

Local Control of 'Peddlers, Etc.'

Last week Birmingham's city commission requested City Attorney Forbes S. Hascall to draw up a tentative ordinance, the object of which is to prevent hawkers, peddlers, solicitors, etc., from entering upon residential premises without first being invited to do so by the occupant.

There is no doubt but what such an ordinance, properly drawn to exclude hawkers, peddlers, solicitors, etc., of questionable, phony, or "gyp" merchandise and services is good protection for the local public.

MANY COMMUNITIES enact ordinances that seek to exclude outside hawkers, solicitors, peddlers, etc., from coming into their areas, unless they first obtain a permit from the local authorities.

Birmingham could, no doubt, adopt an ordinance that would exclude all outsiders from hawking, soliciting, peddling, etc., within the city limits. This would still protect those local businesses and professional concerns, all of whom pay Birmingham taxes, who desire to contact home-owners through personal effort.

Certainly, the record of local efforts of this nature is not in the same negative category that some of the outside solicitation, etc., is.

SHOULD BIRMINGHAM ENACT an ordinance that excludes everybody from residential solicitation, we firmly believe it would be a governmental shackle upon legitimate private enterprise.

So we suggest that our city commission, in considering such an ordinance, do so with great care for the rights of all parties concerned, remembering, too, that in proper hawking, soliciting, peddling, etc., there is a mutuality of interests between the buyer and seller.

Both at Fault For months and months, after the Korean outbreak over a year ago, the Truman administration did little to control wages and prices. Indeed, it practically encouraged the inflation spiral.

Now it is mad because Congress won't pass laws to roll back the prices of meat and other foodstuffs. While we don't condone Congress' failure in the matter, we don't forget Truman's failure, either. But after all, what can you expect from power-hungry politicians, anyway?

Unnecessary War Waste Admittedly, war is waste. It is a situation that rightfully may commandeer practically all of a nation's resources and man-power, as a last resort.

But even when conscripting a nation's resources, it is expected that intelligent leaders will not become unduly extravagant and inefficient. Alas! today our leaders are not too mindful of what they do with much of the taxes levied against the people.

Truman declares that he wants to be known as "a President who fought for peace"—but he fails to include that other danger of leading the nation into State Socialism.

Change the Subject Vice-President Alben Barkley is scheduled to appear on the University of Michigan Oratorical Association lecture series this fall in Ann Arbor. He will use as his theme: "Crossroads of Democracy."

Well, Dear Alben both certainly is a story-teller, and can waggle a limber tongue from a rostrum.

"But why," asks Philos Homo, "doesn't the old political fakir talk about something he really knows much about? For example: 'Democracy at the Double-Cross roads?'"

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ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill REMARKS AT RANDOM

I have no trouble at all planning my vacation. The boss tells me when and the wife tells me where.

The table of mathematics can't always be relied upon. For instance about one out of four women are always on a diet at any given time. But chances that you take out to dinner is among this number is less than one in 49.

The other day I happened to be one of the best preservers when a woman rushed up to the meat counter, elbowed another woman aside, and demanded of the clerk: "Give me a pound of cat meat quick."

Then turning to the lady she had shoved aside, she remarked: "I hope you don't mind my getting into the on-dine again."

The elbowed woman replied sweetly, "Why, certainly not, if you are that hungry."

Why is it that so many people like to do things the hard way as evidenced by the long lines at the deadline near at voting booths, sales, windows, license bureaus, etc.?

I startle more folks these days by saying, "No don't wrap it."

It may be no news to you that in the northern hemisphere, when water is drained from a pan with a hole in the bottom, the water rotates counter-clockwise as it drains out. In the southern hemisphere the motion is reversed. Of course the earth's rotation causes this behavior, but do you know why?

Here is my latest analysis of the Washington bureaucrat's way of solving domestic situations. When a difference arises between two states, that difference is ironed out by the State Department in Washington, D. C. has differences, the state is ironed out. And when the U. S. State Department has differences, the nation is ironed out.

According to its July 17, 1953, folio number the "Birmingham

Municipal Reporter" is one year and 23 weeks old. It is written and edited weekly by Dana Whitman, the city's administrative assistant in charge of personnel, public relations, etc.

The "Reporter" is usually a two-page broadsheet 8 1/2 x 14. The issue referred to above is unusual in that four of the eight items it contains could be construed to have some direct bearing on activities centered in the city hall.

Reported to be a house organ, it seems to me to need considerable more emphasis on matters relating to the "house"—items which are extremely limited in their interest because of the particular group such reporting is limited to and designed for.

In discussing exactly when he planned to resign from the city commission, Mayor Parham remarked to me, "One local individual is extremely limited in offered to pay my rent until my term expires in 1953 if I would remain on the commission."

Richie's rent, until it moves into his new Covington road home above the U. S. State Department, is \$1,110 a month plus utilities.

He declined to say just who it was that felt like spending this

22,200.

are needed and should report here as early as possible Friday afternoon.

Helen Hanley, 16, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Hanley, is suffering from concussion and the shock sustained in an auto accident at 15 Mile and Ryan roads Sunday afternoon. Her companion, Miss Winifred Hughes of Grosse Pointe, suffered from shock.

Village commissioners have voted \$135 to improve parking space and eliminate the danger at the corner of West Maple and Baldwin roads, site of the village park and public drinking fountain. The work will be started immediately.

5 YEARS AGO August 1, 1948 In an effort toward greater safety, commissioners are considering making the Chesterfield-Oak intersection a four-way stop. All previous attempts at making the corner safer have failed and officials feel that if no cars are permitted to go straight through their goal may be reached.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Buckenridge of Brookside, who had been evening and yielded a mean broom at their house the other night. They were invaded by several bats and spent a few wild minutes removing their unwelcome guests with brooms.

Bloomfield Hills 4-H club members will have several displays at the county exposition of the group's county department of the Great Oaks farm near Rochester.

Potatoes were all over Woodward avenue last evening when a truck turned turtle at the 14 Mile intersection. Motorists reported a veritable mess as they were forced to drive through and over the spuds to avoid a real traffic snarl.

Mary Elizabeth McKee, 6, was injured slightly Wednesday when she ran into the side of a car on Adams road, near Holland. The little girl was treated for cuts and abrasions at St. Joseph Mercy hospital. Clarence R. Gardner, 994 York, driver of the car, was not held.

HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE BY ALICE E. MORGAN

NIGHT LIFE If you're not overtired and just want to relax, there are times when it's a real pleasure to stretch out in a cool bed and listen to the night life of the neighborhood.

If you're not overtired and just want to relax, there are times when it's a real pleasure to stretch out in a cool bed and listen to the night life of the neighborhood.

Funny, how sounds suddenly become detached when your eyes are closed and your body completely relaxed. You lie with your hands behind your head and find utter peace.

Down the street a night owl's radio oozes. You listen to the faint music for time and slowly become aware of the sound of traffic on a nearby highway.

You hear a heavy truck rumble along against its load. The sharp hiss of a motorcycle cuts through the rumble and a hawn blows, soft and far away.

SUDDENLY the traffic sounds stop entirely. You miss them and have a sense of relief when they begin again. Or, yes, the traffic signal at the corner. You find yourself counting seconds, timing the light and the flow of traffic.

A car passes your home, its tires whispering to the pavement as they glide along, its motor humming smoothly. A brief snatch of laughter floats on the air—was it the assuring in the car or a radio program?

While you puzzle this over, just about half asleep now, a dog barks. Just a couple of experimental "woofs," as though perhaps he's heard a noise in the yard and was trying out his cour-

age to see if he could cope with a large toad.

ACROSS THE street his pal answers and for a few minutes they carry on a conversation until one of the owners yells, "Quiet!"

From another nearby home comes a soft rumble of voices as more night-owls enjoy a last few minutes on the porch, before hitting the cot. Somewhere a baby cries, briefly, and you rather smile to yourself as you see a yawning parent raise up on an elbow and listen.

The radio has stopped now and a door has been shut—another neighbor calling it a day. The distant traffic seems to have gone slack period and you hear little of it. Slowly the night life is taken over by the wild life.

YOU HEAR A night-bird call as it flies on some errand of its own and in the big tree by your window a robin, awakened by the sound, voices a sleepy protest. In the grass the crickets have their symphony going full blast. You find something oddly soothing about their shrill little noises.

You settle into a more comfortable position, take a deep breath and settle down to go to sleep.

You sink farther and farther into the softness of slumber, lulled by the night life around you. Suddenly, out of the dark comes a sharp, vicious whine. It comes nearer and nearer until, suddenly, the ear not buried in the pillow is filled with the sound of a thousand saws grating across nails.

You jerk erect, fumble for the light, cue softly under your breath and start a methodical search for one mosquito. It, too, is night life.

THE PROMOTER

Former Cranbrook Student Touring South America

Toby Maxwell, Cranbrook graduate and politics major at Princeton University has written several letters to his mother, Mrs. C. Therman Maxwell of Wing Lake, telling of the highlights of his summer trip through Mexico and South America.

He has so far visited Yucatan, Guatemala, Zaculon and has flown over the Peten jungles. He went into this area to see the ruins of Uxatun and Tikal.

Maxwell's letters told of the density and noise of the jungle country, where trees have grown over 200 feet high in their search for sunlight and air.

"THE JUNGLE IS teeming, it is dense green. It is noisy," he wrote. "Monkeys play in trees 150 to 200 feet tall. Malaria is every-

where and the trick is not to be bitten by mosquitos. I have been bitten about 10 times by them, but so far everything seems all right."

Of the ruins of Tikal, Maxwell said they were "superb."

He describes the "magnificent stone temples that rise out of dense jungle in the world. The great Mayan temples were magnificent, three or four of them all bigger than anything in Uxmal or Yucatan. It is fantastic and the legends covering these great ruins are many."

In addition, Maxwell plans a 3,000-mile trip down the Amazon, using native craft and trading launches. He will visit river communities and Belen, official seaport of the Amazon.

Photos must be submitted by noon each Friday to insure publication the following Thursday.

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STUFFED PEPPERS Jerry's "Home Run" Recipe

6 medium-sized peppers 1 1/2 lbs. beef 2 cups cooked ground meat 1/2 cup vinegar 1/2 cup oil 1/2 cup onion, diced 4 cups uncooked rice 1 cup tomato sauce 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger 1/2 cup Worcestershire sauce

Cut tops off peppers, take out the seeds, then wash and fill with mixture. Boil 15 minutes. Then place in oven with uncooked ground beef. Bake 1 hour. Turn oven off. Let stand 30 minutes. Turn oven back on for 30 minutes.

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