

The Farmington Enterprise

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Myman Levinson Editor and Publisher



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Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

Honorary Degrees

(Ionia County News)
Among the valuable public services that may be placed to the credit of Will Rogers, his recent debunking of honorary degrees is conspicuous and refreshing. When he was offered the honorary degree of L. H. D. (Doctor of Humanities) by Oklahoma City University, he gracefully declined the honor in a telegram which was both humorous and evidently sincere.

After explaining that the highest degree he would accept would be A. D. (Doctor of Applause) only if conferred by the kindergarten department of the Ooogah public school, Will added:

"What are you trying to do? Make a joke out of college degrees? They are in bad enough repute as it is, without trying to hand'em around to comedians. The whole honorary degree thing is the 'hokey'. I saw some college giving Mellon one, and he is a billion bucks short. I got too much respect for people that work and earn 'em to seem handed around to every notorious character."

In recognition of Will's good judgement The Eagle of Dothan Alabama suggests that every university in the country should with one accord confer upon him the degree of C. S. D. (Doctor of Common Sense.)

College degrees conferred as a result of conformance with curriculum requirements are generally futile enough. The honorary degree is not only futile, but positively amusing to anyone with a sense of humor approaching that of Will Rogers.

What A Difference Fifty Years Make

(Barrell Bulletin)
1881—Fifty years ago women wore hoop-skirts, bustles, corsets, cotton stockings, high buttoned shoes, ruffles, cotton drawers, flannel nightgowns, puffs in their hair—did their own cooking, baking, cleaning, washing, ironing, raised big families, went to church Sunday—were too busy to be sick.

Men wore whiskers, square hats, ascot ties, red flannel underwear, big watches and chains—chopped wood for stoves—bathed once a week—drank ten-cent whiskey and five-cent beer—rode bicycles, buggies or sleighs—went in for politics—worked 12 hours a day—and lived to a ripe old age.

Stores burned coal-oil lamps—carried everything from a needle to a plow—trusted everybody—never took an inventory—placed orders for goods a year in advance—always made money.

1931—Today women wear silk stockings, short skirts, low shoes, no corsets, an ounce of underwear—have bobbed hair, smoke, paint and powder, drink cocktails, play bridge, drive cars, have pet dogs, and go in for politics.

Men have high blood pressure, wear no hats, and some no hair—shave their whiskers, shoot golf, bathe twice a day, drink poison, ride the stock market, ride in airplanes—never go to bed the same day they get up—are misunderstood at home—work five hours a day, play ten—die young.

Stores have electric lights, cash registers, elevators, never have what the customer wants—trust nobody—take inventory daily—never buy in advance—have overhead mark-down—quota-budget-advertising-stock control—annual and semi-annual, end-of-month, dollar day, founder's day, rummage, economy day sales—and never make any money.

Who Pays?

(Successful Farming, Des Moines Iowa)

Recently the head of an animal remedy concern made the statement that his payroll was over \$2,000,000 a year. In his state are a number of other similar concerns which we believe are doing as large a business. A great number of other smaller ones are operating. Who pays for it?

Go into other important livestock states and you will find somewhat the same story. Thousands of remedy peddlers, many of them with few qualifications other than a fluent, vocabulary, are swarming the livestock sections of the country. Millions upon millions of farmers' hard-earned dollars are being taken in exchange for pills and liquids, many of which might just as well be poured into the sewer.

Many of these remedy peddlers have been known to make all sorts of unjustified claims for the products they sell. They will assert that their so-called "medicines" will cure diseases that are incurable. There are no known drug remedies for contagious influenza in cattle, hog cholera, influenza, tuberculosis, distemper, heaves in horses, bacillary white diarrhea in poultry, foot rot, roush diphtheria, chicken pox or blackhead in turkeys. Yet remedy peddlers often claim their products as cures for these diseases.

In some cases they will sell their products as a cure for everything. In other cases they will make a diagnosis or get the company's "specialist" to come out and make the diagnosis. Then they will produce the remedy. In many cases the hired man is just as well qualified to make the diagnosis as the so-called "specialist."

There are high-class manufacturers of livestock remedies. They are not the type of turn-of-the-century peddlers with just any high-powered salesman to be prescribing for any condition he may find. Consult a good veterinarian. If he says a remedy is good and worth the money, use it.

In times like this it is poor business to pour millions upon millions of hard-earned dollars into the pockets of unscrupulous remedy peddlers and manufacturers. Are you paying part of this toll?

There are high-class manufacturers of livestock remedies. They are not the type of turn-of-the-century peddlers with just any high-powered salesman to be prescribing for any condition he may find. Consult a good veterinarian. If he says a remedy is good and worth the money, use it.

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Complete Candor

(Grand Rapids Chronicle)
In the current issue of Collier's the editor relates that when he met Gov. Huey Long of Louisiana, the governor greeted him with, "I've just been reading your stuff. By golly, you don't L.O.K. bright, either."

This brings to mind the disheartening experience of a Detroit column conductor some years ago. One morning he had a visitor to his sanctum; a constant reader from the wide open spaces. He had just dropped in, he explained, because he always read the column and sort of wanted to know what the writer looked like.

"Now that you've found out, inquired the writer, 'what do you think?'"

"Well," replied the honest countryman, "I kinda wish I hadn't come."

"You never get anywhere until you get mad and stay mad," Smedley D. Butler.

"The doctrine of the bottomless purse will only land us in the bottomless pit."

—Sir John Simon

CHURCHES

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville (at Switzer Road) Rev. Paul Graupner, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30. Divine Services 10:30. The first and third Sundays of the month the services are conducted in the German language. All other services are English.

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

Evangelical Church, Rev. A. A. Scholer, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30. German Service 10:30. Subject: "God's Guests." This will be followed by a communion service.

West Point Park Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Adams, Pastor

22333 Grand River, Redford

10:30 Sunday School. 11:30 Morning Service.

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

Communion will be observed next Sunday, both morning and evening. This service is open to all who love the Lord and try to serve him.

"The Triumphant Christ" will be the theme for the morning message at 10:30 and "The Appreciative Life" for the evening. Rev. Floyd Charles Johnson, pastor of the church, will preach at both services.

Rev. Johnson will also lead the discussion at the Young People's club meeting at 6:30 at which time the election of officers will also take place.

The Sunday school classes are recruiting new members. All are urged to join. There are classes for all ages.

Clarenceville M. E. Church, Rev. Robert Richards

Sunday Morning 11 a. m., Baptismal service. 11:30, Children's Program.

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

10:30 Morning service with junior adult messages. The Junior sermon will be, "A Missionary in Heaven." The adult message will be the third sermon of a series on, "The Sign of the Saints."

11:45 Bible School. This is the annual promotion time and a cordial invitation is extended to the parents to be present and witness these exercises. The program has been so arranged that there will be time before going to the classes for the study of the lesson.

6:30 Young People's Hour. The speaker at this meeting will be Mrs. A. C. McDonald.

7:30 Evangelistic service. We are having very good crowds and some wonderful praise services. This week the Pastor will speak on, "The Five Classes at the Cross."

Bible study and prayer meeting each Wednesday night.

Universalist Church, Dr. Frank D. Adams, Pastor

Regular service next Sunday at 3 o'clock at the Farmington Universalist church. The sermon will be "What is the Religious Sign?" Dr. Adams will preach.

FARMERS WARNED

East Lansing, Sept. 23.—These Michigan farmers who grow wheat are warned to observe the Hessian fly free planting dates and to fumigate stored wheat in which weevils have started work and the entomology department at Michigan State College also issues the warning that the fumigating should be done before the temperature falls below 60 degrees.

MUCK LANDS VALUABLE

East Lansing, Sept. 23.—A new crop for Michigan muck lands appear probable as the result of the discovery of excellent types of native blueberries which can be propagated by the process perfected by members of the horticulture department of Michigan State College.

"It takes a short time to shake public confidence. It takes a much longer time to restore it."

—George M. Gales

Marion Finally Met Her Match

By JACK WOODFORD

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNU Service)

MARION took a particular delight in swinging along the countryside in her big roadster. It was such a powerful car, and she was such a smallish girl. Not too small, perhaps; not too small to support the largest of big hazel eyes, and a mop of reddish gold hair, and a pretty face whose striking beauty seldom failed to cause one to look impressed.

It was nice to drive the big car, because it had the power of a great many large and puissant and happily contented horses. It was nice because it signified and was a symbol of her wanted independence of men.

Her father had died when she was very young, and her mother had reared her; there were no other children in the family. Marion had lived in a woman's world. At high school she had picked up and in college she had confirmed, a feminist viewpoint. She told herself that she was an individual, content and happy and able to be self-sustaining, completely independent. Of course, there were many hours she could not explain, now that she was twenty-two, when she felt a lack in her self-satisfied world.

But today she felt exuberant and as though she were sitting on top of the world; which, in point of fact, she was almost doing, since she was nearing the top of Mt. Afton, which was one of the highest hills in Virginia. At the top there would be sunset, and then on the other side night.

Another reason she felt exhilarated all of the things was up the mountain, ever since she had stopped at the bottom of it for gas and a cup of coffee and a sandwich, kept ahead of a hand, some young man behind her who had sought, at every opportunity, to pass her. It gave her a thrill to best him because he was male, even if he was a rather extraordinarily good looking male, as she remembered from seeing him at the base of the hill. He was tall and broad of shoulder and narrow of hip; and his dark brown eyes had twinkled in their depths. His hair was sleek and dark, and his face was clean-cut and handsome.

At the top, Marion paused only long enough to watch the sunset while he caught up to her; then she went into gear and started the long descent, with his car not far behind her. It was when she reached a level stretch of road which curved around the side of the hill that her car suddenly went dead.

Unspeakingly dismayed, because it was dark now, and the time of year for rattlesnakes, moccasin snakes and copperhead snakes on Mt. Afton, she got out with her flashlight to see what was the trouble. At this moment he drove up behind her and jumped out of his car with a cheer:

"I thought you'd exhaust that boat sooner or later. Boy! How you can drive. May I be of assistance?"

"No thank you," he said coldly. He tipped his hat and said:

"Oh, very well," and climbed back into his car. As he was about to drive off she said weakly:

"Well, you might be gentleman enough to stay here until I get started, anyway."

"Sure," he grinned, and jumped out of his car again. "All I need is a hand wheel. Smile at me and I'll positively purr for you."

"Don't be silly," she rebuked. "Impossible not to be," he insisted. "A mountain side; and darkness . . . and a strange autumnal haze in the air. I feel positively goofy. Would you like to ride down the hill in my car, or would you prefer I'd go and get a service truck up here for you? There's a garage at the base of the hill."

"You might look over the car and see if you can find out what's the matter," she suggested, haughtily.

"I know what's the matter," he told her; "your car's exhausted from the way you drive it." But they both looked, nevertheless, for some time, without success. At last he said:

"I'll drive you down in my car, and we'll send a service man up to get yours, since you don't want to stay here alone. I'm surprised that such a capable looking young lady should be afraid to remain a couple of hours alone on the side of a hill tonight."

The drive down was very slow; but he turned out to be a fast worker. When they reached the bottom of the hill he confessed:

"I put a small puncture in your gas tank when you were eating a sandwich on the other side of Mt. Afton."

He on the hill when they went up with some gas and a plug to fix the tank leak, he said:

"Beside confessing that I love you and want you for my wife, I've got to unburden myself still further. Your mother, who was once engaged to my father, and may have begged me to follow you, since you were bound to climb Mt. Afton alone. She warned me you were headstrong. Now, if these two confessions, won't you please just say 'Yes'! And what with the night, and the haze, and the splendid moon, and the sudden strange moon into sharp prominence of that void she had noticed of late Marion managed a reluctant 'Yes.'"

But when they reached the bottom of the hill a second time, the reluctance had all gone and Marion was all for cutting out the hole in the gas tank and keeping it for a souvenir.

"Private Lives" Begins Week's Run At Wilson

Arch Selwyn brings Noel Coward's hilarious comedy "Private Lives," to the Wilson Theatre, Detroit, Sunday night, Sept. 27. It will serve as the season's opening attraction and will remain throughout the week. Edith Taliaferro and Donald Brian, two of Broadway's well-known artists are co-starred in Mr. Selwyn's latest offering.

The story concerns a divorced husband and wife, both since remarried, who find themselves terrace neighbors in the same hotel on the night of their respective honeymoons. Circumstances and an orchestra melody, which brings reminiscences, are too much for them. They join up once more and flee hastily to Paris, leaving a new bride and a groom to bewail their absence. Their final act is rated as the play's best.

The cast supporting Miss Taliaferro and Mr. Brian includes House Jameson, Lella Frost and Mildred Merkle.

Bargain matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday. House manager Warner of the Wilson theatre has also induced Producer Selwyn to install a scale ranging from fifty cents to two dollars at night.

Mail orders are now being received. The box office sale opens on Thursday, September 24.

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