

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

"Ye Shall Know The Truth"

The sincerest praise of truth is the concentrated pursuit of it. Celebrating three hundred years and pays tribute to truth not by displays of learning but by sitting at the feet of distinguished scholars from all corners of the earth. The congress of learning just closed in Cambridge, even aside from its marking of Harvard's tercentenary, marks the apex of the most important events of the year.

At a time when so many men are hating or hiding the truth, this keenness to love it and share it indeed, when parties are attempting to limit certain verities to their own narrow concepts we find the universality of truth exemplified here both in the scholars and the range of subjects examined. And in democracies men are tending to measure truth by the shouting and in dictatorships by the shooting, the savants gathered at Cambridge quietly rear the proof of their theories on the test of free controversy and practical application.

Veritas is Harvard's motto, and scholars representing half a thousand colleges, the public dignitaries of the tercentenary, made free and fearless search for truth the keynote of the celebrations. The words of President Comant about the one essential condition for the typical of a national culture are typical of the attitude:

"This is absolute freedom of discussion absolutely unimpaired in tolerance which allows the expression of all opinions, however heretical they may appear. . . . The origin of the Constitution, for example, the functioning of the three branches of the Federal Government, the forces of modern capitalism, must be dissected as fearlessly as the geologist examines the origin of rocks. On this point there can be no compromise; we are either afraid of heresy or we are not."

Youth In Uniform

The French Chamber of Deputies is considering a bill to force compulsory physical training for all boys and girls over six years old, as a beginning to prepare them for army service in the elementary schools. This is only following the trend of most European countries. Austria has lately put all boys between 11 and 18 into uniform for purposes of sport, military training and political education. In Italy every boy of 13 has to join the "ballia," wear the uniform and be subjected to military discipline, and lately Mussolini has promulgated an order that boys of six shall be put into training and uniform against the time when they are old enough to undergo the more rigorous discipline of the ballia.

In Germany the "Youth Movement" has become almost a brown-shirted militia. In Russia the age of military conscription has been lowered to 16 years. Every boy from 18 years onward must do compulsory military service in France and in Germany.

He Knew It!

We use to get all worked up over the Wild West cowboys who dashed over hill and dale on their wild mustangs. But compared to the New York taxi-driver, the cowboy might be riding on a carousel. So sure of themselves are these taxi-drivers that, with the least encouragement from the passenger, and, no doubt, with the thought of an increase in tip, they will zip through a street at 60 miles speed (if no cop is in sight) and stop at any given point without a noticeable wobble. Unless you have a strong heart, and encourage the New York taxi-driver to make time, as did the gentleman from the West who wanted to make a train. As the taxi in which he was seated came to one of those angle intersections with which the lower West Side

"OOO-OOH!"

By LUCILLE PERKINS
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 WNU Service.

THE moon, previously so near and so warmly yellow, now rode high in chill un-friendliness. The stars were paling and thinning. Dawn, if the greenness to the east were indeed dawn, was coming without color or cheer. Wet mist blanketed the lake. Faintly and from far away came the beat of a gasoline engine such as might perhaps be chugging some heavy-eyed fisherman to his early morning anchorage.

As if roused by the sound, Priscilla Parker stirred, shivered slightly and snuggled—yes, undeniably of the boy who sat beside her on the sagging wharf.

"You're a reckless, obstinate, brute, Barry Bates," she said. "But I guess I've got to love you just the same."

Barry Benington Bates, III, felt his aching backbone thrill pleasantly. He lightened his clasp of Priscilla's hand, but warmly vibrant form. He hoped his gesture was masterful, though the numbness of his arm was such that he could not feel the girl's slim shoulders.

"You're doggone right you've got to love me," he boomed sternly. "And you're finding it out just about in time."

"Ooh, Barry, you sound so cross!" Priscilla snuggled again. "Suppose I'll try to think that I like you, even a little bit!"

"You'd stay right here on this island until you changed your mind," Ooh, Barry, you old kidnaper. Kiss me."

"But, Barry," Priscilla took the bait, "when some minutes later, when you afraid I'd hate you for keeping me out like this?"

"Might as well have you hating me as have you just ignoring me. The crowd that always hangs round you ashore, what chance do I have to get a word in edgewise for myself."

"Well, you certainly have stated your case the last eight hours. I'm sitting on this wharf since nine o'clock last night."

"Seems like eight minutes," said Barry, gallantly giving the girl an agonizing grieve of every muscle of his cramped frame.

"Ooh, Barry," applauded Priscilla. She never bothered with dictionary words when she talked a little. "You've expressed your sentiments adequately. Young Mr. Bates adored her naïveté."

For another few minutes there was no conversation. Then—
 "But, Barry—"
 "Yes."

"Did you plan it all, every bit of it, to bring off the canoe and stay here?" Just for a split second, Barry hesitated. Then he swallowed hard and spoke boldly.

"Sure, I did. I had to do something to get you alone."

"Oo-oh, Barry." An "ooh" to put heart in a man. Barry pressed his advantage.

"Say, what, what did you think when you saw our ferry boat drifting away?"

"Just at first," she whispered, "I didn't know what we'd do. Then—"
 "Then you said YES," said Barry Benington Bates, III, strained at the coat buttons which confined it.

"Then you were so fierce, Barry, darling. You said YES but you didn't say you'd shove it off yourself. BRRR! You growled at me. You said you guessed it was high time you had where I'd have to take you seriously. You said I'd have to stay right here until I told you that I—that I loved you. Oo-oo-oh, Barry. Don't be such a bear."

"And were you scared?"
 "No. 'Cause then I knew I did."
 "Did what?"
 "I loved you, you brute. Ooh, Barry. A cuddly, cosy little 'ooh' this last."

ity case. "You turn the other way while I get prettier up."
 By the time the motor boat was easing in at the wharf, Priscilla was as presentable as she was self-possessed. Barry, none too romantic a figure in his greased flannels and damp sweater, glanced at her aboard the rescue craft.

"Lost our canoe," he told the man at the wheel shortly. "Be much obliged if you take us to the mainland."

"To the Parker cottage."
 "Yes. How'd you know?"
 "Oh—er—I recognized Miss Priscilla."

"It's Joe Travers. He used to work for father," whispered Priscilla, beckoning Barry to a seat by her side at the boat's bow. "Isn't it lucky he happened by?"

"Well, somebody would have been sure to come along. I've got to leave you soon, 'Cilla."
 "Oh—er—A plaintive 'ooh.'"
 "Yes, and I think I ought to tell you something."

"What is it, Barry?"
 "Well, I'll tell you first if you're sure you love me."
 "Oo-oo-oh, Barry." An adequate "ooh."
 "And nothing would change you?"
 "Of course not, silly."

"Not even if I'd done something that—a gentleman shouldn't?"
 "Oooh, Barry. Are you worrying about pushing off that old canoe last night?"
 "Yes, I'm glad you did."

"But that's just it. I didn't!"
 "Oooh, Barry." A queer inflection to this "ooh."
 "No, he blamed them must have got loose by itself. I didn't know it was gone until I heard you scream."

"But you said—"
 "I said I'd done it to get you alone. I know. But I wanted you to think I was a cave man. I thought you'd never take me seriously until I could impress you somehow."

"Oooh, Barry, you funny darling."
 "Then you aren't disgusted with me?"
 "Oo-oo-oh, Barry." Quite breathlessly. "Stop it, bad boy. Joe Travers is looking."

"What of it? We'll announce our engagement at dinner tonight. Look, he's almost at your cottage. Want to drop me here at the loading this side? No use giving your mother's cook an opportunity to go gossiping all around the lake."
 Joe Travers, in obedience to request, pulled ashore. As he fended the boat off the wharf, Joe's back was turned.

"Oo-oo-oo-oh, Barry."
 "Bye, 'Cilla—until this afternoon." Barry halted with his foot on the gunwale. "Wasn't it marvelous luck?"
 "What, Barry?"
 "Losing that damned canoe. Not luck, either. It was fate. That's what it was."

"Fate. Just think, Barry. Good-bye, darling, 'till this after."
 Joe Travers, the imperturbable, shoved off and started his engine again.

Priscilla watched the tall but boyish figure of Barry Benington Bates, III, stride out of sight.
 "Got a cigar, Joe?" she inquired of the man at the wheel.

"In the locker there, Miss Priscilla. Same as always. You'd better hop ashore now and get to bed. You'll catch your death of cold and your pa will skin me if he ever finds this business out."

"He won't. He isn't home. No thanks to you, though. I thought you'd never show up at the island."
 "It was only an hour later that you told me. Don't forget I had to chase that canoe of yours. She'd drifted close to the narrows."

"Sorry, Joe."
 "It was necessary to give it such a shove, Miss Priscilla. If it had just been cut loose, it would have been along the lower shore of the island somewhere."

"It was necessary to give it such a shove, Miss Priscilla. If it had just been cut loose, it would have been along the lower shore of the island somewhere."
 "Well, Joe, I'll tell you. I'd grained classily. I didn't dare take half-way measures. If I hadn't pushed the thing most across the lake, Barry Bates would have gone swimming after it. He's a reckless, obstinate, big brute, if I do love him."

Joe shifted his chew and spat reflectively.
 "I guess he'll get tamed fast enough, Miss Priscilla, now you've got him in hand."
 "Oooh, Joe!"—reproved Priscilla demurely.

Famous Favrite Glass Production Held Lost
 Favrite glass, originated by the late Louis Comfort Tiffany, has not been made for over six years, says the American Collector.

Starting in 1883, Tiffany established a glass blowing enterprise at Corona, N. Y., at which he endeavored to make the color of the old Greek and Roman glass that had become iridescent from being buried for centuries. He gathered a group of expert glass workers largely from Stratford, England. At first his undertaking was called the Stratford Glass company; later, it was known as Tiffany Glass.

After the death of Mr. Tiffany's personal supervision. That was several years ago. Three years later, at the age of eighty-four, he died. Since then some of the men who worked in the Tiffany glass house have tried to produce glass of the same type independently.

CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the Enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
 Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor
 Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 noon.
 Benediction after 10:30 mass.
 Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
 Rev. Guin, Pastor
 Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
 Church service, 11:15 a. m.
 Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
 18000 Lasher Road
 Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
 Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.
 Evangelist service, 7:45 p. m.
 All are welcome regardless of circumstances.
 100% Pentecost.

Salem Evangelical Church
 Rev. Carl Schultz, Pastor
 Harvest Festival, 10:30 a. m.
 The worship service will begin at the regular time. This is a special service celebrated by the church, as a day of thanksgiving. The church will be decorated with fruits, vegetables and grains; which are to be given to the orphanage, in Detroit.

Methodist Episcopal Church
 Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor
 Morning worship at 10:30.
 Sermon subject, "Are You Awake?"
 Church school 11:45
 Our attendance last Sunday was 139. New scholars are being enrolled. All are welcome.

Epworth League activities for the week include a sunrise breakfast at Cass Benton park, 6:30 a. m. Sunday morning. We will meet at the church at that hour.
 Sunday School, 11:30 a. m.
 Class in religion, Wednesday at 7:45.
 Men's supper the 23rd.

Church—Spiritual Science and Truth
 Services—Sunday 7:30 p. m.
 Old-Fellows Hall—Clarenceville, Pastor—Rev. Bessie.
 Residence 15756 Lamphere, Detroit.

Assistant—Mrs. Tippin.
 Residence—22614 McNichols, Detroit.
 Good speakers; messages; healing.
 All are welcome.

WEST POINT PARK
 Mr. and Mrs. James Eastman were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Lyons of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Barber of Clarenceville, were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. John Altman.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Helchman and son Don and Kenneth Schweizer spent the weekend at their hunting lodge at Barton City.

Mrs. Emerson Ault and daughter June spent the weekend with Mrs. Robert Wilson of Detroit. Mrs. Wilson, well known to many West Point Park residents, recently suffered painful injuries in a traffic accident, but is now convalescing nicely.

Forrest Ault accompanied his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson, to the football game in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Mrs. John Mercer visited her sister in Detroit last Thursday. The Presbyterian women's association met at the home of Mrs. Austin Ault last Wednesday afternoon. The topic under discussion, "Off To School," provoked a most interesting discussion. The next meeting will take the form of a Halloween luncheon, to be held at the home of Mrs. John Mercer on Wednesday, October 28, at one o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Helchman visited relatives in Ithica and Chesaning, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nacker attended the funeral of Earl Woodman, of Detroit, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Emerson Ault and Miss Loren Ault accompanied Mrs. Edwin Johnson on a visit to friends in Detroit, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ault and son, Wayne, were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Glenjaris, of Wayne, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Ault and Mrs. Freda Ault were visitors in Detroit, Thursday.

Mrs. Gertrude Keyser, of Detroit, visited the latter's aunt, Mrs. J. W. Ault, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Marvin Addis and daughter Miss Shirley, and Mrs. Jesse Zeigler, with the other September jurors, visited the Jackson prison Wednesday.
 Miss Jean Addis was the weekend guest of her aunt, Mrs. Guard Parks, of Detroit.
 Mrs. Max Bergin and daughter, Sharon, of Howell, were guests Tuesday of Mrs. Marvin Addis.
 Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Addis and Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guard Parks, of Detroit.
 Ernest Comde of Dearborn, was a Sunday dinner guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwalben.
 Is your subscription about to expire? Come to the Enterprise office or send in your renewal order.

Telephone calls to distant points now cost less . . . day or night . . . than ever before, reductions applying to both station-to-station and person-to-person messages. The lowest rates to most points are in effect after 7 every night and all day Sunday. Take advantage of the new telephone bargains!

Below are some representative station-to-station calls that you can make for \$1 or less any night after 7 and all day Sunday. The day station-to-station rate also is given.

FROM FARMINGTON TO	STATION-TO-STATION CALLS	
	NIGHT AND SUNDAY RATES	DAY RATES
Green Bay, Wis.	\$.70	\$1.20
Menominee	.75	1.20
Terre Haute, Ind.	.75	1.25
Escanaba	.80	1.25
Madison, Wis.	.80	1.30
Louisville, Ky.	.80	1.30
Iron Mountain	.80	1.35
Marquette	.85	1.40
Davenport, Ia.	.90	1.45
Harrisburg, Pa.	.95	1.55
Houghton	.95	1.55
Syracuse, N. Y.	.95	1.55
Washington, D. C.	.95	1.60
Baltimore, Md.	.95	1.60
Utica, N. Y.	1.00	1.65

Sunday rates are in effect from 7 P.M. Saturday until 4:30 A.M. Monday.