

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Beating Dr. Stokowski's Drum

(Christian Science Monitor)
Every great conductor knows the value of silence; he does not like to hear a careless concert-goer crack a Brazil nut during a rest in a Beethoven Symphony, nor a "grand pause" punctuated by the snap of a lady's handbag. He may also know when not to say anything when something might seem to be called for. Bandmasters apparently do not, even though they may know more about music than they think Dr. Stokowski does.

In any event they have added to the attention that the noted orchestral conductor has already attracted by replying fortissimo to some suggestions which might more deftly have been handled scherzando. Dr. Stokowski had proposed that military music be rescored and the instrumentation altered. To which the American Bandmasters Association rejoined:

What would Dr. Stokowski, as a symphony orchestra conductor, say if we as bandmasters, were to rush into print proclaiming the symphony orchestra to be antiquated, that the violas should be replaced by saxophones... because replacement of horns means difficulty in getting horse hair for fiddle bows?

One guess on this question may well be that Dr. Stokowski would suspect the bandmasters of seeking to make a new story and just wouldn't say anything to make the story any bigger or better.

What? No Saturday Paper?

(Exchange)
Subscribers to small-town dailies in a number of States have failed recently to hear the familiar thud of the paper against the front door on Saturday afternoons. The 40-hour week clause of the National Wage and Hour Law is responsible. Rather than pay overtime, many publishers are abandoning their Saturday issue. The result has been a smaller pay envelope for the workers, reduced income for the newspaper owners, and no paper for the family to read Saturday evening. Nobody seems to like it particularly.

The alternative—paying extra wages—would have meant a gain for workers, but a real loss for publishers. It would have been difficult to pass on the additional costs to advertisers in most cases. But even had advertisers accepted an upward revision of rates, they would have had to pass the costs on to consumers.

Possibly, in these days of radio news services and Friday afternoon bargain advertisements, it is no great hardship to readers to do without some Saturday afternoon papers. But many workers, along with the owners, feel that the law is disadvantageous. It is applied because of a comparatively small number of out-of-State subscribers. The law obviously was not intended to apply to small-town dailies—but it does.

The average small-town worker does not especially prize an extra holiday if he loses a day's pay. The law was principally intended for city workers who can hardly go shopping for a new suit of clothes or a parlor rug without taking a day off. Applied to the small newspaper, it apparently only cuts down employment. A number of law-makers believe it needs amendment in this respect.

Have We Not All One Father?

(Exchange)
In a war-torn world, men seem to have forgotten their universal relationship; therefore, in the words of Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts, "it is the more important that we in America keep bright the light of spiritual faith that is the essence of true brotherhood." Hence the current celebration of Brotherhood Week.

"With reverent dependence upon God and faith in our deity as a people," reads President Roosevelt's proclamation, "let us purify our hearts of all intolerance."

Late-Winter Frost

(Exchange)
Frost is brother to the cold. Where they walk a crystal path seals the hour fold of dawn. On the gray and lonely stone they carve the imprint of a leaf. On the empty window-sill, suddenly a garden grows the trace of flowers in a summer white and brief. On the thin and brittle twigs traceries of jewels appear, and the trees that lie on high empty branches to the sky, bend in the wind that brings their cold and his quiet brother from the hand in the wind and suddenly bloom with buds of light, with beauty lost until this white, this radiant day.

Wanted: Engineers

(Exchange)
The United States ought to act more to forestall an impending shortage of engineers, chemists, physicists, and high-class technicians by defining emergency priorities in manpower more clearly. It will be too late this fall or in 1942 to discover that, whereas vital materials have insured a constant supply of essentials when and where needed, trained engineers, draftsmen, and executives capable of making most effective use of these resources, have mistakenly been left or allowed to become machine gunners, airplane exporters, tank drivers and rear-echelon soldiers in the Army.

After caring for such essentials as feeding, clothing and housing the Army, most defense production is machine shop production. A mechanized army must have equipment. Turning out airplane engines, tanks, guns, trucks and ammunition, just to mention a few things, requires machine shop engineers able to function as production planners, designers, technicians, inspectors and managers.

Dr. Harvey N. Davis, President of Stevens Institute of Technology, has asserted cogently that production needs should outrank even military needs for trained men. An enlightened public opinion must stand behind the draft boards on this point. Dr. Davis offers four very practical suggestions:

First, engineering schools should redouble efforts to make more trained men available. Second, engineers just out of college should be assigned to defense production rather than to combat training.

Third, potential draftees who still are in the midst of their professional training, should be deferred at least until they graduate. Fourth, industry itself should do its utmost to conserve the human resources it already has and not consider young engineers as "replaceable" failing to ask for their deferment.

More Book Shelf Space

(Christian Science Monitor)
Housewives find the yearly influx of new books steadily exceeds the available shelf space provided by the man around the house who is handy with tools will appreciate the problem faced by several Greater Boston libraries. And it is likely that scholars, librarians, and others will appreciate the solution these libraries now propose: A new building on the banks of the Charles, near Harvard, where the least used volumes of all libraries will be stored.

Harvard suggested it, the Boston Public Library, the Athenaeum, the Libraries of the Commonwealth, the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston College, and the University agreed with enthusiasm. Costs would be apportioned according to use, and the total expenditure will, of course, be much less than if each institution undertook its own expansion program. An early agreement was that it would tend to render readily accessible now scattered treasures.

Other cities in the United States with shelf-space problems may find the Greater Boston proposal an inspiration.

CHURCHES

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

SALEM EVANGELICAL
Rev. Carl Schultz, Pastor

Church at 10:00.
Sunday School at 11:00.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E.
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
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor

Sunday Masses at 7:30, 8:30, 10:30 a. m., and at 12 noon.
Masses on Holy Days at 6:00, 7:30, and 9:00 a. m.
Daily Masses at 6:30 and 8:00 a. m.

REDFORD GOSPEL TABERNACLE
18000 Lahser Road
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.

FIRST BAPTIST
"The Friendly Church"
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor

Morning prayer meeting, 10:15.
Morning worship, 10:30.
Bible School, 11:45. We have a good class for every age group and all who are not attending some other school are invited to come.

B. Y. P. U., 8:30.
Evening evangelistic meeting at 7:30.

West Point Bible Church
Seven Mile W. & Farmington Rd.
West Point Park, Michigan
Rev. J. H. Sandecker, pastor
19020 Woodbridge avenue
Phone 58-11

Mr. P. Amstutz, assistant pastor
Rev. E. B. Farnum, superintendent

WINTER SCHEDULE
Sundays
Sunday School, 10 to 11 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11:15 to 12:30.

Junior Church, 3 to 4 p. m.
Evangelistic Service, 7:45 p. m.

Tuesdays
Prayer Meeting and Divine Healing Instruction (we pray for the sick), 8 p. m.

Fridays
Missionary Meeting, 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.
Child Evangelism, 4 to 5 p. m.
Bible Institute, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. (accredited Moody Bible Institute courses).

OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES
Mondays
Mexican Missionary Work (Detroit).

Wednesdays
Evangelistic Team (at missions and churches scheduled for us).
If you are interested come with us.

Saturdays
Tract Distribution (local and outside).
"You are Never a Stranger."

FARMINGTON GOSPEL ASSEMBLY
25809 Warner Avenue
Rev. Orville J. Windell, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m.
Teaching, preaching and singing the gospel of Christ.
Everybody welcome.

FIRST METHODIST
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor

Morning Worship at 10:30. Sermon by the minister.

Church School, 12 noon.
Junior League, 5:30.
Sunday Evening Club 7:30.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
New High School Auditorium
Farmington, Michigan

"Reality" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in All Christian Science Churches throughout the world on Sunday, March 30.

The Golden Text (Jeremiah 61:10) is: "The Lord hath promised us righteousness: come, and let us declare in Zion the work of the Lord our God."

Among the Bible citations is this passage (Romans 1:20): "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 331): "The Scriptures imply that God is All-in-all. From this it follows that nothing possesses reality nor existence except the divine Mind and His Ideas; Everything in God's universe expresses Him."

Crows in southeastern Michigan have been observed eating not only the seeds of grain, but corn cobs in stalks in the fields.

DONALDSON'S LUCK

By CLARISSA MACKIE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service)

PHIL DONALDSON was plainly excited. He had rushed into the club-house, sought his friend, Ronald Payne, and borrowed his fishing tackle, promising to bring him a "mess of little blues" as a result of his day on the water.

"Didn't know you went in for fishing, Don. Who's we?"

"On—the final test," Payne smiled urbanely.

Phil blushed furiously. "Now, just what do you mean by that?" he wanted to know.

"What every youth must go through if he aspires to the hand of Nancy Derringer. Old man found a round of golf with the daring lads."

"Yes—we had the round of golf," admitted Phil.

"How did you come out?"

"Licked him good and plenty—I holed out in 83, and he was fuming along with ninety-something."

"Thought he would be pleased with a chap who could play a good game."

"And wasn't he?"

"Acted peeved. Then asked me to go fishing—say, I must be off. Anyway, I'll bring you a good lot of snappers."

"Good luck," and as an afterthought, "can you fish?"

"Not much—used to when I was a boy," and Phil hurried away in his car, anxious to keep his appointment with Nancy's father.

Perhaps sweet Nancy guessed the weighty significance of the fishing trip—her father's oddities had gradually impressed themselves upon her understanding as various authors had been taken up by her stern parent, had fished, golfed, and hunted with him—and had then gone sadly away. Nancy liked all these boys, but Philip Donaldson was the only one she had ever loved, and as his attentions became very serious indeed, she saw with a frightened fluttering in her heart that her father was "on the job" and was putting Phil through the mysterious test.

That was why she had tucked a tiny white silk glove in his pocket as he left her.

His glances told each other what their lips had no time to say. For Asa Derringer was impatiently in the car, where he had already taken his seat.

Out there in the sunshine, with the Derringer motor boat anchored in the channel that led into the Sound, Phil clumsily fixed the bait on the hook. He had forgotten the delights of fishing, even lost the deft fingers of his boyhood, and now, as Mr. Derringer was watching him with grim humor; nevertheless, it was Phil who caught the first fish.

In a manner of speaking, for while the snapper was really impressive, it was Mr. Derringer's hook, Phil's line had fouled it, and he had brought the two up together with a violent heave that nearly overturned the boat—as if he could not do enough to damage old Asa's feelings the shining snapper was fished back into the older man's face.

Phil yelled Nancy's parent, as he disintegrated the line by "Old fish," he said curtly, and his eyes gleamed.

"I'm sorry—I'm out of practice," murmured Phil. Time and again he saw the snapper flash snatched at his bait and carried it off while Mr. Derringer pulled in one silver prize after another.

"I'm a dub," remarked Phil once, when with many apologies he had extricated his hook for the third time from the neck of his companion's sweater. Derringer made no reply, but a funny crinkle appeared around his eyes. Phil did not see it, and continued to gloat, all the while fishing doggedly, patiently, in utter silence, never catching another fish all day. They ate in silence, and continued until the older man, tired in his line with the remark that they had better "call it a day's work."

"You won't ask me to go fishing again, I'm afraid," said Phil as he started the engine—he could do all sorts of things with a boat or a car.

"On the contrary, I hope we will go out lots of times, Phil," said Derringer with great cordiality. "I like you—admire your patience, your stick-to-itiveness—your modesty, and I'm going to show you how to fish. How about it?"

Of course Phil said the right thing, and he had a glimmering that if he had caught all the fish Derringer would not have been so agreeable.

"It's the showing-off of these young chaps that disgusts me," went on Mr. Derringer, as they rode toward home. "They are so sure of it and so full of themselves, they can't do a thing. Give me every time the fellow who is willing to take a back seat once in a while, and who isn't the king of the pond."

"You'll stay for an informal dinner, eh?" his eyes had a "bless you my child" gleam.

"The next day Phil brought a set of new fishing tackle for Ronald Payne, but the old books and lines he carefully treasures in a little leather bag together with a crumpled silk glove. "Sometimes fishermen's bad luck is good luck in disguise," reads the label on the box.

Municipal Weather Bureau in United States

A municipally operated weather bureau, believed to be the only one in the United States, now is in its seventh year of successful operation in San Jose, Calif., the International City Managers' association has announced.

The city took over the bureau in 1933 when the U. S. weather bureau decided to close its San Jose bureau because of a reduced appropriation. The city council arranged for the federal bureau to leave its equipment and records in San Jose to be operated and maintained by the city, which also retained the government's meteorologist.

The station remains a co-operative unit in the far-flung network of U. S. weather bureau. In return for furnishing the instruments, books and supplies the government receives periodic reports and records from the San Jose station, which is the only bureau in the coastal section between San Francisco and Los Angeles that collects a complete 24-hour climatological record.

The municipal station and the U. S. weather bureau co-operate also in issuing frost and storm warnings so vital to the prune and apricot growers of the Santa Clara valley, of which San Jose is the leading city. Finally, the San Jose bureau prepares daily weather charts on the basis of information broadcast by the government's San Francisco office.

Probably most important to the city are the records the bureau maintains, the association said. The data include the city in securing the \$10,000-annual research laboratory of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

30 Bullets Per Minute From Semi-Automatic

A new semi-automatic rifle is a dream instrument for use by the infantry soldier of any country and can likewise be used by the cavalry, marines, mechanized units, airmen and civilians.

Semi-automatic means that it is not a full automatic as the rifle with machine guns. The latter fire a continuous stream of bullets so long as the trigger is held back and cartridges are fed into the gun mechanism. Machine guns weigh from 18 to 40 pounds depending on the make and require from three to nine men to operate and handle.

The semi-automatic weighs the same as the ordinary army rifle, about nine pounds. One shot is fired with each pull of the trigger. The effective strength of any army in action is dependent largely on the fire power and it is therefore of prime importance that the infantry should be equipped with the most modern rifle available.

The evolution of rifles during the last 100 years has been amazingly slow. The first was the breech loader, and about the 40 years ago came the magazine rifle.

Long-Time Correspondence

A 45-year-old promise to exchange two letters each week gives the sisters a record for long-time correspondence.

It was in 1894 that Mrs. Harry Korb of Leansville, Pa.; Mrs. "Old Lutz of Donora, Pa.; Walter Bradford of Marion, Ind., agreed to write their weekly letters.

Since then, two daughters of Mrs. Korb, Misses Jane and Josephine, have joined the "long-time" correspondence and they estimate they've exchanged 17,976 pieces of mail.

The sisters began the marathon letter writing because they were forced to live in widely separated towns and they wanted to maintain contact.

The daughters of Mrs. Korb, Mrs. A. J. Engstrom of Ambler, Pa., and Mrs. A. D. Wely of Greensburg, Pa., joined the letter "trust" 17 years ago.

The five women are proud of the fact that in the 45 and 17 respective years, they've never missed a "post-time." On postage alone, they estimate they've spent more than \$800.

New Drug Restores Memory

Restoration of a young soldier's memory with an injection of carbalol, a new synthetic drug with some of the effects of camphor, is described in the British Medical Journal.

He was found wandering, clad only in shirt and socks. He could not remember who he was but called himself by the names of himself or else repeated "seven" or "seventy-seven" to every question.

A different form of synthetic camphor, methel, which recently has been credited with curing some cases of split personality insanity and use of carbalol to treat amnesia, or forgetfulness, is an offshoot of that treatment. The synthetic camphors have the same effect on the brain and spinal cord as real camphor, causing a more or less severe shock.

Upholstery "Breath"

Remember "way back when car interiors were upholstered in leather and leather substitutes?" Hard on the clothes, hot in summer, cold in winter. Car makers using the new camda cloths speak with reason. Then, of the "breathing cloth," which allows free passage of air through seat cushions.

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A home that is "showing its age" can be made youthful again with repairs financed under an F.H.A. Modernization loan.


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THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK

Farmington, Michigan

May Festival Artist



Charles Kullmann, Tenor, who will participate in the 1941 May Festival, May 7, 8, 9, and 10, Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor.

CALL FOR NUDIST COLONY. HAD IT ALMOST RIGHT

It was not a misnomer, after all, when one of the long distance telephone operators at Duluth recently received a call for a "nudist colony" at Grand Marais, Minn. The operator wondered if the calling party was joking, but she accepted and passed the call in the usual manner. The call went through without delay, but it turned out that the calling party wanted a "Bear Skin Lodge" which is on a rural line out of the Grand Marais exchange.

FARMINGTON LODGE NO. 151 F. & A. M.

Regular meetings 2nd Monday night of each month.
Lodge room open every Monday night.
Worshipful Master is James Smith, James L. Hogle is secretary.

MONUMENTS

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

NEW HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, FARMINGTON
A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts

SUNDAY SERVICES

At 11:00 A. M.
And Sunday School for Pupils up to the age of 20 at 11:00 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Testimonial at 8 p. m. Universalist Church, 23808 Warner Ave.
Current Christian Science literature on sale Wednesday evenings
ALL ARE WELCOME

SMART NEW STYLES IN AN IMPORTANT SPRING COLLECTION

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