

Monday's Commentary

Mary Gniewek writes

We'd better start watching our fuel appetite

The continuing political saga in Iran seems to add a new and more violent chapter each day. And when there's trouble in Tehran, Americans can be sure they are going to feel repercussions — particularly in their fuel tanks.

Last week, an Iranian official told a U.S. Department of Energy source that his country will resume oil exports with the U.S. some time this year — but at lower volume than the 500,000 barrels shipped here daily before the revolution.

THOUGH NO ONE seems able to predict just how severe the shortage of imported oil will be, a standby gas rationing system is already in the planning stages. And rumor has it that gas stations may be closed on weekends, Fridays through Sundays, in the near future.

Iran's troubles are really just the tip of the iceberg because gas prices have been rising steadily for years. And it's predicted that gas will cost \$1 a gallon before 1979 ends. Unleashed

fuel already sells for 86.9 cents a gallon at some local stations.

It would be nice if everyone began to conserve fuel, taking voluntary measures. Cars are a necessary evil, but what about the wasted uses? Last Sunday, I saw a large car pulling a trailer with three snowmobiles along the Ford Freeway.

OBVIOUSLY, AN urban dweller driving out to a semi-rural area to joyride on his gas-guzzling machines,

I thought. With the severe energy crunch, the government should propose a moratorium on snowmobiles.

People who like to be outdoors in winter can choose from enough alternatives (like ice skating, tobogganing, ice fishing, cross-country skiing) without wasting precious fuel.

Looking ahead to spring and summer, the gas shortage may have some positive effects. Hopefully, it will put us back on our feet and bicycles as

modes of transportation. Think about all those close to home places people drive to — a store two blocks away, a mailbox around the corner, a friend's house. Maybe as the price of gas goes up and people rediscover the art of walking, heart attacks and obesity will come down.

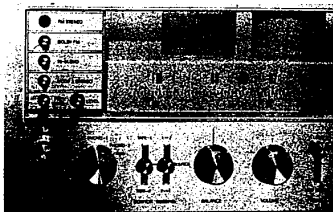
AS A BICYCLE owner, I'd like to see business places like banks, stores and libraries, install bike racks this spring. And how about bicycle routes along the sides of major streets? It's

difficult to be mobile in this city on a bike since the transportation setup favors cars.

Buses are another alternative to driving. But public transit will have to improve if people are going to rely on it.

If the fuel belt tightening gets to be too much, there's always Mackinac Island (which doesn't allow cars) and Texas (which has the lowest fuel prices in the country since its located near several major refineries). Happy traveling.

He's just asking for treble



The sound of music carries a large price tag for those with particular ears. (Staff photo)

Life was so much simpler when it was mainly monophonic.

Stereo was something hi-fi freaks who wore horn-rimmed glasses assembled in the basement out of a Heathkit set. When the stereo was together the audiophile would put on a sound effects record and listen to a ping-pong ball bounce from speaker to speaker or hear a train travel across the room.

The rest of us were content to play records on a record player. The term "record player" has gone to the word junkyard, preceded by Victrola and icebox.

Stereo "systems" are the latest necessity.

And, like most systems, I'm the last one in.

IT'S JUST THAT I got tired of seeing thin strands of shredded vinyl trailing from the tone arm as the needle burrowed its way into my records.

And I got a retroactive pay check that's burning a hole in my pocket — so conspicuous consumption here I come.

If you're like me and you've got a stereo when the speakers swing out on hinges and the turntable is one step above the Donald Duck model, you're in for a surprise when you go to a sound room at a hi-fi store or appliance center.

I had to laugh when the slick salesman asked me if I was interested in updating my system. He didn't seem to understand that I didn't own a system and therefore I needed a complete overhaul, not an update.

Then he started tossing around terms like "watts," "ohms," and "wow" and "flutter."

OHM, I THOUGHT, was a mantra gurus chant incessantly to bring about

a feeling of inner peace.

Watts is a ghetto near L.A.

Wow and flutter is part of the mating ritual of a junior high school girl.

My audio ignorance didn't faze the salesman. Beyond watts and ohms lies a frightening array of even more technological terms. Stuff such as "graphic equalizers," "phenolic ring tweeters" and the dreaded "subsonic rumble."

Subsonic rumble sounds like a street fight inside an SST.

The salesman sensed that the customer was puzzled. Forget the technology, he said, let your ears be your guide. He'd patch in one set of speakers and then switched another pair to demonstrate how one brand had more "depth" or "presence." I felt like genuflecting.

WHEN I WENT stereo shopping I

didn't realize I would end up in a philosophical or theological forum. But you soon realize that there is no perfect chord, no ultimate system, in this life. There are only more costly steps in the journey toward the infinite.

Right now I'm at a middle rung in the cosmic ladder leading to the perfect sound.

Monetarily, we're talking a range of around \$600 for turntable, speakers, receiver (that's where the radio is) and a cartridge (that's where the needle is — except don't call it a needle anymore, it's a "stylus").

And the moment I get that \$600 system home, I'll plop an old Tim Tam and the Turntables on the \$150 turntable and listen to my investment accretuate every scratch.

That's progress, gang. Life in the middle class is no picnic.

The Flip Side by craig piechura



Can cops prevent spats?

Southfield Police Department statistics show that cases of aggravated assault rose 76 percent in the city last year.

What the annual report doesn't indicate is how many of the 165 reported incidents in 1978 were the results of domestic quarrels.

Southfield police claim they have little or no effect on "kitchen crimes" in which husbands and wives get physically violent and one or the other is battered. Police say they often turn out to be bad guys when they try to play Cupid.

Since wife beating — called domestic assault by the police — has to some degree come out of the closet, the New York City Police Department developed a program to train officers to deal with crisis situations. This was the first attempt by a law enforcement agency to provide these kind of skills.

The concept, according to Sgt. Darrel Stephens of the Kansas City Police Department who spoke at a recent national conference on women and crime, has spread. But, he admits, getting involved in family squabbles isn't a universally accepted role for police officers.

"This stems from the notion that we are crime fighters and don't deal with social aspects of our job," Stephens said. "I think we can actually do something about crime by taking a greater interest in the problem of domestic assault."

ACCORDING TO Uniform Crime Reports, about one-fourth of all murders in the country are from some type of family dispute, Stephens pointed out. The report also indicates this is a dangerous area for police to get into. In 1974, 28 percent of police officers' inju-

ries were incurred when they responded to family squabble calls.

"We may be able to survive our jobs better if we learn how to deal with these situations," Stephens contended. "We can't hide behind the belief that criminal homicide is largely a social problem beyond the control of police."

"The assumption is that crimes of passion occur spontaneously in the privacy of the participants' homes and there's nothing we can do about it. I don't agree."

Several years ago, Stephens said, members of the Kansas City Police Department questioned the long-standing belief that domestic homicide and aggravated assaults can't be prevented. Police decided they had to have contact with victims or perpetrators of these crimes before the incident occurred.

Kansas City police officers launched a research effort and found that in

many cases of aggravated assault, participants had been arrested for disturbances in the past two years. The analysts indicated the presence of a gun, the prior disturbance history of an individual and the use of alcohol were the strongest factors.

"OUR FINDINGS suggest that when police have contact with the victim or suspect before an assault or homicide, they might be able to predict future violence," Stephens said. "In cases where our intuition and research says there's a high potential for violence, arrest is inappropriate."

"Our traditional response to the domestic assault situation tends to aggravate the problem. Many disturbances are caused by financial troubles. Maybe the husband went out and spent his

pay check Friday night getting loaded, came home and assaulted his wife. He's fined \$25 or \$30, misses work, is back on the street, is irritated with his wife and has the potential for doing the same thing all over again."

National standards urge that police be given authority to deal with certain kinds of frequently re-occurring conflicts, Stephens said. This would require police to get the necessary training to intervene in domestic conflicts.

"I think there has been enough evidence collected over the past 10 years to suggest that training police officers in crisis intervention techniques, using existing social services and establishing programs for wives who have no place to go is a viable alternative to our traditional approaches," Stephens said.

"Police departments can be encouraged to restructure their priorities a little bit. Local legislators can pass ordinances to provide police and social service agencies to deal with domestic assault problems."

Until this is done, Stephens said, abused wives will continue to be victimized not only by their assailants but a system which never has been able to adequately respond to their needs.

Southfield police have been trained in rape crisis intervention and have established an agency, along with the human resource department, to deal with the problem. It might be well to expand this service to include "kitchen crimes." The concept may not work, but it's worth a try.



"Around the edge" by Jackie Klein

I say 30 — and on with it

A 30th wedding anniversary has got to be made up of every kind of memory.

It's not difficult to recall when 30 as an age seemed light years away. And yet, Jack and I met 32 years ago on Friday and were married two years later.

What I saw when I met him has long ago changed greatly. We met at a

sweet 16 party that I hosted for my best friend. She had met Jack in summer school and they became good friends.

He came to the party late, having worked at a dance, taking pictures. A tall brunette accompanied him and, for 30 years, Jack has insisted Peggy was his "friend."

Cheerful because business, photo-

graphically, had been good that evening, he wanted to dance. And he asked me. Now, I'm five feet tall and Jack tops six feet. But we tried.

Three times I went back to the bedroom to get higher heels (of course they were Mom's) to facilitate the dancing.

I was taken with the tall, gangly young man, and it seems he liked me, too. A week after the party, he called to

ask if he could come over and show me the picture of the party guests he had taken.

He also told me that I was the only person in that group shot looking straight at him.

Now, 32 YEARS later, it would take me a while to find that picture. And aside from my friend, still my closest friend, Shirley, and her husband, Don, there aren't too many in that picture who we still see. Oh, we have seen Peggy and her doctor husband a couple of times.

Over the years, your friends change as your interests change.

Thirty years have meant five child births, the loss of close relatives, even two children, and a thousand other experiences that happen to couples.

For Jack and I, that has meant reaching closer for one another in the bad times, and trying hard to appreciate the good ones.

I was the very first girl he ever

brought home. And his mother questioned: "Jackie, is this the one?"

I've always treasured his answer, because she told me he replied: "Ma, for this girl I'd dieiches."

Well, he never had to do that, but he has eaten a lot of reheated meals when I was going to school and meals with just the children.

And if I drive my car into a huge boulder, he's resigned enough to take it in for bumping for me, though he's not cheerful about it.

He was a lot more experienced with housework than I when we first married, and, bless him, he's been patient about that ever since. Though I have improved.

THE TWO OF US have had relatively good health, but it's hard to forget the time I sat for hours with him, watching him writhe in pain from a kidney stone.

And he paced the hospital floor with the birth of each child, though, in those days, fathers were not allowed in the delivery room.

When our youngest, Bruce, was born,

he came into my room afterward and handed me a bubble gum cigar with a diamond ring on it. It was the diamond I had never had before.

Together we have traveled to Spain (with the children), to Hawaii, to England and several times to Israel to visit our resident daughter and her family there.

We've exulted as each of our children were graduated from college and have gone on into further studies or the practice of their profession.

When I got my two degrees, family pressures mandated that I don a cap and gown and go through the ritual.

Sharing is what's fundamental. Sharing those great moments and the humbling moments of sadness have kept us close.

I tease Jack a lot about many things and he returns the favor.

Lately, I've been telling him I may consider it's just been too long, and we should say "30 and out."

Instead, I think I've grown accustomed to everything about him and I'll say — 30 and on with it.

Shirlee's sallies



by Shirlee Iden

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