

How Plymouth Won National JC Presidency

We doff our hat to Wendell Smith, the Plymouth Jaycees and area state chapters for the successful campaign that resulted in his election to the national presidency of the 6,000 chapters.

In less than 10 years, the Plymouth Jaycees have accomplished something that only one other chapter in Michigan has been able to achieve — election of a member to the national presidency.

The only other Michigander to gain such recognition from the Jaycees was Paul Bagwell, who was elected to the presidency quite a few years ago and later ran for governor of Michigan.

IT WASN'T HAPPENSTANCE that brought the high honor to Smith. It was the result of years of personal work with the organization during which he was a member of the Plymouth chapter, then became the greatest president and leader in the group's history.

This was followed by months of work at a state level which brought the state presidency, followed by national director and finally the No. 1 post nationally.

During the time Smith was personally building a future in the Jaycees, the Plymouth chapter backed him in all efforts. The members realized early that they had the kind of leader who could go far with the proper support.

They furnished that support, attending hundreds of local and state meetings to spread the virtues of Wendell Smith, selling chapter after chapter to get behind him.

Plymouth and Michigan had delegations plugging Smith at no less than three national conventions. The local delegation built up solid support for him in the elevation of a state president three years back.

They selected him "Young Man of the Year" two years ago and staged such a successful campaign that he was named one of the five "Outstanding Young Men of Michigan" at the state convention in Saginaw.

It was that same support that won him a position as a national director and led to his nomination this year for the presidency.

Even at the recent Phoenix, Ariz. national convention, Smith was strictly a "darkhorse" in the

early balloting. He was given little chance to win the coveted honor.

That's when the Michigan and Plymouth delegations went to work. They cornered heads of state groups, they kept plugging away, they did everything possible to sell their candidate — and they succeeded on the 22nd ballot. That was the most ever needed at a national Jaycee convention to name a president.

That's why each and everyone deserves the highest praise for a job well done.

IT WAS APPARENT from the first time Wendell Smith sat down with an Observer reporter that this was a young man who would go far in whatever profession he chose. He's a rising young executive with Kroger.

He had tremendous drive, personality and the ability to make an impression wherever he appeared. In addition, he was successful in getting his fellow members to cooperate in every program attempted and get the job done.

He earned the chapter presidency because he was the kind of a leader the Plymouth organization had needed. He was selected "Man of the Year" for his many accomplishments. It was the same qualities that won the admiration of the state organization and brought the state presidency and designation as one of five "Young Men of the Year in the State."

And now he has won national recognition for his efforts, becoming the first U.S. president to come from such a small city. That is another tribute to the work of the chapter and the personality and drive of Smith.

We are sure that Smith will become one of the Jaycees' best presidents. He will be lost to the Plymouth community for the next 12 months with his new duties, but you can bet that the story of Plymouth will be told and retold by the new president as he visits the 50 states and represents the United States in the international and world meetings.

Again hats off to a fine young man and the group of young men who so successfully supported him over the years and finally achieved their goal.

—R. T. Thompson

From the Publisher's Desk OBSERVATION POINT

By Philip H. Power

There is something deeply wrong with this nation's political system.

Judged from the perspective of a winter of 1968, our politics has neither shown it can meet promptly and effectively the stabbing social problems of today nor demonstrated any ability to produce the new men and ideas necessary to fulfill this role. Bits and pieces of evidence keep piling up.

THE JULY 1 ISSUE of Newsweek began its lead article, "Suddenly, it was summer 1968, — and the political atmosphere rumbled with premonitory thunder. After a day of discontent and a spring of hope, a new mood of frustration began to grip the nation."

"For all the months of convulsion, the tumult and the tragedy, the two-party system seemed to be grinding inexorably toward the selection of those Presidential nominees most closely identified with the premises and the unfulfilled promises of the recent past."

"The pressure for change was there: it could be read in the noisy crucibles of students, the rebelliousness of the black and the poor, the manifestos of the intellectuals."

The magazine then asked whether American politics could respond to the demands. The question remained unanswered.

JAMES RESTON, the highly respected columnist for the New York Times, last weekend wrote a column discussing Washington's preoccupation with personalities.

"The capital," he wrote, "is very conscious of the destructive forces now loose in the world, and is looking for somebody to come forward who can show the way to some unity of purpose and common control of human affairs. Not finding the unifying principle, it searches for the personality, and it has not yet found one in any of the presidential candidates."

THE INADEQUACY of politics to find solutions for our social problems goes beyond discontent with individuals like Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey. The repeated failures of our political system, coupled with the dim prospects for any substantial change, have led an increasing number of Americans to conclude that the only effective route is to abandon the process of "orderly political change and seek instead a new politics of confrontation or even of violence."

The Michigan Daily, the student newspaper at the University of Michigan, complained about the reluctance of the Democratic party regulars to give what the Daily considers a "fair share" of convention delegate representation to Senator McCarthy. The paper concluded that "Not in recent years has there been such a graphic demonstration that there is no recourse whatsoever for serious dissent within the structure of the American legal-political system."

"If Hubert Humphrey is nominated in August, we will resign from the system that has shown us we cannot win. We will be forced to carry our dissent through another system altogether."

The editorial ended, "We hope you will join us on the barricades."

THE HEATS ON...



This Is The Week That...

...By Don Hoenshell

Griffin Socks It To Bureaucracy

Sen. Bob Griffin is a quiet-looking man with owl glasses and a reputation as a formidable maneuverer in Congress.

But the Michigan Republican also has a delightful way of sticking pins in bureaucrats and making them feel as uncomfortable as humanly possible. He gave the bureaucrats and the opposition fits.

WELL, LATELY there has been a good deal of interest in the freezing and suspended animation of the human body.

Naturally, it raised a legal question, and a Detroit man brought the legal question to Bob Griffin.

The question was: If the man were to have himself frozen and then revived in 10 years, could he continue to receive his Social Security checks?

Senator Bob threw the question to the Social Security Administration, undoubtedly with a silent cackle, and waited for a reply.

THE REPLY CAME from acting Commissioner Arthur E. Hess, and in essence the answer was yes.

"The principal question," said Hess, "would seem to be whether the frozen individual continues to be alive."

After pointing out that the question had never arisen before, Hess said "we would be obliged to withhold benefits pending the periodic submission of competent medical evidence showing that the individual in a state of suspended animation" continued to be alive."

Hm-m-m-m, said Sen. Griffin.

A LOT OF QUESTIONS were left unanswered, Griffin declared.

Who could submit the evidence of life?

Who could cash the man's Social Security checks while he's in suspended animation?

Finally, Griffin noted, the government failed to indicate if checks were sent to frozen people, how long the Social Security trust fund would last.

Just like a Republican. Everybody else is worried about benefits, and he starts asking where the money is coming from!

—Tim Richard

All of a sudden the younger generation makes sense to Lonnie Brashear.

Lonnie is a lawyer in Livonia and a father. Parents worry when they see the boards and the marches of a generation daring to be different.

And a parent always wonders whether he did right for the kids. If we're lucky, someday we'll know — but the waiting and fretting and worrying are painful.

That's why Lonnie is lucky today and so is the world. His son, Pvt. Lonnie Brashear, is at Fort Dix, N. J. His letter has got to help.

DEAR DAD,

Well, how is everything at home or with you? It's O.K. here but it's hot. We had a forced march yesterday. Full pack, 11 miles later, and I thought I would die. We are in hand to hand combat training now. Next week we go into rifle training. Everything is easier now but the boredom gets to you if you're not tired enough to sleep. We had our physical fitness test today and I scored 434 out of 500 pts.

Just got back from school and we have a few minutes of spare time. I hope that you are coming down for graduation. My sergeant says that I might not get a leave because there will be only eight

days between when I graduate and when my school starts. Oh well, I can't worry about that now.

PLEASE forgive me dad, if this letter is choppy, but I've had three formations and one detail since I started it. I'm on my free.

Improvement Every Place—But One

History calls them radicals. They wrote letters throughout the colonies informing people of the injustices and meddling of the crown.

At the peak of their resistance, a British boat, Gaspee, was burned as it patrolled near Providence, R.I. And one cold December night in 1773, they disguised themselves as Indians and destroyed tea valued at 18,000 pounds.

We have made unbelievable progress in the 192 years since that relatively small group of radicals resisted and finally revolted against their government across the sea.

We have conquered darkness with electricity. We have conquered disease with vaccines, radium and machines. We have discovered the secrets of the atom.

We have spanned continents and the globe with diesel and jet engines. We have probed the blackness of space with men and electronic miracles. Our list of achievements is endless.

In less than two centuries, we have grown into a great nation. Our country is filled today, from coast to coast. We are no longer a small group of colonies separated by mighty forests and Indian villages.

We have altered and improved every area of our 20th century lives, save one.

We have not learned to dissent without destroying.

—Glenn Merrill

time now. I'm awfully tired but I'll live.

You know, dad, I look back at all of my past, including my trouble with the Army, and I have to laugh a little. In the past, you told me that I was a man but you were wrong.

I was on my road to becoming a man but I was far from being a man. Well, I don't know if I'm a man now or not, but I do know that for once I am really doing something on my own and it is something I know I must do if I am ever going to be called a man.

Army life at the present isn't very pleasant but I don't hate it like everyone else does. All the guys here are complaining because we don't have post privileges. Hell, we haven't been here but 10 days. I'd like to get a Coke too, but I can wait.

IT SEEMS TO ME that the service is what you make it, and I'm truly looking forward to it as soon as I'm out of basic. Right now, there are times that I curse this place. I'm sure, however, that someday soon I'll be happy that I was in the service and laughing because of the stupidity I displayed at times.

Well, dad, it's lights out and I have to go on guard duty. See, you soon.

Love,
Lonnie

P.S. Write me.

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