

## A Breakfast Time Breeze, But a Supper Time Stew

Attempts are being made to remove two more of the several remaining traffic trouble spots.

Last week Police Chief Ralph W. Moxley said he was going to prohibit parking along E. Maple from Hunter to Eton road in the morning to facilitate railroad-bound motorists.

And the city commission approved funds so traffic signals on US-10 at Lincoln and 14 Mile could have the flow

ambler" which assists in clearing intersections of turning cars.

OF COURSE, the Maple avenue "morning solution" still doesn't relieve us of the homeward and westward traffic movement late in the afternoon.

We wonder how long it will take the commissioners to approve Moxley's recommendation to apply the parking prohibition at supper time, too?

## He's One of the 'Vanishing Americans'

A living example of a disappearing individual on the American scene is Dr. Charles Lamette Santee, of Wapwallopen, Pennsylvania. Dr. Santee is 81 years old and he still charges fifty cents for an office visit and a dollar for a home-visit.

Even at 81, he practices seven days a week and works from early morning until late at night on most days. He has spent his life in Wapwallopen and the surrounding rural area and, in his earlier days, he often hiked to remote homes, where no roads were yet built.

THE PRESS OF HIS DUTIES has kept him from vacationing since he went to Mexico, during the first World War I.

Of the many thousands of babies he has delivered, and the many mothers he has treated, he has never yet lost a mother

in childbirth. Dr. Santee's only hobby is printing, and he prints his own letterheads and envelopes, when he finds a few spare minutes between calls.

It is hard to estimate the influence of such a man in his community, and it is even harder to replace such a man, perhaps impossible.

DR. SANTEE'S EXAMPLE of service during the last half century is one in the best tradition of the American spirit and the rural doctor tradition.

Now 81, we hope he has many happy years ahead of him, and we point to his example as one which should inspire all Americans.

After all, few there are left who consider service to his fellowman more rewarding than pieces of silver.

## Falls 1,000 Feet—And Lives

Private Stanley Melczak, of Hamburg, Pennsylvania, recently jumped out of an aircraft at 1,000 feet. His jump was part of a miss jump by the 503rd Airborne Combat Regimental team, which was conducting Operation Snowbird in Alaska.

The 29-year-old paratrooper realized, in a few seconds, that he was having trouble with his main parachute.

The parachute was flipping loose of his shoulder and was not going to open.

He jerked the cord of his emergency chute immediately, but it was too late.

HE CRASHED TO EARTH before the emergency chute opened and observers thought he had been instantly killed.

The thing that saved him was a four-foot snow-bank on which he fell. Rescue personnel reached him at the bottom of a hole, where he had gone through the snow. He was complaining about his

breathing and a helicopter rushed him to an Army hospital nearby.

It was expected that he would have all sorts of internal injuries and surgeons were rushed to his side immediately.

BUT TO THE astonishment of all present, he was found to have no serious internal injuries and, after being X-rayed from stem to stern, only one small dislocation was found.

Private Melczak is one of the few men who have jumped out of a plane at 1,000 feet, and landed and lived to tell about it without the aid of a chute.

And even more remarkable, he landed without the aid of two chutes, both of which he had on when he jumped.

We don't know what use Pvt. Melczak ever may make of his experience. But he now has an excellent lecture subject: "I Fell 1,000 Feet, Got Up and Walked Away."

## This Is Strictly for the Birds

George McMillan, of Christchurch, New Zealand, recently undertook an egg-hatching experiment.

Trying to match the skills of a mother hen, McMillan climbed up into a pine tree and tried to roost-hatch six eggs.

McMillan spent three weeks in the tree, but the eggs didn't hatch. Of the six eggs he stripped to himself, three of them broke and the other three made little progress.

complete failure, since he raised \$3,069 for a club.

That's pretty good for a three-weeks egg-hatching expedition, although being in a pine tree is a little bit inconvenient, especially with eggs strapped onto one's carcass.

All of which goes to prove that Mother Nature still has a few secrets and that one performs best in his own profession.

McMillan is a sausage-linker. We presume he's now back linking sausage.

## Shop Early for Excuses



## HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE

By ALICE E. MORGAN

An' then it's St. Patrick's day!

The myths that have grown up around the good man, the things which have become a part of the day—it's an amazing thing.

The past few weeks greenhouses throughout the land have shipped thousands of potted shamrocks to be used as table decorations and it's anybody's guess how many white carnations have been tinted green for the big event.

Novelty stores have had a run on cloth shamrocks, clay pipes, harps, and miniature shillelaghs. Harmless little objects, today, many party-going shillelagh, but what a weapon those old fashioned oak crozier were—especially in the brawl a rollicking, singing, fighting Irishman likes so well—close quarters!

Across this land of ours tenors and choruses are having a field day with "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and all the other "Auld Sod" ballads.

Special programs are featuring special stories about the Irish, some waxer, no self-respect, the Irishman would have anything to do with.

Patrick's Day is a reason for gaiety. A type everyone fondly thinks is typical of the Irish. Now we know lots of Irish men, and for the life of us we can't find much in common with the popular concept of what Ireland is really like.

We've found most of them to be persons who give us no more animosity than the average Frenchman or Spaniard or German of

## ONE THING OR ANOTHER

By George Wm. Averill

During the course of most friendly debates, this expression can be heard one or more times: "Why, you just aren't listening to me!"

Of course, the friend who said that doesn't mean it literally.

He really is voicing his displeasure at himself for failing to explain his ideas in such terms that you, too, can understand him, thus bringing you considerably closer to his viewpoint.

HOWEVER, HE WON'T admit his inability to understandably vocalize his ideas. Nor does he want to tell you that you are stupid because you cannot do the vocalizing for him.

So he subconsciously selects a phrase which maintains his own ego, won't offend you outright, and says, "Why, you just aren't listening to me!"

As if "just listening" is the process through which ideas and experiences are transmitted from one person to another!

WERE THAT THE CASE, then Noah Webster wasted a good deal of time compiling the "unnecessary" several hundred thousand other English words beyond the few hundred basic sounds in the English language.

Words have no meaning when lifted from context—context being comprised of one's own personal experiences. If your experiences are enough different from another person's, then in all probability your meanings are as different.

Assume, if you will, that you are at a social gathering where the hostess introduces you to three strangers.

THE FIRST IS a superintendent of a

LEGAL NOTICES

Oliver H. Kirk, Atty., 207 Wabash Bldg., Birmingham 64-882

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. As a result of said Court held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in its regular session on the 14th day of May A. D. 1935 at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon, said Probate Court hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

stamping plant, from which every week carloads of waste metal are shipped out.

The second person is an Englishman, born and reared in Hong Kong, China, who makes a living as an importer and exporter.

The third individual is the officer in charge of the narcotics squad of a large metropolitan police force.

In the introduction, your hostess offers the information that you are a "prominent junk dealer."

Can you imagine the first impression that each of these three persons might get of the work you are employed in?

THE SUPERINTENDENT would say to himself, "I think I'll ask him what the latest prices are for old salvaged metal, glass and paper."

The Britisher might wonder, "Did this chap ever sell any boats to someone I know in Hong Kong?"

And the third man, "If he is what the hostess says he is, then I'll slap the handcuffs on him right now and take him in."

Because of their personal familiarity with the word "junk," these three people have started to figure you in relationship to that familiarity.

ARE YOU REALLY a dealer in metal, glass and paper? Or do you sell Chinese fishing vessels? Or do you actually peddle illegal narcotics to addicts?

To top off this discussion, let us assume all three of these new acquaintances are wrong—you really own a factory where old cordage is made into gaskets, mats, oakum, etc.

Get the point of all this—or haven't you been listening?

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SEE YOUR DEALER OR DETROIT EDISON

## From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

One more national honor has come to Birmingham's nationally-known sculptor, Marshall Fredericks. Last week he was awarded honorable mention—equivalent to third place—in the 1935 Gold Medal Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, the major league for architects, sculptors and other creative artists. One

reason we believe has attributed to Fredericks' growing successes is that he takes form and dimension, works it artistically into metal or stone, and builds it into the exterior edifices where it can be seen, enjoyed and appreciated by the passing throng.

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REMEMBER THOSE WONDERFUL TAFFY PULLS WHEN YOU WERE A KID!

LET'S GOON AT YOUR HOME NEXT WEEK!

LAND SAKES WILLIE! THAT'S YOUR TENTH PIECE!

YUM! YUM! YUM!

FORGOT TO BUTTER MY HANDS FIRST!

QUICK, WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER!

THE OLD TIMER

"A cook book, like the Bible, is filled with directions that are meant to be followed exactly."