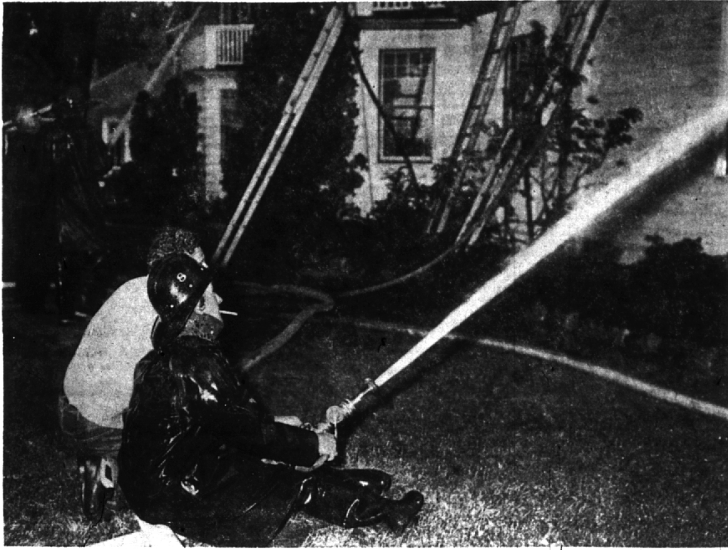


The Ups and Downs of Fighting a Township Fire



Two men escaped from Rotunda Inn without injury when a fire broke out last Thursday morning, causing \$50,000 damage to the building. Both were employees of the inn. Awakened by smoke, they made their way from their second-floor sleeping quarters, climbed out of a window and onto a small balcony where a neighbor, Charles Rogers, saw

them when he opened his door to get his paper. Rogers called the West Bloomfield Fire Department, then rushed a ladder to the stranded pair, Jim Greenwald and Francis Padroek. Firemen subdued the fire within 30 minutes and finished mopping up an hour later. Fire Chief Herbert

Morgan said the blaze apparently started in a first-floor janitor's closet. Most of the damage occurred in the area of the stair casing, roof, attic and one bedroom, he said. Smoke damage to the Williamsburg Room dining hall and three other hotel rooms was reported by owner Cecil Davis. A

fireman, Jerry Deats, suffered a cut hand but returned to help fight the fire after receiving first aid. In the picture at the right, firemen tackle the fire on the roof. In the picture at left, another department man finds a comfortable seat on the lawn from which to battle the blaze.

4-B THE BIRMINGHAM (MICH.) ECCENTRIC August 23, 1962

That Dog on Ice Really a Rover

By CLEO SYMONS
Special Writer

His name should be Rover, for he defies the official decree of our village that members of the canine population must not roam the streets unattended. But around the neighborhood, he is simply known as That Dog. Sometimes as Dog, even Hey, You!

There is no doubt that the animal has a name and belongs to

somebody, for he shows ample evidence of proper care and plenty of exercise. And well he may, being a celebrated sprinter. Besides, he has other extraordinary, health building accomplishments.

Ten-year-old Craig Hertz, 18501 San Diego, says nobody seems to know who the dog belongs to or what his name is. But he explains everything this way: "I think he lives over west somewhere."

NOTICE OF SPECIAL VILLAGE ELECTION

VILLAGE OF FRANKLIN, MICHIGAN
September 10, 1962

TO THE QUALIFIED ELECTORS OF THE VILLAGE OF FRANKLIN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, STATE OF MICHIGAN:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special Village Election will be held in the Village of Franklin, in the County of Oakland and State of Michigan, on the 10th day of September 1962, from 7:00 o'clock in the forenoon until 8:00 o'clock in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time, for the purpose of voting upon the following proposition, to-wit:

CHARTER AMENDMENT

Shall Chapter XIV of the Charter of the Village of Franklin, Oakland County, Michigan, be amended so as to permit the Village Council to contract on behalf of the Village to become part of the Oakland County Evergreen Sewage Disposal System and to obtain future connection thereto and sewage disposal services therefrom, notwithstanding any provisions in said Charter to the contrary?

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that the full text of the proposed Charter Amendment is as follows:

CHAPTER XIV MAINTENANCE OF VILLAGE UTILITIES

Public sewers, drains, lighting and water systems or supplies shall not be constructed, provided, or maintained, unless the proposed sewers, drains, lighting systems or supplies shall first have been approved by two-thirds (2/3) of the electors voting at any general election; provided, however, notwithstanding the foregoing and notwithstanding any other provisions in this charter to the contrary, that this village, solely upon approval by resolution adopted by two-thirds (2/3) of the members elect of the Village Council (exclusive of the President), may contract with the County of Oakland and with any other village, city, or township in said county, relative to the acquisition, improvement, enlargement, extension, operation and maintenance of the Evergreen Sewage Disposal System, as now or hereafter established in said county, including the purchase of sewage disposal services from said county and the acquisition of sewer trunks and arms to connect this village to said system.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that the polling place for said Special Village Election will be at the Franklin Fire Hall—32707 Franklin Road in said Village.

ELSIE M. GARWOOD
Village Clerk

Dated: August 14, 1962

ALTHOUGH HIS ANCESTRY might not impress the purists, This dog is undeniably smart, resourceful and full of the joy of life. Perhaps he could be classified as a Grosset and Dunlap edition of what used to be called a shepherd—you know, a few errors here, a weak line or two there.

He stands about three hands high, his ranga, well-muscled frame covered with lustrous fur as black and shiny as a lump of coal. His clear dark eyes are knowing and uncommunicative as an Indian's.

While not exactly hostile, this character—certainly not the ingratiating type—is strictly a loner. Never aggressive, he has been known to respond to a friendly overture with a life of the lip that says plainer than words: "Watch it, siater."

No one seems to know what his real business in life is—watch dog, pet or pest—but in summer he is a self-appointed escort for a local milkman. Not the usual chaser-after-cars, understand. Cars, per se, leave this pooch cold. Most people assume that he belongs to the milkman.

"Oh, no," explains Mr. Twin Pines. "He's sort of adopted me. He doesn't bother anybody, but I just can't seem to get rid of him."

NO MATTER how hot the weather, That Dog can be seen galloping along behind the milk truck, leaping happily over holes, flowerbeds and triecles, cutting corners and cross-lots to keep pace. And no matter what the diversions — be they cats, intriguing smells or would-be female charms—he gives them all the cold

shoulder while on duty. There is no question about it, he is as dedicated as a postman, his motto obviously being: "The milk must go through!"

Unlike his human counterparts, this athlete is always in tip-top condition. For him there are no periodical spurts of training to tone up flabby muscles or limber up the spine. No trips to warmer climate to work the kink out of lazy treeps. Although he disappears from these parts for days on end, winter or summer, he is always in the pink.

Difficult as it is to evaluate canine psychology, it is barely possible that Dog's summer milk run is purely a preliminary for the main event—playing hockey on the local skating pond come warmer, or is it vice-versa?

WITH THE FIRST FREEZE, Lathrop Village engineers begin preparing the rinks in a vast plot across the way. First, they level off a divot area, divided to provide space for the very young fall-downers, which adjoins one for the figure skaters and amateur hockey players. Then they open the hydrants and flood the place. Day after day they flood and scrape, until the ice is smooth and skate-worthy.

One of the most interested observers of these operations is The Dog. But not, as you might suppose, as a mere onlooker. No sooner have the flashing blades and crashing sticks begun their mad pursuit of the elusive piece of rubber than up gallops His Dogship, quivering with eagerness, and joins the team.

Back and forth across the ice he races, managing by some miracle

to avoid being trampled or cut to pieces. Some animal intuition seems to tell him the exact instant when the pack will turn and rush the other way. He is always two jumps ahead of them, leaping nimbly aside a split second before "sudden death" from a falling stick or careening puck overtakes him.

No matter what the problem, he exhibits an uncanny instinct for the most strategic move, dashing boldly off to anticipate the players' punter tactics, whether offensive or defensive.

Possibly by operating on the theory that it doesn't pay to monkey with a buzz-saw, That Dog never actually participates in the play. He's scrupulously impartial, and never tries to check a player, intercept the puck or take a slide.

Who do you suppose he thinks he is—coach, cheer leader or talent scout? Be that as it may, through-out the winter he is undeniably the biggest dog on this frozen middle.

Any day now we can expect to see him "bit the road." The first bite appeared in the park this afternoon.

Happenings

(Continued from 1-B)

trip through northern Michigan, specializing on the northwest corner of the Lower Peninsula. They told of being sold three gallons of gas for seven in a "gyp" filling station near Manistee, where the proprietor evidently had a grudge against city slickers.

Who is the oldest person living in Bloomfield Township? The Eccentric will be pleased to receive the names of the persons now living in Birmingham or the remainder of the township whose ages exceed 100, or even 90.

15 YEARS AGO

Aug. 21, 1947

Bunching four of their five hits in the first inning, Birmingham

Chryslers eluded starting hater Wallie Nizdowicz from the mound, and downed Village Market, 5-4, in the first game of the Southern Oakland County's double elimination playoffs.

The City Commission had sent a request to the city plan commission for a review of the present zoning along the north side of Willis street, from Woodward to Chester, with the possible idea of having it rezoned to a business classification. Most of it is now zoned for multiple dwellings.

Despite the mid-90 degree heat of Tuesday, local Rotarians enjoyed a brief respite from city sweltering when they held their weekly luncheon at the Orchard Lake Country Club. Bill Torrence, local Rotary president, made the arrangements. Members agreed that just looking at the lake made them 10 degrees cooler.

Public Schools Name Service Staff Members

Special service staff members in the Birmingham public school system were announced last week. They are:

Ray Ellis, special education teacher, adjusted study program; B.S., Eastern Michigan University and M.A., Eastern Michigan.

Miss Barbara Ruen, A.B. Western University, Michigan; special education teacher, mentally handicapped.

James Ingram, speech correctionist, B.S. Northwestern University, taught for three years at Lake Orion, Michigan.

Dr. Warren Kemison, consulting psychiatrist, consulting service for the visiting teacher department. She will be available one-half day, twice a month.

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