

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 by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper.

Next Tuesday, a free voter in this great commonwealth of Michigan, will be privileged to select candidates for the various offices of government that will be on the ballot.

If you are a Democrat, the field of candidates is wide; your selection of officials from United States Senator to county coroner can be made from an assorted field of human beings, some of them able and decent, some of them highly incompetent and quite objectionable.

If you are a Republican, you can make a similar choice or choices. For both major political parties contain elements that are praiseworthy and blameworthy. Make no mistake about that.

As far as we are concerned, we intend to vote the Republican ticket. And if you wish to know whom we shall vote for Congress and for the major state offices, here they are:

For United States Senator, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Mr. Vandenberg is the present incumbent, is able, honest, and decent in both his public and private life, and is broad enough to keep his mind open to progressive legislation—even if some of it originates from the Democrats.

For congressman from the 14th congressional district, George A. Dondero of Royal Oak, present incumbent, Mr. Dondero has thus far, in his term at Washington, departed himself with decency and dignity. He knows the needs of his district and while he is not possessed of all the aggressive qualities of statesmanship that we would like to see, he is able to give an acceptable account of himself.

For congressman from the 17th congressional district, former Governor, Mr. Groesbeck acquitted himself to the credit of Michigan. He served three terms, and brought into state government many efficient qualities that resulted in progress for our people; he is an excellent executive and is not associated with any group or clique whose interests are merely mercenary.

For lieutenant governor, Fred A. Ming of Cheboygan, former speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives, Mr. Ming is able, knows how to preside, and loves people well enough to try and be a good public officer as well as on his heels in Tom Reed of Shelby, a former lieutenant governor and also able. You can make no mistake about either Ming or Reed—both for Ming because we know him better than we do.

For state senator, Andrew L. Moore, present incumbent, Mr. Moore is perhaps as well versed in state tax matters as any man who ever sat in the Michigan upper house. While we have not always agreed with every reform advanced by Senator Moore, we do admit his progressive attitude toward the taxpayers' problem. Mr. Moore is unopposed for the nomination, but we intend to vote for him in November.

For state representative, new candidates offer their services on the Republican ticket, Melvin A. Lee of the Royal Oak, present incumbent, and Archie G. Leonard of Pontiac, former Oakland County deputy school commissioner and now a practicing attorney in Pontiac. Mr. Lee has served two terms at Lansing, has accomplished a number of good measures, and is on occasion a hard worker. Mr. Leonard is a sincere, capable chap desirous of carving a secure place for himself in the realm of public service. Take your choice between these two Republican candidates for state representative.

Other offices to be voted on are those surrounding our county government. These range from that of sheriff to a mere delegate for the coming political convention.

NEXT TUESDAY IS YOUR DAY TO SELECT PEOPLE TO FILL THE PUBLIC OFFICES THAT YOU, AS TAXPAYERS, SUPPORT.

A Little Parable for Mothers: The young Mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" she asked.

And her Guide said: "Yes, And the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young Mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed with them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them, and the wind was good, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

The night came, and storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the Mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Oh, Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come."

And the Mother said, "This is better than brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage. And when the storm comes, and there is a hill ahead, and the children climb and grow weary, and the Mother was weary, but at all times she said to the children, 'A little patience, and we are there.' So the children climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, 'We could not have done it without you, Mother.' And the Mother lay down that night, looked up at the stars, and said: 'This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today I have given them strength.'

And the next day came strange clouds, which denoted a day of war and blood, and evil, and the children groined and stumbled, and the Mother said: 'Look up. Lift your eyes to the light.' And the children looked and saw above the clouds an Everlasting Glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, 'This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God.'

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the Mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was hard, they helped their mother, and when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates hung wide.

And the Mother said: 'I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them.'

And the children said: 'You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates. And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And the Mother: 'We can not see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a Living Presence.'—Temple Bailey.

A Heavy Loss: Birmingham has had the misfortune to lose two of its most valuable citizens at almost the same time. Clarence Vliet has already left the community and begun his new work as school superintendent in Bellevue, Mich., and Mrs. Nancy B. Thomas will leave to assume charge of the public library in Appleton, Wis., as soon as a successor can be found to take up her work.

Both of these persons have made invaluable contributions to this community, contributions which have raised the standard of life here far higher than it was before they came. Mr. Vliet especially has played a direct and forceful part in moulding Birmingham into the kind of city it is today. As superintendent of the public schools for 17 years, he was responsible in large measure for establishing the high quality of our school system and for the buildings, all of which were erected during his administration.

Mr. Thomas, though a resident of Birmingham for many years, and through his interesting work more closely to one institution, was no less sincere and unselfish in her devotion to that institution and to the task of making it a vital, indispensable part of the community's life—a task in which she has been eminently successful in her seven years as librarian of Baldwin Park Library.

All of Birmingham will feel keenly the loss of both Mr. Vliet and Mrs. Thomas. And the highest respect and kindest wishes of all the community will go with them to their new tasks.

Mortality Needed: Morality, which includes "love thy neighbor as thyself," is the basis of all human stability. Wars, depressions, famines, pestilences, and similar calamities, arise from the world of men and women so because a majority of these men and women have forsaken the "straight and narrow path." Simple, plain, old-fashioned sincerity and honesty are mostly needed to re-build this wasted world of stricken human beings.

All of Us: DEATH IN THE FAMILY: THOSE FAMILIES who come with help and comfort are gone. They did what they could, knowing it was pitifully little, but they came and they did things, and they spoke the little words that are so futile, but mean so much in memory's book.

All the business, all the sad details are finished. The minister who spoke those rich words of the funeral service has said goodbye and gone his way, too. Only family is here in this quiet house. Almost relieved in their numbered bereavement, glad to be alone at last.

It seems so strange that one who was so vital will never walk through those rooms again. There he sat and there he hung his coat when he came in from his work; that's his pipe over there on the desk, and in the front room by the window is the bed where he so serenely died.

It is better not to be thinking of such things. Better to busy oneself with the necessary demands of the living that remain to be done. He would not wish his family to sit here alone and grieve too helplessly. He was never like that himself. He and she stood straight against his blows. That man who is gone.

One should grieve, perhaps. But no one wishes food. They eat, they sleep, and yet they MUST eat something. They will feel better if they do. So they prepare a meal and sit around the table and say casual things and each tries in his own way to be cheerful and to comfort the others. And sitting together like this they do come closer to each other. They are friends as well as members of the same family. Their interests unite them, and they are glad that one who they have lost has brought them together again.

They feel stronger, somehow. They are happy for many a day. And they will do what he told them. He was never like that himself. He and she stood straight against his blows. That man who is gone.

Birmingham Business Leaders

No. 34: HOMER HAD ONE OF THE FIRST CARS IN OAKLAND COUNTY, AND THIS IS HOW HE ENJOYED IT ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.



Though he was born on a farm at the corner of Monnier and Long Lake roads in Troy Township, Homer Leonard says boy took far more interest in batteries and gas engines than he did in fields and farms, so his family and friends were not surprised when he turned to the electrical business for a livelihood when he became a young man.

Homer attended school in Troy and Royal Oak, and had plenty of opportunity of adding to his knowledge of mechanics and electricity while driving a Ford of 1906 vintage, one of the first ever owned

by an Oakland County resident. He went to work for a Royal Oak electrical firm in 1910, and founded the Leonard Electrical Company in Birmingham two years later, at about the time the Detroit Edison Company was extending its current from Detroit. Up to that time, Birmingham had been illuminated by its own small gas plant.

Homer's first shop here was in the basement of Wylie Bell's funeral parlors, then on North Wood, near avenue near Maple avenue. Later he moved into Library Hall on the southeast corner of Woodward and Maple, and from there

went to the store space now occupied by McBride's Restaurant. Since 1923 he has been in his present location at 162 West Maple avenue.

Following the constant changes and improvements being made in the construction of radios and other electrical appliances, keep Homer busy a good share of the time, but he still finds a few leisure hours for pastimes around at a home-made work bench, where he likes to turn out bird houses, household appliances and other articles which satisfy his early-born desire to put things together and make them run.

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: School begun. William Robinson is adding an upright to his house. A Big Beaver lady wants to know the campaign "soap" is made from the campaign "ye".

McBride and Johnston have everything in apple pie order at their roller rink in the store formerly occupied by D. E. Wilber, and to-morrow (Friday) evening open the same to the public.

The biggest tomato extant was brought in on Saturday evening by John Crawford, weighed 2 pounds, 6 ounces, and was as big as your hat, provided of course, that you don't wear a Gainsborough.

A valuable letter belonging to the lady whose house has been prowled by the chirmen crew was found in a melon patch in the village. The boy can find it and paying "Be the post-office and calling for the melons. His name will soon be exposed.

On Friday last Miss Jennie Keyes retired from her summer sojourn at Ludington and Harbor Springs. She looks hale and hearty, although she weighed exactly the same as she did on the morning she left, she declares that she has had a good time and has laughed enough to make a fat person poor.

Jest For The Fun of It

A Bit Too Far: A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop. The judge said to the witness: 'How did you see the man?'

The Cautious Sutor to His Love's Father: I came to ask your daughter's hand, but first, how do her tonsils stand? I have my doubts.

How are her dental gold reserves? I don't want billings. For bridges and fillings. I'm a far-sighted fellow.

How long has it been since you talked with the "folks back home"? The Long Distance operator will tell you the rate to any point, and you will find the cost surprisingly low.

WABECK STATE BANK: WABECK BLDG. BIRMINGHAM, MICH. DIRECTORS: W. M. CORNELIUS, HENRY T. ETWALD, FRANK COUZENS, GEO. B. JUDDSON, JAMES COUZENS.

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING: CONFIDENCE: There is not the slightest doubt that business recovery is being held back in many instances merely because of doubt and uncertainty regarding what government is going to do.

Today the banks are full of money but none except the distressed will borrow. No one under present conditions wants to borrow to make investments or for business purposes.

JUST THINK: A progression is a man who wears last year's suit, drives this year's car and lives on next year's income.

"HERE'S MY ROUND TRIP TICKET TO HOME, SWEET HOME": "In just a moment I'll be talking to Dad and Mother again... hearing their voices, getting the news from home. I don't see them often, but I talk to them regularly. They live miles away, but they're only minutes away by telephone."

One Minute Pulpit: They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. Psalm 125:1.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE CO: Illustration of a telephone operator.