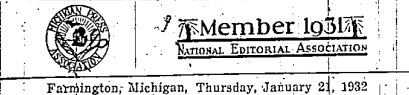


The Farmington Enterprise

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Farmington, Michigan, Thursday, January 21, 1932

Editorials

The End Of A Holiday

With this issue, (but without being certain that it makes very much difference), The Enterprise elbows out of this column the writers of editorials "Clipped From Other Publications," who have graciously, but for the most part unwittingly, supplied for a long time the necessary expressions of opinion on many topics and from many localities and points of view. "Home talent" returns, after absence of exactly one year, occasioned by a few months of illness and many more of rest—rest that was perhaps no less welcome to readers than necessary to writer.

It was out of sheer kindness of heart, no doubt, that a few subscribers did remark within the first two or three months, that the editorials were absent—but none went so far as to say that they really missed them, which is quite a different thing.

One reader did, along in the Fall, begin to query rather persistently, and at last actually threatened to "quit reading the paper until the editorials start again." But probably there need be no false notions about it. Being himself an unusually energetic man, what he undoubtedly was hinting at was that every man worth his salt should be earning it if possible, and he quite likely was more interested in making sure the editor was working than in the results of such labor. We don't recall, either, that when he remarked that he wouldn't read the paper any more until editorials started again, that he took the further step of promising to read them when they did re-appear. If he reads this, he can only henceforth regret the folly that made him urge an early return. But for such encouragement the re-visitiation might have been longer delayed. However, a newspaper will do many disparate things in order to avoid losing even one reader—perhaps regardless of the suffering that may be inflicted upon hundreds or thousands of others.

Its editor will even, if necessary, write editorials.

A good deal of water has gone over the dam, as the saying goes, in the past twelve months, in city, township, county, state and nation. In fact, many seem to feel that the whole darned nation has "gone to the damnation bow-bows," to use another saying, in the year 1931. Nor is it always easy to answer the arguments, or point out wherein they may be wrong. Yet one may, if hard-pressed, fall back in any situation upon the ancient axiom of whose truth there can never be doubt or disproof, namely that the greatest of all the laws of life is—change; that whatever is now will not be later, just as what formerly was, is not now.

Difficult as it is to dispense, even for a moment, with the present, it is most interesting and illuminating to glance back only five or six years, and reflect upon what we all were thinking of then. Those few short years ago some bright genius had deferred for this country, even though for only a few years, the catastrophe that is now upon us, by inventing the time-payment plan of buying almost everything. "Prosperity" we had, but here and there throughout the land, many earnest men were asserting that the America was socially, morally, artistically, and in almost every other worthwhile aspect, bankrupt; So completely were we saturated with the idea that something, a very big something, or many very big somethings, were wrong with this country, that from every platform, in every pulpit, in every paper or magazine there was but one proper subject for discussion. The slogan of the day was: "What this country needs is . . ." And there followed what the speaker thought America needed in order to "amount to something." It lasted for months, threatened to last for years, until another bright chap started it on its way to oblivion with a remark that almost laughed it out of existence. What he said simply was: "What this country needs is fewer people telling us 'what this country needs'."

That was along in nineteen-twenty-five and six. It is strange how quickly we forget, and it offers another striking illustration of our American penchant for going to extremes. Five years ago all of us were bothered because we were accused of being socially, morally, artistically—everything, but financially bankrupt. Now, having achieved in a big way that final stage of development, we have all promptly forgotten about the other types of bankruptcy under the omnipresent pall of the economic kind.

Again earnest men are heard, declaring that the first three were not merely fore-runners of the fourth, but had a part in bringing it about. But nobody listens. What we're all interested in now, is not how we got where we are, but how to get out of it. The thinker, the speaker, the philosopher, the economist, the preacher, yes, even the editorial writer, who can tell us how to get out, and prove his idea, can name his price, and who's more, his place in history. He has yet to stick his head above the horizon, and he'd better be ready for a shower of brickbats when he does.

They're Bound To Learn Something

Not all figures go down, even in these times. For instance, college enrollment totals. Thousands of college graduates, aware of present conditions, have been returning for additional studies, and many undergraduates who might otherwise have left school for business are remaining in the classrooms. Michigan State College, among others, reports the greatest mid-year enrollment in its history. The boys and girls can't help but learn something. If nothing else, they will learn when they finally get out of school just how hard it is for even a (college) educated man to get a job and make a living.

Letters To The Editor

Letters to the Editor MUST be written on the letterhead of the person making the statement. An assumed name may also be used, and the writer's real name will be withheld from publication upon request, but no letter will be printed unless the name of the writer will be published. Please write on one side of paper only.

State Cut-off

To the Editor: State Cut-off—that is a new name for it! When they first talked "Cut-off" it was considered that it was a political real estate deal. Some figured they would have BUSINESS frontage the whole length of the Cut-off. A few moved down there. If you will recall, Andrew H. Brown of "Amos 'n Andy" fame bought some business frontage out in the middle of a corn-field. We had a lot of Browns at that time. I think we have more "Amos" now, and it seems to me we could spare a few more BROWNS. Anyone that talks Cut-off these times I can't help but class along with Andrew H. Brown, and he is considered the biggest damphool on the air.

Don't misce: true what I mean, because I think it is time we called white "white" and black "black." It is time our political hired help realize that that is the way we and we will FIRE and FIRE again next Fall.

I think Mr. Brucker has a great opportunity to do something constructive—call a special session if necessary to enact laws, put a ban on road building for five years. I would except Woodward, Gratiot, Michigan and Grand River, because they are the best and should have been built first. Use one-half of the gas and auto tax to retire Covert and real estate tax.

The farm is the backbone of the country and there isn't a rent farm here that would rent for enough to pay the taxes. I can cite a farm that I have seen—the grandfather bringing up a family and making money and the father doing likewise, and today under present conditions I wouldn't take it as a gift. You politicians, put that in your pipe and smoke it!

What is one of the causes of this depression? Of course, there is more than one. Cement roads and fear have busted the stock market, fear has the cause of most of our bank failures and until something constructive is done to relieve that fear, we are going to continue to be scared, and building Cut-offs isn't going to help matters. To be sure, they bear on it that they use local labor. How much? How much will they use? Don't you know most of it is done with machinery. Why squander so much money on a road that isn't needed, when we have so many roads that are

started and not finished? The Ten Mile road they knew Woodward was one objective point and Grand River the other. They built miles of concrete and when within about one mile of Grand River, stopped and left a dead-end. The Eleven Mile Road stops at Orchard Lake road. Of course, there must have been some Browns who had some business frontage, or were going to build a city of their own. It isn't finished. The Twelve Mile Road stops at Orchard Lake Road—a stretch of gravel, then a little piece of cement on the west end.

I am not claiming these roads should be built at the present time but I do claim they should be finished before we build any more Cut-offs.

Finish What's Started

The Nine Mile Road was put through where there never was a Road. They knew they didn't have the money, knew it would ruin the farmers along the line, banked it and others pleaded with them to do it. The Northwestern—they must have known that meant confiscation talk, about "hold-ups," "bank robbers." A bank robber is a prince compared with such doings. Why? because if you catch a bank robber, you can put the law to him and you can't do a thing to them. They hold their heads as high or higher than ever.

I guess I will stop—I am afraid I will say something. Don't think there isn't anything more to say, because I have just hit a few of the high spots.

25 Cents For Each \$1

The national road builders convention—I can hardly refrain from taking notice of their talk. One of them claimed labor received from 80 to 90 per cent of the cost of the road. That is only an assertion. I might state we only get 25 cents worth of road for every dollar spent for roads.

They said there was some talk about using the gas and oil tax to relieve the Covert Road tax. They claim that would be sticking their hand into the automobile owners' pockets. They didn't say anything about the automobile having both hands in the farmer's pocket.

We are inclined to look at things in a selfish way. To be sure, if we don't build roads they won't sell machinery. When we get over the depression, (Or Cleveland Times), or whatever you choose to call it, then build one east and west and north and south, but now is no time to fool.

A CITIZEN

CLARENCEVILLE

Mrs. Clarence Witte

Richard Pastor of the Clarenceville Methodist Church has returned home after spending two weeks in New York where he took part in a Welsh pageant.

William Shaw has returned home after spending sometime in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thornton spent Friday evening in Detroit as dinner guests of the former's sister.

Mrs. Floyd Hallock and children were Detroit callers Saturday.

Mrs. Otis Jensen spent Tuesday in Detroit where she visited Mrs. E. Lockwood.

Mrs. Holcomb and Mrs. O. Jensen spent Friday in Northville where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Martha Krugler.

Byron Henderson and Arthur Miller of Redford were Sunday guests of Melvin Witte.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Jensen motored to Monroe, Sunday where they visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Fraeger former residents of Clarenceville.

Mrs. Helen Warner, Mrs. Della Jones and Mrs. Selma Witte attended the Parents and Teachers card party Friday evening held at the Bond School.

Melvin Clark spent Monday evening as a guest of Junior Smith, who is ill.

Mrs. George Kurts spent Saturday in Detroit as a guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Dunlap.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Hazen and Mr. and Mrs. Roy May of Detroit were called home Saturday due to the illness of their mother, Mrs. J. Robertson, who is very ill with pneumonia at her home on Dresden Blvd.

Mrs. F. D. Jensen and children were Friday evening guests at the home of Mrs. A. Kerr.

Baseline Pedro Club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs.

WEST POINT PARK

Mrs. William Zwahlen

Miss Amanda Fost of Detroit was the guest Friday of Mrs. Fred Gerge.

Mrs. Ervin Bollinger and son Donald of West Branch are the guests this week of her mother, Mrs. Ethel Middlewood.

Harry Wolfe and William Zwahlen of West Point Park and Ray Melburn of Redford were guests Friday evening of Plymouth-Rock Masonic Lodge at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Horvet and two sons, Kenneth and Richard of Detroit, were guests Wednesday evening of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hoffman and family and the latter's mother, Mrs. George Robinson of Detroit, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Ault.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Berger of Howell were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Addis.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lovett and the latter's mother, Mrs. Marian Loney of Detroit, were lunch-

con guests Sunday evening of Mrs. Margaret Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings Shoman and Mrs. Brown and daughter Sarah of Detroit were guests Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

Miss Shirley Addis returned to school Monday after being home last week ill with influenza.

Miss Dorothy Gerge of Grace Hospital was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gerge.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milburn and family and Mrs. Harris of Redford were the Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davey of Detroit will be hosts next Saturday night for the Community Pedro Party at Community Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Voorheis and son Donald were guests Sunday of the former's sister, Mrs. Ray Foriet, in Detroit.

Ancient Customs
The custom of spread table cloths on dining tables is said to date back to about 3400 B. C. in Egypt.

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