

The Halloween the jerks couldn't stop

THE MAN AND the little girl walked through the fog, hand in hand. It was lonesome. At first, they were very unsure. But they pretended otherwise, jocularly noting the darkness and the fog.

My, what a wonderful night for Halloween! You could almost see the ghosts and goblins fleeing through the warm, murky air — warm for this time of year, anyway.

But imagination would have to do for this Halloween night, they told one another. Many trick-or-treaters, it seemed, had given up their night of fantasy, caving in to the fears of the real-world-gone-mad.

But these two souls carried on as best they could.

"YOU'LL COME with me to the door, won't you Dad? Maybe these people didn't leave their light on for beggars. I don't want to be embarrassed," said the clown.

The man looked down the empty street. His heart

sank. He saw only a few scattered porchlights lit. Maybe this was the year Halloween would become just a memory. He felt sick inside.

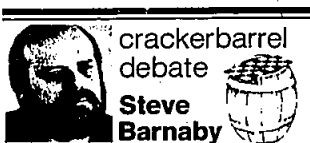
"Sure, I'll come with you. Did you think I got all dressed up like this just to watch you beg? No way, kiddo."

He hoped she didn't detect the sadness in his voice.

Earlier that evening, a crisis was narrowly averted after the clown learned her friends had cancelled out on begging. The man had grabbed some old clothes from his car trunk, slapped on some clown white makeup and donned a silly hat. He said he was supposed to be a farmer. The little girl doubted that, but was glad to have a trick or treat partner. Just the same.

She smiled to show her appreciation. The man didn't feel quite so ridiculous.

AT FIRST, they walked slowly from house to house, just talking and taking their time.



As the night passed, they formed a special bond on their mission to save Halloween.

"This isn't so bad, Dad. After all, you can't let sick people stop you from doing things," said the clown.

The man agreed, agreed more than the little girl could know. "Sometimes you just have to stand up for what you believe," he said. "I guess that's what we're doing."

He just wished they weren't the only ones. And soon they weren't.



Nick Sharkey

Tomorrow's world starts in community

LAST WEEK more than 10,000 persons — including some from suburbs of Detroit — gathered for the official dedication of Walt Disney's EPCOT (Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow).

The highlight of the event took place when water from throughout the world was poured from urns into the Fountain of World Friendship. Major bodies of water represented included the Arctic Ocean, Caribbean Sea, River Thames, Mississippi River, Sea of Japan and Senagambia River (Africa).

At the end of the ceremony people of all nations joined in singing a stirring rendition of "Let There Be Peace on Earth."

EPCOT'S OPENING near Orlando, Fla. attracted the attention of people throughout the world. It fulfilled the dream of the late Walt Disney, who believed that persons in all nations should celebrate their cultures and traditions together.

Numerous pavilions in EPCOT demonstrate the vitality of the peoples of China, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States. In the next year pavilions will be added from Africa, Spain and Israel.

During EPCOT's opening ceremonies, many speakers repeated the theme: All mankind shares the same aspirations and fears. It was stressed that minor differences should not separate people from different lands.

At Disney's nearby theme park, The Magic Kingdom, the same message is given in a more subtle way. In one of the most rides, It's a Small World, boat travelers move past exhibits featuring persons from foreign lands as they sing and play.

After a few days, it's easy to feel overjoyed by the Disney idealistic view of the United States and the world. But it's also refreshing.

IF DISNEY RAISES hopes about the future of the world at Orlando, Fla., they can be quickly dashed by a return to the Detroit area. Newspapers contain many stories which distress those of us who hope for the Disney ideal.

A newspaper reports that a gubernatorial candidate who has plighted the city of Detroit against the rest of Michigan has narrowed the gap in the polls and is rated to have a good chance to be elected. How can it be "a small world" when some want to create a large gulf between the north and south side of Eight Mile Road and the east and west side of Telegraph Road?

A Redford woman falsely reported that a Livonia hot dog manufacturer put a razor blade in her package of frank. Farmington policeman tested candy with a metal detector on Sunday because of fear that children's Halloween candy may be sabotaged.

How can there be peace on earth among nations when there is not peace among neighbors living in the same community?

We have far to go before an ideal of a world at peace can be realized. That does not mean, however, that we should continue to work for it. This belief should influence our attitudes about politicians, nuclear weapons and our neighbors.

An Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow can't be relegated to a fairland in Florida. It has to start in our own back yards.

discover Michigan

Bill Stockwell

Did you know that John Dodge and Horace Dodge actually received 10 percent of the original stock in Ford Motor Co. for nothing down? They simply agreed to equip their Detroit machine shop to manufacture Ford engines and other Ford parts. It turned out to be one of the most profitable agreements anywhere in the history of the business world.



from our readers

Coverage unfair toward Faxon

To the editor:

Your editorial endorsement in the state senatorial race is as unfair to Sen. Jack Faxon as was your entire coverage of this contest. In fact, if I didn't know how your editorials are written I would have guessed that it came from the Anderson campaign staff.

I think the problem is that you don't know this person and have resisted every opportunity to do so. Several appointments to meet with Faxon were cancelled by you, and as late as last Wednesday (before the election) you reneged on a promise to cover a meeting of the Farmington Democratic Club at which Faxon gave a detailed analysis of the state's problems and his solutions to them.

In your news coverage you have tried to create the impression that this is a key state Senate race, even to the extent of printing as news a reported poll by the Republican candidate which defies all other knowledgeable information about the contest.

All you had to do was to check with the Republican state Senate campaign committee to learn that the 15th Senate District is not one that they are hoping to pick up. But that would have destroyed the excitement you have tried to generate for the GOP candidate.

An example of the unbalanced news coverage is the front-page story on Oct. 28 in which you gave a detailed story devoted to Anderson's statements and one-third to Faxon's.

This may explain why the editorial is so unfair to Faxon. You are basing the editorial on your own news stories, thus compounding the unfairness.

You criticize Faxon for having represented a Detroit district for 17 years to the wishes of his constituents. Yet in two other editorials on the same page you support incumbents on the basis that they have followed the wishes of their constituents. Inconsistent? Yes.

You then raise a non-issue of who has lived in Oakland County the longest. There are a very few people who are native to Oakland County. Most of us have moved here from other parts of the state or country. I am amazed, in campaigning with Faxon, how many people know him. I must point out to you, Mr. Editor, that you are not a resident of the district yet you are telling the residents how to vote. Should that disqualify you from doing so? No? Inconsistent? Yes.

You then talk about Anderson being ready to make the tough choices. But, in several joint appearances with him, I have yet to hear him put forth any program to solve the state's problems. You suggest that Faxon is to blame for the debt run up by the unemployment fund. What is the Observer or Anderson proposing, that unemployed workers be denied benefits at their time of most need?

And you miss the whole point of what is happening to the economy when you criticize Faxon for suggesting that Michigan's problems are tied in to national problems and to the worldwide recession that is taking place.

Are you suggesting that Michigan is an island, unaffected by what is happening in the rest of the nation or world?

Why don't you admit the real reason for the antagonism toward Senator Faxon. You have never forgiven him

for soundly defeating your endorsed candidate in the Democratic primary.

Aldo Vagnotto
Farmington Hills

Memorial is needed for Dutch

To the editor:

As we become so "caught up" in the present and future direction of America, it becomes increasingly difficult (unless we make it a point to take the time and study history) to see everything in perspective.

Very few people are aware of the fact that 1982 marks the 200th anniversary of peaceful diplomatic relations between The Netherlands and the United States.

Diplomatic relations were established on April 19, 1782, when the States General of The Republic of the Netherlands accepted the letters of credence of John Adams so that he became the first official envoy of the United States.

On Oct. 8, 1782, the Treaty of Amity and Commerce was concluded, making The Netherlands the second country in the world to establish formal diplomatic relations with the United States (France being the first).

Many prominent residents of Oakland County are of Dutch origin.

I think it would be fitting to create some kind of physical remembrance somewhere in Oakland County commemorating our 200 years of friendship.

If you are of Dutch origin and would like to help out on a modest project of remembrance, please write to me c/o 287 Voorhees, Pontiac 48053.

Joseph Neussendorfer
Pontiac

After a time out of the fog, they saw a faint figure. Then they saw two and three and then ... well, then they heard the voices.

THE CLOWN and the farmer's pace quickened. Soon they noticed more and more porchlights beaming through the fog.

People answering the doors were friendlier this year, said the clown. They asked all sorts of questions about her costume and were particularly generous with whatever it was they were giving out. A noticeable jingle of coins could be heard in the clown's bag.

Soon the man found himself talking with other adults out with their children. The conversation was always the same.

"I told my kids we were going begging, no matter what. I just wanted to show those jerks they couldn't stop us," said a woman. The other adults nodded affirmatively.

The man and his daughter walked proudly now — hand in hand. They had fought their first battle together. Halloween 1982 would always be a memorable one. The cowards with all their pins and poisons had lost.

And the man and the little girl had led the battle in their little part of the world.



Hayride to a country hotel

NO MATTER HOW he tries to avoid it on these nice moonlit evenings in the fall when Mother Nature is shedding her colorful autumn dress and the air is crisp, The Stroller suffers pangs of nostalgia.

When the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock and a faint rustling of leaves drifts through the shadows, he suddenly realizes that this is the hayride season — one of the most enjoyable times of the year.

While he misses the smell of burning leaves (it is now illegal to burn them on the streets), The Stroller pictures in his mind the evenings he spent back home in the Dutch country when he was a youth.

IN THOSE DAYS, there were few automobiles, and the Dutch section of Pennsylvania was a haven for the old-time country hotel. Our little town was encircled with a series of six of these hotels, and none was more than nine miles from the center of our community.

So when the moon went into the high heavens and the air became brisk, eyes turned to the country hotels for an evening of fun and a good meal.

These hayrides were something to remember. The hay wagon held about young folks and was pulled by two strapping horses with the old farmer himself holding the reins.

The Stroller smiles now when he recalls that it cost only \$1.50 per couple for the ride, a fine country chicken dinner and square dancing until midnight. And most times, when you sat down to the meal, the farmer's wife circled the table cautioning everyone to "leave room" for the cake she had baked that afternoon.

ON THOSE EVENINGS, no one gave a thought to such dances as the prize waltz or the two-step. The dances were those in which you heard the famous call, "Swing your partner."

The evening was not complete unless Gus Druk-emiller, who had lost a leg in an accident, was calling the figures. He had built quite a reputation as a caller, and we always had reserved his services far in advance.

There was no dancing cheek-to-cheek, but the calls of "swing to the right" and "swing to the left" were the features when you swung your partner to the tune of the fiddler, and Gus would nod his approval.

With all this fun, midnight came too soon. It seemed a time that our big meal had just settled when it came time to leave.

THE OTHER EVENING during one of these pangs of nostalgia, The Stroller recalled one of the oddest hayrides of the year. The ride to the country had been fine, the meal was wonderful, and the dancing most enjoyable until it came time to leave.

We were on the road home only a short time when it began to rain. It just poured. And there we were in a hay wagon miles from home on a dirt road.

We were a sorry-looking sight when the hay wagon, with the drenched horses, got us back to the schoolhouse whence we had departed. It was a night that no one there ever could forget.

No wonder The Stroller suffers pangs of nostalgia when the autumn leaves turn to gold and hayride season is upon us.