

SOAP BOX DERBY WINNERS TO GET LICENSE PLATES

Birmingham boys with plans for entering the forthcoming Soap Box Derby may expect something unusual. Special license plates, green and black like Michigan's own, and of a size to correspond with the miniature cars, will be presented to the champion in each of the five Michigan cities sending entrants to the finals at Akron Aug. 14. For although the Soap Box Derby, which leading newspapers are sponsoring in collaboration with Chevrolet, has been the inspiration for articles, editorials, cartoons, and even advertising billboards, from coast to coast, it remained for the State of Michigan, automotive center of the world, to give the derby its first official recognition.

Leon D. Case, Secretary of State, announced this week that his department was preparing the special license plates, each of which will bear the large number "1" and the initial or initials of the city it represents—"1" for Detroit, "1H" for Benton Harbor, "1P" for Pontiac and so forth.

The idea originated with Case and was worked out in collaboration with The Detroit News, whose local races will be held July 28 and 30. The News' 1937 champion, Kenneth Richardson, won second place in the All-American finals at Akron.

Post Wage Accounts At Rate Of 650,000

Wages of men and women for whom the Social Security Board has established old-age insurance accounts were being posted during the last of May at an average rate of approximately 650,000 a day, John J. Corson, Acting Director of the Bureau of Old-Age Insurance, announced today.

The wages now being posted, Mr. Corson explained, are from employers' wage reports for 1937, which were filed at the end of each month. Approximately 75,000,000 wage items reported by employers for 1937 have been received by the Social Security Board from the Bureau of International Revenue.

Under revised regulations effective January 1, 1938, employers now file a tax return every 3 months, when they pay their taxes and their employees' taxes. On the same form they list the amount of wages paid to each employee during the quarter. Approximately 2,100,000 wage items reported by employers for the first 3 months of 1938 have been received by the Social Security Board. Employers' tax returns filed with the Bureau of Internal Revenue and, after they have been checked against the employer's tax return, are turned over to the Social Security Board where each employer's wages are recorded in his old-age insurance account.

What Your City Commission Is Doing

July 25, 1938. The firm of Gibbs, Schneider, Hogan & Lawton, of Detroit, Michigan, was employed to make the annual City audit for the year ending June 30, 1938.

Several bids were received for the sale of \$90,000 General Obligation Sewer Bonds and the offer of Straubhaar, Harris & Co., of Detroit, Michigan, was accepted in the amount of \$84,000 on the basis of a 4 1/2% interest coupon rate with a yield of 4.72%.

The City Manager was authorized to purchase the following: Cast iron water pipe in the amount of \$6,250.43 from J. B. Gage & Sons, Detroit, Michigan; 666 ft. of cast iron water pipe at a price not to exceed \$1.15 per ft. and Fifteen gate valves from the East Jordan Iron Works at a total cost of \$68.50.

Installation of a new water service at 171 Davis was authorized in the amount of \$50.00 to be paid by C. O. Marshall. HAZEL DENISON, Deputy City Clerk.

He Should. A centenarian in Germany is said to live on onions alone. Naturally he would be alone.—London Opinion.

Quite So! Objection to hymns because they are emotional is objection to music because it is music.—The Detroit Free Press.

General Summerall says soldiers will dress as better fighters. This explains the old description: "Dressed to kill."—The Fort Worth Star Telegram.

She Can't. Poor Europe! She simply can't say Uncle Sam while keeping herself in tradition to let him.—El Paso Herald.

TWO IN ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

If John Howard Payne had not been a victim of nostalgia, while traveling abroad, the world might never have known one of the greatest songs of all time—"Home Sweet Home."

And so when vacation rolls around again, one finds himself humming the old refrain as he scans time-tables and bus schedules, puzzles over the "L" and "A" cars.

It's good for one's soul to go "home" at least once a year. It may look like the Town-that-God-Forgot to your next-door-neighbor, but it has "charm from the skies" that makes it the one hallowed spot in the world for you.

Whether "going home" means returning to Podunkville-on-the-Prairie, or pushing through steaming humanity on the streets of one of the earth's noisiest cities, it's all the same.

So you smile to yourself when, the inquiring friends exclaim, "You're not going to spend all the time these are you? What in the world will you do with yourself?"

You'd like to tell her a few things you plan to "do with yourself," but time is short. There are "things" you can't put into words about the shadows, and watch the harbor lights. "The night has a thousand lights that shine from towers jutting above the skyline of a city in silhouette, lights that glow from low buildings along the shore—bright lights, dim lights, green lights, yellow lights."

Then there are the lights on the boats, moving as if by magic above the dark water. Below the city, an arc of amber spans the river like a jeweled coronet—it's just a bridge by day.

Then there's a busy thoroughfare! You've been thinking about getting in step with the crowds and pushing along to nowhere in particular, but it's part of home too. You like to recall that street—noise and motion and noise—heat, energy, action, life! That is, you do, if you were born a metropolitan.

If Podunkville-on-the-Prairie means home to you, there may be a hook half-remembered, bordered with water-recess, you plan to find again. Memory of a spring, of a little back road, makes you long to feel the cool, damp moss as you kneel to drink.

But whether it means the noise of the city or the stillness of the country, there's no place like home. To go there, even once a year, means to return and face the old task with a new equanimity.

As you shove the time-tables back into the drawer, you buckle down to work with the gratified sense of having been home. Somehow or other, you feel a new kinship with John Howard Payne.

By Carol Dwellley

(They've Arrived! Uncle Sticky and Aunt Dilly we mean, and their three dear children, Horrid, Fibber and Whiny. Mother and Father, Oldest Girl and the two kids are greeting them at the station. From the excitement and enthusiasm floating about, you'd never guess that the visitors were about as welcome as hay fever.)

As the train stops, Father stretches his face to an immense leer and ambles over to Uncle Sticky. He seizes the hand of Uncle Sticky, who is the first to dismount, and pumps it up and down. "Well, well," he mutters sagaciously. "Well, well," Uncle Sticky says nothing, but looks more like an old owl than ever.

Mother, who has been uttering strange little sounds, like a bird, starts across to Aunt Dilly and embraces as much of her as is humanly possible. "Dilly," she screams, surprisedly, although that were the last person in the world she had expected to see.

Horrid, Fibber and Whiny stand in a row, looking hostilely at the world from beneath a coat of grime. Mother makes a mental note that Horrid is as old as Oldest Girl. But not NEARLY so pretty. "Fibber and Whiny tally roughly in age with their younger cousins. Father finds himself mentally substituting that The Kids could clean up on Fibber and Whiny any day in a fair fight.

They arrive at the cottage without too much confusion. "An I HOPE?" asks Aunt Dilly, straggling up the steps. "Come on kids, you might as well get right into your bathing suits, with all that water so near and all. Now you just tell me if it's going to be too much trouble, but do you think I could have some ice-cream? Sticky greatly wants some too."

The children look on, aghast, as the visitors emerge in their bathing suits. They KNOW that it's almost time for dinner, but get cleaned up. Mother gets MAD when you track sand and things through the house just as it's all cleaned up for the evening.

Mother herself confronts them, smiling gaily but with a wild look in her eye. "Don't you three want to put on your suits and take your cousins swimming?" she coos. Oldest Girl, who is practically an adult, nods, understandingly. The small fry, who can't quite get it, start to ask questions. "But Mother—? They go swimming."

Mother dutifully makes the ice-cream and tells the maid to post-pone dinner for half an hour if she POSSIBLY can. The four adults sit on the porch and grope for conversation. Finally mother has an idea. "Of course our oldest is SUCH a young lady now, she begins, 'her father and I haven't the heart to keep her from the young people's dances over at the casino. There are some lovely people next door and their young son has taken QUITE a fancy to our little heart-breaker. So I suppose they'll be dancing tonight."

"Personally," booms Uncle Sticky, biting off his syllables as though he had a rat's tail for a mouth, "Dilly and I would DREAM of letting our little girl go to a dance with a boy." And Aunt Dilly sniffs, approvingly.

"Fibber—! What chance SHE'll have of getting invited-?" thinks Mother.) Aloud, she says: "Oh couldn't you give in tonight? This neighbor boy has a friend visiting him and our girl has arranged what the young people call a double date. She would be DREAMING of without her cousin." (And she sighs, thinking of the labor it was to make Oldest Girl consent to the arrangement.)

Uncle Sticky says only "Ha-rumph," but he smiles, and after a little bit of coaxing, Aunt Dilly gives HEAT consent. Then a roar from the beach startles everyone out of a year's growth.

The four smaller ones dash madly to the house, closely pursued by the two girls. It would SEEM that The Kids and Fibber and Whiny have already had their fight.

(Editor's note: And there's still more coming!)

Such is Life. They Might. What a world! By the time you're important enough to take would like to lend it to a bootlegger, the doctor gets. They never seem to get limits you to a glass of milk—any.—American Lumberman Publishers Syndicate.

NEXT TIME YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN EASY SPOT TO "SET DOWN," MR. PYLOT, CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES OF THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY FOR WHERE TO BUY FURNITURE

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