

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)
Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue.
Telephone 11 and 12.
GEORGE RODGERS AVERILL - Editor and Publisher
RAYMOND GIRDARD - Editor
PAUL N. AVERILL - Advertising Manager

Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(For Oakland County)
One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50
Three Months .25
All advertising copy must be in the Eccentric office by Wednesday noon to obtain insertion for that week.

The Eccentric is a member of: National Editorial Association; Michigan Press Association; and University Press Club.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1928

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have new value and which are written by people connected with the editorial staff of the Eccentric. The full text of such stories will be published in the Eccentric. The full text of such stories will be published in the Eccentric. The full text of such stories will be published in the Eccentric.

From Over The American Line

(By G. R. A.)
DWIGHT, ONTARIO, CANADA, August 16.—Just a week ago this morning, Thursday, Mr. Averill, Billy, John, Susan, and this sometimes wandering newspaperman left the old home town of three weeks in Canada, because we wanted to have the kiddies visit Niagara Falls for the first time in their young lives. We made a rather circuitous trip, and to date have put about 510 miles of roads beneath the unpunctured tread of Buck and Jim Oliver please note the tire tread. These lines are written at the private office of the keeper of this hotel, known as the Goldie House, and keeper being listed in the Birmingham directory as Dr. Joseph J. Maulders, of West Maple avenue.

THIS IS REALLY A GREAT country, this lake of Bays district, in the northeast of the famed Muskogee Lakes. Dame Nature has lavished an abundance of primitive landscaping hereabouts, and the scenery more than makes up for any lack of fish that may be caught during the hot month of August. This statement, Harry S. Starr, our former village manager, will be interested in the one about the only thing that will bring them to the surface of the water during August is dynamite. This, too, will provide some consolation for John A. Wendorpha, of the village planning commission, who sometimes comes home from Houghton Lake with no more than the funny trick to grace Mrs. Wendorpha's table. Situated in and about this little resort town is probably ten thousand dollars' worth of fishing tackle—beautiful gear, too. From the present look of things during this hot weather, with scarcely a cloud in the sky, the only thing of one per cent. on the investment—including that owned by yours truly, we are sorry to record.

CANADIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIALS didn't bother us much as we left the ferry at Windsor; we had shipped a trunk on ahead, and we carried only a few large bags, six or seven packages, and some miscellaneous equipment that took three bell boys to unload at hotels, we had plenty of room in the car—yes we did. We all tried to look honest, so the kindly customs chap waded us on toward points east. We understood that the boys on the American side are more careful and painstaking, and didn't expect to be held up more than six hours when we cross on the way home.

LONDON FOR LUNCH, then some more miles, about 138 of them, and we reached the Canadian side of Niagara Falls about five o'clock in the afternoon. We decided to stay in one of the fine kind of camps—one of those big houses perched on the side of Clifton Drive, overlooking the Niagara River below the Falls. After making the 43 degree ascent to the side entrance of the domicile, we arranged for a night's lodging. The rooms were clean—but the price they would have obtained a real place to put your head in the Stratter. Tourists are not only easy victims for wayward gasoline station attendants, but they are the same targets for people who offer lodging in the vicinity of some Wonder of the World.

NIAGARA FALLS LOOKED about the same as when we saw it for the tenth or eleventh time two years ago; the same water seemed to be coming over as before, the same bewilderment accompanying in the gaze of many of these stolid along its brink, the same brides and grooms stumbled about the walks, and the same general hullo was shouted from the numerous souvenir stands and shops that have made Niagara Falls famous throughout the civilized world. The kiddies, of course, were thrilled at the sight of so much water going to waste, and little Susan declared herself in favor of "going in the summer." My eight-year-old Johnny asked the name of the man who handled the hose that furnished the water for the scenery, and eight-year-old Billy tried his best to persuade his father to buy him a toy shotgun. The kiddies are unable to say much about so magnificent a sight as Niagara, but we'll wager that some of the things they saw will be recalled by their memories if they live to be a hundred. Some day Birmingham will flood part of its Rouge valley, and provide a miniature Niagara—and we know a bunch of chaps who will furnish the goldfish for the sport.

BY THE WAY, JUST BEFORE we reached Niagara Falls, not far from St. Catharines, we were held up for ten minutes by a funeral procession. A slick and sleek young Canadian motorcycle officer had parked his machine in the middle of the road, and was directing traffic at a small farmhouse where a funeral was being held. He was holding up the traffic to let about fifty people pass by to leave the house, on their journey to some cemetery. Seldom have we seen so many vehicles, or people, at an ordinary funeral: We did not learn who was deceased, but he or she must have been fine during life to have acquired so many bereaved ones, so many

friends and neighbors to make a pilgrimage to the graveyard. The act of the officer was a fine one; it made hurrying tourists pause on their hurried journey to the cemetery. During the funeral procession, we saw a Canadian lake, some in the midst of life to reverence and respect the life that once manifested itself among themselves. And it all took place from a little obscure farmhouse—which proves that no matter how humbly a life may be housed, LOVE (the quality that gets human love) may grow within in hearts and minds that will let it find room.

PRESUME YOU WOULD LIKE to know the condition of roads in this section of Canada. We are quite willing to take off our hat to those who are responsible for good roads over here—as far as the town of B. C. bridge, about 40 miles from Dwight. But from the former place on, the condition of the roads will take off anybody's hat who drives them; they are about the worst that we ever struck. A new highway is being built in this vicinity, and the old road is being widened. One of the many of the bumps will be about 100 feet high, and will be made of concrete. The old road is being widened to 20 feet between holes and is being paved with stones and other things that will be used to make a road that will be as good as a new one. The new road will be about 100 feet wide and will be paved with concrete. The old road is being widened to 20 feet between holes and is being paved with stones and other things that will be used to make a road that will be as good as a new one.

I MUST NOT CLOSE THIS EPITAPH without saying you a bit of scintillating praise—and it relates to our village president, Dr. Maulders. He had a picnic for his guests Tuesday evening at Marsh's Falls, a pretty spot about five miles up the Ontonagon river. I was delegated to take moving pictures of the party. Then comes along Robert Campbell, well known Detroit insurance man, with the plan to make up a dummy to throw into the falls. So I had to create a bit of a scenario to lead some realism to the "dirty deed." All of which resulted in having Miss Mildred Scott, of Toronto, stand on the bridge, apparently waiting for her lover. Then along comes a villain, who tried to force his attention on the lonesome girl, of course, the crowd began grimacing and face skyward, gazed upon the villain with her azure eyes, and then bellowed forth woman's age-old cry for help. It was then that Mr. Erley rushed out on the bridge, scuffled fiercely with Miss Scott's intended admirer, and forcibly removed said villain from the landscape, via the water fall. The action was stopped for a moment while the villain was supplanted by the dummy, and then the tower of the bridge here picked up the man and dumped him into the water's grave. The film is now in motion, and I have to get it out of the camera. The dummy is now in the water, and I have to get it out of the camera. The dummy is now in the water, and I have to get it out of the camera.

QUITE A COLONY OF BIRMINGHAM people are here right now. Besides the Maulders family, H. E. Erley, our village president, and his family, Fred Johnson and his family, who live on the Adams road near the Big Beaver Road, and my own family, are here. Tomorrow morning Dr. and Mrs. Iron Neph, of West Maple avenue, are expected to arrive on the scene. Which naturally means the end of the fact that the Neph's got lost today from Dr. and Mrs. Carl Morris of Pontiac, who drove up together as far as Allison. They became separated, and Dr. Morris (who is president of the Oakland County Chapter of the Michigan Society for Crippled Children) is now wondering what became of them.

SOME OF YOU (INCLUDING Charlie Shan, Clarence Vlier, and R. J. Corvell, also Robert Y. Moore, also Birmingham ad infinitum) may be interested in more details of the fishing hereabouts. This position, the Lake of Bays is pretty deep, 20 or more feet, and is a very good one for the native who is giving you the information is the average depth a hundred yards from the shore. For Lake trout, you use a copper trolling line, for bass you use a casting rod and your choice of lure, or you may use a spinner. These two species of fish come to predominate in this body of water, but when the weather is good for fishing. At other times the only fish that predominate are the ones at the head end of the line, not at the tail end of the line that you consider proper. There are many smaller streams emptying into this Lake of Bays, and some of these are used to catch trout. After that, Mr. Erley and his oldest son, Tom, actually did bring in two trout one day, and they both solemnly affirmed that they caught them. Indeed, the catching of several trout or bass during August in this country (on bad fishing days only, of course) is not hard to do and certainly a very good one for the Toronto newspapers. One chap here, by the name of Simons, of North Carolina and other leading politicians of the State.

Every real American is now working to elect Herbert Hoover. Sincerely, W. McKIGHT, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

OPPOSES ANNEXATION
Vote on annexation, Sept. 4 means much for Birmingham
Birmingham is now being asked to vote on whether or not to annex territory in the western part of the State. The territory in question is a strip of land about 10 miles long and 5 miles wide, situated between the cities of Detroit and Windsor. The territory is owned by the Canadian government and is being offered to the United States for annexation. The territory is fertile and well watered, and it is believed that it would be a great asset to the United States. However, some people in Birmingham are opposed to the annexation. They believe that the territory is not worth the cost of annexation, and they believe that it would be better to let the territory remain in the hands of the Canadian government.

BY THE WAY, JUST BEFORE we reached Niagara Falls, not far from St. Catharines, we were held up for ten minutes by a funeral procession. A slick and sleek young Canadian motorcycle officer had parked his machine in the middle of the road, and was directing traffic at a small farmhouse where a funeral was being held. He was holding up the traffic to let about fifty people pass by to leave the house, on their journey to some cemetery. Seldom have we seen so many vehicles, or people, at an ordinary funeral: We did not learn who was deceased, but he or she must have been fine during life to have acquired so many bereaved ones, so many

BUT IT WAS GREAT TO FOLLOW Doc and two others on a five-mile ride through dense woods yesterday afternoon; I have put in a good many hours in the woods, but always had to use my own legs for transportation. So it was a treat to let a horse carry me up hill and down hill, over boggy ground, and along steep inclines, to try to keep the

branches from tearing larger holes in my face. I started out on a little black horse that pricked up his ears when you said "Bert"; this animated piece of flesh got along very well with his rider until both of us came to a little brook, the bottom of which was covered with stones. After about two minutes of my coaxing, Bert started in to do some kind of a dance—one of those that made Tom Mix famous—and I then and there decided that there was too little sawdust under Bert's feet to warrant my continuing the role of a screen star, period, so I managed to wedge Bert in between two trees and I dismounted. I must be truthful, I jumped. Then I changed seats with Dr. Cook, of Detroit, who has followed the horses for some time past, and a brown labrador named Nora soon felt her rear end in the hands of the father of Billy, John, and Susan. Nora was evidently used to eccentric riders, and she and I got along very well during the remainder of the trip. Several times I managed to keep her from stumbling by pulling on the lines and holding on to the stirrups. Scarcely that she had been given me a more vigorous hand than the other, she began to trot. I was not at all surprised when she began to trot, for I had seen her do so many times before. I was not at all surprised when she began to trot, for I had seen her do so many times before. I was not at all surprised when she began to trot, for I had seen her do so many times before.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN
The Eccentric is pleased to publish the views of its readers on current events. All communications should be sent to the Eccentric office, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A CHEER FOR HELLIN STRATON-HOOVER
In time of war, it is not just to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but to give aid and comfort to the ally. In the case of the United States, the ally is the British Empire. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States.

Dr. Erley, our village president, and his family, Fred Johnson and his family, who live on the Adams road near the Big Beaver Road, and my own family, are here. Tomorrow morning Dr. and Mrs. Iron Neph, of West Maple avenue, are expected to arrive on the scene. Which naturally means the end of the fact that the Neph's got lost today from Dr. and Mrs. Carl Morris of Pontiac, who drove up together as far as Allison. They became separated, and Dr. Morris (who is president of the Oakland County Chapter of the Michigan Society for Crippled Children) is now wondering what became of them.

Every real American is now working to elect Herbert Hoover. Sincerely, W. McKIGHT, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

OPPOSES ANNEXATION
Vote on annexation, Sept. 4 means much for Birmingham
Birmingham is now being asked to vote on whether or not to annex territory in the western part of the State. The territory in question is a strip of land about 10 miles long and 5 miles wide, situated between the cities of Detroit and Windsor. The territory is owned by the Canadian government and is being offered to the United States for annexation. The territory is fertile and well watered, and it is believed that it would be a great asset to the United States. However, some people in Birmingham are opposed to the annexation. They believe that the territory is not worth the cost of annexation, and they believe that it would be better to let the territory remain in the hands of the Canadian government.

BY THE WAY, JUST BEFORE we reached Niagara Falls, not far from St. Catharines, we were held up for ten minutes by a funeral procession. A slick and sleek young Canadian motorcycle officer had parked his machine in the middle of the road, and was directing traffic at a small farmhouse where a funeral was being held. He was holding up the traffic to let about fifty people pass by to leave the house, on their journey to some cemetery. Seldom have we seen so many vehicles, or people, at an ordinary funeral: We did not learn who was deceased, but he or she must have been fine during life to have acquired so many bereaved ones, so many

BUT IT WAS GREAT TO FOLLOW Doc and two others on a five-mile ride through dense woods yesterday afternoon; I have put in a good many hours in the woods, but always had to use my own legs for transportation. So it was a treat to let a horse carry me up hill and down hill, over boggy ground, and along steep inclines, to try to keep the

Marsh's Falls, a pretty spot about five miles up the Ontonagon river. I was delegated to take moving pictures of the party. Then comes along Robert Campbell, well known Detroit insurance man, with the plan to make up a dummy to throw into the falls. So I had to create a bit of a scenario to lead some realism to the "dirty deed." All of which resulted in having Miss Mildred Scott, of Toronto, stand on the bridge, apparently waiting for her lover. Then along comes a villain, who tried to force his attention on the lonesome girl, of course, the crowd began grimacing and face skyward, gazed upon the villain with her azure eyes, and then bellowed forth woman's age-old cry for help. It was then that Mr. Erley rushed out on the bridge, scuffled fiercely with Miss Scott's intended admirer, and forcibly removed said villain from the landscape, via the water fall. The action was stopped for a moment while the villain was supplanted by the dummy, and then the tower of the bridge here picked up the man and dumped him into the water's grave. The film is now in motion, and I have to get it out of the camera. The dummy is now in the water, and I have to get it out of the camera.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN
The Eccentric is pleased to publish the views of its readers on current events. All communications should be sent to the Eccentric office, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A CHEER FOR HELLIN STRATON-HOOVER
In time of war, it is not just to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but to give aid and comfort to the ally. In the case of the United States, the ally is the British Empire. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States. It is our duty to give aid and comfort to the British Empire, and to the United States.

Dr. Erley, our village president, and his family, Fred Johnson and his family, who live on the Adams road near the Big Beaver Road, and my own family, are here. Tomorrow morning Dr. and Mrs. Iron Neph, of West Maple avenue, are expected to arrive on the scene. Which naturally means the end of the fact that the Neph's got lost today from Dr. and Mrs. Carl Morris of Pontiac, who drove up together as far as Allison. They became separated, and Dr. Morris (who is president of the Oakland County Chapter of the Michigan Society for Crippled Children) is now wondering what became of them.

Every real American is now working to elect Herbert Hoover. Sincerely, W. McKIGHT, 1247 1/2 North Third Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

OPPOSES ANNEXATION
Vote on annexation, Sept. 4 means much for Birmingham
Birmingham is now being asked to vote on whether or not to annex territory in the western part of the State. The territory in question is a strip of land about 10 miles long and 5 miles wide, situated between the cities of Detroit and Windsor. The territory is owned by the Canadian government and is being offered to the United States for annexation. The territory is fertile and well watered, and it is believed that it would be a great asset to the United States. However, some people in Birmingham are opposed to the annexation. They believe that the territory is not worth the cost of annexation, and they believe that it would be better to let the territory remain in the hands of the Canadian government.

BY THE WAY, JUST BEFORE we reached Niagara Falls, not far from St. Catharines, we were held up for ten minutes by a funeral procession. A slick and sleek young Canadian motorcycle officer had parked his machine in the middle of the road, and was directing traffic at a small farmhouse where a funeral was being held. He was holding up the traffic to let about fifty people pass by to leave the house, on their journey to some cemetery. Seldom have we seen so many vehicles, or people, at an ordinary funeral: We did not learn who was deceased, but he or she must have been fine during life to have acquired so many bereaved ones, so many

BUT IT WAS GREAT TO FOLLOW Doc and two others on a five-mile ride through dense woods yesterday afternoon; I have put in a good many hours in the woods, but always had to use my own legs for transportation. So it was a treat to let a horse carry me up hill and down hill, over boggy ground, and along steep inclines, to try to keep the

New Residences
A few exceptionally good values in modern new-homes and building-sites.
Colgrove, Buck & Tillotson
REALTORS
MRS. J. B. BANK BLDG.

DR. J. J. REILLY
DENTIST
Announces the Opening
of a
DENTAL OFFICE
ROOM 201
BIRMINGHAM THEATRE BUILDING
Open Evenings 7-9 P. M. and All Day Saturday

VILLAGERS AND THE VILLAGE
(Concluded from Page 1)
The village is a place where the people live and work. It is a place where the people are free to do as they please. It is a place where the people are free to do as they please. It is a place where the people are free to do as they please.

Dr. G. R. Norton
Dr. Mabel Campbell
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
112 First National Bank Building
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
PHONE: 1044 Office 1699

McAlpine-Starr, Inc.
Engineers - Surveyors
508 South Woodward
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
PHONE: BIRMINGHAM 803

ARTHUR L. WEEKS
Architect
FIELD BLDG., BIRMINGHAM
Telephone 1140

Royal Oak Cement
Construction Co.
SEWER - PAVING
DRIVEWAY AND CURB
All Work Guaranteed
Free Estimates
PHONE R. O. 2380

W. D. KNOX
Architect
210 Birmingham Theatre Building
TELEPHONE 2050

Allen Engineering Co.
Certified Est. Survey. Subdivision
Sewer, Side, & Water,
Curb and Cutters
Topographic Surveys
TELEPHONE 113-M 114 FRANK ST.

A Thought for Today
The life given us by nature is short; but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.
-CICERO.