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### Pausing to Say Thanks

Four weeks ago, the United States took a brave and decisive action that brought the world to the brink of war.

"Get your missiles and bombers out of Cuba," the U. S. said, in effect, to Russia. It set up a naval blockade to see that no more offensive weapons were taken into the island nation.

Tomorrow, as we sit down to our traditional turkey dinners, we can give thanks that we were not thrust into a nuclear holocaust.

WE CAN REJOICE that we live in the United States, a nation dedicated to the preservation of peace and the freedom of all mankind.

We can be grateful that our national leaders had the conviction and courage to initiate the action they deemed best to cope with a crisis of such great magnitude.

And as we give thanks, we might well reflect on the material blessings we enjoy

year after year—the plenitude of our earthly possessions.

LET US REMEMBER our churches and clergymen who strive constantly to steer us on a path of righteousness and to keep us mindful of our spiritual blessings.

We might keep in mind our accomplishments in technological exploration—and the hopes for the future deriving from those accomplishments.

As we say grace, let us give thanks for the plentiful and wondrous supply of food before us—and for the fellowship enjoyed with our friends and loved ones.

And let us be grateful for the tradition itself—for the annual opportunity of giving thanks.

Too, as we offer thanks, let us ask for spiritual guidance for the future. Let us be reminded that our abundance commits us to share our good fortune with other peoples of the world and thus truly exemplify the brotherhood of man.

### No Gifts for Christmas

Recently John Gordon, president of General Motors, sent a letter to all of GM's suppliers about gifts and gratuities to the auto company's employees.

"The letter stated that the company's policy was 'no corporation representative or member of his immediate family will accept or receive any gifts or other accommodations from anyone with whom the representative does business on behalf of the corporation which might place him in a difficult, prejudicial, or embarrassing position, or interfere in any way with the impartial discharge of his duties.'"

IT SEEMS FUNNY in this day and age of the well-trained business executive coming up through the ranks that anyone has to be cautioned about business propriety.

One would think that with the compensation that corporation employees receive today they wouldn't have to be in a position to have their hand out.

Yet, it speaks well for the corporation to set forth a guide for employees so that

they don't find themselves in an embarrassing position at some later time.

It speaks well for the corporation to nip in the bud any relationship which could lead to a possible conflict-of-interest scandal.

IT ONLY TAKES one employee to blacken the names of many employees.

In government, if an employee receives a gift for doing a favor, he can be prosecuted for a criminal offense. In private enterprise this is not so and it is common practice by some supplier firms to "buy" business by gifts and entertainment.

Not only is this corrupting to the employee concerned, but also it lowers the morale and respect of that employee's underlings. It also costs the stockholders money. After all, these gifts and entertainment must be paid for somehow.

While we feel it strange that it had to be said, we agree with Gordon that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of scandal.

### Post Office Stops Windfall

One of the curiosities of stamp collecting (considered from the viewpoint of those who don't indulge in it) is that imperfect stamps are more highly prized than stamps without a flaw. Thus it was a bonanza for collectors when, 44 years ago, the Post Office Department printed a few air mail stamps showing a plane upside down.

The Post Office has done it again—this time with some Dag Hammarskjold commemorative stamps printed backwards. But this time the Post Office is going to do something about the "artificially inflated" value of the misprints. It is going to reproduce large numbers of the stamps with exactly the same flaws.

WITH THAT announcement, some collectors' visions of wealth went glimmering. One of them, for example, had a complete sheet of 50 of the misprints and figured it would bring \$600,000. Soon anyone will be able to buy such a sheet for \$2.

We personally can't see the justification of putting out misprinted stamps just to stop a few individuals from making a profit.

You can't expect the public to spot counterfeit stamps if the government itself is distributing misprints.

ALSO, THESE collectors serve a useful purpose. They spot at an early stage imperfect stamps so that they can be taken off the market. If there is no reward for this diligence, no one might bother anymore.

While this particular situation will make a few men wealthy, it will not generate too many tears for collectors in general. There'll still be misprints whose value the Post Office will not trouble to undercut. Besides, for the true zealot there's enough fun in basic collecting without the prospect of making a fortune on some little error at the printer's.

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

The Detroit metropolitan area again has come through in its 1962 campaign for United Foundation funds! Total of \$20,084,181, more than its quota, was reached. Assured now is the fact that 195 agencies in Oakland, Wayne and Macomb counties will receive monies to carry on their good work. This success is just another way of admitting that the spirit of the Good Samaritan dominates these three counties!

Political wisecracks now claim that their respective Democratic or Republican parties won more than they lost in the recent election, insofar as Congress goes. Well, let's wait and see what the next Congress does—whether or not it will give more support to President Kennedy's semi-socialistic program.

Ford Motor Co.'s Rotunda is no more. The famous 15 million dollar structure, mecca for annual Christmas Festival for hundreds of thousands

of Michigan children, as well as the locale for display of Ford's new cars, was destroyed Nov. 9. In all probability, though, the Ford people will either replace it or provide some other space where the traditional Rotunda activities may be carried on.

A 29-year-old Dutch girl has won the title of Miss World for 1962. She competed against many other national sweethearts, including one from the United States. Congratulations, Holland! May your lovely "daughter" bring added respect and affection to your brave little nation!

If cocky and formidable Jimmy Hoffa is convicted for alleged illegal receipt of money from a company his Teamsters Union has a contract with... well, we'll bet that there will be joy in the Bobby Kennedy household that day! For the U. S. attorney-general has tried for several years to convict Jimmy of something or other, you may recall.

### 'Scouting is All-OK'



### Yesteryear Happenings

From the Files of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO

Nov. 22, 1912

Acting under direction of Postmaster General Hitchcock, post-office inspectors and United States marshals in 72 leading cities of the country began practically simultaneous searches for the arrest of 173 persons charged with using the mails to promote criminal medical practices or the sale of drugs and instruments used for illegal purposes.

Sault Ste. Marie—"I am tired of this life and I am going to end it all," declared Patrick Riley, a deckhand of the Northern Navigation company's Steamer Caronis, as she pulled into the Canadian Soo. A moment later Riley plunged over the rail. The cold temperature of the water changed his mind and he swam ashore.

Grim reaper death, called to his assistance the old racial colic and carried away one of William Spier's best farm horses. Now can any one tell why the best horses are killed and the ones that can't chew their oats, on account of age, and ought to pass away, just like the undesirable thief and that are left in good health and strength, and citizens who are so much needed are taken and no questions asked or answered.

30 YEARS AGO

Nov. 22, 1932

The poorest families in Birmingham, as well as their richest neighbors, will know again Thursday the spirit of true Thanksgiving. The Goodwill Club, one of the more than 30 constituent members of the newly formed Central Welfare Council, is making final preparations today for the distribution of between 125 and 150 baskets of Thanksgiving food to indigent homes.

Social artificiality among the people of Birmingham is creating "a caste system which is destructive of Christian brotherhood and the true community spirit," Rev. David L. Woodward declared in his farewell sermon Sunday night at the First Baptist Church. "Let us amend our artificial ways of living," Mr. Woodward implored. "One half of Birmingham doesn't know how the other half lives."

G. Dewey Kimball of Birmingham, Republican candidate for re-election as coroner, was one of four candidates to file recount petitions with the county clerk before expiration of the deadline Friday. The other three were De Witt C. Davis, one of Kimball's Democratic opponents; E. L. Phillips, Republican candidate for circuit court commissioner; and Charles S. Forritt, one of Phillips' Democratic opponents.

### PEOPLE'S COLUMN

### Why Give Alger Hiss Aura of Self-Respect?

To the Editor:

It seems a low blow in American morality has been seen on our TV screens—Alger Hiss, a man who was convicted when he lied about being a Communist spy—is now given the opportunity of appearing in an aura of self-respect on a program most uncomplimentary to the former Vice President, Mr. Nixon.

Has the American public no sense of shame? Have we sunk this low? Is there no sense of revelation at what ABC Network has done?

On July 31, 1948, Elizabeth Bentley appeared before the House Committee on un-American Activities and testified as to a number of individuals who during the war had turned over to her secret documents, among them she named Alger Hiss.

ON AUG. 3 the committee called Whitaker Chambers, then a senior editor of Time magazine—he testified he had been a communist from 1934 to 1938. He said he had been assigned to work with a ring of government employees—among them he named Alger Hiss.

On Aug. 5, 1948, Hiss appeared before the committee and denied that he had ever been a communist and second that he had never known Chambers.

AUG. 16 HISS defied Chambers, to make his accusation in public where he could be sued for libel.

Chambers, on "Meet the Press" on Aug. 25 raked a suit by saying: "Mr. Hiss was a communist and may still be."

Hiss did not sue until a Wash.

ington Post editorial goaded him into it on the basis that Hiss had dared Chambers and now if he didn't sue it left the implication Chambers told the truth.

In the suit Hiss's attorneys called on Chambers to document his charges. That was their mistake.

CHAMBERS PRODUCED four pages of excerpts of scores of confidential and secret State Department messages... in what was identified as Alger Hiss's hand writing; along with numerous papers typed on Hiss's typewriter, he stated.

The papers were turned over to the Justice Department and two weeks later an item in the Washington Daily News said the Justice Department was dropping the case for lack of further evidence.

At this point the House Committee subpoenaed Mr. Chambers and thus acquired the "pumpkin papers"... five rolls of microfilm containing photostatic copies of scores of secret documents from the State Department.

HISS WAS convicted in January, 1950, or perjury in denying he had turned over those documents to the communists via Mr. Chambers.

After the trial was over, as a result of the Korean War, an identification of the non-confessed communist, Nathaniel Weyl, also testified that in 1933 he obtained a position in the Department of Agriculture and was assigned by his communist superiors to a cell made up of Alger Hiss, Lee Pressman, Charles Kramer, Henry Collins, John Abt.

(See HISS, 7-B)

### Once Over Lightly

by IRMA N. DAVIS

Anyone who thinks Americans are nonconformists has never met my cousin Wallace.

Though he is a grandfather now, in his youth his brainstorms delighted certain of his younger relatives. What kind of feeling they inspired among his immediate kin must have been another matter.

There was the time, for instance, when his mother answered a knock at the door to find a deliveryman with an invoice for a truckload of somewhat fragrant fertilizer.

"Your son said to put it in the basement," the man told her; "he said he was going to raise mushrooms."

"Not here he isn't," Wallace's fond parent said.

NOT LONG AFTER that he decided to give our family a hand on moving day. Addicted to chasing fire engines, Wallace bundled us into his car when the fire trucks passed our "old" house where we had been waiting for the moving van.

My sister and I loved the fair-raising ride and could hardly wait to load it over my two brothers who were unpacking crates at our new address. They won the day, however, for the fire engines pulled right up to our new house. As a matter of fact, the two boys were throwing buckets of water at the kitchen ceiling where a small blaze was smoldering. Wallace promptly gave the fire department a hand and was wetter than the ceiling when he got through.

HE WAS IN his twenties when he decided to go into the furrier business. He was living with us at the time, having left his home town to work with a company headquartered in Detroit.

Returning from a business trip early one evening, he came in so quietly that no one heard him. We were not unaware, however, that something alien had entered the house.

"Hi, Auntie," said Wallace, bounding into the living room and holding a highly redolent skunk pelt aloft. "Look what I've got."

THE UNWARY animal had been killed by a car and my cousin had promptly retrieved the remains from the side of the highway. Then and there he skinned it and, by the time he arrived at our house, he had his board of directors all named for the non-existent business.

We kids had a lot of fun during the next week luring our friends into the garage—where the sole inventory of the new business had been stored, at my mother's emphatic suggestion. We never stayed long, but locked the door on our unsuspecting buddies as we left.

FOR AWHILE WALLACE kept tropical fish and, whenever he was near a pet store, scouted for a certain rare specimen.

He finally found the fish in New York. Boarding a train, he decided to save his little friend from being jostled and put it—in its little carton—into his suitcase.

Although he was careful to keep the piece of luggage and its occupant upright, he nevertheless became worried that the water might splash out of his little prize's home.

SURE ENOUGH, HE discovered some damp shirts and a correspondingly low water level in the temporary aquarium. Wallace, to his credit, cooler, he filled a paper cup, returned to his seat, opened his suitcase just wide enough and poured the water in.

A fellow passenger sitting across the aisle leaned over and announced to Wallace that now he'd "seen everything."

Since then Wallace has led a relatively sedate life, free of mushrooms and furs and holds down a responsible position with E. I. DuPont Co. He spends his extra energy on his apple orchards and bee keeping.

This is fine with his wife. She prefers apples to mushrooms, anyway.

### Eccentricities

By HANK HOGAN



### THERE'S NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ

The Birmingham area is fortunate to have several amateur theatrical groups where "would-be" thespians have an opportunity to either get acting out of their systems or to gain experience which would take them on to greater heights.

In these theatrical groups you have actors' actors and amateurs' amateurs—people who were professionally on the stage and have now retired to being an insurance salesman or a housewife, and act as a hobby. On the other hand, you have those whose previous theatrical experience has been limited to the back row at one of our local movie houses.

I HAD THE opportunity the other night to observe St. Dunstan's annual one-act plays for their new members. Each year they put on a couple of short plays to be performed before the membership only, to give the raw recruits an opportunity to find out where the stage is, without the horrors of a public audience.

Of course, the audience of other members is probably more critical than any public audience would ever be. These one-acts not only give the new members a chance to show their stuff, but also gives the older members a chance to look them over for future casting.

WHILE WATCHING THE performance, I thought about all the work that went into each show. The public forgets about this, and only thinks of the fun of actually performing.

But before the houselights dimmed the actors had to learn their lines, while continuing to make a living on the side. After that, they had to spend three or four nights a week for three or four weeks rehearsing together.

Then different groups had to design the sets, find the props, paint the scenery, adjust the lights, find costumes, make up actors and finally open the curtain.

THE PLAY THAT I watched was an old Noel Coward skit about the wife of a British civil servant falling in and out of love in about a half-hour's time with a travelling shipping salesman.

The cast included a local art salesman as the lover, a lawyer as a native waiter and an advertising gal as the wayward wife. The ability with which they faced their parts made me wonder if in fact they were not miscast in real life.

THE ONLY PROBLEM was that it was supposed to be a comedy, and what was funny in Britain in 1920 is not necessarily so funny today. But the audience loved it because there were more goofs per minute than in the average production.

When it's all said and done, I think our amateur dramatists deserve a couple of encores for the hard work they are doing in providing our community with another exposure to the "arts."

### By KEN WEAVER City Beat

The Birmingham city government has been praised often for its quality of service, for its efficiency, effectiveness and honesty.

Let it be said here and now that quality derives from the citizens, themselves.

This is the reaction after witnessing at last week's public hearing the deliberate but calm and reasonable approach by E. Maple residents to the planned widening of their street.

They were opposed to it, make no mistake about that; but they voiced their objections in a mature, masterful manner.

In short, they handled themselves as adults should in such situations.

It made one proud to be a Birminghamite.

MANY COMMUNITY officials in the southern portion of Oakland County are up in arms over the Desquindre interceptor sewer incident. Some are quite angry with the county drain office.

The thinking appeared to be that better administrative planning could have avoided the last-minute "ultimatum" from Detroit that threatened to bring at least a temporary halt to the long-awaited project.

Look for more trouble to brew in the coming days.

WELL, IT'S WELCOME news that President Kennedy contributes his presidential salary to charitable causes. Let's hope this brings an end to the unfair and revolting criticism of the President's personal fortune.

Wonder what his favorite charity is—the United States? It would be gratifying to have someone in such high office serve his country without pay.

There has been nothing to indicate that the President can't handle his money. The fact that he has so much of it has nothing to do with how he runs the government.

WRITERS ARE still pointing their pens at Richard Nixon for his indictment of the press upon his departure from California and national politics.

Some newsmen take the view that Nixon couldn't expect favorable treatment because of his aloofness to reporters and photographers.

They criticize him because he is not friendly with the boys, because he does not mix freely with them.

Why should Nixon, or any politician, have to be friendly with the press to get fair coverage? Why shouldn't newsmen go after their own stories on their own prowess?

Nixon made a grave mistake in his shotgun accusation of the press.

But if the newsmen are as righteous, as fair-minded and as unprejudiced as they claim to be, they will forget his unkind and unflattering remarks and go on about their business of getting the facts.

The good newspaperman, the well-trained and conscientious one, will seek out the story come what way—and won't expect favored treatment in getting it or more than a "thanks for a job well done" after it's finished.

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