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REGISTRATION NOTICE
CITY OF BLOOMFIELD HILLS
for
GENERAL PRIMARY ELECTION
September 15, 1936

Notice is hereby given that any person wishing to vote at this election must be registered on or before **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1936, at 5:00 P. M.**

Any person who is a Citizen of the United States, 21 years of age, has resided in the City of Bloomfield Hills 20 days and in the State of Michigan 6 months may register by calling at the City Clerk's Office on East Long Lake Road on or before **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1936, between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.** The City Clerk's Office will be open to receive registrations on **WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M.**

Those persons who have already registered under the permanent registration system do not have to re-register. Any person who has not voted since November, 1932, and whose registration has not been reinstated must re-register for this election.

FRANK W. ATKINSON, Clerk
City of Bloomfield Hills

Maurice F. Cole Is GOP Candidate For Commissioner Job

Maurice F. Cole, Ferndale attorney and former school principal, is a candidate on the Republican ticket for the position of Circuit Court Commissioner in Oakland County. Mr. Cole is a life-long resident of this state and has been active in public life for a number of years.

He received his elementary education in the Paw Paw schools, later getting an AB degree from Albion College and his Master's degree from the University of Michigan. He also attended the Detroit College of Law, graduating from that institution with an LL.D. degree.

Mr. Cole is a veteran of the World War, serving 17 months overseas with the 32nd, or Red Arrow, Division as a First Lieutenant. He served as athletic coach and teacher in the Allegan, Michigan public schools and was Principal of the Lincoln High School, Ferndale, from 1920 until 1924.

In addition to being a past president of the Ferndale Exchange Club, Mr. Cole was chosen the first Commander of the Paul W. Hornaday Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is now Secretary of the Oakland County YMCA Camp and a member of the State Y committee. He is a member of Session First Presbyterian Church, Royal Oak.

Floyd Gibbons
Adventurers' Club
Hello Everybody!

"Call to the Colors"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

WELL, sir, here's a yarn with a lot of that old Fourth of July spirit. It's the summer of 1918. The war is an auld lang syne for the Third Liberty Loan—remember it?—as at its height.

There's a parade on Fifth avenue, Park avenue, where the big show of the drive is to take place, is all rigged up in holiday trimmings. From Forty-sixth street to Fifty-first street—five solid blocks—it has been turned into a sylvan loveland, lined by pine trees, decorated with greens and trimmed with bunting and filigees of paper ribbon.

There's a bandstand to every block, and dozens of booths, all gay in their multi-colored streamers of silk and serotina. The street is thronged, and in the crowd is Dave Zabarlas, now of The Bronx, N. Y., but then of the United States navy.

Dave was a full borely cadaver, but he'd been in the navy for almost a year, and he was still waiting for Uncle Sam to show him some action. He'd made several trips across in a battle wagon, but not even so much as the life line of a torpedo had he seen.

Adventure Was a Long Time in Reaching Dave.

He wanted to fairly catch the new sense of that war people had talked about. He'd have given his left ear, just then, for a little excitement. But here he was, back in the States again, on shore leave and with nothing to do but saunter around New York and watch the crowds and find out so many other adventures who have gone thousands of miles in search of a thrill, only to find one waiting for them on the front doorstep. Dave was heading for his right at that very moment.

Dave's wandering footsteps took him to Park avenue and right there he stopped. It was a pretty sight. The street was thronged with people playing. Four miniature gym were making speeches. It occurred to Dave that hereafter he hadn't been able to do for Uncle Sam or do anything else but swab decks, but at last he could turn to and try to sell some of those Liberty bonds. He was pushing his way through the crowd around one of the booths, when down the street came a big, green, double-decked Fifth avenue bus.

Blaze From Fireworks Stampedes the Crowd.

The parade on Fifth avenue had to stop. The buses were coming down there. The street was crowded. The people at it were shouting and waving lighted sparklers. The crowd was so thick that Dave couldn't get through. He was standing, somebody threw one of those sparklers. It sailed across the street in a great fiery arc, landing in the branches of a jotted pine tree—and then, suddenly, the whole street was in an uproar.

The sparkler had set fire to the tree. The flames spread to the inflammable paper streamers that decorated a nearby booth. In an instant the whole block was a roaring inferno. The crowd was milling about. People were tramping and shouting one another. A woman screamed, and Dave went to her rescue. He got her out of the danger zone, then ran back to see if there was anything more he could do.

By the time he got back the burning area was deserted except for an army officer who stood in the midst of blazing booths, looking up at the top of a cherry tree. As Dave ran up the officer called him. "Hi there, gov," he yelled. "Come here. We're going to save that flag."

Flames were running close to the top of the pole. The ballards had been burnt or torn away and the only way to get the flag was to climb up after it. The officer was fat and heavyset, so it was up to Dave to do the climbing.

Dave Tries to Save Old Glory From the Flames.

Close to the pole was a hand-trail with a pants on it. Dave got on top of the pants and jumped for the pole. A burst of flame swept across the handstand just as he leaped. Tongues of flame licked up at him, but Dave paid no attention. He started to climb.

Down below, someone was yelling at him, but Dave couldn't see who it was for the smoke that billowed up and got in his eyes. The heat was terrific and he was weakening fast. Suddenly his hold loosened and he fell to the ground. He fell on something soft, and was surprised, until he saw it was the army officer. "I had been waiting to catch him. He set Dave on his feet. 'I'm going to give you a better start this time,'" he told him, "climb up on my shoulders."

So Dave tried again. From the officer's shoulders he started on the pole. And as he did, another burst of flame swept from the burning grandstand and the officer had to run for his life.

Pole Is a Hot Spot for Heroic Gov.

There was no falling down this time. Dave just didn't dare. Flame was creeping up after him and he began to wish that pole was a mile long, instead of a mere thirty feet. He'd be willing to climb any distance at all—just so long as he could get away from the heat and the fire.

"I got to the top," says Dave. "I grabbed the flag and put it down into my jump. The smoke was so thick that I couldn't see a soul below me, but I did see the bottom of the pole, and it had started to burn. Then I began wishing I was in France in the trenches. It was a better spot than the one I was in at the moment."

"The heat was getting more all the time, and along toward the end it was like sitting in hot oil. I could hear people down below yelling to me to jump, but I couldn't even see the street through the smoke and I didn't want to let go until I could see where I was landing."

Rescuing the Flag Was Worth All the Dangers!

After about ten minutes, the fire department got there. They put hoses on the flames, and then Dave says, the smoke was like a gas attack. He couldn't breathe, and he was getting weaker every minute. The firemen spread a net and yelled to him just where it was, but Dave didn't have strength enough to jump out to where he could safely land on it.

After that, Dave lost all sense of time. He clung to the pole in a daze while the firemen got the blaze under control. And still he hung there, while the crowd below shouted to him to come down. In the end it was the army officer who came up after him and pulled him to the ground inch by inch.

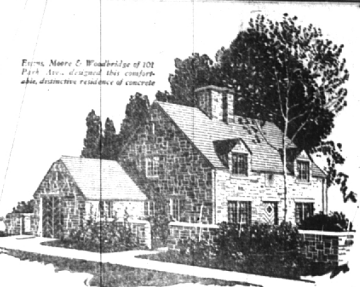
But when Dave reached the ground again and snatched out of his daze, he was a happy sailor. "I felt," he says, "that saving that flag was as good as capturing a thousand of the enemy. Anyway, I felt as tired as if I had."

J. Lee Voorhees Seeks Relection To Coroner Office

J. Lee Voorhees announces his candidacy for the Republican nomination for coroner. Mr. Voorhees is a native of Oakland County. He is a property owner and has served in the United States Army.

Mr. Voorhees is married and has three children. He is a member of the Congregational Church. Fraternally he is a member of the Board of Commerce, American Legion and Rotary Club, also a member of the Masonic, Eastern Star, Elks, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Eagle Lodges. He is not a member of any other social organization.

Mr. Voorhees is trained and experienced in the medical phase of undertaking work, much of which is closely allied with the coroner's office. He pledges continued to give official attention of the office for which he now bids.



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Jots 'n' Jest

THOSE two Saginaw, Mich., men who were jailed for trying to take women in the neighboring City of Alma may merely have been saluting their Alma mater.

Greece and Albania have no radio stations. Well, that's one way of taking care of those announcers.

It seems to us that the parachute jumper who landed on an outdoor dance floor near Pittsburgh might have crashed the gate with a little more finesse.

The African cheetah can run 103 feet a second. They don't need quite so much speed in the U. S., since all American policemen "have big feet."

If opportunity is responsible for the new "knock knock" fat, we'd just as soon stay where we are.



*"He Climbed Up the Flame Swept Pole."

Sam or do anything else but swab decks, but at last he could turn to and try to sell some of those Liberty bonds. He was pushing his way through the crowd around one of the booths, when down the street came a big, green, double-decked Fifth avenue bus.

Strike a match—then listen!

Electrolux IS JUST AS SILENT

And this noiseless operation of Electrolux is evidence of its basically different refrigerating method—no machinery at all. It's the key to every one of the famous Electrolux advantages.

- No moving parts to wear
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- Continued low operating cost
- Fulllest food protection
- Savings that pay for it

There's good reason for the silence—the permanent silence—of Electrolux. It hasn't a single moving part! A tiny gas flame does all the work.

This simplicity accounts also for the greater efficiency of Electrolux... and for the ever-growing popularity of this modern gas refrigerator.

Already, Electrolux has been the choice for more than half a million American homes and apartments. Each year a larger percentage of all refrigerators sold are Electrolux Refrigerators.

Electrolux runs for only a few pennies a day... and this cost will never be increased through the inefficiency of worn or wearing parts. For, parts that do not move cannot wear or cause trouble!

Remember, too, the constant, steady cold of Electrolux—24 hours a day, winter and summer—keeps perishables and left-overs fresh for days. Owners find that savings on food bills and refrigerating cost actually pay for Electrolux.

See the beautiful new 1936 models for yourself. Inspect the many worthwhile Electrolux conveniences that speed kitchen work. Get the facts about our liberal purchase plan. Come in today!

FREE TRIAL

With no expense to you—No "strings," no rental costs or other expenses of that sort—we will install a beautiful new 1936 model Electrolux—Then should you decide to buy, a three year purchase plan makes this offer easy to enjoy—

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