

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Everything You Give Counts

Charity work, especially in cities whose population runs into many thousands, hundreds of thousands and millions, is not, unfortunately, all that it might be. Even the movements by which the multi-numerous "causes" have in recent years been united under single leadership, have not entirely escaped the disfavor with which charity work in those cities has been regarded. Unpleasant terms, including the ever-handry word "racket," still cling, and are used by people who are ready with specific examples to support their contentions.

But fortunately, Farmington's Community Christmas Fund is handled so directly, and by public-spirited citizens of such high reputation, whose services are donated, not hired, that one can give his "bit," whether large or small, with the confident assurance that every penny, and every article of food and clothing, will find its way to some child, some man or woman, to whom it means a hundred times more than it ever did to its present owner.

Give now what you can—and by giving it early, help to lighten the work of the committee, a real job that calls for considerable appreciation from the rest of us.

Poor Relief

Oakland County supervisors last week voted down a proposal to eliminate the present County poor relief system and turn the care of the poor back to the townships and cities individually. Back of the movement for change was the claim that many communities having few indigent persons are being heavily taxed to help support the poor of other sections of the County—and that each section should take care of its own.

On the surface, this argument appears to carry some weight, and surely no better example could be found than that of the City of Farmington, which has received by far the smallest amount of poor relief from the County, and by far the smallest percentage of any township or city in the County. The tabulation ordered some time ago by the Board of Supervisors shows that in the period from October 1, 1929, to September 30, 1930, Farmington is charged with poor relief amounting to only \$254.01. Farmington's valuation was \$2,691,570. Compare this now with Avon Township, having a valuation of \$10,042,108, or between three and four times that of Farmington City, but which received poor relief totalling \$23,937.29, or nearly 100 times as much. Holly Township had a valuation of \$3,511,821, about one-third more than Farmington, but received in poor relief, 7,614.67, about 30 times as much. Thus it seems that absolute justice is not being done, that one citizen is hoping to carry the burden of another in a different part of the County.

But that is only one side of the picture, and regardless of where one lives, we must recognize that this is not a problem which we can divide off into squares of equal size, as the County is divided, and say, "Here it begins and here it ends." If there is one factor of the present economic and employment situation upon which all or nearly all seem agreed, it is upon the necessity for a wider conception of the question of unemployment and indigency, of prevention and relief-work. We have to realize that it is not even a County-wide problem, but State-wide and nation-wide.

The roll-call at Pontiac would appear to indicate that the supervisors, with some notable exceptions, were inclined to vote on the question in accordance with how their own localities would be affected, and they could scarcely be criticized perhaps, for so doing. The defeat of the proposal was decisive enough to indicate that the present system is likely to continue for some time. Meanwhile, we would probably do well to begin by recognizing that somehow, in one way or another, whether by taxes or otherwise, those of us who have must inevitably help to care for those who have not—and by seeking to find the best method of doing it.

Getting Ahead Together

Unless nearly a dozen officials of Farmington Township and City are wrong, both the City and Township will benefit considerably from the arrangement by which a chemical fire truck will be available for Township service, and for emergency calls in the City, leaving the City's present truck for regular City work and emergencies in the country. Not only ought the conditions and probable success of fire-fighting in the Township be much improved, with less expense, but each gets double protection.

The readiness with which the two groups of officials came together and reached an agreement satisfactory to both augurs well for the future. Undoubtedly there are many other ways in which the Township and City can co-operate to mutual advantage, accomplishing things that could not be achieved by either one separately.

More Power Now

Someone remarked that "some day Al Capone will be president of the United States." Why should he accept demotion? He probably runs more of it now than the President.

Winter tax collections will be made much later than usual by the delay in spreading the County tax. This has been known to everybody for some time, but nobody seems to have shed any tears about it.

Clipped From Other Newspapers

An Acid Test

(Rockford Record)

The results of last week's elections made it absolutely certain that the next state administration will be on trial. The fact that Mr. Comstock was so nearly elected governor—or at least ran so far ahead of his ticket—proves that people will split their ticket on occasion. While the constantly increasing tendency to act independently of party has broken down party solidarity and has militated to do away with party responsibility it has a least had the virtue of making people free to punish when they see fit. Mr. Brucker and his administrative bearing must sense the situation and do all they can to reduce expenditures if they are not to be rebuked in another election.

Of course the business depression is the big factor in this year's voting but it is certain that people are tired of the constantly mounting governmental costs. That they themselves are in a large measure responsible for it makes no difference to them. They want to be kept from spending. To do this means a constant burning at Lansing. There is no question but that wise study can be accomplished.

The pay rolls have increased enormously in the past few years. The state has taken over many more activities. These fields offer ample room for curtailment. We hope the new administration will be big enough to accomplish some of these things.

Busy With The Bruisers

(Charlotte Republican-Tribune)

We rant about crime, the moral breakdown of the people and all these things, and yet the writer glimpsed in a very readable report of a prize fight at Holland the other evening that "prominent city and state officials" including Jack Dempsey formed a parade that moved from the hotel to the ringside. No names were given. To our mind this is a cheap and coarse position for our leaders to take themselves in. We put too much public emphasis on the animal side of our make up, which calls up the letter or telegram Governor Green dispatched to the Detroit M. E. conference, in session at Port Huron, that he could not attend because of pressing business of some sort. One of the Chicago papers the next morning carried a picture of Governor Green and Jack Dempsey training in front of the bruiser's training camp near Chicago. It is all right for us common reporters to do these things but the people expect (and have the right to) certain standards from their public leadership.

No College For His Sons

(Birmingham Eccentric)

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, famous war correspondent, university lecturer, and author, is convinced that modern colleges are out of step with life. Writing in the October number of the *Boharian Magazine*, Mr. Van Loon presents some rather disconcerting views upon the subject of modern education.

Mr. Van Loon's article, was written after his two sons through with prep school, asked if they were to go to college. The reply was, "No, I won't send you to college."

In the middle ages, Van Loon points out, the so-called "classical education" was something essentially practical. Men learned Latin, not only because of the beauty of a hexameter, but because "a smooth knowledge of the international language of commerce and statesmanship provided them with pleasant and lucrative jobs as secretaries and managers to the powers that ruled this earth, and divided the riches thereof."

But, Van Loon, "the bull in the educational china shop," holds modern education has gone to seed. It has separated "the practical" from the "classical" as though they had no relationship whatsoever.

"The 'academic department' no longer bears any true relation to life," he says. "It is a sort of a kindergarten for the children of the well-to-do. Because it lacks all inner cohesion and intellectual discipline, it encourages the mind to dwindle and after four years of perfunctory and childish

little tasks it leaves the boy and girl totally unfit for the harsh business of living, and even more unfit for the harsher business of making a living.

"For our modern college is neither one thing nor the other, but is everything it should not be."

"And until it shall have caught up with the times, my boys had better go lobster-fishing with Jack Mulhaley. Jack is not familiar with the split and the un-split infinitive, but he does know lobsters. And he can talk of them with feeling and enthusiasm."

Worthy

(Parma News)

There are so many appeals for financial aid today on the part of church, lodge, civic enterprise and various uplift organizations that sometimes a bewildered public wonders if the end will ever come. Drives for funds are the bane of the average man's existence, although he knows full well that many of the causes are very worthy ones.

During the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas the Michigan Tuberculosis Association and affiliated county societies hold their annual seal sale. Here is one enterprise which in our estimation stands pretty much at the head of worthy causes. Last year 3,140 Michigan residents died needlessly from tuberculosis, a preventable disease. The scourge took a toll of 95,040 in the United States. Practically every death was unnecessary. Had the fullest application been made of what is known about tuberculosis each life could have been saved.

The appealing thing about this annual sale is that the seals sell for a penny apiece. Each person can contribute according to his or her means, knowing full well that even a few cents given will help to cut down the terrible inroads the disease makes annually on human life.

Music Mass Production

(Christian Science Monitor)

Only the other day a juvenile band was playing in the streets of a big American city. Everybody listened. No ear was immune to the sound of brass, for its penetrating volume rose above the din of traffic. An itinerant band it was, modeled on the rotation system, and its conductor, whose diminutive size placed him not much beyond the age of a schoolboy, exhibited the high degree of agility generally associated with the drummer. The band played in rapid tempo. The conductor kept time, sabering the air with his baton vigorously as he cut his way with devastating glee through one of Sousa's most popular marches. On either side of the street boys collected coins from those within earshot of the music. Then the band moved on. Sousa rested.

This, some observers take it, is evidence of the temper of the times. Mass production, in music. Not long ago a harp, violin and flute would entertain in a restaurant doorway. Or a stray dill would give an Irish dance in a most unlikely neighborhood. Then came the radio, and the wandering minstrel gradually disappeared. The competition he found too keen, the odds of free versus paid-for entertainment too great. The singer moved into oblivion, leaving his voice issuing from a mahogany cabinet and the musician left the expression of his emotions to an inanimate object on the street corner.

Gone are many of the wandering minstrels who used to linger in the streets of American cities. Gone, too, are many of the "artists" who flourished upon the feelings of benevolent Britain.

The pavement artist who still adds exquisite hues to luscious fruit in a "sell life" ad is a scrawny spoon player who is still accompanied by a piano on wheels are but a relic of an age that is swiftly disappearing. The hurdy-gurdy man is signing off. His brother, the street minstrel is following suit. And while the new attempt to win public favor by mass or brass production carries with it the power to overwhelm, it can hardly hope to carry the capacity of sustaining interest for long. For this reason the itinerant band may aptly include among its numbers "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."

For the benefit of those who keep up to date on current events, it is noted that an application has been filed for a reduction of

he tariff on bamboo-handled tooth brushes.—Exchange.
Send in your news items.

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