

Editorial **OPINION**

TEL-TWELVE

MALL

**OUT OF A GREAT PAST
IS BORN A GREAT FUTURE
CONGRATULATIONS
OBSERVER ECCENTRIC
ON YOUR MERGER**

Why this paper is unique

You are holding in your hand something unique. We intend to make this record of excellence only a first step.

• It is the first consolidated product resulting from the merger which formed The Observer & Eccentric Newspapers.

• It is the first newspaper in the history of journalism published under the Observer & Eccentric name.

• It is the first Monday publication ever printed to serve the Detroit suburban market.

Who knows? In time, the newspaper you are holding may become a collector's item, if Observer & Eccentric Newspapers manage to accomplish some of the things we planned.

Just now, however, the merged Observer & Eccentric operations coupled with the new Monday product will bring significant benefits to our readers.

The merged news staff has won more awards for high quality, probing, relevant local news coverage than any suburban news team in America.

The Monday edition gives each reader a second exposure to local news of all types — an exposure which is made all the more valuable by the mushrooming growth of population and, correspondingly, of news events in the suburbs.

The newspaper which you hold now contains fresh and full local sports results. It includes a look at what to expect from your local government this week. It contains valuable specials from local merchants.

And it brings you information — relevant, local information — at the beginning of the week, right when you need it most to plan a good life in the suburbs for you and your family.

This newspaper you hold represents a beginning — a beginning for us, so fresh and exciting it catches our breath in the throat. With it we renew our pledge to excellence, to relevancy, and to a newspaper which serves the public with the truth.

Dan McCosh writes

The gas stations have the power

Running out of gas is nothing new to me.

Once, the family bus stuttered to a stop on a deserted stretch of the road next to a giant gas storage tank.

One cannot put into words just what that felt like, but one became sympathetic towards shipwreck survivors who feel the pangs of thirst in the middle of the ocean.

For years I was a dollar-a-tank man, a habit I broke mainly when I got a credit card. The dollar-a-tank man is one who hands the guy at the pump a \$10 bill for a dollar's worth of gasoline, having budgeted the change for the rest of the week. The pump jockeys don't understand.

The main result of this kind of living is to develop a constant feeling of anxiety about the state of the gas tank.

The gauge is mentally recalculated, with "full" at \$1 worth above "empty," and long-range experiments de-

termining just how low the needle can be allowed to go before the car stops completely.

As I said, this ended with the use of a credit card, at least until the gasoline crisis began.

Now it seems everyone is plagued by the same kind of adolescent anxiety about the state of their tanks.

Waiting in one of the lengthy lines on 12 Mile Rd., feeling almost like I was about to receive charity instead of being gouged 53 cents per, I couldn't help but be impressed by the large number of gas cans waiting in line along with the cars.

Big red ones, and little Square ones, they were visible signs of the individualistic approach to the crisis.

At least nobody had a goat skin bag.

Despite the lines for gas, a kind of casual unhurriedness set the pace. They guy who owned the place was obviously pacing himself. The drivers had been through it before.

They had all become big radio listeners, and a lot of them got into casual conversation while waiting for the spare cans to get filled.

This was in marked contrast to my most horrifying experience with the gas crisis so far.

A harried attendant, running between lines of cars, while his boss waited inside the station, left the hose running on my gas tank.

By the time it was discovered, 10 gallons of the precious fluid had been dumped on the ground, leaving me sitting in a giant puddle of gasoline.

By itself, it was an accident, but then the guy presented me with a bill including the spillage. After a yelling argument, he finally deducted the gas on the ground.

Then he pulled his hole card. He told me to never come back again. I thought he was kidding. Now I'm worried.

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