

# B'ham's Schools To Open Doors Sept. 7 (Parents to Help?)

Nearly 12,800 boys and girls will "enthusiastically" (?) rush through the open doors of the public schools in the Birmingham district when they open Sept. 7. For the ensuing nine plus months these young people, from kindergarten through senior high school, will be subjected to the civilizing processes of an educational culture.

Their thoughts will be formed, to a large extent, by what they are taught, by the personalities of their teachers, by the type of school discipline (or any lack of it) supported by the faculty and Board of Education.

These 12,800 boys and girls represent society's greatest potential wealth; some day they will take over the reins of citizenship; whether they become good leaders or good followers hinges upon their scholastic educational environment, as well as upon their homes, their churches, and a variety of related social contacts and impacts.

MILLIONS OF TAX dollars have been, will continue to be spent, to support and improve the educational process. This is, of course, as it should be.

On the other hand, never before in American history has the public school educational system been subjected to so much controversy as in these past and present few years. Some of the criticism is unfair, and some of it is justified.

Perhaps—indeed, most assuredly—one tremendously important contribution that can be made to improve the product of the educator is right in the home. It is here that the largest part of youths' lives is shaped. It is in the home, from the parents themselves, through precept and example, that the greater influence is wielded.

Included among parental aids are more attention and interest and help and "pats on the back for good efforts and results," for their school children (also their preschool offspring). The inclusion of fair, but firm, home-discipline for youngsters offers inestimable help in the formation of strong adult character. Its value is felt in the schoolroom, too, where students generally manifest the traits of the home environment.

So, parents, may we suggest your renewed dedication on behalf of your children, as you send them off into this world of textbooks and teachers and classrooms and hundreds of tremendously important explorations and adventures that challenge them?

And, of course, a warm handclasp for the faculty... a friendly, sympathetic inquiry into their methods... a grateful appreciation for their efforts to do what they can to fit your boys and girls for the complex challenges and problems of life and living!

## Pentagon Prodigal Spending Millions

When a congressional committee brings to light the fact that the Army pays \$125 for an aircraft part the Air Force buys for 24 cents, the citizen may cock his ear and reflect that he has heard something like that before. Indeed he has.

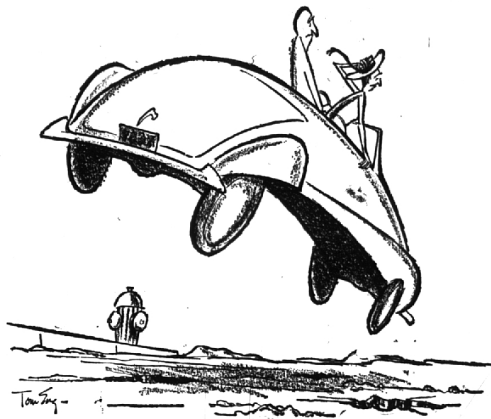
The ring of familiarity persists as the committee — a House investigating subcommittee, in this case, of which Rep. Edward Hebert of Louisiana is chairman—delicately from the U.S. comptroller general a detailed report on how the armed forces waste tax money by neglecting to get competitive bids. This is understandable, too.

The feeling of having heard it all before is understandable because such revelations have been made at intervals during the past several years. When the comptroller general testified recently that the Navy could have saved more than a million dollars on one small batch of purchases by buying directly rather than through subcontractors, that was disturbing but not startling; it was old stuff to taxpayers.

THIS IS SCANDAL, compounded—the initial scandal of loose, wasteful buying practices, and the further scandal that there has been no firm action to eliminate such abuses in the armed forces. And in the light of this compound scandal it is all the more gratifying that President Kennedy has offered "full cooperation" in a drive against Pentagon waste.

That is what the situation demands. Both civilian and military officials in the Pentagon need to be prodded until they act to tighten up all along the line on spending. Those responsible for laxity in the face of committee revelations should be disciplined and, in extreme cases, ousted. There is no justification for wasting tax money. This is particularly true when waste cheats the nation of some of the things it needs for defense.

## Merrily We Roll Along



## Editorial Page • A Free, Responsible and Aggressive Press Is Democracy's First Line of Defense

Thursday, August 17, 1961

### The Birmingham Eccentric

Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in The Eccentric Building, 1225 Bowers Street Telephone Midwest 4-1100

GEORGE R. AVERILL Editor and Publisher

PAUL NEAL AVERILL Business Manager

GEORGE WM. AVERILL Managing Editor

DAVID F. GIBB Advertising Manager

## Gold Standard Born in 500 BC

Let's start with Croesus as we discuss today's gold crisis. He was King of Lydia in Asia Minor five hundred years B.C. He was the first to make gold and silver coins. These metals had been used as money long before, but as nuggets whose value depended on their weight and purity. The words pound (sterling), lira and ruble were all, originally, terms of actual weight, like our ounce or ton.

In those old days, however, few had scales, to weigh nuggets, or knew how to tell pure gold or silver from alloy. Croesus did a great service for all mankind by making gold nuggets into coins, with his name or seal stamped thereon as a certificate of

value and honor, upon which everyone could rely.

CROESUS IS DEAD and so are thousands of other kings and rulers. Their bones are dust and their civilizations nothing but a page of history.

All gone, but if one of Croesus' gold coins came into your hands, you could buy groceries with it anywhere in the world. The coin would have scarcity or antique value, of course, but regardless of that, it has never lost value as so much weight of gold.

But since Croesus, every ruler and government, empire and republic, without exception, has devalued and cheapened its unit of monetary value.

Greedy kings and profligate people have alike dishonored their promises. It has been a form of legalized stealing. Will our generation repeat?

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

There is no guessing about the current attitude of a vast majority of Americans regarding the U.S. stand on the Berlin situation. If Russia's Khrushchev wants to test the strength of his military machine, he'll never live to witness the outcome. Neither will millions of other human beings, alas! But we really don't believe that K will want to unleash a potential nuclear holocaust—why should he? Has not the Soviet already gained much in the way of conquest without direct use of armament? (except in the case of the Hungarian uprising). Although President Kennedy's recent speech about Berlin has strengthened our cause, unless Uncle Sam shows more ability to control Cuba's Fidel Castro, United States' prestige will not reach its deserved height. And don't think for a moment that our weakness toward Cuba is not being used by Russia to strengthen its hold on many other as yet uncommitted nations.

Michigan's two U.S. Senators sponsored a resolution in Congress to create a National Park identity for 77,000 acres of land near Traverse City, to be called "Sleeping Bear National Park." The Senators, apparently, failed to learn in advance just how their idea would "take" with the local citizens. They have risen up in opposition, largely for economic reasons. With the

status of "National Park," these acres would be removed from the taxrolls, thus impoverishing their public school and several village treasuries. "Sleeping Bear" is a fitting name for the land involved—but evidently not for the aroused citizenry.

The importance of spoken or printed words so often depends upon who utters them. For example: "Jump in the lake" is an American trite-ism. Said by an average citizen, it means little. Said by a U.S. President it means very, very much—especially these days if spoken to one Khrushchev or Castro.

You often hear the word "journalist." An old-time newspaper man used to say that "the difference between a reporter and a journalist simply is that the journalist has two pairs of pants, the reporter only one."

Since obesity, stoutness, fatness, too much avoirdupois has become a common U.S. problem with so many of its citizens, why not have the White House (in its program to improve the fitness of its citizens) sponsor an "Eat Only Like A Canary Bird for a Whole Week" ... but, come to think of it, that would only increase the U.S. farm problem.

## PEOPLE'S COLUMN

# Federal Aid for B'ham Mistake States Resident

To the Editor:

A recent issue of The Eccentric carried an article to the effect that the City of Birmingham was applying for approximately \$17,000 of federal aid to enable it to conduct a \$23,000, planning study. The article further stated that Commissioner Ralph A. Main cast the only "NO" vote when the question of application was discussed by the City Commission.

Apparently Commissioner Main is the only member of the City Commission who realizes the gravity of this action—and he is to be heartily commended for his vision and understanding. Conversely, the other members of the City Commission could, with profit to the city and the country, analyze the financial situation of the Federal Government and govern their future actions more in harmony with those of Commissioner Main.

YOUR READERS will logically ask us to why all this fuss about a small sum of \$17,000. It just so happens that there are enough of these requests have been primarily responsible for the bankrupt condition of the federal treasury. Yes, I use the word "bankrupt" with the full realization of its significance. Any thinking man or woman who will spend a reasonable amount of time looking over the federal debt, the federal spending program, and its excessive celebration under the present regime—and balance that against the federal income, as well as the national income, will come up with the startling conclusion that the Federal Government is completely bankrupt.

AS IT HAPPENS, the City of

Birmingham is solvent; in fact, it is classed as one of the more prosperous communities in the nation. We, therefore, find the incongruous situation of a prosperous community doing its best to get a little money from the bankrupt larger government unit.

This is analogous to a prosperous child begging white a bankrupt parent.

I HAVE SAT on governmental bodies before—and I can well imagine that the stock argument that was advanced in the City Commission meeting, that caused most of the commissioners to vote for this application, was "if we don't ask for it—somebody else will get the money anyway."

More and more communities in the United States are beginning to recognize the deplorable financial situation of the federal government. Quite frequently today we are finding small units of government not only refusing to ask for funds from the Federal Government, but, in many cases, even declining those that are proffered them.

It is regretted that the City of Birmingham does not have enough intestinal fortitude and vision to join that intelligent group of communities.

IT MAY BE too late now to rebuild the Federal Government's financial structure and make it solvent.

But of one thing we can be certain and that is, it can never be done as long as we have prosperous communities like Birmingham contributing their little bit to accelerate the bankruptcy of the federal government.

ROLAND C. KOEHLER 4809 Charing Cross Road Birmingham

By Lydia King Freese

## NATURE NOW

Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

# Silk Worm Development Followed by Columnist

WILLOW LARK—Reader in-urrounded them. "Then raised prompts your scribe to finish her observations regarding the silk worms which we had under observation.

When we last reported to you, the larvae were about to spin their cocoons. This stage in the life cycle was completed by all eight of these fine producing gold and silver cocoons and three white ones. These I have before me as I write.

UNFORTUNATELY, it was necessary for your scribe to away during the 14 to 21-day period when the winged moth was due to emerge. During this time, the gold and silver cocoons were placed in the garage.

Upon our return, four of the cases were empty, but we could find no trace of the winged adult. The pupae of the other four did not erupt, probably due to the

less than perfect conditions which surrounded them. When raised commercially, they are kept under a controlled environment of 75 degrees and a humidity of 65 per cent.

AS WE MENTIONED in our previous column, the pupae grown for making silk are always killed before their natural hatching. For the alkaline fluid which the enclosed larvae secrete to soften one end of the case breaks the strands of silk, thus ruining their value.

We were disappointed at not seeing the adult moth, but the books tell us that the winged stage of the commercial silk worm (Bombyx mori) emerges with a wingspread of about two inches. It has a thick furry body and grows a dark double bar on the posterior and a single bar on the anterior wing. It is common with the kind, the adult lives only a few days, just long enough to mate. During this short period, the female lays from 200 to 500 eggs no larger than a

(See NATURE NOW, 5-B)

## Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO  
Aug. 18, 1911

The 14th annual Fall family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Gaylord Simpson of Daines Street, during the week of this date. Over 80 members of the family were in attendance and a bountiful dinner was served in a large tent on the lawn after which devotional services were held. One member of the large Fall family died during the year. The oldest member present was Mrs. Stevens, 76, and the youngest was the son of Will Fall, three and one-half months.

Parties are known who tore my coat and trousers Tuesday night, August 8th. They can save prosecution by paying for all damages to same, otherwise arrest will follow. Signed, M. Levinson.

30 YEARS AGO  
Aug. 13, 1931

Lone Pine Road, newly paved, will be open to traffic from the main entrance of Cranbrook School west by Saturday night, unless some unforeseen occurrence arises, according to Harry S. Starr, Bloomfield Hills Village engineer.

Graphic accounts of the attempted automobile holdup on Lincoln near Cranbrook road on the night of July 26 which was frustrated by the quick-thinking driver of the car, a member of a prominent Detroit family, were contained in a recent issue of this column. In connection of two suspects charged with the crime in Justice Floyd S. Burk's court Tuesday afternoon.

Determined "to do their best to prevent the closing of the Barnum pool, or at least to reopen it in the town which school opens, a group of Birmingham women swimming enthusiasts have banded together to raise funds and support in their campaign.

15 YEARS AGO  
Aug. 15, 1946

Have you seen the police department's new "Trixie"? It's one of those three-wheeled motorcycles which a number of smaller cities use to patrol the downtown business district. It arrived last week, and it's a sight to see with black identifying lettering. If you haven't seen it already, you will— if you are in the habit of visiting

## Talk of the Towns

By DENI SCANLON

One more month and thousands of area students will go back to their books. It's been a summer of play for the younger ones but for some of the college students it was a summer working at whatever job was available to help finance tuition, books and board and room. A brief survey locally shows that a number of the jobs held by college students would give "What's My Line" panelists a real challenge.

One young fellow spent the whole summer assembling antennas for automobile radios. "You know," he explained, "Put the middle tube in the big tube. Put the little tube in the middle tube. Put the little ball on top. Then put it aside for somebody else to figure out what to do with it next."

A local coed, who was attending summer school this season, took a temporary stint at running the school switchboard.

After the first couple days, she began to get pretty proficient at the task. Her only real problem occurred the first morning when she disconnected the dean of students three times.

Another coed and her friends instituted a business venture that turned out to be a year "round job."

It consisted of merely collecting pop and coffee bottles during their spare time and then cashing them in for the refund.

Most parents of a newborn youngster delight in asking admiring friends and relatives: "Don't you think he looks like his father?" Or: "I think she looks like her mother, don't you?"

The memorable comment this writer's overheard in a long time was made by a young mother who came to the United States from England only a few years ago.

"Tell me," she asked in her best British, "Don't you think this youngster has a likeness to Bonnie Prince Charles?"

A kindly Bloomfield Village gentleman took a ride in the S. S. Aquarama recently. He took a book along for some relaxing reading on the deck. Its title was "Bacteriological Physiology."

## By GEORGE WM. AVERILL

# One Thing or Another

For those of us who live in it, Michigan, we're a fraction state if you haven't the time, money or inclination to venture very far from home.

Or for residents of other states who don't have the woods, the forests, the parks or the fishing that Michigan has.

But let us not kid ourselves. There are a number of other vacation areas on this continent that exceed Michigan in natural beauty, scenery and friendliness.

FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF weeks, this column will hit the highlights of travel-by-trailer through a most interesting, spectacular and refreshing part of the North American continent—the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

The trip took three weeks. It covered 4,400 miles, or a mathematical average of 200 miles per day. It included the cities of Ottawa in Ontario; Montreal, Quebec; Matane, Gaspé and Percé in Quebec Province; Bathurst, Moncton, and St. John in New Brunswick; Amhurst, New Glasgow, Pictou, Antigonish, Port Hood, Ingonish, Baddeck (these latter three on Cape Breton Island) in Nova Scotia; and Wood Island, Charlottetown, Cavendish and Port Borden on Prince Edward Island.

THERE WERE THE PICTURESQUE French fishing villages along the St. Lawrence River and on the Gaspe coastline; the spectacular drive over the magnificent Cabot Trail and the contrastingly relaxing drive down the middle of Cape Breton.

There was the incoming tide along the Bay of Fundy; the lush farmlands on the gently rolling coast of Prince Edward Island; swimming in the cold salt water in the Gulf of St. Lawrence at Percé.

There was the amusing problem of language with the French-speaking Gaspeians; the planning ahead for a provincial or privately-operated trailer site for the night; the long stretches of narrow, winding, rolling highways.

This hotel and motel-travelling community night like these basic guides for those daring individuals who like the flexibility, mobility and economy of roughing it in a travel trailer:

DON'T GET TOO SMALL or too large a trailer. The small one foot and are cramped. The large ones are more difficult to haul. Between 17 and 21 feet seems a practical length.

Use a hitch that is bolted to the car axle. This is stronger than the provincial or privately-operated trailer site for the night; the long stretches of narrow, winding, rolling highways.

It's better to have a self-contained trailer—a stove, refrigerator, and light which operate off bottled gas. Also a toilet. In remote areas, you always have water but not electricity and sewer.

SLEEPING BAGS ARE EASIER to be put away and made out. The latter have to be put away and made out every night. In remote areas, you always have water but not electricity and sewer.

Have the gas jets on your equipment adjusted before setting out. Otherwise you will be looking for bulk propane plants or bottle gas dealers more often than you need to.

Some convenience items: a short garden hose, some basic handyman tools (like screwdriver, hammer, adjustable wrench, friction tape).

AND FOR A STOP-AND-GO trip like this through unfamiliar territory, it's well worth joining the Automobile Club just to get it to mark out your route on its excellent detailed maps. You'll save several times the \$10 dues in gas alone in keeping off the wrong roads.

# City Beat

By KEN WEAVER

Ken Weaver is on vacation. His column will resume with the Aug. 24 edition.