

## editorial opinion

# Women deserve open door to segregated male clubs

Thank you Corina Maxam.  
Thank you for showing courage and fortitude through a long and difficult lawsuit.

Thank you for not sinking to the same level of some of your peers and their parents who harassed you during your battle to join the Redford Township Boys' Club.

You have earned the right to participate in Boys' Club activities in peace; now it is time for others to take up the cause.

It is time to look closely at all organizations that have chosen to exclude persons on the basis of sex.

The Wayne County Circuit Court decision that allowed girls to join the boys' clubs in areas under the court's jurisdiction was truly a landmark case in the history of women's equality.

But there is still much to be done before women take their rightful position in all social organizations as well as those subject to government equality statutes.

So we now have boys' club members who are girls; what about female Jaycees, Rotarians, Lions, Kiwanians, Legionnaires and Optimists (who are not lobbied off as auxiliary members)?

PERHAPS ALLOWING WOMEN to join these clubs seems like a minor point, but it really isn't.

Important business decisions don't always go on in the office. Sometimes a deal is made on the handball court, sometimes an important business contact is made through a fellow Rotarian or other club member.

As women become more involved in the business world, it is important that they have the same opportunities as men do to further their careers.

It is important that civic-minded individuals have the chance to contribute something to their community, regardless of sex.

By limiting organizations to only one sex, members are limiting resources as well. By confining women to such roles as making refreshments for meetings, these clubs are confining themselves to half the talent they could have.

The Redford Boys' Club will probably come out smelling like roses when the national organization is eventually forced to open all clubs to girls, in spite of its initial resistance.

Women will be seeking to become an active part in their communities even more in the future. Most of the women's clubs that exist now are already open to men who wish to join and have no federal charter prohibiting membership by sex alone. Redford clubs open to men only can point to their federal charters prohibiting women and use that for their smug excuse.

That's what the boys' club tried to do, but it didn't work.

It can also happen to other men-only organizations.

And sooner than they think.

CAROLINE PRICE

## Living good; distractions few

Despite the images of Thanksgiving and Christmas as great times for families, late summer—specifically August—must be ranked as the best season for the most basic unit of society.

Few civic activities are there to distract family members. Little League and recreation baseball have wound down. Clubs are nearly dormant. Summer school is a whisper. The only politics are a few city primaries that provide more faint amusement than municipal turmoil.

In Michigan, the eating is the best of the year. Peaches, plums, a multitude of vegetables and especially sweet corn are in season, and buying them at farmers' stands provides a break in our shopping patterns. The kids are more often alone on their trips than they are with us, and the supermarket. We don't think about it at the time, but these late summer suppers are the best and least pressured meals of the year for the family.

Such activities as there are tend to be civic festivals or, if you're vacationing out-state, the county fairs. The family goes to them as a group.

Commercially, it's a good season because back-to-school shopping has started. But what makes late summer shopping better is that there's no exploitation of Pilgrims, pumpkins, Santa, George Washington, St. Valentine and bunnies like there is in other seasons. The family's buying is practical and gimmick-free.

There's a pleasant lull in late summer. Soon it will be interrupted by the jarring bump of school (or teachers' strike threats), clubs, bowling leagues, new situations and friends, new business projects. The richness of late summer won't be remembered as any great event. Yet it will have done more to restore us human beings and family units than any other season of the year.

## The Rood case

# Rally for editor political

In a previous column, I wondered aloud about the public's strange reaction in Escanaba to the firing of Daily Press Editor Dave Rood. Some 300 inhabitants of that breezy upper peninsula club had rallied in protest of Rood's firing by John McGoff, publisher of the Panax newspapers.

The public, I have found over the years, just doesn't rally in support of Rood's kind of good journalism. People might rally in protest of a story that shows their pet project in an unfavorable light—even if the story is true. They may rally to get an editor to print Little League results.

But it's just unlike the public to rally around an editor who gets fired for refusing to print what he perceives to be a trash piece about President Carter from the publishing company's national bureau. Something there had the stench of a billion alevines washed onto the beaches of Lake Michigan.

IT TURNS OUT, there is an explanation. Politics.

It seems that a self-appointed committee on the newspaper industry in Escanaba issued a manifesto aimed at curing what was wrong with the Daily Press and many newspapers everywhere.

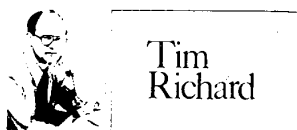
It called itself the Committee on Responsible Journalism, or some such name. I have to work from memory because my wife used my only copy of the manifesto, picked up on our recent vacation, to wrap the remains of a spectacular smallmouth bass that consumed one minnow too many.

The committee thought Rood should be reinstated. It thought McGoff ought to get out of newspaper management. It thought McGoff ought to dispose of his property.

It has as much chance of accomplishing those ends as it has of persuading Henry Ford II to reinstate Bunky Knudsen and peddling his Ford stock, but at this point the politics gets sticky.

THE COMMITTEE also advocated a legislated end to chain ownership of newspapers.

Into the fray came the name of the Hon. Morris Udall, one-time presidential aspirant from Arizona. Why Udall, when the U.P. already has a



Tim Richard

hard-working and popular congressman named Philip Ruppe.

Well, Rep. Udall has a bill floating around to end what he calls "chain store journalism." He also has a crusade on the subject, and the Dave Rood case provided an excellent Calvary on which those ideologues could strut and preach.

(It may be no accident, incidentally, that the story of the Panax firing was delivered to a paper with the political persuasion of the New York Times; certainly, the Times wasn't particularly on the lookout for good yarns about Michigan's upper peninsula.)

Anyhow, the political doctrine surfacing in the U.P. seems to be that "chain store journalism" is odious, particularly when practiced by a rich right-winger. Freedom of the press is OK except when certain chain publishers seek to live their properties by trash stories at the expense of Mr. Carter.

I have a notion that the exotic economic doctrines of the anti-chain theories won't stand a constitutional test. Freedom of the press has to apply to everyone—to the McGoffs, to the Husters, to the Woodrums, to the Howard Kohns. If Panax wants to divest itself of the services of a superior man like Dave Rood, well, it's a free country.

Meanwhile, I have heard of no effort by the ideologues to scrape up a few million bucks and buy out the Escanaba Daily Press. McGoff has been buying the press as well as buy up newspapers. Buying the press would be playing by the rules of the game, but, instead, the self-appointed committee seeks to impose its brand of responsible journalism through politics, by an act of Congress, and by exploiting the popularity of a good man like Dave Rood.

## FORECAST: "COOLER WITH GRADUAL CLEARING"



# A healthier Detroit means healthier climate for all

Last week marked the 10th anniversary of the Detroit riot—surely the most traumatic episode in the history of the core city and its suburbs. Before the rage and frustration, the burning and looting had petered out, 43 lay dead, 342 were injured, 5,000 were homeless, 7,000 jailed and \$50 million in property damage reported.

It was the worst riot in American history, and it shattered the self-confidence of the nation's fifth largest city. It also tore at the bonds of interdependence that linked it to the suburbs.

For what followed were a well-intentioned but only somewhat effective effort at short-run reconstruction, the continued deterioration of the city, the school busing crisis, and the conviction on the part of many suburbanites that the last thing they wanted was anything to do with Detroit.

TEN YEARS LATER, however, there are signs that the core city is beginning to come back from the brink of collapse.

Crime is on the decline; the murder rate which brought the city the reputation as the murder capital of the nation is down 28 per cent from a year ago.

In part, this is caused by two successive years of prosperity in the automobile industry. People are working, and although the unemployment rate in Detroit is now 9.7 per cent, that's down from 17.4 per cent last year.

The police department, previously nearly all white and a major source of anger in the black community, is now becoming integrated. Instead of being looked on as "they," the cops are starting to be called "us."

Economic development is beginning to pick up, not just at the popular Ren Cen, but also throughout the city. There are 44 major building projects currently under way in the city, worth \$413 million.

# Meadow Brook: Unmatched asset some of us ignore

They say that a prophet is without honor in his hometown. We seem to take for granted what is easily accessible to us, but praise highly things in foreign places that sometimes don't measure up to what we have.

Out in Rochester stands the Meadow Brook Music Festival on the grounds of Oakland University.

This summer it will present 10 weeks of the finest music available anywhere in the world in a natural setting unmatched anywhere in the world, but a lot of local people have never been there.

Attendees have their choice of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra on Thursdays and Saturdays, jazz on Fridays and pops on Sundays.

Visiting the area this summer have been or will be the likes of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band from New Orleans, the premier Dixieland group, Stan Kenton of progressive jazz fame, to pop stars Helen Reddy and Andy Williams.

The festival can hold a little over 7,000 people a performance. There is seating capacity under a covered shell for 2,200 people and 5,000 can sit on a banked lawn.

Imagine sitting on a blanket with a star studded sky as your ceiling listening to the world's greatest music and you have summed up the Festival.

It all started back in 1964 when "Woody" Varner, then chancellor of Oakland University, gathered people together to start a major performing arts festival.

IT LASTED FOUR WEEKS and attracted 50,000 people.

The next year it scheduled six weeks of performances and attracted 100,000 people.

It became the summer home of the Detroit Sym-

## Observation Point



by PHILIP H. POWER

Although there are still a disgracefully large number of houses held in foreclosure by the feds (3,926), the number is less than the 8,360 units of last year.

OBVIOUSLY, THINGS have a long way to go, despite the progress.

The schools are still a shambles, acre upon acre of slum houses blight the landscape, and unemployment among black teenagers is more than 30 per cent.

But for the first time, it seems reasonable to hope that the core city might just be ready to play a role other than that of the sick man of the region.

This prospect, I believe, will be welcomed by the suburbs.

A healthy Detroit means a safer Detroit, one that is neither terrifying to visit nor a net exporter of crime.

A healthier Detroit means the rest of the communities in the region will have less to fear from spreading waves of deterioration.

And a healthy Detroit means that all of us living in this region will be able more freely to take advantage of the resources and attractions of the core urban area.

In short, a healthier Detroit means healthier suburbs.

And that's good for all of us.

## Eccentricities



by HENRY M. HOGAN, JR.

phony Orchestra and each year continued to upgrade the program expanding into jazz, pops and ballet.

The success of the Festival has not only been the quality of the program but the quality and energy of the community leadership that have supported Meadow Brook from the beginning.

Its budget this year will amount to over \$1 million. Ninety per cent of it is raised through ticket sales, the remaining ten per cent will come from the support of individuals, corporations and foundations.

It probably operates at the smallest loss of any major festival.

The Lillienthal Report which appraised the assets of Oakland County called the Festival the major cultural institution in the county.

It is truly amazing that when local people have the opportunity to travel a couple of miles to see Roberta Peters, Count Basie or Bobby Short in their own backyard that the Festival wouldn't be forced to keep adding space so it could accommodate more spectators.

THEN AGAIN, IF THIS HAPPENED it might lose the charm that we all know of as "Meadow Brook."

# Desire, not age, key to productivity

Sometime before the August recess the U.S. House is scheduled to vote on a bill that would raise the mandatory retirement age for federal employees from 65 to 70.

While applying solely to those employed by federal agencies, the bill, if passed, could serve as a precedent and guide to state and local government and the private sector as well.

There is a serious need in this country to provide employment for all who need it. Much of this effort has focused on youth and rightfully so.

For reasons that remain unclear, though, the notion that it is acceptable to discard those above 65 who would still like to work persists.

Productivity, creativity and the desire to work don't suddenly evaporate as the chimes strike midnight on the eve of one's 65th birthday. Nor do they, for that matter, when the clock strikes 12 on the eve of the 70th birthday.

So let's be rid of this medieval and arbitrary requirement.

A Division of  
Suburban Communications Corporation  
Philip H. Power  
Chairman  
Henry M. Hogan, Jr.  
President & Publisher  
Richard D. Agnion  
Executive Vice President  
& Chief Executive Officer

## Farmington Observer

Steve Barnaby  
Editor

22170 West Nine Mile,  
Southfield, MI 48075  
(313) 352-5400

John Reddy, General Mgr.

Arthur Langer, Advertising Director

Fred J. Wright, Circulation Mgr.