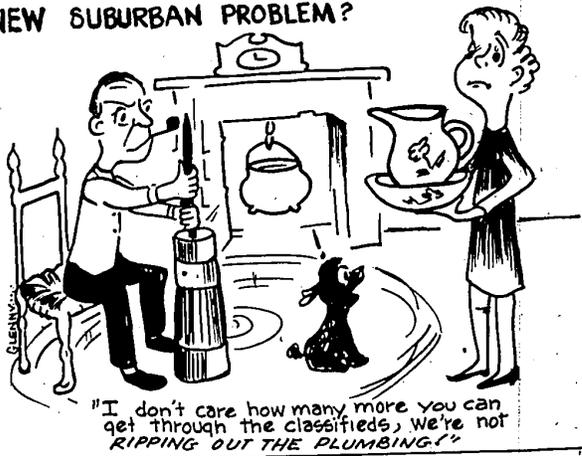


NEW SUBURBAN PROBLEM?



"I don't care how many more you can get through the classifieds, we're not ripping out the plumbing!"

Come, Come, Fred!! Enough Is Enough Buying Antiques Is Expensive Habit

MEMO TO: Fred Levine, Classified Advertising manager.

FROM: Anonymous Reader.

SUBJECT: Auctions.

You gotta start rejecting those classified ads for antique auctions, Fred, old man.

The social foundations of the neighborhood are being disrupted.

It's not that I object personally to auctions. I don't have to go to them. It's the wife.

In fact, under some circumstances, they're all right. The wife talks a lot, but she doesn't really spend a lot of dough on antiques.

It's kind of an emotional experience, a form of recreation for her.

There's the anticipation of waiting for the Observer to arrive — Detroit papers don't seem to pick up the antique auction ads the way we do.

There's the excitement of her contemplating all the things she'd like to buy. This is scary at first, but actually she talks more than she spends. In her case, it's cheaper to let her go to an auction than to take her to dinner or one of those expensive foreign flicks.

Then on auction night, there's the exhilaration she gets from actually going out there. Me, I go and romp with the dog or find a cheerful saloon.

No objection so far. I knew about her debility when I married her. I can't complain.

But her disease is infecting the neighbor ladies.

Solemn matrons, women of grace and dignity, are getting the bug.

They're ganging up.

Two antique buffs can find three times as many shops and auctions as one antique buff. Three of those madwomen can

find five times as many outlets as one.

Their interior decorations haven't been geared for antiques. They have to re-gear.

Their husbands and their budgets are being jolted.

This is where my gripe comes in.

Their husbands used to be my friends. We'd trade war stories about crabgrass, fertilizer spreaders and tools.

Now they shun our household and me. My wife's the germ.

Homemaking grinds to a halt much more quickly these days as more and more of the ladies become addicted.

Fred, old man, you gotta start rejecting those classified ads for antique auctions.

The social foundations of the neighborhood — the most sacred spot in American civilizations — are being disrupted.

This Is The Week That

... By Don Hoenshell

There's an echo here somewhere of a gravelly voice and the vision of a portly political realist skanking from behind a pair of specs.

It looks like Ray Bliss, that Machiavelli of the Cleveland precincts and now Republican National chairman, and it sounds like Ray Bliss and it talks the way he talked three years ago:

The direct quote is elusive but he said political parties need glamour on the ticket more than experience and savvy. Those you can buy.

Well, now. Remember the parable of the loaves and the fishes?

George Murphy became a United States Senator over that old pro, Plucky Pierre Salinger; Ronald Reagan beats Pat Brown and now it's Shirley Temple Black going for a vacancy in Congress.

Tough act to follow, folks. It was fashionable in the 1940s for the movie people to be liberals but smart bargainers at option time know when the ratings change, whether at the box office or at the ballot box.

What can happen in the political jungles shouldn't happen to that button nose and the long curls, the Good Ship Lollipop sweetheart. Us older guys still have to have a dream.

Somewhere long ago there was something good and sweet in this world of darkness and villains.

And when she married a World War II hero, she left a broken heart for every light in the Capitol. Now she's Mrs. Black and a mother and yesterday is long ago:

A hankie for the tears, please. Glamour in politics used to be accidental—FDR with his rimless glasses and soft tenor chats at the fireside, Soapy with his bow tie and Princeton haircut.

Now there's no time to develop philosophy with the hairdo. Major candidates now come with the readymade image (oh, how I hate that word).

There's George Romney with the successful industrialist posture, Alf. Gen. Frank J. Kelley as the earnest Irish charm, Charles Percy — balance, poise, charm.

It's a little sad, too. Junior can't longer just want to be president. He's got to build in some other field, then trade in whatever he is at the polls. Television and communications have done it. Maybe it's just the way things are.

And it's the people we're most worried about, Run Batman or Johnny Carson (actually, he was asked to run. Wheel) and we've got the flicks and telly running the country. Neilson becomes Gallup.

But, please, dear shakers and movers, don't let Doris Day run for public office. The button nose, the baby doll sleeves, the apple pie.

Ray Bliss, knock it off.

From the Publisher's Desk OBSERVATION POINT

By Philip H. Power

THIS IS about dark horses.

It's about hope and fear, hard work and little sleep, that second effort, and not a little courage.

It's about the fact that in any contest — pennant race, football game, election — there are some who the so-called experts don't think will win but who keep on trying anyway. Sometimes they do win.

The City of Westland has an election coming up on September 12. There are four candidates for mayor.

Of these, two are regarded by "well-informed political observers" (whatever that means) as favorites: Tom Brown and Virgil Gagnon.

Two are regarded by the same experts as dark horses. Raymond Adams and Glen Kassel.

WHAT'S IT LIKE to be labeled a dark horse?

Judging from the reactions of Adams and Kassel, it's not very nice.

"Dark horses are just in some newspaperman's mind," said Adams the other day.

You know, maybe he's got a point. For it's pretty easy when you're writing a story about some forthcoming election to label one or two candidates as "favorites" and someone else as "dark horse." All you have to do is type the words.

In theory, a newspaperman makes this judgment based on his skill and perception of the mood of the voters. But newspapermen have been wrong in the past and there's no reason to think they're always going to be right in the future.

Kassel doesn't like the dark horse label, either.

"I feel like a million," he said, "and I'm confident of winning." He blinks.

"I have backing from no big organized group." And you see a little of what it feels like to be a dark horse.

ALL DARK HORSES have got to try to get some big issue or novel campaign technique. Something. Anything that will turn what the experts assume is the tide.

Both Kassel, and Adams are relying on hard work, from 12 to 16 hours a day. When I talked to Adams on the phone to set up an appointment, I caught him around 3 p.m., just as he was changing his trousers before going to another meeting. But he was lucid and cheerful.

Both are attacking the present administration, as they must do.

A Guest Editorial

Now that the ashes are cold, Detroit has time to express its appreciation to suburban fire departments for their valuable cooperation. Most suburbs have graciously refused to accept payment for their work. But Detroit can make a non-monetary settlement, and we are pleased it intends to do so.

The settlement involves a fire fighting pact between Detroit and surrounding communities. It will provide free mutual aid. And we hope it is the first step toward still more integration of the area's fire fighting systems.

Detroit had opposed mutual aid pacts in the past, presumably because it assumed Detroit would do most, if not all, of the aiding. The riots quickly disproved that cozy assumption. Since mutual need has been demonstrated, mutual aid is the logical next step.

However, cooperation can lead to much more than a hedge against an infrequent holocaust. At a time when the cost of maintaining first-rate and well-paid fire forces can go nowhere but up, it makes sense to consider

Kassel is urging more work on industrial development, and Adams is pushing for closer communication between the politicians and the people.

They both talk like they're going to win. So do the "favorites." They have to, I suppose. Would they be running otherwise?

"Come on down to our victory celebration," said Adams to

Leonard Poger, our Westland editor.

But sometimes the image cracks a little.

"The Rotary Club asked the candidates to come to address their meeting," one of the dark horses said. "But they didn't ask me. That makes it tough."

You bet it does. Good luck.

OBSERVER NEWSPAPERS

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Wednesday, September 6, 1967

Need Big Cloverleaf To End Road "Headache"

Take a rapidly expanding automobile and people population in Farmington Township and mix these with the 1-696-Orchard Lake Rd. interchange and the result is a huge traffic "headache."

Recently the Township Board resolved to alleviate this headache with an expensive brand of traffic hazard medicine:

The Board composed a resolution listing the major reasons

for the need of a cloverleaf type interchange at the crossroads.

The cloverleaf, according to the Board, would solve all their traffic aches and pains at the intersection.

Briefly the resolution stated that when leaving the expressway cars had to make left turns directly into oncoming Orchard Lake traffic going either north or south.

Also the problem is compounded by a busy surface intersection just north of the expressway at 12 Mile Rd. and Orchard Lake.

Sense 'n Nonsense

The state has a 1967-68 budget of \$1.1 million, described as "frugal." Try that one on the swimming pool salesman.

Politicians are all right, but how would you like your daughter to marry one? They don't keep up their laws.

There's this business about Jayne Morgan singing teenybopper songs. So, OK, she wears white boots but Kate Smith sang the songs first with a slightly different beat.

Summer is almost over and we still haven't had a story about a bus driver, overheated and angry at his lot, skipping town in his 50-passenger car. Let's concentrate a little more, fellows.

One of our hippie friends said love is the answer to the problems of the world, but we don't remember the question.

Finally the entire situation will become even worse after Oakland Community College opens its new Orchard Ridge campus this fall just south of the interchange.

In light of these facts the Board resolution urged the Federal Highway Department, State Highway Department, and the Oakland County Road Commission to build the cloverleaf.

On the other hand, it has been general knowledge to Township residents who use the freeway that the interchange is fast becoming inadequate and is unable to safely handle the growing number of automobiles that use it.

In 1966 there were 24 major damage accidents. One of the mishaps resulted in death. So far in 1967 there have been 11 accidents occurring at the interchange.

Township police reported that during both years there were also numerous minor accidents at the interchange that were reported but were not included in their statistics.

Obviously all of the above information leads to the conclusion that something must be done to solve the problem.

Floyd Cairns, Township Clerk, said that the Oakland County Road Commission recommended the cloverleaf type interchange to the Board.

The State Highway Department said that this kind of operation is very expensive and is usually built at only the busiest of interchanges.

The Observer asked Cairns if he thought there would be any immediate action from the Federal government.

He said, "You know the Federal government and how it operates. Sometimes it's hard for anyone to get any kind of response from them."

The Observer seconds the Board resolution when it stated that the cloverleaf design should be completed as soon as humanly possible because the Board is apprehensive that death and serious injury are bound to keep happening.

—Henry Teutsch

Famous Words

Just about every time we start thinking Livonia is a city without conscience, living by its wits and swinging hard, there's another ground breaking for a church. Great town for basement diggers.



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