

Impressions

by sue shaughnessy

Dogs are strange animals. Perhaps I should make clear from the beginning that I'm writing from a biased viewpoint. I don't like 'em.

Thus the dog lovers of the world provide a great deal of amusement and make me feel terribly superior.

Last weekend, though, I observed an illuminating incident. It gave me a whole new perspective on the four-legged creatures and convinced me that dogs have distinct personalities.

Picture, if you can, a huge white poodle—untrimmed and rather dirty—who answers to the name of "Daisy." This poodle looks as though she would be a disaster around a coffee table or anything fragile and has trouble seeing because of the hair in her eyes.

Add to this one dachshund who answers to the name of "Velvet." This dog has a fondness for bones—usually bigger than she—and an even greater fondness for marshmallows. That's right—marshmallows.

Velvet is a rather mild-mannered dog and really doesn't bother anyone except when she has a bone. Then she turns into a ferocious animal.

During the course of an outdoor marshmallow roast last week Velvet was growling over a particularly despicable looking bone when Daisy appeared on the scene.

Daisy wandered around and generally caused chaos among the group with her huge bulk.

Finally Velvet decided to ignore Daisy and set her bone carefully in a corner and began to beg for the marshmallows.

Somehow Daisy spied the bone and managed to squeeze into a small corner. Before anyone really knew what was happening she had the bone in her mouth.

The humans present and Velvet all discovered Daisy quietly edging away from the party. Poor Velvet was caught on the horns of a dilemma. Her bone was stolen, but she couldn't forgo the chance of those dropped marshmallows.

Velvet chose the marshmallows, being the civilized dog she is.

Daisy still ambled away—very slowly and very quietly and waited until she was about 100 feet away before she began to run. Then she took off for home.

Minutes later she could be observed sitting in her front yard enjoying the fruits of her victory.

Velvet, however, didn't fare too poorly as she won about three marshmallows by her choice.

As we said dogs have personalities.

Just Chatterin'

Passing Along a Few Tips To Budding Young Journalists

By W. W. EDGAR

IN A FEW more days the institutions of higher learning across the land will open their gates and release an army of graduates to join in the battle for existence that is changing every minute.

It will be their first confrontation with stark reality after living in the ivy halls soaking up theory and the results may be shocking, for they'll find that they've engaged in a struggle where it will be a survival of the fittest.

They'll find that the world may be a great deal different than they expected and they'll have to make adjustments to meet conditions as the glamour of their hopes wears off.

This will be particularly true of the budding young journalists who are setting out to conquer the world.

For years, no doubt, they have been told of the so-called "power of the press." They have been left dreamy-eyed with stories of the glamour and excitement of the "newspaper game." They have been told of the prestige that, supposedly, comes with the card marked "working press." They have been fed stories of the excitement that comes with meeting people and being able to attend the glamour parties, social events, and front row seats at major attractions.

What a shock is in store for them!

THE first will come when they suddenly realize that the world consists of only two kinds of people—those who bend every effort to get their names in the paper and those who bend every effort to keep their names out of print.

This always is surprising—and oftentimes the biggest surprises come in the highest places.

The next great lesson they will have to learn is the difference between news and propaganda. And, sometimes, it is difficult to determine. They also will have to learn to shy away from traps set for them in an effort to profit by the printed word.

They'll learn, too, and perhaps the hard way like most of us have, that you can't accept any statements "off the record." Too often, after agreeing to such a deal they'll find that the second member of the press to whom the story was told wasn't asked to keep it "off the record." As a result they'll be beaten on good stories and invoke the displeasure of the cold, hard-boiled city editors who are interested in news and not friendships.

To be sure, there's plenty of fun in the newspaper "game," but most of it comes in outwitting persons who don't want to reveal facts of important stories and getting folks to talk when they've vowed they "won't talk to anyone." Sometimes this can be most difficult, but it makes success all the more enjoyable.

But these budding journalists will find that they must be forever on guard—for even officials in public places will attempt to block their path.

IN MANY cases these are the top officials in the various police departments. Some of their efforts to keep news out of the paper border on the humorous side.

For example, only recently, there was the case of city police force where warrants had been piling up for years without being served. When asked about the case, the top officer stated, very seriously, "I wouldn't mention anything like that. It might be taken as an open invitation to crooks to come here under the impression that they won't be bothered."

I might add that the story of the unserved warrants was printed.

Then there was the case of a breaking and entering of a federal building through a trap door in the roof.

"Don't mention that," the Chief warned. "We wouldn't want anyone to know that there is a trap door up there." That story was printed, too.

So, as a veteran traveler along the river of printer's ink, I'd like to pass along this bit of advice to these budding young journalists: Don't take things for granted... be surprised at nothing and remember—there are only two kinds of people—those who fight to get their names in the paper and those who fight to keep their out.

You'll find it interesting and exciting determining the difference.

Readers "Speak Up" On Varied Subjects

Editor: Who inarnation happened this year to our Livonia Memorial Day Parade? Outside of the few Marines, bands, scouts, firemen, policemen and women, in uniform—the people wouldn't have known it was a Memorial Day Parade.

Out of the five bands, I heard only three play. I was at Wonderland. Why not put one band beyond those Marines and rather dirty—who were out leading color bands—instead of the politicians, their cars with families, the decorated cars, the lovely queens and all those civic groups?

Were the veterans of the other wars, whom I have seen in their uniforms march so proudly by—as in the parades of long ago? Bring back the old-time, real parade, the band music and the real meaning.

About the floats, I'd like to say the VFW Post 3941 float was beautiful, but the simplicity of the DAV float spoke volumes. Those Marines did the Corps proud on the "Two Jims" float. The lone Marine who stood guard over the white crosses—I knew what he symbolized, as I'm sure he knew he stood there for all his buddies, and yes, for every serviceman who has fallen.

The color bearers of the Marines and the Army—God bless them—for "My heart leaps up when I behold Our men go marching by..."

But dog-gone it, where were the Navy blues, Air Force blues and our Army men? My heart leaps up for them, too!

To the folks on the sidelines who did not salute the flag when it went by. You're not too old to learn how to do the salute—and teach how to your children.

I stood near a man who removed his hat and held it near his heart when Old Glory passed by. Another kept his hat on and was asked, "Afraid you'll get sun-burnt if you removed it now and again?" He didn't answer, just moved down the line a ways.

My children and I are flag-wavers and I thank God we are.

I'll close now—saying a silent prayer for those who have died in the service of our country—that they may somehow know we have not ALL forgotten; and a silent prayer for those who live on and fight on—that they may know, too—that someone remembers and cares—and with a humble heart, my thanks to them all that we are still free Americans.

Mrs. H. Eash

Paul Y. Kadish, Chairman
Livonia Democratic Party

Defends Handbill Distributors

Editor: It was a bit jolting to read last week that some Livonia residents labeled handbill distributors in this area "de-



HOLDING SAFETY POSTERS which were among 11 winning cash awards in the 23rd annual National AAA Traffic Safety Poster Contest from the local area are: Colleen Quinn, of 22550 Chippewa, Detroit, and Kathleen Bartlett, of 11348 Beaverland, Detroit, both of Our Lady of Mercy School, Farmington. They won a total of \$125.

reluctants who peek into windows and create a potential menace to neighborhood children." Many Livonia families have spent Sunday afternoon serving and eating dinner at houses located in McGrath's Holy Trinity Parish in Corktown where some of these unfortunate men live. Knowing the warm, courteous, and appreciative behavior of many of these men, in us and our children, we are prone to think that if they do peek in our windows, it is perhaps to glimpse the kind of life they did or might have had.

Many of these men are handbill distributors, often anxious to tell you they know where Livonia is because they have delivered here. And many of our children have been thrilled to come home with pocketfuls of rubber bands the Livonian speaks of, the joyous symbol of something—the only thing—these men had to give them.

For some this job is all they are now physically and emotionally able to handle and for some it is a small mark of self sufficiency that gives them a feeling of being able to control their own destiny.

This is not to say there are no undesirable handbill distributors, but to dismiss them so brusquely smacks of a feeling that we in suburb-

Marguerite Kowalski

Thanks Bentley Band

Editor: Compliments and thanks to the Bentley High School band and their director. For the past several days they have provided a marching-band parade for the Jackson-Bentley area residents.

I personally have enjoyed them, and judging by the crowds of mothers and children following the group, their time and talents are greatly appreciated.

Grateful Neighbor,
Mrs. C. Nix

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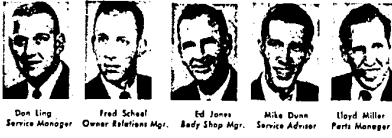
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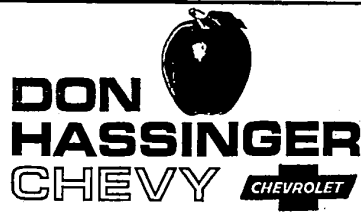
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