

Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

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Public Schools Week

April 26-30 is Public Schools Week in California—an event observed with special programs in all local schools.

This is the time when the school makes a special effort to tell its story to parents and the public in general. It is also the best time for the public to find out what is happening in the classroom. Revolutionary changes are now under way.

Visitors can observe and ask questions.

The schools hope to bridge the gap between the separate worlds of parents and schools.

Open house is a good device to bring everyone closer together.

Open house is a chance to meet the teacher, to learn something about how the class operates, to see samples of work, and to get a better understanding of the class and the school.

First initiated and sponsored by the Grand Masonic Lodge of California in 1920 to call attention to the needs of schools following World War I, Public Schools Week has developed into a major annual event on the California School calendar.

It is ironic that the issues listed by the Masons in 1920 are almost identical to those of today—shortage of good teachers, overcrowded classrooms—and even Federal aid to education!

Visit your school during Public Schools Week. But don't go home thinking you have done your duty in school-home relations for another year. Your Public School Week visit should be considered just one of numerous contacts between parent and school.

Opinions of Others

"The sale of this newspaper . . . terminates my tenure of responsibility for these editorial columns, a tenure that spans almost thirty years. . . . I have welcomed the opportunity presented through these columns to speak to the consciences of my readers, to speak those things which I believe to be right, and true. . . . Basically, I have often, and always, returned to the premise that our government is a democracy, that a democracy is something that involves work and responsibility, that there can be no appreciation without effort and no achievement without participation, that democracy must always be something that builds from the bottom up and can never be something that can be handed to the people from the top down."—Wayzata (Minn.) Herald.

"The opinion pollsters discovered that a high percentage of those favoring medical care were not aware that the proposed legislation would not cover doctor costs, that benefits are limited to short periods, that there are no provisions for the major catastrophe of long-term illness and high cost surgical bills. There is going to be a lot of unhappiness with the limited benefits. But there will be elation among those who can afford to pay all their illness costs. They will benefit in equal measure with those who have limited or no means to meet the bills of illness."—La Grange (Ill.) Citizen.

"The eternal inconsistency of government! Most states pay for care of blind and deaf children, but charge parents of mentally retarded children over \$1,500 per year. On top of that, the federal government only allows a deduction of \$600 for that same child."—Waldoboro (Maine) Press.

"Minorities with grievances have gained infinitely greater redress by taking their causes to our courts than by mass protestations when they themselves violate the law by their violence, as has happened so often during the past year and in the process they create a climate of hatred and intransigence that never existed before."—St. Louis (Mo.) Labor Tribune.

"The United States in the years to come, and starting right away, is to far outdo that Biblical reference to a land of milk and honey, according to the 3,900 word State of the Union message. . . . And the inference was plain that if you don't happen to like milk and honey, that's what you're going to get anyway. The broad objective of the 'Great Society' (a strictly Federal institution), will be to 'improve the quality of life for all.' It will teach us 'how to use our wealth as well as how to create it.'"—Coatesville (Pa.) Record.

"To our way of thinking, the most shocking statement made by President Johnson in his state of the union message was his open request that the Congress consider repealing Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which permits the individual states to ban the union shop (compulsory union membership) through right-to-work laws, which give the worker his God-given right to join or not to join a labor union as his conscience may dictate."—West Point (Miss.) Times Leader.

"Antisocial behavior in young people does not appear without cause: it is nourished by personal and environmental factors and such factors can be found in the best of neighborhoods as well as in the poorest of slums."—Brooklyn (N.Y.) Graphic.

"These politicians are all alike. Hubert Humphrey gives up his seat a few days early so his Minnesota governor can make an early appointment—by a day or two—and give the new senator a few extra hours of seniority. What a racket!"—Burlington (Wis.) Standard-Press.



ROYCE BRIER

Impersonality Is Mark Of Latter-Day Student

James Reston, New York editor, wrote a column the other day about students at computerized universities. In it occurred this passage:

"They are in revolt against bigness and facelessness. It is probably significant that the craze of president-baiting started at the University of California at Berkeley, where they have more teachers that never teach than any other academic institution in the world."

One lacks knowledge regarding the closing declaration, but the passage in general proves Mr. Reston knows what is going on roundabout.

For the persistent undertone of the campus difficulty since last fall runs to a creeping paralysis of impersonality at the university, as the students view it. There are doubtless many small colleges where this complaint does not lie, but there are a score or more of big institutions where it does.

Now great academic population centers like California, Minnesota, and Columbia do not exist by chance. They exist in a concert of

circumstances, the most compelling being the post-war prosperity, and an attendant panic-theory that unless a youth has a higher education his life will be a dismal failure.

There are reasons to doubt this as a holy writ, but they are not pertinent here. It is pertinent that every kid in the land is hell-bent for some campus on pain of oblivion, and mysterious laws of aggregation propel them to the biggest campuses. For sheer, sagging weight, and not from administrative or faculty depravity, the individual is submerged in the amorphous whole. A computer presents him with a card bearing digits, and if his frustration erupts in obscenity and scatology, why, he does not differ from the rest of us.

For this impersonality is the mark of latter-day American life, and it promises to spiral in intensity, and nobody has a solution for it.

Gaze back from the aseptic heights to the disordered days of Washington and Benedict Arnold. Today a

computer would show cracks in Arnold's psyche, his house would be bugged, and the General would have delivered him to an analyst. So in Lincoln's day, a banker was a smiling fellow with a slightly flinty heart, and General Sherman was a tornado personality, whom any sensible computer would have kept a colonel for life.

Today you can't measure the flint in a banker's heart, but you know nothing is so flinty, or so right, as an overdraft slip, unless it is a coded card from Internal Revenue. A prevailing grief of the modern American is the eternal rightness of computers; there is no leeway for Napoleon's bellyache at Waterloo, no absolution for weakness or a moment of inattention in vast and ever vaster areas of living. The trajectory of an Alabama cop's smoke-shell will next be computed.

Do you not behold it all about you? Yes, but we will grow bigger, not smaller, and alas for all of us, not just for the young, facelessness will follow bigness as the night the day, to quote a poet from a long-gone age of humanity.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Russia's Venture Into Western World Related

"The United States are bound to spread over the whole of North America. Sooner or later we shall have to surrender our North American possessions." So, in 1853, nearly 14 years before the sale of Alaska, wrote Nikolai Muraviev, who had been instrumental in developing Russian Alaska since the 1820s.

In his view, surrender of the enormous territory was no sacrifice, for Russia belonged in the Far East and there she should concentrate her energies. The idea was to avoid trouble. The United States would be won to Russian alliance, as guardian of the Siberian back door—against the hated Hudson Bay Company, for instance.

Muraviev's thesis led to the famous \$7.2 million deal—Seward's Folly, as the purchase of Alaska came to be known. It was during the era of Reconstruction, and American interests were hardly focused on that big, empty icebox in the north. Indeed, Congress was reluctant to pay for the place at all, even at those prices. Manifest Destiny be damned. The press was highly critical. The Alaska purchase bill was 15 months reaching the House floor, and when

the vote was taken 43 members were against payment, and another 44 did not vote. In favor of payment: 113.

As Hector Chevigny notes in his excellent human history, "Russian America: The Great Alaskan Venture 1741-1867." "A nation having small desire to sell did so to a nation that was not eager to buy, their motives the belief they would please each other."

This is an intriguing popular history of Russian expansion from the time of Peter the Great's reign, when Russia swept east on the fur trade across the wastes of Siberia, to eventual expansion to the Pacific. Then, gingerly, across one after another the moon-like Aleutian Islands, on down to the outpost of Fort Ross, at the edge of Spanish California.

It is a ringing story told simply but with spirit illuminated by exotic details of the massive Russian adventure. This is story-telling as well as history by the author of "Lost Empire," a tale of Nikolai Rezanov, founder of the Russian-American Co., and "Lord of Alaska," the life of Alexander Baranov. Here he has built on Bancroft's notable history of Alaska (1886) and

draws on much new material which has come to light in recent years.

This is an excellent rundown on a heroic, tragic, often incredible tale of exploration and exploitation of a new world. I emphasize that it is a popular history and that scholars and specialists might kiss it off as superficial dramatizing. It is nevertheless an eye-opener for those of us who know only casual details of the whole pageant and the almost comic accident under which the United States agreed to take over the future 49th State. History, as Chevigny emphasizes at one point here, "does not invariably make sense."

Quote

The school curriculum is like a cemetery. You put things in but you never take anything out.—Dr. Gerwin C. Nehar.

Music is not a matter of pushing a key or drawing a bow across a string. If the orchestra does not sing, it does not make beautiful music.—Josef Krips, S. F. Symphony director.

STAN DELAPLANE

Western Vacation Trips Can Be Exciting Affairs

"What kind of small transistor radio is best for Europe?"

Get one with the longest range possible. I had one that worked fine in Paris but faded when I got 20 miles out of town. The AM/FM types are no use—not enough FM in Europe. AM plus short wave is what I carry. Local radio on AM. Switch to short wave and you get Voice of America news in English, Armed Forces music, and some interesting Iron Curtain propaganda broadcasts.

"Can we get batteries for it?"

Yes. But I'd be careful to get batteries from one of the big manufacturing countries—German, British, Swiss. I bought batteries in Portugal a few months ago. They leaked. Corroded a flashlight so badly I had to throw it away.

"Suggest a very inexpensive vacation for a family of four."

I think camping is the cheapest and most rewarding—and maybe the only way most people will be able to afford. It has a great range. From shoe-string to luxury. Best places: The American West, Canada, Mexico.

For the West, the National Park Service, Washington, D.C. has a list of park campsites. There is a very good and inexpensive cabin or tent thing you can rent in Grand Teton National Park, for instance. Groceries and firewood nearby. Good fishing. Raft trips on the Snake River. Walks, rides, and talks by Rangers. Get a price list by writing Grand Teton Lodge Company, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

Canada has a lot of wilderness areas. The Canadian Government Tourist Office at Ottawa, Canada will flood you with good information.

Mexico is a little primitive. But there is some beach camping along the West Coast. Particularly at Topolobampo Bay near Los Mochis. A day south is the town of Mazatlan. And new overnight car ferry will take you to La Paz in Lower California. Very primitive. And roads for my distance would ruin your car. But there are miles of beaches all to yourself.

For American West travel: Standard Oil travel service will route you, give you maps, list scenic and historic places enroute—handhold you all the way. Chevron and Standard Oil stations have the application forms. And it's free.

Canadian tourist information is very complete. But in Mexico you are on your own. Best information I've seen is free by writing Dan Sanborn, McAllen, Texas. Ask specifically for the car ferry train from Chihuahua to Topolobampo—cheap and through wild country. The car ferry boat to La Paz. And general road information.

A place to look into for beach camping: Padre Island has miles and miles of beach off Corpus Christi, Texas. Many dramatic Spanish shipwrecks here in early days. And beach walkers sometimes turn up ancient coins.

For pioneers: A rough but reasonable road runs from Oaxaca (in the south of Mexico) to little Puerto Angel on the West Coast. No tourists, no hotels. But I remember it as a pretty tropical bay. Carry insect repellent and anti-malaria pills. This is hammock country—too warm for beds. Buy Indian hammocks in Oaxaca.

What to read: The paperback library is what you want. Excellent books on how to camp. Books for rockhounds, bird watchers, amateur archaeologists. I like a little historical background on the place I'm going.

"We would like to have information on Germany where we are visiting our son in the Army . . ."

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Brown Shakes, Falls Behind

NOTES & QUOTES: Gov. Pat Brown, shaking his way through a sea of hands outside the Mansion in Sacramento, was heard to sigh: "With 1,000 new people arriving in California daily I've got to shake 2,000 hands a day just to stay even!" . . . And Vice-Pres. Hubert Humphrey has picked up on the Avis Rent-a-Car slogan. During a phone conversation with a member of the Calif. Democratic Council the other day, he cracked: "I'll do all I can for you—remember, I'm only No. 2, so I try harder" . . . Pearl Buck, the noted lady novelist, just passed through town to preside over a Pearl Buck Foundation Dance. Pearl is raising bucks to help support the Asian-American children fathered and forgotten by our GIs during the recent wars . . . Godfrey Cambridge, the Negro comedian, has signed to play the lead role—an Athenian slave—in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" around here in August. "Maybe a Negro shouldn't play a slave," he says, "but I guess it's nice to know that slavery wasn't invented in our country" . . . The South is truly organized these days. John Stewart of the Kingston Trio flew to Montgomery, Ala., the other day, and as he got off the plane, he was greeted by these words over the airport loudspeaker system: "Outside agitators, your bus is awaiting to take you to Selma."

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: Architect John Carl Warnecke is a big One Up on the local jet set. He was among those present at Gangtok, Sikkim when S.F.-born Hope Cooke was crowned Queen of Sikkim. Reason for Warnecke's presence: Hope and her Maharaja ("Call me Palden") have been his house guests in this country . . . Two lions in the world of high fashion—Marchese Emilio Pucci of Italy and Antonio Castillo of Paris—whizzed through town the other day, pausing long enough to be interviewed by the fashion writers. They got off the usual flowery talk about "looser, more feminine styles," floating skirts and so on, but the most significant style note wasn't touched on at all. Both these fine fellows were wearing double-breasted suits! And it's one of the facts of life that whereas you can have a double-breasted suit converted to single, it can't be done the other way around. Alas . . . Barclay's Bank of London is assured of at least one depositor when it opens its branch here. Alain Gilstein, the private eye, promises to open an account, strictly for sentimental reasons. When he was with the Irgun (underground) in Palestine in '46-'47, he recalls, "Barclay's practically financed our operations against the British. We held up one of their branches almost every night!"

THE WORD: UC's Pres. Clark Kerr, musing aloud at a meeting: "You know, when I became Cal's first Chancellor in 1952, I wondered about the precise definition of the title. So I consulted my Oxford Dictionary, which defined it as 'Keeper of the King's conscience and guardian of all infants, idiots, and lunatics.' The past few months at Berkeley, I have had occasion to dwell on the precision of the definition!"

CAENFETTI: Ex-banker Don Silverthorne has a new foible—dispatching form letters to columnists charging flatly that their "persecution" was responsible for his wife's recent and lamentable stroke. As usual, Mr. Silverthorne is blaming everybody for his troubles—except himself . . . This HAS to be the new definition of chutzpah: Governor Wallace handing out autographed photos of himself to civil rights leaders in Alabama. (And they, the nebbishes, accepting them) . . . Bob hope will be at St. Mary's College 'cross the Bay this week to receive the school's annual St. Genesius Award. Jerry Lewis received it last year, but it's still a great honor . . . Comedian Mort Sahl, who has been having more downs than ups lately, opens a four-week run next week at the hungry i, scene of his glory years . . . Sweet's Ballroom—ah, memories of Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, the Dorseys, and a skinny kid named Sinatra singing with Harry James' band—will be torn down to make room for the prime horizontal symbol of these vertical times: a parking lot (the one thing nobody will ever get sentimental about) . . . When Liberace opened here a few nights ago I was reminded of the time he played at the Fairmont and a lady fan, eyes ashine, approached him with a compliment. "If I could play like you," she enthused, "I'd start taking lessons tomorrow." An hour later, he was still staring out a window, an "I wonder what she meant by that?" look on his gorgeous face.

GROWNUP: After they handed out the Oscars recently I fell to wondering about our very own Oscar winner. That would be Claude Jarman, public relations director for John Hancock Life; he won a gold statuette in '46 for "The Yearling," in which he played the kid who owned the baby deer. Very touching story, if you remember. The deer gets old enough to roam, and a hunter kills it. Well Jarman now lives in Mill Valley, where his garden is attacked nightly by deer. "But I won't shoot, even to scare 'em away," he says. "If I happened to hit one, they might send a committee up from Hollywood to take my Oscar away."