editorial opinion

Dan McCosh writes

Back to loafers

Women's lib made me, a WASP all, along and protected themselves from the truth. Lumping in 51 percent or so of the selectivith ethnic and racial groups storically discriminated egalarist, range the balance, precarious any, and now those of us included to select the selection of male, a minority.

Lumping in 51 percent or so of the pecies, with ethnic and racial groups instorically discriminated against waying the balance, precarious anyway, and now those of us included in Alics category probably account for ess than a third of the population:

In a way, it is the destruction of a myth. Most so-called "minorities" are actually only minorities in the United States anyway, Calling Chinese, of example, a "minority group" is the same kind of logic which has Columbus "discovering America," when in reality all he did was help cure the ignorance of a handful of Europeans.

Many WASP males suspected this

cast paly mirror images of them-selves.
But all that is past now. We have been found out.

As an ethnic group, we have been a colories to I (pardon the pun). The ef-fort has been in the past to maintain a low profile, drive conservative cars and generally avoid the impression one is swinging one's weight around.
The time may be at hand to revive some ethnic pride.

I saw some guy driving an MG the other, day wearing a cap with a buckle in the back. Right on, brother.

Did anyone hear the latest? The one about Joe Smith and his wife, Sandy? We need some good WASP jokes. Somebody has got to invent a tricky way to shake hands and some ingroup slang. The urge is strong to dig into the closet, break out the penny loaders and regimental-striped tie and the wine-colored blazer. Maybe get a leather armchair no-body can use except me after I get home from work.
Eat rare roast beef and drink martinis.

Get the dog to bring in my paper

and slippers.
It'll have to be the dog, I guess, because nobody talks to us much anymore.

Jackie Klein writes

The guilt of affluence

An old time comedian was famous for his one-liner, "Monkies is the equaziest

Apparently the guy never had kids or he wouldn't have pegged that label on the poor monkeys.

Take our son, please. He majored in aggravating his mother and minored in giving peptic ulcers to his father.

One day our male child was lying on the couch in our air-conditioned den listening to his \$1,000 stereo and munching

cherries at 89 cents a pound.

I was in the kitchen preparing his favorite dinner. It was a steak I had just taken out of the vault after making a sizeable withdrawal from the bank.

I HEARD SONNY boy stretch luxuriously, turn Elton Johns up to a deafening roar and march into the kitchen.

Petulantly, eyes blazing with accusac-tion, he delivered his famous all time one-liner, "The trouble with you is you

never deprived me of poverty."

I was so emotional, I dropped a \$4 a pound steak on one foot, kicked our son's \$200 thoroughbred collie with the other, and put my fingers to work jogging through the yellow pages looking for the nearest shrink:

I wasn't sure if it was I or my son who needed deep, lengthy analysis. Would my guilt ever be assuaged? Would our poverty-deprived son ever recover from his trauma?

When I gained my composure, I gasped, "What do you mean I deprived you of poverty?"

"For one thing," he replied, "we've always had a cleaning woman to pick up after me.

I was well aware of that fact. That's why I could never keep a cleaning woman after she spent 10 minutes in my son's room which is decorated in early smelly sweat socks and free-standing un-

The word must have gotten around be-

cause when I call "Dial-a-Maid," they keep telling me I've got the wrong num-

MY SON BROKE INTO my reverie. "Do you remember the time I had pneu-monia?" he nagged.
"I certainly do," I answered. "That

was from opening and closing the refrig-erator 75 times a day."
"It was not," he argued. "It was be-

cause dad bought us that great big swimming pool when I was four."

I reminded him he didn't get pneumonia until he was 10 and we had thrown out the plastic pool.

"So it was a latent bug compounded by the attic fan and the air conditioning," he snapped. "That's why I had to move

of the house when I was 20."
"Besides, I just couldn't stand the way you and dad live. Your values are all wrong and you wouldn't let me contribute my share:

"So why didn't you give us money for room and board?" I queried.

"How can you even dream of asking for money from your own son?" he

"At least when you come over, you could do your own laundry," I suggested.
"I try, but I always end up with pink

undershirts and my navy blue socks turn

out powder blue."
"If you're so unhappy, why do you come over?" I asked.
"If I deprived you of poverty, you're

sure making up for it in the flea bag you're living in now," I added.

"I come here because I've got hay fever and air conditioning makes me feel better," he explained. "Besides, I dig the food here and I don't have a washing machine or a stereo. I like to sleep on clean sheets once in a while. Who wants to live like a pauper?

Like I said before, "kids is the cquaziest people.

mmmemos

Music camp has been a way of life in our fam-ily for several years now, so when our youngest prepared for the eighth time around I figured things would pretty much follow the previous pat-

Image would pretty intent follow the phevious pairs in the was the first year for her, though, and sht did a lot of wondering and questioning about the routine as we packed her navy shorts (would they let her wear them THAT short?) and light blue shirts and socks (would there be enough, considering how dirty they get?) and checked over her French horn (how would she do in auditions?) The pattern continued when I took her on the long drive to deposit her at camp. It went on in the hurried letters that came home. (One pair of shorts was too short and her counselon was the only one who could get her socks clean and she needed more money for ice cream bars and somehow she landed in second

chair among the horns in one band.)

And on the last day things still seemed pretty familiar when we went to collect her and there was the usual good concert followed by the traditional tearful goodbyes.

But I was wrong in thinking music camp could bold no surprises.

This year we added a new feature, for a big sister who used to be a camper there was back as a comselor in a nearby cabin.

And of course I headed over there, too, to visit her and meet the brood she had "mothered" for two weeks.

This is a war and the same of the

her and these the browners are the two weeks.

"This is my mom," she announced to the girls gathered around to await the final concert.

"Hi, Grandma," they chorused.

Now really, music campers, I love you all dearly, but I'm not quite ready for that.

—Margaret Miller

Harmington Observer Eccentric

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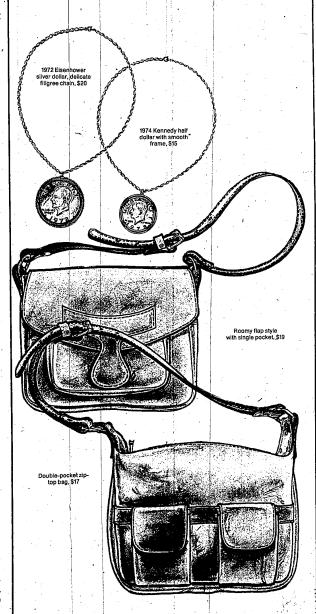
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