

editorial opinion

O.U. celebrates 'Sweet 15'

In planning the week ahead residents of Oakland County may wish to set aside time Sunday, Sept. 29 to help celebrate the 15th anniversary of Oakland University.

Festivities start at 11 a.m. and continue to 7 p.m. The center of attraction, for those with a gigantic sweet tooth, will be what is billed as the world's largest birthday cake.

"Celebrations are a time to be with friends and we want all our friends here in southeastern Michigan to join with us on this special day," says Donald D. O'Dowd, O. U. president.

BAGPIPES, POLITICIANS, folk dan-

cers and singers, artworks, lectures and an entire campus full of other attractions appear to make Oakland University's 15th birthday the event of the year in the community.

With today's Observer & Eccentric is a special program explaining the huge scope of the celebration. Truly, there is more than one thing of interest to all families and all persons with most any interest.

We can highly recommend Sunday, Sept. 29 at Oakland University campus, between Adams and Squirrel roads and Avon Road and Walton Boulevard (University Drive Exit off I-75).

Dan McCosh's Column



City father protection

A strange group of people hang around in front of the stores in downtown Detroit, dressed in brightly colored costumes and ringing bells.

Bearded, wearing boots and chanting, they ask for alms from passing shoppers.

Most people are tolerant of their ways. Maybe because Santa Claus hasn't been known to give anybody trouble in a long time.

But there is another group also prone to strange dress, chants and bell ringing which hangs around downtown even after the Thanksgiving Day parade is over.

THE FOLLOWERS of Hare Krishna form an obscure cult headquartered on E. Jefferson in Detroit.

Without even a recording contract, they dress outlandishly by contemporary standards and play stringed instruments.

The Krishna sect is about 5,000 years old, and is about as far out in New Delhi as the Rotary Club is in Farmington. Indian religions have attracted a large following in this country. One might be suspicious of any religious organization with "Inc." after its name, but they appear to be a fastidious lot.

They copyright their magazine, and have registered and incorporated as a non-profit group. Their founder is His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, according to their literature.

Last week, they applied for a permit to distribute literature and solicit money in Farmington.

It may as well have been a request from the State Highway Dept. to begin construction of an expressway down Grand River. What is one to make out of a group which lays a

pamphlet on you explaining how Krishna could marry 16,000 wives? Unblinking, the council heard Capt. Dan Byrnes, acting head of the local police, relay the suspicions of the Detroit Police that the Krishna people used hypnosis to keep young people in the sect. Despite a city manager's report indicating there was apparently no reason why the permit should not be granted, the council found one.

The time span was longer than anyone had ever seen before, so the request was quickly voted down. All this perhaps saved some shoppers harassment. It certainly protected the community from anything different.

After the vote, the council quickly passed a couple of routine requests: the Girl Scout cookie sale, band tag day and another from the Jaycees to solicit funds to feed the reindeer in the Detroit Zoo.

Jackie Klein writes

Agonizing over TV choices

Once I took a job evaluation test and when I was asked to rate myself on decision-making I couldn't decide on an answer.

When I go to a restaurant, I can never decide if I should park across the street and risk getting hit by a car or get valet parking and figure out how much to tip the attendant for frisking my right fender.

There's an old adage, "When in doubt, don't." If I applied that theory, they'd have to put me away in a hole to do nothing because I am always in doubt.

I tried tossing a coin, but couldn't decide between a penny, nickel, dime or a quarter. Even when I have only one choice, I can't choose.

Ah yes, I've agonized over many a decision in my life, but now I've reached the crisis stage. Just when I was beginning to enjoy the reruns of "Sesame Street" on television, they went and switched "Maude" to Monday nights.

I spent most of Monday soul searching. By 9 p.m. I was trembling. Did I want to watch Maude entertain John Wayne or did I want to see that gorgeous hunk of man, Clint Eastwood, play a hunter-guide hired to track a group of Mexican revolutionaries in "Joe Kidd"?

AS IF THAT wasn't traumatic enough, at 9:30 p.m. Rhoda, formerly of the Mary Tyler Moore show, made her debut in her own program. I never did find out if those Mexican revolutionaries ever recovered the rightful title to their lands.

At 10 p.m., a young surgeon discov-

ered his wife was the star of stag movies on "Medical Center." At the same time, common emotional upsets were examined on another channel in the "Naked Mind." I sure could have used that.

To make matters worse, a fashion designer was poisoned on the eve of her spring showing in "Perry Mason."

At 11 p.m. all I wanted to do was relax and watch the news of the day. But how do you choose among "The best is getting better," "We got who you wanted," or Robert Vito telling about his bout with cancer on channel four news?

At 11:30 p.m. my husband makes the decisions. He insists on watching Johnny Carson even if the guest host is that stupid blonde Carol Wayne.

I have learned to maintain complete silence during the Carson monologue. About 10 minutes later, my husband is snoring with deafening regularity and I tiptoe to the bedroom TV to switch to a scary movie.

Like a dash of cold water, this immediately awakens my Johnny Carson addict who insists he hasn't closed his eyes and wants his program back.

Now I am forced to make more decisions. Shall I go downstairs and watch "The Victim," an eerie flick about a woman trapped in her sister's house with a murderer during a violent storm?

Or should I watch David Susskind at midnight and see part two of "Adultery Two Housewives Who Cheat."

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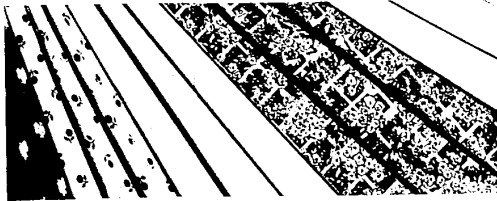
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