

Press-Herald

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The Juvenile in Court

A move to meet the growing problem of juvenile crime was launched this week by Supervisor Frank G. Bonelli with a suggestion that the names and addresses of young offenders and their parents be made public as a matter of policy.

"I strongly believe," the Supervisor said, "that the pattern of juvenile crime, violence, and brutality has reached the point where drastic action must be taken to awaken parental responsibility and to prevent juveniles capable of such acts from taking refuge behind the shelter of being minors."

Mr. Bonelli's concern about the sanctuary provided many criminals merely because they have not reached an arbitrary chronological age has been shared by many other persons who have been aware of the situation.

Southern California has no monopoly on the problem. Montana did away with its juvenile court system nearly three years ago and began treating all criminals in open court. Juvenile crime rate took a drastic drop, and the Montana judge who instituted the new policy has been quoted as attributing the apparent success of the program to the fact that parents no longer could hide behind a screen of anonymity that protected them along with their children.

In California, a juvenile is anyone under 18 years of age.

While no law prohibits the publication of the names of young criminals, it has been a general practice of newspapers for many years to withhold identification of all juveniles except those charged with capital crimes.

The Press-Herald last September reported that it would no longer feel obligated to continue the policy and that it would publish the identities of those charged with vicious crimes. This has been done in several cases and will continue.

We wish Mr. Bonelli success in his efforts to extend the practice. We are grateful that a man of his eminence is concerned with the problem, and hope others—including juvenile officers, judges, and sociologists—take a close look at the policy of offering public protection to the teen-age criminal.

No Help Needed

Much has been heard of late of the alleged need for new and sweeping federal legislation to protect the consumer from being robbed and deluded. This, apparently, is predicated on the belief that American women—who do some 75 per cent of all consumer buying—are somewhat on the nitwitted side and can be taken in with the greatest of ease.

In this connection, something said by Roger Blough, chairman of United States Steel Corporation, is of interest. Mr. Blough, it is clear, in his role of family man, has watched women at their shopping with a keen and fascinated eye. He has been impressed by the skill and knowledge with which they compare articles and, by a sure process of elimination, at last fasten upon those which best meet their wants and offer the most for the money. In his words, this shopper . . . is nobody's fool, and the power she exerts upon American business is awesome indeed. For the producer and seller of inferior or overpriced or otherwise undesirable wares soon find themselves without customers.

Mr. Blough goes on: "So in a free market, the consumers decide what shall be produced, how much it is worth, what quantities are needed, and what businesses shall grow or shrink, succeed or fail. With every purchase they make, they cast a vote, and there is no appeal from their collective decision."

The point is that the consumer is a policeman of the highest competence—or, more accurately a policewoman. The last thing she needs is an army of bureaucratic cops to tell her what she can and cannot buy.

Threat to Free Speech

Has the National Labor Relations Board the authority to abrogate an employer's right of free speech? The Board, in a late 4-to-1 decision, says, in effect, that it has.

The decision concerns contract negotiations between an international union and a major manufacturing company in 1960. The company used available media—such as plant newspapers, press releases and radio—to present its side of the case. This, the Board now holds, amounted to failure to bargain in good faith.

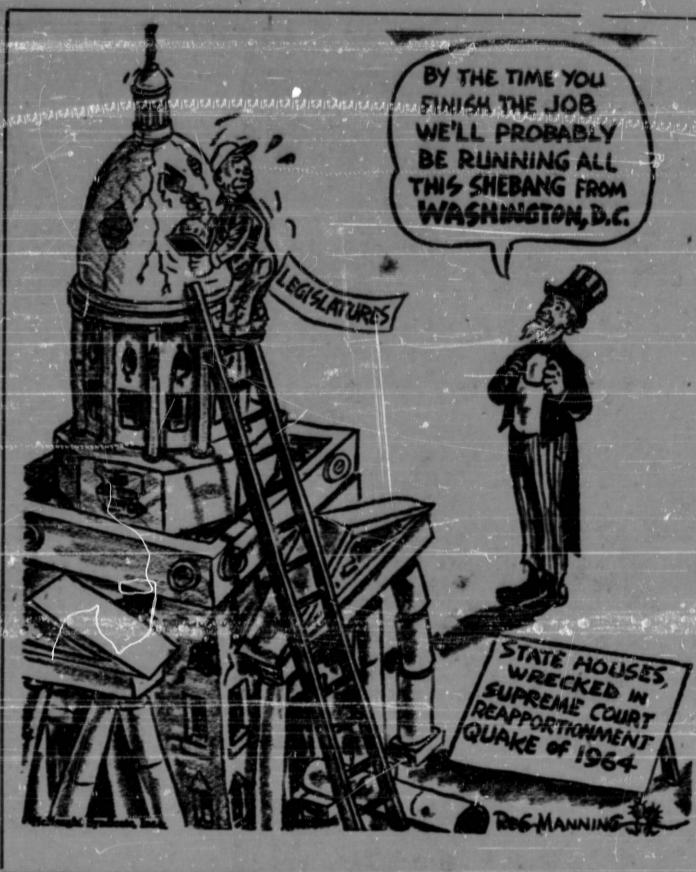
The dissenting member, Boyd Leedom, was clearly confused and disturbed by the decision. He pointed out that it provided no guidelines for the employer, and added, "Surely the respondent . . . can lawfully communicate with its employees."

The company will now take the matter to the courts. A spokesman says, "In our judgment this split decision rewrites the law and, if upheld by the courts, it would undermine free collective bargaining and freedom of speech." It is certainly hard to believe that Congress ever intended to limit or prohibit the right of either labor or management to give its views on controversies.

Opinions of Others

Our government, in its concern with minutia, has yet to mark the sparrow's fall, but through the National Labor Relations Board it has become involved with the passing of dogs and cats. The Teamsters Union set out to organize a couple of pet cemeteries in Peoria, Ill., and wanted an NLRB election.

—West Point (Miss.) Leader



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

'New Math' Outstripping The Machines, Too, Dad

A few years ago when Johnny (eighth grade) zeroed in on his homework, and asked for arithmetical help, the old gentleman could handle it in a vague way. But now he can't touch it, because it's loaded with symbolism.

This is the "New Mathematics" which appears increasingly in elementary and secondary schools.

The new mathematics contains nothing about Fermat's last theorem, the mensuration problems on his spread. Rather, it's full of abstractions, presenting arithmetic and algebra as exercises in the logical concepts and premises of mathematics. It is mathematics as an "art form" and is presumed to prepare the young for the esoteric branches of mathematics they will encounter in college, and beyond.

Curiously, the new mathematics isn't fitting into the computer technology now in-

filtrating the business and industrial world. Like fathers, the machines don't savvy.

Take the word of Dr. R. W. Hamming, Bell Telephone Laboratories, who addressed a Montreal meeting of the National Council of Mathematics Teachers, and vigorously questioned the applicability of pure mathematics to current problems.

Dr. Hamming said that often, when he thought he knew what he was talking about when describing a problem to a machine, the machine balked. "Many of the present postulates of mathematics have not been tested in the real world, and cannot be . . . they aim for elegance of proof, rather than clarity."

Another doubter was Dr. Max Beberman, University of Illinois, himself one of the instigators of the new mathematics in education.

Now he thinks it is mov-

ing too fast, its symbolism "forbidding . . . elementary school teachers have become so frightened by the prospect of using esoteric mathematics, they have lost all common sense."

Dr. Beberman doesn't want to return to the learning by rote of the old mathematics, without regard to basic principles, but he thinks changes in the elementary schools should be made "carefully and slowly," and "large numbers of teachers must be retrained."

Like Dr. Hamming, Dr. Beberman thinks the new mathematics is on a tangent from the "real world" where mathematics must be applied, if early learning is not to be a waste of time. (As you perceive, columnists can also get on tangents, and no specific examples are cited above—the writer has examined an eighth grade math text, and can't understand it.)

BOOKS by William Hogan

Max Eastman's Personal History Is Fascinating

At the age of 88, that sprightly old ex-revolutionary, Max Eastman, presents the second half of his autobiography, "Love and Revolution: My Journey Through an Epoch." It begins in 1917, where his first autobiographical memoir, "Enjoyment of Living" (1948), left off. That was the year of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia when "my life began," as Eastman puts it (observing it all from New York). The book takes us to a point, several decades and much disillusionment later, where he ends up as a roving editor of Reader's Digest, a role he describes with some amusement.

For Eastman the intervening years were rich, active, and occasionally frustrating. We hear about it all—Eastman as poet, writer, ladies' man, partisan and biographer of Leon Trotsky, and hu-

morist ("The Enjoyment of Laughter"). A dedicated Marxist during the era of the first World War, he became editor of the zestful old Socialist magazine The Masses, and later of the equally brash Liberator. He went to Russia to learn the language and study the new society. He allowed his membership in the Communist party to lapse and, as a partisan of Trotsky, became anathema to the Stalinists.

Eastman's faith in the Soviet system evaporated altogether in the early 1930s. He writes: "The out-come of the October revolution was not foreseen or dreamed of, by any of us on the old Masses . . . If Communism triumphs in America it will certainly claim us as its forerunners, but the claim will be in a deep sense false . . ."

Eastman's personal history is studied with a cast of familiar characters—Charlie Chaplin to Scott Fitzgerald, Lenin to Will Rogers. Emphasis is nearly always on figures in left-wing politics and the arts: Anna Louise Strong, Lincoln Steffens, Eugene Debs, John Reed, Diego Rivera, Art Young, William Gropper, many many others.

There is just too much detail in this interminable catalogue to interest few be-

young a passionately dedicated scholar of the times. As one of few remaining participants in these events, Eastman felt he had to put it all down. If his version of an event differs with those in other autobiographies, well, that is something for future historians to ponder. Certainly he remains one of the most controversial Americans of his time, along with Earl Browder and Norman Thomas.

The truth is that Eastman always lived to the hilt. If Reader's Digest seems an odd place for a fiery old Marxist to end up, it is at least a safe anchorage. And the audience, as he suggests, is probably no different from those who once filled his lecture halls.

"Are there tours or any way that you can visit countries and get into their homes and see how they live?"

Most national tourist bureaus have some arrangements like this. The best one I've seen is in Denmark, where you can meet families

We Quote . . .

"Youth springs eternal in the heart of man. And never is the jump higher than when outdoorsmen are involved."—Ed Dannelly, Andalusia (Ala.) Star News.

"Speed is not necessarily a hallmark of progress, but easy communication among all people certainly is."—Ernest Joiner, Sebastopol (Calif.) Times.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Some Spots for Modest Living Costs Explored

"Can you suggest places that are REALLY cheap to live in Europe? For about three months?"

Portugal, Spain, Austria, Switzerland remain the cheapest for living costs. Get outside Lisbon and I think you can live in Portugal frugally for about \$250 per month. There are very good beach towns and the weather is splendid.

A sleeper is the Canary Islands (Spanish), 60 miles off the northwest coast of Africa. You fly it in two hours from Madrid. Warm, sunny, good beaches. Average hotel price with meals, \$6. You could probably rent a room and do much better in the local markets.

"You say people can live in Spain very well on \$300 a month. But where do you find housing? Is there any specific list?"

The tourist people in Madrid answered me on this:

"We answer EVERY letter." They didn't have a list but indicated they would give advice. I don't have much luck with most tourist bureaus—they seem to be hiring somebody's cousin. And not the bright ones, either. But you could try: Dirección General del Turismo, Avenida del Generalísimo, 39, Madrid, Spain.

"What we would like (in Switzerland) is a list of good hotels."

The Swiss Tourist Office, 10 West 49th Street, New York 22, gives you a list. You can get it at any Swiss airport on landing, in New York or almost any large American city. But ALL Swiss hotels are excellent. The trick in Switzerland is to pick small hotels. The Manager then gives you personal service. Better than your own home.

"Best Paris shop for best prices on perfumes, please?"

All French shops are very competitive on perfumes. The prices are much the same. However, here are a few shopping devices:

First, ask for a discount—on any gifts you buy in France, not just perfume. All tourist shops seem to be set up to give you about 20 per cent off. Sometimes they urge it on you as a final sales effort. If they don't, ask for it.

I noticed at Deauville, the French sea resort, signs in the window said "20 per cent discount" for American travelers' checks." When there was a black market on money in France, this discounting meant something. Dollars were hard and valuable. At present I can't see why they should discount for any kind of money. The franc is stable—you can't get more francs for travel checks. This seems to me a sort of sales gimmick.

If Deauville can discount 20 per cent for travel checks, they've got a mark-up going. Paris should be able to discount for checks, francs, dollars or what have you.

"Are there tours or any way that you can visit countries and get into their homes and see how they live?"

Most national tourist bureaus have some arrangements like this. The best one I've seen is in Denmark, where you can meet families

who will invite you to live with them.

If you talk to the Japan Travel Bureau, you can choose from 64 families in Kyoto, for example. Visit a Kabuki actor, painter, diplomat, professor, businessman and so on. This is probably a pretty formal visit with tea ceremony. So catch up on Japanese manners. A good one to remember: Shoes off before you enter the house; put on slippers; slippers off before you step into a room. (No shoes on floor; no slippers on tatami mats.)

"Can you suggest a mosquito spray for the time we are in Mexico?"

There's a formula worked out by the United States Department of Agriculture—comes in spray cans under brand names—"6-12" Off!—are two I recall. However, they don't keep off those little sand flies at the beach. And you should get your doctor to give you the once-a-week, anti-malaria pills.

" . . . a place to stop for Irish tweeds?"

Grafton street in Dublin is the major shopping district. But you should certainly see Sybil Connolly's place in Merrion Square as well. Shannon Airport has a good tweed shop.

Our Man Hoppe

A New Menace -- Red Oysters

By Arthur Hoppe

There's grim news for all lovers of Burmese oysters. It comes in a message from Tiffany & Co., the high-class jewelry store. With pardonable pride, Tiffany says it still has some beautiful pearls for sale from the Gulf of Martaban, off the Burma coast. But, it says:

"In the spring of 1963, Burma nationalized the pearl fisheries and production ceased. It is our belief we may never see pearls of this quality produced again in the foreseeable future."

Oh, Tiffany! Oh, ye jewelry store of little faith! Yes, our free enterprise system has suffered a setback in the murky depths of the Gulf of Martaban. But should we abandon hope? No! Total victory can still be ours. We must not rest until these oppressed Burmese oysters once again are free.

We can all envision what happened. At first, the nationalism order was undoubtedly accepted with stunned disbelief. And most Burmese oysters probably went right on producing pearls. Sheerly out of habit.

But gradually the regime cracked down. Baby oysters were torn from their weeping mothers' arms and placed in State nurseries to be brainwashed night and day. Quotas were imposed. Communes were formed. People's Pearl-Producing Cadres were organized. Banners and billboards proclaiming "The Great Leap Upward" cluttered the once-pristine waters. Regimentation was everywhere. We can presume that a few hot-headed young oysters revolted, in vaillant if fruitless individual acts of sabotage, they probably produced cracked agates, kidney stones or even—oh, painful act of protest—square pearls. But what can a few disorganized oysters do against an all-powerful regime? They were crushed. And the grey uniformity of the welfare state descended ruthlessly on the once free and happy Burmese bivalves.

Is it any wonder that production ceased? Listless, joyless, existing on a subsistence diet, victims of an overcentralized bureaucracy, there can be not the slightest doubt that today the Burmese oysters do naught but lie idly about all day long on their Burmese oyster beds. Oh, the Government may rave and threaten, but their incentive is lost. Socialism has destroyed the individual initiative which made the Burmese oyster great.

And yet, must we surrender these brave allies to their fate? No. Our Congress, after spirited speeches, must pass a "Free the Captive Oysters Resolution." Annually. Our President must proclaim a "Slave Oyster Week." Once a year. We must set up a Radio Free Oyster to beam messages of hope and patriotic music behind the Coral Curtain.

Embargoes must be imposed depriving these poor slave oysters of their oyster food. Our CIA must conduct hit-run raids, smashing a few oysters here and there to keep up their courage. And if worse comes to worse, we can always drop the bomb, blowing them all out of the water and thus saving them all from totalitarianism in one fell swoop. "Better dead than red," as of course they could agree.

Oh, there will be talk of compromise, of negotiations, of treaties of trade and programs of cultural exchange. But we must stand fast. For I am sure it must be abundantly clear to all thinking Americans that we, as free men, can never peacefully co-exist with socialized oysters.

Morning Report:

My guess is that the United Nations can survive the withdrawal of Indonesia, but I'm not so sure it will ever be quite the same after President Sukarno's farewell address. He told the U.N. it could "go to hell."

This is a breakthrough in diplomatic exchange. It is clarity and frankness beyond anything ever heard inside or outside the U.N. Even Nikita Khrushchev's shoe-hammering was open to several interpretations.

Before Sukarno, diplomats "took exception," "protested" "viewed with disfavor" and sometimes were "extremely concerned" or, heaven forbid, "flatly in opposition." There's no doubt, however, that "go to hell" covers all of those and a hell of a lot more.

Abe Mellinkoff