

# RESOLUTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL

No. 225

Approved April 10, 1974

WHEREAS, Almighty God has called to his eternal reward the soul of a respected friend John P. Gionis, late restaurateur of our community, who with his sons owned and operated up to time of passing, the famous Governor Dyer's Buffet House,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That His Honor Mayor Joseph A. Doorley, Jr. and the City Council do hereby express their profound sympathy in the passing from this life of John P. Gionis.

IN CITY COUNCIL  
READ AND PASSED  
BY A UNANIMOUS RISING VOTE

APR 4 1974

Vincent Gionis  
PRESIDENT  
CLERK

APPROVED

MAYOR

Joseph A. Doorley, Jr.  
APR 10 1974

Ernest Howard Tugend

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to seep into my bones. I shivered as I walked towards the entrance of the building. The air was thick with the scent of old wood and the faint, distant smell of coffee. I had heard that the office was old, but I didn't realize it would be this old. The building was a grand, multi-story structure with a facade of dark stone and ornate carvings. The entrance was a large, arched doorway with a heavy wooden door. I pushed the door open and stepped inside. The interior was dimly lit, with the light coming from a few small, round lamps hanging from the ceiling. The walls were covered in dark wood paneling, and the floor was made of polished stone tiles. I walked down a long, narrow hallway, the walls of which were lined with bookshelves filled with old, leather-bound books. The air was still and quiet, with only the sound of my footsteps echoing off the walls. I reached the end of the hallway and turned right. The door was slightly ajar, and I pushed it open. The room was large and spacious, with a high ceiling and a large, round chandelier hanging from the center. The walls were covered in the same dark wood paneling as the hallway, and the floor was made of the same polished stone tiles. In the center of the room was a large, round table with a white tablecloth. Around the table were several chairs with high backs and curved legs. I walked towards the table and sat down. The chair was comfortable, and I felt a sense of peace. I looked around the room, taking in the details of the architecture. The room was a study, a place where one could sit and read or write. I felt a sense of purpose, a sense of being in a place where something important was about to happen. I looked at my watch. It was 10:00 AM. I had time. I took a deep breath and looked towards the door. I knew what I had to do. I stood up and walked towards the door. I opened the door and stepped out. The cold air hit me, but I didn't mind. I was ready. I walked towards the entrance of the building. The air was thick with the scent of old wood and the faint, distant smell of coffee. I had heard that the office was old, but I didn't realize it would be this old. The building was a grand, multi-story structure with a facade of dark stone and ornate carvings. The entrance was a large, arched doorway with a heavy wooden door. I pushed the door open and stepped inside. The interior was dimly lit, with the light coming from a few small, round lamps hanging from the ceiling. The walls were covered in dark wood paneling, and the floor was made of polished stone tiles. I walked down a long, narrow hallway, the walls of which were lined with bookshelves filled with old, leather-bound books. The air was still and quiet, with only the sound of my footsteps echoing off the walls. I reached the end of the hallway and turned right. The door was slightly ajar, and I pushed it open. The room was large and spacious, with a high ceiling and a large, round chandelier hanging from the center. The walls were covered in the same dark wood paneling as the hallway, and the floor was made of the same polished stone tiles. In the center of the room was a large, round table with a white tablecloth. Around the table were several chairs with high backs and curved legs. I walked towards the table and sat down. The chair was comfortable, and I felt a sense of peace. I looked around the room, taking in the details of the architecture. The room was a study, a place where one could sit and read or write. I felt a sense of purpose, a sense of being in a place where something important was about to happen. I looked at my watch. It was 10:00 AM. I had time. I took a deep breath and looked towards the door. I knew what I had to do. I stood up and walked towards the door. I opened the door and stepped out. The cold air hit me, but I didn't mind. I was ready.

BY A UNANIMOUS RISING VOTE  
READ AND PASSED  
IN CITY COUNCIL

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