

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

The Little Feller Has A Friend

From time immemorial this has been a big man's world. The hero of pre-historic days was the husky cave-man, who hurled his admiring mate around by the hair—and made her like it. Mediaeval times saw the three musketeers in their heyday, and when knight-hood was in flower, the male regarded as an example of perfect manhood not only laid down his cloak for the queen to walk upon, but was also able to pick up his lady and carry her across the muddy street without betraying the slightest sign that she was any burden at all.

Today the same standards hold—indeed, it seems even a bit worse, for how can youth or man win a measure of acclaim without being able to hit the line or slam the ball?

Thus, today as ever, the little "feller needs a friend." He never had one—until the P. T. A. came along with honor banquets and now he has a friend, indeed. For now through all the year, the man who knows his English and algebra, pine though he may while his bigger brothers smash and run their way to glory and headlines, can feel the comforting assurance that his day is coming. For one brief hour, at least, the glory will be his. Once each year, as on Tuesday night of this week, he stands forth as worthy of a cheer—and he gets it.

True, the athletes are feted too on these occasions, yet this does not dim the scholar's glory. Rather it is increased thereby, for those who have themselves previously won the world's applause are now called upon too, to pay him tribute.

And right it is, too, for while we enjoyed it, immensely, when "Picky" Otis slipped around Northville's left end for 30 yards, it seems to us an equally great achievement when Dean Parker stood up and delivered an oratorical home-run, as he did on Tuesday evening.

If there be any difference, the latter seems to us as likely to give a more lasting satisfaction. A prophet or a poet or a painter may go on throughout his life bringing more and more honor to his own country, while an athlete after all has but four years to give to his high school.

It is our endeavor to conduct the Enterprise as all our people's newspaper, and thus as impartially as possible. Yet if it will be any inducement to the heavy-hearted lad entering high school standing less than five feet ten and weighing under a hundred and thirty, we will reveal one prejudice that abides with us. He may turn his back light-heartedly upon the fields of athletic glory and bury himself in his books, secure in the knowledge that as sure as June comes around, and as long as the present editorship of the Enterprise endures, the honor list for the year in Farmington High School will rank as front-page news, and somewhere near the top position, too.

Here's One For Him!

The visit of the Farmington Woman's Club to Botsford Inn, and the coming of Henry Ford's old-time orchestra, to Clarenceville Thursday reminds us of the interest the automobile manufacturer has taken in things of early American days. Surely it is pleasant to reflect that Botsford Inn within its walls retains to a large extent its appearance of olden days, despite the rush of modern traffic past its door.

And while the news that came out of Lansing ten days ago gives us reason for hope rather than despair—we can't refrain from remarking that Mr. Ford ought to get in touch with State officials at once—and if he's as

deeply interested in things of olden days he is reported to be, he ought, when this State is ready to widen the road, to arrange to have the old Grand River pavement rolled up and hauled over to Dearborn for display in a prominent place among nearly American antiques.

A Good Job

Farmington's street department has won a big portion of the battle for those members of the City Commission who have been on the side of oil in the battle of oil vs. salt for city streets. The fluid that has been used in the manner in which it was put on has eliminated much of the objection to oil as a dust-layer.

By using a thinner grade and spreading it on carefully, avoiding formation of pools and puddles, the department has managed to lay the dust without turning the streets into greasy slides. In many towns the housewives vigorously oppose, and with reason, the application of oil to roads. The ordinary heavy road-oil, put on carelessly and allowed to run over a cross-walk, everywhere, has left many an oily footprint on what formerly were clean, bright rugs and carpets.

Even a salt salesman, coming to Farmington, would have to admit that our street department, having used oil, has done a mighty good job.

"SELLING THE TOWN"

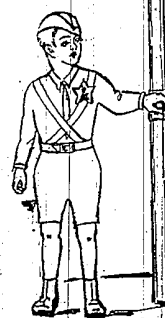
H. M. Timbrell, editor of the New Britain (Conn.) Record says:

That the best way to advertise your town or city is to have the residents first sold and then go out and do the selling to others. No person can sell anything on which they are not first sold themselves.

A community that is good enough to live in is good enough to go out and tell others about. If you are not sold on the town or city in which you are living, move away and your absence will never be felt.

It should be, the endeavor of every person to make their own community a better place in which to live. Do your part to bring about a better community spirit and others will soon help you out.

Any town or city is just as good as the people who make up its population.

This Fortune Teller

Out of the Ordinary

"Of course I don't believe in fortune tellers and all that bunk but I went to him just out of curiosity. But he says he told her things about herself that even she didn't know. So I went to him just out of curiosity. Well, my dear, he said I had the most extraordinary crystal. I'd never seen a crystal as extraordinary as mine. He said my apra just glistened with fame and fortune. He said that I would make a wonderful writer. Yes, he said he saw pens in my crystal. And I'm going to travel. Maybe not this year but next year or the year after. He didn't say exactly where I was going but he distinctly saw a train or a boat in my crystal. And listen to this, dear. He said I was going to marry a tallish sort of dark man with grayish-brown eyes. Isn't that a perfect description of Fred? He isn't exactly tall, but he is more dark than light and his eyes are more gray than blue. I'm sure he means Fred. He said we'd be married next summer, or the winter after that. It's really quite remarkable the things he tells you. Of course, I don't really believe in fortune tellers and I show it's all foolish, but he's awfully good and you must go to him—just out of curiosity.—Kansas City Times

Jewelers Unable to Duplicate Goa Stone

Goa, a settlement on the West coast of India, has for centuries been the property of the Portuguese, says an article in London Times. Shortly after their occupation, the Jesuits appeared and set up a monastery, and it was there that a special sort of "jewel" was made. The Jesuits made these stones, which have come to be known as Goa stones, from various solidified drugs, but we today are totally "in the dark" as to what drugs they were composed of and how they were made.

Each stone was mounted in a silver filigree case and represented fine examples of old workmanship.

When the owner of the stone was troubled with indigestion he had only to scrape off a small portion of his stone, and drink it in a glass of water, and he was quite all right in a few moments.

Goa stones today, however, are rare and are only to be found in valuable collections of antiques.

Russian Turkestan

Interesting stories are told of Russian Turkestan by Doctor Skeged of Lund university, Sweden. He says that the "Turks" tell of a most primitive nomadic life, speaking ten or more, if not a hundred, languages, and do not know the use of matches or other European technical implements.

(No roads or bridges) are to be found known except a few remnants from the time of Alexander the Great, who crossed these rock mountains 200 B. C. but the Swedish explorer had to ride on horseback on narrow paths on precipitous brinks, where a single step aside meant death in the rocky valley 3,000 feet below. Here he was told that many Russian soldiers had fallen and been killed.

On the Safe Side

There are so many "unsafe" things around a home. If a mother will think of such things, serious injury is spared her baby as he is investigating age. She can teach the older children to co-operate with her in keeping sharp objects, such as pencils, scissors and knives from the baby's grasp. Medicines and matches may be kept in such a place, and while cooking, the handles of pans should not be left in such a position that baby can grab at them and spill the hot liquid. Eternal watchfulness is the price of safety!

Old Roman Sacrifice

The relief of Anaglypha Traiani in the Roman forum represents the sacrifice of the bull, sheep and pig which usually accompanied the purificatory ceremonies or lustrum. Each animal represents a valuable part of the farmer's stock. The ceremonies generally took place at the close of the census and for the army at the beginning of a campaign and probably also in connection with the founding of temples and other similar occasions. The animals were led around the assembly and then sacrificed.

Not to Be Expected

An actress was traveling to the seaside to join a concert party. At the London station the porter cast a disapproving eye upon her large quantity of luggage and intimated that she would have to pay "excess" unless she was a theatrical artiste.

"That's exactly what I am," said the girl.

"Well, then, miss," said the harried man, "why didn't you say so at first? I can't go about all day long insulting passengers by asking them if they're actresses."—London Answers.

Solitude

In our modern day, with the pace that our civilization tries to establish and to maintain, a great many people are made nervous by peace and solitude. Our speed of life is such that usually, when we seek repose, we make a mad dash for it. But solitude has a hand to still the pulse's leap, a voice to calm and reassure. Solitude is a room into which we can retire whenever we need a change from present company and its attendant cares and reflection.—American Magazine.

PROPERTY IN DEMAND

Walled Lake property continues to move, several sales being reported this week. Charles Vedow reports the sale of five lots in Hill-Croft subdivision. He also states two year-round homes and one cottage are being built and others contemplated.

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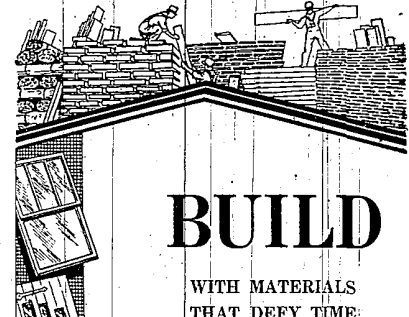
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