

Nine Out of Ten Did Vote—
Who Says It Can't Be Done?

A Page One story in this issue of The Birmingham Eccentric points out in some detail just how the number of those Birmingham persons voting last week Tuesday compares with the number of persons registered to vote here.
The outstanding fact is that 90 per cent of all local registered voters did vote. This is well above the national average of 61 per cent, and few cities or states in this nation can boast of doing any better.
Many persons and events contributed to this wonderful situation.
Local political party organizations, women's groups, men's club speakers, children's groups and many others took the time to get people registered to vote, then worked long and hard to get them into the

polls to mark the ballots.
THE ELECTION LAST WEEK shows what can be accomplished if enough people are sufficiently interested in making actions speak louder than words.
Birmingham should collectively pat itself on the back for its fine election participation last week. It could be done—and it WAS done.
It is to be hoped that future elections—local, state and national—will find an equal number of persons voting.
For a vote is a precious thing . . . it is the only direct way you can express your beliefs in how you want to be governed.
You cannot trust anyone else to vote the same way you would vote. You can only trust yourself.

Cranbrook Foundation's 25th Jubilee

Human beings, from time to time, stage celebrations of many kinds.
They run the gamut from the trite and inconsequential to those that commemorate enterprises of inestimable value to humankind.
It was the latter type that, three weeks ago, was celebrated at nearby Cranbrook, the occasion being the 25th year of the founding of one of America's unique cultural and educational activities.
From its original small day school to its present group of six endowed institutions, the vision of George G. Booth and his wife, Ellen Scripps Booth, have come to be recognized as contributors of no mean import to the current generation.
SO, ON OCTOBER 21, there came to Cranbrook many men and women to join in the exercises of Cranbrook's Jubilee, each paying tribute to the values for improvement afforded to all who use its various services.
Let us list the six institutions that comprise this worthy development in nearby Bloomfield Hills.
There is Brookside School, a day school for boys and girls from kindergarten through the sixth grade; Cranbrook School, a boarding school for boys from the seventh through the twelfth grade; Kingswood School, a boarding school for girls from the seventh through the twelfth grade.
Famous is the Cranbrook Academy of Art, for talented students in architecture, sculpture, painting and the allied arts; an institution for the promotion of instruction and research in the natural sciences is the Cranbrook Institute of Sci-

ence; and there is the beautiful Gothic Christ Church, a Protestant Episcopal church serving the community and the Cranbrook Institutions.
FROM ALL OVER the world have come interested men and women, to view and receive inspiration from the physical beauties of Cranbrook's buildings, its art treasures, its expansive gardens and grounds.
For the boys and girls who attend its schools, the best of instruction is given.
It was the vision of the founders that young students who attend the classes would, among other studies, be given the opportunity to sharpen and develop their interests and talents for the practical aesthetics of life. They arranged that boys and girls with evident talent, but without means of support, might enter on scholarships . . . thus providing the instruction and atmosphere for the flowering of potential genius in many fields.
MR. AND MRS. BOOTH, during their lives, acquired many millions of dollars. . . but with this came also the desire to play the part of that type of philanthropy that educates, inspires, uplifts and gives to others the rare opportunity to create and to appreciate the better things in life.
But 25 years established, Cranbrook's Institutions, are yet young. But already they have contributed much good to many . . . and as the years tick off into the future, may the beacon of their combined programs lend light in the effort to improve the earthly environments of men and women, boys and girls . . . all God's children.

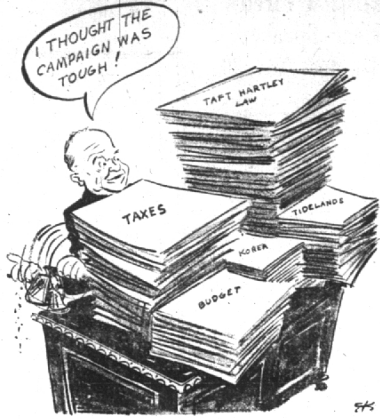
From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

- It would appear, from the records, that quite a number of wealthy men acquire and later discard wives as they do expensive motor cars. And may it be that some of the later wives really know what they are walking into . . . and get the haubles and dough and in time walk out?
- It is reported that 59 million adults use passenger automobiles every day. Not every one of them drives a car, of course—and many of them who do drive as adults ought not to drive.
- What is it, or what are it, that makes some young women so forward that they seek the first prize in a national "sweater girl" contest?
- Every time you read that some lesser federal government official has failed to maintain honest and faithful service on his job, you know that other people in high office have allowed it, or tolerated it, to happen. And when these failures involve money, you also know that a portion of it is from your own earnings.

- Progress Note: Ancient Tibet has always hanned the use of the wheel as a means of transportation, but now has agreed to allow them. Which shows how far behind western civilization some of this earth's people are.
- A Detroit man, with a record for passing bad checks, went to church and was seen by one of his victims. The latter called the police and the forger was taken into custody. Was it before or after the Sunday collection was taken up?
- Every U.S. GI now serving in Trieste gets breakfast in bed for a week, served by an officer—providing the GI donates not less than \$16 to the Army's charities drive. Well, maybe the idea is o. k. and maybe it is not. It does, however, allow the GI's to relieve themselves of various "inner feelings" about and against some officers, and it does raise some dough. But what does it do for discipline?
- Fat Farouk, deposed King of Egypt, is having matrimonial trouble with his comparatively new and young wife. Also, folks back in Cairo are talking about bringing him back for a criminal trial, which might result in his death. All of which suggests that, in order to be happily married and remain alive, don't think and act like Fat Farouk.

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It's Only the Beginning



Happenings of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—
The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

50 YEARS AGO
November 14, 1902
A farmer says that "inches haven't" sought winter quarters yet, and at this season of the year that is an unfurling indication of a warm fall and a mild winter.
The Woodward avenue sewer which has long been a menace to the public health is about finished, much to the relief of property owners along the line whose cellars have been full of water this past month.
We believe we cannot speak too highly of the new photographic studio that is being opened in the Ford block over the barber shop this week. We are truly glad that Birmingham is to have a first class photograph gallery and there will be no more need to go to the city to have your picture taken.
Talk about hot tamales! You just ought to have been at the Masonic temple on Monday night. A bear dance wasn't in it. Really the way our aldermen behave would make one think our village was beginning to put on Metropolitan airs.
We understand a house is being erected in Pontiac made of cement brick. They are hollow and made by hand but it is thought that machine-made brick of its kind will be made shortly and then building will be easy.
30 YEARS AGO
November 10, 1922
Remodeling of the Birmingham Masonic temple is expected to be finished early next month, according to William McCallum, local contractor in charge. "It will be one of the finest small-town temples in the state," a lodge spokesman said.
Mrs. P. W. Parmenter has been named Bloomfield township leader for the annual Red Cross drive scheduled to open here Nov. 11. A special effort will be made this year to raise extra funds for World War veterans still hospitalized, and their families.
Jay S. Williams has sold his 70 acre farm on West Maple road to John A. Mercier, Detroit contractor.
Mr. H. B. Lenz, local builder, has been awarded the contract for construction of a garage and warehouse for Birmingham. The building will be located on city property in Eton, just south of Holland avenue.
Adopting the proposal of Manager Donald Egbert, Birmingham village commissioners announce that rubbish collections will go on a weekly basis. Prior to this, collections have been made but once a year.
Birmingham's Boy Scouts are starting their annual drive for discarded and slightly broken toys. The troops of repairing and refinishing of these for poor children is one of the biggest undertakings of the year.
Milton H. Bercz, local builder, has been awarded the contract for a new garage and warehouse for Birmingham. The building will be located on city property in Eton, just south of Holland avenue.

HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE
BY ALICE E. MORGAN

Oh Brother! Is Uncle Abner ever feeling smug these days? He's sure that it was his advice, and his alone, that made so many folks drop everything last week Tuesday and hike off to the polls. "By grannies," he chuckled late that night, "them folks sure listened to me when I told 'em to make sure they didn't leave the ballots home!"
"It sure does my old heart good to see all them figures all above that you can shove these Americans around just so long—an' no longer."
The old man chuckled way down in his whiskers and took another bite of apple. While he munched, you could almost hear the wheels turning around in his mind.
Biting, chewing, staring and listening, he concentrated for a long time on what was going on in political centers around the country. Finally he muttered, more to himself than anyone else: "I just hope they don't let the boy down."
"WE WAITED. You don't try to pump Uncle Abner. You wait. When he gets good and ready he'll say what he has to say and then crawl into his shell again. We waited."
He swallowed his apple, flipped a seed at the dog, and tamped the tobacco down hard in his pipe. The flame of the match rose and fell over the bowl as the bluish-white smoke formed a cloud in front of Uncle Abner.
"I sure hope they don't let the boy down," he sighed. "He's a good lad. He's had a pretty rough life—maybe not hard luck, but he's been a lot of things no man should have to look at."
"Yongster an' man he's seen have his ar' sent others out to fight. No man likes to do that. He can't help thinkin' that boy might be his own."

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

Now that the national election is over, let's get back to being human beings again for the next four years.
I'm kinda glad that winter is about here. Maybe we'll have lots of snow that'll cover up all the paper and debris along the curbs in the downtown area.
Some of these days, some citizen of some city in Michigan is going to get mighty tired of paying more than his equal share of county and school district costs, via taxes to these two types of municipal units.
And said citizen, if he has enough money to hire top legal counsel, thus may bust wide open the present unequitable distribution of those costs that exist today in too many Michigan counties.
Most municipal assessors, most township supervisors know that the "score" is.
The assessors hesitate to bring the matter out into the open, and some are trying to work behind the scenes to get the correction of the situation. But progress has been extremely slow.
Most township supervisors, of course, would be risking their political necks if they publicly admitted their townships are getting free rides and then suggested corrective steps be taken.
Elected city officials either don't know what is going on in this regard, or feel the situation isn't too bad because their constituents haven't asked them to investigate the matter and try to do something about it.
But some day, some city taxpayer will decide something must be done, and his action could very well result in the correction of a longstanding burden he has had to pay via taxes.
Ulcers come not from what you eat, but rather from what you're eating you.
The newest in mass communication, TV, seems to have come up with a new gimmick.
The ZYW corporation buys an hour-long program, but when it comes time for station identification midway in the program, what happens? The LMS Soap Chip Co. gets a wonderful audience for a 10-second local station inserted commercial.
Seems to me this is like selling a full page ad, then putting in the margin of the page a little ad from someone else.
Maybe newspapers should try it?
Here's a new union someone could organize: A Union of Potential or Actual Hospital Patients.
This UPAPH then could combat the apparent union of physicians who refuse to let the patient know what is wrong with him or what is about to be done to him (or her, of course).
The UPAPH members could strike, like refusing to leave the doctor's office until he gave out with the real facts, or refusing to let the physician conduct further hospital examinations until he owned up to what he was proposing to do.
Physicians are more mystic than the Mystic Nights of the Sea.
I'd just like to see inside the bones of those individuals who have the filthy habit of throwing garbage and other rubbish along our roadides.
On second thought, my stomach probably couldn't stand it.
The expiring Truman administration can be credited with one accomplishment—it really takes some doing to make chaos out of confusion.
I don't understand why men are so suspicious of us men—

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