

Monday's Commentary

Summer nostalgia lingers and stretches imagination

Nostalgia is impulse which makes an otherwise sane person believe that a rusty old ice box can be refurbished into a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

At times like those it takes the form of glorified garbage picking. Other times, it approaches schlock art. And then, there are rare times when it crosses the threshold of one-up-manship.

I only say this because I own a rusty old ice box which I keep on promising myself I will one day refurbish into a thing of beauty.

When I see the thing standing in one corner of my mom's basement, I imagine its oak walls gleaming with polish and its brass trimming shining like mad in the sun. On really good days, I see the thing in my living room with maybe a vase of cut flowers crowning it.

Invariably, I sigh.

My mother, upon seeing the icebox, doesn't envision a gleaming conversation piece in her daughter's living room. She sees a dusty, dirty old ice box which she once used and would love to throw out.

"When are you going to take that thing out of here?" is her usual response.

UNFORTUNATELY, my mother raised a family of garbage pickers and hoarders. She's always asking my

Tinkering Around

by LOUISE OKRUTSKY

brother and me when we're going to move something out of her basement.

In my brother's case, she's justified. He's keeping a car in cardboard boxes in the basement. It takes up a lot of room.

The other day I called her up and gave her some good news. An icebox just like mine was selling for about \$300 in the classified ads.

"Oh," my mother said. "It's worth something? I didn't know that."

"When are you going to take those school benches out of the basement?"

Now when I see this set of turn-of-the-century school benches, the kind with the ink well in them, I envision the house I plan to own someday. And in this house I plan to have a library. And in this library, my three rows of school benches, the kind in which teachers used to cram

four kids at a time, will stand. Of course, there will be books on the benches.

It's a lovely picture, and everytime I see those benches I sigh.

My mother sees a set of slightly dusty school benches salvaged years ago from the local parochial school. Right now, a few cardboard boxes containing my brother's 1969 orange sports car are sitting on top of my school benches.

I MEAN, he may as well put those benches to good use because I don't have the space for them yet.

But my mother only asks, "When are you going to take those benches out of here?"

"Tony's using them," I answer in a display of sisterly concern.

My mother sighs.

"Well, then, maybe you can take some of those old magazines you want from the attic."

The aforementioned magazines are 1940's issues of Life and Look.

"Tony and I are going to divide them up, someday," I answer.

"Oh," my mother replies.

My brother will invariably stop by to tell her that those magazines might be worth something someday.

My mother, I think has almost given up on us.

Lately she's taken to dragging out old photos of us and showing them to our friends.

"This is Louise at 14," she'll say to my unsuspecting friend.

"Even then, she was collecting junk and cluttering up my house."

From our readers

Teens praised for party conduct

Editor:

In supervising a high school graduation party on Friday, June 15, at the (Earl) Oppert-Hausser's residence in Farmington Hills, I felt a few worthy comments were called for.

I was extremely pleased to find how well-mannered, orderly and considerate the large number of high school students were. Although just over 100 were invited, about 300 unexpectedly attended. Yet, these students properly parked on the neighborhood streets, they were considerate and safe drivers; they got along very well despite the rainstorms; they enjoyed the band's entertainment; they assisted in keeping the area picked up; and they even expressed their thanks to the two high school hosts and their folks.

All in all, I was proud to witness this conductive group and I was grateful in knowing how most of those nearby neighbors were understanding and patient at this important time of our graduating high school students. My thanks is extended to these kind people as well as to those congenial high school young adults. But unfortunately a few neighbors lacked understanding and compassion the following evening when some friends gave a going away party for their dear friend who is moving out-of-state. Only a small number of high school students attended and were to be entertained by a band for a short period of time in the early evening hours.

Billings applauded

Editor: My husband and I openly wish to thank the Farmington D.P.W. workers and Mr. Earl Billings for their kindness and help during the past six weeks.

We have been delighted with sewer problems in our five-year-old home and each time we have called the D.P.W. our calls have been met with promptness and consideration.

When home owners are faced with depressing problems such as these, it is very rewarding to know that our D.P.W. is there, ready to assist and with courtesy and kindness too. These qualities are hard to find in so many workers today.

Our thanks go to the entire department for many jobs well done.

THOMAS and SHARAOON McCONAGHIE, Farmington

READERS' FORUM

Letters must be original copies and contain the signature and address of the sender. Link letters to 300 words.

AT THE EARLY hour of 10 p.m., the party was happily disrupted by an ill-founded complaint.

After witnessing the compatible, harmonious group of high school students, I can only hope that the complaining neighbors of these upcoming young adult citizens will soon realize that these high school students sincerely deserve to celebrate significant events in their lives. Although these students and their modes of entertainment may create some louder than normal sounds, it certainly was not uncalled for, nor unruly. Young adults have just as many rights to a well-con-

ducted party as older adults do.

As a citizen of Farmington Hills for many years and as a working woman concerned with the growth of children in my own field of work, I as well as many other parents, friends and neighbors are proud of those who graduated and gathered friends together to honor this event and to honor their departing friend. We all need to be more considerate and understanding of our young adults who are emerging as tomorrow's adults and parents.

MRS. CONCERNED, Farmington Hills

Lions Club says thanks

Editor:

The Farmington Area Lions wish to express their appreciation to the many fine citizens who have supported their fund-raising campaigns this past year.

The Farmington Area Lions Club serves the area bounded by eight miles on the south, Pontiac Trail on the north, Haggerty on the west and Inks on the east.

The club has several service projects per year which include the Christmas Candy Cane sales, the Christmas time Blind-Aid-Seals, the recent White Cane sales and the "Dunk Tank" during the Farmington Founders Festival. Through the generous support of the Farmington, Farmington Hills and West Bloomfield citizens, the Lions have made substantial donations to Leader Dogs for the Blind, the Michigan Eye Bank and for visual care for the handicapped and needy in the area.

The Lions are also involved in the collection of old eyeglasses and hearing aids. If you have any that are not used anymore but in good condition, drop them off at Adler-Lipson Optometrists in the Freeway Shopping Plaza, 38495 West Ten Mile.

The Farmington Area Lions are proud of their record as a non-profit organization. Every year they donate 100 percent of their net proceeds directly to their charitable beneficiaries.

THE ONLY expense involved is the cost of the goods they sell or distribute. There are no salaries, offices or equipment. Any expenses for postage box, communicating to members, etc. is covered through the members' annual dues.

The Farmington Area Lions meet on the first and third Tuesdays of the month. The first Tuesday is rotated through the members' homes while the third Tuesday is a dinner meeting at the Roman Terrace. The Farmington Area Lions are always looking for concealed citizens and conscientious businessmen to swell their membership. If you are willing to give back a little time to the underprivileged of your community, why not call 851-5300, extension 211, Pete Eichinger for details.

PETER M. EICHINGER, President, Farmington Area Lions Club

Students plead for music

Editor:

We're writing this letter to you to express our confusion as to why we should do without such a great music teacher as Cathy Baker. She is a music teacher in the Farmington School District and will not be back next September. She was pink-slipped last year, but this year we think she won't be back. She says she is going to be a piano

teacher. That's great for the people who like piano and are interested in music, but I think that she is great at teaching kids who aren't interested in music at all. We need more teachers like her.

Thank you, LORI JULIE and PATRICK RUNK, Woodcreek Elementary

Children's issues lauded

Editor:

I would like to thank you for the coverage that you have given the Boyville program and for the work that Louise Okrutsky has done. We appreciate it very much.

It is heartening to us to see the interest of the Farmington Observer in children's issues. I have some mixed feeling about the "International Year of the Child." When it was first declared, I had hoped that it would serve to make our society more conscious of the many problems faced by children. My hope has not been greatly realized. When I look at things that are happening in our own state, the political football that the juvenile code has become, the abuse

and neglect that takes place daily even in some of our major institutions, the use of alcohol and other drugs and the many problems in our schools, I can only conclude that much work needs to be done.

Children have not achieved in our society the understanding, concern or respect that they deserve. This is why we appreciate the fact that your paper is interested in this kind of an issue. We encourage you to continue coverage of children's activities and programs of many kinds which provide services to them.

BROTHER FRANCIS BOYLAN CSC, Executive Director, Boyville

The Flip Side by craig piechura



Move over Bob Barker

'C'mon down' contestants

Where would we be on sick days without TV game shows? We'd be forced to watch sudsy epics like Edge of Night instead of fun, greedy games like Let's Make a Deal.

To win cash and prizes on a game show by squealing, hopping and kissing the host, normally one has to fly to Burbank, Calif. and get dressed up as a large pizza with anchovies.

No more. In the immortal words of announcer Don Pardo, "Wait, that's not all, Bill!"

BEHIND THAT curtain is not a year's supply of Morton Frozen Foods and an Ammana freezer, it's a local celebrity named George Young who lives in Southfield. Young will host a live game show in the Northland Center July 12-14, and people who want to be contestants can fill out applications available in the mall.

You may remember Young as the bald-headed host of a 1970 dance show on Channel 9 called "The Lively Spot." Then again, you may not. The show didn't exactly burn up the Nielsen ratings. He appears in a lot of local commercials like the one presently airing that advertises flea markets at the Bel-Air Drive-In Theater. George is dressed as a flea.

Young also made a hit in a number of bars a few years ago by borrowing the idea of the Gong Show. People with little talent and less pride got up on stage and make fools of themselves, to the delight of the audience.

The live gong shows got so popular in the bars that Young received a cease and desist order from Chuck Barris, producer of the real TV Gong Show. When Young first started it locally, someone challenged his gong shows citing a depression-era statute which prohibited contests in bars — a law designed to eliminate the dance marathons of that era.

"SOMEWHERE ALONG the highway there is always that one little stinker who becomes a party pooper when he sees people having a good time," Young philosophizes. He succeeded in getting the state law changed to allow talent shows in bars.

Now Young is convinced he has another idea with mass

appeal — public game shows put on in malls and bars. This time he's copyrighted the name "Game Show" and is careful to avoid duplicating any one game show format.

"It will probably be the next big thing," Young says. "People will be grabbing onto it. Disco seems to be falling off lately and maybe this will be one of the things that replaces it."

"People want to get more involved in entertainment. They all want to be part of the action. What better way than get up there on stage to win prizes?"

Young, who bills himself as a singer/comedian, even wrote a song for the occasion. He calls it "The Game Show — Come on Down."

He's had a set built complete with flashing lights and obnoxious buzzers. The set will be located in the north court, behind the J.C. Penney store.

Young is hoping to sell the "concept" to a couple of casinos in Las Vegas, figuring that tourists would eat up the combination of flash, cash and prizes.

"This is the first time it's ever been done in a mall, from talking to mall directors around the country and people who insure the shows," Young said. "Joy Nelderlander (theater owner) said 'The idea is so simple I can't believe I didn't think of it myself.'"

Stores in the mall will donate merchandise and cash will be handed out to people in the audience based on accomplishments such as carrying a number of hair brushes in their purse.

CONTESTANTS WILL be asked to answer trivia questions and to bid on a blind item under a name that song (not to be confused with the copyrighted "Name That Tune") format.

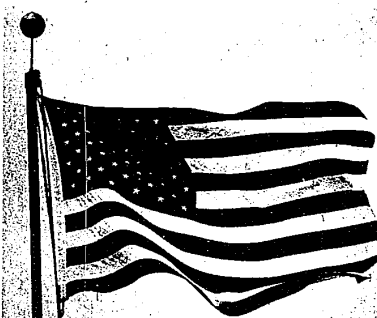
They won't be giving away anything as expensive as a new car, which always makes the audience gasp. Portable TVs and toasters are more the order of the day, Young said.

"Put in the paper that a man is giving away money at Northland," Young says. "That ought to pack 'em in."

While Young is the master of ceremonies, he is also a master at identifying the common denominator. Come on down.

"Independence means the ability to go where you want to go, when you want without having to answer to anyone. The ultimate punishment is restricted movement. Independence of movement is not needing papers or passes to go somewhere."

—Donald O'Dowd, Oakland University president



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