

The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1934

Vandenberg Is Progressive. Himself an independent thinker whose editorials express sincerity and logical conclusiveness, Floyd J. Miller, publisher of The Royal Oak Daily Tribune, writes about Michigan's Junior United States Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg.

Because we are still in doubt as to what many of the future New Deal policies are, it is difficult to say that one will approve or will oppose all of them. Yet many men are candidates for the United States Senate or for Congress on such an indefinite platform.

Whether Democrats or Republicans, they are appealing to the voters' emotions and prejudices, rather than to his good sense, when they run on any such platform.

Mr. Vandenberg has shown himself too big a man to criticize measures simply because they are introduced by a Democrat or supported by a Democratic President. Likewise he has shown that he is not afraid of any opposition when he believes a certain course of action is for the best interests of the entire country.

Today's Task. Here is something furnished for the scrap-booking by the Christian Science Monitor, and if its suggestions were followed we would have a more friendly and more helpful world:

- I will wait till tomorrow to whine about my woes; today I will sing my song. I will wait till tomorrow to give up; today I will keep the bulldog grip. I will wait till tomorrow to pass judgment upon my fellows; today I will accept them and enjoy them. I will wait till tomorrow to get even with the other fellow; today I will put in the time getting even with myself. I will wait till tomorrow to worry about things over which I have no control; today I'll concentrate my efforts on things within my control. I will wait till tomorrow to fall down on my job; today I'll hold it down even if it balks like a mule. I will wait till tomorrow to read trash; today I'll treat my mind to the best that there is in the whole realm of literature. I will wait till tomorrow to say the unkind word; today I will say only the kindly and helpful things. I will wait till tomorrow to act in such a way that I shall make enemies; today I will bend all my efforts toward making friends. I will wait till tomorrow to be niggardly; today I will give generously of myself and my means. Tomorrow and I shall never meet, since each tomorrow, as it passes through the portals of time, comes today. Hence all I need do is to live my best today, which does not seem so much of a task.

Set An Example, FDR. There never has been an administration at Washington so radically disposed to correct the morals and ethics—or lack of both—of the nation's citizens as the present Roosevelt one.

Gen. Johnson Was "Safe". General Hugh S. Johnson has relinquished his domination over NRA. With all his faults, and there were many, he was a disciple of the Tried & Proven, rather than the mere school of Experiment & Experiment Make.

Fitzgerald Replies

Honorable George R. Averill The Birmingham Eccentric Birmingham, Michigan Dear George:

Your letter of the nineteenth received, also copy of the open letter which was printed in your good publication of last week.

You know me personally and you know my record in public office extending over a period of twenty-two years. You are the last man who should misjudge my motives of the future.

After looking over my past history and my present platform, the only thing the Democratic candidate for Governor could criticize is the fact that some man a hundred miles away had voted for me in the primaries.

I had no complaint to make when a dimmy issue like this was raised by the Democrats but when it is taken up by Republicans and especially a Republican press, then that changes the whole situation.

FRANK D. FITZGERALD.

(Note: The above answer to my last week's "Open Letter to Frank D. Fitzgerald," appearing in this column, arrived Wednesday noon from Lansing. In his first paragraph Mr. Fitzgerald seems to imply that the "open letter" was printed last week; in his last paragraph he seems to have forgotten that the letter was printed, and declares that if it is published Mr. Fitzgerald has "been assassinated in the house of a friend."

As I stated in my "open letter," I have known and liked "Fitz" for years; I still like and admire him very, very much.

My "open letter" was not an attack upon his personality, but merely a question directed at the present titular head of Michigan Republicanism. Mr. Fitzgerald knows that I am under no obligations to any group or clique of politicians in Michigan; he knows that I have loyally supported the best Republican principles available, that I have given much time and some money to a sincere effort to assist our great Party in giving better and more economical public service through government. The above letter does not answer my question, except by indirection based upon subtle evasion.

Revenue From Lotteries. Engaging in the lottery racket to provide welfare funds is being considered by Detroit. New York has decided to go ahead on such a plan.

Refuge In Danger. Recently a typhoon in Japan killed more than 2,000, injured more than 13,000, and resulted in 218 missing. Yet those who survive—most of them—will rebuild their cities, their towns, and, after mending the passing of their loved ones, remain in the typhoon threatened area.

Value Of A Boy. It is stated that \$4,000.00 represents the commercial and social value of every 21-year-old boy in any American community.

New York's Former Mayor, Jimmy Walker, is said to be living the quiet life of an English noble. He has forsaken the white lights of Broadway for the freckled flickers of by Surrey cottage.

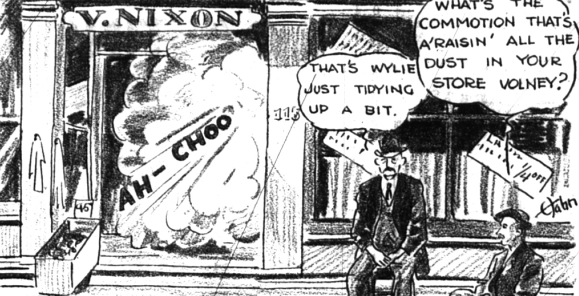
Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper suggests that the entire nation become air-minded. It is trying to prepare us for that type of inflation that will lift our national currency to new heights of buoyancy?

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 37 ALL WE NEED NOW IS A FOOL HORN!



A TAIL LIGHT SHOULD BE PART OF HIS EQUIPMENT ON THESE EARLY MORNING RIDES. S.O. WYLIE BELL



EIGHT DOLLARS PER MONTH AND "KEEP" WAS WYLIE'S FIRST JOB.

S. O. Wylie Bell, who has been a general director in Birmingham of a horse, and made up his mind for 34 years, is probably as familiar with the history and growth of Birmingham over the last 40 years as any living person—and certainly no one gets any more fun than he does out of telling about it.

Wylie was born on a farm at the corner of Thirteen Mile and Evergreen roads, in Southfield Township, and lived there until he was 16 years old, when he came to Birmingham to work in the factory of the old National Hotel, and later in the shoe business.

ALL OF US By Marshal Maslin. TWO YOUNG men who couldn't get a job and wouldn't beg, went into the California woods to look for gold.

They knew nothing about gold hunting, but they were young, strong and energetic, in love with life, not infected by any doubts of its value, and they intended to have a good time wherever they were and whatever they were doing.

They didn't find much gold. Just about enough for some of them to sell. They dug, they panned, they sweated, they toiled and they found just about enough gold to buy food at the country stores. . . . And when winter came, they did not retreat to the city. They were in a national forest and they decided to stay where they were, in the woods, in the deep-lying snow.

They built themselves a house, with a hammer, an axe, an adze and nails. Cut down trees, erected a frame, covered it with slabs, split one tree into the roof, split other trees and made a wood floor, carried rocks to the site, found yellow clay and made a fireplace. They found an abandoned automobile, built a waterwheel in a creek, and had electric lights in their house. . . . For food they had beans, home made bread, flapjacks and hardy any vegetables or fruit. And they did have plenty of meat. They shot deer and trapped bear, and salted the meat down for winter use.

When spring came the West Point graduate went back home to take a job, the Saxon youth came back to town again with only a few nuggets in his pocket.

But I think those two did find plenty of gold. They found it in themselves. They learned what a man CAN do when he tries. They learned how much they knew, how much they could stand. Out of it they were in that cabin in the hills, out of that rugged experience, they took the stuff of their own but half-accepted from it forced their own personal characters. They made themselves forever independent of the little nagging needs and necessities of other men. . . . They will be forever able, now, to stand alone.

Jest For the Fun of It. Hooked! Slightly Sour Grapes. A girl who goes Where she shouldn't. Often meets her family. I love you just enough to make My dates with you a bit exciting. But not enough that I would tell You just how much that is in writing. Men who cater to your wishes Always help you wash the dishes. Love can live in dingy places, Love can live in homely faces; Love goes on without much heading. But love will die from overfeeding. —Evelyn Love Cooper in "Judge"

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 nice shower on Monday did words of good.

Miss Jennie McKinney teaches the school near the Irish Church and she will teach it well.

The skating rink just more than boometh, and a great many available themselves of the opportunity to grate on wheels.

Mrs. Stephen Hill of Big Beaver bran new Steve howl with joy one day last week when she put a baby new girl baby into his arms.

We heard a gentleman friend of ours say recently that if those Pontiac "nudes" came around his house any more evenings he'd set the dogs on 'em and shoot, too, so you nudes or dudes want to watch out.

Alvin Leach, a young man who works for Thomas Stone, was fooling with a revolver on Sunday last when the revolver and one of his fingers went off almost simultaneously. He will recover, and so will the revolver.

Married at the residence of the bride's parents, Tuesday evening, Sept. 23, by Rev. S. V. McKee, Mr. Louis McBride to Miss Hattie Peabody, both of this place.

Twenty-five years ago Miss Maud Hannah of Henrietta street is the possessor of a fine new piano.

It has been years since peaches have been so plentiful as they are just now. Team after team with wagons loaded to the limit are getting cityward. Prices have settled down to \$1.50 for good yellow stock. We are informed that big peach raisers turn their hogs into the orchard to eat plenty of real good ones rather than sell them for less than \$1.50 to \$2 per bushel.

The biggest bunch of grapes we ever saw raised in this vicinity were shown us by Thomas A. Ward. They were of the Niagara kind, green in color, perfect in the fruit and the single bunch weighed one and a half pounds.

Mr. Joe Wilcox is a busy young merchant last week he took unto himself a wife—Miss Mae Chipman of Detroit, and the young couple are joyfully settled in C. W. Crawford's home. Joe is certainly a winner, both in love affairs and in business competition.

FIVE YEARS AGO. Nearly 600 persons are expected to convene here next Thursday for the annual association conference of the Baptist Church in the Detroit area.

Once again the equestrian world turns to the Bloomfield Open Hunt club for the outstanding racing event of the season. The club is expected to hold its annual event on Saturday over the famous Oakdale course on Square Lake road.

Owners of property adjacent to the new Grand Trunk right-of-way will meet Monday in the Birmingham Municipal Building at a condemnation hearing between the state and the owner.

Probate Judge Dan A. McGaffey of Oakland County made a plea for better home environment in the rearing of children in his address yesterday noon to the Birmingham Lions Club. Crime, he maintained, will be reduced when children have a more intelligent home environment.

WABEEK STATE BANK. WABEEK BLDG. BIRMINGHAM, MICH. DIRECTORS: W. M. CORNELIUS, HENRY T. EWALD, FRANK COUZENS, GEO. B. JUDSON, JAMES COUZENS.

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THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING. "Jails are built out of honest men's earnings. Courts are supported from peaceful men's property. Penitentiaries are built by the tools of virtue. Crime never pays its own way. Vice has no hand to work, no head to calculate. Its whole faculty is to corrupt and waste; and no man, directly or indirectly, foot the bill."—Livingstone County Republican-Press.

One Minute Pulpit. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Psalm 126:5.

ALMANAC. Where are we going? Search me.

EVERY HOME NEEDS TELEPHONE PROTECTION. Hundreds of Michigan telephone users know the value of telephone service in such emergencies as fire, sickness, accident or burglary. And they know that the quickest way to summon doctor, firemen or police is by telephone.

TO ORDER A TELEPHONE, VISIT, WRITE OR CALL THE TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE.