

A Year-Round Goal

Brotherhood Week is more than a one week proposition.

In 1934, at the suggestion of Father Hugh McMenamin, pastor of the Catholic Cathedral in Denver, Colo., the National Conference of Christians and Jews inaugurated its first Brotherhood observance as a single day of recognition to draw national attention to the vital need for better human relations and the NCCJ year-round educational activities aimed at achieving these goals.

Within five years, by 1939, a single day could no longer encompass the vast variety of civic and religious activities which came to be associated with this annual event. Brotherhood Day became Brotherhood Week and the year-round NCCJ educational activities grew more imperative with every passing day.

Immediately the confines of even one week became absurd to thinking men concerned about the rapid social upheavals following World War II and man's ability or lack of it to adjust to meet the new challenges of change. Too many Americans were still content to drift with the winds, to hole up in comfortable walls of prejudice and hope that somehow they would come out all right.

But human relations have become an imperative and urgent matter for all mankind—the world over. Our petty daily lives are an integral part of today's world and we must all bear personal responsibility for what our world shall become.

In 1965, if Brotherhood Week is beginning to get under our skin as a sham, a false pretense or conscience salve so that we can return to normal, unbothered behavior for the rest of the year, then we are only now beginning to get the message of Brotherhood Week since its inception 31 years ago.

Yes, Brotherhood Week is more than a one week proposition. It is a year-round goal.

OTHERS SAY:

The Power to Grade

Far apart in essence as they may seem, the recent sex furor on the Stanford campus and the Free Speech Movement at the University of California at Berkeley do have something in common: the grading power held by faculty members.

At Stanford the imbrolio involved a dean's alleged charges that certain professors were using that power to force coed acceptance of their not-so academic advances. At Cal the implication was a little more subtle. A number of faculty members defended the sit-in rebels as being among their best students; something of a non sequitur in view of the anarchic nature of the FSM revolt, but involving an inference that student "excellence" could be equated in some teachers' minds with social iconoclasm.

This may seem a frivolous analysis; yet it has a serious basis. So long as grades are the sacrosanct measure of educational success, those who determine them have a powerful hold over their students. It should be used only as a spur to the search for truth and wisdom, not to activities erotic or politic.—California Feature Service

JAMES DORAIS

'IOU' College Deal Not Rosy

Considerable interest has been evinced in recent weeks in a proposal by Los Angeles Assemblyman John L. E. Collier to help finance the cost of higher education in California by placing into effect a tuition charge at state colleges and universities. For those students who could not currently afford it, the tuition charge would be advanced by the state and repaid during the years after graduation.

The federal government's experience with student loans, however, leaves something to be desired. Because of what one Office of Education official describes as "the attitude on the part of the borrower (that anything from the government is a handout)," delinquencies on student loans under the National Defense Education Act currently average a sizeable 18.6 per cent. This compares with a delinquency rate of 1.7 per cent on installment loans from commercial banks.

The NDEA was established seven years ago to help deserving students finance their college education. \$1,000 per year, with a maximum of \$5,000, repayable at 3 per cent interest, in 10 annual installments, commencing one year after graduation.

Loans totalling slightly more than \$163 million have been granted during the past year, and by 1968 loan funds are expected to total \$195 million annually. Current Administration proposals would extend the program through 1971, by which time federal funds

available for student loans would reach \$275 million.

Under the law, 90 per cent of the loan money is contributed by the federal government and 10 per cent by the college attended by the borrowing student. The colleges have the responsibility for collecting the payments, although the losses will be borne principally by the taxpayers.

According to a recent Wall Street Journal report, the Office of Education estimates that \$2 million in loans are currently in default.

One problem appears to be that some colleges are very lax in their requirements for borrowing. At one eastern school, for example, several students took their loan checks to finance Florida vacations and then dropped out of school.

Another problem is that most colleges have had very little experience in collecting money and have not set up effective collection procedures. The Office of Education's attitude is not very hardboiled, either: the Journal quotes one of the agency's officials to the effect that they prefer to use the term "arrears" rather than "delinquencies," because the latter term implies that the loan defaults are "a moral problem and we don't consider it that."

If the Collier plan for IOU financing of higher education in California should be adopted, it would seem the state would have to set up a really businesslike collection agency to make it work.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

\$4.5 Million Program to Assist 1,600 in New York

President Johnson's anti-poverty program has had a mixed national reception. It has been called a program of vision, and visionary. It has been called obligatory, and impossibly costly. Reaction either way is in considerable part partisan.

We may now have a chance to learn if the dismal results of poverty can actually be ameliorated.

In New York's Harlem, West 114th street is a dreary block of ramshackle tenements, occupied almost entirely by 1,600 Negroes. There are 37 of the five-story walkups, three of them vacant.

The plan is to rehabilitate these slums over 18 months, using the vacant buildings for temporary occupancy, so there will be no permanent relocations. It will cost \$4.5 million. Federal and New York welfare funds, and two private foundations, will pay the costs.

There will be little change

in rent, from the present \$38 to \$100 a month according to size, to \$50 to \$67.50. Average weekly income in the block is \$80.

The 450 units will be cleaned, plastered, repaired and given modern plumbing and kitchen facilities. The street between the two rows will be landscaped. There will be grass and swings at the rear of the buildings. Basements will be converted to day care centers for working mothers, health clinics and adult education rooms.

If the project can be fully achieved, it will clearly give tenants a new start in environment. But it will solve only half of the poverty problem, which is rooted in income, education, employment and social outlook and habit. Skeptics of course will say it won't accomplish much, that tenants left to themselves will revert to their sub-standard life.

Even those who are not skeptics concede the plan is an experiment.

It is complicated far beyond the question of physical environment. West 114th street does not differ from neighboring streets, and most of Harlem. It is a crucible for robbery, mugging, narcotics and juvenile violence. Though there is a junior high school in the block, no large percentage of eligible children reach it.

One young man was interviewed by a newspaper. He had returned to the street after five years in the army. He said hopelessness had driven him into the army, and the street "sort of pulls you down." He said the youths he knew had no ambition, and he finds the same youths now have no ambition. Neither they nor their parents express much interest in apartments where the electricity works and there are no rats.

If this truly reflects the situation, the anti-poverty plan is a formidable undertaking, but the plan seems like a good way to measure it.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Perry Mason in the Tules; Or Life Can Be Beautiful

Erie Stanley Gardner, prolific writer of mysteries and Big Daddy Perry Mason (including the television version) is fiscally able to enjoy adventuring in the grand manner. He has hunted the "desert whale" at Bahia Sebastiani Vitae, on the west coast of Mexico. He has hovered over Baja California in a series of helicopters, and uncovered ancient cave drawings in a still unrevealed area of that desolate peninsula.

Occasionally he produces a book on one of these elaborate expeditions. His latest is concerned with a relatively tame and accessible region, "The World of Water: Exploring the Sacramento Delta" (Morrow, \$5).

An early aficionado of the house trailer, Gardner recently discovered the joys of life aboard the self-propelled houseboat. This is his folksy account of camping afloat, or how to get away from it all into the tranquil river life.

It is a baffling book. It might stir the imagination of some boating enthusiasts. But, because Gardner's is always the expensive way, it might make just as many others green with envy. Rather than a how-to boating guide, it reads like one long commercial for Whit-Craft, Gardner's favorite new water vehicle. (He has six boats up there—two for living and four for transportation.) A fleet of house trailers, and presumably automobiles, is stationed along the levee, just in case things get too relaxed. Because of Gardner's constant dealings with Hollywood on Perry Mason business, there is a boat-to-studio telephone setup available.

This is the simple life as lived by a Goldfinger. One wonders what it can possibly do for the average you and me, who find it expensive enough to take the kids wading in the vicinity of Giusti's restaurant, let alone provisioning even a single Whit-Craft, and finding the time to loll aboard her.

Photographs show a number of good looking people in the Gardner party engaged in various forms of

hectic leisure — water-skiing, barbecuing. Gardner's pretty secretaries are much in evidence (the dictates a great deal while afloat). Other pictures show the "development" of the region; for example, mass docking facilities which, from the air (helicopters again appear to be as overpopulated as housing tracts ashore. Other pictures—Gardner with a mess of catfish; Gardner with the local houseboat dealer; other embarrassing Brownie-type documentation.

All this may send a new boating population into these once idyllic waters, but I can't imagine why Gardner would like to see this happen.

All in all, this is the season's most unnecessary book, and the most egocentric, in that it appears to be chiefly a catalogue of a rich boy's toys. It suggests that this most commercial of writers can have his appalling lapses, but also that at this point of his fantastic career Gardner is permitted to publish just about anything he writes. Why anyone, even in respectable retirement, would pay \$5 for a brochure on a type of life he can't afford is something I leave to the sales statisticians at William Morrow & Co. to ponder.

Strength for These Days

(From The Bible)

Not my will, but thine, be done.—(Luke 22:42)

In our acceptance of the Lord's perfect plan of goodness, we must not attempt to inject our personal will into things; we should have faith in the knowledge that He is the best judge of what is good and right.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Several Neat, Swinging Things to Do in Mexico

"My family is giving me a trip to Mexico for graduation and what I want is not the places I will find in the guide book but name me five neat, swinging places or things to do."

Lunch in the old Conquistador quarter at Hostaria del Santo Domingo—Cortes's Indian girl friend used to live in that palace across the street. Dinner at the Rivoli. And ask the violinist to play "Caminante de Mayab." (Costs you, but it's the best restaurant in Mexico City.) The bull fights—but only if they are held in the huge Plaza Mexico. The crowd's the show.

And for some small pleasures you'll remember: The fresh oysters with lime juice and hot sauce served on the street at Mazatlan. The hot, garlicked peanuts under the arches of the plaza in Oaxaca. The great main plaza of Mexico City lit at night from the roof garden restaurant of the Hotel Majestic. Hot chocolate beaten to a froth as they did it for Montezuma—in any Mexican market place. But go before 6 in the morning. That's when there's action.

"We have thought of a camping trip in Europe (to save money). Is it possible? All Europe camps. (All Government tourist offices have lists of camp sites. And there are hundreds of privately owned camp sites where you pay a small fee.)

Most of the camping I've seen is pretty plush—not the back-to-nature camping of America. The sites are barbered. Equipment would fit a modern kitchen. And camper clothing is as elegant as Caribbean cruise outfits.

The Michelin guide people put out a guide for France called "Camping." Though I've only seen it sold in France. The word "camping" seems to be pretty international. And that's the sign to look for along the roads.

As to cost, I've never done this myself. But I have a letter today: "My husband and I have recently returned from a camping trip in Europe that lasted four months. Our expenses averaged \$8 a day. Included camping fees, a hot shower every night, all meals except breakfast (which we cooked at the camp site), museum fees, presents, tours of castles, etc. It did not include gasoline."

"It could have been done a great deal cheaper if we had cooked most of our meals in camp only eating dinner out once in awhile."

"We will be in England for several weeks this summer and would like to see the countryside but not on a guided tour."

You should try a pub tour of the south—the best—of England. This one is a special: Your own rent car. On your own. Reservations are made for you at six old famous coaching inns. Seven days, six nights and 700 miles. The whole thing—meals, cars and rooms—runs \$90 per person for two, \$75 per person for a party of four.

You have to make arrangements in advance—these are small inns. Ask for a brochure from Al Wagstaff, 35 Baker street, London, W.1.

"... a small present for friends in England with children..."

That fabulous Nut Tree on the San Francisco-Sacramento highway has some birthday cake candles made in Mexico. And here's what they do. You blow them out. And in a few seconds they relight themselves. Over

Quote

It is the duty of all Americans to serve on a jury when called; and of employers to permit them. Jury duty is like voting; no one has the right to keep another from it.—Pat Angell, La Mirada.

and over. Giving you all the wishes you could wish for. Nut tree, Vacaville, California. One dollar for a package of 12. And you're a hero with the kids.

"I would like a place to go and paint. Particularly interested in sunsets, islands, tropics."

The sunsets over Manila Bay are such a splash of purple and gold and fire that local residents get tired of hearing visitors oh and ah about them. I've never seen anything like them. And the sunset you see from Tahiti, looking over the island of Moorea is a skylight of pure gold—every night.

"... a place where four of us (two couples) interested in skin diving can dive for old wrecks..."

Anegada Reef in the British Virgin Islands is stiff with wrecks. We located two with cannon still showing in one day. And there are at least a hundred. One of them is the Spanish "La Victoria" with \$3 million in gold. (But which one?)

You operate from Little Dix Bay resort on Virgin Gorda. Plush cottage hotel and has all the boats and equipment. Low rates are in summer. They'll send you a brochure Little Dix Bay, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands, 15 cents is the air mail rate.

Our Man Hoppe

Happiness Was Losing Freeway

By Arthur Hoppe

The most heartwarming news in months is the recent polls showing that more than 70 per cent of us Americans approve of the way Mr. Johnson is doing his job as President. For, though it isn't generally recognized, these are the most important polls our poll takers ever take.

"Pish!" you may say. Or even, "Tosh!" But this merely shows that you don't fully comprehend the complex methods we Americans use to judge the effectiveness of our Presidents in carrying out their grave responsibilities.

Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Name On Request of Oxnard, Calif. In order to provide Mrs. Request with faster transportation, the State highway engineers designed a double decked 8-lane freeway right to her front door. And through it. And on out across her back yard.

Naturally, Mrs. Request felt this faster transportation would be detrimental to her property values. And she was unhappy. But at the last moment, a junior highway engineer spilled his morning coffee on the route map, thus making it necessary to redraw the freeway 17 blocks to the southeast.

Mrs. Request had just received the news her property was saved from faster transportation when the poll taker rang her doorbell. "Do you," he asked, "approve of the way President Johnson is doing his job?"

"He's a dear," cried Mrs. Request, throwing her arms around the poll taker's neck and doing a little dance.

Unfortunately re-routing the freeway caused it to pass between the washer and the clothesline of Mrs. Name Withheld. And when the poll taker called to ask her the same question, Mrs. Withheld chased him down the stairs with a broom—an action the poll taker put down, rightly, I think, to disapproval. So on the freeway, Mr. Johnson came out even.

Of course, not all we Americans are so directly affected by our Government. And a more typical sampling of those polled might include Mr. Bowsley Worthbill VII, an automobile mechanic, and Mr. Al Flatbush, an investment banker. On the day they were queried, Mr. Worthbill's prize frangipani had just put forth two new shoots. While Mr. Flatbush had, only the evening before, bowled 267. Naturally, both heartily approved of the way Mr. Johnson was doing his job.

Contrariwise, Farmer Jones of Centerville, U.S.A., who had been visited in successive weeks by peach blight, the common cold and a small tornado, said he thought Mr. Johnson should be strung up. Which is certainly understandable in the circumstances.

Thus you see that this is the most important poll the poll takers ever take. For they have proved conclusively that 70 per cent of us Americans are happy. And what could be more heartwarming than that?

Of course, I wouldn't want to be in Mr. Johnson's shoes if our nation were hit by a shower of asteroids from outer space. The public outcry for impeachment would be overwhelming.

Morning Report:

With all that gunfire and bombing in Viet Nam, it's very comforting to have the experts calmly explain what it all means. Even though the experts are a long way from the shooting.

It's really very simple. The Communists tried to teach us a lesson. Get out of South Viet Nam because our soldiers are not safe there. Instead of packing up, we taught them a lesson. North Viet Nam is not a very safe place either.

This two-way lesson-giving is now under consideration in Moscow, Peking and Washington—all a good distance from the blackboards. Now, everybody is in favor of schooling. The only trouble in this case is that a lot of buys are getting killed in the educational process.

Abe Mellinkoff