

ANNUAL REUNION OF ANGLING ROAD SCHOOL IS HELD

Fourth Gathering of Old Friends
Well Attended; N. H. Power
Is Speaker

Teachers, schoolmates and friends of the Angling Road and Coleman Schools held a joint reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Heliker on July 21.

A pot luck luncheon was served, cafeteria style, at 2 o'clock, after which the business meeting was called by the president, Don Conroy. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. Ida Cox.
Vice-president, Mrs. Amos Andrews.

Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. James Conroy.

The following committees were appointed:

Entertainment: Mrs. Will Shepard, Mrs. Will, McKinnie, Mrs. Don Conroy.

Reception: Mrs. Volney Miller, Miss Ione Shepard, Mrs. Arthur Cox.

A vote of thanks was given Mr. and Mrs. Heliker for their kind hospitality and willingness to open their home for another year, when the two schools will again meet in joint reunion on the third Saturday in July 1929.

At the close of the business session a splendid talk by Mr. N. H. Power was enjoyed. In his usual entertaining manner, Mr. Power spoke on school life in general, beginning with the pioneer days and continuing down to the present time. His talk was most interesting and entertaining and contained spicy reminiscences of the old school days.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. Power all adjourned to the dance hall where music for the dancing was furnished by Charles Heliker and his daughter, and Karl Tibbitts. About 125 attended.

At the close of a perfect day all departed feeling that the occasion was one to be long remembered for its spirit of pleasure and happy comradeship.

REAL ACTIVITY IN SERVICE USED BY EXCHANGE SPEAKER

Northville Pastor Says Action
Should Follow Discussion By
Service Clubs

A plea for "real activity" in service to the community was made at the meeting of the Farmington Exchange Club Wednesday noon by Rev. Joseph F. Schuler of Northville.

"I have discovered in my attendance at luncheon club meetings and in my membership, that we talk voluminously about service to the community," said Rev. Schuler. "But I find also that we engage in very little real activity. We discuss a great deal, but actually do little. It is pleasant to gather once each week and talk over affairs of interest but what we should aim at is actual accomplishment of these things we talk about so freely."

Rev. Schuler referred to ideals promulgated by the national Exchange organization. He came to Farmington as the guest of Ralph Auten. Mr. Auten also presented Antonio Himmelsbach, who entertained the club with a number of instrumental numbers which were well-received.

Action that may have a far-reaching effect on all lakes in Oakland County, and particularly affecting this section, is under way by the Prosecutor's office, following a resolution passed by the Board of Supervisors. Conditions at Long Lake brought about the action.

For some time, it is said, the level of Long Lake, located in Commerce and White Lake Townships, has been endangered. According to reports, canals have been dug repeatedly and the lake-level lowered. In one instance, it is reported, as much as three inches in a few hours.

Supervisor Joseph Long of Commerce Township has been active in securing action, and James H. Lynch, of Pontiac, who was born in Commerce finally brought before the Board that damage was being caused adjoining property.

Don't Let the Grass Grow

By H. OXLEY STENGEL

(Continued)

"BETTER and better!" Ralph Wilcox exclaimed delightedly. "Why, I didn't believe you had it in you, Max!"

Ralph knocked the ashes of his cigarette on the green grass a few inches below the piazza on which the two young men sat. He drew a deep breath of the soft, flower-laden air of a rare June night.

Max Crawford groaned aloud. "I say, I have a heart, can't you? Just because I tell you I spilled a cupful of tea-like the clumsy ass that I was—spilling a dress and an afternoon for a pretty girl and generally making a fool of myself—you think it is a huge joke. I always did abominate teas anyway. That was what happened when I was weak enough to drop in on one."

"Drop a cupful of it," Ralph corrected solemnly. His brown eyes twinkled. "Nevertheless wild horses couldn't have kept him away!" he explained in an aside to the moon. "Too see see, the One-and-Only-Girl-in-the-World, Lady Moon, asked him to go. There is the answer."

"What of it?" Max demanded fiercely. "She's asked others, too!"

"What of it? That's what I'm asking you, smarty head!" Ralph returned. "Why, man, I didn't think you were so clever!"

"Clever in getting myself in messes, yes. Say, Ralph, can't you let me alone?"

"Certainly, I can. But is it fair, I ask you, to begin a good love story and not finish it? I want to know how it is going to end."

Max did not follow his friend upstairs until the clock struck one. Even then he did not sleep. Had Mary really forgiven his clumsiness of the afternoon before? She had said so, of course. Why hadn't he invited her to go to dinner with him and at least shown her he was interested in her? Instead he had taken the 6:10 train for Tower Hill—knowing that Ralph and his mother would welcome him. On the 8:10 bound for the city the next morning Ralph made no mention of the tea and Max's part in it. For which Max was duly grateful. He did not know that his paleness was the real reason. But as they were parting at the Grand Central station Ralph reminded him that he could finish "that story" on Sunday. "Don't let the grass grow under your feet," he warned. "Dinner at two as usual. There may be company."

Acting on Ralph's advice, Max decided to call Mary up. He waited until evening, however. Miss Davis was out for dinner, he was informed to his dismay. Another man, no doubt. He spent a miserable evening at the club. Where was Mary? That was Thursday.

On Friday morning Max was called out of town on business. He reached home late Saturday night. Too late to call Mary Davis! He tried at ten on Sunday morning. He would stay in town and see her. "Miss Davis was out of town for the week-end."

Max started out and walked miles before catching the 12:32 for Tower Hill. What was the use of staying in town if Mary Davis was away?

Max arrived at the Rookery just in time for dinner. Mrs. Wilcox greeted him cordially and ignored his silence. "Ralph is late, I'm sorry," she told him. "He drove down to the city early. He only said he would bring a girl home to dinner. I don't understand it at all, Max. I thought—"

"I thought so, too, Mrs. Wilcox!" Max volunteered. Then in answer to her questioning look. "I thought—"

Ralph was in love with Elizabeth Darrow—and she with him," he added. Just then they both saw Ralph's car coming up the drive. It stopped in front of the piazza and Ralph jumped out. He was followed by a girl, Mary Davis! Then Max realized another girl was being assisted out of the car also. Elizabeth Darrow.

Dinner was a wonderful feast. Max was seated next to Mary Davis, and somehow he managed to talk to her.

After dinner what was more natural than to wander over the hills of the Rookery with Mary? Mrs. Wilcox had excused herself for a siesta. Ralph and Elizabeth had just disappeared. Max and Mary had been watching a sailboat on the sound. Mary looked down at the carpet of green at their feet.

"Why, you can almost see the grass grow!" she laughed.

"Oh, it mustn't!" Max exclaimed. "Stand on that rock, please, Mary!"

"What do you mean?" The girl was puzzled.

"I mean—I don't want to let the grass grow under our feet—I don't want to lose you, Mary."

Then he held out his arms and Mary's dear head was on his shoulder. He drew her close. It was their hour.

"Now will you finish that story?" Ralph demanded when the two girls had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wilcox. "Yes. And they lived happily ever after—hanks only to you! But how in the world, Ralph?"

"How did I find out about Mary? Easy. She and Elizabeth are friends, you remember. But even with your good start you surely needed help, old man."

"I surely did!" Max grinned. "Thanks, pal. But congratulations are due you, too. All the happiness in the world!"

"Well, I go after mine! Here are the girls now."

A Moor considers it a sin to cut bread with a knife, declaring that hands were given for that purpose.

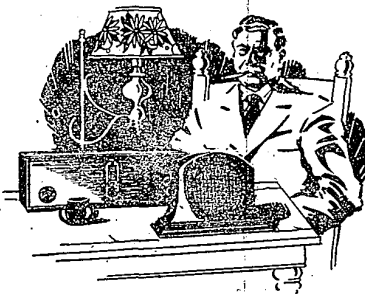
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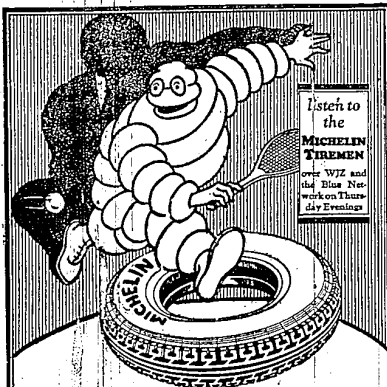
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