

**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

Editor and Publisher  
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Member  
Michigan Press Association

Member  
National Editorial Association

Farmington, Michigan, Thursday, August 6, 1931.

# Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

**Backbone Or Wishbone?**

(Iron Age)

Some one has said that "this depression is turning many backbones into wishbones."

The depression did not do this. The easy times which preceded it were responsible for the spinal softening. Jobs for the asking; profits for the picking; the "new era" thought of wealth without much work.

As a matter of fact, these recent strenuous months have been gradually changing wishbones back into real backbones. Depressions cure or kill.

Hard times have always fostered American progress and strengthened American character. Witness the bloody years of travail which made and preserved us as a nation. Witness the winning of the West by our pioneer forefathers. It was not done through "easy times." Money they had not; hunger, danger and discomfort dogged their footsteps. It was a red-letter day to them that was without its quota of real privation. Yet they won through. They had backbone—not wishbone.

And we, their descendants, are baffled and bewildered by the fact that we have more money, food, comforts and conveniences than we know what to do with. A state of overproduction! Shades of our grandfathers!

All that we need today is more backbone and less wishbone. There is no use or hope in waiting for an individual Moses to lead us out of the wilderness, if our forefathers had waited for that they would not have got west of the Mississippi. Dynamic individualism, not the static grouping and groping of collectivism, will bring us through.

Individual backbone, courage and action are what we need today. And we need it in industry as much as elsewhere. Backbone to refuse to sell below cost; courage to replace obsolete equipment with better machinery; aggressive action in advertising and selling our products.

Backbones stiffening. Already we see some signs of better times coming through the clouds of depression. Economic hardships are bringing back to us our heritage of courage. All that we need now to win through is ACTION.

Buying backbone, individually exercised now by the thousands of influential readers of this message, is all of the leadership we need to bring us out of the wilderness. And the most constructive buying, today, is represented in the replacement of obsolescent industrial equipment.

**"Soul Force"**

(Mt. Pleasant Times)

A clergyman remarked a few days ago that the recent triumph of Mahatma Gandhi in winning concessions for India from the British government, was a triumph of "soul force." It was a demonstration that armed force is not the only power that rules the affairs of men.

Much could be written about what can be called the power of great souls. George Washington was such a great soul. His courage and inspiration won independence for America. While he could have done nothing without armed force, yet the armed force would have been paralyzed without his great soul. As time goes on great souls will depend less and less on armed force, and they will paralyze its power by their influence over the minds and wills of mankind.

**The Old Medicine Show**

(Fairmont, Minn. Sentinel)

Remember the ancient medicine shows where they had music, may be a magician, and a ballyhoo by a leather-chested "professor" who then tried to sell you Kickapoo Indian vermifuge, liver purifier and lightning rods? That is what the radio programs of 1931 have developed into—perhaps we should say degenerated. Twenty-four hours a day, relays of announcers ballyhoo everything from "peanut butter endorsement" by the American Medical Association, to "Hellova" watches. In the morning, before the musicians can be dragged from the feathers, the phonograph record is called upon to provide the medicine show music. Between each record the announcer expatiates on the virtues of tank heaters, sanitary swill barrels, brooder stretchers, maybe a ride on the bus. The records are often announced as "special electrical transcriptions." A local house is selling them for ten cents. Later in the morning a cargo of sopranos—sing cheaply—is imported, and the records are shelved until next morning. The would-be Galli Curcis yodel a few minutes, then the announcer does his stuff for pancake flour. Along in the afternoon the tenors and baritones take up the burden of selling yeast cakes, tooth paste, hog purifier, horse collars, oleomargarine, what not. But it's in the evening that the medicine show bursts into glory. The nation-wide chains are hooked up and the big noises of the musical world, with much dog on the introductions, exchange their talent for the medicine man's money. The orchestras and soloists go into high speed, but between every selection, no matter how noble the performer, comes the plea, "buy this, buy that." There aren't enough channels to hold all the super-salesmen. It's the old medicine show.

**Relatively Speaking**

(Birmingham Eclectic)

Ever hear the story of the chap who, because of certain tie-ups with his relatives, lost his mind trying to figure out his place in the universe? Visited at the asylum, to the question of how he was sent there for keeping, he replied:

"It all started when I married a widow with a grown-up daughter. Then my father, being a widower, married the daughter. That made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son; my wife also became the mother-in-law of her father-in-law.

"Then my step-mother had a son who was my brother, being a father's son; but as the boy was the grandson of my wife, he was also my grandson.

"Then my wife and I had a son. My father's wife is my son's half sister and also his grandmother. Now, it is easy to see that my father became my step-daughter, my step-mother, my step-son, my wife also became the mother-in-law of her father-in-law.

"Then my step-mother had a son who was my brother, being a father's son; but as the boy was the grandson of my wife, he was also my grandson.

"Then my wife and I had a son. My father's wife is my son's half sister and also his grandmother. Now, it is easy to see that my father became my step-daughter, my step-mother, my step-son, my wife also became the mother-in-law of her father-in-law.

The visitor stopped the lunatic at this point, thoroughly satisfied as to why he went crazy.

**THEY WANT THE BEST**

"It is extremely difficult to distinguish between weeds and young plants," says a correspondent. "Our neighbors' hens seem to manage it easily."—The Humorist (London).

Try an Enterprise liner. They produce results.

## CHURCHES

**St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarencville**  
(At Switzer Road)  
Rev. Paul Graubner, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:30.  
Divine Services, 10:30.  
The first and third Sunday of the month the services are conducted in the German language. All other services are English.

**Our Lady of Sorrows Church**  
Rev. James A. Culbertson, Pastor  
Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.  
Daily mass at 8:00.

**Evangelical Church**  
Rev. A. A. Schuler, Pastor  
Sunday School, 9:30.  
German Service, 10:30.  
Subject: The Gospel's Power.

**Methodist Church**  
Rev. F. C. Johnson, Pastor  
Next Sunday morning Rev. F. C. Johnson, pastor of the church, will preach on the theme, "The Locks of the Christian Life." At this service, the choir will also render the two anthems they gave at Lansing last week where they won the first prize. "Driftwood" will be the subject of the evening message.

Clarencville M. E. Church  
Rev. Robert Richards

**Sunday Morning**  
11 a. m., Baptismal service.  
11:30, Children's Program.

**Baptist Church**  
Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor  
10:30 Morning Worship with sermon by the pastor.  
11:45 Bible School. We are having very good attendance.  
6:30 Young People's Hour.  
7:30 Open Air service in Town Hall Park. Last week there was an exceptionally large attendance. This week Miss Mable Turner of Moody Bible Institute will speak for a few minutes. The pastor will preach a short gospel sermon. At the close of the service we will go to the church for a baptismal service. We invite all to join us in these meetings.

### WEST FARMINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. August Schroeder entertained at Sunday dinner Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Schroeder and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dumke and son.

Mrs. Fred Dumke spent part of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Schroeder.

Mrs. Emma Kurtz and daughter Dorothea spent Thursday in Plymouth visiting relatives.

The children and grandchildren of Mrs. Edith Graham gathered at her home Sunday to help her celebrate her birthday anniversary. Dinner was served on the lawn, thirty four sitting at the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green and family attended the summer school graduation exercises of Mary Moore Wednesday at Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reinas and daughter spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. William Kurtz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Halsted and son Lee spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. Kull of Detroit, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home Friday.

Several residents here will attend the horticulture tour Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crouse and Mr. and Mrs. Main were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Marsh.

Miss Irma Crouse of Detroit spent the week with relatives.

### Crowd Lines Up To See "Daddy Long Legs"

So great was the interest in "Daddy Long Legs", the feature picture at the Public-Redford Theatre Monday, that a crowd of half-a-dozen was lined up to see the attraction when the theatre opened.

The picture played to capacity audiences Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. It had Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the feature roles.

**THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT**

A physician says that success depends upon the functioning of the glands. The sweat glands—Minneapolis Journal.

## One Letter He Did Not Mail

By CORONA REMINGTON

Now, I'll be out of town Monday but I'll be back Tuesday morning and I'll call you. Maybe we could go to a show that night. Would you like to?

"I'd love to go," she smiled up at him.

"That's a bargain then. I'll call you Tuesday. Good-bye."

Big Jim Spearman pressed her hand lingeringly for a second and was gone. Constance Miller walked back into the living room after he had left and wondered what had happened. There was a strange loneliness about the place and yet a peculiar cheer, too. She felt somehow both the presence and the absence of his big wholesome personality.

"And he's going to call me Tuesday morning..." she whispered to herself. "Sunday, Monday..." she counted them off on her fingers "Only two days!"

"I believe he likes me a little—I honestly believe he does," she told her mirror as she stood in front of it brushing her hair for the night. "And just think, two weeks ago I didn't know him. I didn't even know him."

With the languid, preoccupied motions of one who is thinking of something else she finished her toilette at last and slid into bed. She was so sleepy yet so excitedly happy. "Tuesday... Tuesday... Tuesday..."

She wished she could stay awake all night just to think about it. The words floated around in her brain now distinct, now dim, now distinct again. "Tuesday... Tuesday..."

Down she sank into the land of nod. And when she awoke it was Sunday and time to get dressed for breakfast.

"Day after tomorrow!" That sound ed so much nearer than Tuesday had the night before. "Day after tomorrow!"

Sunday jogged along somehow breakfast, church, dinner, a housewifely noon of piano and books, peaceful in formal, servile support. Leaving from the midday feast—chicken and dressing, sliced veal, jam and bread and butter, tea, scraps. Delicious.

And then Monday. Less time for dreaming. A hurried hour of plan practice, then the lesson and after ward more practice. The afternoon was filled with golf. And Tuesday—Constance decided to break her engagement with the dentist to stay home. He might telephone while she was gone. She practiced a little, then went to the window and looked out she did not know what for. The telephone bell rang suddenly sharply. With a start she picked it up, her heart beating strangely.

"Yes?" Her voice was a thrill with expectancy.

"Hello, Conny, this is Margaret..."

She could scarcely restrain herself. A tide of disappointment swept over her. That telephone bell rang again and again and each time she flew to it certain that it was he only to find that it was some one else. The tension became unbearable, and that night she cried herself to sleep, one moment certain that he had been killed some way or he had fallen and died, the next moment certain that he was a flirt and had completely forgotten her.

Wednesday she decided to telephone to his office. But she hung up, not realizing just as the operator asked for the number.

"No, if he can't take the trouble to call me, he may go for all I care." (That was enough of the moments when she was sure he was a flirt.)

Thursday was a replica of Wednesday—only worse, cumulative tension and disappointment adding to the pain.

Then came Friday and with the evening Jim Spearman appeared, cordial, debonair, conscienceless.

"Mighty glad to see you again."

"Well, where shall we go tonight?" She had not spoken a word as yet.

"I—don't think we'll go..."

"Why, Constance, you promised me tonight."

"I did not," she answered with spirit. "I promised you Tuesday night and Tuesday's been gone—a year!"

"But I sent you a special delivery explaining that I'd be detained and asking you to go tonight. I only got back an hour ago."

"It didn't come."

"Well, I mailed it. I put it in this pocket and mailed it Monday night at the post office myself." He slipped his hand into his pocket and pulled out the letter. There it was stamped and sealed and addressed to her.

Limply he dropped into a chair—a big, pathetically crestfallen man.

"Well, what on earth do you suppose I mailed that night anyway?"

It was all over. All the suffering and suspicion and doubt. Conny laughed the happiest rippling laugh.

"I can't imagine," she said, "but I know one thing—it wasn't my special delivery."

"Well, after we've been married a few years you'll find out what an ad-vised-minded old man you have for a husband." He said it in the same cheery way he said everything else and with the same certainty—and he was right.

Hours later that night she turned over and over in joyful restlessness.

"Once explained, how understandable the understandable is," she sighed happily.

## TELEPHONE OFFICE STANDS ON HISTORIC NEVADA SITE

On the site where an adobe stockade once furnished settlers at Carson City, Nev., refuge from attacks by the Indians now stands a new telephone building which is one of the most modern in the State of Nevada, and which will serve Carson City and vicinity.

Carson City holds an important place in the history of early-day communication, for it was one of the main stations on the pony express route in the early sixties, and because a still further important link to the Pacific Coast when the transcontinental telegraph line was extended from San Francisco eastward across the Sierras. A telephone line was first extended to Carson City in 1888, six years after the first exchange in Nevada was opened at Virginia City.

## Health vs Beauty!

We cannot guarantee BEAUTIES But we can guarantee HEALTHIES

If you give your growing children plenty of OUR HI-QUALITY MILK FARMINGTON DAIRY

Phone 135

## Better Times Ahead for the Poultry Raiser

That's what R. W. Dunlap, Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Department of Agriculture says in his article appearing in the July issue of Poultry Tribune. His conclusion is based on these facts:

"There are less hens on the farm now than one year ago; less chicks hatched this year with a very noticeable shortage of early hatched pullets; 10% less eggs in storage than a year ago; and 42 per cent less dressed poultry in storage than there was a year ago."

With a substantial shortage of eggs and poultry in storage, and less hens and pullets on the farm, a shortage in the production of fresh eggs during the coming Fall and Winter months is self evident. This can mean but one thing—good prices for poultry and eggs this Fall, this Winter and next Spring. Better times for the poultry raiser are just around the corner.

With prices on poultry feeds the lowest ever known, we see no reason why you should not feed only the best feeds and get your pullets into production as soon as possible.

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