

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Youth Studies Alcohol

(Exchange)

All who have faced the questionings of young people regarding alcoholic drinks will welcome the knowledge that schools are again teaching facts about one of society's most condoned, publicized, and dangerous playthings. A boy or girl who is called upon to take a stand apart from the suggestive "good fellowship" of drinking parties, has to have strong inner convictions about alcohol in order to reject its flattering falacies.

One evidence of reviving instruction of the character-building kind is the convenient small volume, "Youth Studies Alcohol," by Kenneth M. Harkness and Lyman M. Fort. The book is designed for use in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. Those who recall the rather uninspiring classroom instruction of decades ago, which employed abstract experiments that could not stand the tests of accuracy, find here a handling of alcohol in language suited to young people's daily play and work. The authors approach the subject in full frankness seeking to impose no undocumented precept, but setting forth the facts about alcohol.

The book is narrative, even dramatized, in form. There are a few simple and fully accurate experiments listed in the appendix. Copious illustrations drive home points by use of forceful black-and-white drawings, instead of charts or photographs.

Possibly the most valuable contribution of the book is its encouragement of classroom discussion and the preparation of student papers. When the bulwarks of character are reinforced in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, young people face senior high school and college equipped to see through the specious claims of liquor advertising and of synthetic joviality. Young people so prepared have a better prospect of enjoying unhampered the wholesome activities of sport and of self-development.

What Kept You?

(Exchange)

Dick Merrill's Coronation trip ends up with a three-point landing on the boss's carpet, he need only consult the calendar to know the usual dates. Wise educational executives, when not forced by law to close school doors on holidays, now cause them to be observed off to skip over to London last Monday and pick up Coronation films, the boss's understanding was that they would be back Thursday. Well, here they are, a whole day late, after flying all around Robin Hood's barn.

It is a bit exasperating, what with President Roosevelt waiting to pick the fifty new King George V stamps off that special letter entrusted to the boys by Ambassador Gerard; to say nothing of the people eager for a peek at pictures of Wednesday's jambo-ree. It isn't as though the route was new to these boys and they had to read all the signposts along the way. Only last fall, Dick Merrill flew over to London and back.

With two days' leeway for a little jaunt to England, it may take a lot of explaining about bad weather to dispel that "well-where-have-YOU-been" look on the boss's face. Or to convince him it takes five days just to hop over to London and back. It merely goes to show, aviation is getting nowhere fast, what with pilots dilly-dallying along the way.

Blossoms on Parade

(Exchange)

Spring steps on the starter and America's parade of festivals begins to roll by. One long panorama of color and beauty, it begins with the appearing of the Carolina azaleas and continues until fall's flaming torch ignites the northern hills; then back through the round of winter fetes on Pacific, Gulf and south Atlantic coasts until Old Sol once more crosses the Tropic of Capricorn on his way north. Their growing popularity is proof of increasing American appreciation of aesthetic values. They are worth encouraging.

Washington's cherry blossoms this year attracted hundreds of thousands. Less widely known are the apple blossom festivals of Wenatchee, Wash., Yacolt, Wash., Benton Harbor, Mich., and a score of other spots, yet these annually lure their thousands. Similarly, spring displays of rhododendrons at Seattle, Wash., Asheville, N. C., and Pinerille, Ky., and

of oleanders at Galveston, Texas, and the far-famed gardens at Charleston, S. C., enthralled lovers of the colorful.

Some States seem to specialize in exploitation of their seasonal attractions. Michigan celebrates various phases of the fruit season, including a crimson cherry harvest festival at Traverse City, and concludes with a notable autumn foliage tour. Portland, Ore., and Pasadena, Calif., annually flaunt their roses on the Pacific coast. Fruit harvests often turn to carnivals. It might be an extraordinary traveler who could visit them all.

What at the festivals do promote the sale of town lots or fruit farms, rent empty stores, or boost retail business, and the hotel trade? A deeper service may lie in the individual stimulation of thought upon contemplation of the beautiful, especially if it leads to an appreciation of the underlying reality.

Blue Monday—Bright Blue

(Exchange)

It may be an American habit to try to jam too much joy into one day's pleasure. For instance, motoring "back home" to see the folks on a holiday. If it is to be done, the family ought not rise at 9 a. m., drive like mad for seven or eight hours to get there, cram their holiday-making into half a day, then spend another trying period in the dark on the road, and arrive home so late that neither the children in school nor the father in his job have a very happy day after.

Increasingly numerous because of group pressure on state legislatures, to the discomfiture of industry and educational systems—might be much less a nuisance and much more an enjoyment if federal and state lawmakers took the advice of Henry Morton Robinson and ordained their public observance on the Monday following the anniversary.

Mr. Robinson, backed by a baker's dozen of leading thinkers, proposes this in the current Reader's Digest. The calendar, he points out, is man-made. Only sentimentality at reasons exist for arbitrarily celebrating national holidays on particular dates. Wise educational executives, when not forced by law to close school doors on holidays, now cause them to be observed off to skip over to London last Monday and pick up Coronation films, the boss's understanding was that they would be back Thursday. Well, here they are, a whole day late, after flying all around Robin Hood's barn.

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He Gave Death a Holiday

By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

I HAVE known Abner Hawlow for years. He is one of those rare individuals who, at eighty, looks ahead rather than behind. He lives in the future rather than the past. Though occasionally he does reminisce, he is at such times he often has a story to tell that is worth repeating.

"We'll call this chap 'I'm going to tell you about 'Asa Darwin,'" he began. "Just for convenience's sake, I understand. Well, Asa, he never married. Romances, yes. But nary a wife. Never felt the need of one.

"Living alone, he grew into middle age and then into old age and pretty soon he came to realize the folly of not taking himself a wife. Lonesome, he was. At sixty he got to be suffering from all kinds of pains and aches inside of him. He didn't figure he had much longer to live, and the doctor agreed that this was so.

Kind of pitiful in a way. Nearest of kin was a first cousin living down in Ridgefield, 30 miles away. Cousin's name was Rufe Barclay, and he was three years younger than Asa. Well, when Rufe heard about his condition he came up to visit him one day, quizzed the doc and then suggested that Asa come down to Ridgefield and live with him and his wife.

"Well, strangely enough, Asa he thought the idea a good one. He was sick and lonesome, but financially independent, and he didn't have much longer to live. Sells his farm, he does, packed up his personal belongings and likes off to Rufe's. Now Rufe and his wife was mighty nice folks. They had two children to come and visit them occasionally, and was a heap of money laid by, but they was satisfied, and when Asa come to live with 'em they treated him fine.

"Then suddenly he took sick and was ordered to bed by the doc. He lay hoverin' between life and death for a month, feelin' miserable and wishin' he could die. But he didn't. He just lay there and become a burden on Rufe's wife. She waited on him hand and foot. Asa got to thinkin' what a damned useless life he'd led, never having any children, and bein' so ill-tempered, and he began wonderin' why he was ever born anyhow.

"The fact is, he fell to broodin'. He figured if he could only die he'd be mighty happy. It would, he thought, give him a deal of pleasure to know that the money he left could be 'used right well' by Rufe and his wife. It made him unhappy because he couldn't die.

"Another month passed and Asa got no worse or no better, but he felt terrible because it occurred to him he might hang on for ten years and be nothing but a burden, and what if he had to have an operation and all his money vanished and Rufe had to support him? The outlook was pretty awful.

"One day when he was feelin' his worst Asa called the doc in and asked how long he thought he'd live. The doc looked serious and finally said, 'Asa, I'm gonna tell you the truth. If you're here a year from now, I'll be surprised.'

"Well, say, that was such a relief to Asa he actually began to feel happy. 'Only a year, he thinks. Well, by dang, I might as well make the best of it.' And from that day on he began to get better. Within a week he was sitting up and three days later dressed and walking around. By dang, you never saw a feller recover so quick. Amazing. 'Only a year,' he'd say. Well, by jinks, that's fine, because I want to die and the money I leave will help out you folks.'

"A year passed and Asa forgot all about dying. He'd bought himself a plot of land nearby and was cultivating it and had become acquainted around, and really enjoying hisself. Another year come around and one day Rufe, Asa's cousin, called him out to the field and told him he'd been called to pneumonia and, by dang, Rufe was up and died. Well, that left things in a pretty mess. Here was Rose, Rufe's wife, left alone with Asa and no means of supporting herself.

"Well, Asa he got to thinkin' it over and after a month or so he asks Rose to marry him, just for convenience's sake. Well, Rose she thought it over, and said yes, she would, figurin', of course, that Asa didn't have much longer to live anyhow.

"Well, by dang, they was married and went on livin' as before and were mighty happy together. Asa, he began to realize what he'd missed all his life, what he'd increased the spirit to live in him, about a hundred per cent. The children, they liked him right well and he liked them and Rose soon forgot her grievance and, well—so there you are!"

I smiled. "But I suppose," I said, "that Asa did finally die?"

"Why, shucks," said Abner, "ain't you figured out what I'm drivin' at yet? Didn't I just say we'd call that Jasper Asa Darwin for convenience's sake?"

I stared at him in amazement. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "your wife's name is Rose, isn't it?" And he grinned meaningly.

CHURCHES

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

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lasher Road
Sunday School, 10:30 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.
Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.
100% Pentecost.

CLARENGVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. Guin, Pastor

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Church service, 11:15 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

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 Benediction after 10:30 mass.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor

Morning Worship at 10:30. Special music. Sermon by the pastor. Church School, 11:15. Classes

for all ages.
The finance committee meets at the home of Mr. George Checkett, Friday evening, May 28th.
The official board will meet Tuesday, June 1st, at 8 o'clock.

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl Schultz, Pastor

Church Service 10:30 a. m.
Sunday School 11:30 a. m.
Mr. Herman Gerds, Jr. asks that every one kindly give a bit more consideration to the Sunday School. The past few Sundays have not been as one would desire. He also asks that the teachers and officers remain for a meeting on June 6th.

Meeting of the Church Board, June 1st at the home of Mr. George Gildemeister.
Meeting of the Ladies Aid, June 2nd at the Church.
Meeting of the Brotherhood,

Dr. Joseph W. Norton
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

GENERAL PRACTICE
\$3200 Grand River Avenue
Farmington
TELEPHONE 404.

June 2nd, at the Church. Brotherhood members please make a special effort to be present as there are several important matters to be considered at this meeting.

Nice Custom

"The custom of burying attendants with a king was followed in ancient Egypt and Babylon, and is traditionally said to have been a practice in ancient Japan."

Paste Gums

The word "paste," used of gums, is derived from the Italian word "pasta," meaning food; suggested by the soft plastic material used to imitate the real gum.

Remember the big show starts May 29 and continues for nine days. Go to Our Lady of Sorrows Church circus.

STATION W J R
DETROIT
SUNDAY, MAY 30
9:00 a. m., E. S. T.
"CHURCH OF THE AIR"
Columbia System
Christian Science
Program from St. Louis, Missouri

LEGAL HOLIDAY

This Bank will not be open for business on

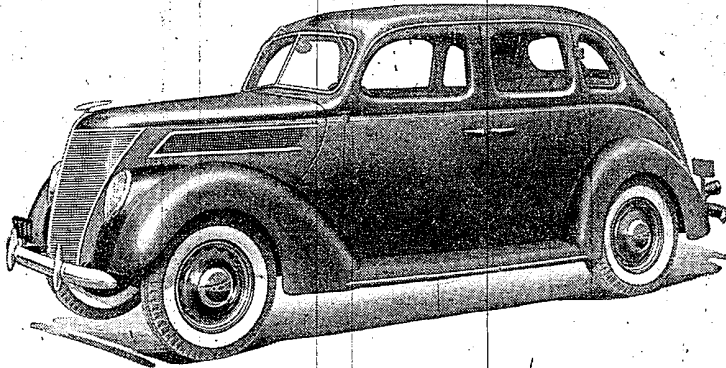
MEMORIAL DAY

which will be observed
Monday, May 31, 1937

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