

editorial opinion

Carl Stoddard writes

Something new for TV

I have come to the conclusion (after perusing this fall's glut of new shows) that television needs some new ideas.

At the risk of sounding brash, I have a few suggestions. This, folks, is what I'd like to see happen on television.

Mannix is involved in a gunfight. He tells the police it was self defense. But they look at his record, see that he has killed 214 men in the last four seasons, and quickly charge him with murder in the first degree. The charge sticks and he is tossed in the slammer.

MEANWHILE, the Night Stalker goes after what appears to be Dr. Frankenstein's monster. He makes the mistake of telling a psychologist about his quest. The doctor has him locked away in a padded room.

On Paper Moon, the little girl finds her real parents and tells Chris Connelly to get lost, and take his bogus Bibles with him.

Christie Love is arrested for impersonating an officer—by the Police Woman.

Harry O finds he can't get any more detective cases after it becomes known that he is continually talking to himself.

Petrocelli loses a case, gives up and moves back East.

The Manhunter can't find his man: Walt Disney presents something in black and white.

The man on Chico and the Man discovers he is part Puerto Rican.

The Six-Million-Dollar man has his bionic parts recalled. The long-haul truckers on Movin' On decide to settle down and open an all-night deli.

THE YOUNG, wandering priest of Kung Fu forsakes his vows and fights his way to the front of a gold rush. Within six months he is a wealthy and ruthless land baron.

The Odd Couple become odder, but friendlier.

George Apple divorces his wife, yells at his kids and goes off to New York

where he becomes a comic in a burlesque house.

Columbo's coat gets up and walks out on him in the middle of a case.

Frank Cannon chases an escaped felon, but the fat man gets caught in a doorway.

The men of the Emergency team announce they will no longer make house calls.

Mary Tyler Moore tells Rhoda to quit telephoning her.

Howard Cosell keeps his mouth shut during Monday night football.

Sonny Bono learns to sing—and do comedy.

Kodiak's snowmobile gets stuck in a snow bank.

THE KIDS on the Texas Wheelers kick their old man out of the house.

The folks of the New Land move further west, find an abandoned ranch that is called The Ponderosa, and move in.

John Boy Walton gets a social disease.

Ironside has an operation, learns he can walk and becomes a professional, big league bowling champ.

The Rookies are arrested for smoking something illegal.

Dr. Welby tells a patient he is too busy to see him and refers him to Dr. Joe Gannon on Medical Center.

GANNON has a wild date and comes to the hospital drunk. His boss takes him off the case and reduces him to orderly status.

The doctors on M*A*S*H, meanwhile, decide to shave, clean up and act respectable.

Matt Dillon loses a gunfight.

And Walter Cronkite says "Ladies and gentlemen, our news staff reports that nothing what-so-ever happened today anywhere in the world. Consequently, during the next 25 minutes we will broadcast music and test a pattern."

"And that's the way it is, Nov. 18, 1974."

Jackie Klein writes

The saga of a pregnant pet

Southfield Council President Steve Hurite is the proud new owner of a plastic fire plug that says "Please Curb Your Dog."

The irony is that Hurite got the momento from the Michigan Humane Society because he didn't curb his dog. He also received a special certificate for outstanding devotion to Missy, the family's aging Schnauser.

Actually, the honor should be shared by Mrs. Hurite, sons John and Gunn and all the kids in the neighborhood.

Last June, Missy unexpectedly gave birth to her first litter of pups. It was unexpected because in her 12 years of life, the chaste Schnauser was never, never allowed out of the house unleashed. It was the one exception that did it.

THE HURITES were gone one afternoon when the boys let Missy out for a few minutes. What a difference those minutes made. The expectant mother soon began piling up pounds. The Hurites attributed it to old age and laziness.

The Hurites went up north and came back to a shocking surprise. Misty had produced a litter of four puppies. It goes to prove you can teach an old dog new tricks, but the new mother paid for her few minutes of folly.

A few days later, Missy became ill and Hurite rushed her to an emergency veterinarian service in the middle of the night. The dog was in rough shape with pneumonia, fever and infection and had to be hospitalized.

In the meantime, back at the Hu-

rites', the family was faced with the overwhelming task of feeding the four pups and keeping them alive.

Mrs. Hurite fixed up a box with a clock, blanket, hot water bottle and the rest of the paraphernalia while her husband dashed out to buy pet nursers and formula.

For three exhausting weeks, the whole family took turns nursing and burping the infant canines every hour, night and day.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD kids were willing foster parents, patiently dripping formula into the puppies' gaping mouths with eye droppers.

And then Missy did it again. The vet swore she would never nurse her babies, but when she came home she proved him wrong.

The Hurites supplemented Missy's dwindling supply of milk with pabulum and the tenacious little creatures thrived.

The puppies have been given to various neighbors who Hurite hopes are still his friends. He's afraid the slightly altered saying "never look a gift dog in the mouth" might not apply.

Hurite is thrilled with the plastic fire plug but he still has a few worries.

"Does it stain?" he wants to know and he warns, "Just keep Missy away from it when she's in the house."

His biggest worry is that Missy, after her taste of the high life, might decide to roam again.

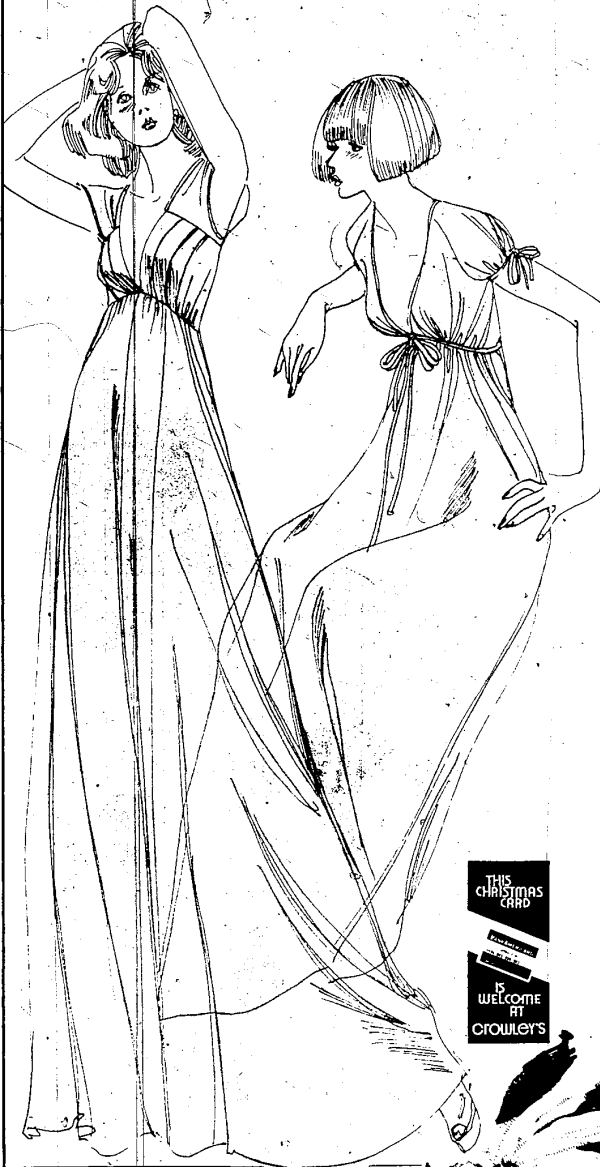
The family could never take another pregnancy.

she'll star in filmy designer gowns

She ought to be in pictures. That's the way she'll look in one of these gossamer dream girl nightgowns.

With deep plunge necklines and little sleeves, each has a touch of Harlow with just a hint of a halo in the styling. Right: Donald Brooks' puffed sleeve gown is gathered at the waist. Pink or blue nylon tricote, P-S-M, \$21. Left: Scott Barrie pleats the bodice. So dramatic in blossom pink or primrose Antron® nylon Crepesel®, A-M-L, \$18. Nightwear (#67) at

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