

EDITORIALS

Traffic Theories

A good many pet theories about traffic safety were given at a session of the two-week session of the National Institute for Traffic Safety Training held on the University of Michigan campus in Ann Arbor.

Most of the 125 persons who signed up for the course and whose business is traffic safety, learned one or more things that clashed with popular notions about who is a safe driver and who isn't.

For example, you can expect a "high grade motor" to be a better and safer driver than an intelligent person because intelligent people are likely to be thinking of other things while at the wheel. About the time the traffic experts had finished swallowing hard on that they were told that people who have poor eyesight and are slightly deaf drive better than people who hear well and get nervous about every question on the car developer and who can't keep their eyes from wandering to every pretty girl they pass.

But the biggest surprise to most of the 125 was a demonstration to refute the popular belief that governors on autos would take hazards out of driving by limiting speed.

Three demonstration cars almost crashed when a governor-equipped car overtaking another, did not have sufficient emergency speed to pass as another car came in the opposite direction. Less novel was the information that it is dangerous to apply the brakes after a blowout, just as after a skid, until the car has slowed and is under control.

A variety of tests were made by those taking the course and conditions under which a person with poor eyesight or dirty car windows drives were simulated. A double control car was used with the driver wearing glasses that caused faulty vision and in another instance a driver was equipped with blinders to simulate dirty car windows.

Eighty Years Ago

The following article appeared in Harper's Magazine in 1887, indicating that the troubles the country is enduring at this time are by no means new or novel.

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so, incalculably as at this time.

"In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of life.

"In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly distributed relations in China.

"It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference—which happily no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.

"Of our own troubles (in the U. S. A.) no man can see the end. They are, fortunately as yet mainly commercial; and if they are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the dominion of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair.

"And yet the very haste to do which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

Wireless Photo

A man has been arrested in London on the evidence of a photograph wirelessly from New York. No man with a face like a telegraphed photograph ought to be at large in any case, truthfully observes Punch.

The reason you see so many slim women nowadays is because women get so much more exercise than men. When a woman buys a hat she has to run all the way home or it will be out of style before she gets there.

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SQUIBB'S APPARITION

By J. A. WALDRON of George Math Adams, WNU Service.

SQUIBB was a pessimist. And yet that is not exactly the word. If there ever was a personification of a grouchy Squibb would be the picture. He believed in few things outside of himself, and he was not much of a seer. He believed in dinner after he had eaten dinner. He believed in a good cigar while a good cigar was between his teeth and burning. He believed in heat as he was raining, and in cold and heat as his certified thermometer recorded them. Squibb may have had dyspepsia, but as he did not believe in doctors, he never found out those of whom he came in contact thought he had something worse.

Squibb practiced all sorts of meanness, he abused everybody, and he was hated to the point of constant personal danger. Many men have fads, and some fads are incredible of the men who indulge them. It is no good that a man should collect postage stamps, or that any scientist should excite himself over current detective stories in the intervals between things which he is certain to find out. Squibb turned to recreation to astronomy the limit of human contradiction is touched.

Squibb's distaste for mundane things which he considered of no value contrasted strangely with his belief in the actuality of the grotesque creatures which quasi-astronomers picture as possible inhabitants of Mars. When they found out people, who look like magnified bumble-bees without wings, and the like. On all other subjects, human, historic or fanciful, Squibb was as hard as nails in his rigid conservatism, and he laughed at all superstition.

"This evening Squibb was particularly grumpy and cynical for it was the night of the riotous sky. He had just signed checks for the privilege of living in good circumstances in an exclusive part of town. With each check he had included a note which would have sounded like a sequel if verbally delivered. Pleased, or the character of service rendered, by those who catered to his comfort, were the basis of his criticism. And now he sat in an easy-chair in his den, reluctantly, yet with something of relish, blowing smoke from a rich cigar as he mentally grumbled over the management of things on the planet upon which he assumed a right to live, as well as about matters more immediate.

It was late, and Squibb was sleepy. He had eaten too much, and his judgment that a dietitian would have exercised. As he smoked he was roused by a strange happening. A vapor—he knew it was not the product of his cigar—came pouring through the keyhole in the door that led from his den to the hall. Squibb was inclined to doubt his eyes until the vapor began to materialize. At first it was opaque, phantom-like, but soon it became substance and came to life. It was in no respect anything resembling any being he had ever dreamed of even in his astronomical fancy.

A head out of all proportion to the body became visible. Arms grew long and longer, joint after joint unfolding in a way that reminded Squibb of a pocket-foot-rule he had possessed when a boy. A like mechanism was apparent as to legs, but those stopped lengthening, with joints plainly in reserve, when the figure almost reached the ceiling.

The creature had but one eye, which was centered where a nose ought to have been, and it was as large as a tea saucer, so bright that it seemed to give out heat. There was no eyelid, but that was not necessary, as the eye did not blink. The mouth was large and resembled the mouths on ancient Greek masks. There was no hair on the head, which was covered with knobs that would have driven a phenologist to drink.

As he thought afterward, Squibb never noted whether the apparition was clothed or not, or what the body looked like. The solitary, unblinking eye tracked his gaze, and he pinched himself to make sure he was awake. He sought nerve solace from his cigar, but it had gone out. Squibb never before had lacked words, but at the moment there was no conversation in him—not even a "Good evening!" He felt that what little hair he had was erect, and he was shivering with irk. For the first time in his memory he was in a funk.

"The world, not because I desire to travel, but because I am forced to travel." Squibb was so amazed to be called by his name that for a space he was silent. "Then do you mind telling me where you are from?" "Belgium."

"In view of the marvels of that great celestial body that Squibb had read about, he trembled. 'You must make some speed!' he ventured at last. 'You measure space by mini-mums, Squibb. I go millions of miles while you draw a breath—yes, billions. 'You can't observe much on your way! May I ask why you travel—why you are here?'"

"As a penance. The shape I assume here is an infinite miniature of my materialization on Betelgeuse. As much smaller as a gnat is smaller than an elephant. I speak in terms that fit your puny understanding."

"But why—'" "I was banished because I was a grouch, finding fault with things that were well enough as they existed. I was selfish. I abused those who served me. I spoiled the pleasure of others. I am doomed to go on and on until I find some creature more despicable than I have been."

"The gnat, he said, but the blasting eye seemed to Squibb to wither him. 'I am visiting other worlds, and when I find such a creature I am to discover another—some model character upon whose attributes of my materialization on Betelgeuse I may build a new life for myself. When I am reformed, I can return to Betelgeuse. I have encountered in space millions—billions—of creatures of diverse shapes from other planets—many from what you call earth, an insignificant ball. These creatures wander in explanation of their sins, in search of re-education. They have lived their first lives, and are paying penalties."

"Why did you search me out?" "Because you are a terrible example to Squibb. I know that you are a misanthrope—a killjoy—a social tyrant—a human pest—a disturber of the content of better men and women—a monumental groucher. I use terms you may understand. It remains to be seen whether you profit by my visit."

"How?" Squibb's teeth were chattering.

"Determine that for yourself, Squibb."

And the vision, or whatever it was, resolved itself again to vapor and disappeared through the keyhole by which it had entered the den. Squibb rubbed his eyes, looked about, and puffed at his cigar, which, strangely, was now alight. His hands shook and he was in a cold sweat. He touched a button, and his butler appeared. The butler trembled, as he always did when Squibb simply looked at him.

"Jasper," said Squibb, who was trembling himself. "I was quite brusque with you after dinner—as I often—too often—have been."

"W-w-were you, sir?" Jasper was bewildered. "If you say so, sir, I can't contradict."

"In fact, I abused you shamefully—and shamelessly! I was brutal. If I ever should do it again, Jasper, just say 'Belgeuse' to me. Nothing else. Just 'Belgeuse.'"

"Yes, sir—I'll try, sir," Jasper's amazement was something to look at.

"And I shall double your wages from this day."

"Oh, sir!"

"And go at once to your mistress and ask her to come here, Jasper."

Jasper was so astonished that he had no parting word as he went. Soon a thin, careworn woman came in timidly, after knocking. She looked apprehensively at Squibb. "You wished to see me, Oziast?" she ventured.

"Yes, my dear. Please sit. I have something to say to you."

HOMÉ TOY MAKING IS NEWEST PARTY VOGUE IN STATE

"Bring your hammer and saw and spend the afternoon," may be the new form for an afternoon invitation in the rural sections of Michigan.

The vogue for homemade toys that are sturdy, easily made and that satisfy the children is responsible for this new kind of party, which women held in several communities this summer.

The cans are being washed and put away while small wooden boxes are held together by prunes no longer find their way into the wood box for kindling but are saved for toy-making.

A number 10 tin can painted in a gay color or with bands of color is transformed into a drum when an old liner tube is stretched over the ends and secured in place with thong lacings cut from the same tube. Another drum is made from a wooden bowl with an inner tube stretched over the top and held in place with gayly colored thumb tacks. Suggestions are offered for these and other toys by extension service staff members of Michigan State College.

Tin Cans

A nested set of tin cans of graduated sizes painted in soft but bright colors, gives amusement for children 18 months to three years old. The open edge must be perfectly smooth and turned to avoid any danger of scratches.

Empty spools of varying sizes either plain or painted are easily strung on stout cord by small fingers. The same spools on an elastic make a lively "spool doll" whose sturdy legs aptly serve to survive much use.

A baking powder can and some wood blocks with a bit of paint become a sturdy locomotive with half a spool for the locomotive wheel and another spool for the smoke stack. Metal sliders on the bottom make it slide easily over the floor. Cigar boxes minus their covers become useful box cars.

Henry III of England was the third child and second son of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. He was born at Greenwich on June 28, 1493. His brother died in 1501, and after the death of his father in 1509 he succeeded to the throne.

TRIPLET'S Two hundred and seventy-seven sets of triplets, were born in the United States in 1936, the U. S. Census Bureau reports.

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