

Did it ever occur to you that the basic reason why so much domestic and international confusion and trouble exist today is simply because so many of our people (the vast majority) fail to measure up to the good precepts and examples revealed to them by past and some present "good and really great" men and women? Truth's sun always shines for those who shun Wrong's shade!

# The Birmingham Eccentric

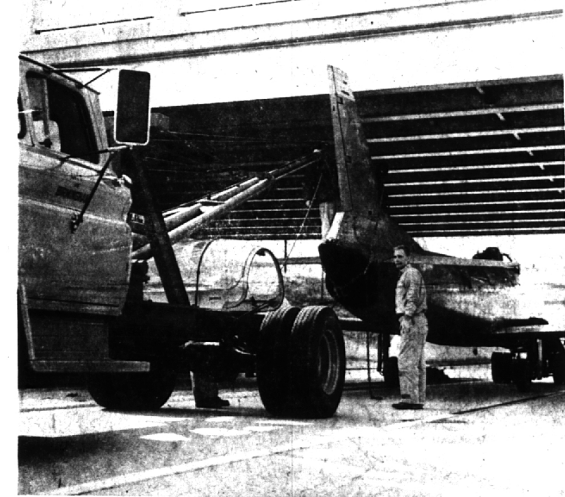
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN Thursday, October 27, 1960

SECTION D

## Local Pilots Jest About Jet-Move



Edging its way from Selfridge air base, the F86 Sabre jet takes a hungry glance at Mt. Clemens, to Eton Park in Birmingham, a gas station in Utica.



Inches too low, an underpass just west of Utica offered a challenge to the moving crew. The men weighted down the tail, forcing the nose up, and slid the plane quickly under the bridge.



Mission accomplished, the forestry department men begin the task of uncoupling the plane and locating it on its new landing strip.

## Humor Altitude Gage Nears Sound Barrier

By DENI SCANLON Staff Writer

One particular telephone ring in the news department of The Birmingham Eccentric last Thursday seemed more urgent than the rest.

"Did you know there's a jet plane down in the city?" a frantic woman cried.

"There are police and people all around it," she quickly added.

"Yes, mam," the reporter replied, trying hard not to laugh impolitely.

The lady was told "The Air Force has donated the craft to Birmingham as play equipment for youngsters. The forestry department is taking it to Eton park. No need for concern but thanks for calling in."

Then the reporter thought for a minute, picked up the phone and dialed the police department—just to be sure there wasn't a second jet in the area. There wasn't.

RELIEVED THAT the move is complete, Charles Gale, superintendent of Birmingham's forestry and parks department, enjoys relating the humorous side of the event.

Signing the official papers at Selfridge air base in Mt. Clemens was the easiest part, Gale began. "Even pulling it to the exit gate wasn't hard," he said. "But then the fun started."

All entrances to the air base were being paved, so one F86 Sabre jet, six men and a small tractor joined in the traffic jam of hundreds of battling cars.

"You'd think a fighter plane would have half a chance," Gale said. "But we had to wait a couple hours to avoid the rush."

THE NEXT CRISIS came when the plane was beginning to roll smoothly down the highway. The tow bar snapped.

Harvey Kasch, assistant superintendent of parks, who was riding inside the jet manning the brakes, belloved, "Look out, I'm on my very first flight!"

The "landing" was a safe one and after a new bar was installed they were off again—only to be stopped by a world—not to be convinced highway department official who found the whole thing unbelievable.

After a day's work maneuvering around obstacles, the crew settled the jet in an abandoned gas station for the night.

When the forestry department's secretary talked with the secretary of the man who owned the station—about parking a jet? "Sure! You can fly kites from the roof, too!"

GALE CURLED UP in a sleeping bag inside the plane to guard for the night. Late in the evening, he relates, a police car pulled up.

"I heard excited voices and saw one officer flashing his light," Gale continued. "I thought they were joking when they discussed how it could have landed or crashed."

"All of a sudden," Gale laughed, "one of them flashed a light through the exhaust, saw me and shouted 'Hey! Look! The pilot's still in it!'"

RASCH, AGAIN stationed in the cockpit the next day, told about a

new world comes sharply into focus.

Its dimensions cannot be explained by perception and measurement. Maybe this is because these are not the dimensions of love, which is merely the pronoun "I" turned inside out.

On Christmas Eve we watch the children being consumed by the wonder of the coming day. It will be a miraculous night when the Baby Jesus is born. Saint Nicholas will visit our house bringing gifts like the Three Kings.

WE THINK of the Three Kings and Wise Men who travelled far on the promise of a star, and wondered, while the world scoffed. We open the door a crack. The frosty air stings our lungs. We hear carolers singing.

"Peace on earth, to men of good will. God and Sinners reconcile." The miracle of this night cannot be explained, but it is truly there. It is in the expression on the faces of men.

We softly close the door and return to the dim light of the children's bedroom. They are fast asleep. We kneel down and say a prayer of thanks for being given these eyes to see the world thru these eyes every day of th coming year.

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THE SPIRIT of this day is out of joint with a world haunted by the specters of total destruction, hate and bigotry. These are our

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**The World's A Stage**  
By JACK WOODLEY (Special Writer)

**THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS**

Small children being fresh from the Hand of God, live in an exhilarating world that is one big miracle. It is a world beyond the vision of an adult because as adults we have learned to rationalize and forgotten how to wonder at the miracle of reality.

The child marvels as the world, in dignified silence, drapes itself in a mantle of snow. He asks, what makes it snow? He stares in wonder at the graceful flight of geese following a compulsion to arch southward in majestic Vs across a November sky. He asks, why?

OFTEN AS a matter of experience's relentless assault. We could not see just a bleak expanse of water and sand.

WE WOULD know a moment of lapping at our feet and hear the timeless voice of God in the pounding of the surf.

On meeting a stranger we could forget the reserved, cautious stare we allot to his kind and substitute a smile. The smile that recognizes in him a reflection of his Creator. Maybe this is what Jesus had in mind when he admonished us to be as little children.

Once a year we undergo a cure of this myopic condition and there is just one world. It is this world that sings in harmony the praises of a child who was the Hand of God on a Silent Night.

WE BELIEVE on this night in the miracle of miracles. In believing we are reminded of the purpose of this miracle. It is then this