

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Swift Speaks On Religion

"The Smallest Newspaper In The World" has had publicity before. It, meaning Swift Lathers' "two-by-four" weekly sheet which he calls "The Mears Newz, Swift Lathers, Editor and Bottle-Washer," published at Mears, Mich., continues to catch the attention of publications everywhere, and will as long as Swift's comments retain that wry wit and spicy flavor which is all his.

It seems that a lady living in Mears had been to the World's Fair at Chicago, and after coming home had talked with Swift about it. So the next week there was a piece on the subject in "The Newz." It seemed good enough to a Muskegon daily newspaper editor to copy, and from there no one knows how many other papers picked it up. With the Muskegon editor's heading, "Swift Gives A Sermon On Religion," it reads:

Carrie Read says the buildings at the fair were all fairly comfortable in their temperature. The only place where she nearly froze stiff was in the Hall of Religion. I think I can understand that. Sometimes after church services I have seen people in the vestibule or on the steps of the church, people whom I have known for years, and they meet me with a vacant stare. That is some people's kind of religion. They go to church but they don't realize what it is all about. In church they speak the name of Jesus, they sing the name of Jesus, but they don't think that their pious aloofness is their religion. I can well remember a few years back when one of the elders of the church used to drive past me with an empty seat in his car when I would be walking to Hart in the winter time and he used to call out to me, "Lathers, how is walking?" Well, there is religion. But as for me, I don't want to go to church. To me religion is an everyday thing, woven into the warp of my everyday life. I join in the democracy of the sidewalk. I do not feel myself too good to walk with anyone, to talk with anyone. I try to patronize every business place in town whether they ever give me a penny's worth of business or not. I want to show my good will. It is a part of my religion. On Sundays I go to the brick refrigerator on the corner and look around at many icicles who through the years are too pious to ever subscribe to my little paper. They wrap themselves in the mantle of piety and aloofness and exclude me. Year after year I live among them and try to boost their little town, try to put it on the map, try to write nice things about them. So when Carrie Read comes back from the fair and says the only cold building on the grounds was the Hall of Religion, I think I can understand.

The Tale Of A Cop—And A Hero!

Criticizing the cop is one of America's favorite indoor sports. We like to remind ourselves that cops frequently are dumb often surly and rude occasionally downright crooked. We are apt to forget that the cop also is very often a hero.

There was a cop in New York, the other day, named Ernest F. McCarron. There wasn't anything unusual about him. He was '30 years old, he used to be a professional prize fighter, he had attended the public schools as a boy, and he spent his days pounding the pavement in a quiet and unexciting section of Brooklyn.

He was just like any other harmless bull; you could have duplicated him on any police force in America.

Well, the other night McCarron was walking his beat, along about 4 in the morning, when he saw flames and smoke coming from the fourth floor of an apartment building.

He ran into the building, climbed the stairs, roused the occupants of the building, and then went to the box and pulled a fire alarm. Returning to the building, he found that everybody on the fourth floor, where the fire was raging, had got out, excepting a 9-year-old girl. Somehow she had been overlooked, and by now even the first floor corridor was so full of back choking smoke that nobody dared go in after her. No McCarron went in. He didn't come out again, either. Hours later, after the fire had been put out, they found him, lying dead in the third-floor hall, the girl in his arms.

Somehow he had got to the top of the building and got the girl and started down with her. Getting her out had been too much for him. The cop and the little girl, her arms about his unburied neck, had died together.

About the only thing to add is that next day a whole flock of youngsters called at the station house to ask when his funeral would be held. One of his jobs had been to handle traffic in front

of their school; he'd helped them across the street every day for months, and he was their friend. That's all the story. There's not much to it; so little, indeed, that it's hardly worth telling. A cop tries to save a child fails, dies; what of it?

What of it? Nothing. That's just the point. McCarron simply did what any cop would—saved a life without hesitation when his job pointed that way. That's one of the things you buy when you spend your tax money on a police force. It's a thing to remember when you cast up the account of the average copper—Mt. Clemens Daily Leader.

Old Friendship Valuable

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia and New York merchant, said many wise things in his day, chief among which was his thought on old friendships, expressed in the following: "Don't let old friendships be easily broken."

Try to cement them more and closer as time goes on. Neither prosperity nor poverty should alter the relation of old friends. It is human for us all to make mistakes. We have all to cross the same bridge sooner or later if we expect to be forgiven." Shaken down, as we have been by the economic depression we perhaps realize as never before that there are only a few things that count, vitally and forever. One of those things is a continuing friendship. No man has too many friends, if they are of the right variety. And they now when everything else vanishes like the morning dew before a rising sun, it is a wise citizen who puts a high value on his friendships, and who takes care to see that none of those friendships are broken.—Daily Gazette, Stillwater, Minn.

When people tell an editor they want him to print the truth they mean the truth about the other fellow. The principal drawback to printing the truth is invariably when it is done somebody's toes get stepped on.—Caro Advertiser.

WALLED LAKE

Edited by Mrs. L. M. Philp. Phone Walled Lake 57.

Joseph Wilts became quite ill on Saturday, which necessitated his being taken home. He is recovering.

Mrs. J. A. Dvoraux and Mrs. M. Hutton are able to be out again after a recent illness.

Albert Richardson, Manley Bachelor, Lloyd Coe and Ray Riley spent last week hunting near Hale.

Mrs. Charles Hutton and Mrs. Gaywood Skinner spent Saturday in Detroit.

Roy Ranson of Detroit spent Sunday at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moss visited their son, Glenn and family of Ann Arbor on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Post, Shirley and Donald Post were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Kate Robson of Belleville.

Mrs. Gaywood Skinner and her son, Dr. Morgan of Lacey, and Mrs. William Hyde of Nashville spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutton and in Detroit. Mrs. Skinner remained at the Hutton home for a visit.

Miss Lucille and Lucetta Moss and Aileen Riley entertained at a dinner party on Sunday. The dinner was held at the Moss home. The guests were Donald Riley of Walled Lake, Ivan Cox of Farmington, Harvey Segner, of Plymouth and Arthur Getz and Miss Dorothy Norris of Pontiac.

Mrs. Frank Moss spent a few days last week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Paul Branger of South Lyon.

Mrs. Harriet Cody of Chicago and Lewis Fay of Detroit were guests at the Henry Luths home on Sunday.

The men about town are playing volleyball each Monday evening. Douglas Lettie, Lee Philp and Frank Shepard have teams. The men are planning on meeting each Monday evening and having a elimination contest.

Roy Anton who has been teaching at Commerce has resigned his position and accepted one in

The Walled Lake basketball team will play Milford at Milford this week.

Mrs. Nettie Quigley of Pontiac California spent last week visiting her niece, Mrs. Irene Carnes and H. J. Smith and also other friends and relatives of this community. Mrs. Quigley lived here twenty years ago. Her niece Mrs. Edwin Beckman entertained in her honor on Wednesday. On Thursday she spent the day with her nephews Erle and Lee Welch and their families. Mrs. Carnes entertained at a family gathering on Sunday in her honor.

The Walled Lake fire department was called when the store owned by Fred Buske caught fire. The fire was of slight damage. The Novi Fire department arrived after the Walled Lake.

Baptist Church "Spiritual Reserve" is the topic for the morning services and "Trial Blazers" is the topic for the evening service.

Cameron E. Rose who for eight years has been the postmaster of Walled Lake has resigned his position. Mr. Rose will take up his duties as secretary to a New York corporation. They will continue to make their home at Walled Lake for the present.

O. E. S. News

Mrs. Thelma Brown of Birmingham who is worthy grand matron of the Grand Chapter of the Michigan O. E. S. will conduct school of instruction at the Commerce lodge at 8:00 p. m. on February 9. The Commerce lodge feels honored to have Mrs. Brown with them. They will be refreshments following the school.

At the regular meeting on February 13 at past matrons' past patrons and charter members will be honored.

A dinner will be served at 6:30 p. m. followed by a program. Mr. and Mrs. Tim Roach seem to be having less trouble than their share of troubles these days. Tim was thought to be doing nicely after his nearly fatal attack of pneumonia, when he had a relapse. He has been quite ill again but is slightly improved. Their baby Helen Justine was quite ill on Monday and had a convulsion. She is considerably better. The convulsions were thought to be caused from teething.

About 75 relatives and friends of the Coe family met at the West Bloomfield Township hall on Saturday evening for a picnic and dancing party. The party was given in honor of Fred Coe of Lums Michigan, who was visiting here. The first part of the evening was spent in playing progressive pedro in which Mrs. Arthur Coe and Elmer McQuern won first prizes and Leslie DeGroot and Arthur Johnson won consolation prizes. A beautiful pot luck supper was enjoyed at midnight and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Agathe honored guest was the aged mother, Mrs. Doris Coe of Novi. Mrs. Coe is 88 years of age.

"The Whooperpoo" a three act comedy given by the Walled Lake P. T. A. will be given two nights February 6 and 10th. The play takes part in the office of the Colfax Condenser. The play is being directed by Mrs. Glenn Buffum.

Civic News

Miss Edna Luths presented a petition at the regular board meeting of the school on Monday evening. The petition was circulated under the auspices of the Civic Club and for the purpose of using the school building as an aid to raising funds for charity purposes. Because of the absence of one of the board members the board was unable to act upon it and a special meeting will be necessary.

Mrs. Helen Nook entertained the Civic Club and their friends at their benefit bridge on Wednesday.

Methodist News

About 75 persons attended the Penny Supper which was held at the church on Monday evening. The younger people arrived in a great source of amusement in selecting items of their supper which sold at a penny each. Edward Coe and Misses Lucella and Dorothy Coe put on an interesting program and following the supper. The program consisted of vocal duets by the girls with banjo, and mouth-organ accompaniment and mouth-organ solos by Mr. Coe. L. Hazzard a third grader, sang, "There's A Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor" and "Overhaul Jim and Sunbonnet Sue." He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Clyde Hazzard.

The choir joined with the North Woodward Congregational church on Sunday evening and rendered a program at the Detroit church.

"The Life That is Christ" is the topic that Rev. Carlless has chosen for Sunday morning, February 4. He is also planning a five minute object lesson for the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Voornets entertained at a co-operative dinner and card party to a group of friends on Friday evening.

Mrs. Vala Proctor was hostess to the Wednesday club this week to the Wednesday club this week.

Mrs. Ralph Francis and Mrs. John Hess spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. Charles Gray of Detroit.

Misses Lucille Moss and Aileen Riley have accepted a position at the Oakland Motor Car Co. The girls line of work is typing.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. McKibben and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Decker and C. Rose of this village, and Mr. and Mrs. Tiffen of Novi attended the funeral of Mrs. Effa Straube of Durand on Monday.

Ira S. Carnes and Elsie Parris left on Monday to attend the Lumber Dealer Convention in Detroit.

Mrs. Ira Carnes, Miss Edna Luths and Mrs. Frank Carrier accompanied Mrs. Mary Burrows to Lansing on Tuesday to attend a Farmer's Week program.

Alex Kay and grandchildren, Art James and Lawrence of Detroit spent Saturday skating here and were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Philp.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Phelps, a girl, Shirley Maryann on Sunday January 28 at their home near the Maple Road. The baby weighed 8 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Chafy and daughter, Doris were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Polmerville of Ferndale.

MORTGAGE SALE—DEFAULT 758 been made for more than thirty days in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by LOUIS HOPMANN and MARTHA L. HOPMANN, his wife, to THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BIRMINGHAM, a Federal banking corporation, dated and recorded in the County of Oakland and State of Michigan, A. D. 1928, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland and State of Michigan, on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1928, Liber 519 of Mortgages, on pages 49-52 and by assignment recorded in Liber 567 of Mortgages on page 175 was assigned to the undersigned, who as mortgagee there is claimed to be due and unpaid at the date of this notice the principal and interest, the sum of Three Thousand Nine Hundred Seventy-three and 5/100 Dollars, (\$3,973.50), and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been had or instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such regard made and provided, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on Monday, the 26th day of April, 1934, at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon, the said mortgage will be sold at public sale to be foreclosed by a sale at public sale to be held at the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held), of the premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, as interest thereon, per cent interest thereon and all legal costs, charges, and expenses, including the attorney fees allowed by law and any sum or sums which may be paid by the undersigned mortgagee, or before said sale, necessary to protect its interest in the premises. Which premises are situated in the Village (now City) of Farmington, County of Oakland, and State of Michigan, and described as follows:

The south half (except the westerly 140 feet and excepting the easterly 24 feet of Lot No. 10 of Oakland Village according to the plat thereof as recorded in Liber 21 of page 35 Oakland County Records, A. D. 1934.

Dated: January 26, 1934.

ROBERTS BAUMBERG, Assignee of Mortgage.

Jan. 11—April 5.



GREAT LAKES THEATRE

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2250 Seats

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SKIPWORTH and BABY
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Also
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ROY ATWELL in
"CRASHING THE
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