

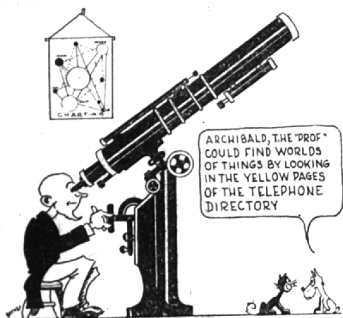
PARTRIDGE TRAVELS 50 MILES PER HOUR FLYING

The hunter leveling his gun at a partridge soaring through the break next fall, might be surprised to know that the bird may be traveling around 50 miles an hour: J. W. Leonard and David S. Shetter of the Institute for Fisheries Research clocked one at that speed between Mio and South Branch.

Old Redford Fair Planned Saturday

The Old Redford Fair will be held Saturday, June 27, under a tent at the circus grounds at Grand River and 6 Mile Road. The Fair will open at 8 p. m. Serving at the Fair will be John Hawthorne, in charge of the horse department, Drayton Holcomb, races, Raymond Stuckey, cattle, George Smith, sheep, Harvey Houghton, swine, Chas. Labner, chickens, George Vizard, farm implements, Roy Burgess, marsh, Bart Klier, ballroom, Ed Miller, bakery department, Wm. S. Hart, S. O. Wylie Bell, Myra Lee, Jesse Lee, Dora Naylor, and Anna Labner will be on the reception committee.

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Hello Everybody!

"Flood Waters Rise"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Medicine Hunter.

WELL, sir, I thought I'd seen or read of every kind of adventure there was, but when a guy faces death by drowning on the top shelf of a store—well—I throw up the sponge, that's all, and admit that Old Dame Nature's supply of thrills is inexhaustible.

Archie Levesque, of Montpelier, Vt. is today's Distinguished Adventurer—the Man on the Top Shelf of our story. And if anybody ever talks about putting Archie "on the shelf" again, he's just going to quit the party right then and there. After one taste of that elevated perch, Arch doesn't want another.

It all came about in the winter of 1927 when a big thaw and rain storm hit Montpelier. The river rose and began running all over town. By six o'clock in the afternoon, the business section looked like Venice without the gondolas, and all the boys at the store where Archie worked began removing goods from shelves and piling it up on shelves where it wouldn't get wet.

Can't Swim Home, So Archie Keeps on Working. By six o'clock those hats were standing in four feet of water, and Archie phoned his mother not to expect him that night as he couldn't swim that far. He worked until a quarter after seven standing on a showcase and passing stuff to the shelves, and then the whole crew decided they'd better think of getting out themselves before the still rising water made it impossible.

By that time the water was up to their shoulders. It was ice-cold, too, but they waded through it to the back door. There was a strong current pushing against the other side, but the three of them managed to get it open. Archie held it with a board while Otto Gulliani and Vernon Conlin slipped through to the hall that led upstairs to the second floor. Then he started to go through that doorway—and he didn't. The door suddenly slammed shut with a bang. He heard a pile of heavy boxes tumble from the farther wall of the next room and lodge against the other side. Archie knew he'd never get that door open again, and he didn't even try. He turned around and swam through the chill water to the front of the store.

Rising Water Drives Him Up to Top Shelf. His only chance now, as far as he could see, was to swim through the transom of the front door and climb up the front of the house. But on second thought he abandoned the idea. Out front was a raging current. If he ever missed his hold he'd be swept away and drowned.

"In other years," says Archie, "I had seen the water come up, time and again, to a depth of one or two feet, and recede as quickly as it had come. I was expecting it to go down any minute, but instead, as I watched the wall, I noted a steady rise. I was still standing on the showcase, trying to figure out where all the water had come from when I noticed a number of rats swimming from one shelf to another. There were dozens of them popping up in the water—slimy, hairy, crawling things that had been driven out of their holes by the water. At the sight of them I climbed to the highest shelf in the store, and lay down full length on it, less than a foot from the ceiling."

Creeping Water Reaches for the Ceiling. And there Archie lay—as high as he could go—and watched the water creep up on him. It was only then that he realized the nature of the trap he was in. He began to wish he had gone through the transom and taken his chances with the current. Better to drown in the open than under a dank plaster ceiling, like one of the rats that were caught with him. But it was too late to try that now. Already the transom was under water.

Inch by inch the water crept on. Archie began looking at the ceiling over his head. If he could crack the plaster there'd be another foot of space above it—space that would gratify his life. He might even cut his way through to the rooms above, if he could find the proper tools.

By that time there was eight feet of water in the store. Boxes, showcases and everything movable was floating about on the surface. Small chances of finding anything in that mess.

Dives for Flashlight; It Proves His Salvation. There was one showcase down there, though, that was fastened to the floor. It was full of playing cards, pencils, tablets and crayons, but Archie remembered that there were a couple of flashlights in there, too. He slipped off his shelf and dived into the cold, dirty water. He came up choking, but in his hand was a big, three-foot spotlight.

The rats were taking refuge on Archie's shelf now, but he paid no attention to them. With his flashlight he attacked the ceiling. It was long, hard work, but at last he had made an opening that would accommodate his body. He was getting ready to crawl up between the laths and the floor when he heard someone in the room above him call, "Who's there?" It was Charley Booth, who had come down from the third story, where all the occupants of the house had gathered, and heard Archie's pounding. It was only a few minutes after that that someone had saved a hole in the ceiling and pulled Archie up through it.

Learns How Close to Drowning He Really Came. Archie says that after a cup of hot coffee he had almost forgotten his trouble when someone reported that the water was up over the first floor ceiling and still rising.

Then his knees sort of went all weak under him and, as he sat and gazed on a tier of four window watching barns and sheds and dog houses float down the street, he wondered what would have happened if he'd had that idea of hammering through the ceiling just a few minutes later, or if Charley Booth hadn't heard him. They found a couple of drowned rats on that top shelf when the water went down the next day.

Life's Little Laughs

You—Sometimes you seem so manly and other times absurdly effeminate. Why is it?
He—Hereditarily. You see, half my ancestors were men and the other half women.

Al Falza—Well, Tim, how do you like that mare you bought the other day?
Timothy Hay—Well, if I had hit to do over again I'd sure buy a horse. That mare can't help stopping and admiring herself every time we come to any little bit of water.

Inevitable Now
"I've had a terrible premonition of approaching death."
"No, really?"
"Yes, I bought one of these lifetime fountain pens and its broken."—Our Paper.

Just Terrible
"You look unhappy, old man."
"I am, I am almost as unhappy as a woman with a secret nobody want to learn."
Miss—Did any one ever tell

you how wonderful you are?
Youth—No; I don't think any one ever did.
Miss—Then I'd like to know where you got the idea.
Ruth—I wonder when Arthur is going to propose? He's been going with me for nearly six months.
Elizabeth—You'll have to wait six months more. He didn't propose to me for nearly a year.
Error in Color
An Irishman who was sleeping all the night with a negro had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they've woke the wrong man."
SUMMARIZATION OF CITY COMMISSION PROCEEDINGS
(Minutes in detail are available at the City Clerk's office.)
June 22, 1936—9 a. m. Commissioner Meeting.
Bills approved—\$26,318.20. Payroll approved—\$4,880.
Resol. from I. Mandelino for special license—\$100.
Permit issued to G. Kirsh to operate billiard tables at 1402 1/2 S. Woodward Avenue.
Meeting adjourned at 9:50 p. m.
IRVING E. HANLEY
City Clerk

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FIRESTONE SENTINEL TYPE

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4:50-21	6.05	5:25-21	8.40
4:75-19	6.40	5:50-17	8.35
5:00-19	6.85	5:50-19	8.75
5:00-20	7.10	6:00-20 H. D.	12.10
5:25-17	7.35	6:00-21 H. D.	12.40

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DE SOTO — 1929-1932 8.20
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- Gear Shift Boot 19c
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