

## Small Fish Costly—

Over a Dollar Each

Thirty-four fish so small that they fitted inside a two-quart jar cost the anglers more than a dollar apiece when they were arranged before Judge John J. Schulte of Farmington. The two men were arrested by John W. Geyer, conservation officer, at Walled Lake.

They were fined \$20 each. The men were Walter Czeplenski and Michael Casar of Dearborn.

Send in your news items.

## New Boarding And Day School To Be Opened

A new boarding and day school, the Taylor School, is to be opened next month for boys and girls, at the former Tuttle farm on Thirteen Mile Road.

The school will be conducted by Francis Vanderveen, M.A., (University of Michigan) and Mrs. Vanderveen. Mr. Vanderveen formerly taught at Hope College and Mrs. Vanderveen who was Miss Jean Gordon, has been engaged in social service work in New York City.

## LAST OF FIFTEEN FARMINGTON BOYS RECALLS OTHERS

W. H. Wierand Writes Of Civil War Days And Farmington Boys

Sixty four years ago, September 4th, the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry, commanded by Gov. Moser Wisner, left Pontiac for the front, Captain E. C. Hutton commanded Co. A, the first of ten companies to report at camp with full quota of 100 men, or rather boys, as over one half were under nineteen years of age. In that company were about fifteen Farmington boys. Three were married men, Daniel Sawyer, 42; Franklin Knowlton, 38 and Joseph Lamb, about 25; 1st Sergeant George Button, 22, the others were, if memory serves me right, were all under twenty; William Smith, Hudson Wilcox, Henry Knapp, Jesse Sage, Charles Wierand, William Seaton, Lyman Heath, and William Wierand, who later proved to be the youngest of the regiment, just seventeen, until little Johnny Clem, now Major-General, John L. Clem, U. S. A., enlisting in February, at the age of eleven years and six months, deprived me of that distinction.

Almost seventy years have rolled away since we marched down Saginaw street to the old Detroit and Milwaukee depot, where the long train was waiting to bear us away to the Southland. The street and sidewalks were crowded with fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers and friends, endeavoring to catch the last glimpse of their son or brother. And today I am the last one of that Farmington squad, left waiting the last great roll call, eight of whom were school mates of mine in the Little Red School house at West Farmington. How Well I remember those boy school mates and later comrades. Not one of whom was twenty years old. They did not volunteer because drums were beating, flags flying and crowds cheering. It was the darkest year of the War for the union. President Lincoln had just issued the call for 500,000 to save the union, and the young boys of the country answered, most of them boys from the farms still in their teens. No bonuses offered and pay \$13 a month, but they did not hesitate though they well knew only hard marching, long weary nights on the dangerous picket, fast and hard fighting waited them at the front. I sometimes wonder if the boys of today ever stop to think what it cost to save the union from 1861 to 1865. 350,000 killed 450,000 wounded, many of whom were left crippled for life. They surely

"Kept the faith and kept their flags.

But by and by they said "Good Bye"

To the colors they loved so well, But when the order came to march Life's last long weary mile Without a fear they answered here.

And met them with a smile, W. H. Wierand Co. A, 22nd Mich. Inf. Coldwater August 18, 1930.

## If Looking For Work, Beware of 'Cash Bond'

These days of varying employment conditions provide the open season for the "cash bond" racketeer.

He promises a job but states that a "cash bond" of \$500 (more or less) is necessary in order to obtain it. "This requirement is made," says the racketeer, "merely to prove your good faith. The deposit will be returned to you when you leave our employ."

Scores of complaints indicate the "cash bond" requirement is a pitfall for the dollars and hopes of the unsuspecting. The job is a myth, or if it materializes at all, the first payday finds your wages missing, and, in many cases, your "cash bond" and supposed employer also.

Although bonds are sometimes required by legitimate companies, these concerns do not require cash, and those who demand it from you before giving you a "job" should merit your suspicion and painstaking investigation. Get the facts first. Before you invest—investigate.—Better Business Bureau.

Convalescence is that period during which you become aware of the nurse's charms if any.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

## Out of the Embers

By ELLA MAE BROWNING

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"BOB," Marcella cried, "I can't stand this any longer! Look—just look at that house! No running water, no shade, no comfort! Nothing but heat and druggery and misery!"

"I know it's been hard for you, Marcella. It's not what you've been used to. But we'll have comfort in time. Just look at that wheat. Every golden head means gold in our pockets. We'll build a better house."

"Promises, always promises," she snarled. "I hate it!"

That night, in the little neighborhood dwelling they ate their supper in silence. But when Bob had finished he pushed back his chair and gave voice to his thoughts.

"I've been thinking, maybe you're right, Marcella," he said kindly. "Maybe we'd better get out of this. Just as soon as the crop is sold we'll go back home."

But Marcella knew that his whole ambition was wrapped up in that wheat field.

The next day she stood in the doorway watching him anxiously as he strode off to put his heavy reaper in the field.

It was a hot day. So hot that Marcella left her work in the kitchen and sat in the shady shade at the side of the house.

The house was surrounded with a fringe of dry, dead grass, all that remained of a lawn they had planted so hopefully that spring.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. Bob was running toward the house, hasting the team before him.

"Prairie fire!" Bob shouted. "Darned fool I am, never plowed a fireguard around the house!"

In a moment he had hooked his reins to the plow and started a furrow. The ground was hard, baked in the sun. But the team worked, sweating, strained in the collars, driven on by the sharp sting of the lash and Bob's everlasting shouts.

The fire surged toward the little home in its furious march, fanned by a breeze newly sprung up. The flames watched the onward rush of the flames in utter stupefaction. She had a vague sense of her own impotence, but even that was passive. All her life she had depended on others for physical protection.

Then she saw the flames eating into their own fields. Devouring Bob's precious stand of wheat like a ravaging monster.

Then something snapped within her. She was imbued with a sudden urge to fight. "Bob," she yelled at the top of her lungs, "what can I do, oh, what can I do?"

"Pump water," came the instant reply. "Wet all the empty sacks you can find. Get ready to fight—fire!"

Marcella flew her task. She forgot everything but the encroaching danger.

She ripped open a bale of wheat sacks and dragged them to the pump. The water trough was nearly dry so she cut furiously to filling it.

Through the yellow haze Marcella caught glimpses of Bob, driving the horses mercilessly in an endless circle about the dwelling. The horses snorted in terror as the thick gases burned their nostrils.

But Bob was a fighter! Bob would keep going, somehow!

Then through the din Marcella heard a cry and looked up to see Bob slump to the ground in a heap. Instantly she dropped her task and ran to him.

"Badger hole," he groaned as she came up panting. "I'm done up, Marcella! Leg's busted!"

Marcella wasted scant time on reflections. The fire was almost upon them. The heat was terrific. She jerked the plow and the frantic team bolted. She dragged Bob away over the furrows to the shelter of the house.

Bob's work was finished, but her's was fairly begun.

The little home stood, with its scant protection, amid a raging, crackling inferno. Marcella's arms and legs were soon covered with burning heat-blister, but as the danger increased, so did her fighting spirit rise up to combat it.

Many times she climbed to the roof and put out sparks that threatened the house, and again at the stables. For what seemed hours and hours she dragged those blackened, water-soaked, steaming sacks through the mud, beating back the flames in an endless, tireless circle. Then, almost as quickly as it had come, the fire passed on. The heat gave way to the cooling breath of evening and Marcella dropped at Bob's side in exhaustion.

"Thank God we saved our home, Bob," she said weakly.

"Yes," he answered, "you saved it, Marcella."

Three days later Bob lay on the bed looking out upon the world of his lost hopes. Then he glanced down at his leg sheathed in splints and bandages, and finally his eyes came to rest on Marcella.

"Marcella, I—I don't see how we can leave for a while—even free my leg is baled. You see, I—I figured on the wheat—"

She came quickly and sat down beside him. Somehow her face bore a different expression later.

"Bobby," she said peremptorily, "we're not going to leave. We're going to stick! And we're going to lick this d—d country if it takes a lifetime!"

## Orson Coe Married

## To Clarkston Girl

One of the outstanding social events of the season was held, when last Saturday on the spacious lawn of his Clarkston home, Mr. M. E. Corryell gave his daughter Miss Edith Corryell in marriage to Orson Coe, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Coe of Walled Lake.

With about 200 guests in attendance, the bridal party composed of: Ushers, Messrs. Howard Coe, Carson Coe, Hoyt Wilson and Josh Roach; Bride's Maids, the Misses Eloise Coe, Irene Coe, Mildred Corryell, and Dorothy Coe, the bride's father, Mr. M. E. Corryell; the maid of honor, Miss Emily Swain of Clarkston; the dainty little Miss Aileen Corryell as flower girl; and the best man, Mr. Earl Corryell, accompanied the pair down a petal-strewn lane to the altar, that had been built before a beautiful willow tree on the bank of the river which flowed past the end of the lawn.

Rev. Elmer W. Palmer of Farmington, standing before the flower decked backing of the altar, read the service.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home. Coffee, ice cream and cake were served to about one hundred and fifty guests. Many beautiful and useful gifts were received by the young couple.

After a two week's trip through eastern Canada and the Northwestern States, Mr. and Mrs. Coe will return to live in Clarkston.

Spanning the St. Lawrence

TIME was when the wonders of the world numbered seven, but that time has gone forever. Today, wonders are numerous. One of them is the giant boulevard of steel which engineers have flung across and high above the waters of the majestic St. Lawrence river and is known to the world as the Quebec bridge.

This structure is peculiar. In design in that the central span, 640 feet long and weighing 5,000 tons, hangs suspended between the two end spans at a height of 172 feet above the water, instead of resting upon piers. This middle span was built ashore, floated to mid-stream on scows and then lifted bodily into place and securely fastened. This job went down in history as one of the greatest engineering feats of all time.

Without a sight of the bridge or a photograph of it, it is well nigh impossible for one to form an adequate conception of its tremendous size. Its construction cost the owner—the Canadian National railways—back to the tune of about \$15,000,000, but it shortened the haul between Halifax and Winnipeg by about 200 miles, and that was far more important.

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Nearby and Yonder . . .

by T. T. MAXEY

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## FUNERAL IS HELD

Funeral services were held Thursday for Mrs. Jeanette Hazelton, 76, who had been visiting at the cottage of her son at Walled Lake. Burial took place at Port Huron.

A modern Don Quixote might amuse himself by tilting at some of our political windbags.

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