

Old Age Tax Made For 1939 As '38

There is no change in the 1939 rate of the tax which is imposed for old age insurance under the Social Security Act. This statement was made today by Walter B. Redman, manager of the Social Security Board field office in the People's State Building in Pontiac.

"The rate this year is the same as it was in 1937 and 1938," Mr. Redman said.

"Workers, contribute one per cent of their pay in jobs which are covered by the old age insurance plan, up to a maximum of \$3000 a year for any one job. Employers are taxed a like amount for each covered worker."

Taxes for the final quarter of 1938 are payable not later than Jan. 31 at the office of the United States Collector of Internal Revenue in Detroit. Mr. Redman added.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

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LAW QUADRANGLE

A six million dollar donation of a philanthropic graduate of the University of Michigan, who never returned to see the buildings which his generous contribution made possible, enables Michigan law students to "live and work" in the legal atmosphere of the now famous Law Quadrangle.

Gift of William W. Cook, a graduate of the University of Michigan Law School in 1882, the Quadrangle houses, in one closely connected unit, all the physical equipment for carrying on advanced professional study. Within two blocks, covering a ten acre track, are located administrative offices, libraries, dormitories, and class rooms for 200 men.

FOXES INCREASING IN OAKLAND CO., STATE BELIEVES

"That the red fox is increasing in several areas in Michigan is evidenced by the results of observations by state game investigators and in reports from both farmers and hunters."

The increase is especially noticeable in the two or three tiers of counties in the southern part of the state, particularly in Oakland, Livingston, Jackson, Cass and Calhoun counties. The game investigators say the gain has been under way for the last two or three years. Lay opinion is divided as to whether the increase is beneficial or harmful. The department of conservation receives complaints

The dominant and typical structure of the entire group is the massive Legal Research Library, shown above at the left, which contains reading and research rooms and space for 275,000 volumes. Built in Elizabethan-Gothic style its four feet and are decorated with the coat of arms of each of the 48 states carved in white limestone. Other units of the Quadrangle pictured above are Hutchins Hall, recitation and administration building, and the Dining Hall.

Additional funds given by Mr. Cook are used for legal research and graduate scholarships.

from farmers who charge the fox with killing their chickens, lambs and even pigs. Many hunters believe it takes a heavy toll of pheasants and other game birds. On the other hand, there are hunters who regard fox hunting as one of the best of sports, and most investigators believe the fox may be more slained against than assisting.

In several cases in which a fox was blamed for killing some animal, investigation revealed that the charge was based on rather dubious circumstantial evidence and that the animal might have been dead before the fox reached it. Game investigators point out that many chickens which die, especially during the winter, are tossed out on the farm dump pile, and that when lambs die they frequently are left in the field. A fox in the vicinity could very easily appropriate the carcass, which in that instance at least would account for the feathers and bones that could be found around his den later. Game investigators also believe that some of the raids blamed on foxes are actually committed by dogs on the loose.

Field and laboratory studies have demonstrated that the chief diet of the fox is mice and that it also eats such things as insects and berries.

Although fox hunting is not practiced widely in Michigan, one of the advantages of it is that this animal can be hunted when there is virtually no other legal quarry for the hunter.

If your subscription about to expire, come to the Enterprise office or send in your renewal

CHAPERONING AN ELOPEMENT

By EVE JENNINGS
D. J. Walsh

THEIR elopement had been so much easier than they had expected. Peggy had accomplished the time-honored trick of secreting a suitcase at the rear of the lilac hedge. Then shortly after lunch she had walked calmly out of the house with a casual, "Good-by, Mumsie," to her mother.

Half an hour later she and Mac Bristol had driven up the alleyway to the Farmworth home, retrieved the suitcase and were off to the adjoining state of Iowa 125 miles away.

The high-powered roadster shot through the suburban district of Cornell and took the Muskegon highway east with the speed and surety of a huge gull.

"You're not nervous, are you, honey?" Mac asked the pretty little brunette at his side, meanwhile taking his expediently guided hand from the wheel to give hers a reassuring pat. "Turn back, baby," he continued, "and wave farewell to that old hick town. You've seen the last of Cornell."

Somewhat that last remark didn't seem to set well, and the little hand under the expensive pigskin glove was jerked petulantly away.

"I'm not running away from Cornell," came the very definite answer. "It suits me. I'm running away from that ridiculous law that won't let a girl marry until she's 21. Besides, if we had waited maybe we could have won father over."

This wasn't a very auspicious start for an elopement.

Mac Bristol, holder of several records for hot-breaking, started a direct in the temperature and was quick to inject warmth into a romance now nearing fruition.

The carefully gloved right hand, with the strong masculine arm attached to it, neglected completely its duty at the wheel as the arm tenderly encircled the frail but charming maiden at Mac's side.

"Why, listen, sweetheart," said the soothing voice that had almost a professional unconsciousness. "I didn't mean to say anything derisive about your little town. We'll come back some day and I'll buy you several Cornells."

Which playful bit of love-making somehow failed of effect.

The fact is that Peggy, so adored, had taken one last lingering look back at her beloved native town. As she looked she had thought she had detected a sturdy little fiver pacing the big blue roadster about a quarter of a mile to the rear.

It might have been only an optical illusion, but it had a most disquieting effect on one member of the eloping party.

"I wish I had gone to the store to say good-by to dad. It was a shabby way to treat him."

And that was the only verbal response that Mac received to his amatory approaches.

"Surely we're not going to quarrel on our honeymoon, are we, darling?"

Still the soothing voice made overtures of peace. Still those overtures were rejected.

"We're not on our honeymoon yet. We're not even married."

Those words somehow had an ominous sound. Even as they were being uttered the roadster began pulling to the side of the road. Once or twice Mac righted the machine. Again the wheel pulled under his hand. He knew what that meant—a flat.

"This is a heck of a note. We've got a flat," said Mac in tones that were neither dulcet nor unctuous. During this outburst he had drawn up to the side of the road, and both he and Peggy alighted from the car.

Mac thrust his hands into the pockets of his modish topcoat and stood looking ruefully at his car.

"Well, you might as well get busy," said Peggy in a thoroughly businesslike manner. "You'll never put on a spare by standing there staring at it."

"I've never changed a tire in my life and, what's more, I don't know how to do it."

As he spoke Mac stared disconsolately up and down the roadway. No one was in sight, and the nearest service station was two miles back.

Mac's speech grew constantly more irascible.

By this time Peggy had found her voice and she fairly shot out her scornful challenge:

"You don't mean to tell me you can't change a tire. Why, I can do that myself. We're not going to sit here all night. Get out the jack."

This Mac suddenly did after Peggy had identified the article. Each of them was in the process of getting that flat tire replaced by the spare was directed by Peggy, who at times herself tugged and lugged at the tire. Progress was slow and she and Mac attempted unsuccessfully to slip the spare on to the rim. It just wouldn't click.

By this time Peggy was dead tired and much more disheveled than her companion.

She sealed herself on the running

board of the car. Tears and anger were fighting for supremacy when a familiar voice startled her:

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Peggy looked up, quickly.

So she hadn't been mistaken when she glimpsed that fiver just outside of Cornell keeping discreetly in the background. Fritz Morrow, owner of the voice and the fiver, and who had been her very best friend before Mac came on the scene, stood beside her.

"What do you mean pursuing us," said Mac, in his most theatrical manner.

"I didn't pursue you," replied Fritz. "I just concluded that Peggy needed a chaperon over the state line, so I came along."

The words were humorous, but their manner of delivery was hard as steel.

"This isn't the first time you've started on an elopement, Bristol, only this time you're going to finish it. I'll see to that. I'll put that spare on for you and then you're going to beat it for the state line, so I come to follow you. You step on it, you'll get there before the marriage-license bureau closes."

Even while he was talking Fritz—overall-clad, just as he had come from his prosperous little garage in Cornell—was at work slipping that spare into place and making ready to fasten on the lugs. As he worked he felt a gentle tugging at his arm. The tugging became more insistent.

"You can fix the tire if you want to, Fritz, but I'm coming back home with you." It was the contrite Peggy speaking.

"You are? You darling. No need to say who was speaking."

With a quick, skillful lurch Fritz dragged off the spare he had just slipped on the rim and carried it over to the astonished Mac, who stood a few feet to one side.

"Here's your tire, Bristol," said the irrepressible Fritz. Mac, his subconscious mind automatically in control of his action, reached out his hands and Fritz hung the tire on his arms. Quickly, Mac dropped the offending tire as if it were hot as the words came from his mouth.

Fritz, without further ceremony, picked Peggy up, deposited her with her suitcase in his fiver, and turned the little machine toward Cornell.

Bird Life Lovers Have Favorites Among Flyers

Every one interested in bird life has a favorite species. Bird hunters swear by the ruffed grouse or Bob White quail. Duck hunters choose the mallard or canvasback. Children love the robin, wren and blue bird. Ornithologists trail along with the rarer species, and so on. So if the reader were asked to name his three favorite songsters, based solely on their voice appeal, it would be, first, the hermit thrush; second, the wood thrush, and third, the whippoorwill. Many will not agree with the last named, writes Albert Stoll Jr., in the Detroit News.

The sweetest singer of them all, with a vocal range and repertoire unmatched by any native bird, is the hermit thrush. Many call it the Nightingale of America. When you are up in northern Michigan in the early summer and you hear a bird's song that is far ahead of anything you have ever heard, a song that combines all the joy, gladness and beauty of all other birds' songs, marked with mellowness of tone and deep expression unmatched in the bird world and as versatile in melody as a great many of the human voice, you have been listening to this shy summer resident of our northern forests. No vocal effort of any other bird can match it.

And as to the wood thrush, a sweet singer without question, far in advance of other members of his species except the hermit, you will search far to find his equal in splendor. Unlike the hermit the wood thrush is a friend of civilization and its song frequently is heard around our homes.

Now to the whippoorwill: Some say he has no song, just a night call of "whippoorwill-whippoorwill." "Whippoorwill." This may be true if you have spent the night in the trout fishing country and listened to its strange, weird song, while silence prevails under the stars. If you will understand why its song is both fascinating and charming, so much so that if you are in the mood it will tell you to sleep.

Methods Used in Curing Tobacco: Three methods are used in curing tobacco: Air-curing, a method in which no artificial heat is used; fire-curing, by which the tobacco is cured with artificial heat but without smoke; and fire-curing, which is accomplished by heat and smoke.

Took Explorers' Word: A scientist points out that dragons, barmecide genies and other nonexistent creatures would never have been taken seriously by gullible people if early explorers had been required to bring back their discoveries for museum exhibition.

"The Liberty Song": "The Liberty Song" is a patriotic poem written by John Dickinson, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, for whom Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., is named. It contains the line, "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Coming Soon to the Redford Theatre



Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker in "Out West with the Hardys"

"Brother Rat" is a swell picture based on the well-known episode that takes place in a boy's military school down south. Usually when good film is exposed in a paper, such individuals as Blue Cross, Jack Oakie and Joan Bennett the result looks mighty like anything but undergraduate life. This picture is an improvement, not that the formality isn't good old paper mache, but the boys who wrote the play were fresh out of Virginia Military Institute when they set pen to paper.

There's something about Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane that strengthens the McCoy of the plot. Running with this picture is "Young Dr. Kildare." In it are Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. Pretty good, young medic stuff.

Tuesday through Thursday at the Redford may be seen Jane Withers in "Always in Trouble," and "Illegal Traffic." Mind you, Miss Withers is in only the first mentioned picture, which is, in a manner of speaking, an abundance.

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