

# The Farmington Enterprise

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## Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

### Horrors of Next War

(Lonia County News)

Speaking before a large audience in London recently, Arthur Henderson, British foreign secretary, warned that the next war, if it ever should come, will involve the wholesale killing of civilian populations as well as military forces.

He declared that the war would be largely fought by aircraft using poison gases, from which none in the attacked area could escape. He also said that it has been found impossible to humanize warfare, for once it is started no power can control it, and that the only way to stop such barbarities is to stop war itself.

Mr. Henderson's speech was in the nature of a plea for the mobilizing of public opinion throughout the world against war, in preparation for the forthcoming international disarmament conference to be held in Geneva. There is not the slightest doubt that a future war of large proportions would be attended by indescribable horrors. The engines of destruction which are being developed might conceivably be employed to destroy civilization itself, after the manner of Frankenstein's monster.

Whether the nations can produce statesmen able to prevent such a calamity is the most important question now facing the world.

### \$28,500 Signature

(Michigan Bulletin)

Many a man's signature is worth more than \$28,500 when attached to a check or other commercial paper, but a mere autograph of no intrinsic value brought that amount at an auction in New York.

It was the signature of Burton Gwinnett, whose chief claim to fame rests upon the fact that he signed the Declaration of Independence as a rather obscure delegate from Georgia to the Continental Congress. The reason for the high value placed on his autograph is that it is the only one known to be in existence, except that on the Declaration itself.

Not a great deal is known of Gwinnett, except that he was a rather aggressive politician, who was defeated for the governorship of Georgia, failed to secure the post of brigadier-general in Georgia troops, and was killed in a duel in the year 1777, less than eleven months after he had signed the Declaration of Independence. He was killed by his successor in the leadership of the rival for the leadership of the Georgia forces, General Lachlan McIntosh, who had denounced Burton as a scoundrel in a public convention.

The wrestlers should be ashamed of themselves for getting away with it the way they are, but they are one kind of people who can't possibly feel their needs.

### COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the City Commission of Farmington held May 18, 1931.

Called to order by Mayor Lamb at 7:35 p. m. Commissioners present: Hatton, Stamann, Goss, Osmus, Gildemeister and Hamlin.

Minutes of the meeting of May 4 read and approved. Letter from Charles K. Harris Co. stating they would be ready to make an audit of the City books June 15 approved by the Commissioners.

Motion made by Stamann, seconded by Hatton that the City of Farmington buy a road grader of the Great Lakes Equipment Company. Carried. Yes: Osmus, Gildemeister, Hamlin, Stamann and Hatton. Nays: Goss. Cost of this machine, \$2483. The company take a Fordson tractor from the City at the price of \$838, making net cost of grader, \$2100.

Mr. Troy Alverson asked per-

### Damn Hoover!

H. E. Wheaton in the Hokah (Minn.) Chief

When wheat production's overdone  
And farms go bankrupt one by one  
Then curses ring from sun to sun,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When hunger comes because of drought,  
And famine stalks throughout the south,  
Then rise these words from every mouth,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When someone makes a new machine  
That takes the place of seventeen,  
Then people rave till they are green,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When butter's cheap or butter's high  
For those who sell or those who buy,  
You then can hear the well-known cry,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When chinchbugs eat up all the grain,  
And crops are poor for lack of rain,  
Then farmers yell this sad refrain,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When world depression comes our way  
And bread lines form day after day,  
The jobless men all rise and say,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When little Johnny cries with fright,  
Because of nightmare in the night,  
Then we should cuss with all our might,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When tom-cats howl on backyard  
Instead of hurling bootjacks thence,  
These words should come to our defense,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When we are caught while making moon,  
And "Feds" swoop down on us too soon,  
Then we should sing this same old tune,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When this or that seems going wrong,  
When long is short and short is long,  
Then we should sing this same old song,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When there is no one else to blame,  
And we can find no other name,  
For all our woes, let us exclaim,  
"Damn Hoover!"

When everybody starts to tell,  
That this old world has gone to hell,  
Then let us all begin to yell,  
"Damn Hoover!"

mission to operate a bus line from Farmington to Five-Points. Fare from Farmington to Five-Points, 20 cents. Reduced rates will be made to purchasers of tickets.

The Commissioners discussed the 1931 budget. City Assessor J. L. Hogle has reduced all assessments 20 per cent from last year.

It may be advisable to lay a new water main from Grove street to the Lumber yard. Referred to Water Committee for investigation and report.

Ernest Schwein appeared and asked the Commissioners to repair the street at the corner of Cass avenue and Oakland road. Referred to the Road Committee.

Commissioner Gildemeister received two bids for trimming the trees in Oakwood cemetery. Adam Vondung offered to do the work for \$108, and was awarded the contract. Moved by Hatton, seconded by Stamann that the Commissioners recess until Tuesday, May 26 at 7:30 p. m. Carried.

N. H. POWER City Clerk.

## CHURCHES

**St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville**  
(At Switzer Road)  
Rev. Paul Graubner, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30.  
English Service 10:30.  
Monday 8 p. m. annual meeting for election of officers.

**Our Lady of Sorrows Church**  
Rev. James A. Callanan, Pastor  
Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.  
Daily mass at 8:00.

**Baptist Church**  
Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

**Pentecost Sunday**  
10:30, "The Holy Spirit."  
11:45, Bible School. An hour spent in the study of God's Word will prove worth while to all.  
6:30, Young Peoples Hour.  
7:30, Evangelistic service. This week the Pastor will speak on "What Would a Modern Pentecost Mean to Farmington?" We extend a hearty invitation to the people of this community, who are not now attending services some where, to come and worship with us.

**Evangelical Church**  
Rev. A. A. SeCoen, Pastor

**Pentecost Sunday**  
German Service, 10:15. Subject An Awakening in the Spiritual World.  
Annual offering for the treasury of the Michigan district.  
Sunday School 11:45.

**Methodist Church**  
Rev. F. C. Johnson, Pastor

Next Sunday is set apart as Educational Sunday. The morning message at 10:30 o'clock will be given by Superintendent J. A. Dalrymple. The theme is "The Eternal Task." Teachers and school children will be the guests of the morning. Every one is urged to come, bring a friend, and enjoy this timely message.

Rev. Floyd C. Johnson will preach in the evening at 7:30 p. m.

The Young Peoples club meets at 6:30 p. m. Another timely subject will be discussed.

Next Wednesday evening at 7:30 the Fellowship group will attend the lecture and slides shown in the Community House.

### FARMINGTON ACRES

Mrs. Maurice Seebald was a Detroit caller Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Sherwood were in Detroit Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Shirkey of children of Coventry Gardens were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ducharme.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Irwin and daughter, Mr. Adams and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Pultier, Mr. and Mrs. Billings and daughter were Sunday guests at the Markham home.

Mr. and Mrs. David Messell entertained about 30 guests at a lawn party Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Silas Gaylor and Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Fifoot assisted in the serving of the guests after which a game of indoor baseball was played by the Detroit guests and Farmington guests as the contesting teams with a score of 21 to 11 in favor of the Farmington players.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Sherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hill moved their house hold goods to the Vanderbilt Monday where they are to make their home on a farm recently purchased. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have been residents of this neighborhood for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Markham of New Hudson called on their aunt, Miss A. Markham Monday. Mrs. Raleigh Lee of South Lyon called on Mrs. Harold Billig Monday.

Patrick Welch of Detroit was the Sunday dinner guest of Miss Markham.

Floyd Blowfelt, George Blowfelt and daughter, Shirley, and John Lynn of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and children were business callers in Detroit Saturday.

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and daughters Gertrude and Glenna, were callers in Redford Monday evening.

### Cause For Murder

When the guest was just leaving his hotel to hurry to the station, he noticed that he had forgotten something. He said to the page boy "Run up quickly to room 466 and just see if my umbrella is there. I think it's to the left of the ashstand. But hurry up."

A minute later the boy returned and panted: "Yes, sir, the umbrella's still there, at the left of the washstand."

### Great Pitching Won Over Uncle Jim

By RUBY GRUBER

JOAN CRANDELL slowed the car to a stop and glanced quickly at the gray-haired man beside her. The red light changed to green and she slid the car in motion. By the set of his shoulders and the lines around his mouth, Joan deduced Uncle Jim Crandell was in ill humor.

Jim Crandell and his niece, Joan, were the last of the Crandell family. They lived in the big old house; Uncle Jim sternly trying to dominate the lively and lovely Joan; and she in turn trying to ease him into agreement with her on more modern ideas than his own. As a result, they were usually in a heated debate, which they both enjoyed.

"Uncle Jim, let's stop at the ball game—we are just in time." Joan glanced at her wrist watch.

"You don't want to see a ball game; you are running after that good-for-nothing ball player, Bert Franklin," grunted Uncle Jim, giving his cigar a tighter clamp.

"Why don't you like Bert? He makes a good salary, and he is jolly and likes me a little bit," modestly admitted Joan.

"Bert! A ball player—kids' play—no better than a stage actor—buy a ticket to get in to see them act!" Again, the innocent cigar caught the punishment.

"Uncle Jim, I just happened to think, Bert won't be playing today. He pitched a game yesterday. Joan's eyes were shining, eagerly, as she turned for an answer.

"The way we will go. I enjoyed ball games till that young fool turned me against them," Jim Crandell grunted.

"Be good for my rheumatism to sit in the warm afternoon sun," refusing to agree that he wanted to see the game.

As the usher showed them to their seats, Joan suppressed a knowing little smile—as if the width of the ball diamond could separate Bert from her!

Joan keenly watched the players in practice, hoping to see Bert Franklin.

"Oh, look! The home team is coming out on the field," Joan, excitedly, spoke.

"What do you want me to do?—stop them? That's what they get paid for, ain't it?"

This quieted Joan's attempt at conversation with her uncle. For eight innings she sat silent and again she watched the home team take their places in the field; the score board read three for the home team and two for the visiting players.

Satisfied, she sat back. The pitcher had been throwing wonderful ball. Three up and three out, then home, she thought. Now that the game was almost through, she was anxious to get home.

The crack of the bat against the ball caused Joan to drop her powder puff and take renewed interest in the game. The runner was rounding second, started to third, thought better of it, and returned to second. Limply, Joan sat.

The next man up stood defiantly at the home plate. The pitcher threw the ball! Again that crack of the bat and a second man was on the bases. Joan dug her nails in the palm of her hand; Uncle Jim was beating his knuckles on the railing.

"Another hit and we are done for!" Uncle Jim gasped, his eyes never leaving the game.

"That's a pinch hitter coming in," Joan spoke, hopefully, "Home-Run Tommy" they call him."

A swift grounder dashed from the bat, filling the bases; a man went up from the crowd. Joan sat on the edge of the chair. They were taking the pitcher out and a man with a microphone was shouting: "Bert Franklin now pitching!"

Joan turned to her uncle. He immediately changed his interested facial expression to one of indifference.

Bert walked to the center of the diamond; a few preliminary throws and he stood facing the batter. Three times his arm went up in that swinging motion, and three times the umpire called: "Strike!"

Uncle Jim lost all pretended indifference now; he was shouting: "Atta boy, Bert! Come on, kid! Just two more times like that! You can do it, Bert!" Uncle Jim looked unmanlyly at the happy Joan looking in wonder at her relative.

The next man up to bat swung at the first one, hit it up, the ball bounded in the air. Bert, like a flash, was under it. He was waiting for it; he had hit safely in his glove.

Again Bert Franklin put three swift strikes over the center of the plate, and the last man was out. A deafening roar came from the fans; the umpire called: "Home run!"

Uncle Jim called to Joan, as she dashed from the box. Loudly he called, far more loudly than was necessary.

"Oh, Joan, tell Bert Franklin we will wait for him and drive him home!" Uncle Jim proudly got to his feet and faced the awed crowd around him.

"O. K., Uncle Jim. Will meet you in the car."

Of course a man who sees a little dispatch from somewhere which says there are only six women bank presidents in this country doesn't have to go and say that most of them would make grand tellers, though.—Boston Herald.

Few families ever invest in their second bowl of goldfish.

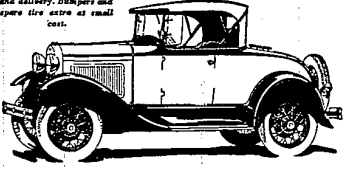
### LARGE CROWD AT BAPTIST MOTHERS' DAY SERVICE

A capacity crowd attended the special Mother's Day services held Sunday night at the Walled Lake Baptist Church.

A very impressive pageant entitled, "A Mother's Devotion," was presented. The church orchestra played several selections.

"Buy A Poppy!"

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