

Americans anxiously watch friends' struggle

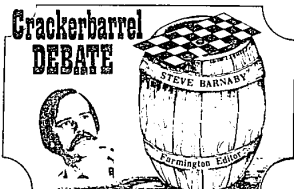
Main street America is watching and worrying. Its people are talking about an unfolding drama in a foreign land, many miles from our shores. The stage is Poland.

The actors' struggle is basic — to enjoy the fruits of their labors, freedom of speech and equitable labor representation. Their cause is just. But the outcome is pathetically predictable. They will lose.

And that worries main street America. In every place where Americans congregate, they talk about Poland. We hear it in the restaurants, on the street corners, in the shopping centers and in our churches.

It's nearly impossible to grow up in metropolitan Detroit without having at least a passing acquaintance with a person of Polish background.

Many of us have close friends who are Polish. Many of those friends have relatives who live in cities like Gdansk, Poland, where workers are shut-



ting down the industrial strength of that proud country in defiance of the Soviet dominated government.

Unlike the Iranian hostage crisis, the Poles' struggle is talked about in hushed tones. Groups of

persons gather around television sets and watch the reports — in silence.

We can rationalize away the behavior of religious fanatics who, in a torrent of emotion, stormed our embassy and took its occupants hostage.

We can raise the American flag and cry injustice for our brothers and sisters held hostage. We can stand for a moment of silence at the baseball game. It makes us feel like we've done something.

BUT WHAT does main street America do for our Polish brothers and sisters who valiantly struggle while surrounded by 500,000 Soviet troops?

This country's secretary of state, Edmund Muskie, says this is a Polish problem to be solved by the Poles. But that's a lie. The Poles haven't seen freedom for their nation in more than 40 years.

The "problem" will end when the Soviet troops move in and stop it. And like Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, many will die, all will re-

main slaves to the Soviet bear, which will continue to sap those countries' natural resources for its own benefit.

Our secretary of state, a Pole, should be ashamed of himself.

Main street America, 12 million of whom are Poles, is ashamed for him.

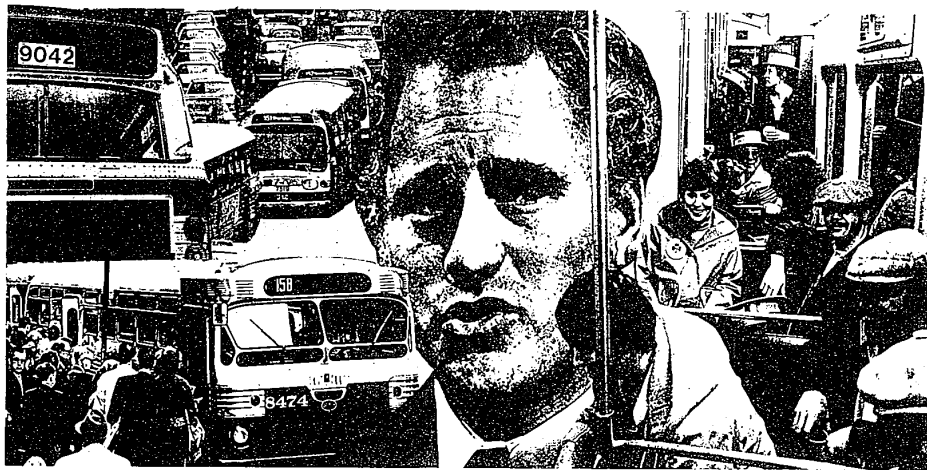
Our President has committed his administration to human rights. But that commitment has been mere words and shallow actions.

When the Soviet-backed Vietnamese government moved into Cambodia, our President protested, took in a token number of refugees and hoped the problem would go away.

When the Soviets attacked Afghanistan, he boycotted the Olympics.

What similar action he will take when the Soviets quash the Polish workers' protest is anyone's guess.

Main street America is worried. It has a right to be.



Picasso's genius perks up weary spirits

In a low key and not much heralded appearance, President Jimmy Carter's last burrah in the Big Apple last week was to visit the Pablo Picasso retrospective.

Democrats had wound up their convention, not unexpectedly, by handing the president their nomination, along with an incongruous platform on Thursday night.

Carter, originally expected to stop at the Museum of Modern Art, canceled the visit. Then, using his perks as the nation's leader, apparently requested that the museum be opened for an early morning viewing by the first family.

Having come out of the convention less than impressive, both in his acceptance speech, and on his record, Carter did impress me with that art break.

In his entire lifetime Pablo Picasso probably didn't get the media attention that Jimmy Carter has had in the past five years.



Shirlee Iden

Yet Picasso's seven decades-plus as a working artist and his extraordinarily productive career will surely carve for the artist a place in the annals of history that no mere president can hope for.

When he died in 1973 at age 91, Picasso was already enthroned as a master of 20th century art.

PAINTINGS, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints and ceramics were left in his voluminous estate in collections and museums around the world.

It took 11 experts more than three years simply to catalog the more than

45,000 works stored in Picasso's three homes in France.

Altogether, they recorded the existence of 1,876 paintings, 1,355 sculptures, 2,880 ceramics, more than 11,000 drawings and sketches, and some 27,000 etchings, engravings and lithographs.

But the quality of the works is more mind-boggling than the quantity, as witnessed by thousands of persons who have attended the current exhibit in New York and continue to line up for it daily.

Taking a break from the Democratic

convention, viewing nearly 1,000 works by Pablo Picasso, revived my own spirit after a week of intense emotions and the interplay of highs and lows that most conventions bring.

Picasso's works will probably never come together again as they have in the New York show. Walking through the galleries is a stroll through seven decades of the evolution of great art.

Thinking of Pablo Picasso, spending endless hours creating those thousands of works of art, so various in their aspect, it seems amazing that only one man conceived them all.

Love of beauty and the arts expands each of us whether we are politician, writer, president or citizen on the street. It enriches me and it's good to think that it's true of a Nixon or a Carter as well.



Tim Richard

Heavy thinker on public transportation

Iran. Jobs. Those issues have dominated our political debate for several months.

And yet some very heavy thinking is going on in Washington and metropolitan communities across the United States about public transportation. This affects energy costs, the preservation of communities and human convenience.

Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt covered the gamut in an interview during the recent Democratic National Convention. The questioning was dominated by the Nashville Tennessean, New York Journal of Commerce, and Observer & Ec-

centric.

"If there's been any discrimination (in transit capital funding) in the last 10 years, it has been in favor of building new systems," Goldschmidt said.

"That has been Atlanta, Miami, Buffalo, \$600 million reserved for Detroit, Los Angeles' Wilshire corridor subway project, light rail in Portland.

"THE REAL ISSUE, which Congress tried to confront this time, is why are you dealing with those systems when we aren't able to take care of the systems we own? Why can't New York get enough to maintain its subways, Baltimore, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston?"

"The president's conclusion is we need to do both."

Goldschmidt, 40, has been in office less than a year. His name is less than a household word, even among half the Michigan Democratic delegates I talked to. They need to get better acquainted.

President Jimmy Carter has two national transportation goals, Goldschmidt went on.

"One is a 50 percent increase in transit ridership by 1982.

"The other is production of more transit equipment here." Only two American companies make buses, and much rapid transit equipment is made abroad.

"Foreign makers are being urged to come into the U.S. and produce it," much the same way foreign auto makers are being urged to invest in plants here.

"We don't want to use the money we save from not buying OPEC oil and turn around and spend it abroad on transit equipment," Goldschmidt said.

A QUICK-WITTED, quick-thinking lawyer by background, Goldschmidt was mayor of Portland, Ore., from 1972-79, when Carter tapped him for the national transportation job.

In Portland, Goldschmidt had gained fame for halting freeway projects and moving that environmentally conscious region into public transportation.

The same issue faces southeastern Michigan. There's grave question whether the I-696 freeway can ever be completed across southern Oakland County. There's graver question whether something as disruptive as M-275 is needed across rural western Oakland County.

"The option is available to any city and state which wants to move money from an interstate highway account, where they have miles of uncompleted interstate which the local officials and gov- error conclude is non-essential. Congress has provided the tools for withdrawal and substitution of alternative projects."

Such alternative projects, he said, could be smaller roads, traffic signal programs, busways, bus equipment and rapid transit equipment.

Southeastern Michigan hasn't moved in that direction — yet. Goldschmidt didn't say we should. But one gets the distinct impression that if southeastern Michigan should take such a progressive step, there's a key man in Washington who would understand and help.

Old timers preparing for reunion

A bunch of old men are trying to act like kids. And that's always interesting to observe. They're gearing up for their 40th high school reunion.

Originally, they wanted to have the festivities last June, but time just seemed to slip by. The reunion is going to be held Sept. 6 and 7. The fellows say there's too much to talk about to stage their 40th anniversary in the more traditional single evening, and besides they speak more slowly now.

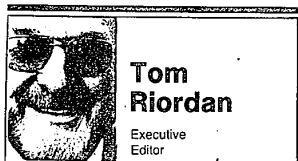
And get to bed a lot earlier. Come 9:30 p.m., they begin to nod off.

IN MEETINGS to plan for the festivities currently being held by a cluster of the guys, they begin to talk as if those four years together at University of Detroit High School were only yesterday.

They seriously discuss having a softball game the first afternoon of their reunion, just as if they were young.

Rivalries between their senior homerooms still simmer. Those were named 4A and 4B (which grouped the scholars who took four years of Latin and two years of Greek) and 4C and 4D (home for those who'd settle for a 75% grade in government and an afternoon of snooker.)

That memory prompted the softball proposal —



Tom Riordan

Executive Editor

how about pitting the 4A/4B Brains against the 4C/4D Dreamers, someone asked?

The reunion notice mailed to all class members told about the game and said it would last for three innings or three cases of Strohs, whichever-came first.

MANY OF THE OLD timers never left the area. They settled in Westland, Birmingham, Southfield, West Bloomfield, Troy, Orchard Lake, Livonia, Farmington Hills, Grosse Pointe, Plymouth.

Others did push on, digging roots in such diverse places as Aspen, Colo.; St. Paul, Minn.; Dunwoody, Ga.; Mission Viejo, Calif.; New York; Gary, Ind.; Bloomsbury, N.J.

These old guys keep saying that 1940 at U of D High was a vintage year, as if they were trying to convince themselves.

Of course the real anniversary actually fell last June, but the ancients were too slow and too tired to make so many arrangements in six short months.

So the spring reunion will be held in the fall. The class picked St. Clair Inn up on the St. Clair River because it's quiet there and no little kids are around, and fewer big ones for that matter.

THEY WONDERED about inviting wives. But that idea got shot down when a questionnaire was sent out to all the old '40 guys.

One joker from Pontiac, when asked if wives should be invited, answered: "I didn't graduate with your wife and I couldn't care less about her. And you couldn't care less about mine, so let's leave them home."

So wives were scotched and that's probably valid since U of D High has always been an all-male institution.

It's nice to see older people getting so much enjoyment out of their golden years.

There's only one thing that troubles me. I'm one of the class.