

## WEST POINT PARK

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Sell and Mrs. Minnie Shanks of Detroit were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar visited Harvey Crase of Keego Harbor, Friday evening. Mr. Crase is convalescing from an appendicitis operation.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen and daughter Miss Shirley called Saturday evening on Mrs. Pearl Smith of Detroit.

The ninth and tenth grades of Pierson school gave a picnic at Walled Lake, Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rosenbloom, a girl, Thursday evening. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seers and daughter Nancy Jane of Detroit were Sunday morning guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pankow of Detroit were the Sunday dinner and supper guests of their daughter and family Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Max Bergin of Howell.

Mr. Charles Decker and son Joseph of Detroit were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen.

Mrs. Marvin Addis gave a linen shower Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Fern Ault, who will be married Saturday, May 30, to Edwin Johnson. Her gifts were numerous and a dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Thisted, two daughters Marilyn and Suzanne of Detroit were guests Saturday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen.

The 1935 Eighth grade class of Pierson held their graduation exercises at the Community Hall on Wednesday, May 21, at eight o'clock. Graduates are Doris Gilbert, Jean Orr, Elviera Grofats, Theda Arnold, Robert Orr, Kenneth Schweizer, Arthur Ash, Harley Hooker, Glenn Vance and Kenneth Wolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Chavey and children of Redford were guests Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Forist and children of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Voorheis.

Jean Breitmeyer was the guest Sunday afternoon of Dorothy Trapp.

## Wedding Dress

By JANE ALLEN  
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WNU Service.

DORA MADDEN, entering the cold interior of the Style Shop on that stifling August day, felt her frayed nerves soothed by the subtle atmosphere of luxury which pervaded Madame Andre's little establishment. Here she was surrounded by an almost bewildering array of beautiful fabrics and colors—she, Dora Madden, who had known so little of lovely things!

A salesgirl approached her, "Something for you, madam?" It was a crisp young voice and the girl herself was crisp and capable. Dora's request, however, brought the "thingy plucked eyebrows to gether in a tizz from."

"A wedding dress," she repeated. "Let me see..."

Something in white, you know," Dora elucidated. Simple, but stylish. And not too expensive."

Swiftly, expertly, the other appraised her customer. Fairly good figure without much style. Pale eyes and hair. The prospect of white satin against such a sallow complexion caused her to shudder inwardly. If only the woman had chosen to be married in blue!

"This way, please," she said smiling.

Her high-beeled pumps preceded Dora's sensible shoes down the length of soft carpet to an open glass showcase filled with snowy matins and mousselines de soie.

In the fitting room Dora stood at last before the long triple mirror in a dress which thrilled her with its beauty and simplicity. A dream of a dress in satin and lace, a cloudy veil caressing her head and falling about her shoulders in a shimmering cascade. Not such nice satin, some women might have said; but Dora the perfect wedding gown as she had always pictured it for herself.

She observed the skirt critically. It was a trifle long, perhaps, but such small alterations were simple. One hand strayed to the veil of soft tulle, and she reflected wistfully that it would be ever so much prettier against dark hair—dark, softly waving hair. Her straight blonde bob appeared dull and lifeless under the bright glare of the lights.

Even so, the sight of her slim reflection brought a brief sensation of pleasure. Strange not to have known before that she had a good figure. A pity not to have afforded pretty, well made dresses. . . .

Dora bit her lip on a quick sigh, took a little turn about the room. "Ted will like it," she told herself. Important, was it not, that the bridegroom should be pleased with the bridal gown? Remembering Ted's face—with its deep blue eyes and boyish smile—blurred her consciousness.

How really terrible it was to love a man so much!

Turning to the salesgirl she said, "I think I'll decide on this one. It's very beautiful."

The other stepped up smiling, to help her change. "Yes, it's a most attractive model," she said briskly. "I mustn't forget the orange blossoms," Dora was thinking as she recalled Lydia's letter.

A sweet girl, Lydia, and her favorite student from the very beginning. Just a carefree child of the mountains two years ago at sixteen; now so suddenly a slim, tall young woman with the smokiness of the hills in her lovely eyes.

"Ted used to call her a 'sne kid.'"

To both of them Lydia had been a sort of protegee, a strong bond of common interest. She had crept so often into their conversations as they talked together over the dingy eucalyptus of a dozen campfires or during long hikes through the woods. Lydia was talented. Dora had promise—she must, somehow, be sent to college, receive real advantages.

But it was not always of the students that they had talked.

As Dora, garbed once more in her cheap brown silk, returned to the front of the shop, memories were taking her back to that golden afternoon in autumn when Ted had described to her those three years of teaching in the little school before her arrival; his long fight back to health in the hills following a serious breakdown; his growing love for the mountains which had finally decided him in the choice of a life work.

"These people are real!—this country is real!" he had confided with characteristic enthusiasm. "It somehow gets hold of you after a while. I could never be satisfied anywhere else now."

And Dora had realized that day that she could be happy there forever, too—with him.

The dress, wrapped at last in soft tissue paper and placed in a long box, the salesgirl waited, pencil poised, to write the address. Dora's gloved hands resting on the cover were rather too tightly clasped together.

"Mail it to Miss Lydia Spencer," she said steadily. "Norton's Gap, Tenn. You see, this is—her dress and the wedding is this week. . . . And, oh yes, I almost forgot!"—the odd smile that twisted Dora's lips never reached her eyes—"Please put in a spray of orange blossoms. Brides always wear them, you know."

## WOMEN AS GOOD FISHERMEN AS MEN SAYS CCC DATA

Are men better fishermen than women?

Michigan's fisheries authorities aren't attempting to answer that question. However, here are some interesting figures in point compiled by the Institute for Fisheries Research from data collected by CCC men during the season of 1935.

The CCC men obtained records from 3,594 anglers on Pike Lake in Grand Traverse county. Of this number 763 or 21.2 percent were from women. After compiling the reports of catches made in these cases, R. W. Eschmeyer of the Institute has this to say of the progress of women as anglers: "With the exception of three weeks, the women took on the average more fish per hour than the men, except two weeks when each took the same number."

In the case of Pleasant Lake, Oakland county, the record varies. Of 2,525 anglers from whom data were obtained 2,162 were men, 363 were women.

The compilation shows that on the average, the men invariably caught more fish per hour than the women for all weeks except one, the fish caught by the men were as large or larger than those taken by women.

## Education Costly in the Days Before Civil War

Education was a costly business in the days before the Civil War. A document recently deposited in the archives of the Michigan State Library can be used as a criterion.

The document is a voucher issued by the state board of auditors on July 17, 1857, authorizing payment of \$5 for a single copy of a book of English grammar purchased by the State Library. It was found in the files of the Auditor General's office by WPA workers engaged on a historical project and was placed among other original

documents in the library relating to Michigan history.

## HYBRID CORN SEED

Hybrid corn seed has been sent to Smith-Hughes teachers in the southern tier counties and in north-west Michigan for demonstration and educational work with high schools. R. T. Decker, extension specialist in farm crops finances. One student will be selected in by this newspaper.

each school to test yield and quality in comparison with native corn. Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan hybrids will be used in 50 southern tier high schools and the Minnesota breed will be tested up north. During harvesting, meetings will be held on the corn plots to determine respective merits of the different hybrids.

News items are always welcome by this newspaper.

## MEMORIAL DAY FLOWERS

Come in and see our fine selection of plants appropriate for decorating the graves of those you wish to honor on MEMORIAL DAY, Saturday, May 30.

## West Point Green House

Base Line and Farmington Roads

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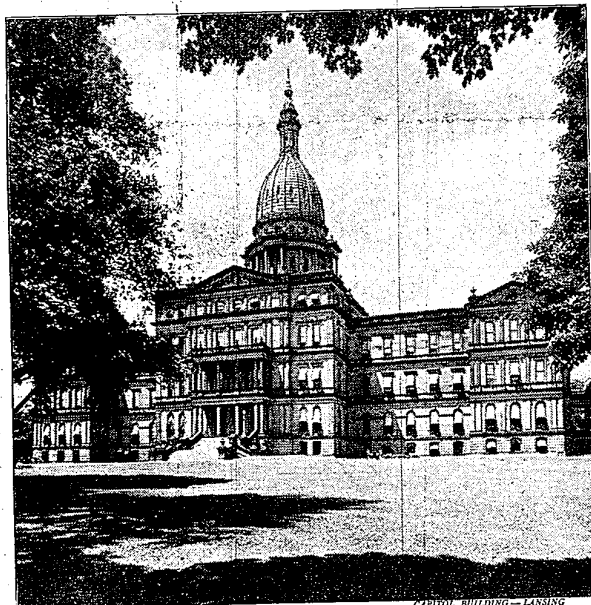
Farmington Phone 334

## EXIT

Sailor: "I sneaked over to the girls house last night while her father was away."

Friend: "How did you come out?"

Sailor: "Through the back window."



CAPITOL BUILDING — LANSING

## HAVE YOU SEEN THE SIGHTS IN Michigan?

TO MANY PEOPLE, the ideal vacation is one devoted to sightseeing. In order to enjoy themselves fully, such vacationists require three things: Sights worth seeing; something to travel in; and good roads to get there.

Very few parts of the Union offer as much in these respects as the State of Michigan. Here are many spots well worth visiting — historic buildings and grounds, interesting cities, and open country of unsurpassed scenic beauty. The journey itself becomes a separate pleasure, a real addition to the joys of vacation. Splendid highways, fine lake liners, trains, buses,

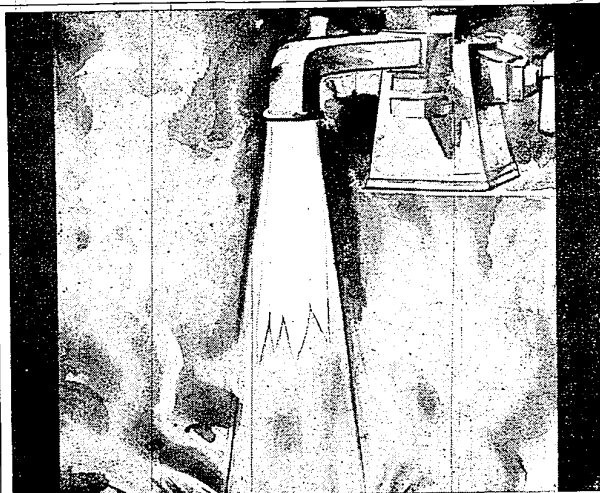
planes—all these means of transportation, comfortable and economical, stand at the service of those who are planning to see the sights.

Have you considered Michigan for your own sightseeing? Have you told your out-of-State friends of the exceptional advantages here? If so, you have done them a favor—and promoted good will for the Wolverine State.

As our part in such promotion, this series of advertisements is being published throughout the State of Michigan by an organization that can prosper only as the other citizens of Michigan prosper.



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## The last word in convenience . . . AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HOT WATER!

Electricity has provided so many comforts and conveniences for the home that it is not surprising to discover one more, the newest contribution to better living—automatic ELECTRIC hot water. Here is one of the finest services that electricity can bring to your household . . . and it is the last word in hot water convenience.

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You will find a plentiful supply of hot water a great comfort in your home . . . for bath and shower, for shaving and washing, for cooking, cleaning, laundering, dishwashing and countless other daily tasks. You can make housework easier and pleasanter with the liberal use of hot water. Once you have enjoyed the convenience of this automatic hot water service, you will wonder how you ever did without it. Stop in at any Detroit Edison office for complete information today!

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY