

**The Farmington Enterprise**  
Established 1886  
Hyman-Levinson, Publisher  
Chas. J. Lehmann,  
Mgr. Commercial Printing Dept.

Published Thursday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland Co., Mich., as second class mail matter.

Subscription Price  
One year in the U. S. \$1.50

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1927

**EDITORIAL**

**MEMORIAL DAY**

Next Monday thousands of young men throughout America, who have worn their country's uniform, will gather to lay flowers upon the graves of fallen comrades. It is America's most beautiful—and saddest holiday.

It was on May 31, 1863, that the first Memorial Day services were held, at Arlington Cemetery. The passing of 59 years has left but few of the "boys in blue" to remember their comrades. Even by 1900, the survivors were fast disappearing.

But another generation came to take their place. The Spanish-American war put the country's youth again in uniform, and when it was over there remained a new rank of ex-soldier to honor soldiers' graves on Memorial Day.

As these new ex-soldiers passed their early manhood and entered middle life, the "blue and the gray" ranks grew still smaller. Not many, now, could march their tiring miles on Memorial Day. But again a new rank of soldiers was created, and this time it was not thirty years—but less than twenty. By 1918, a new generation of soldiers had been made and had come out of another war to decorate on Memorial Day, not only the graves of the "blue and the gray," but of many of their own comrades.

It is the great sadness of Memorial Day that in 59 years, war has created in peace-loving America, two generations of soldiers to perpetuate for the veterans who can no longer do so, the memories of Civil War dead. When the young ex-soldiers of today, the heroes of the Great War, have passed life's prime and their numbers wane, will there be created, by nations feuds, more ex-soldiers to take their place? Will history repeat itself and make of today's children tomorrow's soldiers?

Ten years ago, America's youth gave all in the hope that this generation of soldiers might be the last. Memorial Day should bring us nearer to the realization of this ideal—to a firmer resolution that "they did not die in vain."

Life is growth—a challenge to environment. If we cannot meet our everyday surroundings with equanimity and pleasure and grow each day in some useful direction, then this splendid balance of cosmic forces which we call life is on the road toward misfortune, misery and destruction.—Luther Burbank.

Proper attention to reforesting rough lands unsuitable to agriculture, to maintaining good forest cover at the headwaters of rivers, and to the prevention of rapid run-off on all sloping farm lands would aid materially in the problem of flood control, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

Before a Chicago man skipped he wrote a note to his wife to meet him in Heaven. She was given a divorce on the grounds of desertion, the court reasoning the fellow could no longer be in Chicago.

The Belding man who was awarded \$750 for his wife's affections should consider himself lucky. At least that's what a lot of the boys are claiming.

Co-operation has at last been established between the bankers and the farmers—the bankers agreeing to let the farmers protect the banks from bank bandits.

What has become of the old-fashioned justice of the peace who loved that about two dollars fraction of the law.

An old country woman was sent to jail for selling her daughter in an actor for two dollars. Over in this country she could have bought an actor for that much money.

**DANCING**

Saturday evening, May 28, 1927. Park Island, Lake Orion. Logan's orchestra. Park Plan.—Adv.

**Daughter of the Beachcomber**

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright)  
JIM BRISTOL, landing at his first South Sea Island, looked about him with interest. Considerable reading on the tropical Pacific had prepared him for the native customs, the heat of beach, the clustered native huts, the green rise of hills in the background.

But it seemed a bit of singularly good fortune that, over in the background of the dock on a pile of stunted rope, there should be sitting a lean old man with tangled beard, sunken eyes, and clothing so patched and fragmentary that it resembled the garments of a seaman.

"A beachcomber, as I live!" murmured Jim, and thrust his hand into his pocket. It would be worth a franc or two to draw the old man out, and Jim, who was running away from a rich girl, and her money, was off on this voyage for all there was in it in the way of diversion.

In the following days he learned a great deal about the fellow. How he had come to his present unkempt state, how he had been a sailor, how he had come with a thin and shabby child who, by the way, had now grown into the loveliest thing beneath the Southern Cross. How he had taken a two-room shack up the beach, and, by a little "padding" to his present unkempt state, content to guide tourists about the island, fish with them in his dog-out, or coolly accept their generous tips in return for the tales he told them. How occasional packages came for him on the steamers which evidently contained the simple clothes of Rosemary, as well as other things which remained secret.

"He keeps the girl strict enough," admitted French Lou, proprietress of the ramshackle, hibiscus-draped hotel where Jim was staying. "He don't let her so much as meet the steamers, and goodness knows that's the only diversion in this off-chaos hole. What's going to become of her when the old man's gone?" French Lou shrugged her fat shoulders.

"It was inevitable that sooner or later Jim should meet Rosemary and perhaps squall inevitably, as he had his lovely dusky eyes and hair like burnished gold, that he should fall in love with her. Her old derelict parent even took a fancy to Jim and asked him down to the shack when he found cleaner and more habitable than he would have supposed.

They sat together on the yellow sands one evening—Jim and the beachcomber's daughter, while a golden gleam shone in the west, a velvet sky out of a velvet ocean. Rosemary had been a continual surprise to Jim. She was not the ignorant girl one would have thought.

He had decided to ask her to marry him, but first he wanted to rid his soul of confession. "I came near being an awful mucker back home," he began abruptly. "There was a girl and—well, she sort of took shine to me and I was like a dog with codling of money. I made up my mind to marry her. I was actually on the way to her home to propose when, like a flash, it came over me what I was about to do. To marry without love. I beat it then and there, and swore I'd never look at another girl with a cent of money. Even then I didn't realize what a cad I'd been, because then I didn't know that real love could be so. But now, oh Rosemary, darling, you have shown me what love is. If you will be my wife—"

He slipped an arm about her shoulders, but Rosemary did away, bearing her face to her hands. "Oh, I can't!" she had moaned.

"But, sweetheart—Jim was puzzled. He had felt so sure that she responded to his love. "Never!" she cried. "Me? The beachcomber's daughter?" she gave a queer little laugh.

"Then," said Jim firmly, "if you will not have me, I shall go back and marry the girl I love." "But you don't love her," said Jim, "and you would never marry a girl who was rich—"

stammered Rosemary. "Yes," agreed Jim. "But I suppose that was foolish of me. If the girl I adore won't have me, I might as well marry a girl who at least pretended to like me. Nothing in the world really counts except love. Nothing."

"Not even—" the girl's voice was a bit breathless. "Not even if one's father is a feud?" A professional beachcomber who was a failure back home and who thought by coming here and living cheaply and banking every cent he could earn by playing on the gullibility of the tourists he could some day get home and live like a gentleman? And he's been good to me. You don't know how he's taught me nights, sending away for books—how he's gone without everything to buy me a little more toward what he calls my dowry. I'd gladly be poor for your sake. I—yes, Jim, I love you—"

"Then," cried Jim triumphantly, and drew her into his arms, "the only girl in the world I could ever have loved is the beachcomber's daughter!" But when, after being married to French Lou's parlor, they sailed away, they left the old man behind. "My eyes," he said, "it gets into the blood. Once a beachcomber, always a beachcomber."

And the last they saw of him, he was sitting on a pile of stunted rope, and was waving a battered copy of a hat.

**Church Notes**

**Farmington Methodist Church**  
Rev. Edward F. Dunlavy, Pastor

10:30—Worship and sermon. Anthem by the choir. Duet—Selected. Sermon by the pastor, "Let Us Forget."

The Farmington Post of the American Legion will be our guests at this service. 11:50—Sunday School. 6:30—Evworing League. 7:30—Evening service. Anthem by the choir. Solo. Sermon by the pastor, "Our Debt to Our Ancestors." You will be warmly welcomed.

**Evangelical Church**  
Rev. J. Bollens, Pastor

Sunday, May 29—English services, 10:15 a. m. Sunday, May 29—Sunday School 11:45 a. m. Wednesday, June 1—Ladies Aid Society, 2 p. m. Wednesday, June 1—Y. P. L. meeting, 8 p. m.

**First Baptist Church**  
Rev. F. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30—Morning worship. Junior and senior sermons. The adult message, "Christian Life." 11:45—Sunday School. 6:30—B. Y. P. U. 7:30—Evangelistic service. Sermon subject, "The Way of Cain." The church with a Glad Hand.

**St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville**  
(At Switzer Road)  
Rev. Paul Graupner, Pastor

9:30—Sunday School. 10:30—German service. Thursday, 8 p. m.—Bible class. Monday, 8 p. m. (May 30)—Annual meeting for election of officers. All voting members requested to be present.

**Commissioners Proceedings**

Meeting of the Commissioners of the City of Farmington, held May 24.

Called to order by Mayor Butterfield at 8:15 p. m. Commissioners present: Stammann, Bicking, Gldemeister and Johnson.

The Budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1927, was considered and discussed. Recessed until Tuesday, May 31, 8 p. m.

N. H. POWER, City Clerk.

Continued increase in consumption of milk and cream per person in this country during the past year is reported by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, which places per capita consumption of 55.3 gallons for 1926, against 54.75 gallons in 1925 and 43 gallons in 1920.

**STATE OF MICHIGAN,**  
The Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, in said County on the 20th day of April, A. D. 1927. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of HENRY WALTERS, Deceased. Ellis Randall, administrator of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the 3rd day of October, 1927 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

ROSS STOCKWELL,  
Judge of Probate.

A true copy,  
Ruth Imlick,  
Deputy Probate Register.  
May 12, 19, 26.

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