

Reuther Knows Not Strawberries

Walter P. Reuther's schooling, apparently, never got as far as double entry bookkeeping. He simply can't figure that one man's wage is another man's cost.

He says "the expansion of mass purchasing power through higher wages and lower prices" is imperative to correct the "imbalance that is causing recession and mass unemployment."

Well, let's consider a strawberry farmer and his hired hand—maybe Reuther by name.

The farmer has been paying Reuther \$2 an hour for picking berries. Reuther demands \$3 an hour—not for picking more berries per hour, which he won't do, but to "expand purchasing power" so Reuther can buy a new automobile.

The farmer gives in to R., hoping to sell the berries for enough more to get his \$

back. But Walter says, "No, you've got to reduce the price of strawberries to cure the recession."

ONE OF SEVERAL things happens: The farmer sells at the old price. Result: the farmer has \$1 an hour less purchasing power, or

The farmer raises the price to cover his added cost. Result: the buyer of the berries has less purchasing power to buy shoes, or

The farmer lowers his price: the farmer goes broke and lays off his hired man!

All that Reuther proposes is to transfer purchasing power from one pocket to another, not expand it.

Reuther's phony economics is a chief cause of the recession.

A Vicuna & Mink Discourse

The Vicuna lives way up in the mountains of Peru, at an altitude of 12,000-15,000 feet. It moves only in the highest circles!

The Vicuna and the Mink both wear coats, greatly prized by politicians. Vicuna coats are preferred by the Adams, and mink coats by the Eves.

One day a Vicuna met a Mink, and asked, "How do you tell the difference between a Republican and a Democrat?" The Mink said, "Only by their coats. The vicuna coat doesn't cost a cent, and a mink coat, a per cent."

The Mink asked the Vicuna, "Ain't it awful cold way up there where you live?" The Vicuna said, "No colder than a deep freeze."

THIS MADE THE MINK shiver as she thought back to the time when her own "True Man" was in office. What a jolly time that was! "How different things are today," she commented.

The Vicuna said, "You're darned right. In them days a politician could accept a hog from an old friend. Now he gets cussed if he takes a ham."

"He's a ham if he takes a ham," said the Mink.

As the Vicuna is a camel, you know it's around by your nose.

The Vicuna asked the Mink, "What is the difference between me and thee?" The Mink replied, "You smell and I stink."

Moral: Always examine the teeth of a gift horse.

clocks remain . . . after thieves recently stole \$25,000 of the time pieces from a collection.

Rev. Dr. Henry Hitt Crane, for 20 years pastor of Detroit's Central M. E. Church, recently tendered resignation. He was given a farewell party by his congregation. A dedicated "liberal", Dr. Crane sincerely tried to play the part of a "working Christian". He frequently found himself in the minority on numerous human questions—yet he held his ground, plus the respect of his opponents. Only he and he alone knows how many scars his soul bears, or how close he came to wearing a crown of thorns, or drinking vinegar. That's always the glorious inheritance of all who would live in response to "the inner voice" . . . Truth's forever on the scaffold . . .

The Birmingham Eccentric

Published every Thursday, at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 220-224 North Woodward Avenue Telephone Midwest 4-1100

GEORGE R. AVERILL Editor and Publisher
PAUL NEAL AVERILL Business Manager
GEORGE WM. AVERILL Managing Editor
F. S. SYBELDON Advertising Manager

ONE THING OR ANOTHER By George Wm. Averill

Human nature being what it is, it is only natural, then, when people object to spending money for something they feel is unnecessary.

Depending on what YOU do for a living, you will agree or disagree with everyone else's individual choice as to what's necessary and what's not.

A city commissioner, for example, will defend the need for improved city streets. He will defend his claim that they establish better property values, are safer for traffic, are less costly to maintain than dirt or gravel surfaces.

AT NINE OUT OF TEN public hearings on such improvements, the majority of affected property owners protest the paving of their street.

Residents claim paved streets add to

Suburban Sentiment

MAKING ENDS MEET

The end of the week,
The end of the cash,
The end of the roast,
The end-product—Hash!

—Lynn Carter

traffic volumes, thereby reducing property values. The citizens argue that hard, smooth surfaces permit greater traffic speeds, thereby increasing the hazard to children who live and play along that paving.

In repeated instances, these same property owners say if there is any choice, they'd rather spend the money to keep their streets unimproved than save money by the improvement!

To most of these objecting neighborhoods, the city commission looks like it is ignoring wishes of the citizenry in deciding to have the improvement constructed.

THESE CITIZENS FEEL their elected representatives: thus are doublecrossing their constituents.

It is difficult, in these cases, to have the citizens understand why the city is taking what seems to be contrary action. With time, more understanding comes as the supposed hazards and disadvantages fail to materialize.

Why does the city commission not let the affected street's vote determine whether the improvement goes in or not?

Because each commissioner, as he takes office, swears to put aside all personal interests—his own as well as yours and mine—and base his actions solely on what he feels will best promote the whole community's welfare.

Would we want it any other way?

What Does the Future Hold?



NATURE NOW

by Lydia King Frehse
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

Nature's Satisfying Even on Rainy Day

In a very real sense today's protective pattern of living has softened the pressure of many of Nature's laws and demands. But all living things are finally subjected to her inexorable ways and here we include the species Homo sapiens.

The depth of this artificial overlay manifests itself in a sudden and frequently painful jolt to the city dweller who realizes his dream of a vacation "close to nature." Mosquitoes bite, poison ivy tortures, flies contaminate, rain soaks, wind tears and sun blisters. Suddenly muscles ache, hands become numb and unfeeling.

Mrs. Frehse

amazed at the quantities of firewood, water, of food required to sustain life. We no longer move in our circle of artificial convenience. Nature is once more in the saddle, and if we are not self-sufficient we suffer.

BUT THERE ARE those of us who are at home with Nature's ways, and we are the lucky ones. For suddenly our dulled senses come alive—we breathe and hunger, we see and hear, we love and dream. We imagine and create according to our individual gifts and capacities. Clockwatching and competition with their resultant penalties to body and soul are temporarily laid aside.

But the naturalist who has left behind the trappings of city life is once more at the mercy of the elements, the rigors of "settling over, house, food, baggage and baggage all in their accustomed order we planned to "lie down"—this term implying a seat in the sun on the dock. But instead Nature had handed us a rainy day.

Now a rainy day in the north woods has its compensations. Said the second wife who is a member of our summer household, "God has started the rain slowly so we

will have time to bring our kids inside." And He did and we did.

THE RAIN had the lake to itself. As we watched from the front veranda of the old house, the wooded hills which unfold it rose from the mist. We had time to hear the white throat's song, its poignant sweetness an obligato to the musical choruses of the veery and the wood thrush.

And while we sat so musing on our good fortune, the second little girl pointed out a hidden ball of spider's eggs enclosed in a silk cocoon firmly anchored to the door-jam. Nearby she spied a spittle bug's frothy castle, upheld by a tall segment of untended grass, protruding between the banisters.

We had time on a rainy day to examine both of these with the hand lens. The castle of bubbles looks exactly like spittle, hence the insect's common name. Removing the froth from the plant, we found it hiding three tiny insect nymphs, pale green in color with long antennae and large black compound eyes.

THESE ARE the young of our common Frog-hopper, so named because the adult is a broad, squat, hopping creature.

The frothy castle is a viscous fluid expelled by the alimentary canal of the insect and beaten into a froth either by the female over her eggs or, as in this case, by the nymph to protect its tender body while feeding.

The spittle bug nymph grows to adulthood by a gradual metamorphosis and sheds four wings which he seldom uses. The mouth parts are formed for piercing the stems and sucking the plant juices which are his food.

A member of the large insect order Homoptera, the frog-hopper does very little damage. However, some of his relatives, including the aphids and scale bugs, are serious threats to agriculture.

WHILE your scribe and the second little girl were examining the spittle bug's castle we remembered a casual remark I lately overheard. "I hate the woods on a rainy day, there is never anything to do."

Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO
July 17, 1908
"Hurrah for our electric lights! Now dear Mr. Board, do get us sewers and we will be as good as the best."

"While Birmingham is chewing the rag on the light question, Orion is busy setting up poles and getting the lights ready for service."

"Said that Holly celebrated the 4th with five dozen cases of beer, and still they sing, 'Nobody knows how dry I am.'"

"The law requires that owners shall cut all noxious weeds."

30 YEARS AGO
July 19, 1928

"He—I want to marry your daughter."
Father—"Have you seen my wife yet?"
He—"Yes, but nevertheless, I prefer your daughter."—Investment Magazine.

"Cars double parked on Maple avenue are being tagged daily and this method will be continued so long as persons double park."

15 YEARS AGO
July 12, 1943

"A note: As a mother of a man in service, I thought you would be interested to know that I and other mothers in the northwest section are pleased with a new service that

THE OLD TIMER

"Too many minds are open— at both ends!"

our mail carrier gives us. When he brings a letter from a service man, he blows a whistle and we rush to the door."

"That Jap sub went through here Saturday and a few people were on hand to see it. It stopped only because there was a red light on Woodward avenue."

WHY?



Do We Call It "YUCATAN"?

Spanish explorers stepping ashore on the peninsula in the Gulf of Mexico brusquely demanded the name of the land from Mayans appearing to greet them. The natives, overwhelmed by the strange speech and manners of their visitors, stammered, "that do you say?" Years later geographers learned that is what they had named the land in Mayan.

With as little reason other explorers, finding giant footprints in the sand of the beach, named the southernmost country of South America Patagonia, "land of the Big Feet."

(Copyright 1956, John Emery Ent.)

Elkin Travel Bureau Presents

Deluxe but Different

Freighter Cruises

PAN. CANAL and CALIFORNIA	16 days	\$350.
MEDITERRANEAN	70 days	\$700.
INDIA	100 days	\$800.
ROUND THE WORLD	120 days	\$1300.

and many others consult

Delphine Michaels

MI 6-2170

296 N. Hunter

Birmingham

You Will Look Even Lovelier in an Engagement Portrait By

bill williams
Air Conditioned
Photography



LI 3-4480

1107 Crooks Rd.
(at Main) Royal Oak

End Garbage and Trash Worries

NOW with

SMOKELESS
ODORLESS

Gas Incineration



ENJOY...A CLEANER HEALTHIER HOME
Go Modern with Gas!

Dispose of garbage and trash automatically without going outdoors to a smelly, unsanitary garbage can or trash burner.

Now, for a few cents a day, you can get rid of that unsightly garbage can with its flies and vermin.

Today's automatic gas incinerators consume garbage, papers, trash... anything except metal or glass, quickly, safely and economically without the slightest trace of smoke or odor.

The new smokeless, odorless gas incinerators are designed to meet the stiff requirements set by the American Gas Association. By meeting these standards the incinerators are completely acceptable in communities which restrict the use of conventional burners.

Ask your Gas Appliance Dealer to tell you more about automatic incinerators. The low cost will surprise you!



SEE YOUR **GAS INCINERATOR DEALER**

Published in cooperation with Gas Appliance Dealers by Consumers Power Company