

# The Farmington Enterprise

Established 1888 by Edgar R. Bloomer as "A Permanent Journal of Progress"

Published Thursday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879

Phones: Farmington 25 - Redford 1133

## EDITORIALS

### Who Said "Sissy"?

(Exchange)  
One of the strangest suggestions one could imagine is embodied in a remark heard in a few quarters recently when a young boy is explaining why he does not think he cares to be a Boy Scout. "Aw," runs the excuse, "scouting is sissy."

Would that youngsters who have this impression might look in on the National Boy Scout Jamboree now beginning in Washington. Or that they could go on even one overnight hike with a representative troop.

Is it the part of softness to learn how to take care of one's self in the open, to blaze a trail, pitch a tent, build a lean-to? Is it useless to be a good swimmer, or know how to make a radio spark set?

Or is there something quixotic in aiming to do a good turn every day, respecting one's elders, protecting wild life or assisting at community affairs? Somehow we hope and believe that such interests will increasingly take the place of the false attractions attached to gangsterism and hoodlumism.

There certainly was not much of the softy in the two boys who hiked from Venezuela, the boys who went through almost trackless jungle, to the jamboree. A survey of the bronzed backs, well muscled arms and alert young faces in the camp along the Potomac would convince most people that in Scout training there is plenty of the hard and rugged for any boy who can take it.

### To Save the Salmon

(Exchange)  
Word that the State Department in Washington has asked one of its members to assist the Bureau of Fisheries in investigating charges that harmful methods are being used in the Alaskan salmon industry should greatly ease the tension which has increased on the Pacific coast in the last fortnight.

Complaints against the system used by Japanese floating canneries in North American waters attract a timely awareness of the danger which threatens the salmon industry. Protestants interested do not overestimate the consequences when they contend that Japan's big floating factories are allowed to continue operations in waters where they can intercept salmon returning to spawn in Alaskan and Canadian streams, and industry yielding \$40,000,000 annually will be destroyed in a few years.

Resentment over the large-scale exploitation of the North American salmon fisheries by Japan's highly-mechanized commercial fleet and increasing competition from cheap eastern labor have also demands that the present three-mile limit be extended to give the United States complete jurisdiction over the waters fifty miles from its shores, and that Japanese fishermen be excluded from this area.

Edward W. Allen, United States Commissioner, and secretary of the International Fisheries Commission, offers a more reasonable plan. While recognizing the need for controlling operations within a coastal limit of possibly fifty miles, he believes that a treaty giving equal rights and responsibilities to all nations alike should be framed.

The ability to develop the seas' resources has always increased faster than international agreements for conserving them. All nations concerned should welcome official intervention. Japan has as much at stake in wishing to protect the salmon fisheries of the north Pacific from extinction as either Canada or the United States. These three nations, and Russia as well, have evolved a satisfactory treaty for regulating the fur seal fisheries. And less than a year ago Japan reached an agreement in the long-standing fishing dispute with the Soviet Government. The peaceable working out of previous differences augurs well for an early solution of troubles which now beset the salmon industry.

### Annual Reminder

(Exchange)  
Lightning takes a minimum toll in comparison to that death dealer, the Careless Driver. But it is well to repeat suggestions to take against lightning.

Last week a number of children took shelter under a large tree on a playground during a thunderstorm. Lightning struck that tree

### and one child was killed and others injured.

Although the shelter of a tree would seem a safe refuge to seek when caught in a storm, children should be warned that such a place is dangerous. Trees, especially tall ones or lone trees, are magnets for lightning. It seeks the highest object standing on a landscape. If a storm arises, do not suddenly get into trees before the lightning starts, anyone caught in an open field or playground should lie flat on the ground. A drenching is preferable to the risk of offering one's self as a target for lightning.

People in boats on lakes are likewise lightning's favorites. There are usually warning signs of an impending storm and people on lakes should seek immediate shelter.

### Summer Pests

(Exchange)  
This year we have with us again the Summer Pest, bigger and better than ever—the selfish, careless driver. He stands at the head of the list of Summer Pests, because his acts range from minor irritations to sudden deaths.

He wants the center of the road; he must pass you when the traffic is heavy in both directions and he takes your fate in his hands at the same time; he insists on going ahead of you when this is the only safe way to get ahead; he honks incessantly when you are forced to delay him for some good reason; he is very rude when an accident has occurred and swears his vengeance; he is a person you would boycott if you had to deal with him on his feet instead of on wheels.

When the weather gets very hot and every car owner seems to be out on the highways, his easy to fall into the class of the careless and discourteous driver, as wear a string on your finger—just for a reminder.

### A Notable Eclipse

(Exchange)  
The total eclipse of the sun which was observed at its best in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on June 8, was one of the most notable in history, its maximum period of totality being several minutes and four seconds, only 25 seconds shorter than the longest possible. It will be several months before the full significance of the new photographs can be interpreted.

Total eclipses of the sun, visible in the United States, occur rarely, the last being that of August 31, 1932, while the next will not occur until 1975, when one will be visible in portions of Idaho and Montana.

In 1954 another eclipse will be seen along a path from Nebraska to Michigan. In 1970 one will cross Florida, and in 1979 one will be visible in the extreme northwestern part of the country.

But the next total eclipse to be seen over any considerable area of the United States will be that of 2017. It will sweep entirely across the continent, through Oregon, Colorado, Tennessee and interlocking states, passing into the Atlantic in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C. But few people now living will see that one.

Other total eclipses visible in portions of the United States will occur during the 21st century in the years 2024, 2044, 2045, 2052 and 2073. Which is far enough to look ahead for the present.

### A Contrast in Men

(Exchange)  
Abandoning his tax plan, which had called forth wide criticism, Neville Chamberlain, Britain's new prime minister, said "Provided I could get what seemed to me to be the important thing I have never bogged over particular ways of achieving it. I am not pig-headed."

What a contrast between the attitude of this man and that of the Roosevelt who stakes a non-compromise stand on his court reorganization plan. Mr. Roosevelt might as well say, like Grant, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

No sound reason has yet been given for increasing the number of Supreme Court judges. The principal objective of the President's proposal have been attained. For Mr. Roosevelt to continue to insist upon the change is pig-headed, nothing more. It is a waste of power for a man to insist upon a compromise. Leave the membership as it is.

Mr. Chamberlain would retract his plan and acknowledge his mistake. Not Mr. Roosevelt.

## TANGLED WIRES

By JANE LADD

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

THE office was very quiet that morning. Colonel Gray had gone away for two weeks and Judith was alone. This meant plenty of time to think, and this was the last thing Judy wanted to do. It was thinking, during those dreary weeks since she had left Van, that she had brought her up against the dead wall of her present wretchedness and despair.

At the time of her marriage she had wanted Van to buy a certain little suburban bungalow, set in a grove of silver birches, and to keep her position in Colonel Gray's law office until it was paid for. Van insisted that she give up her job and that they live in town. They had compromised, temporarily. Judith kept on working and they took a tiny apartment. The subject, however, remained a sore one. They argued and quarreled and finally Judith packed her trunk and went home.

But her wrath had cooled now. Life in the cluttered flat wasn't what it had been during those days. She grew white and thin and took to crying herself to sleep. She wanted Van. Last night was the climax. Her mother had a sick headache, Billy had the cold again and her father, tired and cross, had muttered something to the effect that a married woman's place was with her husband and that, if Judy didn't care about Van, he could probably find someone who would.

So to her other agonies was added the blight of jealousy. All night she tossed feverishly and now she sat at her desk, heart-sick, her hands clasped in her hands. Finally she drew a long breath and capitulated. Life in its present form wasn't worth living. Far better to abandon her own scheme of living and start from the start of the man she had married—the man she loved with all her soul.

Trembling, she reached for the telephone and dialed the familiar number. She had to wait a moment, a phantom click, the beloved voice: "Hello."

But suddenly her courage failed her. She dodged the issue. Frazzledly she muttered that the mechanical tones of the professional operator: "This is the repair clerk speaking. We are testing your line."

It wasn't pride that made her do it, only shyness, and for a moment she held the receiver to her ear, hoping he might speak again. He did—but not as she had expected!

"You sound like a very nice repair clerk," he remarked conversationally. She felt like the most used you. Are you busy every night?" Resentment veiled her blood boiling through her veins. Her father was right, then. While she had been pining for Van, she had been pining for the voice over the telephone, smiling into sweet, perf faces in the street—perhaps even from behind the wheel of his roadster when in close, inviting eyes. Well, she would get even! Outraged dignity and a passionate desire for retaliation suggested the way.

She laughed softly. "Not—every night. I'm busy now, though. Shall I call you again?"

"Please do!" came his eager reply.

That night she mapped out her campaign. She would lead him on, make a date with him; meet him and confront him with his own perfdy.

It worked like a charm. She called him every morning, carefully disguised her voice. She acquainted with him openly as the acquaintance progressed, but he was always a gentleman. If he had to be a villain, she thought, he did it well.

"You're a pretty good repair clerk," he told her once, rather wistfully. "I think you could mend broken hearts—and, goodness knows mine needs it."

For a week she refused his invitations for a ride; hardening her heart against the coaxing tones that had thrilled her so during the brief sweet madness of their courtship and honeymoon; but finally, on Friday, in a mood half pitying and half fearful, she yielded.

"How about Sunday?" she asked. He assented joyfully. "A picnic all day. I'll take lunch. I've a peach of a hamper." A sob caught her throat as she thought of the happy times they had packed it together.

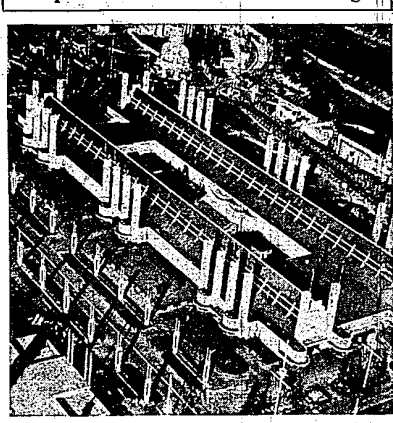
She was terribly apprehensive, now the time to meet him arrived. They might have patched up the fragments of their life together, once. Could they—after Sunday? She doubted.

At 11 o'clock she stood at the entrance to the Arboretum, looking for the shabby roadster that had whirled her away one autumn night, with Van, straight to paradise. Presently she saw it, but stopped, abruptly, her hand upon her heart. For the driver, who got down now and came to meet her, wasn't Van at all, but a thin young chap in glasses with a friendly but uncertain smile.

"I think you're the young lady I'm supposed to meet," he said. "Van sent me. We're to pick him up later. He'll all right, but we haven't his car." Her brain didn't seem to be functioning. Like a sleep-walker she got into the car.

It was a queer ride. Van's messenger offered no explanation and

## Expo Varied Industries Building



VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING of the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland, which will run for 101 days through September 6, will house the displays and exhibits of the nation's many industrial companies and their research departments.

she asked for none. At first she had no idea as to where she was, but after a while her surroundings became familiar. The old house with the windmill—the duck pond . . . a grove of silver birches gleamed in the sun and they swung into a gravel driveway and stopped—before her house of Dreams!

The spectacle youth vanished, the door opened, and Van came down the steps. He lifted her bodily from the car and held her close. "Don't cry, Judy girl," he whispered, his own eyes suspiciously wet. "You're HOME, now, you know. Don't cry!"

The roadster stood in the drive all day. They explored the house and Van told her how he had bought it, and furnished it, and grown to love it better than any other place in the world. It was as if all came back to her, some things he had left for her. "That little room of ours, for instance," he explained. "I thought you might like it for a sewing room."

"It's been a hustle," he added. "I've done it all since the day you called me up and said you were the telephone repair clerk testing the line."

They were sitting on the davenport, he had on his shoulder, and she looked up at him with wondering eyes. "How did you know it was me?" she asked.

He hugged her tight. "You've got a funny trick, honey," he chuckled. "When you're excited you can't pronounce a word beginning with 'p' without putting a p in front of it. You said, 'This is the repair clerk speaking' and then 'I love you.' They ate their dinner on their own gray painted table, and soon it was dark, and time to go. They stood on the porch with the moonlight pouring down on the silver

birches, and Judy sighed. "Couldn't we stay here tonight, Van?" she begged. "I'll telephone mother. I—I can't leave!"

There didn't seem to be any real reason against it, so they went in again and closed the door behind them, and their arms around each other, climbed the stair. But on the threshold of the little room next theirs, Judy halted her trembling husband, and he fell her trembling against his side.

"I—I'm going to give up my job at the office, Van, after all," she murmured unsteadily. "Dr. Grant thinks I'd better. And I think I'd better. I—I'm going to give up this for a sewing room, dear. We'll paper it with those adorable bunnies and kittens—and put Mother Goose p-rhymes—all around the walls."

### GREAT LAKES EXPO

The nation will meet on the shores of Lake Erie at Cleveland this summer for 101 glorious days and glamorous nights of the new and greater 1937 Great Lakes Exposition.

More than 5,000,000 visitors will spend happy holidays on the big 150-acre Exposition grounds, with more free shows than ever were offered by an Exposition before and with a physical arrangements that is as easy on the feet as the prices are on the purse.

Winterland, with its musical comedy on ice; Billy Rose Aquanada with nine famous bands; Rose's free show; Pioneer Palace; Tony Sarg's Marionettes; crime show; Byrd ship; submarine; picnic grounds; Trailer City; and fireworks at night.

Read the Want Ads

## RAILROAD STATION PHONE BOOTHS ARE BUSY PLACES

An average of from 5,000 to 5,500 telephone calls are made every day at the Bell System public telephone booths located in the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. The busiest hours are between 11 and 12 in the morning, when suburban shoppers are arriving and 4 and 6 in the afternoon, when the men of the family are telephoning home, often older that they are delayed by business or are bringing someone with them. Not all calls handled at the Grand Central age of that nature, however, as a large number of calls have been put through to London, Paris, Milan, Stockholm and other points throughout the world reached by radio telephone.

Antiques Restored  
Refinishing

PRICES ARE IN EFFECT NOW—  
Make a worthwhile saving by having your work done during the summer months.

Golden Rule Upholstering  
12119 Grand River Avenue  
J. MERK, Owner  
Phone HO. 8270

# Small Homes Financed

WE ARE NOW ABLE TO FINANCE EITHER SMALL HOMES OR ADDITIONS TO YOUR PRESENT HOME. UP TO \$600 CAN BE LOANED ON THIS NEW 18 MONTH PLAN.

We HAVE 4 NEW PLANS FOR SMALL HOMES ALONG WITH THE COST OF EACH.

## See Us Now!

### Farmington Lumber

Phone 20 and Coal Co. Farmington

All the news is not on the front page. Read the Enterprise advertisements.

"Chevrolet is more economical to buy—operate and maintain!"

Be Wise.. Economize.. Buy CHEVROLET

FOR ECONOMICAL CHEVROLET TRANSPORTATION

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR - PRICED SO LOW

# Blakeslee Motor Sales

## Chevrolet Sales and Service

33215 Grand River Farmington