

## The Farmington Enterprise

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

HYMAN LEVINSON, Publisher  
C. J. LEHMANN, Mgr. Printing Dept.  
PHONE 22-22

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

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



## Editorial

## A. WORTH-WHILE DREAM

The picture of the "ideal Farmington" drawn in the article read recently before the Farmington Woman's Club, and printed in this issue of the Enterprise, is, of course, impossible of realization except in the far-distant future. Undoubtedly even the author realizes that only in Utopia would so many desirable factors of community life be combined in one town.

But aside from consideration of the picture as a whole, is it not worth-while to conceive such an ideal, and then to go about the work of achieving those portions of it that are within our grasp? If not from some such ideal as this, whence will our inspiration come for the future Farmington that most of us would like to see?

If the world is better today than it was a hundred years ago, or five hundred, it is because of the dreams of men and women who lived long ago. Yesterday's dreams are today's actualities. Today's ideals are tomorrow's achievements.

One thing is certain. It is, that however useless it may appear to dream of "impossible" things, such "dreaming" is worth a thousand times more than sitting down hard on everything and saying, "It can't be done, and 'We're against it anyway.'"

Incidentally, if you read the article over, and think a bit, you'll probably agree that quite a few of these things are far from impossible; in fact, they're well within our reach, with a little expenditure and a lot of good, hard, united community effort. It's surprising what this combination can do. Why not try it?

Official thermometer showed 32 below zero at the Milford Proving Ground. As if we needed proof that it was cold!

## MAYOR BUTTERFIELD

Farmington is pleased to know that although retiring from his office in April, Mayor Wells D. Butterfield will continue to make his home in this community. As he has been a conscientious and unselfish executive, Mayor Butterfield is also a good citizen, with the welfare and progress of his community close to his heart.

Besides the distinction of being Farmington's first mayor, Mr. Butterfield may look back also with satisfaction, particularly upon one achievement of the past year. If the City of Farmington is anywhere near realization of one of its greatest needs, a paving program, Mayor Butterfield is surely entitled to a large share of the credit. It was mainly his persistent effort on behalf of the necessary charter amendment, that finally put it on the ballot last fall. Time after time he brought the matter to the fore, and assured its being placed before the people.

Farmington is to have a new mayor soon, and we feel that no one will join with us more heartily than Mayor Butterfield in calling upon the entire community for united support of the new executive, whoever he may be.

## PLYMOUTH STEPS AHEAD

A review of accomplishments during 1928 in the Village of Plymouth was published recently by the Plymouth Mail. It reveals a record of which Plymouth may well be proud. We congratulate our neighbors upon their achievement.

Farmington cannot, of course, undertake improvements to the extent of those installed in Plymouth, which is much larger. But the record ought to furnish inspiration for Farmington. It reads as follows:

"That the Village of Plymouth is not content to remain indefinitely a community with unimproved streets and without adequate storm and sanitary sewers for the drainage improvements which distinguish the progressive, forward looking municipality from the town with no prospects of growth or advancement, is clearly indicated by a review of the program of public improvements undertaken and carried to completion by the Village during the past year. Progress made during the twelve months period has established a record for the Village, for at no time in the past has as extensive a program of public improvements been undertaken in any one year."

"The public improvement program carried through during 1928 included the construction of 3.65 miles of pavements upon ten streets in the Village; the construction of storm sewers for the drainage of streets being paved; the replacement of iron pipe used in water service connections with lead pipe, particularly upon such streets as underlying paving; and a number of such miscellaneous improvements as the reconstruction and widening of a number of street intersections where cross streets open into main thoroughfares; the construction of new sidewalks in various parts of the Village; the construction of a 70-foot monolithic section of 7-foot concrete culvert at the intersection of Tonguish Creek and South Harvey Street, etc."

A good year's work for a town the size of Plymouth!

Last week one of our advertisers, offering blankets, warned in his advertisement: "Plenty of cold weather ahead yet." He'll have plenty of "colder confidence" from now on.

News item—one of our neighbors got his car started one morning this week.

## Random Hits

By Contributor

The Old Rugged Tax Roll Will Carry The Burden

Again State officials and Legislators are wrestling with that age-old and most perplexing of problems: How to secure more tax-money without increasing the tax-rate?

Many schemes purporting to do just this thing have been sprung upon an anxious public by aspiring Moses desirous of leading the people out of the wilderness, which later bump up against the same old obstacle met by the man who attempted to lift himself over the fence by his boot-straps.

Thus shining lights appear above the horizon, glow brightly for a short period, then sink into the limbo of forgotten things.

Every time a proposition is up for raising more money it is the owner of tangible property who has cause to groan, for after all it is said and done the old tax-roll of our forefathers' days, with its many inequalities, faults and crudities, seems to be the only anchor to windward that will keep the ship of state in matters of taxation, out of the trough of the sea.

## Way Down East Somewhere

"As I walk through the lofty domes and corridors of your state Court House I note poignantly the unmistakable aroma of skunk!" We read somewhere recently—we don't recall just where—the foregoing comment by an observer whose keenness of perception readily detected lurking evidence of invidious things ordinarily hidden to less observing persons by dignity of architecture, and sculptured or painted symbols of justice, truth and beauty.

Praise be, The Court House referred to is way down in New Hampshire, Vermont or Massachusetts.

Love sometimes sneaks out at the window without waiting for poverty to come in at the door.

Some men will stand up for the fair sex everywhere—except in a street car.

## Accidents Will Happen

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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LUCIE gave one long, last defiant glance at her clinging reflection in the oval glass, turned gravely and went to her mother's room.

"Here, I am, mother," she said quietly.

Mrs. Delmore, recovering from a badly sprained ankle, leaned forward on her couch. Her fine eyes were sad. In silence she regarded her lovely daughter, marked the lack of gaiety, the white look about her pink lips, and decided, that pale primrose was not quite becoming.

"You are lovely, darling," she said.

"I know what you are thinking, mother dear," Lucie ran forward and fell beside the couch, her eyes hidden against her mother's white hair. "You are thinking that instead of being Eleanor's bridesmaid I should be wearing white and should be marrying."

"Her voice shook."

"Not Colonel Happle—he's quite too old for Eleanor!"

The interruption had the desired effect. "No," laughed Lucie, hugging her mother, "but I did think you were grieving over my broken engagement. I am sure it is for the best and that Paul and I never could be happy together. I believe I hear the car; I must go!"

"She cries! She cries!" murmured Mrs. Delmore carefully, thinking of the two proud young hearts steered against each other.

Eleanor Gray's mercenary marriage to Colonel Happle, who was years older than the sparkling young bride, had been arranged by an ambitious mother. It was to be a splendid affair, taking place in a large, fashionable church. Lucie Delmore was one of the eight pretty bridesmaids who were to form part of the brilliant wedding party.

It was ten minutes past the hour set for the wedding when word went around that the bride was coming. The organ was playing softly, the guests settled themselves in their seats.

Lucie Delmore waited pensively as the procession formed; then it was a shock to discover that she must walk up the aisle escorted by Paul Dare. After that her thoughts were chaotic. The slow, beautiful music, the soft rustle of satin frocks, the scent of yellow roses—then a sudden frightened knowledge that something had gone wrong. Lucie and Paul had been the last of the procession of bridesmaids and ushers.

A faint murmur arose somewhere and was still. A hushed whisper went over the assembled guests. One hurried up to Paul and murmured discreetly—the murmur was passed on. The organ went on playing the wedding march, the clergyman in his white robes waited at the altar.

The dapper young man who had whispered to Paul Dare tiptoed up a side aisle and whispered to Colonel Happle. The colonel turned very red, and, followed by the best man, retreated to the vestry. The rector bent his head to listen to the message, looked startled, hesitated and lifted his hand.

The music stopped, and as in a dream Lucie heard the rector's voice announce that the marriage would not take place that day. She saw the dapper youth whispering to Paul again and saw him dart up the aisle once more. It was confusing and she could not look at Paul, for they were foes! What had happened to Eleanor?

Then the music began again—tender, dreamlike.

To her surprise the procession moved forward. Then the couples ahead of them separated and formed a short lane through which Paul guided her, at first dazedly, then alarmed, straight to the chancel rail, where the white-robed clergyman stood looking keenly down on the most surprised bride that ever came to be united in wedlock.

"Dear! beloved, we are gathered—The remainder was another dream from which Lucie Delmore awakened to find herself the wife of Paul Dare. After that she never there was a wild confusion of questions and answers, explanations and consternation, and finally Lucie Dare found herself driving home, while Paul's arms were around her and Paul's lips were begging forgiveness.

It was a very fearful bride and a proud and happy bridegroom who faced Mrs. Delmore.

"Mother, you will never believe what has happened!" cried Lucie. "Something very pleasant! If you and Paul have decided not to quarrel any more," smiled Lucie's mother.

"Mother," said Paul softly, and his voice lingered on the word, "Lucie and I were united this morning. Forgive us for doing it in this way, but this is how it happened: We were half way up the aisle when Smith came and told me that Eleanor had disappeared—gone off and married young Bolander. He broke the bad news to the colonel, and Doctor Deems was just going to dismiss the guests when Smith passed me and I told him my idea about taking advantage of the accident and having a wedding after all!"

"Mrs. Delmore kissed them both. 'I am sorry for Eleanor's mother and I pity the colonel, but I must say, my dear, that it's the only mercenary wedding I ever knew of that turned out happily!'"

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