

# The Farmington Enterprise

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Phone: Farmington 25 - Redford 1133

## EDITORIALS

### Not Here Yet

(Wayne Review)  
Gas masks for babies are being manufactured in foreign countries. The United States Department of Commerce reveals. The English have developed a sleeping bag with a built-in gas mask to protect infants from gas attacks.  
Other European countries have "infants" bearing arms.  
In America, fortunately, we live on a safer plane and aren't beset with fears that our babies will be awakened by the bursting of bombs and the detonations of "big berthas" and only the World War veteran has any idea what a gas mask looks like.

### Spring Poet

(Christian Science Monitor)  
One of the minor mysteries of the March-to-May period is that "matutinal mimeologist" who proclaims the vernal season, list at hand. Although every year has heard of the spring poet, few have glimpsed him.  
Through their activities with pen and brush, cartoonists have enabled us to form a more or less fixed conception of that typical American "Uncle Sam," as well as of his nephew, "John Citizen," but none of them has thought to fix the features of the pastoral poet who vies with the satirist in producing "flowers of thought." This lack of interest in spring poets does not (and doubtless not a few of the species will recognize a familiar phrase) imply lack of merit; it merely indicates that another hard, experienced and more prolific, has been at work.  
For, with post-winter warmth and rains, (the earth becomes a convenient scroll on which Nature inscribes her verse, writing under such noms de plume as Rising Mercury, Copious Sunshine, and Growing Weather, tropes to tufted, vanelines to violets, pentameters to pastels and rhapsodies to roses, producing them in such profusion as to leave scant space for other poetry—or portraits.

### Escape From "Escape"

(Pathfinder)  
We don't mean to pick on Will Hays—we just can't help ourselves. Every time the movie czar submits an annual report, he says something that makes us wonder and object. This is not our fault, but his is full of omissions, and we can't fail to note them.  
Last year, we recall, we took Mr. Hays to task because he did not go far enough in explaining what movies have done to American culture, how they have changed manners, habits, ways of thought and thought. Last week, with his latest report as head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, he said things that make us wonder and object again. This time we think he's taken in too much territory, been too loose with his words.  
As far as we're concerned, the most interesting phase of the czar's report this year is his going-around admission that movies are "unreal and 'escapist.'" This is not only true, says Mr. Hays, but the film industry is proud of it. The industry, he says, can well afford to view this "soft impeachment" with graceful indifference. His point is that movies will go on being what they are, unregarding the unreal, just as long as 12,000,000 Americans go to the movies every day and show by their continued attendance that they want that kind of "escape."  
By "escape" Mr. Hays undoubtedly means that flight from what is generally referred to as "harsh reality." Leaving aside the point that harsh reality would be infinitely preferable to sitting through many a picture Hollywood turns out, we'd like to delve a little deeper into just what the American public is escaping from.  
Assuming that each film show lasts an average of three hours, 12,000,000 Americans each day spend 36,000,000 hours in the movies. Add to this the 150,000,000 hours Americans are said to spend at the radio every day, and we have a daily total of 186,000,000 hours spent in escaping harsh reality. Now, there are 130,000,000 persons in this country, each with 24 hours a day to dispose of, and that makes a grand total of 3,020,000,000 hours.  
Under normal circumstances, what to human beings is "harsh reality" does with all that time? Human beings in America spend an average of eight hours a day in sleep and another eight hours a day in labor. This amounts to 2,080,000,000 daily hours. Another 350,000,000 hours are taken up with eating and dressing. Adding these figures to

the 186,000,000 hours spent each day in escaping harsh reality at the movies or radio, a mere 1,640,000,000 hours—a mere 19 percent of the total—remain for the 130,000,000 Americans have to spend each day, and the remainder is 394,000,000 hours—a mere 4.8 percent of the total—remain for the 130,000,000 Americans taken care of in as near a set of figures as have been published for some time. Under the circumstances, it is usual that most people prefer working to idling, sleep to insomnia, eating to fasting, we find to sign of the harsh reality which movie-goers are supposed to be escaping. So we may say there is harsh reality Mr. Hays' there is scarcely any reality, all that there is are shadows dancing on a silver screen and disembodied voices coming from a loudspeaker.

### "Kaw-Ling Awl Kars"

(Pathfinder)  
Never a week goes by but someone steps out from the mass of his fellows with an idea that could, if given half a chance, revolutionize some phase of American life. For our way of thinking, the one standing out last week was Mr. Walter W. Hinton of New York City.  
Mr. Hinton's idea is the SPELL-IT system of auto license plates. It is a method of abbreviating the strings of numbers on license tags so as to be remembered word or phrase, to be spelled phonetically. His plan, said Mr. Hinton, who is currently urging it upon motor vehicle owners, is to have each license tag would "curb hit-and-run" drivers, make detection of criminals simpler, and cut down the 40,000 annual death toll on our highways.  
He explains: "If you were knocked down and half stunned by an Illinois car carrying the plate 1-28-726, would you remember it? I bet you'd remember it a lot easier if it was OH-BABY or T-FOR-IT."  
A mathematician called in by Mr. Hinton has figured that there are 4,476,671,200 possible combinations of seven letters. And, Mr. Hinton adds, if only one in a hundred of these combinations made some kind of sense, there would still be more than 44,000,000 combinations.  
Many of the things Mr. Hinton claims for his invention are certainly possible. We can almost hear the wailing of the police car radio as the call goes out, "Robbery. Get-away made in 'OH-YU-KID.' Watch out for 'OH-YU-KID.'" However, despite the fascination of the idea, we are inclined to think that Mr. Hinton is not going to be successful in his campaign to have the phonetic spelling system applied to all autos (he also suggests an adaptable system for trucks and telephone numbers). If we know our light-hearted auto drivers would think up so many names, anagrams and crossword puzzles to be played with the letters on approaching cars, that they would forget all the rules of motoring and the roads would be strewn with wreckage bearing such fearful but scarcely conspicuous inscriptions as "SWEET Y-P-I" or "HOW-MA-DOING?"

### Tennis in Tibet

(Christian Science Monitor)  
The first lawn tennis court was recently opened in Lhasa at the camp of the British Mission, when, in a recent address, the Tibetan officials told their hand at the game, and were delighted with it. The inhabitants of the Forbidden City are not quite so exclusive as they once were, but "ten" should go far to break down their remaining reserve.  
Modern civilization would be nearly as badly handicapped in the interior of the Himalayas as it is of games as was the Aztec civilization without wheeled vehicles; and although tennis balls once proved bad ambassadors, and voked Henry V of England to an immediate declaration of war, they have done more than many diplomats since to bring the world together. As a result of their latest penetration, the first Tibetan will soon, let us hope, regard it as desirable to get a tennis racket as difficult as that of the first Englishman to reach Lhasa.  
In any case the British Mission's enterprise is strictly in keeping with tradition for its kind. The first tennis court in the flag does the umpteenth follow the Empire.

## "Yes, Over the Wire"

By MARTHA McCULLOUGH-WILLIAMS  
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"LOOK, will you? Bright sun—full—and you know I must have buds for my bouquet," Edna cried peevishly as she was dressing. Bridegroom Susan—

## SHORT SHORT STORY

laughed and said soothingly: "Never mind, Neddy. I'll run down and get a lot in the ice-cream shop; they won't dare open."  
"You don't think I want just home roses?" Bride Neddy exclaimed. "Don't you care?" said Susanna. "To keep you from a red nose I'll commit larceny—scatter over to the Lapsley garden right away, and come home before dark." And with that she shot downstairs and out of the side door and down the orchard path that ran to the boundary fence. Foolish tears overran her eyes. It was the last time she was running such an errand for her cousin.  
When Cepheus chose Edna he had never seen Susanna. Fly that had been a considerable soul—had drawn together spiritually as flame draws to flame.  
Her feet, so light commonly, lifted leadenly to the fence-bars. In some way she was to be caught. There she she almost wailed tearfully when she saw some one coming toward the Lapsley house. "Do get me in—loose whiter, your air. You can't see me!"  
"You are for fair—but, Lordy, Miss Sue, it ain't nothing to cry about. This ain't your wedding day—'twouldn't pain me if—but I'm the bride, and you're the groom. You're losin' the sweetheart I've claimed ever since I was born."  
"You can't mean Edna!"  
"Tommy Lapsley, her rescuer, was a big, dark, sturdy fellow. In a minute he had her standing beside him.  
"Cain't mean nobody else," Tommy retorted. "And she knows all about it; in fact, she'd be in the bedroom today if that pest, Cepheus Clay, had got himself killed over yonder as he rightly deserved. Now you run along home. You shall be a big, dark, sturdy fellow. You must promise me if I send 'em to take this note to Neddy. Give it to her private, and stand by while she reads it."  
It was eleven o'clock before Susanna delivered the note. She had romanced admirably about a complimentary gardener to explain the ice-cream. Pretending not to look she watched Edna narrowly—saw the amazement melt into deep blushes, and at the end a wild laugh. Silently she gave over the screen—a brief one. Susanna read: "Wed—I'm just the same fool I always was. Here's proof. If Cepheus Clay don't show up will you marry me instead? Say yes over the wire. I'll be down at the inn. Say it easy—this way: Yes, Tommy Lapsley."  
A bridegroom conspicuously absent is assuredly highly trying to a bride of spirit. Edna veiled, perturbed, waited a full half hour after the set time for noon. Then she spoke privily to Susanna, "Ironic 'Call him. And be quick."  
Tommy had grown every way since their last meeting. Masterfully he drew Edna, kissed her twice, then skittered away, saying: "Meet you at the altar—down stairs." Moreover, he kept his word, met her, married her before an amazed and stinging crowd, and kissed her, duly accepting congratulations quite as though unexpected had come to pass.  
The newlyweds, snug in a resplendent new car, saw Cepheus Clay, dusty and bedraggled, leap from another car as saddy out of kilter as himself, and stand stock-still staring after the wedding. "It came, and I explain," he stammered after a hard breath. "I see there is no need for anything but congratulations—and thanks."  
"It was a considerable soul—walked a full six months to court and marry Susanna—which was, I hold, his proper reward."

## Lumber in Tanganyika Is Basis of a Large Trade

Vast forests that cover thousands of square miles in the mountainous areas in Tanganyika, Africa, are the basis of a profitable lumber industry. Then there are extensive open areas as farm lands, where such crops as coffee, groundnuts and grain are grown for domestic needs, and for export. Other open country supports 5,000,000 cattle, more than 2,000,000 sheep and upward of 3,000,000 goats. In recent years, the game industry has become a large trade in wool, skins and hides.  
Construction of roads, railroads, telegraph lines and the establishment of air routes in recent years has aided materially in the exploitation of the region. There now are more than 15,000 miles of roads, easily traveled during the dry season, and three railroads which, through their branches, aggregate about 1,200 miles. The principal rail line runs across Tanganyika from the port, Dar es Salaam, to Kilgoma, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Dar es Salaam, the chief port and largest city in the old German colony, is in telegraphic communication with many inland towns and villages, and with the adjoining British colonies, Nyasaland, Kenya, Uganda and northern Rhodesia. It also is linked by cable with Zanzibar.  
Dar es Salaam has about 30,000 inhabitants. It might be called a bit of Europe transplanted in Tanganyika, for, while black natives are commonly seen on its streets, the city is the headquarters of the British government in Tanganyika. Its streets are wide, its residences, in the main, modern, and its best shops are stocked with European merchandise.  
"Black Drink" Used by Indians  
There is considerable question as to whether the North American tribes knew alcohol before it was introduced by the whites, but they were familiar with some quite effective substitutes. Among them was a brew of the leaves of a certain species of holly which is common in the Southeast. This was the celebrated "black drink" of the Muskogean, a foul-tasting concoction with a real intoxicating effect.

## Middlewood in Honor of the latter's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guard Parks, daughter of Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs. Collin Parks of Detroit were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Addis.  
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Simmons of Northville, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson were Saturday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.  
Mrs. Minx of Arlington avenue, was hostess for her bridge club last Tuesday.  
Russell Cole of Seven Mile Road, returned from the hospital Friday, where he had been confined for two weeks following an appendicitis operation.  
Mrs. Robert Graham has been very seriously ill all week with measles; Her son, Dale, who has been a victim of the same disease, is getting along nicely.

## WEST FARMINGTON

Mrs. John Tamm is ill with a bad cold.  
Mrs. Mettie Bachelor spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Edith Graham; who is sick.  
Jimmie Cox was out of school last week on account of sickness.  
Lenna Tamm, daughter of E. K. Tamm spent Saturday night with her grandmother, Mrs. John Tamm.  
Fred Skinner who was in an auto accident is home from the hospital and is able to walk on crutches.  
The Senior Class of 1938 of Walled Lake High School had a large attendance at their Prom, Friday evening.

**EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTISTS (Detroit, Michigan)**  
Services held in Redford High School Auditorium, Grand River Avenue at Six Mile Road, Sunday Services at 11:00 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 a doctor and authorized Christian Science healing. A Branch of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.  
**READING ROOM**  
Free to the public, 17370 Lahser Road.  
The Bible, works of Mary Baker Eddy, and authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.  
You are cordially invited.  
Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

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## Costliest Stage Production

"The Miracle," the play which opened at the Century theater in New York City on January 15, 1924, was the costliest production ever presented on the American stage, says Collier's Weekly. Before a ticket was sold for this drama, requiring eight principals and 700 supernumeraries, the entire interior of the gigantic theater, including the seats, was made to resemble the inside of a large Gothic cathedral at a cost of \$400,000.

## Porcupine Can Kill Bear

Though it's unusual for a porcupine to kill larger animals, it's by no means rare. Bears have been laid low by the needle-like spines. A porcupine kills only in self-defense. When in danger, it erects its quills which are sometimes 10 inches long. The quills are not shot, but are so loosely attached they come free at the slightest touch, and barbed so that once imbedded in an enemy's flesh they can hardly be removed.

## WEST POINT PARK

Mr. and Mrs. John Weigle returned home Monday, after spending the winter in Texas.  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller and son, Richard, farmers of West Point Park, but now of near Northville, were recent guests of friends in the Folker Subdivision.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ault and son Wayne, were guests of friends in Wayne Saturday evening.  
Clarence Hull of Detroit, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Weigle, the middle of this week.  
Mrs. A. M. Martin attended the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary celebration of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Strosnik of Wayne, Thursday evening.  
Mrs. Harold McVear and Mrs. Charles Funk attended a puppy show Friday evening in Highland Park.  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Boussett of Plymouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Holchman, were Sunday supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Helchman.  
Miss Shirley Addis was the Sunday dinner guest of Miss Barbara.

## When Cabbages Were Sacred

Except as edibles, we do not regard our vegetables very highly, but in ancient Greece cabbages were sacred and oaths were sworn on them in courts of justice. The onion was used as a love-symbol, just as our mistletoe is, and houses were disinfected by it, says London Tit-Bits Magazine. It was also put into sick rooms to attract disease, just as it is placed in newly-painted houses to take away the smell of fresh paint. People often wonder why the Welsh adopted the Welsh leek as their national emblem; the reason is that it showed up so well the two Cymric colors, green and white.

## Pensioned Servants, Relatives

Many ruling princes of India are famed for the pensioning of servants and their relatives. These payments are not only retained, but also to the descendants of employees of generations ago. One maharajah, when chided for sending a monthly sum to a man whose great-grandmother had been employed by the royal family, agreed that the pension should be stopped, but not for at least 100 years.

### Light is Cheap!

You can operate this 100-watt lamp 2 hours 47 minutes for 1 cent (at average residence rates)

a penny provides over 2½ hours of good room-wide KITCHEN LIGHTING

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### WHAT a difference good lighting makes in the average kitchen!

A 100-watt lamp in the ceiling fixture, for example, will provide good room-wide kitchen lighting—and you need not worry about leaving it on: The cost for two-and-a-half hours is less than a penny. A 60-watt lamp over the range is a great help, too—and one over the sink. Both of them together cost less than a penny for two hours' operation. A bright, attractive kitchen is NOT a luxury—you can enjoy it for the price of a postage stamp! Why put up any longer with a drab, dreary room? Remember that LIGHT is one of the cheapest things you buy... use it for a cheerier, more inviting kitchen.

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