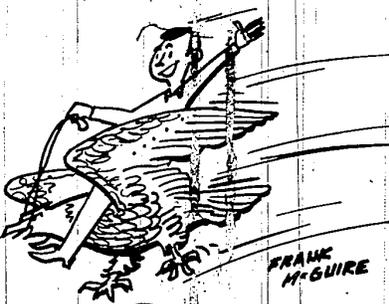


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Less Turbulence



POVERTY **LACK OF FREE SPEECH** **OPPRESSION**

OBSERVING the Scene...

By MYRA CHANDLER

It is the great American custom to gripe about people, places, government and taxes. It is our heritage and our privilege—but, in my opinion, it does not seem sporting to voice a complaint against government unless we have voiced our vote at the polls.

Tuned in to one of these gripe sessions the other day, I became really irritated with the stand one man took—he said he wasn't going to bother to vote anymore—"What good did it do. The government owns me lock-stock-and-barrel."

After leaving the party, with no one contesting his statement, I started to do some checking and the man was grossly uninformed—and so were those of us at the party not to dispute him. But the answers always come better after the questions are two days old. Frustrating fact of life.

The answer to the gentleman is—Americans pay less taxes per capita than any other top nation.

In the United States a married employee with two children earning \$14,000 a year would bring home \$11,963. In Germany the takehome pay under the same circumstances, the breadwinner would bring home \$10,745.

In England PaPa brings home \$0,052. In Denmark, he leaves almost half with his leader, and brings home to mama only \$8,638, and it is worse in Sweden where he would bring home \$8,120.

Now these aren't for the same privileges, either. Commodities we take for granted here—like gasoline or cigarettes—are much more expensive in Europe. In England for instance gasoline is about 75 cents a gallon.

The other day at lunch with the Director of Nurses of St. Mary Hospital, Rita Radzilewski, who was talking about her trip to Europe. She just came back in September and she had managed to spend several days in Poland. Now here is a country where my griper gentleman friend should be forced to spend at least a week.

The Government is kind of cute about its fund raising. It turns the excess of American dollars into its currency, but unfortunately it has no windows for changing it back into American dollars. It is a one-way street—once you trade a dollar it is there to stay. The ladies do most of the manual labor, while the men are the skilled workers—and the pay is not much over an American dollar per day.

If you work for the Polish Government you cannot go to church. Not can you go to church if you teach school or work on a newspaper. If you live here and have Polish relatives and send them a nice bundle of clean, attractive clothes for a gift, it is opened up, changed for less attractive and good repair clothes, and the bundle sent on. Who is to say—Thanks, but the clothes in the bundle you sent were not much good—the relatives? Not likely. All letters are censored—going in and coming out—and if the rationed in one zone are sold out—just go home and get in the earlier next time.

Another example of Europe was brought vividly to my attention the other evening when my family and I attended the Livonia Kiwanis sponsored Travelogue, the first of a series. It was beautifully done and John Weld, author and commentator, did a magnificent job bringing Ireland to his viewers in a delightful way.

True the Isle of Ireland is beautiful and quite gay—but after reflecting on the film and the life of the peasants of the country I decided you really had to like the simple life—simple like cooking every day over a wrought iron affair over an open fire of peat that burned continually. And using the sickle to bring in the wheat—the entire family is in on this operation.

Quaint and charming, when viewed on the modern screen brought by a modern author in modern technicolor, filming from a gay, gypsy cartoon.

Gratitude for my homelands didn't set in until well after I had opened the frig, took out the meat, frozen patties, flipped the switch for the heat, sliced the freshly delivered bun and we all were well fed in less than 12 minutes—from the first wail, "Mother, I'm hungry," until the last crumb was devoured.

As Hans Strang says—the more you see of Europe the better you like Livonia (which is where she lives). Home is great—even if you have to go away to find out.

Critical of Judge

Open letter to: Charles L. Levin, Candidate for judge, Court of Appeals.

On this date my six-year-old son came home from school for lunch with a "Trick of Treat" bag inscribed with your name. He said "Mama, I didn't really want to take it, but this man stopped his car and got out and gave it to me. I told him we already had some at home, but he made me take it anyway."

Mr. Levin, I have tried to teach my son the things that are in every child safety bulletin, namely—"Do Not Talk to Strangers—Do Not Accept Gifts (candy, etc.) From Strangers—and Be Especially Cautious of Strangers in Cars!"

As a candidate for Judge, I think you used extremely poor judgment!

MARLYN T. MCQUINTY Livonia

So What's New?

There are those who will testify that life is a constant change. It seems so, but then the other day Flavia Wilson, from Redford Township, called me with a desperate plea in her voice. "I've needed blood desperately. If we were to have a disaster I shouldn't think what would happen. Honestly, can't you make an appeal for people to come to the next Bloodmobile unit at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church on Five Mile in Livonia Nov. 14th from 3 to 5 or 6 to 9?"

"Either this Bloodmobile unit is a success or I'm just going to quit trying," says Flavia. "It seems residents know my number when they want blood and after I release it with a promise to replace it I never hear from them again. I have gone on the limb so many times and now I need our Bloodbank replenished."

Flavia has been making this plea for 10 years. This proves, really, not many things change. Because Flavia has stayed with this project for 10 years—10 years—never gives up her chant. She gets discouraged but she always hangs in there—reading, cajoling and shaming people into being better citizens by giving of their blood.

After she hung up I got to thinking of an article the late Paul Chandler did after one of Flavia's plaintive phone calls. She inspired him to write the following in his Facts and Opinions Column—and this was at least eight years ago:

"There are those in Redford Township who believe the community is full of pious breast-beaters who whisk through their teeth."

The doubters are the people who work for the Township Blood Bank.

A "Blood Bank" is a collection of bottles in a refrigerated room supervised by the Red Cross. The contents are provided by citizens who have a sense of responsibility to their neighbors, if not an apprehension that the day will come when someone in their own family will need blood.

The contents of those bottles are provided, every now and then, at a clinic in Redford Township. Volunteers come forth, spend a half hour or so in donating, and return home with a sense of well-being.

Once this is done, the bottles are downtown and are earmarked "Redford Blood Bank."

If you need a couple of pints, you can identify yourself as a local resident, and it will be referred.

For instance, there is a little girl living on Brady. In a hurry, she needed a series of transfusions. Friends have replaced the six pints she had to have and her father has made many regular trips downtown to offer blood.

At her particular moment in history, however, the Bank meant everything.

In the case of tornado or war emergency, it means nothing.

There is a point. It has been publicized that on Monday, June 15 at the American Legion Hall in Redford Township there is to be a "Blood Bank Day." Out of perhaps 30,000 adults who live here, 25 have volunteered to give.

The date of collection next Monday are 3 to 5:30 and 6:30 to 9 p.m.

The people directing the Bank are extremely depressed. They can remember when in the weeks following the flash of war, blood donations were terribly in vogue. Today, again, they know the values haven't changed that much.

Call Flavia Wilson KE 1-0497 or Northwest Regional office in Livonia 422-2787 to make an appointment for the Nov. 14th Bloodbank. You can designate your pint of blood to anyone you like. To Vietnam, Aunt Minnie or just in a bank for your own family in case of emergency. You will feel better physically and mentally.

—MYRA CHANDLER

Snow Foils Civilization

Civilization is a wonderful thing. So far, we have developed commercial airplanes traveling faster than the speed of sound to transport persons from New York City to California in less than four hours; space ships traveling 17,500 miles per hour up to 450 miles above the earth and then returning a mile or two from its pre-planned splash-down point.

We also have miracle drugs and found ways to prevent or cure diseases which just a generation ago were incurable.

Great things are being done in education, medicine, the sciences.

But what if all of this progress in human endeavor, why does it all have to slow down to a crawl when a few inches of snow falls on our streets and freeways?

—LEONARD POGER

Sports World Could Teach School Heads

DURING THE many years I traveled the sports trail up and down the country it always was interesting to watch the strategy employed by the managers and coaches—and even the athletes themselves.

When the venerable Fielding Harris (Old Man) was the Major Domo of football at the University of Michigan he never wanted his team to keep possession of the ball in its own territory.

I can still hear him explain in that old southern twang, "I'd be downright silly to try to buck the ball over from Ypsilanti when the goal posts are in Ann Arbor."

So, he had the Wolverines punt, hoping that the other team would make a mistake in its own territory and pave the way for a Michigan score.

As a result the Yost football strategy was labelled, "the punt, pass and prayer system."

On the other hand Knute Rockne, the personable Swede who took Notre Dame to the heights several decades ago, used to shout, "ave up the ball—any place. You can't score without the ball."

And the Notre Dame system became the most fearsome in the game.

We had much the same example in the fight game by what was known among the upper classes of the many art of self defense.

When Jack Dempsey, most popular of all heavyweight champions, was in his hey-day, he'd come out swinging with little or no thought of defense. He'd sink his left or opponent's body and cross with a right to the head, and just keep boring in until one or the other dropped.

On the other hand, Gene Tunney, a self-made sort of fighter, used to train in front of a mirror. He would look into the mirror after each punch to see "what position I'd be in if I miss."

His plan was a defensive plan—successful but not colorful.

Must Sign

If you are angry with the school board, please sign your name on our letter goes in the wastebasket. Particularly before an election the Observer receives many letters, with points well taken but they are generally signed Mr. and Mrs. Redford Taxpayer, or Angry, or Concerned Citizen.

I ask request we will withhold your name from print, but we must have the letter in our file; with your name signed to it. Please don't waste the time, effort, and stamp.

You haven't got enough courage to identify yourself.

Worst, we have had the following incident occur to me. The boys have been spat at with B-B gun from moving auto; the boys have been punched numerous times; they have been cursed at; cars have taken off; slapping them with stones; and with a few minutes of thought we could come up with more.

The point we are trying to make is it is getting to be an outstanding young citizen such as these Scouts cannot perform a community service anymore without this sort of harassment.

We moved to this community with the thought that it was a clean, law-abiding place to live. Every year our dream of an ideal place to live dies.

Tonight being Halloween night, six of our committee members were patrolling our area to keep constant check on our Scouts. We should see various teenagers in groups from two to four. As the night progressed these groups merged into eight or more and finally reached a group of 15. Now this group ranging in age from 13 to 17

years of age, moving about together, certainly are not playing "around-the-house" therapy. After keeping close check on this group from two cars and after they had punched a few Scouts they proceeded in a street bent on bringing every jack-o-lantern from their hands on God only knows what would have happened if they were left to continue. When both of our cars reached the group they dispersed in every direction like a pack of wild dogs, in between houses, back of garages, and through fields. It was a great shame on our community that this night, set aside for our little ones "should be taken over by toghs and bullies such as these. The mob politics most menacing three feet tall. They are now five foot ten and six feet tall and some weigh a foot fifty and 180 pounds.

We all know that our police department has its problems enforcing the law, but we ask you, is there something that can be done to reduce this sort of situation? Can we not, somehow reach the parents of the boys and show them that it is their children that do these things. Anything that can be done would be greatly appreciated by the merit of this Scout's bravery and joy all the parents of this group.

"Hoping we may be of help on future Halloween's."

Thank you from Farmington Estates:
 Thanks to all who assisted in the truck fire and death at Haggerty and Eight Mile Farmington Township, Oct. 4. The Livonia Police and Five Northville Police, Michigan State Police, Grand River Wrecker Service, Novi, GrandBelt Shell, Chuck's Wrecker of Plymouth, Bradley Gill in Garden City and H. Pyle Trucking of Farmington who donated a load of sand to spread on the oil and gas slicked highways to prevent a my further skidding and possible accidents.

CHIEF GEORGE HUME, Farmington Twp. Fire Dept.

Letters To Editor

Scouts Harrassed for Helping

The past seven years the Boy Scouts, and their adult leaders of troop 253, Marquette school, have as a community service spent Halloween night helping the little children of our area to spend a safer Halloween by stationing themselves at various intersections so no tragedy may occur. Because of our limited numbers we can only cover a small area. We are hindered on the north by Donnelly, Chrysler Hill on the South, Moeller on the east, and Craig on the west.

In so doing this community service it seems the boys' scout troop must put themselves in a certain amount of personal danger from the hoodlum element of this area. What damage could befall a person from a lighted flare or a flare we have been asked? Our reply is various and numerous. Let us elaborate in the past years and this year, this year being the

eight to 14, has gone to the hospital with home baked popkies, birthday cards and small gifts. We also take along games, usually bingo, or perhaps we have an old fashioned song fest in the way of entertainment.

The people on this floor await our visitation as children wait for Christmas.

However, it is with deep regret and sorrow that we can no longer carry on this activity. This is due to the fact that the majority of our women have reached the age of 65 through 74 years.

We are looking for a group of women who would be interested in carrying on this much needed and appreciated work.

Five equipment we have we are willing to loan to anyone interested. This consists of coffee urns, cups, silver, games, etc. Also several of our ladies will continue to go along and help a new group of women acquainted with these people and the monthly routine.

If you are a group of women looking for something to fill your heart with joy and soul filling satisfaction, it is happy you will render to these expectant people will more than be your answer.

For further information on this worthy and humane cause, please call 474-5068 or 474-7028.

The Farmington Ladies

Should Be A Law Against Burning

Golly, Detroit ain't no town out "enforcing the law, but we ask you, is there something that can be done to reduce this sort of situation? Can we not, somehow reach the parents of the boys and show them that it is their children that do these things. Anything that can be done would be greatly appreciated by the merit of this Scout's bravery and joy all the parents of this group.

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CHIEF GEORGE HUME, Farmington Twp. Fire Dept.

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