

## GIRL SCOUT NEWS

A new name has been given to the Girl Scout Troop formerly known as Troop No. 3. Henceforth this troop will be called Line Troop No. 5. At their regular meeting Monday afternoon, the girls tied a quilt, which is to be given to the Gossel family, whose home recently burned. There are now 21 girls in the troop, under the leadership of Mrs. Joy.

The skating party held on Saturday was a huge success with fifty girls attending. Following the skating a wicker roast was enjoyed.

Mrs. Gale has just secured information relative to swimming at the Redford High School pool. Girl Scouts will be allowed to swim at the pool from five to six on Friday afternoons. There will be no charge, but all girls must show their registration card. Any one interested and desiring transportation is asked to call Mrs. Warren Joy.

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**REPAIRING WATER PUMPS** sold and installed. Small down payment. Price \$29.50 up. All kinds of well repairing. Harry Remm, Phone Farmington 688-311, 31189 W. 8 Mile Road. 11-4p

**FOR SALE**—Eggs, fresh, whole sale or retail. Poultry, live or dressed. 21205 Farmington Cutoff, Oak Farmington 688-311. 8-4c

**WANTED**—Used electric refrigerators, ranging or not. Hedberg Electric. 12-4p

**GOAL ON CREDIT**—Three to twelve months. No down payment. 48 days. Call Redford 822-W. 1559 Woodbine Avenue, near Grand River. Detroit. Octagon. 6-4c

**DANCING SCHOOL**—Dancing taught by appointment by the Dancing Balleys, formerly on the stage and exhibiting for the best in ballroom, of the country. Teachers of fancy, ballroom and tap dancing. It will be worth your while to give us an interview. Located at 1321 Randolph street, Northville. Phone 35-1, 45-1c

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN**—Black and white fox terrier, answers to "Tiny". Reward. Call 570-R1. 14-1c

**FOR SALE**—Baby bed, complete. 28x45. Also other baby furniture. 32700 Grand River. Farmington. 14-1p

**FOR RENT**—Three-room apartment and bath with gas stove. Electric refrigerator. Heat, light and gas furnished. 33507 Grand River avenue. 14-1c

## Explains Land Sales



Auditor General  
Vernon J. Brown

A plan by which properties of aged and deserving persons could be withheld from the coming sale of tax-delinquent lands was outlined this week by Auditor-General Vernon J. Brown. He also urged former owners to take advantage of the provisions of the State Land Office Board in order that they might regain possession of their properties.

## DAUGHTERS OF ISABELLA HOLD SOCIAL EVENING

The social meeting of the Daughters of Isabella was held on January 23, at the home of Mrs. Marguerite Villot, with 32 ladies in attendance. Mrs. Cronin, Regent, introduced the new candidates recently initiated, and a delightful evening program followed.

Mrs. Eva LeFevre, program chairman and organist, introduced Mrs. Minnie Dupuis Chapman, dramatic reader of the Chaffee-Noble School of Expression, who presented a number of readings. Among these was an original number, "The Heart of Me" and another poem, "The Land of Beginning".

The ladies so enjoyed these numbers that Mrs. Chapman generously responded with many other numbers, of which "Kissing Cup's Race" was of special appeal. Mrs. Chapman came from Detroit, and her contribution to the program was greatly appreciated.

The next regular meeting of the Daughters of Isabella will be held Tuesday evening, February 13, at the school.

## OVILA GODIN

On Republican Party  
For

## JUSTICE OF PEACE

Record: Born in Providence, R. I. Raised in Redford, Mich. In Detroit since 1921. At Farmington, Mich. since 1933.

Education: Graduated at Redford school. 3 years college at Joliet University, year and a half at Technology College of Detroit.

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## Gas Ranges

1	A-B Gas Range	5056	\$130.00	\$117.50
1	Magic Chef Range	4401-14	107.00	94.50
1	Detroit Jewel	690292M	118.00	99.50
1	Detroit Jewel	69069	140.00	124.50
1	Detroit Jewel	690492M	132.75	119.50

## CONSUMERS POWER

23612 Farmington Road

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## China

(Continued from Page One)

only knew that he was in command of the firing squad and that his instructions were to shoot all of the prisoners.

I tried to talk to the old man to ask if there was anything that I could do; but he simply replied that he was sentenced to have a foreign friend witness the cruelty of his countrymen; and he further requested that I should not accompany them to the execution grounds. He preferred to face his ancestors alone.

With respect for his humility and pride I acquiesced, and getting into my side car, drove away.

The next day, however, I determined to learn why this thing had happened. I could not bring myself to believe that this honorable gentleman or his daughter had ever been traitors to the people they had loved and taught and cared for.

Because of the distance between my camp and the city of Canton, nearly a month had passed before I was able to find out the facts of the case and piece together a true account.

What I found amazed me! The old gentleman had publicly criticized one of the newer Communist "yes" men who was striving to preach a pro-Russian (and anti-British and American) policy to a number of students with whom my old acquaintance had been associated. Seeing in him an obstacle to their plans, the Communist agents had arranged to have him and his family eliminated.

A charge of treason was brought against him and after a seven minute farce called a trial he, his wife, and daughter, were sentenced to be shot. The fact that at that very moment his two sons were fighting in the Chinese armies on the Yangtze front had no bearing on his status. His wife, his wife, and daughter, were sentenced to be shot. The fact that at that very moment his two sons were fighting in the Chinese armies on the Yangtze front had no bearing on his status. His wife, his wife, and daughter, were sentenced to be shot. The fact that at that very moment his two sons were fighting in the Chinese armies on the Yangtze front had no bearing on his status.

Ladies and Gentlemen, despite the cruelty and injustice of this case, it is really only important to us, as Americans, from one angle—the fact that this was done, less than two years ago, in a country which three years before that time had been fighting with bullets the very Communist schemers who had succeeded in perpetrating this crime of murder.

The Reds had carried out their program of exterminating persons of intelligence and honor and goodness—just as they would strive to do in every other nation which is contaminated with the seamy of their influence.

I think that any crack pot alarmist who says that this country is about to be handed over to Josef Stalin is crazy.

I do believe, however, that it behooves us as good citizens to sit down and do some practical thinking and guard ourselves and our children against these foreign invasions of propaganda; and give them that which might be expressed in slang as: "The Bum's Rush!"

A few days later Jerry arrived. "I've been thinking over things, mother. How would you like to sell your cottage and enter a nice home for old ladies?"

Susan reached down and picked up her pet kitten. "Not at all," she said calmly. "Look, Jerry, this is a real Persian."

"Oh, well," he looked somewhat ashamed, but he'd plainly been sent out to push the proposition home. "Of course it's as you like. You see, Marcia won't keep house—that's why."

"Why are you worrying about me, son? You don't need to. I'm making money and expect to make more."

"Not if you harbor all the cats of folks who go away and let you hold the bag," he exclaimed.

"The cat is out of the bag," Susan smiled. "Remember that old story of the king of the Persians who lacked runs when unexpectedly attacked by foes? I've got his soldiers in every alley and byway to gather up stray cats and then advanced on his enemy, each soldier holding his cat behind him until the signal, when the snarling biting animal was flung full into the faces of the astounded foes. Well, I've turned my old fancy for cats into an asset."

"Asset? The milkman, I suppose," he said puzzled.

"No, Jerry. I've sent in a standing advertisement for a city newspaper to carry and I assure you I'm not holding myself by giving my care too cheaply."

"Mother, do you feel real well? A standing advertisement in a city paper? Who's to pay for all this?"

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"I've turned my cats into the face of poverty, and Jerry, I've got an income rights in every alley and byway folks want to go abroad or on vacations and—I simply love to do it," he proudly declared.

## The Persian Kitten

By EMORY SMITH

(Associated Newspapers.)  
(WNN Service.)

SUSAN put down the curt letter with a shamed look on her face. She had thought her cup of troubles full when the bulk of her money had been lost in the disastrous investment that her son had insisted on making.

Since that failure she had been obliged to cut off many of her usual comforts and she was no longer young. She had her cottage and a small monthly income and that was about all.

Jerry, contrite at the result of his meddling, had been sending her \$10 a month. He had needed \$200 in the city and he conveyed to her the impression of being extremely generous when he wrote the note that accompanied the check he sent her every month.

Now he was about to be married and he could or would no longer send her anything. "You ought to be able to manage with what you have," Marcia thinks you have quite a bit for just one person, mother. And, for goodness' sake, let up on the pet cats. They use too much money. Marcia dislikes cats extremely. If we decide to visit you you must not have one about. Don't forget."

In that moment Susan's world seemed a lousy-lousy place of false values. Jerry seemed to have turned, almost overnight, from a gay, freckled and impulsive lad into a stranger who ordered her to give up her little animals.

Susan dropped the knitting that was becoming almost impossible because of her age-stiffened fingers. In the path of sunshine on the hooked rug she had seen, for the first time, the old cat. The cat was now a grayish-red and the ball was one that Jerry had possessed. Susan wasn't looking at the Persian kitten that she rolled the ball with playful paws and pretended fear when it approached her.

The old lady saw, instead, a fat infant with unsteady steps holding out his hands for help.

Well, Jerry was a man now approaching middle age. He no longer needed her. He was taking to himself a young and modern wife and Susan was ordered to give up her dumb little companions. There must be some way. Before her daughter, Polly, died she had some one to help her think. Polly had ideas and good ones. Susan found the answer to almost any question in the daily papers, mother. A glance through the want ads opens many unthought-of avenues. Why don't you get some of them?

"I wonder," pondered Susan, wishing with the old poignant ache that Polly had not left her alone. Polly, the beloved one, some and Jerry—the brushed away a tear—thoughts like that were useless, they led nowhere.

"And," she muttered, unfolding a paper from the nearby city. "Jerry has no idea that I've got seven cats here now because some of my friends are away on vacations."

In the column of advertisements devoted to cats and dogs, Susan found her answer.

"Wanted—A place in the country where I can leave my pedigreed Angora cat for three months while abroad. Only cat lovers need apply. Price no object. Write or telephone Mr. James Jerrold, No. X, Walton place."

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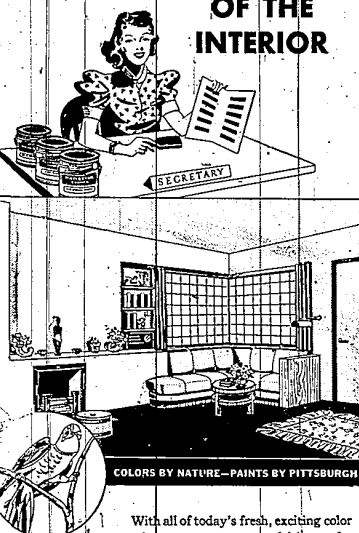
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