

# Calling Reuther's Economic Bluff

Nearly every time the UAW's Walter Reuther opens his mouth he gets plenty of free publicity in every current U. S. information media. What comes from his mouth, more often than not, is a bitter harangue against the instrumentalities of our economic capitalistic system.

Specifically, Walter hurls verbal ammunition against employers, his chief target being Big Business.

His recent "thunderous" request that auto companies reduce the price of their cars at least \$100, without any definite promise that labor will also lower its wage demands, is a sample of Reuther's methods.

He says he wants to help America stop inflation. Yet he promises nothing tangible, neither lower wage demands nor increased productivity by labor. He and his Solidarity House Guard are adept in spilling out propaganda that is slanted only for their side. Management, we firmly hold, will have to become more retaliatory, and in a loud voice, in its dealings with Reuther & Co.

Management has something great to defend and to develop further, i.e.: the free competitive system that has made possible the high standard of living enjoyed on this continent.

In this, to be sure, labor has played its part in offices, over drawing boards, in mines and smelters and factories, and on farms, to bring this about. Of and by themselves, labor leaders play very little part in this creative, productive process.

Management also has the responsibility of rising to the defense of labor whenever it observes labor's leadership detouring labor from the straight and narrow roads that, alone, can maintain the fullest possible employment, with the highest possible take-home pay.

Not all of the ability, inventiveness, brain and brawn that produces wealth is devoted to the citadels of labor organizations. We firmly believe, too, that most men and women in labor organizations know this; they will support management programs that assure them of steady employment, with an honest wage for their efforts.



NATURE NOW By LYDIA KING FREHSE  
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eclectic

## Edelweiss Blooms In The Alps

SWITZERLAND—One needs first to experience the arid Middle-East to appreciate Switzerland; its snow-capped mountains, its wide green valleys, its flowers blooming in every window box, garden and park.

Now we are early on our way from Geneva into the countryside to keep a long anticipated rendezvous with the flora of the Alps. As our car sped past the Des Aux trees we re-affirmed our love of birches, pine, spruce and cypress stood dark and tall; Tulip, wild cherry, chestnut and sycamore ripened their fruits in the morning sun.

IT WAS HARVEST time in the lush countryside where each chateau, large or small, seemed to choose its own peak and crest, fitted to a rolling hillside, cradled in a hollow, clinging to a precipitous slope.

Roadside trees and flower families were similar to our own but they bloomed with an astonishing variety of species. The wind lifted the delicate petals of red poppies a-float in the open fields of a barley, wheat, oats and corn.

Blue of chivalry and viper's blue, white, great peaks of Queen Anne's lace and moss.

Here, in the mountains, a world of rock rose and pansy, made a roadside border of beauty.

The old stone farm houses follow a single pattern; one substantial building with family, firewood, harvested crops and cattle all under one roof. Here and there a heavily shuttered window is open wide to air the voluminous and indispensable feather beds.

The road steepened as it wound through the small villages of Nyon, Trelex, Arzier. Running fountains filled the old watering troughs, great links of sausage hung from the open shop windows and the women mulling over the colorful vegetables in the open markets weighed their choice.

Here a fine purple egg plant, there a snow white cauliflower, a dozen red checked peaches, a handful of yellow plums; all were entered in a waiting basket.

Making notes and trying not to miss a single plant; what a happy wanderer what a long list in a few hours time! Thus, punctuated

Some days are worse than others. But the truth is: it is I who am the worse for the wear. No need for me to take it out on the day. But I too often take it out on the family.

Particularly on my young son and daughter. They get the back of my hand figuratively, and the palm of it literally.

I shouldn't do it. It's always after I say the cutting word, or make the nasty sneer, that I know again I'm wrong. It's been done, and most times I'm not honest enough to apologize to the one I've hurt.

But deep inside me this acid of unkindness eats away a little more of my self-respect.

When this ulcer of unfeelingness gets too painful, I try to neutralize and heal it.

I SEARCH AMONG the precious accumulation of clippings and other assorted scraps on my desk at home for two raggedy-edged, graying pieces of paper which some years ago I tore from a booklet.

Then some unknown father and I become as one, when I re-read for the umpteenth time these words of his. When I finish—a number of lump-swallowings later—I feel I have the strength for a re-newed attempt at becoming a better father. Only time can measure the degree of my success.

### THIS IS WHAT I READ:

"Listen, Son: I'm saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls sticky wet on your damp forehead.

"I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside. These are the things I was thinking, son:

"I had been cross to you. I scolded you when you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread.

"AND AS YOU STARTED OFF to play and I made for my train, you turned—and waved a little hand and called 'Goodbye.' And I frowned, and said, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

(A diminutive version of our house plant), its magenta flowers blooming in great lush beds of moss. Finally at the edge of the melting snows we found the edelweiss, Switzerland's national flower. It is the most coveted flower of the Alps.

This small woolly plant is not more than six inches tall. I have just removed it from a make-shift press between two blotters in a table.

Its white woolly inflorescence which suggests our peas' everlasting, is surrounded with equally woolly bracts, the whole resembling a star. Here in the quiet of its mountain fastness we had recalled a botanist's dream.

And to the south looming in the sky like a big white cone is snow-capped Mt. Blanc, keeping watch over the lesser peaks of the great Alpine range.

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road, I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house.

"Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them, you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father!

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door.

"What is it you want?" I snapped.

"YOU SAID NOTHING, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge; and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither.

"And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness.

"What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you, it was that I expected so much of you.

"AND THERE WAS SO MUCH that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight.

"Nothing else matters tonight. So I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed. It is a feeble attempt.

"I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires alone here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve.

"Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh.

"I'll be a real daddy."

—Author Unknown

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

We don't know who wrote the following rhyme, but it certainly fits into many of the situations of past and present generations:

"And so I hold that it is not treason To advance a simple reason For the sorry lack of progress we decry. It is this: instead of working, operating outside of standard business ethics. The tragic part is that the average union member is being yppped, and his cause not righteously upheld before the bar of public opinion.

President Ike presents puzzling policies to American voters. So often one reads that he is for such and such an idea or plan, only to find another part of his administration's bureaucracy saying something opposite. Why? Perhaps he has surrounded himself with too many high aides who are too high-handed.

Some day Congress, spurred to endeavor by public opinion, will pass legislation to require labor unions to live up to their corporate responsibilities—just as private business does. Dave Beck's machinations have shown how far an unbossed and unregulated labor leader can go. Detroit's James Hoffa, seeking Beck's job as head of the Teamsters' Union, also offers evidence of dictatorial aspirations, operating outside of standard business ethics. The tragic part is that the average union member is being yppped, and his cause not righteously upheld before the bar of public opinion.

Michigan's new State Highway Commissioner, John C. Mackie, Democrat, appears to be making a good impression since he assumed his job in Lansing this

summer. If he knows what Michigan needs in the way of roads, and operates along economical and practical lines, he will win many supporters—even some who call themselves Republicans. You may recall that Birmingham's "Pat" Van Wagner, former Highway Commissioner and Governor, won many non-Democrat friends.

Ike, when at his Gettysburg farm, doesn't spend all his time playing golf. Now and then he rides horseback. You will recall that when FDR was in the White House he could not play golf, because of his physical infirmity—nor did he jump off the deck of the former Presidential yacht Williamsburg, which FDR and his cronies used almost every spring-to-autumn weekend. . . . but not with a golf club on his person. He liked to be chased by Secret Service men . . . and reporters.

It has been estimated that the Pentagon's classified material; if piled 2,000 sheets to the foot, would stretch three million feet—to be sure, not to the moon, only a fair start. Defense Secretary Wilson has ordered that some of this data be kept unclassified, especially that which cannot be maintained secret anyway. Ever since he has been on this job, Wilson has had to fight the red tape of bureaucracy—always the problem of every practical civilian who takes on a large federal appointment.

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"Doctor, Mrs. Smith is here. Er . . . she's brought her son and husband."

## 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  
September 6, 1937  
"House to rent: seven rooms, near the school house, in first class condition, clean and newly colored, \$10 per month. See owner."

"Last spring it was promised that certain old buildings used as a meeting place for certain bad persons should be torn down. No effort has been made to do this, and the badness still goes on."

"Tom Baldwin, the State Fair Wanderer stayed at the National Hotel, last Thursday night. He 'hoofed it' near 600 miles across the state, and was a big advertisement for the Fair. A bright-eyed little Miss of Detroit, was the first to spot the Wanderer, and received the Sheldon pony outfit for her cuteness."

30 YEARS AGO  
September 8, 1927  
"Due to the demands made upon its local equipment for the past two or three years, The Eccentric this week announces the opening of a completely new printing office at 156 Auburn avenue, Pontiac. It is felt that the new office will be more convenient to the Pontiac business and professional men who have been using the Eccentric's complete printing service."

15 automobile accidents, according to the monthly report of the police department issued today. The amount of crime here is considered small."

"The first ambulance service in Birmingham will be started Oct. 10 by S. O. Wiley Bell with the arrival of a new, large Sayers & Scovill invalid car."

15 YEARS AGO  
September 3, 1922  
"Haircut now up to 75 cents; 60 cents for kids except on Saturday when everybody pays 75. Shaves are 50 cents now except when you get a haircut or tonic, in which case they throw in the shave for 35 cents."

"Tires may be thin and cars scarce yet they still drive through town at 85 miles an hour and at other rates beyond the speed limit. Perhaps the time has come when the City ought to revise upwards its penalties for speeding. . . . The absence of Judge Hassell, soaked a drunk driver \$100 or 50 days in jail."

"Any gardener who has maintained a vegetable or fruit patch throughout the summer is eligible for an emblem. Registration cards may be filled out at the Defense Service Center, Pierce street. The emblem has no particular value but makes an interesting war memento."



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