

Eccentric Receives Music Citation

The Eccentric gratefully acknowledges the presentation, last Wednesday, of a special bronze plaque from the Michigan Federation of Music Clubs, in appreciation of this newspaper's long-standing pictorial and reportorial support of activities of the Birmingham Musicale, and musical activities in general.

The plaque reads: "The Michigan Federation of Music Clubs awards this Citation for outstanding news and feature coverage of local music activities to The Birmingham Eccentric. Presented August 5, 1961, National Music Camp (Interlochen) by Ruth Allen Curtis, President."

In reality, of course, in a larger sense this citation award merely symbolizes the place that music holds in our wide-spread community. Were this not so, The Eccentric would not be able to publish the activities sponsored and supported by local music lovers.

So, on behalf of all here and hereabouts who professionally or amateurishly pursue the study and expression of "concord of sweet sound", and also for the thousands who personally, in money, time and talent, appreciate and support the world of music, The Eccentric accepts this plaque.

May its meaning continue to find a warm and inspiring place in the affections and lives of all.

From The Eccentric's Point of View...

For a number of years Saugatuck, on the southwestern shore of Michigan, where it touches the big lake of the same name, has played host to thousands of young people during a "music festival week." Because of those raucous, undisciplined actions of some of these youth, Saugatuck has decided to abandon this host role. "The impelling cause to drop the festival was the hundreds of collegians and teen-agers who came to Saugatuck for excitement," said the festival's promoter. "Their drinking on public streets and in cars, their illegal actions and behavior and general overtones of possible mob action are the basic reasons for quitting." (By the way, where did these young folks get their ideas for acting as they did?)

The Soviet rulers now prove that East Berlin and East German citizens so love living under the banner of the hammer and sickle that they had to erect physical barriers between East and West Berlin! This, because scores of thousands of East Berliners have fled to West Berlin for refuge against their Soviet jailers. It is to be hoped that historians will accurately record Communism's sadistic, malevolent treatment of all their captive "prisoners"—reworded in a manner dramatic enough to bring home to future generations the awfulness of living under anti-God rulers.

For 92 years Detroit's old City Hall was a civic landmark. Its somber facade overlooked its people, witnessed the Motor City transform itself from "a nice, overgrown village," to a busy, seething industrial giant—a community some of whose leaders literally put mankind on wheels. Now that old granite, bronze, marble, sandstone conglomerate is being pulverized, almost, as it is pounded to rubble, to make way for another physical transformation; perhaps an underground auto parking area, with green grass, colorful flowers, trees, and benches for people to sit upon. "So fleet the works of men . . . back to the earth again . . . ancient and holy things fade like a dream," as was printed at the bottom of the asbestos curtain of the old Detroit Opera House.

Columnist Drew Pearson declares that President Kennedy—regularly consults Eisenhower, Hoover, Nixon and Gen. MacArthur for advice on how to handle the Berlin and other related world problems. If he does, can a young man be criticized for looking to older heads for said advice? (Personally, we wonder if Hoover & MacArthur aren't enough—certainly Ike and Dick apparently didn't accomplish very much in the way of quieting the porcine Soviet Premier.)

Seems to us that too many of the Western world's leaders lack a deep and abiding devotion to that great quality known as COURAGE. We don't mean the courage of the battlefield . . . but rather that quiet, albeit granite-like COURAGE that makes a man stand right up to the face of, well, a well, a Krushchev, and in clear, meaningful words, with resolute demeanor, scare the livin' daylight out of said advisor. . . something of the demeanor, the fire, and the Heaven-sent crusading spirit that sent a small-of-stature David to slay a bullying giant named Goliath. (Perhaps another name for it is a famous American named Teddy Roosevelt.)

"Follow That Challenge!"



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

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The Birmingham Eccentric

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One Thing or Another

By GEORGE WM. AVERILL

It took us exactly 21 days to make the 4,415-mile round trip from Detroit through the Canadian Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec. Included was a total of five days of pauses for sightseeing.

(And we'd hitch up our 18-foot travel trailer and make it again tomorrow if only the boss would consent.)

In six hours we cleared Saturday morning when at 8:50 I pulled away from 2210 Yorkshire, Birmingham. At my side was wife Dorothy, who was to do an excellent job of navigating me with the aid of those excellent Triple A route maps.

IN THE BACK SEAT were son George, 13, and daughter Janice, 11, both well-stocked with car games to help them through the car-confinement which on a couple of days was to reach nine or ten hours.

We cleared Canadian customs at Sarnia in a matter of minutes, then struck east toward Canada's first and only superhighway—#401. We travelled 120 miles of it from London to Bowmanville, our first night's stop, 30 miles east of Toronto and 305 miles and 8 3/4 hours from Birmingham.

Our next day's destination was Canada's capital city, Ottawa. We left #401 and struck off through country similar to that in the northern part of Michigan's mitten. Through the Kawartha Lakes resort center of Peterborough and the Rideau Lakes resort center, Perth.

WE ENCOUNTERED THE FIRST of the stake tracks, piled high with pulp logs from forested lands. In the next 10 days, we were to pass many of these trucks, all on their way to collecting points or the many pulp paper mills in Canada's forested areas.

In six hours we travelled the 200 miles to Ottawa. In the early evening, we took the first of our three commercial sightseeing tours. (We have discovered this is the most economical, time-saving way to see a large city. In a couple of hours, you visit the really important, interesting places—and some you would not discover if you drove the city for a day.)

OTTAWA'S MOST INTERESTING tourist attractions, of course, are the Parliament buildings, the embassies of the many nations, and residences of Canadian government leaders. (The U.S. embassy is directly opposite the Parliament building.)

If you have the time, don't miss the pomp and ceremony of the changing of the guard on the common in front of the Parliament every summer morning at 10:15. We have nothing in the States to match it.

Then 86 miles southeast to Charlottetown, an Ontario provincial park on the St. Lawrence River, 12 miles east of Cornwall. A swim at a sandy beach, then supper on a picnic table where we watched Great Lakes and foreign ocean-going freighters in the channel about a mile away.

As an illustration, one house wheel some privacy on one exposure, so they created a rise or small hill to cut off the view from the roadway.

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THE LOT which possesses rocks is lucky. They are invaluable when used to hold a bank. If drainage problem exists from a roof or hillside, they can be placed to divert a rush of water which will ruin a lawn or driveway. Grouped around a tree, rocks can serve as a mulch to hold moisture around the roots, as a protection from the lawn mower.

Quite often your favorite dog will have a prominent flower bed dug up for a hole in which to bury a hot day or a place for bones. A judicious placement of rocks will break that habit.

For a while every time I am reminding hunting dog was left alone, he would dig a hole large enough for a Mrs. Burlingame new rose. The rocks were planted. Don't be surprised if you see large stones in our flower beds for this reason.

YOU CAN HAVE real charm in your yard with rocks employed for landscape problems and use plants to complement the placement. These might be seen as steps, walls, walks, around pools, as bank covers or in rock gardens. Consultation is important, and you will find "Handbook On Rock Gardens," published by the Book of the Month Club for one dollar, about the best publication on the subject. In this fine book says

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50 YEARS AGO
AUG. 25, 1911
The boys in Blue! They are going to be here next Thursday. August 24th. It will be easy to see our officers in their new uniforms. They are all decorated.

OUR NEXT DAY'S OBJECTIVE was the historic city of Quebec, 175 miles and six hours distant by travelling along the south side of the St. Lawrence.

Now we encountered the original narrow, winding tar roads. They still were easily drivable, had good surfaces. But modern American autos had to pass with more than the usual amount of caution. Another caution was the motorists who parked on or only halfway off the traffic lane.

In the many small villages, streets had no parking lanes. In the country, road shoulders either didn't exist or were only a few feet wide.

It was on our leg to Quebec that we came upon the first gently rolling hills which provided a view of the broad (two-mile wide) St. Lawrence. This was farming area on the river's sloping banks, strip farming from the riverbank to the hillside, depending on the distance or the degree of rise.

ESPECIAL MENTION SHOULD BE made at this point about the lack of billboards along Canadian highways. No EAT, GAS, HOTDOGS or other advertising blasts marred our views of the beautiful Canadian landscape. The provincial governments and their highway departments take pride in this accomplishment. In fact, they wage war on this unsightly evil and tourist detraction.

Members of the executive and advisory boards of the Birmingham Community House Association are: Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Gray at their summer home at Lake Angelus Monday evening and at an outdoor supper party and swim.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Oliver, Charles J. Shain, Charles A. Blingman, Mrs. Frederick H. Holt, Mrs. L. N. Fyle and Mrs. Harold Euler. Mrs. Gray is treasurer of the association.

QUEBEC DESTROYING BILLBOARDS
Roads Minister Threatens to Use Axe
QUEBEC (CP) — Visibility on Quebec highways will be enhanced within the next two weeks as trip farming from the riverbank to the hillside, depending on the distance or the degree of rise.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Goodwill Industries Mourn Loss of Newsman

To the Editor:

The staff of Goodwill Industries, the employees and I, personally, wish to express our thanks to you for the coverage you have given us during the past eight years while our publicity was directed by our colleague and veteran newspaperman, the late Les Montgomery.

Mr. Montgomery died on Aug. 1, as the result of a fall in his home fracturing his hip which had been affected by polio in his childhood.

Ours is a real and abiding grief for Lee, who performed a masterful work for Goodwill Industries and its 460 handicapped employees through the cooperation of the newspaper.

However, Lee's passing does not lessen our needs at Goodwill. On the contrary, his loss creates a void that will be hard to fill and makes

it necessary for each of us to rededicate himself to his task.

YOUR CONTINUED wholehearted cooperation and interest is vital to Goodwill Industries in order for us to keep the public informed of our aims and needs in carrying out our program of rehabilitation, training and employment of physically handicapped people.

Thank you again for your efforts on our behalf in the past. We are certain that many times you have experienced that feeling of pride and satisfaction that comes to those who are willing to help their fellow-men.

JOHN E. HOSKINS
Executive Director
Goodwill Industries
of Greater Detroit

DOWN TO EARTH

Garden Rocks Have Practical Purposes

By ALICE WESSELS BURLINGAME
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

Your roving garden reporter seems to spend a great deal of time driving around our community, especially out in Bloomfield Township where there are many new home developments. Every time I see the grader working on a future lawn area, I always hope that they will not make the surface perfectly flat but will provide an interesting contour.

As an illustration, one house wheel some privacy on one exposure, so they created a rise or small hill to cut off the view from the roadway.

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City Beat

By KEN WEAVER

First there were two, then there were three; now there are four.

That's the story of marriage and parenthood. And it accounts for all the excitement at our house.

For you see, the fourth member of our family, Jeffrey Kent, has arrived. He was born Aug. 4 in Warren Memorial Hospital.

Jeff is well supplied with blond hair and weighed seven pounds, seven ounces.

"Looks like a Shetland pony," was Grandma's first reaction.

"Needs to see a barber," was his father's.

We are wondering what color his eyes will be. His sister, Laurie Ruth, 19 months old, has dark hair and brown eyes.

We're also wondering what his future will be. "I can see us now, me taking Jeff to the football game and you taking Laurie to the ballet show."

"I'll probably be just the other way around," commented the wife. "You'll be taking Laurie to the football game, and I'll be taking Jeff to the ballet."

DON'T LET anyone tell you that waiting for the second baby is less tension-producing than the first one.

We arrived at the hospital at 12:35 a.m. After a preliminary examination, a nurse announced, "We're going to keep her, sir."

Then began the long wait—pacing up and down the small waiting room and on the sidewalk out in front.

At 6:05 the sun started breaking across the horizon. Across the street a rooster (yes, a rooster) crowed.

At 6:45 a nurse walked by the waiting room door, a mask over her face.

"Something's happening," was the immediate thought; "Wonder if it's ours."

At 7:02 two nurses wheeled someone on a cart into the maternity ward.

Three minutes later, a nurse walked through the door and said, "You want to come this way, Mr. Weaver?"

"Your wife's had her baby. Both are in good health."

"What is it?"

"A boy."

WHEN We brought Jeff home, sister Laurie appeared as excited as proud mother and father.

"Baby! Baby!" she cried over and over again, her big brown eyes sparkling with anticipation.

She likes to touch his soft face and little hands and arms. Sometimes she lays her head on his stomach and says, sweetly, "Ah-h-h."

NOW BACK on the job after a week's vacation at home, I can say I would rather be a man doing a man's work than be a woman working at a Wash Diapers.

Get a meal. Wash diapers. Wash diapers. Wash diapers. Prepare another meal. Wash diapers. Sweep the kitchen floor. Wash diapers. Shake out the throw rugs . . .

Even with Grandma's help, there was always something else to do.

They say a woman's job is never done. I believe it.

But mother and son are coming along just dandy. It's father that can't take it.

By DENI SCANLON

Talk of the Towns

The newspaper game is a fascinating occupation. It is so interesting to this reporter that it has become a hobby as well as a job.

Some women hunt antiques and their houses show it. This one hunts old newspapers. Yes, a wall of framed finds tells the same story.

One in the collection is "The Grant County Herald" serving Silver City, Grant County, New Mexico. It is dated May 25, 1878. This edition doesn't hold any important tale of history. It isn't in very good condition either. In fact, the only reason it's "something special" is because of a small article on the second page.

Read a modern day story on a robbery. Then read the following:

"ANOTHER MAIL ROBBERY"

"The eastern bound coach was stopped about five o'clock last Tuesday evening, near the usual point, this side of the summit of Cook's nose. The assailant in this instance was a solitary individual, who sprang up along side the coach and presented a carbine, to the barrel of which a revolver was tied, and cried out 'Stop your team.'"

"Sam Eckstein the driver, of course stopped, as he was the particular party addressed, and was covered by the robber's weapons. The curtains of the coach were raised and the passengers, Col. Willard, U. S. Paymaster, Mr. Hathaway, his clerk, and Lieut. West of Camp Bove, were at the time in full view of their assailant, who was masked."

"The robber told Sam to throw off his express' box, and upon receiving the reply that no such article was on board, then said 'Throw off your mail!'"

"The mail was thrown out, and the robber, still keeping Sam covered, then turned his attention to the passengers and ordered them to throw out their money."

"Col. Willard and Lieut. West promptly deposited some thirty dollars on the ground outside the coach and Mr. Hathaway, who commenced fumbling with a small amount of postal currency which had been unsecured from a convenient pocket."

"What have you there?" queried the robber. "A dime," replied Mr. H.

"The keep it. I don't want to rob you. Buy something else with it."

(See TALK OF THE TOWNS, 5-B)

STRICTLY FRESH

The only exercise some women get is jumping down stairs and tripping down friends.

Many persons don't need glasses because they like to drink out of bottles.

Some persons think the two party system means one on Friday and one on Saturday night.

Women think it's sad to see men throw away their money, but that's because they can't help it.

Marrying a millionaire for love is a 25 cent game, and killing two birds with one stone.