

# BERLIN PROBLEM IS Truman's 'Offspring'

Wonder if former President Harry S. Truman ever has a sleepless night, as he reviews his part in the making of today's "Berlin Crisis"? For remember it was during his administration that he, and also " Ike," failed to provide physical access to Berlin from West Germany.

Of course, Harry will argue that Stalin promised to provide ingress and egress to Berlin for the West; and Harry will declare that Stalin and his successors have created the ever-present problems attendant upon an open West Berlin.

But, Harry, answer this question, please: "Did you not know how Stalin had killed millions of human beings in his conquest of Russia and its satellites? Did you not know that Stalin had banished other millions to work and then die in the wastelands of Siberia? Did you not know that Stalin long 'had lived by the sword,' and that such a Godless man never can be trusted?"

**HISTORY SHOWS** that Winston Churchill wanted written assurances for access to a free West Berlin . . . but you are reported to have rejected Churchill's plan and accepted the one offered by Stalin.

Mr. Truman, we are not overlooking the possibility of every man being fallible, capable of making small or gigantic mistakes.

Yours re Berlin was a gigantic one . . . and the memory of it, we think, ought to cause you to manifest more humility than you have shown since 1948. ("He who humbly himself shall be exalted"; also, "He who exalteth himself shall be humbled.")

## How To Cure Kids Of Too Much TV

A Reuters dispatch from South Africa tells about a somewhat unusual problem faced by a couple whose two-year-old son is addicted to cigarettes. It seems that the lad, who started the habit all by himself, is smoking five of the weeds daily. His parents are worried about it, so the story goes, and doctors are puzzled.

Now this is patently ridiculous. As anyone can plainly see, the way to cure the tot of his precocious addiction is to keep cigarettes out of his reach.

Which brings us around to the point of this editorial. It has less to do with cigaret addiction than with another sort of addiction. We refer to the habit, all too common among children, of sitting goggle-eyed before the television set for many hours each week—in quite a few cases, for several hours daily.

Here, too, there often is parental worry. What can be done? The bewildered father and mother ask one another. Well, one thing that can be done is to apply the same principal that will cure the South African tot of his yen to smoke cigarettes. In short, parents concerned that their children are seeing too much television can say: No more. And make it stick, of course. It's as simple as that.

## Shave the Budget—Let Whiskers Grow

A New York man has proposed (doubtless with tongue in whiskey cheek) that the federal government undertake a billion-dollar crash program to develop a way of eliminating whiskers without shaving. This will inevitably lead to numerous jokes about leading Russia by a whisker in this vital field of endeavor.

We are half inclined to insist that riding men of the shaving chore is no joking matter, but serious business. The heart leaps up at thought that if the government started sprinkling whisker removal research with tax dollars something might just come of it. Men would then be rid of an onerous task. They would have several minutes extra each day for contemplation and gin and tonics.

**REALITY INTERVENES.** Everyone knows that the time saved (we almost said "shaved") would not be devoted to contemplation or good works. Men would simply stay in bed a few minutes longer, or have another cup of coffee. The only real gain would be to relieve the nation's adult males of a daily annoyance. Much as we relish the thought of that success, we are reluctantly forced to conclude that shaving the national budget would be better than using the budget to ease shaving.

## As Your Representative, I'd Like Your Opinion on Redistricting



## Editorial Page

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

Thursday, September 14, 1961

### The Birmingham Eccentric

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

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

Michigan's Governor Swainson is criticized by some leading editors as "indecisive, vacillating." Even some of his own loyal Democrats have found fault with the young man who sits in The Front Office in the Capitol at Lansing. Perhaps Mister Swainson will learn to do better if he rejects the foolish notion that his words must be directed by the "political weather-vane." "Speak for yourself, John." Those legendary words did much for John Alden . . . ought to for John Swainson, too. (Providing, of course, J. S. tops intelligent, non-political thinking with courage.)

Congress has passed "another farm program," and it was signed by Pres. Kennedy. Informed sources say that whatever changes from the old program were added or substituted in the new one, the whole public will lose. Well, remember Mr. and Mrs. American Taxpayer, whenever most politicians start using "arithmetical solutions for farm questions, they quite often say that two plus two equals five and two times two is exactly three and a half. (That's what's known as "Political Mathematics.")



## One Thing or Another

By GEORGE W. AVERILL

How is it to travel by trailer through Eastern Canada and its Maritime Provinces? How about roads? Is the traffic heavy? Where are the trailer camps and what are their facilities? And what does it cost?

The answers to these and other questions may interest the trailer owner who still hasn't vacationed in this section of the North American continent.

The same answers may aid those of you who still are wondering whether to take the plunge and invest in a travel trailer.

**SO LET'S SEE HOW** the four Averills did on their first trailer vacation—and what they found in 21 days—as they wended their way over 3,357 miles of Canadian highways.

More by luck than forewarning, we bought an 18-foot trailer. Anything much shorter would have been too cramped. Anything much longer would have been a more-than-necessary hauling problem.

The trailer hitch fastened to the car's rear axle, Quebec, and rollercoaster. There is a little or no side sway, no trailer weight on the car's rear springs.

Roads we traveled upon through Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island all were hard-surfaced, mostly asphalt. Newer stretches—probably resurfaced and improved since World War II—were wide, with ample shoulders, had fewer curves and easier grades.

**FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC,** and in Nova Scotia from Amherst to the Canso Causeway to Cape Breton, roads are pretty much the same as when paved years ago: narrow, winding, shoulderless, and rollercoaster. These are to be driven with considerable caution, although the "natives" are prone to pass on hills and curves that would scare the average American motorist.

Traffic, naturally, is much, much lighter than on principal roads in the States—except in and near the largest cities. (There are fewer car owners per mile of Canadian road.)

Canada has a great camping population. From what we observed between cities. It seemed tents and camping equipment were atop or being trailed behind about one out of five cars.

**TRAILER CAMPS AND PARKS** are vastly

fewer in number in Quebec and the Maritimes than most anywhere else in Canada or the States. Consequently, there is little picking and choosing.

You take what you can find and be happy about it. You also must anticipate your next stop and plan your day's driving accordingly. Unless, of course, you are "self-contained" (have bottle gas, water tanks, and toilet in your trailer).

Canada has quite a few provincial and national parks. They are well-maintained, excellently located for scenic value, but presently are primarily for campers.

We stopped at three provincial parks. None had sewer connections, only one had electricity. Water was obtained from a community pump. The national park (Fundy) had all three connections for trailers.

**WE USED SEVEN PRIVATE** trailer camps. Their sites were nothing to write home about, but served their purpose. Three had sewer, water and electric connections (Quebec, Percé, Niagara Falls); one had water and electricity (Montreal); the others (Bowmanville, Ont., Ottawa, and Gaspé, Que.) only electricity.

Now for some costs: Overnight fees for trailers at the three provincial parks varied—50 cents, one dollar and \$1.50. Private parks ranged from one at \$1.50 to one at \$3. The others charged \$2.

We didn't bother to keep exact costs, but these are very close to a day. Gasoline about \$160 total, or a fraction over 11 cents a mile.

**WE FIGURE OUR ENTIRE TRIP** cost us \$16 a day (including five special sightseeing excursions, 13 restaurant meals, half a dozen tolls for bridges, causeways and ferries, and a few souvenirs and knickknacks.

This is a bit more than half the estimated \$30 or minimum we would have spent had we not used a trailer.

In another three or four vacations, we believe we'll have saved enough to pay for the trailer. Then when we sell or trade it, that'll be clear savings.

And this, my friends, brings us to the end of our journey. Hope to see you on the road some day.

## NATURE NOW

By Lydia King Frehe  
Special Writer for The Birmingham Eccentric

# More Time Is Studied, The Older It Becomes

Last week we considered the enormous periods which the geologist uses to measure earth's history. Today we continue thinking about time.

It is only lately that the antiquity of who time life on earth has become an accepted fact. In 1785 geologist James Hutton wrote a paper on the "Theory of the Earth," in which he gave the biologist enough past time in which to allow for the development of the life forms which the fossil record indicated.

**IT IS A LITTLE MORE** than a hundred years (1859) since Charles Darwin published his monumental work "The Origin of the Species." This changed the thinking of the world by defining the cardinal points in the evolution of life, and emphasizing the antiquity of its earliest beginnings from the single cell.

It is that scientists now point the first clearly recognizable fossils to the Cambrian rocks which form the first clearly recognizable fossils at 500 million years.

**BUT THESE** are of blue-green algae and worm-like animals which already represent comparatively complex forms. However we have no details on how long prelude of life preceded them and which must reach far back into the first billion and a half years of geologic time.

And if these calculations represent life's long sojourn on earth, how long since a new creature called "man" first trooped in a cold and empty cave?

**AGAIN THE FIGURES** are relative and ever-changing, and no man can point his finger to a day upon which a significant event took place. With painstaking care every fragment and artifact of primitive man have been brought to light from many parts of the earth. Scientists have subjected these and the rocks in which they were found to the most precise study.

Their conclusions suggest that the time of the cranial cavity as an embryo, any form of modern man, does not appear to be more than 60,000 years old, say the latest reports.

Absorbed as each one of us is in his own problems and ten, these immensities of time pass easy comprehension.

**LET ME** quote the analogy of the astronomer Sir James Jeans, who once said: "The height of the Woolworth building represents geologic time. We may then take a nickel on its top to represent the time of human existence. A thin sheet of paper on this will represent all history from the beginning of time. And so it is then in the end nature can afford to be lavish with time. She has all there is of it."

## Happenings of Long Ago

Bits of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric

### 50 YEARS AGO

Sept. 15, 1911  
President Taft will soon be president. The President man scheduled to arrive Sunday in Pontiac as the guest of the county. He will be the first president in the history of Oakland, to visit here.

For many years H. G. Spencer has catered to the buying public cheerfully and satisfactorily. He now sold out to a young Fowlerville merchant, Tim Mincer, who comes highly recommended as a man of business ability.

Nine of the members of the class of 1911 at our high school will enter college this fall. Five girls; Lucile Harmon, Florence Gray, Fordyce Gray, Gladys Poole and Stella Hanna will attend the state normal at Ypsilanti. Don Ferguson and Robert Parks will enter the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing and William Caswell will enter Ann Arbor. Clara Hedling will attend the Detroit Business University.

### 30 YEARS AGO

Sept. 19, 1931  
Attempts to work out the welfare problem confronting the village and to lay plans for the relief of suffering during the coming winter will be made at a meeting to be held in the Community House Tuesday night. Birmingham at present is without any means for caring for its needy since no appropriation was made in the 1931-32 budget for relief work. The \$1000 appropriation of last year was exhausted in June.

Street lights along Woodward Avenue through the south end of the village looked as a possibility in the near future. Tuesday night when Commissioner Fred J. Tucker suggested that Village Manager James W. Parry apply to the Detroit Edison Co. on the question of erecting the proper poles and wiring the system.

### THE ANNUAL PICNIC

of the Presbyterians of the village will be held at Bloomfield Township, Mich. Saturday at 3 p.m. The program will include a picnic and contests. Crawford Lee, assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

### 15 YEARS AGO

Sept. 15, 1946  
Amy P. Wild of Medford, Mass. has begun her duties here as director of the Community House. During her first few days here Miss Wild has completely inspected the floor as well as the very outside about the recreational facilities offered. She said many important

wandering along the seashore pondered long on a fossil coral while he slowly turned it in his hand.

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# City Beat

"Are you going to write a valedictory column?" Bill Averill was asked.

"No. I don't think so. Those things usually all read alike: 'I've met many nice people in my work here. I'm sorry to go, but anxious to accept the new challenge. I know I'll meet new friends, etc., etc.'" was his reply.

That's typical of George William Averill, for 15 years managing editor of this newspaper and author of the "One Thing or Another" column.

Bill is leaving us to embark on a new venture in journalism for Michigan. For details, see story on p. 14.

It's been a pleasure working with him, and I am confident he'll be successful wherever he goes and whatever he does.

**BESIDES INSISTING** that what goes in the paper must be local, Bill has emphasized that it also must be new and different—especially the contents of personal, by-lined column application.

Bill is a man with ideas. He likes to try them out. If they succeed, well and good. If they fail, so all right; try something else.

He's also a man with a good sense of humor, to the point of appreciating a joke even if it's on him.

He has produced a typographically attractive paper, winning many state and national awards. This is one area in which his course to try new ideas (new designs in page make-up) has paid off with dividends.

**WELL-LEARNED** in the newspaper field, Bill possesses a great enthusiasm for the work.

I recall my first interview with him a little more than a year ago. After employment application preliminaries were dispensed with, we spent a couple of hours "talking shop."

I knew then that I would enjoy working for and with Bill Averill.

Bill is a man with infinite patience. In spite of the pressures and tensions that are synonymous with this profession of ours, he never becomes exasperated when staffers take their problems to him.

**THEIR ARE** some people who at first don't like Bill. They don't know why, either.

But after they reflect a while, the answer becomes obvious.

He's a first class leader.

Don't get me wrong, though; this factor is an important one in management.

It's like the saying on the side of a milk bottle I once saw. It said, "Our cows are not contented. They are always anxious to do better."

Go to him with something you think is quite good, and he'll suggest a way to make it even better.

Yes, when Bill needs, some people get irritated—irritated enough to do something they might not have tried otherwise.

**BILL** is a walking encyclopedia when it comes to the Birmingham-Bloomfield area. Ask him a question about something local, and he has the answer.

Bill knows that if you want your column read, you have to keep yourself out of it as much as possible and discuss things that will interest other people.

Read his column this week about traveling in Canada and you will see what I mean.

You will also note his keen perceptive powers. Vacationing in Canada is the subject Bill preferred to write about rather than reminisce about himself.

That's Bill Averill for you.

**BY DENI SCANLON**

## Talk of the Towns

Two weeks ago, this reporter wrote a rather strong column on today's youth—where they are, what they're doing and who they're with.

It was somewhat acid but unchaperoned mischievousness that borders on the dangerous. It wasn't meant to be prudish, "down the nose" or pompous. The article was merely an attempt to get a few parents thinking.

Personally speaking, it was a success because there has been a reaction. Some people agreed. Some didn't.

One that did concur had this to say: "AMEN OLE BRAVO. . . I approve of what you say and I will defend to the death your right to say it" ( . . . paraphrasing Voltaire).

"These (Birmingham-Bloomfield) kids have been reared by paid 'baby sitters' while their mothers were and are at bridge clubs, bowling leagues, golf courses, swimming pool clubs, ski resorts, out-of-town vacation areas—chasing. We are better mothers if we can get away from our kids and we owe it to ourselves to get away from our homes!—ad infinitum, ad nauseum."

"When will these mothers say, 'We owe it to our children to be with our own babies and to enjoy their companionship until they are grown.'"

"Do these mothers marry and who are grown?"

"Children as status symbols, as a conformity, as ego-gratifications? Or, do they marry and give birth because they love children and yearn to become mothers . . . and because they love their own husbands, too, of course."

"Anthropologists state there is no juvenile delinquency in the Polynesian and similar cultures in which parents include their children in their daily way of life."

CORNELIA

That's one opinion. Any other takes?