

The Farmington Enterprise

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Hyman Levinson

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Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

The Deacon And The Frog

(Midland Republican)

A great many people we know remind us of the frog that Charles F. Ketterling, chief engineer of General Motors, told about the other day.

A deacon was on his way to church one Sunday morning dressed in his best and with his shoes nicely polished, when he heard his name called from a mud-hole near the roadside. Down in the hole was a big bullfrog.

"I have been in here three days," said the frog, "without anything to eat, and I wish you would help me out."

The deacon looked at the mud and looked at his shiny shoes and remembered that he had to pass the collection plate in church, so he replied, "I'm sorry, old man, I can't help you, but on my way back from church I'll give you a lift out of the hole."

As he came back from church, the deacon was surprised to find the frog sitting in the middle of the road, contentedly snapping at flies.

"I thought you said you couldn't get out of that hole," said the deacon.

"I thought I couldn't either, until a snake came along and I just had to get out," replied the frog.

Lots of people are discovering these days that they can do things they didn't think they could do. Under pressure of necessity every one of us can accomplish the impossible. In good times nobody uses more than a fraction of his ability and resourcefulness. But when the snake of hard times comes along we just have to get out of a hole, and like the frog in Mr. Ketterling's story, we find some way to do what we didn't believe we could.

It is a good thing for humanity that life is not always pleasant and easy. Intelligence, ability and character are only developed to their best in the face of adversity. And the harder the struggle, the more fun there is in looking back on it after the peak has been passed.

White House Secrecy

(Birmingham Eclectic)

There is a growing tendency on the part of President Hoover and his Cabinet to maintain a strict silence upon matters concerning the government of the United States.

Newspaper correspondents in Washington are finding it more difficult from day to day to obtain accurate reports for their readers back home. God help these United States when any group of public officials succeeds in keeping its official acts secret. If American newspapers do not rebel against any efforts to silence it, our country will soon be plunged into dark autocracy, or dictatorship. Closely following upon the heels of a silenced pen will come a silenced tongue. And citizenship will mean servitude. Let's demand an open policy from the White House.

"It Seems Inconceivable"

It scarcely seems conceivable that millions of boys will again be set to disemboweling and slaughtering millions of other boys whom they have never seen and with whom they have no real quarrel. Yet that is what the preparation of the war effort plans for, anticipates, prepares for, and inevitably leads to.—The Portland Evening News, August 10, 1931.

Washing Waves

(Grand Rapids Chronicle)

Britain is ruling the waves in interesting fashion these days. A recent admiralty order reads like our own "Helpful Hints to Housewives" when it explains, "Soft water should be used if possible for washing woolen articles, and soda or washing powder should never be added. The water should be warm, but the articles should never be boiled."

Now, now. No snickers. Is the hardboiled gob any the worse for having washed his own woollens? Doesn't England expect every man to do his duty? And, obviously, knowledge of the correct manner of performing this task is also a duty. Perhaps we may even hear of some sailor being court-martialed for not laundering the captain's pajamas properly. However, this probably will not happen nowadays, as it might have in the olden time. Things are different now when an old salt never puts to sea without a supply of soft water, and even the greenest hand knows that Mondak is rinsing day. All this inspired our staff poet to write a verse about it, which appears below:

NO SOAP, SAILORS!

(The British admiralty has issued an order to the sailors of the fleet instructing them in the proper way to launder woollens to prevent shrinking.)

There was a tumult on the waters, There was thunder on the deep, They were huddled in the cabin, When they left their native shore!

Not a soul would dare to sleep; You could hear the captain shouting, "We are lost; abandon hope!

When we left the port this morning, We forgot the Ivory soap."

Ah, what makes the schooner dip so,

There amid the tempest's roar? They forgot to bring the Chipeso When they left their native shore!

Oh, how mortified the gobs are, As they climb the mizzen trucks— All their lingerie is shrunken, For the boys are out of Lux!

R. A.

United Pull Necessary

(Wayne, Neb. Herald)

The same steam spitfully employed in tearing down a neighbor would work to good advantage along constructive lines. Mental energy used to discredit or destroy another is worse than wasted. Most people have an upgrade pull, and they cannot make worthwhile progress if they are hampered by having to climb over unnecessary obstructions or to dodge missiles of envy.

Every improvement or advanced step taken by an individual or a group in a community helps everybody in the community—helps property values, attracts more people, stimulates business and defies threats of erosion.

Community building depends in large part on a manifest spirit of mutual interest and mutual effort. Readjustments to new requirements calls for courage, clear judgment and unflinching temper. In changing to a different order of things one must be resourceful and alert. He should not lie down and kick, but rise to emergencies and take a firm hold.

Many communities are slipping. The one that goes ahead must look above trivial grudges for improvement and progress, accepting with good grace the advantage one gets even if it is not all he wants or expects.

CHURCHES

Evangelical Church
Rev. A. A. Schuler, Pastor.

Reformation Sunday,
English worship 10:45.
Subject: "Regarding Ancient Landmarks."
Bible School 11:30.
After a months preparation all classes are functioning very efficiently.

Ladies Aid (Woman's Federation) Wednesday afternoon, Y. P. League Wednesday evening.
Big Men's meeting Thursday evening. The Royal Oak Brotherhood will put on the program.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville
(At Switzer Road)
Rev. Paul Grunberg, Pastor

Divine Services 10:15.
Sunday School 11:30.
The first and third Sundays of the month the services are conducted in the German language. All other services are English.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. James A. Callahan, Pastor

Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.
Daily mass at 8:00.

West Point Park Presbyterian Church
Rev. John Adams, Pastor
22333 Grand River, Redford

10:30 Sunday School.
11:30 Morning Service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Midweek prayer service.

Methodist Church
Rev. F. C. Johnson, Minister

Now that vacation days are over let us find ourselves in the different church services on Sunday, also during the week. Next Sunday Rev. Floyd Charles Johnson, pastor of the church, will preach at both services in the morning "What Do I Live For?" And in the evening "Big Little Things."

Next Tuesday evening the regular monthly meeting of the official board will be held in the church.

Wednesday evening at 7:30 the regular fellowship hour will convene, followed at 8:15 by the fifth lecture on Applied Religion, "The Power of Faith."

These lectures are proving very popular and helpful.

Our Sunday school also invites you. Our new superintendent, Miss Emily Butterfield, who served our Sunday school so efficiently in past years, will need your hearty cooperation. Let us greet her next Sunday at 12 o'clock.

Baptist Church
Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30 Morning service and Communion. The Pastor will begin a series of sermons on the book of Jude.

11:45 Bible School. Come and see which class wins the attendance banner next Sunday.

6:30 Young Peoples Hour with the Gospel Team in charge. You should hear these young Christian leaders.

7:30 Evangelistic service. The sermon subject, "The Right Priest For a Death Bed," should be of interest to all.

Come and worship with us.

UNIVERSITY TO WITHHOLD CREDITS FROM STUDENTS

Ann Arbor, Oct. 26.—Varied activities characterized the September meeting of the University of Michigan Regents. Important was the ruling that the Dean of Students may withhold credit for University work from a student who has failed to pay for room rent properly chargeable to him; if in the opinion of the Dean circumstances warrant such action. It was understood that this ruling was not necessarily a permanent policy on the University's part.

Two Hardware Dealers
To Supply Deer Licenses

Resident and camp licenses for deer hunters may be obtained in Farmington at the Farmington Hardware Co. and the Lee Hardware Co. The conservation department is now mailing resident, non-resident and camp licenses for the deer season which opens next month.

Estimates from the Department of Conservation place the figure at 80,000 who will apply for licenses this year.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

Unsolved Riddles That Stir Puzzles
Authorities Here and Abroad

The Death of Lord Bentinck
SON of the fourth duke of Portland, one of the most famous sportsmen of his day, there is little reason to wonder at the fact that Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck had a passionate love of sport in his blood and that racing was the dominant note in his brief life from the day when he started to accustom to a stable of his own to the time when, having failed to win the Derby, he sold all his horses and abandoned the turf in despair.

One by one all the prizes of the race-course had come to him—with one exception. But the blue ribbons which crown the winner of the Derby seemed destined never to be his, despite the fact that upon several occasions they appeared to be within his grasp. So deep at last became his chagrin at the continued failure of his horses to win the grand prize of the racing world that, in a moment of pique, Lord Bentinck decided to sell all his stable and remove his colors from the field.

Among the horses which Lord George disposed of at figures which represented far less than their actual value was no other than the great Surplice, the winner of the next year's Derby and the St. Leger stakes. Lord Bentinck had actually had the coveted prize in his hands, only to let it go! How keenly he felt the blow may be gathered from the following entry in the diary of Lord Beaconsfield:

"I met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the house of commons. He was standing before the shelves with a volume in his hand and his countenance was greatly disturbed. Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, had won that paramount stake which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least would yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of supercilious grin."

"All my life I have been trying for this and for what have I sacrificed it? he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. 'It is the blue ribbon of the turf,' he softly repeated to himself, sitting down before a table, buried himself in statistics."

Was this disappointment the cause of Lord Bentinck's death, or was there foul play connected with it? was the question which all England asked, when, only a short time later, his body was found in an open field not far from his home. He had risen that morning, apparently full of health and spirits, and, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, had set out to walk across country to Thoresby, Lord Manvers' estate, where he was to spend the week-end. His valet, who had gone on in advance, awaited his arrival but, when night fell and the nobleman did not put in an appearance, a searching party was made up and it was not long before one of the members discovered the body, cold and stiff. Lord Bentinck had evidently been dead for some hours but what had been the cause of his mysterious death?

The coroner's jury, after considering the evidence for some time, finally agreed to commit themselves and returned a verdict: "Death due to the visitation of God; to wit, a spasm of the heart."

But there were many who were by no means satisfied with the vague verdict of the inquest. Lord Bentinck had always been a man of remarkable vigor and robust health and he had apparently never been feeling better than on the day of his death. Was it likely that such a man would drop dead during a quiet and unexciting stroll across the country? Was it more likely that he had met some one closely related to him—some one whom rumor credited with having been the cause of violent quarrel only a few days before—and that a scene had ensued, in the course of which Lord George had either fallen or had received a fatal blow?

Unfortunately, the ground had been trampled and all footprints which might have told of such an encounter had been obliterated by the time the officers of the law arrived upon the scene, and, as the verdict of the coroner's jury gave an excuse for dropping the case, the truth as to whether Lord Bentinck was struck down by "the hand of God" or by a much more human agency remains one of the mysteries which will never be solved.

(Ad by the Wheeler Syndicate.)

Music a Gift of God
Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts; the notes give life to the text; it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes the King David. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand golden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand upon the same wars in its place. Princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and letters.

We should accustom the youth continually to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people.—Martin Luther, in "Table Talk."

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