

IN THIS SECTION: Editorial Church General News

A Cooperative College Plan

This newspaper has stressed in previous editorials a growing need for and importance of inter-government cooperation in projects to solve mutual problems.

We cited as one example a river that winds through several communities, giving rise to such problems as water pollution and flooding.

The communities along its banks find that it is more practical and economical to solve their problems—to provide the needed services—through cooperative planning and financing than through individual action.

Similar problems calling for inter-government participation in their solutions are roads, sewers, recreation, civil defense and schools.

We now add to these colleges and universities.

STATE COLLEGES and universities traditionally have been concerned primarily with educating students of their home states.

Supported largely by state tax money, organized to meet local needs and imbued with pride in countless local associations, they have tended to discourage outsiders except in some programs of graduate work.

The practice has been to keep fees low for students living within the state and high for nonresidents.

Thus, the publicly-supported institutions have made higher education relatively easy for their own young people—while sharply limiting enrollment for others.

WITH THIS system has gone an obligation to provide as balanced and complete an educational program as possible. But

often the results, dictated by necessarily tight budgets, have been short of ideal.

By working together on tuition rates, admission procedures, curricula and course credits, these institutions can solve some of their problems.

Many small, privately endowed educational institutions are already employing cooperative fund-raising campaigns to solve their financial problems.

We suggest that this type of cooperation can be carried over to the actual programs of state-supported colleges and universities.

ONE DISTINCT problem is that of students living near a state boundary far from a public college in their own state, yet within commuting distance of one across the line.

An inter-college cooperative program would be of tremendous value to these students.

Among the possible gains to the institutions would be sharing of faculty specialists and sharing of courses in subjects important for some but not sought by large numbers of students.

Graduate schools might avoid duplication.

Inevitably, too, students would gain indirectly by associations with fellow classmates of more varied backgrounds.

IF CAREFULLY developed, this "common market" idea might yield provide better education and more efficient use of educational funds for many states.

We believe Michigan should be a leader in exploring the possibilities of and their implementing this type of inter-college, inter-government cooperation.

CHECKING COMMUNITY HEALTH



PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Family Learns Lesson In Washington, D. C.

Our family has returned from a country's shrines is restored two-week tour of our nation's Williamsburg which was done with Sir Francis... I could not help thinking how many cavernous government agencies could be better run by private enterprise with no cost to the taxpayers.

Yesteryear Happenings

From the Files of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO

July 19, 1912

The Bloomfield Hills seminary will be opened Sept. 17, 1912. The objects are to give the young people of Bloomfield Hills, and those from nearby towns, the opportunity to study in the country; to offer a course of study that will fit them for life as well as for college; and to build up, as years go on, a seminary of which the patrons and inhabitants of the locality can be proud.

Weekly Con-Con Reports Draw League's Praise

On behalf of the League of Women Voters of Birmingham, may I extend a special commendation to The Eccentric for its exceptional coverage of the Constitutional Convention?

Your "Weekly Report" during the Con-Con sessions furnished this community with concise information on the progress of the delegates.

Your continuation of this column, (See PRAISE, 8-B)

City Beat

By KEN WEAVER

Wouldn't it be ironic if Michigan voters elected Republican Romney as governor in November and—

Elected a Democratic state legislator and—

Rejected the new state constitution and thus perpetuated the opportunity for the same type of political monstrosity that has plagued this state the past several years?

SPEAKING OF Romney, have you noticed how active his campaign has become?

Riding in parades, greeting workers at factory gates, shaking hands with servicemen at summer camp.

He even peeled potatoes one day last week. After lunching with National Guardsmen at Camp Grayling, he "reported" to the rear of the mess hall and peeled a couple spuds.

It's doubtful, though, that this practice will supersede that of kissing babies in the political field.

AND SPEAKING of the National Guard, at one point last week there had been 23 guardsmen summoned home from Camp Grayling to become fathers.

One of them was The Eccentric's own Larry Evoc, city editor. In his case, though, the call turned out to be a false alarm (at the time of this writing, at least).

You've heard of false labor, haven't you?

Larry said there were some accusations that the servicemen planned the timing of their offspring's births that way.

Aw, now, that couldn't be true, could it?

AND SPEAKING of summer, there came across this desk the other day a short piece about neckties that bears repetition here. (Anyone care to join The Ban the Necktie in Summer Club?)

"The necktie is an odd sort of adornment. It serves no useful purpose, save to advance the fortunes of those who make and sell neckties, so adornment it must be. But what a curious bit of haberdashery it is!

"Behold the standard daytime uniform of Western man: a so-called business suit consisting of trousers and jacket essentially like those worn decades ago, shirt with narrow cuffs and constricting neckband—and to complete the ensemble the tie, a strip of plain or figured cloth knotted at the throat and dangling down in front to disappear at last beneath the jacket closure.

"The oddest thing of all about the necktie is that vast numbers of free men slavishly wear one even in summer. They would no more report to the job without this choking, pointless appendage than they would report barefoot.

"Oh, well, fashion's fashion—but the rationale of the ever-present necktie escapes us."

Economic Illiteracy Under Fire

A broad-gauged campaign, sparked by the Committee for Economic Development, has been launched against economic illiteracy in this country. The need for such an effort has been apparent for some time. Studies show that the public's ignorance of fundamental economics is alarming.

The CED reports that the level of economic illiteracy among young people is "abysmally low." One economist offered this revealing comment: "We've been graduating generation upon generation of Americans without the simplest analytical tools of economic reasoning."

One cannot avoid the conclusion that our educational system must bear a heavy share of the blame. But placing the blame is far less important than bringing about improvement.

Besides, educators are most keenly aware of the schools' shortcomings in this regard. The effort now beginning culminates 13 years of work by economists and

education professors, together with civic groups.

IN SEPTEMBER the "College of the Air" (CBS) will launch a series of 160 half-hour sessions five days a week stressing the fundamentals of economics. Sample packets of material have been sent by the CED and the Joint Council of Economic Education to 25,000 high schools. A special committee is preparing basic tests to measure the knowledge of economics students are absorbing.

This massive undertaking is a start at doing what the schools and colleges alone have been unable to do. It is a thing eminently worth doing.

Economics cannot be left to the experts and an insufficient number of teachers. Nothing could do more harm to our capitalist system than a continuing failure of citizens to understand at least the rudiments of its operation.

From The Eccentric's Point of View ...

The cultural image of America seems to have suffered a bit of a setback, at least in England and Japan. In those countries, the movie-TV version of the Old West has inspired a new rash of imitation. The influence of Westerns has inspired the formation of the English Westerners Society, which maintains that it is making a serious study of American Indian folklore and tradition. Its first meeting at Shrewsbury, however, smacked more of children playing at cowboys and Indians. Its members, both male and female, dressed up in pioneer and Indian costumes and pranced on flapjacks and beans served from a "chuck wagon." The other outbreak of Western imitation occurred in Japan. There, males dressed in cowboy attire held a sharpshooting meet, using the equivalent of six shooters to test their quickness on the trigger. There is not much point in waxing lugubrious over such perversions of the American West as it really was. All the same, it will be gratifying when popular ideas about America abroad are focused on more realistic—and more contemporary—aspects of our culture.

It is sometimes said of a man that he is a legend in his lifetime. In the specialized world of auto racing, this is true of Sterling Moss. The British driver has won more races than anyone else. A couple of months ago, Sterling Moss cracked up and nearly lost his life when he tried to make a turn at almost 110 miles an hour. Now, though doctors say he has not yet fully recovered from a brain injury, he has left the hospital and is headed back to the races. His motivation may be beyond the ken of ordinary folk, who might take near-death in a smashup as sufficient warning to

let the game alone. That motivation was hinted in something he said when he left the hospital. He remarked that he would race again to win, and would quit racing if he couldn't win. "I have won that prize," he said, "to let myself trail around at the back of the field." Which may be mainly why Sterling Moss is already a legend among racing buffs.

Many millions of Americans in the armed forces have fallen asleep to the serene notes of a bugle call known as Taps. The call is a favorite, too, at "lights out" time in camps for boys and girls. Its evocative melody has lifted in haunting sadness at many a graveside of the fallen. Thus, it seems worth passing mention that Taps was composed just a century ago by a Union general named Dan Butterfield. As the story goes, General Butterfield thought that the bugle call being used to signal the day's end was too formal, not sufficiently melodious. So he wrote a new call. After hearing it played over by the bugler he made a few changes, and Taps was the result.

Perhaps methods engineers are needed to show hospitals how to cut costs. But why don't they, in their hunt for efficiency, show more respect for one practice dear to the patient—the back rub? Consider what is reported to be happening in Community Hospital in Fresno, Calif. Back rubs have been cut from 10 minutes to three because, according to a firm of engineers, "it only takes three minutes for a good rub." Maybe so, but we submit that if a three-minute rub is a "good" rub a 10-minute rub is better.

Once Over Lightly

"What's wrong with taking a dog canoeing?" Why not find out, a Franklin quack asked themselves last weekend. Their plans called for a trip down the Pine River, near Cadillac, and all the local dog hotels were filled to quota.

After all, Sully—the family's Airedale—had survived a puppyhood appetite that would have embarrassed a goat. As a matter of fact, he had spent a good share of his adolescence at the veterinarian's, getting digestive first-aid.

At various times, he had longed on his master's socks, phonograph records, slats from a louvered door and one he had even devoured half of a five-dollar bill.

OBVIOUSLY, Sully had the stamina for a canoe trip, his owners agreed, as they set out for a camping site and a rendezvous with another canoe-minded couple and their beagle, Harvey. In a fine fettle the next morning to board the canoe. Unfortunately, he decided to sit across the canoe—head over one side, hindquarters dragging in the water on the other. He was very reasonable about being shifted as long as his owners understood.

HE ALSO was very gentlemanly and brave as the two canoes proceeded down the turbulent river. Occasionally, he barked a friendly "hello" to his pal, Harvey, who was riding in the other craft.

When his family beached the canoe Sully was tied with a long rope to a tree atop a six-foot high embankment. Just as he settled down for a short

by IRMA N. DAVIS

Sully, his nose warned him that Harvey was arriving.

SULLY RACED to greet his buddy, overlooking the cliff and taking off into the wild blue yonder. Thrown off-balance, he landed in a tangled splash—right beside Harvey's canoe. Not the least bit depressed about his nosedive, Sully attempted to join his friend.

Order restored, the party set out again and the down-river jaunt continued with nothing more exciting than rapids, whirlpools and such.

IT WAS NEAR sundown when the party rounded a bend and sighted camp. Feeling rather smug—after all they had navigated some 50 miles of river without overturning either canoe—they pointed their canoes toward shore.

One of them had a poolie. Even from a distance, Sully sensed that this was a girl dog.

He took off again, forgetting that his mistress was hanging onto the other end of his leash.

He disappeared into a sinkhole; his mistress followed—involuntarily.

They surfaced at the same moment. So did the canoe.

Sully and Harvey swam off to meet the poolie.

WITHOUT A WORD, their owners beached and drained the canoes. By mutual, and silent, consent they moved their departure date up to immediately.

Sully didn't mind. Sitting in the back seat of the car as they left the camp, he poked his head out the window—ever on the alert for adventure.

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