

Fire Representative to Be Named in June to Retirement Board

Russell Berger, secretary-treasurer for the city retirement board, said an election would be held next month to name a fire department representative to the board.

The present representative is Walter Bencoter, whose term of

office expires June 30. Terms of office are for three years.

Because of an amendment to the city charter adopted at the last election, Berger said meetings of this board will be held the third Wednesday of January, April, July and October.

News copy submitted early necessarily is given preference over late items. The "early bird" usually gets the space.

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Grenfell Mission Topic of St. James Lecture Sunday

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gordon of the Grenfell Mission will conclude a series of three speaking engagements with their illustrated lecture at 7 o'clock in St. James church Sunday evening.

They will speak Saturday evening at the Marcus Cunningham home and Sunday morning for the Youth Group of the Grosvenor Point Presbyterian church.

Dr. Thomas is in this country to speak and study chest surgery at Milwaukee. He is stationed at St. Anthony, where he is medical assistant to Dr. Charles Curtis and surgeon in charge at the settlement.

The mission was started in 1892 by the late Sir Wilfred Grenfell, K.C.M.G. (OXON), F.R.C.S., who became the first doctor in this remote section of the world. Today the mission serves fishermen and trappers along 1,000 miles of subarctic coastline.

DR. THOMAS will tell of the work being done there among a people suffering from diet deficiency and lung diseases. He will tell of the "Mission House" which now supplies milk, meat and dairy products for these victims of beriberi, scurvy and rickets.

The mission maintains schools, hospitals and social centers for the area and gives medical treatment to all types of disease under some of the most difficult conditions. Many natives, suffering from acute disorders, have to be brought miles by dogteam or motor boat before they can be treated.

In the next several Birmingham and vicinity youths, including two sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Gillette, Jr., of Wing Lake, and Colin Campbell, Jr., have served in branches of the mission as volunteers. These boys have returned

to their homes full of the wonders that are being worked there, and anxious to have the opportunity to return.

THE APPEARANCE OF Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gordon of the Grenfell Mission will conclude a series of three speaking engagements with their illustrated lecture at 7 o'clock in St. James church Sunday evening.

Full arrangements were made by them, assisted by Mrs. John K. Ormond, Mrs. O. L. Andrews, Mrs. Charles J. Shain, Mrs. Fletcher Plant, Mrs. Carl W. Sutin, Mrs. William Blythe, Mrs. William D. Crim, Mrs. Paul Penfield and Mrs. Stanley Spiegel.

Franklin Man Head of Michigan Horse Show This Weekend

FRANKLIN—Jack Roberts of Franklin Village, manager and ring master for the Rod E. Zahr at the State Fair Complex Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 13, 14 and 15, has promised the public one of the largest and most unusual all breed horse shows in Michigan.

Many local horsemen have entered the numerous events which include 3-gaited and 5-gaited English, show horses, hunters, jumpers, walking horses, palominos, Morgans and quarter horses.

The show will feature Western events and an exhibition square dance, mounted police drill, and an Arabian cutting horse by Harold Brett of Peru, Ill. The Holland furnace company's right-horse pony hitch will parade. There will be clowning galore and refreshments to round out the show.

Immaculate Heart of Mary parish is sponsoring the Rod E. Zahr and proceeds will aid in the building of a new school for Northwest Detroit.

Performances are at 2 p.m. Saturday and Sunday and 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Reserved seats are available.

By ALICE E. MORGAN HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE

Lizzie Was No Lady!

Back in the good old days, when I first learned to drive, the family car was a Temperamental Model T.

About this time of year everyone began thinking in terms of "trips in the car." The roads were pretty free of snow, even in the remote areas, and on the highway enough of the ice had gone out of the ground that the "Miss me quicks" were nearly level.

Getting the buggy ready for the summer season was quite an experience. You took off the canvas cover under which it had rested all winter. You jacked it up and removed the four boxes which had held the wheels off the floor, and watched with a sudden spirit as the wheels came off and the car rolled.

You got out the hand pump, held a finger over the end to see if it was working, and went at it with many a grunt and groan and the promise of beasty sore hands tomorrow.

YOU LUGGED the battery out of the cellar and carted it off to a garage to be charged. That all you had to do was turn the key in the ignition and then cranked the blades, hoping the while the damnable thing wouldn't buck and break your arm.

Usually a lot of loose connections and rusted wires added their bit to the performance and joys of it.

Finally, you went through the car, routing out stray mice and hornets which might have nested in it during the winter.

The last step was filling the radiator and checking the connections. Then you were all set for a carefree summer.

The first time you went out the brake band slackened off and you stopped by putting your foot firmly, but VERY gently on the reverse pedal. Winter took its toll on the low gear, too, and it managed to slack off right in the middle of the biggest hill in the country.

EVERYTHING WENT smoothly after you got these all straightened out, except that now and then you simply had to go out in the rain. Then you found the fabric top acted merely as a strainer for the water that fell. The dividing strip across the middle of the windshield leaked like a sieve and the curtains acted like sponges. Drier, by far, to walk.

Another cute little trick was when the rain leaked down through the hood and filled the little depressions in the motor head. There the plug screwed in. A lot, learned, as I did, that if you tried to dry 'em out while the motor was running you were quite apt to get knocked galley-west.

Our Lizzie was an emotional old gal. She seemed to have an unholly fear of railroads and nine times out of ten stalled on the tracks. It made no difference who was driving, she gave a gasp and then died right in her tracks.

SHE HAD ANOTHER annoying habit of blowing her top. The cute little radiator cap, that looked somewhat like my first attempt at making cup cakes, was soon reared from threads. Lizzie would boil and all of a sudden the cap would go sailing through the air.

It was always nice to get gas, too. Out you climbed, dragging the front seat after you, while the man filled the tank. She did have one advantage over her modern relatives, however. If you ran low on gas going up a hill, you could turn around and back up it.

Of course, cars was no different from all the rest in selecting out-of-the-way spots to have a flat tire. If you've ever tried to take a tire off the rim and repair it, you need no further comment. If you haven't, bear in mind that this is a family paper and I am therefore unable to describe the job properly.

DON'T GET me wrong—Lizzie wasn't all bad. She took us many miles over those so-called Adirondack roads and believe me, they would have been a fitting challenge to a mountain goat, in spots.

She wallowed through mud, panted through sand, scampered merrily down the steep hills and groined up their companions. She really put her teeth into it and plowed like a little truck horse through snow while piled over her headlights.

About the worst Lizzie ever did to me was bring down the wrath of a relative.

One summer nothing would do but we put the top down. We did, and along with my big Belgian shepherd, Snooks, Lizzie and I had a lot of fun. In mid-summer an aunt came to visit, and I had to show her the new club house at Brantingham Lake.

We cranked up the "old Ford" building stood in lonely majesty against the pines ringing the lovely little lake. The curved drive invited the wayfarer to come in, so we did.

DOWN THROUGH the lane of trees we drove, the car enjoying the view, the dog enjoying the smell, and myself feeling very snug about the whole setup.

Suddenly a shriek rent the air, my aunt's hands flew to her head, and the dog came jumping out of his skin. I nearly fainted for there, swaying gently in the breeze, they whispered among the pines, was the poor old soul's hair. Being so impressed with the whole setup I had forgotten the wig she wore and hadn't told her to duck.

Nope, Lizzie was no lady and the aunt returned to the city firmly convinced that her niece wasn't either.

Have You Met . . .
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Somerville and daughter, Martha Jean who have moved from Evanston, Ill., to 1483 Henrietta? Mr. Somerville is with General Motors.

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