

Don Egbert Retires as City Manager

Twenty-seven years and six weeks ago, Donald C. Egbert walked into Birmingham's city offices and hired in as a building inspector.

In just two weeks, he will be retiring as this city's chief administrative official.

HE HAS CONTRIBUTED in large measure to the enviable reputation Birmingham has among Detroit's suburbs.

Not one to block development, Egbert instead has been among those in this area who planned ahead for their communities.

ON THE OTHER HAND, he would be

among the first to admit he has not been perfect in everything he's said or done.

By and large, Egbert has done much good for his community than the average career manager would have done in the same length of time.

He has spent thousands of extra hours representing the city in area meetings.

It is most fitting that, like the man who told his servant in the Biblical parable, we repeat, on the community's behalf, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And Harold Schone Steps into the Job

In just about three weeks—give or take a week—Birmingham's new city manager will step into some managerial shoes that have given us many years of above-average service and accomplishment.

He is Harold K. Schone, who also has built himself an enviable reputation in 5 1/2 short years as the accomplished municipal chief of nearby Oak Park.

He has a number of things to recommend him, among which are his winning this post from among 30 Midwest applicants; his successes in Oak Park in trans-

forming a neglected city into a modern one with adequate water, sewers, streets, police, fire and other municipal services that permitted and attracted 27,000 more residents; and his familiarity with South Oakland problems that Birmingham also is involved in.

BIRMINGHAM EAGERLY AWAITS its new manager, and will do everything it can to acquaint him with his new assignment.

Why Is Education Poverty-Stricken Today?

It certainly must be admitted that the cause of public school education in these United States suffers much for want of financial support.

Basically, education in a democracy first should prepare people for citizenship in our American Republic. No matter how much art or science you teach, without emphasis on the duties and responsibilities of citizenship a nation not instructed in this latter subject will lose its freedoms.

PERHAPS, THEN, MUCH of the reason

for education's poverty stems from the failures of educators themselves. People know that a great difference in methods of educating exists among educators.

As the people, then, be blamed for developing cynicism and skepticism about decently supporting education? To be sure, they can, and should be blamed for allowing conditions that create such attitudes . . . as taxpayers and parents they should get right into this fracas and bump around academic heads to bring about order from chaos.

Taking Advantage of One Human Weakness

It is human nature to want security, protection from trouble, from problems, from having to make many personal decisions. In business, when the key people in an organization can surround themselves with able and responsible subordinates, the top executives are happier.

Likewise, most citizens in a democracy such as America's want to be free from troubles, from problems; they would like

to have others make decisions for them—so long as the decisions do not interfere with reasonable freedom and pleasures.

This is why the bureaucrats in the U.S.A. today (and for the past 20 years) have found it easy to impose their will upon the majority of our people. Slowly, but surely, they are making us a nation of leasers, of dependents upon a paternalistic state.

From The Eccentric's Point of View...

For a number of days, now, as this is written, there are no news reports that Secretary of State Dulles is out of the United States. Much as we respect the character and intentions of the Secretary, we are convinced that he should travel less and less. Why not require the leaders of other nations to visit the USA for a change?

Adams, this will bearing watching, as the time draws nearer for the Republican National Convention in August.

Reports from Russia suggest that the present Kremlin leaders are harvesting trouble as the result of saying all those bad and nasty things about Joe Stalin. Well, isn't there an old and true saying that evil begets evil?

A portion of Eisenhower's "Palace Guards," those in his administrative family who are close to him, don't want Richard Dixon to be a candidate to succeed himself as Vice President. Instead, they want Ike's right-hand-man, Sherman

Chicago is going to fine motorists up to \$500 for unnecessarily sounding off with their auto horns. But how can Junior, whose mama is shopping at the moment, leaving sonny in the car, pay his fine?

The Birmingham Eccentric

Published every Thursday, at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 230-232 North Woodward Avenue. Telephone Midwest 4-1100

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The Eccentric is a member of National Editorial Association, Michigan Press Association and University Press Club

National Advertising Representatives Weekly Newspaper Representatives, Inc. 1728 Guardian Bldg. DETROIT 26, MICH. 404 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

Meet Your Michigan

A CITY ORGANIZATION: THE GREAT WESTERN & MIDWESTERN COMMUNITY IN MICHIGAN COUNTY WAS NAMED COUNTY MICHIGAN COUNTY SOCIETY. ONLY TRAIL OF ITS FORMING NOW IS A CANTY. MICHIGAN COUNTY SOCIETY. ONLY TRAIL OF ITS FORMING NOW IS A CANTY. MICHIGAN COUNTY SOCIETY. ONLY TRAIL OF ITS FORMING NOW IS A CANTY.

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NATURE NOW Natures Notes Are From North Woods

By LYDIA KING FREHSE Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

One of the nicest things about a vacation is the fact that breakfast can be late and leisurely. And when someone else just prepares the meal but has taken the pains to make a surprise for your place in the shape of a miniature bouquet, this is just cause for rejoicing.

A small glass salt shaker which had lost its cap made the vase. One shining golden buttercup, a diminutive spray of blue forget-me-nots, a single flower of wild geranium surrounded with the green ferns made the bouquet.

Your scribe always finds gratification in the small things of earth; a tiny doatseed set in a miniature garden of mosses and ferns, a tiny bare tree, a tiny green carpet of liverworts shoddy by the water's edge.

MUCH OF Mrs. Frehse can fit only be seen with hand lens, but it is perfect in its minutest detail and always consistent with nature's pattern.

Another cause for rejoicing here in the North woods is that we are enjoying the most beautiful bird concert from our spring migrants whom we had heard all too briefly in the South.

Our most avid chorister is the very thrush who keeps the woods ringing with his notes and calls, calling and answering each other from tree to tree.

THE WOOD THRUSH, that loveliest of all singers, is less prodigious in the morning and dawn and twilight for his performance. We amuse ourselves distinguishing the more musical three-note phrase of the pewee from the harsher two-note call of the phoebe.

While the sparrows are often called "just sparrows," both the white-throat and the song sparrow

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

It was a hot morning. The heat already had entered the little brick one-and-a-half home in Birmingham's northeast section.

Mom was feeling the temperature already, and it looked like today was going to be hard on the nerves.

She packed the two kids in the family car, complete with sufficient toys, a small box of dry cereal which Steve, 2, and Susie, 4, distributed on the basis of one flake in the mouth, three on the car floor and on seat.

The three set out for their trip into one of our local banks. Stopped at the Maple-Adams traffic light, the car quit cold.

Slung her shoulder bag into position, and grabbed the hands of her two little ones. In the middle of the street the purse strap broke, scattering feminine necessities onto the hot pavement.

She managed to scrape up the contents without losing hold of the youngsters, and made it to the other corner where she asked of the gas station attendant:

"Do you care how you do it, but get my car out of the middle of the street and see what has happened to it!"

The mechanic soon found the trouble; a busted battery cable.

He noticed, also, the toys and the scattered cereal.

"Oh, a family car, heh?" he said in what he thought was a friendly fashion.

WITH THE REPAIR MADE, the trip was resumed. Mom led the way into the bank, Susie

next, and Steve in the rear—literally. Mom found he had slipped his britches, and was prancing into the depths of the bank dustily holding his pants and diaper by two fingers.

"Oh, what a wonderful thing to be a mother!" she sobbed under her breath and tried to block from her mind what the afternoon would hold.

Thus endeth a true story (which the women will believe, but most men will say is fiction).

Many a man goes on a hunting expedition where all he shoots for is three of a kind.

Birmingham's soon-to-be city manager, Harold K. Schone, now with the same job in nearby Oak Park, was on his way into town that Saturday morning to officially accept his new assignment.

He had no more than climbed into a vacant chair, when he heard the customer in the next chair ask:

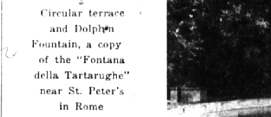
"Who's going to be Birmingham's next city manager?"

"I don't know, but I hear that it is a guy from Oak Park," said this other fellow's barber.

"Maybe," said the customer. "But I hear that it is (B'ham Police Chief) Ralph Moxley."

Schone smiled to himself at how wrong was the citizen, but how right was the barber!

Don't define your religion—demonstrate it!



CRANBROOK CLOSE-UP: Spacious Vistas Delight

Spacious Vistas Delight

What makes a garden? Is it masses of carefully nurtured flowers and shrubs? Is it water? Is it trees and grass?

After following the guide book through Cranbrook house gardens on a gorgeous summer morning, I decided that the most important and beautiful thing a garden can offer is vistas—both to have vistas one must have space.

under cultivation, and that is space enough to provide vistas after vistas. Water is everywhere; at almost every turn a fountain plays, a pond reflects sky and trees, a stream moves slowly through the green landscape.

YOUR WALK STARTS at the stone gates on Lone Pine road, opposite Christ church, and follows a small path through pines covered with English ivy and Virginia creeper, cool in the shade.

HE IS ALGER MUNDT, and he has the serene face of a man who spends his life out of doors with growing things. He learned his art as an estate apprentice in England before World War I.

"But how do you learn so many Latin names of flowers and trees and shrubs?" I wanted to know. "Oh, those old gardeners knew their stuff," he said. "You just picked it up as you went along."

THE VIEW AND VISTAS from here are stunning, especially looking West through a path of pines to Academy of Art Galleries where an ancient Chinese sculpture

is mostly used English ivy, myrtle, primrose and pinksandy—a genus of huxaceous plants.

Walking on to the front where the circular seats are, I sat down on a coping and listened to 10 minutes of coaching in timing and emphasis with another group.

Following another piney path through the trees, slipping a little here and there on the needles, I came out again into a green and sunny place—a neatly clipped meadow edged with tall pines where at least six groups of young children were learning lines for another play, looking like gay but-terflies around the edge of a great green quilt.

MY MORNING walk was too, too short. You who have more leisure should take this walk for your soul's sake as well as for the cultivation of your horticultural knowledge.

On Saturdays and Sundays, from 2 until 6, in a small yellow booth at the gates, you may buy tickets for 50 cents to grown-ups and 25 to children, all of which goes to Kingswood school's scholarship fund. It is also possible to come with a group on a weekday if arrangements are made in advance through the public relations office at Cranbrook, MI-41600.

Mrs. Robert J. Moffat is chairman of Kingswood alumni garden committee and calls on her committee members to sell the tickets for the garden tour. It is a chance cause these young women consider important in increasing a scholarship fund which makes it possible for bright girls to attend school in lovely settings, and to receive the many other advantages such as small classes, excellent teachers, facilities for arts and crafts, as well as the high scholastic standard Kingswood maintains.

Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items Taken From The Background Of The Birmingham of Today.

30 YEARS AGO A home for old people will be erected on the Phillips farm, a nice water and a mile north of our village, at a cost of \$100,000. The home will be for both men and women, whether rich or poor, and will be strictly non-sectarian.

35 YEARS AGO July 17, 1901 Thirty six eligible voters in the Birmingham school district attended the annual meeting in Baldwin high school to determine whether or not local public schools should be graded or follow the board of education's advice that free books be distributed to the four upper grades. Nineteen voted to continue the plan while 17 opposed it. It was not held next year.

30 YEARS AGO July 15, 1928 Business men who have voiced a desire for the organization of a Chamber of Commerce for Birmingham will be given an opportunity to bring about the reality of the same when a meeting sponsored by the Birmingham Credit Bureau will be held next week.

Unless unforeseen circumstances arise during the next 72 hours Birmingham's new well with a capacity of 1000 gallons a minute remains a pressure of 125 pounds will be ready to pump water into the flame tanks, following which, the bath on sparkling may be officially raised.

In accordance with a decision made by the village commission

