# editorial opinion

#### Hurry up, George

## Solve the Holko affair

Residents of Farmington Hills are being cheated out of an efficiently run police department because of procrastination by the city council, authored by the city manager's office.

For months, the late of Police Chief Ronald Holko has been debated in executive sessions. Meanwhile: Holko has been debated in executive sessions. Meanwhile: Holko has been left to hang, twisting slowly in the wind.

Because of this long-winded private debate between city councilimembers and City Manager George Majoros. Holko has been relegated to the status of a lame-duck administrator, lacking power or authority to do his policy lacking power or authority to do his policy realizes those of the council members of the council for th

sign."
As one police officer told me."Things are at a standstill in the department. Holko is barricaded in his office and the department is operating without a chief."

MUCH OF THE BLAME for this situation has to fall on the shoulders of Majoros, who has prodded the council into waiting until he can get "his man" into the chief's spot.

It's general knowledge that Majoros has some-one in mind to fill the police chief's position, al-though he is keeping the identification of that per-son under his hat for unspecified reasons. Some city hall watchers say he is doing this be-cause his candidate is waiting to get out of his pre-sent job. But. that is å, poor excuse for keeping is situation up in the 'air'. Another reason for waiting is that Majoros is counting his votes on city council to see that he has the council lined up on his side of the issue.



One grave fault of the city manager form of government is that survival dictates that a city administrator keep the majority of the council happy the majority of the time or he is in danger of losing his job.
Majoros, although a competent city manager, is well known for being an administrative procrastinator. The Holko affair is only another incident of Majoros playing the stall game to get his way.

cident of Majoros' playing the stall game to get this way.
Former City Councilman Bob McConnell continually was prodding Majoros to take administrative action on one situation or another. But Majoros has a built-in excuse because a majority of the council has voted that department heads shouldn't attend meetings regularly.
This philosophy comes from a misinterpretation of the city charter which says elected officials and city department heads shouldn't have direct contact.
The council's support of this concept allows Majoros to stall on issues for weeks at a time with the excuse that he has to go back and talk to this or that department head.



### "Between the lines"

by Carl Stoddard

"The bomb went off here about nine this morning," the voice on the CB radio clucked. "Papers everywhere merey sakes alive." He said the last phrase as if it was written by exercise said it was written by exemple. "The said of the said

came back, "there's a lot of superstuds on this superslab,"
"For sure, for sure," Suzy shot
back. The inchanne or "handle" of
"Superslud" seems to be popular
mong (CBers. Other handles range
from Nighterawler to Foxy Lady to
Ledy Lindy to Professor. Of course,
the radio nicknames aren't always
used, especially on Channel 19 where
motivists spend much of their time.
"There's a bear giving out greenstamps on southound 24 just noth of
that Ten Mile Road." one woman advised her fellow travelers recently. Almost instandly, half a dozen brake
lights blinked on in the vicinity of the
reported officer and his radar patrol
car.
A trin alone Telegraph or any of the

sultant traffic the ups were especially good conversation topics.
"Mercy sakes alive good buddy," one CBer said in what seemed to be an attempt to use every CB cliche in a single sentene. "Intal super direct the solan Lodge is one big parking of from Motown to Troytown."

A chorus of voices on the airwaves agreed as everyone sat trapped in higher "four-wheelers" during the susty rush hour traffic. Then a young lead to the proposed of the proposed in the control of the proposed in the control of the proposed in the control of the proposed in the propose

EVERYONE TALKING on the CB channels seems to have an accent developed somewhere between Arkansas and Texas. For some reason, the accent demands that commass, periodic developed that the commass and the commass, periodic developed that the commass and Texas. For some reason, the accent demands that commass, periodic with expressions like "mercy sakes it to the CB channels, he will probably sound like this, taken from "Julius Caesar."

Breaker break good buddies, this is Mr. Tony for the Romans, come on. Got your ears on good buddies?

"The here in this chariot town to bury Cnesar, for sure, not to bury him, good golly.

"Bad trips keep on trucking, for sure for sure good buddies, but mercy sakes alive, that good stuff is 10-20 at the bone yard. You copy?"
Such a rendition would probably bewilder the Bard, Another writer, Joseph Courad could be expected to the right word another, "Given the right word another," Conrad wrote.

CBers have more than one right word—they have a whole lexicon—and frey certainly have the right accent for the medium. It's little wonder the CB radio is taking over the world.



They say there's a fortune in TV commercials, but they're a pain in the eyes and ears of "boob tube" audiences everywhere.

Sometimes I think my personal touch would make commercials more meaningful, instead of just a time for one beer lover or another to haul out a six-pack.

Here's how I would do it:

"I may be Brenda Starr in the of-fice, but in the kitchen I'm a handi-wipe wiper. When I come home alter a hard day pounding my IBM and stretching my coffee break with Juicy Fruit, I discovered my kitchen floor had yellowed. Nobody let the dog out.

"Between reporting, cooking, shopping, housework, children, grandchild and animal, I put in five miles a day. That's why I use Mop N' Glow and give my dog a shot of Extra Dry. It's the taste he hates twice a day but it keeps my floor clean.

"I'm a walking testimonial to bet-ter living through chemistry. There's protein in my mascara and acrasil in my shampon. My bubble both is bin-degradable, my toothpaste contains filtoristan and my, hair spray is full of

"I WOULDN'T dream of using deodorant without aluminum chlor-hydroxide complex with hexachlorophene or dandruff remover without ethyl demethyl benzyl.

"I may not be gorgeous, but I can always donate my body to science. That is, if they promise to shake well, keep my body out of reach of children, look at it, love it and take their time paying for it.

"It's not nice to fool Mother Nature, so I use the rich, creamy expensive brand and never squeeze the Charmin. My mother had a feeling I might be too appealing, so she never told me about Ultra-Brite.

"That's why I use denture cleaner with pucker-power for those all important close-ups with the window washer and put my money where my mouth—plus everything else—is.

"I get my kicks guzzling Scope first thing every morning and the window washer gets sprayed with Windex. It helps keep us face-to-face.

"I know what I like, and if I want to drink true percolated coffee with the rich, hearty flavor of instant that's how I like it and how it tastes when I make it. Orange juice isn't only for breakfast anymore. That is unless you like your screw drivers in the morning.

"I'VE JOINED the Pepsi gener-ation. That's why I enjoy the flavor of an uncola slug of red pop with Boone's Farm strawberry wine, malt liquor, instant iced tea and Hawaiian Punch in a germ-free Dixie Cup.

"There's a new me coming every day with homogenized milk, but I'll never live to see it. Burger Biggie, Giant Crab. Taco City—I've tried them all. When I deserve a break today, I go to McDonatd's, handle a Whopper with two hands or lick a stick of chicken with Colonel Sanders.

I used to go out to eat with my uncle in the furniture business, but he finked out on me and went bankrupt. I understand he took out an instant loan from his friendly Household Finance dealer.

For my dishpan hands, I soak in mild, green detergent, gentle enough for a baby's skin and 99 per cent pure. It's that missing one per cent that gives me the hands you loathe to touch."

Would you believe I'm getting the message I should stick to reporting in the Southfield Eccentric, your hometown newspaper that brings you up to the minute scoops about all the people and events.

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