

# The Farmington Enterprise

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Farmington, Michigan, Thursday, August 22, 1929

## Editorials

### Where Honor Is Due

Up to Glenwood, Pope County, Minnesota, there has lately gone each week a copy of the Enterprise, to City Clerk N. H. Power, who is sojourning in that region which, he tells us, is so delightful in summer. And this is as good a time as any, perhaps, to make acknowledgement of the valuable aid that Mr. Power lends to the Enterprise when he is in Farmington.

Everyone knows, of course, of Mr. Power's fund of historical information about Farmington and its people, but probably few readers realize how much he contributes each week to the community's newspaper. Almost every morning finds Mr. Power in the Enterprise office, with some bit of interesting news. A thorough reader of life-long habit, nothing escapes his eye in other newspapers, and whatever might pertain to Farmington people, or might interest them, is duly noted and remembered. Whether it be some new achievement of a now-famous former Farmington boy or girl, a death notice of someone who lived here long ago, or the latest report of the State government's action at Lansing on any one of a hundred things—Mr. Power sees it and remembers it for the Enterprise.

In his own home town, too, he is a most effective news-gatherer. Let a new family move into town, an accident occur, or an old former resident return—Mr. Power knows the news and equally important, remembers it for "the paper."

If ever a man missed his calling, it sometimes seems to us, that man is Mr. Power. While he might not have attained the heights of Horace Greeley, of whom he often speaks, still he would have been the perfect small-town newspaper editor.

Indeed, the Enterprise has for a long time wished to confer upon Mr. Power the title of at least "associate editor." One thing, however, has stood in the way. In view of his magnificent salary—as city clerk, forty-five dollars per month, we feel that any remuneration we could offer him could hardly be considered as other than a doubtful compliment.

### 'Young At Ninety'

Mrs. Abigail McGee, who died Sunday at 92, was one of that remarkable group of Farmington men and women who astonish the younger generation by the ages they attain without losing their youthfulness. One by one they are passing on, but fortunately a few remain.

Not many people now living will reach the age of 92—and of those who do, it is doubtful if any will still be as "young" as Mrs. McGee. She and the other woman seemed to find the eternally-sought fountain of youth.

No widely-heralded beauty cream or carefully-administered "treatment" kept these women young. Bearing from six to a dozen children and rearing them to manhood and womanhood gives little time for that sort of "cul-

ture." These women had to leave the cultivation of beauty to Nature's kindness. And perhaps they were in better hands than those who in this modern day put their trust in laboratory chemists.

None of these monogenerations, so far as we know, ever wrote an article or even offered advice on "How to be young at 90." Yet their secret, undoubtedly, lay in keeping young "at all ages." Living through several generations, they still let no one of the younger generations be younger than they. They added years by the tens and twenties, without ever growing old in spirit.

### 'Hail To The Colors That Float In The Light'

It's all wrong. There's no justice in the world and while worthy virtue may be its own reward, still it ought to get some of the honors while they're being passed out so freely.

All of which refers to the Farmington American Legion post, its coming Gala Day, the popularity contest, and other features thereof, and a certain automobile. The Legion this week is passing out its Gala Day programs. Reading one, we find that the committee in charge has seen fit to offer prizes to fat men, three-legged men, pop-drinkers, pie-eaters, and women who may know how to throw rolling-pins but too well.

In the long list therefore, there ought to be some slight mention, some hint of honor for the expression of true artistic endeavor. And yet there is none. No prize, no contest, not even "honorable mention."

Certainly, there ought to be some genuine public recognition of that marvellous work of genius which in the past week has manifested itself on the body, hood and fenders of what is now called "the Gala Day automobile." That gay and glorious conglomeration of colors is too magnificent to be passed by without at least a brief acclaim. It may have been put on in two hours, as the owner declares, but it could never be forgotten in a lifetime. Its colors may be washed out by the next rainstorm, but memory of it will never fade.

Since there is to be a pie-eating contest, we suggest that the Legion reserve something equally sweet for the genius who created this rare masterpiece. For certainly it does "take the cake."

### The 'Wild, Wild Carrot'

On every side, this time of the year, we see fields of tossing white blossoms, that might look a bit attractive if every home-owner did not know what they were and the damage that they do. For that pesky weed, the wild carrot, paraphrasing an erstwhile popular song, might well be called "the wild, wild carrot"—it spreads ever farther and faster in this vicinity each year.

A few years ago, so an old resident of the County told us recently, there was little or no wild carrot in this section. There

was another variety "of weed" which the farmers thought was bad enough—until the wild carrot came along. And he says, he would prefer any day to have the old species back if only the wild carrot could be subdued, for "it's the worst of them all."

There seems to be no way to stop it, except by continual plowing under. And with the disappearance of farms in this area, only the individual home-owner whose garden is attacked remains to wage battle. With so many of the farms gone, the main incentive for co-operative effort necessary to conquer any variety of weed has been lost. Whether any "drive" against the carrot would bring results to justify the expense and labor is a question.

About the only remedy seems to be to plow up the fields and "sprinkle" liberally with homes and lawns. Which has more advantages than just subduing the wild carrot.

### A Fear Dies Out

Apparently the good old pastime of hunting for red radicals isn't quite as lucrative in this country as it was a few years ago.

Fred R. Marvin, head of the Key Men of America, is finding that out.

For a long time Marvin's organization has been issuing, to its subscribers, daily data sheets reporting "radical and subversive movements." No one could smell a Bolshevik as far off as Marvin. No one could so easily get in a panic over unsuspected dangers to the republic.

But now—alas!—the data sheets are being discontinued. This, Marvin explains, is due "to lack of financial support."

People are learning that getting scared of radicals is, for Americans, nothing less than silly. Mr. Marvin's downfall is a sign of our returning sanity—Ionia County News.

### The Editor

From the Ionia County News: A school boy's essay: I don't know how newspapers got into the world and I don't think God does, either for he don't mention them in the Bible. Maybe the Editor was one of the fallen Angels. For he seems to fall for about everything that people tell him. If the editor makes a mistake, folks say he ought to hang; if a lawyer makes a mistake they appeal the case; while when a doctor makes a mistake they don't say anything, because they

STATE OF MICHIGAN  
The Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1929.

Present, Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN H. JOHNSON, deceased.  
Minnie E. Johnson, having filed a petition praying that an Instrument Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased, and that administration of said estate be granted to Minnie E. Johnson, executrix named in said will or to some other suitable Person.

It is Ordered, That the 6th day of September, A. D. 1929 at nine A. M. at said Probate Office, is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.  
It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

DAN A. MCGAFFEY, Judge of Probate.  
A true copy.  
Ruth Immick Harboldt, Deputy Register of Probate.

Aug. 5-22

**The YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND**

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don't know Latin and they couldn't read his writing if they did. When the editor makes a mistake there is a lot of hollering and cussing and a libel suit, while if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, with crying and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long and it don't make any difference, for folks will think he is educated. The editor has to be able to spell any word he uses. If a doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for a visit, while if the editor goes he gets a charge of buckshot. People that call the doctor and get well think he is a wonderful man. If they don't

get well, they are dead and can't say anything against him. Two-thirds of the folks in town are sore at the editor all the time, either because the paper said something about them they didn't like or else it didn't say a darned word about them.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness in our bereavement; also Rev. E. Palmer for his consoling words and those who sang.  
Mr. & Mrs. Rudolph Langbecker.  
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