

EMOLAYS WIN TROPHY

Sire Team is Defeated 33 to 32 in Fast Played Game

Uprooting the powerful Sire team, the local DeMolay five not only won a closely contested match, 33 to 32, but they were declared champions of the Y. M. C. A. Basketball League by virtue of their victory, achieved on the Baldwin High School Court.

The hotly fought tilt was replete with thrills from the start. While to the game's end, Sires leaped into a commanding lead at the outset, due to Ken, who, McBride's scoring spree in which he rolled up nine points before DeMolay had 'told' how over, Norton and DeMolay, soon afterwards and that, coupled with Fear's six points and Cliff Stre's four markers enabled the DeMolays to pull up with an even score at the half-way mark.

The second half developed into a see-saw affair. Norton and McBride kept the crowd on its feet with a succession of beautiful shots. Toward the close of the contest the DeMolays took the lead by one point, holding the slim margin until the game ended through the Sire team's constant three-pointed.

McBride was high scorer for both sides, chalking up 17 points. He was closely followed by Norton with 14. Fear tallied 10 points and Stre's six. On the defense, the guarding of Hunt for the losers and Stre for DeMolay was outstanding.

Following the close of the game, Robert D. Lind, Y. M. C. A. secretary, presented the champions with the basketball trophy. It was the first time that the DeMolay five has won the league championship although they have been in the league for seven years.

MASONIC ORGANIZATION TO HOLD DANCE MARCH 20

Birmingham's Masonic Temple organization will hold their Spring Dance at the West Bloomington Township Hall on Friday, March 20, at 8:30 o'clock that evening, according to a recent announcement. Larry Maloney's Elk's Orchestra from Pontiac has been secured for the affair. It was stated a nominal fee will be charged to attract the informal dance. The groups sponsoring the dance include the Blue Lodge, DeMolay local chapter, Order of Eastern Star and the Chapter.

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YOUNG'S "Shoes for the Entire Family"

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Rambling Reverie

By E. G. Whitney

PITTER PATT! Our attendance race was the best ever, said Russell McBride, noted for being "Lion man" . . . never notices what long steps F. J. of Mulholland takes . . . get the way back. G. R. has to make him play the accordion . . . Landscaper Laird should've been a movie star . . . come, come, E. H. you're blushing . . . "Bill Olders" has a missed out, too . . . a diplomat was made for . . . says the "you see, that's the right thing at the right time. It's a Machus . . . though when his bakery baggy . . . and went berserk, piling up against a pole at the foot of the hill. Dr. A. J. reached his new dentist in town, never looks down in the mouth. . . Doug Davis went to the dogs . . . but he's back from the races now . . . cherio!

E. G. Whitney

PATHOLOGICAL PROBLEM: About the middle of the 16th Century sentimentality and daily in art reached its highest pitch. It was during that era that Goethe wrote the "Sorrows of Werther". So strongly did the people of Europe react to the tragic exit from this earthy sphere by the hero of the sorrows that a wave of suicide swept the land in an hysterical imitation. You see, that's the right thing to do you that you can't goose your own cook.

PLENTY PILED: Bloomfield Hills Mayor Roehm says he's been "screaming about what because of the writer of the following letter." October 31, 1936 Mine Private Friend You surely will be interested in a strange experience I had recently.

I had saved about twelve bottles of whiskey and when my wife caught up with me you might guess what happened. She told me to empty every bottle in the sink or else. I said I would and proceeded with the first bottle. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the next bottle and did likewise. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the good old booze down the sink which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the cork out of the next glass and emptied the cork down the bottle. I pulled the cork from the fourth and poured the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied and had stashed the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks, which numbered 29, I checked again and counted 74. Then, at the house, came by I counted them again and finally I had all the bottles, corks, glasses and corks counted except for one bottle and one house, which I drank.

Yours Very Truly, Bill Bottoms.

PRETENSE PERVADED: In his recent discussion of war at Royal Oak, General Smedley D. Butler, nationally known army officer and speaker, made some startling statements. In brief, some of them were: "Birmingham bullets were found in dead Allied soldiers, proving that our munitions manufacturers sold supplies to the enemy."

"Tell your children the truth. We would have probably joined forces with the Germans, except for the fact that the Allies owed us more."

"Why was I instructed to take soldiers and Marines to China at a cost of \$3,000,000 to the United States? We sat around Standard Oil plants for two years protecting them so that Rockefeller profits would not be impaired."

"If it took us two years to transport two million men to Europe during the World War why should we worry about invasion of this country by Japan or other countries."

"A diplomat is a politician out of work. The first act in diplomacy is conservation. Five conversations total one consultation and five consultations equal one conference. A pact is the result of five conferences and five pacts equal one treaty."

PACKARD TEST: It has been learned on extremely reliable authority that a certain local girl we're not going to mention your name, Virginia—has just received an ultimatum that she must be in bed at 11 o'clock from now on (she tried to bride this humble scribe into not printing this news). Secret investigation reveals that Virginia has openly threatened to carry the matter to the city commission but it is a foregone conclusion that there will be one vote cast against her. When interrogated on the subject, Miss Pack, e. . . the young girl proved adamant on the point, her only response being something about detesting all newspapers.

PUNK POINTS: "Beauty and

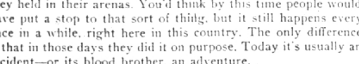
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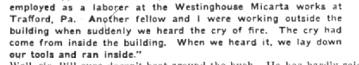
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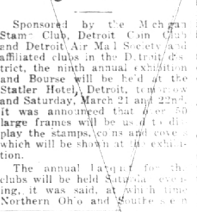


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Mac Looks at Life



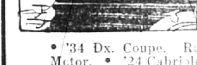
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What The Parson's Mail Reveals? Is Sermon Subject

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Sunday evening Mr. Hubert Davis of the Cranbrook School will talk at the young people's meeting on "Reflections on the Great War." This meeting begins at 7:30 with supper at six o'clock. Reservations must be made before Saturday noon.

At the regular weekly study class on Tuesday morning, the Rev. Robert W. Woodroffe, Jr., curator of Christ Church Cranbrook, will give a talk on "The History of the Prayer-Book."

The Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, D. D., will speak at the Wednesday evening tenet supper, March 23rd. His topic will be "My Experiences with Nancy Brown's Column Folk."

All during Lent there is an early communion service in St. Dunstan's Chapel each Sunday morning at eight o'clock.

Powerful Pussy The cat picks up the house in its mouth, carries it upstairs or around the house but never harms it. Terrellhaute (Ind.) paper.

Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB Hello, Everybody!

WELL, boys and girls, times don't change very much. The Indians used to burn people at the stake, and the Romans used to cover captive Christians with pitch, set them afire and use them to illuminate the great festivals of blood and slaughter they held in their cities. You'd think by this time people would have put a stop to that sort of thing, but it still happens every once in a while, right here in this country. The only difference is that in those days they did it on purpose. Today it's usually an accident—or its blood brother, an adventure.

Bill Korach could tell you all about that. The biggest adventure of Bill's life was with fire, and it's a story that starts out with a bang and keeps your hair standing on end right to the finish. I'm going to get him to tell you that yarn. Stand by. Here he is.

"It happened one hot day in June, 1929," says Bill. "I was employed as a laborer at the Westinghouse Micarta works at Trafford, Pa. Another fellow and I were working outside the building when suddenly we heard the cry of fire. The cry had come from inside the building. When we heard it, we lay down our tools and ran inside."

The heat was so intense that we didn't beat around the bush. He has hardly said three sentences before we have a fire going full blast. When he and his buddy entered the building they ran smack into the wildest scene of confusion they had ever seen in their lives.

Already firemen found themselves with a tough job. Men were running and shouting everywhere. One of the huge tower treating machines was blazing away like the business end of a plumber's torch, and the few firemen present were having a tough time trying to cope with the situation.

The hose was scattered and twisted all over the floor, while an inadequate force was trying to get them straightened out and put into action. The hose that was trained on the hottest part of the conflagration was acting up—trying to kick itself out of the hands of the few men who held it.

Says Bill: "It would have taken six men to hold that hose steady. The pressure was strong and the nozzle just pushed the firemen left and right. I thought it was time for me to go and help those fellows out."

Volunteer Fireman Lends a Helping Hand "I had no business in there, for I wasn't a fireman, but I wanted to help them control that hose. I yelled to my buddy and in we went. And as we dove into the fray, more men followed us. We got the hose centered on the source of the blaze and were getting it under control when a gang of laborers came in and started moving out large drums of solvent and benzine."

And then, boys and girls, the trouble started all over again. Those big drums of explosive liquid—each of them contained 60 gallons—suddenly became the rub of the whole situation. They stood near the machines, and their heads were not all onightly, because the boys around the factory were using the stuff all the time. But the laborers who were moving them didn't know that. They started rolling them out. Heads all off of drums, and in no time at all the floor was flooded with a mixture of two highly inflammable liquids.

"The liquid," says Bill, "started to spread over the floor toward the spot where we stood, still wrestling with the hose. Then, suddenly, a spark, falling from the top of the burning machine, landed in the liquid. There was a loud BOOM! And in a split second, the whole floor was a mass of roaring flame."

Bill and his Buddies Face Roasting Alive. The flames were all about Bill Korach and his buddies. They were hissing in their ears—lapping at their bodies—beating on their shoulder high and rising rapidly toward their faces.

Men started to yell for help—men who were being roasted alive. "I myself," says Bill, "was right in the heart of the flame, and didn't know which way to run. No matter what direction I turned, I was confronted with a red-hot, roaring inferno. I dashed off blindly, my hands over my face and my clothing all ablaze. I ran into a wall and pressed my face against it while the fire beat on my back. From there I crawled along the wall to a corner where the blaze wasn't hitting so hard and where I would be protected from two sides."

"In other parts of the building I could see men diving through windows—windows only 15 by 12 inches in size. Somehow, I didn't envy those fellows. It was bad enough to be burned alive without being cut up by glass lozides. I decided to head for a door, instead—make a last dash through the blaze and take my chances."

Bill thought he knew the location of the nearest door. So, with hands shielding his face, he set himself and ran right through the heart of the fire. "Minutes seem like hours," he says, "before a cool blast is rubbing your hide. My clothes were just about all burned off me by this time—were nothing but fragments of charred cloth that fell from me as I ran. But I got through the worst of the fire—came out on the other side of the door and ran into a stream of water from a hose that nearly knocked me down. Then I was picked up and hurried to a hospital full of moaning, screaming men. I was the last man to get out of that hell hole. The poor devils who came after me didn't come alive."

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland, in and for the City of Pontiac, in and for the County of Oakland, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate, deceased, as the same appears from the records of said court: DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate. L. LEAH KOCH, Deputy Register of Probate. Mar. 5-12-19.

Annual Exhibition By Stamp Clubs Begins Tomorrow

Sponsored by the Michigan Stamp Club, Detroit, and the Detroit Air Mail Society and affiliated clubs in the Detroit area, the ninth annual exhibition and Bourse will be held at the Statler Hotel, Detroit, tomorrow and Saturday, March 21 and 22nd. It was announced that over 50 large frames will be used to display the stamps, coins and covers which will be shown at the exhibition.

The annual Bourse for the Michigan Stamp Clubs will be held at the Statler Hotel, Detroit, on the following day under the sponsorship of the General Guild Northern Ohio and Southern Michigan Auxiliary of All Saints Church.

Michigan stamp clubs will hold a meeting.

The post office department will exhibit a collection of interest to all collectors while more than 20 local and out of town dealers will show a wide range of old and new issues. It was stated that the exhibition and Bourse will be open to the public Saturday from 2 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock that evening.

ANTIQUE ART EXHIBIT AT PONTIAC MARCH 25

One of the outstanding events of the Lenten season in Pontiac is the antique and art exhibit to be held at the Pontiac Hotel, Pontiac, Michigan, on Saturday, March 25th and the following day under the sponsorship of the General Guild Northern Ohio and Southern Michigan Auxiliary of All Saints Church.

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MILE-A-MINUTE MARTY — by — E. W. Osborne Sales & Service — 808 S. Woodward. Includes cartoon panels and car listings: '34 Dlx. Coupe, Rumble seat, Exchanged Motor. '24 Cabriolet—Special paint job. Excellent condition. '33 Dlx. Fordor—Extra good motor—overhauled. '35 Dlx. Fordor—

Shirley AND A NEW Spring Frock. A Full Page of ROTOGRAVURE. Little Miss Shirley Temple, juvenile film star extraordinary, who will celebrate her seventh birthday in just a few weeks, has modeled a group of the latest fashions in children's clothes for Spring exclusively for the Sunday Detroit News. You'll want to see the new styles as displayed by Shirley Temple in a full page of roto-gravure pictures which will appear in, NEXT SUNDAY'S DETROIT NEWS. Order Your Copy of Sunday's Detroit News Now From Your Local Agent. GERTRUDE FEILER 260 Hamilton Phone 175