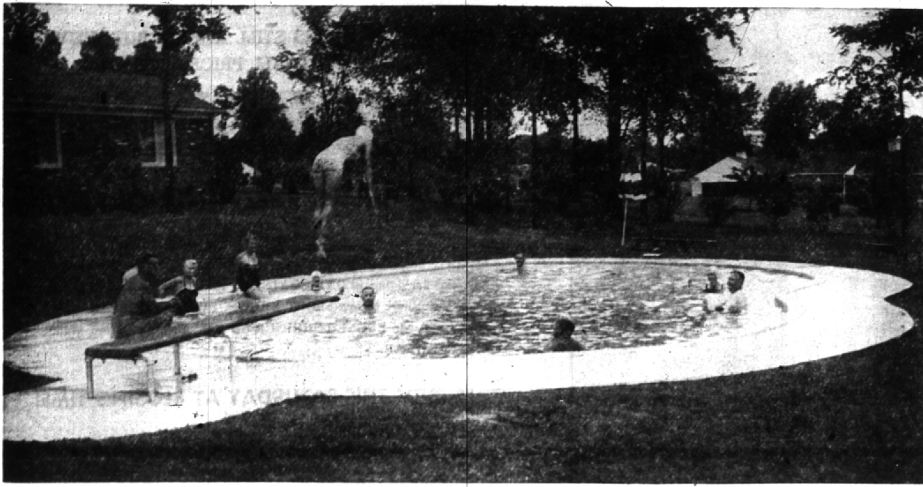


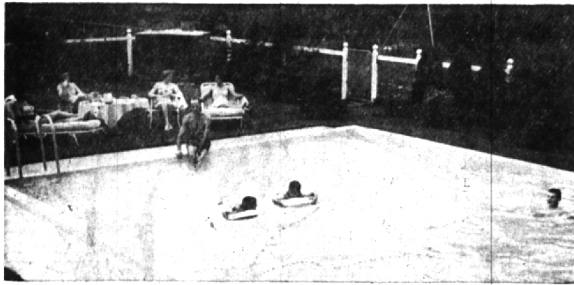
Let's Go Swimmin' . . . the Water's Wonderful!



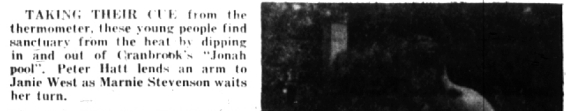
BERKSHIRE RESIDENTS Mr. and Mrs. Allan B. Sumner, 3495 W. Lincoln drive, entertain guests and at the same time find a way of beating the heat, which has a grip on the Birmingham area that it is reluctant to give up (as you are well aware).



ONE OF FRANKLIN'S popular pools is located in the backyard of the Leo R. Miller home at 7430 Franklin court. Here Mrs. Miller (handing tube to swimmer) entertains some of her neighbors and friends at an afternoon swim party.



DRS. MAURICE AND MARJORIE HOWLETT enjoy a pleasant evening in the back yard of their W. Beverly home at 18870 Riverside with neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ellis of 18827 Riverside and Mrs. Larry Bard of 18861 W. 14 Mile road, as Ken Howlett, 4, John Bard, 4, and Tom Ellis, Jr., find relief from heat in the Howletts' pool.



TAKING THEIR CUE from the thermometer, these young people find sanctuary from the heat by dipping in and out of Cranbrook's "Jonah pool". Peter Hatt lends an arm to Janie West as Marnie Stevenson waits her turn.

The Birmingham Eccentric

Every day . . . every hour of every day . . . is a good time for us to make new resolutions for self-improvement. "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," saith the Bible. Why wait for a January?

Thursday, July 21, 1955
Section 3



TWO-YEAR-OLD JANICE ELDER models a life jacket which she uses to dive off the board, with a good deal of skill we might add to deep water. Janice is the daughter of the Robert Elders of 4521 Walnut Lake road, Walnut Lake.



ROLAND JOINES of Birmingham (England) takes a dip in the pool at the home of the Frank Joines of South Miller way, Gilbert Lake, as his wife (right) and their hostess sunbathe nearby.

Backyard Pools Are Well Filled While Thermometer Hangs High

Story and Photos by
WILLIAM H. THOMAS

Let's face it. It has been hot. Casting about for some means of beating the heat, I decided to find out what others were doing to keep cool.

Iced beverages, electrical fans, even air conditioned rooms did not do a completely satisfying job of holding the humidity at bay.

The beverages' beneficial effects were off almost as soon as the last drop disappeared. Electric fans were not portable, so I soon left them stirring warm air to no avail.

AS FOR AIR CONDITIONING—well you just can't work in ice cream stores, clothing stores or wherever they have air cooling. You bring along your typewriter, camera, telephone, paper, pencils and news sources with you.

After being asked to leave a couple of stores, I finally picked myself and my equipment up off the sidewalk and, wild-eyed, tried to puzzle my way to a solution.

Then I noticed them. The "cool" people. They'd drive up, scurry around to complete their business, then dash off.

"How do they do it?" I asked myself as I wiped my forehead. So I picked out an exceptionally cool number and followed her as she drove out of the steaming city to suburbia.

WHEN SHE PARKED her car, she didn't go into the house but hurried into her rear yard.

"Perhaps she has her own ice house back there," was the first thought that came to mind.

But no. As I inched my way along the side of the house loaded with camera equipment, I heard a mixture of splashing and happy laughter.

Peering through the slats in the fence, I found the answer—the oasis—the reason why suburbia was staying cool.

There, with most of the neighborhood joining in, was my cool number about to dive into her backyard pool. Kids were splashing around in their life jackets. Adults were getting out of the water only long enough to flex their muscles on the diving board before jumping back into the cool water.

THEN THEY SAW ME—the outcasted newspaper reporter loaded with equipment and pressing one eye almost through the slatted board.

"Come on in—the water's fine," they chorused.

I sprang up, pushed open the gate and started running toward the pool, leaving a trail of equipment behind.

As I neared the pool I remembered my garb. No swimming suit. A dash to the car confirmed my worst fears—the suit was home on the clothesline.

My training made me snap a couple of pictures, just in case, and then I went on—a hot, tired, newspaperman driving from pool to pool taking pictures and waiting for someone to offer me the use of a swim suit.

The offer never came. Oh, well. "I'm too busy anyway," I told myself as I wiped my forehead for the 352nd time.



LATHRUP MOTHERS TOOK TURNS watching their, and other, children in the pool of Mr. and Mrs. Helmut O. Krippendorf of 17551 Redwood.



WALNUT LAKERS ALSO found ways of beating the heat during the past two weeks. Robert W. Elder, Jr., 7, son of the Robert Elders of 4521 Walnut Lake road, takes a plunge as Kathie Shepherd of Dearborn and Cindy Carr of 6059 Franklin road await their turn. Supervising (left) is Mrs. Elder as Robert's sister sits unconcerned beside the board.



WALTER VALENTINE, a do-it-yourself man, of 32024 Auburn, E. Beverly, built his own swimming pool since last December. The pool, which tapers to eight feet in depth, is equipped with its own filter plant, thereby allowing the continuous use of the same water. Here, Valentine (left) instructs daughter Janice, 4, while Mrs. Valentine and daughters, Joyce, 5, and Jeanette, 16 months, watch from the pool's edge.