

The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888 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 3, 1879.

Phone: Farmington 25 — Redford 1133

EDITORIALS

Rescue

(Exchange)
The crash of the Cavalier again dramatized the increasing importance of radio communication as a safeguard against sudden failures in the mechanical intricacies of modern sea travel. One cannot but be thrilled by accounts of the rescue of the Cavalier, and the reassuring response of Coast Guard and commercial ships, and the splinter of sparks that told the epic climax even as the crew of the Esso Baytown was taking ten of the Cavalier's thirteen people safely out of the sea.

The forced landing of a giant aircraft in rough, open water is a feat no practical seaman likes to contemplate. Yet it transpires that planes have shown a remarkable degree of buoyancy in a heavy seaway. And we should recognize, too, that such deficiencies are yet to be worked out by a blending of aeronautical and nautical theories of design, are balanced in some measure by the proven feasibility of constant radio contact with surface ships and points ashore.

Reports that the Cavalier was forced down by ice forming on the carburetors, apparently stopping the motors by choking off the take of air, again stress the principal hazard in flying. Much has been done to prevent heavy ice from coating the wings, and new American motors are equipped with a heating device to prevent ice from forming around the carburetor intake. Reports that the British Bermuda planes are not equipped with this safeguard warrant careful checking up. The Cavalier crash apparently does not alter the fundamental fact that surface buoyancy is the second line of defense in ocean-air safety. The first is to keep the ship aloft.

Browsing in Pleasant Pastures

(Exchange)
From the quiet campus of Hamilton College in the village of Clinton, New York, a fresh, pleasant breeze blows into the wider world of education. College education is not all lectures and Hamilton, so to speak, they think at Hamilton, is a "browsing room" is set aside in the library where students may forget "must" books and indulge their individual tastes in reading classic and modern authors. Here they find a carefully chosen collection of literature in which to browse between classes and in other leisure hours.

Such reading, once condemned as "haphazard," turns out, rather, to cultivate a taste for varied books. An alumnus of the college calls this oasis "one of the pleasantest in the world." And, indeed, it is, for the aim of the browsing room is to get the best of its kind, and the room contains no volume that has on it the stigma of being required reading, or to get as to pass an examination, or so into a flunked out in fifty, placed in general circulation and their place taken by others with more browsing appeal. So popular is the room that it is kept open fourteen hours on weekdays and eight on Sundays.

There may be similar rooms under other names in other institutions. Their appeal should be widespread. They will make oldsters wish they might go back to college and browse a while. It is wise to turn one's mind to pasture once in a while. Reflection and serenity not only bring new riches, but a fresh savor and new vigor to intellectual resources.

If

(Exchange)
"If I Had a Million"—something along the line of this everyday topic of so-called speculation emerges from reports that one Archibald I. Lindsay of Manchester, Mass., has suddenly inherited the estate of a Scottish earl, title, castle and all—except the "title" family name. More surprising than the inheritance is the refusal to say's acquisition in his refusal to forsake his American surroundings for the glamorous life of a British nobleman. Surprising, indeed, we say? Perhaps. "Imagination is as good as many virtues," someone has wisely said, "and how much cheaper." It may be the legacy has inspired more imaginations on the part of the beneficiaries than we suppose, imaginations that

A DAY OFF AT MRS. BERRY'S

By HELEN W. MONROE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"HES at it again," whispered Mrs. Duncan to the four other old ladies in Mrs. Berry's boarding home.

"I should think," criticized Mrs. Slawson, "that such a smart person as Mrs. Berry would hear that and put an end to it."

"Mrs. Berry's a good woman," Grandma Clark interposed charitably from her wheeled chair.

"Good!" interjected Kate Slawson. "She's too good."

"She treats us like children!" Priscilla Dill said scornfully. "Nothing short of such a good meal for the children would have made her go."

"She never dreamed, though, that the 'children' would be up to such pranks."

A series of chuckles went around the group at the recollection, and the five aged faces were expressions of guilty satisfaction.

The day had started with a breakfast of griddle cakes and maple syrup, and cereal and toast for them that morning!

The baby from the new family down the street had been borrowed for the occasion, much to the delight of all except Mrs. Duncan, busy in the kitchen roasting the turkey the ladies had chipped in together to buy. Fought each turkey had graced Mrs. Berry's table since their arrival.

The dinner was a decided success. There were two guests, Grandma Clark's grandson, Bob Whitfield, and Kate Slawson's niece, Alethea Burgess. There had been method in inviting the two. And their evident pleasure in each other's company filled the scheming match-makers with mischievous delight.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

Their minds were working busily to connect some further wild scheme to round out the day, before Mrs. Berry's return on the six o'clock train.

Now, left alone as the afternoon waned, they had but for a rest and a quiet chat. All but Kate Slawson and Priscilla Dill. Being the only unmarried ones in the group and but a bit over 70, they were known as "the girls" and dressed rather more gaily than the others.

standing close together as though for mutual protection.

"There's a hatchway up from here," Priscilla whispered, "but it must be another one—the windows here are all clean. The west wing cellar must be beyond that partition with a door in it. And now I can think of it, didn't Mrs. Berry say she'd rented that cellar to the furnace man, to keep his vegetables in?"

"Why, so she did!" Kate's voice was relieved. "It's him we heard, of course."

"Queer noises!" Priscilla muttered. "I'm going to have a look, anyhow."

The sounds were quite audible now—the murmuring of voices, the clinking of glass on glass.

As quietly as she could Priscilla pulled a convenient box underneath a small opening high in the dividing wall. One glance and she stepped down weekly.

"Is it really a hatchway?" gasped Kate.

"It's like and another man, booting as hard as they can. [Think of it! With Mrs. Berry off working for the prohibition cause and all of us teetotal abstainers! We must get it up to it if we never have another furnace fire. Their boxes of stuff are piled high against this door on the other side and it's bolted on this, so their only way of getting out is the hatchway! You go get Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Slawson and meet me out there quick as ever you can."

In the gathering dusk four old ladies seated themselves very softly in an exact row where the two doors of the hatchway came together. There they awaited the arrival of the policeman Priscilla had summoned by way of a passing boy.

The wind blew chill but no one noticed. Each was chuckling to herself.

"Too bad Grandma Clark must miss the fun," Priscilla whispered.

"She's telling the whole story to police headquarters over the phone—I wheeled her where she could," Kate gloated.

"The three came with the patrol wagon," Mrs. Slawson exclaimed under her breath.

"Which is lucky, for the folks down there seem to be getting kind of restless," Mrs. Duncan whispered. "I'll bet they begin to suspect."

"Think of Mrs. Berry's face when she hears the story!" Kate's voice was full of exaltation. "I guess that'll convince her. If anything, that our days of usefulness aren't quite over yet!"

"A perfect ending," Priscilla declared rapturously as the four crouched rather stiffly to meet the hurrying officers, "for a perfect day."

All Help Make Rain in Some Indirect Manner

Professional "rainmakers" with their mystifying apparatus are the owners of many a job, but all persons on earth, 15 times a minute throughout their collective lives, help make rain. The scientific reasoning behind this seeming riddle is described by G. R. Wall, department of terrestrial magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Tiny particles, too small to be seen even with the most powerful microscopes, float in the air and form the centers around which water vapor in the air collects and condenses to form rain. These particles, whose composition is still unknown to scientists, are called condensation nuclei.

While such nuclei cannot be seen directly, states Wall, ingenious indirect methods make them create artificial raindrops in scientific apparatus and thus form spots large enough to be seen in microscopes. In this way the tremendous number floating in the air, at all times, is now known.

Studies reported by Wall indicate that the average person, each minute during his life, breathes out some 3,000,000,000 of these condensation nuclei. This is about 50,000,000 each second or about 200,000,000 for each breath, based on breathing once every four seconds.

While these man-created nuclei do have a part in becoming centers for future raindrops, they are few—fewer than the enormous number produced whenever anything is burned. Home furnace fires, concentrated manufacturing areas like steel mills and even the salt particles from sea breezes, each produce condensation nuclei.

"Smoking cigars, pipes and cigarettes furnish a potent factor in the creation of such nuclei indoors. One pipeful of tobacco when smoked produced 2,500,000,000 large ions in the air. Three cigarettes contributed around 800,000,000. One person smoking in a room will produce many large ions at 35 persons not smoking."

Troubles of the "Know-It-All"

"The man that thinks that he knows more than anybody else," said Eli Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "can have a very comfortable time until he gets a lot of other people thinking the same way and expecting him to prove it."

The Terrapin War

Because trade with other countries was cut off, opponents of the War of 1812 called the government a terrapin, from that creature's habit of withdrawing into its shell. They consequently called the war the Terrapin war.

U.S.-BRITAIN TRADE PACTS AID FARMERS, CLAIM

The pocketbook economies of the recent trade agreements between the United States and Canada and Great Britain hold certain advantages for Michigan producers.

One of the chief encouragements given during Farmers' Week at Michigan State College in an analysis of the trade agreements by Dr. H. S. Patton, head of the department of economics.

Because the Canadian markets are within trucking range of Michigan production centers and because some of Michigan crops have the advantage of an earlier maturing period, Michigan farmers should be in a better position than those in almost any other state to take advantage of many of the concessions designed to operate to the advantage of American farmers.

Dr. Patton pointed especially to horticultural products among those in which the United States counted as concessions in the recent pact with Canada.

He warned Michigan growers, however, that they might experience somewhat greater competition from Canada with Michigan production of products in dairy, livestock, poultry, potatoes, fruits, and vegetables. His interpretation of the trade treaty is that the concessions still will be limited by tariffs applying to volumes over the minimum stipulated in the pact.

Another display of economies offered Michigan farmers as part of the extensive program offered visitors by the agricultural division and the extension service was that of Hanson P. Aldrich, president of the Mississippi State Farm Bureau, to plead for cooperation in agriculture. Specifically he asked for an understanding of the southern farmer's plight.

Participation in nationwide agricultural programs which would make more certain a greater income for the 2½ million southern farmers would aid the North as well as the South, said the southerner. He prophesied that such an improvement would not only affect northern industry but certain northern agricultural production fields, as well. At present, he said, about half the southern farms still do not have a dairy cow, or any poultry or hogs.

Only One-Seventh Ask About Old Age Credit

Fewer than one-seventh of one percent of workers who have social security numbers have applied for statements showing the wages credited to the accounts of these individuals during 1937 according to Walter B. Redman, manager of the Social Security Board's field office in Pontiac.

Our office now has post cards which workers may use to get statements of credits on the wage records of these individuals for 1937," Mr. Redman declared. "But our records show that fewer than 50,000 of the 36,714,000 workers for whom accounts had been established up to last June had asked for wage information."

"In only a few cases, according to reports from Washington, has the Bureau received complaints from workers who believed that the wages credited to their accounts were less than they should be. In those few instances when a discrepancy is indicated, the Bureau immediately begins a search, usually through the field office, for the reported missing wage items," Mr. Redman said.

Mr. Redman added that during 1938, employers throughout the country, according to information received from Washington, not only filed their wage information reports more promptly than they did in 1937, but also used much more care in identifying the persons to whom wages were paid. "During the first year," he said, "a considerable number of wage information reports filed by employers contained wage items which, because of lack of identifying information, could not be posted immediately to the proper accounts. These difficulties were due in the main to the fact that some employers had failed to furnish their names with their account numbers," Mr. Redman said.

Farmington Mills Flour, Feed and Grain

Phone 26

Legal Holiday

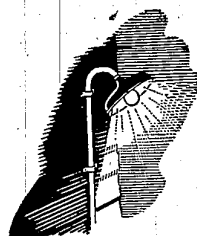
In Observance Of
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

This Bank Will Not Be Open For Business On

Monday,
February 13, 1939



THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK
FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN



The Backyard FLOODLIGHT

What is that noise in the back of the house, late at night? Flip on your backyard floodlight, and find out! An inexpensive outdoor light of this sort is really a necessity. It adds immeasurably to your peace of mind, it contributes to safety, and it helps light the garage. A 100-watt lamp bulb in a simple reflector will do the job nicely... and costs next to nothing for the short time it is used. Coming on the low step in your yard, this incidental lighting will probably add as little as 10c a month to your bill. Any electrical contractor will gladly install an outdoor floodlight. (We do not do this work.) The Detroit Edison Company!

ELECTRICITY IS CHEAP!

The more you use, the LOWER YOUR RATE