

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Clean-Up Week

(Exchange)

Many communities in Michigan are preparing for their annual spring clean-up campaign. The week was started primarily as a beautifying movement—old shacks are torn down in many districts, vacant lots are cleaned of debris, homes are painted, grassy areas are cut and the hives burned. It's amazing how little is needed in many cases to change a squalid street to one that is pleasant and charming to the eye. Furthermore, something other than a better looking town results from a clean-up week that is joyfully and enthusiastically supported by all citizens. For a sound, thorough clean-up process is one of the best possible ways of getting rid of fire hazards. A town which rids itself of old, unused buildings, and which does away with litter and grass-ridden lots, becomes a far safer place in which to live and work. But clean-up week should not stop at exteriors. Everyone should go through his home inside as well as out in search of fire dangers. A congested attic, a basement filled with old magazines and broken furniture and clothes that will never be used again is the perfect starting place for a blaze.

Any clean-up week campaign will pay big dividends in beauty, safety and cash.

The Whitney Case

(Christian Science Monitor)

More important than the sentencing of Richard Whitney, one-time president of the New York Stock Exchange, to prison for misuse of securities entrusted to his handling, is the fact that the sentence is everywhere accepted as inevitable. Mr. Whitney's own conduct, since the discovery of irregularities, has been one of acceptance of consequences which he appears to consider warranted. Coincidentally comes announcement of nominations for the board of governors of the Exchange. And in this announcement is a clue to the attitude of social responsibility which has been reflected in all Street's as well as Main Street's reaction to the Whitney case. Nominating for Chairman a man who has been identified with the liberal New School for Social Research, and for the board of governors a group of twenty-nine nominees which entirely omits representation of the so-called "old guard," the nominating committee gave point to its own declaration that the "Exchange is united in its recognition of its public responsibilities." The Whitney case may encourage further self-regulation in the public interest within the Exchange. Certainly it has broken somewhat like a rebuke over those who have persistently opposed regulation from without. For both have seemed necessary. What is encouraging about the Whitney case is the attitude on the part of the public and Wall Street that seems to take for granted the social responsibility of financial leaders and to demand that that responsibility be lived up to.

Real Values

(Wayne Review)

Whatever may be the attempts of dictators to religion, the spirit which represents will survive. The spirit of man either lives on forever, or is snuffed out at the grave, and no human ruler, no matter how powerful, can alter its course. Persecution has trailed Christianity from the first, and believers in a higher life have been bound to suffer under the lash of earth-bound tyrants whose shallow minds could not reach beyond the states which they arbitrarily and cruelly ruled. In church-oppressed countries there must be a feeling—though perhaps through fear unexpressed—that something nobler and better awaits translation from this world's trials and injustices. Certainly, this life of pains and tears is not worthwhile unless it prepares the soul for another and higher existence. Scoffers at Christianity—oppressors of those who look up and beyond material consideration for hope—may yield temporary power—many terrorize subjects into obedience, but they cannot overthrow reason and crush in eternal values.

Hope for Aristocrats

(Christian Science Monitor)

Appointment of Lord Halifax, in spite of intense opposition on the score of rank, as British Foreign Secretary brings new hope to the nobility. It is a proof that, in democratic country, the handicaps of birth can often be overcome.

It is now an accepted convention of the constitution that no nobleman may be Prime Minister. The only people in the land who can never hope to be the peer of the highest official in the State are the peers themselves. The development of a second convention—that a member of the nobility might not be Foreign Secretary—has been momentarily, at least, held up by the personal triumph of Lord Halifax. There are, of course, good reasons why important State offices should sit in the House of Commons. One solution suggested is that a peer of the realm might be given his choice of taking his seat in the Lords or of avoiding the hazard of an ordinary election to the Commons. This was the remedy favored by Lord Curzon. It would enable Britain to draw upon the entire ability of nobles for her choice of Prime Ministers.

Course of Empire

(Exchange)

Without fanfare or flourish, during the fortnight, America has extended its sovereignty over the greatest expanse of new territory since 1867. The westward course of empire having halted at the Pacific nearly a century ago, all of its vast territorial expansion lies far from these shores down, in the bleak wastes of the Antarctica, that vast white continent of jagged peaks and high plateaus on which the South Pole lies. To nearly one million square miles visited by the land parties, or observed from air by the planes, of Admiral Byrd's expedition, President Roosevelt has laid claim in the name of the United States. Notification of this bid for sovereignty in these polar zones has been sent to Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Argentina. By reason of exploration, these nations also have a stake in the snow-encrusted land.

Of what use, it may be asked, can this frozen chunk of Antarctica be to us? Of that continent's 5 million square miles, only 100 square miles, is permanently sheathed with ice. It is entirely uninhabited. Neither bear nor plant breaks the monotony of its ghostly white terrain, nor can it boast a single land animal bigger than an insect. The major part of the continent is a 6,000 to 10,000 ft. high plateau. When the temperature rises to 60 below zero F., you say "Ah, it must be spring!"

But 71 years ago on March 30 everyone was asking, "Of what use is Alaska?" when we bought it from Russia for \$7,200,000 in gold. It, too, was considered a white elephant, and a frozen waste, but the value of its exports to the United States in 1932 alone topped 300 million dollars!

So who today can say with certainty what the richly inventive mind of man will achieve in more exhaustive exploration will not force that region of snowy skies, and ice choked seas, to yield up? Foolish or foolish as America's course of empire now stalks a claim on a polar continent.

In the Physicists' Wonderland

(Christian Science Monitor)

First reading of Professor Einstein's new summation of "field, relativity" hypotheses, leaves the impression that matter has been disposed of, inasmuch as new properties are ascribed to his space-time universe. But as Einstein re-examines the universe for a connection between "the world of atoms and the world of phenomena," it becomes apparent that for him matter is still around somewhere.

Careful reading discloses that far from breaking down matter into molecules, atoms, electrons, protons, eventually to end up in the overthrow of even these amazing small particles, the inventor of relativity stands on the same material earth he could not vanquish four years when a delegation of journalists planned him down. "We have not yet succeeded in formulating a pure field physics," he says. "For the present we must still assume the existence of both: field and matter."

In other words, when it comes to the question of explaining ultimate reality, the world of physics is not yet prepared to say whether or not physical phenomena should be placed upon the physical constellations, which go to make up the atomic universe, or the space, "the field," in which they operate. But in either case, it is quite apparent that the physicist is far from ready to adopt metaphysical concepts which deny the material.

SOON AND OFTEN

By ARNOLD BARNES

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, 1210 Blake

RODNEY BLAKE drew his car up sharply before the curb of the wooden post that marked the entrance of the driveway of the old Titus estate.

He looked in at the grass-grown gravel driveway that snaked on between a grove of oaks and chestnut trees.

Beyond them a jungle of long neglected scruboak, that left only an obscured view of the gabled brownstone mansion.

"Not a very promising prospect," Rodney reflected as he turned into the driveway.

"No trespassing allowed. Get out of here!"

First the booming voice and then the menacing figure of a man—powerfully built, though past middle age—came from the shadow of the trees at the side of the driveway.

Rodney Blake brought his car to a standstill.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "But I didn't know it was trespassing, merely to drive in. The gate stood open. You see I merely."

"I know what you want," Others have wanted the same thing. You can back out the same way you came in."

"But I'd like to explain—" Even if the man did own the property he had no right to order him off that way.

After all, business was business and even as he put his car in reverse and slowly drove back to the main road he saw a deep shadow toward the man who had blocked his way.

Then a hundred feet down the road he saw something white and bright from a break in the struggling, overgrown hedge into the bright sunlight of the roadway.

A slender young girl, in a white tennis dress, drew back cautiously toward the hedge and beckoned to him.

He knew at the first glance that she was pretty but when he had driven his car slowly down the road to meet her he realized that she possessed that very rare combination of prettiness and real beauty.

"Quick," she said breathlessly. "I saw him drive up off. He's my uncle—Benjamin Titus. He's turned them all away. But he hasn't any right to do it. It's all a dreadful mistake. Because it only makes them suspicious."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, or maybe I don't understand," Rodney was saying. "You see—"

"We haven't time to explain," she hastened to tell him. "He's my uncle. He's watching you. But he had no right to turn you out. There's another way to reach the house—drive a quarter of a mile down the road, turn in a narrow road—a foot road but you can get through. Then at the first turn to the left on that road, park your car and walk back."

"It's a footpath but it will bring you to the field behind the house. I'll be waiting for you there."

Rodney tried to tell her that it seemed a long way and that he was really in a hurry.

"Please drive on," she told him, and then disappeared as she had made her first appearance like a flash of something white and unbelievably beautiful through the break in the hedge.

Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do.

Driving slowly down the road he watched the indicator on the dashboard as it gradually got higher and higher, and called himself a fool for not having had the radiator refilled at the last filling station.

Then he turned down the narrow wooded roadway, till he'd reached the path at the left.

There he left his car and went about as the girl had told him till he reached a field of corn stubble.

"I'm Daisy Crane," the girl said as she hurried toward him from the other end of the field.

"I'm Benjamin Titus' niece. And I can give you my word that my uncle isn't in any way involved. That is, he's not criminally involved. Do you believe me?"

"I'd better believe anything you wanted," Rodney assured her, marveling at the gorgeous golden light of her wind-blown hair and the unbelievably beautiful curves of her cheeks and neck.

"But you see—" "I understand that perfectly," Daisy told him. "I know you've sent out to get a story, but you don't look at it if you'd do anything unkind even for the sake of getting a good story. My uncle is a little odd and often unreasonable—but as honest as honest as sunshine. He's terribly independent and resents any sort of intrusion."

"But I didn't mean to intrude—" There was a note of contrition in Rodney Blake's voice that for some reason made the color mount to the lovely Daisy Crane's cheeks.

"For months and months," she went on to explain, "these men—principally the ones who have been coming and going off there in our woods. Uncle even gave them permission to take shelter in an old shack by the stream. When the police came to inspect, Uncle told it as a personal affront. He tried to keep them off. And then, of course, after the counterfeits, or

whatever they were, were captured and the police found their look under the shack—"

"But I don't quite understand," Rodney interrupted. "You are—"

"Of course you didn't understand. Nobody understood, because Uncle Benjamin wouldn't explain. Naturally everyone thought that because the book was found on his property and because he ordered everyone off that he was—what do you say?—criminally involved. And any time, now, the police or detectives are something of the sort will probably come and force their way into the house. Of course they suspect him because he won't even answer their questions. Uncle loathes the police—but he loathes reporters even more. He just stays down there by the driveway entrance to shoo them off. You're the third this morning. I've been watching from behind the hedge. You see, I thought that if I could explain to a really nice reporter how things were he might straighten them out a little, but the other reporters looked so rough and unbecomingly—"

"What made you think I was a reporter?" Rodney asked.

"You see, I turned in at your driveway because—" "You're not a detective, are you?"

Daisy's eyes opened wide in alarm.

"I'm not a reporter and I'm not a detective, and I'm really sorry. I hadn't even heard of your uncle's predicament. I'm Rodney Blake, son of Attorney-General Blake—"

Daisy drew back a few steps and looked at the young man with mingled awe and admiration.

"But why didn't you tell me?" she asked.

"You didn't give me a chance," he told her.

"You see, I was on my way to town for an afternoon court session and my radiator was going dry. I followed by your driveway to beg a gallon or so of water—"

It was Daisy's turn to look contrition and Rodney's turn to feel a thrill of satisfaction.

Five minutes later Daisy Crane watched Rodney pour a pail of cold water into the radiator of his car parked at the foot of the wooded lane. And then as she took the pail he took his seat behind the wheel.

"Thanks a lot, Daisy Crane," he said.

"Tell your uncle that everything will be all right, and tell him too that I'm coming back, soon and often."

Added Estonia to Russia

in the Great War of 1710

Peter the Great added Estonia to Russia in the great northern war in 1710, and the Romanov czars ruled over the land until the downfall of Nicholas II in 1917. The czars delegated their royal prerogatives to the "Baltic barons," descendants of the German Order of Knights who had become masters of the country in 1561 when they bought out the Danes, with whom they had shared sovereignty.

Under the Baltic barons, writes Mason Warner in the Chicago Tribune, the Estonians were serfs, the same as the peasants of great Russia, subject to forced labor, taxation and taxation by tyrants.

They were resentful of the rule of the Russian czars and the German barons, had been agitating for freedom for centuries, and so were ripe and ready for rebellion when opportunity to strike for freedom offered.

Today the president of the Estonian republic occupies the palace built by Peter the Great in 1718 for his wife, Catherine II. It is an ideal "White House," bright and friendly in appearance, shining in the northern sun, with stucco-covered porch, graceful window frames, and light green tiled roof, surrounded by shady linden trees. From the front entrance of the palace a wide promenade leads down to the sea.

Near the stately palace, but well into the quiet forest, Peter built for himself at the foot of a colossal limestone rock a small Dutch house of five rooms. It is simple, comfortable, "homely." The great czar's little house is carefully preserved as it was when he occupied it. Its furniture, the Dutch-baroque tables, chairs and writing desks with secret drawers, remain as the picturesque display placed there. Even his well worn, slovenly slippers are under the old four poster bed with its faded green silk ornamentation.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU"

Doris waited. When they gave out complexion, you new thral Violet said, "Just temper. Shut your eyes. Good. A touch of the music like it?" No woman can faintly imagine the lovely beauty PRINCESS PAT powder gives to her complexion. Princess Pat has the marvelous, mellow, incredibly soft, marvellously beautiful.

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TOWN" Sundays NBC 6:30 P. M. Eastern time

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LOSEY CORNERS

Kendle Foster and Benoit Foster attended the wedding match at Arena Gardens Wednesday.

D. V. Mitchell was elected to serve the second term as president of the Pontiac Auto Union. Mr. Mitchell is taking a short vacation before resuming his duties for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth attended the funeral of Mr. Worth's mother at Anna Arbor last week.

Fire destroyed the home of Clarence Klave Wednesday afternoon. It was thought to have started from a defective flu. Mrs. Klave and the two children were uninjured. Mr. Klave was at work. The loss was not insured.

Neighbors went to the family's assistance with temporary relief.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble are entertaining Mr. Noble's mother, who is returning to her home in Canada from Florida, and his sister of Toronto.

Rev. Knepp is taking his family to Indiana for a short vacation.

The taxpayers association was held at West Point Park Community Hall Wednesday. Cards were played and refreshments were served.

Good Friday services were held in the home of Mrs. David Martin on Middle Belt, sponsored by Rev. W. M. S. The large living room and dining room had the appearance of a chapel by the use of Easter lilies and burning tapers.

Mrs. Walter Dixon was at the piano as the service came to its close. Rev. Knepp offered prayer and pronounced the benediction. Mrs. Fredericks prepared and conducted the devotional.

Easter services began at 6:30 a. m. at Hope Chapel. A sunrise service for the Junior church was followed by an Easter breakfast served by the Woman's Aid. Sunday school was held at the usual time with the largest number attending since 1918.

Thirty-five were in the Bible class and other classes were equally well represented. About 30 children and adults were baptized and given the right hand of fellowship.

A choir directed by Mrs. William Foster with Mrs. Walter Dixon at the piano added much to a fine service. Praise service followed in the evening.

The W. M. S. held its regular potluck dinner and business meeting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. R. Fredericks. Mrs. Roy Clark, president of the W. M. S. of Hillcrest in Detroit, performed the installation service. Emblematic flowers, white sweet peas, were a feature of the impressive ceremony.

The Woman's Aid will hold a penny supper Friday, April 29, to be followed by the village school sponsored by the Bible class. Mrs. Violet Dallas will direct.

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, AGENT
(Detroit, Michigan)
Services held in Redford High School Auditorium, Grand River Avenue at Six Mile Road.
Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at same hour for pupils up to grade 8. 9:30 a. m. Wednesday evening meetings at 7 o'clock include testimonies of Christian Science healing. A Branch of The Mother Church, First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.
Free to the public. 17370 Lahser Road.
The Bible, works of Mary Baker Eddy and authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed and purchased at the Church.
You are cordially invited.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

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