

The Farmington Enterprise

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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. Delmer Stubbs, Pastor
Morning worship at 10:30.
Church school 12 noon.

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

CLARENCVILLE M. E. CHURCH

Rev. W. J. Prisk, Pastor
Church Service 10:00 a. m.
Sunday School 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Evening, 7:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkins, Pastor
Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m.
8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m. and 12:00.
Benefit service after 10:30 mass.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m. and
8:00 a. m.

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

B. P. U. 6:30 p. m., for Juniors
and Seniors.

Evening Evangelistic Service at
7:30 p. m.

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

Reford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lusher Road
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise
service, 11:00 a. m.

Evangelistic service, 7:15 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of
circumstances.

Recently, when Gloria visited the
New York World's Fair with
forty-seven other girls in her
eighth grade class, the engineers
of the circus brought her
to as many samples of electricity
as possible. In Steinmetz Hall she tripped the switch releasing
10,000,000 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 so quickly needed
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, all 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 chains
electrically suitably wrapped on
a small package.

Melting Pot

(Exchange)

Not all the traffic encountered
on American highways consists of
travelers on relaxation beat. A
considerable portion of it, according
to Washington's Bureau of
Agricultural Economics, has been
made up of the automobile one
million rural residents who, in
1938, moved away from farms. The
figure has been further thickened
by 800,000 families en route from
towns and cities to resume the
tiling of the soil. This mighty
migration, according to Bureau
statistics, places the Nation's
pastoral population close to the
all-time record of 1910.

Apprehension that this flocking
to farms will result after a last-
ing period of the surplus crop
problem is largely allayed by the
reporting service that the demand
is not for yesterday's multi-cultured
agrarian establishments, but for
tiny tracts for subsistence farm-
ing—plots intended to provide
only for the immediate food needs
of the families dwelling on them.

Cleaner Air

(Christian Science Monitor)

The famous Gilbert and Sullivan
duo about the policeman's lot not
bother a henny one found no appeal
in Nashville, Tenn., recently
when officers of the local de-
partment received a \$5 bill from a
man whom they had arrested for a
traffic violation. The money was
accompanied by a check indicating
the officers' address to date.

Some of the traffic violations for
which John Motivat receives
police summonses are admittedly
of a minor nature, and because
they are of a minor nature
the human tendency seems to be
to try to "get it fixed." Many a
police officer has become disconcerted
in carrying out his assignments
because such a large pro-
portion of motorists are able to
"get it fixed."

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
has said that if you can get a
traffic violation "fixed" in your
town you should be wary of your
police department. The Nashville
citizen who awarded the arresting
officers set an example of an atti-
tude which if adopted by others
would do much to raise the morale
of any law enforcement department. This
is not to recommend sending a
summons to the police, but many a
policeman would tell you it is reward enough to know
that he has your support and that
you won't try to "get it fixed" if
you happen to err.

King Consumer

(Christian Science Monitor)
it has long been the theory
of merchandising that the consumer

TEA INTO COCKTAILS

By DARRAGH ALDRICH
© McClure Syndicate,
WNU Service.

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

The place was all but empty.
Tea hour—or cocktail hour, rather
was not yet.

I followed the silhouetted figure of
the amateur bartender, who I
saw had pulled out for me and
drew off my gloves.

Thank God I could be alone.

Then I looked up and met haggard
eyes staring directly into mine.

For an instant I did not recognize
her, though of course I had had the
sneaking feeling all along that she
would come.

I nodded at her and said: "Hi, old
dear! So you came after all. 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
haven't been able to get first off."

She enough anyhow.

Last time I had seen her she had
been sallow-skinned and old, with
desperate lines about the mouth.

Considering everything—she now looked
far more like the petted mistress of
a millionaire than the wifed of a
clever young man.

She had pulled in all the tabs
as profane 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 cigarette.

She said nothing.

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

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

All of her life she had been so
damn smug 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 don't you come here when there were
hundreds of other places to go?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

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

She flinched into anger.

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

I snorted. "This is the time for you to cut
the sentimental and brace up.
One place you had no business to
come here to mope just because it was
the place that you and Jerry used to come to
when you were married, cocktailed, ecstasically sipping
tea instead of cocktails."

There was a long, silent stare
as she tried to get the truth out.

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 bribe.

I stubbed my cigarette on the
ashtray and took a long, slow drag. Then
I went at her deliberately.

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

I saw her cheeks flush hotly.

"You're insinuating that my play-
ing around with Jerry—Compton's
agent—was a bribe for Jerry's
being named as correspondent in the
Wilson divorce case?"

I shrugged.

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

"I suppose I have no right to ex-
press myself in any way!"

"But you know in your heart he was
right when he said that mess-
ing around with an arty bunch of
people in a lot of dead-end plays
wasn't expressing any of the selves
you are."

And Lord knows you were
never enough of them!"

Breeding eyes rested in brooding
eyes.

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

"You're a damned good actress.
That's the matter with you
right now. You're acting. Com-
ing here to moan over his dead
love. Rot! You know his love for
you is as live as it ever was. De-
spite the way you have neglected it
for your filthy art!"

"I suppose I have no right to dis-
cuss what those witness-
esses said this morning in court."

Again I snorted—healthily.

"Paid private detectives! George
Wilson is an old bounder 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 music."

"I might think Jerry's brain."

She was too 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 so she was pre-
pared: "Entirely casual."

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

"Absurd! Just because Barry and
I had a—

"Reunions in Venezuela."

"...a dictation that didn't mean
a darn thing, it doesn't give Jerry
an excuse for ..." (I refused to
tell 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-minded. Shut up! Shut up!"

"I'm not going to be a—"

"I'm not going to be a—"