

Ike Far Ahead of GOP in Popular Appeal

The vast majority of American citizens has responded to the age-old political bait of trading civic and economic freedom for what they think is financial security. Roosevelt's New Deal and Truman's Fair Deal really put this ancient bait on contemporary hooks, and for 20 years the Democratic Party (so-called) was kept in office.

Because of the Korean war, because of the increasing number of scandals in Truman's administration, and perhaps because many folks just wanted a new hero to worship, a famous and beloved American general was elected to the White House.

It is Eisenhower, then, and not exactly the Republican Party, that won a majority of the people's votes in 1952.

Since his election, Ike has gone a long way toward embracing the social and economic philosophies of the New and Fair Deals.

His present standing proves him to remain the popular hero, not only of his own Party, but also of millions of inde-

pendent voters, including old-line Democrats.

WERE IKE not available for re-election, it is doubtful that Republicans would remain in the White House.

Adherents to the philosophy of state paternalism are found largely within the Democratic ranks.

Today's old-line Republican leaders, while publicly acclaiming Ike's record and program, privately are "sick at heart". This I know, not only from observation, as a citizen, but also as a reporter who has discussed this subject with some present Republican political leaders.

To win a popular election you either must be a hero in your own right, or a member of a political group long known for its ability to provide you with what you believe to be "something for little or nothing of personal effort."

For it should never be forgotten that most of the human family responds to that universal law which reads: "People seek the most; they can get, with the least amount of effort."

Creative Force Thrives Only in Freedom

We give too much credit to politicians and statesmen. They are, in truth, the pygmies who ride on the shoulders of the giant of science, technology and invention. It is the sloganeers and politicians who have led mankind into its most terrible disaster—war and inflation.

It is the dynamic upsurge of millions of men and women working in an atmosphere of freedom that is the great creative force behind all material progress. The incentives to own property are the spark plugs of prosperity.

ceaseless drudgery really began. There can be no welfare without wealth. There must be something to tax before the politicians and their camp followers can redistribute the wealth and pin the "great humanitarian" badge on their bosoms.

If some tragedy forced us to go back to the crude wooden tools and the man, horse, ox, wind and water power that prevailed when Franklin caught the lightning from the sky, we would at once return to the seventy-hour week, the dollar-a-day pay, and lives of endless toil. Nothing that politicians, statesmen, demagogues, labor unions or social reformers could do would prevent it!

If man is to become the beneficiary of freedom from drudgery, then he must accept and apply technological progress.

Ladies, Demand That Uncle Sam Economize!

Congress makes the laws. Nearly all Congressmen are men. Ladies, isn't it about time for you "to lay down the law" to the lawmakers?

The information below will make your hair curlers hot!

There are about 26 Governmental agencies engaged in some kind of medical care, with five separate hospital systems—and 40% empty bureaucratic beds.

Some 104 bureaucratic agencies are engaged in lending, or guaranteeing loans, or insuring people with liabilities, amounting to some \$240,000,000,000! And this is outside the public debt of about \$278,000,000,000, and Social Security.

Various United States agencies conduct some 3,000 businesses — in competition with tax-paying enterprises. About 95% of these activities show a loss and it's

charged against you, ladies, and your husbands. If you stopped the waste of these 3,000 businesses, the Federal budget could be balanced and make substantial reduction in taxes for every family in our country. Ladies, you would welcome that! Think of the extra money you'd have to spend, or save, rather than throw it down the sink-hole on the Potomac.

"Never underestimate the power of a woman."

Few men do—only bachelors! It is only women who nearly always underestimate their power—especially in politics.

That's why there is such a mess in Washington. Men aren't good political housekeepers. Never were. Never will be.

This mess is a housekeeping job—and ladies, it's important!

From The Eccentric's Point of View...

If you earned 1,200 bucks in 1939—you must earn \$2,364 in '56 to stay even; \$2,650 in '59—\$5,812 in '56; \$5,000 in '39—\$12,050 in '56; \$10,000 in '39—\$26,435 in '56; \$25,000 in '39, you must earn \$99,136 in '56 to stay even due to inflation from debt and rising income taxes. At the time the Sixteenth Amendment was proposed, no one expected confiscatory taxation, or the "legalized stealing" of our income and savings.

If today's clock could be turned back to those times when the horse & buggy was on the way to losing out to the automo-

bile, certain labor leaders would oppose the change. Unable to prevent it, they would then argue for governmental unemployment compensation and employer guaranteed wages to give them security while the great change was being made. This, to be sure, is a tremendous change in the traditional philosophy of individual self-reliance and personal freedom from dependence upon government for security.

Most courtships and weddings are happy affairs. It's the long experience of being married that tests the bonds forged prior to tying the knot.

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We have a law that forbids shooting in the corporation either with air-guns, shot-guns or any weapon, yet only last week two Nimrods were out on Maple avenue, two big men after one little bird.

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NATURE NOW Carnivorous Plants Reverse Procedure

By LYDIA KING FRESHE
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

When an animal eats a plant, this is within Nature's accepted plan. But when a plant catches and eats an animal, it is a noteworthy reversal of her usual procedure.

So noteworthy is the life-pattern of carnivorous plants that their behavior is frequently misrepresented in popular writing. Although animal-trapping plants live in restricted areas, scattered over the globe, there is no far-away forest by whose streams their monstrous tentacles reach out to trap a man.

All carnivorous plants are comparatively small, and the largest ever caught are Mrs. Freshe's small frogs.

They do feed upon a variety of insects including ants, beetles, flies and gnats; on spiders, worms, small crustaceans and larvae.

MOST OFTEN SEEN and described is the pitcher plant of our soggy bog. Its raw-meat coloring and red-veining, and its oddly shaped flowers are attractive to the carrion flies which pollinate it.

Its leaves grow in a basal rosette of flat pitchers which first entice and then drown their victims. Certain digestive fluids secreted by the lining cells, plus the action of bacteria, make of these pitchers a kind of "stomach" where necessary proteins are extracted for the plant's nourishment.

An error often suggested is that all the plant's food comes from this source. The fact is, that carnivorous plants depend upon chlorophyll—the usual green-coloring of plants—to make at least a part of their food.

HOWEVER, SINCE THEY frequently grow in nitrogen-deficient soils and in shady bogs and jungles where sunlight is scarce, they have developed ingenious ways of supplying nitrogenous elements for their sustenance.

The various families of pitcher plants (Sarracenaceae) are widely dispersed in the United States. The tropical species produce even highly specialized pitchers borne on vines which climb on jungle growth. These are colorful like bright flowers and are shaded

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

There's no one like the employees to give an insight into the character of their boss, and how they feel about him. A nice job was done on this of former Birmingham city manager Don Egbert, who now manages two South Oakland municipal authorities.

At his "farewell dinner" July 29, the 149 city employees and close friends present were treated to a historical account of Don's municipal activities here, put in verse form by Barbara Matus, whose mother, Grace Hughes, is municipal building receptionist.

The material was provided by staff members (who naturally remain anonymous).

The poem is entitled, "Inside Egbert—An Exclusive Exposé":

DON EGBERT WAS BORN in Nebraska some 53 years ago
In a wee little town of Neligh mid a storm of sleet and snow
As a boy he was full of ambition and big ideas as well
So he struck out Western plain-ward and surveyed for quite a spell
From there he went to Florida and engineered and consulted and such
But in '29 came the depression and it didn't leave him with much
Meanwhile back in Michigan Birmingham was making its name
These two were destined to team up and go forward together to fame
Our man started out rather lowly as his first worn hat will tell
He inspected the City's new buildings and did the job so well
That soon he advanced and then onward up the ladder of government he went
Before he quite knew what was happening—into the manager's slot he was sent
His appointment took place in December of 1936
And for seven long years he worked steadily . . . the City's trials and troubles to fix.

WHEN IN '43—the world was arumblin—he answered his country's call
And sailed around the Pacific in ships both big and small
He was discharged a lieutenant commander and then without further ado
He came back to city management and moth-balled his Navy blue
Here we are now in the present and find Don is with us still
But he's about to journey onward though it's much against our will

never lasted more than a week
For every Saturday morning—O My Goodness—Sake
Dear "Twink," our lady commissioner, would come in with a coffee cake.

WHILE THE COMMISSION with problems so monstrous, would go on with its business meeting
Don Egbert would sit right beside them, talking, and thinking, and EATING!
Don is famous for nicknames . . . here we mention a few
Miss Muffett . . . Princess Alice, Lowell Thomas . . . do these apply to any of you??
If not, try Professor or Miss Blue—we could go on all day
But that brings us on to the subject of some things Don had to say
Have you ever been told by Sir Egbert to, "Show a modicum of good sense?" or "Don't talk out the top of your head" when things were getting too tense?
Or "Haven't we taken care of that yet" as the work piles up on all sides?
And "Not another Michigan State graduate!" he frequently has cried
Sometimes when things got too hectic and there were lumps in the management gravy.
One could tell that the words that he uttered came straight from the U. S. Navy.

THE PILE ON MR. E'S DESK—growing bigger by the hour
Is an assortment of what-have-you and over it he does scour
For some lost report or folder that "must be right here" says he
And then spends the next five minutes pawing for it frantically
We mentioned before Don's ambition and on this point we'd like to emote
Since lately we've been hearing strange noises as Latin Don does quote.
It seems he has bought him a nursery and planted many a tree
And then had to get a tractor and roof pruner to keep them company
Though his business is small it is thriving but his total intake is slight
Since he gives all his taxes to the City and then grins to himself at his plight
He has beautified Springdale Park and Parking Lot No. 1
And we understand from the grapevine that his task is not yet done
There is one more offer outstanding 'Tho' the location brings tears to his eyes
It's the park just north of a bridge that no one claims as his prize.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING is loaded with all sorts of people so happy
But never was there more mirth than that that shower for Don—the Grand-pappy.
The Commission Room brimmed with good wishes and pretty packages galore
And Don looked like a small boy turned loose in a candy store
Now Don's one way of relaxing, 'Tis with lamboole and string
And though he whines away many an hour—he seldom catches a thing
But Luke Huron caught his fancy as did Wild Wolf Bay
And whenever he gets a free minute he goes up there to play.

Now wind it all up and bring an end to this ditty
(I must admit I am tired and no longer feel too witty) . . .
Down deep in our hearts we are sad this day since it brings an era to an end
But whether you go, what'er you do . . . you'll always be our friend
And as we wish good luck to you and business as you go
We'll chuckle and smile when we think of you and say, Don—you've been nice to know!
—BARBARA MATUS

Happenings of Long Ago

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

30 YEARS AGO
August 31, 1926
No one opening this interesting paper can fail to see and read the big three-column advertisement of the new addition to the Village of Birmingham. Now mark what we say. These lots will go like hot cakes.

The Sunday lid stays on, so far, in Birmingham, very tight. Many are lamenting the loss of the Sunday cuscard because they cannot get fresh meat, ice cream, a piece of ice or even medicine.

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Family Weekend Of Camping Set

There are only spaces available for 31 families in the special camping session over Labor Day weekend, sponsored by the Birmingham YMCA, in cooperation with branches of the Detroit Area, at Camp Ohiyesa, near Holly, Mich.

The planned program includes family games, boating, canoeing, swimming, square dancing and crafts.

Reservations are being accepted by the Birmingham Y.

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