

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Growing Old Gracefully

(Exchange)
A woman of 70 years says she feels and looks younger than she did at 50 because she keeps busy, takes plenty of exercise, watches her diet and follows a few hobbies. She thinks selfishness is the greatest sin to be avoided and useful old age is to grow old gracefully. She says: "Be your age, but be it right. Look your age if you must, but don't let it rub in the smarts from your lips or the laughter from your eyes." The same advice to men would no doubt be appropriate.

Grim Tragedy

(Exchange)
Had they heeded the warning slogan, "Drive Carefully Today," four Carson City high school students would not have lost their lives in one of the most appalling motor car accidents to be reported in Michigan in a long time. It is said the young people, all boys, were returning from a special class in farm management at Michigan State College when the drivers of the two cars, filled with the exuberance of youth, engaged in a spirited race to see which would be first to turn onto the country highway leading to home. When the bumpers of both cars locked, a quiet country lane was turned into a bloody shambles. Four of the young men died instantly, while a fifth member of the party is hovering between life and death in a nearby hospital. It seems a terrible price to pay for a moment of thoughtlessness.

Clean License Plates

(Exchange)
Police officers recently asked Orville E. Atwood, Secretary of State, to increase the size of automobile license plates to expedite the apprehension of fugitives from justice fleeing by motor. Atwood wasn't able to go into the advisability of the matter because the request came too late; the manufacture of 1937 plates starts soon. In the meantime, wouldn't it be preferable to point out to police and sheriffs that state law provides that license plates must be kept clean? If police officers "bore down" on drivers whose plates are plastered with mud, plate visibility would be greatly increased. License plates are no decoration at best. They should not be enlarged save for the most compelling reasons. A plate might cover the whole rear of a car but still give little identification if the plate is as dirty as thousands of plates are today. Any peace officer has the right to compel any motorist to clean the mud from his plates, any time and anywhere. The ticketing of parked cars would do the trick. If more police would do this, there would probably be less agitation for enlargement of plates so the numerals could be seen farther.

Listening in on Lotteries

(Christian Science Monitor)
"And, now, radio friends, here's how you can win one of these brand new automobiles. Simply write us a letter telling us you prefer our product to all others, and enclose ten of our labels. That's all there is to it. So write your letter now. You may win one of these new automobiles."
And you may not. What's the catch? Millions who come out on the short end must sometimes wonder on that score. Radio programs are cluttered these days with contests where the prize is big and the rules are simple, but winners few. Are they really contests as commercial sponsors contend or are they lotteries in disguise?
A recent ruling of the United States Post Office Department, barring two prize contest projects from the mails on the ground that they were lotteries, should help to clear up the question. In denying an appeal filed by sponsors of the blacklisted enterprises, the court held that a contest in which the element of skill involved in deciding the winner is less than the element of luck, is in effect a lottery.
Examined in this legal test tube, many radio advertising contests are schemes of the same genus as those forbidden to use the mails. Too often choosing the winners in these so-called contests appears to be an arbitrary process.
It is argued that competitors in a radio advertising contest are not required to send cash as in an of-

inary lottery. But people do this indirectly by sending labels from merchandise they are compelled to purchase in order to fulfill the rules of the contest.
Technically, promoters evade the letter of anti-lottery laws. But do they not violate the ethics of sound advertising? A lottery by any other name may be more harmful than one that doesn't masquerade in the guise of respectability.

Build Success on Courtesy

(Exchange)
We have often been amazed at the failure of business people—and most of us are in business in one way or another—to use just plain, courtesy as one of the ways to be successful.
And by failure of courtesy we don't necessarily mean discourtesy but just the lack of a lot of little things that are kindly and good natured.
The other day we sat with a group of 15 men who are leaders in their business and the point of courtesy came up. They were unanimous in saying that courtesy is a marvelous thing but even more important, lack of it is the biggest millstone that a business man can hang around his neck.

Undeserved Wealth

(Michigan Men and Affairs)
It is known that rackets take billions of dollars from the American people. The worst thing about the racket is that they not only take money from the public and from business but they discourage business by offering better opportunities than business itself. Many a business institution labors to provide a profit for its owners but finds it cannot make as much as some racket found in a hole in the wall down the street. There are people engaged in the operation of slot machines, gambling games and other things which make more money than do respectable citizens who struggle to pay wages to their employees. An investment in a lawless liquor or drug ring produces better returns than investment in prime securities. Of course, the rackets eventually play out, but there is many a racketeer who has made far more money than he ever deserved to make. If the United States could divert to useful channels all of the money that is wasted in harmful and vicious undertakings the present national tax deficit would seem like small change.

They Had to See Mary

(Christian Science Monitor)
Trump! Trump! Hobos in Britain are marching. Not to Westminster to lobby against legislators, but to Buckingham Palace to plead with the King. All highways lead to Southampton these days, and the dust-strewn highways of the road have joined the trek of the gasoline tourists seeing the Queen Mary off.
No mere trifle such as impudently daunts these wandering hordes of oak, shall shilling or two stand between them and watching the last hawser drop when their very own ship rides out to sea? Could the harbor town's municipal council be so lacking in patriotism as to cut off because prestige has added three hundred strong to the roll already on relief? Perish the thought.
Punch really should improvise a near Gilbertian couplet to add to "H. M. S. Pinafore."
Stick close to the road and never go to sea, And you'll all meet the swells on the Queen Maree with a benevolent request to the ancient seaport of the Solent to emulate Goldsmith's country parson, who "child their wanderings but relieved their pain."

A Motto for Today

(Exchange)
Hanging on the wall of the editor's office of the Providence, R. I. Journal, founded in 1872, hangs this inscription: "We have in our keeping a fine old institution which is bigger than we are and which we hope will still be flourishing when we are gone. Show your faith in the element of success for another hundred years if the emblems of independence and honesty still fly at the masthead and if no man or group of men permit themselves to sully her honor or integrity for their own personal ends."

New items are always welcome by this newspaper.

The Spill

By HAL G. VERMES

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

"SO YOU had better wear your Mark," you are coming home immediately."

"My father does not know I am here," says the boy on the big bay stallion.

"How is this?" I ask.

"I come from a family of booters," the boy explains. "All us Jepsons have been jockeys since way before my time. But when I was a yearling, my mother's brother got killed in a steeplechase and ma got so scared she told dad that he would have to give up riding the horses forever. And when my father would not do this, my mother took me away."

"Then how is it," I inquire, "that your mother let you be a booter?" "That we don't want me to have anything to do with the turf," the youngster says, "but I have the racing fever in my blood from my father and I could not help it."

"That we can understand," says Mr. Elmer. "But still, all like I already told you, you cannot win the Stokes Steeplechase. And the reason is that King Pin, the famous jockey, is entered and riding him will be Harry the Pinhead, the best steeplechase jock from anywhere."

"Nevertheless," states the boy, "I have got to go."

"And why," I ask, "is this so terrible important?"

"Because my mother," the kid replies, "feels different after so many years since her brother died. And now I have got her to promise that if I win this steeplechase I can look for my dad and bring him home."

On the day of the Stokes race, me and my pals are assembled at the worst water jump to watch the show. Standing on the roof of a taxi, we can see the start and then we follow the pack through our field glasses as they go over the hurdles. The whole field make the first couple of jumps which are not so tough. But at the third, which is a high brush hurdle, four horses go down. A woman faints and the valets run out and pick up a jock who has been hurt.

Now with my glasses I have picked out Harry the Pinhead on King Pin. He is with the last half-dozen hanging in. Harry is no fool. He knows that when a horse and rider are down they are out; and that the most important thing is to clear the carriers carefully so that man and horse will be in no perfect shape to go over the dangerous last water hazard and can make the final spurt to win.

And still using his head, when Harry comes toward us with the Jepson kid right behind him he goes for the outside where there is plenty of room and lifts the King Pin easily over the water hole in a beautiful jump which it is a pleasure to see. But when the horse's forehead hits the other side Harry suddenly flies from the saddle, lands hard on the turf and lays very still.

As soon as the pack sweeps by, the boys and me are out there, bringing Harry to the cab. We rush him to a hospital and then wait half the night till the medico lets us in to see him.

"We've got are on your feet again," Mudder says, "in case you wouldn't want to ride no more, my pals and me would like to have you come in with us. We got a little string of stables and we share and share alike."

"Okay," says Harry the Pinhead, trying to smile through his bandage. "But what I want to know is who won the race?"

"A bay stallion nobody ever heard of," says Mudder, "which was ridden by a young apprentice from the South."

"We was talking with him the other day and he sure wanted to win this Stokes Steeplechase," I inform him. "On account of something about his mother and father he says he needs to win awful bad."

"Awful bad, eh?" Harry repeats. "Well, so he did."

"But you would have won," I point out, "if you did not take that tumble. And as you never fell off a horse before it seems very peculiar."

"Yes," says Harry slowly, "it is very peculiar, indeed."

As he says that I remember that I saw him sitting quietly in back of us in the stand the day the Jepson kid told us his story; but when I turned to speak to him after, he was gone. And when the door hangs open and I see young Jepson standing there, I also know why Harry took the spill.

The "Almighty Dollar"

The earliest use of the phrase "almighty dollar," in literature is believed to be by Washington Irving in "Walter's Rook," a Creole Village," in 1837. The idea, however, is older than this.

That's Something

"What sort of a business man is he?"
"The only thing he ever got honestly was his rheumatism."

WEST POINT PARK

Delbert McDerriott of Durand was the week end guest of his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McDerriott.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Heichman were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clare Robins of Corunna.

Miss Anna Thayer was the guest, part of last week, of her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Thayer of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nacker of Clareville were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nacker.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Way, Mr. and Mrs. James Eastman were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gladwyn Maynard of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. David McEwen of Blenheim, Ontario, came home with them and spent the night.

Miss Betty Randall of the U. of M. at Ann Arbor was home over the week end.

Emerson Ault left Monday morning for Jackson, Mississippi, where he was sent by his firm Evans Leading Devices Company to take charge of their factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bousneur and family of Detroit, and Miss Marjorie Heichman were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koller of Frankfort.

Mr. and Mrs. David McEwen of Blenheim, Ontario, were the guests Monday of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Way.

Mrs. Tom Slevin, daughter Ruth and son Donald, Miss Garnet Hunt

er and George Krickbaum of Uniontown, Ohio were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ault.

Mrs. Albert Nacker, son Russell and Mrs. Viola Grace were guests Friday evening of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hess of Pontiac.

Don Heichman was the week end guest of his aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. August Burger of Redford.

Mrs. Melvin Murphy, two children Ruth and Robert and Mrs. William D. Zwalhen of Detroit were dinner guests Saturday of their sister Miss Alma Berier, Ruth and Robert stayed over the week end returning home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Lundy, daughter Diane of Detroit were Sunday evening visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heichmah, their granddaughter Gloria, and Cleo Longnecker were guests Sunday afternoon of Mrs. Jennie Chavay of Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar were week end guests of the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McVicar of Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Coolman and family were week end guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. A. Sheets of Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Charles Decker, son Joseph and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Decker, two sons Jerry and Charles of Detroit were dinner guests Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwalhen.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Roth of

Reese and Mrs. Rose Belline of Vassar were Tuesday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow. Cleo Longnecker was the Sunday dinner guest of Gloria Heichman, who was the week end guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heichman.

The Ladies Association gave a strawberry and ice cream festival Thursday evening at the Community Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow spent Friday and Saturday at Crosswell.

A farewell party was given Monday evening in the Community Hall by relatives and friends in honor of Harry E. Wolfe, who left Tuesday for Charlevoix, Pennsylvania, to start his professional baseball career, being signed up by the Detroit Tigers Saturday.

"Red-Headed" Woodpecker

The name "red-headed" woodpecker belongs only to the one scientifically termed Melanerpes erythrocephalus, whose whole head and neck are bright red (brown in the female), the back, shoulders, wings and tail velvety black, the underparts and a large patch on wings and rump white. This bird is rare in the maritime provinces and New England, but is very common in Ontario and westward.

Last year 3,537,941 persons became members of the Red Cross. The annual roll call takes place each year between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day.

Send in your news items.

ALERT OPERATOR SUMMONS POLICE, FOILS ROBBERY

When a light flashed on the switchboard shortly before midnight recently, Miss Dorothea Baumer, night operator on duty at the Michigan Bell Telephone Company's office in Midland, answered the signal, but heard no number request. Instead, she heard stealthy whispers and sounds of commotion. She immediately called the city police, and two officers were sent to the address, the Michigan Central railroad station, where they found a window broken and a revolver dangling from a telephone. The alertness of the operator probably prevented a robbery, the provokers evidently being frightened away upon hearing the operator's voice in the receiver.

Salt Long in Use

Salt has been used in all ages and all civilizations. Some of the oldest of trade routes came into use for the traffic in salt. It was probably first used as an aliment when men was in transition from the nomadic stage to the settled, agricultural life. The Indians, though no such salt users as the civilized races, felt the need for it as all animals do and obtained it, like the wild beasts, at the licks and salt springs found in many places. In the coastal regions they usually got it from the sinks and ponds of the tide lands.

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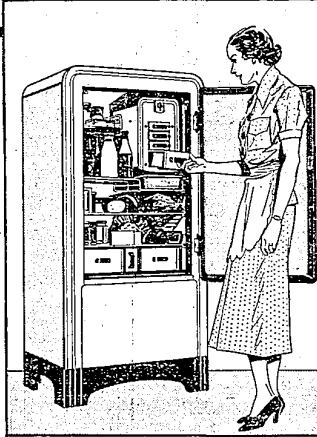
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