

We're Marching, Bicentennially

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I AM SOMEWHAT of a Tory in this Bicentennial period. And proud of it. Time was, when the family gathered for the Fourth of July, we talked of those guys on the American side. No longer; now we brag to each other about the Tory forbear. These are the days of the bumper decal when everyone shows his true minority colors—Italian, Irish, Swahili, even Canadian. Well, as a Tory, and proud of it in a proper trendy way, I am showing my true minority colors. Just as soon as I get my bumper decal designed.

Meanwhile, you have got to stop maligning us. No more of these stereotypes of Tories sitting around in the sunset discussing the fall of the Empah, gorging on roast beef, tea, and crumpets, guzzling Communion wine at the Anglican church, and secretly worshipping pictures of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

Once I met this neighbor at a cocktail party who was

even worse off. I shall call him Mr. T. Now T. was known far and wide as an ideal father to his three young sons. He umpired in the Little League. He led Boy Scout encampments. He was active in church, P-TA, and community association. But for some reason on this afternoon he was deep in his Martinis. Assuredly, that had to be his seventh in his hand.

Finally he talked. He talked of his sons, his wife, his old parents, his career, his days as an infantryman in one of our frequent wars, I don't remember which one. At last he got to the nut of it. One son was studying American history. He had been told not only of the nefarious Tories, but of the even more dastardly Hessians. The son was incensed against Hessians. And yes, the terrible truth was, my friend and neighbor was a descendant of a Hessian—a true and authentic Hessian-American! How could he tell his little son?

Well, I did what I could to console him. But these were long-ago days and long-ago times. And I counseled him to keep it to himself, as I was then keeping my Tory disgrace to myself.

But no longer! Old friend, wherever you are, come out of the closet. Let us protest our treatment. Let us get organized. Now!

I can just see us this Fourth of July—Tories and Hessians all, shuffling along Pennsylvania Avenue, marching on the White House, the people from national TV and the big press out in force to cover the event, the Hessian flag out in front of us snapping in the breeze. . .



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