

MISS FERN AULT WED AT MASON SATURDAY MORNING

At a ceremony at the residence of Rev. John Adams, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Mason, Michigan, Miss Fern Elizabeth Ault, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ault of West Point Park, became the bride of Edwin Johnson, principal of Pierson School for the past eight years, on Saturday morning at ten o'clock.

Members of the bride's family present were Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ault, June, Lora Ann, Forest, and Robert Hunter, her two grandsons; Mrs. Margaret Martin and Mrs. J. W. Ault, Miss Edna Johnson, sister of the groom and Joseph Byers of Lansing, who acted as best man.

For the occasion the bride chose a white lace dress, with white accessories, and wore a corsage of white roses and sweet peas. Miss June Ault, sister of the bride, and her only attendant, wore a dress of pink silk crepe, with hat and accessories to match, and a corsage of pink roses and sweet peas. The bride's mother wore an ensemble of printed blue and white sheer.

Dinner at the residence of Rev. John Adams at 12:30, dinner was served the members of the bride's family, at the home of the bride's parents. The table was beautifully decorated with roses and lilies. A brief reception followed, attended by a number of relatives, neighbors, and intimate friends. Guests from out of town were Mrs. Tom Stevens and daughter Ruth and son Donald, Miss Garnet Hunter and George Kiskadee all of Uniontown, Ohio. A large number of beautiful wedding gifts were on display. Buffet lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson left on a shower of rice for his cottage at Big Pine Lake near Lansing where they will spend the summer. Upon their return in the fall, Mr. Johnson will assume his duties as a new member of the teaching staff of the Northville schools, but expects to reside in West Point Park.

WALLED LAKE TEACHERS GET PAY INCREASE

All the present teachers of the Walled Lake Consolidated School system have been awarded contracts to return as members of the faculty next year and each teacher has accepted the offer. The new contracts call for liberal increases in salaries and although considerably more than last year, they are still short of the level of several years ago.

Teachers who will return for the 1936-37 season are: C. A. Hoffman, principal; L. B. McLaughlin, principal; shop and athletics, H. H. Hursch; agriculture, W. C. Proctor; commercial department, Margaret Helzer; home economics, Helen B. Hendrickson; English, Charles A. Ridley; Social Science, Conley B. Guilford; Junior High, Florence Poole; Sixth Grade, Jean Wallace; Fifth Grade, Kathryn Robert; Fourth Grade, Margaret Poole; Third Grade, Mrs. Doris Wood; Second Grade, Bernice Lawrence; First Grade, Iola Shipman; Office Secretary, Maxine Curtis.

Organize Band
One of the most marked improvements in the school during the present year was the instruction in band instruments given by Mr. Frank Bach of Pontiac. Mr. Bach spent one day a week in the school and had approximately 30 grade and junior high school boys and girls learning the different band instruments. The band has made one appearance before the school and within the next year it is expected the members will develop into a commendable beginning high school organization. Mr. Guilford of the regular faculty assists with rehearsals during the week.

The system has enjoyed a successful year with by far the largest enrollment in the history of the school. The total enrollment of the year was 520 in the twelve grades. The regular attendance has averaged about 460. There has been marked improvement in the steadiness of the attendance and less students leaving school in the fall.

The big problem during the year has been the taking of the class room, auditorium and gymnasium facilities by the large enrollment. There were over 100 non-enrolled pupils and considerably more expressed the desire to attend.

Six Ponds Being Built At Wolf Lake Hatchery

Six of the ponds being built at Wolf Lake State Fish hatchery near Kalamazoo are being flooded for immediate use in accommodating black bass and bluegills. The additions now being developed not only make the Wolf Lake unit the largest in Michigan, but also one of the largest hatcheries in North America.

HIGH TEAM PLAYS SEVENTEEN INNINGS IN LAST GAME

Although at the time they did not know it, members of the Farmington High School baseball team played their last game of the season Thursday afternoon against Bedford (Union) School on the Farmington diamond, since the last scheduled game against Northville the next Tuesday was rained out.

The Bedford game was a fitting finale however, with at least one member of the Farmington team clinching a brilliant season. That player was Ray Clark who went into the game as pitcher in the 7th inning, replacing DeYoung, and turned the next ten innings into a personal victory.

The game went 17 innings, the last ten of which were scoreless, and it was finally called on account of darkness with the count knotted at five all. In spite of the fact that both teams played exceptional ball and that the game was a battle from the first pitch, the highlight of the game was Clark's hurling in the last ten innings.

In the eighth inning three men faced Clark; in the ninth, only three, in spite of a single; in the tenth, three; in the eleventh, five, by virtue of two walks; in the twelfth, three; in the thirteenth, three; in the fourteenth, three; in the fifteenth, three; in the sixteenth, three; and in the seventeenth, five by virtue of a walk and an error. In all but two innings Clark retired the side in order, allowing but one hit and no runs, a remarkable feat for any pitcher in any league.

Robert Werscheb played the outstanding game for Farmington on the offensive, getting on base six times out of eight trips to the plate. He hit two singles and a triple, walked once and got on twice on errors.

SENIORS FETED BY BAPTIST WOMEN'S UNION

The Woman's Union of the Baptist church entertained sixty-two Senior members of the Farmington High School, and the High School faculty at a banquet at the church social room on Tuesday evening.

The welcome from the church to the guests was given by Rev. Gilbert Miles, Hanley Harrington, as representative of the Senior class, was the toastmaster, and Miss Alma Weston was the speaker on this delightful occasion. Another Senior, Charles Wellington, gave a piano solo, Polonaise in A, by Chopin, and Harkness Scott, Senior, rendered the vocal solo, "Lost," with Charles Wellington accompanying him. Mr. John Dalrymple, superintendent and Mr. Robert Puras, principal gave brief talks.

Miss Geraldine Buddy, of the high school faculty led the singing with Miss Eleanor Clark, Senior, accompanist.

Mrs. Charles Schlegel as student councilor of the Women's Union was chairman of the committee providing the evenings enjoyment.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Doherty were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fitzpatrick in Detroit.

Mrs. Robert Fredericks entertained at dinner Sunday morning the birthday of Ed Tamm. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tamm and daughters Leona and Edna, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miner and family.

Mrs. Arthur Power and Mrs. George Checketts were bridge luncheon guests at the home of Mrs. Harry Clark on the Base Line Road on Wednesday. Mrs. Summer Power of Northville was co-hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilbur returned Tuesday from a week at Port Austin and the Thumb district.

Ben Myers is reported improving from his injuries received when he fell several weeks ago.

Carey Coe spent the week end on a fishing trip near Alpena.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Todd were guests of their son, Harold Todd and wife, at their home in Detroit at dinner on Tuesday, June 2, the anniversary day for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Todd.

Dr. Frank Adams of Oak Park, Ill., will be in Farmington Friday June 5, to speak at the Universalist Church, at 8:00 o'clock. Everyone interested is welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wellington and family and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Power and family enjoyed a picnic at Cass Benton park on Sunday.

She: "And what do you sailors do when the ship starts leaking?"
Sailor: "Oh, just put a pan under it and let it leak."
Son: "Mother if I'm a good boy will you give me a dime?"
Mother: "No, son, I want you to be good for nothing."

Send in your news items.

The Killing By GRACE SHAVER © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WVU Service.

IT WAS NOT yet dark but the lightning was so rapid and vivid that it might have been midday. The thunder reverberated through the little valley as continuously as if produced for a radio broadcast. My engine stalled just as I came up to a group of cars parked at the foot of the hill.

"Two light poles down," said a strange driver. "We may as well turn back. No one will get through this road tonight."

Gladly would I have turned back with the others but my car refused to budge. Rain was pouring down in sheets. Car after car went around me and soon I stood alone in front of a dark little house.

I decided to seek shelter for the night. It did not occur to me that anyone would act as surly and inhospitable as the boy and old woman from whom I asked a night's lodging.

"The wires are down and there's no telling when the light will come on again," the old woman complained ungraciously. "We ain't got no bed ready made up for strangers."

"The water has flooded my engine," I explained, "and I can't start my car. I am very enough not to be particular. Just give me a candle and a bed. I'll be asleep in five minutes."

The boy said something in Pennsylvania Dutch to his mother of whom I understood enough to gather that he thought it would look suspicious to turn me away. I should have been warned of something sinister but the rain continuing and now it was pitch black within and without the house. I dreaded trying to find help elsewhere.

A single wax candle of the kind intended more for ornament than light stood flickering on the table. Its feeble illumination gave some idea of the terrors of dark on these lonely farms in days long ago.

In spite of their protests the spare bed without any further preparation received my weary form. Already the light company had sent a truck with workmen to repair the fallen poles. I watched them from my window for a minute. They moved through the dark enveloped in rainclouds looking like phantoms who disfigure the landscape showing here and there might have been seeking some mysterious dreadful thing.

The lights came on again suddenly in the middle of the night. The brilliant unshielded globe dangling from its cord in the center of the room must have been turned on when the power went off. Its glare woke me. For a long time I had been senselessly listening to a persistent dripping. A leaky roof, I thought.

I lay looking curiously about the neat little room. Drip, drip, drip! Overhead, was a ceiling of galvanized iron which seems to be common in that section of Pennsylvania. Many a fine old beamed ceiling is concealed behind such shining boards. Drip, drip, drip! Too bad that the roof should leak and rot that beautiful wood. Drip, drip, drip! Must be coming down right in my room. Must be making quite a puddle. Drip, drip.

The drops were falling between that board with the wide wax graining and the one next to it with fine lines. What a wonderful thing electricity is! By the candle light I lay gazing at the lines of graining on each panel overhead. Strange color the drop of water that is forming. It is red!

My God, it is blood!

With a sudden jerk I sat up. Instinctively I put out my hand to catch the falling drop before it should join the terrible puddle on the floor beside my bed. The pool was darkly red! The drop was warm and sticky and as I put my hand to my nose with the irresistible reflex I smelled fresh blood!

I called loudly to the old woman in the next room while I pulled on my clothes. The frightened boy and his mother appeared at once as if they had been waiting for me to make an outcry.

"Oh, mister, don't tell on us," begged the boy. "We ain't got no money to pay a fine and this'll kill my mother."

"Flue!" I shouted, pulling open the little door at the foot of my bed. An I shot her, I meant to go right in to town an' give myself up but the storm came up an' mother got scared an' we hid her."

I stood on the attic stairs with an old fashioned candlestick in my shaking hand listening to this strange, cool account of a "mercy killing."

My head and shoulders were above the attic floor. I held the candle high and its light fell on the body of a fair young doe. The slain deer's blood continued dripping through on the floor below. In the days when candle beams were the only ones that shone on illegal killings men had been drawn and quartered for lesser crimes.

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