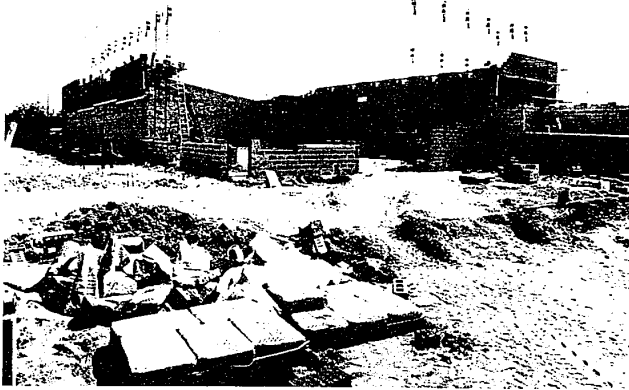


Monday's Commentary

Farmington's YMCA
needs dollars to grow

This is what you'll see if you visit the site of the Family YMCA building in Farmington. (Staff photo by Harry Mauthe)

Shirlee's sallies

by Shirlee Iden



Success would be sweet

Some diseases you die with and some you live with.

Diabetes is one of those that can strike at any age and is reasonably controllable.

Since the discovery of insulin early in the century, people who cannot manufacture their own insulin — diabetics, have been able to monitor and control their body chemistry with the needle when necessary.

Other diabetics, by means of diet and weight control, or oral drugs, have a far rosier outlook than their forebears.

All that doesn't stop the people most concerned, the diabetic individuals and their families.

"Insulin isn't a cure," Marsha Gordon will tell you. "We need to learn how to prevent the disease or cure it. There are so many side-effects that can be devastating."

Mrs. Gordon, mother of a diabetic youngster, has other family members who are diabetic as well. With others so afflicted, she helped form the local chapter of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.

"Our efforts are all towards research," she said. "There are a number of scientists working on very exciting aspects of diabetes."

Research on diabetes is a constant in the scientific community and for good reason. It's a malady that is sharply on the increase.

Perhaps because of the kind of foods Americans ingest regularly, or whatever, indicators show that people are being diagnosed as diabetic more and more, and at earlier ages.

Though there seems to be hereditary components, no one is really immune.

When teen-aged Pat Rose, my brother's daughter, was found to be diabetic, it was a shock to us, though there are family members with diabetes on her mother's side.

Learning to control her disease was a giant challenge to this typical teen, and several frightening

crises occurred before she gained what seems to be a levelling and control.

After all, it doesn't help to tell an energetic teen, "Your grandfather has diabetes too."

WHEN GLORIA AUGUST'S two youngsters became diabetic in pre-school years, the doctors thought that was quite unusual. Mrs. August says no diabetes was known in her family before that.

Living with the disease necessitates being quite aware of what you eat, when you eat and your total way of living.

Marilyn Berman found that out a few years ago when she added up some symptoms and with her doctor, arrived at the diagnosis of diabetes.

"At first I controlled it with diet, but then had to go on insulin," she said. "I used to be petrified of needles, but now it's like brushing my teeth."

Though they've learned to roll with the punch, the patients and their families know their best interests lie with research, new means of control and perhaps the impossible dream of prevention or cure.

Two major fundraising events will take place in Southfield this week in pursuit of those dreams.

On Tuesday afternoon, a luncheon and disco fashion show, put on by the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, will happen at the Raleigh House. The JDF folks, like Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. August and my sister-in-law will be there and hope for a sellout.

Lots of beautiful people will gather on Wednesday from 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. at Gorman's Galleries at a benefit for the Michigan Affiliate of the American Diabetes Association.

They'll sip aperitifs, nibble hors d'oeuvres and view the Nelson Rockefeller Collection.

Of course, they'll eyeball one another also, as will the fashionable women at JDF's disco.

Both events are sure to raise much-needed funds and be social successes as well. It's that other success in the battle against diabetes that would be sweet.

Inflation has caught up with the Farmington YMCA building drive.

Back in February 1978, an ambitious group of folks started on the long road to build a new recreation facility.

One of the more ambitious projects to hit the scene in recent days, it promised to put new meaning to the word recreation when talking about Farmington Hills.

The 12.8-acre site would include a swimming pool, gymnasium, handball courts, fitness activity areas for men and women, indoor jogging track and a whirlpool.

A new spirit swept through the community after a kick-off dinner at Glen Oaks Golf Club.

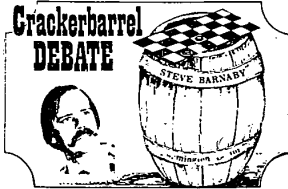
The group's goal was to raise \$900,000, which would be matched by funds from the United Foundation and the Metro Detroit Y. Initially, the pledges came rolling in for the 40,000-square-foot site under construction at the Farmington Road and Twelve Mile corner.

But time's passage caused the Y advocates some unforeseen problems — residents' enthusiasm decreased and construction costs increased.

The result of these two factors is that the building drive is about \$300,000 short.

Now, although the Y theoretically is a private organization, the facts show that about 60,000 area residents a year participate in the programs. Most come from Farmington, Farmington Hills, Novi and West Bloomfield.

Generally, the community has shown that it supports the Y concept. But now is the time to show how much it really means to this community's future.



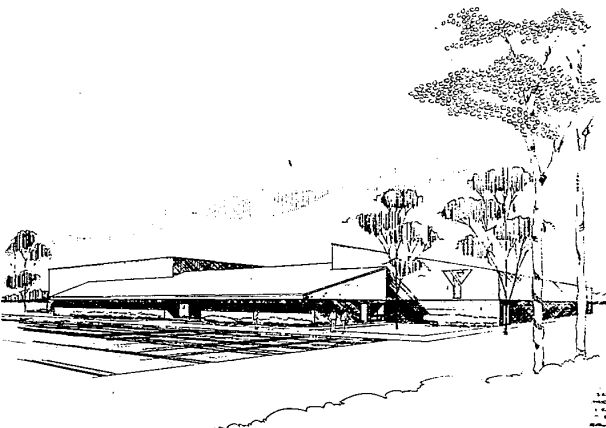
While the public sector is struggling to develop an all-around sports and recreation center, only the Y has come this close to seeing it as a reality.

As honorary chairman John Clappison said at the beginning of the drive, building of such a facility is a "natural evolution of our community growing up."

Presently, the shell is standing, a monument to this area's future. It will be completed, but the project needs a transfusion of community spirit to put it over the top.

With a completed YMCA recreational meeting, the community benefits. With residents' contributions as the cornerstone, it will be a tribute of brotherhood which will last for years to come.

So give the Farmington Y a call and tell them you're interested in helping the cause. They'll be glad to hear from you.



This view will greet visitors when the YMCA building is completed.



How can Dylan be 7?

The world spun around and Dylan was 7.

My grandson's birthday was May 19. I can't believe the years have so quickly turned the cuddly infant into a tallish boy who carries books to school and whizzes by on his two-wheel bike.

Where is the tiny boy who chuckled when he discovered his toes and the small world around him and who fell asleep at the lowering of a window shade?

How well I remember kissing that special warm spot at the back of his neck where his hair was just beginning to curl and getting a feeling I can never describe.

Dylan doesn't always let me kiss him anymore because he thinks he's too grown up for that mushy stuff. But once in a while when he's feeling especially affectionate, he hugs me tight, plants a juicy kiss on my cheek and announces, "I love you, Gamma." I still get that same undecipherable feeling.

Our backyard was outfitted for Dylan when he was a toddler of 4. He begged to be pushed "high as

the sky" on the swing set, giggled as he swooshed down the slide and screeched with delight when he splashed in the kiddie pool.

Now when Dylan comes to visit, I trip over his flying saucer, kite, plastic tools, skateboard, Fonzie doll and two dozen assorted toy cars and trucks. I don't really mind lumping into the kitchen every hour to fix my grandson's favorite meals — Captain Crunch cereal and chocolate milk. Who could resist? "I love you Gamma 'cause you're so good to me!"

The lives we spin are not all of radiant colors but of Captain Crunch, intermittent headaches and heartaches, worry and bubble gum in the carpet. And yet there's this deep, unaccountable thing we feel for our offsprings' children.

Love is a revolving door. Through that door now comes Dylan with his school lunchbox and homework. Wasn't it only yesterday I cried when his kindergarten for the first time?

I turned around and Dylan was 7.



Hors d'oeuvres

by Lynn Orr

A rose by any other name...

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never.

It never was true, but undoubtedly some mother trying to stiffen a quivering upper lip thought it might help.

It never did.

Ask Darlene LaRock. If you're stuck with a name that brings out the juvenile in all ages, you might look forward to number names in the computer age.

Darlene never thought much about her last name until college. There the fraternity boys decided LaRock deserved a "Bubbles" in front of it — sort of MSU's answer to Sally Rand.

Darlene thought differently.

Moving into the working world, she discovered that fraternity boys aren't restricted to a campus. A copy editor christened her "Fifi" immediately. At another newspaper, a dirty young man who went on to become an editor decided "Boom-Boom" was a fitting handle.

Maybe if her grandfather had stuck with LaRock, the boys wouldn't have been so overcome with the burlesque imagery.

Marriage presented a way out, and Darlene opted for Stinson, reasoning that it made a better byline and would avoid the hassles over two surnames in the same family.

UNFORTUNATELY, using your husband's name rather than your maiden name gets you into trouble with feminists.

I can't understand why using one man's name over another's has much to do with feminism, but it's very fashionable.

For those who can't make up their minds, the hyphen comes in handy, although it tends to complicate the issue.

Farrah Fawcett-Majors discovered that. For a rather large sum of money, she agreed to drop the Majors to sell shampoo.

Lee Fidge, a Plymouth Township trustee, dropped her nickname without the entitlement of a cosmetic company.

Her first name is Weyona (Why-o-na), an Indian name meaning first-born daughter. Maybe it was because her family wasn't Indian, but the doctor liked Pinky, and Pinky it was for years.

When she moved to Plymouth Township 16 years ago, she decided to use her middle name, Lee. So far, her constituency has managed to get it right.

BECAUSE I traded one three-letter last name for another, the marriage name-change didn't cause any problems. In fact, it was rather nice to get rid of Cox.

Say it out loud, and if a fraternity boy is in the room, you'll know why. Sorry, Dad.

A name like Orr has few problems. The "or what" joke gets tacky, and I'm not related to any hockey players.

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