

The Farmington Enterprise

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Phone: Farmington 25 — REford 1133

EDITORIALS

Variations On an Old Tune

Visits to some of the hundreds of homes now under construction and inspection of the plans of others printed in current architectural publications make it obvious that designers of domiciles, enduring an enforced vacation during the recent construction stagnation, have successfully turned the occasion into the traditional "post-man's holiday."

When the debacle of 1929 culminated in an almost complete cessation of home building and the song of the saw was heard but faintly in the land, the architect utilized his idle "T-square and drawing board to develop, if not a new type of architecture, at least a new style of house plan which made up in ingenuity of design what it lacked in spaciousness. Economic exigency guided his pencil. Non-essentials were ruthlessly eliminated. He resorted to the "six-room efficiency" of the apartment house, adopting and adapting devices which had been for some years an open secret in the world of architecture, but which had not, apparently, to employ in the designing of the small, detached home.

The dining room was done away with in favor of the breakfast room, the resultant saving in space for the more commodious living room where, on occasion, the formal meal could be served. The too-commodious kitchen, relic of a much earlier day when its clean, sweet and spacious hearth was the center of family life, was transformed into a culinary laboratory of Pullman-like compactness.

The "Home, Sweet Home" of 1937 is not the rambling structure which inspired the words of the famous song, but convenience and livableness may make it equally popular and enduring.

Flight

Aviation now is in a phase of development in which its progress may be estimated in inverse ratio to the amount of attention that its enterprises attract. Headlines on flights the last day or two not only are telling their own stories, but stressing this point.

Overshadowed by reports of continued suspense as to Amelia Earhart's flight, news of the two-way trans-Atlantic flight of the Pan American and the Imperial Airways' clippers will go unnoticed by some readers. Yet from the point of view of aviation rather than of human interest, of course—the more significant report is that which must receive less attention while the search for two courageous adventurers goes on with heartfelt wishes of a world for its success.

The two-way flight just completed at one end by Capt. Harold E. Gray of Pan American Airways, pursuing east, and Capt. A. S. Wilcockson of Imperial Airways, heading west, lays double air tracks along the route soon to be a regular passenger line between New York and London. Ten short years from Lindbergh, the dream his flight inspired in millions of minds comes true. Yet the tribute is spot-just to the noisy celebration if that were all, but each year this sort of celebration sends many to the hospital and many are maimed for life. It really is strange how many laws have to be made for our safety because people WILL NOT use any precaution themselves. This is true with fireworks, with disease, with investments, with boats, with airplanes, and what not. Now, Michigan, by the federal government to prohibit the sale of fireworks from any state into one where they are not allowed on sale. Such protection should be accorded the prohibitory states.

It's a Sad Tale

(Grand Ledge Independent)

When one reads in the several newspapers of the many injured and the property damage, one commences to realize the violence in making fireworks illegal in Michigan. Of course, no one would object to the noisy celebration if that were all, but each year this sort of celebration sends many to the hospital and many are maimed for life. It really is strange how many laws have to be made for our safety because people WILL NOT use any precaution themselves. This is true with fireworks, with disease, with investments, with boats, with airplanes, and what not. Now, Michigan, by the federal government to prohibit the sale of fireworks from any state into one where they are not allowed on sale. Such protection should be accorded the prohibitory states.

Collecting

(Exchange)

The 24th Philatelic Congress of Great Britain has just been held; and in the course of the discussion one speaker put forward the theory that "boys do not collect stamps merely to improve their geography but, rather, to obtain a larger number of stamps than their friends."

The explanation is not altogether satisfactory; because the motives of competition and ambition, together with that of obvious aesthetic appeal, are so often absent from the hobby of collecting. What about those objects, apparently devoid of intrinsic attraction, or of significance, that are nevertheless objects of the chase to isolated

Row The Editor Hoes

(Rotarian Magazine)

I am confident that all newspaper editors will go to heaven. No matter how eloquently the editor may boost for the development and progress of his community, no matter how diligently he may labor to build up his home county, no matter how loyally he supports a friend in politics, extolls the virtues of a famous native son, stretches the truth to praise the local politician, or, on the contrary, laments the misfortune on the grave of a departed, he seldom hears a "Thank you." Rarely does anyone say, "Well done." Almost never does he hear, "We appreciated that." But let him make a slip

WHERE WAS JOHN?

By FLORENCE MELLISH
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

THE Wyman had decided to make it a quiet affair—only the older neighbors and a few friends invited. It was only six months since the death of John Wyman. Twenty of the old neighbors and friends were seated in the large parlor, somber with its old-fashioned tapestry carpet and a plush-upholstered furniture. A silence had fallen upon the little company, and they were looking expectantly at the hall door. Dr. Patton, seated by the marble-topped table, was the first to speak. "I'm sorry to see you here, John," he said, "but I'm glad to see you here. You look well."

"Mother," asked Bobby Luce in an audible whisper, remembering his experience last week at a funeral when the down train was late, "are they waiting for the mourners to get here?"

"No, Bobby," laughed Ella Lamb, whose seat commanded a view of the front walk, "the mourners are waiting for John North."

"Ella liked to be sarcastic, and two of the neighbors exchanged smiles, remembering that John in his unengaged days had paid some desultory attention to Ella."

In the library on the other side of the hall Mary Wyman, in her white gown and veil, sat pale and silent. Mrs. Wyman glanced apprehensively at Mary. Aunt Jenny tried to suppress her anxiety about the fifteen-year-old Kitty, charming in her pink velvet, knelt on an ottoman and peered through the slats of the blind.

"I should like to know what is keeping John North?"

"There's one comfort," said Aunt Jenny. "The ice-cream is safe in the freezer."

"Mary," cried Kitty, "do you remember that story of Hugh Mainwaring—how they waited and waited and he never came and at the stroke of 12 the bride fainted dead away? Wasn't it weird?"

"Hush, Kitty," said her mother. "Jenny, mightn't it be well to send Bobby Luce over to Mrs. Horsey's to find out what is the matter?"

"All means, Helen. I'll start him at once."

But all John's landlady could tell Bobby was that he had gone out some time before, saying he would be back in 20 minutes, and she hadn't seen him nor hair of him since. "It was just time for the down train," she finished, "and he seemed excited like."

"Oh, Mary!" cried Kitty with a shocked glance at her maid-of-mother, or costume, "you don't think he got cold feet at the last and skipped?"

"Be still, Kitty," said Mrs. Wyman sternly.

"Something has happened," Mary answered quietly. "John would come if he could."

"But the oysters will be ruined," moaned Aunt Jenny.

"And what will those people think?" sighed Mrs. Wyman. "How can I face them?"

Mary rose at once. "You needn't face them, mother. I'll go and find out what's happened."

And she went, leaving Mrs. Wyman looking like a ghost as she faced her guests. But she still spoke quietly.

"Something has happened to delay our marriage. We cannot ask you to wait longer, and you will excuse my mother and me. If you will pass out into the dining room Aunt Jenny would like to offer you some refreshment."

"Well," murmured Ella Lamb, "hasn't she got nerve?"

"There's four kinds of cake, mother," said Bobby, in his audible whisper. "I counted it when I came through."

The lunch was eaten for the most part in an embarrassed silence, and the guests struggled away, each with a different theory for the non-appearance of John North.

In the library Kitty had opened a blind.

"Mother, is that John North coming up the street?"

Mrs. Wyman pressed over Kitty's head through the gathering dusk. "I don't think it is—and still—"

It was John himself, haggard and disheveled. He strode up the walk and rang the bell loudly. Mrs. Wyman opened the door for him and motioned him into the parlor.

"Where's Mary?" he asked abruptly.

"Mary has had a great strain," she answered, with a touch of reproach. "She was looking so ill that I persuaded her to lie down."

"Then please, Mrs. Wyman, will you persuade her to get up again? I must see her."

"But, first, John, I think you owe me some explanation of this extraordinary tardiness."

"Afterward, but mayn't I see Mary first?"

Mary. I can't face you. Sometime back I lost my head over Sybil Darcy. But, Mary, that was before I knew you very well."

"Of course," I understand. Go on, John."

"And once when I was excited I wrote her, an idiotic letter. But she was before you and I—"

"Of course," she reassured him again.

"That letter was the silliest piece of foolishness I ever perpetrated. But just then I got wise to Sybil's goings-on and dropped the whole affair. Lately Sybil has tormented me with threats of showing you that letter, and I thought if you should see it, Mary—"

He made a gesture of despair.

"This afternoon, just as I was beginning to dress, a small boy brought me a note. It was from Sybil, saying if I would meet her in the vestibule of the brick church she would give me the letter. You know her uncle is janitor. Well, Mary, I walked into that trap. I waited there until I got weary, then I tried the door. It was locked. The inner doors were locked, too, and I was a prisoner in the vestibule."

"You know how impossible those windows are. I ran about like a wild beast, trying to break locks, first one, then another. At last I thought of that little door that leads to the bellry. I made a battering ram of myself and battered and battered. After what seemed hours it gave way all at once, and I tumbled into a little room. I climbed up a ladder and got into the bellry and somehow out onto the roof."

Mary covered her eyes. "Mercy, John! You make me dizzy."

"I came down by way of the lightning rods," he finished, "and here I am—just here."

Mary uncovered her eyes and glanced at the clock.

"I guess not. We can get the half past seven train. Aunt Jenny will telephone Dr. Patton. I'll get into my traveling dress, and you must rush home and change your cobwebs for your gray suit. We'll get to Washington tomorrow, just a little late. Of course we'll have to explain to the guests that you were locked up, but we can pass it as a joke. Those academy boys are always doing something awful. I don't think Sybil will care to publish her part."

"Not she, and there's one comfort: we won't have to depart amid showers of confetti."

"At least—if I can keep Kitty quiet."

"But Mary—that idiotic letter. Sybil may send it to you even now."

"Don't worry, John, dear. I received a letter yesterday. I said that it was written some time ago and addressed to Sybil Darcy. So I just put it in the fire unread."

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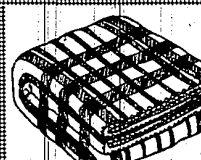
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Gypsies Traced as Far as Fourteenth Century

Gypsies do not form a nationality but have adopted the nationality of the various countries in which they live; thus we have American gypsies, Brazilian gypsies, etc., says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Their origin is still a mystery, but a thorough examination of their language, called Romany, indicates that this is a greatly corrupted dialect of Indian.

When gypsies first appeared in England in the sixteenth century, they were thought to have come from Egypt, whence the name "gypsies," the French called them "bohemians," from an erroneous belief that they had come from Bohemia. Their first appearance in Europe cannot be traced farther back than the beginning of the fourteenth century, though before that time there had been bands of way-faring smiths, traveling from country to country. The gypsies appear to have taken up the crafts of these wayfarers and probably assimilated the bands. The use of the term "gypsy" for a roamer comes from the well-known habits of the gypsies.



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Report of Condition of THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK

of Farmington, in the State of Michigan, a member of the Federal Reserve System, at the close of business on June 30, 1937.

Published in accordance with a call made by the Federal Reserve bank of this district on a date fixed by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System pursuant to the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act.

ASSETS	
Loans and discounts	\$38,263.02
U. S. Govt. securities, obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed	153,543.91
Other bonds, S. S. and securities	236,721.26
Furniture and fixtures	1,732.51
Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	93,261.15
Cash balances with other banks, and cash items in process of collection	57,398.22
Other assets	\$15.11
TOTAL	\$600,983.08

LIABILITIES	
Demand deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	\$363,569.58
Time deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	337,223.97
State, county, and municipal deposits	203,262.95
United States Government and postal savings deposits	2,358.24
Deposits of other banks, certified and officers' checks outstanding, etc.	30,271.14
Total of items 1 to 18, inclusive:	\$1,200,000.00
Secured by the pledge of loans and/or investments	\$ 60,000.00
Not secured by the pledge of loans and/or investments	791,559.93
Total Deposits	\$841,559.93
Other liabilities	6,925.66
Capital account:	
First preferred stock, 2500 shares, par \$10.00 per share, retirable at \$10.00 per share.	\$ 60,000.00
Common stock 2500 shares, par \$10.00 per share.	10,000.00
Undivided profits	13,269.83
Reserves for contingencies	5,012.82
Retirement fund for preferred stock or capital notes and debentures	3,500.00
Total Capital Account	\$2,082.71
TOTAL, including Capital Account	\$1,208,582.69

MEMORANDUM	
Loans and Investments Pledged to Secure Liabilities	
United States Government obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed	\$ 55,416.63
Total Pledged, excluding redemptions	\$ 55,416.63
Pledged:	
Against State, county, and municipal deposits	\$ 55,416.63
TOTAL PLEDGED	\$ 55,416.63

I, H. C. Knickerbocker, Cashier, of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. KNICKERBOCKER, Cashier.

Correct Attest

HOWARD M. WARNER
FLOYD H. NICHOLS
EMORY O. HATTON
Directors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF OAKLAND, ss.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of July, 1937.

Arvale Tipper, Notary Public. My commission expires June 19, 1938.