

TV Whip-lashed By New FCC Bureaucrat

Chairman Newton N. Minow of the Federal Communications Commission let it be known at the recent convention of broadcasters that there is an iron hand in his glove. And it turned out that the glove is not velvet, either, but something more along the lines of canvas that is rough and rather abrasive to the touch.

Minow, in short, was not too easy on the broadcasting fraternity. He told them to do some soul-searching about the quality of what is poured out hour after hour on the nation's television channels. He reminded them that they have an obligation to the public, which owns the broadcasting channels they use. He warned that the long-established FCC custom of virtually automatic station license renewal, with but scant attention to how the license has been used, was going out the window.

THIS MAY BE JUST the astringent needed by those responsible for television programming, which the FCC chairman described as a "vast wasteland." The changes on this theme have been rung by many another critic, but other critics do not wield the direct power over broadcasters that is wielded by the commission. Other critics can be, if not ignored, shunted aside to some extent. Minow's strictures and warnings cannot be shunted aside.

There is some danger that a strong FCC may exercise a kind of censorship over the program content of television and radio. That is not the FCC's function. Any such invasion of the broadcasters' right of free speech should be resisted, not only by the broadcasters themselves but by all Americans who cherish this right. But as long as the FCC is motivated only by a determination to see that broadcasters act in accordance with their public responsibility, Minow's firmer approach is welcome.

WE HAPPENED TO SEE Minow on television the day he bore down on the broadcasters. . . and we read into his face and mannerisms, plus the way he phrased his vitriolic remarks, that he seems to so oppose the broadcasters that he may even hate 'em.

While we do not disagree with Minow's critical theme, we certainly don't like the manner in which he said it. He is about 35 years of age, and apparently the new bureaucratic power given him has gone to his whip-lashing tongue. His type of approach on FCC subjects is one facet of the bureaucratic autocracy that causes so much public antagonism.

Flesh Willing; Spirit Weak?

Statistically speaking, Americans continue to be a rather notably religious people. This is borne out by a polling group's assertion that in a typical week in 1960 some 47 per cent of the entire adult civilian population attended at least one church service. That 47 per cent amounts to nearly 50 million people.

This is not quite a record. Though it parallels the 1959 experience, the 1960 church-going fell below that of 1958. In that year about 49 per cent of the adult population, more than 50 million people, went to church in a typical week. Still, 47 per cent is not bad—again, statistically speaking.

THE QUESTION THAT must always be faced when statistical measurement is applied to religious experience is, of course, involved here. The important thing is not how many Americans were physically present at worship services in that typical week of 1960, but rather how many of them truly opened their hearts in worship.

No clear answer can be made to this question about the genuineness of religious experience. This is a matter between individuals souls and the Deity. It is a question worth asking, however—and, specifically, worth asking in reference to oneself. Honest self-appraisal may suggest that one has sometimes been in church statistically, but not in spirit.

Beneficial as it is to millions of retired Americans, the federal social security tax (often mis-named "insurance") is getting more and more income, as its rate increases on both employee and employer. It should never be overlooked that it is a tax—it definitely was not, is not, set up in the same pattern as commonly accepted insurance. As ever-increasing demands are made upon it, its rate will continue to go up. We are not criticizing social security as such—but we do oppose governmental efforts to make the people accept it as though it were as economically sound as traditional insurance is.

"Of Course I Believe in Free Speech—As Long as You Agree With Me!"



Tommy

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

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From The Eccentric's Point of View . . .

Laos, that Asian little nation that gives every evidence of consisting of fun-loving (not freedom-loving) people, has received more than 300 millions of U.S. tax dollars to aid in trying to keep it free from Communist domination. Alas, according to latest news, Laos has about been swallowed up by Communist rebel invasion . . . without much resistance from the SEATO pledged nations. So please tell us, Washington Central Intelligence Agency and ditto State Dept. and ditto Eisenhower and Kennedy—thus far administrations, did not any of your "experts" ever observe closely enough that Laos, by itself, even with ten times 300 millions of dollars, would not resist Communism? Could this not have been discerned when, say, only a hundred millions had been given and spent? That 300 millions, folks, would take care of more than two-thirds of Michigan's annual State budget—not to say more than all of many other of our 50 United States. (When will public opposition to wasteful foreign aid be made known to Congress, which alone can control this prodigality?)

A U.S. Senate committee investigates the costly strike situations at Cape Canaveral, then suggests the need for new legislation to control the greedy labor bosses there who allow, even plan, a variety of strikes who slow-downs so that the union workers may get fabulous overtime pay—often up to more than \$700 per week. The union bosses lay the blame at the door of the poor military planning and speed-up demands.

So Labor Secretary Goldberg is going to investigate . . . a challenge to his allegiance to the quality of impartiality, since he formerly was legal adviser to the AFL-CIO.

The Michigan Legislature has adjourned without concluding action on all currently needed legislation, 'tis reported from Lansing. Governor Swainson, prior to its adjournment, told the Legislators that he would not call a special session to fill the breach. If the needed legislation is needed, we'll wager that a special session is called —no Governor can expect to win votes in the face of a serious economic condition in his State's treasury . . . not if he expects to win and retain votes.

A vast majority of U.S. public school teachers, in a recent widespread poll, say that the restoration in the classroom would be an aid to a better educational program. But the question still remains: What would a similar poll among the parents of the students reveal? Until that is known, the status quo will remain the status quo.

President Kennedy is said to be desirous of hastening the widespread use of television as an educational aid in the classrooms of U.S. schools. Well, considering his recent campaign success via TV, can you blame him? (Some will claim this as a portent of the pattern of federal endeavor to control the use of federal money given to public education.)

One Thing or Another

BY GEORGE WM. AVERILL

Birmingham's Seaholm High School students still are laughing over the made female who lost her head.

Here's the story as best we can piece it together: A couple of senior boys took it upon themselves to present their class gift to the school. They thought they could work best without a lot of on-lookers.

So in the darkness, they took an Amazon-sized plaster statue of an undomated woman from the front porch of a home on Merrill Street, across from Birmingham's downtown Shain Park.

They dug a hole in Seaholm High's sunken courtyard, and buried the pedestal and the statue to her knees. The sod was neatly replaced.

Next morning the gift (?) was noted. School authorities immediately decided the gift was not suitable—and the school's faculty director, Sgt. Malcolm (Sooty) Ross, was ordered to remove the gift from the premises.

He and his assistant had a hard time with the eviction. In wrestling her out of the ground, he pulled her head off.

No one seems to know who put "her" there. If so, none of the students are talking.

Poor driving habits usually lead to grave situations.

One of the first things a new columnist usually does is think up a standing title for his news and views.

(Some columns are written, some people allege, merely because the columnist has a column title—and little or nothing to go under it.)

Some fellows are born luckier than others. They have names which all but suggest their column headings.

Like the Ryans ("Pryin' with Ryan"), or the Markses ("Sparkin' from Marks"), the Turners ("On the Front Burner with Turner"), the Howses ("Around with House"), and the Howes ("Here's How").

The writers who have the most difficult time are the Coogans, the Dandrignes, the Fullers, and the Averills.

If you want to re-establish one joy of working in the suburbs, just get into that inbound or outbound Detroit traffic jam once more.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Change Tuning Device at Fatal Crash Corner?

To the Editor:

Here is a copy of a letter I sent to State Highway Commissioner John C. Mackie following the fatal car-truck accident at Long Lake Road and Woodward on May 17:

A young man was mangled to death today—a father. "Daddy won't be home tonight—or any night ever again."
The young man was crushed and his car struck head-on by a beer truck with faulty brakes. The truck was going south on Woodward Avenue fully loaded with its morning delivery—it was coming down the steep grade, when suddenly the traffic light up ahead at Long Lake Road turned red. Could he stop?

THE YOUNG MAN was traveling west on Long Lake Road to his job, a few hundred yards beyond the intersection. He was crossing Woodward Avenue under the guiding green light to meet his doom on this beautiful morning under an overturned truck and among broken beer bottles at the corner of Long Lake Road and Woodward Avenue in Bloomfield Hills. Maybe you know the intersection? I didn't know this young man who died today. I heard his name was James Schultz. I guess I am happier for not having made his acquaintance.

I do know the intersection, though—I have worked a few hundred feet from it for the past year and a half.

DURING THAT TIME, I have personally seen four trucks (I probably mean a few) skid back, or turn over in that intersection as a result of the traffic light at Long Lake Road quickly changing amber then red and the trucks coming south, down that

steep Woodward Avenue slope they were unable to stop.
There is too little warning time! Why do I write this letter? After experiencing this tragedy and realizing all the near misses, I thought to myself, "Why in heaven's name can't the State Highway Department change the timing of that traffic light or erect additional warning devices?"

From all the millions spent on expressways, couldn't we spare a thousand to remedy this death intersection?

I FURTHER thought if everyone who lived or worked in that area would write a letter to you (or someone), maybe the large number of pleas would cause some action. Knowing how apathetic people are, I figured no one would write, so why bother? I'll write this letter!

My one letter won't help! (And I don't believe it will!) BUT—my car is a 1958 Buick. I've threatened to write on some public issue, but you—SO—I said, "Damn, the other letters, I'll feel better inside if I write do know the intersection, though—I have worked a few hundred feet from it for the past year and a half."

That's why I write this letter! Maybe you will do something about this intersection—maybe, if you do—some guy's wife won't have to tell his young children that their father was killed one night—or any night ever again. I will appreciate your letter to the Honorable WILLIAM R. O'CIK 16113 W. 13 Mile Royal Oak

Crusade Chairman Thanks Helpers

To the Editor:

On behalf of the South Oakland Unit of the Michigan Cancer Foundation, David R. Calhoun, Crusade chairman, and myself, Women's Crusade chairman, I wish to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to the six regional chairmen, 18 branch chairmen and 86 area chairmen, 468 district chairmen and over 7,000 crusaders who went from door to door on April 10 and 11 distributing the life-saving cancer control pamphlets to homes in South Oakland.

The only way to fight cancer is to **INFORM ON CANCER**. And you did it—well! You did it—and more. You took a very special message into each home—our "MAY BE SOONER" message. "MAY BE SOONER" means that more lives can be saved from early death of cancer by using everyone to get a regular yearly checkup.

THANKS TO YOU, every home has been made aware that the Michigan Cancer Foundation carries on a three-pronged program of research, education and service. Grants to medical colleges and research institutes, educational films, lectures, sickroom supplies, and home care services, such as beds, wheel chairs, dressings—and other items are but a few of the many services available free of charge through the Michigan Cancer Foundation.

This, of course, is made possible because of our affiliation with the **TOUR DE FORCE AGENCY—THE INFORMING FOUNDATION**, which is the way the people in this area have chosen to give—once for all.

THEREFORE, YOU have really accomplished a two-fold task — (See CANCER, 5-B)

Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric

30 YEARS AGO May 25, 1931
The Pleasantest, offered by The Eccentric, seems to have caught on. Youngsters of the nation and in the National Spelling Championship tomorrow morning will be asked to spell on the letter E. Mrs. Peter B. Loomis, 1648 Dorchester, and an 8th grade student at Bartle Junior High School spelled "piquant" to defeat a St. Clair Shore's boy on Saturday, Friday.

15 YEARS AGO May 25, 1946
Marcia Ann Loomis, 13, will endeavor to spell down 28 other youngsters from various parts of the nation and in the National Spelling Championship tomorrow morning. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Loomis, 1648 Dorchester, and an 8th grade student at Bartle Junior High School spelled "piquant" to defeat a St. Clair Shore's boy on Saturday, Friday.

Ernest R. Breech of Manor Road, Birmingham, has been elected a director of the Bendix Aviation Corp. and named executive vice president, according to announcement made by Henry Ford II. Breech is a member of the board of directors of the company. Breech is resigning as president of the Bendix Aviation Corp. and will join the Ford Motor Co. on July 1, the announcement said.

STRICTLY FRESH
It seems that filling empty space with rocks and satellites is not nearly so important as filling empty space in the stomachs of billions of people throughout the world.

OH NO!
Farm problems are like mother-in-law problems. If they really disappeared we would have to think to blame our troubles on.

Frequently an authority is someone who can say something and then get out the door before someone has a chance to ask questions.

Why is it that so many dictators expect to "outlive" the subjects, just as it has happened in the case of the don't even trust their barbers?

Between 400 and 500 World War veterans are expected to "outlive" Birmingham June 11 for the annual convention of the sixth state district of the American Legion.

By KEN WEAVER

City Beat

"Once again I take the pleasure of writing to you and to thank you for your very nice letter.
"Believe me, it has been read by all my friends; they all say you must be a 'good sort' as we say over here."

Mrs. Mabel Horton, a mother and grandmother in Birmingham, England, has received letters from Mayor Florence H. Willett and other residents of our Birmingham.

IN A REPLY to Mayor Willett, Mrs. Horton says:

"I have been doing the rounds getting more information about our dear old Brum. That is what our City is called, and we who are born in the city are known as Braumnes."

"I myself went to our council house (yours are called the city hall, I believe) to get the books I am sending you. It is just a little thank you for your news about your Birmingham."

"AT PRESENT we have a tulip festival, but we have had rain, rain and more rain; everyone is just full of rheumatism through the damp weather, myself included; but we are used to our funny climate; that's what makes us all so tough, they say."

"Dear Mrs. Willett, I also had a very nice letter from Mrs. John Joyner, Mrs. Louis McIntosh, Mrs. Jean Hubbard, Mrs. Bertine Garret and May MacWilliam."

Mrs. Horton says some Oct. 10 she will be 70. She has a daughter living at home with her. A son was killed 16 years ago, leaving behind one daughter.

SHE CONCLUDES her letter with: "So 'Cheerio', it's best to you and yours and all the ladies who wrote me."

With her letter Mrs. Horton sent several brochures describing the big industrial English city. Mrs. Willett will pass them on to Baldwin Public Library.

TAKE OUR city and add 1,100,000 people. Add 75.49 square miles. Establish a university. Erect factories for making tocos and chocolate, guns, jewelry, railway coaches, cars and motorcycles. Do all of this to our city and you'll have a Birmingham, England.

SPEAKING OF our city, have you been out W. Line lately? In the stretch between Pleasant and Cranbrook? The flowering crab trees, with their pink blossoms, are worth the drive.

COME to think of it, why change our city at all? As they say, there's no place like home.

By DENI SCANLON

Talk of the Towns

Housebuds who say that wires have it easy at home: Hear This!

Calling homemakers during the day may prove it isn't so. Try listening to what's going on in the background.

Oh, there'll be sounds of the washer, the dryer, the dishwasher—but listen to the kids.

Just this week, one housewife was summoned to the telephone by an Eccentric reporter.

In her sweet and cordial voice, the mother started to answer the reporter's questions. A rumble started in the background and when it grew to impossible proportions, the lady said, "Excuse me, please."

"This is what was overheard: 'Say, young man, you can't eat those brown and serve rolls, they aren't baked yet.' 'Okay, I'll heat them.'"

The rumble faded into the kitchen. "That bun is his," a little girl's voice proclaimed. "He bit on it before you cooked it for us. That unit bun is mine."

"No! No!" came the retort. "That bit bun is hers. The unit bun is mine!"

"Yes it is!" "Just a minute," the mother shouted. The rumble subsided. The argument was settled. The mother came back to the phone. She was obviously swallowing something.

"What happened?" the reporter queried. "Oh, they split the unit bun and I just finished off the bit bun."

Remember the item a few weeks ago about the family on Pierce Street in Beverly Hills? They were expecting an addition to the family and made home preparations a joint effort with both Miss Four and Miss Two getting a share of the responsibilities.

I heard this week that when their mother decided it was time to head for the hospital, Miss Four said sweetly, "Bye Mom, have a good time."

Speaking of goodbyes, this reporter extends one. Vacation time is here.

A sister and her family in Albuquerque, N. M. have been waiting for two years for a visit from Auntie Den.

Irma Davis of The Eccentric editorial staff will take over township matters and will "Talk of the Towns" for the next two weeks.