

Press-Herald

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This Isn't MY Bedsheet

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S GOT YOUR OLD LAUNDRY MARK ON IT!



A Teenage Program

One of the best ways to learn anything—and in many instances the best way—is by doing. That truism can be applied to the Junior Achievement program which comes into vibrant life each fall and continues on until late spring.

Back of JA are a fact and a purpose. The fact is that, as poll after poll has indicated, great numbers of Americans are woefully ignorant of American economic practice, theory and principle in all their ramifications. That, in the view of many a worried observer, is responsible for all manner of antibusiness laws and policies. They result in large part from public support or, at least, an environment of public apathy.

The purpose of JA is to ultimately correct this. Its supporters believe that if there is hope for the future of private enterprise, it lies in the future generation. Just what, then, is JA, and how does it operate?

First of all, it is a national, nonprofit business program of economic experience in which teenagers of both sexes learn about the American system of free enterprise by actually organizing and operating small businesses of their own. And they do this in accordance with the business practices which are common to all American enterprise, big or little.

Adult advisers are enlisted from prominent local business and industrial concerns. In a JA company, then, the teenage members elect their officers, decide the type of product they want to produce, and look into possible markets. What they determine to be the necessary capital is raised by selling stock at 50 cents a share, and each year some 500,000 people buy it. Raw materials and other necessities are bought or leased. Products are designed, production lines are set up and the work begins.

The products run a very wide gamut, from children's transistor radios, from TV lamps to coffee tables. Some companies choose to enter service businesses, advertising, broadcasting, accounting, etc. Whatever the choice, each company uses a standard record system prepared for the movement by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants. It includes an operating budget, balance sheet, profit and loss statement, inventory and payroll records, and liquidation and stockholder reports. Applicable sales, excise and other local and state taxes are paid, and statistical provision is made for income taxes. In May, assets are liquidated, bills are paid, the books are closed, reports to stockholders are prepared, and a liquidating dividend is paid if operations have been profitable.

Significantly, 75 to 80 per cent of all JA companies do show a profit. And it's a real profit resulting from standard business procedures and accounting methods, not just a figment of eager teenage imagination.

HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Cynical Eye of History Tells Tale of Respect

In his acceptance speech William E. Miller, Republican vice-presidential nominee, summoned us to "a nationwide crusade to regain respect abroad for this land of liberty . . ."

It is a laudable purpose. We all want respect individually, and historically we want it for our country.

But it is not likely of unqualified attainment very soon, either by Mr. Miller's party, or by the opposition party headed by President Johnson. There are some good reasons for this, bearing on human nature and the vicissitudes of history.

The Founding Fathers wanted respect for the United States. They hoped liberty would earn it, and it did among the downtrodden of Europe, but not in ruling circles, which hated republicanism and rightly feared it.

So in the immigration

period, 1830-1910. The immigrants didn't respect their rulers, and did respect our liberty (and opportunity), and so came. The rulers were only glad to be rid of malcontent emigrants.

Unhappily respect, while related to liberty as idea and practice, is far more intimately related to stark power. Hence there are three periods when the European rulers respected us. The first was in the last two years of our Civil War, when the Union had the biggest navy afloat and the biggest armies existing. The second was near the end of World War I, when anybody could see we were developing an unexampled power. The third was after Midway, 1942, when it became manifest that America aroused was a suicidal target.

This respect receded somewhat postwar, revived when we built a nuclear arsenal, receded again when it was apparent that we did not intend to use the arsenal for impulsive adventure. Meanwhile, the world fell into a revolutionary state with the Soviet challenge to us.

In the Communist world, in most of Asia, in chaotic Africa throwing off colonialism, true liberty in our sense of self-government and individual freedom has no meaning, and the respect we gain from having it is thin. Even in much of Latin America, born in liberty 140 years ago, the reality is a will o' the wisp.

We are respected—when we are filthy rich, technologically unbeatable and dangerous to monkey with too far. Comrade Khrushchev knows that from Cuba, and even the befuddled Senor Castro knows it.

We welcome Mr. Miller's support of liberty, but his party won't "regain" much respect by it. It can be achieved, though, by doubling our nuclear arsenal, then telling mankind: "Keep a civil tongue in your head if you don't want a hydrogen bomb shower." And they all would be as reverent as hell while it lasted. One is loath to be cynical, but history often is, and it's Mr. Miller's project.

The American biographer Catherine Drinker Bowen has chosen that enigmatic Elizabethan character Sir Francis Bacon, as the subject of a fine, interpretive, no-nonsense study titled "Francis Bacon: The Temper of a Man." In a sense, it is a companion piece to Mrs. Bowen's "The Lion and the Throne," a previous biography of Sir Edward Coke, Bacon's great rival in the legal, political and love-making struggles of the period.

The Bacon book is a fairly brief biography and less a pageant of the age than the work on Sir Edward Coke. This, the author admits, might be titled "Invitation to Francis Bacon." Her chapters are cast in biographical form, yet she sees them essentially as "essays of opinion." Whatever the label, the contro-

versal Bacon comes wonderfully, if tragically, alive in this book. A brilliant, elegant, wealthy, gifted, shrewd and corrupt man, Bacon is portrayed as an intriguing pain in the neck. Fired with political ambition, he was a politician in the most cynical sense. With the ascension of James I to the throne, Bacon's fortunes increased. He became

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Spanish Villas One Way To Enjoy Winter Season

"We read about villas in Spain (rented through an agency in England). Who are they? Where is the best place? Are they reasonably priced?"

No, don't do it that way. You can get a villa at cheap prices—particularly during the winter off-season. But if you go through an English agent, you get his mark up. Go to Malaga—that's warmest in the winter. Get a hotel and shop the local agencies.

If you're talking about summer, then you do have to rent at long distance. Places are rented in advance. I'd write the National Tourist Office—"Turismo, Barcelona" is sufficient address. (Malaga gets pretty hot. I think you'd prefer something on the Costa Brava.)

"I will be flying to Frankfurt, Germany, with two children, one 8 months and the other four. Is there any special way of handling this? We will fly tourist."

The 8-month-old child pays a minimum fare—something around \$30—and gets no seat. (There's usually an open seat you can use though.) The four-year-old pays half fare and gets a seat.

When you buy your tickets, ask for the front seats. Just behind the first-class bulkhead. Tell them you have children. They'll hold the seats for you. There's more leg and floor room. Also, most planes are built to snap on a child's bed in this area. They have the bed. But have the ticket agent check this again when you check in at the airport. Then ask the stewardess, too.

The plane will carry milk and can heat it. Carry your own canned food. The airline may say they carry it. But what the directives call for and what the plane actually has on board aren't always the same thing. I've hauled a lot of kids around. And the rule is: Don't wait until you're in the air to see if they've got all the advertised equipment. Ask on the ground.

"... hotels in Rome. Are they expensive?"

I think they rate right up there with New York. But you might find smaller hotels at better prices. The big four are the Hilton, Grand, Hassler and Excelsior. Might add the Flora to that.

List prices are deceptive. Say the hotel lists the room at \$10. Now you add five per cent hotel tax. Add a service charge of 18 per cent on everything like room service, etc. Then add three per cent tax called IGE. And on top, most Italian towns add a "traveler's tax" that runs up to 35 cents a night. They might add a dollar or two for bath. And another dollar or two for heat if you need it. It's like building a house—the extras murder you.

"... and can a woman go unescorted in Rome and where?"

A woman alone will find "escorts" popping up at every corner. They have a price tag, naturally and are very persistent. However, you can go to restaurants alone.

For women alone, best places are the ski resorts (in season) in Austria or Switzerland. You get caught up in a round table fellowship with other travelers. In summer, try the beach resorts on the Costa Brava in Spain.

"... and can a woman go alone into an English pub?"

Yes. You see a lot of women alone or together in pubs. You go in the side marked "saloon bar" or "private bar." Do one of the more elegant ones and have lunch, too. Try "The Grenadier" in Wilton Place. Very good food and most pleasant, old pub atmosphere.

"We would like to know how dressy it is in Hawaii?"

Coat and tie in the evening at the Royal Hawaiian, the upper room of Canlis Broiler, the dining rooms of the Hawaiian Village and the Kahala Hilton. Everywhere else, mummus, aloha shirts or whatever you like.

"We would like to find a relatively unspoiled island in the Caribbean."

The British Virgin Islands I'd say. However "unspoiled" usually means native and not-so-good food, primitive plumbing and some hardship living amid a lot of poverty. There is a new resort at Little Dix Bay, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. You could write for a folder. Stay there and explore.

Our Man Hoppe

Reds March to Cha, Cha, Cha

By Arthur Hoppe

SANTIAGO, CUBA—You know how it is in these Communist countries. The peasants and workers and the gun-toting soldiers are always parading through the streets under red flags and propaganda banners to demonstrate militant solidarity. Here, too. Only more so.

You never saw such a fervent demonstration of solidarity as the one we had the other night in this little old city on the western end of Communist Cuba. It started before dusk and was still going on under my hotel room window at dawn.

We had the usual banners proclaiming the glories of Marx and Lenin, the usual army trucks, the usual trumpets and drums and the usual rows and rows of proletariat marching shoulder to shoulder into the Socialist future—all doing the cha, cha, cha.

The occasion was the anniversary of Mr. Castro's revolution, combined with the traditional festival of Santiago. And the proletariat was suitably dressed for the event in feathered hats and a bewildering variety of splashy costumes.

Each army truck was pulling a float decorated with the usual Communist slogans, such as "Work! Study! Fight!" Plus half a dozen beautiful girls in low-cut fluffly evening gowns waving to the crowd like beauty queens everywhere.

The bands consisted exclusively of drums and trumpets, each competing bravely to drown out the others with "The Mozambique," a new cha-cha-cha type rhythm which many Cubans feel to be one of the greatest achievements produced by the Revolution.

As for the proletariat, it sang, shouted, drank beer out of paper cartons, sang, shouted, ate pork sandwiches carved from whole roasted pigs on sidewalk carts, sang, shouted, and shuffled through the streets, shoulders swiveling, fingers snapping and singing and shouting. Solidarity was everywhere, mostly between young ladies and young gentlemen.

In the middle of all this, whom should I bump into but a Russian newsman from Pravda, a stocky, friendly, gold toothed gentleman who has been covering Cuba for the past two years. I inquired if this march of the proletariat reminded him of May Day in Red Square.

"Not exactly," he said, shaking his head. "But of course," he added loyally, "we believe there are many paths to Socialism and it is up to each country to choose its own."

Well, personally, I like Cubans. I find them warm, friendly, unacquisitive, funny and a general delight. And I hate to think of them grimly regimented under the dullness of a Communist state. Nor is there any question that Cuba has gone Communist.

But I think we ought to know that Cuba has gone Communist in a peculiarly Cuban way. Cha, cha, cha.

Strength for These Days
(From The Bible)

Thou hast blessed the work of his hand.—(John 1:10)

As we work, we put into productivity the power and the ability that are ours from God. That work becomes more and more wonderful and gratifying as we draw upon the divine potential He has made available to us.

We Quote . . .

"A hobby is something you go goofy over to keep from going nuts."—Freida J. Monger, Duluth (Minn.) Publicity.

"The 20th century liberalism (so-called) in the United States thrives on depression. Being political, its base is political action, including a wide variety of federal paternalism."—Julian Starr, Jr., Chester (S.C.) Reporter.

NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

'Why' Big Question for U.S. Health Statisticians

This year, 5,000 American mothers who have given birth to babies during 1964 will be asked a rather personal question by survey-takers who are ringing doorbells: "When do you expect to have another?"

The inquiring pollsters have been sent out by the United States Public Health Service, which is concerned because the greatly advertised population suddenly is not exploding quite as fast as predicted, and the statisticians want to find out why.

Two years ago, Census Bureau forecasters estimated that the U. S. population of 192 million would increase to a range of 209 million by 1970. Now, they have reduced the estimated increase by three million people at each end of the range.

There are two reasons for the revised forecasts. One is that last year's birth rate dropped to 11.6 per 1,000 from a high of 25.3 per 1,000 established in 1957. The other is that the number of babies born per 1,000 women of child-bearing age has declined sharply during the last two years.

Not only are birth and fertility rates decreasing, but the nation's death rates, which have continuously dropped over a period of many years, appear to be leveling off.

Life expectancy in the United States, now 70 years at birth, is expected to rise only slightly—to 71.2 years

during the next two decades. The great advances of recent years in combating infectious diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia through miracle drugs cannot be expected to be matched in the future unless major breakthroughs are achieved in dealing with cancer and other "hard core" causes of death.

While the leveling off of the death rate is easily explained, the experts are not so sure of the reasons for the decline in the birth rate. One reason may be the development of the new

contraceptive pills. Another reason advanced is that in recent years the numbers of young and old people have increased proportionately in relation to people of child-bearing age.

Mostly, the statisticians suspect, it is a matter of the current young married population deciding, for one reason or another, that they don't want quite as large families as their recent predecessors. Which only goes to prove, once again, that people are less predictable than professional forecasters would like them to be.

DID YOU KNOW - ?

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attorney general of the realm, then Lord Chancellor, where he reached the fullness of his power and re-putation. He married a 14-year-old heiress whom he did not love. A selfish, vain homosexual, he had powerful enemies who waited for him to make a fatal mistake. He did.

In 1621 he was accused of accepting bribes—trivial ones, such as "a dozen of gold buttons." He pleaded guilty, was tried, fined 40,000 pounds and was banished from the court. Mrs. Bowen brings all her scholarship in the 17th Century legal and political fields to flower in her account of the impeachment trial which

destroyed this brilliant opportunist. An influential experimental scientist, among his many roles, Bacon spent the rest of his life in retirement as a writer and philosopher. Mrs. Bowen does her best to keep in check the rumors that have multiplied around her subject. Did he then write the plays that are attributed to Shakespeare? On this controversy, the biographer replies curtly: "With it this book will not be concerned."

Paperback records? Very soon, a Boston firm, Calliope Records, will issue a series of LP records of prominent writers reading from their own works. First series will include James Baldwin reading from his novel "Giovanni's Room," William Styron from "Lie Down in Darkness," Bernard Malamud from "The Magic Barrel," Philip Roth from "Letting Go." Each record (\$1.95) is comparable in price and jacket design to the quality paperback book. Major market: college and paperback book stores. Calliope will produce readings by other writers: among them James Jones, John Updike, Archibald MacLeish, Howard Fast, John Knowles, C. Northcote Parkinson, Peter Ustinov, Alastair Reid.

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