Farmington Has Radio Station

(Continued from page one)

the available band which they now possess, although they argue that they should have more inasmuch as 92 per cent of the radio stations in this country are amateurs. The 1937 International Radio Conference in Cairo, Egypt, may give them final approval on more band territory. The Federal Communications Commission is friendly toward the plan.

Forest's station has a wavelength which enables the station to be heard at a distance of 1500 miles. "It isn't the distance which hampers me so much," Forest explains, "as it is the high steel frame buildings in Detroit. They act as shields to my broadcasting. It is very difficult to send messages beyond them, for instance, into Windsor."

There are two ways for an amateur to broadcast. One is by microphone and the other is by key—the dot and dash method. Forest uses the microphone but can understand the Morse code, also. He talks frequently to station W8MCD in Rosedale Park. It is owned and operated by Maurice LaBarre. When Forest calls him, he says, "W8MCD. Monkeys, Cats and Dogs. Calling W8MCD."

The first time that he talked to station MPX in Pontiac, he listened in vain for the voice of MPX. He discovered after ten minutes that MPX had been talking into a dead microphone.

Talks To Many

Forest has talked to approximately 500 stations. Each year the league to which he belongs stages a contest, the prize going to the amateur who can contact the most stations withing a given length of time. Last year's winner talked to 534 stations in the given ninety-hour period. Forest hasn't entered this contest yet but hopes to as soon as he obtains his Class A license.

He is able to "work" stations as far west as Iowa, north into Canada, east as far as New York, and south as far as Kentucky. He is able to broadcast that far. But on the receiving set come the words of amateurs in South America, the Orient, Europe, and even Africa. Most of the foreign operators—there are only a few of them—speak in English. They are Americans living abroad or wealthy foreigners who have learned to speak English. "Of course, I have a little trouble in understanding their dialects now and then," Forest says.

He keeps a complete log book, showing every station that he has worked. Opposite one entry are the words, "What a mess Al and I got into!" Upon being asked what that meant, Forest said, "Al, who lives at Walled Lake and whose last name I don't know, and I were talking. We decided to make it a three-way conversation and so we called in another ham. Then another. Before it was finished, each new station had called in another until we ended up with an eight-way conversation and everybody trying to talk at once. It was worse than a women's bridge party."

There are some women who have stations, he revealed, but to date he hasn't talked with any of them.

Missed Flood Reports

Forest had to forego the pleasure of listening to the eastern amateurs during the spring floods in that part of the country. When he found that he couldn't be of any service, he went off the air, thus clearing the channel for those who were still operating. Very valuable service was performed by those eastern "hams" who managed to broadcast in spite of the rising flood waters. They saved many lives at a time when the regular methods of communication had failed.

Although station W8NCY will be off the air for a short time, Forest Durhhm will be at the microphone soon, talking to many of his 40,000 cronies throughout the country.

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. Cook of 21620 Hamilton avenue, Clarenceville entertained at a July 4th party. The guests were Miss Esther Scheuner and Steve Boltash, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Inge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Garrier and children, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Conkey and children, Mr. and Mrs. William Hendtland, Mr. and Mrs. John Bragg and children, Robert Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. John Glant, Evan Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Waack, and Mr. and Mrs. James Dean.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

Notice is hereby given to the qualified school electors of School District No. 5 of the City and Township of Farmington, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, that the Annual School Meeting for the election of two members of the Board of Education and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before it, will be held at the Farmington High School, Monday, July 13, 1936, at 8:00 P. M.

Florence E. Lee, Secretary.

Miss Marvel Auten and Miss Emily Miller of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten.

Region Spelled Jamtland

In northern Sweden, on the borders of Lapland, lies a region spelled Jamtland and pronounced Yemtland. It is a mountain country and lies at the foot of Mount Kreskntan, which is nearly a mile high. It is a country of wide valleys, vast open spaces, wooded regions with farmsteads scattered everywhere, against backgrounds of rugged mountains and thundering cascades.

Many Islands in Pacific

Scattered over the surface of the Pacific ocean are enormous numbers of small islands.

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Tru-Flo Self-Leveling Flat

TRUSCON Tru-flo, used in conjunction with TRUSCON Tru-seal is the perfect combination two-coat system for new plaster or already painted plaster interiors.

Tru-flo supplies the demand for a wall and ceiling paint that can be applied to an absolutely uniform finish without "laps" or brush marks. It is a self-leveling flat.

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Tru-flo, in addition to its remarkable flowing qualities; presents a very dense and opaque finish. Although designed as a flat it is a much more washable coating than ordinary flat paint.

Tru-flo is carried in ten beautiful shades. Color charts are available.

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CARL G. HOGLE, Manager

MILK PRODUCTION ABOVE NORMAL IN OAKLAND COUNTY

Production of milk for the month of June ranged above normal among the herds on test in the Oakland County No. 1 Dairy Herd Improvement Association, according to a report made by Karl D. Bailey, Oakland County Agricultural Agent, the principal research being that, compared to other sections, Oakland County has fared well for rainfall. As a result, pastures have been good.

Nearly all members of the association are feeding grain with pasture which has prevented cows from becoming thin in flesh.

There were twenty-three herds composed of 723 cows on test in this Association during June. Of this number, 59 or 8.1 per cent were producing above 50 pounds of butterfat for the 30 day period; and 83 or 11.4 per cent were producing in excess of 1250 pounds of milk. The average production of all cows was 757 pounds of milk and 30.29 pounds of butter-fat.

Farmer's Herd High

O. C. Farmer's 30 registered and grade Guernseys averaged 895 pounds of milk and 41.22 pounds of butter fat to lead the Association for this period. H. R. Hodge's 63 registered and grade Guernseys followed with an average of 768 pounds of milk and 36.41 pounds of butter fat.

J. D. Hunter's 12 grade Guernseys were next in order with an average of 897 pounds of milk and 35.98 pounds of butter fat. Russell Porritt's 27 registered and grade Holsteins also showed commendable production with an average of 1056 pounds of milk and 35.50 pounds of butter fat.

Dr. L. F. Cobb, Mrs. Walter McKinney, Earl Wackter, Mrs. E. M. Bricker, Alfred Schoenenberger, Wm. H. Gallagher, F. J. Beckman, Middleton's Dairy, and Earl Voorhees, also own herds averaging above 30 pounds of butter fat.

C. J. Jolly, Russell Porritt, and J. A. Gordon own the three leading cows in the two year old class, with 58.1; 57.6 and 50.9 pounds of butter fat respectively.

Top Three Year Olds

H. R. Hodges, B. W. Donaldson and Mrs. E. M. Bricker are owners of the top cows in the three year old class, with production of 58.3; 57.6 and 57.2 pounds of butter fat, respectively.

Earl Miles, O. C. Cramer and Earl Braid and Son, have the three leading cows in the four year old class, producing 57.4, 55.9 and 53.5 pounds of butter fat respectively.

Earl Miles owns the two top cows in the mature class as well as the top of the association. Both grade Holsteins, producing 78.1 and 71.6 pounds of butter fat respectively.

C. J. Jolly owns a grade Jersey that followed these, producing 1797 pounds of milk and 68.2 pounds of butter fat.

WHO ARE YOU?

The Romance of Your Name

By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

A Bigelow?

THE original home of the Bigelow family was in the county of Chester, England. It was there that the family lived and flourished for many generations. The name was first spelled Baguley, and by some curious process it finally became Bigelow as it is spelled today.

Richard de Baguley was the first ancestor known to the family. He

Bigelow

was the head of the house at Chester.

Many generations later there lived in Suffolk county a descendant of the family called Randall Baguley. It is through him that American Bigelows claim descent.

The first American Bigelow was John, who was born in Suffolk county, England. He came to America and settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1632. He was loyal to the colonies and served in the early wars.

There are, today, Bigelows scattered to the four winds in this country but most of them are descendants of John, of Massachusetts.

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Source of Our Ginger

The ginger that gives the pep to our American gingerbread, ginger cookies and ginger beer comes from the root stock of a plant that closely resembles the canna. It was cultivated in the East Indies in earliest times.

AUDACITY

By ANNE MILLER

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MISCHIEF danced in Evelyn's eyes as she reached for the telephone. Calling the Grays' home, she asked for Mr. Arthur Gray.

When an interrogatory masculine "Yes?" came she gulped nervously.

"I am a reporter from the Daily Clarion," she began.

The answer was another "Yes?" cold and unencouraging.

Evelyn quickly decided on an appeal to sympathy.

"Please," she said, "don't hang up on me. This is my first job and I've got to make good. When may I call for an interview?"

"Surely," replied the man, "you are making a mistake. There is no reason why I should be interviewed."

"My instructions are to interview Mr. Arthur Gray who arrived yesterday morning from New York and is now staying with his mother at 310 Grenville road. You are that, Mr. Gray, aren't you?"

"All details tally," admitted the man, "but, really, I am not sufficiently prominent in any way to merit a newspaper write-up."

"O-oh! Evidently you don't realize that a man who has written popular song-hits is viewed with interest. But—as you seem to think me intrusive—" The girl sounded hurt and despondent, as her speech faltered, and the man hastened to say courteously:

"I am sorry, Miss Reporter, I wish I could help you, but really, I am convinced there is some mistake."

"Please," she begged, "haven't you five minutes to spare this afternoon, so I won't have to report failure?"

"Well—" he hesitated, "my mother is entertaining at ten. Why not be one of the guests?"

"Last thing conceivable," was Evelyn's thought. Aloud she said: "No, I couldn't do that, but," audaciously, "I shall let you meet me outside the Yellow Tearoom."

"Most unusual reporter!" commented the man. "But I'll call your bluff. Will 3:30 do?"

"Lovely," she enthused. "Park near the front entrance."

"Good. How shall I know you?"

She laughed softly. "I'll know you," she said, and hung up the receiver.

Donning a light blue coat, soft felt hat and gaily printed scarf, she was out of the house.

A taxi brought her within a block of their meeting place. From there she walked, warily scanning the automobiles. Yes—there it was—a beautiful runabout with the New York license plate—and at the wheel the young man of whom she had heard so much and whose photograph she had seen.

As his eyes were turned toward the entrance of the tea-room he did not notice Evelyn's approach. Only when she stepped on the running board did he turn quickly.

"Why—er?"

"Miss Reporter," she smilingly enlightened him. "Do lets get out of this maze. No, thank you, no tea!"

"I am yours to command," he assured her. "Let me help you in."

The man's attention was on his wheel for several minutes after they were comfortably seated. Evelyn waited. At length he spoke:

"Please don't keep me in the dark. Are you really connected with the Daily Clarion?"

"No," she replied, "nor shall I beat about the bush, Mr. Gray. I wanted to meet you in order to save you from a conspiracy."

At this the man laughed. "The plot thickens. Where's the villain?"

"Oh, don't laugh!" she begged. "I'll try to explain. Your mother has set her heart on marrying off a certain young woman to you, and she is going to do considerable maneuvering to accomplish her object."

"And what concern is it of yours?"

"Only this: If she succeeds I shall be the main sufferer. I am one of the principals conspired against."

"You don't mean—?" He looked at her in amazement.

"I do! Your mother has been singing your praises to me for the last six months. I have seen photographs of you and silly snapshots, and locks of blond hair tied with baby-blue ribbon. I know just how you lisped—and that as a youngster you were bow-legged."

The man groaned.

"You're Evelyn Brent?" he asked.

"I am."

"That model of maidenly reserve and deportment?"

"As you see " she unblushingly admitted.

He continued: "That Dresden china doll? That sedate well-mannered conservative young lady? Oh, my poor mother—how could she be so deceived?"

"Sarcasm being unbecoming to my gentle sex, you have the advantage," she replied. "But do let me justify my boldness. Your brother's fiancee, Martha, is my cousin. Dreadfully tactless sort of girl she is. Only this morning she told me that you and I will literally be thrown at each other. That annoyed me, so I thought that, with our combined efforts, yours and mine, we could dodge each other successfully."

Exaggerated courtesy tinged his reply: "Forewarned is forearmed. It would have been impossible to resist you, had you been leagued with the conspirators. Really, I am touched by your solicitude."

Annoyed, Evelyn glanced at her wrist watch. "Now that everything is explained," she said, "if you'll stop your car, I'll get out here."

"Oh," he cried, and his manner was wholly apologetic, "I am sorry. I have been rude. After all, we know enough of each other by hearsay to make our meeting proper. I have some business to attend to at the A. B. Co. If you don't mind waiting the few minutes it will take, I shall then take you home. After today the 'dodging' may begin."

To this Evelyn reluctantly agreed, and in a short time they were in front of the A. B. Co. As the man alighted from the automobile, and walked through the swinging doors of the store, Evelyn noted the set of his broad shoulders, the grace of his carriage.

"But," she reflected, "all handsome men are insufferably vain."

When, after an impatient twenty minutes of waiting, Evelyn saw him coming back, with sparkling eyes and twitching mouth, as though enjoying a joke, she was perturbed.

"You must think me very silly," she half asked, half affirmed, when he was again seated beside her.

"I am non-committal, young lady," he replied, as he started the automobile.

They had gone but a hundred yards or so when a coupe sped by them. Its occupants called to them, slowed down and waited.

"Oh!" moaned Evelyn. The occupants were her cousin Martha and fiance, John Gray.

The man beside Evelyn grinned. When abreast his brother's car, he slackened the speed of his own.

"Where you two going?" called John, while Martha eyed her cousin in surprise.

"To mother's tea-party," Arthur informed them. "Step on the gas. We'll follow."

Evelyn wilted in her seat! The joke was on her, she admitted. She was powerless to protest. To do so was to disclose her silly behavior of the afternoon. When Mrs. Gray's apartment was reached she went in docilely. Mrs. Gray received her as a matter of course, convinced she had come with Martha.

Then, to everybody's amazement. Arthur drew Evelyn's arm through his own, and turned to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "she is all you said she was—and we've bought the engagement ring." He drew from his pocket a tiny box, his hurried purchase at the A. B. Co.

"I may have to change it," he continued to his amazed listeners. "I bought it hurriedly."

A fog seemed to envelop Evelyn's mind. She could not speak.

"You little devil," she heard from Martha, and she felt herself being vigorously embraced by the two women.

Arthur stood apart, smiling, but a trifle uneasy as to the possible outcome of his audacity.

At length Evelyn regained speech. She broke from Martha and Mrs. Gray.

"I won't be browbeaten into anything," she cried hysterically. "I am an emancipated young woman!"

Gently Arthur took her hands in his. "I shall be your slave," he whispered. "We'll leave 'obey' out of the marriage service. Won't you take me on probation?"

The excitement was too much for the girl. Her head went down. He pillowed it on his shoulder. She blubbered. Then—faintly—he heard:

"Only on probation?"

At this, the others tactfully withdrew, John murmuring:

"Some fast workers!".

Sea Is Yielding Mineral Supply in Large Amounts

For centuries men have dreamed of getting gold and other precious metals from the briny waters of the ocean through some chemical process. Today chemists are recovering useful minerals from the sea in large quantities and with profit.

Limitless supplies of magnesium, for example, recovered from the ocean, of inestimable value in strengthening human resistance to cancer and other diseases, and for industrial uses, are available in the sea water, and successful production of the mineral from the Pacific ocean by M. Henry Chesny of the Mdrine Chemicals Co., Ltd., of South San Francisco, Calif., is reported by the American Chemical society.

Large industrial fields for magnesium compounds, used in steelmaking and in the construction of airplanes, automobiles, railroad cars and electrical appliances, have been opened up, it is asserted.

Commercial recovery of minerals from the sea is now proceeding both on the east and west coasts of the United States.

"The successful production of inexpensive magnesium salts opens large fields for future applications," reports Mr. Chesny.

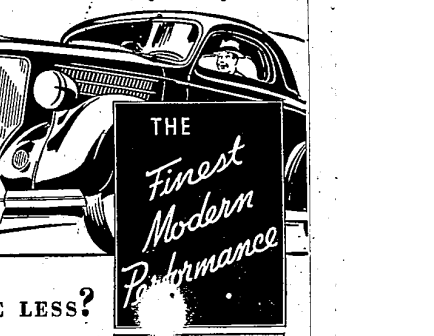
"Medical authorities show that there is an alarming increase in certain diseases of the human race in the last decade, such as cancer, infantile paralysis, chronic stomach ailments and certain nervous disorders. It has been pointed out that this has gone hand in hand with a steady decrease in the amount of magnesium salts available for assimilation by the human body."

Mrs. Luman W. Goodenough entertained at a tea at her home, Long Acres, Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Harold Jamieson, formerly Adaline Wixom. Guests included Mrs. Perry Wixom, Mrs. Al Smith, Mrs. F. J. Nash, Miss Mathieson, Mrs. John Spicer, Miss Frances Brown, Miss Arlene Fink, Miss Virginia Adams, Miss Eileen Lapham, Mrs. David Edward, Miss Olive Grimwade, Miss Mary Burrowes of Farmington, Miss Doris Facer of Franklin and Mrs. George Shem and mother Mrs. Shem of Detroit, and Mrs. Howard Bond of Pontiac. The guest of honor was the recipient of many lovely gifts.

Send in your news items.

IN A FORD V-8

Your Money Buys



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