

editorial opinion

Tinkering around

by LOUISE OKRUTSKY

Coffee addict confesses

When I was a child, one of the oddest home noises that I knew was the sound of coffee perking away on a Saturday morning. It was usually followed by the warm, thick aroma of the freshly-brewed beverage and the clatter of coffee cups being removed from the cupboard.

"Do you want some coffee?" was the wake-up call in my house. And if my mother was in a good mood, I was treated to a morning cup of the brew, along with my parents and any visiting relatives who were around at that hour. I can still get nostalgic about the clinking sound the teaspoons make in the cups as coffee drinkers stir in their milk and sugar.

If this sounds too nostalgic about the subject of coffee, I'll have to explain with a confession. I'm a coffee addict. It's not unusual for me to do down seven cups of the stuff on a good day.

Heck, I've had that much at one sitting. I even hang around with coffee addicts. My mother was the one who turned me onto the brew at the tender age of seven.

INITIALLY, IT WAS agreed between myself and my mother that I drink only one cup a day. And that was my morning cup because milk didn't agree with me at that early hour. The truth is, morning doesn't agree with me, but that's another story.

So, now, here I am, at the unseemingly young age of 24, a seven-cup-a-day caffeine fiend. I used to astound friends in college by downsizing most of a pot of coffee and then taking a nap, afterwards. It was a great item of conversation in the dorm, where most of the residents drank coffee to stay awake while cramming for exams.

My old college roommate and best buddy, Joan Kozerski, still believes that if I ever need a transfusion, the doctors will have to extend out for a can of Maxwell House.

My only problem, now, is that the transfusion is getting more and more expensive. And, to make matters worse, I'm reading more stories about the terrible effects my favorite beverage is having on my favorite body. Studies have shown that caffeine will make coffee drinkers irritable, depressed and give them problems with their sex life.

IF THIS KEEPS UP, we'll have coffee withdrawal clinics, much like the smoking clinics, currently being offered.

Especially after it becomes obvious that persons do get addicted to coffee. I've known that for years, but I never wanted to admit it to myself. But I was forced to the realization several months ago. When coffee prices started to rise, I decided to boycott until they were lowered. It worked for sugar. I thought.

The first day out, it wasn't too bad. During coffee breaks, I drank water or ginger ale. But the second and third days without coffee showed me that I really depended on the stuff. Without my morning cup of coffee, I started to feel jittery in the office and stared in a stupor at the phone and typewriter. Then, I began to notice how I would breathe deeply every time I passed the coffee machine.

I was convinced I was going off of the deep end when I realized that I was drinking my eighth cup of water at 2 p.m.

Finally, I looked around the office and saw my co-workers enjoying their cups of coffee. What the heck, I decided. I resolutely went over to the coffee machine and filled up.

And, the rest of the world continued trying to boycott coffee. Coffee became almost unfashionable in some quarters.

IT WAS THROUGH the coffee drinkers graping that I heard the

story of one poor fellow who vowed to give up the brew. Resolutely, he began drinking tea. To a coffee drinker, that's like trying to get drunk on ginger beer—a brave, yet futile effort. It's also the mark of someone whose head was grossly misinformed.

At any rate, our friend found out that tea just didn't make it. But he was stuck. He had vowed to boycott coffee. That in itself was a righteous cause. Too scared to chicken out, he began to devise methods of smuggling the stuff into his office. He began to fill a flask with coffee and hide it in his overcoat. Then, he'd light out to an empty conference room during slow periods in the day, to swig some clandestine coffee. One day, he smuggled some inside a can he had inherited from an uncle who had been active during Prohibition.

Finally, as it usually happens, he was caught. One of his co-workers noticed that he was disappearing from the office at odd moments during the day. The co-worker followed our little friend into the parking lot where he was caught red-handed swigging coffee from a thermos he had hidden in a special compartment under his car's carpet.

Sheepishly, our coffee-fiend looked at his co-worker.

"WHY DIDN'T you say something," the co-worker said. "I know of this great little coffee house. All you have to do is knock on the door twice, then pause, then knock three times. When they open the people in the door, tell them Juan sent you."

So, next time you see some poor soul desperately chewing on a cheekful of gum, have pity. He probably isn't a reformed smoker. He's the newest withdrawal victim—an ex-coffee addict.

And by the way, next time you're in the neighborhood, drop by. We'll have a cup of coffee together.

My Cup of Tea

by Loraine McClish

Rules hamper aging study

I don't think the gavel had yet hit the desk marking Farmington's two councils' approval to create the Commission on Aging before we heard some grumbling about it.

It was going to cost money, the grumblers said. The timing was just too slick what with the current hub-bub over senior housing. It had to be a political maneuver.

The latest we've heard on the subject is that a couple of the residents who volunteered for the new posts have already been chosen.

There will be seven all told, to be announced publicly as soon as the roster is filled. They will be charged, loosely, with making recommendations on problems which affect the elderly.

I hope it stays that loose. I hope

that the rules are such that no one, no course, or no idea can get pie-in-the-sky or locked out.

I HOPE that before some pie-in-the-sky ideas are acted upon, the new body goes straight to the source of the matter by way of another area seminar for seniors.

We had one here a few years ago and out of that it was learned our seniors had a real desire, in fact, real need, to be creative.

From this sprung our Gathering Place, the senior center started with out so much as a coffee pot, that is now probably the most continuously active such center in the county. The need for creativity was filled with a new outlet for senior socializing thrown in as a bonus.

This was a giant step from where

we were, but a baby step from where we have to go.

Statistics tell us that a female child born in 1950 can expect to live to see her 100th birthday. The way things stand now, that makes for 35 post-retirement years.

There are so many facets here of just everyday living during those 35 years that should our new arm of government be tied by any stringent rules it would be forever doomed to nothing more than playing catch-up.

The men and women who will be already been notified that they will be serving on the new Commission on Aging come with impressive expertise in the field. I'm sure their counterparts will give with the same.

Let us give them a free hand.



Hors d'oeuvres

by Lynn Orr

Superwoman suffocates

More than 1,000 demonstrators rallied at Kennedy Square last Friday to kick off the National Organization of Women's 10th anniversary celebration.

I would have loved to have been there to relish past victories and share in the intensification of efforts to attain this year's goal—passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. But my editor chided me to the typewriter stand. He said the only thing he didn't like about the women's movement was that we lack a sense of humor about ourselves and our goals. I, of course, denied such a thing and promised to write a column about one of the byproducts of the women's movement that we could all do without—the superwoman image.

When it comes to superheroes, Wonder Woman, Sheena of the Jungle and Tarzan's Jane, all played second fiddle to the more popular male heroes of the comic book trade. So, it's no surprise that in their zeal to gain a place in the sun, women have created an image of the superheroin who makes the Amazons' princess pale by comparison.

EVEN THE BIONIC woman can't compete with this lady—she's superwife, supermother, superworker all rolled into one, and she wields a nifty needle, creates dried flower baskets, and either comes home from work or ends her day off cleaning house to prepare a gourmet meal.

Superwoman doesn't fly, but she might as well—that's possibly the only way she'd ever find time for herself. For time is what superwoman has lost in her efforts to be everything to everybody. And because this kind of image has a built-in failure, women all over the country are walking around with a cloud of guilt over their heads because they can't live up to the superwoman ideal.

The housewife at home feels guilty because she's not earning a paycheck, so she dedicates herself to fulfilling every need of the family. The woman who works outside the home spends every weekend making up for the time she's spent at work—catering to her family and household chores.

I've never heard a man apologize for his messy house, frozen rather than fresh vegetables or ignorance of

a holy discussed issue. But I've heard those sentiments from many women, and I've heard them from my own lips all too often.

WHAT WE OFTEN FORGET in our passion for equality, is that superpeople exist in comic books and properly so. Over the last decade, women have set impossible goals for themselves in almost every facet of their lives, and, consequently, they suffer when they fail to achieve those goals.

While we're out there fighting for what's rightfully ours—equality before the law—we have to retain a perspective on where we're going and what we want.

After all, Jane only had a treeshouse to keep clean and one chimp to look after. I can't recall what Sheena did in addition to a lot of pectoral exercise, and Wonder Woman might have been great with a lasso but I never saw her behind a vacuum cleaner.

The next time you have an urge to apologize for a dirty oven, stifle yourself. And remember, Batman wouldn't have been anything without his butler.

"Between the lines"

by Carl Stoddard

Fight the late night blight

John Wayne hardly stays up late any more. Neither do Tyrone Power, the Marx Brothers, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Cagney, Randolph Scott, Johnny Weissmuller, Greta Garbo, Mae West, Jimmy Stewart or any of the other people that made late night television something special.

In place of old movies (at least the old one with character) night people like myself find mostly reruns of "Kojak," "The Rockies," "Dan August," "McCloud" and a bushel basket of trite "made for TV" movies.

Fortunately, Channel 50, home of the stalwart Bill Kennedy, comes through in the late night hours. In keeping with Kennedy's constant day-time offering of classics, Channel 50 features a steady string of late night goodies. This past week the station offered "Ball of Fire" with Gary Cooper, "Little Caesar" with Edward G. Robinson, "Back to Bataan" with John Wayne, "Man in the Middle" with Robert Mitchell, and "Batling Bellhop" with Robinson, Humphrey Bogart and Bette Davis.

The station's daytime and weekend

fare, with the exception of a few forgettable movies, is equally fine. Not so for Detroit's other stations.

CHANNEL 4 is obviously stuck with Johnny Carson and early bird Tom Snyder. Little chance for a good movie there. To their credit, they come up with some good stuff Saturday nights. "The African Queen" of a couple weekends ago is an obvious exception.

Sunday night isn't always bad either, although Channel 4 does slip up and offer things like "Clambake," a 1967 dud with Elvis Presley and Shelly Fabers.

Channel 7 seems to think that what was once good for prime time is just as good the second time around in the wee hours. This past week they offered "The Little Rascals," "Dan August," "The Rockies," and "Baretta."

Sandwiched in they offer a late night special and an occasional good movie of recent vintage. They also use the time slot as a dumping ground for some wretched reruns of TV movies.

Channel 2 begins its line-up with "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," a show that is becoming boring. After that they offer a mix of "Kojak" reruns and movies that have aged as well as a bottle of Boone's Farm Apple Wine.

Both stations sometimes come up with a worthwhile movie on the weekends. ("Name of the Game" on Channel 2 Sunday nights is a definite exception.)

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN are the Canadians who have the good graces to preserve a few classics for the weekends on Channel 9. Constant good taste on their part, however, tends to be a weak point. Evidence of that is "Jamboree" with Connie Francis, Frankie Avalon and Jerry Lee Lewis, a plodding disaster that was somehow offered as a movie.

Hollywood cranked out thousands of excellent movies in its golden days. Even the poorest have more social, historical and entertainment value than rerun "Rockies." As Bogart might say, play 'em again, Sam.



By DOUG ROSS

Citizens Can Win

Kicking the habit

Your clothes have burn holes. Your kids are telling you that smoking is bad for you. Your spouse is complaining about cigarette ashes on the bathroom floor. Even your friends give you dirty looks when you light up in their presence.

You want to kick the nasty habit. But how? You tried cold turkey by yourself and after a day you were unbearable to yourself and everyone around you. So you started again.

Is there anyone who can really help you quit?

There are a number of programs designed to help smokers quit. They vary greatly in cost and technique. However, all require motivation. Here are some of the questions we are most frequently asked about these programs.

QUESTION: How can you tell whether a particular program to stop smoking is effective and will actually help you quit?

ANSWER: Before you actually enroll in any program and pay out any money, you should get concrete answers to the following questions:

• What is the program's success rate? In other words, how effective is it in actually helping people quit smoking. Find out what percentage of those who started the program eventually stopped smoking. And, more importantly, whether those who stopped were long-term quitters, or were smoking again two weeks after the program ended.

If the representative of a particular stop-smoking program can't provide you with such data, you ought to be skeptical of the program. Either the program doesn't care enough to measure its true effectiveness, or an effort is being made to conceal the program's ineffectiveness. In either case, you will probably want to save your money.

• What is the full cost of the program? If the program charges by the session, you will want information on how many sessions it will take to stop smoking. You might ask for the average number of sessions attended by those who successfully quit. Again, if the program has no data to answer your questions, be skeptical.

Also make the cost appear less prohibitive, some programs offer money back guarantees and warranties. However, frequently the

money back guarantees only apply if you don't stop smoking all. But if you stop for two days and then start smoking again, you don't get your money back. Make sure they explain the guarantees and warranties to you in great detail.

QUESTION: What are the different types of programs for quitting smoking that are offered in this area?

ANSWER: One type of program employs a technique known as aversion conditioning, which attempts to deal with the smoking habit on the unconscious level. Aversion conditioning seeks to reverse the usual positive rewards associated with having a cigarette by using a mild electric current. Thus, the smoker no longer makes a positive association with cigarettes but instead has negative or adverse feelings.

Another type aims at helping the individual make a conscious decision to quit. Hypnosis and acupuncture also are techniques employed by a few programs.

QUESTION: If I want to try to quit smoking first with a program before I consider spending a lot of money, where can I go?

ANSWER: The American Cancer Society periodically offers free smoking withdrawal clinics. For information on them, call the Oakland County Office of the American Cancer Society.

from our readers

Hills resident knocks senior zone analysis

Editor: As a nearby senior citizen, a homeowner, a president of a subdivision, a wife, a mother, grandmother and member of the Homeowners Association, I strongly resent your very biased and unfair article in the Farmington Observer of Monday, April 4, 1977. Your article says (headline), "Seniors, homeowners split on midsize" and underneath, the word "analysis." In this article, you chose to emphasize the opinion of one person versus the opinion of many people represented in the 10 or more subdivisions represented in the Homeowners Association.

With the strong and constant pressure on our zoning board and our city council to rezone every inch of our valuable area for various, sometimes questionable, enterprises, it seems to me that it is very important that homeowners also maintain a constant pressure to retain our master plan and not deviate therefrom, because it is only in this masterplan that we, the people, can maintain control over our own city.

And through it, we can keep the quiet residential areas which we moved here to enjoy.

Now, if your newspaper is going to assume representation of our city then I think you should also realize that Farmington Hills is a city of more than 50,000 people, with an area nearly as large as Livonia and a much higher per capita income. A city of this size and scope certainly de-

serves better newspaper coverage than a one-person analysis.

Mrs. Catherine Walker, Farmington Hills

Kudos for Ms. McClish

Editor: Lee and I want to express our sincere thank you to Loraine McClish for the super article she wrote about us in the Suburban Life section of the Farmington Observer. We have had many compliments on how nicely the article was written. We're sorry that you weren't present to hear the positive comments. Again we wish to thank Ms. McClish. If we can be of assistance to you, please feel free to contact us. LESLIE and LEE ZALEWSKI Farmington

READERS' FORUM

Letters must be original copies and contain the signature and address of the sender. Limit letters to 300 words.

Farmington Observer

Division of SUBURBAN COMMUNICATIONS CORPORATION

STEVE BARNABY, Editor 352-5400

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

JOHN REDDY, Executive Editor
ARTHUR LANGER, Advertising Sales Manager

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