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EDITORIALS

Almost Perfect

The word we've all been waiting for has come out of Cambridge, Mass. There Dr. Millar McCormick of Harvard University and Professor John M. Teske of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have set forth their version of the day when science will make automobile accidents practically "impossible."

For this triumph of man and science over traffic, the two professors have predicted that within 25 to 60 years motorists will have such conveniences as these:

In effect, a "battery" of windshield wipers under the car. This will automatically dry off wet pavements which at present make even the best tires skid.

Short-wave radio steering which will automatically guide cars around corners.

Infrared lights on all cars which will automatically reduce the speed of two cars headed for collision.

Two-way radio in all cars so that drivers will be warned of the approach of machines at all highway intersections.

Automatic illumination of highways, through photoelectric cells, whereby a moving car will break invisible beams and light up the section of road over which it is traveling.

This would seem to take care of everything, with only one exception. That would be the automatic car, which at the first sound of a suggestion from the back seat, would immediately clamp over the offending mouth and stay clamped for the remainder of the trip.

Bad Mother Goose

Ever since progressive educators and modern psychologists began to worry about what 20th century children should read, the rhymes of Mother Goose have come in for increasingly sharp disparagement. We recall having done our own share of denunciation, once going so far as to point out how the pernicious undertones of "Rock-a-bye Baby" might inhibit children throughout their lives.

But not until a short time ago did we learn the really great extent of Mother Goose's bad possibilities. Let the facts be known—Mother Goose has virtually sabotaged an entire industry! The story came out in a speech by the chairman of the Laundry Minimum Wage Board in New York.

The board chairman, a Mr. Walter Frank, declared that the custom of having Monday as "wash day" must be changed if the wage recommendations of his board are to be effective. And he traced the cause of the board's trouble right back to Mother Goose.

"It has been a strange thing to note," said Mr. Frank, "that a complicated industry has been hampered in its personnel relations because of a nursery rhyme. Yet that childhood verse, 'Monday morning we wash our clothes' has helped to create a chaotic situation in which laundry owners in deference to customers' demands have had to call for laundry on Monday and return it within a short time."

The evil of this, explained Mr. Frank, lies in the fact that the laundry industry thus has a peak day every Monday and a distinct falling-off in activity the rest of the week, causing less need for workers on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

We don't like to discourage anyone as acute as Mr. Frank who can thus put a finger on what's hampering prosperity in the laundry business. But it should be pointed out to him that he's going to have a terrible time trying to meet the simple bill of Mother Goose when an appeal to labor statistics will tell it is easy for a housewife to think: "This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes, on a Monday morning." It is a good deal easier for her to think and recite those lines than to think and recite these: "I send the laundry on today, it will help make Monday a peak day with a consequent disastrous effect on the laundry industry. I should not do so."

What Mr. Frank will have to do before he can ever bring order to his chaotic industry is to rewrite Mother Goose. As a matter of fact, a complete rewriting of Mother Goose might help solve not only economic problems but some of our social problems.

Take, for instance, "The cow jumped over the moon." Who knows what frustrations this simple statement has brought countless Americans. How many persons have attempted the impossible, fallen short of success, and then become failures for life

because the horrid example of this superior cow was constantly before them.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her, Put her in a pumpkin shell, And there he kept her very well." The suggestive evils of this rhyme should be plain; it tends to give growing youth the thought that marriage without adequate legal protection is right.

"Three blind mice... they all ran after the farmer's wife." The moral is no less pointed. Mice should confine their attentions to lady mice.

We hope Mr. Frank will find something of value to him in our suggestions. In brief, revise the nursery rhymes so that children will mature with a better sense of values.

As applied to the laundry industry, have the children chant: "This is the way we spread the word... Then, the first little girl says... on a Monday morning... on a Tuesday morning... and so on. Everything will be fine then. Next week we'll show how to save the railroads."

This Is Personal

A certain American Legion Commandery, in discussing the Universal Service plan with us, expressed its resentment against what war did to him. When he went to war, then that were lost when he returned. He resents those lost opportunities of his youth which would have turned his life into utterly different channels.

No one could criticize him for regretting his loss. We do, however, criticize the bitter attitude which spurs him now to seek revenge, to fight for Universal Service, for conscription of every individual in this country under military authority when the next war comes.

Is there reason back of his emotion? This bill (known as the Shepard bill) will militarize women as well as men, which the sponsors think entirely fair and just!

When men reckon their losses due to war and seek to include women in military conscription, are they entirely ignorant of the national death rate? Do you know that in the past 25 years, 375,000 women died in pregnancy and childbirth, while in our country's wars since the Declaration of Independence, only 24,000 men were killed in battle? For thousands of men injured in battle there are millions of women carrying the scars of childbirth in lives of wretchedness and invalidism (Statistics from Paul de Kuit's "Why Should Mothers Die?").

Observers prophesy that the Shepard bill for Universal Service will pass in this session of Congress. Women won't declare war. Will men militarize their mothers, wives and daughters?

From Behind a Motor Truck

(Christian Science Monitor)

The United States Supreme Court last week upheld the right of the State of South Carolina to limit trucks on its roads to a width of 96 inches and to a loaded weight of 20,000 pounds. Most other states, though not all, permit a width of 96 inches and a loaded weight of 16,000 to 18,000 pounds per axle, as recommended by the American Association of State Highway Officials.

The average motorist who has trailed along behind bulky motor caravans waiting for a chance to pass will doubtless be pleased by the ruling and by the disposition of some states to impose strict limits. States similarly are justified in wishing to prevent overly heavy cargoes from breaking up the roads they have taxed themselves to build.

But such restrictions ought not to go to arbitrary lengths merely to prevent truck competition with railroads. National authorities probably would be inclined to combat themselves with the more liberal load and size allowances of the highway officials' association.

This phase is not covered in the regulation of interstate motor truck operation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but probably could be, in the light of Monday's decision. If Congress wished to extend the Motor Carrier Act of 1935, there is some feeling that inasmuch as the Federal Government contributes substantial financial assistance in the building of interstate roads, adequate use of these roads for interstate purposes should be assured. However, it is good to see local authority maintained so far as practical.

MARRY MARY

By J. H. MCCARTHY

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ANDY ANDERSON, cigar maker to his royal highness, the one hand and the other, American, came face to face with a problem that nearly drove him crazy. It kept him awake nights and made him jerky and jittery all day.

Andy's men made pretty fair cigars, for the price. They were neatly wrapped, and much of the filler was real tobacco. His best brand was called the Maryetta, in honor of Mary.

Mary? Mary was the problem that nearly drove Andy Anderson crazy. Some of Andy's friends, in looking this complaint, would be inclined to leave out the "nearly." For Andy was little more than a wreck.

Business was good, too; and Andy, nevertheless, loved a profitable business more than anything else on earth—except Mary.

Mary—Mary Lowell—was Andy's star "salesman." She was on the job night and day, week in, week out, selling all the cigars Andy could produce. She just walked in on a tobaccoist and stood there, open-faced, eyes, frank, as mild and innocent and hopeful as a daisy. And the tobaccoist, being a man, bought all he had room or money for.

Andy Anderson had tried other salesmen, all sorts; but never, until Mary came and let him give her a job, did he find anyone who could keep his place running to capacity. The simple fact was that Mary was making him rich.

The other simple fact was that Andy loved Mary so mightily that when she was anywhere near he didn't know his own name.

A lucky fellow, Andy, with both his great passions—good business and Mary—right under his eye! Or so any sensible person would think. But not Andy Anderson. He wanted to place Mary in a little bungalow in the Hollywood section. He wanted her to go home to one of an evening. He wanted to marry her, in short, and make her his own for ever and ever.

But, at the same time, poor Andy's other love, his business prosperity, had to be considered. "Mary, his star 'salesman,' made his success possible. If he took her off the job, married her and placed her in a bungalow, the business would fall, fall, smash. He simply had to marry Mary or go crazy; he simply had to keep her working or go broke. No wonder Andy couldn't sleep. No wonder he skipped his breakfast, ate a hot roll for lunch, and never knew whether he had dined or not.

It was even whispered about his shops that Andy sometimes so far forgot himself as to smoke one of his own cigars.

One day, just after the artless Mary had left his desk for a rare half-holiday, Andy seized his hat and rushed into the street. At last he had come to a decision. He had decided to ask his old friend Bill Chadwick's advice. If anyone could help him, Bill was the man. A canny fellow, Bill Chadwick. He had started out not so long ago selling newspapers. Now he owned a large and prosperous tobacco store. He had a ranch in Mexico, a lemon grove in Orange county, and owned ten units in the best oil well at Santa Fe Springs. Besides, adding to his good native judgment, this Bill Chadwick was always studying some lessons or other he got in the mails.

Bill Chadwick was quite the best authority on most any subject that Andy Anderson knew. He was Andy's best customer, too; so of course he knew Mary as well as Andy's business and would be competent to pass judgment on the present heart-breaking problem.

"Bill," said Andy, rushing in breathless, "if I marry Mary I lose my business. If I don't marry Mary I go clean crazy. What'll I do?"

"Better go crazy, Andy. I'll be a shorter trip."

"No kidding now, Bill. I'm not in the mood for it. I want you to be serious of a sudden, and help me out of this fix. Which do I do?"

"All right, I'm serious. I'll try. If I don't please you, please me. If you want it, I'll give it to you. If it was an oil well, or how to raise water to raise alfalfa to raise beef to raise box-fighters, then maybe I'd be of use. But women? Andy, I know no more about women than you now about how to make cigars! In all my life I've known only one girl I'd look at twice. But I'll try, Andy. I'll try."

"First thing, if you should fire this Mary and marry her, couldn't you get some other girl to take her place?"

"Some girl take Mary's place? I thought you had a head somewhere, Bill!"

"Easy, easy. I didn't mean just any girl. Get a girl who looks like Mary. Pick up every girl you see in the paper and offer her prize and a job to the girl who steps up looking most like the saleslady you've turned into a cook!"

Andy considered this for a moment. At least it was canny. It justified Andy in his opinion of Bill Chadwick as the surest fellow he knew. But—

"No, Bill. That won't do. It's not just her looks that makes Mary peaches-and-cream at selling. It's not Mary's looks. It's Mary! I might get me a doll looking like her on the outside, but it wouldn't work. It's not just what's outside, but what's inside looking out, that sells, Bill. Do I get any meaning into that?"

"I get you. And you're right. We'll have to think of something better. I have it! Why not marry Mary and then keep her on her selling job? There's the idea. Make her a partner. She'll sell even more than she does now. You'll have your business, your wife, your star salesman—everything. Isn't that the cake, Andy?"

Andy didn't bridle at all. "I thought of that myself, first off. I had that idea in my head right along, till one day I hear Mary talking to my bookkeeper. I like to sell," says Mary, 'but I don't like to think I'll always be selling things. Some day I'll get married, and then I'm going to stop selling and start to buy.' So I knew right away my idea was the bunk. It made me nervous, too, that thing she said about starting to buy."

Bill Chadwick laughed. "I'll bet it made you nervous. The only thing you buy with any degree of pleasure—not meaning any offense, Andy—is the sweepings from a rope factory."

"There you go kidding me again when all I want you to do is think." "Excuse me, old ragweed. I'd be doing more thinking if you'd do less talking. It's five o'clock now. What say you to a movie or something else inexpensive, and then come back at seven? I'll be working in the meantime, trying to remove one horn of your dilemma. You might even try to do a little thinking yourself."

Andy sighed and turned to go, but Bill called him back. "Here, have a cigar. Try a Maryetta for your head. It's better than fish as a brain food, and doesn't smell quite so bad. Made by our distinguished fellow citizen, Andy Anderson."

"You go to the devil!" growled Andy, as he slumped through the doorway.

Andy didn't go to a movie. Nor to a lunch counter. He stalked down Broadway, elbowing kind old ladies and apologizing to the sleek-haired sheiks who tramped on his toes. He was, in fact, pretty far gone. But he was still thinking. His head wasn't dead yet. Right in the center of sixth, where it crosses Broadway, Andy stopped with a sort of jolly stiffening. Four cars swerved to let him live. Andy had an idea.

Three seconds later he was running east on Sixth. This time he was not hedged for a friend nor

for advice. He knew what he wanted and he was running like a dodging jack rabbit towards the office of his worst enemy, his deadliest competitor.

Andy ran not because there was any real rush about the matter. He ran because he knew he must act quickly before his heart failed him. He must strike while the iron in his thrifty soul glowed white. So he ran and puffed, and panted and ran. Finally the hated door opened at his touch and closed like the rolled gates of doom behind him.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Andy, wiping his brow with a nickle handkerchief, stepped out into the lighted, less crowded street. The thing was done. He must not let it hang heavy upon him. He must think of happy days and the crown of virtue to come. Now, at last, he could ask Mary to marry him. By the time he reached Bill Chadwick's shop, Andy was alive with excitement.

"Damn the business, Bill," he cried. "I just got to marry Mary!"

Bill stepped from the rear of the shop. "You're swearing at your business, Andy?"

"Worse than that—I've sold it! Now someone else will do the losing when I marry Mary!"

"And the going, too, Andy. You see, I just married Mary myself. Mr. Anderson, meet Mrs. Chadwick."

Difficulty

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a hugger for children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—Samuel Warren.

Carefulness

For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.—Benjamin Franklin.

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
(Detroit, Michigan)
Services held in Bedford High School Auditorium, Grand River Avenue at Six Mile Road.
Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m.
Sunday School at same hour for pupils up to age of 20 years.
Wednesday evening meetings at 8 o'clock include testimonies of Christian Science healing.
Burmah of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.
READING ROOM
Free to the public, 12730 Lahser Road.
The Bible, works of Mary Baker Eddy, and authorized Christian Science Literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.
You are cordially invited.



THE GOOD EARTH... Southeastern Michigan



DETROIT Service to farms began more than thirty years ago, when lines were being built from Detroit to serve people in outlying towns who wanted our service. Farmers living along these lines were our first rural customers. By 1927, there were 1,338 miles of rural lines carrying service to upwards of 5,000 farm families.

as to city residences. Men from our Farm Service Division, with the cooperation of County Agricultural Agents and Michigan State College, went out among farm families, demonstrated the uses of electric power on the farm and in the home, and helped farmers plan for the service.

Beginning in 1928 no charge was made for line extensions where there were 10 or more farms per mile. In 1933 this was reduced to 7 1/2 farms per mile. And since 1935 service has been extended without any contribution where farms average five to the mile.

All of this brought electric service to thousands of farmers. During 1928 The Detroit Edison Company built 372 miles of special farm line, and at that year's end we had a total of 1,710 miles of such line,

serving 7,707 farm customers. In the next nine years, the Company built 4,359 miles of line and connected 17,788 farms.

At the close of 1937, 87.8 per cent of all farms in the old Detroit Edison territory were receiving electric service from our lines. This percentage is among the highest in the U.S.A. Macomb County, where more than 97 per cent of all farms have electric service available, is close to our ideal.

In the new area in the Thumb of Michigan which we began to serve in November, 1935, progress in the building of farm lines has been from the start even more rapid. The number of farms served by us in this newer territory has trebled in the two years since Detroit Edison began service in that area.

The Detroit Edison Company