

editorial opinion

Dan McCosh writes

Mixed busing reactions

I heard the news about the Supreme Court decision on busing on the car radio. Oakland County Prosecutor L. Brooks Patterson was quoted as saying "a terrible period in American history has come to an end," or words to that effect.

Old L. Brooks had hit another nail on the head with his usual finesse.

He doesn't speak for the whole white community, of course. Not all of us wholeheartedly support the idea of a separate but "equal" society; some feel guilty about it.

Busing meant association with blacks to a lot of white people who could ignore them otherwise. I feel this is the gut level reason for the opposition. Too many of the people who are now cheering the majesty of the law had "this family will not be bused" signs in their windows to feel otherwise.

During the past couple of years I have heard thousands of white people talk about "their children riding the bus," but never once have I heard anyone mention about four times as many, proportionately, blacks as

whites would have been transported.

At the peak of the frenzy the impression lingered — the average white pictured his kid as the single white occupant of an all-black classroom, if the busing order went through.

THE REALITY WAS that busing was a white, middle-class dream.

Busing was supposed to neatly arrange students in a classroom with a comfortable white majority, and their manners, language, values and tax base would prevail.

It was an idea rejected by most blacks intent on self-determination of a kind less palatable to whites, and embraced with a kind of masochism by some suburban whites.

There was an idiotic, simple-minded quality to the whole idea.

Regardless the terrible period that has ended was one when simple-minded ideas had a kind of human quality to them, and I for one thought it was a high kind of patriotism.

Busing was probably the right idea at the wrong time, or worse, the wrong idea at the right time.

The terrible period which appears

to have ended is one where social problems were approached by a lot of naive, simple minded solutions.

None of them worked, not urban renewal, Hud, poverty programs, storefront law or the public hospital.

I have no doubt busing was impractical on the scale it was contemplated, expensive and ludicrous.

But racial division is an open sore on American society.

Busing may not have been an answer, just a crazy proposition.

Does anybody have any more?

Endorsement

The Farmington Observer & Eccentric left this endorsement off its list in Thursday's newspaper.

25th County Commissioner Patrick M. Nowak, incumbent, deserves voter support in his bid for the Republican nomination.

Jackie Klein writes

R.S.V.P. if you have an ache

My friends and I are planning to rent Cobo Hall and throw a big bash for all our respective doctors. Eleanor is going to bring the jello mold because all she has to contribute to the guest list is her family physician.

It's a toss-up who's going to cater the major part of the dinner. We figured we'd give that honor to the gal with the most doctors.

I've been chosen as a likely candidate. My list includes a gynecologist, a hematologist, a urologist, an internist, a podiatrist, a surgeon, an optometrist and a dentist.

I may get points for my grandson's pediatrician, my daughter's allergist, my son's orthodontist and my husband's gall bladder specialist. But that's still being debated.

MARION CLAIMS SHE can match my list, and then some because she goes to a shrink twice a week and her husband goes to a dermatologist.

But I figure I can top that by adding the veterinarian for our two dogs and a cat.

Throwing a wing ding for a bunch of medics may sound ludicrous, but it's really very practical. We can all be diagnosed in one place at one time

instead of running from specialist to specialist. And we can have our annual check ups in one shot.

The way we figure it, the doctors will get a break too. Besides being well fed and provided with entertainment, they can unload most of their appointments and take a one year sabbatical.

With us out of the way, there'll be very few patients left to call them off the golf course on Wednesdays or wake them in the middle of the night. None of my friends have any need for obstetricians.

Francis has a pair of hand specialists, one for each. Our party will give the right hand doctor a "Chance to learn what the left hand doctor is doing."

WE'RE HAVING A SERIES of caucuses to decide some very critical issues like a name for our party. Among suggestions are "Gall Bladder Gala," "Geriatric Jamboree," "Hypochondriacs' Hop," and "Menopause Madness."

The next major item on the agenda is entertainment. We thought of forming a chorus line called the "Hot Flashes." Someone suggested a color film strip on open heart surgery, but

it's been done before on television.

Our friend Sarah has three unmarried daughters. She wants to bring them to the party to meet three eligible neurosurgeons. They'll settle for ophthalmologists, but we haven't decided to invite our families. Cobo Hall only holds 11,000.

Another subject under discussion is whether to serve liquor. According to some doctors, alcohol is a "no no," except in rare cases when it's used to stimulate the heart.

Many of our ladies indulge in an occasional martini martini for medicinal purposes. Since none of the medics have yet discovered a cure for the common cold, we doubt if they'd approve of our home remedy.

We decided not to invite the Surgeon General who has determined cigarette "smoking is dangerous to your health. We've got to have some vices or the party will be a flop.

The last item on the agenda is the date. We've got to work the party in between my hysterectomy, the removal of Sarah's varicose veins, Marion's kidney operation and Eleanor's hormone shots.

Maybe we'll make it a New Year's Eve party.

Carl Stoddard writes

National Guardsmen in action

That gun was about 20 feet away from me when it went off.

I clicked the shutter as the percussion hit me.

Snap. Just like that I captured the new Michigan Army National Guard in action. At the height of action.

I was up at Camp Grayling, along with a couple thousand Detroit area Guardsmen for two weeks of training. During that time I had an opportunity to see a number of units.

Much of the training centered around preparing for that big moment, known among military men as "when the balloon goes up." You civilians know that as a war

BUT WHILE THE National Guard prepares for that eventuality (if it really is an eventuality), few Guardsmen really want to see it happen. Most, like myself, prefer the role of part-time soldier.

The National Guard concept goes back to those first Minutemen: farmers that would leave the fields, grab their muskets and run off to the war.

Later, when the fighting was finished, they'd return home, hang up their muskets and go back to the fields.

Today, the muskets have been replaced by automatic weapons, mobilized artillery guns, tanks, helicopters and an array of modern equipment.

And because it takes more training to know how to use this equipment, today's minutemen must practice on a regular basis.

NOT THAT PRACTICE is necessarily bad. By any estimation it is better to practice than to be called to help in a war, or a major civil disturbance or a natural disaster.

Fortunately, wars and other unpleasanties have been rather scarce lately.

So, until the next balloon goes up or city gets wiped out, the Guard must be content with training.

Training is the kind of action I prefer—especially when you consider the alternatives.

Buying an election?

To the Editor:

The other night on radio I heard a candidate for the 17th Congressional District call for restored trust in public officials by voting for him. It sounds great, but how can we re-establish trust in elected officials when they are busy buying the election.

Those beautiful full-length ads and TV-radio spots—some are five minutes in length—cost thousands of dollars to produce.

Where is that kind of money coming from? Where does a candidate collect \$50,000 to promote himself in a primary race? How much more will he need between August and November?

Every time I see a candidate's smiling face on billboards, TV, etc., I think to myself "will he squander my money the way he's disposing of the gifts from his benefactors?"

And what "gifts" do the benefactors get in return?

Arlene Gendelman
Southfield
July 19, 1974

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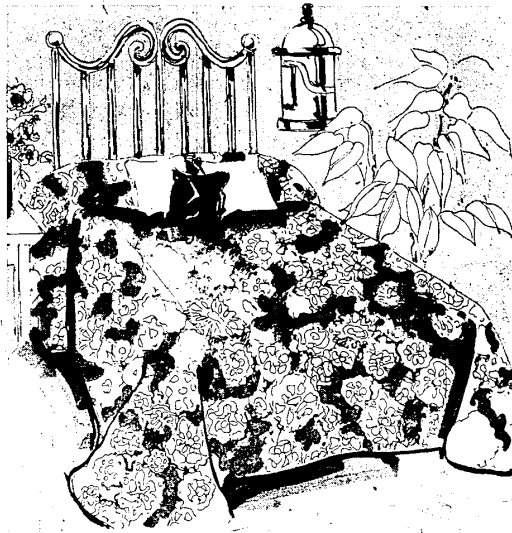
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