

editorial opinion



Master plan blahs

It's a long way from Eight to Twelve Mile. That's the impression a person could get by watching the gang up at the corner of Orchard Lake and Eleven Mile.

Those four very short miles might as well be a million when it comes to making some logical decisions by the Farmington Hills City Council.

The name of the game is attitude about whether Farmington Hills is truly one city or if the south end is some kind of economically foreign appendage.

Let me give you a little background on where my devils mind is wandering. The other night the city's legislative body had two rezoning requests. The final vote on those two requests reveals the attitude, no matter how unconscious, of which I speak.

Oops, wake up folks, zoning is more exciting than you might think.

Case A—One developer wants to build a small shopping mall on the corner of Twelve Mile and Drake Road. He asks the council for rezoning from residential to business. The council, on the recommendation of the planning commission, denies the request.

CASE B—Another developer wants to build an office building on the corner of Eight Mile and Gill. The council grants rezoning so this may be done.

Logic in Case A is that the mall would back up against a subdivision (Farmington Green); traffic on Twelve Mile already is congested and another use could be made of the property, such as extending the subdivision.

Logic in Case B is that land along that strip of Eight Mile is quickly turning into an office district and, although the property backs up into a residential section, in the long run the best use for that property is for offices.

The difference between the two areas—homes in Farmington Green sell for \$60,000 while homes in that area of Eight Mile sell for around \$30,000.

The ol' editor will admit that rezoning the land on Eight Mile was a valid decision. My question is: Why is it any more despicable for the folks on Twelve Mile to look at a brick wall than it is for the residents on Eight Mile? A person's home is, indeed, his castle no matter what the price tagged on by some real estate dealer.

Anniversary of genius

The local television guide informs us that at 10 a.m. this Saturday, Channel 50 will show the film "Alexander Hamilton," a week after his 221st birthday anniversary. It was made in 1931, and they don't make films about such geniuses any more.

Two hundred years ago at this time, Gen. George Washington and his suffering troops were encamped at Valley Forge, Pa. The commander sent his battle-tested young aide, Lt. Col. Hamilton, on sensitive missions to get more supplies and troops. Hamilton's exposure to colonial politics and untorn egos filled him with distaste and gave birth to a desire to establish a vigorous, efficient national government.

A decade later, lawyer Hamilton penned two-thirds of "The Federalist Papers," in defense of the new U.S. Constitution. These not only helped win ratification but served as guides for generations of Supreme Court decisions on the document's meaning. No. 15, in particular, is thrilling reading even today.

President Washington tapped this brainy, dapper firebrand as first secretary of the treasury. From that post, Hamilton drafted plans for a currency, banking system, debt management, public works and promotion of industry and commerce that dominated American economic policy for 1½ centuries. His manipulations extended into Secretary Jefferson's State Department and set the course of foreign policy. If Washington is the "father of our country," Hamilton is the midwife, godfather, sugar daddy and guardian angel.

History was rewritten in the 1930s, and Hamilton fell into disfavor, even though two-thirds of the New Deal's legislation had its seeds in his "Report on the Manufactures" and its author was more pro-labor than Jefferson ever thought of being. We owe Hamilton a monumental debt even if we rarely choose to pay it.

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Super Bowl can outdraw Mardi Gras

Super Bowl is over for the year, and New Orleans is slowly recovering from the invasion of Dallas and Denver fans.

Local people said that Super Bowl activities had more economic impact on the town than the Mardi Gras because so many out-of-staters came to town. If you wanted a hotel room, you had to pay for five nights. Even then every hotel room in the city was taken. Local people even rented out their apartments to desperate fans who couldn't find a place to rest their weary heads. Many Denverites arrived in motor homes because they couldn't get hotel reservations.

All the good restaurants that took reservations were committed all week long. Most reservations were made months ago.

Every rented car from the national agencies was taken.

On Monday after the game, every flight out of New Orleans was booked solid.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN 60,000 and 100,000 people from other areas spent time in New Orleans eating, sleeping, drinking and otherwise spending money.

New Orleans has a city tax, a state tax and an amusement tax amounting totally to eight per cent which is added to every drink served. Hotel rooms are taxed at six per cent. These taxes help pay for schools, welfare, police protection and so forth by people who will never use these services.

New Orleans has been selected for the game several times because it is considered part of the southern belt, yet the weather was freezing. In fact, it seemed colder than metropolitan Detroit.

Eccentricities

by Hank Hogan



because it was a damp cold.

In the last four Super Bowls, only in Pasadena in 1977 was the weather sunny and warm. The other three years in New Orleans and Miami, it was either freezing or raining. Of course, New Orleans has now solved the problem of game conditions with its new superdome.

THE SUPERDOME in New Orleans is similar to Silverdome in Pontiac in that it is an enclosed stadium.

But it is not exactly alike. It cost more than \$170 million to build. Silverdome cost around \$57 million to build.

New Orleans' stadium can also handle baseball games, which Silverdome can't, but the layout means fans are not as close to the field as they are in Silverdome.

There were around 74,500 fans at Super Bowl XII, which was a sellout. Silverdome holds 80,300 persons.

If you spend the five days before the game in the city where the game is to be played, the game itself is almost an anti-climax. At least this was true Sunday because the Denver fans really took over New Orleans and got the whole town rooting

for them when the game started.

Unfortunately, Denver blew the game in the first half, and the town was fairly quiet afterwards. Had the Orange Crush won, the fans would have added a couple of days of celebrating to Super Bowl week.

THE ACTIVITIES organized for Super Bowl week are mostly for the team owners and staffs, the press, celebrities and local politicians.

Individual companies use the event for incentives for sales persons or promotion, so there are separate events such as golf tournaments or private parties and private entertaining.

The biggest event is Pete Ravelle's party, which the National Football League held Friday night for about 2,500 persons.

There is nothing scheduled for the average fan, so he must find his own entertainment.

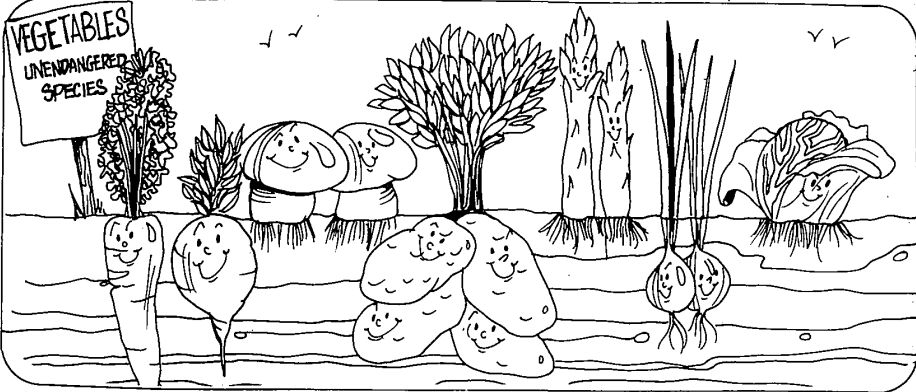
There is no problem in New Orleans because people can congregate in the French Quarter, where there are many bars with Dixieland bands and topless go-go dancers. Also, most larger hotels are located in this area, which makes it convenient.

If metropolitan Detroit were to get Super Bowl in 1981, someone would have to figure out where the fans should go to exhaust their energies.

Super Bowl was busy, exciting and exhausting but a tremendous shot in the arm for the economy of New Orleans.

It would be a real feather in our economic cap if we got it here in 1981.

(The writer is chairman of the Oakland County Tourist and Convention Bureau.)



How to eat those (yech!) vegetables

Item in the news: Restaurants, even classy ones, are gradually omitting the vegetable offerings on their menus. Patrons seem quite happy with meat, potatoes and salad, thank you.

Other items: Many school boards are content to let students make their noonday meals of "junk" foods—with all their sugar, salt and starch—because the kids won't eat "basic" foods.

These items lead the health food fans I chum around with to wonder aloud if America's low level of economic productivity and the kids' declining academic test scores might be due as much to malnutrition as to sociology.

YOU CAN LEARN a lot about nutrition in the books and magazine articles on today's market, but there's one lesson I haven't seen in print in years.

It's the lesson in how to eat vegetables which are good for you but which you don't like. I stumbled across the lesson in my youth, and the application of this knowledge at the dinner table preserved a good deal of domestic tranquility.

Hold your breath as you chew. If you hold your breath when you eat vegetables, you can't taste them. Your taste buds can detect only sweet, sour, salt and bitter. Everything else you "taste" is really by smell.

Hold your breath when eating broccoli or Brussels sprouts or spinach and you won't suffer a bit.

Holding my breath caused the lady of the house to frown, but she couldn't complain because the rule was I had to eat those vegetables—not enjoy them, not taste them.

IT'S AMAZING to think about the food of those World War II days, when I was in swaddling clothes.

Most folks had "victory gardens." Ours was in Fielding in Detroit, on lots that became GI housing after 1946.

It provided plenty of vegetables. You can't grow french fries, pretzels, tacos and pizza in a garden. Sugar was rationed, and consumption of candy was discouraged for reasons of patriotism.

Meat was rationed, too, but you could get tinned meals called Spam and Prem. Impossible as it may sound, they were worse than vegetables. Tastes change with age, and I now enjoy green beans, spinach, pears, scotch and all sorts of things I couldn't stand to smell as a kid, but I won't touch Spam, even if they buy an ad in this paper.



Tim Richard

Fast food restaurants? There was one White Tower in Old Redford, and the Old Mill was the preserve of the high school students. We ate at home.

So between the patriotic war against the Axis and the invaluable lesson in breath-holding, I learned to get along with vegetables far better, it seems, than the majority of my countrypersons today.



The Stroller
Wanted: Wooden Indians

By W.W. EDGAR

For years The Stroller has scanned the classified ad sections of every paper on which he could lay his hands, hoping against hope that some day, somewhere, he would come across a man or woman who would have an old-fashioned wooden Indian for sale.

This longing for a statue of an Indian has been with The Stroller for years, and especially after he moved to what was "the country" in 1938. As he walked about the garden, he could visualize what a fine garden decoration it would be.

In fact, he often had given thought to having the statue at the entrance to the driveway of his home—just to let folks know he was proud of the Indian strain in his background. You see, The Stroller's great-great-grandmother was a full-blooded Indian squaw named Kern.

But every time he thought he had a lead on the statue, he found himself walking up a blind alley, and the desire became a dream.

THEN THE OTHER morning as he peered out from the long icicles hanging from the roof, he saw the mailman plodding through the snow with a package in his hands.

What could it be? The Stroller couldn't recall anything he had ordered. Nor could it be a belated Christmas gift.

When the mailman handed him a package, he said, "Here's something to take your mind off the ice and snow."

Sure enough, it was a volume—sent gratis—of the latest in garden books and lawn ornaments. The Stroller took one look and smilingly thanked the mailman and said, "I hope it contains what I have been looking for for years—a wooden Indian."

Hurriedly, The Stroller scanned the

pages. He was impressed with the garden arrangements of flowers, the floral trellises, the rose-covered fences, the little statues, the fountains, the vases.

But nowhere in the neatly produced volume was the least sign of a wooden Indian. There were Mexicans with their little donkeys and burros. There were small jockeys with an outstretched hand as in the old days when they were hitching posts for horses. There were all sorts of animals in the garden booklet—swans, hens and chickens and even a life-sized horse for folks who raise horses on their estates.

But nowhere was there a wooden Indian. SOME YEARS AGO, The Stroller was told that a chap down in the suburbs of Terre Haute, Ind., had several wooden Indians and that, if contacted, he might sell them.

Eagerly, The Stroller contacted the gent. He was certain he was on the right track now. It took about a dozen phone calls to finally locate him. He admitted he had two fine statues that used to grace the entrances to the cigar stores of years ago.

"How much would he want for one?" The Stroller asked.

For a moment there was silence. Then came the answer: "I'll take \$500 for each of them. I know the price sounds high, but these are prize items now."

There was another moment of silence as The Stroller pondered the nerve of a man who would ask \$750 for a wooden Indian.

The the Hoosier on the other end of the line said, "I can't sell you one. You have to take both. You see, I've got a chief and a squaw. I think they are man and wife. I have never attempted

to break up a family in my life. These two Indians have been with me a long time, and it would be a crime to separate them now."

Needless to say, The Stroller didn't make the purchase, but that is as close as he ever has come to the statue he would like to have as a garden ornament.

THE URGE to obtain one of these copper-colored men was given impetus one afternoon when his wife Leona, listening to the plea, remarked that The Stroller was not the only one in the family with a trace of Indian blood.

"My great-great-grandparents lived on Huron's Island just off the shore of Algonac, and I have been told that the great-great-grandmother was a Walpole Indian."

Now, The Stroller knows he must get the statue of his desire.

It is a funny thing: There used to be an Indian standing in front of almost every cigar store in the area—not only in metropolitan Detroit but across the country. Now there isn't a sight of one.

It was the same when General Motors started the manufacture of the Pontiac automobile. It was hailed far and wide as "Pontiac, Chief of the Sixes," and there was a wooden Indian standing in almost every auto showroom.

They, too, have gone. But if you ever see a wooden Indian, in full dress, with his hand out, please contact The Stroller. It will ease a burning desire and possibly spare the life of a fine tree in his front yard.

If the wooden Indian isn't forthcoming, he may just have the top cut off the fine tree in the yard and have some woodcarver produce a totem pole for the Edgars, just to let passers-by know we are proud of our Indian blood.