

The Birmingham Eccentric

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

Thursday, June 28, 1962

IN THIS SECTION: Editorial School News Church General News

Don't Trade Away Our Liberty

Wednesday of next week is July 4—the anniversary of the most historic day in the short life of our nation.

Back in 1776 a great document was proclaimed that began, "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands that have connected them with another..."

That document was, of course, the American Declaration of Independence. It marked the beginning of the United States of America, the beginning of an era in human history that has produced the greatest guarantee of personal freedom—and with it the most dependable pattern of economic security ever produced on this earth.

YET THERE IS a great danger today that July 4th may lose its promise... its values... that it may become but a faded memory unless we, the citizens, are aroused to a renewed dedication to our duties and responsibilities.

Another writer recently said, "The flag of the United States changes to keep pace with a growing nation, but the ideal it represents remains unchanged—a free nation of free citizens; government by con-

sent of the governed; a government of law rather than of men; government of the people, by the people for the people.

"The ideal shines brightly beckoning to the people the world over who cherish liberty. Yet we who inherited freedom as our most precious birthright, guard it but indifferently. Though we would protect it with our lives against foreign enemies, we trade it away cheaply among ourselves.

"BIT BY BIT we hand freedom over to government, in exchange for laws hopefully designed to preserve or provide temporary protection from predatory individuals or groups; we swap it for subsidies which burden us with taxes and shackle us with restrictions.

"Our ancestors willingly accepted privation to be free of governmental bondage. We willingly accepted the yoke of government for the promise of a full belly and easy life. From us, our children will inherit a cheapened remnant of freedom—along with a bill for our shortsighted selfishness.

"There is a much-quoted aphorism on government which, while it is by no means a complete or perfect truth, deserves careful consideration by our legislators in their law making and by us in the demands we make upon our legislators: That government governs best which governs least."

Keep Township Site Residential

The triangular piece of land at the southwest corner of Adams and Big Beaver roads in Bloomfield Township is presently the subject of a zoning lawsuit.

The owners of the property wish it rezoned from residential to commercial use and such wish has been denied by both the Township Planning Commission and the Township Board.

The owners apparently feel that the property is no longer residential in character and by leaving it zoned residential they are being deprived of their property rights.

AT THE PRESENT TIME there is no property zoned for commercial use along Adams Road from Maple Road (Fifteen Mile) to South Blvd. (Twenty Mile) in the township. The area has remained residential in character.

On the other hand, the property in question is on a mile road and is subjected to a lot of traffic.

AFTER CONSIDERING the equities, The Eccentric supports the township in its

From The Eccentric's Point of View...

Kennedy administration, knowing that European countries "are doing ok economically," is reviewing their fiscal policies. Kennedy "lunch-chairs" thus say if deficit spending and some inflation works ok in Europe, why not try it in the United States?

People who fly into a race always make a bad landing.

Engineers think greater safety will be achieved through colored pavement. But it won't be of much help to the hot-headed driver who is always seeing red.

If you find life is empty, try putting something into it.

The neutron bomb may be perfected in six years. Too bad a similar prediction can't be made for human beings.

F. Scott Carpenter's triple trip around Mother Earth, a duplicate of Col. John Glenn's three months-age-exploit, racked up another success for U.S. space progress. Won't be long, it now appears, that astronaut trips into space will lose much of their hold on public interest and excitement—such as the normal reactions of a public that seems always to be in search of "something entirely new."

Lighting the way of men to betterment is the finest profession known.

Housewives don't have a union. They prefer taking a chance on individual bargaining with their husbands.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878

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

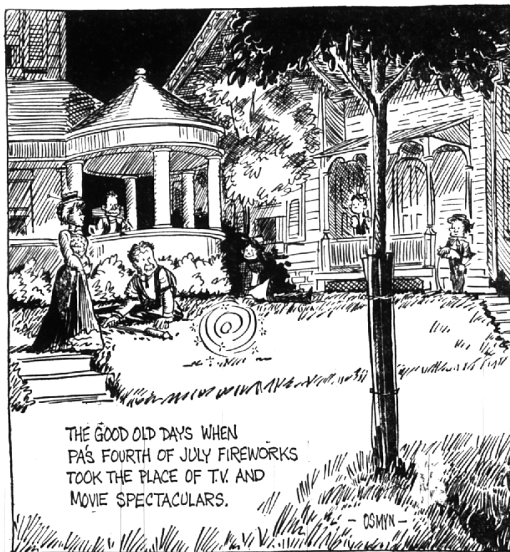
Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in The Eccentric Building, 1225 Bowers Street, Telephone MidWest 4-1100



PUBLISHER: PAUL N. AREBELL. ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: HENRY M. HOAG, JR. EDITOR: KENNETH R. WEAVER. ADVERTISING MANAGER: ARTHUR SHAEFER

George R. Averill, Editor Emeritus

Remember When?



THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN PA'S FOURTH OF JULY FIREWORKS TOOK THE PLACE OF TV AND MOVIE SPECTACULARS.

Eccentricities

By HANK HOGAN



The filing date has passed and we now know who the players will be in the August Primary Election.

Our neighbor, George Romney has officially notified the Secretary of State that he is willing to take on the present office holder, John B. Swainson, for Governor.

FOR IT, GOVERNOR, however, the water is a bit muddied. For the Democrats T. John Lesinski is raring to go again. He has been at odds with the governor on occasion, but is considered one of the most effective members of his party in Lansing.

FOR THE REPUBLICANS three candidates have raised their hands to be counted. John Stahlin, a businessman and state senator from Belding seems to have the greater number of eggs in his basket.

He will be opposed by perennial candidate, Clarence A. Reid. Mr. Reid has already served as Lt. Governor under Scoop, but he is now 65 years old, and doesn't quite exude the dynamic fervor of the gubernatorial candidate.

THE THIRD HORSE in the Republican stable is Rockwell T. Gust, Jr., a lawyer from Grosse Pointe. Rocky comes from the heart of the conservative 14th Congressional District and may have trouble getting out of Wayne County.

It adds up to a pretty good primary fight with the two youngsters possibly knocking off each other with the old warhorse (as he calls himself) Reid picking up the pieces.

THIS COULD INDEED be a mistake because T. John has already taken Mr. Reid's measure in the last general election. What the Republicans need is a strong second man with a political background that can show neighbor George around the Capitol until he gets the lay of the land.

The record and political philosophy of John Stahlin would make him the best bet.



By KEN WEAVER

City Beat

In the midst of the baseball season, the efforts of one William E. Hoy come to mind.

Hoy, an unusual ballplayer, to say the least, lived to be 99—and almost completely forgotten.

Yet, he had been an out-standing outfielder who came within a hair of making 3,000 hits in his major league career.

Less than a dozen ballplayers have made that many. Even the legendary Babe Ruth was 11 short of this mark.

BUT HOY'S story is entirely different from the other stars. You see, he had been a deaf mute since birth. Of course, he could not hear an umpire's decision. So, theumps would hold up one finger for a strike and two for a ball when he was at bat.

One thing you might say, though, is that his misfortune at least had the advantage of shutting out the noises of the crowd and thus enabling him to concentrate more fully on the game.

THERE'S ANOTHER deaf mute who made baseball history. He is Lather Taylor, who pitched for Cincinnati at the start of the century, and later for McGraw in his early days as manager of the New York Giants.

Another example of surmounting handicaps was Charles Gray, who had only one arm. He was an early 20th century outfielder for the St. Louis Nationals. How he managed to bat is unknown, but he played for a whole season and was not notably inferior to his two-armed teammates.

WHICH REMINDS me of something a wise man once said to me: Success comes before work only in the dictionary.

Brazil's capital, Brasilia, imports pigeons to make the city more pleasant. After awhile, they may have to import pigeon-shooters to keep it that way.

It was just 16 years, and several times that many billions of dollars ago, that the Baruch plan for international atomic control was defeated.

Shorter sofas are said to be coming back into favor. But not, we'd wager, among fathers who like to stretch out for an occasional nap.

The Cuban government says there's only one way to deal with worms: crush them. Which is just what those who oppose the government are trying to do.

After considerable maneuvering, Shell agrees to back Nixon in California. The civic wonders if this is a variant of the old shell game.

The second try at a high-altitude nuclear explosion fails. That's no way to treat all those people in Hawaii who stayed up all night to see the big flash.

A Senate committee says the Kerr-Mills medical care act is not a success. This view is like a shot—but not in the arm—to the American Medical Association.

Few question the benefit of taking a brisk walk early every morning. Few take such walks, either.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Residents Endorse Plan For Sewage Plant Land

Our Savilla Gets Praises For Election Coverage In Hills

All of us interested in the Bloomfield Hills schools express thanks to The Birmingham Eccentric for your fine coverage and support of the three propositions submitted to our voters on June 11. As you know, the two most important propositions carried.

Much of the credit for the large turnout of voters undoubtedly belongs to the Eccentric.

IN ADDITION, we appreciate the attendance of Savilla Slough at our Board of Education meetings throughout the year and her good reporting of our transactions.

We want the community to know as much as possible about what is happening in the schools, and Savilla's reporting has contributed much toward our achieving this objective.

DAVID W. LEE Bloomfield Hills School Board

Yesteryear Happenings

By a happy thought the Management of the Michigan State Fair struck the right track when the noisy midway attractions which have hitherto occupied the most prominent part of vantage along the Fairgrounds along the walk leading to the Grand Stand, the horse races, the night horse show, and the other events, were moved to a point down towards the Grand Trunk Sidings.

A pretty wedding took place at 6 p.m. June 5, at the home of Mrs. Sarah Davis an aunt of the bride, at Milford, Ohio, when Miss Lorena Stary became the bride of Dr. Lloyd S. Campbell, of National Military Home, Marion, Indiana, in the presence of immediate friends and relatives.

MARtha and LEE SCHAEFER

(More PEOPLES COLUMN LETTERS on 8-B)

Yesteryear Happenings

50 YEARS AGO

June 21, 1912

By a happy thought the Management of the Michigan State Fair struck the right track when the noisy midway attractions which have hitherto occupied the most prominent part of vantage along the Fairgrounds along the walk leading to the Grand Stand, the horse races, the night horse show, and the other events, were moved to a point down towards the Grand Trunk Sidings.

A pretty wedding took place at 6 p.m. June 5, at the home of Mrs. Sarah Davis an aunt of the bride, at Milford, Ohio, when Miss Lorena Stary became the bride of Dr. Lloyd S. Campbell, of National Military Home, Marion, Indiana, in the presence of immediate friends and relatives.

MARtha and LEE SCHAEFER

(More PEOPLES COLUMN LETTERS on 8-B)

by IRMA N. DAVIS



Once Over Lightly

"An active mind needs escape hatches," a friend of ours in Franklin remarked the other day, topping off a discussion on the popularity of science fiction.

Being addicted to this type of literature, we found this analysis infinitely more acceptable than our own sneaking suspicion that it all boiled down to that over-used expression, "escape literature."

Of course, it comes to the same thing—and what's the matter with that? Why not embark, via the printed page, on a space ship powered with an interstellar drive? Or if you are just a little bit leery of space-sickness, we could travel into the future in a time machine. After all, there are no limits in science fiction.

How about a visit to 2502 and a world where every char is performed by robots? The tales warn us of eventual boredom—too much leisure, you know—but the writer can take care of that.

He simply pictures a civilization where the only specter is over-production. If you stop off here, you would be mighty busy consuming (and consuming and consuming) the products of this ultimate in automation. You would stock your houses with the plushiest marvels, draw your selves in the finest of future fashions and get plump on the fat of the hydroponic tanks.

There are others where, far from having space to call their own. Science has added years to their lives and billions to the census count, you see.

Well, the author can solve such a population explosion with euthanasia (just kill off anyone over 40, or consented aliens from outer space do the decimating).

So let's toss that story aside and escape to another world. If your tastes are adventurous, the written word can take you to some galaxy whose worlds are "peopled" with BEM's—bug-eyed monsters to the uninitiate.

Or perhaps you'd prefer a planet where the culture is so far beyond ours that a bood with an IQ of a mere 500 would promptly be directed to the nearest asylum.

Want to try something more home-like? How about Mars? No, that's likely to be an arid, dry planet. Or the other hand, Venus is hot and sticky, you know, and Jupiter—well, it's so dense a world that a man just can't pick up his feet. They weigh too much.

We could turn the controls of our space ship elsewhere to some other universe, but beware of those intelligent parasites. Hear tell some of them are just waiting to take up residence in homo sapiens, until even a man's best friends don't know him—because they're not sure just who is which.

Anyway, we recommend delaying that space trip until the problem of warping space is solved. Otherwise, a trip to far-off places may take generations. By the time the ship is ready to land, your great-great-grandchildren will be running things—provided they haven't resorted to barbarism.

While we're letting our minds escape, let's speculate on the reaction of 19th century author, Jules Verne if a newspaper, year 1962, had fallen into his hands in his lifetime. Quite possibly he would have said, "That's a fine piece of science fiction as I've ever read. That setting—Cape Canaveral—such imagination!"

There was a man who delighted in the "impossible."