

"Hot-Heads" Should Cool Off A Bit

A real menace in the Berlin crisis is the danger that the counsel of hotheads on either side might prevail, with disastrous results. In the West—and especially in America—the "action now" slogan, sponsored chiefly by disciples of the far right, could trigger grave trouble.

Advocates of this line argue that action—presumably almost any kind of action—is preferable to inaction. What is worse, they expand the term "inaction" to include the studied caution inherent in responsible statesmanship. Such caution is the better part of valor.

IN BERLIN ITSELF Mayor Willy Brandt exhibits the same sort of ill-advised impatience. Allowing for the tremendous pressures he is under from his constituents, perhaps he can be forgiven. There is less reason for tolerance toward some of our super-patriots here at home. They were under far less pressure than Brandt was, for instance, when they screamed for an expeditionary force to land in Cuba and seize a hijacked plane, which has since been recovered peacefully by the same policies of caution which they brand inaction.

We admit that both Republican and Democratic administrations have allowed our nation to "be kicked around" too much in certain situations. This attitude, interpreted by the Soviet as a form of weakness, has been "cashed in" on by Khrushchev & Co., too. U.S. behavior toward Laos and Castro also has caused loss of U.S. prestige.

ACTUALLY, WHAT we need to do is to "stand up against" the Soviet's bullying, more than we do. We ought to assume the role of an aggressive defender of freedom, rather than always being on the defensive.

But this Berlin situation is fraught with potential danger, and must necessarily be handled with utmost intelligence.

It poses a choice for the nation, and the West, which could be of tremendous moment.

That choice was recently stated with eloquence and clarity by Rep. Clem Miller of California. He termed it "a choice between a philosophy of sheer survival as opposed to a philosophy of survival with our ideals." And "action now," if ill-considered, could do more than only our ideals but our lives and the life of civilization.

When Music That's Music Is Not Music

The controversy over ultra-modern music versus the more conventional variety was pointed up by a recent prank of the British Broadcasting Company, usually a serious group dedicated to careful programming. The BBC perpetrated a musical hoax, announcing a composition by Flor Zek called "Mobile for Tape and Percussion" and then allowing two broadcasters to run around the studio and pound at random on various percussion instruments.

It must be noted that the "composition" did not receive a favorable reaction from the critics. Nevertheless, it was judged seriously as music, and this does give ammunition to those who think many so-called musical compositions of the extreme modern school are merely a hodgepodge of unrelated sounds.

The controversy will go on. It will not be settled by one such incident, any more than the controversy over modern painting is settled when a canvas hung upside down receives first prize.

Quite a number of U. S. Senators, among them loyal Democratic supporters of Pres. Kennedy, are complaining that the White House withholds the promise of appointing Senatorial favorites to various jobs in the Senators' respective States. So a Senator must bow and scrape to the Kennedy demands in order to have their favorites nominated—or, failing to support the Kennedy program in every detail, find their favorites not appointed. If this isn't a form of outright bribery, what is it? And why the Senators don't stand up, together, against this Kennedy maneuver, is probably because the Senators lack the essential "keds" to do so. They could, of course, tell Kennedy at that "if you don't cooperate with us on our choice of appointments for our States, we'll kick the h— out of some of your desired programs!"

Some authorities on saber rattling believe that Khrushchev's waber problems over Berlin is more camouflage to divert the western world's leaders to forget other trouble spots where the Soviet wants to take over. Cuba, for example, is cited. If Mr. K is to focus the United States' official gaze on Berlin he believes that he can cause us to forget, for the time being, the nearness of Castro's communism to our shores... then he'll try to expand his influence in South America.

Rude Awakening



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

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One Thing or Another

By GEORGE W. AVERILL

The city of Quebec is not for the impatient tourist. Physically, this old world city is in two parts: a Lower Town established in 1608 by Champlain, and an Upper Town which grew up later around the Citadel, a fort on a 350-foot-high promontory that figured prominently in the wars between France and England, and England and the American colonies. Only two steep, narrow streets join the Upper with the Lower Town in the business area.

Most of Quebec's streets, naturally, are narrow. Most are only four or five blocks long because they come to the edge of the cliff or a river (either the St. Lawrence or the St. Charles). But with a good street map and patience, you can drive around the city in your own car. In the Lower Town, there are a couple of streets your car won't get onto: 1) those which intersect at right angles and therefore your car can't maneuver the corner, and 2) the narrowest street on the North American continent (even a Volkswagen has only a few inches clearance).

SHOULD YOU VENTURE from the usual tourist points, you'll encounter the need for a French interpreter. However, there's usually someone around an establishment who'll be able to converse with you.

The city itself is worth a minimum of a day to explore. More, if you can arrange it, to get inside for a quick look at the Citadel, Battlefields Park, Parliament buildings, Notre Dame des Victoires Church (built in 1688), Laval University and several shrines and convents.

Nearby are two other well-known tourist attractions, Montmorency Falls and St. Anne de Beaupre (7 and 22 miles east, respectively).

Although 107 feet higher than Niagara, Montmorency Falls can be evaluated in a few words: interesting to see if you're passing that way. Quite possibly my impression is influenced largely by the many youngsters (including some beer-drinking boys in the river) who make this a favorite swimming haunt.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, North America's most widely-known Catholic shrine, is a huge, beautiful, stone cathedral. Its central altar (around which you can walk to the three or four side altars) is as beautiful and spectacular an altar as I've ever seen.

Hundreds of pilgrims (and an equal number of touring Protestants, I'm sure) visit the shrine each day. Special masses are held for pilgrim groups.

Evidence of the miraculous healings are the several hundred braces, crutches and other supporting devices, hung on two big columns just inside the sanctuary. (Most of the physically-handicapped persons return home without effecting an improvement or a cure.)

IT IS HEART-FUGGING TO SEE the faces of some of these pilgrims as attendants watch them up the special ramps into the church. If desire alone could cure, as shown by their raptured expressions, many more would return home healed.

But to go on with our trip. About 20 miles east of Quebec the St. Lawrence narrows to 10 miles. It gradually widens until near the end of the

Gaspé Peninsula, the river is 75 miles across. It is another day's drive to the real start of the Gaspé at Matane. Our view of the St. Lawrence was handicapped in the morning by a haze. By midday, it had turned into a fog which obscured the river and the mountain tops. Except for a few pockets, the roadway itself was clear.

AS WE DESCENDED ON THEM out of the rolling hills, we could see the picturesque fishing villages in a thin semicircle along the shore of the coves. The tall spire of the town church nearly always came to the eye first.

By supper-time, the fog had closed in on the road. By good fortune, we stopped for gas where the only English-speaking resident did business. He was Lucien Levesque, also the British Ford dealer. He was a most gracious host, and offered to let us park our trailer for the night beside his building.

He also showed us how to find the salmon in the water below the highway bridge in Matane. The fish were on their way to spawn further up the Matane, one of Canada's famous salmon-fishing rivers.

THROUGH SIGN LANGUAGE, we bought half of an eight-pound fresh salmon and a loaf of fresh French bread. These, plus a fresh lettuce salad, comprised one of the most tasteful meals we had on our trip.

Next morning we still had fog at intermittent high points. We were concerned lest we miss some of the most spectacular mountain views only 60 miles ahead. (And from my personal concern, how to drive the three big ascents and descents.)

The fog cleared, however, and we had several breathtaking views of the Gaspé shoreline. This next 150 miles (to Percé) fulfilled our expectations of the beauty and majesty of the Gaspé. At the scenic turnouts and camping spots, we met several people who were making this trip for the second, fourth, even 12th time. They told us they see something new each trip.

WE HADN'T PLANNED IT, but there are about 60 Canadians who will never forget "that crazy American family with the trailer."

We thought we'd stop for the night at Camp Bon Ami, a provincial park outside Cap des Rosiers on Cape Gaspé, 10 miles southeast across Gaspé Bay from the village of the same name.

Although our guidebooks didn't specifically mention trailer accommodations, we decided to stop at Camp Bon Ami and inquire. Once we turned off the pavement, we found we couldn't turn back.

Within a mile the gravel road narrowed to a single lane at the bottom of what seemed a 45-degree grade through the forest. Nearly at the top we were going so slowly in low gear I doubted we'd make it. I feared that the rear tires would start spinning in the loose gravel. But we made it—only to find a scumming, slithering, harrowing descent. But no loose gravel, thank heavens! Low gear was too fast, so we had to brake all the way down—to a 90-degree left turn at the bottom!

JUST OUT OF THE TURN, we met a car from the opposite direction. Then a second car appeared. (Continued on Page 5-B)

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Rodeos Ruthless, Writer Declares

To the Editor:
In spite of protests from innocent people everywhere condemning westerns and rodeos, Detroit is to see another rodeo spectacle this fall, sponsored by the Northland Chamber of Commerce.

Rodeo shows are in defense of the rodeo but that every spectator is the worse for being one a little harder now, ruthless, more reconciled to injustice and cruelty. Among the spectators are many children who carry the impressions they have seen through their lives. Many go away to imitate the hard and cruel things they have seen.

MERCY TO all living creatures is but an aspect of that larger kindness without which mercy to man is incomplete.

Rodeo shows are cowardly and degrading exhibitions of cruelty and sadism such as the exhibition of fine and useful animals must arouse the indignation of every decent citizen.

The uniformed spectator is unaware that a horse or steer bucked only because he is goaded by cruel bits and spurs, tortured by a rope.

New speed limits will take effect Sept. 8 on more than 500 miles of freeways. Wayne and Washtenaw counties. The new speed limits will apply to this section when it is brought up to freeway standards.

Interstate 96 Freeway between Farmington and Brighton; between M-100 and Grand Rapids.

Interstate 196 Freeway between Cooperville and Marmar.

Interstate 75 Freeway between M-123 and Indian River. The new limits will not apply on the Mackinac Bridge, however.

US-23 Freeway between Midland and Bay City.

US-23 Freeway between Brighton and the Livingston-Washtenaw county line; in Monroe County between Milan and the Michigan-Ohio line.

Other routes which qualify are: US-31 between Grand Haven and Muskegon; M-71 and Spawitz Creek; US-127 between Plainwell and Grand Rapids; M-78 between M-71 and Spawitz Creek; US-104 and M-50; M-60 west of Jackson between I-94 and Spring Arbor.

THE CHANGE in freeway speed limits which was approved three months ago by the Michigan Legislature will cost an estimated \$7,500.

Examinations will be held Saturday afternoon at the high school for all candidates who wish admission either to the eighth grade or the high school. Any candidate upon presentation of authoritative statements of grade standing.

OPERATE, extend and maintain a municipal parking lot or lots within city limits, was recommended to the City Commission Monday night by Donald C. Egbert, City Manager.

THE IMMENSE WATERING tank which the Grand Trunk is building just west of the city is nearly completed. This is the second largest tank of its kind on the GT system and will have a capacity of nearly 100,000 gallons.

All village schools are ready to open Tuesday Sept. 8, as scheduled, according to Superintendent Clarence Vliet, who branded as unfounded rumors which he said had been current during the past few weeks that the opening would be deferred or abandoned altogether on account of lack of funds.

With the discovery that the refunding of bonds will not release the city legally, he applied to finance the proposed sewer along the east side of Wilder Woodward, village officials in anticipation of an enrollment of about 2,500 students.

Two good designs from the nozzle of a fire hose seem to have had the desired effect in bringing some startling from their roosting places in the trees at the corner of Knox and Poppleton Avenue.

At noon, an optimist says that the day is just beginning, but a pessimist says it's half over.

Most women are dumb enough to ask a man's advice.

Hide and sneeze is a game most children have to play at some time or another.

City Beat

By Ken Weaver

There was this 12-year-old boy who worked in his father's two-by-four gas station.

One day when gas sold "12 gals. for \$1.17." Business was good when the kid and his sister pumped 100 gallons in a day's time.

So, the kid had much time to sit around and do nothing in the little hut that, along with two hand-operated gas pumps, constituted the station.

HE READ magazines. He read books. He read comics. He read newspapers.

And he listened to baseball games on the radio.

It seemed to the kid that runs came few and far between. The home run was an even scarcer product.

The game would be scoreless until about the sixth or seventh inning. Then the team that scored first usually one.

Sometimes there would be a late inning rally. When a pitcher got in a jam, he was removed and a reliever brought in. That usually ended the rally.

The score was low in those days. Like 1-0, 2-1, 3-2, 3-1, 4-2.

IN TODAY'S brand of baseball, a team often scores in the very first inning. And sometimes both teams score in the first, with the result that the game becomes a slugfest.

In many games, a team will score a run in an inning, only to see its opponent perform likewise in its next turn at bat.

There are some games in which both teams enjoy the lead two or three times before the issue is decided.

Homers come a dime a dozen today. Seems like hardly a game goes by without one. "Back-to-back" homers are almost commonplace today.

Frequently, a relief pitcher is brought in from the bullpen to check a rally, but promptly prolongs the run-producing attack.

And the score of today's game often resembles that of a football game—like 7-6, 10-7, 8-7, 14-10, etc.

WHEN THE kid listened to the games in the gas station hut, he never heard of the broadcaster speak of "conceding a run in this spot."

Such is not the case today.

But the game of baseball has changed considerably since I was a kid.

Talk of the Towns

By DENI SCANLON

Mr. and Mrs. Local Parent: Do you know where your children are? Do you know who they're with? Do you know what they're doing?

If you don't, it's about time you got with it!

Why this strong pitch? Why go out on a limb? Why ask for telephone calls and remarks regarding a writer for saying what she thinks?

The answer is a simple one.

I'm sick of seeing what's on the police reports. I'm sick of finding out what "today's youth" is doing. I don't like it because I'm on the senior end of that youth category and in the next few years I'll probably be rearing a family of my own.

Do you parents want to hear the latest? Do you want to know what your kids might be doing? The most recent form of "innocent devilment" involves a small tube of quick drying cement, the type of glue used for building model airplanes and cars.

It seems a harmless enough item for teenagers to possess—if they're building models.

But many of them aren't. They're taking the glue, smearing it on brown paper, rolling it up and sniffing it. They get a kick out of the stuff and it's almost like a good dose of alcohol.

Drug stores, dime stores, hardware stores and hobby shops are doing a booming business with the stuff. The sad part about it is that the police departments are too.

Last October, Birmingham police were called to the scene of an accident on Maple just east of Telegraph. A car had rolled over several times. The four boys in it weren't seriously hurt, but three of them were in an intoxicated condition from inhaling the fumes of this glue.

Just last week, five young girls in Bloomfield Township were found in a stupor from the same "sniff" little pastime. Just good old unchaperoned mischief-makers.

One local doctor states there are many chemical ingredients in the glue that produce the light-headed feeling. He says that it makes one feel "mildly drunk" and that an individual would become very sick or pass out before the fumes would do any serious harm.

Another doctor had much the same to say but added that prolonged and frequent exposure could cause damage to the liver.

"The more chronic—the more serious," he warned.

Both doctors traced the so-called "fad" back to the other parties held 60 to 100 years ago. It was then a practice for gatherings of people to inhale the ether which produced a "cheap drunk."

Your kids, Mr. and Mrs. Local Parent, aren't so dumb after all. They've learned some historical facts pretty thoroughly—and even how to bring them up to date.

"You can't blame the kids," one of the doctors said. "Most everything they do, I thought of when I was young."

His statement is probably very true. But, isn't it possible to curb a repeat of the unhealthy practices the next time around? Can we turn our heads toward something more constructive?

Making a fool of oneself isn't so bad if you know who did it.

It takes a lot of courage to admit that sometimes you don't have any.

STRICTLY FRESH

Sign on a falling book store: "Help stamp out TV—read a good book!"

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