

Thursday, November 15, 1956

Now That The Political Battle Is Over . . .

The American processes of self-government, through free self-determination of who shall govern, has come and gone for the year 1956.

Nearly sixty million voters went to the polls Nov. 6; more than sixty per cent of them favored the re-election of Republican Dwight D. Eisenhower for President, against Adlai Stevenson, his Democratic opponent.

This tremendous majority vote for Ike is almost unprecedented evidence of his popularity, insofar as past Republican candidates are concerned.

STEVENS'S SECOND FUTILE effort to win, like that of Republican Tom Dewey, no doubt means that the Illinois citizen is now relegated to the political shelf, along with Estes Kefauver, except as Adlai may, like Harry Truman, participate in behind-the-scenes political activities.

Ike's record of four years, his warmth of sincere personality, his known ability to handle international and domestic problems of an economic and military nature, no doubt are the chief causes for his re-election.

Certainly Ike ran ahead of the Republican party, for even though he won, he failed to acquire a Congress dominated by his own partisans.

THIS LATTER SITUATION, though, should provide considerable comfort to Adlai's supporters. After all, the legislative branch of the federal government, by every constitutional guarantee, can be more powerful in influence than the executive branch.

Stevenson's contribution to the political

life of the United States can be said to have offered much that is worth official consideration. He did stress the idea that a nation not forget the elemental requirements of people, and that government should endeavor to protect them from those conditions over which individuals have no personal power to correct or cure.

Stevenson did emphasize the need for our country to be mindful and alert to the danger of another World War. Although some of his suggestions for achieving enduring peace and for handling our military establishment sounded like academic generalities, he did urge Republicans to go into the subject, and to state their attitudes to the voters.

PERSONALLY, WE REGRET that the great Democratic party failed to conscript a man of greater empirical experience, a man with more aggressive talents to lead it during this campaign.

Perhaps, though, they may gain some comfort by recalling that the Republicans, with Tom Dewey, made the same mistake twice.

Well, now the campaign is history. Eisenhower continues to head the federal government.

The Democrats dominate Congress. We average citizens work to get the money that supports this government.

Let's be intelligently alert to our civic problems. Let's keep an eye on all public officials. Praise and support them when we think they are doing right, criticize and deliver ourselves from them when we think them incurably wrong.

That's the way of free men and free women in this most wonderful of all contemporary governments on this earth!

Some Folks Are Motivated by Resentment

We wonder, sometimes, as we read the utterances of ADA'ers (Americans for Democratic Action) and others of a similar mind, how much of their convictions are based on reasoning, and how much on mere resentment and/or hatred of capitalism and so-called capitalists.

It is, of course, conceivable that a man can get to hate something so badly that he will, in his "historic role" as an opponent of something-or-other, be willing to destroy himself in the encounter.

IT IS SOMETHING LIKE certain sui-

cide roles, when a person may become so dramatically emotional that he is willing to seek another world . . . "just to make somebody else sad and reformful."

To be sure, there are honest, even though mis-guided, do-gooders, and they are acceptable in the various currents of pro and con affairs of life.

But those who are motivated by downright irrational and unreasoning emotional resentment and hatred are not helpful to bring about the Good and the Enduring Life.

State and Local Tax Bills Are Going Up

"Our tax bill is going UP—not down," writes Sylvia Porter, the business analyst. This may surprise a good many people, who think only of federal taxes when they think of taxes at all. But it's a fact—and the reason for it is found in local government.

Miss Porter cites figures showing that, in the last fiscal year, state tax col-

lections reached an all-time peak of \$13,300,000,000—an increase of \$1,700,000,000 over the preceding year. State debts are also at an all-time high.

The moral is plain: We must demand economy in the state house, and all other centers of local government, as well as in the capitol in Washington, D. C.

From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

According to the last census, almost 9,000,000 people earn their living, in whole or in part, from employment in retailing. This makes retail trade one of the biggest of all businesses. At the same time, most retail stores constitute small business ventures. The Census Bureau also tells us that of the approximately 1,720,000 individual retail stores, about 1,500,000 of them do an annual business of less than \$100,000. Retailing is an enterprise in which there is room aplenty for stores of every size and kind—from the biggest chain system to the little family operation.

great courage to face the unknown waters to the west . . . which reminds us that our land really is not an old one, as civilizations go. Yet we have gone far!

Among those city of Birmingham employees who are doing a good job is "Dick" Gare, director of public works. Here is a sincere, hard-working chap whose personal attitude toward his job is one of practical cooperation with the public. Folks like Dick deserve a pat on the back now and then.

Congressmen seem to forget that when seeds are planted in the earth they generally grow—especially on good farm acreage. Yet they continue to send more seeds back to the homefolks and then wonder why there are crop surpluses.

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NATURE NOW

Views Countryside In Indian Summer

Your scribe is spending the last lingering days of Indian summer amid her favorite haunts in the Rochester area.

Now it is late morning in the old orchard on the hill. The sun moves upward, gradually lifting the fog from pond and stream and woodlot. The surrounding valley emptied of summer's lushness lies bare and still, its subdued grays and browns and blacks which spell early winter.

After he has eaten a meal of plain leaves he will spin a cocoon of silk and hairs from his own woolly coat. Although the width of his black central band is supposed to indicate the degree of lushness of the approaching winter, he is neither more nor less of a weather prophet than are his companions, the cricket and the grasshopper.

HERE WHERE UNCOUNTED springs have hidden the wild mulberry and ginger together with a carpet of their kind, we followed the deep track of wheels pressed into the raw earth. Here is the disturbance of uprooted stumps, piles of empty branches, of destroyed ground cover. Soon we came to a clearing where the great logs of beech and maple were being hoisted on a string of trucks.

ON A NEARBY tree a "woolly bear" caterpillar is sunning himself. "No more Sunday funerals at Oak Hill cemetery. Pontiac, the board of trustees having passed a resolution to that effect except in cases of contagious diseases, Birmingham had better do likewise."

"Ed Stout, of Pontiac, proprietor of the Stout livery, was a most likely victim of a most horrible accident in which he sustained the loss of his left thumb. Stout caught his thumb in a horse's harness and the horse bucked at him, literally tearing the left thumb off."

"Formation of a new bank in Birmingham loomed today with the announcement by several prominent men that they intended to apply for a charter for a state bank to carry on both a commercial and savings business in the village. They propose to organize with a capital of \$200,000 and a surplus of \$50,000 it has been learned. Names connected with the announcement follow: either he succeeded, Judson Bradley, R. J. Coryell, Harley D. Warner, James Taylor, Charles W. Wasey, W. Wasey, C. E. Hooke and James Vernon, Jr."

"Word has come to The Eccentric this week that Cecilia Merrill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William O. Merrill, of Will-O-Way, has been asked to teach composition at the Juillard Institute in New York. She is also a student. Girls' work in directing the Will-O-Way Youth Orchestra this summer helped to give her the experience for this position."

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

Some days before the presidential election, Pat McGee, 776 Southfield, had to deliver some election material to a precinct worker living on Kimberly in Birmingham's Quanton school district.

It was an area unfamiliar to her, so she stopped at a corner house at Chesterfield and Pine streets to use the phone and call her friend for more specific directions.

"Who should open the door but the Republican candidate for attorney general, Dick Van Dusen?" Mrs. McGee exclaimed. She introduced herself, and asked to use the phone. Van Dusen smiled, but his expression hinted he was trying to place just this woman was.

Mrs. McGee made her call, thanked Van Dusen (who still hadn't recognized her), then completed her errand.

In case Van Dusen still doesn't know who his visitor was the material she was delivering was Democratic party campaign literature. Mrs. McGee is Birmingham's Democratic party chairman.

Another post-election rumor: influential state Republicans are thinking of getting President Eisenhower to pick nice, important over-seas posts for Michigan's governor and his lieutenant, Phil Hart.

"It's a shame we've got such a fine pair only working for the people of Michigan," say these far-sighted Republicans. "What a more wonderful thing if we could get them working for the whole nation! Of course, we'd do our best to get their shoes back in their home state."

Junior had better invent some new schoolroom "excuses" this fall. His usual alibi for being excused momentarily from class may soon be obsolete.

Stanford university has launched a nationwide research project to learn how often Junior needs to raise his hand for permission to perform restroom routines. The project is being sponsored by the plumbing fixture manufacturers association.

Dr. James D. MacConnell, director of the university's school planning laboratory, plans to catalog the frequency of students' needs by area, economic status, sex and age. The purpose is to establish a guide for the number and types of restroom facilities and fixtures needed in elementary, junior and senior high schools, and universities.

AT PRESENT, BUILDERS and school officials use guesstwork or follow tables supplied by local building codes (also based on guesstwork) when deciding the number and type of facilities to install in school restrooms.

Consequently, there is wide disagreement as to what would be adequate for children. One toilet per 25 students is deemed satisfactory in some areas, while one toilet per 100 students is acceptable in other localities.

The Stanford project will be completed before the end of the year, according to PFMA. All data will be released to school groups, government agencies, builders and members of the plumbing industry. Local school and PTA officials stand by!

Some while ago, attempts were made to prove Shakespeare really did write all those famous novels.

Perhaps the most amusing outcome suggested to settle the disputed authorship of Homer's poems. It has been said they were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name.

CRANBROOK CLOSE-UP

Saturday on the Rocks

Special to The Birmingham Eccentric. Aged six to 60, we gathered at Cranbrook Institute of Science at 9 a.m. for the last nature expedition of the season. Walter P. Nickell of the Institute, and Bill Stapp, instructor in biology at Cranbrook School, looked ready for business in khaki clothes and long-visored caps.

They were checking in children, parents, allocating both to the dozen available cars, passing out maps and directions on getting through Toledo to Woodville, where we were to meet and go on to a lime quarry for fossils.

This was a fossil hunt, and the young people were armed with everything from professional rock picks to ordinary hammers for pounding fossils out of the rocks. Quickly we were in our assigned cars, and the trek began.

I was fortunate enough to find myself with some very knowledgeable people. Eugene L. Bacon, of Birmingham, was driving. With him was his younger son David, a ninth grader at Barnum school. With me in the back seat were Susan Stager and Carolyn Browning of Royal Oak, respectively, junior and sophomore at Royal Oak high school.

SUSAN SAID SHE had been going on these nature expeditions for several years, ever since she first read about them in The Birmingham Eccentric, because she likes them, and because "they help me in my science courses. I'm very interested in science."

David, I learned later from his father, has been coming for five years. He is now 13, has never deviated from his eight-year-old determination to become a scientist. And a well-informed young man he is, discovered as the day wore on. "We never miss anything that goes on at the Institute," Mr. Bacon told me, "and I find it as interesting as David does. We both are members."

Mr. Nickell's name entered the

ager is a friend of his, that we were to stay away from the walls because at any moment an over-bank might slip and fall on us, and that not one rock was to be thrown—not ONE.

Lunches were consumed at top speed in the cars, and in no time the children in their bright shirts and sweaters were swarming over an enormous rock pile where a steam shovel was at work, and pistachio-colored trucks roared up to carry away the limestone.

The eagerness, the enthusiasm displayed were a revelation. This was obviously fun—it was definitely not "study" to the kids. Exuberant cries began: "Mr. Nickell—Mr. Nickell! What I found. What is it? A crab? A clam? Come look—please come look!"

AND FROM BILL Stapp's group of Cranbrook school boys, "SIR! Sir! Look—what could this be?" Mothers and fathers, uncles and aunts were pounding away as furiously as the children, chipping out the fossils.

One young girl, new and bewildered, said to her companion, "Mary how do you find things?" "Shilly," came the answer, "you just LOOK."

I found how right she was. From being an observer I became a "looker" and the more I looked the more strange items I found imbedded in the limestone—small, green bivalve shells, shiny brown nodules, calcite, celestite—they call it that because it's the color of the sky—and also its only known use is for 4th of July sparklers. David explained to me, "I guess this big quarry is about 50-million years old, wouldn't you?"

Having no idea how to "guess," I hovered around Bill Stapp's group for a while and heard him explaining to the boys that this

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DIGGING CLAM AND coral fossils from hunks of limestone, junior members of Cranbrook Institute of Science participate in the 1956 season's last nature expedition. The group motored to a lime quarry near Woodville, O. for the expedition, under the leadership of Walter P. Nickell, (second from right in background). Photograph in color by Stephen M. Stackpole.