

# The Farmington Enterprise

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## EDITORIALS

### What Makes the Difference?

(Plymouth Mail)

Along about three years ago newspapers and people opposing former Gov. William Comstock made much ado because Lathrop Leche, a friend of the governor's, sought to arrange an interview between an attorney and a gunman confined in Marquette prison. Leche, at the time, was making some investigation into prison matters for Comstock. Comstock and during that inquiry he was advised of the prisoner's desire to consult with a lawyer. When the request became known to Governor Comstock, it was denied, but what a storm of protest went up from newspapers, politicians, aspiring office-holders and others, simply because the prisoner had asked to see a lawyer through a representative of the governor.

Well, what has happened in the brief two or three years since this terrible yipping on the part of those who were "outers" at the time?

Along comes a governor of the opposite political party, and to this gangster, outright pardon, with no strings tied to it except that he must go back to his native country. In only one newspaper in all of Michigan have we noticed the slightest criticism of this outrageous and uncalculated pardon, and that editorial was buried a slap on the wrist.

There is such a thing as being fair and decent in editorial discussion of matters of this kind—and it is to be regretted that we must admit that there has been anything but fair consideration in this case. One governor was condemned for something he did not do. The other governor does it, and gets away with it without criticism.

### Steam From The Sun

(Exchange)

More mild curiosity probably describes the attitude of the great majority of those who have read of the tests of the new solar steam engine with which Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has been for some time experimenting. And perhaps that is as much as is warranted until specialists with their logarithms, their refraction angles and their coefficients of expansion have further refined and improved the device.

But when one looks about at the sources of energy now utilized to do men's work—sources or forms that once were not known to exist, such as steam from coal or oil, gas, gasoline in internal combustion engines, electricity from steam or waterpower—one can begin to sense the possibilities in harnessing the heat of the sun, a source of energy potentially greater than any of these. Moreover, in a comparative glance back over the development of some of the inventions that have lightened humanity's burdens or widened its horizons there is a significant change discernible in the mental position with which the population on the sidelines watches the struggles of the inventor.

When John Fitch 150 years ago was exhibiting on the Delaware River near Philadelphia his weird and cumbersome conception of a steamboat—fornication, even Fulton's successful Clermont—even such a distinguished and forward looking experimenter as Benjamin Franklin doubted the practicality of moving a vessel by steam. And a French traveler, J. P. Brissot de Warville, commented on the "lunatic" at Fitch's chief associate. These rallies appear to me very ill-placed. The obstacles to be conquered by genius are everywhere so considerable, the encouragement so flexible, and the necessity of supplying the want of hard labor in America so evident, that I cannot, without indignation, see the Americans discouraging by their sarcasms the generous efforts of one of their fellow citizens.

A certain amount of amusement at the trials of inventors may still be indulged, as when the melting of a dab of solder incapacitated an earlier model of Dr. Abbot's solar power engine. Yet people have not entirely missed such lessons as that of Dr. Samuel P. Langley's aerodrome. After it had been dismissed for years as a failure and had been succeeded by the Wright brothers' airplane, some physical scientists a few years ago proved that with simply the provision of a suitable runway, Langley's machine would actually fly. Nor have they failed to be a little awed by the success of discoverers and

innovations of the past century or two.

The encouragement now bestowed on invention as recently reviewed in the one hundredth anniversary of the United States Patent Office and in the almost lavish endowments of research by industry, government and private philanthropy does mark an openmindedness of thought, an increasing mental receptivity of the people no less useful than the inventions themselves.

### Whither Weather?

(Exchange)

A resolution calling attention to the weather has recently been introduced in the British House of Commons. Does this indicate that a subject so long debated by the people may shortly be fully vented in the House? Will it be decided then, once for all, whether this portion of the British heritage, the finest, fiercest, or, literally, a blot on the landscape?

The debate would be interesting. For, not only of the bluesy school would undoubtedly view the English climate, and vow that quinine is the British House of Commons. Does this indicate that a subject so long debated by the people may shortly be fully vented in the House? Will it be decided then, once for all, whether this portion of the British heritage, the finest, fiercest, or, literally, a blot on the landscape?

What a dilemma for the Government! For a vote of thanks would alienate the members for Manchester, and the agricultural constituencies, and leave the Government floundering in its own weather. While a motion of censure would have unfortunate repercussions on the tourist traffic.

In the meantime, the average Englishman, far from emulating Dr. Johnson, who disliked the weather, will continue to regard the Clerk of the Weather as a master of ceremonies unrivaled in effecting tactful introductions.

### Youth And The Ancients

(Exchange)

The makers of children's toys have declared for Greece. At this season of the year, the toys are provided with dolls and beads and railway trains and miniature airplanes. These latest models for the delight of childhood cast aside, almost without exception, the art theories of yesterday and the day before. The rising generation is evidently strong, in all matters of aesthetics, for the Ancient World.

It is well known that the chief fundamental, and basic rule of Victorian art was to make everything look like something else. Musical instruments of the past had the shape and decoration of chocolate boxes; and in the misty gloaming of a winter afternoon, many a visitor to London has supposed the spires and tower of St. Pancras railway station to be a Gothic cathedral.

The artists of our immediate yesterday, however, pursued different methods. Their paintings and productions looked, not so much like something else, as like something on earth. A portrait of a child did duty as a portrait, and a landscape had the indifference of a landscape spilled on a tarred road.

But the children's toys of today pursue such artistic theories as these. They look simply like what they are. The dolls look like dolls, the dolls' houses have hot and cold water, the airplanes fly with realistic motion. This is something that the ancient Greeks would have admired and understood. Did not one of the great famous artists of the past paint a bunch of grapes at which real birds came down to peck? "Back to Phidias" is the present cry in childhood circles.

### Quest of Laughter

(Exchange)

Nineteen thirty-six saw the passing of the magazine "Life" as a vehicle of humor. It "outlived" a picture of a bunch of grapes at which real birds came down to peck? "Back to Phidias" is the present cry in childhood circles.

Not even wisdom can fathom that, with humor, subtle or slapstick, lusty or light as gossamer, cushions as well as clever experiments. To feel its presence is more essential than to know its source.

## Nations of World Allot Year 1939 To New York Fair

### World Exposition Already Growing Up; Seeks Active Participation of State

(Special)

NEW YORK, (Special).—The New York World's Fair, in which every state in the nation must inevitably take a prominent part, is out of its infancy.

Preparatory construction goes on night and day at the Flushing Meadows site of 124½ acres at the geographical center of New York City. A steady flow of activities and air-traffic commutes from the Empire State Corporation headquarters on four floors of the Empire State building, judging from all the activity at the Fair is a busy, growing institution that will reach full maturity—no question about it—by the scheduled opening day of Oct. 1, 1939.

The task of grading the site is about half completed. Battalions of men with trucks have already moved over 3,000,000 cubic yards of dry fill in the process of turning the waste marsh lands of the Flushing River basin into a new garden of Eden for use as fertile top soil for the made lands, and in so doing excavate the bed for the two large lagoons featured in plans for the Fair.

The first of the 300 structures which, according to estimates, will house the 1939 Fair, has been completed and is ready for occupancy. This is the headquarters building for the field forces of today and the employment department of the exposition period.

Scheduled for early in the new year is the start of actual construction of the \$800,000 Administration building. The designs for this structure, let under architectural contract a few weeks ago, are starting the day of their approval in the Corporation's offices. Upon completion of this building, late in August, 1937, the Fair headquarters, bus, baggage and sales offices, moves to the exposition site.

The most splendid and significant gesture prepared for the 1939 international exposition, the Theme building, as described at Fair headquarters, is also well along in its construction. The estimated cost of this great building for the "thematic center" of the exposition is set at \$120,000. The preliminary design is to be finished in about eight weeks and the final plans submitted within four weeks, thereafter, construction is scheduled to start immediately the designs are completed.

From this Theme center will radiate all that is to be the 1939 Fair as the Fair's Board of Design, headed by the Fair's Executive Director, Grover Whalen, has ordered into concrete terminology and model by the Fair's Board of Design.

"Out of the concrete will come a physical expression to the plan and theme of the Fair as announced and set down on paper in our headquarters," says Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation. "Starting next April 1, we plan to complete the design of our major building every ten days for a period of seven months. All we expect to design no less than 30 major buildings to house the exhibits from every part of the world. Some 300 structures in all, are planned for the Flushing Meadows site, within a few minutes' ride from Manhattan."

Without exception on the part of the Fair, more than 250 American business houses and institutions have begun preliminary conversations regarding their participation and are already planning exhibits. Five of the great nations of the world have already agreed the Corporation that they would erect their own buildings, while no less than 32 other nations have informally indicated their desire to participate.

And then, on top of all this display of keen interest, comes the announcement that the International Convention Bureau, operating in Paris, has allocated the year 1939 to the New York Fair. This means that the New York Fair is an exclusive ranking as the "one international exposition" of 1939, and assures it of the active support of the 21 nations signing the agreement.

President Roosevelt has just extended official invitation to the nations of the world. Governor Herbert H. Lehman, of the host State of New York, has extended invitation to the governors and residents of 47 states. Grover Whalen, likewise, has invited the governors in a letter pointing out that "the commercial consequences of the New York World's Fair are so great and important that they alone would justify the active participation of every state."

Fair Commissioners are already in South America and Europe. Still others are on their way to the Far East and other foreign shores. Major Daniel E. Nolan, retired, as head of the Department of Foreign, State and Municipal Relations, will himself make representation to the governors and legislatures of the various states.

Meanwhile, under the direction of Harvey D. Gibson, President of the Manufacturers Trust Company, and Richard Whitney, former president of the New York Stock Exchange, the prominent figures in the financial capital conducted a 28-day campaign to sell \$7,523,750 in debenture bonds of the Fair to finance the construction period.

Every confidence is being expressed that the Fair not only will "pay its way," but that it will bring a billion dollars more of revenue into Greater New York and stimulate American industry in general to an extent many could not imagine.

The total cost of producing New York's Fair, including collateral improvements, is set at \$125,000,000. Statisticians estimate that the attendance will total more than 50,000,000 persons.

The City of New York, the State of New York, and the Government of the United States, according to expectations, will account for \$2,000,000 of the total expenditures and thus tend an official backing never before achieved.

### Satin Slippers

By KARIN ASHBRAND

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CLAIRE CARTER was applying lipstick to good advantage on a perfect cupid's bow and looking over her shoulder into the mirror behind her at her alluring little self. The new waiter had been most attentive all week. Already he had asked her to a college dance. He was a rabid fan, working for his tuition. Nothing so classical as this young Adonis had ever come into Claire's life before. His being there, the same restaurant with her made it easier to be on her feet all day. To carry heavy trays to impatient consumers. To receive puny tips, which, however small, served to ease the pittance allotted to the Yellow Canary's help.

Rand was at the bar ordering drinks for the jolly fat quartette at the window. On his way over to their table he slid over to her and whispered out the corner of his mouth so that the boss wouldn't notice. "Can you go?"

"I told you I couldn't," she whispered back. "I can't go here. I can't go here. I can't go here."

"Let me buy them for you."

"No; thanks."

"You can pay me back next pay day."

"No. I gotta give all my money to Ma this week 'count of her operation. She's paying off the doctor. Ask one of the college dames."

"I wouldn't enjoy it. None of them can dance the way you do."

Claire approached her table with the appropriate smile on her lips. The mass passed unnoticed by the man sitting there waiting, alternately studying the menu and scribbling on scraps of paper.

"Just a club sandwich and coffee," he ordered abruptly, and kept on scribbling.

Over on the next table, intercepted her on the way to the kitchen. "Dya know who that is?" she asked in an excited stage whisper, indicating the scribbling patron with her thumb. "That's Merland Ross, the novelist. You lucky bum! You would draw that table. He ain't married, either. He's as easy to look at as Rand."

Claire brought back Mr. Ross' lunch, and took a good look at him. He was easy to look at, she admitted to herself, but he looked as if he needed sleep, and plenty of it. He paid scant attention either to her or to his lunch. He ate it absent. Then he handed her a dollar bill and left without waiting for his change.

It was Gertrude who picked up the scraps of paper from the floor where he had dropped them. She crumpled them in her hand and started to throw them in the rubbish container.

"Say, gimme those," demanded Claire. "Aren't you going to throw those away?"

"Lands! Them are no good!" exploded Gertrude. "Look! Some of 'em are scribbled on wrapping paper. Little bits of scraps." She handed them to Claire who smoothed them out with tender fingers.

"They belong to my customer," Claire said. "But they're precious to him. Writer folks scribble on tissue paper if they can't find anything else. I'm going to send them to him."

She thrust them into her pocket, and the minute she was off duty she slipped into a telephone booth to look up his address. Merland Ross. Her lips creased the name even as her pen wrote it on a restaurant envelope. Ross' stamped it and mailed it for her.

The next day Merland Ross appeared at the restaurant and asked to see the manager. "I want to talk with the person who mailed me back my notes," he requested.

Rand was standing beside the boss. "It was Claire Carter, sir," he hastened to tell him. "Claire was sent for."

Merland Ross held out his hand and Claire laid hers into it.

"You don't know what those notes meant to me," he told her. "I was nearly crazy when I found out I had lost them. They were the finishing chapters for my new novel, 'Rising Tide.' I sent it off today. You're a small little girl. I told that I had to reward you somehow. Thanks."

He smiled down upon her from his famous height, withdrew his hand, and left. Claire gulped and shut her eyes. In her hand was a crisp crackling slip of paper. She dared not look at it. She had never received a reward before. Perhaps it would be the price of a pair of satin slippers. Rand was looking at her proudly. She could feel his eyes on her, and she opened her own eyes suddenly to stare at the bit of paper in her hand.

It was green. On one side of it was written in Merland Ross' bold scrawl: "Give to bearer one complimentary copy of 'Rising Tide.'"

On the other side there was nothing.

### Contents of Honey

Honey is a sirup with a distinctive flavor and aroma, made up of four parts of sugar to one part of water. There are several kinds of sugars present, including sucrose, dextrose and levulose. Honey contains a small amount of mineral matter, including magnesia, lime, iron and phosphoric acid.

## LECTURE-CONCERT SERIES PLANNED BY SYMPHONY

One of the most important offerings in the history of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, the lecture-concert series for adults, has been announced by Murray G. Paterson, manager.

This series, to begin at 8 p. m. Monday, Jan. 25, in Orchestra Hall, and to continue for 8 consecutive Monday nights through March 15, has been designed to acquaint adults in the Greater Detroit area with the great music literature of all time. Particular care has been taken to build and present programs in such a manner that even the most unmusical will discover for himself that the lecture-concert series for adults will prove of permanent value.

At each of the eight concerts everything will be explained clearly. "Appreciation Through Experience" will be the keynote to this lecture-concert series, and those thousands who will seek to make up for a silent childhood, where good music was seldom heard and rarely understood, will be afforded an opportunity not paralleled in the history of symphony orchestras in the United States.

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra has been a pioneer through its concerts for children and young people. This work has helped the orchestra gain and maintain a high international reputation. Now in presenting its lecture-concert series for adults, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, so far as is known, undertakes a work never before done anywhere.

Each lecture-concert will consist of an hour's program by the orchestra, preceded by a thirty-minute lecture and followed by a question and answer period. Each thirty-minute lecture will begin at 8 p. m.

Victor Kolar, internationally known conductor, who was brought to Detroit by the late Ossip Gabrilowitch in 1919, will be in charge of the programs. Edith

Rhetta Tilton, educational director of the Detroit Symphony Society, will present the lectures and lead the question and discussion periods.

June and Louis Newlin spent five days of their school holiday with friends at Fond-du-lac, Wis.

Ralph, Glenn and Donald Wilson, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson are ill with chicken pox.

Mrs. D. J. McDonald, mother of Albert McDonald of Power Road, is visiting another son, Mason McDonald, and Mrs. McDonald, of New York City for the holidays and for a few weeks longer.

Miss Erma Gray was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Steiner of Flint on New Year's Day. She also spent the week end at the Steiner home.

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