

editorial opinion

Time is running out for Cambodian people

Flashing across the television screen were the grisly scenes of emaciated mothers holding crying children with bloated stomachs.

It was Cambodia in living color. "Turn that off. I don't know how people can stand to watch such things," said the disgruntled woman. "I've done everything I can about it. I do buy UNICEF Christmas cards," she concluded.

How pathetic, I thought.

Thumbing through the newspapers in recent weeks, I noted a similar strand weaving through world opinion.

WE ATTEMPT to soothe the collective conscience by paying our way out.

The U.S. pledges \$69 million to stave off starvation. The Soviet Union does us one better by pledging \$85 million. Canada throws in \$15 million.

But Vietnam stands strong and prohibits the much needed food and drugs from reaching the four million starving Cambodians.

In the metropolitan Detroit area, three churches — Roman Catholic, Episcopal and Methodist — have made appeals to their congregations to raise funds. Independent churches and Jewish congregations also are seeking funds to assist Cambodia.

OUR CIVILIZATION stands at the crossroads of a moral dilemma. The decision will forever label this generation as either one which met its moral obligation or one which allowed an entire country's population to be exterminated.

Time is quickly running out for the Cambodian people. If the situation remains the same, within 26 months the remaining four million Cambodians will be dead.

Five years ago, Cambodia was a country of eight million.

The similarities between Hitler's final solution and what is happening to the Cambodians and ethnic Chinese living in Vietnam are unmistakable.

Last year about this time, I wrote a column imploring this country to take action. At the time, the television special "Holocaust" was being aired. The question of the day was: "How could the people of the world let that happen?"

I maintained, at the time, that the same thing is happening today in Cambodia.

I was taken aback by the reaction — especially from the Jewish community. In short, it was that "it's just not the same thing."

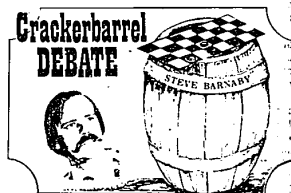
I don't believe it. The Holocaust in Southeast Asia equals and perhaps surpasses the tragedy in Europe during the Nazi reign of terror.

Ask yourself what we should have done to save the Jewish population of Germany. Then ask what we should do today to save the remainder of Cambodians.

IF WE REFUSE to fulfill our obligation, or to make the necessary sacrifices, we will face the same consequences as those Oxford students who in 1936 vowed never to fight or die for queen or country and who died in droves during World War II.

Many never would have had to die if swift action had been taken earlier. But Hitler's military might was allowed to grow to immense proportions until he had Europe on her knees.

Vietnam will soon have engulfed all of Southeast Asia in its grasp and it will continue to blackmail the world.



It's going to take more, much more, than money to stop it. We must prepare ourselves now for the sacrifice.



Speculating on economics

W.V. (Sandy) Brotherton doesn't make waves in Lansing. His normal conversation is usually about problems rather than personalities.

It's easier to talk and write about personalities than problems, so you have to put on your thinking cap when you converse with the third-term state representative from Farmington.

As we chomped noon sandwiches in his Capitol Building office, the former Packard and Chrysler executive got to talking about economic impact statements rather than who was maneuvering for what office next.

You've heard of environmental impact statements — technical documents telling (guessing?) how a development will affect the water table, the air, the soil.

Well, Brotherton is thinking about economic impact statements.

REMEMBER THE BOTTLE bill? Voters in 1976 passed a law requiring deposits on beer and pop cans and bottles after the Michigan Legislature failed to act.

"There were too many claims — on both sides," Brotherton recalled.

Tax abatement — giving a new industrial plant a property tax break for a few years — is another subject of claims. "Do you really bring in new industry? Or is it industry you'd get anyway?" he asked.

"The diesel fuel tax, remember?" I sure did. I covered the State Senate debate on hiking the diesel and gasoline taxes as a boon to roads and public transportation. I remembered Jack Welborn of Kalamazoo carrying on about how it would hurt truck stop operators in his southern border counties because interstate drivers would gas up in Indiana.

We still don't know the answer to that question because of this year's diesel fuel shortage, Brotherton said. Are truck stop operators going to lose business because of higher Michigan fuel taxes or aren't they?

THE SINGLE BUSINESS tax was supposed to stabilize revenue. It was supposed to encourage factory investment by giving breaks to capital intensive firms. One of the big beneficiaries was supposed to be Chrysler Corp. You wonder if Chrysler was helped or not.

"The problem I saw," said Brotherton, "was that we don't know the impact — whether the SBT is a tax on labor; whether it does away with marginal jobs; the effect on sweepers and odd jobs. It's one of the things we don't know. There are claims here and claims there."

Auto repair shop licensing — what a political donnybrook before that law was passed. There were claims it would drive out competent shops. Well, did it? What has been the economic impact of the auto repair licensing act?

BROTHERTON is running into flak with his bill to require economic impact statements on pending and existing legislation.

"It's being reworked to simplify and restrict its scope," he said, citing other lawmakers' fears that his bill would require "a department within a department" throughout Lansing to write economic impact statements. That's why the House Economic Development Committee is working on narrowing its scope.

Another thought is to have legislative staffers write economic impact statements.

I've spent a lot of years studying economics. If we were to have economic impact statements, it would eliminate a lot of the fun of speculating how regulatory and tax bills will affect rich folks, poor folks, giant companies and mom-and-pop stores.

Some legislators were declaring for Kennedy or Carter, Connally or Bush, and making headlines. Sandy Brotherton was mulling over a problem.

CHRISTMAS TRADITION



Pop ... goes the Zinfandel

People have said to me that if you really enjoy drinking wine, you get far more enjoyment if you make it yourself.

These people don't know how handy I am around the house or they never would have suggested it. My wife says I'm dangerous with a screwdriver in my hand.

When Cranbrook School offered an evening class this fall in winemaking, I succumbed.

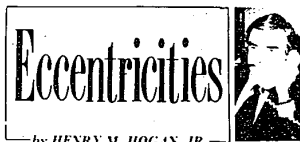
The instructor was District Judge Gus Cifelli, and it was one of the most interesting and practical courses I have ever taken.

WE LEARNED about the history of winemaking and the procedure of winemaking, but the real high point was when Gus took us over to his house and we made wine. Books can tell you how to do something, but experiencing the actual exercise gives you the confidence needed to try it on your own.

Making wine isn't really that difficult.

First you have to get grapes. They are available in many places, although the season is fast fading. Carl Bailey on Long Lake and Adams roads in Troy grows them, or you can buy them from Sam Viviano out of an old railroad caboose at the corner of Fort and Green streets, not far from the Ambassador Bridge in Detroit.

I bought some California Zinfandel grapes from Viviano because they have a high sugar content, and it is hard to make really bad wine with them.



by HENRY M. HOGAN, JR.

It takes about 16 pounds of grapes to make a gallon of wine, and Zinfandel grapes come in boxes of 36 pounds, so I started off with two boxes.

I NEXT STOPPED at a store called Wine Unlimited on Fourth Street in Royal Oak and purchased some paraphernalia necessary to convert grapes to wine — yeast, a hydrometer to test the sugar content, some plastic buckets, a five gallon glass jar, sterilizing tablets, plastic hose for transferring liquid, and an air lock for the glass bottle.

I didn't buy expensive things like crushers and presses because you don't need them if you are only going to make five gallons at a time. Five gallons makes 25 bottles of wine.

We got the family together to de-stem the grapes, which is the most time-consuming part of the project.

We then crushed the grapes in a plastic pail with a potato masher.

A day later we added a yeast that comes already prepared in a little packet.

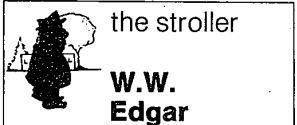
After letting the mixture sit and ferment for five days, we pressed the grape through a nylon laundry bag and transferred it into a glass jar. You put an air-lock plug in the top of the bottle to let the gas out and keep the air out.

SIX MONTHS from now, I expect to be able to taste the finest California wine.

For the timid, there are books at the wine store that lay out the procedure in an easy-to-follow way.

Making wine adds a dimension to the enjoyment of it because it helps you understand what makes a good wine and why some wines are only so-so.

It is a satisfying experience, and if I do it again and again, it will give me something to fortify myself against Michigan winters.



No agony in defeat

The battle of the ballots has ended. The winners are enjoying the fruits of victory. But what about the losers? Have they had their brief say on the stage only to be heard no more?

Well, if this is any solace, contrary to what you hear on television, agony doesn't always accompany defeat.

The Stroller should know. He can look back and admit suffering one of the most one-sided defeats. A loss which drove him from the political scene.

Several decades ago when Livonia Township was just beginning to show signs of growing pains, The Stroller became involved in the drive for incorporation as a city. He had covered the horse racing beat for the Detroit Free Press and was conversant with the rules that gave the city a track and a share of its pari-mutuel betting, up to but not exceeding \$500,000 each year.

The City of Livonia became a reality. Because of his work in the campaign, The Stroller was asked to run for the Charter Commission, and he was elected.

WHEN THE CHARTER was accepted The Stroller felt it was his duty to run for a seat on the City Council to help put into action the charter he had helped to write. Again he was elected.

For six years he sat at the council table as a target for complainers and protesters.

Then The Stroller felt he had had enough, and planned to retire from politics, when a thought struck him.

Sitting at home, he recounted that he always reached the top in anything he undertook. He had been the master mechanic in the machine shops. He had risen to the rank of sports editor for the Free Press. So he felt he owed it to himself to try for the top again and run for mayor.

THROUGHOUT the entire campaign he was lauded for the work he had done as a council member. Even strangers approached him and said they were behind him and would help all they could.

Then came election day. In mid-afternoon a high official of the union advised him to go home and get some rest as he was a "shoo-in" to win the primary.

But what a shock awaited him. In the final count, he had finished a distant last in the four-way race. But instead of retreating from the stage, he decided on a new course.

He decided to devote his time to charity instead of the mayor's office. He became affiliated with The March of Dimes and was named national bowling chairman. He helped raise more than \$2 million to help rid the world of polio.

It was one of the most satisfying things he ever had done — and he is more proud of that than anything he might have accomplished in the mayor's chair.

There was no agony in his forced political exit.

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