

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

HELP THE NEW COMMISSION

Farmington's new City Commission got off to a good start Monday evening. The Commissioners and Mayor Lamb were enthusiastic and appeared eager to enter upon their work.

Now if every citizen will take the time and make the effort to work for the good of the entire community, and give all others credit for the same good intent, we ought to be able to do a great deal toward making Farmington a better city.

WHEN THE POLICE ARE FORCED TO PLEAD

It is hard to understand how good citizens interested in the welfare of their communities and their neighbors can be so indifferent to a very serious situation which has arisen in Oakland and Wayne Counties. The spread of rabies has alarmed police officers, government officials, and a good share of the residents of the area affected—almost everyone, it seems, except numerous owners of dogs.

Some months ago the police warned that all dogs must be muzzled or tied, to stop the spread of rabies. The warning did no good, so they threatened. And now, because a policeman cannot be everywhere at once and catch every dog that roams, the police in this community at least have been forced to plead, "Please help us," they are forced to say, "We must control this epidemic."

No one who has ever had a dog for a pet wants to see one tied or muzzled, if he can help it. Many would rather have their pets dead than forced to endure the unnatural restraint. And we can sympathize with them, and understand how they feel.

But present conditions are such that drastic steps be taken. The health, comfort, the very lives of human beings are being endangered. And the sad part about rabies is that one can never tell—"our dog has always been good-natured" is no assurance. The gentlest dog, bitten by another animal having rabies, will turn on his own master.

The longer dog-owners refuse to one and all tie up or muzzle their pets, the longer the quarantine will continue. This means the more discomfort for dogs whose masters are acting the part of good citizens. If it goes on long enough, we shall see whole sale round-ups of dogs in every community in Oakland and Wayne Counties, as a public necessity.

WE THINK WE'D HAVE THE JURY WITH US

"Aren't you likely to get into trouble?" "Aren't you afraid of a libel suit?" we have been asked, following publication in last week's Enterprise of the editorial on the "free" encyclopedia sellers. No, we're not. Let them come. We can demand a jury trial, and we're certain we'd get the verdict. Everyone knows it would be impossible to find twelve men or women who hadn't sometime, somewhere, bought a set of books.

The books, as was explained, have "everything" in them. Everything, that is, except how to get rid of the fellows that were selling 'em.

Members of at least a dozen of our "five most prominent" families have told us that they enjoyed reading our comments on the encyclopedia salesman's methods. One reader told us that she sent a marked copy to the company from whom she bought a set of books. We hope the company enjoyed it, too.

Ability will enable a man to get to the top, but character is the only thing that will keep him from falling off.

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

It is with the greatest reluctance that we of the Enterprise bid goodbye this week to William N. Miller, former publisher of this newspaper, who has purchased and assumed editorship of the Leslie (Mich.) Republican.

In the two years since Mr. Miller transferred the Enterprise to the present owners, he has given us an untold amount of assistance. His kindly and constant aid and advice have been of inestimable value to us.

We believe, too, that he has been a good citizen. The fact that he was suggested for practically every office that was to be filled at the recent city election would appear to indicate his standing with the entire community (although he refused to view the suggestions with anything but amusement).

We believe all our readers will join with us in regretting Mr. Miller's departure, and at the same time bidding him "Goodbye and good luck!"

"HE WAS A CHARACTER"

We feel there is no disrespect in beginning a few notes on the death of George H. Mitchell of Birmingham by saying that if George H. Mitchell had been no more than a Democrat, his passing would be worthy of note. For Mr. Mitchell himself, could he be here to speak, might be depended upon to offer some such remark. (He often joked about the passing of Democrats in Oakland County.)

But George H. Mitchell was more than a Democrat, more than one of the founders of the Birmingham Eccentric, more than a business-man, banker, publisher and postmaster. To people who knew him well and they were many, there was only one word by which to describe him. George Mitchell was "a character."

He lived to be 74 years old, and in his long life George Mitchell never met anything he couldn't and didn't smile at. Wherever he went, or looked, whatever happened, he made the situation serve him for a merry quip. Nor was it all idle jesting, either, for often George Mitchell with his jokes, his neighbors discovered, saw things in a truer light than those who were more serious.

Even rarer than his humorous point of view was the ability he possessed to put the odd twist of mind upon paper, and make it as enjoyable as the spoken word. For weeks the old Birmingham Eccentric would be an ordinary small-town weekly newspaper. Then, just when the readers began to believe and fear that Mr. Mitchell had become too busy elsewhere to pay any more attention to the Eccentric—then, something out of the ordinary, perhaps just a five-line item, appeared. And everyone knew that George Mitchell was still running the Birmingham Eccentric.

It is unfortunate that perhaps the funniest of all his items in the last 20 years must linger only in the memories of older readers—and the files of the Eccentric itself. You'd not find its like in any newspaper in this country!

Nor will George Mitchell's like be seen soon again. He was one of those rare beings—an unforgettable man.

NO MORE CORONERS NEEDED

Protests were made because a bill creating two more coroners for Wayne County was referred by the Legislature to the Wayne delegation.

Massachusetts abolished the office of coroner in 1877 because it was found unnecessary. A suspicious death is referred by police to a "man learned in the science of medicine," and they follow his recommendation.

What is needed is not more coroners for Wayne County, but a complete reform of county government in Michigan.—Detroit News.

An Evening With the Spirits

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

The other P. M. they was a bunch of us up in Youkers talking about what terrible spirits you get around N. Y. now days and I of the birds in the party name Here says he knows where they was some beautiful spirits and we said had us to it did he took us down to 58 st. and 5 ave. and they was a doctor's nurse on the floor and I said to myself this guy will probably give us a prescription that will knock us for a goal. But the doc took us in a inside room and introduced us to a lady whom they all call Medie, with I learn was short for Madam so you see the kind of spirit he got and the kind we thought we was going to get was 2 different kinds of spirits. Medie was a Medium rare blonde lady that could be 50 or 40 pounds and still talk back to Gene Tomory.

We all played some Medie and the doc and our party went into still another room yet where they was about 20 other guests mostly female that looked like the end of a perfect wash day. A alma, mater of Oberlin college as we to look at a kind of a place like that was stretched across the room and on it was a bunch of toys such as dolls and riddles and etc. which Medie had told her was for the baby spirits to play with when they got cross.

We was all put around in a circle-like Yale learning their signals in the 4th quarter. I set next to Jack and his Mrs. from Youkers and the rest of us skepticals was scattered around the table.

"Is there somebody here name I?" says Medie so I says yes it was me. "This is Edward" says the spirit and Medie ask me if I had a brother Edward and I says yes. So Medie says "This is your brother Edward that was killed in a accident 3 long while ago wasn't he?" So I says yes 3 yrs ago. Then Edward said Hello there and I said hello Edward how are you and he said hello there and I couldn't relate it so he left the table with the last word and give his megaphone to a Irish comedian.

"Oh, here's Pat O'Brien" says the doc. "He is a funny Irishman that is with us every night, let his brogue, so each Pat tell a Irish story that died even longer than Edward, but you don't find like razzing the spirit so everybody laughed the right amount.

Before the darkness had fall I noticed a bird coming over to the left of me that was a countryman of Nora Holmer and now all of a sudden a spirit spoke to him in Norsk and he answered back in the same strain and I never before had never before as soon as these birds begin to talk I knew they was saying hello Knut hello there and etc. Pretty soon Medie turned to the live ski jumper and told him his mother was going to die. "She will all right the next time I see her" says Ellert. "Well she is going to die" says Medie and personally I think she was right as Ellert was around 45 yrs. old and when a man says that age there is seldom never trying out for the Vassar basket ball team.

"Here's a beautiful spirit, who does he want?" says Medie next. "He says dear boy."

"Lots of people call me that" says here the doc and that brought us there at \$200 a crack.

"Yes it is your father and he says he was on the river once in a boat when he was a little boy and was saved from drowning and he says something about a dog. Did a dog ever swim out and save your father from drowning?"

"Well no" says Herb after a terrible pause. "But a dog barked and roused up the neighbors and they come to the rescue."

"There that's evidential" says the doc and several female voices says wonderful.

"Sleth" says Medie "Is there some one here that lost their wife?"

"I did" says Jack from Youkers. "Hello sweetheart" says the spirit.

"Hello Kate" says Jack. "Hello sweetheart" says the spirit.

"She must of forgot my name" says Jack in my ear.

"She is a beautiful spirit" says Medie.

A long about this time I got restless for a smoke and begin rattling a cigarette paper and a new spirit whanged me on the knee cap with a megaphone and says what have you got there?

"That's Bright Eyes talking" says Medie. "She wants to know what you have got?"

"Tell her I got a sore knee" I says. "De serious" says Bright Eyes.

Well they was a lot more of them then give us with the latest news from Over There like bello dear and bello there and bello mummy and finely Medie came to and turned up the lights and we all sheved off to 58 st.

"Well says Herb "Did you have a brother that got killed 3 yrs ago?"

"No" I says "But I know a man that has a brother Edward that ought to of been killed 3 yrs. ago but what about this dog story?"

"Well he says "Part of it is true. We use to have a dog once and he use to bark."

Then Mrs. Jack from Youkers batted Jack out and we all thank Herb for saving us from the doc and the othering but beautiful spirits and the says if you want the bad thing you can go to a Medie evl.

(By the Ben Syndicate, Inc.)

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