

Groves-Seaholm Rivalry?

With the football season in full flower, one of our readers called our sports editor and was quite critical of our reporting of the Groves-Seaholm game two weeks ago.

The caller felt that even though the game was one-sided we had the responsibility to impress on our readers' minds WHY it was so lopsided.

We felt that most of the residents knew that Groves is our new high school and would understand why we would not expect them to romp over the older, more established school. We certainly could not consider the game as being in the class of an old Birmingham rivalry.

Yet, since Groves did give their all, and did a creditable job, there is no reason, in our opinion, to do them a disservice by offering them sympathy.

AS TO WHEN we can expect our new high school to field a really competitive team, we went directly to the coach and asked him about his past and future problems.

Jim Kimmenson, the Groves coach, felt that enough time would have to elapse so that the coaching staff would have an opportunity to set up a progressive training program for the younger grades.

Most of the present players are playing the same way they were before they joined the team. There has not been enough time to give them the complete coaching necessary to build champions.

This means a new school takes at least

five years before it can field a well-coached team.

HE ADDED that both Birmingham schools would always be at a disadvantage in their league because the Birmingham athletic program does not include inter-school competition before the ninth grade, whereas most of the other school systems do.

The earlier start allows coaching to begin at an earlier time in a young footballer's life.

When this initial period ends, the coach felt, the annual Groves-Seaholm game may be one of the most exciting parts of the football season. He felt that the rivalry and competition among teams that should be equal will be a healthy stimulus to the local interest in football.

LOOKING FORWARD to that time, The Eccentric can't help but remember the old Thanksgiving Day football games with Royal Oak. Whether the day was shiny or snowy, practically everyone in town turned out for the affair. And the "little brown jug" was more than a trophy. It was an inspiration.

In a way it is too bad that the football season closes so early now, or we could try to restore some of that old tradition with an intra-city rivalry on that Thursday in November.

Anyway, we still have two more years before we can expect such a clash. During that time we can dream about games of old.

League Helps Our Citizens

In today's complexities of government and political philosophies, individual citizens sometimes find difficulty in reaching decisions on voting propositions.

What they need is a source of reliable information—information that they can be assured is factual and unbiased.

What some citizens may not realize is that there already is such an organization working on their behalf.

It is the Oakland Citizens League, which marked its silver anniversary Saturday with a membership tea in Bloomfield Hills.

ONE OF the founders of the league was Henry S. Booth, a well-known local newspaper executive. To this day, many Birmingham-Bloomfield area leaders are active in the organization.

Founded in 1937, the League seeks to foster good government. Its headquarters are at 503 Community Bank Building in Pontiac.

THE LEAGUE believes, "It is not enough to be a conscientious Democrat or Republican, in or out of office—you need the cooperation and support of others if you are to maintain or effectuate programs benefiting the whole public."

"We can't do it alone, but we CAN do it together."

"We can do it with other like-minded citizens—in league with them through the Oakland Citizens League."

Collectively, citizens can accomplish in government the ideals and goals desired by the individuals, which cannot be accomplished by citizens working individually.

THE LEAGUE emphasizes that it DOES have an axe to grind:

"To maintain and support an honest, effective, economic and just democracy."

The League is a fact-finding-and-reporting organization. It makes available to the citizens of the county information gained from research into all levels of government, campaign issues and candidates.

Frequently, it rates candidates for public office, based on their answers to questions in the League's own questionnaires.

Newspapers, like The Eccentric, often quote from the League's recommendations on candidates and campaign issues.

THE LEAGUE seeks to help people find the truth, to give them facts on which to base judgment. It helps people interpret and weigh facts in the increasingly complex and involved problems of our times.

People who make use of the League's services, thus are capable of voting more intelligently. They may reach decisions through knowledge, and not through ignorance or prejudice.

We salute the League on its first 25 years and wish it continued success. We recognize that our citizens are the better for it.

From The Eccentric's Point of View ...

Yes, "chickens can come home to roost." Recently the C.A.W.'s Ken Bannan publicly asserted that there is no good reason why today's time-clock purchasers in industry should have to continue this traditional way of keeping track of the hours wage earners work. He pointed out that most of our workers don't punch time clocks. "So why should factory workers do so?" Well, a couple of days after Bannan made his statement, the two hundred-off office workers at C.A.W.'s Solidarity House in Detroit asked "Well, Ken, why should we have to keep on punching clocks, then?" Bannan deflected the C.A.W.'s time clock question, though, holding that the C.A.W. office is without attendant supervisors to keep track of the C.A.W. girls' time spent at work, or time clocks are necessary. Well, we'll bet the girls eventually win the same deal that the C.A.W. ever gets on this subject.

about every type of truth, half-truth and, now and then, absolute distortion of facts. Republican George Romney, in his current campaign for governor, is finding this out. Though he, in his industrial dealings with the C.A.W. has been honest and fair as between American Motors and organized labor, Romney is finding out that labor's professional leaders will resort to numerous "dirty" deceptions in order to discredit any candidate they disapprove. Evidence of labor union leaders' lasting gratitude toward desert treatment from industry is as scarce as the limitations of "slanted propaganda" will allow ... which, naturally, is 0.

One can improve his character if he will, when necessary, by "swallowing his pride." Actually, trying to defend false pride is changing defense into offense. The surest way to be right is to admit it when you are wrong—and conscience tells one when he is wrong, if one listens to its "voice."

History states that only 120 men accompanied Columbus when he discovered America. We now have close to 130 million people in our nation, most of whom are forgetting what this country's original destiny was conceived to be.

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Dead Weight—Literally



HEIGHT	NORMAL WEIGHT	
	MEN	WOMEN
6'4"	199	...
6'2"	188	...
6'0"	179	164
5'10"	170	154
5'8"	161	146
5'6"	153	139
5'4"	145	132
5'2"	137	126
5'0"	131	120
4'10"	...	115

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Time Has Come To Decide On Cuba

To the Editor:

How much longer is our President going to continue to disregard the facts about Cuba? How much longer is our Government going to appease the communists in "satellite" trouble spots in the world?

Beginning with President Roosevelt's decisions at Yalta by which Russia virtually obtained control of Eastern Europe, we have the partition of Germany and Berlin, the capital of West Germany, located 100 miles inside Russian-dominated East Germany and the resultant year-by-year Berlin crises.

NEAT THE era of "divide to satisfy" policy of the USA in order to halt Soviet aggressions so vividly recalled when we think of Korea where General MacArthur was well on the way to complete victory before his recall by President Truman.

Following this we have more of the same. There was Indo-China, then Vietnam and Laos. Most recently Dutch Guinea marked by a shameful betrayal of our Netherlands friends.

And there is, the tragic case of Hungary when the pleas of the freedom fighters for help went unheeded by the UN and the United States at a time when the Hungarian army had actually defeated the Russian army and had forced its withdrawal from the country.

(The Russians came back to reconquer Hungary and to squelch the victorious fight for freedom only after they invited the Hungarian leaders into a meeting to dis-

miss an armistice and then double-crossed them by arrest and seizure.)

AND NOW Cuba. Almost a duplicate of the Hungarian situation. No help from the USA when the freedom fighters asked for it and deserved it.

Could it be that our treaty with the UN leaves us with our arms tied behind our backs? Could it be that our treaty with the Organization of American States (the Latin American countries) requiring a 2/3 vote before any member can take action prevents us from acting in the Cuban situation?

I say "YES" to both questions. The UN and the OAS prevent the United States from operating in its own interests.

THIS IS the reason President Kennedy has to use double talk to cover up the facts relating to Cuba. This is the reason our President in 1962 cannot employ the fortitude and initiative of President Monroe in 1823 when he kept the North and South American continents free of foreign intervention.

The Cuban-Russian satellite now building up on our door-step must be removed. The time for handling this situation is at hand.

It is high time the American people let their leaders know that the day of appeasement and giving through with the money for a spoiling fix before love could fade in the gloom behind the bars. The youth was arrested for speeding Tuesday afternoon on Woodward Ave. Justice Floyd S. Buck imposed

(See HAPPENINGS, 7-B)

Yesteryear Happenings

From the Files of The Eccentric

50 YEARS AGO
Sept. 27, 1912

James Meyers, head brakeman, was instantly killed in a rear end collision Sunday night. The freight train ran in two sections at the north end of Birmingham. The first section broke in two leaving the engine and two freight cars standing. Meyers was crushed between the cars as workmen attempted to re-couple the cars.

This week marks the close of the first month of the new school year and upon taking an inventory of the work accomplished it is found that in all departments work is progressing smoothly and has become well organized for the year. In the high school all of the classes have met and elected officers for the coming year. Wylie Groves holds the office of senior class president.

Notice to milk buyers! Due to the extreme high price of everything connected with the dairy business, it is absolutely necessary to raise the price of milk to eight (8) cents per quart beginning Oct. 1.

30 YEARS AGO
Sept. 29, 1932

A Detroit youth Wednesday was able to escape a path which led from the door of the Birmingham jail to a marriage altar, thanks to the girl of his choice who came through with the money for a speeding fix before love could fade in the gloom behind the bars. The youth was arrested for speeding Tuesday afternoon on Woodward Ave. Justice Floyd S. Buck imposed

(See HAPPENINGS, 7-B)

by IRMA N. DAVIS

Once Over Lightly

"No, don't you try this," my father used to say and with that we knew we were about to hear another of the parables of "Henny," from the pages of "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa". Henny was a lad with a lucifer-like touch whose antics were the subject of a series of articles in post-Civil War days. Gathered together into a book, they were copyrighted in 1883 by the author, George W. Peck.

This week, a copy of the "bad boy" turned up in the annual book sale sponsored by the local chapter of the American Association of University Women; and, at long last, I fared into its pages.

ALL I CAN say is, "It's a good thing the 'good old days' are gone." Somehow or other the world of that era survived Henny and his parents were still going strong at the end of the last chapter. They must have made mothers and fathers of strong stuff in Victorian times. The "boy" knew all his Pa's vanities and foibles and took the utmost advantage of them. For instance, Pa was beyond admitting that the years had taken their toll of his teeth and eyes. Thus, Henny was hard put to it, upon one occasion, not to guffaw as his father "chawed" the pieces of thin rubber tubing that interlarded his plate of macaroni and cheese. Rubber matting, cut into rounds, made fine pancakes, too.

WHEN PA, who, truth to tell, was sort of an "adult delinquent," got religion, Henny felt called upon to test the reformation of his parent. Poor Pa, imagine his embarrassment when he belted out his handkerchief-scented with alcohol during the minister's sermon. The deck of cards which had mysteriously become entwined in the folds of the cloth, few far and wide and the "brethren" were absolutely scandalized. Pa, with the best of intentions, went calling New Year's Day, but the "big no!" got the best of him. His loyal son dutifully pointed out that the hired girl's elbow was not a hat stand and when Pa shook hands with the lawn statuary, Henny entered him home and to his—in the guest room so? Ma wouldn't notice. Slightly confused about his sleeping quarters, Pa grumbled all night about Ma's cold feet and never knew his bed contained a cake of ice.

AND THAT'S the way Henny went—putting dead cats among the rabbits at the meat counter in the local grocery store; hanging Ma's wash on the line early Sunday morning (in a day when the Sabbath was REALLY a day of rest). "Peck's Bad Boy," according to the author, was not a myth though the writer admits to some stretches of imagination. His counterpart, Peck claimed, was "located in every city, village and hamlet throughout the land." If their descendants are around today, I, for one, don't know what the world will come to.

Eccentricities

By HANK HOGAN



What Eisenhower did for golf, Kennedy is doing for ten Fleming.

Fleming is the author of the James Bond spy thrillers (as they are billed on the cover of each book) which are now flooding the country in paperback form. Bond is supposed to be a member of the British secret service and is apparently single-handedly taking care of Russia.

When it was announced in a national news magazine the President's favorite form of relaxation was reading Bond's exploits, the sales of the works boomed.

I FOR ONE, wanted to know how Kennedy sets his policy for our Central Intelligence Agency, so I started to read the series over my vacation. Fleming is not a bad contemporary writer, considering that today's style is to introduce the plot on the first page and solve it on the last page and fill the in-between pages with experiences with the opposite sex. Fleming's works could be read by anyone who is writing about, which is refreshing. If he discusses a golf game between his hero and a villain, he discusses it in detail. If Bond orders dinner, the author tells you what wine he had with what course. Of course, this is one way to fill those in-between pages.

THE CHARACTER created is well done, too. Bond is a master spy. He is also a ladies' man. As a matter of fact, the fantastic part of the adventures related is how Bond, after continually running around, has enough energy to take on the Russian spies. Bond is six feet, a flashing figure with a black curl across his forehead and a cruel-looking mouth (whatever that is).

He is always armed, carrying an assortment of knives in his shoes and guns under his arms. His main problem is that he is accident-prone. The villain in every story beats him up at least once.

I REALLY don't mean to be critical because I was interested enough to read as many of the books as I could get my hands on. However, some of the villains are so fantastic that they couldn't even get into one of Dr. Seuss' imaginative children's books.

Looking back at the stories, I think I know why the President enjoyed the series. The hero is such a dashing character that he probably subconsciously identified himself with Bond.

It sounds ridiculous because I know, myself, that I am more like James Bond than the President is. Have you noticed that I am now wearing a curl across my forehead?



Ken Weaver City Beat

When John McGill left on his vacation trip to Alberta, Canada, he was driving his 1956 Plymouth.

Four days later, he was in his third car and reflecting on the disaster and hospitality he had experienced in three days time.

John, 56; his wife, Jane; and son, Howard, 12, left their home at 1257 S. Eton in Birmingham at 6:30 a.m. on a Saturday in August.

In Ashland, Wis., almost 12 hours later, their car was turned left by another. The young driver admitted that he turned left into the McGill car. It was demolished.

Mrs. McGill and the girl passenger in the second auto were injured slightly and taken to the local hospital and later released.

In the meantime, John went over to the Plymouth dealer in Ashland.

YOU SEE, John is an employee of Chrysler's Mopar plant in Center Line and had been planning to buy a 1963 Plymouth when they go on sale.

So, he decided to purchase a used car and trade it in later.

He settled on a station wagon. The deal was consummated and they were on their way again.

But—

"This car, after being assured was easy on gas and oil did not prove so; as far as oil consumption was concerned, we used four quarts in 200 miles.

"Consequently, with 2,000 more miles to go, we decided we had better get back to Ashland."

After a "hard, tiresome" ride from Bemidji, Minn., back to Ashland, John was worn out and discouraged. His wife was feeling the strain of the trip and the accident.

THIS WAS on Sunday, and they decided to stay in Ashland overnight.

"We took the car back to the dealer and explained what the trouble was. 'I told him I thought I'd give him the car back, ship our luggage home and take a bus to Birmingham,'" said John. "Why spoil your vacation?" the dealer responded. "Here, take the keys to that Plymouth across the street and take a ride in it."

John did, but he was still thinking of a new 1963 model. "How do you like the look of my car?" the dealer then asked. "Here're the keys; try it." It was a 1962 Plymouth four-door hardtop. "So, we took a ride in it, which resulted in both of us liking it very much. We flickered on price and finally came to an agreement about 11 a.m. Monday. "How to finance it and get going again was the next question." They called a representative of their credit union back home and explained the situation. He sent the necessary papers by air mail, special delivery.

NOW THERE was nothing to do until the papers arrived. The dealer took the McGills out to his home for lunch and rest. (See CITY BEAT, 3-B)