

The Birmingham Eccentric

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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written and submitted with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be in the office by Wednesday noon. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the copy submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper. The writer is asked to make such changes as are necessary to the mechanical situation in the composing room. Headlines written by the writer are subject to change by the staff. No editorial or news item is published without the approval of the editor. 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.

How To Buy a Ham

A Wisconsin editor brings to the world delectable news for you folks who like ham—and that takes in a lot of hungry people. He suggests that the next time you purchase a ham, insist that it comes from the left side of the hog. You will find it more tender and juicier than the right flank.

A painstaking student of hog mannerisms, who desires to be nameless, is responsible for this odd bit of information.

It would appear that when a hog scratches his starboard, or right side, he does an intricate Charleston with his right foot. This naturally develops his muscles.

On the other hand, when he feels the urge to scratch his left flank, he merely indulges in a mild shimmy against a tree or post.

Result: Right hams are muscular and tough; those on the left side have just the right degree of succulence.

If you don't believe us, ask the next hog you see, or watch him perform for ten days.

"The Peepuls' Kandypate"

"Hank Stebbins", the author of the following letter, dropped his epistle to the voters into our postoffice box the other day, and we presume that he wishes it relayed to our readers. So, "Hank," whoever and wherever you are, here goes your supplication out on the sea of printer's ink; may it find a safe harbor, a quiet anchorage, with "your public" as its crew.

Hickville center age county august 30 dear friend im make a run fer sheriff and yan ver yeuall no me Hand Stebbins born an raged in age county this long time. never got by the third grade an nobodys got no call to call me a brane truster—just good hard common cents an a fier from way back it all got to offer ye an an fact that ther ain't a man or woman in age countys been evicted or devilled mor by the sheriff than me Hank Stebbins if i getz elected therel be no mor greef for all you good american peepul out this heer offus. i needa this job powerfull bad, been brook an hoodens as a vote for me means one mor family off the county, kvit foolin around with killin hogs an plowin under crops. We no to all that work the droult do it fer ye, an if yer gonna loos yer home kvit foolin aroun with al-fubical skeems an gett yerself sun reel peek-shun by votin me Hank Stebbins into sheriff.

Yers trooly
 Hank Stebbins
 Kandypate fer sheriff
 Age county

Ps if elected i pledge myself to give wall Street an the international bankers Hell at all times an Sunday.

Your Man In Congress

As the November election draws nigh, various candidates for Congress will ask you to cast your vote. Republican candidates, in this case George A. Dondero for this 17th District, will say various things about regimentation, inflation, loss of liberty, etc. In a general way, you know that they are opposed to most of the present Administration's liberalism—especially against Mr. Roosevelt's unwillingness to reveal his future plans.

Democratic candidates for the same offices, in this case Charles P. Webster against Mr. Dondero, will say something about "Roosevelt's three R's"—relief, recovery, reform. Mr. Webster will spout that he is "clearly behind Roosevelt." Just how far behind, you may draw your own conclusions. And that goes, with a few notable exceptions, for most of the other Democratic candidates for Congress. They are trying to get into the big show by hanging onto the Roosevelt coat-tails.

The man you send to Congress is, together with other Congressmen, more important than any President ever can be; for it is your Congress that gives or takes power from the President; to this body Mr. Roosevelt must look for his authority. Therefore, Mr. and Mrs. American Voter, your Congressman is of infinite importance to you on November 6.

Whatever you do, for your own sake please find out what your choice for a public office thinks of the issues of the day—even Mr. Roosevelt don't want a Congress of congressmen who somehow managed to get into Washington without manifesting a knowledge of the problems of the day.

Now that the U. S. Senate has learned of the harm done to civilization by the use of gunpowder, when will a Congressional Committee of austere and dignified investigators give the world some statistics on what happens when too much face powder is used?

WHEN LITTLE CHILDREN grow up they learn exactly who Santa Claus is. When more people learn more about their government, they will know that it cannot be a Santa Claus for very long without somebody having to pay for the gifts. Seems to us that a federal Santa-Claus is liable to get his whiskers burned while going down the chimney.

Patrick Henry O'Brien

Speaking of the incompetency of Patrick H. O'Brien, present attorney general of Michigan, Ed A. Nowack, publisher of The Michigan State Digest, Lansing, says some interesting things. Mr. Nowack has been about as close to O'Brien's office as any newspaper in the State. For many months the Lansing publisher has fought a terrific battle in the interests of thousands of unfortunate bondholders of various securities, and in this fight he has observed the tactics of some of O'Brien's family.

The Eccentric has very little respect for either the ability or the downright civic sincerity of our present attorney-general. The publisher of this newspaper has seen Mr. O'Brien "double-cross" others right in open court; we refer to Mr. O'Brien's about-face relative to the Grand Trunk & K. right-of-way deal when, in Pontiac, he stated that he would fight for the State's interests, and then within a half hour he pleaded on behalf of the railroad.

We have been told by many judges and lawyers of this State, who are trying to bring high ethical standards into the practice of law, that Mr. O'Brien is the most capable and the least dependable of any attorney-general within their memories. This condition is too bad—for the people who support government. The Eccentric has no quarrel with the personality of Mr. O'Brien. He may be a fine neighbor, a cordial host. But as a servant of the people, he is a tragic joke, in our opinion.

But let us revert to Publisher Nowack's recent utterance on the subject of Patrick Henry O'Brien, which goeth thusly:

There will be no mailed fist, no stern, driving decisions in the executive office if Arthur J. Lacy ascends to the throne next January 1.

That much was proved when Lacy, who hates Attorney General Patrick H. O'Brien with a consuming fire, nevertheless laid down his arms and refused to fight the O'Brien forces to the last. In the Democratic state convention Lacy had the O'Brien boys licked to a frazzle. But he lost his nerve. He let them wedge into his ticket a nominee for attorney-general who believes in the doctrines and the platform of Upton Sinclair, California Socialist recently turned Democrat.

Lacy had O'Brien by the tail on a down hill haul. And he let go. He was satisfied to take O'Brien after O'Brien had signed a statement witnessed by leading Democrats, that all appointments except his son Gerald are to be made after next January 1 by Lacy if Lacy and O'Brien both are elected.

More conflicting opinions have come from the attorney-general's office in the less than two years it has been occupied by O'Brien than in any similar period in Michigan history. The son of the attorney-general, Danny, has been in much debt to the stock and bond swindlers. The Digest recently printed excerpts from a speech made by O'Brien in which he clashed Huey (as a phony to everyone else) Long, of Louisiana, as one of the two men in the United States having fearless independence. Lacy had it in his power to rid the state of O'Brienism. By insisting on another candidate he could have at least performed the service of guaranteeing that a matter which party wins in November there will not be an O'Brien as attorney-general. Lacy surrendered on the field of battle.

Presidential Timber

Would you like to have a Michigan citizen in the White House at Washington? Then ponder the political future of Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican candidate for re-election November 6. Senator Vandenberg is Grand Rapids' most distinguished citizen today; he is being mentioned prominently from many sources as a potential nominee for his Party for President in 1936. It is interesting that Mr. Vandenberg's great record at Washington alone has made him the recipient of such high consideration. He deserves the vote of all good citizens on November 6. (Knowing him as we do, we can recommend him to the Democrats, too. And this in spite of the fact that we like Frank A. Picard, Senator Vandenberg's Democratic opponent.)

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

JUST SITTING—WAS I CHEATED?—Wondering about that old fellow... Trying to make up my mind whether to be angry or humiliated or philosophical about him... Whether to let the whole operation go or to shut them tight and close the account.

A nice, old fellow came in to see me. Came in to tell me he liked what I wrote and he used to work on a newspaper, too, and he still did the little corresponding now and then himself... Sort of sweet, old fellow, seemed kind and gentle, without a bit of contrivance or scheming in his heart. Told me about his sickness, told me about the life he'd lived... Pleasant to talk to, that old fellow, and he's the one I can't decide about.

Last time I saw him he told me he was in some temporary trouble. He was living on about 15 cents a day, and he'd had a little sudden expense and had run out of money. And he'd been doing good eating or something, but he'd run out of money. I would let him have just enough money to carry him until Wednesday. His small pension check as a Spanish-American would come then. I would let him have it, without fail... and he'd be on hand that very afternoon to pay me back. I could trust him. He said I didn't need to. (Looking back, I know I didn't because letting him have a dollar seemed as certain as putting it in my own pocket and getting it back again.) I handed over the dollar—and I have not seen him since.

That Wednesday when he promised I'd see him SURE, was eight days ago, and that sweet old fellow hasn't come back. I called him up and he didn't telephone and I didn't get my dollar back... I don't mind the dollar—well, not so very much—but I don't mind the fact that I've been cheated and I hurt and I hate to make that time I'll confess it and all about it... Lenny, who was sitting at her desk and heard the whole conversation, says he'll be back, she SURE he'll be back, she'll wait back, she'll wait—and I surely do hope she's right.

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 40



BORN IN ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS



HI JOB MGR. OF A AND D'S MODEL STORE

James E. Roudy, manager of the A. & D. Model Store, Birmingham, was born in Aberdeen, S. D. After attending high school and business college in Aberdeen, he came to Birmingham in 1923 and has been in charge of the chain stores ever since.

His first job was in Omaha, Neb., where he was in charge of a Piggly-Wiggly store for five years. After receiving the usual company training, in 1928 he was transferred to Detroit, where he employed a year by the Clarence Saunders Stores before joining the A. & P. chain.

For a short time he was manager of an A. & P. store at Six Mile road and Parkside drive, and for the next two years was in charge of the store at 210 West Nine Mile road.

He has been in Birmingham since July, 1933. Jim is an ardent fan of all after receiving the usual company training, in 1928 he was transferred to Detroit, where he employed a year by the Clarence Saunders Stores before joining the A. & P. chain.

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 young lady in Troy accidentally put her foot in it one day last week—a two-gallon crock of butter—and that a footprint in the snow.

Good news for school girls. The Highland Vinegar and Pickle Works will put up about 10,000 barrels of pickles this year.

"Four Girls at Home" by Mrs. Allen, "I Say No" by Wilkie Collins; "Dr. Servier" by Cable, have been placed upon the Library shelves.

Mr. E. S. Lacey delivered an excellent address to a well filled hall at National hall on Thursday evening last. The campaign is opening up in good earnest in Bloomfield.

William H. Smith, the busy city mill man, was seen last week with a bushel of apples for cider. He also has a lot of empty whiskey barrels, just the thing for the mill, and he sells them at the low rate of \$1.50 each.

Lost on Sabbath evening, Oct. 12, a large black sow. Seen last going east out of Birmingham. If anyone finds her, notify the undersigned, and I will call for her and pay charges. J. McCracken, Box 221, Birmingham, Mich.

Go to see the old Hungry Nine square themselves on the diamond once more. This afternoon they will try to beat the Oxford boys. The Oxford Nine are the champions of the county, and an exciting game is in store for all lovers of the sport.

FIVE YEARS AGO
 Nonations continue to pour into the Community House fund in Birmingham, which is being staged in the village and the Hills.

A survey of the condition of pollution along the Rouge is recommended today to the Oakland County drain commission by a committee of officials from affected districts following a meeting yesterday at the Municipal Building here.

Whether Birmingham will have a visiting nurse to make calls on persons who can not afford to pay for the service will be announced next Monday night by the Village Commission.

Birmingham police pistol team made a fine showing last week when the members entered the first competition held at Lansing. Patrolman Moody, Sergeant Green and Green have displayed persistency in keeping up their practice week after week.

Whole hearted co-operation was shown throughout the village during fire prevention week, which closed last Sunday, according to fire department officials.

Signboards in Bloomfield Hills Village which fail to comply with new regulations, must be removed. This is the unanimous decision reached by the Village Commission after discussion of the matter for several months.

Two one-act comedies and a tragedy comprise the bill that users in the Players' season with their opening performance tomorrow night at the Village Playhouse.

One Minute Pulpit

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—Psalm 141:2.

The Other Chap Says Something

"PIGS IS PIGS" After our own little pigs have been slaughtered to prevent them from attaining the status of hogs and hogging the market, the United States Department of Agriculture and the Iowa agricultural experiment station are importing pigs from Denmark.

The Danish pigs, they say, have a background of performance records. Their other claim is that the Danish pigs make better bacon will have to be proved at the breakfast table.

The more we watch the whirring on which the brain trusters are giving American agriculture a ride the less we comprehend the way the pig is whirling. American pigs are destroyed and the swine breeders are controlled because we have too many pigs. Now pigs are brought from Denmark because their family records show they will replace our native pigs faster than will our American strain.

Will foreign wheat and cotton and peanuts also be brought in because they will provide greater yields and more quickly replace what we have plowed under?—Dan P. Cochrane in Hartford Day Spring.

WILL RADIO BE GAGGED?

No less an authority than Walter Lippmann, the distinguished writer and authority on economic matters, warns against a possibility that radio may be gagged. He points out that Mr. Pettey is not only secretary of the Federal Radio Commission but that he is also in charge of radio time for the Democratic Party. Lippmann calls upon the President to remove Mr. Pettey from his dual position where he might easily keep off the air currents of its doings. To control everything that goes over the air and then to have your own propaganda to put out is a dangerous thing.

The Herald-Tribune of New York City has criticized the Radio Commission and the latter attempted to have the paper "render an account" of its doings. That is not American and any attempt to gag the radio by any bureaucrats will not be tolerated by our citizens.

It will be a sorry day for the United States if the freedom of the air is gagged by politicians or anyone else.—Dick Baldwin in Northville Record.

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SORRY, ED. WE HAD A RUSH JOB THE OTHER DAY AND COULD HAVE USED YOU. BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A TELEPHONE, SO WE CALLED JOHNSTON.

When an application is made for work, either to an employer or at an employment agency, it is very important that the applicant be able to give a telephone number at which he can be reached. For, when jobs open, the quickest and easiest way to summon workers is by telephone. Other things being equal, the applicant who has a telephone is quite likely to get first call.

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

A TELEPHONE OFTEN HELPS FIND WORK

The Underdog
 "Swimming with Joe."
 "But Joe can't swim."
 "No? Then he sure can stay under a long time."—Mercury.

Very Simply
 First: This goes Mrs. Suburban-Ayres. They say every penny her husband gets goes on her back.
 Second: Poor man! He must have been out of work when that gown was made.

The Hitch-Hiker
 Hitch-hikers find more use for thumbs than anyone supposes; in fact, when they're refused a lift they use them on their noses. They use them on their noses.—Judge.