

The Farmington Enterprise

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

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Phone: Farmington 25 — Redford 1133

CHURCHES

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

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor
Worship Service—10:00 A. M.
Sunday School—11:00 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmar Stubbs, Pastor
Morning worship at 10:30.
Church school 12 noon.
Choir practice Thursday evening.

A nursery, properly supervised is provided. Parents attending the morning worship service may leave their children in the care of competent persons.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. W. J. Prisk, Pastor
Church Service, 10 a. m.
Sunday School, 11 a. m.
Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Evening, 7:30 p. m.

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 p. m.
Benediction after 10:30 mass.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m. and 8:00 a. m.

First Baptist Church
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor
Morning prayer meeting 10:15.
Morning worship 10:30.
Bible School 11:45.

B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m., for Juniors and Seniors.
Evening Evangelistic Service at 7:30.

The mid-week Fellowship meetings are held Wednesday evenings at 7:30.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 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.

Farmington Gospel Assembly
Universalist Church
Arthur Campbell, in charge
Opening services, Sunday, June 4.

Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11:00 a. m.
Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist
Grand River Ave. at Evergreen Rd.
Detroit, Michigan.

"Soul" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches throughout the world on Sunday, August 13.

The Golden Text (Lamentations 2:14): "The Lord is in my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him."

Among the Bible citations is this passage (Psalms 63:1): "O God, when art my soul early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 177): "Soul is the substance, Life, and Intelligence of man, which is Individualized, but not in matter. Soul can never reflect anything inferior to Spirit."

Goodwill Industries Teach Americanism

For generations one of the fundamentals of Americanism has been FREEDOM—the feeling that each man (and woman) "stands on his own feet" and is not indebted to his neighbors. What he has is his own because he has paid for it, either with coin or with the sweat of his brow.

To this sort of man "charity" means shame.

In New England there are communities where if a man has to be helped by the authorities he and all his kinsmen are ashamed.

At Goodwill Industries handicapped people are given employment and are paid for their work. In most cases but for the employment supplied by Goodwill, these handicapped workers would be dependent upon "charity" because, due to their physical defects, they are classified as "unemployable" in commercial fields.

Their employment is made possible by contributions of discarded clothing, shoes, rugs, furniture and household equipment which they repair, restore and make useable again.

If you have any such discarded materials you can put them to a most laudable use again by phoning Randolph 8080 and asking for a Goodwill truck to collect them.

Copy Picked Up Promptly at Any Address On Telephone Call Redford 1133

TEA INTO COCKTAILS

By DARRACH ALDRICH
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

I FOUND that the quaint old tea-room Ye Green Parrot had become one of those modernistic semi-bars where chromium lighting signals across an ink sky.

The place was at my elbow. Tea-hour or cocktail hour, rather was not yet.

I followed the slithering figure of the uninitiated waiter-in-charge, sat in the chair he pulled out for me and drew off my gloves.

"Thank God I could be alone! Then I looked up at her. Well, just to cheer you I'll tell you that you're looking so much better than the last time I saw you that I honestly didn't know you first off."

True time I had seen her she had been a shadow-skinned and old, with desperate lines about the mouth.

Considering everything—and I mean everything—she now looked far more like the petted mistress of a millionaire than the puffed wife of a clever young physician who had just been pictured in all the tabloids as a profligate in the role of correspondent. Maybe it was the dip of the green hat.

She smiled bitterly at my remark. Bitterness was not becoming so I took another look.

I offered my cigarette case. We each took one silently.

I was the only friend she had who knew all about the thing she had been through and neither pitied nor blamed her.

Everybody has to go through a few holes and I saw no reason why she should consider herself the exception.

All of her life she had been so proud, that a jolt like this might do her good. Even if it came hard.

"As long as you're bound to take it that way," I accused her, "why did you come here when there were hundreds of other places to go?"

"Because it's sentimental," I murmured. "You are dramatizing yourself again. You came here to ooze deliciously with memories of the dear, dead days beyond recall—and all that."

She flashed into anger. "What if I did? I certainly ought to rate that at least as salvage of a life."

I smiled.

"This is the time for you to cut the sentimentality and brace up. First place you had no business to come here to mope just because it was the place that you and Jerry used to come to that year before you were married, ecstatically sipping tea instead of cocktails."

There was a hurt look in her eyes—but she had to get the truth.

The waitress had placed something poisonous-looking in front of me.

I suppose I must have ordered it. Here's hoping it would be a potent enough brew.

I stubbed my cigarette on the chromium and black ashtray. Then I sat at her deliberately.

"You got only what was coming to you, you know."

I saw her cheeks flush hotly.

"You're insinuating that my playing around with the Community theater group is to blame for Jerry's being named as correspondent in the Wilson divorce case?"

I shrugged.

"You know when you went into it that he hated it—and it has certainly left you very little time to play around with him in his few leisure moments."

"I suppose I have no right to express myself in any way!"

"But you know in your heart he was right when he said that meeting around with an arty bunch of people in a lot of decadent plays was not expressing any of the selves you are . . . And Lord knows you were none of them!"

Brooding eyes rested in brooding eyes.

"By that token," she muttered, "you admit I'm an actress."

"You're a damned good actress. That's what the matter with you right now. You're acting. Coming here to mope over your dead love. But you know his love for you as live as it ever was. Despite the way you have neglected it for your filthy 'art'."

"But you heard what those witnesses said this morning in court."

Again I smiled healthily.

"Paid private detective George Wilson is no old boulder himself and having run through Naida's money, now wants to be rid of her."

She stared. "You can't deny that Naida is crazy over Jerry. Can't keep her eyes off him—or her hands when he is near enough."

"Just shows how dumb she is. Jerry hates Naida."

"Might like Naida's brand."

She was so bitter that I couldn't say anything for a minute.

At last I suggested: "And what about your own private rehearsals with the handsome leading man?"

She knew I had been holding that for my trump card as she was prepared: "Entirely casual."

"Would Jerry call it casual—if he knew everything?"

"Absurd! Just because Barry and I had a . . ."

"Reunion in Vienna?"

" . . . a flirtation that didn't mean a darn thing. It doesn't give Jerry an excuse for . . ."

"If I refused to help her out 'and I am certainly NOT going to take him back—if that is what you are trying to make me do.' (I said nothing.) 'I won't be weak-kneed. I won't! Shut up!'"

Both of us shut up.

Suddenly. Just at my shoulder I heard a voice that made my heart beat a gallop stomp in my throat.

There was Jerry looking straight into the eyes of the girl who sat opposite me.

"Hello! Certainly never expected—"

I saw her swallow quickly and turn a bit pale under her rouge.

I felt sort of sick. On her next words hung all of the rest of her life. She lifted her chin and met his eyes with the glint of a smile.

"Neither did I. Hardly recognized the place. Green Parrot goes futuristic. They call it—"

He said: "I don't care what they call it as long as you're here." But, though she smiled, she didn't weaken. Not so that he would notice, anyhow. She was as casual as if she had not been in court all morning listening to his name—and hers—being dragged through the mud.

"Pat," he went on raggedly. (He has nice eyes. Fine, honest eyes.) "Let's take it up again just where we left off at Ye Green Parrot. It's gone damn modern, of course—and it's cocktails instead of tea but it's the same old joint. Same old corner—and you here. God! I never dared hope old times would come again . . ."

She laughed at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"They haven't. Not until you take that place opposite me and shut off my reflection in that fool mirror. A place lined with mirrors gives me the jitters."

Christian Science

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist, Detroit

A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts.

Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School for pupils up to the age of 20, at 10:30 a. m.

Wednesday Evening Testimonies at 8 p. m.

Church Office, Grand River Avenue at Evergreen Road.

FREE READING ROOM.

Open daily, 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Sunday, 11 a. m. to 1 p. m.; Wednesdays, 11 a. m. to 1 p. m.; Sundays, 11:30 a. m. to 1 p. m.

A. L. AND WELCOMES

MAGIC

...old and new

Pulling a rabbit out of a hat is no more remarkable than pulling a complete meal out of a semi-sealed oven—especially when the meal has practically cooked itself, without attention. Yet this is only one of the tricks being done every day by clever housewives in modern electric kitchens.

Today's electric ranges make possible a mealtime magic that would have amazed our grandmothers who were obliged to cook meals on the crude stoves of 50 years ago. Today one merely snaps a switch and goes out for the afternoon while dinner cooks itself. Today's electric ranges are cool, clean, convenient . . . and electric cooking sets a new high in delicious flavor and healthfulness. See the new models on display at your electrical dealer's—or visit any Detroit Edison office.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

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MICHIGAN APPLE ADVERTISING GETS UNDER WAY

The first advertising of Michigan apples, by the newly created Michigan State Apple Commission, got under way with a bang this week.

Radio announcements to housewives, featuring Michigan early cooking apples, are being used over all stations of the Michigan Radio Network, and over Station WLS to cover the Chicago and Milwaukee territory.

In addition to this, a mailing has gone out to 15,000 selected grocery and fruit stores, in Michigan, Chicago and Milwaukee.

This mailing included a booklet called "The Michigan Apple," outlining the advertising and merchandising plans of the Michigan State Apple Commission, and three pieces of window film and wall display material featuring Michigan Early Cooking Apples.

To carry the message to the wholesale trade, a page was used

in the August 5, Annual Apple number, of the Packer, trade magazine of the packing and wholesale fruit, vegetable and produce industry. This magazine page outlined the future plans of the Commission for marketing the 1939 apple crop, and asked the support of the distributing end of the apple industry.

Ample notice of change of address should be given when moving. Notice should be given before changing if possible.

Dr. Joseph W. Norton

ORTHOPEDIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

GENERAL PRACTICE

1800 Grand River Avenue Farmington

TELEPHONE 404

THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

A Member of the World's Strongest Banking System

We are glad to provide for our patrons the superior facilities, service, and protection of the Federal Reserve System.

The banks of each Federal district—twelve in all—are really banks for banks. Because we can get better service, we are able to give you better service.

In making collections, in making loans, in serving this community in every banking capacity, we have the advantages of Federal Reserve cooperation—which we pass on to you.

THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK

Farmington, Michigan

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EDITORIALS

Banjos on the Beach

(Exchange)

Among the times in the summer program of the British Broadcasting Corporation is a microphone tour of the concert parties at various seaside resorts. This, one feels, is something of a tribute to the present standard of beach shows, and the compliment attends a great improvement.

Only recently the black-faced minstrel, and the Pierrot, struggling with wholly inadequate musical and technical, to upset the gravity and "bring down the house," were pathetic spectacles.

At the best, the thin tinny-sounding of the banjo fought a toothy battle against the muffled conversation, the click of knitting needles, and the rustle of paper bags that rose unashamedly from the "tuppenny stalls," while, free and less adjectival it was, and an excellent one it is, too.

Now there are signs that the consumer is waking up to his or her responsibilities. One was a conference recently at Buffalo, held under the auspices of the National Association of Better Business Bureaus, Inc., which gave the country's consumers a hearing in the presence of producers and merchandisers generally. The consumers brought with them a "More honest, more honest and less adjectival" it was, and an excellent one it is, too.

Popcorn for Amperes

(Exchange)

Advances in electrical engineering have come so thick and fast that one may well inquire what answer will be given to the question: "It is 1939, like 1899, when the world of New York City, may write to General Electric for a little sample of electricity, if you can spare it. We are studying about it in Georgia."

Recently, when Gloria visited the New York World's Fair with forty-seven other girls in her eighth grade class, the engineers entertaining the group brought her a close to as many samples of electricity as possible. In Stettin Hall she tripped the switch releasing 10,000 volts of laboratory lightning. Then still empty-handed, she went through the "house of magic," allowing enough electricity to pass through her arms to light a small lamp.

She still had nothing in her hand after she passed it over a tube of light and apparently empty to the light. But, though empty, there was enough energy there, from somewhere, to put the light back in the same manner.

Yet, when she left the Fair after all this, she had in the way of a "sample" was a bag of popcorn, kernels turned inside out by radio waves. Perhaps the "World of Day-After-Tomorrow" will be able to present her a chunk of electricity suitably wrapped up in a small package.

Melting Pot

(Exchange)

Not all the traffic encountered on American highways consists of travelers on relaxation bent. A considerable portion of it, according to Washington's Bureau of Agricultural Economics, has been made up of the approximately one million rural residents who, in 1938, moved away from farms. The flow has been further thickened by 800,000 families en route from towns and cities to resume the life of the soil. This mighty migration, according to Bureau statisticians, places the Nation's pastoral population close to the all-time record of 1918.

The apprehension that this flocking to farms will further defer a lasting solution of the surplus crop problem is largely allayed by the reassuring report that the United States for years has been a net exporter of agricultural products, and that the rural residents who, in 1938, moved away from farms, The flow has been further thickened by 800,000 families en route from towns and cities to resume the life of the soil. This mighty migration, according to Bureau statisticians, places the Nation's pastoral population close to the all-time record of 1918.

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