

**PURCHASE OF LOT FOR WIXOM HALL SITE COMPLETED**

Property Owned By Mrs. Tuck Is Transferred To Community Hall Association

The vacant lot between the Carl Algrim property and the Carpenter property in Wixom, owned by Mrs. Mary Tuck, has been purchased by the directors of the Wixom Community Hall as a site on which to build the Community Hall.

Several sites have been considered and a few weeks ago the lot adjoining the Wixom Hotel was decided upon. After some consideration, however, the Tuck property seemed more desirable.

The lot which has been acquired has a frontage of 66 feet and is 88 feet deep. It is planned to build early in the spring.

Carl Algrim, Wixom real estate man, handled the transfer.

**WALLED LAKE SCHOOL BUILDING ENTERED AND OFFICE SAFE ROBBED**

The wave of school robberies in this section struck Walled Lake early Friday morning, when the Walled Lake Consolidated School was broken into and the office safe robbed of about \$20. The burglar also obtained about two dollars in change from a drawer in the desk of Principal Stanley McBride.

The building was entered by placing a ladder up to a second-story window. Failing to open the door of the room into which entry had been gained, the intruder broke the window, and made his way to the office of Superintendent Harry Nesman.

The combination of the vault had been out of order, and the thief had little difficulty in obtaining the money, estimated at about \$20, which had been left there.

The change taken from the desk of Principal McBride was money saved for the school's flower fund.

Members of the School Board held a meeting at the school building last night, and were at the school until 10:30 p. m. The robbery was discovered by Superintendent Nesman when he went to the school Friday morning.

Authorities were notified at once and a fingerprint expert from Pontiac called to take impressions of prints left by the thief. The Walled Lake School closes Friday evening for the Christmas vacation.

**D. L. BENTLEY INSTALLED AS MASTER OF WALLED LAKE MASONIC LODGE**

D. L. Bentley was installed as worshipful master of the Walled Lake Lodge, No. 528 F. & A. M., recently.

Other officers of the lodge installed were:

Senior warden, Fred Woodman. Junior warden, Louis Oldenburg.

Secretary, W. R. Hoyt. Treasurer, Ira S. Carnes. Senior deacon, W. S. Wixom. Junior deacon, Rex Tuttle.

Tyler, John Hess.

Senior stewards, J. H. Wilson and Harold Rucker.

Junior stewards, Harold Parmelee and J. E. Soper.

Mr. Bentley was presented with a ring, the gift of Mrs. Bentley, during the meeting.



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**"Pie a la Mode" Won His Heart**

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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"Pie a la Mode" youngsters that eat your pie ain't afraid of you, you know that, Uncle Beesly said, looking up halfway through his third quarter-section, "they're nummoxes—plain nummoxes—every last one."

"What makes you think so, Unc' Tommy?" Lucilla answered roughly. "Good pie can't be a rarity to you—after living with Aunt Polly forty years."

"That's how come me to say it," Unc' Tommy mumbled back. "Your Aunt Polly is queen 'mongst pie-makers—and you're her own blood kin. Crowdin' seventy I am—and every year since I was ten, I judge I've eaten my weight in pie—and be shot of ever I eat any better than this yere apple cobbler I'm holdin' in a session with."

"Glory!" cried Lucilla, her eyes twinkling then half-hushtly: "I'll tell you about that—if you can keep a secret. I stewed the apples, seasoned them with lemon juice candied peet and spices, popped them blazing hot into the pan with the crust and already half baked—then put on the bango-work top-crust, slid it inside a greased paper bag, sealed it tight—and let it get just a little rounburnt—"

"So wonder it was extra good," Unc' Tommy exploded, tossing Lucilla a gold piece. "That's yours of you'll go along home with me—and make a pie just like this one."

"I'd love to—but—I wouldn't be fair—not to Aunt Polly," Lucilla said, sighing. "You know how proud she is, of always making the very best of everything—says that's how it happens you weigh 'most three hundred. It would break her heart to have you say any pie was better than hers—"

"Wait till I tell ye the straight of it!" Unc' Tommy interrupted. "Little Tom's comin' home Saturday night, fetchin' along his partner up at the college. And Polly's on her hands as to what she kin give 'em to eat, after the tales Little Tom has writ her of the table Steve's ole man sets—"

"You set a better—I'll be bound for that," Lucilla comforted; "but—if you think I'd be the least help or comfort, I'll be glad to go." Then hesitantly: "You don't have to pay me, either—if I forgot how good you've been always to my dear daddy, I'd hate myself!"

"Shucks! Billy Damon deserves more'n he'll ever git, anyways—this world or the next," Unc' Tommy said frowning a trifle. "I think a sight more of him than of my 'ol' Wood's brothers put together. So does Polly. You buy yourself any little trick you want—but don't wait to do it now."

With that Lucilla vanished—to return in ten minutes stopping in time to the dance tune she hummed. Unc' Tommy grimed at her, saying: "Polly'd be crazy if she knew what a lively foot you shake now and then."

"I sure can—when I dance my partner. Funny—our being the same as twins—me father's youngest child, and Little Tom your oldest grand-child—"

"And each of you just as full of devilment as the other," Unc' Tommy interrupted. "If only ye warn't blood-kin, I'd say you were made on purpose to marry each other."

Beesly's hands were as broad, as fat, as rich, as their eyes, who loved them next to wife and children. Polly said they had a God's plenty of everything but children—only three, two daughters, and Damon Beesly, the father of Little Tom, sole grandson. Naturally Mrs. Little Tom was a matter of high concern to the grandparents—Lucilla was just what they wanted. Artfully they had insisted the boy should be sent away to a famous college—with his looks, his wit, his winning presence, his liberal spendings, he couldn't fail to make friends—friends worth while.

Thus it came to pass that Steve Morton upon a sunny marmosun late June Sunday, ate a dinner of his experience to that date. One that haunted memory ever after as a phantasm shot through with glimpses, odors, tastes, of things delectable—such as spiced ham, baked wine; barbecued spring lamb, mint-flavored and peppery; fried chicken, oozing tender richness, backgrounded with fried pastry crisp as frost lace; green peas, melting sweet; asparagus, tender and luscious as if grown in paradise; cranberries spiced and baked in wine and sugar, salad of a crispness never before encountered, last of all a huge deep pie, brimming its silver dish, and crowned with real Jersey cream, frozen soft, and flavored with apple brandy. Coffee—as clear and strong and black as ever came from a pot. Steve accepted it along with all the rest, but looked longingly at the remnant of the pie upon the sideboard.

Aunt Polly caught the glance. "Want another little piece?" she asked almost hushtly.

"I certainly do! It's divine—best ever. Tell me who made it? If the maker's single I mean to marry her—or die trying."

"The maker is single, free, white, and under twenty-one—but you can't marry her," Little Tom spoke valiantly. "I've been missing something terribly all the time I was gone—now I've just found out what it was. Here it is! Look at it—and cry if you want to. It's name is Lucilla Damon—and I'm going to marry it myself!"

**SHERIFF ORDERS MEN TO ROUND UP DOGS NOT RECENTLY VACCINATED**

Dogs that have not been vaccinated must not be allowed to run at large. Sheriff Schram has ordered his deputies throughout the county to take up all dogs that are not muzzled, though chained or confined to a yard, unless the dog has been vaccinated during the past year.

The order is the same as was in effect a few months ago, when the presence of rabies in a number of dogs made the order necessary.

Who remembers when a girl with an unattractive face had to let it go at that?

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