

The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888
By Edgar R. Bloomer
As
"A Permanent Journal of
Progress"

BYMAN LEVINSON, Publisher
C. J. LEHMANN, Mgr. Printing Dept.
PHONE 25-12

Published Thursday of each week and
carried at the Post Office at Farmington,
Mich., Oakland County, Mich., as second
class mail matter.

MEMBER:
National Editorial Association
Michigan Press Association
Oakland County Weekly Press Assn.



Editorial

IT SHOULD BE DONE AGAIN—
AND MORE OF IT

Toward the end of last winter, Farmington officials did a very practical thing in sanding the icy surface of Grand River avenue near Division street, making it possible for drivers of automobiles to stop their cars before reaching the traffic signal-light. Undoubtedly a number of collisions were averted thereby.

The same work will be of value this winter, and it ought not only to be started with the first stormy weather, but it should be extended, to provide greater safety wherever danger exists.

The pavement at the main and Junction corners should be sanded, and also the streets where there are steep grades, such as Shiawassee street east of Warner and Division street north of Shiawassee. Salt might be used to particular advantage on the grades.

The saving in the prevention of one serious accident would more than repay the small cost of this work, aside from the element of human danger and suffering involved.

HE MIGHT DO THIS

Of all that has been said about paving in Farmington, nothing surpasses the remark of that owner of property on Thomas street at the City Commission meeting last week, when he said he "wants either paving or a boat."

Anyone who has seen the water standing on Thomas street can sympathize with Mr. Thayer. It is quite certain, however, that he will get neither paving nor a boat before Spring. And even if he did get a boat he couldn't use it for several months, anyway. Mr. Thayer might, however, write and ask Santa Claus for a pair of ice-skates.

STOP THIS!

Michigan's Governor has been commended several times in recent months in these columns, and though at the risk of tiring our readers of his praise, we cannot refrain from calling attention to another act which marks Fred W. Green apart from the usual run of officials and executives. Not the least notable and praiseworthy act of his governorship is his denunciation this week of "third degree" methods in questioning of men charged with crime.

"Questioning" hardly describes it, for those who have been close to police work know that very often the asking of questions is only a small part of the "investigation" business. You can set it down for fact that when the newspapers say a suspect is being "grilled by the police," he is being subjected to a whole lot of more than questions—often beating, twisting of limbs, and other tortures. And the sad fact is that the same methods are often used on innocent men with unblemished records, as upon the most hardened criminals.

It is a credit to Governor Green and the State of Michigan that he recognized, in the Flossie Carter murder case, that the mental torture to which Lee Bracey, Olivet College freshman, was subjected

THE OLD TOWN PUMP

I'm glancing thru the paper
Of anniversary date;
I found they left out part of the picture
Of our town so old and great.

For right upon the curb line,
In the center of the town
Stood the old town pump,
All painted reddish brown.

The camouflage was mighty good.
Of that time of previous days;
It stood amongst the hitching posts,
And served its many ways.

'Twas just a box, rectangular,
Upended there it stood;
The handle from side to side—
A crowbar made of wood.

It beckoned with its old strong arm
And called the kids from play;
But never could it quench the thirst
Of those who crossed the way.

'Twas handy to the barber shop
'Twould make a lather while
Ensnared within the barber chairs
The men discussed their fight.

Prohibition bothered none
Woman's rights were nil;
Their tresses long were coiled up tight,
They never crossed that sill.

The barber shop it still serves on.
The steps are worn and thin;
The men hurry to their work—
The women are within.

But the old town pump has had its day.
A flag post marks its grave;
And when patriotism waxes warm,
The colors gently wave.

Dec. 5, 1928. —Imogene Bickins.

was just as brutal and revolting as physical punishment, and that the Governor spoke out quickly and clearly. As the Governor said, "to compel a young man to stand beside the corpse of a girl who is perhaps his dearest friend, hold the hand of that corpse and look down at the wound that caused her death, seems to be going far beyond the proper scope of what an investigation is supposed to be." It certainly does, and yet young Bracey was forced to endure that for four hours. He will be an exceptional man if he gets over that ordeal as long as he lives. And not the least unpleasant fact about these police cases is that there is no redress, even in the small way that redress might be possible.

There is no brutality like police brutality in cases such as this, and none so unnecessary. The methods used against hardened gunmen if applicable anywhere, are not to be applied to innocent men who happen to be acquainted with crime victims, or nearby when the crime is committed. We will have no right to call ourselves civilized until this sort of work on the part of the police is stamped out.

OAKLAND
County
PINIONS

A lot of Pontiac people cannot get away from the fact that Oakland County is bounded on the east by Auburn Heights, north by the G. T. bridge over the Dixie, west by the state hospital and south by the south boulevard.

Multiply it by 52: send that relative or dear friend who once lived here a subscription to the old home town paper for Christmas.

The bill for that junket will not look so big if our supervisors do not let Pontiac's delegation have all the say about the thing.

Picked Up At Random

By Contributor

When Distress Excites Our Mercy

"Hard is the task of justice when distress
Excites our mercy, yet demands redress."
—Clibber.

A scene recently took place in a Chicago court room which proves conclusively that at times judges, court officers and jurors are moved by emotional impulses to such a degree that all barriers of reason and sound judgment are ruthlessly brushed aside and rendered ineffectual in properly and decorously guiding judicial procedure.

A father was on trial in the Chicago court charged with the murder of his son. The evidence showed that he had come home drunk and was abusing his wife

when his son interfered, remarking that he would rather be dead than be the son of a drunkard. The father thereupon shot his son, killing him.

The broken-hearted father on the witness stand told the pitiful story. The prosecutor sobbed and asked for an acquittal. The judge was deeply moved and perfunctorily charged the jury which retired and in five minutes returned to the court room. The foreman arose and in a voice shaking with emotion announced a verdict of "Not guilty."

Some years ago an exceedingly pretty and modest girl, still in her teens, stood before the bar of justice in Macomb County charged with the murder of her father, a Civil War veteran. The evidence in the case, according to the laws of Michigan, stamped her act as first degree murder. The taking of her father's life had been deliberate. She shot him while he was asleep in a chair in the kitchen of the family home.

It was a Sunday afternoon. The father had come home intoxicated and commenced abusing his daughter, which had become a regular and frequent occurrence. The girl, in a fit of resentment at his unjust treatment, rushed out of the kitchen and going to the woodshed secured a shotgun. Returning to the kitchen she found her father asleep in a chair. She deliberately raised the weapon and taking aim at her father's head, pulled the trigger.

When the girl finished her story on the witness stand tears were streaming down the prosecutor's cheeks, the judge was visibly affected, there was not a dry eye in the jury box and much sobbing could be heard throughout the crowded court room.

The prosecutor arose and asked that a verdict of "Not guilty" be rendered. The judge acquiesced and the jury so found. While the verdicts in the cases above mentioned were in direct opposition to the evidence, yet they will not find a place in that long list of "miscarriages of justice," but each will be classed as a play of human emotion in which hearts were trumped with mercy running wild.

Patron Saint of Christmas

St. Nicholas, as the patron saint of Christmas, seems to have been adopted by America; Father Christmas is indigenous to Britain, Santa Claus to Germany, and Kris Kringle to Poland, but they all seem to be variants of the first-named.

Christmas and Color

Few of us realize how much color has to do with our happiness. What would Christmas be without the brightness of holly, red Christmas bells, and evergreens?

Legend of the Mistletoe

The legend of the mistletoe and its connection with kissing belong to a distant past, and comes from Scandinavia.

Fir as Christmas Tree

The fir tree as a Christmas tree had its origin in Germany.

Christmas Day

And any day is Christmas
When shepherd thoughts at morn
Behold the star that glows above
A good impulse, new-born!

Christmas Wreaths



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