Practice Is Over, The Game Starts

High School seniors in Observerland will don their caps and gowns this week and next and, in most cases, listen to a lot of dry speeches I rom vice-presidents and deans from, neighboring universities telling them that commencement "is just the first step" and a happy and full diffuse them.

Usually, these speeches are just a minor delay before the seniors take off in daddy's convertible and guzzle free coke at an all-night graduation party.

an all-night graduation party.

The commencement speeches themselves really carry no real meat and the seniors will not actually be led to any new pieces of guidance of how to live in America today.

As a distinct public service, The Observer Newspapers would like to deliver, in print, its own graduation address to the high school seniors, replacing the sterile words of college officials, who have a habit of failing to mot telling it like it is:

So, seniors, here it is.

THE PAST 12 YEARS of formal education have been something like an athletic team's practice session for the big ball game on Saturday afternoon. As an assistant football coach at Wayne State University told this writer in years gone by. "I can tell my boys what to do at practice sessions Monday through Friday, But on Saturday afternbon, I have to sit on the sidelines and leave the game up to them."

to them."
Graduation is the end of the Graduation is the end of his Friday night practice session and the life that begins the next day (or four years later for those seniors who will attend college). Their coaches (their parents and teachers) will have to sit on the

Ford Gets Financial Gain

Ford has a better idea when it comes to selling cars to police departments.

Although the company had nothing to do with the results at a recent Westland City Council meeting, it still turned out pretty good for the firm.

What happened was that the Westland council agreed to switch gears and have its policemen drive new Fords instead of the larger Pontiacs and Olds it has bought in the past year.

Actually, a statistical report from the police department showed that the larger cars were less costly to maintain and the larger wheelbase of the car made it safer for policemen in high-speed chases.

Although s ever a lecuncil-men found good reasons to ab-stain from voiling on issues be-cause of a possible conflict of interest, none bothered to ab-stain on the purchase of the Ford cars although two of the councilmen, Gene McKinney and Robert Wagner, owe their livelihood to Ford Motor Co. A third, Mrs. Justine Barns, has a husband who works for Ford.

a husband who works for Ford. Technically, the three are not guilty of any financial gain on the police cars' purchase. But the principle of the matter is important, and it is hard to understand why they didn't abstain on the vote, especially since the purchase was approved by a unanimous vote of the seven-member council and their individual votes would not have affected the outcome of the issue.

—Leonard Poger

illside

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sidelines and watch them play in the game of life.
Unlike athletic teams, life does not provide one set of uniforms for "our team" and another set for "the enemy." It's hard to tell those who are on posed to our goals and way of life.

BUT A SMART GRADUATE will soon be able to tell them apart. Since many adults haven achieved this skill, they are frustrated in life and express their frustration in many slogans and actions.

rustration in many sugars and actions.

"What do they want? We gave them all the ways they need, didn't we?" says a white homeowner in the suburbs who questions the need for open housing laws.

laws.

As an infant cries to gain attention from his mother, minority groups riot to get the attention of the community's power structure and, to achieve some degree of control over their own futures.

Students in America and Eu-rope have virtually seized physi-cal control of their universities to

cal control of their universities to achieve the same ends — gain some semblance of control over their own future. Riots are not limited to Negro shettos in America's big cities. The basic causes can also be found in all-white college student bodies in Europe.

bodies in Europe.

Up 16 now, the high school seniors have been sitting on the sidelines watching the "game" of life" over the nation's TV newscasts.

Some of the events of the day's game includes bloodshed in South Vietnam, rampages in Negro ghettos, revolt in France, upheavels on college campuses, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, among others.

both sides or the Atlanta Ocean, among others.

This is not the world that color of the commence of the commen

ment talks over the years.

The average 18-year-old senior is far more intelligent than his chunterpart was a generation ago and he won't swallow whole some garbage written by a committee of university public relations, personnel.

'After commencement exercises are over and the last senior leaves the all-night bash the following morning, we adults will welcome you to the game of life.

Leonard Poper

Sense And Nonsense

Another avenue of escape has been cut off. If you thought you could avoid city air pollution and assorted dangers by going back to the farm, you're out of luck. Now, the U.S. Health Sexvice announces that farm pesticides must be handled with care, that fumes from newly-filled silos can be deadly and that there is a real risk of contacting diseases or parasites carried by farm animals.

Anyone for tiptoeing through

mals.
Anyone for tiptoeing through the tulips—in his boots?

the tulips—in his boots?

A mini-cigarette is being introduced by a Canadian tobacco company. It is one-quarter inch shorter than regular cigarettes and has the noble aim of helping smokers cut down on their habit. Simple arithmetic shows that it most likely won't be a winner, though. One-quarter inch figures out to six and 35 hundredths millimeters. Can you imagine trying to fit music to an ad jingle that says, "Just a silly six and 35 hundredths millimeters shorter"?

A radia commentator put it this

A radio commentator put it this way — Students today not only learn their A, B, C's; they also learn D for demonstrate.

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From the Publisher's Desk-OBSERVATION POINT

By Philip H. Power

To attend Democratic state conventions these days, you need three things: lots of time, a strong constitution, and a well-developed sense of humor.

Maybe the humor part is the most important.

most important.

There you are, sitting in a caucus which has already gone on
for four hours, and people are
having a nice little discussion
(using samurai swords) aboutwhether or not you can have
more than two amendments to a
main motion. The room is hot;
cigar smoke (yes, Virginia, politicians do smoke cigars, even the
modern ones) is making your
eyes water; people are tired and
sore.

Mark Strategy

Under these conditions, the only thing possible to retain sanity is to lean back and laugh at the absurdity of it all.

The need for time is obvious, as is the need for strength.

Beginning Friday afternoon, the Democrats assembled in various meetings and went on strong 'till 3 a.m. Saturday, got up to make 9 a.m. caucuses that morning, went on until 3:30 or so Sunday morning, and then galarred again for morn ordering. The floor session started at 1:30 p.m., lasting to 9:30 that evening.

You need a strong constitution

You need a strong constitution and a powerfully developed set of muscles in your backside to get

through something like that.

IT WAS 1.30 a.m. on Sunday, and we were sitting around in the Kennedy hospitality suite on the 24th floor, having a drink and individual suite of the 24th floor, having a drink and in the suite of the 24th floor, having a built his and that. It was late, and we were all suited up and appropriately hot and sticky when she walked in. Lounging pajamas it was! In red and violet and yellow and some pink, I' think. She looked like a butterfly settled on moist soil.

like a butterily settled on moist soil. Her husband, who had a yel-low turtleneck under his sport coat, owns a drug store out in Livonia. They talked for a while, and listened to us. Then they left, and

the room felt a little darker and not so nice.

TALKING, TALKING, TALK-ING was the order of the day.

ING was the order of the day.

Some of it was just long and over procedural points only. The 19th District, with numerous fights on its hands, took over three hours to resolve the seemingly simple problem of which alternate delegates to seat and how to vote. Chairman Aldo Vagnozzi of Farmington was up there on the platform, coaxing, twisting, turning; trying to get agreement. Even his bubbling smile lost a little sheen as the evening went on, but he never blew his cool.

Some of the talk was blunt and to the point, especially out on the floor during the fights. That's when being at a microphone to make your point fast and hard can make the difference between winning and losing.

winning and losing. Learning and losing. People know it, and that's why Bob Dwyer was standing there, nearly every time I went by, guarding the mike, feet solidly planted and his right hand fondly cradling the gleaming metal. Bob is from Plymouth, and he's chairman of the 2nd District, usually the most anarchic one in the state. He knew what he was doing.

SO MUCH LITTER. All over: At the start, all the hopeful little piles of literature and signs and buttons, ne at 1y stacked, ready to be thrown into the fray.

It all goes so quickly, and then the piles are no more and people ask almost in anger if there is

ask almost in anger if there is any more.

A fat man comes in weighing at least 300 pounds. He's puffing and you can see Ahe beads of sweat on his nose. He's got buttons from every candidate around on his heavy wool jacket, and he's sore there aren't any more big Kennedy buttons.

Then you walk away from the convention hall, at the very end, and it's all under your feet. The torn Humphrey sign and the crumpled Kennedy brochure and the scuffed McCarthy press release united together at last in the dust and hot dog wrappers.

It's a little sad and very lonely, right at the very end.

IN THE GALLERY, off the floor, where the kids were sitting, there were Kennedy and McCarthy posters. Hand lettered, looking kind of ragged, but there all the same

The kids wanted in, but they weren't delegates. They carried signs, but they weren't in on the counties huddles that decide things when a convention is going on. They cheered when their candidate was mentioned, but they coffinit vote.

They stayed to the end, those kids.

They stayed to the lent, those kids.

They watched that awesome, fantastically convoluted and intensely human thing that is a political convention. They saw power being fought for and, bit by bit, transferred from one group to another. They saw men being drunk or silly, and they saw men fighting boldity and cratively for what they thought was right.

They saw politics in action.

I hope they liked it.

Our Own Graffiti

...By Don Hoenshell

Republicans in the past few ears have been just as ener-

day night are, (left to right): Rebecca Woods of Pontiac, Jerry Raymond, Livonia, Vagnozzi, and Paul Kadish of Livonia.

They had to call the cops twice, and the elevators kept sticking between floors with VIPs, and the permanent chairman was shouting over a bad throat. years have been just as ener-getic. It'll be a great year for every-It'll be a great year for everybody. Even the inventiveness of politics is coming back. In Detroit, Democratic congressional hopeful Gary Frink moved through the crowds, while his sister, Jane, carried a picket sig1: "Join the FrinkIn." TV personality Jack Pan was bemused. "What is a Frink?" he asked. Jane pinned a button on his lapel.

The Democrats were back in fine form, and it was a great state convention.
State Chairman Sander M. Levin, the voice of reason and the soul of decorum, was ecstatic.

"CHAIRMAN ALDO VAGNOZZI of Farm ington was up there on the platform, coaxing, twisting, turning; trying to get agreement." Seen here in the 19th District caucus late Satur-

"If we can just keep these high attensities in perspective, we'll come out a heliuve lot better and much more united," he said. "This is a convention where everybody's got a choice. There are some who want us to guarantee them they will win."

FIGHTING IS AS Democratic as apple pie. When Democrats start eating strawberries for breakfast and sitting by the pool, it's a Republican year.

For the past few years, Demo-crats have been fairly quiet, ex-cept for former State Chairman Zolton (Zorro) Ferency and the new Michigan Conference of Con-cerned Democrats.

This Is The Week That...

Now they're out of their rocking chairs and battling again.

Police were called twice in Detroit, once for a pushing match in the 6th District and once for a corridor melee in the 12th.

During the main convention it-self, Atty. Gen. Frank J. Kelley called a news conference two rooms away to describe his posi-tion on Kennedy's nomination (Let's watch the wind sock, gen-

tion on Kennedy's nomination (Let's watch the wind sock, gen-erally).

The shouts from the convention floor interrupted him and a re-porter asked him what he said.

"I'd like to know what's going, on out there," said another re-porter, bolting from the room to

JUDGE T. JOHN LESINSKI, trapped between floors in an elevator with 19 other people, brought the Detroit fire department screaming up with a crowbar to open the doors.

State Sen. Coleman Young was the permanent chairman and used his training in union halls as a lifesaver. The technique is to outshout the maneuverers. It was a convention afflicted with decibels.

In the hotel, there were Kennedy girls and Humphrey girls and McCarthy girls in uniformsinging, imposing buttons and brochures on everyone in sight.

The Democrats are shouting and fighting again and all's well with that party.





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