

points of view

Journalist carried on tradition

Dear Readers: Our friend, Loraine McClish, has died. For all of us who have known her for so many years, these are very sad days. Loraine was truly a wonderful person. Her spirit will remain with us for a very long time.



Steve Barnaby

She worked with enthusiasm whether it be a meeting announcement or a major series on a critical issue of her time. That was the professional in her.

BUT MANY OF US were honored to know the personal side of Loraine, and we all are better because of that knowledge.

Loraine was, without a doubt, the kindest, most-compassionate person most of us will ever know. She just never had a bad word to say about anyone — ever. Loraine's life was plagued with trouble. But she never complained, about any circumstance or person.

On the contrary. She was always looking out for someone else, asking how we were, especially during our most difficult times. She had a real talent of knowing when to help and when to stay away.

Even when the cancer struck, Loraine appeared to nearly take it in stride. That familiar, sometimes contagious laugh, continued to brighten everyone's spirits, even when hers must have been waning inside.

Throughout her illness, she missed relatively few days. We all marveled at her courage and stamina. Not until the very last did she slow down, and then it was with great reluctance.

LORAIN'S ENCOUNTER with cancer was handled with typical McClish aplomb. Never the traditionalist, she only felt comfortable when she could be the shot. She went to Mexico for treatment.

Many of us who know and loved Loraine cringed. But all of our collective persuasive efforts fell on deaf ears. Loraine just laughed and

explained that we had to have faith in new kinds of treatments.

We had to settle for the fact that she was going to take on the biggest battle of her life her own way.

Last week a bunch of us piled in a car to visit Loraine in the hospital. There she was, master of all, talking up a streak, laughing and generally trying to make everyone else feel comfortable. It was tough to believe that this very noble lady would soon be gone.

Loraine McClish was a genuine article, a rare combination of eternal optimist and stark realist. After bantering for a while at the hospital, she looked at all of us and said, "you know the good thing about cancer is that you get to say goodbye to your friends. It's not like getting hit by a truck where all of a sudden you're just gone."

She smiled, sighed as if to signal she would miss us all and then laughed that unforgettable laugh.

Bye, Lo. I sure hope they serve Stingers in heaven.

Recycling draws raves from mayor

By Aldo Vagnozzi guest columnist

The residents of Farmington and Farmington Hills are to be commended for the way they have responded to the recycling program that was started July 1. Our waste hauler tells that of all the communities served by them, Farmington and Farmington Hills have the highest participation, on a weekly basis, in the recycling part of the program.

At first, I was worried that starting a program for some 25,000 homes at the same time would have its problems. Instead, there were few hitches because of the tremendous response by the residents. I should have known that my worries would be exaggerated when, in April, the hazardous waste pickup went so well. More than 700 families participated in the one-day event. We are planning another such pickup at the same location on Oct. 12.

In keeping with our promise to the residents prior to the program's start, we established a fee that covered the extra cost of the recycling and yard-waste portions of the service. In the budget adopted in June, we continued to allocate funds to cover the basic trash pickup.

To prepare for the program, we had contracted with Waste Management Company for a six-year period, including several months before the recycling started. Waste Management, in turn, purchased trucks and other equipment to handle the pickup for the two communities.

OUR STAFF spent countless hours in preparing for the recycling program and the matter was discussed a number of times before city council at public meetings.

City council made changes to the recycling ordinance before it was adopted. A citizen's request that we consider charging for the recycling service on the tax roll was given consideration before it was decided, for good reason, to levy a fee instead to cover just the additional cost.

Since the original program did not cover condominiums or multiple units, we felt that it was unfair to tax them for the recycling program until they had an opportunity to come under it. We allowed the staff one year to work to bring these units in the program. At the end of that time we said we would review the program and the method of financing it.

It was a shock then to have Pat Anderson demand that we adopt his view on how the program should be financed — by a tax to be voted on

guest column

by the residents or by introducing an individual choice by each homeowner as to who would pick up the trash from their individual residences.

We find both approaches to be flawed at this time. Raising the fee rate in place of the fee could not be done in this fiscal year since the budget was finalized in June. Putting the issue on the ballot cannot be legally done before August 1992 at the earliest, after the next budget must be adopted. Without the fee collection, we would be faced with an almost \$1 million deficit in our budget which would have to be made up by cutting other services.

As to allowing each resident to contract for their own pick up, the result would be chaotic and more expensive. It would take us back to the time when garbage would be out on the streets every day of the week and pickup would often be erratic.

I WISH ANDERSON had not waited until the program was already started and financial commitments already made before he raised his claim that the fee system violated the Headlee Amendment.

I wish he had done what other citizens with ideas and concerns about the program had done — participated at the several council meetings devoted to the program before it was adopted.

Even though Anderson blindsided the cities of Farmington Hills and Farmington with an after-the-fact challenge, we took his concerns seriously — three meetings with the city manager, city attorney, myself and before the city council.

During these meetings, never once did Anderson present any tangible evidence that we were not in compliance with the Headlee Amendment.

Anderson's reaction was that he had not ruled out a lawsuit against the city of Farmington Hills. We can assure Anderson that long before that suit is settled, and thousands of taxpayers dollars are spent defending the city we will bring this matter to a conclusion that reflects the wishes of our residents.

Aldo Vagnozzi is mayor of Farmington Hills

We are all spiritually intertwined

A MYSTERIOUS explosion bearing the force of a hydrogen bomb once wiped out 1,500 square miles of what is now the Soviet Union. The big bang struck on June 30, 1908, in the remote Siberian region of the Tunguska — three tributaries of the Yenisei River — 2,200 miles east of Moscow and 750 miles north of the Chinese-Mongolian border.

culprit. Yet one essential element to validate their hypothesis was missing: There was no crater! Nor despite extensive searching was any fragment of meteor found, even though engineers later dug probes deeper than 100 feet. The unmistakable conclusion: It was a nuclear explosion.



John Telford

ours exists out there.

Further, certain enigmatic details have emerged that even von Daniken didn't know. After the cataclysm, the seemingly endless reaches of Tunguska land which in 1908 had been a wilderness of wry trees underwent an inexplicably accelerated mutation and became a thick forest.

By 1991 genetic changes in the flora there had occurred 14 times faster than the natural rate. Less explicable yet, mosses in the region's swamps have recently been determined to contain unknown substances.

AS WE PONDER puzzles-of-uncertainty phenomena like the Tunguska explosion and marvel at the discovery of what appears to be the first planet ever sighted outside our solar system, let us reflect upon those exotic intelligences who undoubtedly dwell in the vast void beyond the sky.

Then, with a little shiver, let us grasp each others' hands in loving affirmation that all who inhabit this earth are much more alike than different. Whatever our race, religion or ethnicity, we are interdependent brothers and sisters under the skin to an extent we haven't even begun to contemplate.

After we can fully understand this, we may one day commune with extraterrestrial souls and discover their fates and ours are also spiritually intertwined and we are all a perpetual part of the stars.

During that distant cosmic moment of pure light, perhaps we will finally become as one with the universe and its Creator.

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