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(P.9B)

Famous 'Mad' Anthony Wayne often knew defeat

Good does not flow from war; but neither do all things evil. Names of common foot soldiers are lost in the mud of battle, but the honor of generals lives on. Such is the fate of Gen. Anthony Wayne, nicknamed "Mad" by fellow officers and enlisted men in the American Revolution.

Books are filled with the accomplishments of Washington, Pershing and MacArthur — many of whom boasted exploits much greater than those of Mad Anthony . . . and also fewer defeats.

No other general in history knew the intensifying advance of war machines like the late Douglas MacArthur. He witnessed the growth of war from horse cavalry and black powder weaponry to the jet-age and nuclear warfare.

Yet his name doesn't adorn as many buildings, cities, counties, townships or hamlets as that of Anthony Wayne.

AT VARIOUS times, Wayne was a surveyor, farmer and tannery manager. The grandson of a British army captain, he was born at Waynesboro, Pa. in 1745 and was nearly expelled from his uncle's grammar school for lack of scholarship.



Robert G. Woodring

Successful as a surveyor developing townships in Nova Scotia, Wayne was unsuccessful as a pioneer there.

With a revolutionary war imminent, Wayne formed a regiment of volunteers in 1775, became a colonel and was promptly sent to assist Benedict Arnold in his retreat from Quebec.

But Wayne was the one who retreated when running up against formidable forces at Three Rivers, near Quebec. Nevertheless, he was promoted to brigadier general.

In a later defeat, Wayne was surprised by a night attack on his troops even though he had been

warned of the advance.

Wayne distinguished himself and his troops during a daring night attack on Stony Point, a British cannon post threatening the security of West Point, N.Y. He was also wounded in this battle of the bog and cliff.

Again Wayne distinguished himself during the winter encampment at Valley Forge. Sharing the housing and meager food supply of his men, Wayne survived Valley Forge, though his own estate was but five miles distant. How did he distinguish himself?

He became a cattle rustler to feed the American Army.

AFTER THE WAR, as with so many other professional soldiers, Wayne suffered during the peace and independence of plantation living in Georgia.

Losing the estate to creditors and a congressional seat through election fraud, Wayne found salvation in the form of appointment as commander-in-chief of American forces when hostilities broke out with the British in the northwest territories in 1791.

After the Revolution, the British still held forts in

the Great Lakes and instigated Indian uprisings. As commander, Wayne marched into dense forests. Using Indian tactics, his troops defeated 2,000 of them at Fallen Timbers near present-day Toledo.

DURING THE LAST of his marches into the wilderness, Wayne died in the blockhouse at Presque Isle, Pa. in 1796.

He suffered shattered health from earlier wounds and gout, but he died a soldier.

Douglas MacArthur may have won more battles and perfected amphibious assaults; the cornucopia's legacy was a new, industrialized Japan. Mad Anthony Wayne's legacies are the various towns and counties named for him and the forts he built. Among them are (Ft.) Greenville, Ft. Defiance, Ft. Recovery in Ohio and Fort Wayne, Ind.

If it hadn't been for Anthony Wayne, we might be speaking the Queen's English and be called Canadians.

Woodring is a freelance photographer and writer living in Canton.



Tim Richard

Why torture a schoolboy in August?

Commercially, this is the most agonizing month of the year for a kid. Never is the mercantile habit of "jumping the season" more painful than in the days prior to the start of school.

Christmas is bad enough. On Halloween night, the orange and black decorations come down in the stores, the red and green and snow go up. Many Christians are offended by the merchants' exploitation of Christmas two months prior to the big date because the Christmas season actually begins Dec. 25 and ends Jan. 6. In the stores, Christmas decorations come down Dec. 24, and Valentine Day (no one says "Saint" any more) decorations go up.

So it is throughout the year. Many weeks before a festive occasion, the commercial exploitation of it starts.

As offensive as commerce is, it does no one any real physical harm.

No one except a kid on summer vacation in August.

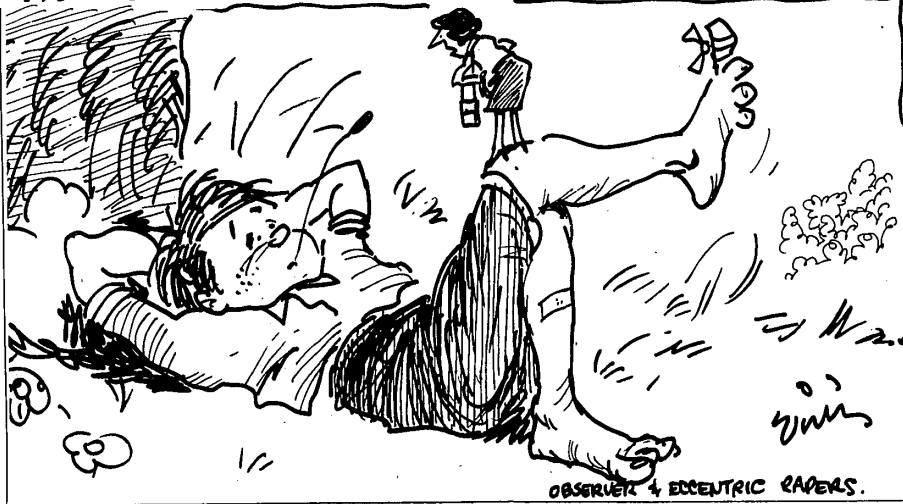
SUMMER VACATION is short enough for a kid — part of June, July and August.

A poll once showed that if kids could have their way, there would be 10 weeks of school and 42 weeks of vacation instead of 42 weeks of school and a dismal 10 weeks of vacation.

In the nearby discount department store where I do my heavy shopping, the fall fashions display went up right after the Fourth of July. Those of us with the buoyant heart of the 12-year-old shuddered.

In early August, the back-to-school miseries began.

'Up, young man — there's a back-to-school sale!'



The sweet corn was barely ripe. The nights were still short. The 90-degree weather was frequent. The lakes were warm. The panfish were still in 12 feet of water. The minnows were sunning themselves near shore. The polliwogs were barely turned into little frogs.

And here were these raving idiots talking about selling, pushing, hawking back-to-school clothes. Oh, misery and woe!

THE LAST HALF of summer vacation was particularly difficult in our household when my brother and I were kids.

The reason was that our mother believed the Hudson's ads. She actually believed that what Hudson's ads showed was what kids were supposed to wear back to school.

Not only were kids supposed to wear those duds,

but in her mind they actually did wear them.

No amount of logic could persuade her otherwise. You couldn't point out as other kids walked by that they weren't dressed like kids in the Hudson's ads. You couldn't show her through the bus window how kids actually looked.

As Don Quixote imagined Rosinante to be a pawing stallion and the sluttish Dulcinea to be an elegant donna, so did our mother imagine that kids dressed for school they way they were shown in the Hudson's ads.

LIFE HAS improved a trifle for the kids of 1981.

In a couple of circulars which arrived early in August, the boys were shown in jeans. I was born one-third of a century too soon. That's what I wanted to wear for school.

Yet there is still no earthly reason for school pro-

motions to start so soon. Clothing shopping can be accomplished in a couple of hours. A kid can purchase all the notebooks, pencils, crayons, binders and scissors he needs in an hour.

The advertising director may go after my head for writing this. Merchants and the media are supposed to make money off back-to-school promotions.

Nevertheless, compassion for my fellow creature, the schoolboy, compels me to speak out. The advertising columns are for selling goods. The news columns are for disseminating facts. On the editorial page, one may speak the truth.

And the truth is that kids, particularly boy kids, suffer mightily at having back-to-school promotions inflicted on them five weeks prior to the beginning of that dreaded event.

For radio, massive confusion on mass transit

Larry Salci, general manager of SEMTA, was about 90 minutes into what finally became a two-hour lecture on mass transit last week when a reporter I know signaled me from across the room.

Salci was using a baffling array of graphs, color-coded charts and single-spaced financial balance

sheets. He displayed them on a projection screen splattered with what looked like chicken soup.

The bottom line on the screen had a noodle over it. I think, but the bottom line in Salci's lecture was that SEMTA needs money. A lot of it. In fact, it'll take about five months of study before SEMTA

knows how much money a lot of money is.

You hear this kind of stuff a lot from SEMTA. The Japanese may have it all over us assembling cars cheaply, but they can hang their heads and go home when it comes to doing studies and drawing up plans. Nobody in the world does that better than SEMTA.

I'd been amusing myself by making eye contact with an attractive radio reporter across the room. It's a fact of life, incidentally, that virtually all female radio reporters are attractive and really want to be television reporters. Anyway, it was getting sort of boring, and I was happy for an excuse to leave.

Maybe I could have gotten out earlier. My friend might have been wiggling his fingers for half an hour for all I know. But so many print and broadcast reporters and camera crews were around that the room could have passed for a journalism school reunion. And all reporters look alike.

OUT IN THE HALL my friend said "What do you think of all this?" or words to that effect. I'm sorry I can't tell you what he said verbatim, but it's considered poor form to take notes when you talk to reporters.

I allowed as how the graphs confused me, the charts gave me fuzzy vision, and the chicken soup made me hungry.

Why are we all here? the reporter said or, as I mentioned earlier, words to that effect.

As it turns out, he knew why. An independent Detroit wire service had billed the meeting as the slaughterhouse for the Woodward subway, claiming that SEMTA had decided it was unaffordable and should be dropped from the transit plan.

Nobody in his right mind would believe a story like that. That kind of thing doesn't happen overnight. As I said, SEMTA is so good at planning that it probably takes them several meetings to make projections on the use of paper clips. Eliminating



Mike Scanlon

an entire 15-mile-long hole in the ground would take months, even for planning pros.

But a certain number of news editors had fallen for it, and while we were talking out in the hall a television reporter came up and asked when they were going to tell us they were eliminating the subway.

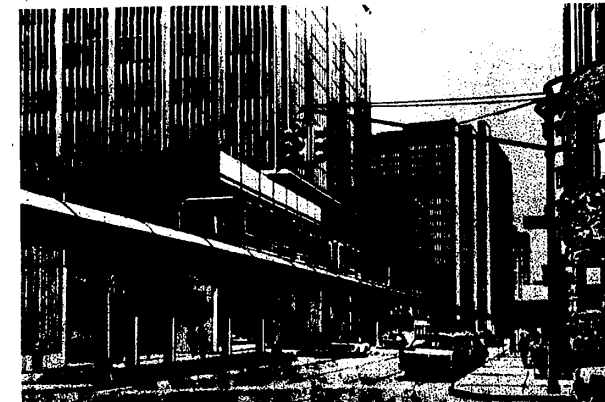
AND THIS raised another point, one which I'd wondered for some time. Not about news editors — they should be pitied, not abused — but about radio and television reporters.

How in the name of Allah were those radio reporters going to reduce Salci's two-hour transit lecture to a 30-second radio spot, convert all those graphs and charts and chicken soup stains to spoken words, and have it make sense?

For the television guys, it was easier. All they had to do was film the graphs and charts and chicken soup stains, and they could confuse literally millions, where Salci could only confuse dozens. That's the power of the mass media.

It's a common complaint among reporters — this business of radio and, especially, television broadcasters' roles. A lot of it is jealousy. Poorly paid Detroit television newscasters make \$35,000 a year. They get treated better at mass news gatherings. More people probably watch their work than read any of ours.

But at least we don't ask them stupid questions in the hall.



This architect's rendering of how the downtown peoplemover will look at the corner of Fort and Cass is considerably clearer than the charts used at last week's SEMTA meeting.