Chemical culture backfires

Recent headlines proclaimed that John Wayne's cancer has spread. The Duke, who was always a man to be reckoned with in his films, is being felled by one of the most common diseases of our time. And there isn't much anyone can do for him. I remember when pollo was the big disease. Wall posters hung in schools depicting euter young girls and boys wearing leg braces and seated in wheelchairs. I result in the process and seated in wheelchairs. I result in the process and seated in wheelchairs a result in the process and seated in wheelchairs. I result in the process and t

snampooy ass oeen tourn to cause can-rer in rats and mice.

MEANWHILE, AN environmental-last group is lobbying for an immediate taken from the products an Nytol, Excet-tion P.M., and Allerest Time Release used in such products an Nytol, Excet-rin P.M., and Allerest Time Release capsules. The drug has been found to cause liver tumors in laboratory rats. The environmentalists have asked the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) to stop the sale of all over the counter drugs containing methapyrilene and also wants manufacturers to recall products already on the shelf. Why does the FDA allow dangerous chemi-cals to be doled out to unsuspecting consumers without prior testing.

"Because two million new chemicals have been added to the market since World War Two. It would be impossible to keep up with them all. Things have gowed the production of the con-trol, who teaches a food awareness course at Oakland Community College. Mrs. Rolnick, also a school board trus-tee in Farmington, lectures on nutri-tion and related topics.

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Love blossoms among the deadlines

Cupid drew back his bow string recently.

An arrow flew through the air.

It landed her in the Observer office.

It landed her in the Observer office.

Arlene VanDerleun, our Westland
reporter, and Doug Funke, our sports
editor, are engaged to be married.

Doug had a lot of class in the way he
popped the question. He waited and
waited until he and Arlene were alone
at the duck pond in Greenfield Village.
During the previous week he had
been bringing flowers to Arlene's desk
every day.

been oringing movers to Ariene's desk every day. (My own personal theory is that Doug, being a practical man, decided it was cheaper to buy a ring once rather than put flowers on Arlene's desk every

than put flowers on Artenes uess every day.)

However, Doug had waited so long that Arlene was wondering when, he was going to propose — or if indeed he was planning to propose at all.

Ah, those sports editors are crafty fellows. He wated until they were in full view of the ducks before winging his way onto the path leading to the state of Holy Deadlock (er, excuse me, Holy Wedlock).

ARLENE WAS just as crafty at work the next day. She didn't tell anyone about the engagement. She just wore her ring nonchalantly.
While on a break, someone finally noticed the ring.
Squeals of glee emanted from every woman in the office, probably some men too, for the next hour.

Douglas, the future bridegroom, sported a red face while shaking hands offering congratulations all day. Sitting in my corner of the news room I heard the squeals of laughter. However, I did not get up to investigate.

THEN I WALKED across the news room and offered congratulations to Doug. He shook my hand and then asked for an extra week off. "You'll have to work twice as hard

"You'll have to work twice as nare now." I said.
Doug and Arlene have taken a lot of good-natured kidding.
Our most inventive jolester has been copy editor." Philip Sherman Immediately after hearing of the engagement, Philip send to a poll to determine if Arlene should change her name, if they should hyphenate the names, or choose a new name altogether.

Suggestions ranged from Mr. and Mrs. Doug Funke to Mr. and Mrs. Fug Dunke, to Mr. and Mrs. Doug VanDer-leun. The winner, by the way, the Fug Funkos

Interest the squeals of laughter.
However, I did not get up to investigate.

A few moments later, while in the line of duty, Arlene walked near my desk to check our photography schedule.

"I'm burt you haven't congratulated me"; she said. Then she told me of the reagement.

"Well, congrat. "I stated to the congratulated to the land to the l

"Thm hurt you haven't congratulated me," she said. Then she told me of the engagement.
"Well, congrat...," I started to say, what I caught myself, remembering the dis superstition. Arlene was thinking along the same lines.
"You know you're not supposed to say congratulations to the woman," Arlene said. "That's had luck. You're supposed to say 'Best wishes."
"Best wishes." I said, before taking a look at her engagement ring.

THEN I WALKED across the news

THEN I WALKED ACROSS T

ALL THIS romance has made matchmakers of people in our office—especially executive editor Tom Riordan.

Rumours are making the rounds about future Observer & Eccentric-spawned marriages.

Tom keeps making suggestions to another arrow this way.

me.
Who knows, maybe Cupid will sling Arlene.









