



The "Other Side" of the St. Lawrence Waterway

THE ST. LAWRENCE Seaway rejected by the U. S. Senate in 1934 on its imagined navigation merits is being stirred into life again with its electric power phases blithely offered as a co-equally important argument. But in neither respect is the seaway needed.

VIEWED as a transportation agency, we already have a lakes-to-the-sea route. On it can be, is being, economically borne all the products for which America can find world markets. (Our railroads with their 30% surplus of equipment can handle all traffic given them, now and through the coming generations.)

IT WILL create no new markets, nor new traffic. It is simply a new shipping route, diverting traffic from existing transit agencies. It will function only in summer when railroad efficiency is greatest and need of it would be the least. It will be idle five months each winter when need of it would be greatest.

IT WILL not benefit the auto industry; or the wheat farmer; or bring farm relief; or aid employment; or "cure the depression". It will shorten no trade routes. It has no military value.

VIEWED for its power (half of which belongs to Canada) again the seaway is not needed. The region cannot absorb the vast surplus of harnessed hydro power it now has. The seaway is so remote from consuming (but disinterested) markets that transmission costs would make the new power—as it does present power—so costly as to be unsaleable.

TO ABSORB the contemplated power an industrial district twice as large as Detroit's must be built adjoining the seaway. Without such a nearby market the power and the immense cost of its development would be wasted.

LASTLY, we must furnish the bulk of the new money needed for a project benefiting another nation more than our own and lying more largely in another's territory than in the United States.

FACT, not fancy and emotionalism, should influence our consideration of the seaway. And the fact is America has come to know it as a project that is economically unsound.

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Plymouth Editor Writes Of Flood Experiences

Elton R. Eaton Tells Of Severe Destruction And Suffering

Elton R. Eaton, publisher of the Plymouth Mail, had an opportunity to view the scenes of destruction caused by the recent floods in the East. While on a vacation trip he decided to visit Washington, D. C. and, as a result, found himself in the midst of one of the worst disasters that has ever swept this country. Below is printed his observations of the havoc wrought by the storm, the article appearing in the Plymouth Mail recently under the editorial heading, Floods and Destruction.

Fate is a strange thing. A recent desire to end a vacation trip by a visit to Washington led the writer early last week directly into the path of a mad, swirling cyclone that determinedly bent on destruction of all that man has done.

As we left the glamour of a great city overcast with ashen, politicians, clouds appeared in the western sky. By nightfall, rain was falling. This was Monday, a week ago. During the night it rained hard, a rain such as Michigan once in a while experiences. The next morning, Tuesday, when we left Winchester, Virginia, it was raining, but not hard. There was nothing to indicate that before the day was over, one of the most destructive floods the country has ever known would be raging.

An hour or two later, as we neared Romney, a fine little city high up in the mountains of West Virginia where they grow some of the finest apples in America, the skies opened up. Rain didn't just come down in drops—it seemed to fall over the entire country just as water runs from a big waterpot off from a building. Soon water began streaming over the sides of the mountains, little cascades everywhere. The depressions along the roadway became running streams. Rocks and earth began to fall into the roadway from the hillsides.

We had gone a mile or so west of Romney, to a point beyond where the highway crosses the south branch of the Potomac river. As we advanced into the portion of the highway, called in that section the "Gap," surging waters along the roadside caused us to stop and consider the advisability of going further on our way towards Michigan and home.

Marooned By Flood
During the two or three minutes we stopped to watch the rising river, water came dangerously near falling over the entire country just as immediate decision was made to turn around. Barely had we

reached a higher place in the roadway when water came over the paving at the very spot where our car had stood.

It is difficult to picture with words the terror of it all. Mad, swirling streams down ravines where water had seldom if ever before flowed, rivers that reached their normal height to nearly 50 feet within the brief space of ten or twelve hours, carried tremendous damage and destruction as they tumbled and rumbled on their way to the Atlantic or Gulf of Mexico.

For nearly 24 hours we were marooned at Romney. A big Greyhound bus had followed our car along the highway. The driver had seen us turn around. He stopped to ask what we thought of his frantic efforts to get us through the river valley. "Not a chance," he was told.

He thought with his higher wisdom, that he might make it. He did not. Within a few minutes he too was back on the river bank. His passengers and his passengers who could not afford to take a room in the hotel, lived by the hour. The hotel manager, a gentleman most kindly offered the use of his lobby to the stranded passengers during the day.

Highways were made impassable to travel almost without the thinking of an eye. We saw the frantic efforts of farmers and mechanics who could not afford to take a room in the hotel, lived by the hour. The hotel manager, a gentleman most kindly offered the use of his lobby to the stranded passengers during the day.

The floods during the night carried away railway bridges, highway bridges, telegraph and telephone lines, power plants. Candles in the night were the only light we had in this city.

In the stillness of a night, without a ray of light visible anywhere, with all traffic at a standstill, with rain falling and the roar of rushing water nearby, clearly discernible every minute to sweep them down stream, one can gain some idea of the horrors of a flood.

Receding waters in this locality enabled a return a day later to Washington just as the crest of the destructive Potomac flood, Hagerstown in Maryland was reached late Wednesday afternoon and here again swirling floods made it impossible to proceed nearer home. No thoroughfares were open to the south, west or north and the hotels on the third day after the floods started were filled with stranded travelers, some in actual distress.

Bridge Disasters
Along the banks of streams that had gone down were dead cattle, overturned barns, corn cribs with the corn spread for long distances along the sides of the receding water. Surely nature was doing its part in the destruction of property and comfort.

Last Thursday afternoon when exploring for a roadway that might be open to the north or west, we came to a creek bed, overflowing with water. The paving was entirely covered for a distance of more than a city block. A number of road workers standing near said that if the water kept receding at the same rate it was then, the bridge might be open the following day.

And at the time, there wasn't a sign of a bridge anywhere! From the general view one might think the paving led to a rather long depression between hills. The next morning the water had gone down some 20 or more feet and there it was—a concrete bridge that had withstood the onslaught of the little creek flood. The day before it was so far under water there was absolutely nothing to indicate that there was a bridge there.

Sometimes one wonders why people were not able to save more than they did from their homes and business places before the flood came.

Flood measurements showed that the Potomac which carried so much destruction into Cumberland 28 miles below Romney was raising at a rate of 21 inches per hour.

Before the onrush of the water had stopped, it had gone 40 feet and six inches above its normal course—and all within a brief space of 12 hours.

What could one do towards removing household goods, merchandise or other valuables with water raising about you at a rate of almost two feet an hour? Practically nothing.

Floating Debris
When the waters had receded sufficiently to permit further exploration of highways, we were able to proceed on to Cumberland Friday forenoon, being among the first outsiders to reach that stricken city.

There is little use in trying to tell you of the plight that this

once thriving, prosperous and attractive city has been left in. We saw workers shoveling into big trucks from the pavings of the streets merchandise that had been washed from the stores and totally ruined by water and mud. Doubtless you have seen a mass of refuse that has been taken from street damage manhole that men have been cleaning out. Well that describes perfectly the general appearance of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise being carted away from the streets of Cumberland the morning we were there.

But two places, we were told, in that entire city, were free from insurance, and one was a hotel. The flood has brought ruin to thousands of business men not only of Cumberland, but throughout the entire east.

We saw houses floating down the Potomac, furniture, big oil containers and what appeared to be almost entire lumber yards.

You have seen iron grills covering the windows of some bank institutions. Some of the grill-covered windows on the banks in Cumberland were filled with grass, sticks and mud washed down the river. There was barely a plate glass window in the flood section that had not been broken by the water.

Every one in this locality has seen the massive steel girders used for the roadbed of the Fore Marquette at the Phoenix crossing over the highway. Steel girders over the highways for some bridges over the streams in Cumberland just as large as these at Phoenix, we saw lying twisted in the bottom and along side one of the streams in that city.

We are safely back in good old Michigan, saddened by the sights of destruction we witnessed but glad that fortune was kind enough to permit us to pass through the very heart of the flood without loss or injury.

PLAN DISPLAYS
Milwaukee, Wis.—Approximately 25 Federal Housing Administration educational booths in as many cities in Wisconsin are being planned throughout the state. These booths, which will function as miniature "Home Shows," are expected to be in operation within the next three months.

Holmes to Show Travel Pictures At Art Institute

Burton Holmes, world's most famous travel lecturer, will close his 1936 Detroit season with two motion picture travels on England and Russia at the Detroit Institute of Arts on Sunday afternoon, April 5. At 3:30 o'clock Mr. Holmes will speak on "London and Rural England" and at 8:30 o'clock on "What I Saw in Soviet Russia."

"London and Rural England" is a comprehensive tour of historic beauty spots. It visits the exciting Derby, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford and Cambridge, the Tower and Parliament, the Thames Embankment, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly.

"What I Saw in Soviet Russia" is a recent picture of Moscow and Leningrad today. It shows the gigantic new industrial and housing developments. It makes a comprehensive tour of the Ukraine and Black Sea ports before closing with the maneuvers of the Red Troops, millions strong, in the Red Square.

The World Adventure Series will close its 1936 season at the Institute on April 12 with two motion picture lectures by Lowell Thomas.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—in the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland. In re: Marriage of Margaret Anderson, Separating wife of Peter Anderson, to vacate the said "Troy Park No. 1" license.

Notice is hereby given that a petition has been filed with the clerk of the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland praying for the vacation of that part of lot "Troy Park No. 1" consisting of lots 317 to 342 inclusive, said lot being recorded in Liber 48 of Deeds on page 2, in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland.

That the application based upon said petition will be made said Court in the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Michigan on Monday, the 21th day of April, A. D. 1936, for an Order vacating the entire lot as above described, at which time said place any person in any manner interested in said subdivision, or in the Township of Troy, or otherwise interested in the immediate subdivision, present to that part which is proposed to be vacated may appear and oppose the same.

Dated March 12th, 1936.
MARGARET ANDERSON
OLIVER H. KIRK,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Birmingham, Michigan.
Mar. 19-26, Apr. 2.

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ELECTION TROY TOWNSHIP

April 6, 1936

Polls will be open from seven o'clock in the forenoon to eight o'clock in the evening, in all the precincts of the Township for the purpose of electing the following officers:

TOWNSHIP Supervisor, Clerk, Treasurer, Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Highways, Constables (not to exceed 4) and Member of Board of Review.

Dated March 24, 1936.

GLENN LADD,
Township Clerk.

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