

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
NEW HIGH SCHOOL
AUDITORIUM, FARMINGTON
A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts
SUNDAY SERVICES
AT 11:00 A. M.
And Sunday School for Pupils up to the age of 20 at 11:30 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Testimonial at 8 p. m. in Universalist Church, 23608 Warner Ave.
Current Christian Science literature on sale Wednesday evenings
ALL ARE WELCOME

SOUTH FARMINGTON TOWNSHIP NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Callan, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Callan, Edward and Miss Eleanor Callan, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Leutz, Mrs. Manzell, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Becker, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hough and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hoskins attended the public installation of the Macabees, from Ferndale, Farmington, Big Beaver, Royal Oak, Pontiac, and Detroit, at the Elks' Temple in Pontiac, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton of Detroit were Saturday evening callers at the Albert Koss home on Base Line Road.

Mrs. Harry Thornton and children, Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and daughter, Mrs. W. J. Banfield and son, Mickey, were called Lake and Northville callers, Saturday.

Mrs. Lundberg of Middlebelt Road entertained several friends Saturday in honor of her daughter, Dorothy's birthday.

Miss Margaret Atkinson of North Farmington was the weekend guest of friends in Detroit.

Miss Marguerite Houghton of Eleven Mile Road was the weekend guest of Miss Inez Humming of Livonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fendt spent last Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fendt on G.H. Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Callan and baby were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham in Leslie, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Billings of Purling Brook Road were Sunday dinner guests of their son, Clarence and family on Middlebelt Road.

Sharon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tenganan on Karl avenue is recovering from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lord and son of Charlevoix were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lord on G.H. Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Ramaden and daughter, Sandra, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koss.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gutow, Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, and Mr. Greck of Detroit were the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Houghton on Eleven Mile Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson of Detroit were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Anderson on Power Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Burnett and daughter, Joanne of Lincoln Park, and Mrs. Neuschaefer of Redford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Surver of Edward avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Putnam, formerly of Novi, have moved to the mountains near Pasadena from Huntington Park, California, for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Allen White, Mrs. E. Zimmerman and Mrs. Francesca Billings were Detroit callers, Monday.

Kenneth Lord and brother Howard, of Clarkston, were called to Leslie, Michigan, Monday, by the death of their uncle.

Mrs. Eva Fendt, Mrs. Louise Manzell, Mrs. Alice Foster and Mrs. Mary Lentz attended the Federation meeting of the Evangelical church in Detroit, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jensen of Detroit were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Anderson, on Power Road.

Mrs. Harry Thornton, son Harry H. and daughter, Susan Elaine, spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. W. J. Banfield and son Mickey in West Bloomfield.

Mrs. Clarence Billings, Mrs. McKelvey and Mr. and Mrs. A. Gouin were Pontiac callers Tuesday.

Letters to the editor are always welcome by this newspaper.

Modern and Old-Time
DANCING
Every Saturday Night at
GRAMER'S HALL
11 Mile and Inkster Rd.
Admission 25c

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

By JOHN C. RAYMOND
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

His mother called him Willie; his teacher called him William; his first boss called him Harrison; everybody now called him Utah—and he called himself a fool. That's the whole history of William U. Harrison—almost. Why he called himself a fool makes the rest of it.

Utah was making one of his entries into Red Cow. Red Cow is a town; and his entry wasn't greeted with any display of enthusiasm—nor was it noticed with any feeling of resentment, unless you can call the cemetery part of the town. Somebody turned over in his grave and muttered curses. The bones of Sam Blake resented Utah's re-intrusion into Red Cow.

But Utah had no thoughts of Sam Blake. He trudged down the dusty wagon tracks of the winding road that leads to Red Cow, following his three burros, the least of which—which was the last—he prodded now and then philosophically. Utah was rather short, red-faced, gray-whiskered, and faintly blue-eyed. He wore traditional blue denim clothing, traditionally faded. He was thinking about himself and his called himself a fool. What reason has a man of forty-five with thoughts of marriage in his head? He had no reason—that's why he was a fool. But he didn't care. He was waiting to call the widow Blake to marry him. All his dreams were going to be fulfilled. They would be married and have a little house with roses and a garden and tall trees. (Of course, they would have to go somewhere where there were trees—Red Cow lacked the requisite romantic and beautiful for a young married couple.) The fulfillment of his dreams rested on seven little sacks of gold grains and nuggets, which his three burros carried secreted in their pack saddles, and a diamond engagement ring which he had carried for 15 years in a little metal box in the watch pocket of his trousers.

Old Utah had finally struck a short stretch of gold and in a forgotten gulch, and he estimated he had close to five thousand dollars worth of the shining stuff. Then, that drunkard, Sam Blake, had been dead for almost two years now.

Utah organized his plans as he entered the dusty Main and only street. He would have himself re-decorated at Blumber's Toggery, refurnished at the Acme barber shop, and installed at the Golden West hotel. That night he would go have supper at Lilly Blake's American Cafe and Lunch Counter and ask her to marry him. He would be asking her the second time.

The first time he had taken the ring for the hand of Lillian O'Neill, he had been just one day and an hour too late in bringing his blundering, half-concealed courtship to its climax. She had told him simply, but with tears in her eyes, that she had promised herself to the gallant Mr. Blake the evening before. So William U. Harrison had put the ring, which he had offered with his words of proposal, back into his pocket, and had gone off again to continue his activities as a cowpuncher on the Cross Bar ranch with a secret sorrow. From a distance he had suffered with Lilly as she worked with her little restaurant for support of herself and her drinking, gambling husband. In his later years Utah had turned to prospecting, registering as one of Red Cow's vagrant citizens. Now that Sam Blake had been dead two years, and Lilly kept on with her little cafe, William U. Harrison was going to offer himself, his five thousand dollars included, to the widow and lift her forever from the toll and hardships that were hers.

The three burros and Utah came almost unnoticed up the sleepy street. A black and white dog came out to bark at him, but he returned to his shade without even a sniff at the heels of the traveling twelve-legged savings bank. The caravan stopped before the plate-glass window of the Golden West hotel.

Utah was a busy man that afternoon. He transformed himself from a grizzled-bearded, sunburned prospector to faded blue and dusty denim into a regular dandy with a red face, sartorially elegant, if not perfect, in new yellow shoes, black and gray trousers, lavender shirt and essential Stetson. He visited the bank, and the news service of the post office lotteries. With real grandness he drove his three sleepy-eyed donkeys to the edge of the town and his tin cans, and turned them free, not without a moment of sadness and regret when his faint blue eyes dimmed with the sorrow of parting.

Then he prepared himself for the business of the evening. He made sure his attire was correct and that his ring rested in the box in his pocket. Then he bought two ten-cent cigars from the only box of ten-cent cigars in the community. He felt very nervous and had to walk around the vicinity of the cafe several minutes before his courage was strengthened by the increasing emptiness of his mid-region.

He entered the door of the little frame building which served Red Cow with a cuisine par excellence—and good at that. There was one customer in the Cafe American,

seated on the last high stool at the lunch counter. Lilly saw Utah enter and smiled at him—and went on serving a customer with her generous portions of her generous menu. Utah sat uneasily on the stool farthest away from them and chewed on toothpicks. Finally she came down with a glass of water and a smile.

"Hello, William. . . . How are you?" she managed as he looked the tired woman before him. Her hair had weary wisps of gray straggling about her head, but her blue eyes were smiling.

"Just fine, William," she answered. "You've been away quite a long time, ain't you?"

"Yep. . . . I guess I'll have some supper."

"All right. I'll fix it right away." And she went back to the range at the other end of the narrow room.

Soon she brought him a steaming Utah decided to wait until the other man had gone before he should converse with his intended. He was in agony as he listened to the way she talked of inconsequential things, and he tried to. Everything gone at last, he endeavored to give his speech.

Lilly. . . . Well. . . . His face grew red. He felt his wall slipping; his hand started reaching for his hat.

"Mr. Harrison, you stay right here till I come back," she fixed him with her eyes, and went loudly back to her room.

In a moment she returned, carrying a heavy canvas bag. Her eyes were set and her lips grim as she set the bag on the stool before him. Utah untied the string, and poured its contents forth upon the counter. Out came cake paper money, silver money, gold money.

Poor Utah shrank back as she leaned forward at him.

"William Harrison, I've been saving this money for fifteen years! Right there is all the money I've ever need. For two years I've been waiting, and you ain't got the courage yet."

Utah had his new hat crumpled in his hands. He began slipping back to the counter before him.

Her eyes held him now.

"Mr. William Harrison," she pronounced, "will you do me the honor of becoming my husband?"

LOVE AT THE BLUE MUG

By B. NEL SMITH
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"THANK you, Gwen," the new boss said as Gwen Reese set the graceful blue mug of coffee on the counter before him.

Gwen's hair was as black and lustrous as a crow's wing, and her eyes were midnight blue.

Her heart pounded a little harder when the new boss looked straight at her in that direct way of his.

"You know," he said, "I like this joint! I like the atmosphere. You don't know how it means to have you so much interested!"

"Good morning, Boss," a laughing voice said at Gwen's shoulder.

Darn Frieda, again!

In open admiration, the boss was gazing at the blonde goddess in the other orange smock.

"Your eyes fit in nicely, Frieda," with our color scheme," he said.

He rose from the stool then, tall and slim and tailored-looking, from the top of his sleek brown head to his polished shoes, and came back behind the counter.

The new boss looked at Gwen and his serious eyes seemed to find the dark beauty of her face interesting. He started to say something, but there was Frieda again with a silly question about the specials for the menu card.

Gwen reached the Blue Mug early the next morning. There, either Frieda or the boss had arrived. She wanted to be alone a few minutes so that she could get used to her new self. Her fingers were icy with excitement as she saw herself in the mirror at the back for she was now a ravishing blonde! It had cost a week's salary, but it was worth it. She had her back to the door when Frieda came in. Then she saw Gwen's heart and the world stood still a moment. She turned about slowly, a defiant smile on her face, but the smile gave way as her first part in dazed astonishment.

Frieda's blonde tresses were black! Black and shimmering and lovely!

They stood there staring at each other unable to believe what they saw. They moved nearer until they were quite close as they inspected each other minutely, dumbly. Then their eyes met and they started to laugh; they laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks and they clung to each other for support.

"I thought—" Gwen said.

"So did I!" Frieda interrupted.

"I'll bet there's something phony about him to make us both fall for hard," Gwen said. "I'd like to see him put the gloves on with Ed!"

"I'll bet Tommy could lay him out!" Frieda said. "There's a customer, Gwen. I've got to start the salads!"

A slim girl with a carrot colored bob, a few freckles and a nose that was slightly pug, sat at the counter.

"I'm your new boss' wife," she said.

REDFORD THEATRE
Gd. River & Lahser
FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY MONDAY
WITH ALL MY HEART I STILL LOVE THE MAN I KILLED
DAVIS
The Letter
HERBERT MARSHALL, JAMES STEPHENSON
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Five New Hit Songs In The Big Laugh Chiller-Thriller!
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OLD MOVIES TO BE RESHOWN ON ADVENTURE SERIES

Theda Bara, John Bunny, Rudolph Valentino, William S. Hart and many other stars of the silent movies will return for a single screen performance at the Detroit Institute of Arts, Woodward at Kirby, next Sunday afternoon, February 9, at 3:30.

They will appear in the "Movie Hit Parade" being presented by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, founder of the original Vitaphone Motion Picture Company. The "parade" will start back with the very first motion pictures made and passing in review will be all the matinee idols and "it" girls of yesterday, Charlie Chaplin in his funniest scenes, and Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, Flora Finch will all be there in their outstanding roles. Included also will be the first newsreels and animated cartoons.

A motion picture tour of Alaska and the Pacific Northwest, in natural color, will be presented at the Institute next Tuesday evening, February 11, at 8:30 by Karl Robinson, travel-lec-turer.

Included will be Alaskan glaciers, a trip up Taku River to the gold mines, up the Stikine River, visits to the fish canneries, a trip up Mt. Rainier and many other spots found on tourists' itineraries.

This is the second of a series of motion picture vacation tours being sponsored by the World Adventure Series; the public lecture course at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

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