

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Slow Down!

(Exchange)
Quick-thinking drivers, according to F. R. Olmstead, research engineer for the Michigan State Highway department, habitually drive too fast.

So much of their time at the wheel is devoted to overtaking driving, he comments, that they invite a greater number of accidents than do drivers who know they are not so quick, on the trigger or who, at least, take no added chances under the idea that they are superior when it comes to jamming on the brakes.

Another point which drivers often fail to consider, according to this engineer who recently conducted 50,000 brake tests for the highway department, is that accidents are directly proportional to driving mileage. In other words, a man who drives a great number of miles every year exposes himself to a great number of mishaps, quite regardless of his ability to maneuver out of danger. "And the faster one drives," writes Olmstead, "the more serious are accidents likely to be."

Mr. Olmstead points out that as a man grows older, he is less quick to size up hazardous situations; and that modern cars, smooth riding, tell the driver too much of a false sense of security by that smoothness.

War On Crime

(Exchange)
If we are to achieve progress in the national movement against crime, says Homer S. Cummings, attorney general of the United States in the Roosevelt administration, the cooperation of the community is essential. Its role is quite as important, and its responsibility as great, as that of the federal, state, or local governments in coping with the serious crime menace to our modern life. "With out intelligent co-operation of all citizens, without community support and interest," he urges, "no people can achieve a control over crime. In the United States, the crime control must necessarily depend as much on the county sheriff and the local law enforcement officers, as upon the federal agents and the police forces of the cities. More vital, it is to an enlightened public opinion to which we must look for the cure of the causes of crime as well as apprehension of criminals."

Then and Now

(Exchange)
Something like a century ago Stephen Decatur was applauded vociferously for publicly taking the stand "Our country, right or wrong." A generation ago British schoolboys sang:
We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men,
We've got the ships,
And we've got the money, too!
Recently the "curious reporter" of a Connecticut newspaper stopped school pupils on the street with the query, "Do you like war?" Can future wars be prevented? Here are some of the answers:
Wars are no good because people shouldn't hurt each other. Countries should get together and reason out things and agree with each other.
Wars kill too many. People should share all the land in the world, be citizens of the world, instead of citizens of a country. I don't like war. I would stop wars by letting people have what they want. If we had the same thing, divide it.
I wouldn't go to war. To stop wars, all people should say they wouldn't fight.
Immature, it may be objected. Perhaps. But not less significant.
When Galileo made his famous recantation under ecclesiastic pressure he probably did not make the reservation, Eppur si muove, which legend likes to attribute to him—at least, not audibly. But the world, however, "does move." Youth may run with the pack and cries for peace at this price and again, under propaganda's mesmeric, rally to the banner of Mars. But few will deny that its thinking in 1936 is emphatically different from its thinking in 1914. Its cumulative thinking, becoming more objective as it faces reality and tempered with the wisdom years will bring, will be something with which the statesmen and the dictators of the future must reckon.

The world does indeed move.

Babies and a Bachelor

(Exchange)
No longer do they say—in Canada—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." A famous quipster in a small Ontario town has changed that philosophical abstraction to a more practical consideration: "From this moment on, I shall be a bachelor." The quipster is Trola Riviere to the legislators in the Parliament at Ottawa comes a new refrain, and the note is one of jubilation: "The hands that rock the cradle cradle babies!"
Pulling their country out of financial quicksands, however, only occupies part of the quipster's playtime. They have put the brakes on one of America's most interesting phenomena—the flight of the newlyweds to Niagara. There, alas, is tagged a tale of lesser jubilation. For, statistics, ever at the service of Midas, show the Falls of sentimental matrimony neglected and Callander, a Mecca for benedictines and brides, and American tourist dollars to the tune of 200,000,000 dropped during 1935 into the lap of Canada.
But, according to the Minister of Finance and changing honeymooners' habits still leaves them heavily hanging in the Dionne nursery. Making Dionne their amenity, the babies keep His Majesty King Edward VIII. in the night's reading letters. As a nurse, they tell him, the Ontario government is rather fussy.
Now, Britain's ruler is a man of many talents, but he is a bachelor. Wisely he decides that when it comes to bringing up babies his knowledge is only second-hand. So he turned the problem over to the Governor General of Canada, who turned it over to the Dominion Secretary of State, who turned it over to the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, who turned it over to the Provincial Minister of Welfare. He will decide whether Mr. and Mrs. Dionne's five daughters shall be returned.
Perhaps now that Niagara Falls are said to be no longer America's first stop in the matrimonial excursion, they could be given to Dr. Dufour, charming little ladies as a passing toy suitable to their lively dispositions.

Fake Clothing Salesmen

(Exchange)
Beware of the out-of-town clothing salesman who is a stranger. Unless the firm he represents is known for its square dealing, the better plan is to pay over no money until you have investigated their trustworthiness. One out-of-state firm operating in Michigan secures a substantial down payment from the customer, the balance to be paid when the agent personally delivers the garments for inspection. He never returns. Instead the clothes are sent C. O. D. When opened the package rarely ever discloses what is expected. No attempt is made regarding size, color, style and fabrics, which the smooth salesman promised. His is out to trim the unsuspecting who are talked into parting with their money. If the salesman who calls is representing a reliable firm dealing in honest merchandise, he is glad to get your order payable when the garments have been delivered and have proven satisfactory. Do not do business on any other basis. In other words—do business in your home town!

No Use, Girls

(Exchange)
Women of rich and conservative families in China, we are told, have joined in an anti-modern movement directed against Chinese women who wear foreign clothes, bob their hair, and go without stockings. Armed with scissors and pots of glue, they ruin "modern bobs," and when they find women bareheaded they take them to the streets and splash them with mud "as a warning against corrupting the morals of the younger generation."
Of course, those Chinese women do not read this column. If they did, they would explain to them they are wasting their time. The younger generation will do exactly what it wants to do, and will not be at all grateful to the belligerent ladies trying to save it.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR WINS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Ellenbeth Dunn, telephone operator in Indianapolis, is again Indiana's "Queen of Golf." Recently she won the Indianapolis Women's Golf Championship for the tenth consecutive year. Miss Dunn is a night telephone operator in the Lincoln office of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company.

ROMANTIC POTATOES

By JEAN EVERARD
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate
1935 Service

ALLEN BRADFORD stopped the truck at the Country club, and nudged a cuse ginger ale into the deserted kitchen. He could hear an orchestra playing and gay voices and laughter. He lingered, tapping one foot in time to the music. He crept up the hall and peeked into the dining room at the diners crowding the polished floor.

There was that brown-eyed girl he'd met in a restaurant office where a friend had tried to get him a job! She was small, and had a soft red mouth with a funny little trick of smiling more on one side than the other. Her hair looked so soft and satiny he wanted to touch it.

The girl turned suddenly and opened the door so quickly it nearly knocked him down. His side caught him right in the middle of the forehead. The girl looked at him anxiously, but there was no sign of blood.

"Here this dance with me, to show I'm forgiven."

Allen cast a quick glance kitchenward. His ears got red and he opened his mouth as if to speak. Then, after a minute she was in his arms. Hard to believe that that very afternoon he had had a breath-taking, heart-stopping minute when he knew he was broke, with no job in sight!

At the end of three dances, they were calling each other Allen and Molly, and drifted onto the porch. At the end of three dances, they were calling each other Allen and Molly, and drifted onto the porch. At the end of three dances, they were calling each other Allen and Molly, and drifted onto the porch.

He stood blinking a minute, and as he remembered he was only the truck driver, his shoulders sagged. By King Edward VIII. in the night's reading letters. As a nurse, they tell him, the Ontario government is rather fussy.

Steps sounded on the porch. Things clattered on the kitchen table, but the man lingered.

"Why on earth doesn't he go?" she thought, as she scrubbed the pantry floor. The door opened behind her.

"Oh," said a surprised voice. "Say, beg pardon. I was looking for something to put these potatoes in."

It was terribly familiar, that voice. Allen! She scrambled to her feet to face him. Old khaki trousers, an open shirt, a pencil stuck behind his ear, and a grimy sack of potatoes in his arms! His mouth opened wide at the sight of Molly clutching to her bosom a scrubbing brush from which a stream of dirty water was dripping down her front.

She laughed until she scarcely had the strength to hold herself erect up on the kitchen table, among the sacks and cans and make room for Allen.

"What are you doing with our potatoes?" she asked weakly. "Say, Job," answered Allen. "I couldn't find another darn thing anywhere, and I was down to my last cent."

"But last night—I thought last night—"

"Last night I had to bring some stuff out to the club, and like a fool, I just thought I'd sneak a look at the party. And then we got together, and I kind of forgot I didn't belong. But what on earth are you doing with a dirty apron?"

"Oh, I was scrubbing the floor. We're broke. Invalid mother, she's sole support. And your pants are just as dirty as my apron."

"Since we're 'feastin' up, why are your eyes all red, with smudges round them?" Allen had grown very gentle, and took her damp and grubby little paw.

"I was hawking a few minutes ago. Thought you didn't like me, because it looked as if I was posing as an idle butterfly or something. And after you kissed my rough hand you acted funny."

Allen stared. "My God, girl! It was because I'd come out of my trance and remembered I was only the grocery boy! Ah, Molly, I was afraid I'd never see you again. Oh, darling—"

The Ford chugged on and on in the drive for a long time. After an hour or so it left, but Allen was back again at night.

"This time he came to the front door."

The "Miss O'Clock Cue"

The firing of the "Nine O'Clock Cue" at Portsmouth, Va. is a survival of ante-bellum days when colored persons were not allowed on the streets after 9 p. m. and were thus summoned to their quarters.

WEST POINT PARK

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clarke were Sunday guests of Mrs. John Sedder of Tecumseh, Ontario.

Mrs. John Dunnahan's mother of Grand Rapids is visiting her daughter and family for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwalen and daughter, Miss Shirley, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Decker of Detroit.

L. B. Gilbert of Detroit visited his son Lucian Gilbert Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Albert Nacker and Mrs. Viola Grace visited Detroit Wednesday and Thursday on a shopping tour.

Miss Shirley Zwalen and Miss Olive Grimwade visited Cranbrook church at Bloomfield Hills, Sunday for the Sunrise service.

Mrs. Ethel Middlewood had for Sunday dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Middlewood and son Howard, Jr., of Detroit; Mrs. Gertrude Gribbell and son Bruce of Jackson; Misses Esther and Barbara Middlewood of Ann Arbor, home for spring vacation; and Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Bollinger and son Donald.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Chavey of Redford and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Simmons of Detroit were Saturday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Heichman and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beardslee of Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Flayer of Detroit were guests Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. James Eastman.

Miss Vivian Addis and Harold McVicar were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McVicar of Bay City.

Harry Wolfe Junior, and Floyd Taggart of Farmington returned home Friday from Lakeland, Florida, where they were practicing baseball.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner entered one of their prize bulldogs in the dog show Saturday and Sunday at Convention hall, in Detroit.

Mrs. Albert Nacker and Mrs. Viola Grace visited the former's brother, Monday afternoon, J. W. Hess of Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherman were called to Dayton, Ohio, Friday due to the illness of the former's father, John Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Udd of Highland Park were Saturday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharrow were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lundy of Detroit.

Mrs. Albert Nacker and Mrs. Viola Grace were guests Sunday afternoon of Mrs. George Gorth of Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Trapp entered

PUBLIC ENEMIES

THE CROSSWALK CREEPER



Not so innocent as one might think is this candidate for "public enemy" of the highway dis-honors.

By inconsiderately edging his car across the safety lines of the cross-walks at street corners, the Cross-Walk Creeper forces pedestrians into danger zones. Many serious accidents result.

Good drivers are considerate of others—they obey the law by stopping back of the cross-walk.

tailed for Sunday dinner, the latter's brother, Jacob Meiers, daughter Thelma, son Richard, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mix, daughter Dolores, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. August Tesmer of Detroit.

Miss Olive Grimwade of Farmington was the weekend guest of Miss Shirley Zwalen.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gedig and the former's mother, Mrs. Gedig, of Detroit, were guests Sunday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Owens.

CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the Enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor

Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 noon. Benediction after 10:30 mass. Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Salem Evangelical Church, W. Brettenbach, Pastor

Sunday, April 19, first after Easter, Quasimodogeniti. Services at 10:30 a. m. Subject of sermon: "The Doubting Thomas."

11:30 Sunday school. Wm. Maas, Superintendent.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH, Rev. Wm. Prisk, Pastor

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Church service, 11:15 a. m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle, 18900 Lasher Road

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.

Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m. All are welcome regardless of circumstances. 100% Pentecost.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Fred A. Lendrum, Minister

Worship 10:30 a. m. "Why This Waste?" will be the sermon theme, and the choir has been requested to repeat some of the Easter music.

Church school at 11:45 a. m., where "The Heart of the Message," will be studied.

Wednesday, 7:45 p. m. our mid-week service for Bible study and prayer.

"Go to church Sunday — some where."

News items are always welcome by this newspaper.

Use the Old Steamer
In cooking tests, nutritionists have learned that vegetables lose more of their valuable minerals when boiled than when steamed or pressure cooked.
Cop: "Don't you know that you should always give over half of the road to a woman driver?"
Sailor: "I always do when I find our which half she wants?"

WAIT

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KITCHENETTE

"My girl friend and I room together. We bought a Dutch Oven Susan and think it's grand. It sits on the table of our kitchenette, and we simplify it in the electric outlet in the wall. We can cook a whole dinner at once, either for the two of us or for half-a-dozen people. It's like having a small electric range" (\$9.95 up, at hardware stores, furniture and department stores, other electrical appliance dealers and Detroit Edison offices.)

"the inexpensive way to delicious cooking"