

VIEWPOINTS

Voting Is Your Right And Duty

BY SHAUNA MARLETTE
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It seems like every editorial I write, I want to begin with the statement "growing up in South Dakota" but I find it is true. Growing up in South Dakota, I was raised with the understanding that voting is not a privilege, it is a duty.

I was taught that taking the, maybe 30 minutes it might take to drive across town, stand in line, show my identification, gather my ballot and vote, was something to be taken very seriously.

I was very proud of the fact that I could say I had voted in every election I was allowed to since the age of 18, until I missed a city election in Yankton a few years ago due to a late scheduling conflict that sent me out of town and it was too late to absentee vote.

This is me encouraging you, all the eligible voters in Vermillion to step up to the plate on June 30 and cast your ballot, either for or against the daycare ordinance and the malt beverage tax.

We find the issues important enough that we dedicated the majority of the front page to inform you of both sides of both issues.

To some of you it may seem as though the issues don't affect you, therefore why should you vote?

History says that in special elections, non-general elections, the turnout is very low. But both of these issues can and will affect a great majority of the residents of Vermillion.

I don't care which side of the issue you fall on; if you don't make your voice heard at the booth, please don't complain about the results.

A democracy only works when the people speak, and our opportunity is by casting a ballot.

The City Council of Vermillion felt that both of these issues were important enough, that even though the election could have been delayed until June of 2016, they put it to a public vote at the soonest time.

They have given you the right to be heard. They have also provided a web page with all the information you could possibly need on how to vote.

The website is <http://tinyurl.com/VermillionVote>.

Please, visit the site, get informed and on June 30 cast your ballot, let YOUR voice be heard.

Lets make Vermillion the leader in letting our officials know what we want by having getting as close to 100 percent turn out at the polls on June 30, as possible.

HONOR YOUR VETERANS

Organizers of Yankton's Riverboat Days are looking for a little help from our veterans and their families. Yankton's Riverboat Days is August 21-23.

The theme is "Red, White and Blue - We Salute You!" Every year is a great year to thank our veterans, but this year is extra special. 70 years ago World War 2 ended. We celebrate VJ Day between August 14th when the surrender was announced and September 2nd when the treaty was signed. As you can see, Riverboat Days is perfectly aligned.

Do you have a WW2 veteran in your family? If so, perhaps he or she would like to ride in the parade? After the parade we would like to gather all of them at the Mill near the Riverside Park so that the public can greet them and say "Thank you!" It will be casual seating for this "meet and greet," and you can pick the time you would like to attend.

Also, if your veteran has not been interviewed to preserve his or her story, then we would love to do so at no charge! We have interviewed over 90 WW2 veterans.

Do you have a WW2 veteran in your family who has passed away? If so, perhaps you would like to prepare a photo and small biography. We will hang those items at the Mill for the public to see and read. Also, if you have a video, audio or diary concerning your WW2 veteran, would you consider providing a duplicate to us? We are trying to gather as many as possible to be preserved for future generations. If you don't know much about your veteran, then gather what you have - hopefully his or her discharge papers - and bring them along. We can help you trace your veteran's footsteps.

We want to "set the mood." Do you know of any vintage WW2 vehicles, uniforms, or weapons that could be viewed? Perhaps you have other WW2 items that would be of interest.

It is very difficult to say "thank you" to these WW2 veterans of the Greatest Generation. They are so humble.

But we need to say thank you. We have to say thank you. Join us at Riverboat Days. In the meantime, if you have questions, please feel free to contact either of us. Thanks.

Dave Hosmer, 661-2947
Doug Haar, 660-3061

LETTER TO EDITOR POLICY

The *Plain Talk* encourages its readers to write letters to the editor, and it asks that a few simple guidelines be followed.

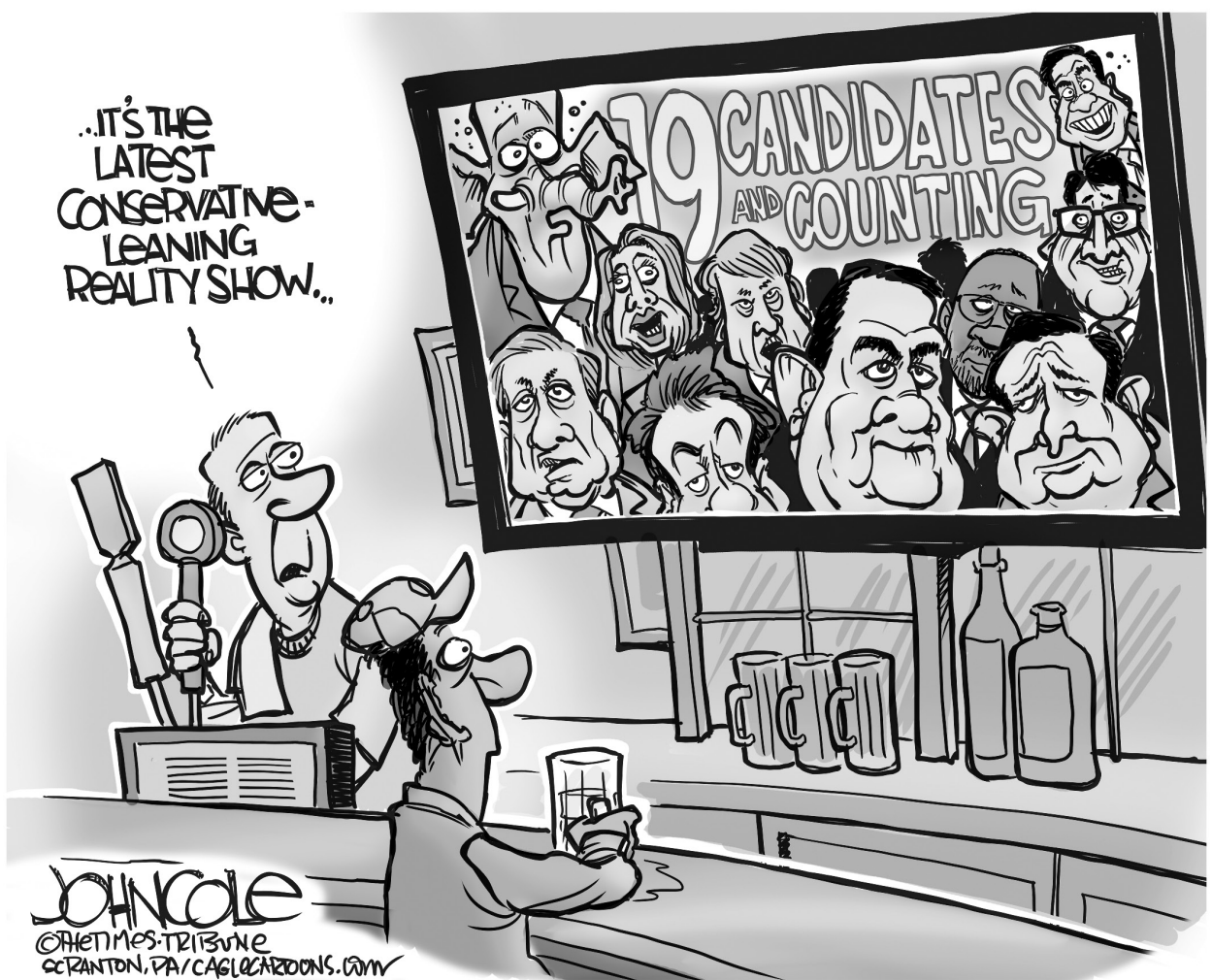
Please limit letters to 300 words or less. Letters should deal with a single subject, be of general interest and state a specific point of view. Letters are edited with brevity, clarity and newspaper style in mind.

In the sense of fairness and professionalism, the *Plain Talk* will accept no letters attacking private individuals or businesses.

Specific individuals or

entities addressed in letters may be given the opportunity to read the letter prior to publication and be allowed to answer the letter in the same issue.

Only signed letters with writer's full name, address and daytime phone number for verification will be accepted. Please mail to: Letters to the Editor, 201 W. Cherry St., Vermillion, SD 57069, drop off at 201 W. Cherry in Vermillion, fax to 624-4696 or e-mail to shauna.marlette@plaintalk.net.



I Thought You Should Know

BY PAULA DAMON

"Heavenly bodies are nests of invisible birds."

Dejan Stojanovic, poet

Dear Mrs. Cardinalidae, In the human world, there's a saying about the importance of where we choose to live: Location, location, location.

Got to hand it to you; you get the prize for location. Way up on top of my eight-foot high plant stand, smack dab on the front porch, no less.

I wondered what on God's green earth you were doing when I caught you jetting back and forth, back and forth, back and forth all day long.

Thought you were simply perching to catch a good bird's eye view. Pardon the pun; I couldn't resist.

Hadn't noticed all the twigs and pieces of a gray Wal-Mart bag [thanks for the litter clean-up, by the way] you gathered for your nest.

Your logic is uncanny. The way you thatched that thing between the stand and gingerbread lattice in the southwest corner of the porch; you can practically reach out and snack on a crab apple or two whenever you darn well please.

You're good, girl. Mrs. Cardinalidae, I was just wondering, how come I see you doing all the heavy lifting while Mr. Cardinalidae stands around watching you work?



PAULA DAMON

[Reminds me of someone I know.] Suppose he's on the lookout for predators or any competition from other guys? Uh huh. Wow, when you build a nest you really mean business! Twigs. Bark. Leaves. Paper. Grass. Hair. The works.

Speaking of hair; did you find those hairballs I pulled from brushes? Thought that would come in handy for just such an occasion. [You're welcome.]

I was a little skeptical when I first saw your nest dimensions. A little small for your eight-and-a-half-inch body, wouldn't you say?

Can I be completely honest with you? I think it would be great if you made my front porch your permanent residence.

Although, now that I think of it, that spot may be a little tough in winter.

Plus, I actually do bring that rack inside during cold weather months, but you had no way of knowing that did you.

Well, hopefully you'll stick around. We're easy to live with and don't make a whole lot of noise.

On second thought, I'd better take that back. Our three Dachshunds, God

bless them, can be quite annoying. Hypersensitive to every little sound, those rascals are yippy.

At times, they'll drive you crazy.

All the birding information says I should watch you from a distance. I'll do my best, but that's not always easy, since you're only a few feet from the front door, near where we like to sit in summertime.

Since your breeding season can be six months long, from March to September, curious as to whether this is your first brood.

If it is, you'll build another new nest for the second brood, which I guess means you won't be here for long.

Ah, that's too bad. I was really looking forward to having you guys stick around. There I go again. Stick around. Get it?

I do hear that Mr. Cardinalidae does carry his weight by feeding the first set of young. If so, I suppose you might want to keep him.

Your young ones sure get in a hurry to leave the nest. Only 10 days after hatching. For heaven's sake, isn't that awfully young to fly the coop? [Pun intended.]

Well, from one empty-nester to a soon-to-be one, happy trails!

SOURCE: <http://www.wild-bird-watching.com/Cardinal.html>

SLICES OF LIFE

Being Young And In Love

BY JILL PERTLER

Our family is growing. Daughter number one and only recently got engaged, which means there is a wedding and new son-in-law in our future. The engagement took my husband by surprise. I think he was (is?) in denial about our kids growing up. I am right there with him. It's a river big enough for the both of us. (We're not getting any older, how can they?)

After the big and happy announcement had run its course, with heartfelt hugs and good wishes all around, I got him alone and asked what he thought.

He answered with three-and-a-half words. "They're so young."

I reminded him that when we were the same age as our daughter we weren't engaged. We were married.

And indeed we were so young. And probably not ready for the world at large. It's a good thing we were completely ignorant of the fact. Ignorant. Young. In love. And poor.

But happy. During our fledgling years of wedded bliss we had three part-time jobs between the two of us. We also worked as managers of our apartment complex to get a better rate on rent.

Part of that job included cleaning vacated apartments to prepare them for new renters. In those early days, we wallpapered bathrooms, scrubbed kitchens and vacuumed lobby carpets. It didn't matter that we'd never hung wallpaper or cleaned an oven before. We learned along the way and considered ourselves fortunate to be



JILL PERTLER

trimming from our rent bill. In addition to his working 32 hours a week at a regular job, my husband was still in school and carried a full course load - for three years. He used to study at the dining room table, which doubled as the kitchen table and,

come to think of it, was our only table. We purchased it at a garage sale for \$35, chairs included.

I remember a summer Saturday when we wanted to go to a movie to avoid the heat. We lived near a theater that showed older shows for a discounted price. Matinees were a couple bucks a ticket. After sifting through my purse and his wallet we were still a little short. I don't remember feeling the least bit discouraged. Just curious as to where we might find a half a buck.

After looking in drawers and between chair cushions, we went out to the car and searched under the mats. And wouldn't you know it? We found two quarters, enough to get us into the show! We couldn't have been happier and didn't even consider popcorn. It was out of the question but we didn't care.

We had a little hibachi grill on our deck - if you could call the three-by-six-foot space that. The concrete deck

floor was covered in a plastic carpet that was supposed to resemble grass. One time a spark flew from the grill and lit the fake grass on fire. After stomping out the flames, my husband replaced the burnt plastic with a new rectangle of grass from the home improvement store. From then on we didn't barbecue much. Still don't.

Our deck wasn't the only thing on fire. A guy living down the hall came home one night and put a pizza in the oven. He must have fallen asleep because the pizza burst into flames, the alarms went off and they had to evacuate the whole building. The guy threw the burning pizza onto the lawn and it landed under our deck. We were glad none of the sparks flew up to our newly refurbished fake grass, as we had matinee aspirations for our tight budget the following weekend.

A short time after that big date we discovered a brand new food chain that served sub sandwiches. For a treat on Saturdays we'd splurge and share one. Still do. Share a sub, that is. Some things never change.

And some do. Our family is growing. My husband is right; our daughter and her fiancé are young. But so were we. And there's nothing wrong with being young and in love. Nothing at all.

Jill Pertler is an award-winning syndicated columnist, published playwright and author. She welcomes having readers follow her column on the *Slices of Life* page on Facebook.

Vermillion

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