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Peterburg, N. H.—A new record, exceeding the average of the Guernsey breed for her age and class has just been completed by a two year old cow, Bournemouth, tested and owned by Charles B. Sorenson. Her official record supervised by the University of Michigan and announced by The American Guernsey Cattle Club, is 12,280.2 pounds of milk and 697.0 pounds of butter fat in class G.

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"OH, REALLY?"
By BARBARA BENEDICT
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ISOBEL was sophisticated. Oh, very sophisticated. She smoked cigarettes and drank cocktails and could get bored on the least provocation. Nothing interested her. She could say "Oh, really?", accompanying it with an expert lift of her eyebrows, in a manner that made young men wonder what it was about themselves that was suddenly lacking.

Or at least that's the way she affected Tony Aiken. Tony met her at the Holbrooks' week-end party, and because he'd just returned from an archeological expedition in South America and hadn't seen anyone so beautiful for 14 months, he promptly fell in love with her. Foolishly he told her so and was quite serious about it. Whereupon Isobel lifted her eyebrows, smiled in an amused sort of way, and said, "Oh, really?"

"Yeah," said Tony, "really." He was mad clear through and felt insulted. An hour later he left the party and went home and looked up at himself in his bedroom mirror. He wondered what had happened to him since he'd been away in South America and decided after a five-minute scrutiny that nothing had happened.

Tony wasn't a conceited young man nor was he vain. But in his mind two and two made four, no matter how you added 'em. The next morning he called Isobel on the phone. At first she didn't seem to remember him, not until he'd explained that he was the chap who had proposed to her last night. Then she said, "Oh, really?" And Tony said, "Yeah, really."

"Listen," he went on, "how'd you like to play some tennis this afternoon?"

"Oh, my goodness, no," said Isobel. "Besides, I'm driving up to Mountain View to spend a few days with the Andrews."

"Mountain View?" said Tony. "Oh, yes, I know the place. My folks have a camp on Bear lake, which is near there on the Derry road. I think I'll go up for a while. Mind if I ride along with you?"

"I'm sorry," said Isobel. "My car is a roadster, and Merle Gladwin is going along with me."

The way she said it gave Tony the chills, so he remarked, "Oh, really?" and went up to his breakfast alone, and did a lot of thinking. Thirty minutes later, he backed out his coupe and headed north. He drove with unnecessary speed and recklessness, and arrived at his folks' camp on Bear lake about four o'clock in the afternoon. The camp hadn't been used that summer and it was cold and damp. He built fires in the living room and bedroom fireplaces, and one in the kitchen range. By the time they were all going good it was dark. He went out to the coupe to bring in his supplies. It was raining. Far down the road he heard the drum of a motor. Headlights swung around a bend, slowing back and forth as the front wheels of the oncoming car skidded in the wet mud.

The headlights came up behind Tony's coupe and stopped. The driver blew the horn impatiently.

Tony came back down the walk and peered in at the strange car. The driver was a girl. It was Isobel. Tony grinned.

"Hello," said Tony. "Where's Merle?"

"Oh, it's you. Merle decided not to come. Will you kindly move your car."

"Can't," said Tony. "She's stuck in the mud."

"Oh, really?" said Isobel, arching her brows.

"Yeah," said Tony, "really. And unless you want to catch cold you'd better come up to the house where it's warm."

He turned and went back up the path and was almost at the door before he heard Isobel open the door of her roadster and start to follow. Inside, he dumped his bundles on a table, and turned to face her. "I've called the garage. They'll be here in a couple of hours."

"I'm hungry," said Isobel, standing before the fire.

"So am I," said Tony. He nodded toward the bundles. "There's food there. Fry up some coffee and we'll eat."

Isobel stared at the bundles and then stared at Tony. After a minute she picked up the bundles and carried them into the kitchen. Tony heard her moving around there, the clatter of dishes. Presently she called him and he went out. There was food on the table and coffee. He sat down and bit into a flapjack. It was like rubber.

"Lousy," he said. "Where did you learn to cook?"

"I never learned," said Isobel. "I never had to. If you don't like them you don't have to eat."

"Oh, really?" said Tony, arching his brows.

"Yeah," said Isobel, faintly sarcastic, "really."

Tony ate the rest of his flapjack and two others. He also drank three cups of coffee. Then they went into the living room, lit cigarettes and sat before the fire. They smoked, and after a moment Tony said: "I guess you didn't believe me

when I told you I loved you last night."

"That's right," said Isobel, "I didn't."

"Would you like to have believe me?" Isobel laughed. "What a funny question."

He gripped her shoulders. "Listen," he said, "you're not acting real. This sophisticated business of yours is all a pretense. Why don't you throw it off and act natural?"

"I've found I like being the way I am," said Isobel.

"You're a sweet little liar," said Tony. "No girl likes it. It's a cover-up. You're afraid to act yourself. You're a coward!" He paused, studying her a moment. "I'm going to tell you once more that I love you. If it still doesn't make any difference, then I'm going back to South America where I can't see you."

She looked at him swiftly, suddenly rigid, wide-eyed. After a moment she relaxed. "Isn't it about time the garage men were getting here?" she said.

"They won't come till I call them," Tony told her. "And I'm not going to call them because it isn't necessary. My car isn't stuck. I can move it anytime. I left it in the road on purpose."

"Oh, really?" said Isobel.

Tony bit his lip. "O. K.," he said. "I made a mistake." He stood up. "Get your coat. I'll move my back and you can go on. By the way, what are you doing on this back road anyhow?"

"I got lost," said Isobel.

Something about the way she said it made him sit down again. "Now tell me why Merle decided not to come."

Isobel hesitated. "She didn't decide. I left without her."

Suddenly Tony felt light-hearted and tremendously happy. He looked at her closely and saw that there were tears in her eyes. When he spoke his voice was the same. "Oh, really?" he said.

"Yeah," said Isobel, "really." And she turned to look up at him. Tony took her into his arms and held her close. She began to cry and he bent and kissed her.

"Listen," he said, "girls like you don't cry. They haven't any feelings."

"Girls like me have plenty of feelings and have every right to cry when they're h-b-happy."

Which, of course, was exactly the right answer.

Ralph and Mrs. Auten and family and Harold and Mrs. Westfall attended the Brandt family reunion held at Richfield Center, near Flint, Saturday.

WEST POINT PARK
Howard Middlewood, of Detroit, visited his mother, Mrs. Ethel Middlewood, Saturday.

Harry Smith of Detroit, formerly from West Point Park, died Monday morning. Mr. Smith was a brother of Mrs. Harry Wolfe.

Miss Shirley Zwahlen was the Sunday dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Childers of Detroit.

The Hess families held their annual reunion Sunday at Riverside Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Owen spent the evening Saturday at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen. Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen and baby Janet, of Detroit, were also visitors.

The Women's Community Club held its August meeting on the lawn adjoining the store-room occupied by Mrs. Knight on Seven Mile Road. No important business was transacted but Mrs. Knight proved herself a most pleasing hostess and the affair was a delightful occasion socially. At cards Mrs. Zaida Wolfe won the prize and at the Bazaar table, Mrs. Charlotte Wolfe was the winner.

At the close of the afternoon a tasty lunch was served. The September meeting will be held the first Wednesday of September at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Wolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lovett of Detroit called Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Redding and their three daughters of Detroit, were callers of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen, Sunday.

Miss Dorothy and John Altama Jr. attended the Michigan Theatre Monday.

Robert Hunter and sister, Miss June Ault, who left Monday morning, August second, for Jackson, Mississippi, where Mr. Hunter expected to spend a vacation with his parents, made the trip very nicely, reaching their destination Tuesday night. He is expected home the latter part of this week.

Austin Ault and family and Mrs. Ault visited at Walled Lake Sunday.

Mrs. Russell Bortland of Redford, was a Sunday guest of her niece, Mrs. Edwin Johnson.

Mrs. Carson Coolman and children, Idale, Wanda and Homer, Jr., Dolores Jean and Shirley Ault, and Miss Marietta Sholt, plied and went sight-seeing at the Zoo, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson visited in Grand Rapids Thursday and Friday.

Miss Dorothy Edwards, a teacher in Pierson School, who, for the last six weeks, has been attending school in Ypsilanti, was a Sunday guest of Mrs. Eric Anderson.

Clinton Ault and family are spending the early part of the week in the Tougus Lake region. They are being accompanied on this brief camping trip by John and Edith Changaris of Wayne.

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