

# editorial opinion

## Business of buying American cars is pure bunk

It was 1974. My shiny new foreign car stood majestically in the coffee shop parking lot.

At least I thought it was majestic. A disgruntled councilman, employee of an American auto car company, peered in utter disdain.

"Why did you buy that thing?" he asked in disgust. "We make a model which is just as good."

That was the first time I heard the now familiar phrase "buy American." Now it has become something of a cause celebre.

Classified car advertisements shout it out: "Cars built by Americans for Americans. Take a look at how far your American dollar will take you."

NOW WE SEE that a Bloomfield Hills housewife, Mary Jean Lieberman, has taken up the cause with unusual gusto.

Not just satisfied with telling her friends and neighbors to buy American car products, she has formed an organization, Real Americans Drive American Cars (RADAC).

Only a month old, the one-woman movement has blossomed. Detroit area stores and auto dealers

have put up RADAC displays. Mrs. Lieberman is distributing bumper stickers and buttons and would like to see the RADAC motto sported on T-shirts. A quaint bit of jingoism if I say so myself.

Frankly, this entire business of buying American is pure bunk.

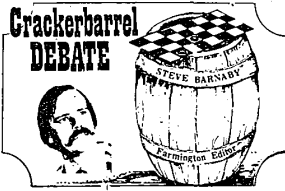
SURE MY NEXT car could be American made. It just as well might be foreign.

Of course my '74 foreign job still is running. Meanwhile the car recommended by the councilman has come under deep public scrutiny and gone on trial, accused of being a virtual incinerator.

That, in itself, reveals one of the reasons the American car has run into such tough times — image.

Numerous other reasons also can be cited. For instance, we have an open door policy when it comes to allowing foreign car makers to sell their product in this country.

On the other hand, other countries — most notably Japan — keep their doors closed to the American auto.



BUT IMAGE HAS a lot to do with why increasing numbers of Americans are buying imports. For years, the American consumer was sold a bill of goods on the glories of owning a big, luxurious car. It was the ultimate status symbol. American automobile moguls believed it themselves. Today, American auto makers are stuck with their "bigger is better" image. Many Americans also believe that imports are made better, will get better mileage and will last

longer than their American cousins. All those perceptions may be untrue, but many Americans believe them.

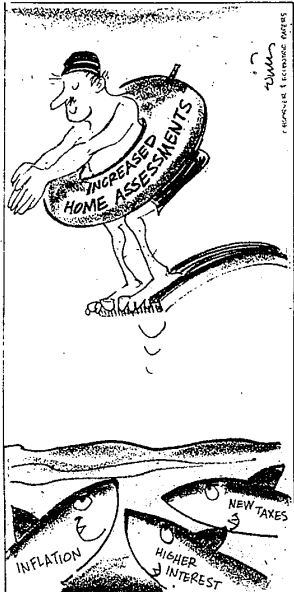
Americans also believe that imports are less expensive, although a window shopping session demonstrates this too is probably a misconception.

IN TRUTH the American auto maker is behind the times. Poor planning, combined with inflated payrolls, has made them uncompetitive with imports.

Although Ford marketed a front wheel drive model in Europe in 1960 capable of getting 28 miles per gallon, America still awaits that option from Ford today. And it's anybody's guess when Chrysler will get its front wheel drive rolling.

The American consumer has a right to spend his buck where he thinks he's getting the best deal. It's up to the American auto companies to manufacture a competitive product and image.

Otherwise, the day will come when we all will be buying imported cars, just like we buy imported televisions and stereos today.



## Like kids, we won't play at the Russians' house

I'm troubled with the decision that the United States won't send a team to the summer Olympics because the Soviet Union won't remove its troops from Afghanistan.

It is politicizing something which shouldn't be politicized.

Over the last couple of years, the kindest thing you can say about U.S. foreign policy is that it has not been too effective. Many would call it a disaster. Because we have been unable to accomplish our international goals, we are saying, like little children, that we are not going to Russia's house to play.

THE FIRST recorded Olympic Games were held in 776 B.C. on the plains of Olympia in Elis, Greece. This event consisted of a 200-yard footrace.

The Greeks expanded the Games and held them every four years. In the beginning, only free Greek citizens could compete, and the competition was entirely amateur with the only prizes being laurel wreaths.

Over the years, civic rivalry led to trickery and professionalism, and the Games became degraded. After Rome conquered Greece, Roman emperors turned the Olympic Games into a massive circus. The games were finally discontinued by decree of the Roman emperor in A.D. 394.

The modern Olympic Games were resurrected in Athens in 1896 as a result of the efforts of a French educator, Baron Pierre de Coubertin. He believed that because boys and athletics have gone together through the ages, education and athletics might go hand-in-hand in producing better international understanding.

ALTHOUGH NATIONS send teams to the Olympics,

## New magazine tells glories of Michigan

Gutsy people really fascinate me. Like those free-wheeling Olympic hockey kids. And their handsome coach Herb Brooks, who convinced his troupe of 22-year-olds they could wear gold just as well as long faces. And like 36-year-old Carole Walasky Eberly, who has nothing to do with sports, but rather the fierce competition in the world of commerce.

CAROLE IS A WRITER, and a darn good one, and every bit as gutsy as those gold-medal icers. For six years she covered the Michigan Senate and governor's office for United Press International. She also has authored half a dozen books.

Two years ago, Carole's life took a radical turn. It happened when she saw a copy of Yankee magazine. She was completely smitten by this pint-size publication which packs such a New England wallop.

Yankee's stories are by writers in those states and the magazine's target is solely New England.

She thought immediately crossed Carole's ever-spinning brain. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she could publish a similar magazine for Michigan? Hardy had the idea hit and Carole was moving with it.



**Tom Riordan**  
Executive Editor

LAST NOVEMBER, the first issue of Eberly's Michigan Journal rolled off the presses.

In her Editor's Notebook, Carole wrote, "If you love Michigan, you'll love this magazine. If you'd rather be in Hawaii, you'll probably still like the magazine because it's about all the interesting, crazy and wonderful people who inhabit Michigan. It's about all the unusual, off-beat and beautiful places that surround you."

The next 30 pages went on to prove what Carole was bragging about. And the pace has continued through successive editions. There have been stories about an East Jordan artist, a fellow in Traverse City who has been writing for 62 years, a non-joiners club in Sparta, and a great cook in Michigan from Crystal Lake.

FOR THE BUSINESS-MINDED of my profession, upon seeing Carole's new publication, there is the quick question, "Where's the advertising? You can't publish a magazine printed on fine enamel stock with dabs of color without a lot of ad revenue."

No one knows that better than Carole. But she and her husband, John, a fire department lieutenant in Meridian Township, made a pact — they'd produce a quality magazine and then start to sell advertising.

In fact, their game plan indicates they'll be laboring up to three years before hitting a break-even point. That means hacking out nearly \$6,200 an issue for writers and printer with a limited amount of income from subscription and newsstand sales.

HOW CAN A YOUNG COUPLE chug along at this pace with only limited revenue? Very carefully, might be Carole's smiling response.

Remember, I mentioned earlier that Carole had authored some books. Five are about cooking and recipes — including such diverse areas as 101 recipes using apples, Michigan ethnic recipes, a spread for mushrooms and colonial fireplace delicacies.

Right from her first cookbook, titled Michigan Cooking . . . and other things, the books have sold briskly.

And they still are selling. Carole and John are tapping these profits to help bankroll the magazine.

I MET CAROLE AND JOHN in their East Lansing home last week and found them to be a serious, bright and gutsy, yet relaxed couple. Carole quit her job with UPI when daughter Jessica arrived five years ago.

Raising a child was fine, but Carole wanted somehow to continue her writing. Always a lover of the kitchen, she quickly settled on skills of the kitchen as her field.

It proved an excellent choice. The initial press run for the first collection of recipes was 2,000.

"How many orders did you have?" "Three," chuckled Carole. "We just loaded up the van with books and started to sell them." Total sales to date: 20,600.

CAROLE LIVED A RATHER exotic life as a youngster. Her dad, Paul Walasky of Old Port Road in Birmingham, is a Ford Motor Co. engineer. The family lived in Dearborn during Carole's younger days and she attended the now defunct Greenfield Village School.

Recalls Carole, "What other fifth-grader learned to weave on huge looms or sit at Henry Ford's



Carole Eberly, proud parent of Eberly's Michigan Journal.

school desk or touch the chair Lincoln was shot in or fool around in Edison's laboratory?"

Then it was off to Brazil for a few years and a stint in Mexico where Carole completed high school.

She studied journalism at Michigan State, met John and they have been Michiganders ever since. As far as she and John are concerned, they'll never leave their glorious state.

EBERLY'S MICHIGAN JOURNAL issue No. 3, for March/April is fresh off the press, and the owners, like proud parents, are bustling about getting copies to various news agencies which distribute them — book stores, newsstands, drug stores.

Then there are the subscribers' copies which go through mailing procedures.

Latest press run is 14,000, reports Carole. Her dream is to see it top the 100,000 mark — and keep right on climbing.

If guts and determination count for much, Carole's newest venture is going to make it.

THERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN out there, Carole's mother, who is as determined as her daughter that the new Michigan Journal will succeed.

Don't be too surprised if one day there's a knock on your front door and an attractive woman introducing herself by saying, "There's a wonderful new magazine all about Michigan, your home state. You'll love it. My daughter is the editor."

You'll quickly know that you're being pitched by Mrs. Paul Walasky, mom of a human dynamo.

IN CLOSING THIS OPUS, I should offer information so you can get a copy.

Drop Carole a line at 430 N. Harrison Road, East Lansing 48823. I'm certain she'll be delighted to mail you a sample.



eccentricities  
**Henry Hogan**

pics, the whole effort is to recognize individual achievement. There is no official score-keeping of how many medals each country has won.

The purpose of the Olympic Games is to let the great amateur athletes of the world compete with each other in a spirit of peace and friendship.

The U.S. government does not field the teams we send. The United States Olympic Committee, which is privately funded, does.

If the U.S. plays politics with the Games, the result probably will be the same as when the Greek cities started to play politics and eventually killed the whole program.

YOUNG AMERICANS have been training over the last four years to try for international recognition. Because youth isn't lasting, those who lose a chance this year may never have another opportunity.

Shouldn't the U.S., as a world leader, be a little more mature and not hurt an international sports event because its political games aren't going well?

The Olympic Games are to promote sportsmanlike international understanding. Our country doesn't seem to be doing a good job at either of these areas.

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Did you know that more than 5,000 Leader Dogs have been trained to guide blind persons since the school was founded in Rochester in 1937? Blind persons have come to Rochester for training with their dogs from almost every state in the Union, as well as the Bahamas, Bermuda, Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Israel, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Spain.