

Editorial **OPINION**

Have a happy 150th

We're off!
Break out the calico, start growing a beard, wear one of those crazy-looking bow ties.

After 150 years, it's time to cut loose.
The Farmington sesquicentennial got its start last Friday and the whole community is going to get involved.

John Anhut, who so ably chaired the 150th committee, announced a long list of happenings at the kickoff breakfast on Friday.

SOME HIGHLIGHTS are a radio



Are cops afraid to talk?

Cops are a tight-knit fraternity. You get yelled at, shot at, sworn at, and when you get to court some lawyer calls you a liar. Who understands but another cop?

Cops get divorced when their wives start to feel "that lousy job" means more than home and hearth.

There are cop bars and cop restaurants, and when cops get together after work they get with other cops and talk about being a cop.

Loyalty is the name of the game. Some day your partner is going to have to back you up all the way, so today you back him up.

BUT WHAT happens when your partner is a crook?

When does loyalty become perverted? An Algiers Motel murder takes place, and dumb loyalty makes accomplices out of loyal partners.

For some reason I have never been able to grasp, police feel the reputation of the department, and the whole profession, is tarnished when a fellow cop is caught committing a crime.

I figure cops are human beings, and when you get a bunch of them together some of them are bound to yield to the usual temptations that plague mankind.

Catching a crooked cop doesn't bother me. It gives me a good feeling someone is policing the police and helps kill the notion the uniform is carte blanche protection from investigation.

What does shake my faith in the profession is when a crooked cop is caught and it is obvious a lot of other cops knew what he was doing all along, and did nothing.

What also shakes me is the idea

that a cop turning in another cop breaks the so-called "blue code," of that tight-knit fraternity and becomes, in the eyes of the force, the worst kind of turncoat.

IT WAS NOT so long ago a member of the old Farmington Township police department was actively persecuted by the department for the "crime" of testifying in a police brutality case.

The aftermath of that incident probably led indirectly to a strong public desire for more professionalism, both in the department and in city hall.

A lot of improvements have been made since those days, in both the department and the city. But real confidence in public administration ought to be earned, not taken for granted.

THE RECENT alleged embezzlement of a reported \$1,500 from the police department funds is one of the first real tests of the new city government and the new police administration.

The theft only amounts to about \$5 a day, but it is encouraging to note it has not been taken lightly.

A financial investigation was launched, criminal warrants sought, and the procedures for handling the money changed so it shouldn't happen again.

All these moves should convince the residents of the community the public interest is being looked after.

But there is still the matter of the suspension of Lt. William Kelly, the officer who originally discovered the alleged embezzlement.

Kelly was suspended for "violation of department rules" according to Public Safety Director Ronald Holko.

show, the Founders Day celebration, Michigan Week and a long list of school activities.

Parades, pageants and fun.

Some people are trying to move a historic school: the Jaycees will take a lighthearted look at history and the "brothers of the brush" will compete for hairy honors.

IT ONLY comes once in 150 years, so buy a coin, see the shows, and let everyone know Farmington has "pride in its past and faith in its future."

At this point, one would like to flail away at a department which punishes a man for reporting a felony.

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE are unanswered questions.

Available evidence points to the conclusion a city hall investigation was well underway when Kelly took action to make a formal criminal report.

What made the lieutenant think there was an attempted cover-up, as Kelly's attorney says?

The report Kelly attempted to file was to be lodged in the same department, the records department, where the shortage occurred, something like posting a notice on the bulletin board that the department was being investigated.

But was this the reason the director didn't want the report filed, or was it because the public — mainly the press — might then discover the embezzlement?

Was Lt. Kelly making a heroic gesture in taking the case to the public, or was he merely bumbling the investigation?

To put it another way, if Kelly had kept quiet, would he have earned a citation from the department for his work in uncovering the embezzlement?

ONE SUSPECTS Kelly is neither a hero nor a bumbler, but some combination of both.

Taken as a whole, the incident was handled professionally, promptly, and in the public interest.

But there is still a bad taste left when efforts to keep the department clean, however mishandled, merit a suspension rather than congratulations.

Carl Stoddard writes

What happened to protests?

Whatever happened to all the angry young people?

On April Fool's Day a group of college students plan on "streaking" around the White House. This gesture is intended to convince President Nixon to give the nation the "naked truth" about Watergate.

It'll probably be a lot of fun for the voyeurs and the exhibitionists — unless it rains.

But I remember a different kind of protest. I started college a scant six years ago and I remember seeing the growing use of marijuana, the longer hair and the switch from Ivy League clothes to levis.

I REMEMBER people passing out leaflets about ending the war. I remember when students took over the administration building at my college. I remember when the state police

marched onto campus. I remember the "pepper gas" that lingered in the park.

And I remember the angry young people protesting Vietnam, the killing, the bombings, the minings. I remember the pickets, the strikes, the blockades and the boycotts. I remember scared cops with nightsticks and television newscasters who didn't know what it was all about, but thought it made for great filming.

I remember friends being jailed, beaten, kicked and gassed. I remember people interested in the world and angry, mad, indignant with the injustices. Where did they go?

What happened?
People still die in Vietnam. Hungry, illiterate, unemployed people still exist. The air, water and politics are still dirty.

And now we find the United States

arming both sides in the Middle East, inflation, eroding paychecks, gas prices doubling and endless lines everywhere.

RALPH NADER (perhaps the only truly angry young man left) suggested that gas station lines would provide an excellent seedling ground for social ferment and reform. No such luck. Drivers merely fight among themselves for a place in line.

The only activists left are the crazies, the maniacs who hijack planes and kidnap innocent people.

It's too bad. We need angry young people to help remind us that we — not the gas companies, not our elected public servants — have the right to control this country.

We need the angry young mind. But look what we get. Flabby naked bodies prancing around the White House.

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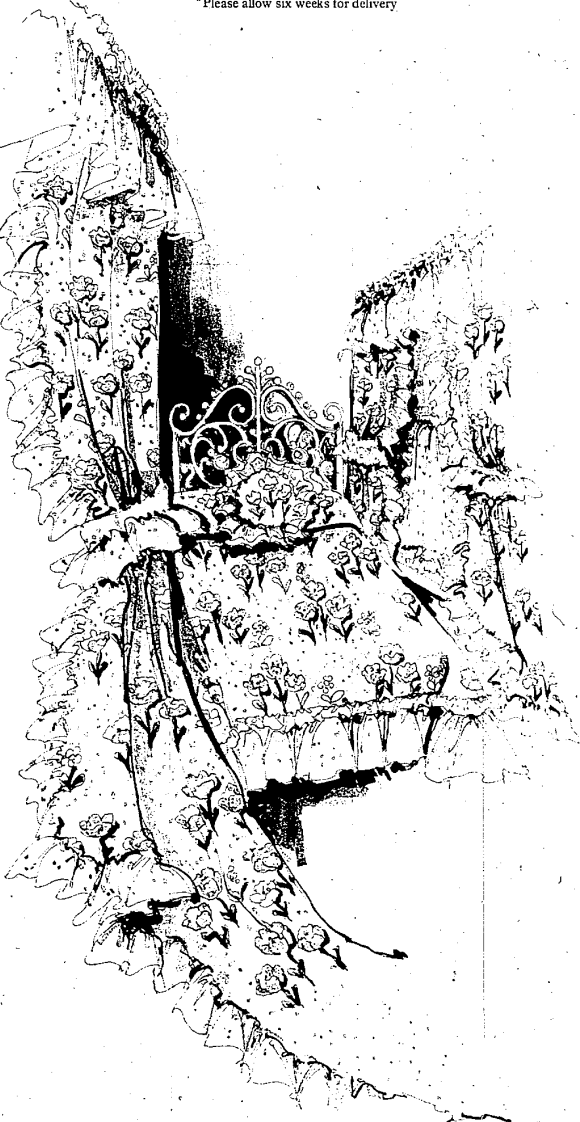
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