

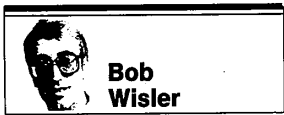
Forgive us peons for leading the economy astray

If any of you are wondering why it is that inflation is out of control, the car industry is ailing and the Japanese are making better progress than we are, I'll have to confess.

It's partly my fault. I have had the tendency to buy cars that were bigger than was good for the country. Also at fault is my uncle Stanley and my friend Harry, because they own stock in car companies, and the guy who lives next door, because he's also a shareholder in some American companies. Also some people I know who have answered public opinion polls.

Let's face it, it's all our fault because by being stockholders, or taxpayers, or public opinion poll answers, we have put the pressure on our leaders and heads of corporation to meet our demands rather than doing what is good for us.

How do I know this? By reading newspapers and magazines. Almost every day I read some analysis of how things went wrong and somewhere in the analysis is the finger pointing at the public instead of at the leaders of the organizations.



Bob Wisler

Let's face it, it's not the leaders, it's the followers that got us in this mess.

FIRST I READ another statement in the long list of statements by car manufacturing executives who claimed it was the public who wanted big-engine cars carrying enough chrome to outfit a fire truck.

The public dictated that cars should be able to go 0 to 140 mph as fast as possible and that everyone loved having a two-ton car, so the car manufacturers had no recourse but to go along making such things as

Chrysler Newport and gunboats long after they were practical or, seemingly, in demand.

In retrospect, it seems almost fair that the taxpayers have to guarantee the federal loans Chrysler needed to bail it out, because, after all, didn't we insist that Chrysler go on making those big cars beyond the time that half of California was driving a foreign car?

The next thing I read was a Readers Digest abbreviated analysis by a Time magazine writer who says one of the big reasons that the Japanese are seemingly making better products is because the Japanese companies are not after the quick payoff or big quarterly jumps in shareholder dividends.

Because the companies are largely financed by banks rather than shareholders, the companies are not under constant pressure for fast profits, and they are more likely to reinvest to ensure future growth rather than seeking to satisfy stockholders, he said.

THE SYNDICATED columnist William Safire this week told me that some economists who were on hand when Nixon "suspended the convertibility of the dollar

into gold thereby 'floating' and devaluing the dollar" believe this move is responsible for our present inflationary problems. "At least one of the top economists present . . . believes this led to worldwide inflation," he said.

Safire concludes that the reason Nixon and his economists acted to devalue the dollar was because inflation was "soaring" at 5 percent and "businessmen, editorialists and pollsters all agreed the time had come for government to take control and break the inflationary psychology."

"Nobody present at the economic summit liked the notion of interfering massively with the free economy . . . but the heat was on, the people wanted it, and a leader has to get ahead of the parade."

After reading these enlightening analyses, I have urged my friends to call up the heads of corporations and governmental leaders to tell them:

"Please, don't pay any attention to us any more; we really don't want to force you to lead the country down the drain."

"And the next time you see a parade, stay out of it."



Lynn Orr

Jury system wins a plaudit

The popularity of "data books" is astounding to one who has little faith in statisticians.

Some of the stuff in these tomes obviously is designed to make insecure readers feel better about themselves. If they read that the median income in their neighborhood is \$20,000, and they're earning \$20,000, they get a high end of being boosted into the high end of the bracket.

If they read that the average television viewer spends three hours a day in front of a TV set and they only sit mesmerized for 2 1/2, they feel more intellectual.

Personally, I believe the data books are designed for people with limited attention spans who are incapable of focusing on a plot or theme. But now along comes "The Average Book" by Richard Smith and Linda Moore, crammed with little tidbits of information.

One such item reveals just how silly this stuff gets.

NINE OF 11 jurors reach a verdict after the attorneys have made their opening statements and are not swayed by the trial, according to the book.

After recently serving on my first jury, I find that hard to swallow and just a little bit dangerous for readers to believe. It must give them the idea that it's perfectly acceptable, "average," to sit in judgment without hearing the facts.

If the item is true, it's even more dangerous for a defendant in a criminal trial.

At all times, the jury presumes the defendant innocent. That's one of the hallmarks of our system of justice, and it's pounded into you during the trial by the attorneys and the judge.

The burden of proof rests entirely with the prosecutor. The elements of a case and the evidence, not conjecture, are the basis for the verdict of the jury.

Thus was a complicated case, involving two defendants and a total of five charges, including assault with attempt to murder. We all agreed that it was difficult to sit in judgment, but we all agreed that it was our responsibility to render a verdict based on the facts.

I found that nine of the 11 jurors I served with took their job very seriously. One of the jurors felt the "average" in the jury room, she repeated her "feelings" about the case. We all worked hard to convince her that feelings were out of place.

Another juror simply was out of touch with the entire proceedings. "What are we voting on?" she asked, as we approached each charge. We carefully outlined the speeches each time.

RACE AND SEX weren't barriers as jurors. We were 12 people, seven women, five men, seven blacks and five whites. But we did discover that we brought very different perspectives that had to be ironed out. I discovered that the black jurors, who ran the gamut of economic and class distinctions, were exceedingly wary of the police testimony, while the white jurors gave more weight to police testimony despite the juror's admonitions to the contrary.

Nearly everyone was a little too eager to bring TV-induced concepts of police work to the discussion of the charges, but we all managed to politely refute each other's conjectures and stick to the facts as presented.

On the last charge, assault with attempt to murder, the jury's first vote was split distinctly along racial lines with one exception. I threw my vote in with the black jurors, convinced that the defendant had not attempted murder.

After more than an hour of debate, we agreed on a verdict. Guilty of assault with attempt to do great bodily harm less than murder.

We came away feeling pretty good about ourselves and our system of justice. We also felt a little sorry for the many prospective jurors who had blatantly avoided serving on the jury by telling the judge they couldn't "be fair" for whatever reason they could manufacture.

We went through about 60 prospective jurors before the final jury selection was made for that trial. Most of those dismissed by the judge and the attorneys made it very clear by their statements that they weren't interested in serving.

They answered the summons but were hoping to avoid a trial that would take two days out of their lives.

They missed a lot, including a good education in the judicial system.

Maybe they had more important things to do, such as reading "The Average Book."

HOME TEAM

LAST NIGHT, ALONG WITH MILLIONS OF HIS FELLOW AMERICANS, FARNSWORTH AVERY Q.D.'d ON CABLE TV.



Chauvinists are growing

Look out, all future wives

Have you ever had a day when you felt like you were being Mom-ed to death? It goes something like this:

"Mom, I need some tape."

"Mom, will you pour me a glass of milk?"

"Mom, get me a clean towel."

"Mom, where's my rock collection?"

"Mom, Jason's not being nice!"

"Mom, Jimmy won't keep his feet out of my room!"

After about 12-14 hours of continuous Mom-isms, one may be tempted to giving thought about having your name changed. Dad seems like a nice name.

The only time my kids call out, "Dad," is when they have a problem of serious import that requires the wisdom of a Solomon to confer a decision. So it appears all too clearly that in my children's eyes, Dad's got the smarts, while Mom is a drudge.

While I may not be able to become any wiser for the benefit of my two young sons, I recently decided it's time I delegated some of the easier household chores to them. It's either that or I can see myself in 10 years pouring milk, making beds and picking up dirty laundry off the living room floor for my two teen-age sons and one lazy husband.

No woman should have to wait on three men!

THEIR BEDROOMS were depressing me greatly. I even took a picture of my 5-year-old's room and gave serious consideration to sending it to "Ripley's Believe It Or Not."

After much persuasion, nagging and bribing them with 50 cents per week, I've got the boys trained to the point where they manage to keep most toys and dirty clothes off their bedroom floors.

It makes it easier to walk that way.

But we've reached somewhat of an impasse with the beds. I don't know if it's just me, but I'm finding it terribly difficult to get a 5-year-old and a 6-year-old to make their beds every morning.

Not wanting to turn it into a running battle, I sat down with my 6-year-old one morning and tried to reason with him (a definite mistake).

"You have to learn to make your bed," I cautiously began, "because when you grow up, I'm not going to make it for you."

That afternoon their friends, Bobby and Kenny, came over.

"Bobby, do you make your bed?"

"No, my mom does it."

"Kenny, do you make your bed?"

"No, my mother does it for me."

Not surprisingly, my own son turned to me and said, "That'll be 50 cents mom."

"But, Bobby," I said, "Who's going to make your bed when you grow up?"

"My wife will," he smugly replied.

"But what if you live alone for a while after you leave home and before you marry?" I asked.

"Well, I guess it will just have to be messy for a time."

I seemed I had heard those words before.

The battle's not won yet — in fact I think we might be raising a bunch of little chauvinistic piglets.

Is Reagan wrong in strike?

Except when it comes to the Teamsters, I nearly always prefer to believe unions instead of companies.

Sometimes the unions are wrong, of course, but they get the benefit of the doubt from me. Except the Teamsters.

I single out the Teamsters because I don't think they're really a union. I think they're a mortgage banker for Las Vegas hotels, and even the Teamsters have some decent locals.

ANYWAY, the air traffic controllers aren't represented by any Teamster local, good or bad, so I tend to believe them in the current fiasco.

Surprisingly, I can't seem to find many people who agree with me. So far, everybody I've talked to about it has said, "Reagan had no choice," or words to that effect.

But here in southeast Michigan, home of Walter Reuther and — God forgive us — Jimmy Hoffa, there seems to be more sympathy for Polish members of Solidarity than for American members of PATCO, the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization.

To be a newspaper reporter is to have a pretty responsible job. Several hundred thousands of people know every time you screw up. More than that, a screw-up may wreck somebody's life, in a figurative sense.

To be an air traffic controller, however, is to have an awfully responsible job. When you screw up, wrecking somebody's life isn't figurative at all.

But somebody has to do it. And if they say doing it 40 hours a week is too stressful and they'd prefer to work 32 hours, I am personally willing to believe them. Extremely willing.

There is, after all, the off-chance that they're right.

AS AN INDICATION of just how Alice-in-Wonderland I find the administration's position on this issue,



Nancy Walls Smith

"I know," he answered. "My wife will."

"I didn't like his answer, but I calmly continued."

"Yes, but what if you don't get married?"

"Well, then I'll just leave it messy. It won't matter because nobody will see it."

His logic was getting too good for me, so I thought I'd try the "peer-pressure."

"You know, all of your friends make their beds. I bet Bobby does, and Patrick, Kenny, Andy, Jamie. . . My list went on and on."

I HAD figured that most of the neighborhood mothers were having more success than I at getting their children to cooperate, so I very pompously said, "In fact, I'll give you a quarter for every kid you can find who doesn't make his bed."

That afternoon their friends, Bobby and Kenny, came over.

"Bobby, do you make your bed?"

"No, my mom does it."

"Kenny, do you make your bed?"

"No, my mother does it for me."

Not surprisingly, my own son turned to me and said, "That'll be 50 cents mom."

"But, Bobby," I said, "Who's going to make your bed when you grow up?"

"My wife will," he smugly replied.

"But what if you live alone for a while after you leave home and before you marry?" I asked.

"Well, I guess it will just have to be messy for a time."

I seemed I had heard those words before.

The battle's not won yet — in fact I think we might be raising a bunch of little chauvinistic piglets.

Is Reagan wrong in strike?

Except when it comes to the Teamsters, I nearly always prefer to believe unions instead of companies.

Sometimes the unions are wrong, of course, but they get the benefit of the doubt from me. Except the Teamsters.

I single out the Teamsters because I don't think they're really a union. I think they're a mortgage banker for Las Vegas hotels, and even the Teamsters have some decent locals.

ANYWAY, the air traffic controllers aren't represented by any Teamster local, good or bad, so I tend to believe them in the current fiasco.

Surprisingly, I can't seem to find many people who agree with me. So far, everybody I've talked to about it has said, "Reagan had no choice," or words to that effect.

But here in southeast Michigan, home of Walter Reuther and — God forgive us — Jimmy Hoffa, there seems to be more sympathy for Polish members of Solidarity than for American members of PATCO, the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization.

To be a newspaper reporter is to have a pretty responsible job. Several hundred thousands of people know every time you screw up. More than that, a screw-up may wreck somebody's life, in a figurative sense.

To be an air traffic controller, however, is to have an awfully responsible job. When you screw up, wrecking somebody's life isn't figurative at all.

But somebody has to do it. And if they say doing it 40 hours a week is too stressful and they'd prefer to work 32 hours, I am personally willing to believe them. Extremely willing.

There is, after all, the off-chance that they're right.

AS AN INDICATION of just how Alice-in-Wonderland I find the administration's position on this issue,

Is Reagan wrong in strike?

Except when it comes to the Teamsters, I nearly always prefer to believe unions instead of companies.

Sometimes the unions are wrong, of course, but they get the benefit of the doubt from me. Except the Teamsters.

I single out the Teamsters because I don't think they're really a union. I think they're a mortgage banker for Las Vegas hotels, and even the Teamsters have some decent locals.

ANYWAY, the air traffic controllers aren't represented by any Teamster local, good or bad, so I tend to believe them in the current fiasco.

Surprisingly, I can't seem to find many people who agree with me. So far, everybody I've talked to about it has said, "Reagan had no choice," or words to that effect.

But here in southeast Michigan, home of Walter Reuther and — God forgive us — Jimmy Hoffa, there seems to be more sympathy for Polish members of Solidarity than for American members of PATCO, the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization.

To be a newspaper reporter is to have a pretty responsible job. Several hundred thousands of people know every time you screw up. More than that, a screw-up may wreck somebody's life, in a figurative sense.

To be an air traffic controller, however, is to have an awfully responsible job. When you screw up, wrecking somebody's life isn't figurative at all.

But somebody has to do it. And if they say doing it 40 hours a week is too stressful and they'd prefer to work 32 hours, I am personally willing to believe them. Extremely willing.

There is, after all, the off-chance that they're right.

AS AN INDICATION of just how Alice-in-Wonderland I find the administration's position on this issue,



Shirlee Iden

Norman left a real legacy: his love of life

Somewhere, smiling on us all, Norman is where meteorites never cease showering, where the colors on his palette never pale, where the second piece of pie's got zero calories, where daughter Lesley's not just near, but there.

Shakespeare said we're all actors on the stage of life. But though we may have equal rights, no one ever pretends the creator endows equality of talent or intellect.

No bit player in life's drama, Norman Appleton was this absolute success at doing well the things he cared about, a man with a flair for what really mattered. Things that many people look upon as sideshow stuff was center ring for Norman. With his artist's eye, he saw things most of us didn't — the color of a morning sky, the texture of a moist leaf, a little child hungry for a hug, or anyone in need.

TITLES MEANT nothing to him, and no extensive litany of letters either preceded or followed his name. But ask him about history, art, opera, music, stamps or coins and he knew.

He liked to laugh and to drink deeply of what he considered life's good things.

A nephew in eulogizing him during the funeral in Southfield, said Norman left more than a legacy of canvases because his talents were multi-dimensional.

He required people more than pigments and painting surfaces. Looking around at the sea of mourners, it was plain that many of us needed him sorely and are left bereft and blue.

Norman's successes include a splendid four-decade marriage and a superb talent for fatherhood that reached beyond his own daughters to others who needed warmth and compassion.

Understanding his own Judaic tradition, he knew the greatest mitzvah (good deed) was to help someone help himself especially through helping nurture their own abilities. So he often helped.

He liked to laugh and to drink deeply of what he considered life's good things. But more vital to him than his collections of books, art, stamps or coins were the human relationships he valued.

REMEMBERING WAS one of his favorite things. My husband Jack said if the conversation focused on World War II at a JWV post meeting, Norman never delved on the violence or horror of conflict. Instead, he would likely recall, with a chuckle, the photograph he once took of Gen. George Patton standing on the bank of a European river vowing his bladder into the water.

Photography was an alternative expression he enjoyed. And hands down, his favorite subjects were his six grandchildren.

Although I knew him 30 years, our best talks came in the last dozen years or so when I became interested in modern art.

I can remember Norman, whose genre was a more traditional art, quietly musing about the Calders, Miro and Agams I love so much. His wife, whom he called Henrietta, and everyone else knows who as Tools, said to him "See, Norman, that's where it's at with art now."

He told me he went home after those remarks determined he could paint like Miro, Calder or Agam if he tried. And in doing so, he developed a new dimension in his own work.

A man of many dimensions, his success cannot be measured in wealth or power, but in the depth of the passion with which he lived and appreciated life.

Somewhere he's there, I know. I can visualize Norman, smiling as he always was, trying to get the ear of the Creator.

He's rapping with Rembrandt about line and perspective. And surely he's lobbying so that never again will babies be shortchanged mentally or physically at birth and so children won't ever precede parents in death.

Yes, he's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.

He's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.

He's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.

He's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.

He's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.

He's over the rainbow now. And I know he'd want us all to go on living life on all cylinders, using every color on the palette and cooling it with this blue day bit.