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College Knowledge

By SOPHIE MORE

The last rose of summer isn't anywhere nearby ready for you yet. And in the meantime, all you use

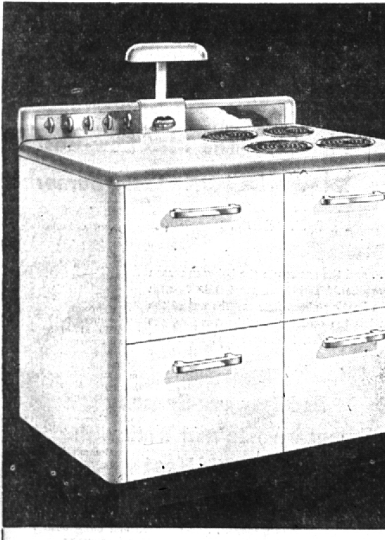


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 See the new electric ranges on display at department stores, electrical dealers or at your Detroit Edison office.

was there too, blonde Janet Phillips. And the list is completed with Carol Dweilley and Globe Trotters.

Another smooth idea for a trip is in the air! The plans are complete in every detail except one—that's the one of when it will be. But the three ill-gals concerned are in a tizzy over it. Ginny Ferris, the one of "era" and will be especially exciting for HER, as you'll see in a minute. Conco John, the prospective trippin'-mumbler and the third one is cutie Alice Painter. They're going to drive 'way up north to Camp Ooshah-of-the-Dunes, where Ginny's mother and sister Diggins are having a whirl. From there, after a day or six, they plan to drop down to Cadillac, where they'll at least spend the night and indulge in a spot of gasty with a few of their TONS of pals up there. And then, unless they urge to truck home sizes yet, they may even do a spot of calling on some of Ginny's collich friends around the state. All of which is definitely on the smooth side.

Rambling Along

These summer days make definitely for a lot of reflection. And so Sophie lets you in on her mumbings, for what they're worth. But that Ginny List will be ONE well-informed after she works with those little kids all terest one a week and she has all the explaining 'nuff to do to go to it. It was well having the Boynton brothers in town for the weekend. Fred of course hung his hat at Harriet Bradford's and Chuck stays with John and...
 Diddle know that Steve Wyatt has a so-much vacation map-making it until August? He's going to spend his fortnight in Ludington, we hear, where he'll be the best of Jean Johnson and her parents, the James L. Johnsons Detroit... And speaking of vacation, Eleanor Wacey has one of the loveliest tan Sophie's feat-gal. She's kind of an elegant gold-color all over...
 And if THIS is enough to jolt you out of your summer coma and into a state of wild enthusiasm, you're too darned calm. On account it's the very best possible news about one of our favorite sons who—damn it no longer lives here. He DID come back a while ago though 'Twas Tom Martindale in the flesh, from Long Island and Philly, at present. And he made the visit even MORE of an event by dining with Duke Mill, Jr., one of Irvington-on-the-Hudson's chief bear-trobs. The lads stayed 'round 'n'about with all their friends, who simply CLAmored to entertain 'em.
 But fevinsake, we started to tell you about Tommy's KEEN nest! He just landed THH, job it's in New York city no less, and it's what he's been hoping for a long time. And, when all the cheering dies, the mob will be treated to the sight of a young gent definitely going UP.

It Wasn't In a Haystack

After fifty-seven years, a needle swallowed by a Western farm woman has emerged from her foot. Being impatient, she had gone ahead and bought another needle—Bread News.



Miss Porter

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TWO IN ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter

Jimmy would go in swimming at any hour of the day or night, but in the daily routine of living, he was forced to undergo the wash. When, under pressure he was forced to undergo the wash, applying soap and water, he would emerge with an oval surface, distinguished by eyes, nose and mouth, clean—but beyond that, into the uncharted region behind his ears, it was obvious, he had not explored. There would be a wavy black water-mark extending around the outer edge of the oval, and beyond that line, neither Jim nor soap water had dared to venture.

His Mother scrutinized him with narrowed lids.

"You're not clean. You did not wash thoroughly! Go back and wash your neck and your ears!"

"That's not dirt, it's tan. Gee, I'm clean, I washed my neck yesterday."

The little episode invariably came to the same conclusion, with Mother standing determinedly outside the bathroom door while her son spluttered and spluttered protests throughout his enfeebled ablutions.

"Now comb your hair," she insisted on this day in particular.

"Aw Gee! I gotta go. It's O. K."

"James, COMB YOUR HAIR!"

But like greased lightning, he was off, down the stairs, and out the front door. Mother watched him depart, his face clouded, his lower lip protruding in a sulen pout. She worried. She must see to it that he understood why he had to keep so clean and neat. She must make him realize how distasteful it would be to him if she were to go without combing her hair and... Then an idea.

Late in the afternoon, Jim stole apprehensively in the back door. There was no one in the kitchen, so he could hardly believe was his mother. Her hair, usually so smooth and shiny, was matted and tousled beyond belief. Her face was actually white. There were long streaks of black, and gray streaks that made her almost unrecognizable to her son. Before he had recovered from his open-mouthed astonishment, she rose from the chair revealing a soiled, faded house-dress—one she had long discarded, with tears in it and faded blouse.

"I've been waiting for you, Jimmy," she began sadly, "I want to take you to the store with me. Come on, let's go."

But Jimmy didn't move. "Get Mother! Aren't—aren't you—going to get cleaned up? Gee, I never saw you dirty before. What happened?"

"Why, don't be silly, Jim. I'm not dirty. Come on to the store."

"But—somebody might see us."

"Well, suppose they do?"

"Never mind, I'll wash it tomorrow, maybe. Come on."

She hurried to the door, taking Jim by the arm as if she had every intention of going to the store sure and forcing him to accompany her. Bruski he pulled away, and backed against the wall, angry at her.

"Your face was broken. Suddenly, he began to sob.

"You're ashamed of me, looking like this, aren't you, Jim?"

"His face was buried in his sleeve, but he whispered a muffled, "Yes."

"You should be, I'm glad you are. You have just as much right to be ashamed of me when I am dirty and my hair is combed, as I am of you when you are dirty and untidy. Yet, when you went out today you looked just as disconcerted as I do now. I was ashamed of you then."

Suddenly his arms shot out around his mother's neck, and a hot, tear-stained cheek pressed against hers. "Gee, I thought you'd gone nuts, Mother."

"Here's a proposition, Jim. Every time you go around untidy and dirty, I'll go the other way, O. K.?"

"No, uh, uh. I don't like to see you dirty, but if I keep myself clean, will you, huh?"

"It's a go, son."

By Carol Dweilley

With summer in full swing and existence punctuated only by week-ends, another of life's little joys is with us. Remember when you were a child and the sweet peace of your family's summer cottage was suddenly rent in twain by an agonized roar from the beach? You rushed to the beach or the sandpile or whatever and found Mother kicking magazines about, pettishly, while Daddy, his clenched and shaking fists raised to the heavens, imitated the Powers That-Be to tell him why he, of all men, was thus afflicted.

Then, she noticed the open mouths and half-fearful expressions on her children. Mother would gulp and say: "It's nothing at all, children. Daddy and I are just excited because Uncle Sticky and Aunt Dilly and your little cousins have written to us. They want to come and see us." Later, it develops that the missives not only WANT to come—their address is ready on the road. And while they've given detailed instructions on where and when to meet them and what the three children, Harri, Fibber and Whiny can and cannot eat, they have let drop no hint on when they'll leave.

The interval before the great Arrival (which is always mentioned with capital letters by members of the family) is almost as bad as the actual visit. Father hires somebody to mow the lawn and somebody else to paint the boat. He takes over the job of repairing the furniture, remembering that Aunt Dilly is a lady of no mean grith.

Mother, grimly aware that only the best may be served to the guests, since Uncle is such a family gossip, lays in a supply of breakfast food that would startle an ox. Her own check is overhauled. It, but Horrid, Fibber and Whiny look as though they'd been raised on sawdust and black coffee, and Mother is determined to satisfy them. She spends the days muttering over menus and the nights repairing the family's civilized clothes, which, as a matter of course, they will be expected to wear during the Visit.

The children are put to work with a vengeance. Oldest Girl is to see that the rooms are filled with flowers, and rooms of the outside picking out likely places and making arrangements with the natives. The younger ones are made to memorize a list of duties which seems to include giving in to the guests in every quarrel; forcing their friends to accept the cousins and keep them all happy; listening politely and respectfully while the group-ups talk, and otherwise behaving like sheep instead of normal humans.

It's lucky that the Arrival finally comes around, because the week of strenuous preparation has kept the entire family up to the Mother and Daddy are likely to be over-enthusiastic in the midst of one of those: "Well, he's not my brother—Yes but you men can go off and fish while I have to stay and entertain HER and keep the kids quiet—Well who said I wanted to be saddled with HIM on my only vacation..." arguments.

At the last minute, after all instructions have been repeated, the young members of the family balk. They WILL ride in the beach wagon to the station, to augment the official reception committee, composed of the parents and Oldest Girl. When they begin to wait, the kids are up and they are bundled into the car post haste. The family is off to the station in a cloud of dust.

The fact that they arrive an hour early is just another excuse for a row. Brother spies the drinking fountain and is contentedly sipping the passers-by when Sister begins to clamor for a soda. Father glances dubiously at the sky and prophesies rain for the entire Visit. Mother promises untold riches to the kids if they'll settle down like little ladies and gentlemen. Oldest Girl gets her feelings hurt and wants to know who SAID she wasn't acting like a lady? Far down the track the train whistles in Beldish glee. THEY'RE OFF. (Editor's Note: More of this anon.)

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

It is hereby appointed for hearing said petition in the County of Oakland.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication for a certain number of days, to-wit: for three weeks previous to said day of hearing.

Honorable James H. Lynch, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Robert Groves, Deceased.

Robert Groves and Charles H. Groves, co-executors of said estate, having filed in said Court their second annual account and petition praying for the examination and allowance thereof, and for the discharge of Charles H. Groves as executor, and a further petition praying for allowance of a third annual account thereof, it is Ordered that the 1st day of August, A. D. 1938, be and the same is appointed as the day on which the same shall be heard, at said Probate Office, he and she appearing in person, or by attorney.

JAMES H. LYNCH, Judge of Probate.

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