

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Loud Voices . . .

are usually heard and listened to. They usually command attention.

The great majority of those who went to the polls last Thursday raised a loud voice in favor of annexation of the Floral Park area to the City. It was a loud voice for progress. As the Enterprise stated earlier, it is rare indeed that a municipality has an opportunity to annex an area as highly developed as Floral Park. It is equally rare when two peoples can join together for mutual benefit and constructive progress.

However there is more to annexation than moving the city boundary signs. The administration of an ever larger city means new responsibilities. It means greater attention on the part of the new citizens of Farmington, as well as the old. It means just that if we, as a city, are to become better.

Annexation of the Floral Park area means new revenues for the city. It also means new services. It means a larger number of contributors and an increased number of persons to take care of. That is as it should be — that's progress, whether it's government or business.

Like a new business, new governmental responsibilities must be sustained, built up with the goal of service always foremost. New revenues derived from the annexed area should be earmarked and put back into the area for services and development. In the long run the entire area of the city and all the people will benefit as an enlarged business benefits. Government is business.

Farmington has taken a vital step forward. It has increased its population, its value. It has added an increased number of interested citizens, men and women who want to see this area, their home, become a better place to live. With this they have by their own voice joined the rest of the citizens of Farmington in accepting their share of the responsibility for a progressive city.

Old Fashioned . . .

is not exactly a complimentary term in the year 1948. We in this country have got to have the latest. And there certainly isn't anything wrong with that. In fact it's what makes the wheels go around.

But there is a limit. There is a point when being old fashioned is just plain common horse sense. The government has gotten so modern that the old taxes just aren't fast enough — we've got to have new ones.

It isn't beyond the limit of understanding that more money is needed by the government. Costs are still high and the government is certainly caught in it just as the average citizen. The U. S. policy in foreign countries is a costly one. It, without doubt, is of vital importance. Our desire to build up a sound military defense is good business. This all means money and plenty of it.

The modern way for getting more money is tax. It probably is old fashioned to even ask, why not reduce some of the unnecessary expense? That is the business-like way of doing it. A great many words have been expended on the cost of government by experts. There are plenty of corners that could be cut. It would not only mean more money for the government, but more efficiency. But, it is old fashioned.

A great deal of the monies needed by the government could be made available without increased burden on the taxpayers. The high cost of living would stand a good chance of coming down to something like normal. It would take administration, it would take courage, it would take old fashioned sense. And we all like to think we're strictly modern.

So every indication points to new taxes. Greater demands on the old pocketbook, when our one-horse shay intuition tells us that the smart, business-like thing to do is to cut down before we have to throw the empty wallet in the ash can.

Churches

NOVI BAPTIST CHURCH
M. J. Remoin, Pastor
Sunday Church Services at the usual hour. Morning, 10:30; Evening, 7:00 (Youth Service) and 8:00 o'clock. Special music and speakers.
Wednesday, Prayer Meeting at the church, 8:00 p.m.

FIRST BAPTIST
"The Friendly Church"
Rev. Fred B. Fisher, Pastor
Morning Worship at 10:00 a.m. The Pastor will bring his annual Christmas Sunday message.
Sunday School at 11:15 a.m.
Youth Meetings at 8:30 p.m. The Senior Group will present a Christmas musical program.
Evening Service at 7:30 p.m. A baptismal service will begin the evening hour. Pastor's message, "The Tender Mercy of Our God."
Monday, Browley Troop 13 at 3:15 p.m. Boy Scout Troop 35 at 7:00 p.m. World Wide Guild meeting at 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Girl Scout Troop 7 after school.
Wednesday, Midweek Service at 8 p.m.
Thursday, annual Christmas program of the Sunday School at 8 p.m.
Friday, senior choir rehearsal at 8 p.m.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS
Rev. Thomas P. Beahan, Pastor
Sunday Masses: 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:15 and 12:30
Holy Day Masses: 8:30, 7:00, 8:00 and 9:00.
Daily Masses: 6:30 and 8:00.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
23701 Cass Avenue Farmington
11:00 a.m. Morning Services and Sunday School.
8:00 p.m. Wednesday Evening Testimonial Meeting.
Reading Room Hours, Tuesday and Saturday, 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.
ALL ARE WELCOME

LIVONIA METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. Douglas Toepel, Pastor
West Seven Mile Road
Just East of Farmington Road
10:30 a.m. — Morning Worship and Sunday School held at the same hour.
Nursery School for children over three. Everyone welcome.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH
25600 Grand River at Imperial Hwy.
Victor F. Halboth, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:30 a.m.
Vivine Worship, 10:45 a.m.
Saturday School, 9:30 a.m.
Everyone welcome.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
Middlebelt at Eight Mile Road
Rev. W. Rutkowski, Pastor
Ruth Hick Hammond, Organist
Morning Worship Service, 10:00 a.m.
Divine services 9:30 and 10:45 a.m.
Lutheran Hour broadcast at 12:30 Sunday noon, over CKLW.

WEST POINT PARK CHURCH OF CHRIST
J. Scott Greer, Minister
Bible Study, 9:45 a.m.
Sunday Morning Worship, 11:00 a.m.
Sunday evening Service, 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting, 7 p.m.

SALEM EVANGELICAL CHURCH
"The Church on the Park"
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor
Ruth Hick Hammond, Organist
Morning Worship Service, 10:00 a.m.
Sunday School, 11:15 a.m.
Youth Fellowship, 8:30 p.m.

OUR INVITATION
I love to come to this still place, Where deeper peace is always found.
To kneel as though on holy ground, And feel my Master face to face I do not know how I could live if there were not this refuge sweet.
Where I could linger at His feet And He to me sweet healing give.

WELCOME FIRST METHODIST
Rev. Stanley Smith, Minister
10:00 a.m. Sunday School, all grades.
11:15 a.m. Morning Worship.
11:15 a.m. Nursery.
Youth Fellowship, 8:30 p.m., Sunday.
Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Choir rehearsal at the church.

CLARENCEVILLE METHODIST CHURCH
Cambridge and Grand River Farmington, Michigan
Elsie A. Johns, Pastor
Willsa A. Todd, Director of Music and Religious Education
10:00 a.m. large, enthusiastic Sunday School.
11:15 a.m. the Morning Worship.
8:30 p.m. the Intermediate Youth Fellowship, the Wesley Adult Fellowship.

7:30 p.m. the Evening Service.
7:45 p.m. the Wednesday evening, the Prayer Service.

ST. MARTIN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Lenore and Curtis Aves., Detroit (Five Minutes from Bus Station)
Rev. James H. Morris, Vicar
9:30 a.m., Church School.
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayers, First Sunday, Holy Communion.
11:00 a.m. Kindergarten School, 4 and 5 years.

THE HIGH COST OF GIVING



Washington Digest

By SAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator

Christmas This Year Finds World Still Without Peace

WASHINGTON — I've been looking over old Christmas cards: Christmas, 1918.
The message I sent you that Christmas came from amidst the rubble and the ruin of shattered Nuremberg where I experienced the saddest, Holy Day season of my memory. It was spent with the ugly symbols of man's inhumanity to man" all about me, the bitter negation of our Saviour's teachings.

I was in uniform, the uniform of a non-combatant correspondent, but I felt unhappy in it, I felt that I had dreamed of wearing what we called "olive drab" in 1918, once again. My "assimilated rank" was undeserved. Young men had fought, survived or failed, finishing a job that I and my generation in high-necked "blouses" and wrapped

leggings had only started. On that day, Christmas, 1918, I wrote: "I was as homesick as any young soldier in a lonely outpost with the threat of battle about him. I pictured my own hearthside, my wife and the others about the happy tree, my own tinselled packages unopened and my empty hands reaching out for them vainly over the ocean too wide to span."

Everywhere I looked that cold, damp day I saw, not war, but something more tragically eloquent — stunned, cramped souls in pinched bodies, hurrying amidst the wreckage of a city which had seen the blossoming of art and handicraft in stone and canvas and parchment which had enriched the world for centuries.

Now — 1948 — what is Nuremberg? Seat of the trial of Nazi war criminals.
That was my Christmas, 1941; Christmas, 1946?

"The second one in seven years when one could really talk about 'peace on earth' without shamed and downcast eyes." That's what I wrote in this column then and I went on:
"While armies struggled who could think of the message to the shepherds from the angel's chorus promising peace on earth for all men of good will?"

There was, indeed, much to be thankful for and much to be hopeful about on Christmas, 1946.
Then came — Christmas, 1947!
I was far away from fields whitened with snow. No bright red of the holly berry. Instead, the burning hibiscus and beyond it the

fentery tops of the Royal palms. The day started as with the creek of shoes over the frozen snow or a wind which "checked mid-winter, the circling race of life-blood to the sharpening face," but with the soft lap of water against the prow of our little boat which lulled me to lazy reminiscence.

We slipped along the river and into the inlet. High above cooed a floor of graceful, never-lighting, man-of-war "frigate" birds. To see them so far inland, said my nature-wise companion, meant a rough ocean. "These tireless creatures, it seems proper to hunt in the ocean unless the white caps are breaking too wildly.

Out sweeps a fish-hawk. In close pursuit, an eagle, who prefers a pilfered meal to one he must work for. The fish-hawk darts ahead, holding his dinner in his bill. The eagle sweeps down but the kingfisher banks and turns sharply. The big bomb must make a wide circle before it can change its direction. On the straight course he gains but loses again at each turn.

This goes on until finally the eagle, disgusted, gives up, the kingfisher and the kingfisher fade; fat meal in mouth, to a tiny spot in the sky. The men-of-war come back, high above us, even at the end of the winter, with their seven to eight-foot wing spread. They are poetry of motion! They are gone and my eyes drop to the rushes. A tranquil water turkey!

We slow down and pull in toward the shore, close to an island swamp. Its edges laced thick with mangroves, those mysterious plants whose grim brown fingers clutch deep into the water as if they sought some invisible and hostile enemy in the depth of the water. Low tide leaves them skeleton bare. The sun and part of the sky is overcast, but the rest is robin's egg blue and the water about it is tinted blue.

Troub begin to bite. "And the snook!" We are very busy for a while. Then the fish begin to elude me so I take up the camera. A stubborn crane lures us on but always manages to hide behind its mangroves out of focus. One more cast, fat trout — and it's time to go in.

We push back through the twilight. Into the track and we bounce back to a gay little tree with the familiar decorations on its branches — branches which never knew the kiss of a snowflake, although the spot where I cut the pine tree the day before, a sandy flat, shone as white in the sunlight as a snowbank in Maine. (A photograph would feed you.)

PEOPLE AWAIT PEACE ON EARTH

My thoughts weren't on the news that Christmas a year ago, but as I look back over what David Willis (who was broadcasting in my place) said, I read this line:

"The collapse of the London conference of foreign ministers is a tangible result of the mistrust pervading the world," broadcast Willis, "for the conference adjourned without having taken those essential and decisive steps along the road of peace for which the people of the earth are waiting in anguish."

The aftermath of that collapse is still with us and the path which the nations have trod since has led us to an "uncertain" peace at best.
On Christmas eve a year ago the pope, delivering his annual message from the Vatican, spoke of Europe "shivering and feverish

(Continued on Page Eight)

Looking Back Through The Enterprise Files

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO (December 14, 1923)

Sunday Hunters Fined
Deputy Sheriff Grimmer rounded up a number of young men who were illegally hunting. The four were Harry Myer, Lee Stonebraker, Glenn Buck and Carl Hittman, of Detroit, and Fred Oumka of Farmington. All of them paid fines ranging up to \$20.

Christmas Pageant
A beautiful Christmas pageant, "The Meaning of the Manger" will be given at the M. E. Church on Christmas Eve. Mrs. Ernestine Pierce is directing the work. Bishop and Mrs. Theodore S. Henderson will be guests of the church on the evening of the pageant.

TEN YEARS AGO (December 16, 1939)
PWA Grant Okayed

Work will begin on the \$51,818 addition to the Farmington schools shortly before the first of the year, because approval of the PWA grant requires construction to be underway before the end of the year. Superintendent R. C. Burns was notified yesterday morning that the grant and project had been approved in Washington.

Dr. Z. R. Aschenbrenner was elected president of the Oakland County medical society at the annual election of the association. He will not take office until next year.

FIVE YEARS AGO (December 16, 1943)

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lint have learned from a first hand account the circumstances surrounding the death of their son, Jean Lint, at Guadalcanal. A friend of Jean, Pte. Joe Coles of Trenton, visited the family and related the circumstances which had been impossible for the family to get through correspondence because of censorship. Pte. Jean Lint was in the Marine Corps on Guadalcanal, and had volunteered for hazardous duty when he was killed. The family was informed.

Servicemen's Addresses Wanted
The American Legion Post of Farmington is conducting a campaign to get the addresses of all servicemen from the city. Complete addresses are desired.

MICHIGAN MIRROR



INTERPRETING THE NEWS

By GENE ALLEMAN

LANSING — The state legislature, controlled by Republicans, voted a \$5,800 salary for the two-year term, 1949 and 1950.

Where a member of the house or senate formerly drew \$1,095 a year or \$2,190 for a two-year term, each legislator will receive \$2,500 a year, or \$5,000 for the biennium. The increase will average 250 per cent.

Each legislator will be entitled to receive 10 cents per mile allowance round trip for travel once a month between home and the capitol.

On the basis of a 120-day legislative session (four months each year), the legislative pay thus becomes \$24.6 a day for work performed at Lansing. As in the past, legislators will also receive special expenses for attending legislative committee sessions at Lansing or elsewhere when the legislature is not in official session. Such is the record.

The legislative special session, just concluded at Lansing, set the record.

Michigan voters approved on November 2 a proposal to let legislators fix their own salaries. The vote was 555-41 to 531,950. They also approved in similar proportions a proposal to let the legislature fix salaries of state officials.

Legality of the legislative action is being challenged, as Section 2, Article XVI of the State Constitution forbade changing salaries of officials already elected. But the board of canvassers hasn't "certified" officially to the election results, so it is explained. What will the Supreme Court think of it? And how about public opinion? These answers are yet to come.

"Overwashing" clothes.

Avoid "over-washing" clothes.

Running the washing machine too long adds unnecessary wear to the clothes, wastes electricity, and may even drive soil into the clothes if the water is very soiled.

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An Every Day Santa . . .

It's a "Santa Claus feeling" all year long for our milkman. No jingle bells or reindeer herald his arrival, but every family on our list knows he'll be there. They know they can expect pure, fresh, flavor-rich milk regularly. For delivery phone 0135 today.

For the Holidays
Try Our Special EGG NOG — It's Delicious!
ORDER NOW!

"Serving Quality Dairy Products Since 1921"

Farmington Dairy



We've mailed out hundreds of checks to our Christmas Club members this month, and every one of them now has enough cash for generous Christmas shopping without budget - pinching. Be wise — anticipate for '49 — join our Christmas Club this very date!

THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK
Farmington, Michigan

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION