

FEAR AND LOAFING

Radio 'daze'

By Karl Nilsson
special writer

First comes the heavy breathing. Next, a raspy voice whispers suggestively: "I'd like to handcuff you to my ice box and stuff your bikini with smoked kippers until the seagull of love lands on your head."

No, it's not an obscene phone call. It's the winner of the first annual Detroit Radio Schlock Awards.

What's that you say? Identify the winner by name? Why you say, illustrious boob. Everyone knows this column is pure fiction.

And now, the envelope please. . . First clue — It's the lonely hearts music program that's got all of Detroit snoring. All that is except for emotional basket cases who dedicate the same Lionel Ritchie songs to each other night after night.

How, you ask, could one of the oldest, cheesiest formats in broadcasting win such a coveted award?

The answer is simple. They understand their target audience.

If your idea of romance is his-and-her bowling bags, they've got your number.

If your idea of culture is stuffing a pillow with pet hairs, you'll enjoy hearing gushy ad-libs about 'strangers' anniversaries.

IF GETTING depressed is an improvement over your normal level of despair, then the back-to-back songs about heartbreak and rejection might even be therapeutic.

In other words, if your idea of gut-wrenching, sweaty palms excitement is cleaning out the lint trap, this audio soap opera just might get your hormones stirred up.

Speaking of hormones, the primary qualification to host this radio (throwback) is a basso profundo voice that conjures up a suitably macho image to lovestick listeners.

Say "deep voice" to most of us, and we automatically think of dignified performances by great actors like Orson Welles playing Citizen Kane, or Charlton Heston as Moses parting the Red Sea.

But somehow the majesty is lost when these same soporific tones and careful cadences are used to tell the world, "Mickey-poo wants to dedicate this next song to Boom-Boom with the cutest elbows in the shipping department. P.S. He's sorry about the blickey."

Besides being born with vocal chords longer than a giraffe's neck, two other skills are necessary to be an award-winning schmoezer:

(1) You must whisper everything you say. This is a non-negotiable contract item. Every word must be delivered in the husky tones of a funeral director or else. Hearing aid companies flock to advertise on this soft-spoken show.

BY WHISPERING, an artificial



Karl Nilsson

sense of drama is imparted to every sentence. Suddenly, the weather report sounds like a torrid romance. Simple directions to a nightclub become intimate boudoir secrets. Time, temperature, a proposal of marriage — all get dipped in the same syrupy goo.

(2) You must talk as slowly as possible. The real experts at this add a deliberate pause . . . after every syllable. Each time our host stalls between words, panicky listeners call to complain that the station is off the air.

In the beginning, a few graduates of the Slow Motion School of Broadcasting could actually fix a sandwich between words. Today, the best of the bunch can start a sentence, fly to Vegas on a gambling junket and be back before their next word is due.

Despite high salaries, speaking adagio has its drawbacks. Each week this poor guy orders dinner at the same restaurant: "I'll . . . take . . . the . . . Fett . . . tu . . . ci . . . ne . . . Al . . . fre . . . do . . . And each week the kitchen closes before he finishes his first sentence.

MUCH OF the show's undeniable appeal is its romantic allusions and symbolic criticism — "Nobody tunes my dial like you do."

Jock platter like this transcends mere banality to become a new art form — a genre of spontaneous poetry best described as "housewife rap."

Consider this recent excerpt: "If only I were there with you. I'd shove a Twinkie up my nose for you . . . pretend I had the flu for you . . . throw up in my show for you."

There is, however, a legit reason for listening to such drivel. When you're grumpy and out of sorts due to irregularity, you need fast, gentle relief. For those times when prunes are not enough, medical science has a new answer — sonic laxatives.

In this experimental treatment, extremely low frequency sound waves (identical to those produced when our winner clears his throat) are aimed at the patient's digestive tract. This same vibratory dissolution can be achieved for free in the own home by holding the radio against your midsection and dancing the Cha-Cha.

Now that we've peeked behind the scenes at the Schlock Awards . . . "Ready for romance? Then kick off those construction boots and put on your 'Mattress Talk' pantyhose . . ."

STREET SENSE

Address parental problem

Dear Barbara:

My parents, who are in the 70-80 age bracket, have been down in the dumps. They seem less interested in life lately.

There have not been any catastrophes in their lives and yet they seem to be going downhill, both physically and mentally. They are leeching about their personal care.

I have tried to talk to them, without success. Do you have any ideas?

A caring daughter

Dear Caring Daughter:

Your problem is becoming increasingly widespread as our society ages. While I was researching your question, I was encouraged to find that Beaumont Hospital has a group for you called "When Your Parents Grow Old." This group helps the middle-aged children of elders deal with the daily frustrations of aging parents.

There are many reasons for these changes. As people age, their lives are no longer structured by jobs and other responsibilities. Without this structure seniors can sink into the

malaise you describe. Also, the acuity of one's senses declines with age, so they may not be as aware of or concerned about their looks.

Practical fears, like falling in the bathroom, may also be stopping them from taking sufficient care with their hygiene and appearance. The problem may be more serious and if you think it is one of clinical depression, then their physician should be contacted.

It is important not to ignore these symptoms. They usually do not vanish without intervention. The frustration is that sometimes even well-meaning support and encouragement does not solve the problem.

At the Workout Co., we provide individual exercise programs for many seniors. This furnishes social stimulation, structure and increased physical integrity. Different seniors may need other kinds of stimulation.

The number of Beaumont Hospital's Older Adult Services is 551-0777. Ask for Gail or Melissa and they will give you the name and telephone number of the senior adult center closest to your parents or

other information that might help solve your problem.

Barbara

Dear Barbara:

Bad answer to the woman dealing with a husband and son who misuse teasing. You completely ignore the physical abuse going on here — slaps that are too hard, holding her against her will, etc. This is a socially acceptable form of abuse and should be dealt with for the abuse that it really is.

Do enjoy your column.

Pam

Dear Pam:

Thank you for your insight. (Pam's letter refers to an earlier letter in which a woman complained that her husband held her too tightly and that her son's "love taps" were a "little too hard.")

I am publishing your response because I am sure there are others who might have the same reservations that you do. What could be used by one person as a form of loving communication could be used by another



Barbara Schiff

person as a form of cruelty.

It would be interesting to hear from others about how they mean and interpret teasing.

Barbara

If you have a question for Barbara Schiff, a certified therapist and experienced counselor, send it to Street Sense, 3525 Schoolcraft, Livonia 48150.

Who framed the 'Looney Toons'?

Cartoon animations become fine art

By Noreen Flack
special writer

After Walt Disney Productions created the Oscar winning film, "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," those "Looney Toons" escaped from "Toons Town."

And like their friend Roger, they've been framed . . . by art galleries.

Park West Gallery in Southfield has opened up an original animation art exhibit with animations ranging from Bugs Bunny to Fred Flinstone. The gallery features original cel-animations from Warner Bros., Walt Disney and Hanna Barbera. And experts say the value of the hand-drawn animated cels can only go higher as the shift to computer animation takes over the industry.

"These animations have become quite expensive," said Peter Cooper, director of Park West Gallery. "In the beginning, no one thought of the value. Disney lost many in a fire several years ago, and Jack Warner had so many in the studio, he just had them destroyed."

AN ANIMATED celluloid is a single hand-painted work of art. A series of cels are produced to create a sequence of movement in an animated film. Twelve to 24 cels are used for every second of a film and no two cels are alike.

Scrigraphs are a production of 9,000 cels and may be purchased at places like Disneyland and Disney World. Although scrigraphs are less expensive, they don't have the uniqueness of an original production cel.

Warner Bros. created toons such as the "wise crackin', smart alecky rabbit" Bugs Bunny, the "simply dippable" Daffy Duck, "wabbit hunter" Elmer Fudd, the "naughty cat" Sylvester and "sweet little" Tweety Bird.

Walt Disney works are known to be more expensive than Warner Bros. and Hanna Barbera's because many Disney films became full-length theatrical productions, adding to their value. Disney also owns animation's biggest star, Mickey Mouse.

Other creations, such as "The Three Little Pigs," "Cinderella," "Lady and the Tramp" and "Winnie the Pooh," have also increased the value of Disney animations.

"The Jetsons seem to be the most popular sale in the gallery," Cooper said. "But I like Mickey Mouse

myself. I go way back."

The price per cel is mainly determined by the popularity of the cartoon character. A gallery classic like the 1935 Disney drawing of Mickey Mouse "On Ice" is priced at \$1,800.

Hanna Barbera's "Yabba, dabba doo" with Fred Flinstone and Barney Rubble is \$850. Fred's pet Dino is \$295, the same price for "Huckleberry Hound."

Warner Bros. "Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd" goes for \$595.

"We are always looking for new art and artists," Cooper said. "We found the source and it was something new to feature and it has proved to be successful."

Cooper plans on carrying the animation art on a regular basis in the gallery.

"I believe people really enjoy them," he said. "There is really nothing like them."

Little Inn is 'big' attraction in Bayfield

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The 20th century grocery stores are on Highway 21, but turn left at Glen Center Square, a park with century-old maple and oak trees, follow a wide Main Street between restored shops and restaurants for two blocks to Pioneer Park and go downhill to the marina that clutter both sides of the Bayfield River.

Bayfield was named for a British naval lieutenant who surveyed the Great Lakes early in the 19th century and recommended the area to Baron van Tuyll van Serooskerken, a Dutch nobleman who bought a huge tract of land there in 1832.

The baron never laid eyes on the land he sold to settlers, although his son lived in the nearby town of Goderich at one time.

They made the first clearing right there where the sailboats now make their own mast skyline and the fishermen can be found at sunset, either drifting in a small boat or standing up to their hips in waters.

The village was a busy port for grain export until ships gave way to lake freighters and the railway passed it by, the town became a backwater fishing village until tourists discovered it at the turn of the century.

IF YOU STAND you stand on the bluff at Pioneer Point to watch the sun go down over Lake Huron, you can see down to the breakwater or climb down to the sandy beach.

Summer cottagers and tourists watch the barguers in the park in summer, buy ice cream, summer clothes and art at Main Street shops, many of which have restricted hours this time of year.



IRIS SANDERSON JONES

Bayfield, Ontario, was once a busy Lake Huron port for grain export until ships gave way to trains. When the railway passed it by, the town became a backwater fishing village until tourists discovered it at the turn of the century.

The only places that seem to be alive seven days a week, 365 days a year, are the Albion Hotel, the Red Pump restaurant and the Little Inn here at the corner of Main and Catherine streets.

Park under the big weeping willow tree and walk into the Little Inn past verandas hung with red begonias. Down the hall, between the fireplace lounge and the dining room, is a tiny reception desk backed by a popular little bar.

You go upstairs to the bedrooms on the second floor and up again to Widow's Walk, a bedroom and loft at the top of the house.

Edward Oddleifson, who lives in the big green house across Catherine Street, can often be found reading at his favorite window table in the sun-

ny dining room of the Little Inn. Oddleifson wrote a book on the history of Bayfield and is a regular patron.

THE INN HAS been here in some form or another since the mid-1800s. It became the Little Inn under George and Ada Little in 1941 and was renovated and upgraded when the Waters bought it in 1981.

They joined the Inn to what was once an old carriage workshop and is now a gift shop. They also built a 10-room "cottage," a contemporary beamed building with a rustic flavor, across Main Street for small conferences.

The Inn is not a bed and breakfast in the sense of a big old house with

bathrooms down the hall and families gathered around the television set in the living room.

The accommodations book published by Tourism Ontario rates it as a four-star small hotel, "Ontario's oldest operating inn. Historic comfort and elegance."

The rooms are nice, it has a fine dining room and it is fairly expensive, as historic inns tend to be. All the rooms have antique furniture, much of it original to the area, and duvets or quilts on the beds. Beds are often raised off the floor.

Standard rooms — \$95 weekends and \$75 weekdays — have queen beds. Large rooms — \$115 weekends and \$95 weekdays — have two double beds and room for lounge chairs. The Widow's Walk — \$150 weekends and \$125 weekdays — at the top of the house has a queen bed and sitting area plus a loft where you can sit on a window seat and look out high windows onto all four sides of the town.

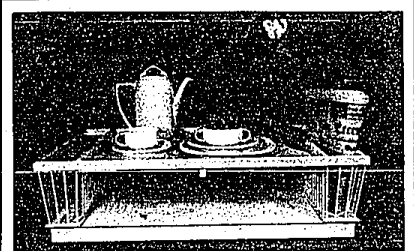
COTTAGE ROOMS have a deck, jacuzzi, some fireplaces, but no air conditioning and cost \$150 to \$170 a night weekends, \$125 and \$100 weekdays. Ask about weekend package plans that include meals.

Otherwise breakfast is \$4 continental, \$6 full. Lunch entrees average \$7, dinner entrees \$22.

All above prices are in Canadian dollars. (Divide by 1.18 to get American dollars. For example, \$100 Canadian divided by 1.18 equals \$84.74 U.S.)

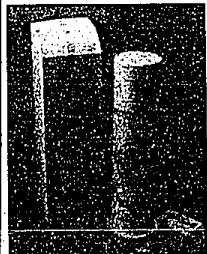
For information on Ontario, call toll free (800) ONTARIO. Contact the Little Inn, P.O. Box 100, Bayfield, Ont. N0M 1G0, or telephone (519) 565-2611.

street seen



Sweet surprise

How about surprising your honey with breakfast in bed this Sweetest Day (Saturday, Oct. 21)? This elegant natural wood bed tray is available in black, peach and white. Handy side pockets easily tote the latest issue of the Observer & Eccentric or a favorite magazine. Bed tray (\$59) and accessories (bud vase, china, napkin and coffee carafe) are available at Studio 330 in Birmingham.



Say cheese

From EPI Products comes this totally unusual product that does more than clean your teeth. EpiSmile actually whitens your teeth for that dazzling smile you have always wanted. EpiSmile is safe, even for bonded teeth. The tooth whitener and cleaner removes coffee, tobacco and other stains. It costs \$12 and is available exclusively at J.L. Hudson.

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Though males originally filled such positions in the early days of flying — aspiring pilots were required to work in the cabin before assuming duties in the cockpit — those early pioneers were replaced early on by trained nurses, the majority of whom were female.

Men, however, maintained a continuing presence as pursers, employed by some international carriers like Northwestern to oversee cabin crews.

During the heyday of the 1950s and early 1960s, when air travel expanded throughout the country, trained nurses gave way to stewardesses — young, single women noted for good looks. If they married or turned 32 years old, they were out

of a job, an employment criteria later overturned in 1968 when Simpson was hired in 1979, a turbulent year when the airline industry was federally deregulated. Small, vulnerable carriers were forced out of business or gobbled up by stronger lines.

The new, larger carriers adopted "B-scales," the practice of paying new employees up to one-third less than those hired earlier. Northwest implemented B-scales in 1984, American in 1982.

Kassol is a B-scaler, earning a base rate of \$15.50 hourly. He will reach "parity" or equal pay in eight years, according to company spokeswoman Mary O'Neill.

IN 37 DAYS, David Osmola trav-

eled entirely around the world, rider-turned pilot in Kazakhstan, touring the Forbidden City in Beijing shortly before the bloody Chinese uprisings and signing autographs in the world's most southern city, Puntas Arenas in South America, where Americans are regarded as celebrities.

Osmola, 27, a Michigan native, is one of 100 Detroit-based flight attendants for American Trans Air, a 20-year-old charter operation that offers around-the-world trips twice annually at a cost of \$39,000 per passenger.

"I wanted to see a bit of the world; it was either this job or joining the military," Osmola laughed.

Trans Air also supplements air service for French, Egyptian and Al-

gerian airlines, temporarily stationing personnel in each of the countries for periods of up to 40 days. University of Michigan Wolverines charter Trans Air, as do political candidates.

Last fall, Osmola spent a month flying with then-vice presidential candidate Dan Quayle.

"We talked," Osmola said in response to the question, "I didn't get his opinion on world events, but I did find out what he wanted to drink for breakfast."

In the five years Osmola has been flying, he has achieved his goal and seen "a bit of the world."

Now, however, he "is stuck." "I decided I'd do this for a couple of years and then get out," he said. "But after this, how do I work 8 to 5? I'm stuck now, but by choice."