

The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1885 by Edgar R. Bloomer as "A Permanent Journal of Progress"

Published Thursday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, as second-class matter under the Act of March 1, 1879.

Phones: Farmington 25 — Redford 1133

EDITORIALS

Traveling at High Speed

(Exchange)

These few words explain many a tragedy on the highway. And how often we read them. There is a story of a crash, another that we begin reading and soon the words "traveling at a high rate of speed" meet our eyes.

Over and over it happens. So frequently that we are convinced it is the greatest factor in causing accidents.

And yet, to our amazement, we never travel the highway without seeing some speed-crazed driver traveling the brink of a 10-mile-per-hour disaster.

No car is safe, no highway free of danger zones, when the safety point in speed is passed.

As soon as this fact is educated into every driver, as soon as he learns to control the gas even when a clear road invites speed, then, and then only, will the greatest step in controlling accidents be made.

Prevention—Or Only Fear?

(Christian Science Monitor)

Medical campaigns for early recognition of the alleged symptoms of acute appendicitis are denied the approval of two members of the Temple University medical school faculty, Drs. William Swalm and Lester Morrison, who tell the Medical Society of Pennsylvania that such activity may have created "a more appendicitis-conscious laity," with the result that "through apprehension on the part of the patient, the physician may frequently be maneuvered into becoming an uncertain party to unnecessary surgery."

Moreover, the Temple professors warn that "neutline attention" also is capable of bringing about symptoms which often result in needless appendectomies. Certainly no doctor ever gave a patient better advice.

Today every physician of standing comprehends that fear, anxiety, worry, envy, jealousy, hatred, resentment do more than exaggerate vague distresses into definite symptoms in the mind of the sufferer. They actually retard, inhibit or interfere with bodily functions and are known to be a common cause of certain forms of disease.

Apparently the Temple University medical men recognize the danger of arousing these emotions as well as that of stirring up anxiety about bodily conditions.

If campaigns for the recognition of appendicitis are to be avoided, why not also campaign which chiefly arouse fear and anxiety over the likelihood of developing other ailments? Such campaigns often cause more fear than remedial action. And some are based on doubtful or false claims of immunization.

The very newspaper carrying the Swalm and Morrison warning reported that doctors are now seriously questioning the efficacy of the serum supposed to give immunity from infantile paralysis. Thousands of parents and children have been frightened by visions of disease in campaigns to spread this serum. It is well known that some members of the medical fraternity are sounding warnings against such fear-impelling methods.

Wise Debts

(Exchange)

Many persons boast they have never been in debt. They are the kind of people who think of debts as a form of disgrace. Some times these people do well enough without contracting debts, but frequently they are the cautious kind who carefully acquire a little property or a few possessions, and that is all.

Indebtedness has helped many people to success. By assuming a debt they have planned their selves to a goal. Without it the money would have slipped away anyway.

Debts are only disgraceful when they are contracted beyond the ability to pay. No man should obligate himself to the point where he loses security. There must be a margin of protection, so that in the event of sickness or reverses he is not immediately engulfed.

About Diesel Engines

(Exchange)

A great deal is being heard, these days, about Diesel engines but not many people know the difference between the Diesel type of engine and any other.

The principle of the Diesel engine is that if you compress the fuel of an internal-combustion engine enough, it will heat up, from pressure alone, to the point of ex-

plosion. The ordinary gasoline engine requires an electric spark to explode the fuel in the cylinder. The Diesel engine needs no electrical equipment, no battery, no wires, no spark plugs. It can run on cheap fuel oil such as is used in oil-burning furnaces—even on crude oil. Therefore, Diesel engines are economical in fuel and in cost of upkeep.

The Diesel's handicap is its weight. It needs extraordinary strong cylinders to withstand high pressure. On ships and locomotives it is not such a serious matter. On airplanes it is very serious; yet aircraft builders are experimenting and have built at least one successful Diesel-engine plane. The advantage in the air is that the Diesel engine gets more power from a pound of low-grade oil than a gas engine gets from a pound of gasoline, thus lessening the fuel load. Also, the oil is not inflammable, so the danger of an airplane catching fire is eliminated.

Light-weight Diesel engines are coming into use for trucks. Motor manufacturers hold out hope for a practical Diesel engine for passenger cars. If they get it, they promise fifty miles to the gallon of oil, costing less than half as much per gallon as gasoline—and no spark plug, or battery trouble. That's something to look forward to.

Bridge or Signs

(Exchange)

The neighbors say a lot of our bad habits and most of our misdeeds show up in a bridge game. First of all, is the complaint of our partner that we never have good cards when we play with him. So we try to force our luck, and what happens? We give the best score they ever had to the opponents and one of them is a rotten handkerchief.

That's something to look forward to.

The second error in our bridge ways is the habit of sighing or sulking or otherwise showing disgust with partner's response to a forced bid or a slam demand. In fact most of the slams in our games are caused from the forceful fall of the cards by either a partner or opponent demonstrating his muscular powers and his temperance.

Third, and most grievous of all, is the bad habit of sitting relaxed with a shoe dangling off one toe and suffering the tragic consequences when it falls off on someone concentrating on a deep finesse, and frightens him into playing the wrong card.

Nevertheless, H. C. Clark, psychologist and eminent discerner of people's troubles, believes that real benefit is derived from the game of bridge and should be played by most of us at least those of us who can control our emotions and our shoes.

George Horace Lorimer

(Exchange)

The great and virile editor of the Saturday Evening Post, for forty years died recently, one year after his retirement.

When Cyrus H. K. Curtis purchased the "Post" in 1897, it was published for the first time by him without a cover and contained only sixteen pages. Mr. Lorimer, hired Mr. Curtis for the job as editor and was given a chance at this post while the publisher went to Europe to look for an editor-in-chief. While Mr. Curtis posted Mr. Lorimer, inaugurating some of his own ideas and numerous changes in the magazine and the publisher was so pleased with its new set-up that he made Lorimer editor-in-chief, and for his changed title, the latter received \$250 a week salary in place of his \$40 as editor.

The first issues of the "Post" were sold to only 2,000 readers. Under editor Lorimer the "Post" steadily increased its reading public until it reached the 3,000,000 mark. Thus Mr. Lorimer demonstrated his great ability as an editor and the nation owes the passing of this great leadership to the publishing industry.

Advertisements Valuable

(Exchange)

Few persons realize the real value of advertisements that appear in newspapers. News is interesting but from an economic standpoint, reading advertisements is worth money to you. They are the messages of progressive merchants offering real values. They also carry the news of prices that cannot be duplicated in mail order catalogs. Reading the ads is a thrifty habit. Give them more attention and you'll find your newspaper more valuable to you.

CHURCHES

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

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18900 Lasher Road

Sunday School, 10:00 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.

Clarenceville M. E. Church
Rev. Gula, 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 12:30 p. m.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor

Morning Worship at 10:30.
Church School at 11:45.
Epworth League at 6:30.

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor

Worship service at 10:30 a. m.
Sunday School 11:30 a. m.

First Baptist Church
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor

Morning Prayer Meeting 10:15 a. m.

Evening Worship 10:30. The morning message will be by the pastor.

Bible School 11:45.
Junior and Senior B. Y. P. U. at 6:30.

Evening Evangelistic Service at 7:30. Rev. A. J. Graham who is conducting special Evangelistic services in our church will be the speaker of the evening, his topic being, "Why Did God Come?" Mr. Graham is a chalk artist and will draw another beautiful picture which will be given as a prize to the newest resident of Farmington who is present at the service. The public is cordially invited to attend the services.

Oaks Have Long Been in Tree Family Popularity

Oaks have been respected ever since Hercules packed his big oak stick. Oaks are more than just material from which giants' clubs are made, barrels are shaped, or houses are built. They have played a conspicuous role in building this nation. Historically, declares a writer in the Chicago Tribune, none has played a more important role than the old hick which oak that stood for so many years on Wyllis hill in Hartford, Conn. It became famous as the charter oak where Joseph Wadsworth stuffed Connecticut's charter to hide it from Sir Edmund Andros, governor of the dominion of New England. That was in 1687. The old oak, handicapped by being hollow, stood for 169 years after that, and was blown down by wind in 1856.

How long the charter oak actually lived nobody knows, but it was estimated to have been 1,000 years old. While oaks mature in from 300 to 400 years and are not uncommon for them to live 600 to 800 years.

When mature, oaks are 60 to 80 feet tall and 3 to 4 feet in diameter. Under extremely favorable conditions they reach a height of 100 feet and may be 5 feet in diameter.

The white oak (Quercus alba) is found from Maine southwestward to Nebraska, and southward to Texas and Florida.

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Smoking Once Was Crime; Offenders Sent to Jail

In a collection of family papers found in France was a letter which revealed the fact that in 1825 Germans were gambling because the Berlin chief of police had issued an order which strictly forbade tobacco-smoking in the street. First offenders were liable to a fine of two shillings, while hardened criminals caught repeating the offence were actually sent to the goal, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

In Pomerania there is a legend that the Devil invented tobacco—but smoking goes on all the same.

Though tobacco growing is one of the leading industries of Turkey, there was a time when anyone caught smoking had his pipe thrust none too gently into his nostrils by the Sultan's military police. In Russia, flogging was once a penalty for smokers, and a man who continued to smoke in the habit was to have his nose slit.

And Pope Urban the Eighth sent to every church a message sternly denouncing smoking, to be read to the congregation by the parish priest. But tobacco won in the end.

Copy Picked Up Promptly at Any Address

Talking Skeleton

By NANCY RHODES
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNO Service.

F OUL, bloody murder had been done, there on the boards lay a skeleton, bone-white and grinning horribly. The Great Detective gazed on it reflectively, picking burrs of his trousers meanwhile.

"For sale," said an oily voice at his elbow.

The Great Detective's meditative eye traveled up the bulging form of old Lewis, who owned the pawn shop.

"For sale," repeated the old man, "and you'll go a long way before you'll find a niftier skeleton for seven dollars and ninety-five cents."

He rubbed his hands and cackled. Reggie McWhortle sighed, and the murder he was about to reconstruct for his own pleasure dissolved in the mellow October Sunshine.

Dragged back to reality and Lewis' little pawn shop on Main street, he continued to speculate idly about the skeleton in the window. It was not the first time that it had sprawled there, mute testimonial that Doc Ellis was broke; but never before had it lain in the window for so long a period. Usually Doc returned it before old Lewis had held it a week.

Reggie decided to grow up to be a rich relative like Aunt Hortense. But he wouldn't sit in a dark room like she did with her bony fingers on a table top calling: "Henry, Henry, where are you? Are you happy? Can't you answer me, Henry?"

That was surely a dumb thing to do with Uncle Henry dead more than a year. Papa thought it was dumb, too. He had told mamma that if Henry had jumped from the frying pan to the fire he wasn't worth anxious to get in touch with the pan again.

The skeleton was still on the Great Detective's mind as he sat at the table eating his crackers and milk. Across from him Aunt Hortense munched heavily and played her toady eyes around the table.

It was too bad to waste good skeleton money buying presents for people like Aunt Hortense.

"Shall we try to get in touch with Henry tonight?" asked Aunt Hortense with her hand on the switch.

Papa made a little meaning noise in his throat as the lights went out, and Jane grabbed her coat and started downtown. The Great Detective left the three grown-ups in the darkened sitting room and went upstairs to his bedroom.

He counted the money in his bank again. Eight dollars. Doc Ellis would buy the skeleton back any time. Surely Doc Ellis would get eight dollars before Christmas.

Mamma need never have there was a skeleton in the house. No one would ever know. He would be careful. A fellow wasn't a detective for nothing. He crept downstairs and made a dash for the street with the eight dollars clutched in his hand.

The house was still in darkness, except for the faint light in the upstairs hall, when the Great Detective crept stealthily up the garden path an hour later with something white and faintly gleaming under his arm. Old Lewis had wrapped the skeleton in brown paper, having first tried unsuccessfully to do it up in a suit box. As he neared home, Reggie unwrapped his treasure gleefully. There was a spring in the middle that made it bend and unbend fearfully.

On the piazza he held it at arm's length, admiring its terrible gleaming length against the blackness of the house. What couldn't it do? What with a classy skeleton like this? Why . . . A scream cut thinly through the night. Then he heard Aunt Hortense's voice calling. "Henry, Henry!"

"It's on the piazza," she moaned. "I see him! I see him! Oh, Henry, speak to me! Is it you? Are you all right?"

Henry wavered. Then: "It's me," he said faintly. "I ain't complainin'."

"Have you any message for me, Henry?" came Aunt Hortense's voice through the half-open living room window.

This apparently gave Henry time to think. He moved nervously back and forth in the darkness.

"You better go home," he said at last. "Go home and stay home." Then he bent sharply double and disappeared.

A jumble of things happened the next morning. Aunt Hortense left on the 7 o'clock train. Mamma went to bed with a nervous headache. Papa sat scratching his chin in a puzzled way. Just before school time Doc Ellis appeared on the piazza.

Reggie rushed out, but Papa got there at the same time.

"Well Doc," he said cordially, "how are you?"

"I'm lookin' for my skeleton," said Doc. "Old Lewis told me he sold it to Reggie last night. I'll buy it back from him for \$10. That'll buy him for his bother of lugging it up here, won't it?"

The Great Detective brightened, then wilted. Ten dollars was not to be sniffed at but to part with a classy skeleton after he had just bought it . . . But Papa was looking queerly at him.

"Go get Henry," he said meaningly. "And here's another dollar for dragging him across the piazza last night."

The Vatican

The Vatican is the official residence of the pope in Rome. As long ago as 500 A. D. a residence for the pope was built on the site of the present Vatican. The pope moved to Avignon, in France, returning to Rome in 1377. The present buildings of the Vatican were begun about 1450. They consist of an irregular group of palaces, courts, chapels, and offices covering 13½ acres, including a private garden. The buildings of the Vatican are said to contain 7,000 rooms, states a writer in London Answers Magazine. The library contains 250,000 printed books and 24,000 manuscripts, many of priceless value. The art treasures, both paintings and sculpture, are beyond price, and there are two large museums. The whole of the Vatican City is under the sovereignty of the pope.

Wine Worth \$20,000 a Drop! The "Batholice" celebrated "Rose Cellar" in Bremen has a wine that even millionaires could not afford to drink. A Rudesheimer from the year 1633. Originally the wine cost 200 gold talers. Adding to this the yearly charge for interest and leakage, statisticians reckon that the value of the wine is over \$20,000 a drop or more than \$20,000,000 a glass. Except as a curiosity, however, it is in practice not worth a cent, since the improvement of wine with age has its limits and after "maturating" for three hundred years, this Rudesheimer has completely lost its flavor.

Leaves of the Passion Flower The three leaves that grow in a cluster in the passion flower represent the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The tendrils are the thorns with which Christ was bound. The various parts of the flower—stamens, pistil, sepals and petals—represent the crown of thorns, the three nails, the five wounds, the three spears, the two clubs and the cross. The ten pods represent the Apostles, excluding Judas, who betrayed Christ, and Peter, who denied Him.

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