

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

The Show Is On

Poraytha's gorgeous yellow is lighting northern landscapes with its spreading flame. Suburban dwellers will shortly inform their neighbors of the early morning vocal. Editors will patiently, or impatiently, blue pen the budding cub reporter's dearly treasured line about the "blenders of spring." All these, however, are but greater portents of a greater phenomenon; the shadows which a larger event casts before its coming.

For shortly shall the winter of our discontent be made glorious summer—an circus tent. Of course, you grow-up reader, are not at all interested. But the children—or if no youngsters are around there is Aunt Harriet, who will enjoy a jolt out of her routine round. Or—but what's the use—you're going anyway.

You, too, you fight your way good-naturedly to the red ticket; you grab the precious bits of paste-board thrust at you by the marvellous manipulator of change and tickets; are borne on a surging tide which carries you through the portals into the Menagerie Top. There an ambidextrous "candy butcher" piles popcorn, crackerjack and peanuts into your astonished grasp. Strange he should know you needed all that stuff when you had merely suggested a modest bag of peanuts. "Eighty cents, Buddy!" Just like an adding machine.

Dazed but jubilant, you sink onto the bleachers in the Big Top. The band, gallantly unformed, bursts forth into "Dixie." Of a sudden a wonderful world of make-believe unscrolls itself. Round the great arena a mighty pageant marches majestically. Noted on the program as "The Dunbar," or "The Queen of Sheba," or "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," the longest parade by any other name would—and will next year—look just as grand. It passes. The last shuffling pachyderm, bearing in gaily emporeroid howdah a lovely Moslem hour, or Oriental queen, or charming consort of a British monarch, disappears. The equestrian director strikes his gait and cracks his whip. Dainty bareback riders and amazing acrobats and masters of the "haute école" swarm over the stage, three rings—and a couple of stage platforms.

The show is on.

Justice for Juniors

Judicial procedure in the state of New Jersey has been so much under fire in recent months that many have wondered whether the good thing can come out of its law courts. It can, of course, and has, as a general rule.

From Jersey City now comes a police force regulation altogether cheering. "Never arrest a boy offender," commands Mayor Frank Hague in a general letter to patrol officers. "Co-operate heartily with the Bureau of Special Service."

Before the bureau was established the mayor declares, young delinquents were herded into patrol wagons and arraigned in court with hardened offenders. The chief effect was to make the boys little heroes in the eyes of themselves and their companions. Now the bureau offices are in the school administration building and every effort is made to keep the youngsters away from the atmosphere of a police court.

"First take the juvenile off the street, to his home or into the nearest store," the mayor orders. After the questioning, have him detained until a parent or some responsible person can take charge of him. The juvenile must not be brought to the police station," he enjoins.

Much of youthful delinquency is boyish exuberance lacking a normal, wholesome outlet. A few years from now not a few of Jersey City's highly respected citizens will probably silently, but none the less sincerely, thank its present mayor.

And the Forgotten Woman

The Forgotten Man writes to the WPA, says a current news item, a pathetic little plea which runs as follows:

"Us men would like to know when we are going back to work. Some men have been working in our place for the last three and one-half months on the sewing and other projects. We would like to work ourselves and would let them stay at home, as we are certainly

sick of doing housework." The wife of this involuntary housekeeper would have no doubt be the first to sympathize with one who knows what it means to stay at home and wash dishes and cook, and scrub floors, day after day, month after month, year after year. She knows all that and more. She knows that too, three hours to launder and put back—and nobody even noticed they'd been taken down." She knows how the better part of the day is consumed in answering a back door bell, cleaning out an ice chest, sorting linen, and ironing shirts and handkerchiefs.

Not that she ever complained about it. She may have liked housework. But even if she did, she would tire too easily. There were times, of course, when she thought how much she would have liked to continue her musical studies, even to do something in a professional way. She had a little time in the afternoons, at first. Then the children came. They all have talents. And they're all boys. She's very glad of that. They will never be expected to prefer pans and the dishes.

She will be glad when her husband gets a job again. It only to relieve him of the tedious routine of the dustier and the kitchen stove.

The Printed Page Lives

"Some months ago we heard a delightful radio program. Where is it now? Gone on the evanescent waves of ether like it came. We still remember a bit of it but we cannot give it to our children or our grandchildren," writes Paul Jones, Lyons, Kan., editor.

"In our mind there still lingers some of the details of a moving picture we saw some years ago, with Lon Chaney in the title role. But we cannot pass it on to our children. The latter will not even know who Lon Chaney was. That great living thing in our life has flickered out on the waves of light.

"Last evening our wife read this paper and threw it aside. Two hours later we saw her pick it up. And what she said on some article and cut another for her scrapbook. At the same time we were reading a good book. Our children may read it when we are through. It will be in some home for our grandchildren and their grandchildren. It may be enjoyed a hundred years from now. Or longer.

Suits of Seaweed

Several million small boys are probably wishing very hard that they had a great-great-grandfather who sailed before the mast in H. M. S. Bounty in 1789. Charles Christian of San Francisco, five years old, had. He is a descendant of Fletcher Christian, the masterful leader of that little company of mutineers who found life at sea too harsh under the stark discipline of Captain Bligh, and hid, all undiscovered, on Pitcairn Island. And what a break it is for Master Charles! He and his mother are going there to live. There are only one or two drawbacks. They will have to land at a regular dock. And today Pitcairn is infested with radio. It would be so much more fun to be shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. Then, like the members of the incomparable Swiss Family Robinson, Charles would find the most beautiful life on the most extraordinary resources. With salvaged flotsam cast up on the beach he would help his mother build a perfectly pleasant bungalow; from seaweed and tree leaves she would fashion him swaggar suits, and whenever they were hungry oysters would pop out of the rolling surf. Boy, what a life!

But it is going to smack of real adventure later to write on a picture card to former playmates in San Francisco, "This is where I dive from. And say, doesn't a fellow have to look out for sharks when he's swimming in the South Seas?"

PUBLIC ENEMIES

THE CONVERSATIONALIST



They say talk is cheap. Maybe it is anywhere except behind the steering wheel of an automobile. The Conversationalist who elects to demonstrate his talents while driving is literally talking himself into trouble—and usually serious trouble. Driving is a serious business. It can not be combined with debating, sightseeing or kindred diversions. Good drivers concentrate their attention on the road and let others do the talking.

Cabin John, Post-Hamlet Cabin John is a post-hamlet of Montgomery county, Maryland, near the Potomac, about eight miles above Washington, D. C. The Cabin John bridge spans Cabin John run, and carrying the Washington aqueduct, has one of the largest stone arches in the world, 220 feet.

Valley of the Kings The Valley of the Kings is on the west bank of the River Nile opposite the towns of Luxor and Karnak, which are close to the site of the ancient city of Thebes. The location is in Upper Egypt, about 320 miles south of Cairo.

Medieval Jewels During the Middle ages it was fashionable among the rich to overload themselves with precious stones and pearls. King Francis I ordered no fewer than 15,000 gold buttons from his court jeweler for a single black velvet suit.

"Paved" Paths Native African paths throughout the interior of the continent, seldom more than ten inches wide, are so worn by centuries of traffic as to present a road the hardness of metal.

Montevideo a Corruption The bill which rises behind the capital of Uruguay was originally called "Monte-vi-er" (Mountain Saw D by Magellan, but was later corrupted into Montevideo.

Metaphysics Metaphysics is a branch of philosophy referring to, and dealing with, spiritual phenomena as contrasted with the physical phenomena dealt with by science.

A Coolly Moth The corn borer, well known in America until 1917, when it was discovered near Boston. In Europe, however, it had been plugging farmers for many years before that. How did it cross the Atlantic? It is difficult to say. But since the spread of shipping and overseas trade no country is safe from insect invaders. America is a particular victim of the unwanted visitors on Ellis Island can keep at bay. Out of 73 of her worst pests, 37 have been natives of other lands. A few years ago a chemist brought a specimen of a certain moth to his house in America so that he could study its habits. The moth escaped.—Answers Magazine.

Alarm Warns of Monoxide in Air When the amount of carbon monoxide in the air reaches the danger point a new alarm rings an electric gong. The alarm operates from a standard electric circuit. A small fan pulls air samples into the device constantly. If the concentration of carbon monoxide reaches 0.2 per cent, a point at which a few hours' exposure would produce symptoms of poisoning, the alarm rings.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

WEST POINT PARK

The Ladies Association met this week Wednesday at the home of Mrs. John Mercer. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Duncan of Detroit were guests Saturday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Schmitt and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hopkins and family of Detroit were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow. John Rowe of Detroit visited his daughter, Mrs. Albert Owen, Friday.

Miss Olive Grimwade of Farmington was the Sunday dinner guest of Miss Shirley Zwahlen. Mrs. Arthur E. Sharrow and Miss Shirley Zwahlen motored to Detroit, Friday afternoon on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Sharrow spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Orr Passage of Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Owen visited at the Welch Presbyterian church Sunday evening in Detroit.

The P. T. A. gave a card party last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wagonschütz. Mr. and Mrs. Floy Zwahlen, Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carpenter and children of Redford were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

The Ladies Community club will meet next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Brightmeyer on Seven Mile Road.

Mrs. Arthur Sharrow was a luncheon guest Thursday of Mrs. Lincoln A. Schmitt of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen visited the former's sister, Mrs. Charles Decker, in Harper hospital Sunday afternoon and were the Sunday dinner guests of Mr.

and Mrs. William D. Zwahlen of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nacker were Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Nacker of Charlevoix.

Mrs. W. Rhody and daughter of Detroit were Sunday dinner guests of her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mix. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Lössle and Arthur Schaad were Sunday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Sharrow.

Miss Mary Fanzel of Farmington gave a surprise linen shower Thursday evening in honor of Miss Vivian Adde, who will be married May 9 to Harold McVicar of Bay City. About 15 guests were present and Miss Adde received many beautiful gifts.

Miss Clara First of New York City a governess of Eddie Cantor's girls is the guest for a week of her brother and family Mr. and Mrs. Albert First.

Cardinal Compass Points The employment of the cardinal compass points was a part of all the most ancient civilizations, and there is no telling where or at what time man first began to guide his footsteps by the aid, having taken his directions from the sun and stars. Even the compass itself was known to the Chinese as early as 2634 B. C.

Frijoles, Cultivated Beans In Mexico and the Spanish-American countries say cultivated beans of the genus Phaseolus is called frijoles. In particular it refers to the small flat black bean, which ranks next to maize in importance as an article of diet and is an ingredient of many dishes. It is probably of South American origin.

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