Post Office Mural's 'New Look' Comes From Painter's Ex-Protege

That mural on the east lobby of the Birmingham post office has a fresh appearance today.

It has been touched up by Joseph Sparks, a Detroit artist who was a personal friend of the man who painted it, Carlos Lopez.

The question of the identity of the original painter came up in connection with redecorating of the post office. Last week Postmaster Rollie Reese finally learned that Lopez was the painter and that he died in 1932.

SO, THE PROBLEM then was to find someone qualified to renovate the painting.

Following a story in The Birmingham Eccentric, three artists applied for the job. The painting contractor engaged for the post office project decided that Sparks would be the best man, Reese explained today.

Sparks had worked with Lopez back in the days when Lopez was commissioned to paint several murals in this area. They became good friends.

Sparks also has painted murals in this area. He has studied in Detroit and abroad, including Paris, France. His works have been on exhibit, and he also is known as an art critic.

Lopez came to light when a Birmingham lumber dealer, W. E. (Ed) Beatty, 2200 Holland, remembered that Lopez was once his neighbor.

Beatty said he and other members of his family have several of Lopez' paintings, including local scenes. A Birmingham winter scene, entitled "Snow Man," won a Detroit Institute of Arts prize for Lopez in 1942.

Beatty added that his youngest son, Robert, served as the model for the baby in the post office mural.

"Lopez' wife was quite an artist, too," he declared, "and one day she came over to our home and made a sketch of Bob. Lopez then painted it (for the mural)."

Beatty described Lopez as "a grand person, a wonderful person with a fine character."

HE SAID LOPEZ was commissioned to paint war scenes in Africa during World War II. He also was commissioned by the War department to paint "U.S. Industry at War."

Although Lopez didn't have a college degree, Beatty said, he was made a professor of art at the University of Michigan.

Snow Man

This Birmingham winter scene, called "Snow Man," won the Haass Purchase prize in the Detroit Institute of Fine Arts show for local painter Carlos Lopez in 1942. According to W. E. Beatty, who was a neighbor and friend of Lopez, the artist portrayed a number of local scenes and activities on canvas.

MORE KNOWLEDGE about

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Citizen Pens Views Of Our 50th State

By C. ALLEN HARLAN
Special Writer

From the highest summit above Honolulu with a perfect view of this beautiful city, I am writing these impressions.

From here, the great arc of the horizon gives one a dramatic impression of just how big is planet earth.

The garlanded cliffs, the surging surf flashing in the sun, the remote summits seemingly floating on clouds, the houses, the trees, the flowers nestled into the hills. All this gives one the impression of just how beautiful the island, the sea, and the sky can be.

DIAMOND Head, an extinct volcano, with its sheer cliffs rising out of the sea offers defiance to the breaking surf.

Nearby, Blue Hale puffs and blows its spouts of water with the same regularity of Old Faithful.

Up here the weather changes by the minute.

Down by the sea it is always clear.

The rainfall is figured one inch of rain for each 10 feet above sea level. At a height of 3150, this means 315 inches of rain. To attain this precipitation level it has to rain nearly all the time—and it does.

AS THE SURF rises to escape the shallow coral, the waves clasp one another and are smashed asunder in a battle to the death.

The deep blue of the sea, tinted by the light color of the coral fades to turquoise.

What a mosaic is this setting of the sea, surf and sail with civilization crowding nature out just enough to make its way.

How beautiful does the 50th state fit into its environment. If it can add as much to America as it adds to the Pacific, how wise we are to include this pearl among our jewels.

Not to be overlooked is the harbor, symbolic of the jewel for which it was named. Yet, what has happened to the fortress that was Pearl Harbor.

IT SEEMS ALL but asleep. Gone are all the battleships, the destruction of which produced the "day of infamy" in our history. Only the submerged hulls of the Arizona and the Utah are left.

Time has changed all that. Our friends are now our enemies and our enemies are our friends.

As I watched the troubled waters about the hull of the Arizona, bubbles coming from the troubled spirits of 1,100 men entombed there mocked the fickleness of causes for which so many were sacrificed in vain.

CHANGE HAS ITS FINEST HOUR when a few things are immortal. Love is among them.

Gone from the harbor are the aircraft carriers whose planes recaptured the Pacific. Here and there in this once proud fortress one can still see a destroyer or a tender.

Dramatically, the effects of a changing world are before me. Nature never intended that this jewel of a harbor should be anything but a harbinger of hospitality. Fifteen years in a changing world and nature has reasserted its heritage.

Time runs against nearly everything. It has flourished as might against the Egyptians, and only their pyramids remain as a monument to eternity, a symbol of stupidity of a Pharoah who wasted the total product of the most advanced civilization that his bones might have as safe repository.

Hear ye oh pyramid, make way for the fortress Pearl Harbor.

THE MOVING FINGER has all but liquidated the Greeks and their language, but Homer is more alive than ever. Homer never flourished the sword and his pen continues to make conquest.

The hour glass has spelled fris to the Roman Empire, but the Roman road with the grooves of the chariot wheels carved over 2,000 years ago symbolize the ribbons of roads that cross and criss-cross this changing world.

There is no force on earth more powerful than the power of an idea whose time has arrived, and the folly of an idea whose time has run out mocks the efforts of most civilizations.

FROM PEARL HARBOR, the jewel of the Pacific, the battleships, the cruisers, and the aircraft carriers have been returned to the continent from which they came. They have been put into mothballs.

Think of the treasure, and sweat and blood that our new friends, the Japanese, spent to destroy them.

What no enemy has succeeded in doing, the sand in the hourglass has brought about without fanfare.

Below me the 50th state lies in bold review. Above me the canopy of heaven gives me the impression that I am setting on top of the world.

How vast is planet earth.

How remote is the evening star

OF WHAT BUILDING are time and space and the universe composed.

To all these unknowns, man has pitted his mind, and he looks at all this with a knowing eye. All this the intelligence of man envisions.

Yet with all his vaunted tools and achievements, he has not thought his way into the heart of his neighbor across the street or beyond the Iron Curtain.

This frontier of frontiers beckons him on. The Pyramids, the battlefields of Gettysburg, the hull of the battleship Arizona mock his failures.

Now if man can think his way into the secrets of the universe, he can know himself.

This dream of civilization, often seemingly within our grasp, has somehow escaped. Love alone is immortal.

Children's Picnic Planned Wednesday By Leukemia Group

The northwest chapter of the Children's Leukemia Foundation has completed plans for the eighth annual picnic for children afflicted with Leukemia and other serious blood diseases, and their families.

It will be held at the John F. Ivory Farm, Cooley Lake road near Union Lake road, Wednesday, Aug. 17, from noon to 4 p.m.

There will be food, pony and wagon rides, music, clowns, favors and supervised swimming. Signs posted at various points along the way will help those not familiar with this area.

"The Foundation exerts every effort to make each annual picnic a most memorable event, one especially the children will not forget—for some of them will not be with us next year. What a joy to see the happiness and excitement on their faces in spite of the dark outlook for many whose life span is a matter of months," James DeGroot, 1921 Bradford, Birmingham, said.

The Birmingham Eccentric

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BITS OF BIRMINGHAM

One of our women readers was quite concerned when she thought she saw a bicycle wheel caught under a Great Lakes Transit bus near her home on W. Lincoln. She thought a boy had been struck while riding his bike. But her concern was relieved when she learned that the bus company was conducting a safety study to determine drivers' efficiency when braking. They use a bicycle wheel gadget in the test.

You can't break the habits of a lifetime during an annual vacation. That's evidenced again when this week we received a postcarded message from our Bill Phillipson, the fellow who expertly puts the type in the pages of The Birmingham Eccentric. Phillipson has spent some vacationtime fishing near Vanderbilt, 8 miles north of Gaylord. Reports our makeup man on his piscatorial prowess: "I did catch one bluegill 5½ inches long!" To the uninitated in journalism, that indicates Phillipson landed a 9-inch panfish.

Paul Irvine, a friend of young Robert Scott who drowned last month while skin diving in Gilbert Lake, has written a poem expressing his sentiments over the loss of a friend. The poem, entitled "Together We Shared," reads:

I wander through the forests high,
I see the clearness of the sky.
I walk through fields of green and gold,
I know of wonders so untold.
I see the river flowing clear,
And hear the robins singing near.
The clouds, the sky so high above
To only remind me of my love.
My love of things that are so good
You never see them though you should.
To see a river running free,
To see a squirrel up in a tree,
To look upon the grass so green,
Life's so quiet, so serene.
The trees with arms stretched out so wide,
It makes one happy to be alive.

Mrs. Arthur C. Schartow, 1965 Villa road, Birmingham, found an interesting scrap of paper on Pierce street last week. It was a printed form with all sorts of instructions, numbers and various remarks typed on it. She sent it to The Birmingham Eccentric with a note that said, "Wonder if this belongs to you." What a feminine Sherlock Holmes.

The mysterious little scrap contained important photo assignment details. Our photographic department extends a thank you. The editorial department says, "Phew!"

The YMCA is noted for its excellent swimming instruction programs conducted in its own pool—if it has one. In the case of Birmingham, its 'Y' pool is in the future. However, branch secretary Owen Manchester came upon a unique method for instruction to local swimmers part of the year. He surveyed the backyard pools in the Birmingham-Bloomfield area, found there were more than 200. Last year six residents let Manchester conduct swiming instruction in their pools. This year 18 pools have been made available!

Birmingham police Det. Richard Chambers had his hands full subduing an unruly man who had drunk "not wisely but too well" and was kicking up a fuss on Woodward the other day. None of the male passersby offered any assistance, Chambers said, but a lady clerk stepped out of a nearby store and offered to lend a hand.

Look on page 336 of this month's college issue of Mademoiselle if you want to see a pretty Bloomfield township resident modeling the latest in 1960 overcoats. She's Judi Angevine, daughter of the Lawrence L. Angevines of 1675 Carriage drive, Gilbert lake. Judi was graduated from Bloomfield Hills high school in 1958. Since then she's been studying art at Wayne state university. She follows her interest in art through the Bloomfield art association here. Her friends at the BAA have encouraged her to go ahead with a career in art, but Judi's dubious about a girl's chances in the field. So she's switching to Katherine Gibbs school in New York City this fall. For the picture in Mademoiselle, she says, she stood in the sculpture court of the Yamasaki - designed MacGregor memorial building. That's Wayne's new education building behind her.

This & That

(Continued From Page 1-A)

Prior to the recent primary election City Clerk Irene Hanley prophesied that not more than 35 per cent of the community's voters would turn out. Actually, only 33.6 per cent voted . . . and that's a closer guess than Elmo Roper, George Gallup, or even a scanner of tea leaves could guess. (Now, Irene, tell us who'll be our next President!)

U of M Offers 193 Extension Courses

The University of Michigan school of education offered 193 extension courses during the 1959-60 academic year, according to Willard G. Olson, dean of the School of Education.

Courses were offered in 41 communities in Upper and Lower Michigan, including; Bloomfield Hills, Dearborn, Detroit, Fenton, Flint, Grosse Pointe, Mt. Clemens, Pontiac, Port Huron, Rochester, and Wyandotte.

More than 100 instructors participated in the off-campus offerings.

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Stop Drivers For Survey

LANSING — Thousands of motorists are being stopped on Michigan highways this summer as part of a state-wide origin and destination survey being conducted by the Michigan state highway department.

Michigan is one of the 13 midwestern states conducting such studies under provisions of a resolution adopted by the Mississippi valley highway Conference last year.

"The purpose of the study is to gather information which will enable each state to plan the type and location of highways which will best serve the most people," Highway Commissioner John C. Mackie said.

"AFTER THE survey is completed and the results are compiled by electronic computers, each state will exchange the results of the survey with the other 12 states. The results of this survey will contribute greatly to better roads for all of us in the future."

A total of 135 roadblocks will have been set up for periods of eight, 12, 16, or 24 hours, depending on the traffic volume, at points throughout the state before the survey end September 8.

One or two state troopers are on duty at each of the roadblocks to patrol traffic while highway department employees ask all drivers four questions.

Each motorist stopped at a roadblock is asked where their trip started, where it will end, what it's purpose is, and where their vehicle is registered.

$25,000 Fire Loss Here During July

Fire losses in Birmingham during July totaled $25,060, Fire Chief Park Smith revealed today.

Smith said that losses on building were estimated at $15,000 and $10,060 on contents. All losses were covered by insurance.

The department made 32 runs during July. Fifteen were for fires, nine were first aid, one for investigation of a suspected gas leak and four miscellaneous.

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