

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Aerial Ties of Empire

The spectacular flight of three Royal Air Force planes from Egypt to Australia gives Britain much more to cheer about than a new world's nonstop distance record. To travel-minded subjects of the Empire on which the sun never sets, the thundering exhausts of those Vickers Wellington bombers mark the dawning of that long-awaited day when the distances that divide its far-flung fragments are measured in hours instead of weeks and months.

Bringing Up Parents

In New York, the Child Study Association of America has just had a conference. It may have some useful hints for those child study associations which foregather informally in every home when Harry gets out of hand or Peggy becomes a problem.

some horses yet to draw the big red wagons, will they be as big broad backed, sleek and dappled as the Percherons in that parade? Wonder what a coltallope will sound like in swing tempo? Will there be "jitters" in the parade? Well, never mind that. The big thing is that the Big Top is coming back. And no matter how many innovations, "the elephants, kangaroos, sawdust and peanuts still will be there. It will welcome the prodigal institution back to the savanna arena. Ladies and gentlemen, step right this way—

Re-Enter: The Caveman

The people living in an around London aren't at all sure whether they were set to digging for holes and bomb and gas proof shelters in the recent crisis to protect themselves or to protect the world. He was muchly strengthened in his dealings with Herr Hitler by the anti-aircraft precautions to which the people were stimulated. Although he is undecided now whether these holes kept Mr. Chamberlain out of one, they are learning that neither the nor the authorities were doing the thing well. He was muchly strengthened in his dealings with Herr Hitler by the anti-aircraft precautions to which the people were stimulated. Although he is undecided now whether these holes kept Mr. Chamberlain out of one, they are learning that neither the nor the authorities were doing the thing well.

Drunkness Condoned?

I never believe in punishing a man for being intoxicated," says a New York Magistrate Court Justice, "but there is one thing about drinking under modern conditions that is a distinct peril. The traffic figure of dead men on the street by motor accidents show that almost 50 per cent of those who are killed had been drinking heavily." As a partial remedy for this situation the magistrate suggests police officers as "a kindness" to remove such men from the streets and to detain them at the police station if necessary until they are able to negotiate safely. Yet it is to be hoped that drinkers will not read this magistrate's words as condoning drunkenness. One of the unfortunate features of drinking is that rarely does the man stumble or injure himself alone. And the damage done by intemperance goes far behind the headlines telling of destruction on the highways.

Circus Redivivus

Almost submerged beneath the avalanche of election results was the news that the circus was back in the ring next spring. Here is something to cheer about! The Biggest Show, it seems, has ironed out the labor troubles which caused it to trek back to winter quarters last summer and will come bigger and brighter and more beautiful than ever. It will be modernized, streamlined, air-conditioned, color-conscious and set to swing time—a circus such as no one has ever seen. Yet even with all these new features, will it be as thrilling, wonderous, as the first circus ever saw, in a county seat village forty-two years ago. One of the freaks in that one was a "horseless carriage" at the head of a gorgeous, glittering parade down Main Street to the fair grounds. And even if the circus hasn't been entirely motorized and there are

PERSONALITIES IN MUSIC

VINCENT YOUMANS, A. S. C. A. P.
"Melodic Fisherman"



WHETHER songwriters are born or made—has always been a question. An examination of biographies of hundreds of composers members of A. S. C. A. P. shows, however, that the majority of true-smiths developed like Topsy. They "just grewed" from other plans projected by their parents. Vincent Youmans, for instance, was intended to be an engineer—but destined to become a composer—one of the leading writers of modern music: comedy—as "No, No, Nanette," "Hit the Deck," "Great Day," and other productions. Born in New York City, September 27, 1896, of Irish-English ancestry the parental program pointed to an engineering degree at Sheffield, Yale's famous engineering school. Vincent's uncle had been a passenger at Yale, coxswain of the Varsity Crew of 1887. He wanted his nephew to continue in his steps.

WEST POINT PARK

Miss Shirley Zwahlen was the Sunday dinner guest of Mrs. William Midway. Mrs. Albert Martin treated a few of her neighbors with a chop suey dinner at her home Saturday evening. Cards were the after-dinner diversion.

Carmina and the Book

By ALICE HARRIS LEWIS
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PEGGY looked out the window and there they were in the garden—Carmina and Barry. Carmina was curled up on the rustic bench with a red cretonne pillow beneath her head. She affected red lips whenever she thought because she thought it made her look vampish. Peggy decided it made her look idiotic. But Barry—well, Barry seemed to think her adorable. It was not the sight of Carmina, though, that made Peggy's heart skip a beat. It was what she saw in Barry's hand. A thick sheaf of paper. It was the manuscript of his book, and he was about to read it to Carmina.

Peggy left the window, abruptly. "His book—the book he made me swear never to tell about. And now he's reading it to her," she whispered. "Oh, I had only just realized how I loved him before Carmina came! But, somehow, I didn't—I just took him for granted and now she's got him. But I'll get him back again, just see if I don't!" Every day, thereafter, Carmina and Barry held an author's reading, while Peggy watched them, covertly, from a window. "She can't see me," she told him away from her, "she would rage, and something within would ask, mockingly, 'And how?'"

There came a morning when the garden was rain soaked and there was no chance for a comfortable reading of the last three chapters of the book. Peggy knew they were going to skip the last three chapters. "I don't like to see you read that," she said to Barry, "I don't like to see you read that."

Before Barry even dreamed of what she intended to do, she snatched the manuscript from the table and tore it into hundreds of pieces. "Not only will you never read it to me, but you will never read it to any one else," she added, tossing the bits of paper into the air, she went out and slammed the door. Peggy met her in the hall. "You've never read it, but I know it wasn't the right word, but it is the best she could think of at the time. 'You ought to be horse-whipped. But let me tell you something, young lady. Barry will read that book to somebody. I'm a humdrum at young puzzles, and I'm going to piece it together again.'"

"Good luck to you," replied Carmina. "Sorry I'm leaving tonight for home and can't lend you my valuable assistance." As Peggy entered the room, Barry was staring dumbly at the snowstorm of paper about him. "It's Peggy, Barry. I heard. Don't worry. I'm a whiz at mending and I'll patch it together again." At last the manuscript was whole again. "I told you it could be done," she boasted. "It only needed paste and patience." Suddenly, he came over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "What a little sport you are, Peggy," he said. "And ever the way you read." But Carmina—well, you know Carmina—

Say It With Soap



Drown Your Troubles in a Bath

THE human skin was the first material ever made that could honestly be labelled "guaranteed washable." It took mankind a long time to find it out, and many backward nations haven't found it out yet. Even among us there are some who haven't fully discovered how thoroughly tubbath their bodies are.

JOIN OUR 1939 CHRISTMAS CLUB

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2.00 20.00	5.00 50.00

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