

Just Chattin'

by W. W. Edgar

The tumult and the shouting dies.
The Captain and the Kings depart

Good old Rudyard Kipling, who was a bit before my time, penned these words some years ago, and if he were living today he couldn't have done a better job in describing the calm that has settled over the country side.

The election is over. The people have made their choice — good or bad — and now we can settle back to our normal way of living and hope for the best.

Chances are not all of the selections will be for the best interests, but in the main, the country will go, as usual, being the oasis of freedom in a desert of chaos and uncertainty.

Nothing like an American election happens any place else in the world. For the better part of six or eight months the incumbents and their challengers travel far and wide engaging in one-sided debates that, at times, border on character assassination.

Offentimes these political utterings provide better comedy than any of the stand-up comedians we have in our theaters or who can be seen on our living room television. But, more often than not, they have a tendency to become boring.

And it is difficult to believe that these verbal slashings do not leave scars that may take a long time to heal. It just does not seem possible that one man, ridiculed and maligned by another, can then embrace his rival, and march on together.

On the field of athletic strife it is another matter. Our young athletes are taught to be "good losers" in athletic combat, but don't forget these fellows were not ridiculed and criticized beyond words during the struggle. It is not difficult for them to "forgive and forget."

But the scars in an election battle may last for a long time.

However, in military circles, after a battle they have a custom known as "closing ranks" and marching forward.

The day has come now for our "Soldiers of the Ballot" to close ranks and join the quest for peace that will be comfort to us all.

Fred Lawton, poet laureate at the University of Michigan and a friend of long standing, caught the spirit of the day, while sitting in Michigan Stadium prior to a major football game.

Here are the words he wrote — a modern version of Rudyard Kipling — which he called "The Spirit of the Game."

"Two rival states are clashing here today
Two college bands, blare out their fighting songs
Two cheering sections sing, and swing, and sway
Two sets of colors float above the throngs!

Two football teams, long rivals, now appear
The flag is raised — Old Glory's fluttering there!
A sudden quiet steals upon the ears
AND THEN — Two bands strike up THE NATIONAL AIR

Two factions rise, in reverence, in the stands
For just this moment rivalry is gone
Two teams stand, rigid — helmets in their hands
Two states — United States — stand as ONE!

One fervent prayer is in each heart today
One prayer to God, that always there shall be
One LOVE that melts all bitterness away
ONE LAND, ONE FLAG, ONE SONG — ONE LOYALTY!"

That's the spirit we need today. So, let's close ranks and march on toward peace and a bigger and brighter world with the rich voice of Kate Smith ringing in our ears —

God Bless America!

impressions

by sue shaughnessy

The man who paints the lovely snow scenes on the Christmas cards ought to come down to earth.

Why is the snow always clean? Why is the moon always shining and there is no wind in the scenes?

Just think. How often have you seen clean snow once it stopped falling? How often is the ground completely snow covered and the moon shines and there is no wind?

We don't really dislike snow, but Nov. 2 is just too soon. In addition, after combatting slush and sleet we can't buy the peaceful romantic version of the white stuff.

Welker's defines snow as "particles of water vapor which when frozen in the upper air fall to earth as soft white, crystalline flakes." That might be the scientific definition, but any mother in the area could probably have supplied a dozen different, more colorful descriptions last Wednesday morning.

Some of these might be: boots, slush, water in the hallway and on the rug, wet snow suits and just general mess.

To the fathers the weather meant something different. Their definitions probably ranged from traffic jams and hard physical exercise to "I must remember the anti-freeze."

The younger children in the family were delighted. Visions of sledding, snow ball fights and snowmen occupied their thoughts during the day's classes. (Thank heaven there was no school Thursday and Friday!)

Boy, Did I Get Smashed! \$ \$ Investing \$ \$



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I Didn't Get Rich—Quick
(Laurence A. Wyson, stockbroker, welcomes all inquiries on investing. Send your question to The Observer, "Investing Inquiries," 33050 Five Mile Road, Livonia. The answers are the opinion of Wyson who is considered highly qualified on the subject.)
Q. A friend of mine convinced me about investing in stocks. I contacted a stock broker and bought a couple shares. As a matter of fact I sold the stocks three weeks later, I lost money. I'm convinced that the little guy doesn't have a chance in the stock market and his money should stay in the savings account earning a safe 4 1/2 per cent.
A. If I may say so, your approach to the stock market is based on the same principle that has made Las Vegas the city it is. That is to get rich — quick! This principle collapses when applied to the stock market. In fact, expecting too much, too soon is the most common mistake made by new investors. Many people who buy stocks for the first time would have to admit, in all frankness, that they are looking for a "nice little stock" that will give them complete safety. (b) pay a big dividend and (c) increase rapidly in value. This is far too much to expect.
There will always be some people who, despite good advice, will enter the stock market in the hope of getting rich quick — of "making a killing." These people usually make at least two serious mistakes: First, instead of sensibly discussing their investment plans with an experienced broker — such as one connected with a New York Stock Exchange member firm — they act on impulse. Second, because of this headlong approach, they usually wind up choosing the wrong stocks for the wrong reasons, often overextending themselves financially and taking foolhardy risks.
These people belong to the small minority who seem determined to turn almost any kind of activity into some form of gambling — and who never seem to learn from their mistakes. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that,

Qualified as Radman
Aviation Electronics Technician Airman Kevin J. Edick, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Edick, 34936 Grove Drive, Livonia, was graduated from the Aviation Electronics Technician Course in Radar at the Naval Air Technical Training Center in Memphis, Tenn.
Completes Boot Training
Seaman Recruit Charles J. Madigan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Madigan, 9909 Blackhawk Ave., Livonia, has been graduated from nine weeks of Navy basic training at the Naval Training Center in Great Lakes, Ill.
Home on Leave
John Stevens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stevens, 9337 Newburg Road, Livonia, recently completed recruit training at Great Lakes and spent his recruit leave with his parents before reporting to the USS Sursum County landing ship tank.
stocks are an investment in American business. They can increase in value over the long term, only as the companies they represent are able to grow, prosper and meet the demands of the future.

PEOPLE TO PEOPLE

By William G. Mabein

(Reverend Mabein is the Pastor of Holy Cross Lutheran Church. He is married and the father of three children. He is at present Chairman of the Livonia Citizens for Better Human Relations.)

Last February I was given two tickets to the play "The Deputy," written by Rolf Hochhuth. It still plays on my emotions: Does silence put you in a position of guilt? As you will recall, it is a drama about the responsibility of the late Pope Pius XII to alleviate the persecution of Jews in Nazi-occupied Europe.

The play aroused many, many historical, sociological and theological debates which will not be touched upon here.

Recently, I came across a "footnote" to the play. Kurt Gerstein, the real-life prototype of the character who bears his own name in the play, was reclassified as a result of the play's popularity. He was, up until the play, classified as a "war criminal!"

The West German government refused to give his widow a pension, leaving her to struggle to support herself and her children. Because of Hochhuth, he is now recognized as a heroic resistance fighter, and the government not only awarded his widow a pension, but compensation for past deprivation.

Gerstein had joined the Nazi party in its early days, but soon saw its facade. He protested privately and publicly, but to no avail. It was in 1936, after he published pamphlets setting forth the truth about Nazism, that he was arrested and "officially" expelled from the party.

After release he was arrested again and sent to a concentration camp. The naked horror of the camp compelled him to penetrate the center of horror (Hitler's elite SS Corps) where he would eventually be discovered and killed, but where he hoped to sabotage the "system."

In one instance, he destroyed an entire factory's output of prussic acid, used to kill thousands in camps, by re-routing the shipment.

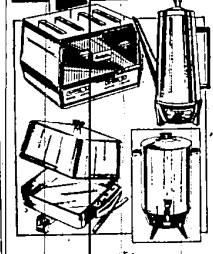
Meanwhile, he had collected a wealth of information on Nazism and attempted to pass this on to foreign diplomats (who wouldn't believe his accounts) and to the Vatican — his last possible channel to the outside.

The irony in Gerstein's life is that he was captured by the French (who wouldn't believe him) and died from "strangulation" by fellow prisoners in a Paris prison, when they discovered his double identity.

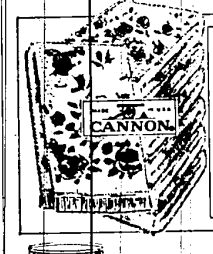
Now in Germany, several training centers for Christian young people bear the name, "Kurt Gerstein Haus." Much of Gerstein's story is contained in Hochhuth's play (available in paperback at most bookstores). It is perhaps ironical that a white play on the subject of silence vs. speaking out in "The Deputy," Hochhuth has, because he did speak out, cause the exonerated of a man previously condemned.

KRESGE'S SHOP-A-RAMA!

THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY



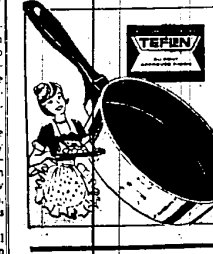
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Like It? Charge It!
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