

Yes, indeed, Karl smelled the roses

A HAPPY MEMO to Bill Waun, Wendell Wagner and many others who have wondered whether leukemia-stricken Karl Hyslop made it to the Rose Bowl as he vowed to do in a mid-December message to this column from the Texas Medical Center at Houston: Yes, he did.

In case you missed the initial chapter of this tale, Hyslop is a well-known former steel industry executive in this area who was laid low by disease in 1984. Back in the '50s he starred as a football linebacker at Arizona State University and he was determined to get to Pasadena to see the Sun Devils play Michigan.

The hindrance was that last January doctors told Karl he had no more than nine months to a year left in life.

When NBC's cameras planned the stadium New Year's afternoon, I wish they had focused on Row 75 in Section 13 to show a smiling, bearded, 49-year-old man in an ASU sweatshirt leaping with joy in the triumph of the moment. That was our friend. He may have been the happiest of all 103,168 people who were there.

KARL TOOK the long way around to return from Pasadena to the hospital at Houston, stopping first in the Detroit area to see his children. When he called, he sounded terribly tired.

His New Year's morning flight to California was delayed two hours, causing him to miss the kickoff and the game's first touchdown. "But that was a Michigan score, and as things turned out it didn't matter. In the second half we overwhelmed your guys," he said.

I asked how his medication was working and was told, "I'm on borrowed time anyway, and it's a day-to-day, week-to-week thing. I'll go as long as possible."

It didn't seem quite right to wish Happy New Year, but when this man does reach the end he'll go out a winner.

CAN YOU STAND one more reference to football? It's included because after mention of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen in a recent column, several readers asked if I would find out who originated the nickname. It took no effort at all.

Turn the clock back to 1924. The Irish



through
bifocals
Fred
DeLano

were to play the Cadets of West Point in New York City, which would remain the host to this annual autumn fixture for many seasons.

It was a series that had box office mystique. The phrase "Subway Alumni" to describe Notre Dame's followers in the big town characterized the multitude who rooted for the Irish without ever seeing a college campus.

So, in '24, when Knute Rockne brought in an unbeaten team to challenge Army in mid-October, the setting was ready-made for journalistic poetry. Grantland Rice obliged, his lead in the New York Herald-Tribune Oct. 19, 1924 reading:

"OUTLINED AGAINST A blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. They are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden. They formed the crest of the South Bend cyclone before which another fighting Army football team was swept over the precipice at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon as 55,000 spectators peered on from the bewildering panorama spread on the green plain below them."

The score was 13-7. Four years later, it was from this series that the football world gained another memorable phrase when Notre Dame stormed back in the second half to beat Army, 12-6. This was from George Gipp's supposed dying message, used by Rockne in his halftime speech that day:

"Sometime, Rock, when the team's up against it; when things are wrong and the breaks are beating the boys, tell them to go in there with all they've got and win one for the Clippie."

You must be familiar with the words. Hollywood even made a movie about it. Some say it's still being shown at The White House.

Farmington readers' forum

Letters must be signed, original copies and include the address and telephone number of the writer. None can be returned. Names will be withheld from publication only for sufficient reason. Letters should be limited to 300 words in most cases. We reserve the right to edit them. Send letters to Readers' Forum, Farmington Observer, 33203 Grand River Ave., Farmington 48024.

City traffic—out of control

To the editor:

When Farmington architect John Allen wrote a series of articles for the Observer in the early 1970s against consolidation of Farmington with Farmington Township (now the Hills), he used, as one of his arguments against the union, the notion that by staying separate, Farmington city could remain and-or become more like Birmingham. The notion was as naive and foolish then as it is today.

The late Paul Schrieber, longtime resident and an early-on Farmington Historical Commission member, had a less romantic notion. He often said Grand River businesses, or "downtown" Farmington, could not survive unless through traffic went elsewhere.

The truth of the matter is that Farmington at the time of the vote for incorporation with the township, was not then a Birmingham, and Farmington city is not now one. If we were, we would have long since had four or five stop lights on Grand River in the business section and at least two on Shawassee between Farmington High and the Grand River exit at the west.

Instead of the Birmingham that Mr. Allen dreamed of, we have instead a daily onslaught of traffic by mostly non-residents who surge through town with a kind of maniacal ferocity that endangers the lives of residents who have the seeming audacity to try to break into the traffic pattern with their cars or to walk across the streets day or night.

Almost all of these transient drivers are breaking the speed limit laws. More on this later.

But, first, take a good look at Grand River. The hordes, including many truckers coming from the west, top the hill by the cemetery and, anticipating the light at Farmington Road and Grand River, race unimpeded through the intersection tooting and blaring at driver and-or pedestrian to get out of their way. Not long ago, one driver even

motoned me to hurry up and cross the street (on foot), because in no way was he going to slow down.

Or take Shawassee. After navigating the nightmare at Shawassee and Grand River, drivers headed east again are on a down hill run. And they push it. Some, not realizing the Farmington Road stop, screech to a halt when other drivers ahead of them obey the signs.

The veteran transient coming from the east on Shawassee comes up from the valley, breaks the hill and immediately picks up speed in order to get to the Shawassee exit at Grand River two or three seconds earlier than he might otherwise make it. I have stood many times in front of the Baptist Church, and I have heard and observed the quick acceleration as the drivers zip westward unimpeded toward the Grand River connection. There is a crosswalk and small signs so indicating at the crest of Shawassee hill, but it would be a quick death to pedestrians who might be inclined to cross there at rush hours.

In two years, I have seen two police cars stop only two cars on Shawassee (where I live). On Grand River, I have never yet seen a single car stopped for sailing through the Grand River-Farmington Road intersection at 35-50 miles per hour. Never!

I am sure that I will hear that the state of Michigan would not permit any more lights on either Grand River or on Shawassee. To that, I must say: hogwash!

If pressure, appropriately applied, can get a stop light installed at Farmington Road (south) and Colfax, certainly the city of Farmington can pressure the state for consideration of lights on Grand River, and certainly in front of the Baptist Church, at the corner of Shawassee and Farmington Roads.

But for the more immediate future and without too much cost, I have one suggestion or two for Grand River. Put up a first 25 mph sign just this side of the Oak Hill Nursing Home. Next, by the Historical Museum, place flashing yellow warning signals re-emphasizing the 25 mph limit.

Another suggestion is this: Get the police on road patrol on the two main arteries through town.

City Manager Bob Deadman, speaking before the Farmington Historical

Society in September 1985, shrugged his shoulders in apparent bafflement at the prospect of what traffic might be like on Grand River and on Shawassee in the year 2000. But here in early 1987, I believe it is time to rethink what we can do now, and I believe that strict enforcement of current speed limit laws would be a good initial step. Then we can go from there.

Lee S. Pepl
Farmington

Farmington Department of Public Safety Deputy Director Gary Goss responds: "During a recent selective enforcement along Shawassee, between Hillcrest and Farmington Road, one officer wrote 23 speeding tickets over a five-day period."

"In October, we adopted a new system where we target certain intersections with the highest accident rates in the city. The Grand River-Farmington Road area has been on the list since the start. We've had selective enforcement on Grand River similar to what we did on Shawassee. The whole stretch of Grand River west and east of Farmington Road is a targeted area."

"We've encouraged our officers to write traffic tickets, and they're out there writing tickets. We base a lot of our efforts on where we feel the greatest problems are. The Grand River-Farmington Road area is a problem, and we're concentrating our efforts there."

Poetry — it's a real treat

To the editor:

Congratulations on your wonderful addition of the children's poetry column.

I have been a children's librarian for some years now, am a grandmother, too, and this is the kind of thing that "makes my day."

I hope that you see fit to keep running Victoria Day Nejjar's column. It's a real treat.

Shirley Noetbold
Farmington Hills

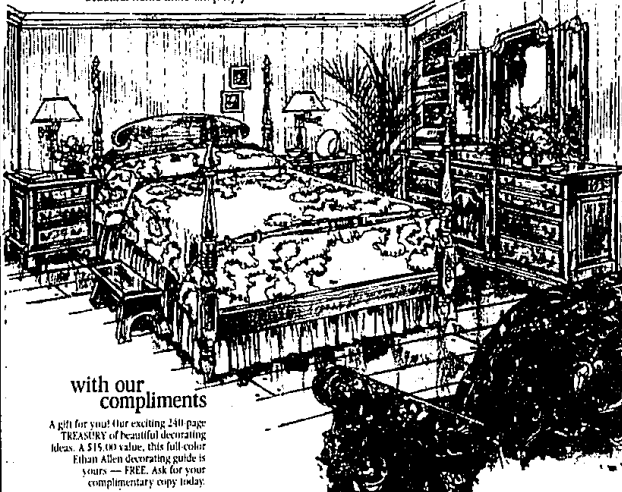
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