

Chrysler's too important, feds should help

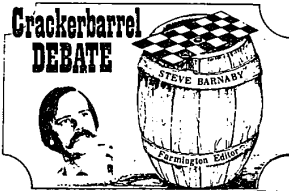
Give 'em the dough, Jimmy. Only guys like GM Board Chairman Thomas Murphy can afford to stick with the Neanderthal free enterprise thinking and tell Chrysler to "sink or swim on your own."

In the first place, Murphy doesn't have to worry about where his next paycheck is coming from. And the real free enterprise system went out with high-topped shoes.

For years now, government at various levels has been aiding big business. Business folks like to call it subsidy when industry gets a break. When an individual gets some sort of aid it's called welfare. But it's all the same.

An examination of the record shows that the \$1 billion Chrysler seeks is small potatoes. Back in 1975, the federal government forked over \$95 billion in federal subsidies, according to a study done by the Senate-House Joint Economic Committee.

Of course, most of us remember when Lockheed was bailed out by the feds a number of years ago. Locally, it has become common practice for municipalities to give tax breaks to industries to lure



them into their hometowns. Some even get a break on the sewer tap-in fee.

Just about every industrial park around has been built on such tax relief premises.

Presently, a number of business lobby groups are blitzing Washington to support a House bill. It would allow businessmen to get faster and bigger write-offs for capital assets.

Theoretically, it would encourage companies to

build more factories and install more machinery from cash saved on the equipment write-off.

Those groups lobbying are the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Business Roundtable and the National Federation of Independent Business.

So it is apparent that business not only accepts government aid, it actively encourages it.

It baffles the mind why free enterprisers like Murphy object to aid for other businesses.

The economic devastation to the metro-Detroit area would be monumental if Chrysler went down the tube. Already, the third place auto firm has laid off 24,000 blue-collar workers. It has the same fate in mind for 35,000 white-collar employees.

And that would just be the beginning if Carter's team decides to assist in its limited plan of a \$500 million loan. Estimates are that another 350,000 jobs outside of Chrysler would be directly affected.

Such unemployment figures would simply mean more workers on the public dole, fewer goods and services purchased and economic gloom for the Detroit area.

editorial opinion

Chrysler's payroll alone is \$2.98 billion. That's a lot of bucks to withdraw from circulation in the economy because somebody like Murphy wants to pretend this is 1879, rather than 1979.

Unfortunately, Carter's economic team is composed of persons of like thinking. Take newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury G. William Miller. He, too, has been bandying about the glories of the free enterprise system and saying that Chrysler management should figure it out for itself.

The Carter plan would substantially increase Chrysler's indebtedness. Instead, Chrysler would like the \$1 billion in aid through an advance against its taxes.

The days of free enterprise are over, Mr. Murphy. The important thing is to keep the economy rolling and workers employed. It matters not if board room philosophies are disrupted a tad. Mr. Murphy can afford an Alka-Seltzer.

M-275 rehash—only construction firms win

Take a supporter of the M-275 freeway plan, turn him over, and you'll probably find a sworn enemy of a "subway" in Detroit.

The issues, however, are usually discussed separately although they're clearly related.

Mixed in the debates is the personality of Detroit Mayor Coleman Young. Because he takes a pretty haughty attitude toward the outer cities, Young is an easy guy to loathe. That's unfortunate because the issues need discussion on their merits.

THE ORIGINAL M-275 plan in western Oakland County was shot down by the old state Highway Commission largely on the basis of environmental issues.

An "environmentally sensitive" black spruce bog at Maple and Haggerty roads would have been adversely affected, it was discovered, by a freeway. People who wouldn't know a black spruce bog from a hole in the ground made it an abig issue as the Kirtland's warbler and the snail darter.

Meanwhile, the owner went ahead and drained it anyway.

What hardly anyone talked about was the effect M-275 would have on Michigan's freeway system. M-275 would start at I-75 near Davisburg in northern Oakland County and connect to I-96 and I-275 at Novi. Combined, we would get one gigantic bypass around Detroit from Davisburg to Monroe.

Mix in the "super sewer" project in western Wayne County and you get a pretty desirable hunk of territory for development.

THE SUPPORTERS of M-275 persisted, no matter how much Peter Fletcher, chairman of the old Highway Commission, told everyone to forget it.

The M-275 plan has been redrawn to eliminate the environmental objections. I have a hunch, however, that the same people will be against it for other reasons.

The environmentalists will become urban preservationists and say: What's the sense of spending millions of dollars on a freeway to rip through the rural lakes area of Oakland County? It will only attract new development at a time when Detroit and such older areas as East Detroit, Royal Oak, Redford and Dearborn are losing population.

If the area were growing, they'll say, there might be some sense in a major highway. But when Detroit has lost one-third of its population since 1950, what's the sense?

The proponents will ignore that argument and say: The growth is already here. The freeway has been on the drawing boards for the better part of a generation. Detroit got its freeways; now we want ours.

THE SUBWAY argument muddies the situation. The federal government is beginning to think of transportation as one big pot. What is spent on rapid transit is unavailable for freeways. What is spent on freeways robs rapid transit.

Oakland County commissioners feel so threatened by the glorified trolley that they are threatening to pull out of the Southeastern Michigan Transportation Authority.

Oakland's pullout would, in my view, wreck SEMTA and screw things up for everybody. But try to get those commissioners to discuss that possibility.

At the same time, building a light rail rapid transit line to Eight Mile Road and stopping would



Tim Richard

be monstrously stupid. But try getting the Detroiters to pledge to extend it to Birmingham or Pontiac before any other rail lines are started.

THIS THEM-OR-us debate will begin coming to a head in September.

On Sept. 26 the new state Transportation Commission will meet in the Oakland County Board of Commissioners Auditorium in Pontiac to get public input on the new M-275 plan. There's a chance they may approve it.

Meanwhile, SEMTA will announce its public hearings on its 1990 plan, including the subway.

Four things could happen. 1) Both M-275 and the subway could be built. 2) Only M-275 could be built. 3) Only the subway could be built. 4) Neither could be built.

In three cases out of four, the construction industry wins.

Forget Tom Wolfe, you can go home again

Every now and then The Stroller likes nothing better than to close his eyes and take a mental visit back to his old home town and relive some of the days of his youth. And contrary to what Tom Wolfe may say, the visits back home can be enjoyable.

The old home town, with the Indian name of Catusaqua, is on the banks of the Lehigh River in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. And while the town was only one mile long and three-fourths of a mile wide, there was more friendly neighborliness than any place he ever has been.

Back in the days when the world was young and vital, Catusaqua was known as the Iron Borough. It got the name because it was the home of a big furnace company that manufactured what was called pig iron — the main ingredient of steel manufactured only a few miles away.

BECAUSE OF this industry, the old home town drew immigrants from many European countries. It is rather peculiar to look back now and realize that each ethnic group had a section of the borough. It really was segregated.

For instance the immigrants from Hungary, were called with some affection, 'Hunkies' and they didn't mind. They lived in the company houses, dealt at the company store and never bothered anyone.

When it came to church attendance, they were devout worshippers — they never went to the other churches in town. They built their own, literally, and when the building was finished they sat on the floor to worship until they could afford pews.

They celebrated their own holidays and it wasn't long until our entire town turned out to help them with their benefit plans and never missed any "Hunkie" carnivals.

On the other end of town, the immigrants from Wales set up their own community. What a great place that was to visit.

The Welsh, too, never mixed with the other groups in town. They had their own community — even to a grocery store — and when it came to worshipping they built their own church. What's



By W.W. EDGAR

more, they developed their own choir that was so good, it was called upon for benefits throughout the entire Lehigh Valley.

Because of this popularity, the Welsh influenced many youngsters in town — even The Stroller — and they attended the Welsh Sunday school. And many are the squaw takes they tell of these old Welshmen when it came to building the church.

Even to this day, the old timers back home tell of the night the Welsh group met to decide on the lighting for the church.

No job, no gas, no discipline

This has been a tough summer up north for teenage boys. The tourist business has declined considerably, and very few business establishments have been adding extra help for the summer season. So jobs are hard to find.

Our 16-year-old had been promised a job as assistant dockmaster in the community where my family spends the summer, but they decided to hire an inner city child with federal CETA funds, so our Mike was out of a job.

But a summer job is important for kids. It teaches them responsibility, good work habits and the value of a dollar. It gives them opportunity to understand how much effort is needed to produce the funds for a new car or boat.

It also gives them some independence, because they have money they earned themselves which they can spend as they please.

WE ALWAYS kid about two 16-year-old boys we knew, both from affluent families. One went to work as a checkout boy at a local grocery store and the other boy did nothing.

There was some question whether the job at the grocery store was beneath the youth's dignity, but everyone admired him because he had obtained the job himself and worked hard at it.

When his peers discussed the other boy who wasn't working, one said maybe they were both preparing for later life; one was working hard and the other wasn't doing a thing.

The lack of a job for our son has created another problem. He has ended up doing odd jobs that lack

On this night, Dave Harris, owner of the grocery store and one of the leaders in the church, was late for the meeting. When he arrived they were discussing the possibility of having chandeliers. When they asked Harris what he thought, he answered "Who is going to play them?" He had mistaken chandelier for carillon chimes.

And it was old Dave who was the teacher in the Stroller's Sunday school class. He was a good teacher, but The Stroller's group liked to upset him just to see his anger show.

One particular morning, one of the lads appeared in Sunday school with a pin stuck in the toe of his shoe. It was placed in such a way that the point easily could prick the person in the seat ahead.

In the middle of our Sunday school class, old Dave asked:

"Who was it who dies to save sinners?"

Just then the kid with the pin in his shoe raised his foot and the pin penetrated the kid in front of him who shouted "Jesus Christ."

"Right you are, my lad," old Dave said, "but not so loud."



by HENRY M. HOGAN, JR.

the discipline that regular work demands.

He started running with a group of kids that stayed out 'til all hours, and then he'd stay in bed late the next morning.

I finally took him aside to explain about the work ethic and that people would think that he was lazy if he stayed in bed all day.

I told him an hour of sleep before midnight was worth two hours after.

I explained that the only thing you really can do after midnight is to get in trouble.

"Well, he explained to me that times had changed since I was a boy and that all the action was at night. If he couldn't stay out, he would lose all his friends. He finally capped his presentation by saying, "Dad, you don't know how to relax."

Up to this point we had had some sort of democracy in our family, but all of a sudden it became a dictatorship.

We now give him jobs that require a very early start, and he finds he can't stay up as late as he used to.

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