

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Re-moralizing
(Christian Science Monitor)

Peace has its victories—and in a post-World War world, its victories—no less than war. The American State Department's recommendation to the Intergovernmental Committee on Political Refugees that those victims of the transfer of the Sudetenland to Germany should be treated with the same consideration as other political refugees, will help to attract new attention to the refugee problem. It will direct the thoughts of humane people the world over to a twofold opportunity. First, it is an opportunity to help others, many of whom are suffering only for their adherence to the democratic point of view. And for us who value tolerance and kindness it is an opportunity to exercise these talents so that they may not be lost to ourselves.

American interest in the plight of Czechoslovakian refugees is particularly keen, as may be seen from the fact that not only is the Intergovernmental Committee being advised to give these refugees "most favored nation" treatment, but in addition to this committee's activities Americans are supporting those of the American Committee for Relief in Czechoslovakia, of which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is chairman, and which is receiving voluntary contributions in cash to the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. As Dr. Butler says, there is "an immediate need to supply food and shelter, clothes and shoes to homeless people," and a longer need for progressive relief in a period of re-education, reemployment and resettlement.

There are practical reasons of self-interest why the world should make co-operative efforts to check the general economic and political disturbance which accompanies the haphazard movements of masses of people. This is recognized by what is even more encouraging and remoralizing is the fact that most of the efforts to help refugees are springing from impulses of unselfish sympathy for those assailed by misfortune—from that love which sees a brother's need and suppleth it.

A New Era

Carmi Democrat-Tribune

Recently an editorial in this newspaper stated there were many new things in the hands of manufacturers which possibly would bring on an era of industrial activity this nation has not known. It added that many of these inventions were to make life better living. Some of this is coming true. Many of us can recall grandmother heating water in the kettle in the back yard and laboring over a washboard for an entire day.

Then came the days of the washing machines with a handle to turn. Later was the electric and gasoline driven washing machines which simplified the task, but still there was water to carry, tubs to fill, clothes to wring, lifting to do and so on.

Now comes one of the new inventions spoken of. This is a clothes washer that requires no attention at all. Running hot water is a necessity. Clothes are placed in the washer and a switch turned. A bit later soap powder is added and in less than a half-hour the clothes are ready to hang on the line or in some cases iron and the housewife has not touched the machine.

The clothes have been rinsed several times and dried as effectively as a wringer would dry them. There was no lifting to do, no tubs to fill, no wringing to feed, in fact the only effort required was to put the dirty clothes in the machine, add some soap powder and take the clothes out.

The housewife could fill the machine on a Saturday or Sunday night and when retiring on Sunday night snap on the switch and arise Monday morning to have clothes ready for the line.

All changes in action are electrically controlled and automatic. This is not an advertising plug. It merely is to familiarize you with what is going on in industry to make life more worth living. If grandmother could come back from heavenly realms for a day to see the modern housewife wash, what would she say? That inspires the thought of what we would think and say should we come back a century or more from now and find out how folk live.

Those predicting the new industrial era and more pleasant living seem to be well informed at this time.

ing detective of breathless fiction ever solved a more baffling mystery than did Massachusetts Tax Commissioner Henry F. Long in ascertaining the legal residence of the late Col. Edward H. R. Green, son of Hetty.

A special master, appointed by the United States Supreme Court, has just recommended that the claims of Texas, New York and Florida to taxes on the Colonel's estate be set aside and the claims of Massachusetts be recognized. The Court accepts this recommendation. It will mean Mr. Long can collect for the Bay State nearly \$5,000,000.

For the last three years Mr. Long has directed the inquiry into the nomadic peregrinations of the Colonel, a figure whose career in jousting and as \$35,000,000 man was nearly as wild as that of the mother who garnered it in the first place and whose front Wall Street manipulations were front page news in the '30s. He actually did the Colonel lay the trails that tax collectors followed, there was indeed room for doubt whether he actually resided on his combination farm, research laboratory and whaling museum in Dartmouth, Mass., or in his \$25,000-a-year New York apartment, in his Florida house, or in his \$500,000-a-year furnished room where he kept a spare pair of trousers.

But Mr. Long and his staff pieced together each fact and finally presented evidence that won this favor from the Supreme Court. The claim goes to Court for final decision. No wonder Massachusetts taxpayers are applauding their persistent tax sleuth.

A Reason For Thanksgiving

(Christian Science Monitor)

The Pilgrim Fathers, who kept Thanksgiving Day of 1621, are among the first refugees to find haven in North America. In their festival they gave thanks for dangers past and blessings to come. Standing on the edge of a vast wilderness, with unknown perils on every hand, having a proven faith in God's providence, they prepared to face their second winter in the New World.

These were refugees of the seventeenth century; and all Americans are proud of their steadfast courage in the face of tremendous obstacles. Today we see other refugees driven from countries in Central Europe, where their families made homes for centuries. The plight of many is in some respects even harder than the plight of the Pilgrims, who, once arrived, had a feeling of solidarity, of completeness, which sprayed them against the attacks of the elements and of their enemies. The Pilgrims also had a great content in their life to settle; they at least were not confronted with a world which seems to consider itself already over-populated.

It is on such a world that many will look this Thanksgiving Day. None of us can be untouched by this blessing of sharing with the Pilgrims: the one God who was their standby is present to help everyone who seeks His help. Religion has been lifted, for, without the religion of faith alone, into the realm of greater understanding of the goodness of God. In that understanding lies the harmony and safety for which the pilgrims of today yearn.

To know that wherever duty leads one is the God-protected place for him, and that no other place in the world can afford a more certain sense of safety—is that not cause for rejoicing? As we gather for Thanksgiving we can rejoice to know that, whatever the appearance, there is no country and no place where His voice is not heard. With such understanding men can face the wilderness of human hopes with even greater courage than did the Pilgrims.

NEW RULING FOR EMPLOYERS

Employers of labor will be interested in an announcement just made by the U. S. Treasury Department, relating to the filing of certain returns required under the Social Security Act. The new ruling is that employers are not required to file the special informational return under Title VIII of the Social Security Act for employees who are 65th birthday anniversary occurs on or before January 2, 1937, or for any employee who dies after Sept. 30, 1938, or whose 65th anniversary of birth occurs on or after Oct. 2, 1938. The Pontiac social security office, of which Walter B. Redman is manager, will give further information concerning this announcement upon request.

Eola's Heartstrings

By KAREN L. ASBRAND
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"BUT, I've got to have him!"

The same old story! The same play upon Eola's heartstrings! Natalie's warm young arms tight about Eola's neck, her lovely eyes reverently melting with tears, and Eola's reserve forces always broke down.

Whatever it was—a new gown, a hat, the price of a theater ticket, or a trip to the seashore—it always spelled opportunity to the younger girl. A little play upon Eola's heartstrings, and she had it.

There was no doing daddy to hand out an allowance to Natalie. Eola, a little bit faded now, a little bit worn, was all that was. Seven years of toil for the little sister left in her charge had left their mark on her. She had been eighteen then, just the age Natalie was now, and pretty, like Natalie. She had looked into a future vivid with possibilities. Then the "flu" had deprived her of both parents.

At that time there had been Natalie, demanding so much, and thoughtlessly never considering whence it came. Eola had laid aside all her dreams for Natalie.

SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

And now—"But I've got to have him!"

The arms hurt Eola for just a second. A tear splashed upon her hand. "It's the chance of my life," Natalie said. "There's nobody like Craig Cameron. You'd ought to see to get him. The girls are all in green because I got a chance to go to this dance with him. He's rich as Croesus, and no kid like the rest of the boys. 'Course, his sister invited me this time, but he'll ask me places himself when he knows me. He doesn't know a soul here. Just one dress, darling, so I can make a good impression."

Another tear Eola melted, and wrote out a check. "If I catch him," sang Natalie, "your last expense for me will be my wedding."

Natalie gone, Eola spread her last year's black crepe over the ironing board, and tested the iron with a moistened forefinger. Through the living room door, a full-sized crayon portrait of Natalie—gay and resplendent as a butterfly in blue and silver—smiled at her saucily. A vague loneliness came over Eola. She hated the black crepe, bought for service and wear, rather than beauty. A great longing to imagine herself as gay, as popular, as beautiful as the little sister possessed her.

Setting aside the iron she hurried upstairs. She raided Natalie's closet. Everything was of the best, and most of it scarcely worn. Why not try on one or two? She was the same size as Natalie. Exhilaration flowed like wine through her soul as she slipped on the clinging little gown of the portrait. Copenhagen blue with silver trimmings. She had just splashed a silver rose at a coquettish angle in the thick, unbobbed masses of her hair, when the bell rang.

Consternation followed each step downstairs. The tall, fine-looking man who stood there was a stranger to her.

"I am Craig Cameron," he introduced himself. "I believe I am speaking to Miss Natalie Wayne?" "I am her sister."

She smiled at his evident surprise, as she led the way to the living room. Craig Cameron? Why, he was much older than she had expected. Natalie was a mere baby compared with him. There were tired lines about his mouth and his black hair was already tinged with gray.

When Natalie tripped in the two were engaged in each other. "How about including your sister in our little party tonight?" asked Craig Cameron. "My sister wanted me to make a formal call on Miss Natalie. She didn't tell me about the charming sister."

What could Natalie do but acquiesce? And as she parted the flush rose to Eola's cheek, as he held her hand and said: "I want to see you as often as you will let me."

Natalie fled. Upstairs Eola found her in a storm of tears. "See what you've done," she sobbed. "You—you mustn't go tonight." Eola stood rigid. The play upon her heartstrings again. Natalie turned a tear-stained face toward her.

"The ideal!" she stormed in. "To make an impression on him in my clothes. To take him away from me! My sister that I trusted so!" Eola said a hard on Natalie's arm but the girl flung it aside. "It was my opportunity," she cried.

New Figure Appearing on Phone Books



The drawing "The Spirit of Communication," which is being adopted as a standard design on the covers of many Bell System telephone directories, it pictures the 22-foot symbolic bronze figure, "The Genius of Electricity," which surmounts the headquarters building of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York.

Wherever he may travel throughout this country, the American telephone user recognizes the "Blue Bell" as the symbol of a familiar and convenient telephone service. Now one more symbol is being adopted which will gradually become almost as familiar on the covers of Bell System telephone directories.

This is the drawing known as "The Spirit of Communication," adapted from the statue called "The Genius of Electricity."

Since 1916 the symbolic figure "The Genius of Electricity," in gilded bronze, has crowned the tower of the Headquarters building of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York City. The statue was the successful finalist in a competition participated in by eight leading sculptors.

The heroic winged figure stands poised on a globe, his left arm pointed toward the sky from which he has snatched the thunderbolts grasped tightly in his hand. His right arm supports coils of a telephone cable, one end of which he holds, while longer loops sweep gracefully around his body.

Located 434 feet above the street level, the statue is 22 feet high from the tip of the thunderbolt to the bottom of the globe, which is supported by a delicately molded pedestal of Greek classical contouring to the architecture of the building. The statue with this pedestal weighs 16 tons.

This weight, and the great area of the wings, which extend about nine feet from the body, imposed definite engineering problems both in holding the statue into place and in maintaining it in position against the high winds which sometimes prevail in New York.

During a storm, it is interesting to note, the thunderbolts faithfully perform the role they represent, if they serve as a lightning rod.

These applications, whether they are addressed to our office, as should be the case, or whether they are directed to the postmaster, our office issues account numbers for Macomb and Oakland counties. Postmasters have the application blanks which individual use in obtaining account numbers, but our office issues the numbers, both originals and duplicates to replace those account number cards which have been lost or destroyed.

Notice To Applicants For Social Security

Persons who apply for social security numbers by mail must attach regular first class postage to their letters, according to Walter B. Redman, Manager of the Pontiac social security office. Recently Postmaster Norman Lee has received numerous social security applications sent in without postage. Mr. Redman said this week "Postage must be paid on all

Thanksgiving Spirit...

Thanksgiving is not all a matter of what may be in the hand or on the table. Some of the richest human blessings come from the treasures which lie in the heart and brain and soul of man.

This nation is one of the most favored of the earth; its blessings you share in bountiful measure—however small may be your worldly goods.

THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK
Farmington, Michigan

All the news is not on the front page. Read the Enterprise advertisements.

It Pays To Advertise!

ECONOMY Sale

The new 1938 Electrolux offers you the last word in Automatic Refrigeration.

No Moving parts—No Noise and No wear... Now or years from now.

Terms as long as 2 1/2 years to pay.

A beauty for looks and cooking, too—this latest A-B Table Top, "Toe-base" design.

Automatic lighting, new type speed and simmer burners, "clean as a whistle." Big roomy oven. Roll-out type, smokeless broiler. Oven control easy on radio dialing. Specially priced at \$69.50. Terms to 2 1/2 years.

Trade in your wasteful, laxy old heater and furnace out on an automatic gas water heater. Liberal allowance. See the Consumers special and Miro-Shell, beginning at \$38. Terms to 2 1/2 years.

Consumers Power Co.

2612 Farmington Road Phone 304