

## editorial opinion

# 4 mills need voter support

The problem with millage renewals is that voters—especially millage supporters—take them for granted.

That's why those persons in the Farmington School District who support the four-mill property tax renewal on next Tuesday's ballot should make the effort to pull the lever down in the affirmative.

A "yes" vote will guarantee that district educators will have \$2 million they have depended on in the past to teach your children. The renewal is good for ten years.

While this may seem like an ordinary, "ho-hum" election, the chance always exists that the millage could be defeated if voters sit back in their easy chairs.

That, says Supt. Lewis Schulman, would be disastrous.

He is absolutely right.

# Road proposal deserves a nod

With the cancellation of M-275 late last year, there still remains an overwhelming need for a major north-south thruway through western Oakland County.

Without one, residents of and travelers through this section of the state remain prisoners of an inadequate system of roads that provides inefficient access to the rest of the region.

An alternative plan to M-275 is essential.

We believe the compromise proposal developed by County Commissioner Robert McConnell (R-Farmington Hills) offers an excellent alternative.

And since County Executive Daniel Murphy's parkway dream isn't going to become a reality, McConnell's proposal to the State Highway Commission makes all kinds of sense to us.

His plan calls for the use of Haggerty Road from I-96 north to approximately Pontiac Trail; the trunkline would then follow the right-of-way purchased for M-275 northwesterly to M-59 in Highland Township.

This plan, in effect, avoids direct passage alongside Union, Cooley and Logy Lakes.

In contrast to another plan presented the highway commission by Steven Rosman of the somnolent "Citizens in Opposition to M-275," McConnell's plan definitely provides the better alternative.

Rosman's proposal would use existing Haggerty, Union Lake and William Lake roads from I-96 to M-59, a nearly direct north-south route which would pass awfully close to several of the larger lakes in the area.

McConnell's plan already has received support from several county commissioners, Murphy, Commerce Township officials (which the major portion of the trunkline would pass through), and officials in Farmington Hills, West Bloomfield and Novi.

McConnell's plan calls for the Haggerty Road stretch to be "four lane, limited access, divided, landscaped road."

To us, that sounds like the better alternative to date. And it's also one that will free motorists from the traffic bottlenecks and needless meandering drives through the lake country portions of Oakland County.

# Musically ours

Metropolitan Detroit has a reputation as a sports town. So who do you think has the best season ticket sales—the Pistons, the Tigers, the Red Wings or the symphony?

Some 17,338 season tickets to the Detroit Symphony Orchestra have been sold this year, making it the leading box office attraction in that department. The increase was 13 per cent in a single year.

We had hoped people in the metropolitan area would respond to the fund appeal of Michigan's premier orchestra. We anticipated a good gifts list. What we didn't expect was that folks would exceed the \$1.5 million goal by 40 per cent and give more than \$2.1 million—a record.

Philip Caldwell, a Farmington area resident and vice-chairman of Ford Motor Co., was campaign chairman. Under his leadership, the number of individuals and businesses who contributed soared from 4,000 in 1976 to 5,400 in the 1977 appeal.

Although the big institutional donor was Ford Motor Co. at \$325,000, organized labor formally took part, increasing its giving by 400 per cent.

Top individual donor was the estate of the late Mrs. Edsel Ford, a gift of \$100,000. And a widow from Allen Park living on social security mailed in a dollar bill.

Antal Dorati, the new musical director, is receiving the lion's share of the credit because he is considered an international "name." DSO will again make recordings and make its first foreign tour. But it couldn't have happened unless a lot of people, wealthy and otherwise, and a lot of organizations, big and small, chipped in.

# A shot can be an economic shot-in-arm

There is a great controversy going on in Birmingham over liquor licenses. It's the kind of controversy that has gone on in many cities and suburbs across Michigan which opposed liquor long after Prohibition.

The city commission has just approved a liquor license for an establishment which probably has the best hamburgers in town but is best described as a "24-hour diner."

A small but vocal group of citizens is up in arms at the move—some because they didn't feel the establishment warranted a license; others because they feel Birmingham has issued too many new liquor licenses in the last couple of years; and others because they disapprove of alcohol being used internally.

A little historical perspective is in order.

**WHAT IS NOW Birmingham** was started back in 1818 when three men—Elijah Willis, John Hunter and John Hamilton—bought land a day's journey from Detroit on the stagecoach run to Saginaw.

# Eccentricities

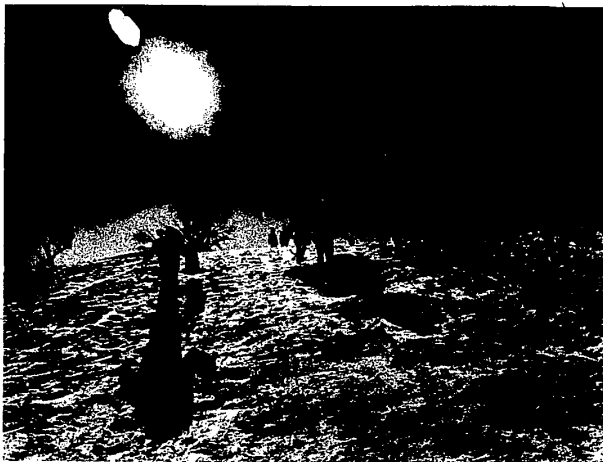
by HUNA HOGAN



Each constructed a log house and opened a tavern. When Prohibition came, the whole country supposedly went dry.

After the Prohibition constitutional amendment was repealed, Michigan passed a "local option" law which said that each community would remain dry unless the governing body so ordained, within a certain period after enactment of the statute.

The village fathers of Birmingham never ordained that liquor could be served, and so Birmingham remained "dry" after Prohibition.



Polished and pockmarked by hundreds of sleds, an Oakland County hillside looks like the surface of the moon, and long shadows take on the shapes of

space creatures, if you exercise your imagination. Staff photographer Gary Friedman achieved the unearthly effect by shooting against the sun.

# Oneword trend is upcoming, ongoing

Memo from the Observer & Eccentric Newspapers' copy desk: Henceforth the road that crosses two counties will be called "Middlebelt," one word, and not "Middle Belt."

The memo made some sense—everyone, especially the highway department, calls it Middlebelt, so why should we be different?

But the old-timers in the organization (anyone who has been around more than three years) shed a tear. A decade ago, the late Martha Mahan, one of the most diligent newsmen anyone ever saw, did some painstaking research into the records of Wayne and Oakland counties and found that it was supposed to be Middle Belt, legally.

It seems the authorities had designed three belt-lines around the metropolis—an inner belt, a middle belt and an outer belt. Only one was ever built.

Martha's research has been thrown out. We are conforming to popular culture. Middlebelt it is.

**THE MORAL** of the story is that the English language is maturing, like the German, and getting longer and longer words. Eight-syllable monster: "Koloniaiawenaden." It means grocery store.

We're getting like that in the good ol' U.S. of A. We used to call them markets. Then they were super markets. Today they are supermarkets.

One that grates me is Kmart. That's the correct version of that trade name. Not K Mart, K-Mart, K mart or K-mart. It looks all right on the signs because the K is in a funny red and the mart in a funny blue. But in black and white, Kmart looks funny. Well, it's their name, but it would be satisfying if literate people stopped pronouncing it "kay-mart" and began calling it "k-mart."

**THE HYPHEN**, so useful in combining two or more words, is being systematically eliminated. I sincerely regret that because you can make such nice combination words with hyphens. Consider the historic steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water." Today we would call it "Walkinthewater." Silly.

The new grammatical rule is that when the combination is used as a noun it's one word, and when it's a verb you make it two words. Thus: The ice breakup will come in April. The ice breaks up in

Tim Richard



April. Fidyrd got nine strikeouts. The leadoff (ouch!) man struck out.

This gets you into problems. Is the ailing person who is shut in to be called a "shut-in"? When a burglar breaks in to a house, is his act a "break-in"? No, it's still permissible to write shut-in and break-in. We have to have some common sense in our language.



By W. W. LOGAR

# The Stroller

## Colds and chuckholes

You never would believe that the common cold which has made so many of us so miserable this winter has anything in common with the chuckholes that have made driving on our streets so hazardous.

That is, you wouldn't believe it unless you happened to be sitting with The Stroller at the Rotary luncheon the other day when colds and chuckholes dominated the conversation.

It all started when one fellow, who had driven quite a way to get there, complained about conditions he conquered en route.

"A fellow takes his life in his own hands," he said as he recalled the many obstacle courses he faced along the way. "Down in Lincoln Park was the worst stretch I came across. There is a stretch of Southfield Road that is not fit to travel, and I very nearly became an accident victim. It wasn't so bad after that—nothing would be worse—but I can't understand why somebody, somewhere, hasn't come up with a solution to eliminate those potholes in the road."

**JUST AT THAT** moment, another fellow coughed and sneezed. "I've got a dandy," he said as he reached for a handkerchief.

It just so happened that The Stroller's good friend, Dr. "Charlie" Westover, was seated at our table. It was only natural, then, to ask: "Do you think they ever will come up with a cure for the common cold?"

"Not in my lifetime," he answered, "and not in yours either."

With that he smiled just a bit as if his prophecy were taken as a joke. But

the doctor, one of the old-fashioned medics who still makes house calls, wasn't joking.

"I've been around medicine for a long time," Charlie said, "and we have come up with a lot of great things to help eliminate disease. But a cure for the common cold is not one of them."

His remark got The Stroller to thinking.

**WHEN HE WAS** a young lad, Mother had her own Pennsylvania Dutch remedy that brought him relief.

If it was a chest cold, she'd apply an old-fashioned mustard plaster on his chest and rub him with camphorated oil.

If the cold produced a lot of coughing and a sore throat, she'd wrap a piece of flannel around his neck along with a rub of camphorated oil. And she was always quick to use sulphur and molasses if the cold persisted.

Through the years, The Stroller has taken a lot of "rough medicine," but none of the modern medicines seemed to work as quickly and effectively as the mustard plaster and camphorated oil.

It is a strange coincidence, that through all the years that the country's scientists and research men have been searching for a cure for the common cold, the best students of road construction have been working on what they hoped would bring an end to the annual course of street chuckholes.

The lone method of eliminating them thus far is to lay concrete roads. This is a costly method and far out of the financial reach of most cities, villages and townships. From time to time,

someone has claimed a victory over these street cavities. But thus far they have met with little success.

**SEVERAL YEARS AGO**, a plan was offered that was claimed would do the trick. This plan called for digging up the present street to a depth of about 18 inches. Then the plan called for mixing the earth with the blacktop asphalt. Thus far, it is only an experiment. At least the streets are still filled with cavities that make them look like scarred battlefields—and almost as dangerous.

As he sat listening to these various comments on colds and chuckholes, The Stroller recalled a sunny afternoon in the grill room of a golf course in Ohio listening to the late "Boss Kettering," the great research giant of General Motors.

"Boss" used to hold court in the grill room of his favorite course in Dayton on Saturday afternoons. On this particular afternoon, The Stroller was among his ardent listeners, when a young engineer who had just been graduated from one of our leading universities spoke up:

"I don't know what we can accomplish that has not already been done by men like you."

Boss looked up with that quaint smile of his and asked:

"Son, do you know what makes grass green? Why isn't it yellow or pink? If you can get the answer to that, you'll never have to worry about making a living."

If he were living today, Boss Kettering no doubt would add the common cold and chuckholes to his list of things that would make men wealthy—if they could find remedies.

A Division of  
Suburban Communications  
Corporation

Philip H. Power  
Chairman of the Board

Richard D. Agoston  
President

Chief Executive Officer

Farmington Observer

"Successor of the Farmington Enterprise"

Steve Barnaby  
Editor

2210 West Nine Mile  
Southfield, MI 48075  
(313) 352-5400

John Reddy, General Mgr.

Thomas A. Riordan, Executive Editor

George J. Hagan, Advertising Director, Fred Wright, Circulation Mgr.