

"Dark Ages" Did Develop Leaders

Those who think all movement is progress take a dim view of the U. S. period from 1890 to 1930. The "upward and onward" boys put the 1890's in the Dark Ages.

It is surprising to learn that at this century's turn, one out of five high school students studied physics. Today 1 in 22. In those Dark Ages more than half of our lads studied algebra. Today, that is unknown to 75% of them.

In those days, John Dewey and his "progressive education" methods had not put "life adjustment" ahead of preparation for life. Schools for baton-twirling, and "how to know when you are really in love" had not been built.

It is really sad what a poor education our pa's and ma's got back in McKinley's time. It's mighty strange that men had

enough brains in the 1890's to invent the automobile, diesel engine, motion pictures, radio, color photography, x-rays, and, oh, yes, the airplane only 2 years after McKinley died.

ALL THESE BENEFACTORS of mankind had studied algebra, physics, geometry, etc. But what good did that do them? They must have found their inventions by accident while stumbling through the Dark Ages.

Please explain later inventions by men who were boys in those Dark Ages—like Kettering's self-starter, Sperry's gyro-compass, Hewitt's mercury vapor lamp and a lot of other museum pieces.

Strange, too, that they all fell in love without help from teacher or Uncle Sam!

"Beware of Those Gifts", Boys

The Sherman Adams case has brought into notice the gifts of prize cattle and farm equipment that President Eisenhower has received.

The President has made no attempt to keep these gifts secret. He recently said at a press conference that the news reporters had passed the hat and given him a heifer.

It has always been an interesting local news item that the prize turkey at the county fair was being sent to the White House. It is worth softening to a manufacturer to say that its tractor is the one used on the President's farm.

Or to a Cattle Breeders' Association that one of their bulls is owned by the President.

EXCEPT FOR THE advertising value.

From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

Voluminous Elsa Maxwell, she who gives (they say) often with other's financial aid) big parties, recently griped because she wasn't given a grand reception-welcome when she landed at a Dublin, Ireland, airport. "They did not recognize my greatness," exclaimed the buxom transplanted American devotee of social grandeur. Well, Elsa, get fatter and fatter, if you want your "greatness" to be made more evident.

Appears as though Uncle Sam failed to understand the recent overthrow of the Iraqi sovereignty, which was taken over by its military forces "in the name of the people". First Uncle criticized the coup d'etat, later officially recognized its new political status. Well, we admit 'tis human to err.

If women did not resort to the regalia of cosmetics and attire to add to their

these gifts are free from any taint of the expectation of benefits to come. They are mostly given by groups, like the news reporters, and not by individuals.

This practice has gone on for many years, and there is something commendable in the desire of people to send the President their prize apples, pumpkins, watermelons, or what have you.

Nevertheless, at the risk of offending innocent people, it would be better for the President to decline all valuable gifts, or to turn them over to charities.

It must weigh on the President's mind that his acceptance of any gifts of value may have influenced others in Government to do the same.

"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts," is a safe guide for public officials.

feminine attractiveness, men would be more irritable to live with. After all, it is men, more than women, who create the cosmetics and the styles for the ladies.

So Russia's Nikita Khrushchev has changed his mind about attending a "summit meeting"—well, let the old cool stay in Moscow. He'd probably be shot at if he ever set foot on certain parts of American soil.

Michigan's 1958 primary election has come and gone. In its wake it leaves a trail of defeated lesser candidates—but Gov. Williams still represents his party's choice for the sixth time, as Democrats turned in many more votes throughout the state than did the Republicans. With a couple of weeks the surviving candidates of both major parties will hit the hinterlands with their arguments "to elect me." Then we citizens will have the opportunity of making our final choices in November. Long live self-government... weakened even as it is by citizen apathy and apparent dis-interest.



NATURE NOW

by Lydia King Frehse
Special Writer for The Birmingham Economist

Water-Strider Safe On Water's 'Skin'

Anyone associated with the water is familiar with one of the commonest of its surface dwellers, the water-strider. Best known of all the creatures that walk dry-shod on ponds and streams, these slender brown insects skate about, often jumping up and landing without breaking the surface film.

They can perform this feat because their slender feet are covered with a short pile made up of greasy hairs. These are not wetted so that their slight pressure flattens them—but does not break—the water's skin. If you have seen a greased needle float, you have seen this same principle of surface tension at work.

SOME species of water-striders are winged and some are wingless. Their slender bodies measure only about four-tenths of an inch in length, travel over the water on spider-like legs. The shorter middle pair is used for pushing; the back pair for steering. The front pair is curved and held ready to grasp any bit of living or dead prey which may appear.

Backswimmers, emerging midges which come up from the water, leaf-hoppers and beetles which fall from banks or overhanging shrubbery—all these are drained of their vital fluids by the water-strider's sucking mouth parts.

THE water-strider lays its eggs upon almost any object on or just beneath the surface. The young nymphs, which look like frisky little spiders, turn into adults by a series of molts. They spent the summer collecting in schools along quiet, shady waters. If disturbed they scurry away to shelter but quickly re-assemble. In winter they hibernate under dead leaves or in the soil of nearby banks.

From the quiet shore, I have

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Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO August 14, 1908
"Nothing like prohibition and a dry town to build houses in. In Birmingham seven new houses are under way, ranging in values from \$1,800 to \$3,500. The most valuable and expensive is Ed J. Ferguson's on Woodward avenue."

"We heard on the street the other day of a man who claimed he was too poor to take his home

papers, but all the same he read a notice in one of our county papers, selling home to proceed to from slalobering, and sent \$1.50 for recipe. When the \$1.50 worth of information came it said: "Teach your horse to spit."

"The only man we ever knew who had advertised and said it didn't pay, was a fellow who advertised for a wife and got one with a mother and 11 children."

30 YEARS AGO August 16, 1928
"A student boy and girl romance, which started when they attended the Baldwin high school together, culminated last night at the Campbell Avenue Methodist church, Detroit, when Dorothy Dutton, until last June a teacher in the Adams school, became the bride of Russell McBride, associated with his father, H. J. McBride, in the hardware business."

15 YEARS AGO August 12, 1943
"Someone has been pasturing goats on Bird street and the neighbors don't like the odor, according to a report made to police."

"A reader complains that he had to pay \$14 for a case of beer, which sounds excessive."
"Most people are very gracious when asked to donate their aid for some patriotic endeavor so it was quite a shock the other day for a young matron who was on the phone lining up donors for the blood bank. A child answered the phone and the worker told her the story. The child turned to her mother and said: "What shall I tell them?" The reply could be taken to go to hell!"

WHY?



Do We Need Psychiatry?
When psychiatrists agree at all, they say chief cause of their patients'—mostly women—condition is frustration in love. They have either "been in marriage" or "failed to get married. Romance in life has failed to live up to their preconceived notions."
Villain responsible is Anglo-saxon popular fiction. In it, every man-siding demurely in her parlor finds a splendid youth ready to be caught in her web of domesticity—which just isn't true. Change fiction editors' formulas and you'll head psychiatry down the river. (Copyright 1956, John Emery Ent.)

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

Have you been bothered by radiation fallout lately?

Are our twinks and twinges the result of all those blasted H-bombs in the Far Pacific?

Are you convinced that their explosions have caused the stock market to slide 12 1/2 points on Connecticut Cod, Inc.?

Or, on the other hand, perhaps you are

among those who say, "Radioactivity? Take a whale of a lot to upset old Ma Nature!"

IN EITHER CASE, you're presently backed by "expert" opinion.

There are those authorities who are claiming things are upset enough already—and that we better not bust loose with any more H-bombs.

Then we have the opposition, the group of qualified quibblers who say the present bomb tests are like a pebble tossed into Lake Michigan.

Could be upsetting to the likes of you or an' me—if we let ourselves get upset.

BUT WHAT I DO to keep a level head in this radioactive rukus is keep thinking:

"If and when there is any serious danger, old Ma Nature sure will let us know in plenty of time and in no uncertain terms so we can take protective measures."

Suburban Sentiment

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The things to save me time and cash
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—Corinne R. Abatt