

editorial opinion

How mailman makes day for Farmington Hills lady

"When I stop reacting then I'm all through." Mrs. Abraham Zeidman of Farmington Hills said by phone this week.

She had called in with two people on her mind—her mailman whose name she didn't know and our former president whose name was all too familiar. She wanted to praise one and damn (my word, not hers) the other.

About the only thing these two have in common is that both have been government employees—one, the lady feels (and she is not alone) used his post to further his own ambitions and income, the other with little thanks has been making life a little nicer for those around him.

She knows him simply as Mr. Mailman, a public servant whose friendly smile and greeting, and willingness to do more than he is paid for, make her life brighter.

"Just this morning," she said, "he was going around the corner when I went out. He waved and called 'good morning' and it put a light in my day."

NOT SO MR. NIXON. The lights dim when she speaks of him.

"David Frost announced that he intends to do four separate interviews with Mr. Nixon and I call that witchery. I am very opposed to putting any more money in his pockets so he can live like King Richard II."

She goes back to her mailman after mentioning Nixon and overdue back taxes.

"He goes out of his way to bring packages to the door and do things for us. It's been just a pleasure to have him as our mailman. We don't pay extra or give him gifts. He just does these things to be nice."

Her mailman, the Farmington Post Office says, is Roy Johnson. Been with the branch since 1964. At that same time, Richard Nixon was practicing law in New York City and licking his wounds from a beating in the California gubernatorial race by Pat Brown. His "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore" was still fresh in the nation's mind. Unfortunately, and for a reason that still eludes some, he did manage to put himself in the center of the shooting gallery.

Mrs. Zeidman wanted us to recognize

her mailman for his kindness and take a stand against any future paid Nixon TV appearances.

It doesn't seem necessary. Why try to improve on gut level observations of a fair-minded reactor?

Mrs. Zeidman put it succinctly, in her own words, calling her shots as she saw them.

Now, how can you top that?
CORINNE ABATT

Jackie Klein writes

A frantic surprise party

When you arrive at a surprise party and the surprisee answers the door and asks, "What in the heck are you doing here?" It's one of life's more embarrassing moments.

It happened to my husband and me last Saturday night. The "surprisee" was Craig Newman, a young man of all trades on the Observer & Eccentric, who just left for the University of Arizona.

The party, given by Craig's mom and dad in honor of his high school graduation and by way of a sendoff, was executed with all the elements of a cloak and dagger movie. My husband and I felt like traitors because we got there at the designated 8 p.m. We were as astonished as Craig when he answered the door.

His harried mom and dad soon put us at ease. They figured the guests may get lost en route and keeping the guest of honor out of the house for an hour was too traumatic.

THE ELABORATE preparations, shrouded in secrecy and intrigue, started at the office the Friday before the big event. Normally, the staff is so anxious to split at 5 p.m. that they dash off with nary a "goodbye."

But that Friday, everyone knocked himself-out to wish everyone a lovely weekend to put Craig off the track. "See you Monday," we shouted to everyone in earshot for his benefit. I think one staff member told Craig to have a super weekend at least six times. He looked a bit puzzled, but unaware of our motives.

Back at the Newmans', things were even more hectic. I'm not sure of the details, but it seems the bogus plans were to take Craig to dinner. About the party fixings, Craig's mom said they were for his aunt's anniversary soiree.

One of Craig's sisters swore she smelled garlic

in her bedroom. Little did she know the hors d'oeuvres were hidden under her bed. The other sister was warned not to trampoline on her bed because the pastries were tucked under it.

In the meantime, Craig, whose mother is always trying to find him, hung around all day Saturday like an albatross, word has it. He kept talking about calling the restaurant to confirm the dinner reservations and his mom insisted his two sisters tie up both phones, so he couldn't call and ruin the plan.

BY THE time we arrived, Craig's whole family was ready for a rest cure. As each guest came, parking the car a block away, Craig kept muttering "Oh my God," or words to that effect.

We were all sitting around, drinking and talking shop when the phone rang and Craig dashed out of the house after a brief conversation.

We later discovered our intrepid part-time reporter-photographer was advised of a shooting in Farmington Hills. Armed with his camera, a cookie in his mouth, he sped to the scene of the crime.

Craig's crime picture and story appeared in the paper two days later and nobody would suspect he left his own party to do a real professional job.

The Newmans, who are warm hosts and super parents, are going to miss their son. He's the kind of a boy you just don't love and respect.

We at the Observer & Eccentric are going to miss him too. He was our good-natured lunch picker upper, non-complaining, loyal photographer and he fit in wherever he was needed. Besides all this, he's a darn good writer and we know he'll succeed.

Surprise parties are frantic fun. But goodbyes are sad.

Your ecology calendar

Ecology-minded persons who wish to save cans, bottles or newspapers for recycling may use these facilities:
• To prepare glass, thoroughly wash the containers, remove all metal caps and rings from the glass and separate the glass by color.
• To prepare cans, clean only. Paper need not be removed.
• Newspapers should be tied in bundles with heavy string or rope or secured in heavy paper bags.

• FARMINGTON—A glass recycling center operates on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to noon at the west end of the Farmington Hills city hall parking lot. The city hall is at 11 Mile and Orchard Lake. Glass must be separated by color, cleaned and all metals removed.
• PONTIAC—Oakland County Recycling Center, 668 S. Telegraph, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. every Saturday. Groups bringing in more than 500 lbs. of glass

will receive \$10 per ton for glass
• ROCHESTER—Bottles are collected at Jayco's Recycling Center Mill Street, under the bridge, the first and third Saturdays, between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Separate colors into brown, green and white—no plastic glass or light bottles.
• BIRMINGHAM—Daily newspaper pickup with regular trash. Newspaper must be bundled separately.

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