

# MRS. BUCHANAN HONORS DETROIT GIRLS WITH SHOW

Mrs. W. B. Buchanan of Hollywood, Cal., entertained 24 ladies Monday night at her home honoring two recent brides, Mrs. Frank Conway and Mrs. Leo Glavin.

Mrs. Conway is the former Miss Bernice Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett, of Detroit. Mrs. Glavin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Morrissey, both are from Detroit.

Decorating the open highway of the Buchanan home was a bridal party of appropriately costumed dolls approximately three and a half feet in height. The bride was gowned in traditional white, the bridesmaids in white and blue, and the flower girl in white, satin with blue trim. Flowers and candles served as decorations for the rest of the house.

Bridge and poker were played. First prize, a cut glass salad bowl, went to Miss Ethel Swartz. Other prizes included a nail polish and manicure set, pitcher and matching glasses, and a small plant.

Mrs. Conway was presented with a large red leather bridge table and pad and Mrs. Glavin received an electric toaster, and iron. Each guest received as a favor a personal gift.

During the evening movies were shown of the wedding of the honored guests and of Mrs. Buchanan. A buffet luncheon was served from a table covered with a Spanish blue cloth and decorated with

pink crepe paper streamers running from the chandelier to the table. The centerpiece was a round mirror encircled with a wreath of roses. From the center of the mirror a blue shower of water sprang up to the lights.

Place cards were little girls made of marshallmoss and pipe cleaners. Each carried an umbrella and had hair to match that of the guest whose name she bore.

Mrs. Thomas J. Brennan was present from Farmington.

Detroit guests included: Mrs. John Sten, Mrs. Helen Walker, Mrs. Oakley Moffatt, Mrs. George Dwyer, Miss Arlene Winthrich, Mrs. William McTaggart, Miss Pearl Crantz, Mrs. Arlene Vandenberg, Miss Ethel Swartz, Miss Helen Goodall, Miss Mary McLaughlin, Mrs. Hazel Meyers, Miss Chloë Tull, Mrs. Walter Sparks, and Mrs. Val Kent.

## Stanley Cooke Spends Week With Parents

Stanley Richard Cooke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cooke, spent last week with his parents, Stanley is in the United States Navy.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooke also entertained at their guest, Stanley's shipmate, Joe Pister from Ohio. Both boys are on the U.S.S. Walnut.

While here, they visited several of the lakes and various points of interest in and near Farmington. The Cooke family took the boys to the dock to bid them bon voyage on their way to the coast.

## FIRST ASSIGNMENT

By KARL GRAYSON  
(Associated Press Staff Writer)

AS FATE would have it Ed Stanley's first assignment upon entering the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police service was to investigate a trapping episode in the country north of the Little Silver river. Ed was 22 and Paul was 23. The older man had been and was now everything that was fine. The service which he represented stood for things that were honorable and worth having.

It was winter. The brothers spent two days mushing over the frozen wastes of the northland, and another half day skimming over the surface of the Little Silver.

At noon of the third day they came to a clearing in which stood a cabin. Smoke curled from its chimney.

"That would be it," Paul said. "The description is perfect. Wonder if Eysen is home."

Mark Eysen was the man under suspicion.

Paul swung the dogs off the river and stopped them at the edge of the clearing. He loosened the service with the dogs and approached the cabin. He had covered less than half the distance when the cabin door flew open. A man appeared in the aperture bearing a rifle. There was a puff of smoke, a sharp report. Paul crumpled in the snow.

Ed cried out and started forward. The rifle spoke again, and a little puff of smoke kicked up two feet

Night shut down and Ed returned to camp. He did not build a fire; instead ate a cold meal, and later returned to the edge of the clearing. It was bright and moonlight and the building was sharply outlined. Ed stopped and stared. The cabin door was open.

Headless of a possible trick the youth unsling his rifle and sped across the open space. Without hesitation he stepped through the open door. Ed groaned. Mark Eysen had died. During that brief half hour that he had taken time off to eat the killer had departed.

Ed swore softly to himself as he hurried back to camp and made a quick of his scanty belongings.

Eysen was traveling fast and light. He had a good horse's start. There was little hope of overtaking him before morning. Ed based a good deal of hope on the fact that by killing him he knew a constant vigil during the past three days, while the Riders could relieve each other in bombarding the cabin.

By morning Ed himself was close to exhaustion. The endurance of the man he followed was unbelievable. The mount had failed to lessen the distance between them.

The youth stopped and brewed himself some tea and rested for 15 minutes. Greatly refreshed he set out again, gliding steadily along with bent head, his eyes, shielded from the blinding glare of the sun, by goggles.

It was close to noon when the thing happened. Ed was on the point of collapsing. He looked up and saw a man coming toward him. The man's actions seemed queer. Ed stopped and stared. Then suddenly he snatched out his service pistol and threw it up. The man who was approaching him was Mark Eysen.

Ed's finger hesitated on the trigger. He didn't know why. Mark Eysen came on. He stopped when within twenty feet of Ed, sensing danger. And then it was that Ed knew what had happened. The man was snarling!

Ed spoke, at the same instant leaping to one side. Instantly the rifle in Eysen's hand roared. A guttural sound escaped his lips. It was pitiful to see him groping blindly, tossing his head like an angry bull. Again Ed raised his pistol and dropped it. The bitterness and hatred had not lessened. Eysen deserved to die. But there was something in the boy's soul that forbade him to do his desire for vengeance. The code of the Red Riders.

Paul was at his elbow, smiling, talking, reminding him of the code.

He returned the pistol to its holster. Unhinged, grim-faced, he herded the fugitive and attacked him from behind.

There was no resistance. Eysen's strength was spent. Ed uttered the customary challenge: "He challenges that is the code, and as the words fell from his lips he thought of Paul and the bitterness was gone from his heart.

First U. S. Paper Plant Founded in 17th Century

Two centuries and a half have elapsed since the manufacture of paper in North America was begun with the establishment, in 1690, of a plant on Paper Mill Run at Germantown, Pa., by William Rittenhouse, the first American paper maker.

This first American paper mill was built to meet a growing need; printers in the Colonies had found the lack of paper their greatest handicap, writes Dard Hunter in Technology Review. Rittenhouse hence had as one of his partners in the enterprise William Bradford, the pioneer printer of the Middle Atlantic colonies, who during the early years of the venture took practically the entire output of the mill. In 1703, however, Rittenhouse and his son bought out Bradford and the two other partners. Their first mill building had been destroyed by a flood in 1700 or 1701 and was replaced by a new plant in 1702.

The demand for paper, which kept early printers constantly pestered their readers to save rags as raw material for manufacture. A bundle of rags was a highly acceptable subscription payment in practically all colonial newspaper offices—may be interpreted as a symptom of democracy.

Village Still Making Clocks

Electric clocks for the new Ostia railroad station here are being made at Pesairis, a village hidden away in the Alps. The workers also are making hundreds of special clocks for the state railways.

The factory started in 1725 as an iron foundry, turning out articles for domestic use. Suddenly the workers started making clocks of all kinds.

In 1931 this most famous of Italian clock factories began the manufacture of the modern electric clock. The clocks of the new Florence railway station were made at Pesairis as were the clocks of the new post office at Naples.

The clockmakers of Pesairis have always refused to descend from their mountain village.

Thomas More Beheaded

Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia," was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, but the king commuted the sentence to beheading. On July 7, 1535, More was executed in the Tower of London and the head was fixed upon London bridge. Tradition says that it was eventually rescued by his daughter, and then it was buried with her in the same cemetery.

## STURGEON RIVER SITE OPENED FOR PUBLIC FISHING

More than a mile and a half of trout water in Sturgeon River north of Waterville is on the way to becoming a public fishing ground and place of access after conservation commission approval of June frontage purchases with fishing license funds. Lands being bought in Cheboygan county are the state 6,500 feet along both sides of the stream and 1,700 feet along one side.

Frontage purchases have been approved on four southern Michigan lakes also. On Nero lake in Genesee county which the conservation department has been studying for fisheries research says, may be made a trout lake by cleaning out and restocking, the state is getting a parcel measuring two feet wide at the water's edge. On Cub lake, seven miles south of Hillsdale, the state is acquiring 520 feet of shore.

Three hundred feet of frontage on Coldwater lake, eight miles north of Coldwater, will give access to a chain of lakes that provide good fishing. Frontage of 250 feet will assure fishermen of entrance to Huron lake near Oshtemo, one of the better fishing lakes of Kalamazoo county. The commission also acquired a small parcel of land near Lyndell state fish hatchery that will give control over springs which furnish part of the hatchery water supply.

Public fishing sites being acquired are not open to public use until details of the sale transaction are completed.

Several Attending Baptist Church Camps

A number of local children and young people are attending Baptist Church camps this week.

Boys at Lake Louise for the camp which opened Thursday are Norman Stewart, James Carvey, Charles and Graham Miles, and Charles Locker.

Doris Greer is attending Camp Anne Judson, Margaret Miles is serving as a counselor at the camp at Brighton. Elizabeth Henderson also is attending the Brighton camp.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank Mr. Dunkel, the board of education and the dramatics class and all who made the play a success that was given for the benefit of Floyd, to help pay for his accident at school. Our appreciation to all who so kindly gave their time and work.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gelfinger and family.

## ANNOUNCES CIVIC THEATRE COMING FEATURES

Opening at the Civic Theatre on Friday and Saturday, June 27 and 28 are two entertaining features, Jane Withers in "Golden Hoofs" and Kay Francis and George Bancroft in "Little Men." "Golden Hoofs" is a story of race horses, and the people who train them. "Little Men" is based on the story by Louisa May Alcott, and tells of the reformation a little boy makes in the life of a gangster.

On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, June 25, 26 and July 1, "The Lady Eve" with Barbara Stanwyck is the lead attraction. This is the story of the son of a wealthy brewer played by Henry Fonda, who has been studying snakes in Brazil, and his love for a girl who is a card shark, but who turns straight because of her love. The companion picture is "The Trial of Mary Dugan" starring Laraine Day, with Robert Young and Tom Conway.

On Wednesday and Thursday, July 2 and 3, admission is only 10c with a Merchant's coupon. The double feature includes "Mr. Dynamite" with Lloyd Nolan, Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong; also "Blood Inspiration" with John Shelton, Virginia Grey, Charles Butterworth and Reginald Owen.

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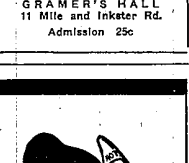
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OLIVIA—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled, Gilt finish, numeral and marker dial - \$40  
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Then it was that Ed knew what had happened. The man was snarling!

ahead of the boy. He stopped, and in that instant the training which he had received before entering the service came to check his madness. He returned to the dog sled, secured his own rifle, drove the dogs to the shelter of the river bank, and began to stalk the cabin.

It wasn't until darkness had fallen that Ed was able to reach his brother. Miraculously Paul wasn't dead. He carried him back to the dog sled, built a fire, poured hot tea between his lips, dressed his wounds and an hour later had set out on the return trip to the post.

It was a record run, but Paul died before they reached the post. He returned to consciousness once and talked rationally with his younger brother. "Remember the code," he said, smiling wanly. "We Red Riders have a code to go by. Bear it in mind always. And don't feel too bitter about me—it's all in the game, you know."

This was exactly what Ed would have expected Paul to say, but he felt bitter nevertheless. He knew he'd never rest until he had killed the man who'd murdered his brother.

Two days after Paul died, Ed, grim-faced, set out for the Little Silver country in company with three members of the mounted. They were armed with a warrant for the arrest of Mark Eysen.

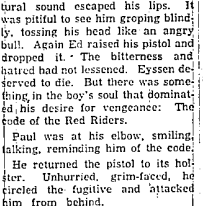
Ed had anticipated a long trek before they even came upon the trail of the fugitive. He was, therefore, surprised and not a little puzzled upon finding the cabin in the clearing to be occupied. Remembering his previous experience he cautiously entered the clearing. It was decided to surround the cabin and challenge it before attempting to break in.

The challenge was issued and remained unanswered. One of the mounted stepped into the clearing and began approaching the cabin. Instantly a rifle exploded and the policeman dropped in his tracks. He crawled back to safety under cover of his companions' fire.

The siege on the cabin lasted three days. One of the Riders had been killed, another wounded. Ed Stanley and Constable Norman Lee were the only two able-bodied men remaining, and their supply of ammunition was rapidly diminishing.

The two men held a conference. It was agreed that one of them would have to return to the post bearing their wounded comrade. Ed insisted on remaining on the scene.

Ed waited until the dog team had swung out at night. Then he returned to the observation point from which he had been firing upon the cabin. He remained there for fully an hour, without giving any indication of his presence.



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