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Items of Interest to THE WOMEN

TALENTED GUESTS TO VISIT BAPTIST CHURCH

Talented guests of the First Baptist Church on Sunday, Sept. 5, will be Mr. Frank Wheeler, music director of Marquette Manor, Baptist Church of Chicago, and Mr. Charles M. Jack, director of the Chicago. Both vocal and instrumental music will be furnished at all services on Sunday. At the evening service the local choir will sing several anthems. Mr. Wheeler's direction. Farmington friends are welcome at all services.

THE GARDEN PATH

Sow a cover crop after fall vegetables are harvested and the garden is cleared for the winter. A cover crop is a crop that is sown for the purpose of plowing or spading the green growth under, and allowing it to decompose in the soil, thus providing an excellent source of humus.

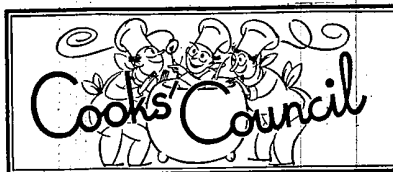
Aside from the value of a cover crop as humus when plowed into the soil and allowed to decompose, there are many other benefits derived.

One of the most common sown cover crops is rye grass. It grows rapidly, will thrive on most any soil, and can be sown any time in the fall or in early spring. Other cover crops grown are vetch, clover, soybeans and buckwheat.

When green manure crops are grown and spaded under, turn the green crop under 2 to 4 weeks before planting time in the spring. This allows decomposition to be at least partially accomplished at the time of planting the garden. If the area is fed with a complete plant food at the time the cover crop is turned under, it will also aid in hastening decomposition.

If cover crops are sown early enough in the fall so that they have made a good top growth before freezing weather, it is advisable to spade or plow the cover crop under in late fall, while the ground is still workable. This gives plenty of time for decomposition, and the garden soil is then in condition to be worked and planted very early in the spring.

One caution about cover crops: Do not allow them to attain too much top growth before plowing under, as then decomposition is often very, very slow.

By JEAN MERRITT
Helen Home Institute

Steak Stretchers

Has steak slipped into the limbo of your memories? A succulent steak—thick and crusty on top, tender red within—is every fiber cooking the rare essence of real meat.

In the good old days, when cash was the only commodity required, a couple of pounds' worth of sirloin made a cozy dinner for two. But now that rationing controls your shopping, you must pamper the point budget to include such a spree.

However, when you can buy one, an occasional steak is still practical to serve. And doubly pleasant, too. The secret is to utilize every tiny portion, and stretch the meat so it covers several meals.

Don't gorge on steak today, and starve on memories tomorrow. Instead, divide the steak carefully. First, cut out the fillet and the piece up by the bone. Halve this, and broil with one-quarter pound of mushrooms each.

Mushrooms are a marvelous meat stretcher. They have a lusty flavor, add a touch of splendor, and stretch a meager portion into sizeable servings for two.

For the next appearance of your steak, carve put the middle of the meat and cut in cubes. Fricassee these cubes with celery and mushroom stems, then serve on rice. The tail of the sirloin steak, ground and mixed with seasonings, noodles, and tomato ketchup, may be stuffed in peppers for the main course of the final meal.

These recipes will show you how to make the most of a two-pound sirloin.

THIS AND THAT . . .

Is there ever a day goes by that you don't say, "after the war, we'll . . ."

Can't understand why they don't draft fathers to war work, so that they won't lose their many years of seniority. After all life will go on after this is over.

Noticed lately that some of the leaves on some trees are beginning to fall—that means only one thing, summer is fast coming to an end.

November is only two months off and November means Blood Bank—so look to your health that you might be a donor.

Maccabees' Social Deemed A Success

The Maccabees wish to thank all their many friends and members that attended the Ice Cream Social on Thursday, August 28, and helped to make it a grand success.



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YOUNG PEOPLE ATTEND BAPTIST CAMP

Sixteen young people from the Baptist Church under the leadership of Rev. and Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Dietrich MacFarland are attending the Christian Life Camp at Brighton this week. Sponsored annually by several Baptist churches of the Detroit area, the camp affords an exciting week of recreation, companionship, and Christian training. Total attendance for the camp this year is estimated at 160 young people.

THIS WEEK AT YOUR LIBRARY

HOURS:

Wednesday—11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.—3:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.
Friday—6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Saturday—2:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

A Sense of Humus—Bertha Damon. The pleasures of living in the country, the necessities of gardening, the small, lovable satisfactions of working on one's own land—these are to be found in the pages of "A Sense of Humus."

It contains among a great many other things, a round-by-round account of Bertha Damon's long battle with the soil of her hill, and the New Hampshire soil has at the very least been made aware that it was in a fight!

But perhaps that is too flippant and casual a way to describe a book that is so witty and wise, so rich with the joys and sorrows of country living, of working with the hired man, of raising dogs, of visiting neighbors. "A Sense of Humus" will delight anyone who has ever planned so much as a radish. Or anyone who hasn't, for that matter.

Journey Among Warriors—Eve Curie. Being a well known citizen of the world made Eve Curie a welcome correspondent on all the war fronts. She presents the record of her experiences so graphically that the cold of the Russian winter, the heat of the Libyan Desert, the slow-paced life of Iran, the Free French in Syria, British and Americans in Africa, the life and dreams of the Chinese, of the people of India, come to us with an immediacy unequalled by any other reporter.

Her book provides details of the Red Army, its equipment, its morale, its attitude toward the war, its attitude toward the Soviet regime. Civilian life too is clearly illumined as she talks to peasant women in the war-torn fields, to a great ballet dancer who does social work in the daytime, to urban girls working eleven hours a day as welders and crane operators in factories, to a young major general, to wounded soldiers returning from the front, to RAF fliers in the desert, to Polish officers, and also to the great leaders in the United Nations' camp. This is the record of the war in terms of human beings—men and women.

Chicken Every Sunday—Rosemary Taylor. Mother's boarders had chicken every Sunday, but as Mr. Robinson said, "I like your food, but what I like best about your place is the people you take in."

Some of them were strange characters, beginning with the first ones she sneaked into the house when Father wasn't looking. There were the hell-bent-for-heaven Woolseys who told the Lord had sent the skunk to hide under the house because the family didn't go to church on Sunday; and Rita Vlasak who loved anything in pants, including Father. And Miss Sally who loved Miss Sally and spent all her time cold creaming herself and sitting in the bathtub.

Father owned a laundry, but when Mother began to make so much money with her boarders he put the laundry in charge of a manager and began buying gold mines and cattle ranches, oil wells and real estate. Sometimes he made money, usually he lost it. But he always had fun.

Homely, warm and amusing, "Chicken Every Sunday" leaves the reader chuckling and feeling that the world is a pretty good place after all, which in these times is a very necessary feeling to have.

A WORD TO THE WIVES

Hello there—I'm not going to even pretend that "My Day" is going to be as exciting, or as white as interesting as Eleanor Roosevelt's but it was a lovely day to me.

The weather man cooperated beautifully with a high blue sky and a soft caressing breeze that had just a hint of the smell of fall in it. After feeding the chickens their ration of scratch, yes, we have to ration them, too, and giving the calf her meal and milk, and the rabbits their oats and alfalfa, we had our breakfast. It was a simple meal, but it was good. Just fruit juice and lots of home made bread toasted. The loaf, a gift from a kind neighbor, was still warm and luscious smelling when she brought it over.

After breakfast we decided to go out to the place where you could plant your tomatoes from the field. (Ours in the garden aren't doing so well.) It was heart-breaking to walk through that field—people had trampled down the vines and tomatoes—all because the weather was so good. We didn't get any, there weren't any decent ones left. On the way home we stopped at an airfield and watched the planes take off and land. One pilot landed his plane, got out and easily lifted up the tail of the plane, and I had pushed a little and got it into place, anchored it with ropes, then walked over to the car where his wife and two children had been waiting. Another hour of flying to his credit. Maybe that will be the coming thing and I won't mind flying as long as I can keep my feet on the ground.

Home again and a lick-up lunch, no need to bother with a dinner, causing the children weren't home, spending the day with their grandparents. Then a lovely nap.

Spent the late afternoon in the garden—gardening in the harvest, so to speak. Beets, carrots, beans and pickles. Sure beats all the way those darn pickles grow.

After another quickie meal, the Best Half helped with the dishes. We sat until dark in the backyard, watching the beautiful day fade and talked about what we'd do—"after the war." When we finally gave the yard to the "sketchers," we got out the picture album and followed through our life together in a pictorial way. My life changes.

The children finally arrived home and we tucked them into bed and retired ourselves, content that we were all together again—as it should be. "Bye now."

Your place is the people you take in."

AMERICAN HEROES BY LEFF



For extraordinary courage Boatwain's Mate Harold F. Smith, First Class, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. After orders to abandon the U.S.S. Arizona at Pearl Harbor, he took his motor launch to the stricken battle wagon repeatedly—in spite of enemy bombing and strafing—in spite of flaming oil on the water surface—and brought ashore burned and wounded men, saving many lives. Your Payroll Savings MUST back such men as this.

"Sis asked me to tell you!"

"My kid sister's a long distance telephone operator. She says there are so many calls these days that lots of the lines are 'overloaded.'"

"At the base I just left down in the South Pacific, we knew about 'overloads.' We had a lot of doctors and nurses and beds, but sometimes after a big scrap, there'd be so many to take care of at one time that some of those boys would just have to wait their turn."

"Sis says the telephone's like that, too; that your long distance call today may delay another call that is even more urgent than your own."

Long distance lines to war-busy centers are particularly congested. Therefore, please . . .

1. Make only the most necessary calls to war-activity areas.
2. If the operator asks you to limit your call to 5 minutes, please co-operate . . . her request means others are waiting.

MICHIGAN Bell TELEPHONE COMPANY

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