

### Real \$64,000 Question Is Income Tax Rate

There is no \$64,000 question. No one is going to get a reward of \$64,000. Any time a check for \$64,000 is handed out, Uncle Sam gets most of it.

A TV sponsor would have to offer \$450,000 before an unmarried winner could keep \$64,000 after Spenchthrift Sam gets his cut. No sponsor is going to offer \$450,000.

Hence there is no \$64,000 question. It just seems so, like a mirage in the desert.

THE PRESIDENT OF duPONT told a congressional committee recently that his "take home," after taxes, was only half what his predecessor got 30 years ago. And this takes no account of the fact that he is paid in 50-cent dollars, while his predecessor got dollars that were as good as gold.

In 50-cent dollars, duPont is paying him only one-quarter as much real "take home" as it paid its president 30 years ago, despite the tremendous growth of the company since then.

He says he and others who have already spent long years with a company will keep on working hard. But he wonders how many young men will drop out of the competition in the world of business because of high taxes.

As the TV program shows, a tax penalty is levied against every one's desire to succeed. The present boom, blown up by rapidly rising debt, and war spending, obscures this fact. It looks like a sound apple. But the rot of excessive taxes is at work. How long before the rot comes to the surface of the apple? That is the real \$64 question.

### She Speaketh - - - What She Sayeth?

Back in the year 1946, a well-known American woman made the following statement: "It has been a long fight to put the control of our economic system in the hands of government, where it can be administered in the interests of the people as a whole."

Now, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, may we point out that if we, as a nation of free people, put too much of the control of our economic system in the hands of government, what would we have? As far as the economic system is concerned, we could have Nazism, or Fascism. You claim to be against Nazism and Fascism, but appear to welcome their major principle in the United States Government!!

WELL, YOUR STATEMENT in '46 al-

most carried the ball for a touchdown!

The election of General Eisenhower stopped the ball on the ten-yard line.

And now, Mrs. Roosevelt, you recently petitioned, together with some 45 others, for "Christmas amnesty" for 16 Communist leaders imprisoned under the Smith Act. Your statement to the effect that the convictions were the result of the cold war and "in an atmosphere often marked by hysteria," leaves us a bit nauseated.

Had your 1946 statement been consummated, there would be doubts as to whether any sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary would have had the Constitutional rights to oppose those who wished to overthrow the government. Your ineffable persuasion in that direction is astounding!

### Don't Make a Dog's Life for Postman

In Trenton, New Jersey, not long ago, dogs incapacitated 20 mail carriers.

Dogs are fine animals. They are good pets and their loyalty is what makes them a menace to anyone approaching the house. But a man who is playfully nipped by several dozen dogs a day is likely not to be so playful to the next dog he sees, and that's when the trouble begins.

Not only for the postman's sake, but for the dog's sake as well, all the rules con-

cerning licensing, shots, keeping the dog curbed and on a leash are important to follow.

THIS IS A MAN'S WORLD and not a dog's world. Men have automobiles, children, aged relatives and mail carriers.

To be a real friend to your dog, keep him within the rules and you'll keep him friendly.

### This "Cop" Was Governed by "Duty"

Sometimes honesty pays, as a policeman in Long Beach, N. Y. is finding out.

Recently Patrolman William Miller came upon a car parked in a restricted zone. He whipped out his book. Probably he didn't actually whip out his book, because as conscientious a policeman as he is, Patrolman Miller was a sad man. So, sadly he brought out his book. Sadly he wrote a ticket.

He finished his duties with a heavy

heart and went home where the domestic air was fully as heavy.

MRS. MILLER DID NOT LIKE the ticket. Patrolman Miller had put on the family car. A policeman's line of duty, Mrs. Miller helped Mr. Miller discover, is the line that furrows a good cop's brow.

But with the sadness often discovered in that line of duty, honesty paid—at the traffic court the next day.

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

Personally, we think that the ancient joke about women wanting shoes three sizes smaller than their feet is very, very inaccurate. Any shoe dealer will tell you that it's only two sizes smaller.

One is urged to be very careful of his thoughts... for it is from loose or very thinking that speech issues forth. By our words are we mended... or broken.

Every member of every little or big legislative body in these United States has a vote... a voice that, when publicly uttered, can reach far beyond the small precincts of the room where legislators sit. Even one voice, rooted in honest wisdom,

can win out over the confused or raucous voices of others. To make certain self-government endures, even one voice always should be heard!

A contemporary paragraph comes up with this: "A mother who arranges a match for her daughter usually intends to referee it."

Short of capital punishment, there hardly is punishment enough for those who traffic in narcotics. Until the penalties for illegal ownership of dope are made stronger, stronger, and stronger again, the stuff will continue to attract perverted minds to engage in association with it.

### The Birmingham Eccentric

Published every Thursday, at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 220-222 North Woodward Avenue Telephone Midwest 4-1100

GEORGE R. AVERILL  
Editor and Publisher  
PAUL NEAL AVERILL  
Business Manager  
GEORGE W. M. AVERILL  
Managing Editor  
GERALD E. JEHL  
Advertising Manager

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.

### Ticklers



"At least you gotta give h'r credit! She sure tries hard to lose weight!"

By George

### Easter Pay Raid



### NATURE NOW

## Pays Visit to Land of Lakes and Swamp

EDITOR'S NOTE: Currently visiting in Puerto Rico, Mrs. Frehse is inaugurating a series of special articles covering "Nature Now" in that area. This week she reports from Orlando, Fla., a stop-over point in her trip.

By LYDIA KING FREHSE  
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

The plane soared high like a roaring bird. The earth drifted into a remote patchwork quilt embroidered with forest and hedgerow.

On criss-crossing lines far below cars moved like varicolored beetles between buildings scattered about like children's toys set out at playtime. The serpentine streams interlacing mountain and valley found their way at last into the waiting ocean.

The next morning in Central Florida, your scribe awoke to the familiar tune of a cardinal's song. It came from the canopy of an old and spreading camphor tree outside my window. The fruits of this tree closely resemble our wild blackberry.

However, when I tasted them on a quick before-breakfast round of my hostess' garden I found they puckered my mouth with an unmistakable camphor flavor. And well might, for it is from this tree (cinnamomum camphora), native to the Far East, that natural vanilla is distilled.

ORLANDO and its suburbs of Winter Park and Maitland are set down in a land of lakes and swamps. Here the grey tangle of Spanish moss dominates the landscape festooning cypress and live oak, pine and palm.

This plant is not a moss, but an epiphytic flowering plant belonging to the ruscaceae family. It has no roots whatsoever and simply drapes its cord-like stems and leaves over any available object. It absorbs and conserves water by means of scale-like hairs which give it its greyish appearance. How it secures enough nourishment to live is not completely understood.

THE SWAMP OR bald cypress is so abundant around Orlando is the most conspicuous tree of our southern low lands and coastal regions. Like the sequoia, its relative in the redwood family, it is an ancient tree which was once wide-spread in the Mesozoic period some 140 million years ago. It is called "bald" cypress because, like our tamarac, it is a deciduous conifer losing its leaves in autumn. It lives best in swamps where its base is submerged for several months of the year.

The cypress solves the problem of supplying oxygen to its root system by sending up cone-shaped knees which project upward from the water and serve as aërating organs. These "knees" are very hard and are put to many uses both practical and decorative. ON A DAY'S trip to the famous Cypress Gardens we made several stops to see the common roadside plants. Here growing among the sub-tropical flora we were surprised to find such old friends as scrub oak and red maple newly developed. Here, too, were the great ostrich and royal ferns which decorate our northern swamps and river banks, and a southern variety of our common elderberry with both flower and ripened fruit on the same plant. Growing everywhere in swamps and roadside ditches were our commonly cultivated elephant's ear and monstera—the latter reaching into the highest tree tops. In the well-kept zoo, we saw samples of all the snakes of Florida, including the coral snake, a striped member of the cobra family. It has burrowing habits and lives on other snakes and lizards.

### 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  
March 9, 1906  
"Mrs. Samuel Jarvis celebrated her 75th birthday at Mrs. George Dawson's March 2nd. To make this more noticeable she walked to her daughter's a distance of two miles and over—a bright smart elderly lady."

"The display window in front of the cigar store of Robert Purdy in the new Johnston-Shaw block is a veritable museum of curious articles, implements and money of antique fame. The view is gazed at delightfully by hundreds of passers by."

"Everybody will carry an individual spit box if they don't want to be shunned. We remember years ago of seeing old Jack Hays pull open his boot leg and expel a snake inside and thus he saved carpers, pleased the housewife and could now live in Birmingham with impunity if he was alive."

30 YEARS AGO  
March 7, 1929  
"A building inspector will be hired by the village, it was decided

### ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

When you move out into the suburbs to "get away from the city," it isn't long before the city follows you. Particularly around Detroit.

We in this area now can ask ourselves this paraphrase of the state of Michigan motto: "If you want to see the city, just look around you."

Getting that way more and more.

The other day Mrs. T. C. FitzPatrick, 4174 Dublin, Bloomfield township, did look around their new home just east of Telegraph and south of Long Lake roads.

FOR 18 YEARS she and her family had lived in the U of D sector of northwest Detroit.

"We were pioneers of a sort in that area," Mrs. FitzPatrick recalls. "Why, we used to be able to look out our windows and see for miles toward the west. There was much open space."

But the city kept moving in, and in 1953 the FitzPatricks and their son Tom, Jr., and daughter Arleen, could stand the city conditions no longer.

They packed up, moved into their new home in Bloomfield township country.

Again, they have been followed. There's a nice new Bloomfield Hills high school close by, and dozens of new houses going up around them.

All of this moved Mrs. FitzPatrick the other day to pen the following verse about progress, which also is the title of the

piece. Many other country folks hereabouts will share her feelings.

### PROGRESS

By Aileen FitzPatrick  
Let's move to the country!  
Leave us buy a cow  
And chickens, and the fixin's  
For next Thanksgiving's chow.

Last spring we went suburban,  
We were going to rough it,  
But the suburbs now  
Have all the Big Town fluff.

We've got landscaped rows  
Of carrots—  
An antenna on our roof;  
And the land deed says we mustn't  
Own a creature with a hoof.

I haven't any quarrel  
With the modern way of life.  
I thoroughly enjoy my role  
Of Bermuda'd mom and wife,

With the latest thing in Wagons,  
Home automation, too.  
I like the late late movie;  
I'M only asking you:

When progress comes to subdivide  
The pasture and the cornfield,  
Do you suppose they'll leave a sort  
Of beak-and-hoof-and horn field?

**IN BIRMINGHAM**  
PHONE MIDWEST 4-4300  
For Convenient  
**MOVING AND STORAGE BY GAUKLER'S**  
AGENT FOR ALLIED VAN LINES  
BIRMINGHAM OFFICE  
139 West Maple Ave. in the Field Building

**PECK'S**  
Cleaning and Pressing  
Cash and Carry  
Plain Dresses—Suits— \$160  
108 So. Woodward Ave.  
For delivery service—  
PHONE MI 4-7724

**Yes, young lady!**

... our service is for everybody.  
Stenographers, housewives; workingmen, businessmen; youngsters, senior citizens—they all have money problems at one time or another. And more and more local people are finding solutions to their money problems right here at their local bank.  
PERHAPS A VISIT WITH US WILL HELP YOU. PLEASE COME IN!

**THE BIRMINGHAM NATIONAL BANK**  
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN  
Member Federal Reserve System  
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation  
188 N. Woodward at Hamilton 1954 S. Woodward near 14 Mile Rd.

PROTECT YOUR VALUED POSSESSIONS... from destruction, loss or theft by placing them in a SAFE DEPOSIT BOX  
Now Available at our SOUTH WOODWARD OFFICE