

RETURNING OWNERS OF COTTAGES FIND SCENES OF HAVOC

Trees Uprooted And Cut Off At Roots, Boathouses And Docks Smashed

Owners of cottages returning to prepare for re-opening their summer homes find that Walled Lake has experienced the most unusual winter the oldest residents can remember.

The shores of the lake, the southeast in particular, were pushed back in a surprising manner by the ice. Poplar trees 12 inches in diameter were cut off at the roots.

Four maple trees in front of the R. B. McKnight property which were planted only twenty years ago were cut off just below the ground, and dropped over the ice. Several other trees at this same place suffered similar destruction. On the George O. Groll lake shore a group of willow trees about twenty-five feet square were unearthed and laid up in the air.

Boathouses were smashed and docks laid around in every conceivable manner, all caused by pressure of the ice on the land. In some places sod was turned up as with a mammoth plow that would turn a four foot furrow.

Breakwaters were crumpled and smashed as though the lake, representing the encroachments of man in attempting to extend his lake frontage into the water, had put forth mighty hand and pushed it back where it formerly was.

In a few cases where the breakwater was too strong to break the entire abutment was pushed back and the ground heaved up in back of it.

In other places the ice was rearred up above the barrier to a height of several feet.

Cottages right on the shore have had their porches pushed in and their foundations cracked.

Silently and with irresistible force the ice forced the land back. The open water, until late in January, which was the cause of the highest tragedy in the history of the lake when three people were drowned, when their automobile broke through the thin ice, was very unusual, in view of the fact that ice surrounding this open space was frozen to a depth of about 12 inches.

NOT "AIRPORT," BUT "AN AIRPORT SITE," HE SAID

In last week's issue of the Farmington Enterprise a report of the Exchange Club meeting included a statement quoting F. Devere Fleming as suggesting "that Farmington business men consider the advisability of trying to develop an airport nearby."

This was an overstatement of Mr. Fleming's remarks, which were to the effect that Farmington business men would do well to consider the advisability of locating and perhaps securing a long-time option on property which would have possibilities as a site for an airport.

Some family skeletons can't be kept in a closet.

Remember Mother's Day

MAY 13th with a beautiful box of

CANDY for Mother, from

Nelson Sisters Grand River Farmington

PROGRESS OF HOME IN NORTHVILLE FOR WILBER IS REPORTED

The following, clipped from a recent issue of the Northville Record, will undoubtedly be of interest to many Farmington residents.

"Very satisfactory progress is being made on the fine residence being erected by C. W. Wilber, the general cashier of the Northville State Savings Bank in Grand View Acres subdivision. When completed, this residence will be a fine addition to the highly restricted district of which it is a part."

Mr. Wilber has been a resident of Farmington for many years and was formerly president of the village.

INN IS RE-OPENED, AND NEW DANCE-HALL BEING BUILT ON S. LYON ROAD

Construction of a new dance-hall is under way at the opening of "Meadowbrook Inn," on South Lyon road, west of Farmington, is announced this week by John W. Lathrup and F. H. Sykes. The inn was formerly known as the "Rose Inn."

Mr. Lathrup is building the dance-hall, which will be open the year-round, for Mr. Sykes, who has taken over the inn and opened it for business. Mr. Sykes is a former Detroit restaurateur.

WORK ON GRAND RIVER

Spreading of gravel along the center of Grand River avenue between and on each side of the trolley tracks, has greatly improved the appearance and made riding more comfortable on Farmington's busiest thoroughfare. Most of the city streets have been scraped and the holes filled with gravel.

"COMMUNITY INDEBTED TO SPIRITUAL LEADERS," SAYS DULUTH HERALD

"Did you ever stop to think that a community is as much indebted to those who enlarge and enrich its spiritual life as they are to those who bring it new payrolls," says the Duluth (Minn.) Herald.

"Those who open and develop new industries do an indispensable service, for without payrolls no community could live. But though these are usually thought of as the community builders, what would your community be without those who build its churches, its art galleries, its libraries, its parks and playgrounds, its places where concerts and lectures and plays and motion pictures are provided?"

"A community might have unlimited industries with their payrolls, and yet be dead for lack of the entertainment and enlightenment and understanding of beauty, that humanity needs if it is to be above the level of the dumb brutes."

"Those who labor to develop the spiritual realities in the soul of mankind through the magic of religion, those who labor to enlarge men's vision of beauty through the appreciation of good music, good pictures, good books, good plays spoken or filmed, and those who labor to promote a wider sense of the glories of nature and their meaning as reflections of the infinite glory that is back of it all, are as truly builders of the community as those who work in brick and stone and concrete and steel to create the industries out of which the community gets its bread and butter."

"Tweedles"—your one and only chance to see this rare family, Community Hall, Friday night, May 4th.

Seconds Save Years

The safe rule is: Let the train go by. In the case of a fast train, the average length of time required to pass a given point is about seven seconds. And it has been aptly asked: "What are seven seconds in the life of a motorist?" To lose those seven seconds may be to save 50 years.

"Natives," That's What They Were

By HELEN BILLINGS WRIGHT

(Copyright)

"NATIVES." Mary Ann tapped a tiny foot against the fat, red barrel and looked across the harbor.

A motor horn sounded and a roadster rumbled over the uneven boards of the fish wharf. A girl leaped over the two French horns. "Captains Eldridge in yet?"

"No," Mary Ann answered shortly, taking in the details of the other girl. A blue dress, a close blue hat, pearls at her throat.

"When do you expect him?"

"He's coming now." She looked toward the sea.

"Tell him to bring up, right away, eight pounds of mackerel to Mrs. Clayton Sault's residence. Please." She added that as an after-thought and abruptly changed the cut out of sight. Mary Ann picked up a cork like that and twirled it on her thumb. Mary Ann had an idea. She would be one of them.

Without waiting for her father to dock, Mary Ann rushed into the fish house, tripped over a pile of rope heaped on the floor, and tore a piece from the margin of a two weeks old Monitor. Then, scribbling the girl's message, she stuck it to the fat, red barge with her 50-cent gold and emerald bar pin. "My husband shall buy me diamonds and real earrings," he laughed to herself and ran from the wharf.

A week later Mary Ann was on the beach. She wore a gay cretonne cape over a short, black silk suit. Penstocks, bright blue and green, drooped from her shoulders in a background of gay flowers. Would anyone speak to her she wondered. The crowd had come down to the beach, some playing ball, shouting; others rushing into the water.

"I'll duck you! Look out!"

"No fair. It's a foul."

"Second base under water."

"Hun, Sally, run. Too bad. You're out."

She could hear their shouts; could see them as they played in the water, diving from the hotel rat, swimming out to boats anchored off shore. More and more passionately Mary Ann yearned to escape—the Natives.

It was nearly one o'clock. Most of the crowd had left the beach when she saw a man—yes, dressed all in white—slowly coming down the beach. A nice face. Tanned, with little red. Perhaps he had been fishing.

The stranger saw her; came toward her. He sat down before her.

Mary Ann saw Allan Kenoreck after that every day for a week. They swam together, walked far down the beach.

"Mariana," Allan asked (they were lying on the sand, watching the gulls flying in great circles), will you go to the dance with me tonight? Will you, Mariana? She had told him to call her that.

She looked up at Allan. Her eyes glowed. She smiled.

"The hotel?"

"No. The tearoom."

Mariana frowned. The tearoom. She could not go there—yet. For there on the rough floor both summer people and Natives danced. Danced and joggled elbows, to the merry tunes of the Ramblers. One supercilious, the other gaping.

"Oh, let's go somewhere else." She laughed, excitedly. "There are so many places on the Cape."

"Have your own way, but we will have to go in my car."

Mariana's heart burst. One of the great cars, top and powerful. "Because the family's using theirs tonight. It's a silver," he apologized.

It was after the dance. Mariana, in a smart pink crepe dress which she had laboriously made for the occasion, sat dreaming, and wondering just how long she could keep her secret. Meeting him at the hotel, running out a back door at night, then across the flats. But she was happy, really happy, in spite of the secret.

"Let's go down on the fish wharf and park—just for the atmosphere," Allan teased. Mariana hardly recognized her own voice.

"No," she cried wildly. "Any place but there. Please."

So they drove off down the boulevard into a pine woods—deep, dark and fragrant.

"Mary Ann."

Mariana looked up quickly. "Why did you call me that?"

"Oh, I dunno. I hate Mariana. It's so sort of formal. Mary Ann's cozy and warm. You don't mind, do you?"

But Mary Ann's face was buried in a rough shoulder. She was crying softly.

"I just can't help it," she sobbed, answering his whispered question. "Oh, I do love you, but I have something awful and horrible to confess. It will spoil everything."

Mary Ann could not finch, for Allan's arms were around her, his face close to hers. "Mary Ann, listen to me, darling, first. I'm not the awful New Yorker you think me." He rushed headlong. "I'm just a Native from up in Orleans. These clothes even aren't my own. A borderer, a young chap staying at the house this summer. What shall I do? What can we do?" He looked helplessly at the pretty girl, to his arms.

Mary Ann sighed. "Oh, Allan, it's been a lovely dream. A sudden moonbeam lit her face. "A pretty dream for both of us. We shall never forget it. For I'm a Native, too."

SCHOOL HEAD RETURNS

Superintendent of Schools Archie G. Leonard and Mrs. Leonard returned Wednesday evening from Owosso, where they were called several days ago by the serious illness, followed by death, of Mrs. Leonard's father.

NOVI FACTORY FINISHED

The new factory building for the Novi Stov-Cab company at Novi is nearly completed, having been erected in an unusually short time. It is hoped that manufacturing may be started by the middle of May.

BOND AT DRAIN HEARING

Supervisor Isaac Bond of Farmington Township was a member of the Board appointed for the hearing on the proposed new Bond of Oak Drain, a county project involving about \$1,500,000. The hearing was held Wednesday, May 2.

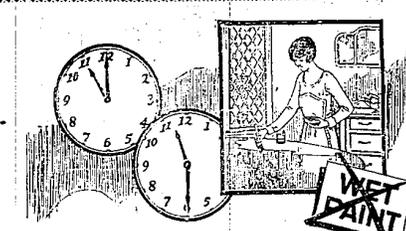


How much to paint this house?

EVEN if you save more than a dollar per gallon on cheap paint, the cost of labor will save without less than four dollars on the house—



is a quality paint that outlasts cheap paint 2 1/2 to 11! *See our cost chart proving how Quality Paint saves \$20.24 in five years.



REFINISH furniture and in half an hour it is dry to touch and in a couple of hours is dry to use!

WaterSpar Lacquer Varnish and Enamel

"Dries in no time!" Almost impossible to scratch or mar it! Clear and in stylish colors for floors, woodwork and furniture.



CLEANERS NAPHTHA

To care for the many requests for a high-grade cleaning fluid we have added this high-grade Cleaners Naptha to our many lines. You can use this on the very finest of garments.

SHEEP MANURE

For Lawns and Gardens

25 lbs. 90c—50 lbs. \$1.60—100 lbs. \$3.00

SACCO—Plant Food

Sacco is the finest of fertilizers for lawns, gardens, shrubs, flowers. Very effective.

5 lbs. 50c—10 lbs. 85c—25 lbs. \$1.75
50 lbs. \$3.00—100 lbs. \$5.00

Do Your Own Cleaning—50c Gal.

Atwater Kent All-Electric Radio

INSTALLED COMPLETE—\$138.50

FARMINGTON HARDWARE CO.

D. L. DICKERSON
E. O. HAITON
FARMINGTON, MICH.
TELEPHONE 3

F. D. FLEMING & COMPANY
For Dependable Suburban Real Estate Service
Farmington, Michigan
Phone 200

FIVE ROOMS AND BATH FOR RENT SOON

ONE YEAR LEASE—\$40.00 PER MONTH

If the demand exists—and we are sure it does—a 10-ft. terrace will be erected in Farmington at once.

Each family will have the following:

A full basement with laundry room, fruit cellar, coal bin, furnace, etc. First floor with vestibule, coat closet, living room 12x18 feet, dining-room with built-in buffet, kitchen with double drain board sink, refrigerator, gas range and automatic water heater.

Second floor with master bedroom 12x17 feet and extra large closet; also a smaller bedroom, a complete bath and a linen closet.

If you are interested, call at our office in the Peoples State Bank Building and see the plans.

Sincerely,
F. DEVERE FLEMING.

P. S.—SEVEN OF THE TEN ARE SPOKEN FOR BETTER HURRY

New! Children's Wash Dresses

95c to \$3.45

In bright new colorings, durable fabric and clever styles. Some are of the famous "Rayotek" Silk—others are of excellent quality silks.

WOMEN'S DRESSES
\$10.00—\$12.50—\$14.50

Mayfair Shoppe
22136 Grand River Redford