

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Proper Use of English

(Exchange)
Junior and senior high school pupils should be required to pay more attention to the proper use of the English language, both written and spoken.

Any school adopting such a requirement should be congratulated, the only wonder being that it had taken the institution so long to recognize the value of good English.

Older folks will remember the long hours spent on the subject, when less studies were available to students, and they have wondered for many years that schools have apparently neglected to teach a more precise use of our own language.

Instances have been known where students have received good marks on examination papers which were filled with all the correct answers and facts, but innumerable grammatical errors and poor spelling. Teachers have put so much stress on the correctness of the ideas alone that they have let very poor English "get by" without a protest.

This is not to belittle the value of knowing a subject thoroughly, nor is it to uphold a formal and useless use of the English language. At the same time, however, right ideas expressed in smooth, flowing language and with words properly spelled is just that much better, and leads to a more orderly presentation of any subject.

Of course, we have no particular school in mind when we speak of the proper use of English being neglected. It is only hoped that schools will insist that teachers and students alike hold themselves up to a much higher standard in this regard than has been the case for many years past.

Oil Station Fashions

(Exchange)
Did you stop to notice that fashions in oil station change, the same as in women's hats? Well, they do.

Several years ago every gas station that wanted to make a show of it, to have its canopy, which the motorist might drive in inclement weather while his fuel tank was being refilled.

Then the motor industry began building second and even third stories on trucks, and the vehicles could not drive under the canopies, to reach the gas pumps. Now the canopies are tumbling.

Oil companies that are maintaining strings of stations have removed most of the canopies and other station owners are considering doing the same thing. Now the sky is the limit as far as the height of trucks is concerned.

When the canopies were thought to be absolutely necessary to modern oil stations, the motor transports had not begun transporting automobiles stacked one above another and truck bodies had not been designed skyward. It will be interesting to observe the changes made in motor traffic during the next decade and what its service demands will be.

The changes of the past ten years, if you remember the motor vehicles of a decade ago, afford basis for speculation. You've heard the statement that the "perfect" automobile is still five to ten years away.

Red Cross on the Job

(Exchange)
Calamities such as the disastrous floods which have swept over the northeastern part of the United States are in the particular field in which the American Red Cross functions. Hardly had the first news of the first of these floods disasters appeared in print before the Red Cross was on the job. It is an army of relief that is always mobilized.

The duties of the Red Cross in emergencies like this cover every means of relieving human suffering. It provides shelter for the homeless. It feeds the hungry. It furnishes medical care and nursing aid for the sick. It helps especially after the welfare of the child victims of disaster. It finds clothing for those who need it, financial help to tide over the crisis for those whose resources have been suddenly swept away. It fills the place into which no other agency quite fits, in a spirit of helpfulness as broad and as free as humanity itself.

To meet such calls, always sudden, the Red Cross must keep its resources for relief always liquid. When the need for its help comes such a broad area as the present

need does, it has to draw heavily upon its stores of supplies and of cash, and to call upon all men and women of kindly spirit toward their fellow-beings in distress to contribute in money what all cannot give in service. The Red Cross is a voluntary organization. Its work in the field is almost entirely done by unpaid workers. It has no subsidy or appropriation from the government, but carries on entirely by the aid of contributions.

The Red Cross is calling now for contributions to meet the cry from the flood-stricken regions. It is the part of good citizenship as well as of good will toward those who suffer, for everybody to respond to the call, and give all he can.

A Thought For Easter

(Exchange)
From the beginning of time, men have hailed the coming of Spring as the resurrection of the earth from the death of Winter. Long before the Christian Era began, every religious cult celebrated in one way or another the returning season of growth and sunshine, with its promise of life beyond the grave. If the dead trees and grasses could so dramatically imitate mortality, why should man alone die to rise no more?

In a few days the whole Christian world will join in testifying, on Easter Sunday, to its faith that death is not the end, that life goes on forever, in new and unguessed but more glorious forms, that we earthbound plodders can no more imagine than can the maple tree or the withered, shedding its scarlet robe of Autumn under the kindly breath of Wind, the Springtime garments of green which it will wear in its new life.

The belief that this is true, that there is life beyond death, a life of release from toil and sorrow for such as truly believe, has driven to live up to their belief has been the most powerful force in the history of our modern civilization. In this faith men have found a common good. All of the concepts of duty, honor, self-denial, self-respect and loyalty upon which great nations have been founded derive from the faith which is the very root and heart of Christianity.

Let no one say that the faith of our fathers is outmoded, that it no longer has its old power to inspire our lives. We are living in troublous times, and those of little faith are crying aloud that the old truths have failed, the old beliefs are dead. But even as they scoff, the Spring brings her perennial rebirth of the eternal life. And this coming Easter Sunday millions upon millions of believers will meet to testify anew to the truth that their faith is a living faith, that it still rules the hearts of men.

Pass Trucks Safely

(Exchange)
From an automobile association comes this excellent bit of safe driving advice: "Clear vision ahead for a say that the driver ways a good rule to remember and obey when overtaking and passing motor vehicles on the highway. It applies particularly in passing large heavy trucks and buses, where the driver's range of vision is less and pick-up of the vehicle you wish to pass is slow. The safest way to pass large heavy vehicles is when they are on the downgrade, giving you a clear vision ahead so that you may properly look out for and judge approaching traffic."

Cause for Pride

(Exchange)
April time in Michigan was accompanied by a spring snowstorm that blanketed the hinterlands in white. Perhaps a bit inconvenient, but there was no suffering and no lives lost. Clearly we abide in a favored place. While storms and floods rage elsewhere we go about our accustomed tasks with scarce an interruption by the vagaries of nature. But never are we mindful of the sufferings of others. It is a matter of pride to every citizen of Michigan that our response to calls for aid from other states revealed a deep and wonderful spirit of helpfulness. Forgetting for the moment our own problems we hastened to share with the distressed in other parts of the country in that spirit of the Golden Rule that we have one duty unto others what he would have others do unto him. It is a fine thing to write such gracious chapters into the history of the Commonwealth.

THE PAIR OF SHOES

By J. CAMPBELL HAYWOOD
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WNU Service.

IT WAS dark. A night fog was settling over the pathway through which Robert Whipple was going toward his apartment. His nerves, already frayed by a strenuous day in his office, were on edge. Behind him about twenty paces was the "clap clop" of a pair of hard-soled shoes upon the asphalt. At first he had thought it a child on clogs. But he had looked back and seen through the murk a man who loomed large and stomped along in shoes clearly too big for him. The heel hit. The sole landed. "Clap clop, clap clop." Mr. Whipple increased his pace. No use. He could not distance the "clap clop" of the man behind.

"Come out of that — you," he called; "want are you following me for?"

The "clap clop" drew closer. "It's all right, Mr. Whipple," said a quiet husky voice. "I had no intention of annoying you or of frightening you."

"Frightening me?" Mr. Whipple sputtered. "What d'ye want? You know me, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I've seen you many times. I work in, get out of these shoes." The man looked at his feet. So did Mr. Whipple. Heavy workman's shoes. Twelve at least. "I was on my uppers, actually, not figuratively, and—and a woman gave me these. I—I can't wear them." The man's husky voice broke. Mr. Whipple stood aghast. This was a new one on him. He was used to the tricks of panhandlers. But this was something different. He had no doubt he was to be touched. Usually it was a "cup of coffee." He studied the man. Shabby but clean clothes. No collar. Short clean. Face half hidden below the brim of an old fedora. Black stubble. The white teeth puzzled him. And the husky but cultivated voice. "What's your trouble? Boose?" he asked roughly.

"No, sir, I don't expect you to believe me but I haven't had a drink in several years."

"No? Well—here's fifty cents. Go get yourself a meal and don't panhandle in the park. You might get run in." Mr. Whipple held out the coin. He was going to move on. But the man pushed his hand aside. "I don't want your money. And I'm not a panhandler, unless my wanting you to help me rid myself of these wretched shoes makes me one."

"How the devil can I help you?" Mr. Whipple asked irritably. He was too interested, too curious about the man, to move on. "You don't expect me to take you to a hospital to be treated, do you?"

"Hardly. You live over in that apartment house," the man pointed to a building where lights shimmered dimly through the fog. "I know that. Seen you often coming in and going out, sir. I thought maybe if I went there with you, you might be willing to throw me a pair of your old shoes out of the window. You do sometimes help people, don't you?" The irony of the last sentence was lost on Mr. Whipple. There was a sardonic grin on the man's face that puzzled him.

"All right," he said gruffly, "come along."

"I'll follow you, sir." "No you won't. Walk beside me on the—on the grass." Not for a good deal would Mr. Whipple have that "clap clop" behind him again. The man brightened perceptibly. Mr. Whipple tried to draw him out as they went along, but it was useless. He had no answer, "It would not interest you, sir," politely and firmly spoken. He clearly saw the difference between interest and curiosity, which, in one of his sort, added to Mr. Whipple's puzzlement.

Mr. Whipple's apartment was on the second floor front. It was lighted. He asked the man to go "by the door." "No, sir, thank you. I will wait here." He leaned against the basement railing. Mr. Whipple was inclined to insist but thought better of it. Self-respecting chap, he thought. Didn't want to be seen in the bright light. Panhandlers rarely do.

He went up, took off his shoes and opened the window. "Here you are, catch!" The man thanked him and Mr. Whipple heard him "clap clop" rapidly down the street. The next morning he received by special messenger, a package. In it were his own shoes and a brief typewritten note.

"Dear Mr. Whipple: You have the reputation downtown of being a hard man. I took pleasure in offending you with some mutual friends and betting a hundred dollars you would give the shoes off your feet if properly approached. You did. Thank you."

"PAN HANDLE."

Painter Collects Musical Toys
An English painter collects musical toys and miniatures. He has a desk where which plays while while wine is being poured from it, a French hen which, when wound-up, walks across the dining room table and lays eggs, and would have one that plays music. His toys come from all over the world and are representative of many inventions.—Detroit News.

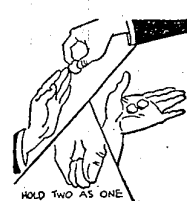
Bolero Effect



Quantly chic is this dainty frock of black and pink lace with its pleated ruffles and ascot scarf. The bolero effect is only in front for the back is made in one piece. There is a black lace belt.

TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH
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TRAVELING PAPER BALL

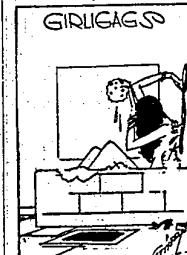
THE magician shows two wads of paper, one in each hand. He asks a spectator to hold one paper ball; the magician places it within the person's fist. Then the magician pockets the second ball of paper. A mysterious snap of his fingers causes that ball to join the one which the spectator is holding—so the magician says, and his statement proves correct. Upon opening his hand, the spectator finds both paper balls. These balls of paper are used in the trick. In one hand, the magician holds two pressed together so they look like one. This is the "ball" which he places in the spectator's fist. Naturally when he opens his hand, the spectator finds two instead of one.

WNU Service.

Chief Glad-Hander



As the champion handshaker of them all, the world looks to Graham Hall of Houston, Texas, who is the president of the International Greeters of America. He and his fellow "greeters" met in Chicago to improve the courtesies and friendliness of their 5,000 greeters throughout North America.



"We're told when the grasshopper chirps it's positively warmer than 62 degrees Fahrenheit," says observing Olivia, "and anything but a blizzard box that plays music. His toys come from all over the world and are representative of many inventions.—Detroit News."

Rainbow Around the Sun
A rainbow around the sun is called the corona, and contains all colors of the rainbow, and in the same order. It is caused by diffraction of light by minute ice crystals or drops of water floating in the air.

Wrought Iron
Wrought iron is the purest form of iron commonly known to arts and industries, containing about one-half of 1 per cent of carbon. It is made directly from ore, or by purifying (puddling) cast iron in a furnace of redox.

How Far Paint Goes
One gallon of good paint, as it is usually applied to wood, will cover an average area of about 500 square feet with one coat, or 250 to 300 square feet with two coats.

Round of Ammunition
The National Rifle association says that a round of ammunition is a complete cartridge, consisting of bullet, cartridge case, powder and primer.

Newspapers are always welcome by this newspaper.

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Is your kitchen CLOSED TO GUESTS?
Today, the kitchen is as important as any other room in the home. Perhaps no other room has so much to do with creating a favorable impression of the house. And guests have a way, these days, of making themselves at home in the kitchen. No kitchen is safe from sudden social invasions at any hour of day or night. Modern gas ranges have all the advanced features that simplify cooking and baking tasks. You'll be astonished at the way this one change will cheer up the whole room. Many sizes, styles, prices to choose from.

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