

# Do You Want Bureaucrats To Control Your Medical Care?

Once again, a bill to establish compulsory government health insurance, and to take other steps which would give government the whip-hand over our entire medical system, has been introduced in Congress. And, once again, the proponents of this measure (which almost everyone believes would be but a prelude to socialized medicine) argue that it is necessary because the people have no protection against the financial shock of illness, and that the cost of medical care is an insupportable burden.

Two facts cast an illuminating light on these hourly arguments.

Fact one is that more than 90,000,000 Americans now voluntarily carry some form of hospital, surgical and medical insurance—and this huge figure does not include the legions covered by industrial insurance, veterans' benefits, and local, state and federal custodial programs. The

growth of these voluntary plans is unrivaled in the whole broad history of insurance.

Fact two is that, according to figures gathered for the Federal Reserve Board by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan, 80 per cent of American families have no medical debt at all; 17 per cent have debts ranging from \$2 to \$200, and only three per cent have debts in excess of \$200.

Much remains to be done to improve medical care—and it is being done, in a sound and orderly manner. No great nation can point to achievements in this field which are equal to ours. Certainly, the small percentage of indigents can be adequately helped without setting up a compulsory system which would cost United billions a year to operate—and which would undermine and eventually destroy free, progressive medicine.

# Soil Is Support Of Life

Our American forebears were people of the land. They lived close to the soil. They understood the miracles of nature and her inexorable laws. They held a deep religious faith that supported them in adversity to an extent beyond the comprehension of many living in the carbon-monoxide fumes of cities.

Those who drive through the countryside nowadays profaning the beauties of nature by tossing beer bottles and papers along the roadside and who think of necessities solely in terms of the nearest store counter or show window, would do well to spend a few minutes contemplating the words of Rev. Louis Deuster of Muenster, Texas: "In modern life, we too need a

reasonable abundance of the good things of the earth in order to carry out a proper religious program for families and communities. That is why it is not saying too much to declare that 'soil is sacred.' "The things we reap from the soil have become our means of developing our churches, our schools, our community resources. Without these, our children could not be properly brought into the world, reared, and educated. Christianity would fall of a great part of its mission, if material resources in due abundance were lacking.

"We therefore praise God when we take good care of the soil and its resources entrusted to us. . . ."

# Let's Worry About Men's Styles

This recent hassle about just how long women's skirts should be for the coming season doesn't bother us a bit. We know that women's styles have to change—for not only do leading dress designers believe this is necessary, but most women, too, like a change in the style and shape of their habiliments.

We, as males, would be more interested

in a change in men's styles: like wearing open sandals in summer, plus slightly longer than knee-length trousers (for cooling purposes), plus collarless shirts, plus some manner of inconspicuous electric fan we could cause to flow its breezes all over us.

(Ed. Note: This is written on a day when the thermometer hit 94 degrees.)

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

We are well convinced that most labor leaders are opposed to the operation of various gambling rackets in the pleasure industries. Chief among them is "numbers"; requiring only small bets, this racket however annually takes millions from the pockets of workers, just as slot machines do. But the labor leaders, like their counterparts in society's law-enforcing agencies, find it impossible to stamp out the practice. Such is human nature. So the only legal gambling in Michigan today is that of betting on the horses . . . which pastime, too, annually takes lots of dough from those who can ill afford to play the nags.

In spite of all the Soviet claims to bring about "the more abundant life" to its millions of peasants, this latter group finds it harder and harder to make a decent subsistence. In 1928 a Russian worked 26 hours a week to get an amount of food which now requires that he work 38 hours weekly. An American, in 1928, earned the same amount of food by working 12 hours and now he works only seven hours for a like quantity.

The international police always has been a moving one; it never remains static. A few years ago the U.S.A. was waging a bloody war against the Japs; the Japs were defeated. Now the U.S.A. is training a new crop of young Japanese to become officers, the training taking place at Fort Benning, in Georgia. Japan today is our ally . . . how long will it remain so? Only time, and human nature, will tell.

You who recall the days of bootleggers and gangsters in this country, with the usual feuds and slayings as one gang would try to take over the rackets of another, just see in this Soviet "blood-letting" the same pattern. For Russia's Kremlin is naught but a bunch of gangsters, attaining their top places by force, and they will eventually be removed by force.

An important national question has been raised, the title of which is: "Is Senator Joe McCarthy a Saint or a Devil? The answer is easy to find; he has no horns, tail or cloven hoofs, no hagg or wings—so he must be just an aggressive politician with a strong self-imposed mission. Red is his favorite color, of which he sees plenty.

# So They Say . . .

Rev. Casimir Tugevics, Catholic priest: "Some of us who have a very high standard of living have a regrettably low standard of life."

Ernest Weider, Boston music teacher: "Music is for fun. It isn't medicine to be taken in awful tasting doses."

Arthur Toynebe, British historian: "What matters most is not one's knowledge and skill, but one's relation with other people."

Alfred M. Graether, U.S. General, Supreme Allied Commander, in Europe: "I do not think war (in Europe) is ever going to come."

Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense: "We must for an indefinite period into the future, cultivate and promote all the elements of our national strength."

Hanson W. Baldwin, military analyst: "The 'trust' in Korea presents problems different from, but no less difficult than, those of war."

James L. Sharpe, educator: "We in America know that there is nothing more healing than the lamp of education."

F. B. Meyer, eminent preacher: "You do not test the resources of God until you try the impossible."



# 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

Fire nearly destroyed the West. Paint home on Maple avenue last week. The blaze, thought to have been started by a cooking range was burning quiet a while before discovered. A sum of money, believed to have been stolen during the excitement, has been returned to Mr. Faint.

The whole operation part of the cemetery grounds was burned Sunday morning because some careless smoker threw a cigar or lighted match into the dead grass. Two small but courageous boys were fighting the fire trying to keep it from a tall pine when help arrived.

## As a convenience to the people of Birmingham, The Eccentric has taken over the task of handling tickets for the coming state fair. These may be purchased at our office.

The reducing fever has hit Birmingham to the extent that a club has been formed. Called the "Reducing Club" the organization is making a concerted effort to recruit members from among the special instructions are being given at the village hall on how persons should register for the special election Sept. 4. Barring instructions will also be available for new voters.

## Two large barns filled with hay and grain belonging to Supervisor A. H. Porter were struck by lightning during last Wednesday's thunder storm. The \$1500 loss is covered by insurance.

## A horse, 21 years old, belonging to Mr. Edgar became frisky while in town the other day and tried to run away. It succeeded in upsetting the carriage and smashing the top but able from this little damage was not hurt.

## Parents, just remember this. If you let your boys and girls run the streets night after night all the churches and church societies in the world will not send them from going downhill. Remember the devil gets in his best ticks after dark.

## At the commission meeting Monday night Village Manager Starke has authorized to purchase 1,000 feet of water supply for the city. The equipment will cost \$300, which is being paid for by the city. This which may be spent without putting the matter to a public vote.

## Writing on water supplies for the Detroit area, Geo. H. Fenckell reports, every hillside will be a riot of color that, if reproduced on a canvas, would make the beholder shudder at its golden yellow whiteness. There, with it all around, the color does not seem out of place at all. So bright and brilliant that sunlight takes on a different tone. It all fits into the general scheme, emphasized by the sun, beginning to make itself felt in the air.

## ONE DRIVE in particular, is a sensational beautiful back in the foothills. It is a short, sharp, tripping Rome with the main highway north from Utica to Waterbury, but it is beautiful.

## During September and October people come from all over the state swine up through this section and all make it a point to drive the Rome George road.

## Scene of the Black River canal famous in the history of northern New York, it winds its way down the hill from Boonville to Rome. It's a road of sharp turns and steep, snappy little grades that fool the unwary and make a gear necessary on what seems to be only a little rise in the road.

## IT SNAKES its way along between the old canal, now falling into deep and high sharp banks. It presents a constantly changing scene each more colorful, it seems, than the last.

## The flaming maples mingle with the rich brown of oak and the golden glow of the poplar. Scattered

## 4 FEW thefts were reported to Birmingham police during the past week. The McNellis jewelry store reported the theft of a man's watch valued at \$100.

## See what the public works department has done for this man? He no longer feels dull, bored and lousy. His nerves are tingling. There is a gleam in his eye, his whole being is permeated with a sense of well-being.

## He has a purpose in life. He is no longer stony John Doe, with nothing ahead of him but a 2 to 3 prison sentence. He is St. George preparing to conquer the dragon.

## With the opening of the new school term, Birmingham educators have announced that French classes are to be included in this year's curriculum.

## Mrs. John K. Ormond, A. R. Glancy and Mrs. Harry C. Hill have been appointed by Gov. Murray to serve on the Michigan re-creating commission. Their duty is to make studies and point out defects in the state's governmental system.

## A low bid of \$159,836 has been accepted from Lambrook Sewer Co., Detroit, for the construction of a new sewage disposal plant for the city of Birmingham. The plant will be on Cranbrook road, just north of 14th Mile.

## Anton Brees, famous for his carillon recitals at Cranbrook will present the first in a new series of recitals at 5 p.m.

# HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE

BY ALICE E. MORGAN

Uncle Amer began talking about the other night and had all homies for the Adirondacks. At this time of year they are beginning to put on their party gear, ready to get into the fun of entering the quiet solitude of winter. Here and there a tree flames into golden yellow, which around it others show small branches of gold, forerunners of New Year's.

Throughout the entire wooded area are the patches of somber green, marking the pine tree stands and the birch. The white, granite contented trees which soon stand leafless under winter's white shroud. Nearing the home boundaries one pulls into rich farmland, just as brilliantly colored as the wood areas.

Later, in September and the warm, hazy, dry days of October, every hillside will be a riot of color that, if reproduced on a canvas, would make the beholder shudder at its golden yellow whiteness. There, with it all around, the color does not seem out of place at all. So bright and brilliant that sunlight takes on a different tone. It all fits into the general scheme, emphasized by the sun, beginning to make itself felt in the air.

Cornfields have turned their own particular shade of golden brown spotted, liberally with orange pumpkin balls, yellow squash and big striped cabbages.

RICH BIRTH lies brown and fallow, sporting rows of onions, beets, and high sharp banks. The land smooths and widens on either side of the road. Lake Delta opens its wide expanse of water and the buildings of the city draw close. A breath-taking beauty lies behind its color and glory stamped on the picture of the mind to be taken out and viewed over and over again for many a year.

ORCHARDS stretch away toward the hills, yellow leaved trees boughing under the burden of red and green apples. Nut trees are dropping their white, granite contented. Wonder if they know the grain which grew here a few degrees, an anonymous caller telephoned me.

## APITUDE TESTS

enable YOU to learn the kind of work YOU are best suited for. (For one study course, boys and girls under 18 years of age.)  
Daniel L. Beck, Director  
Consulting Institute  
Temple 1-1281  
Woodward near Warren

LAST week I reprinted the first half of a speech by Kansas City Star Reporter Bill Vaughan given at a convention of public works officials. The following is the remainder of the speech . . .

Our civilization has removed most of the things from life. The pioneers were too busy fighting Indians and hunting buffalo to clear the forests away from such minor matters as the condition of their streets and sewers. If anyone complained down a chukhole on the Santa Fe Trail, his complaint was unrecorded.

But things are too easy for modern man. As several other profound thinkers before me have pointed out, we have created a smooth-working, comfortable, pasteurized, homogenized civilization and we are in some danger of being bored to death by it.

Fortunately, however, we have people to restore some of the zest to life.

TAKE THE average city dweller. He starts for work in the morning. Life looks dull as usual. Nothing ahead of him but the same routine—no challenges to be met, no wild animals to slay or crafty Indians to outwit.

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WHEN I go to Detroit or Cleveland or San Francisco and am driving down the street with a friend and hit a bump and he starts cursing the administration, I want to be able to hold up my end of the conversation. I want to be able to tell him that back home in the winter we have to put up signs beside our chukholes reading "ROAD BUMP."

WHEN I hear a Philadelphian brag about how bad the water is here, I want to be able to tell him that in the spring we get something from our taps that tastes like an infusion of old rubber boots.

WHEN YOU SEE an open sewer in any of America's great cities, it is nice to have one of your own to talk about, with all the affection of a displaced Dixerian yearning for the Old Southwest.

SO if a man lived in a city where the public works program was perfect, you can see what a conversational disadvantage he'd be under wherever he went. Who would want to hear him talk about smooth streets and ideal sewers and that sort of thing? Nobody, of course. In discussing public works, if you can't gripe, you might as well be quiet.

FROM what I have read and heard at this convention I judge that the main subject which concerns you at the moment is long-range planning. This is a topic upon which you can be expert without necessarily being a public works official.

IN EVERY FAMILY, at least in every family of which I have ever been a member, there is a long-range program of public works. The job of commissioner of public works in a family is usually filled by the lady of the house.

Her labor force consists of the senior males or any junior males who can be trapped into it. She usually specializes in long-range planning, and the principles she uses are pretty much those that have been advocated here the last few days.

For example, any really efficient wife in her role as the family works administrator, is going to plan the projects to create jobs during periods of idleness. It is

important, she feels, that Sundays, Saturday afternoons and holidays, when the labor force is unemployed, be utilized for projects of benefit to the family as a whole—such as lawn-raking and storm-painting, linoleum-laying and self construction.

JUST LIKE a municipal planner, she can't rely on the inspiration of the labor force. She must plan these jobs. If she did so, there might come that worst of all disasters—a day when the labor force was idle, and with nothing planned for him to do.

Anyone can see the economic waste that would be involved there. So she will have enough projects in mind to keep the labor force busy the rest of his life.

Of course, all the things she plans aren't going to get done, and she knows they're not. But in this, again, she operates just the way you public works officials do. She figures if she talks enough about a new back yard fence she will at least and eventually get the old one painted—which is all she really wanted in the first place.

AND, AS YOU know, the same system works on a municipal scale. If you talk to the taxpayers long enough about putting steam pipes under all the streets to melt the snow—you may actually get a few additional trucks, men and shovels to get the stuff off next winter.

Maybe what this analogy really proves is that all public works officials should be women. They seem to be born with the knowledge to give you what you want to add, however, a few words to express my admiration of you people in the public field. If it is not necessary, of course, to point out the importance of your work. We all know that it is economically and socially vital.

BUT I WOULD like to underline the fact that you are the shock troops for your city or your county or your state administrations.

Many governmental agencies are removed from the glare of public attention. Their mistakes are quietly buried in the files and the public doesn't understand them even if it hears about them.

But public works—streets and sewers, lights and garbage collection and snow removal and all the rest—are part of our daily lives. When we visit a strange city, those are the things that impress us, and when we judge our own city as a place to live these services, these facilities, loom very large in our thinking.

AND SO YOU are in the front line, where the barrage of public opinion is the heaviest. Tell me the population of your city and I will tell you how many people there are in it who think they could do your job better than you.

Yours is a difficult job and by and large, I'm afraid a thankless one. But if a knowledge that you are contributing something solid, something lasting and something important to the life of your fellow men is compensation for the gripes and the brickbats: the long hours and the constant planning—then yours, I am sure, is one of the most rewarding of human occupations.

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