

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Help Without Fear

(Exchange)

It is good to hear that Herbert Hoover has promised of large contributions from the Federal Government and that the American people need effective expression for the helplessness they feel. And as it finds expression, that helplessness will grow, displacing the last vestige of thoughtless indifference or self-satisfied complacency, which is truly un-American in times like these.

Even Americans who feel no need to help the Allies in their war with Germany see clearly the issues raised by Finland, and the defense against Soviet aggression. Even Americans who fear that governmental aid to Finland would involve the United States in war can give freely and without fear through the unofficial channel of the Hoover relief organization.

Don't Snub the Census Taker

(Christian Science Monitor)

By a curious circumstance it was mistakenly stated in a usually reliable journal recently, and unfortunately repeated in these columns, that no law required a person in the United States to answer the questions of a census taker.

The gathering of information in a decennial census is such a public service that probably almost no citizen ever thinks otherwise than of wishing to be helpful in the undertaking. Yet the director of the census, Austin, has issued a memorandum pointing out that a person may be fined up to \$100 or sentenced to 60 days in jail for refusal to answer a census question, or may pay a still higher penalty for giving intentionally incorrect information. At the same time census employees are strictly required to keep such information confidential. A fine of \$1,000 or two years imprisonment or both might follow the divulging of personal data to an outsider.

Under these conditions it is not worth the price to try to keep a secret from the census taker.

Blessings Underfoot

(Exchange)

Kindly Winter drapes the shivering limbs of naked trees, blankets the struggling wheat and exposed grass roots tucked white with snow about shrubs and perennials, heavy snowfalls promise renewed water supply where autumn drought reduced and dried up reservoirs. Their elders usually frown at snow which keeps out the sun with shouts of joy. Without snow, summer's streams and springs would run dry, roots would freeze. Hasn't someone written that blessings love disguise?

Servants of the People

(Christian Science Monitor)

The worst accusation made against the new session of Congress is that it may be more concerned with politics than with legislation. Considering that legislative assemblies in many parts of the world have been suppressed, and that parliaments of two of the great democracies are occupied with war, this may be interpreted as an almost complimentary criticism.

There is not much need in the United States at this stage for new legislation but rather for digesting and improving that which has been put on the statute books. This apparently is the popular mandate of the present session. Politics, in its truest sense, means responsiveness to the will of the people and Americans may be grateful that their Government is thus responsive.

Where Did You Get . . . ?

(Exchange)

The poet who declared that the crowing glory of a woman is her hair might have added that the crowing glory of a man is his hat in which, according to the makers and purveyors, there lingers a 1940 change. The prediction is that the "telescope" style, which has been in vogue in the early century, will come back. This for soft hats and straw; the derby, a stand-patter since 1874, still retaining its dome. Somewhat like a telescope, the upper part of the crown will be

CHURCHES

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

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl Schultz, Pastor
Morning Worship Service at 10:00 a. m.
Sunday School at 11:00 a. m.
Junior Choir Practice, Wednesday nights.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor
Morning worship at 10:30.
Church school 12 noon.
Choir practice Thursday evening.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. W. J. Prisk, Pastor
Church Service, 10 a. m.
Sunday School, 11 a. m.
Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Evening, 7:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor
Sunday Masses at 7:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. and at 12:00 noon.
Masses on Holy Days at 6:00, 7:30, and 9:00 a. m.
Daily Masses at 6:30 and 8 o'clock a. m.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lasher Road
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Pastoral Prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.

Universalist Church
Arthur Campbell, in charge
Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.

Farmington Gospel Assembly
Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

West Point Park Bible Church
Undenominational
Held in Community Hall
Seventh Mile near Farmington Rd.
Evangelist, R. Farnum, Evangelist
Pastor.
322 Louise Avenue, Highland Park
Telephone TO 7-5613

Sundays
Sunday School, 10:30 to 11:30
Sunday School, 10:30 to 11:25
p. m.
Morning Worship, 11:30 to 12:30
Young People's Meeting, 3 to 5 p. m.
Evangelistic meeting, 7:15 p. m.
Tuesday, Personal Evangelism study at 8:00 p. m.
Thursday, Prayer Meeting at 8 p. m.
Friday, Missionary Meeting 2 to 3 p. m.
Friday, Industrial Arts, 3:30 to 1:30 p. m., for all children.
Nursery under graduate nurse will take care of your children during service.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist
Grand River Ave. at Evergreen Rd.
Detroit, Mich.

"Soul" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in All Christian Science Churches throughout the world on Sunday, February 18.

The Golden Text (Leviticus 26: 12): "I will set my tabernacle among you; and my soul shall not abhor you. And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people."

Among the Bible citations, this passage (Exodus 22: 3): "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him; He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be moved."

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 477): "Life is the law of Soul and Soul is never without its representative."

Preview of Spring

(Christian Science Monitor)

While the winter season still dresses deep under the paper blankets of the calendar, ear-muffed postmen are busily delivering to dwellers of the North Temperate Zone figurative first frosts and early violets. For that many-legged harbinger of spring, the seed catalogue, is already in the mails. Its drab cocoon gives small hint of the butterfly within. Opening it one finds himself "knee deep in vernal."

Viewing this colorful and weedless printed garden, the burden of the householder becomes lighter. His cheery whistle as he clears a path through the garden, and the garage medallion that summer is already on its way.

READ THE WANT ADS

SUCCESS SAGA

By THAYER WALDO
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

DOWN through a vale of verdure-studded hills the fast-flowing highway wound. Along its edge walked a boy, fatchel in hand. Occasionally he glanced behind, but no disappointment showed at constant sight of a road without cars. It was, after all, still early morning, and three days this informal traveling had taught him not to expect bounty before nine.

As he neared level once more, the road did a near-right-angle bend. Rounding this, the boy saw, just off the pavement a hundred yards ahead, a couple of familiar make but questionable vintage. Upon its roadside running board sat a girl in sports skirt and gay-bowed sweater.

Approaching, he crossed the concrete diagonally toward her. When she looked up, he smiled and called: "Having some trouble?"

"Well, I'm not just taking a cure."

The tone's banter forestalled any hint of sarcasm.

She gazed at him with frank appraisal and asked:

"Are you hitch-hiking?"

He reached her side and put the "biker" just now. This is the first car I've seen today, and it doesn't look very promising. What's the matter?"

"Well, it might be one of several things, but I'm afraid it's all."

With a chuckle the boy cracked up the battered engine hood.

"Looks pretty bad, all right," he admitted after a moment's inspection. "You've got two cracked spark plugs and a blown head gasket, to start with. How far'd you say you were going?"

"Hundred, I hope."

He spun quickly around, displaying new bright-eyed interest.

"Not—honest? Say, that's funny; I am too!"

"Oh, really? Do you live there?"

"No, but I'm going to for a while, anyway. Perhaps later I'll move to Beverly Hills."

"Why, that's just what I planned, as soon as I get my contract."

He perched on the sagging front fender and grinned down at her.

"So that's the sure is a coincidence. Here we meet up in the middle of Oregon, both going to the same place for the same thing. What studio did you go to?"

The girl patted her hair and shrugged archly.

"I'm not sure yet. Whichever one offers me the best opportunity. You see, I have letters of introduction to several influential people."

He nodded judicious approval and said:

"That's fine. All anyone with your looks needs in Hollywood is a little pull."

"Thank you; but I don't expect to depend on either. I want to make my way quite independently, and by talent rather than mere beauty."

"Oh, sure; it's merit that counts, all right. I just meant that a nice start helps. Take me, for example, in Seattle said I ought to go in the movies after I won three first prizes on amateur nights at the Bijou. But you think I'd be trying to do it the way you're trying to do it?"

"I know what! You come with me."

"You mean," she asked, gazing at him in astonishment, "baggies rides?"

He affirmed it and went on to embellish the picture.

A little urging won her over; it was agreed that they should hitchhike back to together.

From the flier's rear deck the boy took her two grips and stood them beside his own.

Then both faces were turned northward to watch for the cars which he assured her would soon be coming.

up here somewhere on location right now? I was dying to find out just where, but they keep those things terribly secret. They have to, especially when it's somebody like Austin. Looking at his wrist watch, he added: "Well, just about time for the quick to begin."

Her hand touched his sleeve. "Look! You're a good guesser."

Around the curve above them had shot a big, high-powered phantom. Its driver was a man and alone. Bounding up, the boy signalled vigorously.

The car was almost abreast before the boy cried, seizing the luggage: "Come on—our luck's starting already!"

"Wait—do you see that man?"

"Yeah; what's wrong with him?"

"Who? Nothing, only—it's Homer Austin!"

He stopped dead, eyes wide; then: "Aw—you must be mistaken."

"All right; look now."

He did. The driver had alighted and was strolling toward them. Grossly large goggles masked his upper face, but there was no mistaking its identity; she had been right.

"Golly!" the boy whispered. "Is this a thrill?"

Austin approached, asking: "Need some help?"

"Why—why, no, sir—nothing but a lift, that is. The car's a wreck; we're leaving it."

"Oh, I see." The actor laughed. "Well, pile in, then. I'll be glad for the company."

In eager eagerness the pair obeyed. A moment more and they were spinning eastward.

"Just where are you nomads going?" Austin queried after a little.

It was the girl who answered: "To Hollywood, Mr. Austin. Are you?"

He gave her an odd glance and said: "So I'm still recognized, anyway. Yes, I'm driving straight through."

"We're going down to work in pictures," the boy stated in a tone meant to be casual. "Are they finished with the one you came up to make?"

"Nope," the actor told him tersely; "but I am."

"Oh. You mean they took all your scenes first?"

The famous star smiled a smile that was wholly lacking in humor. "Not exactly. They just decided to put another actor in the part. My fan mail fell off about 2,000 letters last week; his gained twice that much. So now I'm going back to hunt a new job. That, my boy, is Hollywood."

Michigan Trout Arrive In South America

In a few years Michigan lake trout will be naturalized South Americans. That assurance is embodied in a letter from Charles E. Jackson, acting commissioner of fisheries of the U. S. Department of the Interior, reporting safe arrival of trout eggs shipped to the Thompson hatchery near Mendoza during Christmas week. Loss of eggs was only 10 per cent. The young trout will be reared in a modern hatchery at Bariloche.

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
28011 Grand River Ave. at Evergreen Rd.
DETROIT

A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts.

Sunday Service at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday School for pupils up to the age of 18, at 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Testimonial Service at 8:00 p. m.
In Church Office
Open daily 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Wednesdays, 11 to 7:45; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 12 to 5:30.
ALL ARE WELCOME

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This Bank Will Not Be Open For Business On

Washington's Birthday

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This new electric teakettle is the fastest teakettle available today. Its special high-speed element heats nearly a GALLON of water in a few minutes. Simply plug into the nearest electric outlet. \$4.95 at any Detroit Edison office.

Marbleized Fabrics Set New Decoration Note



A fireside setting, (above), with a glimpse of draperies in the new marbleized fabric, which also is featured as a wall-hanging in the Registry Room, (below). An old French Empire Erard piano of 1803, with bench upholstered in the new, gay material, adds dignity to the setting.

Elements of design, even when used in opposite directions, can often be brought together harmoniously and effectively, and in good taste. In a William Steinhilber setting, started with a settee and a pair of chairs, Louis XV period, in a darkish green color. A Bessieran carpet found its place. Pink was added to the ceiling of the room, and finally a large old man's hat was added to the setting.

Using a photograph of a foot-board of an early 19th century bed as the design for the wall-paper, the sitting-room-boudoir, a Bessieran setting of Louis XV period furniture, is built around a wall-paper design, and shows a kidney-shaped dressing table in the bay as an answer to many requests for such a piece. Prominent also is a chandelier of old bronze, lacquered to a porcelain tone.

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PEOPLE ASK TO HAVE NAME OF LAKE CHANGED

Indignant at having the lake they describe as "deep and deep and spring fed" called Mud Lake, property owners about the lake near Payville in Kalamazoo county, a few miles north of the lake, are petitioning the state to change the name to Lake Sagawaw.