

'Don't You Dare Be Happy!'

BY RUTH VOGT
Special Writer

Did you enjoy today?
What about yesterday and maybe last Sunday?
Were you silly enough to crawl into bed many a night with a good contentment and soul-satisfaction because you had experienced many moments of sheer pleasure as you faced the day's challenges?

IF YOU HAPPEN to be a victim of this weird disease (happy-itis) do you realize you run the risk of forfeiting your right to be part of the human race which inhabits this century?

About the only cure known so far for this malady is to expose your mind—in the spare time you aren't involved with the many items which floods an ordinary day—to the latest findings that declare no period in all history contained such a horde of "unhappy, miserable, frustrated and bored-with-living people."

You can find this cure in almost any magazine or book picked off the racks; at first the remedy will taste quite bitter when gulped in large swallows.

To be effective, however, it's necessary to increase the daily intake of such articles until you become convinced it's stupidity to jump out of bed each morning with a happy feeling.

"AM I CRAZY? Why blurt out a 'good-morning' to everyone around before I actually know it's going to be worth while?
To fix the face into a smile before anything actually occurs to you is a definite sign you skipped your medicine the day before. You forgot to read how miserable every one is these days.

In the beginning, when you're trying to shed this disease of finding life quite worthwhile, you're bound to experience definite setbacks.

Working hard to overcome them, you must keep in mind how nice it'll be not be considered an odd-ball anymore. To know you're a part of the mainstream of the great group that shuffles through the day feeling "put-upon" for being born in this era will be its own reward.

START, FOR instance, with the simple act of preparing coffee.

Drop your earlier conception of how good it'll taste along with buttered toast, and served with the sound of early birds chirping away for no reason at all.

And don't allow the mind once to weigh how convenient modern kitchens be today with their push-buttons and instant service. Look, instead, upon all these inventions as enslaving Twentieth Century man.

"I'd be so much happier if I had to pump the water and start the fire from scratch and, if I had ground my own coffee and baked my own bread and churned my butter and picked the berries that went into the jam, what a more fulfilled person I would sure to be," could be your theme song as you dwelled on just how miserable you wished to become during the day to follow.

DURING THE morning, providing you embraced the many gadgets which makes housekeeping so simple with your old habit of appreciating them, catch yourself immediately.

"These inventions don't help; they take away my initiative. I'd be much more joyful if I had made my own soap, sweep my floors with a straw broom and clean kerosene lamps. I'm a victim of the machine age, I am, I am," you can murmur.

When the children gather around the kitchen table for lunch be sure to serve them with a headful of what they are going to face in their adult lives.

From your readings you can pull forth dozens of gruesome pictures of how their existence will be fraught with dangers we haven't as yet labeled.

(This will help you to begin the afternoon with a nice draggy feeling of frustration; but remember, you're getting closer all the time to being accepted in the human race of the miserables.)

ALONG ABOUT three, if a neighbor or friend might ring up, don't fall back into your old habit of listing a few of the delightful events (if you've followed the prescription carefully you won't recall them) but instead, lament a bit.

Not to be out done, your caller will probably match your complaints with bigger ones. Both of you can eventually hang up feeling beautifully upset with life in general.

Concentrating the rest of the afternoon on how difficult the mere act of living has become in



this machine-age, you'll be prepared to face the evening hours in a mind. The slightest upheaval will find you rising to another aspirin. By midnight, instead of dropping into bed with your old feeling of "all's well with this modern world," you'll merely pull the covers up over the head and wish the next day was a million miles away!

When you obtain this frame of

mind, rest assured you are on your way to complete recovery from that weird disease of happy-itis. Soon, you'll feel a part of the miserable, bored and quite unhappy Twentieth Century Man!

A third straight year of million-plus attendance is expected at the Michigan State Fair, which opens Aug. 28, and runs through Labor Day.

Cadets End Training B'ham Navy Man Cruises Pacific for Sea Transportation

Cadets Wayne Coyle and Mark Gondek of Bloomfield Hills have completed six weeks of Reserve Officer training at Ft. Riley, Kan., and are now making an extensive tour of the western states and Canada. They will resume classes at Michigan State University in the fall.

Free horse shows will be held daily in the Coliseum during the 115th annual Michigan State Fair, Aug. 28 through Sept. 7.

Navy Lieutenant junior grade Russell G. Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Roth of 144 Fairfax, Birmingham, reported June 22 for duty with the Military Sea Transportation Service, Pacific area, in San Francisco. He will be assigned to the military department on board one of the seven transports operating in the Pacific and will be concerned

with the health, welfare and comfort of embarked military passengers and their dependents. His travels will take him to the Philippine Islands, Pacific Islands, Korea, Okinawa and Japan. A graduate of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lt. Davis entered the Navy in May, 1962.

The classic 250-mile New Car Race will be held on Sunday, Sept. 6, in front of the Grandstand at the 115th annual Michigan State Fair, which runs from Aug. 28 through Sept. 7.

Rifle Training Part Of ROTC Program

Cadet Michael A. Hanna, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Hanna, 4839 Mayflower, Bloomfield Hills, participated in rifle training during the six-week camp for U. S. Army Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) Cadets at Fort Riley, Kan.

During the training the cadets participate in field problems and receive instruction in the newest in weapons and equipment in order

to get a realistic picture of the duties of a U. S. Army officer. Hanna is participating in the ROTC program at Eastern Michigan University. He was graduated from Bloomfield Hills High School in 1961.

The popular Teen-Age Fair again will be a part of the Michigan State Fair, Aug. 28 through Sept. 7.



The Neall family of Detroit like their vacations to be as worry-free as possible. Before leaving for the World's Fair, they stopped at our downtown office. They turned their cash into Travelers Cheques (the safe way to carry money when you're traveling), picked up an extra book of regular checks (just in case), and rented a safe deposit box for the valuables they left behind. As part of our Summer Services, we'd have made them a vacation loan, too, but they didn't need it. If you do . . . the money's still here.



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