

From The Widow and Daughter of The Founder

Mr. Hyman Levinson,
Publisher, Farmington Enterprise.
Dear Mr. Levinson:

When you wrote my mother asking her to send a message to The Enterprise and its readers to be published in its 40th anniversary number, she was very happy and she would gladly have complied with your request had she felt able. However, as she is in rather poor health she has asked me to substitute for her.

First, we both wish to congratulate the publisher upon a very neat appearing, newsy and up-to-date paper. The Enterprise of today is a far cry from the little four-page sheet of 40 years ago, and is more than my Father's dreams at that time could picture.

Then, we wish to congratulate the people of Farmington upon the possession of a paper of the calibre of The Enterprise.

Reading the letter reminding us of the 40th anniversary of the paper immediately made us both reminiscent. Mother at once remembered how she was the official proof-reader, and how Father would pin the proofs securely under the coat of my then small brother and send him to the house with them, because Mother, with a family of youngsters was too busy to go to the office.

Before I was 12 we were both past masters of the art of making paste.

Then I remembered how Thursday night "after school" was always a time set apart. No matter how alluring the plans of other boys and girls were, what sport was afoot for the evening, that was the night to "fold papers." Among the other boys and girls there was a sort of awed curiosity about the "printing office" which was a new thing in the village and I fear I sometimes took a superior pleasure in showing them the "secrets" of the office. I recall with a smile, with what a thrill I would brazenly inform them "and this is the hell-box" as a fitting climax to a tour of the office. I doubt not that there are more than a few Farmington residents who were my childhood friends, who can remember with what glee I showed them the "type-lice."

Many of you can recall with us, the little "two by twice" office which Father built in the orchard on the lot where our home stood. There the "Enterprise," which was more—yes much more—than a mere name to my father, spent its early years. It was an Enterprise, indeed. He was editor, publisher, printer and reporter, not to mention the "devil." He toiled early and late, gathered the news, set the type and did job work in the day time and slept when he got a chance. There the paper was printed on a small hand press—A Vaughn, I think it was—one page at a time. The only help he had was a boy to ink the forms with a large hand roller. (If my memory serves me right, Fred Cook was the first to hold this important position), and the offspring of the family to fold the papers.

But, enough of the past which this 40th birthday brings in panorama before my eyes. I must stop before I monopolize a whole page of this important sheet.

Again congratulating the management of the paper and the people of Farmington and with all good wishes for many happy returns,

We are most sincerely,

HELEN BLOOMER FIFIELD AND
MRS. LILY D. BLOOMER.



EDGAR ROLLEN BLOOMER
(Deceased—1855-1909)

Founder of the Farmington
Enterprise

One of the deep regrets of those who have worked to produce the Fortieth Anniversary Edition of the Farmington Enterprise is that the kindly, friendly man who founded the paper has not lived to share in this event.

It was a young man, full of faith and hope, who at 33 launched the Enterprise in Farmington, amid the not-encouraging opinions of some. But it was a triumphant man who a decade later issued the Tenth Anniversary Edition, on November 4, 1898, an issue replete with interest and filled with stories and pictures of Farmington as it was then.

Soon after, Mr. Bloomer moved to Sparta, where he bought and consolidated the Sentinel and Leader. His widow and daughter still live there.

It is characteristic, indeed, that Mr. Bloomer's last words on earth, spoken to his wife on October 9, 1909, were: "Are the forms made up?"

From Farmington's Historian--A Life-Long Resident



Enterprise Photo

Well do I remember the day that Edgar R. Bloomer launched the Enterprise and with what eager eyes I scanned its pages and read its columns.

Farmington, settled in 1824, had existed without a local paper for sixty-four years. Many were the predictions made concerning it. Some predicted its early demise and its speedy burial. But it was a healthy infant and refused to die. It waxed stronger with the years and today citizens of our city are proud of it. Look far and wide among country papers, you will not find one surpassing it, and few indeed that are its equals in gathering local news and presenting them in an attractive manner. What of old Farmington that it so well represents?

Once noted for the quantity and excellence of its agricultural products, the town has changed materially and is fast becoming an urban community. It has been said that God made the Country, man made the town. For generations people have been moving from the farm to the city; now the city itself is moving to the farm. In time our city will expand and its population be much greater than it is now. Let us hope for quality rather than quantity. Bigness is not always greatness. May the years see Farmington a splendid residential city, and as the inspired writer said of another city in the "olden days: "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity in thy Palaces."

—N. H. POWER.