

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

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Residence Phone 402
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Evenings: 7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday
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WEST FARMINGTON

Mrs. Sarah Knapp

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham called on Mrs. Ellen Graham, who has just returned home from Ann Arbor Hospital where she has been receiving treatments.

Mrs. Mary Green spent Christmas day with her niece and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer See.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Shaddock of Detroit spent Christmas Eve with Mrs. Elmer See.

Mrs. Augusta Tamm and Fred Tamm spent Sunday in Detroit visiting friends.

Mrs. Edith Graham entertained Mrs. Mettke Bacheler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aldo Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Helicker and family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham and family of Walled Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Glegier, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Glegier, Mr. and Mrs. David Long and family of Hartland, Mr. and Mrs. Starr Graham and family, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Knapp and son William, of West Farmington, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pickard and Miss Edythe Westlako of Detroit at a Christmas dinner and Christmas tree on Christmas Day at her farm home on 13 Mile Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Graham entertained their children and grandchildren at a Christmas party at their home Christmas night.

Miss Evelyn See who attends Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer See.

Miss Doris Green of Pontiac spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Green.

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DICKERSON HARDWARE

819 Larabee Drive

By THAYER WALDO
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

CHRIS stumbled as he came in. I almost fell down. I looked up at him from the typewriter and saw that he was pretty wretched. Chris wobbled over and plunked down in a chair beside my desk.

"Hi, boy, ol' boy," he said hurriedly. "Listen, c'mon 'n' go down t' Caliente w' me."

I waved him away. "Nuts! I've got work to do."

"Shut up!" he bawled. "Don' wanna hear any args men! You gotta pick up my girl friend! C'mon 'n' go!"

I didn't answer him right away. I was thinking. Chris could be plenty stubborn, I knew, and if he started out alone while he was this way—well, it looked like a suicide party.

"All right," I said, putting the typewriter's jacket on. "I'll go. Wait'll I get a coat and tie and hunt up some fresh clothes."

"Good idea," he said. "S' my party 'n' I'll pay ob' bills."

I took the wheel. We'd gone a dozen blocks before I remembered Chris' remark about a girl. "Where's the dame live?" I asked him. He produced a little red leather book and started pawing through the leaves. I watched him a second, then pulled to the curb and took it away from him.

"What's her name?" I demanded. Chris shook his head.

"Don' know. Swell blonde, but I just seen her once. Address—on—le's see—second page I'm back, I guess."

I thumbed over to there, saw only one entry, and read it aloud: "819 Larabee Drive."

"Sure—'s it it, al ri'?" he assented cheerily. "Mus' be son's family."

Along Whirls Boulevard he began fumbling in his pockets. The next minute he slipped his hand down on my knee and cried: "Hey, stop makin' faces! Gotta get a pipe, I've got a pipe."

I thought it best to humor him and I stepped out. Chris tottered back to the last intersection and returned with three pipes and a half dozen sacks of tobacco. Back in the car, however, he merely sat admiring his purchases through half-shut eyes.

The house numbered 819 on Larabee Drive was a little gray bungalow set back from the street. I parked in front.

"We're here. Get your tophat and let's go."

Then I realized he probably couldn't make it alone, so I pulled out and took him up the walk. The front door was open, the screen door unhooked. I kept a grip on Chris and pushed the bell button, wondering what I'd say if the girl's mother or somebody came.

When three rings had been unanswered, I said to Chris: "Betted think of someone else."

I reached for the screen door handle.

"Car'ly not! We'll just go in w' 'em. She'll be back'n a minute."

I didn't like the idea, but when I tried to hold him back he began yelling. Explanations interwoven better than a rumpus right now, so I let him go in and followed.

The front room was banquette. Chris dropped his pipes and tobacco and walked over to the back of the couch. I sat down and asked:

"Say, you sure is this the right place?"

"Yeah." He sounded confident.

"Well, I wish you'd snap out of it and remember her name. This is trespassing."

No answer. I sat down with a magazine. What I wanted to do was something more to happen. Out to Chris there was silence. I went to look for him. Through an open doorway in the hall, I saw him stretched across a single bed, out cold.

As I started toward him, the screen door opened and closed and a masculine voice called out:

"I shut the door of the room he was in and walked out into the front room. A small, gentle faced man with dark gray hair bent over the couch, gathering up Chris' smokes.

He straightened with them in his arms and smiled at me.

"How'd' do? I suppose you're a friend of Chris'. I was so surprised and happy to see his car out front. I thought probably he'd be too busy to remember. Father, I mean. I should have known better. And all these fine places! Where is he?"

I silently thanked God for an inspiration and said out loud:

"Why, back in the bedroom sound asleep, Mr. Harkness. He just got through a location trip in Arizona and drove right up here without a stop. It fagged him out so much. I'd give him a few hours to rest."

"Pooh, boy! I should say I will. And have a nice hot dinner ready when he wakes up. Would you excuse me a minute while I light up?"

"Oh, I must run right along." I told him, heading for the door: "I just came out because—I wanted to borrow Chris' car. Very glad to have met you; good-by."

I swung the roadster around and headed back toward Whirls.

The road was covered with

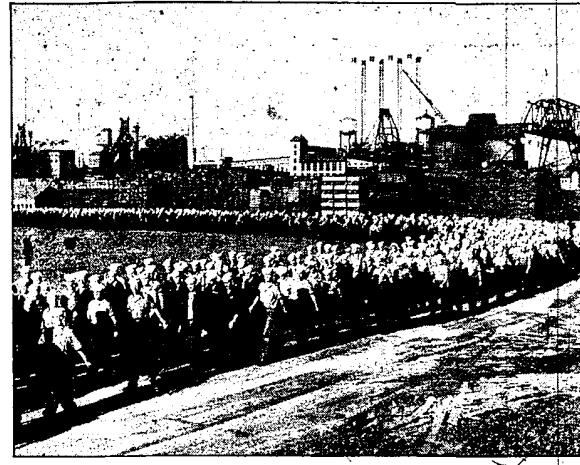
lively white roses. I'd suddenly

decided a bunch of them would

look nice on a certain green mound

up in the hills.

They March from Industry to Uncle Sam's Fleet



DEARBORN, Mich.—This is a familiar scene at the vast Ford Rouge plant, where Navy Service School within the plant attending the day's classes in mechanical trades. Henry Ford, through the Ford Motor Company, provided the school and its facilities to the recruit sailors are shown marching to their

WEST POINT PARK

Mrs. William Zwahlen

Little Esther Boblinger is the guest of her aunt, Miss Esther Middlewood of Benton Harbor. Miss Middlewood spent Christmas with her sister, Miss Barbara Middlewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parrish returned home Sunday, after spending Christmas with Mr. Parrish's mother and other relatives in Nashville, Tennessee.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson of Merriman Road are entertaining relatives from Flint over the Christmas holidays.

Miss Jeanne Addis was the guest Tuesday evening of Miss June Bakewell of Plymouth.

Miss Olive Grindmaw of Detroit was the weekend guest of Miss Shirley Zwahlen.

Dick Drexler of northern Michigan called on his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ault Wednesday evening. Mr. Drexler was enroute to Ohio.

Jerry Carroll, who is at school in northern Michigan, spent Christmas with his parents on Mayfield Avenue.

Joyce Minx, who has been ill with whooping cough, has recovered sufficiently that she expects to return to school after New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stanley and daughter Mary Ann, Charles and son Charles, Frank Bryan and Mrs. Helen Gahn of Detroit, were guests Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen.

Mr. and Mrs. Varto and children were guests of friends in Detroit Saturday.

Mr. George Welch, who was reported quite ill last week is somewhat improved.

Tom Mary Tullman has been quite ill for the most of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kremkow and children were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kaisler of Mr. Clemens. Mrs. Kaisler is Mr. Kremkow's sister.

William H. Zwahlen, who was taken ill last week, Wednesday, is still confined to bed although somewhat improved.

Harry Houghland of Mayfield avenue left Wednesday for Indiana to visit his mother, who has been in a serious condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Torrey of Huuward avenue are rejoicing in the birth of a baby girl, Goldie Marie, at Mt. Carmel Hospital last Tuesday, December 23.

Mrs. Edward Strouski was visiting relatives in West Point Saturday.

A group of carolers, representing Rev. Cameron's Neighborhood Church, visited a home in Folker subdivision, Tuxedo evening, and sang songs suitable for the season.

The Christmas program under the auspices of Rev. Cameron's Church was held Friday evening. Rev. Cameron gave a very fine talk explaining the significance of the season. At the close of the meeting boxes of candy contributed by the Sunshine Sisters and their friends were distributed.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Snelter and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snelter and family, of near F. Wayne, Indiana, spent the weekend with their sisters, Mrs. Russell Ault and Mrs. Verna, and a grab-bag exchange of gifts.

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It is thought the fire started from a short in the Christmas tree lights.

Mrs. Jacob Sheets of near F. Wayne, Indiana, is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Russell Ault.

Shirley Ault was on the sick list for several days this past week.

American Legion



Notes

The next regular meeting of the Groves-Walker Post is January 8 at the Legion Home. It is hoped that a number of members will attend the district meeting on January 2 at Plymouth. This will be a stag affair.

There was a card party at the Legion home Saturday night, and it was well attended. The hostess for the evening was Mrs. Jean Niles, president of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Josephine Lowrie, secretary of the Auxiliary.

There was a party at Birmingham Saturday, December 20, for the bowling teams of the Legion League. A good time was had and every one looks forward to the time when the next party will be set.

The defense program of the Legion is taking shape all over the country. In some states, air wardens have already been appointed, and the Legion is taking the lead in this work. A post is set up within a four mile square, and every hour of the 24 there is some one on guard. By the reports of the paper it seems as though there should be a guard at the present time or near the Great Lakes, 18 planes, as yet unidentified were headed over the Lake region. Posts set up all over the country will prevent reoccurrence.

Congratulations to those who helped make the Goodfellow dance a success. This should be an annual affair and every one should join in to make it one that will help fill up the purse to assist those less fortunate.

Over WXXL a talk was given by Frank W. Lowrie, asking for the cooperation of the American Legion and the general public in returning Army Air Corps' cadets. The talk appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Groves-Walker Post again extends to every veteran in Farmington and community an invitation to join with them in the defense of our country.

BUY MORE DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

17th District News

The next District meeting is at Plymouth, Friday, January 2. A great many things of interest to the District will come up, so be there and learn just what the District is to do in the line of National Defense.

In talking with Mason Oberson, Jr., membership chairman of the 17th district, it is learned that he is somewhat disappointed because there seems to be a let-down in the drive for more members at this time. Let's keep going. Surely that question mark and the rooster can't mean that some teams have nothing to crow about.

The Bowling League is going ahead in fine shape and some of the Comrades are doing right smart, while others—well, enuf' said.

Heads Up
at Sun Down!
at Sun Down!
at Sun Down!

an average of 10 pounds in his facilities
the fewer the better each day you

Happen After Dark!!

WE WISH YOU ALL

A

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