

Monday's Commentary



Leadership must be proved by example

Much has been said about leadership and credibility in the present Farmington Hills city council election.

The debate has been hot, heavy and beneficial to the community. Leadership, indeed, is a quality much needed when serving on the city's legislative council.

It, obviously, is up to the voters to decide who will make the best leaders for the next four years.

But leadership must be set by example. Unfortunately, one candidate has staunchly refused to change his stand on an issue which we feel is of primary importance in today's society.

Equal rights for all persons is the issue. Terry Sever is the candidate.

Sever, an active member of the Farmington Area Jaycees, believes that the young businessmen's organization as now constituted, is proper. Presently, the Jaycees excludes women from its membership ranks.

Instead, women are relegated to a secondary role, forced to be members of an auxiliary.

Such exclusion perpetuates and glorifies the chauvinistic mentality in our society and serves only to deny an equal standing to half the population of this country.

Sever is urged to change his stand on this issue. It is difficult to see how a person can represent the entire community, when he fosters a secondary role for its women.

INDEED, THE JAYCEES have done some fine community work in Farmington and Farmington Hills. It has been named as one of the state's best Jaycees chapters. But all Jaycee's records are blemished by their insistence that women be excluded from the ranks of its membership.

It is understood why Sever would be reluctant to resign from an organization which has taught him the skills of leadership and initiative. But if he

wishes to remain a member, he should at least take a leading role in fighting to change this antiquated and discriminatory rule.

All that is needed is a sincere commitment to wage this fight from within.

In all probability Sever's leadership abilities could be used to benefit this community if he was elected to city council. He has demonstrated that through his many-faceted activities in the community in recent years.

But this nagging issue must be erased from the minds of voters before he can become a viable candidate.

United Nations is all we have to keep the peace

If the struggle for world peace could be equated to a baseball game, then the count is two strikes and nothing for the planet earth.

Those that can remember that far back can remember the League of Nations, formed following World War I, "the war to end all wars".

When Europe and then the South Pacific erupted into World War II four decades ago, that was the death knell of the League of Nations. Some would contend the league was dead when the U. S. Senate failed to ratify the treaty that would have put this country into the world organization in 1919.

That fateful decision may have led to the death of Woodrow Wilson, president and visionary on world peace. It sealed the fate of an organization of nations because America had emerged as a world power. A league without the United States was like a baseball player with a rubber bat.

It's easier to recall the beginnings of the United Nations.

Wars were different back in the 1940s and the dream of world peace was intact. A united country fought in Europe and the South Pacific and there was no question of who were the good guys and who were the bad guys.

YOUNG MEN going off to fight for their country and others making a home front contribution were turned on to the struggle. They were fighting for principles that had been laid out for them in the classroom, at home and were reiterated clearly in the media and through government propaganda efforts.

With the guns hardly silent on Oct. 24, 1945, the United Nations was born. Nation after nation signed the charter and became members of the alliance that would keep peace on earth and strive for human progress.

Not only did our nation sign on the

dotted line, but the UN headquarters was built in New York City, a monument to impressive architecture and good intentions.

On Oct. 24 the 31st birthday of the United Nations will be observed. And what's the score on the UN? It has survived a complex world. But finding areas of achievement to point to with pride is a real challenge.

Remember the United Nations forum that created the state of Israel in 1948 in a burst of hope and humanitarianism to offer a homeland for the remnant of Jews that survived the Holocaust?

THEN REMEMBER again how the world and the UN stood back and watched as the tiny new state was attacked on several fronts by Arab nations?

Recall how the mainland Chinese were kept out of the United Nations until recent days and a small island gov-

ernment that represents a tiny portion of the Chinese people sat in the UN councils.

And don't forget the shaky foundations of financing the United Nations. Americans pay a huge amount of the bill for keeping things going while the Soviets smirk.

The change in power of the forum in recent years is well known. Third world nations, who are mighty in numbers, are not in individual power, have dominated the scene.

And the nadir of UN stature may well have been the moment when the

Palestinian leader Yassar Arafat came into the peace-keeping forum brandishing his automatic weapon.

Yet, the UN is the only standing institution where nations can gather in the common belief that differences can be resolved at a conference table and not on a battlefield.

It hasn't helped this planet, plagued by wars — hardly less frequent since the UN was born.

As we set out to celebrate the 31 years of "unity," thousands of refugees seek haven even as the victims of the Nazi extermination did in the 1940s

and in the birth years of the UN.

We can't negate the programs for human understanding and alleviating human misery that function under the auspices of UN agencies. They must be counted as pluses. Ideals such as world peace and unity must be savored, nurtured and treasured. These were the same ideals that bit the dust when the League of Nations died.

And even with all its wars, the UN is one of few remaining tools we have to bolster the dreams of a better world. Its demise or further diminution reminds us — you only get three strikes.

Shirlee's sallies

by Shirlee Iden



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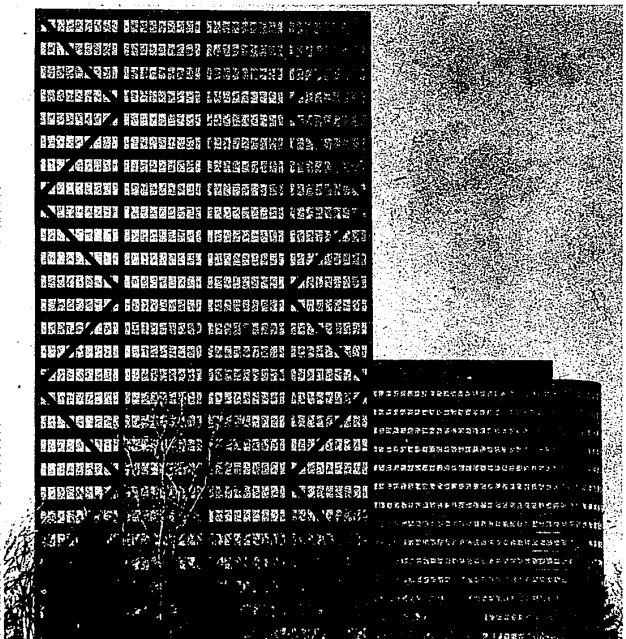
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Prudential Town Center offers interior and exterior glitter that can add up to high priced rents and services.



Hors d'oeuvre

by Lynn Orr

Glitter is what you pay for

Driving south on the John Lodge, Prudential Town Center's glittering facade overwhelms the urban Southfield landscape. You actually feel like you're in a city after driving miles through two-story northwest suburbia.

Those highrises act like a beacon to city lovers escaping the pastoral.

Looking for a parking spot near the golden towers unfortunately takes all the fun out of urbanity.

Try to slip a small gas-saver into most of the Prudential lots. It's impossible. Cars jam the fire lane. (City hall, take note. Better yet, where were you guys when the site plans were going down?)

In my first excursion to the new landmark I ended up stuck behind the "Movies" entrance, unknowingly even farther away from my destination — the new office of the family ophthalmologist.

In making the appointment, I had carefully asked the receptionist where the new office was. She had cheerfully given the information.

FIRST MISTAKE. I should have trusted my instincts and looked up the site plan at city hall.

This is no dumb suburban kid. As a working mother I know you either get the first or last appointment of the day to avoid long waits. Getting through a new highrise complex is like stalking your way through a new mall. Both require fortitude and a map.

As I quickly discovered, the receptionist had erred. I fell into my best Lewis and Clark frame of mind for the sojourn ahead.

That prompted a brief history lesson my son would rather have avoided. But exhilarated because he missed morning math, he put up with it.

We rummaged through two buildings, checking out the glass directories, before meeting a security guard with a precious directory of the other buildings.

She volunteered the information that our doctor is in the new four-story building and pointed out the path to it. However, that path was blocked by construction.

WE WENT outside and walked around the complex until we found the professional center. We hurried a couple sawhorses, much to the surprise of a few construction workers.

Once in the office, art propped against the wall, I casually told the receptionist she might better inform patients of the precise location of the new quarters and where to park.

"Do you know how many people I have to talk to in one day?" she offered.

So much for communication.

My son and I parked ourselves on a leatherette sofa and began the wait. A Punch magazine on the table should have warned me that the doctor had outgrown my budget, but my instincts at that point were fogged by all the sawdust in the air.

The doctor came out brusquely to announce the name of the next patient. This is the kind of guy that will cancel the appointment if you fail to make it across the reception area in 10 seconds. He mentioned in passing to the receptionist that 27 patients failed to show up the day before.

I had an inkling of why that might have happened but restrained further comment. My son often finds me embarrassing.

FINALLY, IT was our turn. As in most doctors' visits, I've often felt the conveyor companies were missing out on potential clients. Two minutes, drops in the eyes, wait in the reception room again, another two minute visit with the doctor. But the new glasses weren't needed yet picked up our spirits.

On the way out, I stopped to pay the bill.

"\$50," was the receptionist's only comment to me. I gathered she was still smarting from the earlier conversation.

"Haven't your prices (excuse me, fees) gotten a little steep?" I asked in my best imitation of astonishment — grammar departs in shock.

"I just write it up," she mumbled.

I wrote the check with a shaking hand and we left prepared to make our way back through the maze.

Unfortunately, the \$50 tab meant we had to bypass "Bookpeople" and a fancy little restaurant for brunch.

It was time for another lesson — this time in economics: He who goes to doctor newly ensconced in fancy setting should be prepared to pay for privilege.

All that glitters requires gold.

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