

# editorial opinion

## Culturally, low income housing makes sense

Just a few observations about Monday night's City of Farmington council session.

It was nice to see that folks can keep their heads about them even when upset over a very controversial issue.

A whole slew of residents, from both Farmington and Farmington Hills, came to protest the proposed senior citizen, low income housing project.

If approved by the Michigan State Housing Development Authority (MSHDA), it would be built on 11 acres on the corner of Drake and Freedom roads, Farmington Hills.

Several subdivision leaders made it clear they weren't interested in having such a project in their backyards. Interestingly enough there was a less vocal group of about 50 residents who supported the same project.

But the most interesting observation of the eve-

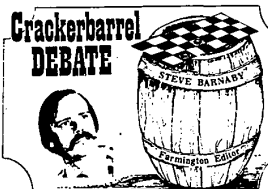
ning was that everyone was so polite. The usual shouting, insults and threats of recall were absent. Very refreshing.

But let's get down to some straight talk. As you know, I'm big on senior citizen housing projects. With any sort of luck, I plan on getting old some day, and the last thing I want to do when I'm 70 is mow the lawn and paint the house trim.

As I see it, the big issue here is fear of the unknown, particularly when it comes to low income housing. MSHDA insists that such housing be built if a city wants aid in subsidizing senior housing.

A lot of folks are under the misconception that low income housing means the old 1950s urban renewal slum projects full of ADC mothers with a bevy of undernourished kids in tow.

Actually, a person can make as much as \$19,000 and live in the low income housing. What that



means is that young persons, unable to afford the inflated housing prices in Farmington Hills, could afford to live here.

It also means that older persons on the verge of retirement can afford to sell their homes and stay in the community in which they have lived for so many years.

As for the minority issue: True, MSHDA insists that a certain percentage of the housing be occupied by minorities. In metropolitan Detroit that means black and, frankly, that scares the hell out of a lot of people.

In the first place, most blacks don't want to live in Farmington Hills. They're just like everybody else. They want to remain in the communities in which they grew up.

Secondly, it would be good for this community culturally to have some average black folks around. After all, no one objects to wealthy blacks who move into this community. Why should we equate equality with wealth? How un-American.



**Tom Riordan**

Executive Editor

## St. Paddy's Day in St. Paul:

### A Mississippi of green

They came in droves — the Lannons, the Calahans, the O'Neils, the DoYLES, the Moynahans.

It was a sea of green.

This was the annual St. Patrick's Day parade in St. Paul, Minn., an event which attracts some 100,000 marchers and spectators.

It was a first for my wife and I.

One thing is certain: Everyone has great fun at this happening when folks in the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul burst out of winter and into spring. Newcomers can get carried away living through this experience.

If you're Irish (well, even if you're not) and you enjoy parades and have never been to St. Paul for St. Patrick's, put it on your futures list.

YOU'LL SEE wavering ranks of green flowing down Robert Street, which for the day had a green instead of yellow center stripe, through the downtown area toward the Mississippi River.

In fact, the marching masses greatly resembled that mighty body of water as it meanders between irregular banks.

And lots of other liquids flowed that day, although the St. Paul mayor issued his usual last-minute plea that refreshments be restricted to pubs. But you know the Irish when it comes to a wee nip to ward off the cold.

Saturday was supposed to be warning into the 30s. The mercury cooperated, but somebody forgot to turn off the north winds, which whistled through town. And the sky was slate gray.

For the natives this was spring arriving. That's what this annual parade is all about, busting out of winter.

WE MICHIGANIANS of the southeastern segment like to think we know what winter is all about. But you haven't lived until you have tried to battle snowbanks that reach higher than you stand or side streets so rutted with ice that they're almost impossible to navigate through. That's especially true when a car is coming in the other direction.

Add to that the rush of arctic winds that set your teeth chattering just thinking of the out-of-doors and you have an idea of what winter is really all about.

But this opus isn't so much about winter as the opening event of spring, the glorious St. Paddy's Day parade.

As rookie watchers, we figured an early start was in order. Downtown St. Paul was prepared, we found, and even the giant Dayton department store carried a new name in 20-foot-high letters — O'Dayton's.

The Buttery Bar at Robert and Sixth sat smack in the center of the action. We shouldered our way in to get fortified for the festivities. A mass of Irish and would-be Irish were already jammed inside, seemingly delighted to down local beer at an inflated \$1.50 per can — and it wasn't even green. But there was plenty of that color in the garb of patrons.

THEN IT WAS TIME for the outdoor fun, and we joined thousands milling around the sidewalks, our eardrums pierced by the wounded rhinoceros-like sounds coming from hundreds of long plastic horns. Of course, they were painted green. Every kid seemed to have one.

The marchers came into view, led by the St. Paul police band. In the beginning, the street was reasonably open for paraders.

I shuddered when the next unit, the Ramsey County Horse Mounted Patrol, came into view — that is, until I spied immediately behind the steeds a huge street sweeper. The crowd cheered it loudly.

Officials reported that 112 units registered to march, and there were dozens more that simply showed up with their banners.

Each unit represented an organization or bar, but mostly Irish families. They had signs with "O'Reilly" or "The McMahon Clan" with many also adding "...of County Cork" or Kildare, Clare or Meath.

FOLLOWING EACH would be a raft of adults and children, some in strollers, all regaled in green outfits. Often there would be family dogs — yes, several Irish setters — all decorated like their families.

Costumes ranged from leprechauns and green tuxedos with green ruffled shirts to long green capes and plaid green suits.

In the musical line, the Irish bagpipers sparkled.

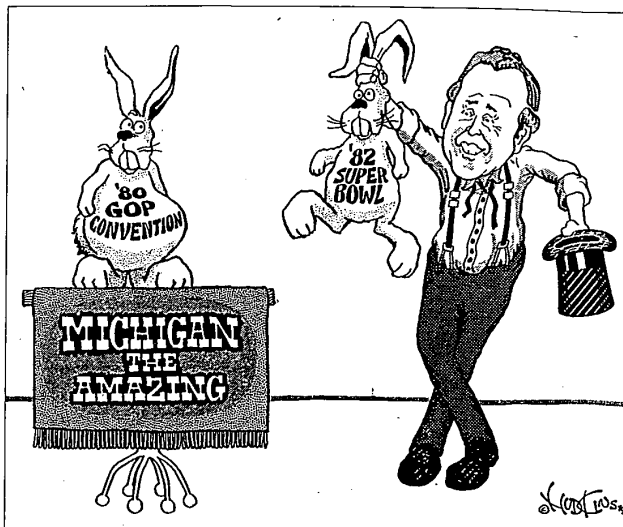
But the most fun of all was the way the whole affair evolved into a giant mass of people. It soon was almost impossible to tell who was marching and who was watching. Spectators simply joined units, and paraders often melted into the crowds along the route.

Many marchers, after reaching the end of the line, turned around and headed back up Robert Street, adding to the confusion.

After nearly two hours in the damp cold, with still a seemingly unending hoard of Irishmen continuing to come, we decided to call it quits.

As we left, we looked up Robert, and as far as we could see, green-speckled humanity continued to come.

For all I know, they still could be marching.



## Eccentricities

by HENRY M. HOGAN, JR.



## How we won Super Bowl: Teamwork, one-on-one

To most of you it is old news that the Pontiac Silverdome will be the location of the 1982 National Football League Super Bowl.

Most readers of this column know that I have been espousing this cause for the last two years here and everywhere else people would listen, but most people chuckled when we mentioned a Super Bowl in the north country.

How did the Silverdome get the Super Bowl? It wasn't pure dumb luck. It was also not the work of a single hero. It came because a combination of things happened together at the right time.

FIRST OF ALL, we were fortunate to have the best football facility in the NFL. All the owners of the football teams knew this.

The job was to convince the owners that we could do a job for them in the week around the Super Bowl without the sun, beaches and golf courses of the Sun Belt. We needed the votes of 21 of the 28 owners.

A three-pound bid book of statistics was put together to answer all the questions they raised.

But the key was a campaign by the automotive advertising people to remind the NFL owners of their support for football, year in and year out, and a 15-minute presentation to the owners last week that was called more professional than anything the NFL ever has seen.

The presenters were the first team: Gov. William Milliken, Mayors Coleman Young of Detroit and Wallace Holland of Pontiac, with Ernie Jones of D'Arcy-McManus as master of ceremonies.

The presentation included a six-minute slide show put together by Jerry Pierce of D'Arcy which revealed Michigan in all its glory during the wintertime.

Twenty-three people went to Honolulu to assist in making the presentation. It seems like a lot, but each person had a role to play, and the reward was so great that the expense was insignificant.

WE EXPECT the southeast Michigan economy will be boosted by \$60 million to \$70 million in one week in January of 1982.

The team had made a bid for either 1981, 1982 or 1983.

There were eight cities competing — Miami, New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Pasadena and Detroit.

We were competing basically with New Orleans for 1981 because Pasadena will have it in 1980. New Orleans couldn't take it in 1982 because of a conflict with another convention, and there are many things

like road widenings and overpasses that have to be done in Pontiac so the NFL felt the additional time would be helpful to us.

The Michigan team gathered in Hawaii over the weekend prior to the presentation. We were invited to a couple of social functions which the owners would attend, so Aleck Capsalis of Community National Bank suggested we wear matching "Aloha" shirts to impress the NFL with the size of our delegation.

ON SUNDAY morning we figured out we had 12 sure votes, one negative vote, six contenders who would vote for their home cities, and nine owners who were on the fence.

Gov. Milliken was particularly impressive in working one on one with these fence-straddlers.

Monday was spent rehearsing the presentation, rewriting scripts and preparing press releases. By Monday night, we were so high we knew we had it.

Tuesday was pure agony as we waited out the discussions after our presentation.

Then Pete Rozelle, commissioner of the NFL, announced that Pontiac would be the first northern city to host a Super Bowl. It was a unanimous decision of the owners.

Now we must prove we are worthy of this honor and put on the best Super Bowl in its history.

## About those sirens

Just a couple of years ago, Oakland County showed some leadership and innovation by setting up a tornado alert siren system. It was prompted by the 1975 tornado that devastated West Bloomfield and some of Farmington Hills, resulting in property damage and loss of life.

We were reminded of it by Gov. Milliken's proclamation that this is Michigan Tornado Safety Week. All the sirens in the world won't do any good if people don't know what to do when they sound.

Take shelter away from the west and south walls. Wrap in a blanket or mattress and protect your face and eyes.

If you see a tornado from your car, move at right angles to escape it. If you can't avoid it, get out of the car and seek shelter in a ditch or under a bridge, lying on the ground to make as small a target as possible.

Avoid buildings with free-span roofs such as auditoriums, gymnasiums and supermarkets.

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