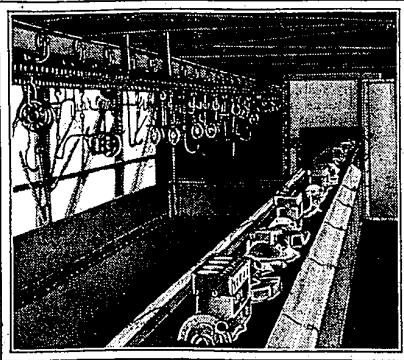


## Miles of Conveyors in Ford Plant



This picture shows two types of conveyors in use in the Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company.

AN ENDLESS chain conveyor, three and a half to four miles in length, has just been completed at the Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company at Dearborn, Michigan. On its parts of Ford cars in the process of manufacture are transported from one building to another and completed parts are carried direct to railroad cars for shipment to branch assembly plants.

The conveyor, which carries its cargo on suspended wheels, has a daily capacity for 300,000 parts weighing over 2,000,000 pounds. It supplants freight cars and trucks which have been used for the transfer of many parts from one point to another in the Ford plant.

This longest conveyor of them all is a development of the Ford policy that nothing should be done by manual labor that could better be done by machine.

In the early days of automobile manufacturing Mr. Ford devised the as-

sembly line—a moving track on which cars in the process of assembly went to the workmen instead of the workmen carrying parts to the car. The assembly line, perfected in many ways, is now used by automobile manufacturers generally.

The value of the conveyor in reducing physical labor, in saving time, in preserving system and in cutting costs soon became apparent and its use was extended to other purposes about the plant. Now there are literally miles of conveyors of various types in the Ford plant. Some of them carry parts from one building to another and are carefully synchronized so that the parts arrive at precisely the right moment and in the exact spot where they are needed. Others transport red hot ingots of steel weighing nearly a ton each. Still others move outgoing shipments.

If it were not for the conveyors, according to officials of the Ford Company, mass production would not be possible on its present scale.

## The Elevator Romance

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

GRACE O'BRIEN spent many hours of her day cooped up in the tiny outside box office of a moving picture theater. It was the only way she had of earning her living when she found herself a young widow.

Two elevators ran from the outside foyer of the theater where she sold tickets and two girls operated these lifts. They were relieved, as was Grace herself, by other girls who came on to do their turn at the work.

"Sometimes, Gay, I wonder whether the monotonous ups and downs of my life here in this elevator are not more wearying to the nerves than the life you live cooped up in that box," remarked one of the elevator girls to Grace when there was a lull in patronage.

"It's an even break," acquiesced Grace. "But I think we are lucky to have any jobs at all."

At that moment a man stepped up to the little window and asked for a ticket. He looked through the circular aperture at Grace O'Brien's face. Suddenly he reached his hand through.

"Grace—why Grace Lowe!" he exclaimed. "It is you!"

Grace looked at him scrutinizingly. "Bob Morton?" she cried.

For a moment each held the hand of the other but did not speak. It was ten years since they had seen each other.

"Aren't you lost?" asked Grace.

"I'm just on here for a visit. And you?"

"Oh—it's a long story with me," admitted Grace.

And then, urged on by the gathering string of patrons, the man disappeared.

"An old friend?" asked the elevator girl when there was a moment of rest again.

"He was more than that—in our school days," said Grace.

"Oh—" breathed the girl.

"We were really-true sweethearts in those days and then I came East and then the war and George in his uniform and the call to the front and—well, I married George before he left. That's all. I have never heard of Bob from that day to this."

It was the next day that Bob Morton was dragged as by a magnet to the moving picture theater again.

"Isn't there some time, some place, somewhere that we could have a visit?" he asked, after talking to Grace for a few moments.

Grace was silent. She would not ask him to the general parlor of the boarding house. She did not like to let him take her to some place of amusement.

"Why couldn't you just visit—here?" she said hesitatingly.

"It isn't exactly my idea of—of romance!" he laughed.

Bob stepped aside again. He was thinking. His time in New York was short.

"Gay says you are an old friend of hers," said a voice at his side.

Bob turned hastily and took off his hat. "From her home town, in fact. You—yes, call her Gay?"

"We call her that because she's such a brick in the face of all the trouble she's had."

Bob remembered that Grace was wearing black—all black-on both of the occasions when he had seen her. "She—she's had trouble, then?"

"Oh—yes! Her husband was killed. Bob was silent for a few moments.

"I have been trying to get a few words with her, but she seems so busy," he admitted to the girl.

The elevator bell rang; the girl looked at her wrist watch. "She will be off duty in ten more minutes. Stay around."

Bob remained. The girl returned with a little placard which bore the lettering, "Temporarily Out of Order." She fastened it to the door of the elevator she was running.

"What's that for?" asked Bob, amused.

"It means," said the elevator operator, "that you and Gay are going to have ten minutes of privacy."

Bob laughed aloud. He looked at the sign on the door. Then Grace emerged from the little rear door of the ticket booth.

"I say, Grace," said her friend. Grace looked from the girl to Bob and back again. "What's up?"

"She's feeling the pressure of being important."

"We—we have decided that though an elevator isn't a very substantial place—it is very quiet, when it bears this sign." She pointed to the card.

"Come in for just a moment," Gay said Bob.

Grace blushed.

"In you go," urged the girl. "And you, too," she said, pushing Bob gently on the back.

"She closed the door of the attractive little elevator and left the two alone."

When they emerged, Grace came up to her, her eyes bright with a renewed outlook on life. "Bob wants you and me to have dinner with him. We—might have a lot to tell you."

"Well—my internal economy is not temporarily out of order, so I'll go," said the girl, removing the sign from the door and turning the elevator over to the relief worker.

## ARCHEOLOGY BY PLANE

Archeology by airplane, recently brought before the public by Lindbergh in Central America, has also been of great service to University of Michigan's Expedition in Mesopotamia. With the aid of a mosaic airplane map, which shows traces of ancient walls and buildings otherwise invisible, work has been under way for some time on the site of one of the greatest cities of the ancient world, Selucia in Iraq (Mesopotamia) about 20 miles below Bagdad, built by one of the generals of Alexander the Great.

Rumors of presidential appointments, should be accepted with reserve until confirmed by the Senate.

If blonde hair had a chameleon-like property it wouldn't show up so disastrously on a blue serge coat.

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## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

## Farmington State Savings Bank

at Farmington, Michigan, at the close of business June 30, 1930, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

## RESOURCES

	Commercial	Savings
LOANS AND DISCOUNTS:		
	\$334,100.00	\$148,326.10
Totals	\$334,100.00	\$148,326.10
REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES	\$20,133.47	\$416,705.54
BONDS AND SECURITIES, viz:		
Other Bonds	\$191,100.00	\$47,500.00
Totals	\$191,100.00	\$47,500.00
RESERVES, viz:		
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	\$26,211.87	
Cash and Due from Banks in Reserve Cities	41,893.21	20,433.62
Totals	\$68,105.08	\$20,433.62

## COMBINED ACCOUNTS, viz:

Overdrafts	\$26.57
Furniture and Fixtures	15,000.00
Other Real Estate	14,567.83
Customer's Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping	1,150.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank	2,100.00
Other Assets Interest Earned, Not Collected	20,958.89
Total	\$1,300,199.14

## LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$40,000.00
Surplus Fund	38,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	13,463.12
Dividends Unpaid	1,128.00
Reserve for Taxes, Interest, Depreciation, etc.	20,366.04
COMMERCIAL DEPOSITS, viz:	
Commercial Deposits Subject to Check	\$239,155.00
Certified Checks	1,115.40
Cashier's Checks	\$384.10
State Money on Deposit	25,000.00
Time Commercial Certificates of Deposit	165,704.86
Totals	\$405,358.86

## SAVINGS DEPOSITS, viz:

Book Accounts—Subject to Savings By-Laws	\$640,593.69
Certificates of Deposit—Subject to Savings By-Laws	47,074.90
Club Savings Deposits (Xmas, Thrift, etc.)	4,546.70
Totals	\$692,215.29
Notes and Bills Rediscouted	\$21,481.83
Bills Payable	45,000.00
Customer's Bonds Deposited with Bank for Safekeeping	1,150.00
Total	\$1,300,199.14

## STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Oakland, ss.

I, Edgar S. Pierce, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

EDGAR S. PIERCE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1930, Hiram G. Nichols, Notary Public. My commission expires July 19, 1932.

## CORRECT ATTEST:

HOWARD M. WARNER  
M. E. PIERCE  
GEORGE STUCKEY  
DIRECTORS.

## SLATS DIARY

by ROSS PARQUHAR

Friday—Elsy got a licken last night she told me this a. m. Her ma ast her who

was it kist her in the Hammuc and she sed she diddnt no whut she was talking about. She told the truth I gess. All I no about it was that I was there with her about eight 30 and I found out later that Pug Stevens was there at 9 o'clock.

Done with wimmen for ever. Saturday—well we ketchked pa tonight. Sum buddy rung the telephone and when pa anserred they ast he and ma to cum over and play sum bridge and pa sed no they eudent becuz ma was very sick so in a bout twenty 5 minits the Dr cums in and charges pa 2\$ for the call. It was him which called up.

Sunday—Ole Mrs. Crump with's husband dyed last week and she got to colect a big insurance Policy has disasided that she is not a going to have catar enny more but she has ben hayving Hay fever all this time and must go to Mihagen or Canady.

Munday—well I got into trouble this p. m. Ma had gave me orders to oil the lon more and mow the lon and when I seen her put on her hat and take pa's pocket book I went to sleep under the tree and then she ketchked me and lammed me. But the teacher told us at Sunday skool that we must alwas be true to are beleaf and I beleafed she had went down town.

Tuesday—this is my onlacky wk. I got sent to had ery tonite without no supper just bouce I dyed a child. The trouble was I dyed it just a secont before pa set down in it.

Wenday—Jake says he had got a Skotch cuzen with all ways trys to date up with girls witch has got a fever becuz he herd the old adverb about you must feed a cold and starve a fever and he wants to do his good tern ery day.

Thirsday—well we havent settled about pa's vacashun yet he wants to go up in Canaday to the fishin camp but ma says she eudent stand to hear the Maskeetoos sifging at nite and pa says well at lease they woodent have any Yukalayies. Probably we

will go to Atlantik city or sum uther nice amusemint Park.

## UNIVERSITY PRESS TO BE ESTABLISHED SOON

So many books, reports, pamphlets, ournals, and announcements are published every year by the University of Michigan that the University has decided to go into the publishing business. At their last meeting the Regents voted to create a University of Michigan Press, the imprint of which will be used on books and other publications issued by the University. This Press, however, will be responsible only for the publishing, not the printing of the books.

There are at the present time, some twelve series of different University publications. These include the official publications, announcements, reports and proceedings of conferences, of which 61 were issued last year, numbering in all a third of a million copies. Then there are the Regents' Proceedings printed every month. The Graduate School also is continually issuing scholarly publications; last year it published seven volumes and one monograph.

## WIXOM COUPLE INJURED IN 12-MILE ACCIDENT

James Weatherly of Wixom suffered a broken rib and Mrs. Weatherly a scalp laceration and possible internal injuries when they were struck by a machine driven by Joseph Rogers of St. Joseph, Mo., at the corner of the Halsted and Twelve Mile road last Saturday afternoon at 3:30 p. m. Four people in the Missouri car were badly injured.

The granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weatherly was riding in the rear seat among a number of chicken crates and escaped injury.

Mr. Weatherly was driving west of the Twelve Mile road and the other car was going north on the Halsted road, and as he noticed the crash was imminent he turned north in the same direction as the approaching car. The cars came together sidewise. Both autos were badly damaged.

## Pistols Kill Two Boys

Baltimore.—Two boys were killed the same day when their boyish companions pointed pistols at them, and they went off. The victims were John Pollack, 13, and John Kellner, 15.

Phone In Your News Items.