

PENNIMAN ALLEN Theatre - Northville

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, and 26

Joan Bennett and Jack McCrea in
"TWO IN A CROWD"

with Henry Armetta, Allison Kirkworth, Nat Pendleton, Reginald Denny, Billy Durand and Andy Clyde. They got the breaks . . . all tough! They took life . . . right on the chin! And then . . . the heavens rained \$1,000 bills . . . torn in half!
Comedy—"Sunday Round Up" Fox News
Short—"Colorful Occupation"

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30

"The Luckiest Girl In The World"

with Jane Wyatt, Louis Hayward, Eugene Pallette and Catharine Doucet
Millions of readers loved the story as "Kitchen Privileges" in the Ladies Home Journal and hoped that it would be made into a picture! Well . . . here it is! With a great cast!
Comedy—"Sweetheart's and Flowers" Fox News
Short—"Vaudeville"

FRI. & SAT., JAN. 1 & 2

We wish everyone a

Happy and Prosperous
New Year. Beginning Jan-

uary 10, 1937, this theatre

will be open four nights

each week for your con-

venience — Sunday, Wed-

nesday, Friday and Sat-

urday.

Comedy—"Changing The

Guard" Universal News

THE SEASON'S BEST!

A season of the utmost in Happiness, Peace, and Prosperity is our sincere wish for you.

CHAMBERLAIN'S SERVICE STATION
Grand River near Middle Belt

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

Everything To Gain Nothing To Lose

By joining the Christmas Savings Club now forming at this bank, you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

If you keep up the weekly payments your reward will be a nice big check, mailed to you two weeks before next Christmas.

In case anything should happen to prevent your keeping up the payments, you will not lose a cent. You will get back all you have put in.

The plan is worth trying. Come in today and enroll.

THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK

Farmington, Michigan

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Like Troubadours Of Old

hailing happy events, we send you our most cordial wishes for a joyous Christmas and a New Year filled with an abundance of health, happiness, and prosperity.

Mac's 5c to \$1 Store

A DRESS FOR CINDY-LOU

By LIDA LARRIMORE

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WNU Service.

THROUGH the gathering November shadows Cindy-Lou skipped up the steps of the Gamma Rho house, dragging her suitcase behind her. As she deposited her heavy burden on the top step, the front door flew open and a girl in a red evening dress appeared in the sudden flare of light. She made straight for Cindy-Lou and at once with such ardor that the blue velvet tam slipped clear off Cindy-Lou's yellow curls and sundry choice possessions fell clattering to the floor of the piazza.

"Shoo! Shoo! I thought you'd never, never come. You're frightfully late," she cried accusingly.

Cindy-Lou wriggled out of her friend's devastating embrace. "Shoo! Shoo! I'm late. Haven't I been chewing my fingernails in anxiety for the last two hours? It's not my fault. I didn't let that deuced angel to take a full afternoon's nap by the roadside."

"Where's Kerry?" asked Gwen, proceeding to collect Cindy-Lou's scattered property with the patience of long experience.

Cindy settled her tam at its proper angle and once more lifted the shiny, black suitcase. "Bless your heart, honey, it was all he could do to get me this far. Being the most popular man in college has its drawbacks. He's gone over to the gym to interview the orchestra and sample the punch."

Gwen slipped her free arm around Cindy's waist and steered her toward the door.

"We've got to hurry like everything to get you dressed for the dance. Kerry gave us his room. I don't suppose you've had anything to eat, but I'll feed you while you are attempting to paint the lily."

Kerry's strictly masculine room bore the usual house-party traces of unaccustomed femininity. Hairpins,

powder, diminutive shoe-trees, earrings and bonbons decorated the territory once sacred to battle-

scattered pipes, cut buttons and gold balls long extinct. Cindy dropped her suitcase in the less littered

corner, unlatched the catches and threw back the lid. For an instant she stared at the contents, her eyes widened curiously. Then she uttered an incredulous little shriek that brought Gwen hurriedly from her perch on the study table.

"Look!" gasped Cindy, pointing at the opened case. "That's not mine!"

"Yes, yours!" echoed Gwen. "Who's is it?"

"How do I know?" Merriment and dismay struggled in Cindy's voice. "It isn't even a man's as always happens in stories. There's not a sign of mysterious lavender pajamas or a whiff of bay-rum."

What in the world am I going to do? Kerry is coming in 20 minutes and me with not a thing to wear."

"Haven't you any idea whose this is? Might find your own that way," suggested Gwen hopefully.

Recollection flashed suddenly upon the distracted brain of Cindy-Lou. She giggled rapturously.

"Madame Purple-Plumes!" The giggle developed into a life-sized grin. "She was on the train and the porter had put her in my chair by mistake. When I appeared, she raised a pert temper. She fixed on my shrinking form a threatening eye through her gold lorgnette and tried to wither me on the spot. I will break down and confess that my knees did shake, but I stood for my rights. The last I saw of her was a stoutish back, topped by two plumes, which bristled belligerently as she lurched down the aisle calling down loud curses on the head of that hapless porter. Gwen, darling, I know they are becoming to you, but as for me, I am forever prejudiced against purple plumes!"

"Then that stupid porter took your case and left you here!" exclaimed Gwen indignantly.

"Your intelligence is remarkable, my lady," declared Cindy-Lou lifting off the unfamiliar garments one after another. "Can you imagine me in this jet creation? Looks as though it might have been constructed for a Ringling's fat lady. This being a one dance party, I don't suppose there's an idle dress around the place."

"Probably not," Gwen gave vent to her feelings in a worried sigh. "But there is a vacant pair of gold slippers. Bob's girl had to get black satin shoes here because the gold ones hurt her."

"Alas, old thing, not being a Cinderella, I must needs have other ornament also. Why, what's this?"

From the bottom of the case she produced a negligee of thick creamy silk, embroidered all over with tiny butterflies in dazzling shades of turquoise, coral and gold.

"Isn't this a beauty, Gwen? It inspires me with a bright idea. Here, sort of fold it over at the top and wind it about my fairy form."

"You look lovely," was Gwen's comment as Cindy turned slowly around for one last critical survey. "Be careful of those pins, and if you start to rip, look for me. Well,

what in the world strikes you so funny now?"

Cindy-Lou's merry voice bubbled back into the room as she tripped into the hallway.

"Just imagine, Madame Purple Plumes when she tries to squeeze into my blue chiffon dress. They'll shoot her for a bathing beauty!"

The first dance was over. Under a Japanese lantern of amber and blue Kerry smiled down at Cindy-Lou.

"You look ripping, Cindy," he said, tender admiration beaming in his dark eyes.

"Really, Kerry?" she asked in quick alarm. "Where?"

"Not actually," Kerry laughed heartily. "I mean you're stunning in that dress. Now isn't it?"

"Rather!" returned Cindy, demurely.

"See here, Cindy," Kerry began hastily. "Aunt Jobina came this evening. She's the best old scout ever and I want you two to be very good of each other. Wait over there in the reception room until I can rescue her from the clutches of Mrs. Proxy."

"Cindy backed into the little reception room with her eyes on Kerry and bumped smartly into a plump female form. She looked up with a gracious apology on her lips and met the indignation start of Madame Purple-Plumes herself, minus the plumes but still on the war-path. The madam's eyes at first glared with unfriendly recognition. Then, as she traced up and down Cindy's exquisitely clad body, they snapped with anger.

"That's my negligee!" she thundered. "You brazen young thief. Take it off this minute!"

Cindy's knees trembled disastously.

"I can't," she faltered. "It's pinned!"

"Pinned!" shrieked the infuriated madam. "You little idiot. That's a very valuable curio—it was the wedding robe of a Chinese princess—and you pinned it!"

"Which! say any other way. I didn't have time to sew on hooks and eyes," explained Cindy in a meek and lowly voice.

"Stand still and let me take out those pins." The owner of the mistreated princess robe clutched firmly at the nearest fastening with a determined setting of her jaw.

Cindy protested wildly, but to no avail. The pins came out to the accompaniment of a deluge of stinging remarks. Suddenly there were steps at the door and Kerry hurried into the room. Madame Purple-Plumes stopped abruptly in her mad search for pins and Cindy tried to hide behind a rubber plant.

"Well, well, so here you are," he greeted Kerry briskly, manlike, not even smelling the trouble in the atmosphere. "I've been all over the place looking for you, Cindy. This is Aunt Jobina!"

There was a little shriek from behind the rubber plant. Then Cindy-Lou's wince face, sparkling with laughter, appeared over a shiny, green leaf, and her blue eyes smiled at Aunt Jobina. Strange to say, the set of her jaw had pleasantly relaxed and Madame Purple-Plumes was smiling at Cindy-Lou while Kerry walked up and down, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, just as though he had arranged it all!

That's the way men are!

Tremendous Trifles

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

\$34,000,000 AN ACRE

ONE of the familiar legends of American history is that the Dutch bought the whole island of Manhattan from the Indians for \$24 worth of rum, beads and other trade goods. Remembering that, consider this item of real estate values:

A few years ago one of the Mrs. Vanderbilts wanted to buy a plot of ground in East Fifty-Seventh street between First avenue and the river. On it stood one of the five brownstone mansions, built in the '70s by Harry Denais, a leading realtor of his day. An examination of the abstracts revealed a flaw in the title to a narrow strip of land which ran straight through the middle of the site of the house.

So experts in a title guarantee and trust company were set to work. It was necessary to hunt up the six Denais heirs and get them to sign a quitclaim deed.

The search for the heirs was a long one. After writing more than 300 letters, they were finally located. They agreed to sign the quitclaim deed for \$200 apiece—\$1,200 all. That wasn't much, of course. But neither was the land to which they were surrendering title. It was exactly 18 feet long and one-inch wide—a little over one and one-half square feet. But it cost Mrs. Vanderbilt \$5.50 a square inch. If you could get the same price for your farm it would be worth \$34,400,000 an acre!

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It Is Our Sincere Wish

That the Coming Year, 1937
Will See the Flame of Happiness
burn brighter than ever for you—
that success, health, and good
fortune will be yours.

Bill Burnett Dan Burnett

May Your Ship For 1937

Be Laden With Happy Hours
Of Sailing Under The Good Winds
Of Health, Increased Prosperity,
And Abundant Happiness

SPRING BROOK GARDENS

Clarence Bicking

Imogene Bicking

1936

In Appreciation

As we look back upon 1936 it seems only fitting that we should thank our friends who have made it a pleasant one for us.

The New 1937 Ford V-8

To start the New Year out right, make a Resolution to see the 1937 Ford V-8. As a gift for your family, this car is unequalled for beauty, performance, and economy. A new Ford will make a lasting gift—one in which you and your family will have increasing enjoyment.

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