

editorial opinion

BY

by CORINNE ABATT

Beware of stereotypers

Just this week I received one of those long distance phone calls from a guy who had a real special deal on a batch of magazines.

Come, it takes a while to ascertain just what he wants and what he is trying to sell. He led off with a question about the magazines we subscribed to. At the moment, I told him there are two which come regularly to our household—Atlantic and Harper's. These happen to be favorites of mine, but when I named them, there was a pause. Then he said, with a shade of pity in his tone, "Don't you get any for yourself?"

Floor man. That was his downfall. He had stereotyped me as a housewife, starved for companionship, in need of reading material aimed at my sex—stories, recipes, how-tos with a cheery horoscope thrown in—the victim of a selfish family who would not allow me my moment of pleasure.

NOW I HAVE NO QUARREL with women's magazines, and in my time, I have soaked up plenty of those printed pages. But, no longer do I need them to pull me through the month, particularly those who dwell to excess on how to make the man in your life chase you ragged around the bedroom or how to include nature's aphrodisiacs in the Sunday pot roast.

Actually, the guy had quite a few on his bargain list that sounded pretty good, but my defenses were already up.

I resisted being stereotyped—even long distance.

Just as bad are the blind phone calls from sales persons who ask for the man of the house (assuming women don't know a darn thing), the sales person who suggests you talk over the purchase of an automobile or some other piece of equipment with your spouse or assumes you don't want to clog your vision by looking at a motor, or anything else that has more than two bolts and three moving parts.

TODAY'S SHARP SALES PEOPLE have moved away from making snap assumptions as to who knows what. Same for the new breed of parents who no longer automatically put dolls under the Christmas tree for their girls and trucks for their boys.

Nothing gives me the same feeling of all's well with the world as a stroll by my neighboring high school in the evening. There's usually a baseball game on one diamond, a soccer game nearby—and a girl's softball game in another area. A couple of fathers are coaching the young women and the crowd has as good a match to watch as they could find for a mile around.

And so to the magazine salesman I wanted to say, "Get with it, buddy—the world is changing, and if you're gonna make it, you had better change, too."

"Around the edge"

by Jackie Klein

The suburbs' Frank Buck

Have you ever heard of wall-to-wall pets? You don't have to adopt an animal at the zoo. Come on to our house and meet Southfield's answer to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck.

It all started many years ago when we became foster parents to every stray dog and cat in the neighborhood. We informed the kiddies we would provide temporary care for the pets they simply couldn't live without. Temporary care has lasted more than 30 years.

The first dog I remember we called "Fuzzy." The first night he settled in, we went out for dinner, came back and found her engaged in an amorous affair with the neighborhood canine stud on our front lawn.

THEY DIDN'T offer sex education in Detroit schools in those days, but my kids learned plenty from Fuzzy and her paramour. We couldn't find a home for unwed mothers, so we kept our promiscuous pet until six puppies were born out of wedlock.

It was easier getting rid of the puppies than Fuzzy who was always pregnant and could have been the heroine in the book, "Sex and the Single Dog."

Fuzzy finally gave up and ran away, to find a better corner. She must have dragged heaven by now or wherever animals who engage in the oldest profession go when they pass on.

The next four-legged beauty our son brought home was "Skippy," a male. We agreed to keep him for one night. A week later, sonny declared, "He's housebroken and he's free and he needs a home."

OUR "FREE" dog cost \$50 for shots, \$3 for license plates and \$175 for dog food. He was housebroken all right. We had to subscribe to five newspapers—not to read but to spread all over every floor.

Alas, poor Skippy, he didn't last very long. He had a passion for chasing cars. Once he chased mine and I accidentally ran over him. I think we spent \$50 for a psychiatrist who gave us family therapy so we could survive Skippy's premature death. I was the sickest so it cost us another \$20 for tranquilizers.

As a consolation prize, my husband brought home "Misty," a six-week-old French poodle. When we moved to Southfield, he was so traumatized we had to take him to the vet. Misty spent many hours on a couch, not the psychiatrist's but ours. He was so frustrated he chewed the wooden arm right off the sofa.

Our son came home from college with another dog whose name I have forgotten. One day I came home from work to find our boy sobbing like a kid. What's his name, the dog, had been done in by a car.

LIKE A mad one, I rushed out to the nearest pet shop and blew a week's salary on a Collie. Our son was thrilled with her present, but sonny soon took off, leaving us holding the dog. Eli, the dog, has been with us seven years. Kesh, our son, has been gone six.

Misty was getting old, and Eli was getting more obnoxious and eating like a horse and suddenly my husband comes home with "Taffy." He explained he had to take the dog because he sold the owner's house and she was moving into an apartment that wouldn't take pets. "Taffy" was one of the conditions of the sale.

So Eli, Misty and Taffy made three. When they barked in harmony the trio sounded like "Three Dog Night," which I believe is or was an ear-shattering rock group.

OUR YOUNGEST daughter bought a German or two and they had babies and ate each other up. She decided to bring home a cat "Omar" who became the neighborhood feline sexpot, had a few litters and took off leaving her offspring behind.

I might add I failed as a substitute mother because the two abandoned kittens died despite my efforts to save them. They are buried in our backyard. Unfortunately, their neglectful, unfit mother returned a few months later, pregnant as usual. Omar and I both had hysterectomies at the same time.

To conclude this shaggy dog story, we had to put Misty away at the age of 17. Our oldest daughter adored Taffy, re-christened him "Morgan" and took him to her home. So then there were two, Omar and Eli who cost more to feed than our whole family put together.

But that's not all, folks. Our oldest daughter moved into an apartment that refuses to take pets as tenants even with a security deposit. So Morgan came back to our zoo.

ELI SUDDENLY became insanely jealous, and in a fit of sibling rivalry attacked gentle, quiet Morgan. The result was that Morgan bit Eli on the face which required surgery to the tune of \$70.

Now we have to lock Morgan in the bathroom while we let Eli in the backyard and vice versa. Under no conditions can they be in the same house together. It sometimes gets confusing and it's tough taking a bath with a dog's eyes staring at you.

Omar, our youngest daughter's cat who she promised to love, feed and clean his kitty litter, is very much in residence though our daughter is not. She's a connoisseur in camp and will be going to college in the fall.

It's a good thing we have four bed rooms. We can always fill them up with the pets that belong to our children—bark. If you're thinking of adopting an animal, remember, two dogs and a cat are waiting.

from our readers

Gathering Place volunteers thanked

Editor,

We are writing this letter to thank and praise all the people involved with "The Gathering Place" in Farmington. We have had the pleasant experience of being volunteers at this Senior Citizens Center for the past few months through the Cycle IX program of Oakland University and Farmington Schools.

Ms. Loretta Conway, coordinator of center activities, has organized an extensive program in conjunction with her philosophy.

In displaying a very positive attitude toward the seniors, we provide an atmosphere that is conducive to their well being. We have high expectations and respect toward the seniors and they return this in kind.

Lasting the activities and the extent of the services provided would not adequately convey the congenial environment at this center. The strength of this facility is the people themselves, those who organize as well as those who participate.

The warmth and acceptance which we felt is available to all seniors in the community. We are confident that if they take advantage of this program, their experience will be as rewarding as ours has been.

The gathering place is sponsored by the Farmington Area Recreation Commission and is located in the American Legion.

**Voters guides now available**

The West Bloomfield-Farmington Area League of Women Voters' new Oakland County Voters Guides are off the press and available for distribution.

The free guides cover information on all the candidates running for U.S. Senate, U.S. Congress, Circuit Court, State Representative, and all Oakland County offices on the Aug. 3 primary ballot.

The LWV compiled the guide with information supplied by the candidates.

The guide enables the public to study the candidates and issues so they may cast a more informed vote.

All biographical information is listed with a response to questions pertinent to the office the candidate seeks. All candidates running for the same office respond to the same questions.

The free guide is made possible by donations given to the LWV during their annual finance drive.

Copies will be available during the Founders Festival, July 30 and 31, at the LWV booth.

They now are available at the Farmington, Farmington Hills, West Bloomfield Township Halls, and the Farmington and West Bloomfield Public Libraries.

Hall, 3175 Grand River, Farmington. The center is open Monday through Friday, 10:30 a.m. - 3 p.m.

MARY ANN EAGER and JEANIE DUMESTRE Farmington

Farmington Observer & Eccentric

DIVISION OF SUBURBAN COMMUNICATIONS CORPORATION

STEVE BARNABY, Editor 152-1400

HENRY M. HOGAN, JR., Co-Publisher  
PHILIP H. POWER, Co-Publisher

JOHN KELDY, Executive Editor  
ARTHUR LANGIER, Acting Advertising Manager  
GARRY HEATH, Classified Advertising Manager

Member of  
MICHIGAN PRESS ASSOCIATION  
SUBURBAN NEWSPAPERS OF AMERICA  
NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Your ecology calendar

Ecology-minded persons who wish to save cans, bottles or newspapers for recycling may use these facilities.

To prepare glass, thoroughly wash the containers, remove all metal caps and rings from the glass and separate the glass by color.

To prepare cans, clean only. Paper must not be removed.

Newspapers should be tied in bundles with heavy string or rope or secured in heavy paper bags.

•PONTIAC—Oakland County Recycling Center, 550 S. Telegraph, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. every Saturday. Groups bringing in more than 500 lbs. of glass will receive \$10 per ton for glass.

•BIRMINGHAM—Daily newspaper pickup with regular trash. Newspapers must be bundled separately.

•FARMINGTON—A glass recycling center operates on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to noon at the west end of the Farmington Hills city hall parking lot. The city hall is at 11 Mile and Orchard Lake.

•LATHRUP VILLAGE—At the Public Services Building, 19101 Twelve Mile Road, adjacent to the high school.

ATMOSPHERE ON A BUDGET

Budget Specials

Every MONDAY  
SR. CITIZENS DAY 11:45-2:30  
BEEF CHOPPETT \$1.25  
VEAL CUTLET \$1.25  
PETITE STRIP STEAK \$1.50  
FREE BEVERAGES TO ALL OUR SENIOR CITIZENS

Budget Specials

Every TUESDAY  
FAMILY NIGHT  
4 to 8:30  
RIB EYE STEAK "1"  
CHOPPED BEEF "1"

—A BUILD YOUR OWN SALAD—  
SALAD BAR  
(9 ITEMS AND 4 DRESSINGS)

ABOVE ENTREES INCLUDE - POTATO, TEXAS TOAST & SALAD BAR

SOUTHFIELD  
25610 W. 8 MILE RD.  
AT BEECH DAILY RD.  
IN K-MART PLAZA

TWO LOCATIONS ONLY

LIVONIA  
33456 W. 7 MILE RD.  
AT FARMINGTON RD.  
IN K-MART PLAZA

AN OBSERVER & ECCENTRIC CARRIER ROUTE MEANS

MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

If you're at least 11 years old and are looking for some extra money, then we're looking for you. As an Observer & Eccentric carrier, not only do you earn spending money on a regular basis, but you also gain valuable experience in operating your own business. And if that's not enough, then you're also eligible for special prizes and trips throughout the year. So, if the pocket of your jeans has nothing in it except some fuzz balls, mail the coupon below.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

AGE \_\_\_\_\_

In Canton Township, Farmington, Garden City, Livonia, Plymouth, Plymouth Township, Eastland Township, Southfield, Westland, and West Bloomfield Township, mail coupon to:

Observer & Eccentric Circulation Department 24251 Schoolcraft Livonia, MI 48150 or call 241-5888

In Ann Township, Rochester, and Troy, mail coupon to:

Observer & Eccentric Circulation Department 410 N. Main Rochester, MI 48063 451-7373