

The Birmingham Eccentric (Founded in 1878) Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 218-220 West Third Street. Telephone 11, 12, and 13. GEORGE B. AVERILL Editor and Publisher ALLEN TAYLOR Business Manager PAUL NEAL AVERILL Sales and Advertising Manager ALVIN W. WINDGREN Secretary CLAUDE E. WALKER Production Manager Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan.

Fitzgerald's Success Just put this down in your notebook on the general subject of Good Government: if years of experience in a job suggest for ability, then Frank Fitzgerald, Michigan's Governor-elect, should be a great success. Mr. Fitzgerald has been connected with State affairs for 22 years; during that time he has observed the problems and workings of practically every branch of the State's business. His head and his heart ought to guide him to unparalleled success as Governor. His danger to success is, paradoxically, his many friends. Not all of them, of course. Nor will all of those who try to help him be barriers—but some of them will, and they are the ones who try "Fitz" out of his course. We sincerely hope that Mr. Fitzgerald has his own way nearly all the time—then he'll be able to stay 22 years hence to the voters: "My record of the past is my promise of the future. Re-elect me and I'll do a good job at Lansing."

Honor To The Pioneers We who dwell in the United States today owe more than we can ever visualize to the rugged pioneers of an earlier day. The conquest of the rugged alone by our grandfathers and their grandfathers is an achievement beyond our contemporary understanding—at least to us who live in favored industrial or farm areas. We never pass an open clearing in the woods, or a pile of stones in a farm field, without feeling an inward admiration for those who, with barest bread, physical strength, and spiritual courage, struggled against tremendous elemental odds to make sure their survival. Progress of any kind is born of the travail of the age that conceived it; toil and its accompanying sweat have sunk the physical and the moral foundations of what we are pleased to call Twentieth Century civilization. And only contemporary toil and sweat, both of the physical and the moral kinds, will build a secure shelter for this complex and bewildered world in which we now find ourselves.

Government—Taxpayers Taxpayers too often pay too much for the cost of this thing called government. While they may, from time to time, complain about this excessive charge, they seldom do the necessary things to correct the trouble. Of the many things that can be done to remind the taxpayers of their relation to taxes, one is to arrange some method of impressing them with this absolute truth: GOVERNMENT AND TAXPAYERS ARE SYNONYMOUS WORDS! Let us take a contemporary phase of GOVERNMENT as an illustration. You know that the Washington GOVERNMENT is drawing upon its credit and is expending billions of dollars to bring about recovery. Some of this expenditure is fine; some is not being wisely administered. We all know that, but we remain quite passive about it all because, you see, we do not know what GOVERNMENT is doing it all, and "GOVERNMENT" is way off at Washington, or Lansing, or some other place. And thus, taxes increase for all of us. Instead of saying that "GOVERNMENT" is spending billions, we ought to say that "TAXPAYERS" are spending billions!

As someone once put it: "GOVERNMENT IS A PERPETUAL PAUPER, DEPENDING ALWAYS UPON THE TAXPAYERS FOR SUPPORT." NEW RULES governing the stock markets of this nation have gone into effect this week. It is President Roosevelt's effort to protect the great unlearned investing public. This is fine. Let's hope it works better than most of the reforms thus far attempted. "ROOSEVELT TIGHTENS HIS GRASP ON REINS" "Dedicated News headline. To which we merely add: "Good-bye, mule-go 'long dar!"

History is the BUNK! It is now revealed that Huey Long, and not Uncle Sam, executed the Louisiana Purchase. All of Us —By Marshall Maslin THE TERMITES WITHIN US THE TERMITES is a small insect, more like a cockroach than anything else, that loves the dark. He makes his home in wood and eats away until at last the timber—which may be a femur in the middle of the desert, but that may be one of the timbers that support a home—becomes an almost hollow shell. In the lands where the termites live and flourishes men fight him constantly because he is their enemy. But sometimes we have termites even more dangerous within their own characters. Little termites of our character are the selfishness, the carelessness that can make a shell of a man, even though he seems as solid as ever.

When a man suddenly collapses sometimes people say: "What do you like that all the time and don't know it." But that need not be true, it almost always is not true. A better remark might be: "The termites have been eating away in that man's character. He gave his life to them, not knowing how weak he had become, and then he succumbed to sudden pressure. Perhaps the termites that betrayed him are working in us, too."

Perhaps they are. But if they are it is possible for us to know some knowledge of their inroads into our character. We know our own temptations are our failures fairly well. We have a general idea of the difference between the human being we were five years ago and the one we are today. We do not carry that knowledge in the foreground of our minds all the time. But in the flashes of self realization that come to everybody occasionally we see the difference plainly. We see that in some ways we are worse, in some ways we are better. We may not know just when the things of destruction came to us, but we know how we feel and that awareness ought to be enough to give us a clue to the changes that have taken place in our character. We are not willing to think for a moment to look sharply, challengingly, at himself occasionally to see what he is truly like. And then to do something about it. . . . We do not take this inventory too often. Because we have plenty of other things to do.

Birmingham Business Leaders

Charles H. Groves Floyd E. Swayze CHARLIE STARTED IN THE COAL BUSINESS AS A TEAMSTER AT ONE TIME FLOYD DELIVERED MAIL WITH HORSE AND BUGGY. Introductory text: 'INTRO-DUCING!' 'NICE HOSS YA GOT THESE FLOYD!' 'THANKS CHARLIE HOW'S THE COAL BUSINESS THESE DAYS?' Illustration of a man in a suit and a man in overalls with a horse and buggy.

Charles H. Groves and Floyd E. Swayze, co-managers of Lawson-Erb and Son, formerly the Lawson-Erb Lumber Company, are both still comparatively young men, but together they have served their company a total of nearly 25 years. Swayze has been with the firm since 1916, taking time out to serve in the World's War, and

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 Turkey. Thanksgiving. Party to-night. Wait Wilson was home over Sunday.

Some very handsome and artistic oil paintings, the work of Miss Xenia Post, are on exhibition at the postoffice, and elicit a great deal of admiration. The greatest curiosity in town now is the flying pendulum clock at the store of Whitehead and Mitchell. Call and see it, and have Gibbs explain its perplexity and "dumfoundedness."

Alex. McKinney lost his steel-framed spectacles between Sand Hill and Means corners some time ago, and wants finder to return them. This notice was left with us for publication about a month ago. The best piece of wheat threshing we have heard of this fall comes from Frank Pearson, who threshed out for Orrin Poppleton 378 bushels of wheat which were raised on only nine acres of land, an average of 42 bushels per acre, and in these hard times, this is considered very good indeed. One morning last week while the Southfield students were coming to school seated on a horse like a row of turtles on a log, the horses, being driven by Elsworth Randall, hit out a reef at Mrs. Crombie's corners and the swing around there Miss Dollie Cannon under the wheels which passed over her arm and limb. At first it was thought some bones were fractured, but subsequent examination by Dr. J. J. Campbell proved this to be a mistake. The sufferer is doing as well as can be expected.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO It seems strange that some people, and especially citizens, who will persist in trying to induce our local druggists to give them what they want, when they know that the druggist is violating the law, and that the Rochester Clarion, which when they try to make him disobey the laws of the state. It's about time people of Rochester understood that they must have a prescription in order to get whiskey, and many druggists who will sell it without one, is an unscrupulous business man, and he will short change you if you do not keep an eye on him. Rochester Clarion. This applies to Birmingham druggists as well as Rochester. Our druggists are law abiding. Oakland County was wet again on Monday. "Dear" trip. "Tis said they did not have the best of luck."

Ye rural carriers rested on Thursday and ate their Thanksgiving dinners with their families. Many shortages of packages this week must be charged up to Thanksgiving, and the fact that ye editor is on the sick list. The new telephone building is enclosed and will be ready for its tenants by the first of the coming year.

FIVE YEARS AGO Postmaster James W. Cobb today issued his annual request for public co-operation in the handling of Christmas mail. In his request Mr. Cobb included numerous suggestions for relieving the letter carrier of his usual last minute burden and insuring safe and prompt delivery of Christmas gifts.

The Oakland County condemnation committee sitting in the suit brought by the state to secure land needed for the new Grand Trunk right-of-way, re-convened Tuesday in the Municipal Building after a lapse of nearly two weeks. Most of the session was devoted to argument over the record of the proceedings which are being kept in a book.

Scores of school children unofficially opened the ice skating season on the week-end at Quanton Lake. Many of the children also took advantage of the snow, and engaged in sledding contests. Still others played hockey. Illumination from automobile headlights provided adequate lighting for the evening sessions on the recently frozen lake. The total amount of taxes collected for 1929 was \$332,856.54, according to the report of the village treasurer, presented to the Commission Monday night. The amount is slightly larger than was collected in the previous two years.

Floyd has been an important cog in the business since 1925. Charley was born on a farm in Troy Township, and attended the Birmingham public schools, including the old Hill High School. His first real job after leaving school was driving a delivery wagon for the Lawson-Erb Lumber Company, and it wasn't an automobile delivery either.

During the War, he served a year with the 32nd Artillery and saw 16 days of real action in France. The War over, he went back to work for Lawson-Erb immediately, and has been there ever since, serving several years in the yard before taking his present position in the office. Charley is a confirmed baseball and basketball fan, but doesn't care for football. He likes to fish, and is a member of the American Legion. Floyd also spent his early life on a farm. He was born near North Branch, but when he was six years old his family moved to another farm near Brown City, where he attended school and graduated from high school.

He spent the next year and a half delivering mail by horse and buggy from the Brown City postoffice, and then went to Detroit where he was employed for five years by Michigan Bell Telephone Company. His job was assisting in the compilation of the directory and supervising its delivery. He made the latter task much easier by inventing a delivery cart and trailer which is now in general use for distributing telephone books in all parts of the country. Before leaving Michigan Bell, Floyd had formed a partnership with Roy Smith, his brother-in-law, in the Eco City Woodworking Shop here, and he spent a year as an active partner in the business before selling out and entering the Lawson-Erb firm. Floyd is a member of the Birmingham Lions Club. He likes to play golf, but his vegetable and flower garden commands most of his spare time after working hours.

The Other Chap Says Something

A STRANGE SEA In the last 14 months, 500 sealed bottles have been cast into the ocean near Hamilton, Bermuda Islands. Each bottle had a card inside asking its return to the government biological station at Hamilton. So far only 40 bottles have been returned. The purpose of this test was to prove the truth of an ancient theory about the Sargasso Sea in the Atlantic near the equator about which many stories, largely imaginative no doubt, have been told and written. The theory is said to be a constant calm over this part of the ocean and this with the wide expanse of seaweed, has caught and is holding fast many derelict vessels. Old sea yarns tell of sailing vessels caught in this sea whose crews, unable to extricate them, perished. In 1928, a British hydrologist, named Mowbray, reported drifting seaweed in what is thought to be a part of the Sargasso Sea so near the equator that the fish used it as nesting fish for their eggs. The disappearance of the bottles mentioned above, it is believed, indicates they have been caught in this strange sea which may not be as mythical as has been believed. Harold M. Baker in Crosswell Jeffersonian.

A GOOD LOSER Some political candidates take it with his wife and others, who sign started the party in the face. The sign read "Picard for U. S. Senator" with the characteristic grin on his face and going into Detroit late last week, in company with his wife and others, who sign started the party in the face. The sign read "Picard for U. S. Senator" with the characteristic grin on his face and going into Detroit late last week, in company with his wife and others, who sign started the party in the face. The sign read "Picard for U. S. Senator" with the characteristic grin on his face and going into Detroit late last week, in company with his wife and others, who sign started the party in the face.

Behold the woman—the female of the species. She hesitates not when something meets her approval. It matters not whether it be a floppy rimmed picture hat or an almost forgotten bicycle-riding craziness. If it appeals to her, she adopts it. She can change her mind several times a day if necessary. When the bottom hem of skirts looked down upon the knees, short skirts were sanitary and sensible. When the bottom hem of skirts looked down upon the knees, short skirts were ridiculous and immodest. Her versatility and ingenuity in making viewpoints fit desires and wants is always amazing and admirable. Why can't men get that way? Woman is both courageous and sensible—and strangely enough, some men say fickle—Schuyler L. Marshall in Clinton County Republican News.

CHURCH SPIRES POINT UPWARD Did you ever notice that the spires of all churches of every creed, all point upward? The skyscraper church in the heart of New York, the cathedral, the little church in the country, all have spires pointing upward.

ALMANAC 9 bells and that dumb dove was supposed to meet 7:30! People count up the faults of those who have been... NOVEMBER... 27—Famous House Tumbled is formally dedicated, 1872. 28—First post office in United States opened, 1783. 29—Admiral Byrd flies over the South pole, 1926. 30—Wilson Lacksays scores hit in "Quilly," 1905. DECEMBER 1—Henry Ford drives own car mile-a-minute, 1901. 2—John Brown is hanged for part in raid, 1859.

"FREE NEWS" When Clark McAdams, editor of the editorial page of the Post-Districter, talked to the National Editorial Association at Detroit last month about "free news," he wasn't talking about news without cost. He referred to news that was entirely free as regards suppression.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO.



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