Pretty soon the newspapers and radio stations will give forth the utterances of political candidates as they seek your vote in September and November. If you really want to prove that you believe this war is being fought to preserve self-government then why not show it by paying attention to what candidates say!

The Birmingham Eccentric

PART TWO

SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR—NO. 20 | BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1942 | $1.50 PER YEAR (In Oakland County)—SINGLE COPIES, 5c

Fuel and Transportation Rationing Solved

FORGET about oil and gasoline rationing. The hot water heating plant in this smart English residence burns coal and is stoker fed; the West Maple bus is but a few steps away.

4 family bedrooms and 2 tiled baths make up the second floor. A screened porch overlooking the garden is reached through the comfortable living room. A breakfast room and library add to its ideal livability. Mature planting secures privacy.

The owner is moving to the country.

MAX BROOCK INC.
REALTORS
ESTABLISHED 1895
ELMHURST 6530 BIRMINGHAM 1212

U. S. Marines Have A 'Slanguage' of Their Own Making

Marines are not born—they are made, and so is their "slanguage."

The Leathernecks are lingo-loving. It is a part of their stock-in-trade. For 167 years Marines have traveled and fought in every quarter of the globe, side by side with the Army and Navy, picking up words here and there and "marinicizing" the words of all peoples.

For instance, Marines call soldiers "dogfaces" and sailors "flatfeet." British servicemen are "limeys," all Germans are "Huns," Japs are either "ring tails" or "Nips," Chinese are "chinks," Italians are "Mussos" and all other dark-complected people are "gooks."

Americans living in the tropics are "bamboos" or "Bamboo Americans." Old-time Marines are "salts" and new ones are "chicks," just as the new recruits are "boots." Old instructors to the "boots" are "sea puppys." Every Commanding Officer in the Marine jargon is "The Old Man," those officers who have risen from the ranks are "mustangs" and the First Sergeant is always "the top."

To the Leatherneck his "shipmates" who have not been over the equator are "pollywogs" and those who have traversed the earth's centerline are "shellbacks."

"Mac" Is Used Lots

Those men of the Corps who have spent a lot of time in the Orient are "Asiatic" and the newcomers to the East are "griffins." Every Marine is Mac to his buddies and often Marines say, "Stow the gab," or "Knock it off, Mac," when some "sea lawyer" or the know-it-all talks too much. "Liberty hounds" are the Marines who come back to camp, or "come aboard," just in time for roll call, in the morning.

All prisoners are "brig rats" who live on "cake and wine" or bread and water diet. The sailor is also a "gob" or "swab jockey." He in return names the Marine a "snugger, bellhop." Serving in the China the Marines nicknamed women "segoonyas." Also Chinese, "masker" means O. K. and "Ding How" is good, just as "chop chop" means hurry, "le le" is hurry up and "chee" is run. Also Asiatic is "cumshaw," which means gift, "Pungyo," or comrade, and "bok-sok" for crazy, were taken by the Leathernecks from the native Philippine dialect, Tagalog.

A Devil Dog enlists in the Corps for a "cruise," which is a four-year period. When he has served that time and re-enlists, he "ships over," and then may wear a "hashmark," beanstripe," or "hungry mark," a straight stripe worn on the lower sleeve. The "salty" Leatherneck is usually the one who wears a "non reg rig" or "sea going" swoop in the crown of his hat. To this fellow and all Marines, anything issued by the government is "G. I.," everything else is "tailor made."

From the language of Haiti, where Marines served for many years, the word "hoondock," for back-country, was taken. Talking is always "chin music," idle chatter is "beatin the gums," "skylarking" is just plain horseplay. When his duty is done and everything is ship-shape, the Marine is then "squared away," and if the "smoking lamp is lit," that means he may smoke on duty.

Maritime Terms Used

On shore, ship, or in the air, the floor or ground is the "deck" to Leathernecks, a drinking fountain and the idle rumor are both termed "scuttlebutt," the wall is always the "bulkhead," any stairway is "the ladder," and any bed ashore is the "bunk" and all "bunks" aboard ship are "hammocks." Marines never go downstairs, but "below." He goes upstairs by saying "topside," just as backward is "aft" and forward is "fore." He always replenishes his supplies by "survey" and is "fouled up" when he is confused.

Nowhere in the particular and peculiar jargon of Marines is the slanguage more noticeable than at the mess table. "Down the sea dust," is his way of asking for the salt, and "deal me one" is the same as merely asking for the bread. Every Marine knows that "armored heifer" is canned milk, any sweet food or confection is "pogey bait," "red lead" is catsup, coffee is just "jo." The cream and sugar are "side arms."

Pancakes have been dubbed "collision mats," "worms" stands for spaghetti, "fish eyes" has taken the place of tapioca pudding, salad is always "grass," and "the bird" means any fowl, although chicken is usually "seagull" or "buzzard."

The "shortstop" in the Marine Corps is not a baseball player, but the man who intercepts a platter of food coming down the hall. The fellow with too much appetite is a "chow hound" to his "shipmates."

Yes, the Marines even have a name for those things without names—the watsis or the whosis is the "gizmo."

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BITS OF BIRMINGHAM

Well, Folks, this edition of The Eccentric really will be a sort of "father & son" affair. Taking the place of vacationing managing editor John H. Harwood last week and this, is G.R.A., (ably aided by Miss Kay Umphrey) on the news desk; handling advertising for vacationing (and new Papa) Harold P. Buerge, is son George Wm. (Bill) Averill. Bill has been, for the past four months, advertising manager of the Cadillac Evening News, but came home Thursday of last week, and next day was accepted into the U. S. Army, with two weeks to remain at home before going to Camp Custer.

—o—

To an old married man and father like this Wanderer, it was refreshing last week to observe the antics and anticipation of our advertising manager, Harold P. Buerge, whose wife presented him with a brand new daughter Wednesday afternoon. Harold had been expecting the arrival for quite some time, but Wednesday morning he and his wife, "Peg," figured that maybe August 5, 1942, was "the day." "Hal" came to work, as usual, but left his car parked in front of The Eccentric office, first obtaining permission of the police to keep it there all day, if necessary—"just in case, like a fire department, I had to make a quick get-a-way." At noon, he took the Missus up to St. Joseph Mercy hospital, in Pontiac, then returned to complete his final efforts on last week's Eccentric. Up until nearly four o'clock, when he got word that he was a father, he said he wasn't at all nervous, even though he dropped one telephone, stuttered a bit in conversation, lost three pencils, made two telephone calls without remembering the proper numbers, and did a few other things allowable to men about to become fathers for the first time.

—o—

One of Birmingham's policeman, Sam Stinson, possesses good humor. (Besides, Sam's considerable of an amateur photographer, too; he has taken some of the finest architectural "shots" in this area—some of them may be seen in the local Max Broock, Inc., real estate office.) One day last week, when members of the Birmingham Lutheran church, West Maple avenue, were out on a weed-pulling bee, Sam decided that a reward of some kind or other was in order for two of the most ardent of weed pullers, Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Stocker; so he went to the nearby store and purchased a big lolly-pop for the lady, and a cigar for the gentleman.

—o—

Improvement of the intersection at the corner of Cranbrook and Lone Pine roads, in Bloomfield Hills, is planned, so that obscuring foliage and stone fences may give way to clearer vision for motorists. Incidentally, this intersection is one of most beautiful, "old English" scenic spots in the middle west; within a stone's throw of it lie millions of dollars worth of architectural beauty.

—o—

That combination electrical, wind, and rain storm early Saturday morning practically put out the lights east of Woodward avenue, in Birmingham, from 7:50 until 9:10 o'clock. There was just enough "juice"—available to make a faint glow in light bulbs, etc. Ralph W. Bricker, manager of the Detroit Edison Co., for much of Oakland County, explained that one of three wires leading into town, along Coolidge Highway and East Maple avenue, was struck by lightning, and burned out; repair crews had to travel over considerable territory before the break was found—and then, with usual dispatch, the Edison Co. soon had the current back on. "We've had so many electrical storms this summer that the 1942 record exceeds former entire seasons," said Mr. Bricker." These storms, of course, create trouble for all power companies.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton R. Mathews, of Brown street, attended the funeral of Mrs. Mathews' mother, Mrs. Ella C. Peek, in Washington, Indiana, last Saturday. Mrs. Mathews earlier had gone to Lorain, Ohio, and was with her mother when she passed on.

—o—

The municipal offices of Bloomfield Hills are undergoing painting repairs, the first time fresh paint has been spread since the offices were made over from the former Bloomfield Township garage, nearly ten years ago.

—o—

Two Birmingham boys, nephews of the Vice-President of the United States, Henry A. Wallace, left Birmingham by automobile Wednesday of last week for a naval ordnance field in Arizona, where they will be employed. Wallace, 20 years of age, and Angus, 18, are the nephews, and are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLay, of 715 Wimbleton road, Birmingham. Mrs. McLay is Mrs. Wallace's sister. Wallace, who recently was deferred by the Army because of deficient vision, will serve as a rodman and surveyor's helper at the naval field, and Angus will work in the timekeeper's department, perhaps until the first of the year, when he is expected to enter college. "They certainly had Wallace's car loaded to the brim with their belongings," laughed Mrs. McLay, in reporting the boys' departure.

—o—

The mother of a Birmingham boy who last Saturday left for camp, telephoned in this week with the suggestion that those who speak to the boys, as they gather with their parents in the City Hall, refrain from anything of a sad or melancholy nature. "I know that both parents and boys are keyed to a tension pitch on such occasions, and the least emotional suggestion spoken can set hearts aching and eyes weeping," she said. "So, to spare others part of what I went through for a brief moment, I do hope that the theme of all speakers will be: 'Well, Folks, so long, for a while—we'll be back soon with part of Hitler's party,' instead of anything that sounds like: 'Goodbye, Folks, goodbye forever!'"

—o—

This Wanderer heard it reported that there were only two people, a Birmingham father and daughter, of all the crowd on the Springdale Golf Course, who had sense enough to stay out from under trees during the thunder and lightning storm on Sunday afternoon. After most every such storm we hear of some one being killed because he was standing under a tree that was struck by lightning.

—o—

Mrs. Augusta F. Merrill, local Draft Board clerk who resigned this week, effective September 1, had a similar job in the first World War, in her home-town of Milton, Massachusetts. (She does look younger than 42, don't you think?) In reply to this Wanderer's question, she said: "Yes, I think that the boys who are getting into this war do it with less enthusiasm than they did 25 years ago. Nowadays youth has been able to become disillusioned about the so-called glamour of war; they also constitute a generation whose lives have been made easier than a generation ago, too."

—o—

That concerned and worried look you see on the faces of Birmingham's school children isn't so much because of sugar rationing, the high taxes, or the possibility of having less use of their parents' cars in the near future. It is simply the fact that, Monday September 14, 33 days from today, Birmingham's public schools will open for the coming school year. It's the same old, old story—for every generation of youth dislikes having its carefree vacation days of summer interrupted by this procedure called "civilizing."

—o—

Betty Sheridan reports to friends visiting her in Cleveland, Ohio, where she is now employed, that Friday is the red-letter day of the week for her, for then The Eccentric arrives and she eagerly imbibes it from beginning to end. "It keeps me in close touch with what is going on in the old home town," she says, "and helps to prevent nostalgia from returning. I love Birmingham, you know," she added.

War has added much to the postman's life this past year. Just this week one carrier delivered four letters at one house for two girls, all in the same mail. The epistles were postmarked, Fort Custer, Mich., Camp Gruber, Okla., Hawaii, and a camp in Texas. (Twould seem that the girls were either being patriotic by writing letters, or that they're doing some double crossing. Oh well—C'est La Guerre.

—o—

For several years Birmingham has furnished the use of one of its trucks to transport a number of local under-privileged boys to the Y. M. C. A. summer camp near Hale, Michigan. Due to the tire problem this year, "Y" secretary Robert D. Lynd has arranged for the use of a Greyhound bus, and to defray $50 of the cost of this vehicle, he sent a request to the City Commission for that amount. Considerable discussion on the subject took place Monday night, ending up with the tabling of the request when Commissioner Howard R. Estes volunteered to raise the money through Birmingham's four luncheon clubs. (One of the Commissioners, (wishing to have his name withheld), agreed, if necessary, to contribute up to $25.00. Mr Lynd reported that 27 underprivileged boys will make the two-weeks' stay; their camp expenses are taken care of by Mrs. James Couzens, together with individual gifts of money by others.

(Bulletin—Estes raised the money as follows: Lions, Rotary, Exchange Clubs each gave $10; balance from Mr. Estes, Harold H. Corson, W. Coit Allee, F. Wilmer Moody.)

—o—

City Clerk Irene E. Hanley is spending this week far away from the issuance of dog licenses, peddlers' licenses, and other urban activities; she is with Mrs. Julia Lally at a log cabin at Pointe Aux Barques, in the Thumb. Taking her place in the Municipal Building is Mrs. Myrna Smith, a City employee in the engineering department.

—o—

"In and around New York City there is, today, plenty of evidence that our nation is at war," related Mrs. Carl A. Strand, of Adams road, on her return Tuesday from the First City of the United States, where she had been visiting, for three weeks, her daughter and son-in-law, and their baby, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Van Hartsveldt, of Bay Shore, Long Island. "Thousands of men are seen every day in military uniforms; gasoline rationing results in fewer motor cars on the streets and highways; at night lights are dimmed with hoods and shades, and store fronts are darkened. The East is well aware of the danger of enemy dangers in this war."

—o—

City Commissioner Howard R. Estes, who lives at Riverbank avenue and Oxford Drive, Monday night asked City Manager Donald C. Egbert if he plans, some day, to open Madison avenue through to Hunter Boulevard. Mr. Egbert replied: "Perhaps, some day, when this war is over, and materials are available."

—o—

The request of a local property owner to have the City shade a street light so that it will not shine into his home was denied Monday night by the Commission. "We cannot do such a thing unless a

(Continued on Page 4)

Tough Tactics

Recruits in training with the Middle East forces learn to clear obstacles with plenty of feet to spare. "Tough tactics" training includes a special set of hardening exercises, unarmed combat and obstacle training under realistic battle conditions.

Nothing Like It In Town!

THIS IS THE STORY of a home that was built by two people only a few years ago who wanted something substantial, spacious, modern and complete. And so it was "planned that way"—with these ingredients:

Brick Construction	*Slate Roof*
Large Tile Baths	*Tile Kitchen*
G-E Air Conditioning	*Softener and Filter*
Hard Wood Trim	*Steel Wick-ware Fence*
Copper Conductors and Eaves	*Copper Plumbing*

Four bedrooms, two baths, attic storage space. Panelled library. Center hall has a tiled floor. Large dining room. Venetian blinds, stair runner—*stove and refrigerator are included.*

Best of all—this house is only *two* blocks from Quarton School. The 80 foot site is nicely landscaped.

The price is just $16,900

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SPECIAL TAX NOTICE

10 Year Plan

Notice is hereby given that under Act 28, P. A. 1937, the 8th 1/10 installment of returned delinquent taxes and Special Assessments of 1932 and prior years, and the 6th 1/10 installment of the 1933, 1934 and 1935 taxes are now due and payable at the office of the Oakland County Treasurer. Payment may be made either in full or on a 10-year plan, on or before September 1, 1942. All properties upon which the 10-year installments are delinquent will be offered for sale by the State at the May, 1943, Annual Tax Sale for the entire balance due.

CHARLES A. SPARKS,
Oakland County Treasurer

REGISTRATION NOTICE

FOR

GENERAL PRIMARY ELECTION

Tuesday, September 15, 1942

To vote at this election, all persons must be registered in the City by Wednesday, August 26th, 1942, at 8 p. m. Eastern Standard War Time.

Citizens of the United States, 21 years old, who have resided in the State of Michigan six months and in the City of Birmingham twenty days at the time of voting are eligible.

TO REGISTER, call at the city clerk's office in the Municipal Building on or before Wednesday, August 26th, 1942.

If you have moved since you last voted, you must transfer your registration to your new address by notifying the city clerk of such change before August 26th, 1942.

IRENE E. HANLEY,
August 13, 1942. City Clerk

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Home in the trees—4 bedrooms and bath—library—oil heat—garage—It offers a heap of living at $8,500

Lone Pine Road—2 bedrooms and bath up—guest room and bath down—maid's room and bath—fireplaces in studio living room and paneled library—large screen porch—green house joins 3-car garage with 2 rooms and bath—2½ acres, beautiful gardens, variety of fruit and grapes. Should be vacated and owner lives out of town—this offers a rare opportunity for the person needing an exceptionally fine home at less than half the cost.

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Why put up with crowded living conditions—why put off needed repairs—when only a few dollars a month will pay for a complete remodeling job on your home?

We will gladly cooperate with you and your contractor in helping you with plans and ideas that will bring new beauty and new comfort into your home.

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