

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)
Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in the Eccentric Building, 220-222 North Woodward Avenue.

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(In Oakland County)
One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months .50

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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1929

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Our Water Supply

In a talk before members of the Birmingham Rotary club last week, Village Manager James W. Parry gave a very able presentation of the village's water situation; he told a bit of its historic struggle to keep pace with the growth of Birmingham, and wound up by emphasizing his belief that Birmingham has all the water it needs, and will be able to get more in the future.

All in all, what Mr. Parry said was welcome news to the audience that listened attentively to his remarks; it was especially welcome to those who, in recent years, have witnessed the destruction and decay of lawn, tree, and shrub—not to mention the loss by fire of considerable property—because of a lack of water supply.

One portion of Mr. Parry's statement, however, will bear correction. When he said that "I wish to take exception to a statement made by The Eccentric last week when it referred to our water works as being 'overtaxed,'" with the possible exception of two or three hours a week when the pressure dropped low because of an unusually heavy demand due to the warm weather," he slipped, we believe, more than one cog in his appraisal of Birmingham's water supply situation, as it pertains to mechanics.

Until the Derby week was connected last week, Birmingham for over two years, depended upon the Lincoln and Baldwin wells, plus the elevated storage tank. The Lincoln well pumps 1000 gallons, the Baldwin well less than 500 gallons, we are informed; the Baldwin well alone cannot supply the demand, so that the Lincoln well has been used almost uninterruptedly for over a year.

Yes, we firmly believe, Birmingham's water supply prior to last week was overstated—just as any mechanical appliance, in constant use, would be if it had nothing to supplement its work in case of temporary breakdown.

Birmingham citizens, today, are well taken care of with regard to their water supply; and The Eccentric, having lived through more than one water shortage in this community, suggests that interested citizens do all they can to commend this village's water supply. Birmingham has a commendable attitude of conserving Birmingham's water supply for Birmingham life and property.

On Coming Golf Widows

A few days ago we spent an enjoyable afternoon on the golf course at Ionia, as the guest of Fred D. Eaton, publisher of the Northville Record, and secretary for four years to Ex-Governor Alex Groesbeck; Murl H. Doce, publisher of the Charlotte Republican-Tribune, and a former State Senator, also put in his appearance.

Neither Eaton nor DeFoe ever played golf, having made solemn vows to play a more strenuous game until they became old enough to carry a golf bag. However, they both walked over the golf course for a while, as Ye Ed made birdies and eagles, and did all they could to rouse within their carnivorous vitals a desire to consume all they could at the dinner that was to come.

During a lull, as we all waited for Fred Chapman, manager of the State Fair, to join us in a discussion of horticulture and fertilizer methods, Eaton and DeFoe succumbed to our suggestion that each walk a golf ball. So we obtained the necessary tools and were sorry that the Pathe News cameraman was not present to record what followed.

A "Patience" Light

Down where Woodward avenue becomes dotted with what appears to be the beginning of Dynamic Detroit, where Ferrand's business section sticks out like a lighthouse in a fog, much traffic goes through. That is to say, many automobiles roll to and fro, and two—and at, sometimes one, sometimes more than two—but all of them here.

And here hangs an observation: there is situated on Woodward avenue, just north of the Nine Mile road, what we shall nickname a "patience light." It is an ordinary traffic light, situated at the customary place on a street intersection, yet when it changes from red to green, the yellow portion of the partial spectrum refuses to go out for quite some time.

Motorists waste much gas, waiting for it to become green, while some often get on their way even before the green light comes on.

We waited for it the other evening, becoming momentarily impatient when the yellow hung on; then we became noisy, and just relaxed in our seat, thankful that Ferrand's light was bright enough to offer the hurrying motorist these days a real change to rest behind the wheel; also, to subdue this modern Twentieth Century impatience.

A Passing Freight

He had evidently dropped from a passing Grand Trunk freight, for he came through the meadow directly eastward until he found the back door of a local home. There he knocked and, after a brief conversation with a certain exceptionally charitable lady, he was given food, temporary shelter, and an odd suit. He went his way later, his apparent 65 years of decrepitude somewhat brightened up; it was as though some person had come upon a heavily laden tree, and placed some prop beneath its burdened branches.

Peaks Of Personality

As the shining countenance of a kindly friend stands out from the bleakness of a sea of unknown faces upon a city street; as a pastoral scene brings rest to eyes that are smarting from the glare of brick and cement, concrete and stone, so does a fine sentiment spoken wistfully by another great one on a morning, and sort of give a meaningful start to the day's labors.

A few mornings ago we found these few words of Emerson's; we pounced upon them with thankful hearts. They read: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy to live to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Happy, indeed, must be those who have kept faith with their better selves; like great mountain peaks they stand out among the hills and valleys, affording a finer, clearer, and more expansive view of the vast panorama of life. Ralph Waldo Emerson was such an one.

Why Not?

"Chattering about the next war," declares Prof. J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, "should be made a criminal offense by persons who do not believe in it." And why not?

If talking peace when a nation is at war is criminal—and it was, a little more than ten years ago—is talking war when a nation is at peace any less criminal?

The settlement of all disputes by peaceful means is not a settled policy of the civilized world. If the pacifist was a menace to his country when it is pursuing war, is the jingoist any less so today when his country is pursuing peace?—Christian Science Monitor.

CHICAGO LEADERS of a botanical expedition into Brazil reveal that they discovered trees that produce quantities which give off sugar and lard. You would naturally expect Chicago to find a substitute for the hog's rendered flesh, wouldn't you?

If the LEADERS of China and Russia desire to leave the question of whether or not they should get into a war to a group of newspaper proofreaders, we know that the war will stop before it gets started.

AS THIS IS WRITTEN, one Illinois woman and two men, in a rocking chair marathon contest, have rocked for over 216 hours. Now we'll have a "national rocking chair week," we suppose.

IT IS REPORTED that an Italian played a trombone for six hours while treading water in a swimming pool. We suggest the same exercise for all saxophone players.

KING ALFONSO, so our Spanish correspondent at Madrid cautions us yesterday, likes to dip home-made cookies in his coffee. "There—we have always told Tom Schooley that 'gadunking' is a royal pastime.

WHEN CREMATED, a body that weighed 140 pounds is reduced to about three pounds of ashes. That ought to remove some of the weight from those who claim that brawn is heavier than brain.

Another Tong War Threatening On The Home Front!



President Won't Have To Worry. Even If Sunday Observance Law Is Adopted In Nation's Capital

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Staff Writer
Washington.—Secretary Linn ... of the National Association Opposed to Blue Laws, surely cannot have understood the real object behind the recent appeal ... of the anti-blue-law societies in the District—such as drug stores, soda fountains, cigar stands and even filling stations. The publication of ...



THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

PHIL OSOPHER'S COLUMN
Originality.—Doing what some other fellow did so long ago that people have forgotten about it.

No one cares to tell or hear the whole truth about himself. Often it would be better if the speaker were rebuked for dullness instead of reminding the audience for inattention.

Children are so wise these days at such tender ages that those parents who wish to have an old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk should schedule it for the sixth birthday.

"What's the fuss in the school-yard, sonny?" asked the gentleman passing a ward school. "Why, the doctor's just been around examining us, an' one of the deficient boys is knockin' him out of a perfect kid."

Callie Knows Her Status
"Yassum," said Callie, the colored cook, "I been engaged now 'n' goin' on ten days."

Famous One-Liners
Whoodyouwaswhenyoubroke? To have friends one must be a friend. He who has many friends has been a friend to many.

WISDOM
Socrates does not get his reputation for wisdom by advertising. Through the centuries his simple words have guided the leadership of humanity to high and noble things.

Care?
The club members were discussing laziness. One finally told about his hiking trip to the South. Coming to a stream he saw a mountaineer sitting on the bank against a tree, his hat over his face and a fishing pole stuck under one knee, the line in the water.

From what I can learn, an assurance by the president that he simply rests on Sunday, but does no fishing, would have been satisfactory.

Or, if he has fished hitherto, but had committed himself to an unqualified declaration in opposition to Sunday amusements, I am told that it would have been interpreted as a pledge to do no more of it in future.

What do the Sunday observance folk will do now remains an open question. ... In any case, a vigorous campaign for a drastic Sunday observance law for the District of Columbia will be launched immediately following the opening of the regular session of congress.

New Homes Near The Quorton School

Several new residences within easy walking distance of attractive new Quorton School. These houses run in prices from \$15,200 for a well built, four bedroom house to the largest and finest structures in fashionable Quorton Lake Estates.



Friendly Thoughts By G. Dewey Kimball. An advertisement for G. Dewey Kimball Funeral Director, Ambulance Service, 408 N. Woodward Ave., Phone 310.

Dr. G. R. Norton, Osteopathic Physician, 114 1/2 West Maple. By Appointment, Leonard Bldg., Phone Office 1659.

Clare H. Ogden, Attorney-at-Law, Room 3, Oakland Savings Bldg., Phone Birmingham 1055.

Dr. J. S. Donaldson, Dentist, X-Ray, Telephone 1897, WAREE BUILDING, Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 3.

McAlpine-Starr, Inc., Engineers - Surveyors, 636 South Woodward Birmingham, Mich. Phone Birmingham 805.

J. T. Clark, Standard Oil Products Representative, Phone Birmingham 893, 13 South Bowen St., Birmingham, Mich.

There's nothing like a wedding To make a fellow lean. At first he thinks he's his'n, But later learns he's her'n. —The Ditchfork.

It is interesting to note that the Eccentric has been published for over 50 years, and during that time has maintained its position as one of the leading newspapers in Birmingham.