



By W. W. EDGAR

The Stroller... Sacred Cows? -- Not In City Room

One afternoon, many years ago, our old editor, a battle-scarred veteran of more than a few skirmishes along the newspaper trail, called The Stroller and other members of his fledgling staff into his office for his first conference.

He had accepted the responsibility of launching a new paper in the field after being given the right to pick a staff of his own choosing -- and he wanted it comprised of persons who never before had set foot inside of a daily newspaper office.

"I want to get them before they develop any bad habits," he explained. "I want to develop them in my own way."

As we assembled there naturally was a bit of nervousness and wonderment on how he was going to start us off on a journalistic career.

It didn't take him very long to get to the point.

"If you are not afraid of hard work and long hours," he began, "you'll find yourself started on what can be a very exciting, interesting and glamorous career and there's no telling just how far you will go."

"But," he added with his first show of firmness, "there's one thing I want understood from the start."

"We have no sacred cows."

No Indian Gods

Well, the only sacred cows any of us ever heard of were those worshiped by the natives in India and we wondered what he meant.

A sacred cow," he explained, "is a colorful term for plugging favorites, other persons, activities, or companies. And we'll have none of them here."

"Our task is to write the daily history of the community--and we'll write it as it is."

He then went on to point out that we were going to find two kinds of people in our travels along the journalistic trail--those who would do most anything to get their name and picture into the paper and those who would do most anything to keep their name and picture out of the public prints.

"People are funny, that way," he mentioned, "and don't fall victim to any of them."

Some months later he walked into the office one evening after his son, a prominent pitcher on the city's baseball team, had been involved in an auto accident.

"What are you doing with the story on Bud?" he asked.

"We haven't done anything yet," a cautious city editor answered.

"Why not?" the old editor demanded. With that he took the notes from the city editor's desk, went into his own office, and the clatter of typewriter was a signal that "the boss" was a bit upset.

Returning a short time later, he handed the city editor a piece on the accident in which he denounced the actions of his own. And with it he had a picture.

"Here," he said, "run this on the front page--with the picture--and it will tell the world that we play no favorites around here."

Playing It Straight

Years later, The Stroller was a member of the Free Press staff in Detroit when the scandal broke in top political circles and the citizens were aghast at the charges against Mayor Richard Reading and Fred Frahm, superintendent of police, both of whom were among the most popular officials of their time.

"Play it straight," came the word from the editors. "We have no favorites--no sacred cows."

And still later, when John S. Knight, one of the nation's top newspapermen, took over control of the Free Press, he ventured into the sports room one evening to visit with The Stroller for the first time.

After the usual handclasp, The Stroller asked:

"Will there be any change in policy?"

"Will there be any sacred cows?" The new owner made his position clear--fast.

"No," he said, "we'll have no sacred cows. Just be sure of your facts...then give it both barrels...and I'll be right behind you."

These things come to mind each time some segments of the reading public rise in protest when some bit of news stirs their ire and they ask--

"Why does a paper print such things?"

"Wouldn't those things be better left unsaid?"

"Haven't they anything better than that to print?"

When asked these questions The Stroller is forced to smile--because out of the past come the voices of his editors--

"We have no sacred cows."

No paper worth its salt would permit them in the journalistic vineyards.



LEADING MERCHANTS -- New officers elected to the Farmington Chamber of Commerce for 1970 are: (front row, from left) John Anhut, Charles Hooker, John Burke, Harry Wingerter, William Clogg, vice-president, and George Ray, 1970 president; (back row, from left)

Russ Gilbert, Tom Zoedens, retiring president, Fred Scott, Bill Bowman, and Gerald Harrison, executive secretary. Not shown: Ralph Evert.

(Photo by Ralph Evert)

Chamber Changes Name, Elects New Slate Of Officers

FARMINGTON George Ray of Ray Interiors has been named president of the Farmington Chamber of Commerce for 1970.

The new president takes over an organization with a new name. Members voted this week to change the group's name to the Farmington Chamber of Commerce after having the name of Board of Commerce for the first seven years of its existence.

Ray, who was vice president of the organization for the

past year, replaces Tom Zoedens, a Farmington architect. Zoedens will remain as a member of the board of directors.

OTHER OFFICERS elected by the board of directors are William Clogg, vice president, and Bill Patterson of National Bank of Detroit as secretary-treasurer.

New members of the board of directors, chosen at a recent meeting, include John Anhut, owner of the Bradford Inn, Bill

Bowman, executive vice president of Thompson-Brown; Ralph Evert, owner of Evert Photographic Service, which provides many pictures for the Farmington Enterprise & Observer; Russ Gilbert, president of Town & Country Dodge; Phil Hunter, Mills Products; and Harry Wingerter of Bon Ton Shoppe.

ALL WILL SERVE two year terms except for Hunter, who will serve one year. Hold-over members of the board of directors are: John Burke,

Farmington attorney, Chuck Hooker of Control Power; Philip H. Power, publisher of Observer Newspapers Inc.; and Fred Scott of Steeleete Co.

The chamber spent about \$800 during the past year promoting Farmington Projects included the Farmington Founders Festival, Miss Michigan Pageant, shoplifting prevention and the Old Yule Log football game between North Farmington and Farmington high schools.

Kendallwood Kommments

By EMILY ORR, GR4-7499

1970 is here and from all reports it will be unpredictable. You may remember this is the year of the "Aquarius" so look out. The astrologers claim it is good and bad but that variety is the spice of life. Enough of this and back to work. Speaking of work, the March of Dimes needs you. It seems that so far no volunteers for the Kendallwood Subdivisions. The drive begins Jan. 22 thru 29, give a call to Mrs. M. Chalmers 474-0236 or yours truly. Please do it today.

STILL GETTING reports of activities during the holidays. The Chuck Owen household was busy with family celebrations on Green Willow. Audrey's mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Reese, flew in from Florida and while here the family took the folks to the Kendallwood Inn to celebrate their 55th wedding anniversary. The Owens family has a new horse and a snowmobile. No need to say they are busy, busy. Bill Oldershaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Oldershaw of Peppermill, is a pre-med student at U-M and his Christmas present was a trip to the Rose Bowl Game. Michigan just had some bad breaks but is still "tops" with many in our area.

"THINK SNOW" is the slogan all skiers are saying and want more and more of that beautiful white stuff. The sport is becoming very popular as

you will gather after the following:

The Jerry Ellsworth family spent the holidays, that is two full weeks, in Colorado and loved every minute of it. The Dan Tubbs family went to their cabin for five days in Traverse City and skied Schuss Mt., Sugar Loaf and Holiday. Son, Bruce, was unlucky. His head skis were stolen.

Head skis are one of the most popular and most expensive. Of late so much theft is going on in many areas that backs are provided if you wish to rent. Bruce just came into the lodge for five minutes and they were gone, so take heed, lock 'em up!

The Joe Karlo family joined Mt. Brighton and skied every day for two weeks consecutively. How's that for a record? The Brenda family sports at least 10 skiers in the family and are members at Kandahar which is just outside of Fenton off US-23 on Foley Rd. The Bill Salsbury family of Bayberry are members also and find it just fine when they have youngsters learning the sport.

The Jess Marable family decided to go back to skiing and teach their youngsters, so they joined Major Mt. and spent at least five days there. Major Mt. is located just outside of Clare.

The Carrier family has five skiers and one coming up next year, so they joined Pinnacles which is just 14 miles east of Gaylord. And all our family is

now skiing. We are proud to announce that our youngest, Dan, who started at three and has been using the rope tows since he was four, has graduated to the chair lift and poma. He took all the hills at Boyne Highlands excluding challenger and olympic. Six members paying full rates will run at least \$39 per day at the Highlands. Rates there are \$8 for adults and \$5 for children 12 and under. Other areas are a bit cheaper, like \$6 for adults and \$4 or \$3 for children. Children under eight who use the rope tow in most areas are free.

We have skied for the past 16 years and all our children started at three and have covered most of the lower part of Michigan including Upper Michigan. This last trip we covered 800 miles and skied the Highlands, Schuss, Shanty Creek and Pinnacles where we enjoyed the company of the Carrier family.

NOT EVERYBODY takes skiing vacations. The Walt Botwell family packed their trailer on Dec. 20 and headed south. Had fun visiting the

Everglades, Daytona Beach and Miami Beach. Got home in time for school.

The Paul Paytons of Quail Hollow flew to Wichita, Kansas to be with their daughter and family. Major and Mrs. George Doll, who are stationed at McConnell Air Force Base. One of the highlights of the trip was a tour through the Titan II missile base.

Time to get out your datebook. The Women of North Farmington are sponsoring a luncheon on Wednesday, Jan. 28 in the Holiday Inn. Sweet Adelines will entertain and then card playing. Call in your reservations, members, and it is an open meeting so why not, bring a friend.

The Wooddale P.T.A. sponsored a father-son night on Jan. 12 and the program included the film "The year of the Tigers."

Congratulations are in order for Milton Lichterman who writes for the Detroit Free Press and let the reading public know how important it is that his wife's career in her family. The letter made a full page story plus pictures.

Eliminate Boundary Commission

EDITOR:

Rising taxes? Here's another example of bureaucratic waste. The State Boundaries Commission's recent ruling against Farmington Township residents' request to vote on a home rule city will result in thousands of dollars of State tax monies being spent to settle a matter in our already over-crowded courts that they are being paid big salaries by the state to resolve themselves.

One can only conclude that the commission lacks the courage of their office and desires the courts to make their decisions for them. Why, then, do taxpayers need to support both? The courts serve other functions. Let's eliminate the Boundaries Commission.

Directs Program

FARMINGTON Dr. Thomas Rumble of 32019 N. Markham, Farmington dean of the graduate division at Wayne State University, has been named to direct a \$25,000 graduate fellowship program in medicine derived from a grant to the university by a private donor.

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