

**Appropriate**  
Zeke is a whimsical colored man who does light hauling in a dilapidated old wagon drawn by a gigantic mule of venerable age. "Profund deliberation and undampened wit's power," said the patron, "what do you call that old mule?"

**"Public Service Corporation,"** replied Zeke.  
"What on earth made you give him such a name as that?"  
"Wal, sah," exclaimed Zeke, "jes' because dat am de nacheil name of a mule like him. Dat mule kin stan' mo' abuse an' go right on habbin' his own way dan any panson yo' eber see."

**HORSE SENSE AND NONSENSE**  
By ALICE E. MORGAN

**THE GREAT MIGRATION**

Just as the birds respond to the urge to travel to new locations each spring and fall, so do a great many of our citizens.  
Our human migration may be divided into two classes—students and vacationers.  
Each spring—May and June, principally—sees thousands of young people packing their belongings and heading home. They travel by various means, automobiles, planes, boats, busses and the gambler's way, hitch-hiking.  
They carry a miscellaneous assortment of items, ranging from books and clothing to purloined stop signs and various other souvenirs from libraries, restaurants and hotels. They are homework bound for a few weeks of release from studies and routine.

**A FEW WEEKS LATER** sees the second phase of our migration system take over, as families depart for camps and summer spots.  
The same travel means are used by many, although hitch-hiking is usually frowned upon by mothers and fathers. However, a great number of persons start out with a small knapsack, and depend on hitch-hiking rides to cover as much country as possible.  
Another group sets out with bicycles for transportation. They pedal and push their way, up hill and down, and upon their return declare they have had a wonderful time.  
Their more luxurious-minded

neighbors get a questioning look on their faces and very quietly continue to load their horse-trailers ready for the road.

**LATE AUGUST** sees vacationing out of our migration class returning. Unlike the birds, however, they usually do not look just the same as when they began their trek.  
Fathers come home with peeling noses, leaver tummies, brown arms and a swagger that tells of a big fish caught or a hole-in-one on a strange course.  
Mothers frequently show the prolonged stay away from their favorite haunts. Sometimes their noses are peeling, too.  
They have developed a more patient attitude toward undue noise and casually dropped books, toys and articles of clothing which they will lose as soon as their own homes enfold them once more.

**SOME, THOSE WHO** have small daughters pull sons interested in "wild" nature developed a wary look about the eyes in their crowning glory.  
As for the kids—hewen loose hangers to the co-hostesses. They aren't just peeling at the nose, they're half-skinned all over. They have a strange, unworldly bumps and bruises that is amazing. Toes are stubbed, knees are scraped, and heads are banged.  
Not a few of them will have been assaulted by several squads of biting mosquitoes. Others will have seated themselves on or near wasps, hornets or bees.  
A good share manage to get thoroughly entangled in poison ivy, even though the parents have been assured there's none of the stuff within miles.  
WITH THIS GROUP finally settled Division II takes over. With fairly well-lired pockets, a supply of new clothes, some new sports equipment and a hint to write home sometime when they don't really need money, the school crowd takes off.  
The stuff they take back to their various institutions of learning is nearly as varied as the stuff they bring home from the summer.  
The girls have to take all their dance programs back to prove the summer was not entirely wasted. A few odd frat pins never hurt a girl's status, either.  
The boys generally manage to collect pictures of a few girls during the summer months and their address books have undergone some changes.

**THE BIRDS,** who seem to have started all this going and coming, peer over the tops of their nests and twitter. Wonder what they think of all the packing and cleaning and scurrying?  
Some day soon they will decide their turn has come. They will hop out of their nests with the coming of dawn, sit on a twig while they sing a song, and take off.  
Yep, just take off. Lucky birds!

**Lathrup Village News**  
By LILLIAN DIEDERICH  
Phone SOUTHFIELD 3653

**Recovers**  
Charles Bartholomew has returned to his office after three months' absence, following a serious automobile crash early in June. The Bartholomews reside on Santa Barbara drive.

**Home from Camp**  
Paul, Ralph and Bruce Doreen are home from Camp Hayo-Wentha at Torch Lake. They are the sons of the Karl Doreens. Michael Thornbury, a former resident, now of Birmingham, returned at the same time.

**Community Church**  
Circle No. IV of the Community church met Tuesday evening at the Walter Bielanek residence in Berkeley to make dolls and toys for the church fair. Mrs. Donald Swanson was the co-hostess.

**Kiwanis Notes**  
Kiwanis had as guest speaker last night, Frank Connelly, of the Catholic Youth Organization. Last week's speaker was George Baxter from the diesel division of General Motors. His topic, "This is Our Problem" had a fourfold theme to point out and identify encroaching socialism; to emphasize the superiority of the American way of life; to defend the American way of life and to preserve it.

**Houseguest Feted**  
Mrs. E. W. Shaver of Coral Gables drive, was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon for 12 guests at Devon Gables. Guest of honor was Mrs. Vivian Wiler of Los Angeles, houseguest of Mrs. B. C. Butts of Forest Drive.

**Village News**  
Mrs. Robert Dymont and Mrs. E. W. Shaver were co-hostesses recently at a luncheon for 65 Church Guild guests at the Dymont home on Coral Gables.

**Home from Camp**  
Mrs. O. R. Steiner of Golden Gate drive, is visiting her mother this week in Milwaukee.

**Home from Camp**  
Mrs. Anna Anthony and Mrs. Helen Peters of Detroit, were guests this week with their cousins in Mrs. William Orth of San Jose boulevard. Saturday night Mrs. Orth was hostess at a supper party for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anthony, their mother, Mrs. Ann Anthony and Byron Orth, all of Detroit.

**Clearance**  
Sally Purdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Purdy, of Lathrup boulevard, won a University of Michigan scholarship and has been at Interlochen for two weeks, as a singer. The Purdys spent the past weekend there to hear the Sunday concert.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Snieder of Washington, D. C., will spend the labor Day weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howards of Rackham boulevard. Snieder is Mrs. Howards' brother.

**On Naval Call**  
William Bush, lieutenant (j.g.), U. S. Naval Reserve communications officer has been placed on 24-hour call.

**Social Happenings**  
The Robert Waddels (Marilyn Thoreson) are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Thoreson of Quentin drive. They reside in Buffalo. Mrs. Ruth Waddell, "Bob's" mother, resides in Goochburg, Va., the family homestead, where she has opened an antique business. She was formerly a Lathrup resident.  
The R. Neil Brannans and daughter, Lou, are again spending the month of August at Eye Beach, N. H., where they vacation each summer.  
Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Richardson have returned to their home

**Blame It On the Blackout**  
Jones had made a good job of his bedroom blackout, and awoke with the feeling that he had overslept.  
After switching on the light, he found it was 9 a. m. the hour at which he should have been at the office.  
Dressing hastily, he dashed off without any breakfast and arriving at the office, said breathlessly to his boss: "So sorry I'm half an hour late, sir!"  
"That's all right," replied his boss, blandly, "but what about Monday and Tuesday?"

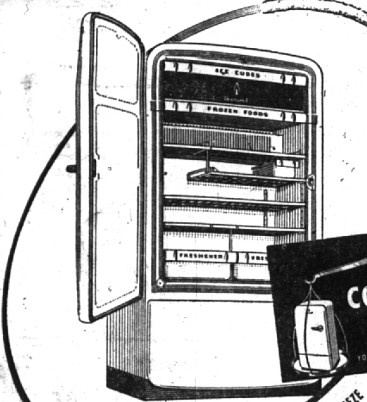


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