

# editorial opinion

## School election day

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If you haven't voted yet, stop now. Run, don't walk to your local precinct. The polls will be open until 8 p.m.

Monday (June 10) is the day set aside every year by the state legislature for school elections. It is the time when school finances (through millage proposals) and policy-makers (school board members) are decided.

Preparing youth for future life is perhaps society's most important task. That's what local schools are all about.

Traditionally, suburban voters have given strong support to their schools. They realize that quality of local education is an important ingredient in the vitality of a community.

**SOUTHFIELD VOTERS** will be electing two trustees to the seven-member school board.

In addition, they will determine the fate of a three mill tax renewal. If approved, it will maintain the current level for school taxation (30.78).

The debate over an alleged drug scandal at Southfield-Lathrup should not be a factor in the election.

To date, none of the charges made by a group of parents have been proven. The school board has appointed a committee which is now studying the case.

School officials are worried that voter apathy may jeopardize the election. If a "let George do it" attitude prevails from those favoring the millage, then it may fail.

Those who are against the millage usually don't forget to vote.

**THE SEVEN** candidates running for the school board all support the millage.

Nevertheless, each person has different views and backgrounds. Their positions should be carefully studied by the voter.

In conclusion, this is not an election to sit out. Cast your ballot any way you decide. But it's important that you vote.

Dan McCosh writes

## In the smoke-filled rooms

For a non-political year, the spring air is laden heavy with the smoke from back rooms.

A series of coincidences, retirements and the spillover from the national scandals has politicians jumping from one office to another, in a kind of musical chairs where a couple of people are likely to get left out.

June 18 is the date when the hats have to land in the ring. Now it's all rumors, some substantial, others elusive.

A couple of the more persistent: \*Mrs. Margaret Schaeffer, councilman from Farmington Hills, maybe even Earl Oppenheimer or Frederick Lichtman are interested in a possible second district court seat.

\*Pat Nowak, Oakland County commissioner, may be a possible candidate for Lieutenant governor.

\*Auggie Barbrick may be a candidate for 27th county commissioner, against Bob Smith and John McDonald, already announced.

\*John Campbell may be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the 6th state representative seat.

**THESE RUMORS**, based on nothing much more than political hearsay, still help to sketch in some blank areas on the ballot.

This off-year may see more activity in those overlapping districts at the local, county, state and national level than Farmington will see in years to come.

The biggest reason is the open seat left by the announced retirement of Raymond Baker.

Rep. Baker was looking vulnerable to some Democrats and even some Republicans when he announced his retirement.

The Watergate issue even drifts down to the county level, with local politicians expressing amazement at the questions they get, even in Pontiac from a suddenly politics-conscious public.

Baker's seat was attractive to many local Republicans, and Wilbur Brotherton, Roger Walker and William Ortmann acted on their ambition.

Walker pulled out for personal reasons, leaving it basically a two-man race. Still, the resignation of Baker was enough to end much chance of a Democratic runoff for that side of the ballot.

**THE BIGGEST BLANK** spot is still a Republican for the U.S. Congress. "Too expensive" is the usual explanation, but one feels Watergate turns off more potentials than the bill.

One can expect a lot of shuffling for county seats, with Brotherton leaving one vacant.

Low Coy backed into an announcement of a re-election try, apparently feeling it was necessary to deny rumors he wouldn't run again for his seat on the northwest side.

Campaign workers for Brotherton have found a recurrent rumor that their man has withdrawn, the kind of thing which makes them look sillier denying it than ignoring it.

Presuming the new seat for a district judge opens up, one can expect a lot of people trying to push through the revolving door at once.

Now a high-paying, secure, although still elective job, the post is looked on as both a pretty good deal for an attorney and a chance at a higher judgeship, such as circuit court.

It shouldn't be noted a lot of the names running and rumored are currently seated on the Farmington Hills council.

Which leads one to speculate a lot of the most vocal council-watchers, a growing clique at the meetings, are expecting at least one, possibly two, seats undefended by an incumbent to open up at the next council election.

Carl Stoddard writes

## The 'greatest' father

He could never run very fast and when he threw a football it always wobbled. But when I was young I didn't notice. After all, he was my father and could do no wrong.

I remember feeling sorry for the other kids in my neighborhood. It seemed to me, they were stuck with fathers who were just ordinary people. I alone was fortunate enough to have a Wonder-Dad.

In school we learned about Abe Lincoln and George Washington, but I didn't think they were that great. I remember thinking "So what. My dad can chop wood, too. Besides, he always told me it was wrong to stand up in a boat."

During the summer between the fifth and sixth grades, my father, a friend, his father and I went camping. We put the tent up by a babbling brook and then started gathering firewood.

I was walking through the woods,

carrying my pocketknife with the blade out, when my friend's father spotted me. He bawled me out for being so stupid. I could have tripped and killed myself, he said.

I looked over at my Dad as he camp through the woods behind me. His knife was open. I had had been copying his actions. He nodded at me and closed his knife.

That was the first time I remember thinking my father might have done something wrong. But rather than accept that, I got into a fight with my friend and after the camping trip we didn't talk to each other.

**MY FATHER WASN'T** the religious type, but I never saw him smoke nor heard him swear. The only time he drank was around New Year's Eve, when he'd buy a pint of whiskey. Usually, the bottle would show up the next day in the refrigerator, next to the catsup. The bottle was almost always half full. It would stay there

until summer when my mother would throw it out.

But one spring, when I was 12, my father went to a bachelor's party and didn't come home until late. The next morning I found a pancakey thing on the side of the driveway. I knew he had thrown-up after drinking too much.

Anyway, I thought a lot about that. After a while I guess my ideas sort of changed. I realized that my father, like anybody else, was only human. That hurt.

I had gone through life thinking my Dad could beat up your Dad or anyone else's. Then, one day, I realized he couldn't.

I spent part of my teens disillusioned. But after a while I realized something. It was nothing profound.

One day I figured out that it didn't really matter if he was the greatest father in the world.

He was the greatest father I had. That was enough.

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**FATHERS DAY**  
**JUNE 16TH**

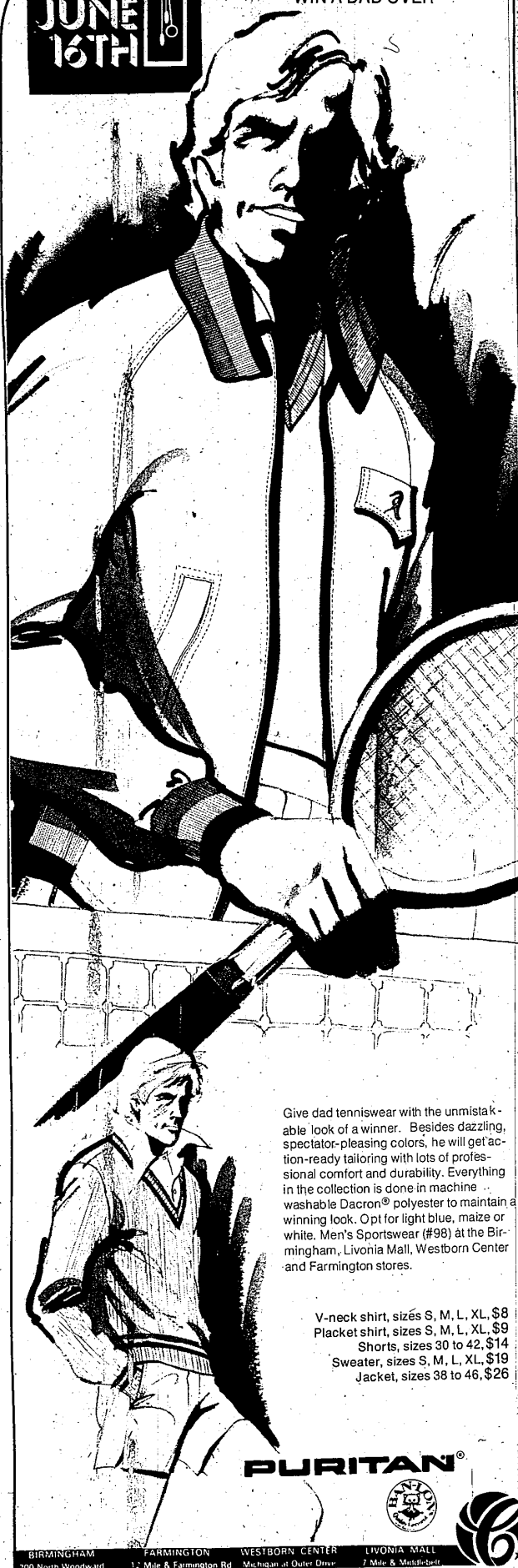
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