Dad, son meet pressures of Little League

ion as the parent of an 8-year-old starting his first year of Little League

Dascoali.

Tuesday night we had a meeting of all parents at the ceach's home. Friday evening we purchased basebail equipment. Sunday afternoon was the first

ment. Sunday atternoon was use tirst practice.

The meeting at the coach's home—a meeting I originally felt was unnecessary to attend—a tressed "his" philosophy of Little League:

"You think these kids don't feet had when they strike out or miss a pop fly, in this league, the parents should never criticize the coach, the umpire and, above all, the child. These kids have enough pressure on them. If you can't live by these rules, don't sign up your child!

child:
"I want these kids to have fun, to enjoy the game and, above all, to improve their skills throughout the season. Winding is nice, but as far as I'm concerned, improvement is the key. Furthermore, every boy will play — regardless of his skill."

I NEVER had realized the extreme pressure parents can put on their children. It was apparent the coach was dream to the standard of the standa

first practice to belster the lengue's equipment arsenal.

Finally, each boy was to have a jock-strap. 'A kid wearing a jock automatically feels like a big legged baseball player,' the cach explaint we went shopping to private the cach explaint property of the property

SUNDAY AFTERNOON was the first practice. I arrived slightly early with iny son only to find many other dads shready on the field.

I was rapidly enlisted to help coach. My job was to hit easy ground halts to several infielders. I tossed the first ball up in the air, intending to hit a grounder to second base. Swing — missi I was embarrassed. Indeed, it had been many years since I played bardball, and even in my prime I was never great. "Guya, that's what happens when you take your eyes off the ball," I called out.

Fortunately, I soon began to hit with

Fortunately, I soon began to hit with

LATER THE coach had all the boys run bases. Just once around and many were fatigued, breathing deeply. Clear-ly they had a great deal of physical ad before they

As my son and I left practice unday, there was a unique electores between us that previously I faint experienced. Although he played out resonably well, it was opparent he enloyed the afternoon.

A Farmington Hills yesident, Barry Franklin teaches physiology at Wayne State University's medical school, co-directs the cardiac rehabilitation program at Sinst Hospital.



ant program at Mercy College of rectly placed him at Marygi Detroit. (An earlier column incor-the editor's error.)





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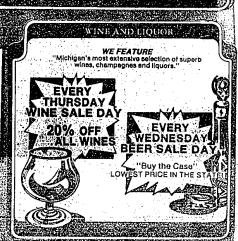
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