

Our Christmas Greetings

Are offered without restriction to all. May Santa fill your stockings on this glad day with gladness and good cheer.

Lapham Oil Co.

John Lapham Howard Osmus
STANDARD OIL PRODUCTS.
Grand River at Power Farmington

Holly Wreaths and Christmas Bells

Symbols Of The Gladsome Season

May the good cheer, the love, and the kindness and the happiness of this season be yours now and through the days of 1932.

Boston Shoe Repair Shop

Thomas James, Prop.

To the Old Folks
The Middle Aged
The Young Folks

Whatever your age may be, we send you good wishes for Christmas and bright hopes for the New Year.

WE ARE THANKFUL

Because we believe in a good town and can do business with such a people as we have here.

Farmington Dairy

Phone 135 Jos. Himmelspach, Prop.

At this glad season we extend Greetings to our friends

A Merry Christmas and

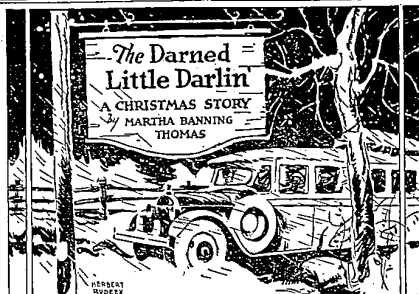
A Happy New Year

May the coming year bring the fullest measure of prosperity and happiness, and may we be permitted to distribute our share in achieving these desires by serving your needs.

Lake Drive Garage

Hudson- Essex

WM. F. GOERS FARMINGTON JUNCTION



THE big bus came to a stop with a jolt which buried its tired passengers against the seats ahead. The powerful engine whined to silence. For a long moment nothing was said. Twenty people stared at the back of the driver. Twenty pairs of ears heard the wild rush of wind outside: a noise which up to this time had been drowned by the motor speeding through the night.

The driver was young. He had wide shoulders and a fresh color in his cheeks. He was used to these long, cross country runs; he knew how to handle people and he understood the temperament of a bus as a mother understands her child.

He turned about in his seat to face the silent people. "Sorry, folks, we're out of luck." A faint shadow seemed to rest on his face. "We're hung up . . . a hundred miles from nowhere."

A rustle of amazement passed through the listening passengers. A man climbed over a seat mate and began talking in a loud, irritated voice. "You mean to tell me this blasted bus won't move another foot tonight? That we must stay here the Lord-knows-how-long? On Christmas eve and the folks home waiting for us? A fine, fat driver you are!"

The young man was unperturbed and ready. "No use telling you I can't help it. They gave me a bum bus, an old one, because of the holiday travel. They gambled on my getting through . . . and lost."

"Ain't you even going to get out to look at it?" demanded the man unpleasantly.

"No, boss, I ain't. I know this bus like an old friend. It's plum give out and I told them so." He looked the protector straight in the eye. "What's more, we're the last one through to-night. Laugh that off."

Out of a dim, rear seat rose a girl. Her hair was light. It seemed to ripple into curls as you looked at it. Her face was pale with weariness, but she smiled. "What say, fellers, we bunk up and have a party of our own? He can't help things, she nodded towards the driver. "He's done all the work and had the worry and now all he gets handed to him is a bunch of groins. Come on, folks! We're safe and warm. Nothing can hurt us. We'll get help in the morning."

She smiled at the big man who was biting his mustache. She laughed to the face of an old lady who was furtively wiping her eyes with the corner of a handkerchief. She grinned at a boy of fourteen.

The bus driver showed a fine set of white teeth. "Some grand little sport," he whispered to himself. Then aloud, "I got to warn you folks of something else, too. Nothing serious but kind of



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distressing. The lights are liable to go out any minute. I got a trouble light with me, but that's all."

"I have a flashlight," said the girl. "Who's got another?"

It turned out that five passengers had flashlights. "Haul them out and we'll have a party, anyhow," called the girl.

"The bus grew a little chilly but the girl would not allow them to think of that. "Now each of you must choose a present from your own, to give some one else here tonight. The folks at home would be glad to sacrifice one gift for the sake of giving us some fun. We'll make him," she smiled at the driver, "be Santa Claus, and if any of you have cuts . . . I say, have a heart and pass 'em around."

She went quickly from one to another. The old lady's wrinkles crinkled up in laughter as she fumbled in her shabby gladstone bag. The fourteen-year-old boy came out of his grumps and offered to go anywhere from Michigan to England to make the bus suggestion which was greeted by a roar of laughter from the driver.

"We ought to have a tree," mused the girl aloud. "We can't do a thing without a tree."

"Hey, I got an idea," called a voice.

A man shot out of a seat and shook himself into a fur coat. "Open the door, driver . . . I'll be back in a couple of minutes." A blast of cold air, and the man slipped out. He came back presently with a small ragged bush. "Found it here by the roadside. Get some little blizzard going on!"

He shed his coat. He asked for string. Bundles were unfiled and the cord offered. By tying several lengths about the center of the bush, and then stretching them taut to various seat-braces the bush was made securely upright in the aisle.

"Now for trimmings. Who's got trimmings?"

The cross man was busy with a bundle. He was a trifle reluctant, still he continued to unwrap papers. Soon a glittering angel with tinsel wings was in the hands of the tree trimmer. Gently, almost reverently the angel



"I Knew When I Set Eyes On You . . . Ye Belonged to Me."

was fastened to the top. The disagreeable man beamed.

"Anyone got any white tissue paper?" asked the girl.

More gifts were untied and their wrappers volunteered. With nimble fingers the girl folded long strips of red and white together into a sort of accordion effect.

"What's your name, driver?" suddenly demanded the girl. "Michael O'Hara."

She glowed with pleasure. "And mine is Katy Connelly . . . the top of the evening to ye!"

Then the fun began. Michael was possessed of an irresistible humor. He sent the old lady into stitches by presenting her with a package of cigarettes. He completely disarmed the cross man by giving him an artificial rose, bowing with so much ceremony that his hair almost touched the floor.

The fourteen-year-old boy was delighted with a candy cane and began to demolish it at once. There was a gift for everyone. The bus rocked with laughter. It was "Katy" this . . . and "Mike" that. The driver thought of everyone but himself.

The girl had a moment of acute distress. There was nothing for Mike, swiftly she thrust her hand into her bag and brought out a small box. With this she went close to Michael. "Here's a present for you, bozo," she said lightly.

"Go 'way wid ye!" remonstrated the man in surprise.

"No, please, I mean it." Something in the blue of her eyes decided him. He opened the box. Out of it came a silver cigarette lighter.

"Gosh . . . what a swell present! But you mustn't . . ."

"If you don't take it I'll never speak to you again!" declared the girl.

Amusement and tenderness mingled in his thanks.

The fun went on. Twelve o'clock . . . one . . . two. The old lady dropped off to sleep. The bus grew quiet. The girl curled up in a rear seat. The driver stared out into the storm. Once he drew out the lighter and held it against his lips. "The darned little darlin'," he murmured.

On Christmas morning they were transferred to another bus. At the city terminal the passengers parted from one another with the warmest greetings. But Michael O'Hara and Katy Connelly did not part. They went on to Michael's home, and when his mother saw the girl, and her laughter, and her blushing, she just opened her arms.

"I knew the bye would be Annie's lady's outfit. It's the O'Hara way." She did not even inquire about the bus. Her son was home. It was Christmas . . . on with the turkey and pumpkin pie!

"But the cigarette lighter, darlin'!" Michael asked, "how did ye . . . ?" "Oh, I just bought it . . . liking the looks. And I knew the moment I set eyes on you that it belonged to you."

"Ain't," said Michael with big grin, "I knew when I set eyes on you . . . ye belonged to me."

"Tooray!" said Michael's mother, plumping the turkey on the table.

Greetings

For the Yuletide Season and in sincere appreciation of your favors in the past accept our best wishes for peace, happiness and prosperity

Marjorie Pangborn

Beauty Parlor Farmington
Phone 152-M

A Merry Christmas

A Thousand Cordial Wishes

for you and yours
this Holiday Season are
all summed up in that
good old-fashioned phrase

Merry Christmas

Aldrich Nurseries

Clarence Aldrich, Prop.
Grand River at Middle Belt Phone 314

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE

Farmington Cleaners

A Merry Christmas

TO ONE AND ALL

We extend to one and all greetings of this Yuletide.

It is our sincere wish that you and yours may be enjoying the best of health, that you may reap in full the many benefits of this most glorious season.



Wilsher's Service Station
Orchard Lake and 12-Mile Road

Christmas Greeting

FROM

Jim and George

THE SUGAR BOWL