

PONTIAC MOTOR IRON FOUNDRY REOPENS

The iron foundry of the Pontiac Motor company, idle since the spring of 1932, began operations again recently with H. J. Klingler, president and general manager of the company, supervising the pouring of the first castings.

Only one of the four big cupolas has been put into use and the building up on production will take place gradually, full capacity being reached sometime next spring. One of the seven production lines is being operated at the outset. Bearing caps and other small parts will be cast at first.

While operation of the foundry has commenced, the \$500,000 reconstruction and retooling program which began in September is progressing and will be completed about the middle of January. Motor block casting will not start until some time in February, or in time for the big spring production and sales.

The plant is being completely

renovated and the equipment brought strictly up to date. Every new development of modern foundry practice is being incorporated in the reconstruction program. Its four cupolas will give it a capacity of 400 tons for a nine hour day which will be capable of turning out 70 Pontiac engine blocks an hour, in addition to all flywheels, clutch housings, exhaust and intake manifolds, oil pumps, cylinder heads, etc.

Pontiac's greatly increased production and sales this year with the promise of still greater business in 1936 makes it certain that the company will require full capacity of the foundry to take care of its requirements for cast iron work. Employment in the foundry will increase as the reconstruction work is finished until a total of some 800 men are added to the Pontiac payroll.

The way it works: Demanding bigger and better schools for the youngsters. Seeking a restraining order to prevent school trustees from spending so much money on non-essentials.

Harvesting Bay Leaves

The leaves of the bay tree which are employed in the bay rum industry of the West Indies are harvested in the spring, generally in April.

Value of Gasoline

A gallon of gasoline weighs 6 1/2 pounds and produces in burning 50 per cent more heat per pound than a good grade of anthracite.

An Old Superstition

Cutting a child's nails during the first year of its life will cause it to grow up a thief, according to an old Yorkshire superstition.

Jerked Meat

"Jerky" is jerked meat, usually venison; that is to say, lean meat cut into strips and dried over a slow fire or in the sun.

Meaning of Name Cuzzardo

"Cuzzardo" is a central European family name derived from the Teutonic word Gutz, meaning God or good.

After all, the fact that she is a widow with four children is a better reason than we usually have for putting a person in office.

Mary Ellen's Future

By KARL GRAYSON
Associated Newspapers
WNO Service

"I CAN'T understand," said Mary Ellen, "why you're so excited about this fortune teller person we're to meet tonight. It all seems so silly and absurd."

"He isn't a fortune teller," Lucy Murdoch insisted, almost sharply. "He's a palmist. And there's a great deal of difference!"

Mary Ellen shrugged. "They're both the same," she replied. "To me, anyhow. It's all so silly. Imagine anyone being able to predict your future, Bosh!"

"Well, anyway," Lucy said lightly. "He sounds interesting, and I'll be loads of fun meeting him."

Mary Ellen got the surprise of her young life when she and Lucy arrived at Sally Hathaway's party that night. The "palmist" was already among the guests. Very much so. In fact, it looked to Mary Ellen and Lucy as if there wasn't anyone else of importance in the room.

"Isn't he exciting looking?" Sally asked, taking each of the girls by an arm and leading them into the living room where a tall blond person with laughing blue eyes was the center of an interested group.

"But—but," Mary Ellen faltered. "I thought fortune-tellers were queer old men with whiskers. This one—he—your guest, seems quite young and—human," she finished lamely.

Sally laughed and nudged Lucy. "Bob isn't really a palmist," she said. "He's a lawyer by profession. Palmistry is merely a hobby which interests him immensely."

"They had named, unnoticed by the tall youth, on the group's edge.

"As a matter of fact," Bob Traynor was saying, "palmistry is actually a scientific study of the construction of the human hand. There's no guesswork about it. Time and time again I've been able to predict accurately facts concerning people's futures."

He paused, and impulsively Mary Ellen stepped forward. "I wonder," she said with the faintest of twinkles in her brown eyes, "if you can tell me my name. If you can tell me my name, I'll be a fortune teller, too."

Bob Traynor looked into Mary Ellen's brown eyes and smiled. "I'm not a fortune teller," he laughed. "but I believe your name is Mary Ellen Brown. You're not married, and won't be for almost a year. When you do marry it will be to a light-haired youth, to whom you've never been properly introduced."

Mary Ellen flushed to the roots of her hair. For a split second she was seized by a panic desire to flee from the circle of laughing faces. Her lips smiled, but inwardly she seethed.

"And you can tell me all this without even looking at my palm?" she said sweetly. "Well, I can do as much for you. Your name is Bob Traynor. You're a lawyer. You're not married. And you won't be, not at least, within a year."

It was Bob's time to flush. Mary Ellen had turned the tables nicely. Sally Hathaway foresaw trouble and interceded. The group broke up, much to the relief of the two young people who had not as yet been "properly introduced."

Later Bob managed to get Mary Ellen into a secluded corner. "I'm sorry," he began without preliminaries. "I didn't intend to be rude. But when I looked into your eyes, well—" he faltered.

And Bob went on breathlessly: "I didn't need to look at your palm to predict your future. I knew that that light-haired man was coming into your life and—and—"

Again he faltered, and Mary Ellen began to feel her heart beat wildly. Yet she managed to retain an outward calm.

"And?" she asked, her voice scarcely audible.

Bob Traynor swept a spot of moisture from his forehead. He seemed to be groping for the right words.

"Mary Ellen," he blurted. "May I hope—well there—that is, I wish—"

Mary Ellen suddenly laughed. Every trace of anger and humiliation that he had caused her was swept aside. In its stead was a new emotion, a queer feeling of ecstasy that she had never before known.

"Heretofore," she said, looking deep into his eyes. "I thought fortune telling and palmistry was all rot. But perhaps—I may have been wrong."

Her meaning to Bob Traynor was quite clear. And had Sally Hathaway at that moment not put in an appearance, he might have said things to Mary Ellen about her future that no palmist ever dreamed.

Scorpion Flies on Snow

Scorpion flies, when found walking about on the snow, will feign death, pulling their legs in toward their bodies, according to the observations of E. R. Mittle, naturalist assistant with the Department of the Interior in Yellowstone National Park. The insects will give an occasional spasmodic kick, propelling themselves as much as six inches across the snow. Snow fleas, crane flies and snow flies were found to be the most common of the entological fauna of the snow.

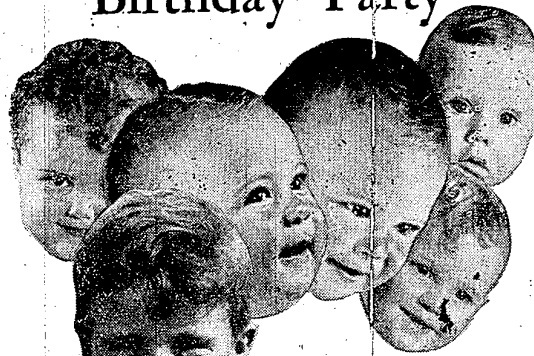
Twelve hundred separate WPA projects are in operation in the 33 Michigan counties.

Alabama is the only state having an elected fish and game commissioner.



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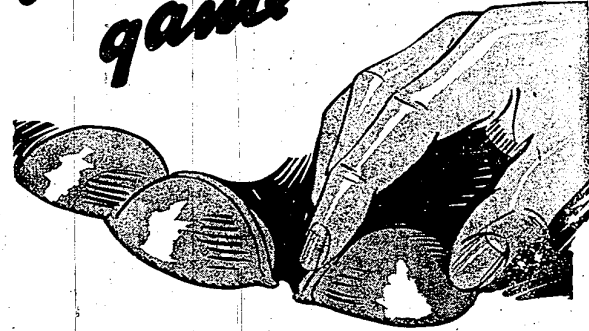
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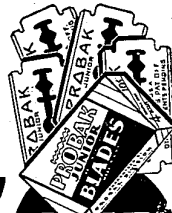
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