

# editorial opinion

## Coupon war rages

By BETH FRUMKIN

The countdown was on. Farmer Jack advertised coupons at one-and-a-half times their value. We weren't impressed.

Then Great Scott, A&P and others said "we'll double Farmer Jack's value" and we were off and running in the race. Normally we would only occasionally use a manufacturer's coupon. But this was different.

Since my friend Karen and I are two women with average incomes, otherwise known as "barely making it," it seemed a worthwhile venture to collect all the coupons we could get our hot little hands on.

After gathering all the coupons from around our homes, we called our families. Karen received three women's magazines coupons she needed but not the ones with informative articles on the back.

WHEN I called my mother she responded, "Yes, dear, you can have all my coupons. You know I gave up cooking six years ago." Now we were armed for attack.

But Kroger announced a three-times

value of coupons. What we had collected suddenly appeared to be insufficient. We called aunts, friends and anyone else we could think of.

"I'll trade you my detergent coupon for a cat food coupon," is an example of a typical conversation. Trades made and coupons in, we set out on our mission.

We awoke early Saturday morning (from here on in referred to as Triple C Day) and fortified ourselves with a hearty breakfast for the day we had planned. We organized our coupons over breakfast.

OH YES, we were prepared, ready to fight the crowds and patiently wait in long check out lines for our bargains. We arrived at Kroger at 11:30 a.m. Customers jammed the aisles, waiting in line at the check-out counters. But we remained calm.

We traveled from aisle to aisle, one taking out coupons corresponding to the section we were in. The other held coupons for items we found, in the right hand, and coupons for items that were missing, in the left hand. The stock was understandably low. The register line was 45-minutes

long, but we saved \$12 on \$50 worth of merchandise. We were elated. Not only had we saved that precious buck, but we had enough detergent to last us for three years.

NEXT WE turned our car in the direction of Great Scott to stop with our unused coupons. There we spent \$22 and saved \$12. Exhausted, we headed next to Chatham with a few coupons left. By this time we were much less organized and our carts were holding us up.

But again we saved \$4 in coupons and now had enough toilet paper for a year. We arrived home at 5:30 p.m. We were barely able to put our purchases in their appropriate places.

Later, we told each other how much we had saved but vowed to never do it again. As we were talking, an announcement was made on television: "With the coupon war on, it is speculated that some stores may go up to four times their value," the man said.

Exhausted as we were, we bought a load of women's magazines and spent the evening cutting out coupons. We were victims of the coupon craze, and too weak to fight it.

## The Stroller Wedding bell echoes

By W.W. EDOAR

Wednesday, June 16 will be just another day in the life of many thousands around the country. They'll arise shortly after dawn, hasten to their daily tasks and, in the evening, take a little relaxation before turning in for the night.

But not The Stroller—it'll be reliving one of the most exciting days of his life each year, as the date arrives, the memory of the excitement becomes even greener.

You see, on that date, The Stroller and his little lady who runs our home will be celebrating the 10th anniversary of the day we walked down the aisle and joined in the bond of matrimony.

Celebrating a wedding anniversary is a special time in many households. But to The Stroller, his wedding day was unlike any other he had heard of or seen. And he has seen and taken part in many wedding parties.

This wedding day—June 16, 1966—was different for many reasons, and it caused one of the most hectic hours in the annals of the Metropolitan Methodist Church in Detroit.

The ceremony—a carefully planned—brought together a strange group in the official wedding party.

The Stroller had invited his boss, Harry Hall, sports editor of the Detroit Free Press, to serve as his best man. The invitation was accepted, but with an explanation.

The sports editor pointed out that it could be a privilege to be part of the wedding party, but that he would need some

advice in that he was a devout Catholic and never had set foot inside a Protestant church.

Assured that there was little to do, except to walk down the aisle and be a witness to the official ceremony, his fear that he might make a mistake here or there along the line was alleviated.

The bridemaid was a sister of the bride who never had served in such a capacity; she, too, was nervous about it all and wondered if she could make it to the altar without losing the bouquet.

With this pair, The Stroller had invited C. Bryant Huff, secretary of his Masonic lodge, to sing a solo as part of the ceremony. Bryant, long since past, was a former concert pianist and loved nothing better than to fill a room or hall with his deep baritone. He gladly accepted—for a two-fold reason. He wanted to oblige with the groom, but inwardly as the bride had once served as the lodge office secretary, he wanted to please her too.

"If I may make a suggestion," he said in accepting, "why not get Francis McKay, chorale conductor of St. Paul Episcopal Church, to play the organ?" It was a great idea, and Francis, who was a friend of both of us, deemed it a pleasure.

Finally, came the day—June 16, 1966—in the depth of the Depression. It broke nice, with a full sun rising in the sky, and it was just the type of day that most brides and grooms could wish for to make it complete.

This was just the start. What happened

later still causes many a laugh.

At the appointed time—8 p.m.—the wedding party arrived at the church. The bridegroom, more nervous and excited than expected, was chewing gum at a great rate. The bridemaid was walking the floor in the anteroom.

On time, C. Bryant began singing, and his booming voice carried the strains of "I Love You Truly" into the far recesses of the church. And our friend, the organist, was never better.

After the solo, there was a pause. Then Bryant started singing again—and again. After half an hour, folks started coming into the anteroom to learn if either the bride or the groom had had a change of mind.

"THERE'S NOTHING wrong," we countered, "except the minister is not here."

Suddenly, the door opened and in walked Rev. Mike Rice, one of the city's top clergymen.

"Sorry folks," he said, "I was speaking out at Van Hornel and got caught in a violent rain storm."

"Where's the license?" he asked. We told him that we had left it with him several evenings before.

"OK," he said, "We get along without it."

And so, Bryant stopped singing, Francis McKay stopped playing the organ, and the marital knot was tied.

But what a day—it always brings many fond memories.

## Only the Best for Dad...

This Father's Day give Dad the best looking socks and sweaters from the Copper Rivet.

The Gallery® by Haggard® Crisp looking Haggard socks in a texturized woven Avant Gab-Gabarline. They feature trim styling, "J pockets", and a great fit. 100% dacron polyester, machine washable.

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socks sizes 30-40 \$18 sweaters sizes S-XL \$16



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## from our readers

### Board spends more, kids learn less

Editor: Here comes the school board wanting an additional millage with another special election.

Why didn't they put that on when they had the special election for the renewal millage? Are they so flushed with money that they can have special election after special election until they get what they want?

I wish the Observer & Eccentric would publish a list of the special school elections in the past five years and the expense of these elections.

Voters are prepared for a nice long list of all the programs, activities and teachers which will have to be cut out if they don't get the millage.

This is a lot of hogwash. They have used these tactics before, right down to using children. Remember "Kidd Court"?

For the past 30 years, all we have heard is that they needed more schools, more activities, more programs and more this and that.

Yet our graduates go to college and the first thing they have to do is take remedial English and mathematics because they didn't get it in high school with all the modern aids and facilities for which we have paid.

These students are usually honor students. Look what students that don't go to college to get these courses! In the past, with more students, we had half the administrators and counselors

reality discouraged with taxes and are moving out of the state.

Business are getting discouraged with taxes in Michigan and are moving out of the state. Very few businesses are coming into Michigan.

Retired people just can't afford to live here anymore with taxes and utilities going up and up. If they own their home, property taxes alone make it impossible for them to live here and school taxes are most of the taxes. People aren't getting out to vote as they are discouraged. If it doesn't pass this time, they wait until most people are on vacation on holiday and run another election until it does pass.

You can't win.

MRS. W. MARSHALL

Paradise Hills

### Corliss clarifies stand

Editor: While I was very pleased with the impartiality and objectivity of the interviews with the candidates for board of education published in your June 7 issue, I feel the impression may have been left that I believe bickering and discord among board members is a proper way for a board of education to conduct itself.

I believe board members should be allowed the widest possible latitude in presenting their opinions and that a wide-

range, thorough discussion of all viewpoints should be encouraged.

No board member should have a standing feeling that he has been thwarted in fully presenting his view. However, it is each individual board member's responsibility not to abuse the freedom by having his remarks pertinent to the subject and refraining from engaging in personalities or attempting to "maneuver" to frustrate the will of the majority.

WILLIAM CORLISS

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