editorial opinion



by corinne abatt



Maybe a skill is better

You would hardly think that a broken exhaust or a jammed car lock would turn out to be brain-jugglers, but they did.

There is an above they did the think they are the they are the they are they are the the they are the they are the the the they are the the the the

head for home and probably a cold beer.

I stood on the steps after thanking him and felt my frustrations slipping away and a sense of well-being taking their place.

My thoughts went back to the night many years ago when one of the youngsters had the croup. The sight of the doctor coming up the walk was so heartwarming, but not much more so that the sight of the locksmith van rolling in the drive. While I don't equate a coughing child with a jammed car lock or part of the underbody of a car out on the pavement, there are a variety of skilled persons who make our lives simpler and help smooth out the wyimkles. Too frequently we in the suburbs think the only truly respectable jobs are those in the white colar service professions—doctors. lawyers, dentists, teachers and social workers And sometimes this latter is deleted from the list.

But, there's more than one way to make a contribution and earn a living at the same time. The locksmith has more calls than he knows what to do with! A good dependable mechanic is not easy to find. In the future, we will need more, not clear of these skills. It is time we broadened our thinking on vocational guidance and possible carreers for our young people.

by Jackie Klein

Through a child's eyes...

The world is never so wondrous and beinstitul as when it is seen through the eyes of a child a seen through the eyes of a child a seen through the eyes of a child a seen through the control of the control of

HE MADE music with soft sounds of lullables all his own and his cup and bowl banging on his highchair tray. Now his music is love in search of a word, a Johnny One-Note or a waterfall of expressions and curiosity voice in an effort to learn the mysteries of the new world surrounding him.

teres of the new world surrounding hum.

Jan used to awaken and his soft, when rec's was waiting to be nearled the mystery that is his now was ours sheen we held that truy, fragile new life in our arms and taxed the special warm spot on the back of his neck where the hair was just beginning to cur!

Now when our four-year-old grand-son awakens, he is impatient to start a brand new day, the dawn of a unsque adventure on the horizon that looms majestically in the eyes of a child. He is the music-maker, the dreamer of dreams, the mover and

shaker of his own special word we share for such a little while.

AS WE strolled along the beach in the morring Dylan asted why the flashing lake was surny and blue and later faded in the distant gray. The he baby duchs like peans butter any elly sandwises? "he wanted to know We fed them and as the ducks gobbled their feast. Dylan said." Gammy, that's nature. Nature is what makes us grow."

The little boy who chattered away as he clutched my hand used to slowly said about life's secrets, one by one how the stronger and more sure, his scope more ample as he ripens and finds by on touching and seesing mysterious powers that be repeated in the property of the stronger and the stronger in the stronger in

to be needed
THESE WERE my thoughts as
Dylan and I roamed the beach on that
golden day. His hair was lake sauries
in the bright glitter and his joy was
the swift delight of the ripping water
and the cloudless sky. He taught me
the purity and my need for sample
things as he led me through long
paths of warming sands and restluness
What can be compared with the
awe of a child filled with wonder as
he watches two birds bialding a nest?
Would I stop to notice without Dylan
by my side? Would I read over and

over again stilly stories about a hip-poporamus who was too big to get on a bus, a fat brown bear who splits the seams in his underwear and a giraffe who couldn't find a house tall enough so he had to live in a phone booth? Dylan never tires of that book it's his favorite and, childash though it is, to is it time. Did I get impatient when our own children asked repea-iedly. "Why is grass green and snow is white?" "Who made the trees, the leaves, the wind, the thander and the moon and who made me."

I DON'T subscribe to the cliche that grandchildren are boruses to be enjuged and fussed over without our having to bear the responsibilities. They aren't adorable little toys to be wound up for grandma and grandpais amusement and handed back to their parets when they whine and cry. As Dylan and I fed the ducks and his eves grew wider as a swan appearance.

As Dylan and I fed the darks and his eyes grew wider as a swin and his eyes grew wider as a swin and and his eyes grew wider as a swin and his eyes grew wider as a swin and his eyes grew wider as a swin and to drag us too close to the water. I'm a listener, gammy,' he under the dark of the dar

Many thanks

Your ecology calendar

Ecology-minded persons who staht to save cans, bottles or newpapers for recycling mass there of facilities to new papers for recycling mass, theroughly wash the containers, remove all metal caps and rings from the glass and separate the glass by color.

To prepare cans, clean only, Paper need not be removed. Newpapers should be tied in bundles with heavy string or rope or secured in heavy paper bags.

*FARMINGTON—A glass recycling cruter operates on Saturdays from 3 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.
 *SOUTHFFIELD In the old city offices, 2000 Berg Road at Ten and One-half Mile, one block east of Telegraph.

Twelve Mile Road, adjacent to the high school. Newspapers are collected 10 a.m.-2 p.m. by volunteers the first Saturday of each month.

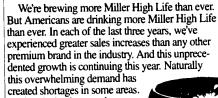
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Farmington Observer Eccentric

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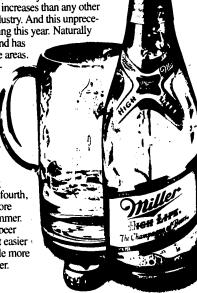
Why the best tagting beer you can find may be hard to find.



If you're having a problem finding enough of our beer, please accept our apologies. We're working around the clock to bring you an adequate supply of the freshest, best tasting beer you can find, as quickly as possible.

We're even expanding our newest brewery, our fourth, which began brewing more Miller High Life this summer.

Soon the best tasting beer you can find will be a lot easier to find. Just give us a little more time and we'll get the beer.





from our readers

Why the two-day protest?

wed with interest the photograph of Tampy picket in your May 31 issue Livonis Observer & Eccentric. I se of the terminated physical finess tors who took part in the two-day istaged at the Livonis Club of Vic

perform duties completely unrelated to my perform duties completely unrelated to my percific pio of appreviang works and accretical programs without any extra compensation and extracting the complete of the complete of the complete of the instructors would derive most unable from the Livoum Culb to the control of the instructors would derive more and to the instructors would derive more and to the control of the instructor would be remained and earlier to an instruction of the manager that every week one to the instructors would derive more and the control of the manager that every week one to the instructors would derive more properties. For this distance of 18 males round trip, the materials to the control of the c

toords. He was a less to the control of a guite lateratous such piece of square period on property the size of over one-half acre. Having been given quite a handle lateratous pour pompous Great white Fathers as Cay Half, we are more than a bit infanisted.

Don't infringe on us

Editor

I wish to acknowledge gratefully the beautiful article Mrs. Lorane McChah strate relative to Marian. Oakland-West in the July 12 saves of the Farmagnion Observer & Eccentre.

The entire board of directors joins me in thanking you and the editoral staff You have presented all important and megalicant lasts clearly and without exaggeration.