

The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888 by Edgar R. Bloomer as "A Permanent Journal of Progress"

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

Myron Levinson

Editor and Publisher

Member
Michigan Press
Association



Member
National Editorial
Association

Farmington, Michigan,

Thursday, July 30, 1931

Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

THE DANGER OF WAITING

(Standard, Excelsior Springs, Missouri)

Life can play foul jokes on people some times.

In a large middle-western city there was a grocer, who worked very hard and saved his money religiously so that his old age would be provided for.

For 50 years he stuck to his grocery store. He worked and saved too hard to have very much fun, but he was looking forward to the day when he could retire. Then he would have his fun. He would have money and leisure, and he would make up for the years of hard work.

Well, he finally retired—money in the bank, an assured income, a nice home, everything he needed. "Now," he told his friends, "I am going to enjoy life."

And just 24 hours after he retired he dropped dead.

If a novelist put that in a book we wouldn't believe it. We would say that things don't really happen that way, and we would accuse the novelist of straining too hard for an ironic effect.

But life takes queer twists that are not permitted to good fiction. It all happened, precisely as it is described here; and all we can do is admit that there are times when wisdom and prudence are horribly confounded.

As a matter of fact, this sort of thing happens fairly often—in a little different way. Not many people who have prepared for a carefree and leisurely old age die just as they begin to taste their reward, of course; but they get cheated out of their dues, just the same. They find that leisure, after a lifetime of hard work, is boredom. They find that they have forgotten how to play. They find that the empty hours are depressing because they do not know what to do with them. They find themselves feeling that they have been put upon the shelf and they grow 10 years older in 12 months. Perhaps we aren't meant to be

too cautious. Deferring one's happiness to the end, when one will have time and the means to take it, is risky. For most of us that gift of tomorrow will never dawn. If we don't get our happiness along the way we shall never get it at all.

That is a lesson worth learning. The real joy of living is not something that can be banked and drawn on at some future date. It has to be taken from day to day. It is compounded usually of many little experiences. The raze of an autumn afternoon over a flaming woodland; the confiding smile of a child, nestling in one's arms for a fairy tale; the smell of a clear wind as one trudges along a beaver by blue water; the sudden revelation of tenderness in the eyes of a loved one; the brief, vanishing strain of a bit of music—of such things is a satisfying life fabricated. You cannot postpone them, you cannot wait for them. You must get them as you go along, or you will miss them entirely.

Working On Their Pride

(The Manufacturer)

Statistics showing that the daily average Iowa street and road accident casualty rate is one killed and 40 seriously injured, induced the state to start a campaign against reckless drivers.

The remedy will have to be worked by engineers as well as by policemen. Sheriff Cress of Mason City is trying out a novel method of police control. He continued to arrest the worst offenders, and in addition he stopped the best drivers and decorated them with a red card complimenting them on their regard for others.

He had to do a lot of quick explaining to tourists who could not understand why they were stopped by an officer with a red tag in his hand. Many a driver proudly bore away that red tag, more zealous in living up to it than he would have been if a judge had soaked him with a fine.

EDITORIAL SPOTLIGHT

HEROISM ON THE JOB—New York Times

Most of us have no chance to perform deeds of conspicuous heroism in the routine of our daily lives, and most heroic deeds have a background of extraordinary circumstance. Confronted with fire, earthquake or tornado, the spirit rises to a degree of unreserved power, while the common round of monotonous duties leaves it uninspired. Yet there are instances of quick, courageous action in the line of ordinary work which command the greatest admiration.

Three such have just been cited by the Theodore N. Vall Memorial Fund, established for the reward of Bell telephone employees who show the act of a window cleaner at work on one of the company's buildings. He saved the life of a man working near by whose safety belt had come loose at one end, risking his own life to do so.

Another case of quick thought and action was that of a switchboard operator whose rapid calls to surrounding towns prevented the escape of a band of bank robbers. The third was an instance of combined physical bravery and quick wit. The repairman in the central office in Winchester, Va., took charge of the office of a town a few miles away which was threatened with destruction by fire. By sending for apparatus and dynamite he saved the town, though he could not save the telephone building, but by removing his equipment in the nick of time he was able to keep up communication, both local and long distance.

EDITORIAL SPOTLIGHT

FOR LACK OF A TELEPHONE—Denver, Colo., Morning News

Out of the mingled horror and heroism of the Pleasant Hill school tragedy, one simple thing stands out.

The very modern, yet simple, convenience of a telephone in the schoolhouse would probably have prevented it.

The teachers were unable to communicate with the parents of their children or with the nearest town. Had they been able to do so, the pupils might have been kept at school, or, in any event, outsiders would have known that the bus had left, and when it failed to arrive, could have gone to the rescue.

And so, out of the lack of this common modern convenience, grew a terrible tragedy.

It is unfortunate that so often it takes such an occurrence to prove the necessity of ordinary precautions. Yet, because it is so difficult to anticipate events, such is the case. And the lesson from this tragedy is the need of a telephone to keep every Colorado school in touch with the outside world.

THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN

By FANNIE HURST

IT WAS one of those situations, which, beginning the size of a pea, gathered moss at such an astonishingly rapid rate that presently all those connected with it were agast at the magnitude of what they had done.

The Midtown Gazette, on which young Tom Powell was a reporter and to which Miss Amy Stricker subscribed, had started a popularity contest, the winning young lady to be the fortunate recipient of a tour around the world.

Of course, off-hand, one would have told you that Amy Stricker, so bland in her beauty, so bland in her blue-eyedness, so tender in the springtime quality of her youth, was the most popular girl in town. But popularity in the new world was one thing, and popularity in a state which contained at least six cities of far greater population and size was another. In any event, before the township of Oranville realized it with interest and competition running high, here was little Amy Stricker, nineteen, assistant librarian in the town's somewhat makeshift library, pulling up some in fashion that flabbergasted and delighted the amazed and amused coupon clippers.

Of course, the fine hand of Tom Powell was to be detected behind much of the activity. From the moment that the Midtown Gazette announced its policy of staging the conspicuous and dramatic contest, this young fellow, alert, up-and-coming and full of the fine fettle of young journalism, carried on his campaign for placing the victory in the hands of his lovely fiancée, Miss Amy Stricker.

For three months, with comparatively no local competition, but with dangerous runners-up from the larger cities of the state, the war for popularity waged and circulation climbed. Miss Stricker's little desk at the library became the mecca of turbulent, coupon-clipping scenes. The little frame house on Ludlow street, where she lived with a married sister, sharing a tiny room with two half-grown nieces, was electric with excitement. In fact, the only calm aspect of this frenzied fight for the spectacular reward was the small, beautiful blond figure of Amy Stricker. She was as radiant as a lovely morning, her blue eyes never dimmer, her smile never wider. They said of her locally that she was a Mary Pickford, at Mary's zenith. Youngsters adored her and followed her in little dumps. Old ladies toddled to the library for the benefit of the gentle manner she had with them. Amy had more beaux than there were chairs in the Ludlow street house to accommodate them. Tom Powell, who had worked his way through Northwestern University, was regarded the luckiest fellow in town. He wanted Amy to be the luckiest girl in town.

On the day of Amy's victory of eight thousand votes over her closest competitor, the town went wild. It was a miniature Lindbergh day. Factories and business houses blew their midday whistles and business was literally suspended for the hour that Amy Stricker, mounted on a paper donkey, rode through the town, bowing her sweet acknowledgments to the plaudits of crowds that were almost entirely composed of men, women and children with whom she had grown up.

No royal bride was ever more pompously prepared for ceremony than Amy in those weeks preceding her departure for the first lap of her ninety-day tour of the world. She was the community's interest, the community's pride, the community's responsibility. Ladies' societies met for the sole purpose of sewing Amy's traveling things. Local shops vied with one another in supplying Miss U. S. A. with paraphernalia. Tom Powell worked his eager hands to the bone, so to speak, seeing to it that the whole general picture was one of magnitude and scope worthy of his fiancée.

And then there entered into this picture aspects of the human equation which were to shock and disappoint the community beyond anything that had ever happened in its midst. A momentary shock, it is true, which later was to be superseded by a homesely kind of feeling of affection for the misadventure of which Miss Stricker and Mr. Powell had been guilty.

Two weeks before Amy's contemplated departure on a flower-decked, bunting-draped train, Tom Powell, seated in her study little parlor one evening, caught her in his arms and told her that he could not bear to let her go, to a vast and admiring world, that he had tried to be unselfish in giving her to the world, but that his heart was sick within him with what he had done.

Amy in turn, with her cheek against his shoulder, sobbed out her nostalgia; begged him to release her from the vast project of taking the tour alone; clung to him; needed him. The next morning, Amy and Tom went off to a town twenty miles away and were married.

The newspaper, the town and the state gave a large group of dignitaries and turned to the second runner-up, a contestant in a large city who had

taken short of eight thousand votes of Amy's acclaim. To take the role of Miss U. S. A. Excitement fell away from the threshold of Amy Stricker-Powell overnight. She became a little bride in any little town, married to any little struggling fellow. They set up housekeeping in three rooms of a two-family cottage on a scrubby street at the end of the town. The community was irreparably disappointed in Amy and manifested itself by leaving her severely alone.

For the first few months of the marriage, the town's resentment lingered, and then the case of Miss U. S. A. was forgotten. The Tom Powells became comfortably a part of local life. Amy took up her household duties and Tom pursued his work. There were the usual struggles, the usual hypocrisies, the usual ambitions, desires and hopes.

The first five years of their marriage Tom was promoted twice, Amy gained fifteen pounds, and three babies, all of them healthy and vigorous, were born. If the perfection of Amy's bloom faded, the little bland, blue quality of her eyes burned on. She was beautiful because she was happy.

And then catastrophe came. The eldest boy almost succumbed to meningitis. Amy fell off a ladder while painting her kitchen cupboard and had a bad time with a sprained ankle. Then Tom, out of a clear sky, took to his bed for a period of eighteen months with a hip disease that had gradually to correct itself. Tom's disability pinched the little household down to a state of actual destitution. Amy resumed her position at the library. During those long, dreary months she kept the little household going, maintained Tom in his wheel chair in dignity and immaculate fashion, took two of the children to school on the way to the library, did her marketing on the way home, prepared meals, accomplished much of her scrubbing and window washing after dark, waxed floors on her knees, did some of her card cataloging for the library at home, exercised Tom on his bad leg and tried over the finances without having to resort to borrowing.

"There goes Miss U. S. A.," winked the townspeople usually; pointed her out to strangers. That came literally to be true.

Tom, when he kissed her and fondled her, as if he could never leave off expressing his gratitude always thought of her in his heart as typical of Miss U. S. A.

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TALL POLES RAISED FOR RADIO TELEPHONE WORK

The normal height of a telephone pole is thirty or thirty-five feet, but in New Jersey telephone plant men were called upon recently to erect two poles, 100 feet in height.

These poles have been placed on the property of the Bell Telephone Laboratories at Mendham. They are of that height not in order to discourage endurance pole sitters, but to support an aerial for radio telephone research purposes.

These skyscraping poles are thirty-five feet higher than are those used at the transmitting station at Oceangate for ship-shore telephone purposes. They are as sturdy as the stoutest of the masts of a yacht and defender, and were secured from a Brooklyn shipyard, whence they were towed to Deal Beach, en route to Mendham.

For the first few months of the marriage, the town's resentment lingered, and then the case of Miss U. S. A. was forgotten. The Tom Powells became comfortably a part of local life. Amy took up her household duties and Tom pursued his work. There were the usual struggles, the usual hypocrisies, the usual ambitions, desires and hopes.

The first five years of their marriage Tom was promoted twice, Amy gained fifteen pounds, and three babies, all of them healthy and vigorous, were born. If the perfection of Amy's bloom faded, the little bland, blue quality of her eyes burned on. She was beautiful because she was happy.

And then catastrophe came. The eldest boy almost succumbed to meningitis. Amy fell off a ladder while painting her kitchen cupboard and had a bad time with a sprained ankle. Then Tom, out of a clear sky, took to his bed for a period of eighteen months with a hip disease that had gradually to correct itself. Tom's disability pinched the little household down to a state of actual destitution. Amy resumed her position at the library. During those long, dreary months she kept the little household going, maintained Tom in his wheel chair in dignity and immaculate fashion, took two of the children to school on the way to the library, did her marketing on the way home, prepared meals, accomplished much of her scrubbing and window washing after dark, waxed floors on her knees, did some of her card cataloging for the library at home, exercised Tom on his bad leg and tried over the finances without having to resort to borrowing.

"There goes Miss U. S. A.," winked the townspeople usually; pointed her out to strangers. That came literally to be true.

Tom, when he kissed her and fondled her, as if he could never leave off expressing his gratitude always thought of her in his heart as typical of Miss U. S. A.

"There goes Miss U. S. A.," winked the townspeople usually; pointed her out to strangers. That came literally to be true.

Tom, when he kissed her and fondled her, as if he could never leave off expressing his gratitude always thought of her in his heart as typical of Miss U. S. A.

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(22, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)