

The Birmingham Eccentric
 Published every Thursday, at Birmingham, Mich., in The
 Building, 215-217 North Woodward Avenue,
 Telephone 11, 12 and 13

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at
 Birmingham, Michigan

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 (In Oakland County) (Outside Oakland County)
 One Year \$1.50 (In Advance) \$1.50
 Six Months .85 (In Advance) .85
 Three Months .45 (In Advance) .45

All newspaper and advertising copy must be in the Eccentric
 office by Wednesday noon to insure insertion for that week.

The Eccentric is a member of:
 National Editorial Association, Michigan Press Association, Day
 Society Press Club, and Oakland County Press Association.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1940

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 material.

We Salute "Our President"

Roosevelt for a third term. The history of this republic to be so elevated. Now that the shouting and the halcyon of political campaigning is over, yet mindful of the fearful problems that beset our nation, we can sum up our post-election feelings in this statement: "May Divine Providence, in His calm and a wiser American support, which includes the people and the Congress and the Supreme Court, be able allies to President Roosevelt as he embarks upon the next four years of leadership in the White House."

We never have been profoundly fearful, or doubtful, of the basic honesty and patriotism of Franklin D. Roosevelt; we have feared more the incompetent and impractical people he has surrounded himself with more than any other human agency in this last eight years of New Deal supremacy. These self-seeking, often unscrupulous mentalities who hold important federal positions, are the ones America has to fear most.

President Roosevelt now enters his third four-year term of office. So far, he has inaugurated many needed social and economic reforms, even though the carrying out of most of them has failed—simply because of faulty administration by biased or incompetent boards and commissions. This can be corrected by changes in personnel.

In 1933 President Roosevelt assumed office when the United States was at the base of its economic depression; he led the nation to have faith in the government and confidence in him; in 1941 dawn, with the nation and the world still in considerable trouble, Mr. Roosevelt has a comparable opportunity to become a great crusader, "a man of destiny." Personally, we hope and pray that he will measure up to every trust our nation has imposed upon him.

So, with the election over, and candidate Roosevelt a person of the past, we now salute "Franklin D. Roosevelt, our President."

For the next two years, Michigan will have as its governmental leaders a mixture of Democrats and Republicans, Murray D. Van Wagoner, State Highway Commissioner, will be the next Governor. This means that a majority of the State's voters, although supporting several other Republicans, evidently believe that aged Governor Luren D. Dickinson is less able to meet the responsibilities of Governor than the more youthful and vigorous Van Wagoner.

Van Wagoner's victory, of course, was possible only because of the many Republican votes he obtained; Republicans split their tickets last Tuesday in greater numbers than ever before, as election results prove.

We know Murray D. "Pat" Van Wagoner personally; he will be a good Governor, he will render a suitable accounting of his stewardship. We also prophesy that he will, as time goes on, rise even to greater political heights.

The Governor-elect comes from Pontiac, Oakland County. That he has the best wishes of these people goes without saying.

The effort of a man to foresee the future is almost equalled by his attempt to discover the secrets of the past.

Meet The Uintatherium
 Consequently, we are thrilled by the news that in Wyoming the Uintatherium has located the nearly complete skeleton of a giant uintatherium, which seems to be a nick-name for the encyclopedic uintatherium, a massive, five-toed, rhinoceros-like animal of the Eocene time, which was some millions of years old.

It is fascinating to be told that the sea had just receded from North America and that, when the playful (?) uintatherium enjoyed this land of the free, the continent had nearly its present form.

EVEN THOUGH A MAJORITY OF U. S. citizens may not be profound enough to think through the basic issues of a national election, the candidates do flatter them by appealing to their fundamental yearning for Utopia. That is a good commentary upon democracy: some day, when the people become more intelligent about social, economic, and political issues, the candidates will have to be more careful in their promises; this means, human nature being what it is, that no politician will win an election by playing the role of Santa Claus. People will then know that they will have to pay the bills for the things that a governmental Santa Claus brings them.

THE BALKAN SITUATION looks as though Germany and Italy both want slices of Turkey, with plenty of Greece, before Thanksgiving. However, Britain will probably see that the hungry dictators remain on simpler diets.

American history, when it is written relative to the 1940 Presidential campaign, will record some grand facts about Wendell L. Wilkie. He defeated Republican candidate in last Tuesday's election.

His life depicts the epic American story of a poor boy who, on his own ambition and industry, rose to great business heights of success; of a man who spent the Presidential nomination of a great party, even though he had practically unknown in politics four months before the nomination took place; of a man who, in the midst of his country's ills and woes, accepted the call to crusade for leadership of his nation, on a pattern he and his millions of supporters believed to be the wiser one.

Wendell L. Wilkie, though defeated in an election Tuesday, is not defeated in his purpose to give his talent and his strength to a stronger United States of America. He can be counted on to subordinate mere political platitudes to the cause of a united, stronger America. He can be depended upon to raise his voice when he sees danger ahead, or at hand.

We believe that Mr. Wilkie is a good sportsman; he will accept defeat with a sort of lusty appetite. His great personal talent, sincerity, and honesty make him a splendid type of American for a place of trust and importance in our country's national defense plans; for it must be remembered that the millions of good Americans supporters; these people will become more unified, we believe, if President Roosevelt can effect some plan of using Mr. Wilkie's services in the common problem of preserving, through strong national defense, the processes of democracy that still light the path of Americans.

On a bright November morning 22 years ago the guns which had shattered the peace of Europe for four years fell strangely silent, and quiet reigned over the graves of the young men who gave their lives in the war to radical war.

Unfortunately, that disastrous conflict didn't end. It lasted only long enough for a new generation of boys to grow up. Then a new and more terrible war broke out. Already it has changed the face of the earth more drastically than did that first World War.

Now comes another November 11 another anniversary of the Armistice which proved to be only an armistice, not a peace. It is hard to enter into the spirit of Armistice Day observance. Hope of outlasting war seems futile; our own peace is threatened.

But the fact that a new war rages does not mean we can afford to abandon hope. Radicalism means we must strive all the harder, not only to preserve our own peace, but also to set an example for the rest of the world.

Not the least threat to our peace is one that lies in the fact all our sympathies lie with one side in the European struggle—the side of Britain, the side whose cause we most nearly resemble our own. Almost no one pretends we are neutral, and because of that our danger is greater.

Our only chance lies in national unity, the kind of unity the dictators claim as their special patent. We have just gone through a bitterly hard campaign, one which many times seemed to prove we were indeed divided. Now the election is over, and our differences seem to be not nearly so great as we imagined in the heat of the campaign. Now we must devote our energies and our talents to unity, to defense, to peace.

That should be our dedication, this Armistice Day.

The Eccentric feels sure that the young men of this country, between the ages specified in the Selective Training and Service Act, will not only be about conscientious, but also will be about conscientious objectors.

For example, certain "conscientious objectors" to war recently asserted that they would not register. They declined to comply "in any way" with the law, evidently under the impression that such an act would not be "in harmony with the will of God."

The Selective Training and Service Act makes allowances for conscientious objectors but they are required to register. The young men referred to themselves above all law but they expected to enjoy the protection of this government.

While we are ready to admit the sincerity of some conscientious objectors, we do not think that they should be exempt from registration, or that they should not be required to perform non-military acts.

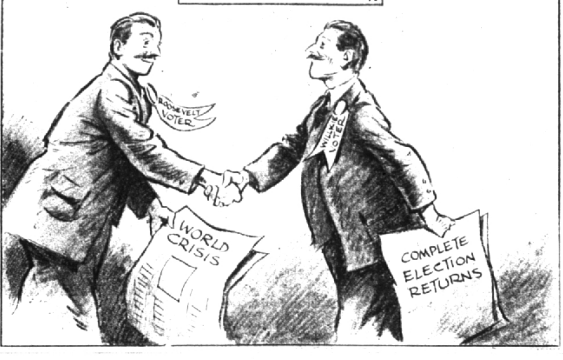
It is strange that those who assert the utmost in the exercise of individual freedom, are opposed to any exertion to maintain the rights of free men. Let us assume that every American, anxious to maintain liberty, becomes so involved in his thinking as to stand in line as they are in his absolute freedom. It would not be long before an alien conqueror would direct his fire.

Conscientious objectors, who refuse to register, or to perform non-military tasks, should be promptly put in prison. This will give them time for reflection and to realize that liberty is only the possession of those who are ready to uphold it.

THE EVER-LASTING CREDIT OF people all over this nation, they stood in line for varying long lengths of time to vote last Tuesday. Many people even had to stand in line as long as they had. The City Manager, by his own action, would have been seeking to see an aerial motion picture. For consolation, one must remember that the most desired entertainment today is "Democracy on Parade"; it is worth standing in line even for hours, don't you think?

THE LAST WEEK of the election campaign certainly made the radio ether waves tingle with every manner of utterance—from pretty decent truth to downright demagogic falsehoods. It certainly takes a fairly intelligent society to listen to and weigh the barrage of utterances that attend a national American election.

"OKAY—HE'S EVERYBODY'S PRESIDENT"



People's Column

The Eccentric is pleased to receive contributions for this column. All communications will be signed "People's Column" and will be published in the office by Tuesday noon for publication the following Thursday.

Editor, The Eccentric:
 In the Oct. 24 issue of the National Underwriter, an insurance trade journal, the following article appeared:

"Seeks Partial Self-Insurance"
 "BIRMINGHAM, Mich. (U.P.)—City Manager Egbert has recommended a combination of self-insurance and stock company coverage for city risks to the city commission, which took the plan under consideration. Mr. Egbert suggested self-insurance with a fund to be made up by contributions from three separate city funds, plus the regular premiums that would otherwise be paid, to cover compensation, vehicle property damage, public liability and fire cover on the smaller buildings, while retaining fire on the larger buildings, vehicle public liability, auto fire and theft, contractors' liability and contingent liability, public liability, street and building accidents, boiler and wind-torn."

As a taxpayer, a resident of Birmingham and a man dependent upon the insurance business for a livelihood, this drift on the part of the City Government toward "self-insurance" is not only alarming, but I think it is a confession of defeat. It is a confession of a great nation, do as you would cook a small fish—do not overdo it on a business man's personal and economic welfare. Why doesn't Mr. Egbert submit a plan for the City Fathers to take over the medical profession, enter the dry goods business, publishing business, and what have you?

Personally, it seems to me that it would be advisable for the City Manager "to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

L. C. MINOR, 224 DeLoe

From the Women's Angle

By NELLIE HURLEY MINIFIE

To our nation's first conductor business is getting out of hand. There was a time—and within our memory, too—when a symphony orchestra had one conductor and an assistant, no more.

But today it is no means unusual for an American orchestra to have three, or perhaps even five guest conductors in a single season. And the current Detroit season, if the memory serves correctly, will see six leaders mount the podium at the Masonic Temple.

It certainly should be obvious why this system is bad for an orchestra. Teamwork is the secret of a symphony just as it is of a good football team. No one would expect Roosevelt to be permitted to conduct the United States with a different set of signals and plays to perform brilliantly.

And so it is with an orchestra. A horn player who has a difficult and important solo passage will probably play it beautifully if he has faith in the conductor. But what if the conductor indicated that entrance at the rehearsal or was he to find it himself? The conductor will not be happy either. A thousand other questions just like these race through his brain. He nervously awaits the cue, hesitates a fraction of a second too long and comes in late.

And so it is with the orchestra as a whole. If three violins out of 18 fail to remember to begin an acciolo at exactly the right point, if the horn player's a fraction of a second late on an acciolo, you will not hear the quality musician well enough to know what is happening, but the orchestra's tone will no longer be transparent. There will be just the barest hint, just a hint of a wobble over the sound, so that the tone is no longer absolutely pure.

And that is the case against the guest conductor.

It may be good for the soul, but it is certainly shattering to the ear, to the ear of the listener. And to be forgotten by a man, assuming that the person in point is a woman, is devastating indeed, even though the occasion is only a business appointment, with no romantic angle whatever.

We all become accustomed to thinking that our small concerns, which are so important to us, are equally so to others, and so it is like a dash of cold water in the face when we find ourselves up against a situation in which our very existence is not even recognized.

Let me say here, though, that men are as easily wounded under such circumstances as women and their sanity is as easily nourished. The only difference is that they usually are saved from painful experience by their women's more subtle and more diplomatic. A woman would never admit, for instance, that she did not recognize a former acquaintance on the divan meeting, but would stall for time while her brain was doing some drastic trying to recall the right name. It is the fool's job to go with the face unexpectedly recognized, the man of a golden appointment she would not say, as would a man. "I'm sorry, I forgot all about you," she would tell one of those big white lies and avoid hurt feelings.

Men may be smarter than women, though I would never admit it, but they are also dumber, if you know what I mean.

False Pretenses
 A Kansas City man received a severe beating from a pack of bandits who found only 50 cents on him when they held him up. He was released with a warning to carry more money hereafter.—Kansas City Star

The Old Days
 When the courting was done on the old hair-cloth sofa in the "settin' room," divorce lawyers were kept as busy as the clerks in a store that doesn't advertise.—Cincinnati Enquirer

Knocking on Wood!

with JOHN H. HARWOOD

AN ENGLAND FIGHTING OUR BATTLE?
 You can't see the reason therefor is that "England is fighting our battle." To be sure, British interests and American interests happen to coincide to great extent, but there is a lot of difference between that fact and the belief that America is "hiding behind the British Navy."

Now, we have nothing but admiration for British courage. The British forebears all stemmed from Britain originally except for a dash of Ireland, and right now, Britain is somewhere in England serving with the army. Nevertheless, we know enough about English history to be convinced that John Bull has always looked after his own side first and foremost and probably has permitted his own "perfidious Albion" to not come about for naught.

England is not fighting our battle any more than China is, although the interests of both are the same as ours. China has been gamely battling for years, holding out against a power in the Pacific which is fighting Canada and the United States. Japan is a great menace to our interests in the Far East but China has been stubbornly resisting Nippon, exhausting the latter's manpower and resources, despite the fact that President Roosevelt has permitted vast quantities of iron and gasoline to go to the Japanese military machine.

But China has been fighting our battle.

For about 100 years, the British have found sufficient territory to conquer, to hold, to defend and have not bothered the United States, although Britain gave aid to the United States during the Civil War in hope that the United States would be cut another and thus lose its strength. But we can forget that.

Britain has had Africa, Asia and Australia as continents to exploit, and she has fought Canada and permitted to exercise sovereignty over Canada through surrender of the British Empire to the United States. Britain has been a great power for years, yet to one such as Britain, we have been fighting Canada and the United States.

By the same token, no European or Asiatic power has dared to extend its tentacles into the Western Hemisphere, because of our Monroe Doctrine, yet we ask nothing of Canada or South America for this service. We are ready to fight "the Western Hemisphere's battle" yet we are getting no thanks for it, not asking any.

Relying on OUR Navy
 Not only that, relying on the friendship of the United States in the Atlantic, Britain has been able to spread her navy all over the world, knowing that she would never threaten her interests in the Atlantic.

Still, because Britain is engaged with a formidable foe, the United States is fighting our battle.

Since the World War, the United States has maintained a policy of hands-off in Europe, leaving the exercise of hegemony to England and France. These two nations were on the top of the heap; Germany was helpless. However, England and France saw fit to permit Hitler to rise in power—some say as a checkmate against Russia. At a \$200 dinner in the Community House Monday evening, parishioners of St. James Episcopal church will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the building of the present church edifice.

War Not Our Fault
 But, Europe is at war through no fault of ours, and it happens that a certain amount of American money is being poured into this world. To that extent Britain's and our interests coincide.

Edwin J. Peabody, 15 year old Birmingham high school student, received severe head injuries when he stepped from a school bus in front of a car which had started to pass the bus on West Maple avenue at Glenhurst Friday afternoon.

Brain trusters have made the discovery that the cow supplies milk. They may get find out that the taxpayer furnishes money.—New York Journal

Five Years Ago
 Nov. 7, 1935
 Dr. John P. Wood, of Ridgedale avenue, was elected president of the Michigan Orthopaedic Association of Physicians and Surgeons at the 37th annual convention held at Grand Rapids last week.

Twenty-Five Years Ago
 Nov. 5, 1915
 Mrs. George A. Peabody, of Brookline, N. Y., is the welcome guest of Mrs. Ellen Peabody, of Ferndale avenue.

Five Years Ago
 Nov. 7, 1935
 The White House announced Monday afternoon that the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Tall will take place in the latter part of December. The ceremony will be performed at the bride's residence.

Five Years Ago
 Nov. 7, 1935
 Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Haynes have returned from Italy City where they visited their son, Dr. Howard Haynes.

LET I COMMUNE
 However rich the soil may be,
 In which a tree may grow,
 It cannot reach its height
 And bear its finest fruit,
 On what it draws from earth
 It also needs the sky,
 The sun, its light, its friendly glow,
 And like that tree, an I.

However rich may be the soil
 Of earth, on which I stand—
 How ever successful I find
 The full may be each hand,
 As I attain such earthly goal—
 I still must draw from earth,
 With hungry heart and yearning soul,
 Let I commune with God,
 —CHARLES S. RINNSON
 Birmingham

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Only Yintatherium
 (CERAMIC)
 LEATHER BOTTLE SHOES NEAR
 POPULAR 2/2

Wabek State Bank
 of Detroit

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