



To
YOU
And
YOURS

THE
OAK PHARMACY
The Corner Drug
Store

Phones: 9190
And 9189

Oscar Loomis Taken To Hospital

(Continued from Page One)
Oscar's greatest favorites are young boys and girls and women. When they enter the store, he sits up for them and extends a paw in greeting. This hospitable habit has earned him the sobriquet of "The Old Man With A Thousand Tricks."

Oscar can't do a thousand tricks but he knows several clever ones. He knows, for instance, that when Kenn leaves the store and no one else is in the building for the time that no one should enter but Kenn or Bill or Evar Hedberg. One time Kenn returned from a hurried trip to the Post Office to find three boys backed up against the inside of the front door of his store, with Oscar holding them resolutely at bay.

Oscar, like the elephants are reputed to do, never forgets a grudge. One of Kenn's best friends came in the store the first day that Oscar arrived at his new residence. The friend stomped his feet, and frightened Oscar who ran into the back part of the store. Since then, Oscar has to be taken into the back room and tied or separated by a door before the friend can come in the store.

Oscar is half cocker spaniel and half setter, a friendly little dog with short legs, all black with the exception of white whiskers, and with a long, curly tail.

But now in the hospital, he will have a new routine for a while. There are many in Farmington who know him and miss him—Kenn most of all.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

By ADELE THANE

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Great-Grandmother Evers made her entrance upon the world in triumphant attendance with the New Year. Old Colonel Leslie, great-grandmother's father, had suggested to his wife that the observance of their offspring's first birthday anniversary take the form of a midnight ball. The embryo descendant being acclaimed by the elite of Beacon Hill as "sans pareil," an annual repetition had resulted, until now the natal festivals numbered 85—not so brilliant and enduring as the last 20 years, perhaps, but in the gay 60's, but a celebration, nevertheless.

And, dating from the eve of her twentieth birthday, she unfailingly retired to her room and behind locked doors, reads through a thin, insecurely bound volume of foibles, covered with finely-wrought handwriting.

I am uncertain whether other members of the family are acquainted with this unbroken custom of great-grandmother's. I would have remained in ignorance of it had not she summoned me to her sitting-room upon the occasion of her eightieth anniversary and, between lengthy pauses of silent reminiscence, told me the story of its origin.

Great-grandmother's first met Roger Evers in the early spring of '60. She was barely past seventeen and a portrait hung over the fireplace mantel in the library, and painted at that time shows her as a slender, swarthy-skinned beauty, very desirable in a low-cut, red-bogged crinoline. It is no small wonder that great-grandfather fell directly and conclusively in love with her and proposed marriage the ensuing November. It was decided to announce the engagement simultaneously with her debut, New Year's Eve, at which time, according to the standards of the Leslie's, she would come into her seniority.

With deliberate attention to her dusky charms, she chose that night, to wear a hooped evening gown of metal brocade, a gown which had imprisoned within its lavender-scented folds all the radiant shades of an autumn maple tree.

Standing with her mother in an alcove iridescent with the floral tributes of her legionary admirers, she noticed a tall, fair-haired young man among the guests, an unknown, and in point of bearing and dress, a gentleman.

She tapped the plump, maternal arm at her left side. "Who is the man in the conservatory doorway?" she asked in an undertone. "He's bending over someone now. Muriel—Muriel Walker, I think it is. Yes, that's her carrot top. Who is he, mamma?"

Madam Leslie squinted near-sightedly between the shifting forms of dancers and sighed. "Oh, dear! I can't see. My eyes are perfectly useless without glasses, you know, Augusta. Is he quite blond—?"

"Quite."

"—and distinguished-appearing?"

"Very."

Madame Leslie sighed again. "I'm sure I don't know, dear. My eyes—"

"Send Roger to me, mamma," she confronted Roger with the disquieting petition for intelligence regarding the strange man.

"He's spending the holidays with the Walkers," supplied Roger peremptorily. "Frank's roommate at Harvard, I understand. His name? Kilburn or Kilbourne—something like that."

"Why hasn't he been introduced?" pointedly.

"Good Lord, Gusti! How do you expect me to know? There was a trace of irritation in the customary calm voice.

"But, dear," interposed Madame, "he just arrived, and Muriel is bringing him over now." She finished with a feckless smile of relief. She was temperamentally incapable of competing with the moods of her strong-willed daughter.

He was presented. His name was Keith Kilbourne—"K. K." Muriel cooed intimately, almost possessively. His eyes made Great-Grandmother gasp. They were extraordinary—intensely dark, like other than her own, and turned up at the corners like an Egyptian deity's. The lids were oriental, too—thick-skinned, full and drooping. His hair was the color and texture of young corn-cobs, and Great-Grandmother suddenly wanted to caress it with her hand.

In a hasty drawl, he requested a dance, and she gave him Roger's pristine schottische of the evening. Afterward, she explained to an irate fiancée and a protesting mother that she had forgotten—but she hadn't.

At the commencement of the third waltz, she solicited his opinion of South Carolina's ordinance of secession.

"What do you think of it?" he counter-questioned.

"It's a dastardly move!" she returned, hotly. "Dishonorable, foul! If, as it is whispered, we do go to war, I hope we beat the South good and proper!"

"You're a staunch Northerner, Miss Augusta," he said, a quizzical look coming into his old eyes.

"I'm an out-and-out Yankee," she corrected, then, after a thoughtful pause, added, "Are not you?"

"I am an American," he answered noncommittally.

Promptly, the engagement was made public upon the stroke of 12. Thereafter, for three Comus-invested hours, Great-Grandmother, partly from habitual force, partly from combined human force beyond her sole control, was the vortex around which gyrated the exuberant winds of revelry.

It was not until after the noisiest of the merry-makers had departed that she caught sight of Kilbourne once more. He was seated at the piano in the deserted music room, playing softly to himself. He neither saw nor heard her entrance, and she stood in the shadows, an eager and sympathetic listener.

He played from memory, his fingers, feelingly, as a lover rather than a master, and, after a while, he began to sing in a low, haunting baritone.

"In other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell."

"In language whose excess imparts the power they feel so well."

"There may, perhaps, in such a scene some recollection be."

"Of days that might as happy been and you'll remember me."

"When coldness or deceit shall slight the beauty now they prize."

"And deem it but a faded light which burns within your eyes."

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask, 'twill break your own to see."

"In such a moment, I but ask that you'll remember me."

Rapt with the pregnant loveliness of the song and the half-sad, half-passionate sincerity of the singer, Great-Grandmother dimly wondered for whom it was rendered, and a wild surge of poignant jealousy tore at her heart. Trembling from head to foot, she quit the room as she had come, walking as a ghost would, and went to her chamber and turned the key in the lock.

She did not see Kilbourne again. She was too proud to seek information from Muriel, and the latter did not offer it. The Civil war came, and Great-Grandmother's two brothers clothed their straight, strong limbs in blue and marched away never to return, and there was an end, for a time, to birthday celebrations.

And then, one day in the second year of the war, a non-descript package was laid in Great-Grandmother's lap. It was hastily tied and gave evidence of having been touched after by rough fingers and soiled palms. Within the torn manila wrappings lay several sheets of foolscap lined with masculine handwriting and bound together with a length of gray ribbon.

The title page bore this inscription: SONNETS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. Underneath was penned: "To the Memory of a Dear Out-and-Out Yankee." Upon the margin sprawled several notations, official in its brevity: "Killed in action, August 30, 1862."

Beryllium's Fault Found; Metal Must Be Stronger

Conquest of the stubborn brittleness of the metal beryllium, so that it may become as useful in industry as is promised by its exceptional strength and lightness, is implied by a recent report to the Institute of Metals, in Great Britain, by H. A. Sloman, reports Pathfinder Magazine. Beryllium is the world's lightest useful metal, even lighter than aluminum. It may be made as hard and strong as steel, possibly stronger. Ores of beryllium are not scarce and there is no great difficulty in extracting it.

The reason why it has been little used is that it usually is almost as brittle as glass, so that an article like a beryllium airplane wing would break into fragments if struck with a hammer or if the airplane happened to hit a bird. Even the purest beryllium shows this brittleness, as do the majority of alloys consisting chiefly of beryllium. It now has been discovered that the fatal brittleness is not really the fault of the beryllium but is caused by tiny films of a chemical compound of beryllium with oxygen, produced accidentally when the metal is melted or worked.

Like other metals, pure beryllium consists of billions of tiny metal crystals mixed together to form the metal mass. In ordinary ductile metals, such as aluminum or copper, these crystals touch each other and stick together, so that the metal mass does not come apart readily. In ordinary beryllium, however, the tiny films of the oxygen compound get between the crystals of the pure metal and separate them. Then the mass breaks easily or even falls into powder.

What now must be accomplished is to devise some cheap and practicable way to keep the fatal films from forming between the metal crystals. If this can be done beryllium probably may be made as strong and ductile as other metals without losing its other useful properties.

Changed En Route

Brown—Great Scott! Postman, whatever is it?
Postman—Well, sir, the label says "wild duck," but they're "urning birds now—Vancouver Province.

Cagers Prepare For Clarkson

(Continued from Page One)

The summary of the first team game is as follows:

Farmington	fg	ft	p	pf	tp
Turner, f	3	2	1	2	7
Lee, f	3	0	0	0	6
Grace, f	0	0	0	0	0
Bradfield, c	1	0	1	2	2
Newlin, c	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, g	2	0	3	4	4
Hoffman, g	2	0	1	4	4
Collins, g	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 11 2 1 7 23

Keego Harbor	fg	ft	p	pf	tp
Armstrong, f	0	0	0	0	0
Hanes, f	0	0	0	0	0
Fournier, f	0	0	0	0	0
Fournier, D. f	4	5	3	11	11
Wickitz, c	0	0	0	0	0
Fultz, E. c	1	0	1	2	2
Cooper, g	2	0	0	4	4
Sempere, g	0	1	2	1	1
Walters, g	0	2	1	0	1

Totals 8 9 5 2 21

The summary of the second team game follows:

Farmington	fg	ft	p	pf	tp
Phik, f	0	0	1	0	0
Bacon, f	0	1	0	0	0
Barrows, f	2	2	0	1	4
Stocum, c	2	5	1	2	5
Wilson, c	0	0	1	0	0
Wellington, R	0	0	0	0	0
Snyder, g	1	1	2	3	3
Hunt, g	3	6	3	0	9

Totals 8 15 5 7 21

Keego Harbor	fg	ft	p	pf	tp
Walters, f	3	1	0	3	6
Mullins, f	2	3	1	2	0
Rasmussen, c	3	0	0	6	6
Fouty, c	0	1	1	0	1
Simpson, g	0	2	0	3	0
Sullivan, g	0	1	0	2	0

Totals 8 8 2 11 18

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Forrest A.
Dickerson, W. M.

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Wishes of the
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Will Be a Year of
Great Happiness and
Prosperity for You
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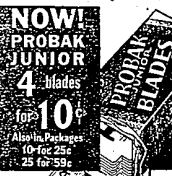
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AND MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING

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The Conscientious Decorator

Advertising is nothing more than a conversation
between yourself and your merchant. He pays for it
but it saves you money.



Greetings of the Season

As the Year of 1936 Passes Into that Long
Trail of Yesterdays and 1937 is Ushered in
With its Vista of Promise, We extend Greet-
ings of the Season and Our Wish that Each
Succeeding Day of the New Year Add Its
Measure of Contentment and Prosperity.

Farmington Dairy, Inc.

Holiday Greetings To Our Friends

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Is Synonymous With Cheer and Happi-
ness. The Spirit of This Occasion Should
Be Carried Throughout the Year --- And
We Hope for Its Continuation.

May Good Health, Prosperity, and Happi-
ness Be Yours In the New Year, 1937.

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