

editorial opinion



Hors d'oeuvres by Lynn Orr It's 'nothing to do' time

This has been a hard week for me. It always is when the kids get out of school. The younger ones, especially, have that long, lazy stretch of summer at their fingertips—biking around the block, hours of reading in a tree house, getting together a slumpy lemonade stand, scrambling for enough players for a backlot ball game, or simply moping around.

MOPING AROUND is a wonderful kid's occupation. "I don't have nothing to do," they often say. I feel twinges of envy—every time I hear that phrase. One of the problems of being an adult is never being able to say (with grammar in mind) "I don't have anything to do." We might not have anything we want to do, but we always have something to do.

Protestant ethic aside, most Americans have difficulty relating, particularly to the point of literally having nothing to do. Nagging guilt—I should water the plants or throw in a load of clothes or change the oil in the car—is a pervasive symptom of age. And while we can accept children moping around, even though we carp

about it, we really have a problem with people over 20 who aren't "doing anything." I think a large dose of envy was one of the reasons the middle class had such deep-felt misgivings about hippie lifestyles in the 1960s. There's something intriguing about doing nothing. As long as everyone else is stuck with guilt, why should some adults participate the young ones, be able to toss it out with Victorian morals?

GIVE ME a tabula rasa anytime, and I'll try to go with it. I'd love to have nothing to do, which has nothing to do with boredom. Boredom can creep in anywhere, even when you have so much to do you can't cope with all the possibilities. Perhaps boredom is especially devastating when you're faced with many options, particularly troublesome ones. It's easier to do nothing, which again doesn't have anything to do with what I'm writing about. Confused?

You have a right to be. Adults simply find it difficult to comprehend what having nothing to do is all about—because we're simply not

there anymore. And I'm afraid we can't go back. I fail to see retirement offering that kind of blissful self-occupation. After too many years of exposure to a nagging conscience, you get into the habit.

MY GRANDMOTHER, for instance, always had something to do. Even sitting, she had a crochet needle in hand. And you had better not be bored when she was around—you soon found yourself washing windowsills or cleaning the oven. It wasn't that she couldn't relax, she was simply used to having a never-ending list of things to do.

I like my job. I like being an adult, and I like being occupied. But a wifely pang hit some chord in me about this time every year. I think I could be quite comfortable with a golden sunnier ahead of me, but I'm not sure. I'd probably just remember a lot of things I should do—like have the carpets cleaned or clean out the closets.

Getting older does that to you. Yet, kids, it really does. It's got something to do with loss of innocence and all that stuff. It's just the way it is.

Tinkering Around Council makes artful cuts

For those of you who haven't had occasion to visit the Farmington Hills City Council chambers, lately, that strange nip in the air you might notice isn't Jack Frost. It's campaign time again, and the candidates are revving up their tongues like so many finely honed motors at the starting lines of the Grand Prix.

Of course, the incumbents want you to notice that they've been looking out for the voters' welfare. And if you haven't noticed, now's the time for them to remind you.

And they've been doing such a nice job of making sure they don't spend too much of the taxpayers' money. One of their money saving coups is that the council's death sentence to shave \$1,000 from their \$8 million budget by shrinking their allocation to the Farmington Area Arts Commission.

You remember the arts commission, don't you? That useless group that brought school children the picture lady program and senior citizens art lessons?

Not only has the city council learned to budget, it's now passing on that valuable lesson to other tax-

ported groups. It's to be expected—converts usually proselytize.

THAT BUDGET CUT will have the added virtue of forcing the arts commission to economize around an expected loss of more than \$4,000. That's how much the group was expecting through state art council proportional grants. Instead of turning to their other supporters for more money, they'll have to tighten the belt like the rest of us.

Who needs art anyway? Once a child is out of school, art lessons are forgotten along with algebra and the second stanza of the Star Spangled Banner.

Only children are interested in making paper lace valentines in art class. Once they get into high school, the college, the only good thing about art appreciation is that it can prove to be a valuable asset in late life. There's nothing like remembering a little known fact about the artist Monet to impress the boss's culture-culture wife.

As for museums, well, any fool will tell you they're never will very rich to perpetuate their own name and fortunes. Only the rich have the

time to claim they can appreciate a good painting or drama.

And to show you how clever our city council is in realizing all these things, they've also managed to jump at the chance of sticking a couple pins into their favorite Marlowe Belanger voodoo doll. Well, not every member of the council. Joanne Smith had the audacity to stick up for the arts commissioner.

BUT ENOUGH OF THE incumbents who will be embroiled in the upcoming campaign to lose the opportunity to mix a little personal satisfaction with public service. Who can blame them?

The one I'm really surprised at is Robert Amori, who's coming dangerously close to emerging as a patron of the arts. Heavens to Boteicelli. He voted to cut the money out of the commission's budget, but then he assured Mrs. Belanger that he'd look further into the matter. It's his policy to vote against matters that he feels he doesn't know enough about. That's the sign of a good politician. He knows that it looks bad when he abstains from voting.

Well, that's campaign time.

The Stroller Graduations recalled

By W. W. EDGAR

Over the years The Stroller has been in attendance at many college and university commencement ceremonies. He has seen many relatives, friends and folks from many walks of life step across the stage to receive their diplomas.

And through the years he sat and listened to all types of orators. He has set spellbound with some of the orators who delivered their messages with considerable gusto. And he has been bored to death by others.

Out of this army of orators only one left a lasting impression as they spoke of the great challenges that confronted the graduates as they entered "a new phase of their lives."

The lone exception, until the other night, was Boney Reiter, one of the "great orators whose efforts usually were saved for the pep rallies on the night before the football games at Lehigh University back in the foothills of old south mountain in Pennsylvania.

Boney was a "character." He served in the capacity of athletic director and no official ever was more respected than him.

He had graduated from Princeton and early in his life had won several bicycle races. He would never speak of them, but he had the odd habit of wearing his pants guards at all times during the day.

The pants guards were his trade mark. He even wore them to church on a Sunday morning. But when he took his place at the podium he was given Wilam Jennings Bryan a run for his money—and Bryan, with his "Croses of

Gold" speech, was rated one of the best.

The Stroller has some fond memories of Boney and he never will forget the sight of him talking to the Lehigh graduating class when he was drafted to make the commencement address. The students had asked him to forego his athletic background for a time and give them their send-off into the business world.

With a broad smile he began very slowly with the usual pleasantries and the time-worn phrases used by most commencement day orators.

Then he left the podium and started to pace the stage from one side to the other, pants guards tightly gripping his trousers. He was a sight to behold.

Finally, he started to talk in a fatherly vein and wound up by reciting his favorite poem "Only the Game Fish Swim Upstream."

Everyone sat spellbound. He put more advice and memorable comment into his words than all those before him. He dramatized the words by explaining that one should never flinch at misfortune or queer twists of fate, but to face the problems with all the courage at their command because "only the game fish swim upstream."

It was an unforgettable moment. Until the other evening this was the top bit of oratory The Stroller had heard. Then he sat in on the commencement exercises at Madonna College, attending mostly to see Congressman Carl Pursell receive an honorary degree.

As part of the price, he thought, he would have to listen to another boring address. Such was not the case and Dr. John Porter, head of the Michigan Department of Education delivered a message that long will be remembered.

He didn't pace the floor or shake his fists, but he left the graduates with something serious to think about.

"You are facing the greatest challenge any graduating class ever faced," he said. "You are entering into a strange world. It is a far different America than we have known in all our history."

He pointed out that America once was the land of plenty with all sorts of natural resources. But times have changed. Now, he told them the energy crisis would change gas or oil their entire life style.

Imagine, he said, a world without electricity. We would have no telephones or TV sets or radios and in many cases no heat. With the supply of gasoline exhausted we would have no automobiles or heavy farm implements to till the soil.

"We've never faced anything like this," he told the graduates, "so you won't be able to carry on the life style we have known. It will be up to you graduates to gorge out a life in stranger conditions, within the next few years, than any one of us has had to do."

It was a serious message, well delivered, and in all the commencement day orators to whom he has listened, Dr. Porter, just like Boney Reiter, years ago, gave the new grads something to think about. The Stroller will long remember it.

Community Center needs \$ to keep the doors open

"Let something good be said." Those are the words inscribed above the century-old fireplace at the Farmington Community Center. As many area residents are aware, there's a lot of good things to be said about the community center.

Since 1969 it has provided numerous residents with a heck of a good time and taught many others how to enjoy themselves by learning a new craft or hobby.

But sometimes an institution like the community center becomes so imbedded that many folks forget that it needs their help to keep the door open. It's a natural temptation, really, to think that it will always be there.

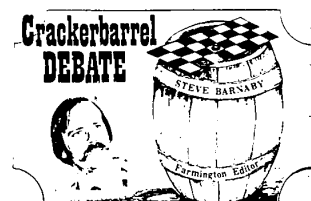
But without community aid, services offered by the center could be cut back or even halted.

This year the center had hoped to raise \$42,000. But, only about one-third of that sum has been amassed in the center's coffers, according to its executive director Alberta Taylor.

PERSONALLY, I THINK it would be a shame residents didn't come through and fork over the cash. For those of you who have participated in the center's activities, you know how valuable a community resource it has been. For those of you who haven't taken a class there or at least taken a cook's tour of the 20 room mansion, you should give yourself a treat and see what you're missing.

Ethnic festivals, antique shows, art and craft shows are just a few of the annual events which regale the community center grounds and add to what makes the Farmington area a nice place to live.

Since first opening its doors in 1969, the center has increased its classload from 109 to 303 class offerings. Enrollment has increased from 1,117 to more than 4,000 participants. It would take more



space than is available to describe the numerous activities offered by the center.

But just to give you a taste, everything from guided tours of the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Holland Tulip Festival to classes in tennis, interior design, personality development and needle-point are offered.

The best feature of the community center is that it's just what its name implies—a centrally located place where persons of the community can gather.

A PLACE LIKE this is a valuable commodity in today's suburban society where residents are parochialized into subdivisions without sidewalks, packed away in automobiles and focused for communication on the television set.

Just the opportunity of meeting your neighbors across town is reason enough to see to it that the community center thrives and survives.

So do yourself and your community a favor. Write out a check for a contribution for the Farmington Community Center.

Citizens can Win Take a look at dairy labels

At the dairy counter you pick up a cheese that carries the words "natural flavors." But does that mean it contains natural flavors?

This week, in the final column of our series on food labeling, we will look at dairy products. As is the case with most foods, learning to read the labels on cheese and cottage cheese will help you assure a nutritious diet for yourself and your family.

QUESTION: Most cheeses in the supermarket carry the description "natural cheese" or "pasteurized process cheese" or "pasteurized process cheese spread." What's the difference between these different kinds of cheese?

ANSWER: A "natural cheese" is made directly from natural milk products. Salt is added to nearly all cheese, but natural cheeses usually are not diluted with different additives and fillers. Unfortunately, some American natural cheeses may contain some artificial coloring or preservatives.

European natural cheeses almost never do.

"Pasteurized process cheese" is made by blending one or more natural cheeses with water, emulsifiers, coloring and flavoring ingredients to produce a smooth mass of cheese. Common varieties of this type of cheese, often called "plastic cheese," are American cheese, pasteurized or process Swiss and various brick cheeses.

It may be convenient to have individually wrapped cheese slices in the house. But nutritionally, a natural cheddar or colby would make a better choice than American cheese. For as the ingredient label on American cheese reads, "contains American cheese, water, cream, skim milk, whey, sodium citrate, sodium phosphate, salt, citric acid and artificially colored sorbic acid added as a preservative."

Sounds like it came from a chemical factory rather than a cow.

"Pasteurized process cheese

spread" takes processing a step further by adding even more water and chemical stabilizers to create a product that is "spreadable." Cheese Whiz and Velveeta are examples.

QUESTION: Is there any real difference between the various brands of cottage cheese?

ANSWER: There definitely are differences. Some cottage cheeses are made from totally natural ingredients, while others contain chemical thickeners and other additives.

Again, check the list of ingredients. Not just a couple of advertising phrases on the package.

For example, Sealtest proudly proclaims that its cottage cheese is "naturally flavored." However, as a careful reading of the label reveals, this does not mean that its ingredients are all natural.

Michigan Brand cottage cheese, on the other hand, contains no artificial ingredients. Neither do Breakstone or Friendship brands of cottage cheese.

Aging council hears seniors

(Continued from page 1A) needs, is gaining more attention because the number of seniors is increasing, answered Keeler.

In addition, seniors are concerned about the rising costs of living. Several voiced support of the Oakland-Livingstone discount program for seniors, in which Farmington area mer-

chants participated. Gas stations should be encouraged to give out discounts to seniors, said Mrs. Patterson.

Utility costs have caught the attention of state legislators, according to Brotherton.

"They are considering the (energy) stamp program, but there is a lot of

resistance to stamps. There are administrative costs, too," he said, referring to a proposed subsidy program based along the lines of the federal food stamp program.

A "LIFELINE" program, which would give a special low rate to energy users living on fixed incomes is also being considered.

Dialing brings handy hints

In response to an increasing demand for quick and timely information on gardening, laws, trees and shrubs, Michigan State University's Cooperative Extension Service has begun operation of a new taped phone message service.

"Handy Hints on Call" will operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week with new tapes every Monday,

Wednesday and Friday. For the first time, information will be available on weekends, after 5 p.m.

The message for June 22 is on poison ivy. On June 24, the message will concern stinging insects; on June 27, aphids; on June 29, moles.

Gregory Patchan, horticultural agent for the service, said, "There will be occasional topics on food and

mini-farming. We decided to include these because of the whopping response of country residents to these topics."

Trained consultants will be on hand Monday through Friday, from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. for Gardening Hotline.

The number to dial for "Handy Hints on Call" is 888-2519.

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