

editorial opinion

Parks master plan needs support of full council

Earl and Bob, get with it. That's about the only thing I can think to say to Farmington Hills councilmen Earl Oppenheimer and Bob McConnell after their performance at this week's council session.

Earl and Bob both have their little crusades going these days, and the fate of park development in the Hills is at stake. Earl's big deal is making sure that only small parks are built within city limits. Bob's thing is getting elected to the Oakland County Board of Commissioners.

NOW LET'S GET ONE thing straight before everybody gets bent out of shape. At times in the past, both city legislators have done some fine things for the city. But this time, they're way out in left field (or is it a right field?).

The fact is the city needs a master plan for park development so it can be eligible for state and federal matching funds. It would be just too expensive for the city to finance such a venture on its own.

But Earl keeps on sticking a wrench into the works by carrying on about small parks, because he feels that's the only kind of parks the city should have. Admittedly, he has a right to that opinion.

Nevertheless, a master plan studying all facets of park development should be implemented. So, just for a moment, Earl, lay down your crusade's flag and let the experts do their thing. Then fight like hell for what you believe in.



McCONNELL, ON THE other hand, has messed up the procedure by insisting that apples and oranges be compared.

He wants price estimates from a number of consulting firms to make sure that the "people" get a fair deal. Now such a plea is bound to get a lot of votes, but it's just not realistic.

Meanwhile, Recreation Director Doug Gaynor has to sit in the back row and chew his fingernails down to the bone while wondering if the city will ever have a master plan.

So lighten up, dynamic duo. Set your political biases aside before you irreparably harm the city's future.

What future for time capsules?

Time capsules were buried by one community club after another on the Fourth of July with all assortments of artifacts from the civilization of 1976, with the idea they will be opened in 2076. It gets you to wondering...

Will anybody be around to open the time capsules?

Will they know how?

Will anyone care about our aesthetic treasures?

If Jimmy Hoffa in one of them.

Will folks be hesitant to open them for fear polluting gasses will be released into the shrinking atmosphere?

Will any of the persons who witnessed burial of a time capsule in 1976 be around in 2076 to see it reopened?

Will any of the time capsules be opened early because a building is being torn down or someone hopes to find buried gold?

Will those who open the capsules think we overdid or over-commercialized our bicentennial celebration?

How many capsules were planted 100 years ago? How many were actually retrieved in 1976?

Will there be a world?

Stadium good setting for youth, rock concert

I wondered why 60,000 persons would want to jam themselves into a football stadium to hear a balding, over-30-year-old rock musician.

My kids wanted to attend, but they are used to the over-amplification of sound which they call music these days, and a rock concert is sort of an informal gathering of their peer group.

Out of curiosity, both as to the presentation of the music and to see if the weird tales of what youngsters do at concerts are true, I spent Sunday night at Pontiac Stadium listening to Elton John.

I came away from the experience with a very good feeling.



trouble getting into the parking lot, and while we waited, while after the performance, we had no trouble getting out of the lot.

There has been some concern as to whether the new domed stadium in Pontiac would be a white elephant, providing a home for Bill Ford's Detroit Lions but being a drag on the taxpayers of Pontiac because of inability to use the structure in non-football seasons.

A rock concert has to be a tremendous surprise for the promoters of the stadium. When you can get 64,800 people at \$10 a head on a Sunday night, it is bound to help the cash flow in paying off the stadium bonds.

BUT MORE IMPORTANT than that, teenagers get into trouble when they are bored and have nothing to do. To create a place and an atmosphere that is totally theirs, yet where their youthful exuberance can be controlled, can help to solve many social problems of the area.

I was impressed by what happened at the stadium Sunday night. I even have to admit that the spirit of the occasion led me to be one of the people doing the bumps up in the press box. Those awful things they say about rock concerts just didn't happen, and I am sure there is a future for rock concerts in our area.

ONE PROBLEM of rock concerts has been their lack of control.

In order to justify the performer's enormous fees, large crowds have to be attracted in most cases, this has been done outdoors in large spaces, which allowed everyone to do what they wanted to do, whether illegal or legal, socially acceptable or not.

A rock concert in a place like Pontiac Stadium is a setting where most of the bad things can be eliminated. It is big enough to accommodate a large crowd, but it is small enough to be policed, thereby eliminating antisocial acts.

Acoustically, the stadium is better because it has walls. You can hear the music better than at an outdoor performance.

And believe it or not, even for the older generation, the rock beat gets into one's system and makes one want to get up and dance.

PONTIAC STADIUM has improved tremendously since the football season. We had no

For whom does Bell toil?

Michigan Bell Telephone Co., where are you?

I know you exist. I've still got a telephone in my home. I've seen your service trucks parked at coffee shops and noticed a few pay booths around town, though they don't have directories in them. And somebody must be sending my late bill notices.

I tried calling your 411 information number. All I got was a young man's voice instructing me to call back later because all the information oper-

ators were busy.

I know you're making budget cuts. I also suspect you're making those cuts where we customers are most apt to notice.

Please don't disconnect my phone. I need it to receive obscene calls.

Can anyone tell me how to get General Telephone service?

Bob Weedring

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD



The Bills should listen: Suburbs don't hate transit

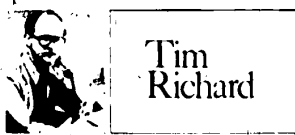
Bill Milliken and Bill Ryan don't listen so good.

Gov. Milliken, reflecting on the House of Representatives' massive defeat of a rapid transit bill embodying his and Detroit Mayor Coleman Young's ideas, said the legislators had "no excuse." He called the bill's defeat "extremely unfortunate."

Rep. Ryan (D-Detroit), former House speaker and still the most powerful man there, deplored a "societal attitude that anything that helps a city called Detroit is wrong."

The house smashed Ryan's version of the rapid transit bill 28-65, a margin that should have humiliated the hard. The vote was taken after a full morning of debate, and as I said, Milliken and Ryan didn't listen so good.

As governors, Milliken had other things to do and couldn't attend. Ryan was there but didn't pay much attention to what opponents of his bill were saying or he would never have made that crack.



There ARE, to be sure, some out-state legislators who hate Detroit just as there are some Detroit politicians who think everything west of Novi Road is tree stumps. But that group can't put together 65 votes in the House—no way.

Had Milliken and Ryan been listening, they would have heard Rep. Ruth McNamee (R-Birmingham) say she "would like to support it." She wasn't bothered that Detroit proper would be first to benefit from the system "because you have to start somewhere."

And you would have heard her say that the Southeastern Michigan Transportation Authority (SEMTA) board shouldn't be restructured until Detroit's bus system is merged with SEMTA's—a change Detroit has been resisting.

They would have heard Rep. Sandy Brotherton (R-Farmington) say he supports the concept of mass transit but that the proposed taxes were "unfair and unequitable to Oakland County." He's right, when you consider the hard facts Oakland would pay 50 per cent more per capita than the average in Ryan's bill. Western Wayne County would probably get nucked almost as hard but not get a transit line until sometime after the year 2000.

Those are just samples of thoughtful suburban Republicans and Democrats who want to see the southeast Michigan region get a rapid transit system but who couldn't stomach the gerrymandering of the SEMTA board, the lack of good faith shown by Detroit's administration and the weird effects of some of the proposed tax systems. The plain truth is that Ryan's bill is as full of rusty fishhooks as an old Belle Isle fisherman's tackle-box.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE between helping out the metropolitan area with a transit system and doing Mayor Young a big, fat political favor. Milliken and Ryan need to learn the difference.

Ryan's bill confused the two. To be against Ryan's version of a transit bill is not the same as being against rapid transit. Milliken and Ryan were unfair in their criticism of the whopping majority that buried Ryan's bill.

So it's back to the drawing boards in Lansing. In September the lawmakers will try again. This time, the powers that be should listen to those thoughtful, regionally minded legislators who are trying to help the cause.

Those 65 votes against Ryan's fishhooks didn't come from tree stumps.

THE Michigan delegation met in caucus Monday morning to consider the only big fight of the convention: Whether the rules for the 1980 convention would give women equal representation in delegates. The discussion went on for exactly 8 1/2 minutes of friendly, restrained comment.

Then the delegation broke into a 35-minute argument about how guest passes for friends and relatives were to be drawn. "At last we've got something to fight about!" grinned Troy's Morley Windgrad, state party chairman.

THE ONLY time the delegates were stirred was during Texas Rep. Barbara Jordan's keynote speech.

As she said, "Our nation's greatest danger is that we will cease to be one nation and become instead a collection of interest groups, each seeking to fulfill private dreams, each seeking to satisfy its private wants," the entire convention broke into applause.

Otherwise, Michigan's delegates seemed content. They gossiped about who Jimmy Carter's choice for vice-president might be, but nobody could imagine a floor fight over the selection.

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Convention at peace

Dems' biggest problems: Getting tickets

NEW YORK—It was like Muzak wafting soft Mozart over a happy, noisy, rock party.

While Walter Cronkite and the other national TV pundits tried desperately to find ways to fill holes in the action at this, the most peaceful (or boring, if you prefer) Democratic National Convention in my memory, life went on down on the floor and in the Michigan delegation with all its roccoco human frenzy.

One Michigan delegate read a book on Victorian literature while Ohio's Sen. John Glenn tried unsuccessfully to get the attention of the crowd during his keynote speech.

Other delegates speculated on where the good parties might be while, endless, welcoming speeches rolled on. And delegates, press and hangers-on wandered, caucused, gossiped, laughed, chatted and formed and reformed into small knots in the narrow aisles of Madison Square Garden.

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for a pack of cigarettes in the Garden). Livonia Mayor Ed McNamara went sight-seeing with his wife, Lucille. Orchard Lake's Gene Kutby stood happily in the aisles as speeches washed around his head.

THE SECURITY system, much better than the tight-fisted failures of the past, caused much comment and a certain amount of jockeying for top place in the pecking order.

In order to get to various places in Madison Square Garden, you have to get daily a four-by-seven inch colored cardboard pass which you string around your neck with an elastic band.

Delegates, the kings of the roost, got blue cards Monday, which enabled them to go virtually anywhere. A few super-delegates (suburban Congressman James O'Hara, running for the U.S. Senate in Michigan, was one) got red passes designating them convention officers.

Minor press-types got yellow "perimeter" cards, enabling them to get into the Garden but virtually no place else. Daily or weekly newspaper reporters receive orange or rose cards, which allow them into the press work area but not on the floor.

Most sought after, other than a delegate's card, is the violet floor pass, which gets the bearer almost anywhere.

Guards are everywhere, but they are courteous and, by and large, helpful. At the 1968 Chicago convention, I watched a television reporter being beaten up on the floor by security guards. Monday night in New York, I saw a guard literally leading a lost reporter by the hand into his place in the press section, while the rest of his colleagues dozed.

It's that kind of a convention.