

# The Farmington Enterprise

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# Editorials

**Another Good Job**

Farmington's volunteer firemen turned in another first-class job Sunday evening when they snuffed out a fire that was getting strong headway in the basement of the E. S. Pierce residence. Although fierce flames were shooting out a basement window when the firemen arrived, the damage that was done to the house was practically all due to smoke that followed putting out of the blaze. Had the firemen been less prompt or efficient, the home might have been burned beyond repair, and the loss made ten times as great.

The volunteers are deserving of every support that can be given them, not only in the way of verbal appreciation, but by furnishing them with every item of equipment that could reasonably be expected to add to their efficiency. They have demonstrated many times that they know what to do and how to do it, and more than a few home-owners in this community are very grateful to them.

**Caught At Last**

Regarding Mr. Charles Johnson, who's been getting \$3,600 a year and \$100 auto expenses as Oakland County's dog-catcher—the people of the County seem to have caught up with him at last.

**Worth Being Remembered For**

In welcoming the new Methodist minister, Rev. Floyd Charles Johnson to Farmington, this community will part with regret with Dr. H. A. Leeson, who leaves to take up a new pastorate in Flint.

Dr. Leeson's genial, comradely good fellowship will be remembered, and one outstanding interest of his will, we may hope, continue and flourish always. That is the annual Farmington Flower Show for the establishment of which Dr. Leeson deserves the major portion of credit. Probably no one would be more pleased than Dr. Leeson himself, great lover of gardens that he is, to know that Farmington will not let this event languish because the passing from our community of any one person calls for new hands to carry on the work. May Dr. Leeson enjoy his new field as much as we have enjoyed this effort of his.

**Something Else—But Not Conventions**

Growing dissatisfaction is expressed in many quarters with the defects of the primary system. It is pointed out repeatedly that the primary has not proved to be what was hoped, "the poor man's opportunity," but that on the contrary, a candidate has to have either money of his own or substantial backing to have a chance of nomination.

Yet there is no great demand either for return to the old convention system, and surely the performance last week at Pontiac, when a few close-in political manipulators tried to capture the whole County convention by having nominated a slate of State delegates that immediately aroused an uproar, is sufficient to indicate that we need not look to party conventions for any improvement on the primary system. The new panacea will have to be something different.

**They Steal—And Squeal**

Several men and women from the city get into an automobile. They drive out into the country, and along the road they spy some nice fruit trees. Perhaps they have come that way intentionally. Let us say they have not, but have just happened along the road by chance. Anyway, they see the fruit.

The men climb out of the car and get into the orchard. But the farmer is waiting, and so is an officer. The intruders are caught, and asked to pay one, two, three or five dollars for their loot. (What else is it?) The men object it's too much, and the women (so the fruit-growers say) protest ten times more loudly and bitterly than the men. They pay, however, and drive away, still thinking it's too much.

But if after trying to steal a good many dollars' worth of another person's means of living, they should drive down to a barbecue stand for some sandwiches, and if the attendant should unintentionally give them ten cents too little change in return, they'd howl at him for trying to take a dime of their money that doesn't belong to him.

**All Alex Needs**

Now if Alex Grossbeck only had one vote for every unpleasant thing that's been said about him since he demanded a recount—he wouldn't need a recount. He'd sweep into office by the largest vote any man in Michigan ever got—and more than any president of the United States thus far in history.

When any man wants a public office as badly as Grossbeck wants the governorship—he hadn't ought to have it.

What has become, in Michigan, of the old saying about "the office seeking the man?"

Grossbeck is proving himself a great vote-getter—for Comstock.

About the only thing that seems likely to make drivers on Grand River stop before turning right at our main corner is a fifteen-foot stone wall. Some might not stop for that.

## Clipped From Other Newspapers

**Students And Public Affairs**  
(Arthur Brisbane in Detroit Times)

Irigoyen, president of the Argentine Republic, is forced out. Martinez, the vice president, takes charge temporarily, declaring martial law.

The students of Buenos Aires, who feared an Irigoyen dictatorship, and made trouble in consequence, caused Irigoyen's downfall.

You observe that in Latin countries, South America, Spain, even in France, students have much to say about public affairs.

Here, and in England, they interfere not at all, content to applaud athletic games.

**Knows—But Cannot Do**  
(Ionia County News)

It is mighty fine to know a lot, but it is even better to be able to do things. Many persons who have at their command a considerable assortment of information are unable to put it to very much practical use.

This was neatly illustrated in a sort of "confession" article by a teacher, in a recent periodical. She said:

"I can solve a quadratic equation, but I cannot keep my bank account straight.

"I can name the Kings of England since the War of the Roses, but I do not know the qualifications of the candidates in the coming election.

"I know the economic theories of Malthus and Adam Smith, but I cannot live within my income.

"I can explain the principles of hydraulics, but I cannot fix a leak in the kitchen faucet.

"I have studied the psychology of James and Titchner, but I cannot control my own temper.

"I can conjugate Latin verbs, but I cannot write legibly."

While this picture may be somewhat overdrawn, it serves to illustrate the utility of much that passes for education, when its acquisition is not accompanied by training which leads to its useful employment in everyday life.

## Tolerations

(Leslie Republican)

We have traveled a long way from the time when men sought to enforce their ideas in politics, religion, astronomy and everything else by means of the burning stake and the torture chamber. We all accept the doctrine of religious toleration in theory and are willing at times to permit the other man to express his views on any subject without developing a vicious hatred.

But true toleration is still a rare virtue. Every editor, particularly at a political season, knows how few people there are who are willing to concede him the right to his own views. We have many citizens who say by their actions, "Think as I think or I will have nothing more to do with you."

It seems strange that many people will permit a trivial difference of opinion to stand in the way of friendship. It should be possible for two men to disagree on every economic and social subject within their powers of discussion and yet remain the best of friends. We should be able to see that character is the true test of friendship and not political, religious, or economic ideas.

We plead at this time for a good broad minded attitude among our citizens. Stick to your own ideas. Stand up for what you believe, and accord the other fellow the same right.

When we approach our public issues from this point of view we will be considering various subjects and problems on their own merit, and we will be the better enabled thereby to arrive at intelligent and impersonal judgments.

## A Nation Of Barbarians?

(Owosso Argus-Press)

The manners of Americans show at their worst when driving automobiles.

A writer in the current issue of The Nation calls attention to a by-product of the automobile industry which ordinarily goes unmentioned—the utter ruin of manners and manners which the automobile seems to have brought to millions of good citizens. It is a point worth considering. There seems to be something inherent in the mere act of driving an automobile that makes

a man feel that he is exempt from all or nearly all, of the common requirements of courtesy and human decency. It applies to nearly all of us, and in the last few years it has produced a set of road manners which would seem to justify the complaint that we are a nation of barbarians.

## They Never Say—"Charge It"

(Grand Rapids Chronicle)

There are two words that you will never hear in the little town of Bloomfield, down in the northeastern corner of Nebraska. The two words are "Charge It."

For the past 28 months the 1,500 citizens of Bloomfield have been on a strictly cash basis. A correspondent of the New York Times discovered the story, and the little western town is becoming famous.

A Bloomfield dry goods merchant, A. F. Heires, thought up the plan; organizing a Retail Merchants' association, they published in the town newspaper of February 23, 1928, a proclamation that after April 1 of that year there would be no more retail credit given. Any member of the association caught giving credit would be fined \$100. Twenty-two business houses backed the plan.

After a little initial confusion, and some muttering—a few citizens of the town even moved out—the plan worked splendidly. Even the two dentists and three doctors of the town now collect their fees at each visit. The town has rid itself of dead-beats, and savings-deposits have increased. The only thing that can be bought on credit is an automobile, and even the purchase of a car on payments is confined to those with unimpeachable security.

"In most cities," a Bloomfield cynic is quoted as saying, "the only really influential citizens are the man owing the most money and the most beautiful woman. Here it is just the most beautiful woman."

## What Do You Read?

(Birmingham Eccentric)

About all anyone gets out of doing his work is his room and board. Some folks no doubt get real pleasure out of working and improve their health, in occupations which are out-of-doors.

Nearly everyone wants a great deal more in life than just something to eat and a place to sit around in the evening and to sleep in.

After the day's work is done, a person nowadays can set sail on a wonderful voyage. There's the radio with your favorite kind of music. And if you like an occasional speech you can get that, or even a thrilling story over the air.

There's the evening paper. With that you can imagine yourself chasing down bandits. Or you can sit in a courtroom and hear a thrilling testimony. You can sit across the desk from the governor or the president of the United States, as you read these columns if you use just a little imagination.

The weekly newspaper allows you to visit with forty or fifty old neighbors or friends, as you read the personal columns. You can make a lightning tour of all the stores in the community as you scan the ads. Many articles take you on a magic carpet to far-off lands, through the councils of the wise and the witty, and through a museum of strange news and features. You can get at a glance what is going on in every part of your district without much more effort than flicking a page or two.

The magazines take you back thousands of years in one story. In another they set you down in Moscow or Shanghai, and then hustle you back to California after peeps a stop-over at the South Sea Islands. There are articles on whatever mood or interest you may have at the moment, business or pleasure, religion or interesting information.

Then there are books. Through libraries or bookstores you can take a trip anywhere you may want to go. You can talk to almost any famous man or woman. They can give you mentally or emotionally almost anything you could desire.

It's funny that people don't realize this more and get so much else out of life than just daily bread and a place to sit and sleep.

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