Four Men in A Tub!

(Editor's Note—An appraisal of four men mentioned prominently as candidates for Congress are discussed in the following article written by Mrs. Peter M. Markey, 447 Hanna street, and submitted to The Eccentric after friends had urged her to do so.)

Mr. Dewey

J. Q. Adams got elected to Congress after he was through being President. Teddy Roosevelt went, after wild game in Africa (he wouldn't need anything wilder now). Herbert Hoover is busy leading the country in the Finnish relief. President Franklin is looking ahead, and preparing to lead Europe in a peace effort (some EFFORT), now that people are showing a preference for sled and reindeer traditions. If one can believe what they read the Macedonian Alex just sat down and had a good cry when he had done all he could; which probably reduced his ego to proper proportions and was easiest on his friends, especially if he cried in privacy and it only made the headlines when it was good copy. . .

If I remember correctly, U. S. Grant was the first man to brave the Washington Tradition; but all the gratitude of a united nation did not outweigh their reverence for a third term tradition. Teddy Roosevelt demonstrated that the Republican party preferred defeat to abrogating the third term tradition. If you want to know how strong that feeling was, visit Mt. Rushmore and see his face there on the granite side of the cliff and know that that was a man America delighted to honor.

But what is a man to do when the nation's highest gift comes to him in early middle life and all of life afterwards is anti-climax? Think that through, Mr. Tommy.

The advantages are all with the nation. First and foremost your face is turned to the future. And you haven't so much of a past yourself that familiarity has bred a contempt for what the American past has built up for our nation's background (we inherited that trait from England). But you have had maturing experiences in public life which ought to have given you the wisdom to steer a safe and sane course in the various problems and difficulties of a nation's life. Which is a way of saying that you still have the vision without which the people perish. Also that when you see the right you can attain it without too much circumvention. Another advantage to the nation if you are nominated and elected, is that you will have a young family. Too young to have their pictures in the papers above the announcement of divorce action or remarriage afterward. The moving pictures of today are wonderful; but it would be terrible if the whole nation went matrimonially Hollywood and adopted the try, try again method in family life. No, no, Mr. President, we want our First Family to be First in our respect as well as first in our loyalty and affections. We can overlook some vagaries in genius but the hand that rocks the cradle whether Dad's or Mom's, must not precipitate an avalanche. Another advantage to consider is that you know enough politics and not too much, as might be the case if you were older in years and experience.

I remember in one presidential campaign one of the virtues extolled in the candidate was, "He don't know politics," which was too true and his greatest weakness. Politics is a mixture of personal authority, personal considerations of both your self and everybody else on a big scale; and a regard for the public weal, all in the right proportions. Just like making johnny cake for breakfast. If the buttermilk is too sour you put in more soda or vice versa. You use some sugar from Louisiana, some cornmeal from Illinois, some flour from Minnesota and some salt from Michigan and what have you? Just a soppy mess that'll run all over the kitchen floor. But put it in the oven and bake it and oh boy! So, Tommy, when you have your proper mixture give it to Congress and let the heat of sectional difference debake it to a nice sustaining, lifegiving article. Maybe hot air will do just as well. Just remember that as long as motion pictures show us Westerns and Pioneering, just so long will we be strong individualist. One if individualism is to have good manners the good old Constitution must be respected; those checks and balances which make for economic progress and national stability. Yes sir, we want our presidents to be politically-minded but to never forget that there are other men in the nation who are just as capable of being good presidents as he is whoever he may be, or whoever he is.

Mr. Taft

This goes for you too, Bobby We wouldn't mind having you for our honored president of the United States of America. In fact we would be proud to have you follow in your father's footsteps. It might serve to put our Lares and Penates back on the God-shelf. We also look forward to seeing you appointed to the U. S. Supreme Court in course of time, whether you are elected president or not.

Mr. Vandenberg

If either of you two men don't know what to do at any time just ask Van. Ah! there's a man as couldn't help being a man. He lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, an ideal American state. Neither large nor small, neither rich nor poor; a self-respecting, God fearing busy place in which to live and work. Then roll your eyes over his name — VANDENBERG doesn't it fairly smell of Hollands dikes and tulips? If any country on earth has shown how to mind her own business and keep to the task of finding the sources of prosperity and happiness for its people, it's Holland.

Wouldn't you think that a man of such an ancestry would have the political instincts and acumen to guide us along the untrodden ways that he ahead? The Lord God Almighty isn't enough for the Hollanders. They have much reverence and loyalty that God doesn't absorb it all. So like England they have a sovereign. Or maybe they like to say and say, "This is our province, Your Majesty." Practicing that, they keep their chin up and take whatever comes with out national embarrassment. We seem to only stick our neck out. Oh, well, Little Holland has taken it on the chin and come through, so they must have something there. Oh well, yes, I know, but then Grand Rapids is different and Michigan Dutchmen are different than New York Dutchmen. Grand Rapids, Holland, and Kalamazoo, Michigan are made up largely of Dutch ancestry and where there is a large proportion of like-minded people the original traits of character are more tenacious. And whether they grow celery or attract a bank they are some of the finest citizenry of our land. I lived with them and I know.

Don't you really like to ride in the back seat when you know you have an experienced driver? He won't take us for three lays either. In fact he doesn't seem to be considering going round once again which may be a very good thing for the country, everything considered.

Mr. Gannett

Has it occurred to anyone that we have never had a president from the Fourth Estate? Well, why not? Any man who can judge public opinion with courtesy and respect enough to make it a paying proposition and at the same time have decided opinions of his own ought to find the presidency right up his alley. Besides it would be something of an anyway to Horace Greeley. If Vandenberg sounds Dutch, Gannett sounds French. I wonder if the Gannetts came to this country with the Wallons?

If the Democrats nominate Byrd of Virginia we can tell the world that Gannett of New York is another kind of bird. That is because the state of New York has within its borders and on its pages of history more of American experience than any other state, not excepting Virginia or Massachusetts. Within the state is a large Indian Reservation and the latest Genghis Khan from Europe; the safest statesman and the biggest crab in captivity from the last year's college seniors; some of the most honored and God-fearing men and some of the most mercenary racketeers and gunmen, all living short distances from each other.

Rub a dub duly, these men in a tub! And whether they float down the beautiful Ohio and beat the drums along the Mohawk or sit in the latest antique chair from Grand Rapids or march to the White House they are our men. Let's be glad of them and let us all pray, with a king of long ago; "Lord keep back Try servant also, from presumptuous sins and let them not have dominion over me." Always remember that no matter how large a figure one cuts in political life once in every four years he is reduced to his lowest common denominator.

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Sugarin' Time

Sap flowing in maple trees signals spring's arrival and returns tidy income to many Michigan "sugar bush" owners. Total value of Michigan maple products last year, was $218,000, highest since 1931, with 285,000 trees tapped, 17,000 pounds of sugar and 104,000 gallons of syrup produced.

From the Women's Angle

By NELLIE HURLEY MINIFIE

Now that the coming of April is only a matter of a few days it is nice to recall the beauties of a summer that is all too fleeting. It is especially gratifying to reminisce on any one of these late and not lamented bone-chilling days when the mere breath of spring is almost more than a soul can bear.

Miss Minifie

But summer to many of us means more than swimming suits, tan brown skin and baseball games. It means warm weather and the smell of sawdust rings. It means arising at dawn's earliest crack and beating a path to the ant-hill of town where a busy little society mills about erecting tents for the performers and quarters for the animals.

Watching a circus pitch its tents preparatory to a day's work is an education in itself. It is a lesson in conservation of energies and the benefits of mussed coordination. It teaches that with methodical planning practically anything is possible, even the erection of a little community that is completely torn down a few hours later to make way for another town and another day.

But aside from the fascination of watching the actual operations of a circus arising from a caravan of trucks and trains, who is there who ever forget the odor of popcorn, the taste of cotton candy or the sight of a gayly colored balloon clutched dickily in a tiny, sticky fist? Is there anyone who hasn't experienced that stuff sinking feeling in the pit of their tummy when the blonde lady on the flying trapeze steps and seems almost to miss the thin handle bar that is suspended on a thread in mid-air.

And who is there who will ever forget the roar of a dozen wild cats caged in a pen where bars seem too flimsy to keep the animal from the throngs that fill the tent when the performance has finally begun?

The aura that surrounds circus life is felt the strongest in the very young but it is feeling that never completely evades any of us. Nor, we hope, will it ever, for when we lose this thrill we will have completely forgotten our childhood.

By KATHERINE W. GEORGE

"Flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la." Well, spring is here but you wouldn't guess it, what with snow and ice still blanketing the countryside and the temperature flirting with zero. And I'm afraid you won't find any flowers blooming for quite awhile.

I don't remember how March came in, but it must have been like a lamb, as it certainly is behaving like a lion now. Personally, I think the seasons got switched this year and we had our Easter weather at Christmas and vice versa.

Too bad for the femme who craved to wear their best spring ensembles on Easter Sunday, according to tradition. It just couldn't be done and as a result, the Easter parade was a fashion flop. Only the hats spoke of spring with their gay flowers and colored ribbons, while their wearers struggled gratefully into their winter furs. Real flowers bloomed on many a shoulder, however, but the frail orchids, gardenias and other blossoms took quite a beating from the ice blasts.

Mrs. George

All sorts of records have fallen during the past 10 days of unseasonable cold and statistics compilers have been working overtime issuing statements on the weather. Maybe it is winter's last gasp and after this final effort, she will relax her grip and give way gracefully to her gentler sister season, spring. Anyway, the weatherman has crawled out on a limb and predicted balmy temperatures for the end of the week. If he makes good this delightful threat, I will retract all the horrid things I have been saying and thinking about him of late.

(Editor's Note—This is the last of Mrs. Knowlton's series of articles for The Women's Angle. She has been doing some capable work with the local stage and cannot find time to continue all her activities, but she plans to resume her contributions at a later date.)

By MYRTLE B. KNOWLTON

Our feathered friends soon will be with us again and we look forward to the cheer of their joyful chatter as they busily engage themselves in their happy mission of home-making and food hunting. Spring would not be complete without the birds and we know that the vernal season is never entirely here until they are all present to tell us so. Their coming heralds the time of anticipation, with winter definitely behind us, and the earth faintly stirring and awakening after its long, deep sleep.

Mrs. Knowlton

With Michigan summers short as they are, we value each day of the sojourn of our visitors with us, for they are like the welcome guest whose stay is all too brief and whose going leaves us sad. If there are some among the bird family that are regarded as pests, although they might be destructive to lower life that is even more troublesome, let their objectors be consoled with the thought that, at the latest, they will not be with us long, for some morning, in the too near future, we shall awaken to an unaccustomed stillness, a quiet, with a tinge of sadness in the air, for, in the night, they will have heard the silent call, and the phenomenon of the flight of the birds will have again taken place, but, this time, away from us. A foreboding hush will have settled upon the earth, prophetic of the long winter soon to be ushered in.

But we shall not think of winter and things that die, for spring, the symbol and promise of the eternity of good, is here. Life and vegetation are again renewed; the never failing resurrection of the flowers and trees is again taking place, and, through it all and from it all, love is permeating and radiating its warm rays.

We love our winged guests and welcome their happy songs of home and fulfillment as, flock by flock, they joyfully take their proper places in nature's supreme spectacle, the miracle of spring.

WANT ADS COST LITTLE AND GET QUICK RESULTS

Rotary Hears Past Governor

Roy A. Plumb, president of the Truscon Laboratories, of Hamtramck, past District Governor of Rotary International in this area, addressed Birminghams Rotarians Monday noon at the Community House.

Mr. Plumb stated that Rotary is distinctly a service organization where business and professional men, regardless of race, creed, or color, combine their endeavors to make the Golden Rule work in their personal, business, and community activities.

"Rotary admires men who can make successes in life, of course, but Rotary does not admire any one who makes that success by unfair or unethical practices," said Mr. Plumb. He praised the value of honest struggle in everybody's life, affirming his belief that in the case of youth, especially, struggle was a value of inestimable worth in the development of sound character.

Mr. Plumb was introduced by Rotarian Charles J. Shaw.

Choice Residential Location

Jones had a visitor over the week end, and on Sunday the two went motoring. As they passed a burial place the visitor remarked, "That's a fine old cemetery."

"Yes," said Jones, who is a real estate agent, "and only five minutes to the station."

Staff Assistance Course Continues

Another lesson in the series being presented to members of the Staff Assistance course was given Wednesday at the Community House. Mrs. F. M. Langdon, of Royal Oak, and Mrs. Paul Sleaff, Ferndale, described activities of the Junior Red Cross. John H. Harwood, managing editor of The Birmingham Eccentric, talked on problems of public information. Ruth Kimball, executive secretary of the Oakland County chapter, described insular and foreign operations of the Red Cross.

The series will be continued next Wednesday with a discussion of family casses and a review.

Ralph I. COBYELL

WILL welcome the support of friends and citizens of Birmingham for the position of City Commissioner at the election to be held April 1.

"I stand for greater economy in Birmingham's municipal administration; the best way to have lower taxes." RALPH COBYELL

Polls open April 1, 7 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Before coming with the business of this meeting, I'm going over to visit our local stores this Thursday, Friday and Saturday. They are "on parade," eager for your inspection. Every woman is interested in all the merchandise offered. "Dollar Days" are your opportunity to see for yourself what Birmingham merchants have to offer you.

As a housewife takes pride in running her home smoothly, so all who enter can sense its happy, inviting atmosphere—the storekeepers of this city take pride in operating their businesses so the greatest benefits may be realized by those they serve. Those storekeepers, on whom you depend for good value and the economy of selective quality when you buy—are your purchasing agents in the markets of the world. These markets are not open to you as an individual, but supply the retailers whose buying power makes possible the greatest economies. This invitation to visit them during "Dollar Days" is extended with the true sincerity that has already won your full confidence.

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