

# The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888 by Edgoc K. Bloomer as "A Permanent Journal of Progress"

Published Thursday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879

Hymard Levinson Editor and Publisher  
William Hone Mgr. Printing Dept.



Farmington, Michigan, Thursday, April 28, 1932.

## Editorials

### The Scouts Are Coming

The Boy Scout rally will bring to Farmington on June 10 and 11 one of the biggest gatherings ever held here, if not the very largest. If the crowd at Rochester a year ago is duplicated, between four and five thousand people will be in Farmington for the occasion.

In its turn Farmington is able to offer probably the finest setting that has ever been provided for an Oakland County Boy Scout rally, with the beautiful Rouge valley for hiking and camping, and the natural amphitheater in the vicinity of the school athletic ground for the court of honor.

Scout Executive Herbert Watson has already shown an ardent appreciation of the remarkable facilities Farmington offers for the boys coming under his direction. Farmington, now, should immediately awaken to the great opportunity afforded by this approaching event, to the end that we may realize its greatest possibilities. Through united and enthusiastic efforts we should achieve as hosts a success that our guests may always look back upon with pleasure, and ourselves with pride.

### Oil—A Mess

Of all the messes that this country has been soiled with, there is none that quite compares with Oil. Oil has provided some of the most sordid chapters in our history, and it never seems to cease in its troublesomeness.

The latest difficulty comes close to home, and it is distasteful enough. We have heard of zoning districts in cities, and postal zones, and other zones, and now the newest is the oil zone in and around Detroit. One price is set for gasoline in the close-in portions of the city, as far out as Greenfield Road. From there out to Telegraph Road it is a cent higher. From Telegraph Road out, including Farmington, it is a cent and a half more than the second "zone," or two and a half cents more than the price throughout most of Detroit.

Now it happens that people probably watch closer the amount of money they pay for gasoline than any other product they buy, in proportion to the amount paid for it. The average family probably uses 20 gallons a week, so if they paid a cent a gallon all through the year, it would mean about ten dollars at the end of twelve months. The same attention paid to things of larger moment would probably mean a difference of much more than ten dollars in fifty-two weeks. But people do watch their gasoline prices. So we have a first-class mess right here among us, with a score or more gasoline stations in and near Farmington debating whether to sell at the Detroit price, which is exactly what the fuel costs them, and lose money, or whether to put their indicators up to give them their normal, legitimate profit, and see all the business go speeding by. Equally puzzled are scores of station-owners in the one-cent higher zone farther in.

Thus far the bitter protests by the dealers to the big companies from whom they buy, those supplying the best-known brands of gasoline, have been without avail. There appears to be no claim on the part of the companies that the price differential is necessitated by greater transportation costs. One company, for instance, supplies stations in this area from tanks at Novi, a truck haul of only five miles. Another supplies from Northville, only eight miles. The reason seems to be, in absence of a public explanation, that "we have to beat competition." It seems that the big companies lose money supplying dealers at the "8 for \$1" price scale, and that while these companies feel that they must sell some at that figure to meet a certain competition, they wish to avoid as much loss as possible by confining their "8 for \$1" sales within as small an area as they can.

What causes all this worry and trouble to five or six great oil companies, who, standing together, surely ought to be able to whip anything on earth, "hands down"? Maybe it should be whispered, but it is a gentleman by the name of Austin, one Charles Austin. It seems that the big corporations have no monopoly on intelligence and brains. Mr. Austin, we understand, used to be in the real estate business in Detroit. The real estate business went to the dogs but Mr. Austin wouldn't. He looked around and tackled what would seem to be the hardest thing he could pick out, the oil business, against the big concerns. To that business he applied his knowledge of real estate and business locations, and he concentrated. What he did was to establish some thirty stations on prime corners in various parts of the city. Probably he realized several years ago what others know now, that there are two or three times too many gasoline stations in the Detroit area. But he placed his where there are great volumes of traffic—and nowhere else.

Then Mr. Austin started in to sell gasoline. He imported Rumanian fuel. The ethics or desirability of that from the standpoint of American business and economics is another matter. Be that as it may, Mr. Austin sells gasoline at eight for a dollar, apparently makes money on it, and has "the big fellows" running around in circles. A station, like any other business, has to do a minimum volume in order to make any kind of profit. With the business divided among too many stations and many of them just barely getting their necessary volume or even falling in that, "the big companies" are baffled. They tried to catch Mr. Austin by running to the prosecuting attorney's office with a groundless charge that he cheated the public, not on a cut-price item, but by selling inferior oil under a certain trade name which guarantees high-grade Pennsylvania lubricant. But the prosecutor had to ask for dismissal of the case when

analysis showed that the oil he had been selling was at least as good as the oils sold by other stations. The only other solution the companies seem to have been capable of finding since that time is the present one—that of passing the problem on to their small retail dealers whose fault it surely is not.

They will probably "get" Mr. Austin in the end, by means of a tariff placed by Congress on foreign gasoline. And perhaps they should. But meanwhile it's an amusing spectacle. Here are the supposedly-superior big corporations, with all their high-priced talent, taking a good sound trouncing from a little fellow. (That it's whispered that Austin has "big backing" is immaterial—his backing couldn't be as big as his opposition.) And in the end, these big fellows, who have been the very foremost in the loud demand for "unrestrained competition," most vigorous in their claim that they should be allowed to do things as they please, without any interference from anybody and regardless of the public interest, these fellows it appears now, will have to plead for and wait for help from Washington to pull them out of the difficulties that they are trying to pass on to their dealers. One sympathizes with the station-owners upon whom the companies have tried to foist their problem. But as for the great, proud companies—what a lot of fun to watch them squirm!

### The Voices Of Spring

When Spring slips down from tops of hills,  
It ne'er surprises me.  
I know it comes, for all the rills  
Have swelled with pride and glee.

To think that they can tell the tale,  
That everyone would hear,  
They follow after March's gale,  
Their music fills the ear.

And then a thousand voices sing,  
Glad tidings of the Spring.  
Each tiny drop, the message brings,  
And cries, "Here comes the Spring!"

The lilac buds with joy are swelled.  
They sense the new born Spring.  
They burst with joy that can't be quelled,  
To see this wondrous thing.

The chirp of birds is on the breeze,  
The message they would bring.  
They send the word from lofty trees,  
Be glad! Here comes the Spring!

A tiny blade of grass so green  
Peeps from it's winter hide,  
And says, "The Spring will soon be seen,  
So here I will abide."

Of course I know that Spring will come.  
The snows have said, "Adieu".  
The March wind left us on a run,  
He said, "It's coming," too.

The tiny rivulets and trees,  
The rivers and the rills,  
The chirping birds, the whispering breeze,  
The voices from the hills.

The lilac bud in ecstasy,  
The passing of the snows,  
To me are but a prophecy,  
The coming of the rose.

So many voices everywhere  
With each the same glad cry,  
The Spring, the Spring is in the air,  
You must not pass it by.

Lift up your hearts, throw off your care,  
New birth for you is nigh.  
Gone is the past. A future's there,  
If you but dare to try.

Royal Oak, Mich. HARRY J. MERRITT

### CHURCHES

Evangelical Church  
Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor

Sunday School, 10-15.  
No morning service.  
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. Jacob Wolfman will preach. He is president of the Michigan District.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church  
Rev. James A. Callahan, Pastor

Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.  
Daily mass at 8:00.

West Point Park Presbyterian Church  
Rev. John Adams, Pastor  
2232 Grand River, Redford

10:30 Sunday School.  
11:30 Morning worship.

Universalist Church  
Dr. Frank D. Adams, Pastor

Rev. Adams will preach at 8:00 o'clock.

Baptist Church  
Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30 Morning service. This Sunday begins a new church year. There will be a public installation service for all officers. At the communion table several new numbers will be received.

### SOFT-BALL PLAY WELL RECEIVED

Business men and employees and other adult men will again play soft ball Friday evening, April 29th. The first game of the season was well received and many business men enjoyed the play. Play will begin at 6:30 sharp.

Regular play will be held each Wednesday and Friday night until further notice.

The game Wednesday night ended in a tie, 11 to 11.

Stars' Movement  
All stars are in motion. Fixed stars are so called because they appear to change their position so slowly in comparison with the planets.

### LEARN TO PLAY BRIDGE

Correctly. Lessons given at your home, in Contract or Auction bridge at a very reasonable price.

THE MORRELL BRIDGE STUDIO  
17203 Lahser Road, Redford  
Phone Redford 2007

### LEARN TO TAP DANCE

Boys' and Girls' Classes every Saturday

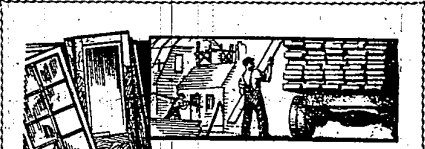
50 cents per Lesson  
GLADYS BOUCHER  
Phone 331 33701 Grand River

## 2 Kinds Of Profits --- and How To Get Them

IN POULTRY RAISING  
There are only two ways of getting returns in the Poultry raising game. One way is Egg Production. The other is for meat Production. It will not pay unless returns begin coming back to you in as short a time as possible.

If you want to get chicks up to Egg Production in 4 to 5 months feed Larro or Globe Starting Feeds. If you want to produce 1 1/2 lb Broilers in at least 10 weeks feed Larro Broiler Ration and top them off with Larro Fattening Mash.

Farmington Mills  
Phone 26



## Everything's DOWN!

### NOW Is The Time To FIX UP!

There never was such an advantageous time for the home-owner to improve, remodel, repair or enlarge the most important place in the world—HOME. Materials are down, and labor is available at very low rates. Every item of cost is in favor of the man who acts now.

The only thing that remains high is our quality—you can rely on the materials we supply to "last a lifetime."

### EVERYTHING IN CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS

Farmington Lumber & Coal Co.

CARL G. HOGLE, Mgr. Phone 20  
Clarenceville Office and Yard Phones:  
Farmington 1

Z. R. ASCHENBRENNER, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Hours: 8:00 to 4:00 p. m.  
Emergency Except Sun. and Wed.  
7:30 to 8:30 p. m.  
Office Phone 169-J  
Residence Phone 165-M  
Farmington  
Cook Bldg.

Dr. E. D. ELSEA  
Osteopathic  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Grand River at Eight Mile Road  
OFFICE HOURS  
8 to 9  
Except Monday (all day) and  
Thursday evening  
Telephone Farmington 32378  
Residence 4231  
If no answer, call Cherry 2254.

DR. H. E. BOICE  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office Phone 307; Res. 132-W.  
OFFICE HOURS:  
1 to 4 p. m. 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.  
Thurs. and Sun. by appointment  
Farmington Mich.

DON M. HOWELL, M. D.  
DR. EAR. NORS AND THORNTON  
At Dr. Aschenbrenner's Office  
OFFICE HOURS:  
Thursday, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.  
Thursday, 7 p. m. to 8:30 p. m.  
And by Appointment  
Telephone 148-2  
Farmington  
Cook Bldg.

DR. B. C. THOMAS  
Physician and Surgeon  
2 Doors East of M. E. Church  
33110 Grand River Ave.  
QUALITY PRINTING  
PROMPT SERVICE  
FARMINGTON ENTERPRISE  
Phone 25-J