

POINTS OF VIEW

Martha knows what to do when guests come calling

The holidays are knocking at the doors, folks. Almost here. Just around the proverbial corner. Are you ready? Do your decorations need refurbishing? Have you got those recipes down pat? Is your guest room ready for those overnighters? If these questions leave you just a tad frazzled, fear no more. I know just the person to get you through the next few weeks. I'm speaking of the grand dame of culinary excellence, the beacon of light for storm-tossed klutzes, the *duenna* of homemakers everywhere — Martha Stewart!

Martha is here to assist you on her daily show now. Way to go, Martha! I knew she'd make it daily. Her weekly show was quite good, however, even though Martha had a tendency to sneak in an unfamiliar term now and then just to make sure you were still awake.

I first became acquainted with Martha many years ago when she did her now-famous Thanksgiving video.

Martha was still married at the time. Shortly after that show, her husband of 20-some years left her — just before the mega-millions started rolling in. *Touche, Martha!* That's French for "Living well is the best revenge."

But I digress. This particular video showed Martha making preparations for an old-fashioned family Thanksgiving. She did this by cooking three, possibly four, turkeys. It's been some time and I can't remember the exact number. Actually, after one, my eyes glazed over and my mind went blank. One of Martha's turkeys was roasted the conventional way, one was baked in pastry, *a la Wellington* (that's French for British!), and I forgot the way the others were cooked.

Once the turkeys were in the ovens(!), Martha went outdoors, a large wicker basket over one arm, to gather pumpkins, baby carrots and Brussels sprouts from the vegetable patch in the back of the barn, down by the smokehouse. She baked pies with



MARGHERITA PERAINO

fruit picked from her own orchards, each pie crowned majestically with a more elaborate crust than the last.

Tables were set with her very own exquisite linens, and different sets of china (from pantries the size of Rhode Island) were used for each group. Every table was set with a distinctive centerpiece, and each place setting had its own napkin ring and favors. There were so many guests, tables were set in the dining room, the living room, the kitchen, around the patio,

the barn, the silo and under the haystack!

Before the actual dinner, Martha mingled comfortably with guests who spoke softly and giggled gently, and all the pretty children were dressed perfectly and behaved beautifully.

My husband watched the show with me, mouth agape, and said in wonder, "Wow! Did you see that, honey? Martha hasn't even broken a sweat! Why is it when we used to have 40 people over for dinner every New Year's, you always looked like you had just finished applying the first coat of paint on the Golden Gate Bridge?" Now, dear reader, please follow me. Place one hand under your chin, fingernails facing your collar bone. Now flip your hand swiftly forward. That's Italian for "Your mother's mustache is fuller than yours!"

Martha's new daily show is really quite good, but she must do something about her hairdresser Pierre Scissorhands, Edward's untalented

brother! Pierre hasn't yet grasped the essence of casual chic. Poor Martha always seems to have a chunk of hair poking out somewhere on her head, swimming upstream. Hint to Martha: Dump Pierre. Otherwise, the show is excellent.

She will most likely give you countless ideas to incorporate into your festivities, and they're all "good things." I must warn, however, that Martha still gets the coy/sly/Princess Di temptations, but one does grow accustomed to them. She loves to *fambr*, *puree* and *papier maché* her way through the kitchen and craft rooms, and, on the whole, there are many portions of her show that are quite adaptable to even my mundane life.

This year, though, I will adhere to my limitations. If she so much as alludes to cooking more than one bird per holiday, I say, *Ciao, Boobala* (no translation needed).

Margherita Peraino is a resident of Northville.

The loss of classical music on radio comes down to profits

Tom Lehrer, the former Harvard math prof who turned to satirical songwriting and stage comedy, used to joke about "rock 'n' roll and other children's songs." The line got howls of laughter in Ann Arbor, Detroit and other college towns in the 1950s through '80s.

Rock fans, however, had the last laugh. They have managed to squeeze the classics out of broadcasting at every turn. The reported decision of WQRS-FM to abandon its classical format after 36 years for soft rock is just the latest victory for the children.

Bravo, the cable TV channel, reminded us 10 days ago that NBC, both radio and television, used to carry Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra in the 1940s and '50s.

A fishin' buddy recalled he was exposed to classical music as a preschooler when his mother, while ironing, turned on a morning hour of

classics sponsored by J.L. Hudson Co. That, too, was on WWJ.

One Sunday during an after-dinner siesta, WWJ-AM broadcast a concert so stunning that I sat bolt upright. Leonard Bernstein was conducting, and playing the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1. I was a 19-year-old from Texas. I predicted the kid would be ranked among the greatest by the time he was 30. He died out of sight until 1958 when the Russians rediscovered him — Van Cliburn.

Would today's Van Cliburns get the same chance on commercial radio?

In winters during the 1970s, ice fishing was made more tolerable by the Metropolitan Opera on WJR Saturdays and the Detroit Symphony on WWJ Sundays, picked up on a pocket radio.

It's true: Those stations weren't always for jabberers.

I don't knock rock, any more than I would knock Dick and Jane stories. I



TIM RICHARD

read an enormous amount of Dick and Jane tales in my formative years and gladly succumb to a child's request to read them aloud today.

It's that there's more to literature than children's stories and more to music than children's tunes.

First to quit were the two Detroit AM stations. Then WDET cut back its classical offerings to a negligible level. WUOM-FM in Ann Arbor switched its daytime format to news-talk. It's a

high level of news-talk, but like Rush Limbaugh's show, it's very inefficient — you must listen 20 minutes to get five minutes' worth of information.

With WQRS-FM abandoning its classical format by month's end, we are left with a Canadian station, CBE, to fill the classical niche, though in the western suburbs my vehicle radio picks up WKAR-FM from East Lansing.

The reasoning of business people in all of this is curious. Was WQRS's problem a lack of profitability? No, it made \$2 million in its first year under Greater Media's ownership, the Free Press reported. The problem was \$2 million was "just not that much," said a station source.

"Diversity" may be OK in politics and academia, but not in broadcasting. If 5 percent of southeastern Michiganans like classical music, can't the marketplace allocate 5 per-

cent or even 2 percent of the broadcast frequencies to those citizens? Nope. Rock and talk must rule, absolutely, with an ironclad monopoly, no exceptions.

Radio is a business, as they say, and the name of the game isn't satisfying listeners. The name of the game is delivering listeners to the advertisers.

So if press accounts are true, classical programming in metro Detroit is about to dry up.

Well, there are still LP records, tapes and compact discs. Many libraries loan out these sources. One may only hope that rock fans don't decide to start a ballot initiative to remove all classics from the libraries and replace them with children's music.

Tim Richard reports on the local implications of state and regional events. His Touch-Tone voice mail number is (313) 953-2047, Ext. 1881.

Football bridges generations

Reflections on the Michigan Wolverines' undefeated season:

My father started taking me to Michigan football games in 1946. I was eight years old.

In those days, Michigan ran out of the single wing, with the spinning fullback taking the ball from center and dishing it out. I kept asking, "Daddy, who's got the ball?" Turns out that Michigan's opponents were asking the same question as "Michigan's Mad Magicians" under head coach Fritz Crisler lost only to Army that year.

In 1947, Michigan went 9-2 in the Big Ten behind the running and passing of All-American halfback Bob Chappuis. In my memory, each of those games was played on green grass, in bright sunlight, under a cloudless sky.

I listened to the Rose Bowl on the radio at a friend's house. After Michigan stomped USC 49-0, we dashed out into the frigid street over our mothers' protests, throwing the football and pretending to tackle like Dick Kempthorn. After the game, the sportswriters voted Michigan No. 1 over Notre Dame.

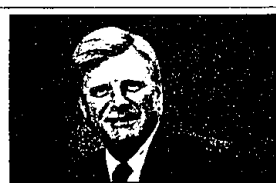
I remember how anxious I felt in 1969, when Woody Hayes brought Ohio State to Ann Arbor ranked No. 1 in the nation and rated as among the best football teams of all time. Michigan had just hired a new coach, somebody with the unpronounceable name of Schembechler.

I believe it was under a grim, gray sky that Michigan broke OSU's 22-game winning streak, 24-12, gaining a share of the Big Ten title. Never have I heard such a savagely satisfying roar as came from that giant crowd when Don Moorhead crashed over the goal line in the second quarter. Winning that game was the defining moment for Bo Schembechler's career. Suddenly, from that moment on, he became bigger than life.

Other than Jack Kennedy, I never experienced a personality as compelling in a small group as Bo's. And he was never more compelling than in 1971. After going undefeated in the Big Ten, Michigan lost in the Rose Bowl to Stanford, 13-12, on a last-second field goal. "It's a hell of a thing to lose the Rose Bowl when we had it won," said Bo.

As the '70s turned into the '80s, I'd always join my father in the Big House to watch Michigan play. We'd grouse about Bo's conservative play selection and delight in his fierce sideline manner, grabbing the earphones and slamming them on the grass after a particularly blatant bad call from the ref.

Even though his eyesight was going a bit by then, my father and I turned to each other in delight when Desmond Howard made that fan-



PHILIP POWER

tastic catch against Notre Dame in 1991.

It was after that game that he told me how he had been arrested by the Ann Arbor police after a game at Ferry Field some time in the 1920s. Seems a traffic jam developed at the intersection of State Street and Stadium. After having a few beers, my father concluded that he was just the person to get out into the middle of the street and direct traffic to sort it out.

My son, Nathan, started joining us at Michigan football games when he was 10. All three of us would marvel as Tyrone Wheatley would turn it on as he cut upfield, speed and power combined. "Look at him go. Look at him GO!" my father would say.

And so last Saturday, as I stood in the jam-packed Michigan Stadium and felt the whole place rumble as the crowd got into the game in the first quarter, I thought of my father and of the games we had seen together. I recalled the memories we had stored up, of famous victories won and defeats suffered.

And I reflected on the intensity of emotion that comes from the tribal bonding of hope and fear in the company of many thousands of others, closely packed together.

Some say that the only worthwhile residue of a life is the memories it spawns.

Maybe that's one reason I keep going back to the Big House year after year to watch Michigan play football, to experience once again some of the big memories and to make some new ones.

And maybe that's why it was such a wonderfully intense emotional experience as the realization that came to me as Ohio State's last pass fell incomplete on the ground: WE'RE GONNA WIN THIS GAME!

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