

The Farmington Enterprise

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Wm. Levinson
C. J. Lohman

Editor and Publisher
Mgr., Printing Dept.

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Editorials

The City Saves \$25,000

Farmington city officials do not know which to feel most elated about, the offers received for the City's \$52,000 sewer bonds, or the bids on the construction work itself. There is good reason to be jubilant over both.

While many communities, and Oakland County itself, have recently not been able to obtain any bids on bond issues at all, Farmington Monday night received four handsome offers. Two companies were ready to buy the bonds at a rate almost unheard of nowadays, four and one-half per cent, with a premium in addition, the higher premium offered being \$187. Just how Farmington stands may be seen by comparing this with the rate on \$45,500 bonds of the City of Monroe, sold Monday night by that municipality, bearing five and one-half per cent interest, with a premium of \$78. As to the sewer construction, it is safe to say that the City saves at least \$25,000 by having the job done in this year of depression. When first estimates were made back in the Spring, and before conditions in the construction business this season were fully known, engineers estimated the cost of the sewer at \$76,000. Mayor Lamb refused to accept this as the probable cost, expressing the belief that the job could be obtained for not over \$50,000. The bidding Monday night proved this to be right, while the one bid of over \$75,000 also showed clearly what would probably have been the cost under normal conditions.

"Digging Down"

That story published in the Enterprise last week, about the turtle whose head was shot off and grew back on while the reptile lay underground for three months, reminds us of most politicians, especially the fortunate ones who become office-holders.

They disappear regularly for a year and ten months and forget the people (and perhaps the people would like to forget them). Then just before election time they bob up again, with their heads on campaign cards. The people don't have to dig down to bring them to light—they come to the surface themselves.

The people do their "digging down" between elections.

"Dead Man's Drive"

Grand River Avenue, between Farmington and Novi, and even as far west as New Hudson, has lately earned some such name as "Dead Man's Drive," and it would not be surprising if it gets it. We who live on Grand River with its immense volume of traffic have probably become more hardened to traffic deaths than people living along less-traveled highways. But the appalling tragedy of Monday afternoon, when a husband and wife were killed and their son and another boy seriously injured, seems more shocking than almost any that have gone before.

What can be done to stop or reduce the staggering toll of life on Grand River is a problem. Hastening the projected 40-foot highway should, of course, help some. Twenty-foot strips of concrete were not made for today's heavy traffic going both ways at 50 to 80 miles an hour.

Co-operation on the part of every sensible, careful motorist to help the authorities capture drivers who "cut in ahead" might also help materially. One such driver caused a death Sunday, west of Novi. He was never apprehended. One way to curb this type of driver is to report his recklessness even when it does not result in an accident. Stiff penalties handed out for such offenses when no trouble occurs ought to cut down the number of instances in which accidents do result from this particularly dangerous form of reckless driving.

Touching The Bottom

Michigan's politics, particularly the handling of petitions for the governorship nominations, have included this year some rather odious stuff. But Michigan politics, thank goodness, did not sink quite so low as those of Nebraska.

In that fair state, where the people love Senator George W. Norris (admitted even by his enemies to be probably the outstanding man in the whole United States Senate), these enemies became desperate in their efforts to find a way to beat him for the Republican nomination. So they brought forth a 32-year old chain grocery store clerk in a small town, who went by the name of George W. Norris, and petitions were circulated for him for the Republican nomination for the Senate. Then the grocery clerk Norris disappeared, after which the contention was made that Senator Norris had no right to a designating mark on the ballot, to indicate which voters were for him and which were for the other "George W. Norris." The idea was that election boards would have no way of telling which "George W. Norris" was to be credited with the votes.

The people of Nebraska on Tuesday again demonstrated their faith and confidence in Senator Norris, by according him the Republican nomination for the Senate. Undoubtedly it was Senator Norris' tremendous hold upon "the people that insured the victory, but it may be hoped that Nebraska voters intended, too, to give warning to political schemers that the fair way is the sure way to win.

Meanwhile, it is an indication of the Nebraska Senator's high standing, when his enemies feel that it is necessary to resort to chicanery in order to beat the people out of electing him.

What Other Newspapers Are Saying

Many Do Not End That Way

(Dearborn Press)

The newspapers never serve so well as when they present those little dramas of every day life that make us pause in our daily routine and give a thought to the struggles, the sorrows and the defeats of people who are not as fortunately placed as the average run of folks.

The other day in Philadelphia a man set out to look for work. The house that he left that morning was a miserable hovel of two rooms. In it remained the man's wife and three small children, hoping desperately that he would be able to find some sort of job.

Getting a job was pressing necessity, because the family's finances totaled just 27 cents. The man left 18 cents of this with his wife, keeping 9 cents for himself. Then he set out.

Up and down the streets he walked, all day long, looking for work. He went to place after place, and got the same answer at each place; no help wanted.

You can imagine that as the day wore on the man did some pretty serious thinking. This was not the first day he had put in this way; not by any means. He had been out of work a long time. With four people besides himself to feed, and just 27 cents in all the world to do it with, you can see that things must have looked pretty black to him.

So, as he continued his hopeless quest, he got to thinking: Why not try a holdup or a robbery? Other men do it, every day, and get away with it. Why not? Anything surely, was better than seeing his family starve to death.

The longer he walked the more insistent this thought got. The man tried to put it out of his mind, as he had always been a sober, industrious workman; but it kept coming back, until finally he was afraid that he would leap at the throat of the next well dressed stranger he met.

So, at last, afraid of what he might do, he went to a police station and asked to be locked up so that he would not commit a crime. It is very comforting to be able to relate that the policeman and the judge before whom they took this man, proved sympathetic. They took up a purse for him, and the judge saw to it that a job was found for the man and he was able to go back to his family with good news, after all.

But the thing to remember is that although his story had a "happy" ending, many many stories like it do not. This desperate chap, wondering if it might not be better to commit a crime than let his family starve, is not the only American who has been in this dilemma some time—not by several thousands. It pays to keep that thought in mind when one is asked to contribute for a common cause.

Mispronunciation

(Logan, W. Va., Banner)

"Believe-it-or-not," Ripley says in a recent cartoon "not one person in 10,000 can pronounce all these common words correctly: gratis, culinary, cocaine, data, version, address, gondola, chic, impious, Caribbean."

After pawing over Webster's dictionary we are convinced the cartoonist is quite conservative. Our grade was 50 per cent. Of the last five "impious" is the only one whose pronunciation we could have guessed. And what a surprise it was to learn that "cocaine" is a three syllable word.

"Data" is not only commonly mispronounced, despite its frequent use, but it is also commonly mistaken for a singular noun.

Ripley might well have added West Virginia and other state names to his list. Senator Goff, Bill Keyser, editor of the Welch Daily News, and Miss Harvey, the Huntington librarian, are the only persons we know of that un-failingly give the correct pronunciation to the name of our state. Verily, our language needs simplification. Most of us are too dumb, too busy, too deeply concerned about making both ends meet, or making them appear to meet, to obtain any real proficiency in spelling or pronouncing the admittedly essential words of our language. And for each succeeding generation the task becomes more difficult. Our language is being constantly aug-

mented—enriched, if you will—by the slang-masters' contributions of appealing words, by the adoption of words from other languages, by the coinage of technical terms to meet the requirements of new inventions, of progress in general.

The Man Who Waited

(Munising News)

It would be utterly superfluous to say that former Governor Groesbeck's announcement of his candidacy is a bomb that has thrown consternation into the camps of his enemies. From a seat away up here in Munising we have long watched Alex Groesbeck sitting quietly by the window in his office in that tall building down in Detroit, smiling inwardly to himself as the political parade went past in gay disorder. We watched him bide his time while Gov. Fred W. Green hesitated so long in announcing his candidacy that he threw his most staunch supporters into a condition of a strained constipation of ideas as to what to do, until finally these supporters thought they saw the light and scurried to the Brucker banner. Despite his continued silence, Alex Groesbeck grew more powerful day by day. He had said nothing, but every day he became more feared by the administration. Finally they tried to frighten him, if you will! John Haggerty announced that if Groesbeck ran, he would be a candidate.

Despite the threats of his enemies, Alex Groesbeck has announced his candidacy, and in no uncertain words. And when Mr. Haggerty was told that Mr. Groesbeck was in, he did not shout, "Then, so am I." The situation is a most unfortunate one for Legationaire Brucker. He is a fine young fellow. But if he is supported by Governor Green's friends, then he will have to bear the undesired brunt of an attack against the Green administration as its standard bearer. If he is left entirely alone, deserted by the old supporters of the present administration, only a miracle could pile up for him a majority over the veteran Alex Groesbeck.

Yes, it looks as though—well, draw your own conclusions.

Trading At Home

Trading at home is an old subject, almost worn threadbare but just as important today as it was a hundred years ago.

No town, no matter how large or small, can grow and flourish if the residents do their trading away from home. This is a plain, unvarnished fact.

The merchants' wives and families are often the first to set the example. The shoe men notice this fact; the jewelry men do the same, as does the grocer and the meat man, the dry-goods man, the clothing man, as well as the mechanic, the laborer, the school teacher, the clerks in all the stores, the stenographers, etc. They all imagine if the other fellow can trade out of town, they can, never realizing the fact that every resident is more or less dependent on his neighbor for trade. A town would be short lived if this state of affairs continued.

You who are in business, no matter what your business is, owe it to your home town to trade at that is just as true of the employees. With all trade going out of town it will be but a short time before there will be stores and houses for rent, because there will be no one to occupy either store or home.


Help your neighbor and he will help you. Trading at home means for our people. Think this over and contemplate what it would mean to buy all your goods out of town. —Stillwater (Minn.) Gazette.

To Restore Tops

Kitchen table tops which have become unserviceable through wear can be restored to their former usefulness and acquire an attractiveness which they did not originally have if a piece of linoleum is glued upon the worn surface of the table.

Michigan farmers are using horses in teams so that one man can handle from six to eight horses.

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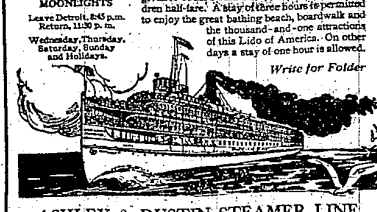
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