

The Farmington Enterprise

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By Edgar R. Bloomer
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Editorial

OUR FORTIETH
ANNIVERSARY

As "deeds speak louder than words," so it is our hope that the sixteen-page section of pictures and reminiscences in this issue will express for us the deep thankfulness which we feel toward the community that has for forty years shown its good-will toward the Farmington Enterprise.

Yet we have found that the preparation of this Fortieth Anniversary Edition has itself made us deeply indebted to at least a few, and we feel that thanks should here be expressed to them for their highly-valuable assistance in the work.

First, to Nathan H. Power, whose continual helpfulness has been even more than usually apparent during the weeks that the anniversary material has been in preparation. How much of the work has been done by, or assisted in by Mr. Power is apparent from even a casual reading of the special section. In addition, Mr. Power has spent many hours in the Enterprise's office, identifying old plates, telling us the history of the subjects, and proving himself invaluable to us and the community. We feel that it is appropriate to say that we doubt if any other community newspaper is so fortunate as to possess a friend as constantly helpful as Mr. Power is to the Enterprise.

To Mr. Fred L. Cook, whose loaning of the first copy of the Enterprise, also one of October 19, 1894 and whose reminiscences and good-will have been of great worth; to Supervisor Harry N. McCracken, who, as a former editor of this newspaper has shown an appreciation of our problems and has assisted in many ways; to Mr. William N. Miller, for his continued help and suggestions; to Mr. Isaac Bond, for considerable aid in identification of pictures and for reminiscences; to Mrs. Lily Bloomer and Mrs. Helen Bloomer Field, whose response to our request for a message brought such a wealth of material that publication of the issue was delayed to considerably increase the size originally planned—we are grateful, and it is our hope that they may be rewarded in enjoyment of the work, the accomplishment of which is due in such large measure to their co-operation.

Just when we had made up our minds that the "Schram for Sheriff" banner at Grand River and Farmington roads was going to stay there until the 1930 primary, along came the autumn wind. Now it looks like an advertisement for "Shredded Wheat."

THEY "WON THEIR SPURS"

While there may have been some doubt here and there, previous to last Friday night regarding the Farmington Players organization, those who attended the premiere must have come away with the conviction that not only is the organization entitled to the support that would assure its continuance, but that the Players' demonstration of their capabilities would make this certain. The first pleasing surprise came upon entering the Town Hall, and

discovering there the transformation, almost beyond belief, of the old stage-curtain, into a most attractive and larger one. And even more astonishing, when the curtain went up, was the revelation of what had been done in the way of settings, with a small investment in materials and some excellent carpenter work. The new curtain and the attractiveness of the setting sent the play off to a splendid start, and the players maintained the first good impression by capable handling of the rather difficult parts.

The Players can feel certain, we believe, that everyone who attended their initial performance will return for later ones—and will bring others with them. With a little improvement in seating facilities, the need for which the Players realize, but which thus far seems a little beyond achievement, and with a careful choice of plays, the organization should go on to increasing success.

THE SIXTH DISTRICT SCHOOL

The smaller but flourishing communities around Farmington have been so uniformly progressive that it is a surprise, and a regrettable one, to find School District No. 6 turning down a proposal to build a most necessary new school building. The section is one of the most rapidly-growing in this area, and has hitherto been conspicuous for the energy of its residents in public enterprises.

There is ample reason to be cautious nowadays about expenditures for school buildings in any community. But in almost every case, if not everyone, the question can be decided by answering two questions: "Is a new school building necessary?" and "Is the structure suggested suited to the district's needs, and one that the district can well afford?"

The figures given out by the Sixth District Board, showing that many pupils in the District cannot be accommodated and that the teachers are heavily burdened, indicates beyond question that something must be done at once to relieve the situation. And the fact that the District has an exceptionally low tax-rate, among the lowest in the County, and only a little more than one-third of that in some other districts, would itself tend to show that a growing District such as this one, is somewhat behind in construction work.

The good of the children aside, no community can afford, from the standpoint of development and growth, to let its school standards fall.

Picked Up At Random

By Contributor

"The 'Orn of the 'Unter"

Farmington nimrods are now in the wilds of Northern Michigan in quest of deer and in the alliterative of the Cockney sports writer the "Orn of the 'unter is heard on the 'ill." Figuratively speaking only, as the "horn" which the modern hunter takes as a precaution is not used as a signal, but as a gargle, its sound being but a murmur and not intended for the echoing hills. This does not refer to Farmington sportsmen as they all voted for Hoover.

For two weeks the crack of rifle will be heard from forest, fen and crag and some of the leaden missiles that are not stopped by unfortunate hunters will, no doubt, find lodgement in a few antlered monarchs of the forests. Round camp fires and later at club and many social gatherings will be related wonderful stories of hair-breadth escapes, the big one that got away and a terrible night in the woods far, far from the beaten paths of man. Thrilling stories that will fairly breathe of prowess, and breathe heavier at each retelling. They will continue in constantly increasing magnitude until the fishing season opens in the Spring.

Figured in dollars and cents venison comes high to the hunter, but figured in returns that are the true measure of human enjoyment the deer hunting investment pays a big dividend.

Out of the
Dusk

By DUFORD JENNE

(Copyright)

MARTIN PAGE, driving by the little country station on the way to his hill farm, was hailed by old Bliss, the station agent.

"Say, Mart, here's a gal got off here—made a mistake; an' can't you take her home tonight?"

Martin gaped, smiled to himself, and drove up to the platform. A slight girl stood there in the dusk with the old man.

"I guess I can give her a roof for the night," Martin said.

She said nothing. Martin put her small and battered suitcase under the seat of the old car, and they started for home.

"How'd you come to get left?" he asked.

Her voice sounded desperately weary. "I don't know. I just didn't care. Forgive me," she added, her voice becoming gentler. "I shouldn't have said that. You see, I have just been discharged from a city hospital, and I was going to folks of mine, relatives I knew wouldn't be glad to see me; so I—"

"I see," Martin said quietly. "Tired out. You need a good rest. Things'll look better to you in the morning. I am sure."

His old car rolled along smoothly through the fragrant country dusk, and he did not speak again. She, too, was silent. Soon, he had another reason for keeping silent. He felt her sink against him, then jerk herself awake; then at last she leaned against him, her head against his shoulder—sleep.

His mother was at the door when he reached the farm, and she came at his call.

"Mother, here is a girl, pretty tired, got off at the Junction by mistake. You'll look after her?"

"Course I will," his mother said in her gentle way. "Come, child, you do look all beat out."

When Martin came into the house his mother's friendliness had won. He found himself, being introduced to Marjorie Lane, and for the first time Martin realized that he had rescued a pretty girl.

He did not see her again until the next noon, when he came in from the fields to find her helping his mother at the table.

"Why, hello, mother, got a new girl?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, and a good one; and I've had a good chat with her, and I want her to stay till she's real well again. You don't object, do you, Martin?" his mother asked, her eyes twinkling. The brown eyes of the girl were wide and worried as she looked at him, but it was not until later, when he was in the milkroom, that he knew the reason.

There she came up to him swiftly. "Please, if you don't want me to stay, I'll go; but your mother—and it's so lovely and still—and I can work just as soon as I get stronger—"

He touched her hand and looked down from his six feet. "Marjorie Lane, I'm not used to girls and mother started me a bit. Now, you stay. I mean it. I want you to. We've room to burn and a mile like you doesn't take up much," he added smiling.

"Thank you—so much," she said, her brown eyes misting.

A week later he was sorry. Under his mother's gentleness the memory of pain-filled, hopeless days he had known vanished; the country air and food began to fill out her cheeks; and, suddenly, one day, as she came to call him to supper, he realized that she had brought something into his life that he wanted to keep there for all time.

He put the idea from him and went his way until another incident served to stir him. She had gone to the village on errands, but he did not know she had met anyone there until, one evening, Barron Flint, the son of a wealthy lumberman in the section, drove in to invite her to a dance in the village hall.

Other drives and parties with Barron followed. Martin was sorely troubled, but the farm kept him busy, and, besides, he knew that Barron "had it on him" in wealth and in other ways that women esteem.

The climax came one evening. He was reading and resting in the living room after a weary day when he heard Barron's car, bringing her home, enter the yard. A moment later she came in. He looked up with hurt and longing in his heart. She stood silent at the door. The roses in her cheeks had deepened. Her eyes were bright with some intense feeling in their brown depths.

She came close to him. "Martin—don't you love me—even a little bit?" Her quiet words hit him like a blow, and speech almost failed him. "Why, Marjorie, I—"

"Oh, don't say it that way, Martin, just say it. I've been hoping and hoping and you don't seem—well, Barron has asked me; and if you don't want me, then—"

He caught her and swung her bodily into the big chair with him, then he kissed her, and all the hidden hunger in his heart was in his kiss. "Brave Eyes, I do love you, but I felt that you must love Barron rather than a big, homely, hard-working farmer—"

She brushed away his words with her soft, fragrant lips. "Big and homely once I am happy with you here—and I want to be with you and love you always!" she said in final answer with smiling eyes.

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