with. This may occur, of course, just as anything else may occur when human beings bring their experience to the winds and let their foolishness run away with their reason.

It is of course, just as consistent for a nation to seek profit through gambling, as for its population to seek profits from a World War. In fact, from the standpoint of human happiness, the gambling may be the lesser of the two evils. But, honestly, isn't it going backwards when States and federal governments look toward the business of gambling as a prolific source of revenue?

Fooled The "Deer Peepul"

DESTINY SEEMS to have singled out the United States as a land where the average man reaches some sort of equality in matters of self-government; by that we mean that each man is equal in the eyes of the law, given the suffrage, stands equal in the ballot box, but before every other voter at the ballot box. But destiny is having quite a time with human nature to really plans work. Some day, when the average man really begins to appreciate the priceless heritage of free self-government he may rise to a height near that provided him by this same destiny. In the meantime, however, self-government will be created and dished out by the majority who gather their predatory wits together and fool the people.

MICHIGAN'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL "Patrons" O'Brien has not been able to have his entire way in conducting the Ingham County grand jury proceedings at Mason. That's a great "break" for the deer peepul, they suppose that every decent attorney and judicial officer in Michigan must have chuckled with satisfaction when the State Supreme Court denied Mr. O'Brien complete control of the grand jury.

"Priming The Nation's Pump"

MR. ROOSEVELT'S PWA has just concluded the spending of three billion, seven hundred millions of dollars, as one of the federal government's means to recovery. Every dime of this money was given to the people again, in the form of taxation. It is the greatest peace-time expenditure in the history of the nation for such a purpose, and reveals the tremendous powers of your national government when an emergency arises.

It will be interesting to listen to political explanations of this federal patronizing handout when the proper time comes. Our own notion is that the PWA would have been helpful if the federal government hadn't tried to reform the whole nation at the same time; for much of the "reform," nobler than prohibition, has resulted in the temporary breakdown of the pump itself, as business and finance wait to see just where the Brain Trust will leave them.

Seems to us (and we write this without fear of the ultimate outcome, whatever it may be), that just as there is so little public co-operation with government in bringing about temperance in drinking, so is there a corresponding lack of support to a governmental plan to Christianize private business enterprise. If government and its Brain Trusters try to enforce every phase of the NRA, for instance, it will be like the old fanatical "drys" who brought about the unworkable because, when it became a law, they promptly forgot to carry on educational work to support it.

But you'll have to admit that this is the day for the trial of every conceivable panacea for social and political ills. And as long as the Brain Trust remains in Washington, and the federal credit lasts, we'll probably have more experiments like the PWA and all its alphabetical brothers and sisters.

Jefferson's Great Dream

THE MORE CLOSELY you scan the trend of affairs in the United States over the past century, the more you are struck by the fact that the present era is the forerunner of a great transition in our theme of government. This nation was founded, and Thomas Jefferson visioned it as such, on the theory that the average man would own his own land, and also that a majority of the population would remain in agricultural centers.

But this dream of Jefferson's has not materialized; most people work for others, and they do not depend upon their own land for sustenance. The result is that we now have a generation of voters, the majority of whom are products of city industry; they do not know the feel of an ax as it clears farm land in a day, they do not thrill to the turn of a furrow as they sow crops; they have no recollection of the beat of wind and rain and snow and sleep upon their bodies as Winter tried to drive them from the conquest of Nature's elemental environment.

The net result of all this reveals a majority of American citizens unable to appreciate the priceless heritage of their self-government, the result being citizen apathy and disinterest throughout the land; the result is a demagogue, the predatory and mercenary politician; and, unless human beings reform, you can figure out for yourself that a majority of some form of State piracy and dictatorship will eventually become sovereign in our beloved America.

"Railroading" Mae West

EDITOR SCHEVYLER L. MARSHALL states in his Clinton County Republican-News that "Mae West has more curves than a scenic railway." And it now seems that some of them were so dangerous that in the making of recent pictures she has had to switch more than once from one plot, and to the next, before she could get her pictures made.

A GOOD WAY to win the favor of Governor William A. Comstock, according to 33 former inmates of Michigan prisons, is to say, "I beg your pardon, Governor Comstock, always a good fellow, believes, it seems, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of criminals is a good old American custom.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

THE OTHER day a friend asked me if I could stand some frank criticism. "I said I could. But as I said, I had a crinkly feeling at the back of my neck and I knew I wasn't telling the truth.

I reminded myself of a dog growling in his throat at a strange noise outside the house.

I used to write poems, but I gave it up. Now I am amazed at all the people who are really poets either but who get so much pleasure out of writing poems. ... And I envy them, too.

I read the other day that a man is old when his thoughts toward the future. ... Is that true?

When I was about nine years old I threw an orange at a Chinese vegetable man and he chased me down the alley. I was proud of that then, but I am ashamed now.

I like a blackbird with a screech splash on his wing. ... Also seals barking and diving from the rock off shore. ... And meadow larks singing on fence posts.

YOU ARE beginning to get old when the noise of children at play annoys you.

Poster me to read a book. ... and I'll find half a dozen excuses for not reading it.

Confession: I don't really enjoy gardening.

I remember the scandal in our town when a middle-aged woman married a very young man. ... It was freely prophesied that the marriage wouldn't last and she'd be sorry. ... But it did, and she wasn't.

I know a man who is a great fisherman. ... But he doesn't like fish and wouldn't think of eating them.

If you haven't a "common streak" in you, I think you are missing a lot of the joy of life.

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 28

I WONDER IF THIS Na. CL WILL TASTE SALTY



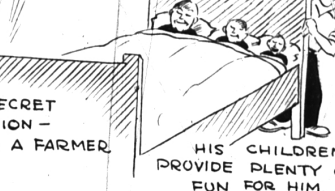
STUDIED CHEMICAL ENGINEERING AT M.S.C.

IN THE GOOD OF AN OLE SUMMER



Foster Toothacker

JUST LIKE ANGELS



HIS SECRET AMBITION - TO BE A FARMER

HIS CHILDREN PROVIDE PLENTY OF FUN FOR HIM.

Foster Toothacker, manager of the Woodward Pharmacy, Inc., 172 North Woodward avenue, was born in Martin, Mich., and lived in several other small Michigan towns before coming to Birmingham from Ypsilanti in 1918, when his father, W. S. Toothacker, joined the faculty of the Birmingham public schools. The father is still a science instructor at Baldwin High School, and the son has also, for the most part at least, spent the years since 1918 in Birmingham.

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

A dead frog was recently found in the organ. It is supposed the creature was frightened to death by a choir rehearsal.

Kitty flying is becoming fashionable among Birmingham ladies. Messrs. G. F. Randall and A. Whitehead are indulging in revolutionary practices. What for?

If you have a friend or relative visiting you, just hand in their name, that's what makes good love.

Fenton's Fourth of July orator was too drunk to orate decently. Hon. J. H. M. Look was the alleged speaker.

Russel Perkins has an ardent admiration for a Plum Brook lassie. We learn so from the Utica Sentinel.

Lulu, Big Beaver. No dear, they do not open the catnip with a can-opener; it is usually done with a corkscrew. Why, oh, why do the women persist in wanting to open them when they know so little about politics, horse nets, umbrellas, rubber coats, and circulars cheap at Corson's.

Last week Elt Reynolds of Armada appeared upon the streets in broad day light with a white plug but at least 14 inches high tipped over his left ear, with all the "fix-in's" to accompany the stylish thing, such as white kids, mustache waxed, pressed, headed cane and a debonaire expression. Children cried, dogs barked, the soldiers' monument tipped over and one citizen remarked in the crowd that he would have parlayed a man who would have the temerity to appear before him in just such a guise as he was wearing himself on the occasion referred to. Do your own moralizing.

South Lyon folks don't like Augusta Mines' ministrals—think Miss Mines tried to smash a young man's brains in before he had made friends—batter her on a front seat at the next show town—totally smash.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Edna Beard, pastor of the First Baptist Church, has been a guest of Mrs. MacDougall ever since the wedding, had returned to her Toronto home. During her brief stay here she has made many friends who will regret her going very much. Visiting and picnics made the young and interesting Canadian think that the U. S. was some "Punkies" at that time.

Rochester Clarion: The county that is certainly having its troubles these war-torn days, not being able to enjoy a cool refreshing drink of

One Minute Pulpit

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.—St. Mark, 16:16.

Jest For the Fun of It

After the Christening Come along everybody, see the pretty baby; Such a pretty baby ought to be adored.

Come along, everybody, come and bore the baby; See the pretty baby, begging to be bore.

Harry, hurry, Aunt Louise, Silly names are sure to please. Bother what the baby thinks! Call her Kitchy-kitch and Binks, Call her Wacky and Spookums, Just ignore her dirty looks, Who than she is (sister game) Foot every kind of silly name? Baby cannot answer back, Or, perhaps, an aunt she'd lack.

Come along, everybody, Isn't she a darling? Such a little darling ought to be enjoyed. Come along, everybody, let's annoy the baby, Such a darling darling begs to be annoyed.

Cousin Charles was always chummy; He's about to poke her tummy. Grandpa almost chokes on chuckles, Ticking with his beard her knuckles.

All of Granny's muscles ache; From half an hour of patty-cake; Godmama with cure begins Godmama with humor gives; Godpapa with humor gives; Playing piggle with her toes. See the happy proudful parents, Do they think of interference? Certainly not, while baby gives; Such wholesome fun to relatives.

Up and at her, everybody—the pretty baby; Tell her she's a dumpling, tell her she's a dear. Everybody knows the way to woo a baby.

23—Steve Brodie jumps from the Brooklyn bridge, 1885.

24—Waterport in Nevada kills thirty people, 1874.

25—Blanch first to fly over English Channel, 1909.

26—George Bernard Shaw, great dramatist, born 1856.

27—First trans-Atlantic cable line is completed, 1865.

28—Austria starts the Great War, 1914.

29—Mussolini, Italy's Black Shirt leader, born, 1883.

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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 what part of Michigan you visit this summer, bank calls 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.

Anyone would be foolish to contend that the mere reading of the Bible to our public schools would revolutionize the morale of a nation overnight. It seems equally unwisely to assert that it would make no improvement on a generation. It is \$12.00 per book in Boston, \$12.00 in New York, and \$2.50 in Michigan.

Is there any connection between these figures and the fact that the Bible has been read daily in the public schools of Boston for sixty-two years, in Michigan for thirty-two years in New York, and excluded for thirty years from the schools in Chicago?—Dearborn Independent.