

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 October 3, 1917.

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EDITORIALS

Hatred (Exchange)

To a visitor from Mars this Earth must be a strange and confusing place. The first question a Martian would ask would be: "Why does everybody hate everybody else?"

Not in many years has hatred been as widespread and worldwide. It is manifested everywhere. Groups hating other groups. Class hating class, race hating race, nation hating nation. It seems as if the world has made no progress toward real civilization since the traditional episode of the Tower of Babel, when men suddenly found themselves speaking in different tongues and fighting one another because no man could understand his neighbor, and everyone feared everybody else.

That is the situation of the so-called modern world. We are afraid of each other and we fear that which we do not understand. If the whole world spoke the same language it would not help much. Some of the most bitter hatreds are between classes and groups, all of whose members converse in the same tongue; the most serious war now going on is in Spain where both sides of combatants have a common speech. Nor are racial differences and prejudices entirely at the bottom of the prevailing mass hatreds. Again we have the example of Spain.

The explanation of such hatreds as cause wars and keep peoples and groups apart lies deeper than any superficial or external difference. At the bottom of it all are differences of fundamental beliefs and principles. Men hate each other because they have divergent and irreconcilable ideas about morals, ethics, behavior and religion. Classes hate each other because each fears that the other class is trying to deprive it of what it conceives to be its rights or privileges. Nations and races hate each other for similar reasons.

At the root of it all is intolerance and inability or refusal to recognize the right of every man and every social group to have its own standards without interference from outside. The intolerance which seeks to impose its own ideas upon others is the basis of most of the hatreds in this troubled world.

Successful Echoes (Exchange)

Remember the story of the tourist who demonstrated unusually perfect echoes in the Alps, until he shouted "What time is it?" and the answer came back: "Four o'clock!"

The humor, of course, lies in the fact that the demonstrator did not get back what he sent. He expected to, as would any of us. Yet, how often do we really believe in the law of echo in our everyday living?

Sometimes aren't we a bit surprised that we get back what we send? We may feel inclined to shout: "I'm worked to death," and there's no use," and extend the echo to say: "That's tough. Here's some new, easy work at much higher pay." But, all we hear is: "...there's no use!" Or we may want to broadcast: "Why can't I have the personality, the success, and do the things that Jim does?" And "...Jim does" is all that comes back.

Thoughts and actions, as well as words, have echoes. Naturally our business, financial, personal or any kind of success depends upon directing thoughts, actions and words to bring the proper results. "...echoes, we have called them here.

Isn't it better business, then, when we tackle a problem, to say: "What if it does look tough, it can be done!" ... And the echo-reality comes back: "...It can be done!"

We Can Have Safety (Exchange)

That is the opinion of W. Earl Hall, President of the Iowa State Safety Council.

"When nine out of ten persons want safety, we'll be on our way to having safety," says Mr. Hall. "It will work out this way:

"The nine will turn to the educator, the engineer and the enforcer—the personalities behind the three E's of safety—say this: 'We want this problem solved. We're willing to pay the price and we're willing to cooperate in the fullest measure.'

"We have all the essentials of safety at hand. Our road builders have made remarkable strides in giving us streets and highways designed to eliminate as many of the hazards of driving as possible. Our automobile makers have work-

Folklore for the Future (Christian Science Monitor)

An effort is being made to find many of the ancient customs, customs and traditions of Britain, before these pass away. To preserve for the future the ring of the muffled man's bell, the technique of the flint knapper, symbolic ceremonies, such as that of "beating the bounds," and similar folk material is a worthy objective; but it is hoped that those responsible for the movement will not confine themselves altogether to recording merely time-honored institutions.

The importance of such a record consists primarily in the aid that it affords to a reconstruction of the past; and there is much in contemporary existence that is of recent growth, and, for the most part, it is to be hoped ephemeral, but that has, nevertheless, a great significance for those who would understand the conditions under which we live today.

The morning and evening rush for transport of the workers in the cities, the transport itself, housing and working conditions that will inevitably go, routine, methods, utensils—much material of this sort will have vanished tomorrow, and might well be recorded, if only "to put a moral or adora a tale"; for the tale is history.

Freedom of Ideas (Exchange)

The Governor of New York State has vetoed a bill passed by the legislature which would bar Communists and others holding "radical" beliefs from holding public office or teaching in the public schools. In his veto message, Gov. Lehman wrote that the measure would "abridge freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press and freedom of assembly."

A demand for statutory enactment such as this can come only from a distrust of our democratic processes. I have no such mistrust. My disapproval of the bill is based on my faith in democracy.

Every thoughtful person, we believe, will agree with Gov. Lehman that a governmental system which can be endangered by the circulation and discussion of ideas is not very solidly founded. The whole principle of our democracy is that the utmost freedom of expression and discussion must be tolerated; otherwise it would not be a free democracy.

Our nation is based upon the free will of the whole American people, not upon the will and beliefs of a few. At any time an overwhelming majority of the people should be converted to a different idea of the nature and rights of government that the one under which we now operate, they have the right and the power to change our system.

They will never do so long as public opinion insists upon the preservation of our ancient ideas and beliefs and sees to it that our government truly reflects those basic standards.

England, the oldest democracy in the world, understands that. At Hyde Park, Corner any Sunday you may hear a speaker denouncing the King, praising Stalin and glorifying Hitler, while smiling "bobbles" keep the crowd from throwing brickbats at the speaker. Unlike dynamite, false ideas are dangerous only when suppressed.

The prizes in life, usually go to those who meet emergencies successfully. And the best way to meet emergencies is to do each simple task the best we can. The big things that come our way are usually the result of care in the daily routine.—Griff.

ALLISTER-IN MOVIELAND

By COSMO HAMILTON

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service

"I LOVE YOU, MOLLY," Allister Ryan

Molly Murphy sighed contentedly; she had been encouraging him for almost six months to make that declaration.

"And I love you, too," she answered.

Whereupon, she placed herself in Allister's arms, and planted a two-millicent kiss on his mouth.

This is not a movie, but has to do with that fantastic place where movies are made. Molly Murphy was the daughter of the worthy woman who kept the Hollywood boarding house in which Allister lived.

A young and very pretty girl, Molly, with dark hair, gray eyes, and a rather impudent nose.

Allister Ryan was a pleasant but extremely diffident lad of the half-pint variety with a most likable smile.

"And when can we get married?" Allister asked.

"Soon as you're getting fifty a week," Molly replied.

"My darling—I'm only pulling down thirty now and it might be a couple of years before."

"We'll wait till you're getting fifty," Molly said.

"My darling—practical and knew to a dollar how much she needed to run a menage for two."

"Ask for a raise, dear, ask today," Molly said.

"All right," Allister said; and then hurried off to the offices of Respendent Productions where he was employed as secretary to that director of super-spies known as Eric Von Drule.

Allister went rather in awe of his august chief.

Over and over again that afternoon he braced himself to tackle Mr. Von Drule for a raise but each time he failed to go through with it. But he would talk to him tomorrow—he really would.

However, Allister procrastinated. At first Molly was patient but after a week she said, "You aren't afraid to ask him, are you?"

"No, no!" Allister answered guiltily.

You see, everybody's crazy trying to find a dramatic story for Gilbert Lovejoy and a comedy for Gladiola Gladstone.

"Honestly, I haven't had a chance to say a word to Mr. Von Drule yet."

"You're not a go-getter," Molly said.

"Why don't you do something to make yourself noticed?"

"I'd like to, dear. But what?"

"Why, this comedy for Gladiola Gladstone—why don't you take a crack at that?"

"What! Me?"

"Sure! Guys all over this burg are pulling down a heap of jack writing, and they haven't got more brains than you. They've just got more nerve."

"I've often felt I'd like to write something. But what could I write about?"

"What's wrong with that burlesque on the movie melodrama you told me about? You know—the thing that drags in all the old movie hokum situations and exaggerates 'em so they'd be a scream. Wouldn't Gladiola Gladstone be swell in that?"

"Maybe," Allister smiled.

"But what if they get you and fired me for ridiculing their stuff?"

"You're coming inside to write it now—and I'll help you," said Molly.

"They won't get sore."

It was past three o'clock when they finished.

By seven a bleary-eyed Allister was at his office.

He typed the story neatly and laid it timorously on Mr. Von Drule's desk.

It was not until three days later that Allister's script was looked at by anybody.

Jake, Brittemeyer, whose neck hung in two neat mauve folds over the back of his collar, happened to pick it up.

He glanced idly over a few paragraphs; then read several pages in earnest.

An exclamation from him caused Von Drule to look up.

"What have you here, Jake?" he asked.

"Wait a bit," said Brittemeyer.

"Let me finish this."

Having read to the end, the president turned to Von Drule with a strange expression.

"Anything wrong?" the mighty director asked.

"Wrong! Holy mackerel, Von!" Brittemeyer exploded.

"I've just read the greatest screen story ever written. Who wrote it?" He turned to page one.

"Allister Ryan," he announced.

"Ever hear of him?"

"Allister Ryan!" Von Drule replied.

"That's my secretary; but he couldn't have written anything."

"I don't give a hoot who wrote it," said Brittemeyer.

It's a knockout, and it's going to be the next picture for Gilbert Lovejoy. Read it!"

Von Drule read—while Brittemeyer strode about.

"A great opening," said Von Drule looking up.

"Terrific!" said Brittemeyer.

"Epoch-making!" said Von Drule as he heaved the end.

"It's twenty's a fine lay-out!" said Brittemeyer.

"Gigantic!" Von Drule exclaimed.

"At last I've found something I can throw my whole soul into!"

"You said it, Von. That story's got everything. Sex, thrills, romance, and high-spits enough to knock the public dizzy. The burlesque dam; the race with the hero on horseback against the train; the hero wrongly convicted for murdering the girl's father and her saving him just as he's going to be hanged. And then the two being lost in the blizzard with the starving wolves stalking 'em; and him swimming the English channel when he missed the boat and knows the girl's waiting for him in Paris. And the way he licks the best swordsmen in France at his own game. And the scene at the end where he knocks out twenty toughs single-handed. That always goes big. What a story! It's a wow! And the title, 'Fascion's Kisses'—that's a cloudbuster!"

Allister was asked if he had written the story.

"Yes, sir," he said feebly.

"Did it seem at all funny, sir?"

"Funny that you should try to write!" said Von Drule.

"Well—yes—a bit. The thing isn't much but I might be able to make it a basis for a picture. Of course, I'll have to doctor it up." He shot a meaningful wink at Brittemeyer.

"Naturally, we'll pay you something. Come in after luncheon."

Joyous little bells—wedding bells—rang in Allister's ears. He hurried home to tell Molly.

"All right," she said, kissing him.

"But don't tell them by your story for a few hundred dollars. We've got to have a regular steady income before we get married. And don't let them put you off with a ten-dollar raise. Make them spring twenty. Promise!"

Even after this promise Molly was not quite at ease.

She insisted on going to the lot with Allister.

"You won't be so likely to weaken if you know I'm near," she explained.

"I'll wait and you can come and tell me as soon as everything's fixed."

In the meantime, Brittemeyer and Von Drule had discussed Allister and his story pretty thoroughly. They must be him up before some other outfit got hold of him—but they would get him cheap.

The bell buzzed.

Allister went to Mr. Von Drule's sanctum desperately determined to ask for a twenty dollar raise.

"I'd like to suggest," he blurted out, closing the door quietly, "that—"

"Maybe you'd like to suggest we give you twenty thousand for that story," Brittemeyer cut in.

"Well—no, sir. If you'd pay me—"

"We don't allow anybody to dictate terms to us. We're going to give you two thousand for 'Fascion's Kisses'—not a cent more. And I've drawn up a three-year contract for you to write scenarios exclusively for us for three hundred a week."

"How much?" Allister asked, stupefied.

"You heard," said Brittemeyer. "Take it or leave it."

Allister, in a dream, signed the documents, shook hands and departed.

"That's the way to handle these people," said the great director.

Molly ran to Allister as he came stumbling into the property room.

"What happened?" she asked.

"I can see it in your face. You were a coward and let them bluff you."

Allister stiffened and tossed the contract to her.

Gulps and exclamations punctuated Molly's reading. "I can't believe it, darling, she squeaked. "How did you manage it?"

"Just business, sweetheart, just business," Allister said nonchalantly. He drew her towards him.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

COMMISSIONERS PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the City Commission of the City of Farmington was held May 2, 1935.

Called to order by Mayor Warner at 8:15 p. m. Commissioners present: Hutton, Gildemeister, Oldenburg, Hamlin, Nacker and Bagnall.

Minutes of the regular meeting of April 5 and the Special meeting of April 12 were read and approved.

The following bills were paid by the City Clerk:

The Farmington State Bank, rent office space, March & April \$30.00

Miller-Brough, sidewalk 8.00

William Mass, salary 125.00

Harvey Blough, salary 100.00

Horace Durham, salary 100.00

William Spaller, labor 33.50

Glenn Green, labor 103.00

David Vans, labor 103.00

Eugene Brown, labor 93.50

Frank Edwards, labor 18.00

Gwen Lancaster, labor 18.00

Ed Cairns, labor 2.50

Howard Spaller, labor 2.50

Harvey Hamilton, labor 2.50

Farmington State Bank, interest on Bonds due 4/15/35 \$40.00

Detroit Edison Company,

Light and power	12.33
Michigan Bell Telephone Company, telephone service	13.70
Norman Barrows, salary	20.00
Charles Walling, salary	20.00
H. W. Moore, salary	40.00
James L. Hogle, salary	35.00
George C. Gildemeister, salary	60.00
Estate of Mary Kennedy, salary	35.00
Unpaid Bills	
Ann Arbor Foundry Company, rings and grates	29.00
Worthington-Gamon Meter Co., 1 doz. meters	38.80
Crane Company, supplies for water dept.	1.02
Consumers Power Co., use of air compressor	6.00
Abrams-Anderson Co., Ingersoll-Rand Compressor	475.00
M. Powell & Son, digging and filling sewer	120.00
Manning & Locklin, sand and gravel	5.88
Olin Russell, Inc., gasoline and repairs	9.17
Burnett Brothers, gasoline	29.56
Farmington Hardware, merchandise	43.90
Farmington Enterprise, printing	44.25
Dickerson Hardware, merchandise	6.85
Bruce Buchanan, Inc., engineering services	150.00
Farmington Lumber & Coal Co., supplies	208.19
Detroit Edison Co., light & power	302.97
Arthur Lamb, treasurer, del. school taxes	\$1,415.08
Motion made by Gildemeister, supported by Nacker that the bills be paid as read. Roll Call: Hutton, Gildemeister, Oldenburg, Hamlin, Nacker and Bagnall, Carried.	
Motion made by Hutton, supported by Hamlin that the Commission of the City of Farmington approve club liquor license for the Huron River Hunting and Fishing Club, located at the Northwest corner of Farmington Road and Cut-off. Roll call: Hutton, Gildemeister, Oldenburg, Hamlin, Nacker and Bagnall, Carried, all yeas.	
Motion made by Hamlin, support-	

ed by Bagnall that the City of Farmington build approximately 2000 square feet of sidewalk on the West side of Maple street. Also the grading and building of sidewalk to be returned over to the sidewalk committee. Carried, all yeas.

Motion made by Gildemeister, supported by Nacker that the construction of a new sewer on Pickett avenue be referred to the sewer committee. Carried, all yeas.

Motion made by Bagnall, supported by Hamlin to adjourn. Carried.

Howard Warner, Mayor.

Harry Moore, Clerk.

Publicity is the savior of our institutions, and anyone who wants to conceal facts touching public business, is just not treating the public right.

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST (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 (two pupils up to age of 20 years). Wednesday evening meetings at 8 o'clock include testimonies of Christian Science healing. A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

READING ROOM

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