

When the going gets tough, the people dig deeper

Life during these past two weeks has been tough. One must be excused for slumping into bed after the 11 p.m. news, exhausted and mumbling, "Munoz, Manoyta, Montana, Hicks, Hacksaw... who shall the hero be?"

It clearly was a temporary condition of nervous system jangle which doctors have diagnosed as Super Bowl Shock.

The only cure was aspirins, rest, avoidance of pub crawls, and abstinence from television and newspapers, which obviously were in a conspiracy to numb the public with every possible fact, rumor and opinion relating to something which at one time was known merely as a football game.

Plainly, television has decided that our most revered national heroes, are those young men who are capable of throwing and catching footballs with dexterity in face of an onrush of large bodies, the supple swiftness capable of running past and around the same onrushing bodies and the large bodies themselves.

I found that the brightest moments of the sun-up to sun-up coverage of Super Hysteria XIV were provided by a number of the athletes and former athletes who made themselves available for teams of nincompoop questions just to get some special attention for the charities being plugged by the National Football League Alumni Association.

AT THE SAME time, their appearances brought to mind a question:

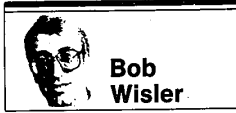
How are our charitable organizations faring in face of a shaky local economy, downsized profits and paychecks, layoffs and threatened cuts in federal aid?

One might have suspected that the agencies which work to soothe the hurt of others might be hurting themselves and that a skidding economy might have caused people to become more generous.

A check with the agencies shows, however, that not only are they not suffering unduly, they are enjoying what seems to be a truism among those who depend on the public's sense of charity: During hard times, there tends to be more giving by those who have the means to give.

The United Foundation's recently concluded fund-raising campaign reached 102 percent of its goal. UF set a goal of \$43 million and raised \$43.5 million.

The American Cancer Society last year had a good fund-raising year. The Salvation Army had one of its best fund-raising



Bob Wisler

programs and was 20 percent over its goal in a recently concluded campaign.

The March of Dimes program in Oakland County raised \$500,000, an increase over the previous year. Mrs. Deleares Wehr, director of the program in Oakland County, said the fact that contributions

have not fallen is "a testimonial to the generosity of people."

Mrs. Lisa Nirider, for many years fund-raising chairwoman for the Cancer Society, said it seems that "sometimes in lean years, we do better."

The cancer society had its best year in 1974, a time when the state was suffering through another difficult financial skid. The organization reached its goal in Wayne, Oakland and Macomb counties, the first time that it has done so in all three counties.

The conclusion seems to be that when times are tough, people dig deeper.

At the same time, there are many good reasons why those who are able to give,

should give more — more people are in need.

EVERY AGENCY contacted reports having more people asking for help. David St. Clair, executive director of the Kidney Foundation of Michigan, said, "We are seeing a lot of people who were getting a little help from us now asking for a little more help."

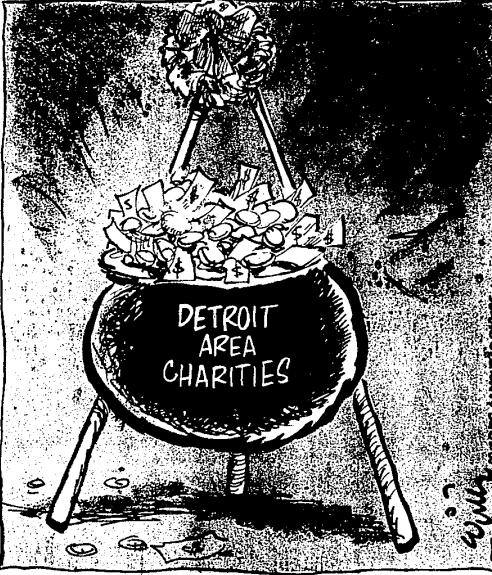
"We used to be known as the agency which helped the middle class — the rich didn't need our help and the poor had Medicaid. But now, we are seeing in many cases that Medicaid is being restricted, people who used to get help aren't getting it any longer."

We have now gone through the time of

Super Bowl XVI and all of its attendant fantasies and we are back to some of our more dismal realities: unemployment, budget cuts, people hurting and the need for generosity.

We have sung our paean to the well-heeled worshippers who temporarily made our area the mecca of supposed football-related fun, frivolity and frolic. We have thanked them profusely enough for dropping a supposed \$60 million in our sorely deprived local economy.

Let us now thank all those who dug a little deeper to ease the pain and the hurt of people in trouble. They have helped make life a little more bearable for someone. These are the real heroes.



FDR, born 100 years ago, was the man for his time

"People are looking to you almost as they look to God," a citizen wrote to Franklin Delano Roosevelt in March 1933. Days after his inauguration as the nation's 32nd president, Roosevelt and the country looked upon a bleak horizon.

Upwards of 32 million Americans, one third of the work force, were jobless. Men and women stood on street corners, some begged, some sold pencils and as many as two million wandered the country in a fruitless quest for work or a sense of belonging.

The crisis was severe, the days were dark, many were hungry, cold, poorly clothed and inadequately sheltered. People who worked a lifetime lost homes, farms and businesses.

To many observers, it seemed the time was ripe for revolution such as the one that tore Russia apart 16 years before.

Instead, a charismatic man with the confidence to surround himself with men of merit and excellence took on the task of healing a sick economy and bringing hope to a despairing nation.



Shirlee Iden

through World War II.

Today, he is close to being forgotten. But for my generation, FDR was the only president in memory. On the day Franklin Roosevelt died, April 12, 1945, I didn't yet have pimples nor had I discovered boys, but I was fascinated by history and politics, and addicted to newspapers.

"Our president is dead," came the voice over the school loudspeaker that long ago day. We learned a cerebral hemorrhage had killed him.

WHEN JOHN Kennedy was assassinated, there was a sense of anguish and horror many of us still remember. The day Roosevelt died, I knew sheer terror.

World War II was not yet over. The atomic age was yet to begin. All over the world, American boys were still fighting, bleeding and dying. John Q. Public had not yet learned of the Nazi horrors perpetrated over the European continent.

What would happen without the leader of the free world, the man who had guided us for so long?

Historian R. E. Neustadt wrote of Roosevelt: "He always cast his vote for life, for action, for forward motion, for the future." Now nearly 40 years after FDR's death, his centennial will be marked in a joint session of Congress on Jan. 28, and other ceremonial events. This though the nation has yet to erect a monument to his memory.

ROOSEVELT evoked controversy among his fellow men. Yet, few would dispute his optimism, or the strength of his personality.

"The character of the Republican ascendancy of the 1920s had been pervasively negative; the character of the New Deal (under Roosevelt) was overwhelmingly positive," Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris wrote of his presidency.

Born in Hyde Park, N.Y. on Jan. 30, 1882 to Sara and James Roosevelt, he was an only child and grew up in comfortable circumstances. He was taught privately and knew German and French.

Educated at Harvard, he was chief editor of the "Harvard Crimson" and studied law at Columbia. In 1905, he married a fifth cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

His hero was Theodore Roosevelt, another cousin whose example led him to politics. Once he served as New York governor and four times was elected president, a distinction no longer possible under the Constitution.

Mostly, it's the ordinary Americans who recall him as their champion, who value his New Deal for giving them dignity, the means to own a home, the hope for security in old age.

Once he brought them out of a dark place and wove a safety net of social measures. Today, others would unravel it.

overheard over coffee

Pete Rozelle, who started his National Football League career as a public relations man for the L.A. Rams, really hasn't been a commissioner all these years, he's been a p.r. man extraordinaire.

How else can one explain the avalanche of publicity surrounding Super Hype XVI? Rozelle recognizing the public's need for some elaborately detailed fantasy to take our minds off drab reality has created the ultimate diversion.

It would not be surprising if the NFL owners anointed him commissioner-for-life.

County characters have no sense of shame

For years I have struggled with a way to describe Wayne County government to readers in the outer reaches of Wayne and Oakland counties. At last I may have it.

The government of the County of Wayne is like a depraved derelict who has been arrested, booked, strip-searched and jailed so many times that he/she doesn't care. There is no sense of duty. There is no sense of shame.

This generalization applies to much of the leadership in many of its public agencies. There are to be fair, many employees and even some officials who conscientiously attempt to serve the public. This column is about the remainder.

CONSIDER THE behavior of Sheriff William Lucas and his men.

There was the day at the Charter Commission meeting when they arranged to have a hall called in the proceedings and cornered one commission member, Cynthia Stephens, in a small room. Lucas and his group wanted much detailed language giving them all sorts of powers, duties and, of course, jobs. Miss Stephens was a tie-breaking vote.

Miss Stephens was seated in a chair with a group of eight rather burly fellows surrounding her. It was like a scene from a B movie with hard-boiled cops giving some poor devil the third degree.

But this was real life in downtown Detroit. It was real politics. The sheriff and his crew persuaded charter commissioner Stephens to draft language more to their liking. I watched the proceedings through a window and overheard part of them.

The Sheriff's Department abounds with other examples. There was the Charter Commission's public hearing which was packed with sheriff's deputies and wives in an attempt to intimidate the charter group.

There was the sheriff's year-long refusal to lay off some 250 of his deputies, his loss of the issue in court, his one-man interpretation of his loss as a victory, his second loss in court.

Through it all, one could detect no sense of duty. There was no sense of shame.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS provide similar w stories.

There was the register of deeds who won a new term at about age 72, appointed his son chief deputy, retired in mid-term and arranged to have his son appointed the new register of deeds.



Tim Richard

No sense of duty. No sense of shame. Without a charter, departments in Wayne County government report to the Board of Commissioners. So there was the time the board took the Public Works Department out of the jurisdiction of the Road Commission — in itself not a bad act.

But the Board of Commissioners could

find no better persons to head the Public Works Department than two of its own members, Royce Smith and Clet Wozniak. They resigned from the county board, to which the voters had elected them, and took their new appointive positions at approximately double the old salaries.

Can you imagine a city commission in Plymouth, Garden City or Farmington appointing one of its members city manager? Can you imagine the boards of Schoolcraft or Oakland Community College appointing one of its members president. No way.

But in Wayne County there is no sense of duty, no sense of shame.

THE ROAD Commission is an agency whose devotion to politics, nepotism and self-indulgence has been chronicled by my

colleague Bob Wisler and by The Detroit News in painful detail.

You imagine the boards of Schoolcraft or Oakland Community College appointing one of its members president. No way. But in Wayne County there is no sense of duty, no sense of shame.

The matter is to go before a circuit judge Jan. 28. Through it all, two members of the Road Commission and the "union" managers have exhibited not one shred of a sense of duty, not one shred of shame.

Kind of like a derelict being busted, boots striped and sent to the slammer for the umpteenth time.

Author had an influence on literature

By Joanne Stein special writer

Virginia Woolf was born 100 years ago today. And 100 years calls for a party. That's what some Schoolcraft College students decided, so they indulged in chef Leonard Stee's pastries and read aloud from various works of Virginia Woolf in the campus's Liberal Arts Building recently.

They would also have liked Boeuf en Daube, the dish immortalized in Virginia Woolf's famous dinner party scene in "To the Lighthouse." But, alas, student budgets are tight in southeastern Michigan.

Who was this woman born a century ago at 22 Hyde Park Gate, London?

FOR STARTERS, she was not connected in any to the "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" play except unwittingly to lend her plume to the title. (In Germany, the same play was called "Who's Afraid of Franz Kafka?")

She was, however, very much connected to literature as a first-rate novelist who also wrote short stories, critical essays, feminist tracts, biographies, and an astonishing number of personal letters and diary entries. She even had a hand in a few translations. And no one's afraid of her, unless one fears a wonderful talent. She is still published. Schoolcraft's Library and most community libraries have her works. Her works are studied in two Schoolcraft

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courses and most universities.

Virginia Woolf wrote nine novels. "To the Lighthouse," published in 1927, is probably her most famous. But "Jacob's Room," published five years earlier, was her landmark. In this she parted company with a long narrative tradition, having decided that the realist's business of getting on from lunch to dinner was false, unreal, and merely conventional.

From then on, she dispensed with plot and made a world of a single moment, attempting to capture and record these single moments as her characters experienced them.

WHEN ONE REMEMBERS Virginia Woolf, one also remembers Bloomsbury. Bloomsbury was, and still is, a district in London where Virginia, her sister and two brothers lived as young, lively adults. But more than that, Bloomsbury was a collection of people, what might loosely be described as an artists' colony. They remained close friends and strong influences upon one another throughout their lives.

Eight days from today, the literary

world will hold another celebration: the 100th birthday of James Joyce. Woolf and Joyce are probably the two most important novelists of this century, for extending the definition of fiction.

And their paths crossed in a curious way, because Virginia, along with her husband, Leonard, almost became the publisher of Joyce's masterpiece, "Ulysses." The manuscript was brought to Hogarth Press, founded by the Woolfs.

Virginia didn't much like "Ulysses" — it struck her as coarse and made her feel unduly indelicate — but she recognized its importance. The problem was that "Ulysses," a very long manuscript, was beyond the technical capacity of Hogarth Press.

And Leonard Woolf could not find professional printers to do the job, because they feared they would be prosecuted for dealing with the highly controversial work.

VIRGINIA WOOLF died by drowning in 1941. In "To the Lighthouse," she wrote:

"The sea was more important now than the shore. Waves were all round them, tossing and sinking, with a log floating down one wave, a gull riding on another. About here, she thought, dabbling her fingers in the water, a hip had sunk, and she murmured, dreamily half asleep, how she perished, each alone."

The other day, a colleague recalled the various authors she had read as an undergraduate. "But it's Virginia Woolf I keep returning to," she said.