

# The Farmington Enterprise

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## Editorials

### ORION DOES IT—CAN WE?

Across the County from Farmington is the town of Orion. At Orion for some time, as at Farmington within the past two weeks, alert citizens have been discussing the proposition of an airport for the City.

Farmington has been offered establishment here of an airplane factory, if certain requirements can be met.

It might be well, then, for Farmington to take a look at what Orion is doing. Here are excerpts from the front-page article in last week's issue of The Orion Review:

"The question of an airport or landing field for Orion, which has been brewing in the Orion Exchange Club, has been settled by the exercise of an option to purchase the Villa Flumerfelt eighty acres at \$25,000.00.

"The property for which more than \$10,000 has already been subscribed, is situated a half mile south of the corporation limits of the village of Lake Orion. The land is level and according to advice of experts is ideally suited for an airport, with room for four taxiways or runways and no obstructions to the approaches.

"For several weeks joint-committees from the Orion and Oxford Exchange Clubs have been working on the project in an effort to line up several pieces of property suitable for a landing field.

"Ray VanWagoner, Orion druggist, told of a plan he had devised for financing the enterprise which seemed to meet with approval. His plan called for the entrance of either ten or fifteen men which would form a syndicate to purchase the property, extending the payments over a period of possibly ten years. Mr. VanWagoner could see many sources of revenue to be derived from such a land field for Orion.

"William J. Scripps, president of Gliders, Inc., also spoke and said he would be pleased to take a share in the syndicate. He, too, could see sources of revenue from passenger take-offs, sale of aviation gas, hangar rentals, concessions, etc. Mr. Scripps estimated a total rental of \$550.00 a month from the property. 'I expect,' he said, 'to have a few thousand people brought here when I get the Glider business rolling.' He also added that Lee Anderson and he contemplate the purchase of a plane together.

"C. C. Leadbetter, of Lake Homes Realty Co., said that the investment was a sound one backed up by a good purchase in real estate. Mr. Leadbetter also stated that he would be glad to take a share in the project.

"Osmond Wigg was made chairman of the finance committee and more than \$10,000.00 was raised at Monday evening's meeting."

If Orion can do this, might not Farmington be able to do equally well? True, land is much cheaper around Orion than in this section. But there is also the fact that Orion is smaller than Farmington, so the undertaking would be no greater for Farmington than it is for the business-men of the small, but apparently very-much-alive village of Orion.

Can Farmington afford to be less progressive than Orion?

### CARE—PLUS SIGNALS

There is no substitute for care, especially in driving an automobile. And the declarations of the railroads, that in crossing accidents, most motorists run into trains rather than being struck by them, is true in regard to the fatal collision at the Pere Marquette-South Lyon road intersection Sunday night.

And yet there is no doubt but that the crossing in question might easily be made much safer than it is. Only a set of cross-pieces warns of the railroad by day, and nothing whatever at night. Deputy Lee Doyle's statement that another car came near

hitting a freight train, while the officers were working on the fatal accident, is not surprising.

If the expense of an electric light at the crossing seems too great, then at least it should be possible to place there one of the glass signals which becomes luminous when automobile headlights come within range.

The same applies to another even more dangerous crossing, that of the same railroad on the Five Mile road. Approach from the east is especially hazardous, due to blocking of the view by a thick woods. This crossing is sure to be the scene of a serious accident, too, unless more protection is afforded.

### NEW NUMBERS

Service is the watchword of Twentieth Century business. And the Detroit Edison Company, on the alert to better serve its constituents, is undertaking the huge task of re-numbering a large part of suburban Detroit, that the "John Jones" house may be easier to find, both for Edison employees unfamiliar with the district and eager to complete their service calls, as well as for the general public as well.

Some have pointed out that giving every house and business place in this section a five-number is not all that might be desired. This is true, and yet there seems to be no other way to do the job. As in everything else, there are disadvantages as well as advantages, and when the latter appear to be greater than the former, the advantage is grasped and the disadvantage should be accepted as easily as possible, and with a determination to make the most of the benefit.

### A NEW HOME

The "Log Cabin" has been a picturesque home for Groves-Walker Post of the American Legion in Farmington. It has served the veterans well, but like many a log cabin before it, the building has been outgrown, and so must be devoted to other uses.

The Legion organization is to be congratulated on its success in obtaining a headquarters well-suited to the ever-growing scope of its activities. The helpful spirit of Warner Brothers in turning over the property without profit, and on convenient terms, is also to be commended.

There can hardly be too many places in the community where congenial groups may gather for comradeship, recreation, and organization activities.

### ONE TALKS—ANOTHER SLEEPS

For a glimpse as to how the members of the Michigan Legislature disport themselves, (at their new higher salaries), how is this dispatch from the Michigan Press Association headquarters at Lansing? It was sent and is reprinted here without comment—because it seems to need none:

"Still another bill which went through the House is one prohibiting the cropping or trimming of dogs' ears. This bill aroused a great amount of discussion in which Rep. Charles H. Reed had a major part. In fact, he talked so long that his seat-mate, Rep. Alex Cuthbertson fell asleep and toppled from his chair amid tremendous excitement. Many outside the building thought there had been an earthquake, but the author of the famous liquor bill sustained no serious injury."

The business world is said to be cold, but of you build a fire of advertising under it, it soon warms up.

Words of praise for our home city are a fine thing, but money spent in our home stores talks even more eloquently.

### All Cleaned Up for an Interview

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

The other wk I was setting around the home waiting callers would come or something so I would have an excuse to mix up a cocktail when all of a sudden what should ring but the telephone bell so of course I thought at first it must be the wrong No. like usual, but I answered it and the girl said Bridgeport wants you. So I said yes I suppose they do but I can't live everywhere at once and then another female voice spoke up and she said she was a reporter on the Bridgeport Herald and when could she get a interview.

So I thought for the second time that they must be calling the wrong No. but soon I remembered who I was in a kind of snarled back at her like all the big birds do when you ask them for a interview but I didn't start to as she could hear us for the fear she would think it was a disaster all, and little by little we got more friendly and she said she would be over the following Tuesday. So then the both of us hung up on each other and she came back into the parlor with a kind of pale look and the Mrs. said who was that woman and I said she is a reporter on the Bridgeport Herald.

What does she want?

She wants to interview me because she's entering.

Yes but you haven't noticed ever since you were kidnaped and nobody wanted to interview you till now.

Well I said the N. Y. City papers have started the fashion by interviewing George Masterlink that can't even write and this lady is going to show them up by talking to a poet which can say something back besides words and anyway she's coming over here next Tuesday to see me so that's that.

Yes replied the Mrs. but when you used to interview notepapers like Ty Cobb and Jesse Willard for instance, why you done it without going to no bother like seeing them.

So I said shut up and between that day which was a Thursday and the following Tuesday I took light exercise and read and eat a good deal and things went along about as usual without no marked change till the Monday night when I began to feel a little ill at ease right after the supper and I thought at first or something till I had cut or something till I of the kids happened to make the remark that tomorrow was Tuesday and then it flashed on me that all that stood between the Bridgeport lady and I was an ordinary Monday night in the summer time.

But was it an ordinary Monday night god forbid. I retired early and lay there and tossed and read the story of Joseph Herge's adventures in Texas some more until it must of been fully 9 o'clock when I dropped into a light doze with came to a sudden terror at 7:30 Tuesday A. M. and it was broad day and I got up and shaved myself to breakfast. Already the women folks was cleaning up the parlor in honor of the occasion emptying the ash trays, chairs and etc.

They was a sensation when I entered the dining room where the 3 eldest children was working on their prunes.

How do you happen to be up said one.

What have you got a collar on, for?

Wear to your whiskers?

So I gave them each a nasty look and they shut up and I sat down and eat a hearty breakfast of serial, toast and coffee.

Promptly at a 1/2 of 12 what should ring the door bell and who was there but the lady from Bridgeport? Nobody. We shook hands and exchanged a few confidants and I led her in the parlor and was just going to call her attention to it being all cleaned up for the occasion when my eye happened to stray under the radiator and there was the mouse trap. Well you could of knock me over with a big rock when I seen it but lucky its latest quarry had been removed but they was no telling when the next little rat would scamper in and get himself in trouble and probably raise enough hell about it to spoil the party. The lady may of wondered why it was I kept stomping my ft. and coughing, and etc. Well it was to warn all vermin that the room was occupied to use a frog excretion and don't trespass only at your own risk.

The details of the interview can be read in the Bridgeport Herald but anyway before it was over they was suspicious noises towards the dining room door and a wit of beans and potatoes smelt the nostrils and the lady got up and pulled a camera and asked if she could take a picture of whatever kids they were left in the house so I went for one and he was brought down, and didn't know me on acct. of being shaved at that hr. of the day and burst out crying so I kind of choked him a little and he quit and we was all photographed and the Mrs. sat the lady from Bridgeport would she stay at lunch and she said no and walked out on us to some place where the washer woman don't come Tuesday and have to be forfeited with bake beans and pancakes.

So when the lady had left I took the Mrs. in the parlor and showed her a certain article of furniture that laid there under the radiator in plain site and then I went in the dining room and eat a hearty lunch of pinnecks and bake beans by myself.



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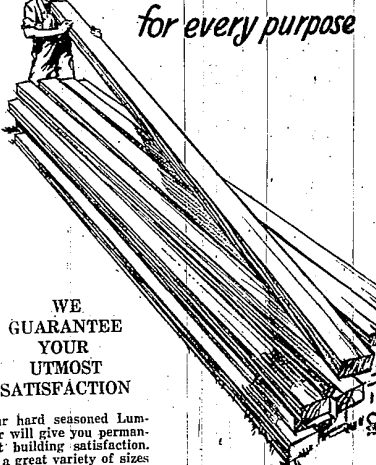
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