

# The Farmington Enterprise

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## Editorials

### Save It All

At this season of the year, one receives the wishes of friends for happiness, health, peace and long life, and that we may be spared trials and troubles.

There is one kind of trouble that you can save yourself. You can avoid hours of annoyance and irritation, of pushing through milling, mauling crowds and being bumped by countless elbows; save waiting for elevators that seem hours in coming, and then "No more in this car, take the next one," and a few minutes later being crushed in like a sardine between people and bulging packages; you can save waiting to be "waited on" for merchandise pawed over by countless hands, waiting for packages to be wrapped, waiting for "change." You can save time, temper and patience, and avoid the annoyance and irritation that tears one down and shortens life, the fatigue that makes all pleasure vanish.

All this you can do in your holiday shopping, and the way is very simple—buy at home. Buy in comfort and convenience, from folks you know and can trust, whose merchandise must be good at this great buying season because they must sell to the same people the year around; buy in quiet, congenial surroundings, where you can select with care and obtain fresh, clean, perfect goods; buy from people who are really interested in you, not merely in your money. Buy at home—where your money goes farther because it goes to build up your own community. Buy at home.

### Another Thing "Makes Milwaukee Famous"

If you were to ask the average European about the United States, he would probably begin by describing our country as a land of large cities where gangsters rule by gun and terror. Probably not many citizens of our own country believe that we actually have a city of more than half a million population that is not in the grip of gangs.

Yet there is at least one such city in America, according to a recent article in Collier's Weekly by William G. Shepherd. The town of Milwaukee, famous for its Germans and its beer (in the days of long ago), is justly entitled to renown, says Mr. Shepherd, for something even more unique in the present day. Milwaukee seems to have carried down the years not only German culture and tradition, but also some of the European attitude and thoroughness in dealing with criminals. "Milwaukee, with its population of 700,000, is gangless, racketless, and killerless," say Mr. Shepherd. The how and why is simple, and simply told.

First, the article says, Milwaukee is "hard-boiled" with gangsters, while Chicago, for instance, can't be, because in Chicago "the precinct or ward political official has more power than the precinct or ward police official—the latter arrests no 'friend of the boss.'" Milwaukee has had only two police chiefs in 46 years, and neither has had anything to do with politics, or let politics have anything to do with him. The chief is appointed by the mayor, but cannot be ousted by him. Policemen are selected by rigorous physical and mental tests after official advertisement, not by political "pull."

So much for the police. Equally interesting and important are the court methods. One hard-working judge handles all the criminal work of the County, 1,500 to 1,800 cases a year, an average of five or six a day, six days a week throughout the year. Much more important, he really runs the court. He, not the county attorney sets the date for trials, usually within ten days or two weeks, giving no opportunity for the criminal's friends to "fix things."

"Great gangs from little rackets grow," is apparently the Milwaukee police officials' view. An example is the handling of slot-machines. Police break them up as soon as they grow numerous, because a lot of petty gambling here and there soon means, Milwaukee police know, that a gang will grow up, living on easy money, and willing to use any means to keep the easy money flowing.

Milwaukee has no professional murders, we are told; no organized crime, no big bribery. It sounds almost too good to be true, and some may claim that it is. But anyone who has been close to the workings of the police and the courts in an American city of even moderate size, knows that not merely one city, but probably almost every city, could be in the same happy situation as Milwaukee if its citizens had the necessary civic consciousness, and the officials sufficiently high character.

Insurance statistics show that the Milwaukee citizen is 168 per cent safer from burglary than the resident of Detroit. Rumor has it that Detroit; may soon have a new police head. It ought to try to borrow Milwaukee's for a while, and get him to bring their criminal judge and some "cops" along.

George W. Russell, the Irish poet who is visiting our shores, thinks more Americans should remain with the land, says the Detroit News, and in that connection there is the story of the Kansas farmer who announced that if the county would buy his farm for a poor farm, he'd stay on it.—Grand Rapids Chronicle.

It's almost too late to "mail your gifts early." But you can help the post-office people a great deal by being certain that the addresses you write are correct, and have not been changed recently. It will prevent your gift or card from going astray, and the clerks and carriers will thank you for it.

## Clipped From Other Newspapers

### 'Getting Out The Paper'

(Redwood Minn. Gazette) Getting out a good newspaper is a fascinating task, but it is also a difficult one. No other job that comes to mind is quite so taxing, so hurried, or demands greater pains. From the moment a newspaper is started, be it either daily or weekly, the work is carried on under pressure, a race against time. Put yourself in an editor's position—could you do it?

Could you, for example, spell correctly, off-hand, the names of a large percentage of the residents of this town? If you could do that, could you write their initials correctly without resorting to the telephone directory or other authority?

Could you write down, offhand, the names of your city officials, your local school board, your county officials your leading state and national officials, getting all the names, initials and offices correct?

Could you gather the threads of a story from half a dozen persons and weave them into an intelligent, readable account the first writing?

Could you write seven columns of material of 1200 or 1400 words each in two or three days, week after week, year after year, and when you had finished those seven, pound out two or three columns more before press time?

In writing a headline, could you call to mind in a moment, enough synonyms so that you would not repeat the same thought in the same words.

Could you judge in a minimum of time what size headlines, and what position in the paper could be given to each of the 75,100 or more stories that might go into your paper?

Could you decide in a moment, or exercise 'snap' judgment, on the dozens of questions a newspaper man must face daily and get a majority of them correct?

We won't tire you—but if you could do these few simple things and a thousand and one more difficult ones, you should be a news paper editor.

The point we wish to make is that one can produce a good newspaper only after continual diligent study and years of practical experience. You have heard dozens of persons remark that they could turn out a newspaper, and a good one, too, a bit better, in fact, than the one they are getting. That is not true, unless they have gone through the years and study that a good newspaper demands of its makers.

Were it not for the peculiar fascination associated with newspaper work, there would be no newspapers; for there is no greater taskmaster, and money alone would be far too scant compensation.

### Small Town Saturday Nights

(Albert Lea (Minn.) Tribune) We know of nothing in a city which can compare in warmth of community interest with Saturday night in the small town, says the Omaha World.

Any market town in Nebraska or Iowa or any place else for that matter, prides itself on its old-fashioned neighborliness that has only been increased in recent years by the gravelled road and automobile. Along about noon, in Fremont, or Kearney, or Scotts-bluff or any other town of the kind, the parking space in the downtown districts rapidly fills up. The farmers are coming in for their week end shopping and their week end relaxation from work in the field or in the dairy barn. As evening approaches the throngs on the sidewalks increase, and after the supper hour is passed the crowd becomes dense as the townfolk make their weekly pilgrimage downtown. Most of the downtown stores will stay open Saturday night. The aisles are filled with men and women and children. Shopping is not so much the goal as the exchange of greetings, the salute of friends seen after the lapse of days, the intended sipping up of newcomers. This is the time for women to exchange their gossip, and for men to speculate upon conditions of the soil and the tendency of business. Everybody in the town and nearby territory is there. Young couples push baby carriages. Gay young bloods pick out their girls for the

dance or the movies. Older heads meet in a fraternity of friendship which knows no irritants. Along about 9:30 the farmers who live at the greatest distance gather their families and the autos begin to leave. In another hour or two the streets are cleared. The Sabbath morning will find them silent and deserted. The week-end foregathering has been held. Affairs of state and nation, as well as the problems of the individual and the family have been settled. Everything is at normalcy—until next Saturday.

### Men Of Ideas Are Called 'Radicals'

(Grove Patterson)

We are too much afraid of the word "radical." One shouldn't be afraid of a radical or afraid of being called one. Today if you believe in the republic of the United States more than you do in the republican or democrat party, if you believe in every citizen's right to express that opinion, you may be called a radical. Some are called radicals simply because they won't be ultrapartisan. What we should discourage and oppose is the radical who has nothing but a pair of lungs and a discontented soul—who has no plan. He is like a child crying, because he has a pain. He doesn't know what it's all about or what to do. Some of the greatest men of all times surely have been radicals, but they have radicals with a sense of direction.

### The School Of Politics

(Howe's Monthly)

Politics teaches us more bad habits than any other one thing. State, county and town extravagance follows national extravagance, and the bad philosophy of politicians extends somewhat to every community; almost to every home and individual.

A greater proportion of men are engaging in politics now than ever before, and a man in politics is a man lost to industry and usefulness; always he is another man for overburdened taxpayers to support.

Politicians who devote their time to government affairs are responsible for the politicians now operating in the church, in education, in medicine, in art, in literature, in welfare work; in everything in which agents specially train themselves, and look for customers who can be persuaded to pay too much.

The national politicians have been permitted to enormously increase their power, and thus success encourages recruits; the old principle of state rights has almost disappeared, as has the old principle of the rights of the people.

### Neighborhood Spirit

(Exchange)

It is a very interesting thing to see the way a neighborhood will change under leadership. Just as people will follow leadership in the matter of fashion, all wearing one kind of clothes because it is the style to do so, so they are inclined to action or non-action by their neighbors.

If one man allows his grounds to become neglected and they are disgraced by unsightly litter, his carelessness is an encouragement to every one on that street who has tendencies to such slackness.

If the women folks ask their men to clean up and make improvements, the latter will respond that anyway their places look just as well as their slack neighbor's does, and that they are not going to try to set themselves up above the whole street, and they are satisfied if their conditions look as well as the rest.

On the contrary, if some one with a love for order and beauty moves in such a street, and begins to make improvements, a distinct impression is made. Disorderly neighbors begin to open their eyes. They are pleased by the better appearance gained by the improved place. All at once it comes over them that their own residences are not doing them credit, and that by their shiftlessness they had admitted what might be a shabby and homelike neighborhood to acquire a decadent look which makes it look like a center of down and out people.

So these folks begin to respond to the suggestion. The lawn mower is operated with more regularity, the frowny looking heaps

of rubbish in the back yard are cleaned up, vines and shrubs are planted, turf is lined up, and soon those places begin to look like something. A house needs this touch of affectionate care before it gets the look of a real home.

### Legislative Sessions

(Linden Leader)

In contemplation of coming legislative sessions perhaps one of the greatest needs of our country

is the weeding out of absurd, unenforceable and needless restrictive laws which clutter our statute books, and start a movement to place law making in the hands of experts rather than turn the job over to the good fellows who are elected on the gusto of a popular vote.

In the past decade, the total mileage of exchange and toll wires in the Bell System has increased more than 200 per cent.

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