

# Ketchup runs slow as substitute vegetable

Using children for political or social gain always has turned my stomach, no matter the cause.

Recall a few years back when the United Nations proclaimed the "Year of the Child." I penned a column asking why we feel sorry for human beings only when they are children.

After all, those starving, abused, neglected and war-torn youngsters on posters a decade ago are now forgotten starving, abused, neglected and war-torn adults.

But Ronald Reagan has managed to sway my sympathies on this issue. It happened the other day while I was sitting in a restaurant.

Gazing at the ketchup, I poured a little on my plate, added a dash of water and ate it.

Sounds repulsive, huh? It was.

THIS GRAND experiment transpired after I read the new guidelines for the federal hot lunch programs which allows ketchup to be a vegetable substitute.



Tim Richard

## State needs to become more diverse

Let's look at the Milliken tax cut-economic proposals in context.

Michigan in the last two decades has done the things a state should do extraordinarily well, with one exception.

This state has built its freeways, maintained its great universities, developed its system of regional colleges, built a community college system almost from scratch, advanced the status of its educators, subsidized music and the arts, ratified the ERA, cleaned up its rivers, helped conquer the lamprey, created a whole new Great Lakes fishery, expanded one of the best state parks systems in America, wrote model civil rights legislation, established an appeals court and professionalized its local court system.

All of this has been done without the kinds of corruption you read about in other states.

IN ONE respect, however, the state is worse off than it was 20 years ago.

Michigan's economists and political leaders have been talking about "diversification" until they are blue in the face, but so far it hasn't happened.

Worse, the auto industry, on which we have so heavily relied, is on its knees even in the "recovery" period between our frequent recessions; the unemployment rate seems to creep higher and higher.

Politically, Michigan has a delicately balanced coalition government. The executive has been dominated for 18 of the 20 years by moderate Republicans George W. Romney and William G. Milliken. The executive has sought an accommodation with legislators that are rarely dominated by one party or group for very long. The United Auto Workers union continues to be the single most potent force in the Democratic Party, but it has had to share power with the teachers and a scattering of suburban and rural conservative Democrats.

In short, Michigan has a political structure capable of doing things.

MILLIKEN'S SPECIAL message to the legislature last week covered both property tax cut and economic development issues.

Most reporters, figuring the ordinary reader is most interested in his own pocketbook and home, concentrated on the property tax cut proposals.

Actually, the economic development ideas deserve far more attention. Those of us with a little job seniority and houses purchased at single-digit interest rates have it made, compared to the rest of the world.

But what about the people below age 25 or 30? To what state will they have to move to find jobs? If they stay in Michigan, how much gray hair will they have before they get promotions? How will they ever afford to buy houses and rear a succeeding generation?

MICHIGAN'S "IMAGE" as a union state... the workers compensation system that facilitates double-dipping... the unemployment compensation system that particularly grinds the auto industry... the shortage of capital... the conservatism of our banks and lending institutions... the take-it-for-granted attitude we have toward corporations.

Economic diversification. It's a tall order. Yet I have to believe a state which is capable of the educational, environmental and judicial reforms and "miracles" which Michigan has pulled off is also capable of rescuing itself from its economic miseries.



Curiosity got the better of me. Fortunately, for me, this taste test was only an experiment. But for some children who take advantage of the hot lunch program, the ketchup substitute will be a reality.

In its fervor to cut the budget at any cost, the Reagan administration has stooped to this new low

— picking on school kids who are unable to buy lunch.

THE PRICE of milk has been raised, the portion of meals reduced and the nutritional values of each meal cut.

At one time a lunch was required to provide one-third of the daily requirement of nutrition. Under the new guidelines, that daily minimum has been reduced.

In the spirit of "let them eat cake," cakes and cookies substitute for bread.

Critics of the new plan point out that a typical minimally nutritious meal would be a 1.5-ounce meat patty, 10 french fries, several grapes and one-half cup of milk.

The theory in Washington seems to be that most kids dump their vegetables in the garbage, so let's save the money. Obviously, those administering this policy have either never known or forgotten what it's like to be hungry.

## Unshackled!



## Better to pick on apple pie

Dear Crackerbarrel Debate Columnist:

Holy smokes, Steve Barnaby, now you've done it! Your critique last week of the League of Women Voters as "stodgy and overcautious" has irked a lot of ladies. Better you should have criticized apple pie or even motherhood in your Sept. 14 column in The Eccentric.

As a former local league president, I can't pretend to be unbiased toward the group which taught me more than any government professor I ever had.

The founders of the league 60 years ago, having won the vote for women, wondered what to do next.

Those early feminists, some of whom had literally chained themselves to lampposts for the franchise privilege, decided they darn well better learn to use their votes responsibly.

That's stodgy? Overcautious? Come now, Steve, we're so stodgy we recognized the People's Republic of China years before our country did, risking a "pinko" charge.

Cautious, yes. We study before we act or urge others to act. Local, state and federal bureaucrats could emulate that bit of caution.

I WILL ADMIT I include myself with some leaguers who think we sometimes cop out with too long a study and duck the action.

But the league's reputation for fairness is well-earned by its meticulously getting the facts first.

Calling the league "maternalistic" for screening questions at candidates meetings is off base. I have moderated those gatherings in the past. Questions often are repetitious. The weeding-out process keeps the queries on the track.

The worst problem I ran into was the "have you stopped beating your wife?" question formulated by political opponents.



Mary Lou Callaway

I can agree the league voters' guides are pretty dull stuff. The biographical data are necessary. But some of the questions we ask are pabulum deserving of oatmeal answers.

Cutting off the answers at a specific number of words may be a little arbitrary. But shouldn't our candidates be able to count, read and write in a limited space? If the requirement is 75 words or less, and the candidate can't confine the answer to that, chances are good he or she won't get my vote.

I CAN'T AGREE that the league "sterilizes" the political system. You should hear some of their debates on issues.

I invite you to become a member of the West Bloomfield-Farmington Hills League. We have a lot of office holders, and even reporters can be members.

It took a few decades to admit men to full membership.

Unfortunately, there still is a reluctance to part with the "women" label. I've always thought League of Voters made modern sense. So how about helping erase that label?

I'm also inclined to curled lips over "men-only" groups such as Kiwanis and Optimists. But that's another subject!



the stroller

W.W. Edgar

## When experts are wrong

When the word came over the air the other evening that Tommy Hearn had been knocked out by Sugar Ray Leonard in the welterweight championship fight, it was not the fallen Detroit for whom The Stroller had the most sorrowful feeling.

His sympathy went instead to the sports writers and the so-called experts who not only had picked Hearn to win, but by a knockout within seven rounds.

He couldn't help feeling the agony they suffered as they contemplated losing the respect of many of their readers and the jibes they would get as they returned to their desks around the country.

After all, a great majority had predicted a Hearn victory, and so great was their influence that even the bettors in so wise a gambling place as Las Vegas had made the Detroit the favorite entering the ring.

THE STROLLER knows the feeling. He suffered that agony on several occasions during his sports writing days, and the feeling of agony still grips him when he recalls the incidents. The situation he never will forget came the night back in 1936 when Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis in what was termed a startling upset.

In those days, The Stroller was very close to Louis. On the day before a big fight, Joe always had given him the number of the round in which he expected to win. Joe seldom was wrong. When he was, he apologized.

This time, when The Stroller asked for the round, Joe hesitated and then said, "I do the best I can." It was the first time he had refused to name a certain round.

Late that afternoon when The Stroller sat down to write his story for the Free Press, he took it upon himself to become a real expert and wrote:

"For the first time in his career, Joe has refused to name the round in which he expects to win. But after looking at both fighters in training, the writer feels that Mrs. Louis will dictate the length of the fight. If she wants to attend an early movie, Joe will make it quick. If she prefers a bit of night clubbing, Joe will let Schmeling stay around a while."

These words are still on file in the yellowing pages of the Free Press. Maybe they have been forgotten by the fight followers of those days. But The Stroller never will forget the feeling he had in returning to the office to accept the darts and jabs of his fellow newsmen — and the loss of respect for the moment of his readers.

It is not a very nice feeling. That's why his sympathy went out to the "experts."

ON ANOTHER occasion when Max Baer stopped Frankie Campbell in a Chicago bout, The Stroller wrote that Campbell went down without being hit that he had taken a dive and set boxing back 20 years.

His story met the midnight deadline, but by morning Campbell had died from the effects of the blow. You can imagine his feeling when he slowly walked into his office on his return home. There is agony in sports, even in the writing end.



discover Michigan

Bill Stockwell

Did you know that Detroit's social life in its early days revolved largely around an activity which has disappeared today? Everybody attended "bees" — logging bees, house-raising bees, barn-raising bees, husking bees, road-making bees. I suppose the name came from the fact that people worked like a swarm of bees before feasting.