

He Says He Wants on the Team



HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE

BY ALICE E. MORGAN

Engines on the big red pumper labored; firemen glared angrily at the hoses in their hands and the inadequate stream of water pouring from them.

IN SECTION after section persons, especially children and young men and women, sickened. Some died. Neighbor shamed neighbor, fearing further contact with this horror which was striking them.

Physicians and technical men explain that nearly every main line had allowed surface water and drainage to seep into them, infecting the entire city system.

ITEMS LIKE these are rare today, especially in cities such as Birmingham. They are not impossible, however.

To himself, each person may say, "But my family does not use much water. The children have their pool, we only water the lawn two or three times a week just for a few hours at a time, and I never wash the car more than twice a week."

CONFINED to one family, this is fine, but multiply this reasoning by the number of families and you come up with water enough to fill a fair sized lake.

It is true that we like to see our lawns and flowers fresh and green rather than baked brown, but let rather see a brown lawn in front of your home than only a charred hole where your house used to stand—behind a nice green lawn?

RIGHT NOW the water situation boils down to just about that simple question. Homeowners have their choice of green lawns and clean cars, or water that is not plentiful enough to drink and plentiful enough to extinguish any fires which might threaten us.

Perhaps we go too much on the theory that, if the water runs out of the hose, the supply is plentiful. It's about like driving past a gas station, feeling that as long as the car is running we have nothing to fear. What we don't consider is the fact we have only a gallon in the tank and another 100 miles to go before the next station.

At their home on Davis avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Byrne were hosts at a pretty informal dance and supper Thursday evening of last week. The home was cleared of furniture and 14 couples danced to music furnished by a piano and banjo.

Building permit issued in Birmingham during the first two weeks in July show an increase of \$1,000 over the same period last year.

Expenses for operating the current budget of Birmingham for the year ending June 30, 1953, exclusive of money spent on debt service, amounted to \$208,702.35, reported to the Commission Monday night.

Hiding her light under a bushel for weeks has been Mrs. William D. Thompson, of Thirteen Mile road, one of Bloomfield's first ladies of the garden clubs.

With his full journey from New York to San Francisco completed, the ten millionth Ford car is rolling along across the western states towards the Pacific, reeling off a vivid and colorful motion picture for the automotive industry of America.

ONE THING OR ANOTHER

By George Wm. Averill

A Detroit newspaper last week announced it has been waiting for a couple of weeks to see whether any Detroit city employee (particularly in the police department) had discovered a downtown traffic signal which was changing directly from green to red.

The amber light was out, and this abrupt change had many motorists running the red light.

The paper was waiting to see how long it took for some city official to locate the faulty signal and get it fixed.

A similar "game" was begun by me more than three weeks ago regarding a corner street light in Birmingham.

Ordinarily, most street lights I have noted that are "out" are fixed in a relatively few days . . . and at what would be considered an unimportant intersection compared to the one I am watching!

Which leads to the interesting question: Who is supposed to notice these things and report them? Me? Or you?

As far as I'm concerned, I hope the count of the signatures on those bingo referendum petitions are way short of what the required amount must be. If it is made easy for bingo players

to walk to the nearest corner to get into a bingo game, then I think it only right that the same convenience be allowed the same people who play the horses; permit the race tracks to open branch betting windows in every community in the state.

In my estimation, gambling by any other name still is gambling.

We Americans are a stubborn lot: We won't settle for the Russians' piece plan—a piece of this, or piece of that.

The way the Detroit newspapers are playing up the Dr. Small trial, you'd think it was the first murder that has happened in that community this year.

For many Detroit area community officials, low water pressure is resulting in high blood pressure.

How much longer are Birmingham city officials going to ponder a pool? You've got to look real hard these days for news items about McCarthy. Which is as it should have been all along.

"Gone With the Wind" went so far that it's back.

Spray All Your Elm Trees

Evidence of the existence of the Dutch elm disease among 42 trees in Birmingham is of mighty importance to the residents of this community . . . or ought to be.

The city sprays its own trees, and so do many householders. But the problem can be met successfully only if all trees are sprayed.

We suggest that you contact the Birmingham forestry department for further information on how you can help . . . eventually insuring your own vegetation.

When Gov't Steps In, People Are Pushed Out

In the demands of certain labor leaders that the federal government arrange the nation's economy so that few, if any, workers are kept idle because of the up-and-downs of private enterprise, you easily observe the trend toward Socialism.

To be sure, people who are out of work at the moment are not to be blamed if they express criticism because they can't find jobs. But, in a free competitive society, (except in times of war) there always have been some unemployed . . . it is part of the pattern of free enterprise, regretful as it may be.

WE SIMPLY WANT to point out, however, that when government is required to provide full and uninterrupted employment then you have accepted the pattern of Socialism. And, like pregnancy, there is no slight or controllable phase of Socialism . . . it is conceived, goes through the period of gestation, and then is delivered in to daylight as a complete, living organism.

In this trend, of course, labor itself has much to lose. For when Socialism arrives, its direction and authority lie within the heads and hands of political bureaucracy . . . in itself the Slimes twin of totalitarianism.

Spies Can Jeopardize a Whole Nation's Security

A House judiciary subcommittee recently approved a bill proposed by Attorney General Herbert Brownell which would permit the death sentence for spies in peacetime.

Heretofore, the United States has imposed the death penalty on spies only in times of war.

There is, however, thought to be some opposition in the Senate Judiciary committee, and in the Senate itself. Although the bill only permits the death penalty—and does not make it mandatory—some members of the upper legislative body are believed to oppose the measure.

These concepts are out of date in 1954. They are out of date because of the nature of atomic warfare and the scientific angle which now has become dominant in military operations.

The theft of the country's highest scientific secrets could well determine the outcome of a new war, and therefore, the elective death penalty for spies, convicted of selling government secrets to the enemy is a necessity in this country.

IT MAY SEEM SEVERE to many Christians, and the death penalty for spying in peacetime may be thought unnecessary by some high-minded individuals, but the practical approach to survival and the preservation of our democratic civilization includes the realization that stern measures are necessary to preserve the nation's secrets in this atomic age.

We say this in spite of the fact that we still oppose the use of capital punishment, on a State level, for all crimes short of treason as applied to spies.

Extravagant Government By Paper

Pieces of paper are one of the reasons why the cost of government has reached a statistical stratosphere. The paper in question consists of government records.

According to a Hoover Commission report, each year 9,800,000,000 pieces of paper are produced or accumulated by the federal government. Salaries and material costs for an estimated 485,000 clerical persons doing the producing and accumulating come to \$2,800,000,000. To house the records, some 3,000,000 filing cabinets would be required. And it is estimated

that as many as 250,000 clerks may be engaged in classifying, filing and searching these current records, at a cost of \$1,170,000,000.

The Commission has established a new Task Force to deal with the problem of reducing the volume of pieces of paper so created.

The point is that, when it comes to trying to cut down government waste and non-essentials, even seemingly small things can be almost important in the aggregate.

From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

The Superintendent of the Detroit Police Dept. recently bumped his car into another one. He, Ed Morgan, tried "to play it down", and the newspaper boys determinedly "played it up". Even though he is the Supt. of Police, Morgan is still a human being. True, his Dept. is invested with the enforcement of all laws and ordinances and, by implication, therefore "a cop must do no wrong." Why didn't Morgan admit his human fallibility, and the newspapers could thus agree? What funny things people are, ain't they?

Two Jackson County women, both Republicans, have arranged an agreement about wearing apparel. One is campaigning for Don Leonard for Governor, the other for Fut Cleary. Whichever candidate is inaugurated in Lansing determines which lady will wear a mink cape, the loser to wear an old winter coat. They are good friends, although in opposite political camps prior to the Aug. 3 primary election. Who says all women are fussy about their wearing apparel?

We're mighty glad that Harry Truman survived his operation and is again back in his home town of Independence, Mo. The old gentleman allowed the surgeons to remove his appendix and gall bladder . . . but we'll wager that won't prevent him from venting his spleen against the Republicans whenever the occasion is present.

It should be of some comfort to local and nearby motorists who use Birmingham's streets to know that this city won a 1953 award for traffic enforcement performance . . . for such enforcement by a police department finally means that fewer people are injured in traffic accidents. This is but proof of the fact that your average traffic officer is completely interested in YOUR safety, not in issuing a large volume of tickets.

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So They Say . . .

Mrs. Katie Louchheim, director of women's activities for the Democratic National Committee:

"The biggest part of a woman's job in politics is to get out the thought as well as the vote."

Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense: "A third world war is not the answer to the problem of stopping the spread of communism. We cannot knock out false ideas with bullets; we must counter and destroy them with the truth, with superior ideas and sound philosophy."

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 July 22, 1904

"Signs reading \$5 fine for spitting on the sidewalks of Frankfort, Mich., would make the eyes of our Mrs. Mattie Baldwin dance for joy. While on our recent visit there, one of our careless editors spat upon the walk but immediately took out his kerchief and did the wipe act, thankful that the marshal did not see him."

Charles H. Schlaack has gone West for business—washing his gold from some rich river deposits in California.

"Billy Hawthorne of Troy says he isn't ready to burn in this item, for he can't think through laying yet, but will let it go as it is. The turkey hen had come to a neighbor's and had laid 75 eggs so far this summer, and there are other circumstances in the case which will be sworn to if necessary."

"A monument has recently been placed on the Paul Park's lot in our village cemetery. This lot is so disguised by handstones that just the one simple stone marks the place. By the request of the daughters, Edla and Bertha the stone was selected and placed by Miss Baldwin."

30 YEARS AGO July 18, 1924

Death occurred during the past week four old residents from here. Nor has life been begrudged early in case. Each was filled with joy for he rich in humanity's architecture as best he could before passing into the imperishable mist. They are Alfred Johnston, Charles S. Newman, Mrs. Eliza E. Alton and Edna E. Sine.

Among the few formal affairs of the week was an interesting one held at her country home on Wing Lake to forty guests. The tables, scattered about the ponds and lawn, were exceptionally attractive with old fashioned bouquets against the green background of the gardens.

With half his journey from New York to San Francisco completed, the ten millionth Ford car is rolling along across the western states towards the Pacific, reeling off a vivid and colorful motion picture for the automotive industry of

Have You Met

The residents of 6914 Pilgrim road? Mr. and Mrs. William R. Forsythe with their two sons, Thomas, age 11, and Jerry, age 8, moved from Indianapolis, Ind., on

July 14. Forsythe is branch manager of International Business Machines, incorporated, Detroit. He was graduated from Michigan State college and Mrs. Forsythe from Michigan State Normal college.

Hugh C. White 217 Pierce St. Opposite Municipal Bldg. Birmingham, Mich.

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Insurance—Stay Insured and Rest Assured

Advertisement for electric air driers. Includes cartoon of a man with a broken tool, text: 'Fed Up with Rust-Wrecked Tools?', 'Get an Electric Air Drier (Dehumidifier)', 'Hot under the collar because rust makes your favorite saw bind, makes drills seize and chatter, makes tool calibrations hard to read? Excess moisture causes the trouble. Dry out the air with an electric dehumidifier. Its thrust is enormous. It removes as much as 3 gallons of water from damp air every 24 hours. Electric dehumidifiers are compact—easily moved from one trouble spot to another. They plug in, just like a floor lamp.'

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