

Personal

Miss Beulah Fisher spent Sunday with her parents at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. William Corfs of Rochester spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Irish and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ross were Sunday callers at the home of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Fernstrum, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kenyon were in Detroit Saturday.

Orville Taggart has moved from his farm home southwest of town to the Downer house on Lakeway avenue.

Mrs. A. C. Worsfold spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. E. A. Fink spent Monday in Detroit.

Mrs. Henrietta Habermehl and Mrs. Cecil Habermehl were Detroit shoppers Friday.

Mrs. Harrison Johnson was a luncheon guest of Mrs. W. H. Sanderson at Pontiac Thursday.

Floyd Snyder of Detroit spent Tuesday night with his parents Mr. and Mrs. James Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCracken spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. Renwick of New Hudson.

Henry Goers of Novi is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Salow and family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chamberlin visited Mr. and Mrs. Carol Hardy of Detroit on Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Goble and son, and daughter of Pine Lake spent Saturday with Mrs. Eli Pike.

Mrs. Edith Green spent Sunday with her son Forest Green and family, at Keego Harbor.

Mrs. Alice and Miss Ruth Tuttle spent Saturday in Detroit visiting Mrs. Helen Conoley.

Mrs. Manley Newman and sister, Miss Mabel Houghton, spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. E. A. Waggoner of Northville spent Thursday evening with Mrs. R. R. Rackham.

Dean Parker who attends Ypsilanti Normal is home for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. F. Greenman and Mrs. James Snyder were Redford shoppers Tuesday.

Mrs. Clarence Bicking and Mrs. Addie Ely were Pontiac shoppers on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pike were in Pontiac Saturday on business. Charles Button, who is ill, was able to be up Tuesday for the first time.

Mrs. James Heeney spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Heeney.

Arthur Crawford attended the School Men's luncheon at the Statler Hotel Saturday. Mrs. Crawford spent the day shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Nichols were week end guests of their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman Nichols of Port Huron.

Mrs. William Kenyon visited friends in Detroit Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Floyd C. Johnson were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Suhr at Lincoln Park Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Osmus were in Detroit Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore and Mrs. Willis Doyle of Redford spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Doyle.

Lloyd Halsted was home from Ypsilanti Normal Sunday.

Group No. 1, W. H. M. S. will meet at the home of Mrs. A. L. Ross Tuesday afternoon, December 23 at 2 o'clock. Everyone is

asked to please bring a 25 cent toy.

The Farmington Band gave a concert at the Crippled Children's Home Sunday afternoon. Several Farmington people also visited the home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Baker and Mrs. C. Voight of Flint were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Salow.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Osmus and Mrs. Elmer Switzer and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Heeney were dinner guests Saturday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Schwartz of Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coon, Mrs. Mahlon Bradley, Mrs. Charles Pettibone and son John were Sunday visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley.

Sarah Fuller, aunt of Frank and Mary Lee, has gone to Detroit to the home of Dr. George Clarke for the winter. Her address is 409 W. Palmer avenue, Detroit.

Miss Helen Hard and Rev. and Mrs. Floyd C. Johnson attended the Old Central High School Detroit Teacher's reunion and banquet last Friday evening at the Bellerest Hotel in Detroit. Miss Hard was formerly of the English department and Mrs. Johnson of the Spanish department.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Habermehl were Sunday dinner guests of Austin Habermehl of Fordson.

Big reduction in all dresses \$1 dresses 79c, \$2 dresses \$1.59, all other 1/2 off. F. L. Cook & Co., Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson went to Detroit last Thursday to call on friends.

Mrs. Glenn Green and daughter Genevieve, were in Detroit Wednesday.

Mrs. Arthur Lamb entertained at a "Vanishing Tea" Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Kenneth Loomis was called to her home at Alma Friday night on account of the serious illness of her mother.

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W. E. Babcock left recently to spend the winter in New York. His house on Oakland Road will be occupied by A. C. Worsfold.

Mrs. T. E. Allen spent Thursday in Detroit.

Our Lady Of Sorrows church will sponsor a Feather Party Tuesday, December 22 at Hart's Ford Service, at Clarenceville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan of Montreal, Ontario, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Walbank.

Mrs. R. N. Crossman spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hunt and family spent the week end at Ewart at the home of Mrs. Hunt's mother, Mrs. John Kneisel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller and son Aubrey of Redford were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Mason and daughter of Flint were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Crossman.

Hudson Sherman of St. Johns visited his sister, Mrs. David Ross, Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Auten drove to Ortonville Tuesday to visit Mrs. Auten's father, Oscar Brant.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hatton and daughter Frances were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hatton in Detroit.

Mrs. R. N. Crossman went to Detroit Wednesday to attend a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles L. Spain.

Mrs. Ben Card and son of Ann Arbor were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Georgia Carthway.

Mrs. Florence Bachelor and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Borgn of Detroit called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamb Saturday.

Fred F. Lamb of Cadillac, now holding court in Detroit and his son, Fred Lamb and wife of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Palmer of Flint and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grey of the Nine Mile road called on Mr. and Mrs. William Eckler Saturday evening.

Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, Miss Julia Weaver and H. L. Joslyn of Detroit were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Johnson Monday evening.

Mrs. A. C. Walbank and Mrs. James Campbell attended a bridge tea given by St. Boniface Guild for nurses at Grace hospital, Detroit last week.

Make It a Fairway for Two

By LEETE STONE

JERRY ENGLISH thought he was going to the Sun this new freedom from a daily and yearly job that had come to him with the legacy from an almost mythical California uncle. That was a year ago. His first thought, naturally, for Jerry, had been of his frail mother. So he spent a slice of the fifty thousand dollars to buy back the little old New England homestead where she had been born and brought up, for her.

He could not leave her there alone to struggle with a Berkshire winter; and, though he was able enough, he hated to hire the typical, fussy "companion," so they arrived together, and they stayed there together. Jerry, who had spent his spare time writing little stories for several years, now dreamed of writing half the time, and gardening and woodchopping the other half.

His mother basked in the gentle light of her son's affection for the next year. Another autumn had come, with its glorious coloring resplendent and vivid on the hillside back of the tiny farm. With it came to Jerry deep loneliness. He missed the job and the occasional evening at the theater or movie. His mother gave him a very dear companionship; but he longed for that different companionship with his own age. Now that he could well afford it, he mused rather bitterly, he had of his own accord, placed himself in the backwoods, where houses were two miles apart, and callers so few as to give the impression of living in a wilderness.

One morning Jerry rose from his typewriter and looked out of the window behind at the white birch grove and semi-circular driveway that lay in front of the house. This semi-circular driveway of ashes, dirt and gravel, connected on each side, two country roads which reached out in parallel form from the state highway a quarter mile above.

Jerry had the surprise of his life, that moment. Emerging from one country road and turning into his own driveway, he beheld the trim figure of a young woman riding a beautiful sorrel horse. Any equestrienne would have been a marvel; but this was a miracle—the very girl of his dreams. "She'll go on up to the main road and I'll never see her again," he mused.

The vision turned into his own semi-circular driveway. But doubt still assailed him. Sometimes casual passers used this as a quick cut-off to the other country road and instead of going out to the main highway. She was doing the same, undoubtedly. "Then came his mother's voice from downstairs.

"A young lady to see you, Jerry!" Jerry could have been bowled over by a feather when that call registered.

"Coming!" he replied.

Jerry hurried down to the big garage door that he kept open during the day. He had forgotten that he was wearing old clothes and with more than a day's stubble on his chin and cheeks, but he remembered these details when he was greeted by the visitor, a lithesome blond who sat cross-legged on the turf; a one-time race horse casually munching the already frost-bitten grass.

"Your name's Jerry English," she said, amazingly. "Mine's Jane Duganne. I heard at the village store of you. They say you write. I just got home the other day from a year abroad at school. I'm lonely. What I heard about you sounds as if you were an interesting person. Will you play a round of golf with me this afternoon?"

Jerry had managed a reply, of sorts. "Holy Gee!" he said boyishly. "But you're a good sport. Say, I didn't know there was a golf course within 50 miles."

"Ten miles—a nine-hole beauty—at Emsden," she replied.

That was how it all started. They played golf every afternoon for a week. Jane usually beat Jerry by several strokes because she had taken lessons from a professional. But Jerry kept creeping up with just one idea in his consciousness—to beat Jane decisively before the season ended.

It became an obsession, almost, for upon that victory depended his future, Jerry thought.

The day finally arrived.

"Don't you think you're the glamorous golf idol, now that you've beaten me?" Jane inquired.

"I'd like to play around again. And I'd like to have you think of the last fairway as a fairway for two. D'you mind?"

Jane looked straight into his eyes and then dimpled.

"Let's slip over to this clump of pines, rest a while and talk it over," she replied.

(By McClellan Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNS Service.)

Pennsylvania's Land Deal Pennsylvania had at first but four miles of territory on Lake Erie. This was at the western end of the county and adjoined the state of Ohio. There was much trouble concerning that portion of Erie county known as the triangle, until finally the claims of the Six Nations, Massachusetts and New York became merged in the United States. In March, 1722, Pennsylvania bought the triangle for about \$150,000. This gave her nearly 50 miles of frontage on the lake and more than 200,000 acres of additional land.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Colon, Mich.
R. 2. Box 3

Mr. Levinson:

My Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find our renewal to your good paper, we are always glad to hear of our friends back home and it has played double duty all the fall. We send it each week to our boy, Harry Grow at Kemper Military School, and he says four-boys that are attending there from Farmington are about as eager to get it as he is.

You will find P. O. order for \$1.50.

The Season's Greetings to yourself and family and our many friends in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Empson.

Mrs. David Ross and her sister, Mrs. Roach of Milford, returned last Tuesday from Moorhead, Minn., where they attended the funeral of their brother, Mr. Sherman.

SON BORN TO PALMER
A son, Paul Elmer, was born Saturday to Rev. and Mrs. Elmer Palmer.

Puts Cow Above Horse

A psychologist who has studied animals concludes that the cow is more intelligent than the horse.



Flavory MEATS

Genuinely superior roasts and fowls, backed by our reputation for quality and sold at prices you'll like.

Order your Christmas baked goods NOW.

Open Christmas Morning

Henry Pauline

"Everything for the Table"

Farmington, Mich.

Why spend Christmas in the tropics when you've got a SUNLAMP?



If they could slip you tropical sunshine, you'd probably order a big supply this winter. Well—why not invest in some now? True, this particular brand doesn't carry the Hawaiian label, but it's guaranteed just as soothing and efficacious. We mean, of course, the ultra-violet rays of a sunlamp. Put a sunlamp in your home this winter, and by next spring your coat of tan will be the envy of the neighborhood. You'll have a start on your friends that they won't be able to overcome all summer. And more, you'll feel like a million!

ELECTRIC SUNLAMPS \$33.50 up
Cost of operation
1/2c to 1 1/2c per hour

Guaranteed Electrical Gifts are sold by your neighborhood electrical dealer, hardware dealer and department store.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY



For Future Happiness

Perhaps you've never thought of shopping at The People's State Bank for your children's Christmas gifts, but its a splendid idea, nevertheless.

A Savings Account is a gift that grows more and more valuable as time goes on. Some day your son will look back at Christmas 1931 and say "Thanks, Dad."



PEOPLE'S STATE BANK

"The Bank Good Service Is Building"

Where Your Savings Are Always Worth Par

Plus Interest

Christmas Suggestions

For MEN

TIES
MUFFLERS
SHIRTS
GLOVES
SWEATERS
BATH ROBES
BELTS
CAPS
SLIPPERS
HANDKERCHIEFS

For WOMEN

HOSE
PURSES
GLOVES
SLIPPERS
SWEATERS
BATH ROBES
TABLE LINEN
FANCY PILLOWS
WOOL BLANKETS
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