

WEST POINT PARK

Mrs. William Zwahlen,
Phone 227F3

ANNUAL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER BANQUET TO BE HELD FRIDAY, MAY 18

The Mother and Daughter banquet will take place Friday evening, May 18 in the Community Hall. The men have charge of the supper and a very good speaker will be present. Mrs. Gunn still has a few more tickets left.

The S. R. Turner home in West Point Park was threatened by fire last Tuesday while Mrs. Turner was burning paper and rubbish.

Mrs. Emerson Ault, Mrs. Marvin Addis, Mrs. Edward Stromski, Mrs. Homer Coolman, Mrs. Russell Ault and Mrs. Martin were the dinner guests last Thursday of Mrs. Robert Wilson of Detroit.

Mrs. Clinton Ault is very ill with intestinal influenza.

Mrs. J. Mercer and daughter, Elizabeth, were guests of her sister, Mrs. Baker of Detroit.

Howard Middlewood will attend the spring formal party Friday evening at the Martha Cook School House at Ann Arbor as the guest of his sister, Miss Esther Middlewood.

The North End Circle, No. 4 met at the home of Mrs. Emerson Ault Wednesday afternoon, with a large attendance.

Mrs. and Mrs. Russell Ault of Detroit have moved into the Houglund house on Farmington road.

West Point Park's baseball team defeated the Redford team last Sunday, 10 to 7.

The Pioneer School baseball team again defeated the Southfield boys' team Saturday, 12 to 2.

At the Parent-Teacher Association meeting Friday evening, George G. Wright of Detroit gave an instructive talk after which games were played and a light lunch was served.

The Adult Bibi Class met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen and decided to present a movie about June 2.

Plans have been completed for the Pre-school Clinic for Zone B at the Community Hall Wednesday, May 16. Dr. Irene Sparling of Northville will be the examiner, with Wayne County nurses and social workers assisting.

Lunch will be served at noon. Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Peans Jr. and little daughter, of Detroit, were the Sunday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peans.

SUCCESSFUL LINKS

No business today, regardless of how thoroughly it may be entrenched in the progress and prosperity of the country, can stand alone or fall alone. Losses in one business in the community affects others, just as a successful and prosperous enterprise will reflect benefits to its neighbors. The link between all industries, businesses and enterprises of a community, therefore, must be particularly close and co-operative. The closer the relationship becomes, the greater the efficiency and progress that can be developed until we have an inter-relationship that is the backbone of the community.

WEST FARMINGTON

Mrs. Irvin Knapp
Phone 40F4

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Green entertained 18 little boys and girls at their home Monday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock in honor of their son, Roland's seventh birthday anniversary. Games were played on the lawn and a good time was enjoyed by all. At 6:00 o'clock the little guests were ushered to the dining room to partake of the birthday dinner, a pink and white cake decorated with seven pink candles and each guest carried home a pink and white favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Green entertained friends from Detroit.

Several from West Farmington attended the Parliamentary drill held at Isaac Bond's Monday evening.

Vera Graham is out of school on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crouse of Detroit spent Thursday night with relatives here.

About 40 friends and relatives from her motored to Hartland Saturday evening to help L. W. Giegler celebrate his birthday anniversary. Progressive Pedro was the divers of the evening. The high and low scores were awarded by prizes. Miss Dorethea Kurtz and Fred Tamm were awarded first prizes and Mrs. Emma Kurtz and Smith Green received consolation prizes. Lunch was served. Mr. Giegler was an old resident of West Farmington.

Mrs. Calvin Green and Mrs. Smith Green were Pontiac callers Monday.

Mrs. Emma Kurtz spent Friday in Detroit.

Mrs. Numan of Detroit is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Halsted.

Mrs. Robeson spent the week end with her sister.

August Schlusler has been confined to his home on account of illness.

The West Farmington School will close with a picnic Saturday, May 19.

The Willing Workers of West Farmington had a very successful supper at William Hunt's Thursday afternoon.

The yard committee of the West Farmington Cemetery have begun work in resetting shrubs that were winter killed.

Miss Gertrude Kerrin, teacher at West Farmington will teach there the coming year.

Mrs. Louise H. Campbell, State Home Demonstration leader, is on the program for the County Wide Achievement Day, May 15, at the Pontiac High School auditorium. Mrs. Campbell will talk on "Extension Work of the Future." She is a great favorite among the women of Oakland County and it is a rare treat to have her on the program.

Love, Horse-Traders and Boot

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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A ROBUST tenor, wholly untrained, half-chanted, half-roared:

"If ever I marry I'll marry for love. I don't intend to marry for riches. If ever there was a hell on earth, it's—a woman wearing the briches."

The singer, well mounted, glanced disdain, the while, at the figure keeping pace at his elbow. Lute, slim, and feminine, it rode cross-saddle in linen crash breeches. A roguish twinkle flickered in the eyes.

She faced him, eyes no longer roguish, but purposeful, saying with a faint flush: "I dare you to marry me—inside the next six months!"

"Paula! D'ye mean that?" Leon Cantrell shot back, turning several colors. Paula Selby giggled, but with a little hard breath, in spite of herself, as she said steadily: "I do mean it—cross my heart, and hope to die. Indeed, unless I take a Cantrell, I'll be an old maid—simply couldn't stand that—had almost rather go for a mission."

"But why pick me? Cantrells are plentier—than blackberries all along Brush creek—" Leon began.

"I know," Paula interrupted. "But you are by chance the most Cantrellly of the lot! It's quite proper that you should be chosen victim to expiate the family feud."

At that Leon laughed uproariously, saying when he could speak:

"Say, Paula—do you happen to know the straight of how this old family ruckus began?"

Paula shook her head, sighing, then said: "Since you've chosen lamb for the slaughter, reckon I'll enter the hunt—it began in a jorrapap a hundred years back, when General Selby, my great-grandfather, came out here from Virginia, riding a slightly hunched, but guaranteed to be seven years old, no lie that—in fact, the animal was nearer twenty-seven—but he had been nearer twenty-seven, and taught to throw his legs after the real London fashion, so the general managed a trade with the Squire Cantrell's son, so to for the had given him on his birthday, along with a hundred dollars, boot. "Worse than highway robbery!" said the young man, who had made so much square—not that he minded so much losing the horse, or even the money—it was that his son had let himself be cheated, when it belonged to Cantrell blood always to cheat the other fellow—"

"So that's it," Leon exploded, reaching for Paula's slim, unburned hand. "Strikes me you're just the boot that's been due some Cantrell or other ever since. You've got to marry me whether or no."

"Old stuff! I like news better," Paula protested, tossing her head. Leon held her hand fast, asking: "What made you pick me, Honey? Did you know how hard I've been loving you ever since I wore roundabouts?"

"Never suspected it," Paula said primly. "The fact is Cantrell blood has so out-thrived and out-bred Selby, there's no other grandfather would listen to my having—yet had made such a to-do about it that we had better get the knot tied before we tell him."

"Now your talking," Leon whispered joyously in her ear—possibly by way of judging the right kissing distance for a sweetheart who wouldn't take a dare.

The Clan Cantrell raged from center to circumference over knowledge that Leon, its special hope and pride, had fallen for that outrageous Paula Selby. Smart, she might be, in fact was—also easy on the eyes, also, again, had a way with dogs and horses. Didn't she come down in fact from a notorious horse-trader, who wouldn't have batted an eye over cheating his mother or even the preacher, when there was a chance to boot?

Paula would come next-thing-to empty handed, when Leon had such chances, three rich girls waiting on tiptoe for him to throw the handkerchief. Further, how would he ever get sent to congress with such a wife?

Thus the prophets in their wisdom, it turned out to be the wisdom of fools. Paula captivated Leon's people, horse, foot and dragons—that is to say, those close enough really to matter. Grandfather Leon liked her voice, her looks, the way she stopped, especially the way she rode. "I'm hell bent on livin' to see your eldest boy ride his first race. Any odds he wins it—I'll back him before he's born," he said. Gentle Aunt Polly, Leon's sister daughter, retired like a treated fever in sheltered warmth; grim Uncle John, thought to lose nothing in the world save cards and coming the night of the week, and coming home only gentlemanly merry from the parties that were his delight.

Servants adored her, tenants thought the sun rose and set in her, after the second Christmas when the big tree held gifts for all on Cantrell land. And that to that festivity came Paula's recuse father—grandfather's doing, that, though it required nearly force and arms. He had yielded, since it was to be further marked by the christening of Paula's first baby.

In the arms of his great-grandfather his name was pronounced Selby Leon, as tears from two pairs of ancles—yes washed away the last traces of the hundred-year feud.

PENNIMAN-ALLEN THEATRE Northville

SUNDAY, MAY 13th
SAMMY COHEN and TED McNAMARA
in
"Why Sailors Go Wrong"
This comedy team is great. You don't want to miss the funniest picture in months.
Comedy—"At It Again"

NO SHOW ON TUESDAY, MAY 15
THURSDAY, MAY 17
in
Victor McLaglen
"HANGMAN'S HOUSE"
Laughter, Thrills and Romance in a story of Irish lads and lassies
Comedy—"Old Wives Who Knew"

SATURDAY, MAY 19
WILLIAM BOYD and MARY ASTOR
in
"Two Arabian Knights"
A pair of American doughboys blundering through Europe and the Orient after the war. A war whoop of laughter
News and Review

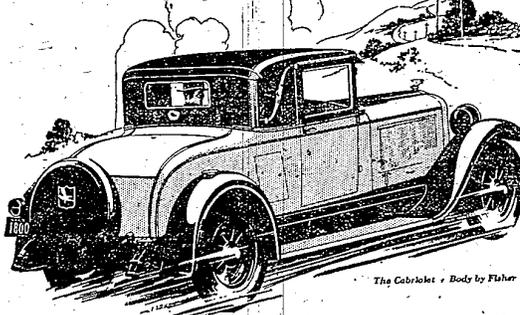


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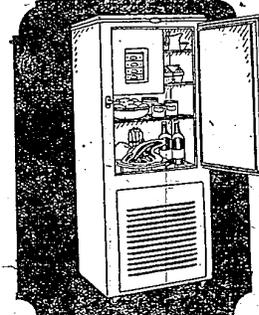
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