

Monday's Commentary

Fox invades Wolf's lair and wins big vote

Some things just never change. It's always safe to bet that the sun will rise in the east, the snow will melt in the spring and the Farmington Hills city council will... well, let's just say the Hills council always will be Oppertized.

That's correct, folks, the gang up at the corner of Orchard Lake Road and Eleven Mile is back in action. And judging from its first meeting of the year, the score is about the same as always.

The big winner, as always, is Earl Oppert. The big loser is Joe Alkateeb, the eternal outsider. The remaining five belong in the shades of gray in between.

With the results of last November's election, city hall watchers have three spanning new scrubbed faces — Jack Burwell, Bill Lange and Donn Wolf.

The trio is brought to you by the Citizens for More Responsible Government. Remember them?

At last Monday's meeting, the troika quickly learned that running on the same ticket doesn't necessarily mean unity. They also learned that hav-

ing a voter mandate means little when it comes to council business.

It was the old political hands who won the first round, with the help of new guy Bill Lange.

Lange's split with his November running mates came with the vote on mayor. The city's third woman mayor was unsuccessfully challenged by fire and brimstone Alkateeb who was supported by Burwell and Wolf.

But the real credit has to be given to the "Fox" — Earl Oppert.

Without question, it was the 18-year veteran who made sure it was Soronen, rather than Alkateeb, who would be in the mayor's seat for the next 12 months.

Who would be 1980's mayor was far less important than who did the electing. The law of the political jungle dictates that Oppert and Wolf will be natural enemies, both seeking to lead the pack.

Wolf quickly learned that nine times out of 10 what Earl wants, Earl gets.



Theoretically, the council balance should have been five — Alkateeb, Burwell, Lange, Wolf and Soronen — to two, Oppert and Jan Dolan. But Oppert has never been one to be in the minority. If a natural coalition led by him doesn't exist, he will invent one. And the mayoral vote demonstrates that he did just that.

Mrs. Dolan has little choice but to align with Oppert. It is either go with Oppert or sit for the next two years with a meaningless vote.

Soronen, originally Alkateeb's philosophical running mate, found the offer to be mayor too much to resist.

Regardless of whatever anyone says, being mayor holds political clout. That power rests with the opportunity to appoint members of commissions. Those appointments determine for years to come which direction the city will take on issues.

Alkateeb and Wolf had hoped to control the mayor's seat for the next two years in order to wrest power from the old line liberals who now dominate city commissions.

Now they will have to wait at least until next year when, and if, Wolf becomes mayor.

By his actions Monday night Oppert has let it be known that he still was committed to some sort of senior citizen housing for Farmington Hills. He has a year of grace to see it through.

Botsford Beat

Sifting out osteopathy

Of all the questions directed to representatives of the osteopathic medicine community, perhaps the one which most frequently surfaces is, "what's the difference between an osteopathic physician (DO) and an allopathic physician (MD)?"

The question is quite proper and, indeed, is one which ought to be asked people with a serious interest in the delivery of quality health care services. Hopefully, the next few column inches will provide a meaningful answer.

Initially, it might be well to explain the similarities of the two disciplines. By understanding parallels, one should be better able to understand any differences.

Departments of medical schools? Thus you have the significant exception in academic preparation. Osteopathy has its genesis in the years immediately following the Civil War.

A physician, an MD named Andrew Taylor Still, returned from military service deeply distressed by what he perceived to be gross deficiencies in the teaching of medicine and the modalities of treatment being offered a patient.

Dr. Still understood that the musculoskeletal system (bones, joints and muscles) comprised 60 percent of the total body mass.

He reasoned that all body systems, including the musculoskeletal system, were interdependent and that disturbance in one caused altered function in another.

Dr. Still then set about to develop a system of treatment which emphasized the relationships of the musculoskeletal system to the other systems of the body as a total entity.

His research culminated in the evolution of what today we call OMT, or osteopathic manipulative therapy — an essential part of diagnosing and treating certain conditions with palpation and manipulative techniques as adjuncts to traditional forms of medicine, all of which, of course, are also used by the DO.



RUSS TUTTLE

At Michigan State University-College of Osteopathic Medicine, the OMT courses are taught in the Biomechanics Laboratory where research is ongoing to further refine the techniques of OMT.

It should then be understood that the application of OMT is not a one-dimensional to the delivery of health care services.

As Dr. Still developed his OMT theory, he was persuaded that a physician ought to look at a patient as the product of his total life experiences: societal, environmental, financial, familial.

He then insisted that part of the student's learning experience be devoted to holistic medicine — a concept which dates back to Hippocrates and one in which a patient is treated as a total entity and not just for the symptom presenting itself to the physician.

It is the practice of holistic medicine, buttressed with appropriate OMT modalities, which is the trademark of the DO.

Indeed, rather than telling the public that we offer something different, we prefer to say that we offer something additional.

The discipline of osteopathy has grown from one school, established by Dr. Still in 1892 in Kirksville, Mo., to 14 schools and 208 osteopathic hospitals throughout the country.

The majority, approximately 75 percent of the 1,600 DOs who will graduate in June of this year, will enter family practice. Of the 4,000 MD graduates, approximately 25 percent will enter family practice.

As understanding of the profession grows, so too the profession grows. Bright young people would do well to investigate career opportunities in osteopathic medicine.

Give us a call at Botsford General Hospital. We'll be happy to assist.

Hence, the student of osteopathic medicine must, in addition to completing the basic courses of medicine, complete integrated course work in OMT.

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from our readers

County director backs inspections of vehicles

Editor: Your Jan. 3 editorial on a mandatory state auto exhaust inspection and maintenance program (I/M) was timely and informative in view of the impending consideration of such legislation by the Michigan Legislature.

Unfortunately, your editorial failed to recognize other important factors which should be considered in the development of a policy whether such an I/M program should be statewide or restricted to southeast Michigan.

These additional facts are:

- Other Michigan cities such as Muskegon, Grand Rapids, Lansing, Flint and Essexville experience ozone levels as great or greater than much of southeast Michigan.
- Ozone is not emitted from auto exhaust (tailpipes or factory chimneys, but is formed in the atmosphere by the interaction of hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen gases (under the influence of sunlight). There is an inherent time lag from the point of contaminant emission to the formation of ozone, which can consume anywhere from minutes to days, depending upon climatic conditions. It is scientifically recognized that emissions from up to several hundred miles away contribute to southeast Michigan's ozone problem. This is commonly known as the ozone transport theory.
- I/M is in the national interest be-

cause a well-tuned and maintained automobile engine not only emits less air contaminants, but runs more efficiently and therefore conserves gasoline. A once-a-year vehicle engine check can be a valuable cost-effective preventive maintenance program.

Based on the above, it is desirable, both from air pollution control and gasoline conservation viewpoint, to require I in at least the lower two-thirds of Michigan's Lower Peninsula, which encompasses most of our state's urban centers, and not restrict such a program only to southeast Michigan.

ORTON STERLING, director, Wayne County Department of Health, Air Pollution Control Division

Ramblings

By Caroline Price
Canton Observer Editor



Gone but not forgotten

Pyu died last week. He was almost 20 years old.

His friend and lifelong companion, Pursat, died only a few short months ago at the age of 19.

Their deaths came as no surprise, as they had already lived far beyond the years allotted to most cats.

But it is strange, nevertheless, to visit my parents and not see Pyu at his self-appointed place underneath the lamp, or Pursat lounging on my father's lap with one paw daintily stretched out for effect.

In fact, I can scarcely remember a time when the two cats were not a part of my family's lives. My parents had them almost as long as they've had me.

They were a lot less trouble, too.

Pyu and Pursat were seal-point Siamese cats — animals that were nowhere near as prevalent 20 years ago as they are now.

with a big head and piercing voice. His whiskers were nibbled off at the ends by his mother, apparently a mark of feline maternal affection.

He was named — we thought — from a name on the map of Thailand, which was once known as Siam.

I once recently found out that the name comes from a location in Burma.

When Panther died, we got the third kitten, a delicate little female who was eventually named Pursat.

We soon discovered that Siamese kittens, despite their fragile appearance, like nothing better than to raise hell.

The kittens thundered through the house, their hoarse wails resonating, and attacking anything that presumed to move, whether it be a bit of fluff or a foot.

In time, as all kittens do, they became cats. They traveled extensively on summer vacations to such places as the Rocky Mountains; they endured the adornment of ribbons and doll clothes; they allowed their fur to become matted with years of childish tears.

Pyu was the slob of the two. He was prone to fat and inclined to buffoonery.

Pursat fancied herself a cat of far less domesticated lineage, and would

sit on the backs of chairs in the manner of a mountain lion. She did not like to appear foolish.

But the cats had one thing in common: They defied any rumor that cats were not capable of affection. They returned in full measure the affection that was given them.

ALTHOUGH THEY had by then become fairly elderly animals, they endured the enthusiasm of another generation of children with patience.

Pursat died suddenly of a kidney infection. Pyu lingered on, growing weaker and weaker until he would no longer eat. My mother fed him by hand the last months of his life. He was not in pain and he died quietly one night last week.

We miss them both very much. Perhaps the greatest tribute to these special cats can be found in the new presence at my parent's home.

His name, I am told, is Perri. He is a wriggling little bundle of energy who somewhat resembles a rat but who one day become a sleek, blue-point Siamese.

He has a hard act to follow.

IT BEGAN with a little Siamese named Panther, who grew ill and died only a few months after we got her. Before Panther died, we decided to get another kitten as company for her. That's when Pyu came along.

He was a scrawny little rat-like thing



Shirlee Iden

Pearl on a diamond

Now the whole world knows it. Al Kaline, the great Detroit Tiger, was a pearl on that baseball diamond.

Steady, consistent, able to make the tough plays look easy, that was our Al. In Tigertown, we always recognized his abilities, and now he belongs to baseball history.

Baseball writers who voted Kaline into the Baseball Hall of Fame in his first year of eligibility showed the same class as Kaline himself, as far as I'm concerned.

The great Detroit outfielder is only the 10th player to be voted into the Cooperstown Hall on the first try. Not even the great Joltin' Joe Dimaggio or the Iron Horse, Lou Gehrig, did that. But Kaline's honor is well earned.

He went straight to the Hall of Fame much as he came straight from the playing fields of Baltimore high schools to the big leagues and, fortunately, to the Tigers.

He was always the kind of player who gave it 100 percent, both out there in right field and at the bat.

If you could catch Golden Glove Awards in, then Kaline, in recognition of his superb fielding, throwing and accuracy would have made him a multi-millionaire with today's gold prices.

Now 45 years old and a television color man for the Tigers, Kaline was never a big-money player. His era was the one preceding the big bucks.

playing in 242 games in the outfield without an error.

It was that dependability that made Kaline a standout.

Watching him play right field brought back memories of the graceful Charlie Gehringer in the infield — superb, simply superb.

Never flashy, never the big talker, Kaline was a steady, ready asset, his day-to-day courage adding up to (in Hemingway's words) "grace under pressure."

KALINE is my all-time favorite player. He rates above Gehringer, Dizzy Trout, Hank Greenberg and even the idol of my teen years, Dick Wakefield.

And since baseball is one of my prime passions, that says a lot.

I've never met my hero, but I do have a Kaline story of my own.

It's about how I almost met him.

Three or four years ago, I went to Tiger Stadium one Saturday to interview a certain utility infielder who then lived in Southfield.

The interview was to be done during batting practice. Free-lance photographer Craig Newman; and I got to the ballpark and I found myself on the field of Tiger Stadium for the first time in my life. I saw the players whose names and faces were familiar to me from newspapers and television as well as when I attended games.

And suddenly, he was there. Al Kaline walked by me and toward the Tiger dugout.

As though mesmerized, I started after him. I don't know what I intended to do if I caught up with him. I'm no autograph hound, but follow him I did.

When I was just a few feet from the dugout, I heard Craig call me back. "Shirlee, he's here, your interview."

I came out of my trance, did my job and enjoyed the ballgame afterward. But the highlight of my day was simply getting that close to Al Kaline.

Statistics do say a lot, but the qualities that made Kaline a great player, his genuineness, his modesty, his loyalty and his class are the same qualities that make him a great person, a mensch, a pearl on the diamond and off.

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Suburban Communications Corporation

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Farmington Observer

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Steve Barnaby
Editor
2352 Farmington Road
Farmington, Mich. 48024
(313) 477-5450

John Reddy, General Mgr.
Thomas A. Riordan, Executive Editor

George J. Hagan, Advertising Director; Fred J. Wright, Circulation Director