

## oral quarrel

This week's Oral Quarrel question was open line — a chance for you to tell everyone what is on your mind.

Following are the responses:

• I called the college of education at Wayne State University, and nobody answers the telephone.

• I couldn't find a job so I finally got work with this guy who said he would pay me in cash so now I have been working for the guy for two years, and I haven't been paying taxes because I can't afford them, and I don't know what I am going to do when the IRS finds out about this.

• My biggest gripe is that so many of our work force have to give up concessions except layoffs and cutbacks while our political leaders vote themselves fat pay raises and expect us to tighten our belts till it hurts.

• The kids in the Kendallwood I sub think that just because there is no sidewalks it gives them the right to cut across our yard and tear down any form of barricade and invade our privacy. When I bought here the surveyor's drawing showed no throughway across my property, and the next time a kid walks across my property I will let my dog out, and they will learn respect.

• Governor Blanchard and anyone else who believes in abortion bothers me because they don't believe in the right to life.

• It sure would be nice if the Farmington

area had more bike paths. The one on Orchard Lake Road is great but I would like to see more, and I am sure the area joggers would too.

• In Farmington Hills, the principals and teachers are the greatest but are too strict. In the last semester I have occasion to be in during the lunch many times. On every occasion the lights were out, and the children were eating in silence. I am all for discipline in the schools. You can't have education without it, but these children have been working all morning. They all sit together at one table, shoulder to shoulder and thigh to thigh even though there are empty tables in the room. If any of these children had lice or scabies the others would be sure to pick them up. From a health standpoint, this is ridiculous.

• Neighbors who allow their dogs to bark and disturb other neighbors.

• It's a shame how these politicians are asking for more money from us when it is their fault that we are in debt. Instead of having the people who earn over \$50,000 get a tax break, the people who earn under \$50,000 should get the tax break. Reagan should have his head examined.

• I am a resident of Farmington Hills, and I have a complaint about the ditch digging on Trestland Street just two blocks south of 11 Mile, west of Orchard Lake Road. The city has been promising to clean the ditch out for 15 years that I have lived there, and there are trees growing in the ditch.

## Farmington Observer

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## comment

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# Car is not just a car, it's a friend

THE CAR WAS king last week as the auto manufacturers presented their finest wares in the glitzy atmosphere of the Detroit auto show.

With sleek, shiny new cars and sleek young models on display, it became easy to envision oneself behind the steering wheel of any of a dozen of Detroit's finest.

But I'm now at the point in my life where I don't even bother trying to make clever conversation with the sleek young models and I don't mind driving a several-year-old car if it is still good transportation.

I am not sure if I am getting wiser or just older.

My brain tells me to get another 4-door but I keep thinking of myself behind the custom steering wheel of a low-to-the-ground Firebird with smoked windows. I want something that will zip around corners and in and out of traffic and cause heads to turn when I snake by.

I'll get a new leather jacket, driving gloves and a cap to go with it. It's the kind of car that only blonds look good in. I tell the spouse, who has always been brunette. She merely snickers. I have to admit, she knows me better than I know me.

I'LL END up driving my 1977 4-door Pontiac at least another year, maybe longer. Why not? The car has 30,000 miles and the paint has worn thin in a couple of spots, but the inside,

which is what I end up seeing most of the time, is in almost-mint condition. The seats are soft and comfortable. At times, it feels like I am driving down the street on a steel-enclosed Simmons Beauty Rest.

The car handles well, the engine is excellent and the tires are almost new. The heater works to perfection and heats the entire car in minutes. Try getting all that in a new car which costs more than many of our parents paid for their houses.

I'd like to knock the car manufacturers — after all Henry Ford II himself came out the other night to admit that the car companies didn't do so well for a few years. But, when I think about it, what the heck, six years of enjoying driving and very few mechanical problems. Could the Japanese do more for me than that?

A COUPLE OF years ago the spouse was ready for a car. She told me to read up on it, so I devoured all the magazines which tell you the best car to buy for the money. No doubt about it, I said, almost every expert says the best car for the money is a Honda Accord.

The spouse liked the looks of the Skylark. You don't buy a car on the basis of looks, I said. She said, "Why buy a foreign car when you can buy an American car?" I was still thinking about that one when we drove by one of those car tent sales featuring every kind of GM car made and no state sales tax if you purchase before the end of the month.

We went for a look and the first guy who says hello to me is Dick Scott, a Buick Dealer I haven't seen since he was sales manager at a dealership on

the east side of Detroit. When I get over my surprise, he makes me an offer my wife can't refuse.

I am more cautious. I say: "You spend six months debating whether or not to spend a few hundred bucks to buy a new mattress which you spend one third of your life on, and here you are ready to spend \$8,000 for a car which you are going to drive back and forth to work a total of six miles a day. She says: "That's the car I want. It's maroon and has wire wheels."

OF COURSE, we buy the car on the spot. I'll have to admit, I've had no cause to complain in better than two years. It makes me think that at least one American car company has been doing a pretty good job over the years.

I still remember the first one — a Ford convertible which had lowering blocks to make the back end almost drag on the ground, fender skirts, dual exhausts and loud mufflers which could be made louder by taking off a vacuum hose. As was the custom of the time, I sat down low in the seat sort of side-saddle with the left shoulder jammed up between the steering wheel and the door and the right shoulder facing the rear.

When someone saw the car moving down the street, it looked like there was an overcoat wrapped around the steering wheel and nobody was actually driving while the car putt-putted-boom-boomed along with Fats Domino coming out of the radio.

Hey, those were the days and I guess the memory of all the good cars I've had is one of the reasons that I think I'll stick with the American cars, through thick and thin.



Bob Wisler

## Often things don't add up the way they compute

WHY CALL HOME at all when the 1983 "Man of the Year" is a computer?

Now that the machines have taken over, we can get to the heart of most matters by just pushing a few buttons and waiting for the answers to appear on the screen.

So picture this.

Snow White has a date with her Prince Charming. Now that she's awakened from her long sleep induced by the poisoned apple, Snow's eager to go out and disco, go out for tacos, and, well, whatever.

A quick check of the computer will show that a week ago the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services ruled that young swingers under 18 cannot be provided with contraceptives without their parents' consent.

There goes whatever. The "squeal rule" says all federally supported family planning clinics will have to notify parents whose offspring receive birth control devices.

"Not if my mom has to know," says Snow, breaking her date with the prince.

And loudly the computer beeps "INVALID DATA."

PRINCE CHARMING took the news as well as could be expected. And anyhow, he isn't too sure he could afford a date with Snow White after all.

"That chick's got quite an appetite after her long sleep," he muses, "and I don't have all

that much bread anymore."

See, the president, proclaiming loudly from Washington over unemployment, decided that teens like Charming should be paid a sub-minimum wage of \$2.50 some 85 cents less than he'd been getting for making crowns in a dental lab.

Most of the dwarfs, Doc, Sleepy and Sneezy and the others are looking for ways to supplement their incomes since they expect to be replaced by sub-minimum-wage workers come summer.

Actually, right now they're worrying more about how to pay the gas bill. It's been a struggle all along, but now another one of those federal agencies, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission moved last Thursday to further deregulate natural gas producers.

TRANSLATE that to a 2.5-percent increase on top of the 25-percent price rise earlier this winter, and you can see the problem.

Doc says he may retire because the president is planning to increase payroll taxes for Social Security, and he can't afford to pay more. It's just he's worried his pension may be cut or obliterated. When he punched into the computer, it lit up with "Dupe."

When Charming told his father about breaking his date with Snow, the king replied: "Why worry? When the flat rate income tax comes in, we'll be paying 14 percent just like our subjects."

So Charming took Snow to the Taco Bell and out to disco, but because of the "Squeal Rule" she was home before 11. When she tapped into her computer, it didn't compute, just flashed: "OPERATOR ERROR."



Shirlee Iden

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