

Supervisor Frame Explains New Law

Supervisor Dudley P. Frame of Southfield township, asks that residents of his area cooperate with law enforcement officers if they would stop the practice of throwing garbage and rubbish along highways. Several cases have been reported in that section in the past few weeks and Frame asks that all residents report such

action to the sheriff's department or the state police. "Until recently," he said, "the penalty has been very small for this offense. A bill, known as Public Act No. 67 of 1949, which was recently passed by the legislature, provides a greater penalty. Persons who do this are guilty of the misdemeanor, and if apprehended and convicted are subject to fines ranging from \$5 to \$100, together with the costs of prosecution, imprisonment in the county jail up to 90 days, or both."



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Pets Parade in Full Regalia Open St. James Spring Festival

By Doris E. Kus

Eager, noisy and excited, children and adults alike gathered about the starting place of the Pet Parade Saturday. While youngsters stomped about on horses and stuffed themselves with hot dogs, gaily costumed small fry and even more vividly costumed pets scurried over to where the parade was lining up. There was jostling and worried yips from the many pooches there and they seemed to eye the other's outfit as severely as their young masters looked over the other fella's garb. With the judges in their seats, Baldwin High School's neat, trim, fast-stepping band came out of Hill school and single file, marched to the head of the rambunctious group of kids and animals. Quickly the on-lookers found places along the curb and with the drum majorette swinging her baton, the group began to move forward. Talking about leading a dog's life! There was a pooch wearing an under shirt, a dachshund with a big crocheted collar, there was a beautiful collie too proud to appear and vie for honors in anything but his long, silky coat. A little black cocker was regaled in a saddle and

the bees, one young man carried were safely enclosed in a screened apparatus, because although the boy was dressed in a regulation, bee-helmet and heavy mitts, most of us were unprepared for their escape. **EEK, a Snake!** No Peep and her lamp walked piping hot for the snake charmer, who wore turban and shorts and played his instrument for the benefit of a tiny little snake inside of a jar (thank goodness). Robin Hood was wearing the very latest in forest green shades, looking very dashing and brave. And a soldier (on leave, we presume), wore his uniform with thrust out chest and capable shoulders. And of course, there was an alligator—firmly attached on a tray which his master carried. A covered wagon bearing the slogan "California or Bust!" contained a pioneer woman and her courageous pet, fearless and eager to explore the horizons beyond Birmingham—or did those searching eyes go just as far as the judges' stand? One cocker strutted along, eyeing the public curiously and asking, via a sign attached about his neck, "Which ear has the Tont?" Birmingham's swankiest dog pound was represented and there was a pirate ship made with a wagon for its hull, with a black haired pup patiently peering out of a tub-lookout for signs of trouble. **No Quibbling Here!** There were two little chicks carrying two little chickens and two little ballet dancers bearing the train of their little Cairn pup. A St. Bernard eyed a little Boston Bull terrier, but his young master, with the help of Pop, explained to him that if he wanted to fight, the only nice thing to do would be to pick on someone his own size, so a catastrophe was averted. Four little cocker puppies rode in a wagon and seemed to wish they were back home safe in bed, for they kept trying to crawl out and get away from it all. A matronly-looking matron strolled with her dog, her parasol unfurled. There was a white pony ridden by his mistress and a pony cart. There was also a nanny goat who just didn't want to budge from his spot in front of the judges stand. Maybe he thought his right profile the better and the bonnet he was wearing perhaps was tilted just right on that side. **Here's a Switch** There was a kitten, too, who didn't seem to enjoy marching in the parade and caused some consternation to his masters. A variation on the animal idea was presented by a young man dressed as a monkey, placidly presenting




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The SCORE PAD

By Jim Gray
(Hence and winners at the bridge table. Other settings.)
Were you there? Everybody else was. I refer of course to the big special team-of-four match game conducted by the Birmingham Duplicate Bridge Club in the Community House on May 15. It was a sultry night. But even so, when play began 56 hopeful adherents of the nobles of sports looked at their respective partners, sighed, and prayed silently, "Fought, fought, just this once, please—watch your overalls!"
The highlights:
Round one. (Junior bid one no-trump.) Joyce Terry of the Michigan Contract-Bridge League made an explanatory speech: "For the benefit of those present who have never participated in team-of-four play, I will say: If your contract is four hearts and you and your west partners revoke in the one level, go to the next highest table and take average. Fold your score sheet endwise and if the team ahead of you passes our return to table three and reshuffle the cards. If you draw a bye give your partner a chance to draw one. At the end of the match divide by four. That's why it's called a team-of-four."
Round three. (Junior bid two no-trump.) Cliff Bishop and Marie Verlinde were arguing over a Vienna Coup and just as they were from Birmingham came in, then left, giggling.
Round six. (Junior bid three no-trump.) Arch Engstrom was called for wiggling his ears when Mae refused a finesse. I passed.
Round eight. (Junior bid four no-trump.) C. W. Churchill went down seven tricks redoubled. The flag was lowered to half-staff.
Round fourteen. (Junior bid five no-trump.) There was a minor cup to those he passed. Nusey and the mole were beaming from ear to ear and Howdy-Doodly was there on top of an election-ballot box. Ducks waddled along and several lamps began to glow brightly. And two young men had attached cardboard horses heads to their bikes.
All in all, the Pet Parade was as colorful and as much fun as ever and watching both the small fry and the adults, it was hard to tell who enjoyed it more. However, from the expressions on many a canine face, it was obvious they weren't enjoying this switch from a dog's life to dressed-up public-appearances. In fact, they all looked too humiliated and embarrassed even to start a minor scuffle. But it was fun and it was Birmingham.

disturbance in the corner of the room when a team composed of Ed Clarke and the three Fitch girls was discovered using a pinochle deck. They were excommunicated.
Round seventeen. (Junior bid six no-trump.) Ernest Guy bid one club. His partner took him seriously and opened the suit. The opponents made fourteen tricks.
Round twenty-three. (Junior bid seven no-trump lacking two aces.)
Round twenty-six. (Junior went back to two aces.) The tournament director attempted to speed up play. The entire trim shop walked out.
Round twenty-eight. (Junior bid one heart. His partner fainted.)



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