The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 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.

Michigan Goes Republican

While most of the remainder of the Nation voted their approval of New Deal policies by electing Democrats to State and Federal posts, Michigan went to the polls Tuesday and voiced partial disapproval by electing Republicans to a majority of offices. The comparatively narrow margin of victory accorded Republicans, however, points to the necessity of the Party of Lincoln to shaping its activities along safe and secure lines of governmental activity that will insure a progressive attitude of public policy.

Michigan Democrats used every facility and strategy known to politics in an effort to win at Tuesday's election. Acceptable and un-acceptable tactics were resorted to, and they almost won. Apparently, a majority of Michigan voters are beginning to realize that, behind the benevolent whiskers of the federal "Santa Claus" there is the grim visage of the American taxpayer who, in the last analysis, must pay for the vast public expenditures from Washington.

So far as this newspaper in concerned, we shall argue to our last breath that, in times of stress, the agency of government *must* mobilize the resources of our nation to assist in relieving the unemployed. No finer opportunity for the manifestation of brotherhood exists in human relationships than that of being a Good Samaritan. But, as we review the frenzied efforts of certain Democrats in playing upon human misery to gain votes, we cannot refrain from admitting our disgust.

In re-electing Arthur H. Vandenberg to the United States Senate for another six years, Michigan voters have done more than a mere partisan good; they have sent to Washington again a man who is eminently fitted to represent them in the Nation's Capitol, and who, though a Republican, can stand shoulder to shoulder with every honest Democrat in the common desire to aid President Roosevelt in solving our national problems.

In returning the Republicans to State power after two years of Comstock's Folly, the voters reveal a new faith in the desire and the ability of this Party to untangle the snarls in State affairs. It is a fine tribute to Frank D. Fitzgerald, the incoming Governor, and to those who will assist him in the administrative and legislative branches of Lansing government. A wonderful opportunity for public service is in the hands of Mr. Fitzgerald and his friends. Their ability to live up to their new responsibilities will have a tremendous effect upon the elections two years hence.

Thus passeth another election in State and National affairs. Now that the heat of campaigning has spent itself, let's all hope that political reprisals and ill feeling will vanish into the unrecallable recesses of memory, so that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, will not perish from the earth."

A Modern Prayer

Here's a modern thought upon the subject of prayer, taken from "The Man of the Hour," a sermon by Frank S. Beard, and appearing in the Christian Herald for August:

* * * Father in Heaven, give us, for this sad hour, men of moral integrity! Give us men who will seek first the Kingdom of God, second the kingdom of man. Give us leaders who understand that religion is not a pastime but an art of life; of all life, every day. The time is gone when we can expect God to hear our prayers on Sunday when we are liars and blasphemers and thieves on Monday, when men can steal millions by unethical, un-Christian business methods and then attempt to bribe their way into heaven by building a church, college or a hospital. This generation will not stand for that. They are insisting, these younger Christians, that we practice in the office and the mill what we preach in the church. If Jesus is locked in the sanctuary and locked out of the office, then there is something wrong with the office, not with Jesus. Never mind Milton's heaven or Dante's hell beyond the grave; what are you doing to rid the earth of its man-made hell, here and now?

A Code For Reporters

Publishers in Iowa, in an effort to receive some financial assistance from the present Washington administration, have suggested a schedule of supplementary code provisions which they hope will be approved. The publishers in the tall corn State feel (and they ought to know their own public), that the adoption of these provisions will make millionaires of most of their craft. The Eccentric does not profess to be acquainted with conditions in Iowa, but it does assert that the application of these provisions to Michigan will also result in additional ringing of the cash register. The amount, we do not know—but we herewith offer as a prize the coming winter's snowflakes that remain until next June to the one who guesses what Michigan newspapers stand to win by the adoption of the following provisions:

For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows he is as lazy as a government mule—$2.70. Referring to a deceased citizen as one of who is mourned by the entire community when we know that he will only be missed by the poker circle—$10.13. Referring to some gallivanting scandal monger female as an estimable lady when every business man in town would rather see the devil coming—$8.10. Sending a hypocritical old reprobate to heaven, when we know that hell is too good for him—$1.00. Referring to deceased merchants as "progressive citizens," when they never advertised in their life to help draw trade to town—$1.00.

Quacks In Government

This little old world moves hither and yon like the slender trunk of a palm tree swaying in the tropical breeze. People, most people, bend in the direction of the most glowing promises. Because most people fail to realize that politicians make promises because they seldom do anything else, most people therefore follow the greatest spell-binder—and especially if he promises plenty of this earth to those who support him on election day.

You can take a fairly able orator today, make him acquainted with a few of the age-old political nostrums, fan him into a bit of flame with a sort of fanatical zeal, give him sufficient time and a chance to get his message to the people, and he can emerge a Mussolini, a Hitler, or an Upton Sinclair.

You have heard of "quacks" and "quackery". You know that there have been and still are men and women who claim to have discovered marvelous medicines, capable, they say, of curing everything from corns and bunions to eclipses of the sun. These folks are quacks. You would not be foolish enough to pay your good money for their "discoveries". And yet, in a very real sense, you are spending plenty of money to support "quacks" and "quackery" in government.

Some day, when grown-ups have learned more of the truths that govern their social and economic systems, they will refuse to patronize the demagogue, the political spell-binder with his alluring promises, just as they refuse to hand over their hard-earned money for quack medicines. And when that time comes we'll have healthier government.

Six Pointers On How To Drive So As To Arrive

Ab Jenkins, the man who holds more American Automobile Association records for distance, speed and endurance driving than any other driver—and has never had an accident—gives six practical suggestions for safe driving in the current Rotarian Magazine. They are:

1. Keep both hands on the wheel.

"The only two people I know who are competent to drive one-handed are Eddie Rickenbacker and Ralph de-Palma—and both of them use two hands."

2. Keep the best tires on the front wheels.

"The front-wheel blow-out is by far the more dangerous. When blow-outs do happen, danger can be averted by clinging stoutly to the steering-wheel."

3. Always test your brakes.

"During the first hundred yards of driving, I always test my brakes by pushing down the pedal. The brakes may have frozen, they may be greasy or need adjustment."

4. Be extremely careful at twilight.

"You have three times the accident hazard at twilight that you have at 8 A. M. Defective visibility is, of course, the reason. Remember, too, that night-time crashes have a forty-two per cent higher fatality than daylight accidents."

5. Don't use brakes on a skid.

"To come out of a skid throw out your clutch and maneuver the steering-wheel so that the front wheels are in alignment with the rear ones. In other words, go in the skid! Braking is ineffectual. Your main concern is to equalize traction on all four wheels, which you do by throwing out your clutch; your next move is to get all your wheels in line. As soon as you feel the skid weakening, let in the clutch, 'gun' the motor, and resume forward progress."

6. Study the road.

"Always reduce speed when passing from one type of road to another. Your right wheel should be approximately one and one-half feet from the outer edge of the highway. Running off the road is common. Thirty-one per cent of accidents are due to speeding, while thirty-four per cent are caused by cars going off the road."

Scandal News

Why do so many newspapers "play up" the martial difficulties of wealthy or prominent people? Well, perhaps the best reason is that so many of their readers like to read about it. And do they like to read about it simply because they, saddistically perhaps, like to learn that others besides themselves have trouble? Yet, on sober reflection, is this even sufficient excuse to depress human yearnings from the better things in life?

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

"I'M INNOCENT"

I SAY TO YOU, "I'm innocent!" and I look you straight in the eyes. Guilty people aren't supposed to be able to "look you straight in the eyes." They are supposed to look at you with eyes that water and shift and betray the guilt the tongue denies. But I look right at you and I say, "I'm innocent. I didn't do it. Somebody else did it. I was somewhere else at the time. I have a perfect alibi, and, of course, if you don't believe me, then you're not the friend I thought you were. You MUST believe I'm innocent!"

Marshall Maslin

But of course I'm not really innocent. I'm guilty. I'm as guilty as can be. I did it, and I know that I did it. Nobody else did it but me. I don't know why I did it, but I did . . . Do YOU always know just why you do things? Have you always perfect control of yourself, of your actions? Are YOU always strong, always wise, always certain of what you are doing? Tell me that before you judge me too harshly, before you condemn me.

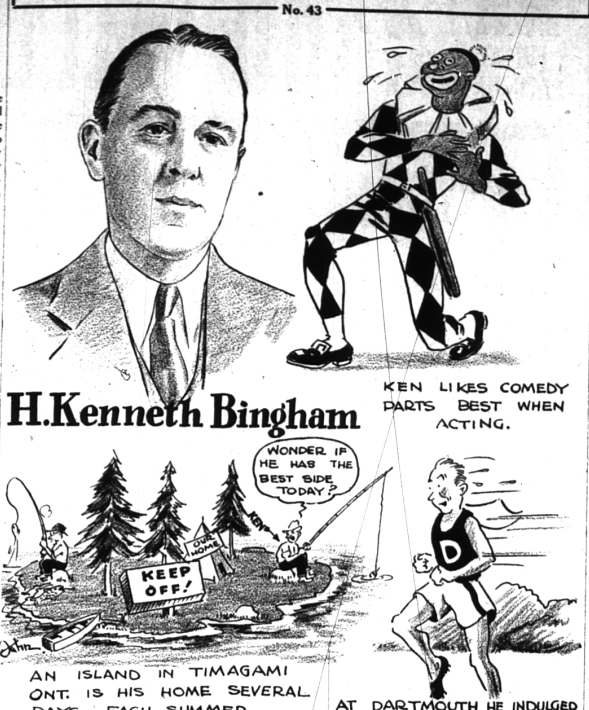
But why, if I am guilty, do I shout so loudly, with such a show of injured feelings, "I'M INNOCENT!" Why don't I confess my guilt and get it over?

But I fear you will not understand. You understand innocence, but it is possible you may not understand guilt. You will help the innocent, but perhaps you will not help the guilty. I am not sure you will understand how a man can make a mistake, how he can know he is doing the wrong thing, and still do that thing, how he can go straight ahead on a road that leads he knows not where.

You believe in me when you know I am innocent. Could you believe in me, still, and give me your hand, even though I told you I was guilty? I would need more help then when I am guilty. It is so easy to help the innocent. They have the strength of their own guiltlessness. Anybody can help THEM. But who has help for the guilty who do not know where or why they took the turning from innocence to guilt?

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 43



H. Kenneth Bingham

KEN LIKES COMEDY PARTS BEST WHEN ACTING.

AN ISLAND IN TIMAGAMI ONT. IS HIS HOME SEVERAL DAYS EACH SUMMER.

AT DARTMOUTH HE INDULGED IN CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

H. Kenneth Bingham is so well known in Birmingham that about the only thing that can be said of him that his friends and business associates don't already know is that in Tuesday's election he was chosen by an overwhelming majority to represent his precinct as delegate at the next County Republican Convention.

Politics is just one of the many side lines in which Ken demonstrates his versatility. For not only is he one of the community's most active insurance and real estate agents, but he has energy to devote to a dozen or more outside interests as well.

He is a past president of the Exchange Club. He was general chairman of the Community House roll call last spring. He is in almost constant demand as an actor by both the Village Players and St. Dunstan's Guild. His stamp-selling activities last winter were largely responsible for keeping the Birmingham postoffice in the first class. And withal, he finds time to keep his bridge and cribbage games polished up, and to add constantly to his fund of knowledge as an amateur cook. He plays the piano, reads the New Yorker religiously every week, and annual camping excursions keep him in trim as a fisherman.

Ken has been in the insurance and real estate business here since 1925, when he joined his father, the late Charles A. Bingham, in the firm of Bingham, Sparks and Bingham. The firm became Bingham and Bingham in 1928, and Ken has been in ful charge and Ken has been in full charge

Ken is a lifelong resident of Birmingham and a graduate of Baldwin High School. He attended military school in Hampton, Va., and Dartmouth and Michigan State Colleges, and is a member of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

The Other Chap Says Something—

POVERTY AS AN AID TO LIVING

Declaring himsef poor and glad of it, a first cousin of one of the country's richest men has been discovered "amid a scene of tenement debris" in Pittsburgh. "I wouldn't," he is quoted as saying, "trade this place for the best suite in the best hotel." Nor did he intend that comment as a reflection on Pittsburgh hostelries in particular, but upon luxury in general. "Here," he explained, "I can read, study and think."

He is right, but he is rare. Although plain living does induce high thinking, the philosopher voluntarily in his tub and the poet preferring his garret are more admirable than common. Outside the religious orders, few men choose poverty; most have it thrust upon them. In ordinary life, what is more encouraging than an isolated thinker in a squalid environment is the vast number of men and women who—without any show of austerity, and often amid surroundings of comfort, even of luxury—adopt and follow privately strict rules of life, observing abstinence in many things, "temperance in all."

Most of us are too dependent upon our material surroundings for that tranquility of spirit which makes life worth living. We are too eager to forsake the severe for the easy. Even William A. Mellon, in that Pittsburgh tenement, ends by admitting "an interest in a Colorado mine which he hopes to develop," but apparently his equanimity is not tied up in it. —Washington Post

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

The world has been going through a serious economic crisis for several years now, and to the uninformed and ignorant it seems as if nothing of the sort could ever have happened before. On all sides we hear talk of "an end of civilization", of the decay of morals and honesty, of all sorts of dire things which are happening or going to happen to the human race.

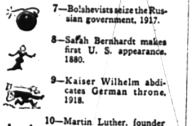
"Honesty is no longer to be found in the market-place, nor justice in the law courts, nor good craftsmanship in art, nor discipline in morals."

Common complaints, those, are they not? Well, the man who wrote that has been dead for nearly seventeen hundred years. He was Saint Cyprian of Carthage, one of the early Christian martyrs, who despaired of the world in 325 A. D.! The world was dying, Cyprian believed. He found ample signs of it. There was not enough rain to nourish the seeds, not enough sun to ripen the harvest. Agriculture was in a bad way.

There is a parallel in history for everything of which we complain today. Nothing is truer than the ancient saying that "history repeats itself." If the world had not come through crisis after crisis which seemed, at the time, as serious as the one we are now passing through, there might be no hope for the future. The only ones who are hopeless are those who do not realize that the same identical things have happened to the human race from time immemorial—and we got over them.

In St. Cyprian's day "the purchasing power of the community was shrinking." Prices were going up and money values down. Tax collectors were robbing the rich of the remnants of their wealth. Altogether the world was in a bad way. But, it seems to cheer us up to discover that, somehow, mankind got over that and all its other previous catastrophes.— Trenton (Mich.) Times.

ALMANAC



"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

NOVEMBER

5—Susan B. Anthony fails in effort to vote, 1872.

6—Abraham Lincoln is elected President, 1860.

7—Bolshevists seize the Russian government, 1917.

8—Sarah Bernhardt makes first U. S. appearance, 1880.

9—Kaiser Wilhelm abdicates German throne, 1918.

10—Martin Luther, founder of Lutheranism, born 1483.

11—Great World war ended by armistice, 1918.

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

Ed Beardsley has a new barn.

Slim showing for locals this week—too much election biz.

George H. Toms exhibited last Monday a nine-pound wild goose shot by him at William H. Smith's mill pond—'twas a beauty.

The store of F. B. Raynale & Co. was painted and cleaned last week, and it now has a neat and tidy appearance. Faint & Staley, assisted by the artistic "Tuff", wielded the brushes.

Hornets made it rather uncomfortable for some of the hearers at the Republican speeches last week Thursday evening. A number of girls were stung, but strange to say, they did no screaming.

It just makes our mouth water now to think how awful good the bear and deer meat tasted that Cal Ellenwood brought into our sanctum one day last week. The meat was splendid and went down nicely indeed; it was killed by Cal Ellenwood and Tom Ruston. Tom killed the bear, and they both had a splendid hunt up in Montmorenci County.

Election in Bloomfield passed off very quietly as usual. The Republican electoral college had a majority of 63. State ticket, 64. Wilson for Congress, 67. W. Smith, 76. J. Allen Bigelow, 72. In Oakland County, the entire Democratic ticket was elected.

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TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Seems like some of our kids think the window soaping is to last the entire year. This is wrong—forget it for a year at least.

The Sigma Tau Sorority met at the home of Miss Marion Clizbe on Southfield avenue Tuesday of this week. After the business meeting, refreshments were served, and a social evening passed all too quickly for the sisters.

It is getting the time of year when it makes the R. D. mail carrier think bad words when he has to take off his mitts to dig a few pennies out of the mail box because the patron has neglected to procure the necessary stamps. From now until the warm weather next spring people on rural routes should provide themselves with stamps and save their mail carrier a whole lot of trouble during these cold days.

Strayed—small flock of turkeys, came on the Brady farm Aug. 1. Owner can have same by paying damages to Thomas Waker, R. D. 3, Birmingham.

What is the use of trying to protect public property, when men will stand by and see it destroyed without an effort to protect it? The waste baskets on our streets are important factors of the cleanliness of our village, and should be cared for by every citizen and taxpayer.

—o—

FIVE YEARS AGO

Armistice Day—next Monday, Nov. 11—will be observed quietly in Birmingham, with schools, business houses and banks carrying on as usual. Members of the Charles Edwards Post, American Legion, will raise a flag at Maple and Woodward avenue in the morning with a brief ceremony.

A study of proposals for village welfare work, either through the establishment of a welfare department or directly through the Community House is being made today by Commissioners Hope Halgren and Lawrence Hulbert, following their appointment by the Commission Monday night when the matter was discussed.

Close of the annual Y. M. C. A. drive for $10,000 will be marked with an appreciation dinner given campaign workers by the Board of Directors Nov. 15 in the First Baptist Church, it is planned today. More than 100 persons will be invited.

Plans are completed today for the annual field day, Friday, for members of the senior grades of the Baldwin High School. A parade starting from the school in the afternoon will begin the ceremonies, which will take place at Pierce Field.

A total of $339.45 was collected by the police traffic violation bureau in fines from autoists during October, the monthly report issued today by Chief Orra J. Tuttle, shows. Twenty-six accidents are reported for the month, seven arrested for drunk driving, and 81 for speeding.

Jest For Fun

Querulous Quatrains

I'd like a troop of ants to enter
The pants of those near first row center
Who rise and shout in tones like parrots'
To friends behind, and flash their karats.

Oh Gods, release the chandelier,
Preferably upon the ear
Of the Pitdown man in the theater house
Who repeats the lines to his thick-skulled spouse.

Would that I could vent my spleen
On the flat-faced gent and his calf-eyed queen
Who clog the door and display their pelf
And won't let me out for a smoke myself.

—Albert G. Miller in "Life"

—o—

Famous Firms Free & Equal

—o—

Being Independent

A drunk was swaying back and forth on the sidewalk when the cop stepped up and asked him what he was doing and where he lived.

"Right there," he said, pointing to a house, "but I rang the bell and nobody anshered."

"How long ago was that?" asked the cop.

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"Well, why don't you try again."

"Aw, to hell with 'em—let 'em wait."

—o—

Keeping the Agreement

Collector: "See here, you're seven payments behind on your banjo."

Student: "Well, the company advertised 'Pay as You Play,' and I can't play much."

—o—

Innocent

Visitor: "I suppose you've been in the navy so long that you're used to sea legs."

Sailor: "Lady, I wasn't even looking."

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"THAT WAS ANNE CALLING FROM CHICAGO . . .
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As easily as a hail from the neighbor next door, one may receive a telephone call from the next block, from across the continent, from a ship at sea, from foreign shores.

Such ease of communication is the result of constant research by the Bell Telephone Laboratories . . . of the precise manufacturing skill of the Western Electric Company . . . of increased speed and accuracy of operation. Telephone service is a social and business asset. It enables you to keep in close touch with family and friends. In emergencies, it is priceless protection.

Telephone service may be had for only a few cents a day. For complete information, write or visit the Telephone Business Office.