Greene's

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cludes a famous Detroit Piston for throwing pickles all over the

for throwing pickles all over the place.

To receive Hazel's quick thumb was something of a badge of honor. It's also part of the Greene's legend. So, too, is downing massive quantities of cholesterol-inden burgers, whose fried onlons intoxicate the taste buds and could turn a militant vegetarian into a collaborating carnivore.

Fetching a bagful
Greene's Hamburgers, named
after former owner Joe Greene,
opened in May of 1957. Little has
changed over the years. For Farmington-area residents, the solitary
white edifice has become an institution.

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It's a place where people came
after school or a night on the
town. Some used to fetch a bagful
for their dad.

A few would even admit their
first tasts of a Greene's burger
came while in jail. Greene's cuisine is the official food of the
Farmington police lock-up.
Testimonials are as vivid as
those at a traveling church revival.

val.

Ellyn Damiani said her first date with her husband, Craig, was at Greene's. He threatened to have their wedding reception there.

Howard Zecks of Farmington

have their wedding reception there.
Howard Zacks of Farmington Hills stops by for breakfast on Monday before his weekly journey to Chieago where he's an essociate dean of business at National-Louis University, he's back on Friday nights to eat hamburgers on the way home.
"I just like the fact that it's old fashion," said Mary Golich of Farmington Hills. "It's the same as when I was a little girl. It's the same grease on the burgers."

The 'drink crowd' comes

Early Saturday morning — after the bars have closed — Greene's is transformed into something more than a place to feed a face.

feed a face.

The serene hum from an ice machine switches to the extreme huzz of too many ice beers. Waitresses call it the "drink crowd."

The burgers become sponges to

Ketchup on memorles: Julie

Aire subdivision. She and her hus-band, Bill,





Story-line: At right, P.J. McDonald laughs while Erik Meyer tells an ani-Erik Meyer tells an ani-mated story. Above left, Farmington Hills police of-ficer Michael Simkow comes into the "to go" counter at Greene's for Diet Coke two or three times a night. Above right, Angel Ryan has worked at Greene's six years.





Saying a mouthful: Harrison High alums chow down on burgers and fries at Greene's as grads Tom Conlon (left), Mike Inch and Dennis Romps chat with Tom Victory and Patrick Rogers, also Harrison grads. Rogers and friend Mono Baca (not pictured) ate nothing but french fries.

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soak up the excess; the wafting onlons become smelling salts.

Those behind the counter smile at the inebriated, out-of-killer observations and blush at the alcolonicated adulation. But slip up, and they're shipped out.
One older man sides up to a woman, who is sitting by herself. He questions her presence.
"Either you're a comeraman," he said without prompting, "or a whore."

he said without prompting, "or a whore."
With that, he was told to pay up and leave. He saked for a burger to go; they refused.
Alisa Thompson's tone would make Hazel proud. She's been at Greene's for 15 years. The night shift is her domain, with the help of co-workers Brendh Harvey and Angel Ryan.
Harvey, who is originally from Elizabethton, Tenn., hovers over

about with reverence. They men-tion the "breakfast boys" and the soccer players who drop in Mon-day nights to eat, sing and dance. Mary Golich of Farmington Hills

More relaxed at night
They say there's a different
pace at night. Customers are more
relaxed, more willing to talk about
family, work and, occasionally,
sex.

iamily, work and, occasionary, ser. "That's how Angel got educat-ed," said Thompson chiding her younger co-worker with a laugh. Later, one remarks about how cute a particular Farmington Hills police officer is, "Ho's got cute legs, Brenda," one said. Most customers are apoken

The mood is one of frivolity as evidenced by one regular, who initiates a tense-looking stranger with an unsolicited neck and back the grill. She liberally applies the trademark onions, squashing them into a muleh with a spatula. When things pick up at the carryout window, the three women form an assembly line: Harvey cooks, Ryan drops three pickles on each burger and Thompson wraps them.

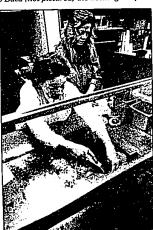
"My dad's a chiropractor," he said.

Those who work there may provide the food, but customers' happiness appears to nourish their spirits.

As more pour in after 2 a.m., Greene's workers welcome the onslaught. Ryan drops a couple of quarters into the jukebox as the Righteous Brothers' "Unchained Melody" rises above the chatter and the sizzle of the grill.

The fluorescent-lighted estery steps back in time.

"No matter where you go at night," said Annie Slasor of Farmington Hills, preparing to launch her teeth into a plateful, "you always end up at Greene's."



Hamburger helpers: Brenda Harvey (left) and Alisa Thompson have worked a combined 27 years at Greene's.

