

Press-Herald

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Deterring Inflation

Congress will decide which of the programs laid down in the President's State of the Union Message will be adopted, which will be rejected, which will be modified and changed.

But one thing is obvious—the costs will be enormous.

It must be repeated over and over that such costs can be borne without the risk of massive inflation only if two things are done, according to prudent economists.

First, waste and duplication of effort within the government must be curbed. Efficiency and economy is absolutely essential.

Second, a "climate" must be steadfastly maintained that will encourage business investment and expansion to the maximum degree.

This is the way to create the millions of new jobs the nation will require.

And, it also is the way to increase government's tax income and to minimize inflation breeding deficits.

The case for economy in government—that would bring all spending within income, that would make possible a start on reducing the debt, and would help save what is left of the dollar's value—was never so strong as it is now.

Now and in the future these basic needs will be constantly more inescapable.

Others Say:

Weak School Libraries

The subject of school libraries here as in many other communities in California is one that will arouse enormous disputes; the fact that our school libraries need refurbishing and more professional attention can no longer be obscured. The absence in many schools, unfortunately, of any type of library at all imposes a burden upon the teachers, students and the county library system that is exceptionally heavy, and the absence of school libraries at a time when learning and book experience were never so important is something that should arouse the interest of more than a small segment of the community.

City and county libraries are overcrowded by students seeking books for home work. The schools have not assigned the money nor the trained personnel for the library project, and indeed they do not have the money, in spite of the large budgets.

There is at present an encouraging increase in the interest among teachers to improve the reading skill of their students. Perhaps nothing could so ably complement this project as an improvement in the opportunity for the students to have something, preferably the best things, to read.

Next time you visit your child's school, ask about the library.
Bakersfield Californian

JAMES DORAIS

Profs Busy In Research

Often cited as underlying reasons for the problems of the Berkeley campus of the University of California which erupted in the form of sit-ins and classroom boycotts are the sheer size of the campus, its personality, the lack of communication between instructors and students, the reliance on teaching assistants, the financial dependence of the University on federal government research grants which channel faculty time and interest away from teaching.

If this so-called alienation of students and faculty is an important factor in the University's troubles, the condition apparently is not unique at Berkeley. According to a recent Wall Street Journal survey of large universities across the nation, the average college professor, chiefly because of increased research demands, now spends only from six to nine hours a week in teaching. Some professors devote all their energies to research and to supervision of graduate student teaching assistants and never appear in the classroom.

The National Science Foundation estimates that 1.5 billion will be spent by the nation's colleges in research and development this year—three times as much money as was spent for the purpose a decade ago. During the same period student enrollments have increased by 92 per cent. Yet the number of full-time professors has risen by only 57 per cent.

Obviously, undergraduate students are getting far less

for their money—and/or the taxpayers' money—and, in the opinion of some observers, a poorer education.

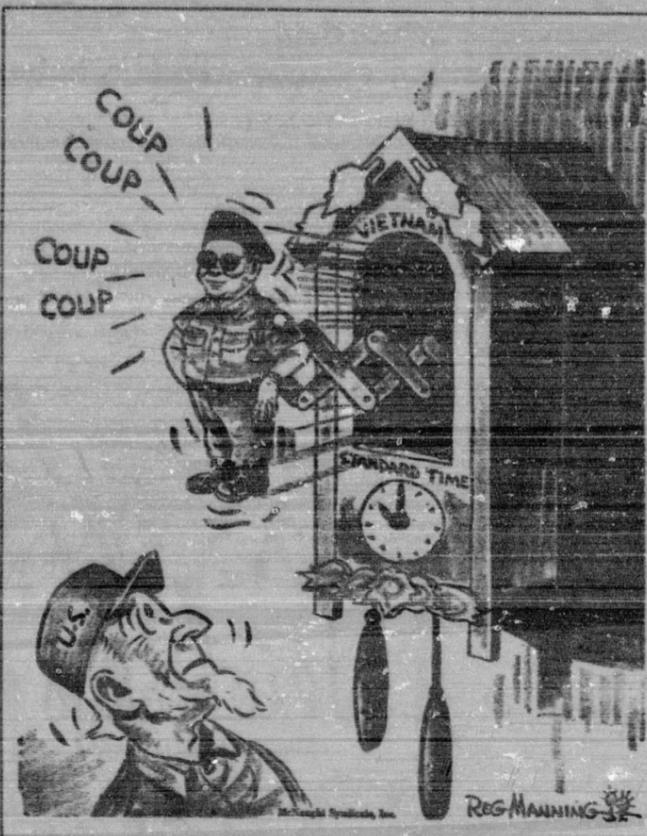
The Journal quotes one professor who spends only three hours a week teaching and the majority of his time on research projects and writing.

"Personally, I'm not adverse to teaching, but the university thinks it's getting a better bargain—more prestige and publicity—by keeping me in the laboratory. The less you see of students, it seems, the higher your salary and the greater your reputation. And frankly, I enjoy good wines and trips to Europe."

From another instructor: "Some of the kids would talk all day if you let them. And that's not the most profitable way to spend your time around here."

While the emphasis on research has many defenders, Woodrow Wilson Sayre, who was released from his position as assistant professor of philosophy at Tufts University last year despite his excellent reputation as an instructor, isn't one of them.

The grandson of former President Wilson had this to say: "I was fired because I failed to publish. Thirty years or so ago a man in my field would read and teach for a long time, then condense what he learned into a few carefully done books. Today, professors grind out a huge flood of mediocre stuff because they feel they have to, and some valuable work is lost in the flood."



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Contractors of 2700 BC Built a Durable Edifice

Driving west from Cairo half an hour you reach the Pyramids of Giza, and if you are young the dragons will pull and push you to the summit of Cheops.

You look south 12 miles and you see the Step Pyramid of Sakkara. It is seldom visited by tourists, but it is several years older than Cheops, and probably dates from 2700 B. C.

It was built by the Pharaoh Zoser, Third Dynasty, and it is in six steps with a truncated top. It is less than half as high as Cheops, and the stone blocks are not so elegantly fitted, but it is the oldest pyramid, and probably in better shape than your house will be 4,700 years hence.

It is curious that while men have been digging in Egypt for almost 200 years, they are always finding something new which tends to revise our concept of what the Egyptian Civilization was like.

For a century Egyptologists have been challenged by the Step Pyramid, and now they may have a clue. A London University dig has been going on for a year, and recently it came on tunneled passages and a tomb which may be that of Imhotep, who designed the pyramid.

He is credited with being the first builder in hewn stone, and was a sort of prime minister to Zoser. He was also a noted physician 2,500 years before Hippocrates, and an astronomer. But his main fame rests on the pyramid.

The tomb has not yet been explored, but passages leading to it contain mummified lobes by the score, and the bird is known to be sacred to Imhotep as a god subordinate to the Pharaonic god.

Many funerary monuments have been excavated in the Step Pyramid vicinity. One presents the first known use of the papyrus (bell-shaped) capital on columns, which the Egyptians

employed for millenniums, combining them with lotus capitals. On another, called the South Temple, is a fizza of reared cobra heads in pristine condition.

In this temple is a chamber with a bas-relief of Zoser going through some agricultural ritual, surrounded by blue faience tiles as shiny as those above your kitchen sink. The relief is thought to be the earliest ever found. In a small nearby chapel a bust of Zoser was found some 20 years ago. Many of the passageways in the area contain large sarcophagi in polished black granite, in which reposed the mummies of Apis the Sacred Bull. Some were unearthed by Mariette in 1851.

The Greeks and Romans never bothered with these things because they were not interested in the past, but Western man has been indefatigable in his search of antiquity, and it appears much in the Nile and Euphrates regions is yet undiscovered.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Cloete's Change of Pace Startles; Hersey's Lags

Can this be Stuart Cloete, chronicler of the Afrikaner in modern fiction ("The Turning Wheel") and descendant of a long line of Boers? It reads like material edited out of the rowdy, ribald Paris mysteries the late Elliot Paul used to write ("Hagger-Mugger in the Louvre"). It is a bit of Gallic froth called "The Thousand and One Nights of Jean Macaque," and sure enough the same Stuart Cloete is the man responsible for it.

This is a change of pace for our South African friend who, it turns out, was born in Paris more than 60 years ago and has lived there on and off through the decades. Cloete obviously knows France and the Frenchmen, including the stereotype of the sly, love-happy boulevardier. If you are up to pursuing a hundred or so short episodes, soliloquies or "happenings" narrated by a fairly amusing little teacher known as Jean Macaque, this novel might keep you away from television for one evening at least.

Macaque sees love as "a psychological cocktail that each person mixes for himself." Much of what follows is what, back in the Rudolph

Valentino era, the ladies called "risque" stuff. It is well-turned fluff, impervious as a hailstone, and suggests that every serious writer has a little joke (preferably sexy) up his sleeve. This is Cloete's (Trade Press, \$4.95).

Progress report: I am in the midst of a long, involved social talkation by John Hersey titled "White Lotus" which Knopf has just published (\$6.95). Already I get the idea, and wish that Hersey—who I remember best for his wonderful "A Bell for Adano"—had cut this one by half. Cheating a bit, I have rummaged through the second part of this parable, and it

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.—James 1:17.

God loves us so much that He gave us all His wonderful qualities that we may, in turn, give and share them with His other children. God's love is in our hearts as kindness, forgiveness and tolerance and we should treat it as such in our dealings with others.

TRAVEL by Stan Dolaplane

Mexico City by Train? Could Present Problems

"At neither of us like to fly, we wonder about going to Mexico by train. Is this possible? Reasonably comfortable?"

I've been getting occasional letters from people who have ridden Mexico's trains. They rate them from good to excellent (I haven't been on one though for—well, it was in the days when the porter pulled the shades at dusk. The sight of a lighted, moving target was just too tempting for every Mexican with a rifle.)

You might have some trouble buying tickets from place to place. Not enough American trade for ticket sellers to learn English. A few words spoken in Spanish like "round trip" and so on might be a good idea.

American travel agents usually don't sell individual Mexican rail travel. For the simple reason that travel agents don't charge you—they make their money on fixed commissions. And Mexican railroads don't pay commissions to agents. Airlines and ships do.

However, there are a few travel agents who specialize in group rail tours of Mexico—fairly inexpensive this way. They charter a Pullman or two and hook them onto trains. Unhook them in the stopover places.

"How do you tip railroad and airline porters in European countries?"

Railroad porters usually have a fixed minimum per bag. Just like the U.S. I ask them, "How much?" Airline porters generally are paid by the company. If you give them something, it is truly a tip. On arrival, I change dollars for local currency at the airport bank. And I ask the bank man what the local custom is on tipping.

In all countries there is a general small tip—say equivalent to our American quarter. That is, the tip for the hat check girl and the doorman. The boy who brings ice or baggage tip per bag.

In England, it's the shilling. In France, one new franc. Spain, the five-peseta piece called a "duro." Italy, 100 lire. Once you've found this coin, you have the answer to several tipping situations a day.

David Didge, the overseas-based novelist, has an interesting theory on this. He figures this tip is equivalent to the price of a bottle of local beer. And if you check this, you'll find he's absolutely right.

"Should we use the fold-over canvas luggage? Or is it apt to be slashed open?"

I use it—the fold-over carry, unfold-and-hang-in-the-closet bag. It carries four suits and has two zippered pockets. (And always seems to be just overweight enough to rust money.) Never had it slashed in travel. And I don't even lock it.

Quote

The only way to guarantee a modicum of freedom for those out of power is to restrict the authority of those in power.—Arthur F. Corey, executive secretary, California Teachers Association.

If prestige is measured by the volume of insults a nation ignores, the United States must truly have the highest rating in the world.—Gordon R. Stark, Reseda.

A redwood in many pieces doesn't do for mankind what was accomplished in its original form.—James C. Taylor, Newark.

Nothing beats driving to the bank in one's own car to cash one's welfare check.—Dorothy Jonas, San Francisco.

Students are influenced more by what they observe in adults than by what is written in all the Holy Scriptures of all the holy religions.—Ernest R. Canfield, Temple City High School principal.

"You have spoken of fado places in Lisbon but I lost the clipping. Please recommend one."

Lisbon a Noite. You can get fado there. (A) The sopa Alentejana has enough garlic to blow a safe. Fresh sardines (fried) are excellent. And you drink sangria—a wine and fruit punch. Don't even whisper when the fado singer is singing or everybody in the place will hiss at you.

"We are three schoolgirls saving money for a trip to Europe. But when we get there, we simply MUST work."

This is not easy. America and all other countries guard the day-at-home-worker against foreigners trying to get the same jobs. The consuls of the countries you are going to will give you the rules. England, Switzerland and Germany import hotel and domestic help, for example. Mostly from Italy. I imagine the pay is low. But you might make it that way.

"What do you think of this itinerary (enclosed) for our trip to Europe?" (Lady allows herself three days in Paris, two days in Rome, etc.)

I think you'll be worn out and you won't see much. I note: "Arrive Paris 7 a.m. morning sightseeing." You don't arrive in Paris at 7 a.m. ready for sightseeing. You are ready for bed. Your stomach is ready for Alkaseizer.

Europe just can't be seen entirely in three weeks. I'd pick three countries. Give the capital city three days. Get a rent car and take three days in the country. Seventh day is for moving and getting settled.

By Arthur Hoppe

Political Pull Just Too Much

Our Man Hoppe

WASHINGTON—Everybody's got their little flaws which interfere with their work. And I've got mine: I've never met a politician I didn't like. Never. So in high hopes of remedying this sorry defect, I went down to Capitol Hill to interview Senator Strom Thurmond.

Mr. Thurmond, as you know, has been a Democrat, a Dixiecrat, a Democrat, and a Republican. In that order. He is also a segregationist and a general. And he is variously described in much of the press as turncoat, a racist, a militarist and/or a nut. So surely, I said to myself in happy anticipation, here at last is a politician to dislike.

"What can I do for you, sir?" inquired the Senator, rising courteously from his chair to shake hands.

I could hardly ask him to be hateful. So I asked him if changing his party affiliation to Republican in the heat of the last campaign had now brought down the wrath of his senatorial colleagues on his head.

"Well, for one thing," he said with a sad, gentle smile, "they shot down my elevator operator."

The Senator, a thin, balding, soft-voiced gentleman, explained that when he gave up the Democratic party, he also gave up "about one-half of my patronage." This included the sacred duty of appointing a deserving constituent to run one of the many elevators in the Senate Office Building. All of which, this being Washington, happen to be push-button, fully automatic elevators.

"He was a fine boy," said the Senator in that tone reserved for the dearly departed. "I'll miss him."

Otherwise, his switch in parties has cost Mr. Thurmond very little around here. His Republican colleagues gave him a seat in the second row of the senatorial chambers, assignments to roughly the same committees he had before and even stepped gallantly aside in one case so he could retain his all-important seniority.

"Of course, down home in South Carolina it's a different matter," he said ruefully. "Before I took the step I talked with people down there and told them I was going back to Senator Goldwater. They said, 'Fine, fine. It's the decent, honest thing to do.' So then I told them that as a matter of personal integrity I was also going to become a Republican. And they said, 'Are you out of your head?'"

"You know how it is: they'll vote for a good conservative Republican for President, but they haven't elected a Republican in my state for a long, long time. They just vote the Democratic label. So how it works out in my case," he said, a little grimly, "remains to be seen."

The Senator then delivered a five-minute address on why he couldn't support the socialist Democratic party any more in good conscience and, after a final handshake, I left. You can imagine how terrible I felt. For I went away feeling that here was a man who had truly made a great personal sacrifice out of honest convictions. Whether you agree with them or not. And, even worse, I found him highly likable.

Oh, it's an awful thing, liking politicians. I hope you don't feel the same way. For the next thing you know, we'll start trusting them. And then where will we be?

Morning Report:

No doubt about it, a Secretary of State has a tough time operating in a democracy with hundreds of reporters and millions of people looking over his shoulder every minute. But I think Dean Rusk is overcoming this handicap in Laos.

Our official position, as I get it, is wonderfully open, frank, and completely baffling to friend and foe alike. We are not extending the war from South Vietnam by bombing raids in Laos against Communist supply lines, if there are such raids. Also we respect the neutrality of Laos but had the right to move in there, if we have, because we have been asked to do so by the government of Laos and the Communists are in there already and should be cleared out. I trust that's all clear.

Abe Mellinkoff