

Oakland County Gets \$470,092 Primary Money

Oakland County's share of the latest distribution of primary school interest fund money is \$470,092.50, according to an announcement made at Lansing by Eugene B. Elliott, State superintendent of public instruction. The total distribution for the State amounts to \$10,643,773.44. Checks went out today to 43 counties and the rest will be placed in the mail the latter part of the week. Oakland's check was in those sent out.

Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. Henry Smith and Mrs. Fred Lenz returned Thursday morning from a seven-day cruise to Duluth and other points of interest.

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THE STRIPLING

By VIC YARDMAN

Associated Newspapers
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YOUNG BILL CAMERON pushed back his sombrero and eyed the stripling who stood on the opposite side of his desk. There was a thinly veiled amusement look in his eyes.

"Job?" he said. "What can you do, kid?"

"The stripling's eyes were steady. 'I can do anything there is to do on a ranch.'"

"Yeah? Can you ride a horse?" "Better than anything else."

Bill brought his chair down on all fours with a bang.

"Pretty sure of yourself for a half pint. What's your name?"

The stripling's cheeks flamed to a brilliant orange to the color of his hair. "Red," he said, and there was defiance in his eyes.

Bill Cameron seemed for a moment on the point of indecision. His eyes held a curious light. He stood up.

"O. K., Red. I need a fence rider. Go down to the corral and rope yourself out a couple of horses. Then pack your duds and head for the range camp at Silver Creek. You can relieve Tex Youngman, who's there now. Tex'll explain your duties."

"Thanks."

Red didn't smile his appreciation, even though jobs were as scarce as rain in August.

He turned on his heels, his eyes still holding the defiant look, and went out.

Bill Cameron remained standing for a moment, thoughtfully watching the door through which the stripling had gone.

Presently he followed, crossed to the blacksmith shop where Ray



He Turned and Headed His Roan Stallion Away Without Waiting for a Reply.

Stuart, the T-N foreman, was sitting a shoe to his top horse.

Cameron shook tobacco into a cigarette paper.

"Hey, I got a hunch that Tom Winslow isn't putting up a job, after all."

Stuart spat and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Hunches," he said, "is no good. It's facts that count. When Tom Winslow and his daughter had the ranch they run it like a couple of fools. That story he told about losing cattle by rustlers was only his excuse to the bank."

"And because the bank wouldn't believe his story they sent me out here to take over the place."

Cameron blew forth a cloud of smoke and thought aloud.

"Sir as I can make out Winslow and his kid were sentimental about the ranch. They hated losing it!"

"Which is all the more reason why they should think up a cockeyed story about cattle rustling."

"And still," Cameron went on, "if those cattle that old Tom claims disappeared could be found—"

"Nuts," said Stuart. "Winslow said they secretly and apologetically. He did it so that daughter of his could have more money to flee away on her parties."

The following morning Bill Cameron saddled up and with a startle, appraising anyone of his destination rode away from the ranch.

Two hours later he drew rein in front of the range camp on Silver Creek.

Sound of his approach had brought Red, the new hand, to the door.

"Hello, Red," said Bill. "How's it?"

"All right. Couldn't you trust me to ride fences without coming down to check up?"

Cameron's anger flashed in Cameron's eyes.

"Listen, young feller, you're too smart, and not a bit grateful. I'm boss of this ranch and I'll ride where and when I like. One more wisecrack and you're dead!"

He turned and headed his roan stallion away without waiting for a reply.

The rode south for a mile or more, then turned the roan into a narrow, rock-strewn canyon.

He continued slowly and presently dismounted to examine a set of hoof prints in the soft earth near a trickle of water.

A low whistle escaped his lips when he straightened.

Toward evening, Cameron again drew up at the Silver Creek range camp.

This time he dismounted and went inside.

Red was bent over the stove, wiping an another plate, young feller. You're having company for supper."

Red opened his mouth as if to make some retort, then seemed to think better of it.

Presently the two men were facing each other across the plank table.

"For a time they ate in silence. 'Red,' Bill said, 'if I were you I'd forget that crack I made about you being a half-pint. I reckon I wasn't thinking.'"

Instantly the sullen, half-defiant look left Red's eyes, and his teeth flashed white.

"Why, that's all right, Mr. Cameron. I guess I'm a little too sensitive about my size."

Cameron grinned, but almost instantly grew sober.

"Red, I've a hunch that Old Tom Winslow, the chap who used to own this outfit, wasn't telling fairy tales when he handed out that yarn about rustlers. My guess is that if rustlers were operating, the scene of their activities would most likely be in this locality. I want you to keep your eyes open. No one'll think you're snooping, you're—so—"

"So small, eh?" Red smiled frankly. "O. K., Mr. Cameron, I'll keep my eyes open."

During the week that followed, Cameron found excuses to visit the Silver Creek camp nearly every day.

On the occasion of his last visit he was met by a very much excited Red.

"The youth's face was white and his eyes wide."

"Mr. Cameron, I've found those cattle!"

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I followed a trail through a canyon about a mile south of here. The canyon has a blind end, but there's another beyond with a secret passage. It's full of cattle, and I saw some men changing the T-N brand."

"Reckonize them?"

"No. I couldn't get near enough. Cameron's face was grim."

"O. K. I've got a hunch who they are. Saddle up and follow me to the ranch."

When Red arrived back at the T-N almost two hours later he found Cameron waiting for him.

"Get down, kid, and come inside. Ray Stuart's confessed to the rustling, and named his accomplices."

Once inside the office, Cameron faced his young guest.

He grinned.

"And now, Miss Vera Winslow, when the bank hears about those cattle I guess you and your dad will get your ranch back."

Red stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"You—knew who I was all the time?"

"Of course. You don't think I would have hired a new hand when I didn't need one, or sent you down to that range camp so you wouldn't have to put up in the bunkhouse with the boys?"

Vera Winslow gulped.

"I—I never thought about that."

She looked at him intently.

"You could have found those cattle yourself. Why didn't you?"

Cameron shrugged.

"I knew that was your purpose in coming here and posing as a boy. Since you ask, I didn't want to deprive you of the honor."

He paused.

"I happened to be talking to Stuart the day he reared his horse. One of the shoes was broken, and I saw hoof-prints of a broken shoe in the canyon."

"I see."

Vera Winslow bit her lip.

"Well, Mr. Cameron, I guess my father and I are indebted to you. I—I didn't think the bank would send out such a capable person. Thank you and good-by."

She held out her hand.

Cameron's eyes were amused.

"Vera Winslow, you're the most sensitive person I've ever run across. You ought to be spanked. I suppose you'd get doubly mad if I told you I'd fallen in love with you."

Vera blinked her eyes hard.

She tried to look shocked and indignant, but it is hard to look that way with a smile curving your lips.

"Mr. Cameron, you are the strongest person I've ever run across—and I'm not so sure but what I like it!"

Phanotron Tubes New Radio Equipment Idea

An outgrowth of the vacuum tube, familiar in radio tests, is the phanotron, having no moving parts and consuming very little floor space, to take the place of the rectifier, which transforms alternating current into direct, where the latter is preferred.

The simplicity of the new device for handling current is infinitely greater. The first installation is located in downtown Boston. The equipment makes use of all of these phanotron tubes.

The electrical energy from the power company's system enters the substation as alternating current at 13,800 volts, three phase, 60 cycles, and is changed by this phanotron rectifier into direct current at 238 volts.

The electrical energy thus transformed is delivered to the distribution cables to supply residences, office buildings and stores.

The successful operation of this rectifier will stimulate the extensive use of this class of equipment in modern operating practice. At any point where it may be desired to establish a connecting link between the alternating current supply and the direct current distribution system, the phanotron rectifier offers a compact automatic substitute in itself for this purpose.

Washington Star.

WHO ARE YOU?

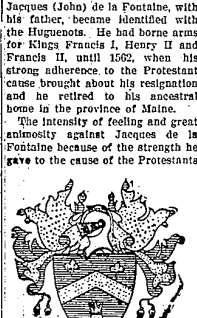
The Romance of Your Name

By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

A Fontaine?

THIS is a French name meaning "at the fountain." The family was established for many generations in the province of Maine, near the border of Normandy. It was there in the year 1200 that Jacques (John) de la Fontaine, with his father, became identified with the Huguenots. He had borne arms for King Francis I, Henry II and Francis II, until 1562, when his strong adherence to the Protestant cause brought about his resignation and his exile. He and his ancestral home in the province of Maine.

The intensity of feeling and great animosity against Jacques de la Fontaine because of the strength he gave to the cause of the Protestants



Fontaine

led to his murder, and that of his wife and faithful servant by spies sent to his house. His children, James and Abraham, and one other whose name is unknown, fled from the scene of the tragedy and made their way to Rochelle. In a single moment they had been bereft of everything except their pure faith, their intellectual strength and noble bearing. The story of the lives indicates the reward which follows strict adherence to the principles of truth and courage.

The Rev. James Fontaine, grandson of the above-named Jacques, was the first to drop the "de la" indicative of the nobility, from the name of Fontaine. He was a minister of high spiritual and intellectual attainments. His son, Rev. James, also possessed high courage and lofty characteristics of mind and soul. He succeeded in escaping from France, after the Edict of Nantes, and went to England, and from there to Cork, Ireland. John Fontaine was his son.

The Fontaines have been prominent in the history of Virginia and in many other states, occupying high positions in almost every phase of life. The family has furnished many clergymen.

Colonel John Fontaine married Martha, the daughter of Patrick Henry.

Fontaine intermarried with the Bealls, Armisteads, Stewarts, Distanses, Meades and other distinguished families in Virginia.

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Must Not Kill Monkeys, but Can Shave Pilferers

There are parts of India where a monkey may not be killed because he is thought to be under the special protection of a god. Unfortunately, observes a writer in Tit-Bits Magazine, the monkey does not behave any better on the account, and sometimes is not only a thorough nuisance himself—pilfering and raiding villages—but he is the leader of a band of female monkeys who imitate his misdeeds and do a sort of crazy follow-my-leader through the plantations and fields. They spoil and steal wherever they go, and this is the way—since the leader may not be killed—that the village rid itself of this marauding band.

First of all, the leader is trapped. A noose that is cunningly concealed among the branches of a tree usually does the trick. Then he is tied up securely and his head and face are covered with a lather of soap. And after that he is shaved. When he is completely bald he is allowed to go.

What happens to him next? Why, the females of his band gibber and mock at him and finally drive him into the forest. Until his hair has grown again they will not let him lead them, and in the meantime the pack is broken up.

Wassailing Orchards.

Wassailing the orchards is an old custom, which has its origin in central Europe and is still kept up in the Tyrol, Bohemia and Germany, as well as England. In Devonshire and other older country, sides, the farmer, his family, friends and servants march to the orchard, one member bearing a huge pitcher filled with cider and roasted apples, still hissing. They encircle the biggest and most productive tree and toast it fervidly. Then it is sprinkled with cider, or a bowl of cider is dashed against it, after which is murmured the quaint incantation, "O tree! O tree! Bear fruit and flourish. O tower nourish. Give wealth and plenty!" This ceremony over, they all repair to the house for a feast. Wassailing varies in different parts of England. Sometimes cakes are immersed in cider and hung from the branches—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

USE RADIO FOR FIGHTING BIG FOREST FIRES

When the fire hazard is most serious and fires are breaking out everywhere in the forest zone—that's when Michigan's newest weapon against the fire menace, radio, is indispensable.

During the July heat wave when humidities were extremely low and fires were occurring in all parts of the north, state conservation authorities found that it was impossible to get all their reports into the regional office at Gaylord in time by telephone. Radio engineers were sent in to establish a portable radio set at the Gaylord office, immediately by radio. Every new fire was reported without de-

lay and the forces on large fires were managed expeditiously.

On a big fire near Newberry and on many other large fires, radio "saved the day." In one case five miles of telephone line were burned down and in another a line was broken in five places by a heavy power shovel, throwing fire towers out of communication. Radio picked up this communication and carried on the fire intelligence work.

Plans are now being made to develop an inter-district radio network in the conservation department which now has its headquarters at Gaylord. All district offices under this plan would have two-way radio sets for supplementary communication with the regional office during serious fire hazard periods.

Grasshoppers appeared in the postoffice lobby last Friday. Calling for their crop reduction checks may be.

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