

The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888
HYMAN LEVINSON, Publisher
C. J. LEHMANN, Mgr. Printing Dept.
PHONE 25-74

Published Thursday of each week and
entered at the Post Office at Farm-
ington, Oakland County, Mich., as second
class mail matter.

Subscription Rates:
(In Oakland and Wayne Counties)
One Year \$10.00
Six Months \$5.00
Three Months \$2.50
Outside Oakland and Wayne Counties
One Year \$12.00

MEMBER:
National Editorial Association
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Editorial

WILL YOU BE "GEORGE"?

With the most serious obstacle to a paving program in Farmington removed by decisive vote of the people, residents should be starting immediately to circulate their petitions. While next Spring seems a long way off now, there is always considerable detail to be taken care of in improvement work, and often a good deal of time is required.

Further, under the Farmington City Charter, special improvements contemplated for next year are to be included in the budget which the mayor is required to submit to the City Commission before the first of January. Allowing two weeks for the Mayor's work, there remains, then, only one month for the preparation and circulation of petitions.

It sometimes happens that things of this kind fall of realization, not through opposition, but merely because of lack of initiative. It requires but one person to start a petition, but frequently the work is left for "George" to do. It is hoped that each street on which there is any sentiment at all for paving, will have at least one resident who will himself act as "George"—and "do it."

IT SHOULD BE "A THING OF BEAUTY"

Long ago it was said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and certainly anyone who drives between here and Pontiac, and notes in passing Sylvan Lake's beautiful "Daniel Whitfield School" building facing on Orchard Lake road, cannot but agree that here is inspiration for other works. And among them is the proposed new County building which is under consideration by the Board of Supervisors.

Much of the problem, if not the greatest part of it, turns on the question of location. But whatever the location, the County building ought to be one of beauty, a structure that can be pointed to with pride as the seat of County government. It can and should be so beautiful that every school-child in the County would be taken to it for an annual visit. And it should be a building which with frequent visiting would grow more, rather than less, beautiful.

It is needless to say, of course, that such an ideal cannot be realized on the site of the present court-house, or even the "old jail" site behind the court-house. A building such as described requires sufficient space to set off its beauty.

This seems to offer the most serious objection to a civic center in conjunction with the City of Pontiac. Pontiac's needs will require a City Hall somewhere near the center of the business-section. This is just the contrary to the first requirement for a County building, which is that it be far enough away from the high-priced district to afford plenty of parking space for automobiles, as well as sufficient land to do justice to the truly beautiful structure which we hope the new County building will be.

FRANK S. NEAL

Farmington shares Northville's sorrow in the passing of Frank S. Neal, postmaster of that village, who died at his home Tuesday after a short illness of pneumonia.

Mr. Neal was a well-known figure throughout this section of the State, and was particularly familiar to Farmington residents, as a close friend of the late Governor Warner. He was a strong supporter of Mr. Warner, and served under him as State oil inspector. His two terms in the State legislature were distinguished, as was his work as a newspaper publisher.

A kindly, friendly man, who often went out of his way to be of help to others, frequently to strangers, Mr. Neal will long be remembered with affection.

Picked Up At Random By Contributor

Civic Center At Pontiac

Oakland County residents, especially those living in Pontiac and vicinity, are giving some thought to the question of providing new and much needed larger county and city buildings. There seems to be a decided preference for a new location for the court house and the creating of a civic center at some convenient point in that city.

The plan is an excellent one, and will no doubt prove highly popular with Oakland County citizens generally. If new buildings are to be erected in the near future now is the proper time to fix upon a suitable location and a suitable location is all important. The donation of a site by parties interested in boosting surrounding real estate values might be an expensive one in the end. The interest and convenience of the people of Oakland County should be the first consideration. The city and county can better afford to pay a reasonable price for the right location than to accept free or at small cost one of questionable merit.

When the right site is found and decided upon it should not be owned jointly by the county and city, but that part on which it is proposed to erect county buildings should be owned by the county, the buildings paid for by the county and used exclusively by it. The city should do the same with its part. There should be a definite understanding between the parties that all buildings and landscaping be of harmonious design. The Board of Supervisors should insist upon this point. There is no valid reason for joint ownership or occupancy. The county should not build a magnificent city hall for Pontiac. If it does the building or buildings will sooner or later pass to the absolute control of the city and in a few years the county will be looked upon merely as a tenant at will.

Join Pontiac in creating a fine civic center, properly located, but see to it that the county retains absolute ownership and control of its buildings.

Women and The Ballot

That women voters as a rule look upon this "Personal Liberty" question in an altogether different light than do some of the self-styled lords of creation, is the consensus of opinion of those who have held post mortems over election returns from Detroit and Chicago districts heretofore considered wringing wet.

In these strong wet precincts, it is noted, there was a very large increase this year of women voters and as no marked change in masculine sentiment on the liquor question was apparent, it is quite obvious that the women who with Old John Barleycorn a solar plexus wallop.

It is quite natural that women should look upon the liquor problem from a decidedly different viewpoint. She does not see the proud male champion of personal rights when he is in the first stages of alcoholic exuberance at the club or pig; flush of cheek and pocketbook and snapping of the stein on the table to the rhythmic beat of "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here."

It's quite another picture the woman gets when that advocate of personal liberty reels home at 3 a. m., stripped clean as a hound's tooth, a sorry and miserable specimen of humanity.

Women have learned how to use the ballot and their ballot is sure to have a powerful influence on legislative, executive and judicial departments of government.

Nobody likes compulsion but we must all submit to it if we hope to get along in this world.

Coat Tails and Murilla

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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THE thought of youth may be long thoughts—but they are not half so long as the thoughts of a single woman, just turning thirty-five, who sees a desirable matrimonial prospect vanishing around the corner. That is what it seemed to Murilla that Eben Osgood, a devoted avowal of some years' standing, was doing and it was to his flapping coat tails that her long, long thoughts suggested a shingle. For the first time in a decade he had not invited her to the annual outing of the Kimball Wire company of which they were both employees.

Murilla did not know for a fact that he intended asking anyone to her place, but she held grave suspicions concerning a pert and pretty little stenographer, called Dorrie Jensen, who had lately been annexed to the office force. She was strongly of the opinion that she ought to waste no time combatting this pert and pretty person's flapper charms.

Eben had three ways by which he might be approached. He yearned for a home in place of an odorous boarding house. He loved good food. He liked to be read aloud to of an evening. Murilla decided to get a struggle hold on those coat tails by using all three.

Accordingly she waylaid Eben when the five o'clock whistle sounded. "I'm moving to my new house tomorrow," she said a little hurriedly, "and hope you will drop in to see it Friday evening at eight." Then she beat a retreat, partly to prevent further questioning, partly because she needed every minute that was left.

She had used her noon hour to draw out a rather large proportion of her savings and with the crisp new bills she now hastened toward that section of the city where apartment houses were springing up almost overnight like flourishing mushrooms.

So reckless was her attitude that she was no way balked by their high prices and presently she found herself in possession of a three-room suite with a month's rent paid in advance. Rapidly she proceeded to estimate, measure, consider.

Her noon hour the following day was spent dithering from one store to another. Fortunately only the living room and kitchen need be furnished.

Don't imagine for a minute that Murilla was purchasing her chairs and lamps and chinches outright. She was too doubtful of the outcome to do that. Her plan was to buy them all on the installment plan, making the smallest possible down payment. If the scheme fell through, she would surrender them immediately, charging their initial cost to profit and loss.

The agent for the apartment house had been most kind, warmly approving of Murilla's every suggestion. Perhaps her feverish industry between the parties or perhaps he, too, a homely old fellow of forty, was beginning to wonder if, after all, a bachelor's lot was to be his. At any rate, he evinced unmistakable pleasure when Murilla asked his advice.

Friday evening found the stage as completely set for Eben as Murilla had dreamed. Shaded lights, two chairs drawn to a table on which lay three of the season's six best sellers, a bowl of yellow daisies on the mantel. In the lexicon Eben's favorite salad cooled and chicken a la king was ready to reheat.

Murilla, in a new gray gown, her hair softly waved, became the finishing touch as she took her seat in the rush rocker with a nervousness she admirably concealed.

She jumped at a sudden rap on the door. That was not Eben. Eben would have to ring and be admitted. This must be—and was—Mr. Cummings, the agent.

"Just thought I'd step around and see how 'every little thing was' it," he declared. "You certainly have got things cozy!" he added wistfully. As he advanced into the room for a better view, a man brushed by him and got there first.

"I came right in, Murilla," said Eben cheerfully, "along with this man, although I guess he didn't notice me!" Mechanically, Murilla introduced them. She had not thought to entertain two guests that evening. Resenting her predicament, she was illogical enough to take out her resentment on Eben, who least deserved it.

At last Eben rose to go and the agent rose, too. A mound of polite goodbyes and Murilla was left with her lights and her rugs and her flowers and her shattered dreams. How hateful she had been to Eben, making him feel unwelcome when he it was who had been invited, when he it was for whom all this existed!

Suddenly, the door opened softly and Eben stepped inside. "I knew that fellow would never leave till I did," he declared. "So I took him out and lost him in his own halls. Time I married you and took care of you, Murilla. It's no place for a lady alone in one of these apartments with agents and everybody hanging around. If I said, 'Name the day!' how would you answer me?"

Murilla, a lovely light in her eyes, forgot that she had gone to great lengths to secure this very moment and add became as traditionally embarrassed as a mid-Victorian maiden. "Oh, Eben," she murmured, "this is so sudden!" But, after all, she had better get him down. "How about tomorrow?"

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