

LOSEY CORNERS

A Father's Day dinner was served at the home of Mrs. Robert Fredericks of 1831 Maplewood, honoring L. A. Mansfield, Robert Fredericks, Henry Miner and Edwin K. Tamm. Mrs. Tamm presented them with a large cake cleverly decorated.

Mrs. George Strassburg, Thomaston, Conn. is visiting her mother, Mrs. L. A. Mansfield, of 1835 Maplewood.

After a delicious lunch served at the home of Mr. Alex Yeoman, principal of Wilcox school, the graduating class accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Yeoman to the park to spend last Wednesday afternoon. They returned home for a late supper.

Mrs. Robert Remey of Pickford has returned from New Haven, Conn., where she visited her parents and attended the celebration of their golden wedding.

The peeping Tom who has caused considerable uneasiness in the neighborhood for some time past was confronted by one of the men employed on a midnight shift in one of the automobile factories, while prowling around recently, and given a talking to that has proven effective up to date. The culprit was warned he would be shot on sight if caught again annoying women whose husbands are obliged to work late.

Mr. John Yeoman who was taken to Harper Hospital for an operation a few weeks ago was able to leave for his home Saturday. His condition is satisfactory and his recovery is a matter of time. Ray Yeoman is district superintendent of the Methodist Conference in the upper part of the state. Many kind inquiries and masses of flowers helped to cheer the hours of his confinement in the hospital.

The Sunday News rotogravure section carried pictures of both Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon of Breton Road, with their entries at the first Michigan Kid Show, held a short time ago at Michigan State College. Mrs. Dixon is pictured with a Spanner and Mr. Dixon with a Nubian goat.

Mr. Yeoman and Mr. Mansfield will make the third attempt to take the boys of the 4-H Club to the Detroit Tigers game. On the two previous occasions the games were called on account of rain.

Mrs. Charles Rogers was severely burned with boiling water from a sauce pan which was standing on the stove. As she started to remove something from the floor, the handle of the pan caught her sleeve and spilled its hot contents on her arm and shoulder, causing a third degree burn.

Mrs. Walter Dixon and Mrs. L. A. Mansfield attended the flower show in Farmington last Tuesday.

Virginia Fuerst Wed Saturday Morning

At a ceremony held at eight o'clock Saturday morning, Virginia Fuerst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fuerst, became the bride of Edward Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of Detroit. The ceremony took place in St. Scholastica church, with Rev. Father Leo, of Redford, officiating.

The bride wore a dress of rose lace, with white accessories, and a corsage of tea roses. Miss Irene Jones, sister of the groom, was maid of honor, and her dress was violet blue lace with white accessories, with a corsage of pink roses.

Norman Maple of Detroit was the best man.

A reception was held in the afternoon at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones will live in the Zarnick cottage on Farmington Road, and will be at home to their friends, after July first.

Paroled -

By G. M. SASSAMAN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

NO. 6780 leaned against his bay rake to mop the sweat from his wrinkled face. To the left, four fields away, the stone towers of the farm prison glinted in the rays of a setting sun. A hundred yards to the right a careless old guard, back turned to the "con," leaned as if asleep over the low wooden fence. His rifle stood against a post beside him.

They had come out to the outlying field to finish raking up, old Bill Morag and the guard. That is, old Bill Morag to wield the rake and Tim O'Dowd the rifle.

It had always been that way with Bill Morag—always someone standing guard.

Years of harsh discipline had tamed Morag—years in which he had struggled vainly against the shackles society imposed upon its incorrigibles. Age creeping stealthily upon him, had taught him the wisdom of penal obedience.

On the prison farm things hadn't been so bad, and the guards treated prisoners like human beings. He had only two more years to go, had Morag—unless he received a parole. Parole! His infraction had forever doomed the hope of leniency. He'd have to pay up in full.

At any rate, the prison farm was the best thing yet.

Mr. 6780 put his hands in his pockets and looked off across the fields.

The convict couldn't help thinking, how easy it would be to drop his rake and run. A glance toward O'Dowd showed the old guard still leaning over the fence—like a sea-sick steamship passenger bending over the lee rail.

He might get clear across the adjoining field before the gray-haired Irishman turned around. He'd be almost out of range then, and maybe he'd reach the highway.

Morag wasn't really considering these things seriously. He was only toying with thoughts, as a bank clerk surrounded with stacks of money might toy with the thought of grabbing them up and making for the street. The convict, many times in the past, could have overpowered the guard and escaped.

Morag tried to resume his raking, but the clean smell of the hay seemed a challenge, inarticulate yet disturbing.

The rake handle dropped unheeded from his hands. With fingers convulsing at his sides, Morag moved slowly toward the unconscious guard, slowly, as if the awfulness of his intent were like a ball and chain dragging against the forward thrust of his feet.

There was no furtiveness in the convict's advance. The dry brown grass stubbles swished peevishly against his heavy shoes as the swing of his legs bent them forward and down.

O'Dowd did not turn around at his approach. Without a glance at the aged guard, Morag made straight for the post against which the heavy rifle leaned. He picked up the weapon, hefted it in his hands a moment, then let the stock drop to the ground. For another moment he stood swaying upon his feet, indecision mirrored in every line of his drooping figure, an agony of yearning wishfulness in his eyes.

His next act seemed charged with haste, as if his muscles had responded to some other command than an impulse of the will. With a suddenness that seemed to spring from no volition of the mind, he thrust the rifle's muzzle to his own head . . . and his thumb pushed back the trigger.

Warden Balney leaned back in his chair and looked at the convict, who stood uneasily at the edge of the deck.

"And you saw old O'Dowd was dead when you went to take a cartridge out of his belt?" he prompted.

"You thought it was heat prostration—but it was his heart, and he'd been dead for hours."

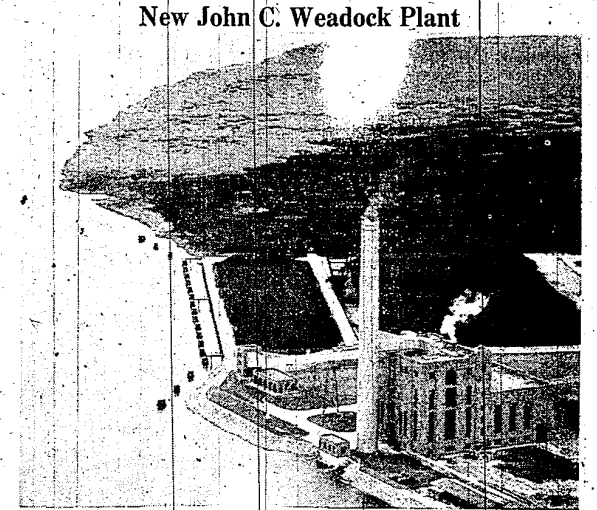
The other tried to interrupt, but the warden barged on. "Don't tell me!" he snarled. "I know about his heart just as well as I know he always carried his gun empty. And then when you saw he was dead you knew it was useless to fire a signal."

He rose suddenly and placed an arm coaxingly around the convict's shoulders. "Old timer," he said, and there was a curious pleading in the warden's voice, "this is more than just a job to me. It's a purpose—this place where I'm trying to build whole men out o' wreckage."

His eyes strayed through the window to the lawn outside where two men, one in uniform and the other in prisoner's garb, were grinning at each other over a bed of larkspur. "You could have smashed in one stroke all it took me years to build up, if you'd lammed out or—quit. I can get you a parole now, but I need you here. I wish you'd stick around."

Some of the frustration and defeat went out of old Bill Morag, and his sagging shoulders, even under the burden of the warden's arm, seemed to rise perceptibly.

"U—stick-around," he said.



NEW POWER PLANT DEDICATED AT BAY CITY

Industrial Michigan's electric power resources receive substantial reinforcement this week with completion of Consumers Power Company's new John C. Weadock Plant on Saginaw Bay at the mouth of the Saginaw River a few miles north of Bay City.

The plant was dedicated Thursday afternoon, June 20, by Wendell L. Wilkie, chairman of the Board of Consumers Power Company and president of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, in open air public ceremonies. John C. Weadock, distinguished former Bay City lawyer for whom the plant is named, also participated. Weadock is the senior member of the New York City law firm of Weadock & Whitlin, counsel for the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation.

While the plant begins operations with one 35,000-kilowatt turbo-generator, the furnace and boiler for a second unit of the same size have been built in, and installation of the unit itself is scheduled to begin within a few months. With the second unit in operation, the plant's capacity will equal the present capacity of the Bryce E. Morrow Plant near Kalamazoo, which ranks second among the 50 generating plants of the Consumers system. First place is held by the Saginaw River Plant between Bay City and Saginaw.

A steam-electric plant of advanced design, the John C. Weadock Plant, with only the initial turbo-generator in operation, will use 100,000 tons of coal per year, which will be brought in by lake boats and unloaded on a storage dock with a capacity of 250,000 tons. For steam condensation purposes, 50,000,000 gallons of water per day will be pumped through the plant and discharged into Saginaw Bay through a canal constructed for the purpose. This is more than ten times the daily water consumption of Bay City.

The main plant building covers a ground area of 23,600 feet and rises to the height of a ten-story building. Its chimney, towering 245 feet above the ground and illuminated at night, will serve as a landmark for shipping on both river and bay. The United States Weather Bureau has established a storm signal station on the plant roof.

Power generated here will be made available to Bay City, Saginaw, Flint and other communities served by Consumers through the company's statewide interconnected transmission system.

To permit public inspection of the plant "open house" is being held Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 20-23.

CARD OF THANKS

The ladies of the American Legion Auxiliary wish to thank their fellow townsmen for their support of Poppy Day, Hatton's Hardware for the donation of the window, and Mr. Moates for decorating the window.

Bring Your Car In For Summer SINCLAIRIZING

Our new grease room is now finished. Stop in and inspect it.

Burnett Bros.
SINCLAIR PRODUCTS

MEN'S SUMMER CLOTHES At Lowest Prices

STYLE — QUALITY — ECONOMY

Shirts — Ties — Socks — Belts — Suspenders
Pajamas — Sport Shirts — Straw Hats
Slack Suits — Sport Shoes

Fred L. Cook & Co.
Phone 10 Farmington

LETTERS INFORM PERSONS OF ELIGIBILITY

Persons who may become eligible for monthly payments under the Social Security Act in the second quarter of this year are now being notified of their rights under the amended program of old-age and survivors insurance.

Letters are being mailed to many such persons in the Pontiac area. It was announced today by Richard H. Hendrick, manager of the field office of the Social Security Board in the Peoples State building in Pontiac. Outlining the plan which is being used to inform older workers of the possibility of obtaining monthly payments, Hendrick said:

"We know from the original applications for social security account numbers that residents of our area will reach age 65 during April, May and June of this year. Our work records also show which of these persons have earned sufficient pay in employment covered by the Social Security Act to qualify for monthly payments on retirement at or after age 65."

"Persons receiving these letters may have no intention of retiring. If regularly employed they will earn more than their monthly payment amounts after retirement. But many persons may want to know about the amount they will receive, if they retire. In some cases it may be desirable to file the claim for monthly benefits at this time, even though retirement comes months later."

"Our advice to such persons is that they contact our office and find out just what their status is under the Social Security Act. Some workers who were over 65 when the Act went into effect may retire this quarter and receive benefits, if they have earned \$50 or more in commerce or industry during each of the last six quarters."

"Because a worker does not receive such a letter is no reason why he may not be entitled to benefits. For that reason we invite any workers who are now reaching age 65 to consult us to learn their status as in some cases it may be advisable to file claims now rather than later."

Paroled -

By G. M. SASSAMAN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

NO. 6780 leaned against his bay rake to mop the sweat from his wrinkled face. To the left, four fields away, the stone towers of the farm prison glinted in the rays of a setting sun. A hundred yards to the right a careless old guard, back turned to the "con," leaned as if asleep over the low wooden fence. His rifle stood against a post beside him.

They had come out to the outlying field to finish raking up, old Bill Morag and the guard. That is, old Bill Morag to wield the rake and Tim O'Dowd the rifle.

It had always been that way with Bill Morag—always someone standing guard.

Years of harsh discipline had tamed Morag—years in which he had struggled vainly against the shackles society imposed upon its incorrigibles. Age creeping stealthily upon him, had taught him the wisdom of penal obedience.

On the prison farm things hadn't been so bad, and the guards treated prisoners like human beings. He had only two more years to go, had Morag—unless he received a parole. Parole! His infraction had forever doomed the hope of leniency. He'd have to pay up in full.

At any rate, the prison farm was the best thing yet.

Mr. 6780 put his hands in his pockets and looked off across the fields.

The convict couldn't help thinking, how easy it would be to drop his rake and run. A glance toward O'Dowd showed the old guard still leaning over the fence—like a sea-sick steamship passenger bending over the lee rail.

He might get clear across the adjoining field before the gray-haired Irishman turned around. He'd be almost out of range then, and maybe he'd reach the highway.

Morag wasn't really considering these things seriously. He was only toying with thoughts, as a bank clerk surrounded with stacks of money might toy with the thought of grabbing them up and making for the street. The convict, many times in the past, could have overpowered the guard and escaped.

Morag tried to resume his raking, but the clean smell of the hay seemed a challenge, inarticulate yet disturbing.

The rake handle dropped unheeded from his hands. With fingers convulsing at his sides, Morag moved slowly toward the unconscious guard, slowly, as if the awfulness of his intent were like a ball and chain dragging against the forward thrust of his feet.

There was no furtiveness in the convict's advance. The dry brown grass stubbles swished peevishly against his heavy shoes as the swing of his legs bent them forward and down.

O'Dowd did not turn around at his approach. Without a glance at the aged guard, Morag made straight for the post against which the heavy rifle leaned. He picked up the weapon, hefted it in his hands a moment, then let the stock drop to the ground. For another moment he stood swaying upon his feet, indecision mirrored in every line of his drooping figure, an agony of yearning wishfulness in his eyes.

His next act seemed charged with haste, as if his muscles had responded to some other command than an impulse of the will. With a suddenness that seemed to spring from no volition of the mind, he thrust the rifle's muzzle to his own head . . . and his thumb pushed back the trigger.

Warden Balney leaned back in his chair and looked at the convict, who stood uneasily at the edge of the deck.

"And you saw old O'Dowd was dead when you went to take a cartridge out of his belt?" he prompted.

"You thought it was heat prostration—but it was his heart, and he'd been dead for hours."

The other tried to interrupt, but the warden barged on. "Don't tell me!" he snarled. "I know about his heart just as well as I know he always carried his gun empty. And then when you saw he was dead you knew it was useless to fire a signal."

He rose suddenly and placed an arm coaxingly around the convict's shoulders. "Old timer," he said, and there was a curious pleading in the warden's voice, "this is more than just a job to me. It's a purpose—this place where I'm trying to build whole men out o' wreckage."

His eyes strayed through the window to the lawn outside where two men, one in uniform and the other in prisoner's garb, were grinning at each other over a bed of larkspur. "You could have smashed in one stroke all it took me years to build up, if you'd lammed out or—quit. I can get you a parole now, but I need you here. I wish you'd stick around."

Some of the frustration and defeat went out of old Bill Morag, and his sagging shoulders, even under the burden of the warden's arm, seemed to rise perceptibly.

"U—stick-around," he said.

Go Window Shopping In Your Easy Chair

Relax for a moment and turn the pages of your newspaper. Let the advertisements help you to make your shopping plans. Do you need a dress, or a coat, or a hat? Perhaps a new blanket for a guest-room, some curtain material, or even a few new pots and pans for the kitchen? Of course, there are many things you want and need . . . but you may be letting many of them wait until you see in a store or a window exactly what you have in mind, at an especially alluring price.

Those are the very things you will find in advertisements. Attractive articles, new and improved ones, prices that make quick action an economy. Think how many steps it can save you to hunt out these things, and find them, in comfort at home! If a special opportunity is offered, you'll know about it in time. When new articles are announced, you can have them before they are the least bit out of date. And you can save hours of waiting and asking, miles of steps—and money too!

These are but a few of the ways the advertisements in your newspaper can serve you. If you read them regularly, you are sure to grow wiser in the ways of purchasing . . . and saving.

The Farmington Enterprise

Phone 25

Vacation Variety... IN MICHIGAN

VACATION is . . . and should be . . . a time when you do just as you please. How will you spend yours? SAILING? . . . Michigan has a grand total of about 5000 lakes in which to sail, swim or fish. CAMPING? . . . Michigan's splendid forests and State Parks provide countless charming camping sites. MOTOR TOURING? . . . Michigan's motor trails take you through some of the loveliest scenery in America. FISHING? . . . Michigan issued more fishing licenses last year than any other State in the Union!

Offering an exceptional variety of outdoor sports, Michigan can give you a vacation as you desire it.

And while you are away, remember that you are as near home as the nearest telephone.

There are many fine golf courses . . . as well as facilities for other outdoor pleasures . . . distributed throughout Michigan.

Michigan has been called the true home of water sports. Our State has 1624 miles of Great Lakes coast-line.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY