

# editorial opinion

BY

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-joggers, but they did.

There I am about to leave work in a big rush and my tail pipe and muffler (two months old) are laying on the ground. A nice young man from our office tied it back in place with rope, good enough to make it to my favorite service station. The mechanic said it would take 15 minutes to tighten the clamp and put a wire holder on so I could get to the muffler shop for repairs.

That same week the ignition lock jammed just as my son was about to take off for work. This poor car with 81,000 miles on it is the family work-horse. Anyway, the weekend ahead looked grim if we couldn't get our wheels rolling. I called a young friend who is a locksmith. He said he had 30 emergency calls, but he would get to me as soon as he could. That was a Friday night when most people his age are out partying somewhere.

Close to midnight he pulled his van in the drive and with a friendly, "Don't worry, we'll get it going for you," went to work.

He removed a piece of metal which had become stuck in the lock, suggested I take it easy, started up his van full of tools and was ready, finally, to 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 wrinkles.

Too frequently we in the suburbs think the only truly respectable jobs are those in the white collar 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 fewer of these skills. It is time we broadened our thinking on vocational guidance and possible careers for our young people.



"Around the edge"

by Jackie Klein

## Through a child's eyes...

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

I am not the first grandmother to have observed this phenomenon nor will I be the last. But walking hand-in-hand along the beach up north last week with four-year-old Dylan was a time to be treasured, for children are wide-eyed, pure and enraptured with life for such a little while and nature became a newly-discovered marvel through Dylan's shining brown eyes. And suddenly his tiny world became a new and fascinating part of mine.

Was it only yesterday this chattering, questioning little boy was an infant, falling asleep at the drop of a windowshade, waiting for us to leave so he could giggle at his toes?

HE MADE music with soft sounds of lullabies 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.

Dylan used to awaken and his soft, warm neck was waiting to be nuzzled. The mystery that is his now was ours when we held that tiny, fragile new life in our arms and kneaded the special warm spot on the back of his neck where the hair was just beginning to curl.

Now when our four-year-old grandson awakens, he is impatient to start a brand new day, the dawn of a unique 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 world we share (or such a little while).

AS WE strolled along the beach in the morning, Dylan asked why the flashing lake was sunny and blue and later faded in the distant gray. "Do the baby ducks like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches?" he wanted to know. We fed them and as the ducks gobbled their feast, Dylan said, "Gummy, that's nature. Nature is what makes us grow."

The little boy who chattered away as he clutched my hand used to slowly ask about life's secrets, one by one. Now his voice grows stronger and more sure, his scope more ample as he ripens and finds joy in teaching and sensing mysterious powers that have become his gentle friends.

Grandparents, too, are special friends. We can't describe that born-again feeling we get when the baby grins and chuckles, discovers his tiny hands and the small orbit around him and creeps right into our hearts. Maybe it's recapturing those fleeting days when our children filled our need to be needed.

THESE WERE my thoughts as Dylan and I roamed the beach on that golden day. His hair was like sunrise in the bright glitter and his joy was the swift delight of the rippling water and the cloudless sky. He taught me the purity and my need for simple things as he led me through long paths of warming sands and restless seas.

What can be compared with the awe of a child filled with wonder as he watches two birds building a nest? Would I stop to notice without Dylan by my side? Would I read over and over again silly stories about a hipopotamus who was too big to get on a bus, a fat brown bear who splits the seams in his underwear and a graffe who couldn't find a house tall enough to be had to live in a phone booth?

Dylan never tires of that book. It's his favorite and, childish though it is, so is it mine. Did I get impatient when our own children asked repeatedly, "Why is grass green and snow is white?" "Who made the trees, the leaves, the wind, the thunder and the moon and who made me?"

I DON'T subscribe to the cliché that grandchildren are bonuses to be enjoyed and fussed over without our having to bear the responsibilities. They aren't adorable little toys to be wound up for grandma and grandpa's amusement and handed back to their parents when they whine and cry.

As Dylan and I fed the ducks and his eyes grew wider as a swan appeared, he kept clutching my hand and he listened when I cautioned him not to drag us too close to the water. "I'm a listener, gummy," he informed me, and I am proud of our daughter for the way she is bringing up her son.

Dylan's grandparents want to share the responsibilities as well as the gratifications as he ripens and matures. We have an abundance of love and patience and pride to give. But Dylan gives us so much more. He is our music maker, our dreamer of dreams, our hope for the future.

Our world is more beautiful as seen through the eyes of a child. Being grandparents is a privilege and we wouldn't trade our valued roles. Dylan has made them very special.

## from our readers

### Why the two-day protest?

Editor:

I viewed with interest the photograph of the Vic Tanny racket in your May 31 issue of the *Observer & Eccentric*. There was one of the terminated physical fitness instructors who took part in the two-day protest staged at the Livonia Club of Vic Tanny.

Why were we protesting at Seven Mile and Middlebelt Roads on July 28 and 29? We were protesting the unfair, restrictive, and outrageous labor practices in which Vic Tanny has been engaging for approximately the last 10 years and unfortunately has been getting away with for approximately the last 18 years.

To be specific, I was hired as a physical fitness instructor at the rate of \$1.50 per hour. After reading the Vic Tanny Training Manual and the written list entitled "Duties of an Instructor," I enthusiastically accepted the job. During my four months with Vic Tanny, I was ordered to perform duties completely unrelated to my specific job of supervising workouts and servicing Vic Tanny members in their individual fitness programs.

One such extraneous duty was that of serving as a delivery person every Monday. It was made mandatory by the Livonia club's manager that every week one of the instructors would drive her own automobile from the Livonia Club to the Dearborn Main Office to obtain club supplies and manager paychecks. For this distance of 38 miles round trip, the instructor would be reimbursed \$1. I could not afford to operate my automobile for 38 miles on \$1.

Another example of unreasonable job demands involves the fact that instructors are required to perform the maid's duties when the maid is absent, i.e., scrubbing the showers, cleaning the lavatories, and mopping the floors. I was expected to do this in addition to my regular duties as an instructor and without any extra compensation.

Another area, which has legal overtones, is the "hours worked versus wages paid" matter. As an instructor I was required to be on the gymnasium floor ready to work 18 minutes prior to the opening of the club. I was never paid for these 18 minutes, which figured on a weekly basis amounted to 48 minutes of overtime work with no monetary compensation.

These were the basic issues behind our protest. Two additional pages would be needed to describe the numerous other considerations perpetrated by the Vic Tanny Company upon their employees.

To rectify these transgressions against the employees, charges have been filed against Vic Tanny both with the National Labor Relations Board and the Wage and Hour Division of the Department of Labor.

ROCHELLE BEAGAN  
Farmington Hills

### Don't infringe on us

Editor:

In regard to your Aug. 9 article on recreational vehicles and trailers, just a few words.

Yes, you guessed it, it's from an owner of a quite luxurious such piece of equipment on property the size of over one-half acre. Having been given quite a hassle last year by our pompous Great White Fathers at City Hall, we are more than a bit irritated.

In case they have nothing better to occupy their time and minds, let them enter our city and absorb first the burned out Honda Shop, the destroyed car wash, used car lots, the choice really turning to blight.

Let them also cruise our city streets and see the many heaps and wrecks of trucks parked around. We do not live in West Palm Beach or Palm Springs, we live in Farmington, many areas of which could be greatly improved.

We owners of recreational vehicles feel our civil rights are being infringed upon. First things first.

Name withheld  
Farmington

### Many thanks

Editor:

I wish to acknowledge gratefully the beautiful article Mrs. Loretta McCash wrote relative to Martin, Oakland-West in the July 12 issue of the *Farmington Observer & Eccentric*.

The entire board of directors joins me in thanking you and the editorial staff. You have presented all important and significant facts clearly and without exaggeration.

REV. JOSEPH A. DRONOWSKI  
Church of St. Clare  
Farmington

## 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 need not be removed.

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

• 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.

• SOUTHFIELD in the old city of offices, 20000 Berg Road at Ten and One-half Mile, one block east of Telegraph.

• LATHRUP VILLAGE—At the Public Services Building, 19101 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.

• GROVES ECOLOGY CLUB—Bundled or bagged newspapers and cardboard will be collected from 7 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Friday and 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturday the second week of each month at the high school's front parking lot.

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

We're brewing more Miller High Life than ever. But Americans are drinking more Miller High Life than ever. In each of the last three years, we've experienced greater sales increases than any other premium brand in the industry. And this unprecedented growth is continuing this year. Naturally this overwhelming demand has created shortages in some areas.

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.



America's quality beer. Since 1855.