

The Latch-Key

Published by the Journalism Class of Farmington High School

Vol. 2; No. 16.

Thursday, January 16, 1920

EDITORIAL

Help Devastated Michigan
Vast, devastated tracts of land! Nothing but useless, wasted territory presenting itself on only a multitude of charred stumps, blackened twigs and of wood ashes to the tourist, who travels north to behold the regal beauty of the trees in the Wolverine State.

Most of this destruction was caused by carelessness of the public. How can we replace this loss of timber?

By aiding the Detroit News all these loftily majestic trees, which were replaced in time with the plan that was laid before the students of Farmington High by the Student Council in a special assembly, Thursday.

The Detroit News, in their recent Reforestation drive, have made the offer to all the public schools that they may reforest one acre for one hundred dollars (\$100).

This chance is an exceptionally good one and may be said to be better than one not to be missed at. So with but \$100, which the Farmington School hopes to raise, we may aid our state in reforesting that land useless for anything else. This plan which was first suggested by the P. T. A. and then adopted by the Student Council, will be encouraged until we have realized the necessary amount.

If every student would bring a little it will help a great deal, although the amount may be from a penny to no stated maximum.

Possibly this small donation might mean going without candy or ice cream for a short time, but you will certainly be rewarded in the end, when all northern Michigan will be reforested with sturdy, little pine trees.

So no matter how small the donation is, please contribute something to this worthy cause.

TALKS ON REFORESTATION
Talks on the reforestation plan, which is being sponsored by the Farmington School by the P. T. A., were given during an assembly program last Friday.

Phil McCully explained the plan to the student body, asking each one to contribute some amount toward this plan. He stated that only \$2.50 would replant one acre and \$4.00 four acres.

Hedwig Schoen spoke of the value of trees, to tourists and others, and stated that other schools have been successful and are being enjoyed now—why can't ours be?

Robert Gaff described the large areas of wasteland in northern Michigan, comparing them with the old Constitution after it had seen its days of hard fighting. The Constitution came back from battle charred and battered. It was then repaired and set out again. He said, "Why can't these burnt over lands be replanted by trees?"

The last speaker was George Mairs who explained what the land will be like without these tall beauties of nature. He also compared our forests with those of Europe. "Lumber is very low in Michigan," said Mr. Mairs, "so let's preserve our state motto—to-if you are in search of a beautiful peninsula—look about you!"

Class Examination schedule.
January 22, 23 and 24, 1930.
Wednesday p. m. Latin I, B. K. 1, Eng. Lit., Clothing 1.

Thursday A. M. 8-10 Algebra, Geometry, 10, French 1, Shortland 2, Clothing 2.

Thursday, 10-12, Foods 1, Chemistry, Physics.

Thursday 1-3, English 9, English 10, Adv. Math, French 2.

Thursday 3-5, American History.

Friday A. M. 8-10, Com. Arith., World Hist., Civics, B. K. 2.

Friday 10-12, American Lit., French 2.

Friday P. M. 1-3, Biology, Latin 2, Shortland 1.

SOME BLUE BOOKS USED FOR MID-SEMESTER EXAMS

Some blue books have been ordered for the mid-semester exams, as some teachers will use them and others will not.

The price has not yet been set, but they probably will sell for 3 for 10c, or 2 for 5c.

first semester examinations which alone cause much excitement, and then there are the rummage sale, a supper, and the papers, which will keep the Seniors busy earning the money for the trip.

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class has been divided up into several small groups and each group has a certain night to go up to Schoen's barn to pack papers. The Seniors have gathered quite a few papers which were just put into the barn temporarily and had to be tied up.

The Seniors have started collecting rummage for their rummage sale. Any donation will be appreciated.

SENIORS HAVE SPECIAL CLASS MEETING

A Senior class meeting was held Monday. The meeting was held in order to discuss the rummage sale that the Seniors are to have. The A. & P. store has been secured as a place to keep the rummage until they can find a place to hold the sale in. The time has not yet been decided upon.

Lois Murphy was elected chairman for the supper which the Seniors will have some time in February.

DRESSES LATEST PROJECT

As their latest project the Clothing 1 Class are making wool dresses. Material and patterns are selected by the girls, which counts a great deal in the final marking, while the sewing is done in school under the supervision of Miss Hyde.

The eighth grade sewing class, taught by Miss Hyde, are, at present, making underwear.

Special demonstration work in various methods of sewing is the present class work of the Advanced Sewing Class, at the conclusion of which they will take up millinery work.

The lunch unit has been the recent work of the High School Cooking Class.

NEW MUSIC BOUGHT FOR HIGH SCHOOL

The music department of the High School has been furnished with some new music.

For the Boys' Glee Club: Don't You Hear Me Calling, Lady Lou?

Song of the Desert. The Big Brown Bear. On the Road to Mandalay.

For the Girls' Glee Club: Out of the Dusk to You. The Flatterer.

For the Chorus: Ride Out On Wings of Song. The Far Away Bells. Come Join the Dance. In the Garden.

WAYNE WINS

The Wayne High School basketball quintet defeated Farmington Friday, January 10, at Wayne by the decisive score of 19-55.

This defeat is the third one Farmington has suffered in the league in three starts. Northville defeated P. H. S. December 13th at Farmington. Belleville boasts a victory on their own floor.

The Wayne team won by a big margin but they did not outplay or out-score the visitors as much as the score suggests.

At the half the score was 10-16, Wayne. Each team had tallied 5 baskets but Wayne was successful with six free throws.

The Blue and Whites showed improvement in passing but missed a number of shots. Successive passes from Drake to Lapham resulted in three baskets, all which were made before the Wayne team could break and get set for defense.

The Farmington quintet showed marked improvement over the Walld Lake game.

Our old foe, Plymouth, will be back on the floor with us Friday night, January 17.

Last year the team broke even in their contest with Plymouth on their floor, winning the first game 10-9 and losing the second game on our own floor 17-15.

BULLETIN BOARD NEWS

The League standing in basketball to date is as follows:

School	Won	Lost
Farmington	0	2
Northville	2	0
Plymouth	0	2
Belleville	1	1
Wayne	2	0
Dearborn	1	1

In two large pictures on the

bulletin board appear the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Calif., and the Syracuse University Stadium. Both pictures of the stadiums were taken October 15, at night during a game, when the stadiums were lighted.

CORRECTION

In the writeup of the girls' basketball game with Walld Lake, which appeared in last week's paper, Hedwig Schoen's name did not appear. Hedwig played guard for the team during one half of the game.

THIS WEEK A YEAR AGO

Farmington won its third victory in defeating Plymouth, 10-9. An extemporaneous speaking class being planned as a new class for Miss Ingalls, in the second semester.

Hedwig Schoen chosen captain of the girls' second team in basketball.

Farmington met its second defeat with Howell, on the home floor, score 16-12.

TO HAVE SLEIGH-RIDE

If the weather is permissible, the Band will have an old-fashioned sleigh-ride party Saturday, January 18.

The team of horses and the bob-sled will be rented from Mr. John Hess.

At the conclusion of the sleigh-ride all neoprene will return to the school, where hot-dogs, cocoa and cookies will be served.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Reforestation plan was discussed at the Student Council meeting Wednesday. It was decided to hold an Assembly to put the idea across to the students. Philo McCully was chosen to give a speech on this plan before the Assembly and then each class should have a meeting to discuss the plan more thoroughly.

JOIN JOURNALISM CLASS

Another class in journalism will be organized at the beginning of the semester.

Being on the school paper staff adds an interesting and practical course to a student's activities if he enjoys English or is especially adapted to it.

The present staff will be supplanted by those who began the course last September. The class starting the first of next semester will be assistants as soon as they learn some of the fundamentals of newspaper writing and when they come back next fall they will be prepared to carry on the work alone.

Students are requested to look into this course and make arrangements for adding it to their schedule as soon as possible.

The only new course offered this semester is Business English. Any Junior or Senior is eligible to take the course. It is following up the Bookkeeping 2 class which terminates at the close of this semester and will be taught by Mr. Rohrer. At present a number are planning to take the course.

Mabel Turner has returned to school after an attack of appendicitis which last for over two weeks.

Mildred Stanley was married to Cedric Harger on December 31 in Ohio. She is now living at her home in Northville.

SENIOR

**BAKE SALE
PASTRIES
CAKES
BEANS**

10:00 O'clock
Saturday, Jan. 18

BASKETBALL

Boys vs. Plymouth
**HERE
Girls vs. Hazel Park
THERE**
January 17-7:30

Blessings That Brighten When Lost

A whole generation has grown up to which the telephone appears indispensable. It is accepted almost as if it were a gift of nature. Only when something goes wrong with it do we stop to realize that it is the result of inventive skill and the application of vast capital. Some people realize that it adds to the annoyances of life, but it is certain that without it our complicated civilization could not now go on.—New York Times.

The new building of the Kana Valley Bank in Charleston, W. Va., the loftiest structure in the state, which has just been completed, contains 120 miles of telephone wire.

In the Northland

(By Imogene Bickings)

I see the smoke a-curling,
From a chimney far away;
All the forest's clothed in beauty,
Nature's hand is holding sway.

For this house it nestles snugly,
In a clearing all its own;
Woods and sky close in around it,
Someone claims it for their home.

Within we know the firelight glitters,
Peace and content abideth there;
Winter winds may whirl about them,
But comfort lingers near their chair.

Snowflakes scurry o'er the tree tops,
Wailing winds sigh thru the pines;
Snow drifts bank against the stonepiles,
Blotting out familiar lines.

Dissected is the yard with footpaths,
Canyons in a wall of snow;
Leading from the friendly doorstep,
To the barns and sheds they go.

Cattle lowing in their mangers,
A cowbell tinkles in the air;
Chickens sing in their enclosure,
Scratching in the clover there.

Not a wheel track in the road-way,
But thru a woodland lane;
We see the mark of sled and snowshoes,
Where this woodsman went and came.

With his sled packed with provisions,
We know he's like an Indian fleet;
Over fallen logs and fence tops,
He travels with untiring feet.

He knows the forest like the wild life,
Day or night he has no fear;
He sets his traps in distant places,
Friendly is he with the antlered deer.

So in this world of stream and forest,
Where winter comes and lingers long;
I know of two who hug the fireside,
And meet each day with a new song.

Africa's Sausage Tree

One of Oddest Known

A tree which bears fruit apparently only to deceive is the "sausage tree" of East Africa, a queer tree if a queer one is to be found.

As the sausage tree is approached while bearing fruit often reaches a length of two feet, with a most inviting look but a most disappointing result upon inspection.

The exterior seems to be edible upon a glance, but the interior is hard and woody pulp, neither tempting to the palate nor edible.

The tree, which is a member of the catnap family, has a use, however, and enters into both the religious and medical life of the natives of the country where it is found. The negro tribes of Nolin consider the tree sacred and hold religious festivals in the moonlight beneath its branches. Poles made from the trees are erected before the houses of the chiefs and are worshipped by other members of the tribe.

The natives cut and roast the sausages and place the cut sides against parts of their bodies afflicted with rheumatism and similar complaints.—Washington Star.

Canada's Status

Canada is not an independent nation in the same sense as is the United States. Canada is a self-governing dominion within the British empire.

At the imperial conference of 1920 the position of Canada and other self-governing dominions was defined as follows: "They are autonomous communities within the British empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of nations."

Made New Football Game

The introduction of the carrying feature into football is attributed upon a memorial tablet at Rugby to a school-boy named William Webb Ellis, who in the closing minutes of a drawn game in the autumn of 1823, "in disregard of the rules of football as played in his time, first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game." In the forty years that followed, many clubs sprang up throughout England, some playing the kicking and others the carrying game, but all handicapped by a lack of uniform rules.

Grain Measurements

For many years grains were measured in bushel containers, or peck containers. However, in different states the exact size of these containers varied, and they frequently varied within the same state. Consequently, the Department of Agriculture found it necessary to set some standard amount to the grain. In compiling a standard measurement it was found that some grains took up more space than others. This necessitated another form of measurement in order to insure accuracy. The answer to this was a table of weights. Now all states use tables giving the pounds to the bushel of the various grains.

Tracking by Telephone

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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WHEN Helen Davenport jumped up after a hurried lunch at the Pennsylvania station dining room and rushed for her train she didn't realize that she had not only left her unfinished crab salad and coffee but threads of what promised to be a silver romance.

The threads were entangled, not in the remnants of crab salad, for the waiter had cleared that away long before the train arrived. It was the precious book she left.

Jack Everley was glad the dining room was deserted when he came in. His greatest joy was to sit down restfully and have his silver coffee pot brought in with a plate of chicken sandwiches and while munching and smoking in turn, to think out the ideas for his numerous essays.

Everley had always known that truth was much stranger than fiction and certainly more interesting if one cared to go deep enough into it, but it certainly was curious that some one had left, on the window sill beside him, the one book he had been making in vain effort to obtain. It was that wonderful volume of Matthew Arnold's Note Books—the facsimile of the great writer's daily notes so highly prized.

Everley had tried to get a copy but none seemed to be forthcoming and here—out of a clear sky, as it were—he was actually in possession of the book. Judging by its weary looking pages it had been well read.

And on the front page was written the present owner's name, Helen Davenport. That was all. No address was given.

Everley knew he must make an effort to return so precious a volume and after his lunch went to the telephone book and jotted down the thirty-one Davenport that appeared to have telephones.

It was the tenth Davenport whom Everley called up who gave him the first hold of the silver thread he must follow.

A man's voice had answered in this case and after Everley repeated his call for the tenth time the man laughed.

"Why, yes, there is a Helen Davenport in our family—my niece, as a matter of fact, but she lives at Great Neck—bit of a bookworm, no doubt, the owner of the lost book which you found."

Miss Davenport a telephone, and if so may I have the number?" And having got it Everley took no time in calling up the Great Neck number, and after a few preliminary questionings from a presumed maid he found himself listening to a voice such as poets write about—one of those rich, warm voices that make a man wish the owner were a trifle nearer than some twenty odd miles.

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble over my book. And your voice is lovely, perhaps you will just call it to me."

"If you were to say just when you could be in town, we could meet at the table where you left the book—Pennsylvania station dining room."

"But how will we recognize each other?"

"I will wear a large blue pansy in my lapel—my window boxes are a riot of them just now and besides I will be reading Matthew Arnold's Note Books—with the book propped against the flower vase or crucifix—which ever adorns the center of our table."

"There should be no mistake with so many signs to guide us," she said, "and I, too, will wear a pansy—a yellow one."

Two days following, Everley had smoked six cigarettes at the table by the window before he saw anyone whom he might expect to be Helen Davenport.

Everley's heart gave a great thump—the girl was wearing a large yellow pansy and was apparently coming toward him.

"Oh," she exclaimed softly, "I should have spotted you at once. My brother said you would be at this table and have a large purple pansy in your lapel. This glorious girl here held out slim arms across the table and I am happy to meet you at last, Mr. Harvard. Brother was sorry he couldn't come to introduce us, but said this was the next best thing."

"Not the next best, but the very best," said Everley, "but I am not Mr. Harvard—I am Jack Everley and never before in my life have I longed to be named one I'm not."

"Oh," gasped the girl, and a lovely flush crept over her cheeks. "I thought surely you were my brother's friend. I'm so sorry—"

"But you needn't be sorry on my account," laughed Everley, "and the mistake was but natural. I am meeting a young lady whom I have never met and she, too, will wear a yellow pansy. Miss Helen Davenport?"

"Helen Davenport?" exclaimed the fair one and Everley could have sworn that a spark of joy kindled in her eyes. "Helen is my best pal and I am going to just wait here and chaperone this party. Her fiancé would want me to." And she smiled into Everley's eyes.

"That is," she added, "if you don't object."

"If I would have held you by force—if necessary," said Everley and he meant it. "And when your brother's friend turns up we will have to invite him to join in too—Miss Davenport will want some one to talk to." And Everley smiled at the second blush.