

# The Farmington Enterprise

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## Editorials

### GETTING TOGETHER

If the conference between Township and City officials regarding fire-fighting facilities means the beginning of genuine co-operative endeavors, as we hope it does, it seems inevitable that many good things will be accomplished that could hardly be realized by the two units working individually.

Fire protection, police protection, community development—in anything anyone might mention, the City needs the Township and the Township needs the City. Though they may be separate governmental units, we are too closely-knit, as a community to get very far without working together.

And if the two do work together in faith and harmony, it shouldn't matter a great deal if there is a boundary line between them. In fact, we'll probably forget all about it.

### WORTH THINKING ABOUT

Justice Ward Eagle of Farmington Township brought up a question at a recent Farmington Township Board meeting that is worth thinking about. If, asks Mr. Eagle, the State paves and maintains a highway like Grand River, should it not pay for the lighting of it also? Does not the volume of through traffic benefit from the lighting, rather than Farmington Township?

It does seem rather queer that every other factor in the maintenance of the road should be borne by the State, and this one be charged to the Township. Lighting a heavily-travelled road is almost as essential as paving it—why should not the State pay for the lights also?

### "THE SIMPLE TRUTH"

A good deal has been said and written about cigaret advertising addressed to women and girls, about testimonials, and about the advice to reach for a certain brand of cigaret—"instead of a sweet." There have been protests from women's organizations, from candy manufacturers, the clergy, some newspapers and others in response to which, the most criticized manufacturer merely shrugs his shoulders and points to new sales-records.

Our guess is that all the protests aren't going to do much good. If there is anything that might have any effect, it will probably be something like the brief statement that formed the heading of an advertisement in last week's issue of the Enterprise. Whether intended or not, it was a bit of the most biting sarcasm that could be imagined. It read: "With a cigarette as good as Camels the simple truth is enough."

### NO CRIME WHATEVER!

Detroit's well-meaning Mayor was quoted as saying, when the grand jury returned no indictment in the Belle Isle rum scandal recently, that "one authority after a thorough searching, reported to me that Detroit is the only large city in the country which has no organized crime."

Undoubtedly Mr. Lodge, who makes the round of the "soft-drink" emporiums on occasional Saturday evenings, has come to know conditions well enough from his own observations to vouch for the absence of crime in Detroit. However, if, after reading his statement printed as above in a Detroit newspaper, he glanced at the very next column, exactly opposite his "no organized crime" statement, he would have seen this headline: "Youths Jailed As Bandit Gang." And had he read the further details next day, he would have seen this:

station 12 men, who, they say, constitute one of the most daring, and efficient working bands of Chicago—band which, police believe, has a working arrangement with "Scarface Al" Capone's notorious Chicago flying squadrons of thugs."

And still farther down, he would have learned that two of the youthful gang of bandits had been identified by John Lathrup of Farmington as the men who came out and hit him with a black-jack a few weeks ago and robbed him of a hundred dollars.

Wonder what Mr. Lathrup would say about there being "no organized crime" in Detroit?

### "CAPITAL" AND "PUNISHMENT"

"We must do something," reads a newspaper statement, urging signing of the capital punishment bill by the governor, "to make Michigan safe from murderers." Well, now isn't that wonderful? All we have to do to make Michigan safe from murderers is to establish capital punishment. In Chicago, which is in the State of Illinois, which has capital punishment, there are no murders. In New York City, which is in the State of New York, which has capital punishment, there are no murders. The only place there are murders in Michigan.

If the whole State, those favoring capital punishment as well as those against it, would forget the "capital" and insist on punishment, for small crimes as well as for large, we would not see this agitation for the electric chair. The difficulty in Michigan, as well as throughout the United States, is not with the sentence that the criminal gets. It is that whatever he gets, he is pretty near sure to be able to get a friend to get some politician to get him out.

### OTHERS, TOO!

All communities are not alike, but most of them have somewhat similar problems, arising from changes such as the development of automobile and accompanying traffic conditions.

About a year ago a woman living just outside of the city recorded her protest at the conditions in Farmington relative to parking. The lack of space, she declared, was largely unnecessary. And now we find Editor H. V. Babcock of the Redford Record writing of a similar condition in his community. It is due, he asserts, to the same cause as that which bothered Farmington. He writes as follows:

"If someone would say to you, 'Bill Jones, you Redford business man, don't you know you're driving trade away from our town?' You would wonder how come. 'But, it is a fact, our Redford business men are actually making it difficult for customers of local establishments to transact their business because of the scarcity of parking facilities on our main streets. What happens?' Along about eight-thirty every morning along comes Mr. Business Man who parks his car within whispering distance of his store or office door. There the old bus sits for hours—perhaps all day long. Try to estimate the number of local business men who have to be waiting for hours within a block of our main four corners. Fifty would be well under the mark!"

"Now comes Mrs. John Smith to town about 10 a. m. to make her daily purchases. Where to park for a few minutes then becomes a heck of a question. Redford avenue, being a mud puddle, too. Mrs. Smith is considerably inconvenienced. Next time, perhaps, she buys her spool of thread elsewhere. That's a bunch of hot air but if hot air will make shopping more convenient in Redford, I know a place where there's an awful lot of it."

## Tale of Village Firemen

By KING LARDNER

To the Editor: I won't give you what as to the identity of the town where the scene of this little article is laid out to say that it is a suburb of the largest city east of Green River, Wyoming, and can be reached by motor from the midst of the three cities referred to in 35 minutes.

Well, like practically every town of a population of 12 and upwards this town has got a fire dept. and (like a whole lot of them) this fire dept. is what is known as a volunteer fire dept. which means that the members aren't supposed to get nothing but glory. Well, they're a man living in this town who is in the theatrical business in one way and another and one day the chief of the fire dept. asked him would he join the fire dept. and he says yes on acct. of being public spirited. So he bought himself a rubber coat and a helmet and a pair of rubber boots and had some several nights with the windows open so as he would eard and hear what is known in the town as the sirens.

Well, the siren did not blow and did not blow and finally one here, who we will call Mr. Klot, need a card saying they would be a meeting of the dept. at the fire house the following night and would be please try and attend. The dept. meets once every 2 weeks to discuss prohibition. Well, Mr. Klot attended the meeting and pretty near all the members was there and he knoved the most of them. The chief is a building contractor and the asst. chief is the town's most prominent plumber. Others who he recognized were all well known citizens in various walks of life. Amongst them was a dentist, the supt. of the gas company, a plasterer, a painter, a mason, a paper hanger, an insurance man and etc.

Well, they set around the whole evening and discussed prohibition and the siren did not blow, but the meeting could not be adjourned more than 5 or 10 minutes when it did blow and the firemen rushed back to the fire house and about midnight the 2 vehicles with which the dept. is equipped.

Mr. Klot happened to board the same vehicle as the chief and the both of them was right close to the driver. "Where place is it?" shouted the chief as the vehicle tore recklessly down Boulevard. "L. M. Taylor's," the driver shouted back. L. M. Taylor being the town's millionaire, worth more than \$150,000. "Well, what's your hurry?" shouted the chief and the driver slowed down a little, while Mr. Klot did not know what to think.

Well, they got to the fire and it did not look like a very big fire for such a big house and in fact Mr. Taylor's Chinese help had just about put it out with the aid of a few Seltzer bottles, but the fire dept. seemed to think the danger was nowhere near over and while some of them connected a couple of sections of hose with the nearest hydrant, others entered the house through the front and back doors and up ladders through the 2d story windows and began wielding their axes vs. walls, closets and etc.

One stream of water was turned on the entire upstairs and another on the ground floor and in a few minutes the family and the servants and the firemen moving hither and thither was instinctively shouting ship ahoy.

Mr. Klot strayed into the bathroom and found the asst. chief cutting holes in the different pipes. "Safety first," said the asst. chief. "Many a home has burned to the ground on acct. of hidden flames in the plumbing." Mr. Klot walked into a master bedroom on the 2d floor and seen 2 firemen with axes excavating the floor. "Safety first," said one of them. "If we should all half to go downstairs in a hurry, they'd be a panic on the stairs so it is best to have a place big enough to drop through."

Mr. Klot encountered Mr. Taylor, the owner of the house. A couple of firemen was talking to him. "Was you covered by insurance?" asked one of them. "Not fully," says Mr. Taylor. "Well," says the fireman, "this should ought to learn you a lesson."

"This fire," said the other fireman to Mr. Taylor, "was caused by defective wiring. If you would use gas for light a thing like this could not happen."

Mr. Klot met Mrs. Taylor and her two kids in company with still another fireman. The lady and the kids was open mouthed with horror, and the fireman was looking into their mouths. "Madam," he says, "you have got a advanced case of pyorrhea and your kids has got cavities that makes the grand canyon look like a dimple. It is a good thing I happened to drop in."

In the early hours of the morning the firemen decided they was nothing more to be done and left what might have been laughingly referred to as the house. Mr. Klot was the last to leave and Mr. Taylor accompanied him to what had formerly been the front door.

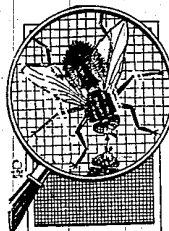
"I feel like I had been giving a old-fashioned at home," said Mr. Taylor and pulled out of his pocket a small pack of cards, the business cards of the town's volunteer fire dept.

Next morning Mr. Klot called up the chief and submitted his resignation.

"What's the idea?" asked the chief. "Nothing special," replied Mr. Klot, "only that I'm in the theatrical business."

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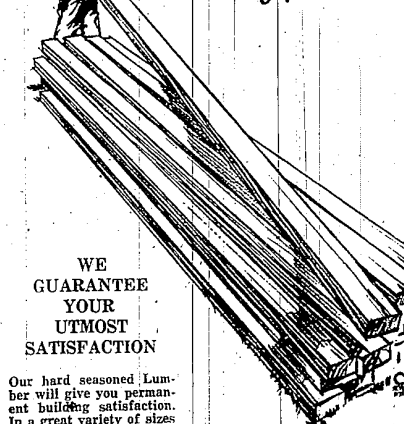
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