

Need 14 Mile Improved

A year ago this time the County Road Commission announced an ambitious road improvement program throughout the county to be financed partially by revenue bonds and partially by local municipalities.

One of the projects included in the program was the extension of Fourteen Mile road west from its present termination point at the Birmingham Country Club to Evergreen road.

FOURTEEN MILE is one of the few east-west mile roads that does not connect our parallel state highways.

When the program was presented the city commission of Birmingham enthusiastically approved it, but the village council in Beverly Hills had reservations.

THE COUNCIL felt that this improvement might lead to increased traffic for the adjacent residential streets.

WHEN THIS AREA was still rural not too many years ago, and not many vehicles ventured out past Twelve Mile road, there was not much of a need for through east-west streets.

As traffic increased Maple road had to bear the whole burden.

Unfortunately Maple was also the center of the shopping area of Birmingham, and through traffic just increased the congestion of the shopping area. We all know the experience of trying to get through Bir-

mingham only to be stopped by people backing into parking spaces.

It also happened that the increased through traffic came at the same time that the shopping area was expanding.

Foresighted city residents talked about a mall and the re-routing of traffic, but none of the suggestions really relieved the problem, they merely moved the problem over a couple of blocks.

IF FOURTEEN MILE were improved either to Evergreen or even Lahser, the non-shopping traffic could by-pass the shopping area, saving the traveller time and the shopping center congestion.

However, because Fourteen Mile road is the boundary line between Beverly Hills and Birmingham, both municipalities should agree as to the extent of its improvement. The county has indicated that if Beverly Hills doesn't agree they may proceed anyway. We would rather like to see it worked out locally.

THEREFORE WE encourage the village fathers in Beverly to take steps to work out this problem so the shopping area will get some relief. We understand the possible effect on some of the village residents, but since Birmingham is the shopping center for most of the Beverly residents, more of the village citizens will profit from the relief in Birmingham, than suffer in the adjacent areas.

Eccentric Wins Aviation Award

The Michigan Association of Airport Managers last week presented its third annual Outstanding Aviation Writer of the year award in the weekly field to The Birmingham Eccentric.

The award came in recognition of a series of articles The Eccentric published earlier this year dealing with all aspects of Oakland County's plan to establish a jet airport in an area north of Pontiac.

BECAUSE MILLIONS of dollars are paid by the residents of our community to support county government, we felt that they deserved to know all of the information involved.

Was there a need for a major, metropolitan type jet airport in our county? Where would money come to finance such a project? How much of a burden would this place on the people of Oakland County? Were there any problems of air traffic involved? Would the airlines support the operation of such a field after it was constructed?

THE ECCENTRIC sought and published the answers to these and other questions. To accomplish this, we pulled our city editor from his regular beat and assigned him to a period of full-time research on the airport project and hired additional help to maintain our regular flow of news.

This type of research and its resulting "in-depth" articles is unusual in the weekly newspaper field. Few weeklies can afford the time in manpower for such endeavors.

But we at The Eccentric felt that the airport proposal was of such magnitude, of such importance and interest to our readers that we were obligated to give them the facts.

WE ARE PLEASED to receive the airport managers' award and look upon it as recognition of a responsibility fulfilled.

We are particularly proud, also, because we tried—at a fairly large expense to the paper—to bring to the readers of our area and other citizens of the county the facts at a time when there was almost a void coming from other papers in the county.

The facts as reported in our news articles led us to the conclusion that there was no justification for establishing a major jet airport in our county. We gave our opinion in editorials appearing on this page.

It is our firm belief that the community newspaper must offer its readers guidance, through editorials, in such matters. We accept this as part of our role of leadership in the community.

AS A RESULT of the light being shed by a responsible newspaper, the citizens let their voices be heard. Now, with its plan termed "unfeasible" by national aeronautics officials, the county is listening to the people.

Yes, we are proud of this Outstanding Aviation Writer award; and we are pleased with our news staff at The Eccentric. We pledge ourselves to strive always to fulfill our reportorial and editorial responsibilities.

U-2 Gives Reds a Herring

The Soviet government used some rather salty language in its note protesting an alleged U-2 flight over Sakhalin Island north of Japan. It asked whether this was a resumption of the "piratic practice" of U-2 overflights "or a provocative act of the hellfire United States quarters which would like to create a new international conflict, like the conflict of 1960, to aggravate the situation to the maximum?"

Such language strongly indicates that the Kremlin's chief motivation is to milk the new U-2 incident for all its propaganda value. A corollary intention may be to create a fuss that will draw the eyes of the world away from Russia's blatant intervention in Cuba.

THESE SOVIET tactics may have at least some of the effect that Moscow seeks. For the fact is that the world is extremely touchy about the U-2 overflights.

Even though it is well known everywhere that spying is carried on by all the major powers, and that Russia if anything leads in such practices, the U.S. flights over Russia disclosed by the Gary Powers incident in 1960 had special impact on world thinking. For this reason, the Kremlin may be able to make some propaganda gains by yelling foul because of the supposed flight over Sakhalin.

OUR HOPE lies in the reasonableness and sense of perspective among leaders throughout the world.

The United States has said that the Sakhalin overflight was unintentional and that steps were being taken to prevent another such mistake. It ought to be obvious, to all who retain any perspective, that the same cannot be said of the Soviet Union's provocative build-up of Cuban armed forces.

Sent to the Showers



Yesteryear Happenings

From the Files of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO
Sept. 20, 1912

The sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Henry Streeter comes as a shock to the community and her departure leaves a vacancy noted by many. We do not miss her because of her absence from public life, because she did not feel that her place was in public or attending to the affairs of others.

Miss Juanita Plumstead, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Plumstead, and Mr. Louis Erwin were married at the residence of the bride's parents on Maple avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Jamison, the Episcopal service, somewhat modified being used, and was witnessed by only the immediate relatives and friends of the bridal couple.

The Garrick Theater, Detroit, will have for its next attraction the latest and most approved form of minstrelsy, to be presented by that distinguished and popular burlesque artist, Neil O'Brien, who on this occasion will make his initial bow before a Detroit audience at the head of his own organization.

30 YEARS AGO
Sept. 22, 1932

Opening day for the Birmingham schools Monday set another record in early registration for the system and at the end of the first two days of school the enrollment had climbed to 2,608, or 102 students larger than registration on the corresponding date last year.

Dollar Days: That eagerly awaited bargain festival that has become a firmly entrenched institution in Birmingham will be back again this weekend when local merchants.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Reader Says School's Not Like Pulling Teeth

To the Editor:

Editors should be smarter than people. The former put out news papers which the latter read.

Therefore, may a question be representing nearly two score of the leading business houses in the village, will you in offering a new series of almost unheard of merchandising values in the annual autumn event.

David Levinson, Bloomfield Township justice of the peace, was elected commander of the Charles Edward Post of the American Legion at the annual organization meeting in the Community House last night. Levinson, who served the Post as adjutant during the past year, succeeds Ernest A. Burrows in the command.

15 YEARS AGO
Sept. 18, 1947

The resignation of Lee E. Joslyn was accepted by the Board of Education of the school district at its meeting Tuesday night. Joslyn was appointed to the Board in 1939 to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Charles S. Kinnison. Joslyn was elected to the office of president on July 6, 1959.

After last Monday night's hearing on the necessity of building two new trunkline sewers to relieve the frequent flooding conditions in the Quanton Lake Estates area, the city commission agreed unanimously that need was great and the work should be undertaken as soon as possible, so next spring's thaw and rainy season would not cause the havoc of past years.

If results of the city's experimental sidewalk ramp prove there (See HAPPENINGS, 1-6)

dropped into your box concerning a problem puzzling me? How smart are we as people? I mean, do I actually believe myself when I jabber that "I'm all for the best education for my child, the best money will buy?"

BECAUSE you see, Mr. Editor, something was brought forth just this morning which made me do some rethinking on how much I do value the important commodity "education."

I called my dentist for another appointment so that my child wouldn't have to be taken out of school hours. "We just can't," the receptionist replied, "see all 300 patients after school."

Gasp! At this number, I asked if the "tooth-strainer dentist" (and that's all he does) actually had that number?

SHE ANSWERED that this didn't take into consideration the number coming on a yearly and semi-yearly basis. "Wow! In one minute, multiplying my bill by 300 plus, I blurted out that I was paying a man more money to make my child's teeth beautiful than what I would be willing to give a man to put knowledge in her head!"

Does it taken more brains to straighten teeth than to get children "bright"?

BEING an ex-teacher, I'd say "Absolutely not."

Therefore, Mr. Editor: Can I ever again pat myself on the back and declare: "I'm for education; I want the best brightest people in our land to teach my offspring because it's so important. I . . . just . . . can't."

A MOTHER

by IRMA N. DAVIS

Once Over Lightly

"What if" is the name of a game, devised perhaps by the man who invented the wheel.

Hacking away at a flat piece of rock, he may have asked himself, "What if I make this into a wheel that will roll down a hill? It might lead to all sorts of things."

It did just that and so, today, we have the automobile and a culture geared to it. So much so, in fact, that we can eat, shop or go to the bank without even getting out of our cars, via the drive-in method.

BUT "WHAT IF" the drive-in concept becomes our way of life?

Let's take a typical suburban household on a typical future morning, as the clan hits the road. Leaving their three-bedroom trailer behind, the kids pull in at the local school. Naturally, it's patterned after a drive-in movie complete with refreshment stand for lunch-hour refueling. The educational Vallhalla has long since eliminated the double-figure—no child would sit still in classes THAT long.

His goal of course is the board of directors and the golf-walled tires that go with it.

AS THE BEST of the family wheels away the hours, Mother cruises through, not to the supermarket, chugging up and down the aisles for soup and sardines.

With the ladder stocked, her next stop is the garage to get the kitchen transmission checked and she puts the time to use planning and mapping out an evening with Dad.

The old dear has reserved a parking spot at the opera, you see.

The children spend their evening on homework, studying their driving manuals until the babysitter herds them to bed.

EN ROUTE HOME, Mother and Dad stop for a bite in a quaint little restaurant where the customers actually WALK to get inside—a real relic of the 1960's.

But at long last, our drive-in couple are ready to call it a day.

"Don't forget to take my suit to the cleaners tomorrow," he says as he sets the clock. "All right," his wife answers, "but I think I'll try that new place over on US-6. Do you know the cleaner I've been going to expects you to hook the horn for service. How old-fashioned can you get?"

Eccentricities

By HANK HOGAN



I suggested to the Publisher that since this is the first anniversary of this column, we might publish an anniversary issue of the paper.

I thought we could put out a tabloid section similar to the one the school district publishes, with highlights of my last 52 columns. We could get pictures of a telephone company truck running over me, a quick snap of the un-usable "six-foot-or-less" counter at a local supermarket, a picture of the radar car in operation and a picture of me driving home from work followed closely by a police car.

I CERTAINLY would have to include various shots of my summer cottage, pictures of cars stranded on expressways and practically deserted local government meetings.

I'm sure I could get letters of congratulations from our national and state leaders such as Jack, Caroline, Johnny and Gus.

We could sell ads to the toy manufacturers of those monstrous toys that are so tastefully advertised on TV each Christmase time. We could probably get all the supermarkets to chip in.

THE PUBLISHERS' answer was something like, "You've only been with us a year? I thought our circulation problems went back further than that."

Nevertheless, without benefit of the tabloid, it has been an interesting past year. I have injected upon my poor readers my personal prejudices about many things. Surprisingly enough, apparently I am not the only one who has these prejudices.

I am sorry some of my crusades have fizzled, but I will reiterate them as the need arises. I have tried to share with my readers, keyholes that they would not normally have the opportunity to peek through.

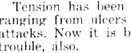
I THINK I have been blacklisted by both the John Birchers and the Americans for Democratic Action, but I feel that government would be better off without both of them.

If I have wronged anyone personally I apologize en masse. If I have interested one person in better government I feel my mission has been accomplished.

With 12 months behind us we will now face new crusades and battles. I will try to be objectively partisan and offer something that would not customarily be found on the pages of this fine paper, because this is what Webster defines as "Eccentricities."

By KEN WEAVER

City Beat



Tension has been blamed for a variety of ailments ranging from ulcers to high blood pressure and heart attacks. Now it is blamed for certain kinds of dental trouble, also.

It seems that quite a few Americans are more or less gnashing their teeth away. Nine out of 10 of us are doing this, Dr. Ralph H. Boos of Minnesota told the Southern California Dental Association, and in the process we're cutting down the life of our teeth by 50 per cent.

"This leads up to a new kind of dental prescription. To make your teeth last longer, relax."

COLLISIONS OF heavenly bodies—or, rather, impending collisions narrowly averted or avoided through the efforts of heroic scientists—provide one of the recurrent themes of science fiction. Such events make for drama on a cosmic scale.

Actual collisions in space are less entertaining. They may even give rise to a certain anxiety, especially if they occur in our own solar system.

Exactly such an accident, a mere 240 million miles from us, occurred between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, has just been photographed by astronomers, I am told.

Their plates show a big comet in a state of disarray apparently caused when the comet was hit by something — "possibly a solar wind of magnetic particles," said one report.

A solar wind may not sound like much, but it ripped a nine-million-mile tail from a comet. I recommend meditation on this to those not surfeited with worries about things here on Earth. Now they can also fret about what would happen should this little planet be involved in the next cosmic accident.

BONIFACE POTHOLDER, the Escoffier of the patio, experienced a moment of sad revelation the other day.

All at once, the little basting lamb chops with a mixture of lemon butter, thyme, marjoram and fermented kumquat juice, it came to him that the backyard cuisine season was unmistakably on the wane.

This realization may not reduce the average citizen to tears. There may be some who secretly rejoice at the prospect of savoring such indoor dishes as pot roast and dumplings.

But Boniface Potholder is saddened at the thought of winding up his summer cookery without having tried some of the magazine recipes he's clipped.

There is still time for some of them—the corned beef, pineapple and green olive kabob, the oyster-stuffed wieners marinated in sylvioviz, and so on.

But time is short. There's a sense of urgency on the Potholder patio these evenings.

THERE WILL be warm and smiling days yet, many of them. There will be the crisp and zesty days of autumn to draw away our allegiance to summer. All those days of friendly weather have yet to roll past before winter clamps down.

This is very pleasant to dwell upon. It does not quite obscure the little hints that winter is not as remote as one might wish.

On cloudy days the temperature is likely to drop in a way that suggests the cold to come. Even on some bright days one may feel, especially standing in the shade, a kind of edge; the somnolent heat of summer is gone, for that year.

So let's enjoy the warm and smiling days, the crisp and zesty days, while we can.

Other days are coming.

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