

# If you think sugar is nice, you'd better think again

Sugar and spice and everything...

Well, that's what the sugar industry is trying to tell us via the good old Food and Drug Administration. Sugar is better for you than poor old saccharin.

As you may recall a number of years ago, cyclamates fell prey to government regulations when it was purportedly discovered that it had a faint link to causing cancer. Now it's saccharin.

A person has got to be suspicious when it comes to lauding the goodness of sugar over artificial sweeteners—particularly when the sugar industry was caught a few years ago artificially boosting the price of its commodity.

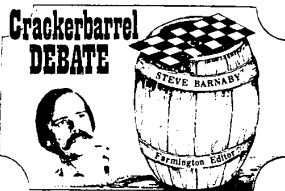
For some reason, the government bureaucrats forget that refined sugar is about the worst junk in the world. Overconsumption, of which the American public is highly guilty, causes rotten teeth, hypoglycemia, obesity, heart attacks and diabetes. A little research would probably reveal a host of other bad things that sugar does, but for the time being those will suffice.

I'm a saccharin slurper from way back, picking up the habit after I decided it would be a heck of a lot healthier to weigh 180 pounds rather than the portly 240 plus that I was supporting on my six-foot frame. My doctor agreed.

**BUT AVOIDING** sugar is like staying away from the weather. The sugar industry has convinced everyone that sugar should be everywhere—in your soup, spaghetti sauce, vegetables and peanut butter. It's been a great gimmick, considering the average person wouldn't even notice the difference if it was missing.

The FDA recently gave us saccharin consumers a break by delaying the ban for a month or two for really no other reason than in hopes that the public furor would die down.

But it won't. There are too many closet fatties, white teeth lovers and diabetics around who are going to feel like treads and puppy dog tails if the artificial sweetener is banned and a substitute isn't provided.



For the life of me I can't figure out why the FDA hasn't banned refined sugar. Well, that's not really true. The sugar industry, like the tobacco giants, spend a lot of money pressuring the folks in Washington to lay off their products.

Let's face it, nobody, absolutely nobody ever made refined white sugar or cigarettes. Millions of Americans would live years longer without them.

**THIS TYPE** of government conduct reeks havoc on my mind. Half the time, I'm praising the greatness of the American system of government and the other half I'm throwing the newspaper around the living room, cursing the government bureaucrats and business tycoons who continually are putting the screws to the people all for the sake of the big bucks.

The government's conduct in the saccharin controversy is hypocritical and is another example of why more and more Americans are turning away in disgust.

Oh well, we might not have saccharin to kick around anymore but at least we've still got our cranberries. Now, you all remember when cranberries caused cancer? I wonder what ever happened to that overwhelming issue.

# editorial opinion Tinkering Around Summer's hidden disease

by LOUISE OKRUTSKY

It's a sickness.

The person who invented vacations just had to be slightly kooky. I don't mean those vacations where all you have to do is sit around the old home-stead and guzzle something liquid and cold all day. Those are reasonable. They're slightly boring at times, but they are relaxing.

My gripe is with the type of vacation that compels its victims to race around like Seattle Slew through a maze of cities or beaches for a few weeks until they're convinced that they desperately need a few more weeks to recuperate from their journeys. Work was never that hard to take.

Like most sicknesses Vacation Fever (Pacrus et Runas) comes in stages to its unsuspecting victims.

I ought to know. I'm in the late stages, when sanity comes creeping back to the victim with all the shock the early morning light holds for the partygoer with a hangover.

IT'S WAS JUST a few weeks ago when any poor unsuspecting soul could have caught a glimpse of me feebly attempting to softshoe down Grand River while humming "Leaving on a Jet Plane."

But I'm over that stage now and am beginning to realize that I've been a sick, sick lady (oh, the disillusions of youth.)

I've had all the stages of Vacation Fever, so believe me when I describe them to you, the as of yet untouched

The most relaxing things about vacations are the initial stages of the disease, which is technically referred to as dreamonofool. That's the stage when the victim utters himself into the whole insane mess by dreaming of balmy breezes, sunny days (it never rains in the mind) and overpriced tourist joints specializing in pillows imprinted with gaudily colored and geographically incorrect maps.

This is probably the only stage the victim will find relaxing, so the forewarned ought to enjoy it. Sane people know the advance form of the stage by another name—hallucinations.

Next comes the paranoid stage, known to experts as shoppingbungee. During this time, things that the victim could do without suddenly become vital to his very existence.

**ADVANCE CASES** HAVE been known to buy such vital items as extra towels for the hotel, strings for the tennis racket and that all important set of woolen underwear just in case the dreaded July coldspell hits when the victim is visiting southern California.

Victims might be gearing up for a weekend in Toledo but they sure that no place but home has the stores required to cater to their needs. Of course, in the case of Toledo, this might be the same attitude to take.

Insanity begins to gear down during the packing stage. The sight of literally mounds of clothing and personal

junk is enough to drive anyone sane. This stage also is marked by the victim emitting a noise that sounds like "ugh, ough, grrrrrr" and which would probably make the director of the "Exorcist" lettuce-green with envy.

All those growls are caused by the inability of the victim to cram all those necessary items into one flight bag and one large suitcase. During this time the victim slowly begins to wonder why and how he got into this. Sanity returns.

But, wait. This is the most devious and diabolical twist of the disease.

**JUST WHEN** THE VICTIM has recovered enough to know he wants to get out of this awful situation, he begins to realize that he can't. After making all those reservations and driving friends and co-workers to distraction with talk of the impending trip, there's no way that he can get out of it.

There's only one honorable thing to do. He has to get on that plane and go through with the vacation. Saving face can be a painful process.

So, that's where I am now. I know that I'm letting myself in for a week of more running around than any sensible person would ever consent to do. But I wasn't sane when I planned this thing. Too bad friends, family and co-workers won't accept insanity as a defense. So, after a week, I'll have to return to work, just to recuperate.

Help.

## My Cup of Tea

by Loraine McClish

## Axioms get modern twist

A Washington D.C. secretary contracted a venereal disease from her lover. She sued and she won. So shameful was turned into shrewd. The advice once handed out by Emily Post has been replaced by the delights of finger-lickin'-good.

The advice from my grandmother has been replaced by advice from The Hot Line.

Ozzie Nelson has been replaced by Archie Bunker as my father image.

My own father's advice about saving

for a rainy day has been replaced by "Fly now, pay later."

A priest who once counseled troubled marriages is now having marriage problems of his own. M-I-C-K-E-Y-M-O-U-S-E is replaced by "Up your nose with a rubber hose."

The children who were once seen and not heard are now being asked how to run the world while we send our senior citizens out to play. "Our Father Who art in Heaven" is being replaced with "Are you running

with Me, Jesus?"

**THE FRIENDLY** policeman on my corner is now a pig.

"Uncle Sam wants you" posters have been replaced with a poster of the recruit playing tennis.

"The Sound of Music" has been replaced by "The Exorcist."

I adapt. I change. I shift my thinking. But every time I get smug about this fence I'm straddling, it starts to crumble underneath me.



## "Between the lines"

by Carl Stoddard

## A changing by the Guard

As you read this, a small army is setting up camp near Grayling, Mich. The army is, in fact, the Michigan Army National Guard.

This two-week summer session of military training and war games is nothing new. The National Guard, the state's own militia, has been doing it for years. What's new—at least in recent years—is the number of Guard units covering on the northern Michigan camp.

Nearly all Michigan Guard units will be at Grayling for the same week period this July. In the past decade, the units have trundled up to Grayling piecemeal fashion: some went in June, others in July, still others in August.

Once they all went together, but 1967 changed that. It was in the summer of that year that Detroit had its riot. And it was that year that the Guard was hastily summoned from its training amid the quiet pines and grassy slopes and propelled into an urban combat zone.

The riots happened only once. But then we talk of a recurrence, so the Guard mixed the idea of putting all its troops in one basket—hence the three training sessions each summer.

This year, someone decided that Detroit was going to be quiet this year. I don't know how it was determined. The method by which the military makes decisions has always been a mystery, even to many inside it.

**IT'S A SURE** bet the decision to send the Guard en masse to Grayling was not made in the spur of the moment by some rash young lieutenant. Military decisions, in peace time, are slow and painfully behind the time.

Despite its slowness, the military somehow figured out that Detroit was going to keep its cool this summer. As a result, the highways were filled last weekend with an unusually large number of big green trucks and Michigan's own sometime soldiers.

I don't know what all this means. You can apply any interpretation you want. But there seems to be a message in there somewhere for folks living in Detroit and its suburbs. The message isn't as bold as the rifle shots and flames of 1967, but it may be just as important.

## Citizens Can Win

## Fight over SBT looms

Reading about taxes is like taking castor oil. It's good for you but not much fun.

On the assumption that most of us care deeply about our financial health, I am taking the extraordinary risk of writing a column on taxes—with a money back guarantee that you will fully understand it.

The tax in question is the Single Business Tax (SBT) which is squeezing many small businesses in Michigan right out of existence.

It came about two years ago when the state legislature voted to replace the eight existing business taxes in Michigan with one tax, appropriately named the Single Business Tax. It was adopted as the result of heavy lobbying in Lansing by General Motors, Ford, the banks and the utilities.

The SBT is killing many small businesses, especially service businesses that rely heavily on employees instead of machines, because it is primarily a tax on a business's payroll rather than on its profit. This means that a small business with a lot of employees but no profit or even a loss can still end up with a whopping state tax bill. For a small business with a big tax bill and no profit

there is simply no way to come up with the money.

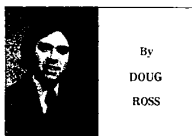
**ALSO**, THE SBT makes very little sense at a time when Michigan desperately needs jobs. As a tax levied primarily on payroll, it discourages all businesses from hiring new employees.

What difference should it make to consumers if taxes on small businesses are unfairly increased?

We consumers need small businesses. To begin with, they are our protection against the loss of price competition that occurs when only one or two large corporations are left to provide an important good or service. Small businesses also provide the convenience and fuel savings that result from being able to shop and secure certain services in our neighborhoods.

In other words, the real cost of a tax that drives small businesses out of existence ultimately will be born by consumers.

As a result, consumers are beginning to join the fight to do something about the Single Business Tax. In May, a unique coalition of consumers and small business people organized Citizens to Save Small Business to force a major revision of the SBT this year.



By DOUG ROSS

This non-profit citizens group is proposing an alternative tax for small businesses that would tax profits rather than payrolls. This would have the effect of repealing the Single Business Tax for businesses with gross receipts of less than \$3 million.

**THE COALITION** convinced Senate Finance Committee Chairman Patrick McCollough (D-Deerborn) to introduce this alternative tax for small business as part of an overall reform of the SBT. This proposal, Senate Bill 734, already has been favorably reported out of Senator McCollough's committee.

Consumers, as well as business people, have a strong stake in Michigan's small business climate. If you want to help in the fight to revise this inequitable tax, contact Citizens to Save Small Business at 559-9260.



## "Around the edge"

by Jackie Klein

## Home is where the heart is

If you looked in our backyard, you'd think we had a toddler in our house. But we seldom hear the excited voices of children at play.

Our backyard is outfitted for our five-year-old grandchild, Dylan, who begs to be pushed "high as the sky" on the swing set, giggles as he swooshes down the slide and screams with delight as he splashes in the kiddie pool.

But, although Dylan is a frequent visitor, our backyard is more often quiet than not and we miss the happy, high-pitched voices of children at play.

We and Dylan have outgrown our four-bedroom colonial in Southfield. Our grandson's crib, which once held him as a tiny, slumbering infant lulled to sleep with a pacifier, has been given away to someone else's grandchild.

Gone too are Dylan's high chair, baby bottles, stroller, pampers and other paraphernalia that crowded our home and our grandchild's diminutive world. Our home is uncluttered now except when Dylan comes to play with his toys. We miss the clutter in silent rooms where we seldom hear the noise that children make romping through.

**HOW QUICKLY** time travels, we reflect, and childhood is gone like the blink of an eye. When we moved here 15 years ago, our Lisa was only four. She slept in a pink ruffled bed with a menagerie of stuffed animals, and she would go swinging high as the sky and swoosh down the slide in our backyard.

Keith was 12 and he came home crying his first day of school in Southfield. I remember driving him every day to our old neighborhood in Detroit to play baseball with the kids he knew. But he soon made friends with boys on the block and we were happy to hear the thwacking of basketballs tossed into the hoop on our garage and the screech of bicycle wheels on our driveway.

The basketball hoop is gone now and so are the bikes and the little boy who laughed and cried and played records in his bedroom. We miss the whooping sounds that boys make in their teens.

When we moved here, Tina was 14 and soon falling in and out of love. She shared her secrets with a dozen girlfriends, often for three hours on the telephone. Her bedroom was cluttered with adolescent trappings which accumulated with amazing rapidity.

Tina's bedroom is now my office den. The walls echo the giggles and

dramatics and jangling telephones of her girlhood. We miss the unique sounds a girl makes growing up.

**KEITH'S BEDROOM** is empty except when Dylan comes to spend a weekend or a night. Lisa's room is still pink and ruffled, but the stuffed animals on her shelves stare with beady eyes at her often deserted bed.

A stereo and a bevy of lurid, shiny posters have been added to her bedroom, but Lisa is away at college or camp or on a trip.

We have outgrown our four-bedroom home but not the memory of the children who once filled the now empty spaces with joyous sounds and symbols of boys and girls. This is what our house represents.

We don't want to move out of this home where our children thrived, where Dylan now scampers and swings high as the sky in the backyard and where our wall-to-wall Collie stretches from room-to-room.

Our property to us has more human value than dollar value because four walls and 12 mortgage payments a year don't make a home.

We may not often hear the voices of children at play in our home. But there have been tears and laughter and an abundance of love that is precious and can never be replaced.

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