

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Worth While

Whether or not Farmington High School's best students bring back any prizes from Mt. Pleasant this week-end, it will be well worth while to have had them entered in the State-wide scholastic competition there.

The entry of the school in the competition should provide a stimulant to good scholarship in the future that is unquestionably desirable, whether or not it is as much needed in Farmington as in other schools. Undoubtedly it will also be regarded by the students as a reward for good scholastic work.

It is difficult to think of any reason why Farmington should not have entered the event. The expense of the trip, while it was a factor to be considered, is undoubtedly not more than a fraction of what is paid out every year for expenses in other activities, such as athletics, which are certainly not a more important business of the school than scholarship.

In fact it would appear that with all the attention that has been paid for many years to athletics, it is about time that scholarship began to have, to borrow an athletic term, its "innings."

Repair On The Road

Sunday afternoon on Grand River east of Farmington Junction. Hundreds of Detroit-bound cars crawl slowly along. As Tuck road is approached, it appears that some obstruction has caused the creeping pace. Every machine, it appears, is going around one car.

Just where Tuck road intersects Grand River a seven-passenger sedan stands in the road, directly in the path of all east-bound vehicles. Each must wait for an opening in the west-bound traffic. Probably a collision—owner waiting for a towing-car to haul it away. But no—the car is not smashed, nor even slightly damaged.

A pair of feet protrude from under the running board on the left side, perilously near the wheels of west-bound cars passing every second. The feet belong to the driver of the car, lying underneath it on the pavement. "Hand me down a hammer," he yells to the occupants, a woman and five children.

He was "fixing" something on his car, on probably the most crowded 20-foot pavement in Michigan on a bright Sunday afternoon in May, within twenty feet of a quiet, side-road spot where he might have repaired in peace and safety.

Apparently the man saw nothing wrong in thus blocking the road, was utterly unaware of endangering his own life, those of his family, and of every other occupant of an automobile on the road. Small wonder that the report on Monday read, "Two killed, seven hurt in week-end auto accidents."

Michigan sorely needs a re-examination of all drivers, re-registration, with a good deal of questioning and education of many before many new registrations are granted.

A Comforting Thought

A Washington dispatch of the past week says:

"President and Mrs. Hoover will spend the month of August on a motor tour through the national parks in the Rocky Mountain region, the White House announced today."

"It is the President's intention to spend the week-ends from now on at the fishing camp he built high in the Shenandoah Mountains and on the Rapidan river. Mr. Hoover will leave for there early tomorrow morning."

It will be a matter of great comfort hundreds of thousands of people to know that while millions of men are out of work, and their wives and children suffering for want of the bare necessities of life, with unemployment rivaling sports as a topic of conversation, business dull and general conditions the worst in many years, that our country's leader, to whom we look for guidance, has not allowed his plans or peace of mind to be greatly disturbed by these slight annoyances, but has continued to spend his week-ends "far from the maddening crowd," (many, perhaps, almost mad with hunger and despair), and is going to top off his week-end fishing trips with a full month touring in the national parks.

Some people did not like Mr. Coolidge as president because he appeared to them too somber, too serious about his job—not quite human enough because he didn't think much about vacations. It is quite evident that there need be no cause for complaint in this respect about his successor.

One Man's Power

Two men were talking in Farmington a short time ago about Detroit politics. "When Robert Oakman got behind Bowles, it meant 40,000 votes," said one. They chatted on for a moment, and then one exclaimed, "Isn't it an awful thing that one man should have so much power!"

Forty thousand votes represents immense power for any one man to wield, yet there are many in the United States who command more. We may even fall into believing that the most powerful men in America are the biggest in the world.

But over in India, there is a little, modest, reserved man whose devoted followers number not merely thousands or even hundreds of thousands, but millions. Beside the influence of Mahatma Gandhi, whose countrymen call him, "The Great Souled One," the power of any political leader in this country is puny.

He was so powerful that mighty Great Britain felt it could no longer afford to let him stay out of jail. Gandhi, in jail, will be more potent than Gandhi free. In arresting Gandhi, England has lost India, just as certainly as if every Englishman had departed from the country that day. It may have been inevitable, perhaps there was no other way—but England has lost India, the sooner because a great government could not peacefully conquer one little man with a big mind, and a big ideal—his country's freedom.

"Just Who"

Who doesn't hear the robins sing
To welcome us at break of dawn?
Who doesn't know what joy they bring?
Who doesn't listen to their song?

Who doesn't love the flowers too,
That flaunt their heads in bright array;
They give us joy the whole day through
And send out fragrance all the day.

Who doesn't care where rivers go?
Who doesn't care what course they take?
Who doesn't even care to know
What rippling little sounds they make?

Who doesn't know that spring is here,
That sunny skies have come to stay?
As missed the joy of all the year,
The joy that comes with every day.

M. Marie Walling.

What, No Money!

(From the Rochester Clarion)
Long looked for report of the Ways and Means committee, at last, been made to the Oakland County Board of Supervisors, the resignation of the chairman of the Board of County Auditors has been submitted, promptly accepted and the outgoing official given a vote of thanks for the splendid efficiency he has shown in the conduct of Oakland County's fiscal affairs. A thorough job of spring white-washing has been completed. The members of the Board of Supervisors can now go back to their constituents and blandly greet them with that conscientious feeling, down deep in their hearts, of "duty well done."

Incidentally, the report of the Ways and Means committee recommends that nothing be done in the county during the current summer in construction work on roads, drains or buildings. This "Do Nothing" policy surely has a sinister sound when we remember that we have thousands of idle men in the county whose families are on the brink of starvation.

Why do nothing? The answer will be, of course—there is no money available with which to pay labor. What, no money! When Oakland's salary budget for county offices in 1929 was \$400,440. No money! When \$34,280 was added to the above budget for 1930. No money! When 22 of the leading county officials of Oakland County receive annual salaries that total \$111,900. No money! When five Oakland County officials receive \$7,000 per year and one out of that number receives \$7,400. No money! When the average wage of five Oakland County officials exceeds \$25 per day.

Yet the report of the Ways and Means committee contains no recommendation concerning the reduction of salaries. In the annual report of the Board of County Auditors to the Board of Supervisors, bearing date of September 10, 1929, we read the following: "There is no way of curtailing expenses except to curtail them."

The editor of the Clarion respectfully submits: That there is a much greater opportunity to save tax money by reducing the annual salaries of 22 county officials that average more than \$5,000, than to attempt to dispense with day labor on county projects when the average day's pay will not exceed \$5.

During recent prosperous times the salaries of certain county officials and their assistants were increased. By the same token, during a financial depression like we are passing through at the present time, salaries that are exorbitantly high, should be reduced.

MORE WOMEN TOURISTS

Constant improvement of national highways and the greatly increased reliability of modern automobiles are rendering the woman driver independent of male assistance even on long transcontinental tours, according to reports received at the Oakland factory from members of the Oakland-Pontiac dealer organization.

With the touring season now getting into full swing, the dealers report that increasing numbers of women motorists are stopping in to have their Oakland or Pontiacs checked and lubricated after long cross-country trips.

The American people are not much excited about the scarcity of timber supplies for building material, but they will arouse themselves to action if it endangers the supply of baseball bats.

An Enterprise Litter Produces results. Try One.

PULLING TOGETHER

Two fool jackasses—now get this dope—
Were tied together with a piece of rope.

Said one to the other, "You come my way,
While I take a nibble of this new mown hay."
"I won't," said the other, "you come with me,
For I, too, have some hay, you see."

So they got nowhere; just pawed up dirt,
And oh, my gosh, how that rope did hurt!
Then they faced about, those stubborn mules,
And said, "We're just like a couple of human fools."

Let's pull together, I'll go your way,
Then you come with me and we'll both eat hay."
Well, they ate their hay, and liked it too,
And swore to be comrades good and true.

As the sun went down they were heard to say,
"Ah, this is the end of a perfect day."
Now get this lesson—don't let it pass!
Learn this one thing from the poor jackass:

We must pull together—it's the only way
To conduct your business and make it pay.—Exchange.

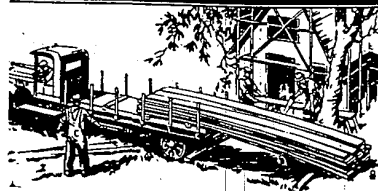
About 90 per cent of the telephones in the downtown business area of Chicago are now operated on a dial basis.

1930 MAPLE PRODUCTION

The 1930 maple season was one of the best that Michigan producers have ever experienced. Weather conditions were favorable throughout the main producing sections, and this fact, coupled with cheaper labor and attractive prices seems to have encouraged a renewed interest in this industry. It is estimated

that 930,000 trees were tapped this year or 105 per cent of number for 1929. This is the largest number since 1918.

Q. Who wrote "Tales of a Traveler?"
A. Washington Irving.
Q. Who was the author of "Twice Told Tales?"
A. Nathaniel Hawthorne.



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