

Herald and News

Editorial Page

Bad For Good Sports

Many think it would be a good idea if Americans, who are not generally notable for their physical fitness, did more participating in sports and less watching. Maybe so, but abandonment of spectator sports surely is not the answer.

Almost all nations, including those with good records of fitness, have their spectator sports. It is natural to want to watch the most skilled athletes perform. It is a proper expression of the national life, and lends an inevitable zest and excitement on the lighter side.

If anything should ever kill such sports as a major activity, it won't be television. There's plenty of evidence that good shows still bring out the big crowds, TV or no.

What is threatening public sports exhibitions, however, is the unruly behavior of a crude minority of the fans. This is becoming an increasing problem.

Rowdy elements have disturbed many a big league baseball game by tossing dangerous objects, bursting out and engulfing players, and so on.

Recently a professional basketball game in St. Louis was interrupted by egg-throwing. A visiting coach was struck in the forehead.

Perhaps the worst showing on the 1960 record was in Philadelphia, home of the Eagles, national professional football champions. All season long, ruffians endangered fans by their misbehavior.

Their standard practice was to throw beer bottles, cans, and parts of ripped up wooden stands down upon the spectators in the lower stands—a height roughly equivalent to four stories. When such hooligans were apprehended and escorted away, loud boos indicated support for the transgressors.

Fans below suffered many injuries. They were further endangered by the postgame crush of people eager to uproot the goal posts after a victory. Some callous individuals made a habit of jumping from an eight-foot parapet into the crowd to join the goal post uprooting. More than a dozen cases of broken bones were reported during the season.

Individuals who deliberately act to injure others or who are indifferent to their physical safety are not sports fans. They are merely spoilsports.

If they keep on in this vein, the real fan may indeed refuse to watch a sport any place but in the safety of his living room.

Where's The Doctor?

In the coming year one of the hot topics in Congress will be medical care for the aged. But there are some fresh and important signs that we ought also to be concerned about medical care in general.

A new government report presents striking evidence of the decline in the proportion of doctors in this country relative to the size of the population.

The trend is not new but has been in motion for at least the last 20 years. The two most alarming aspects about it are the sharp drops in the proportion of doctors in private practice and in the category of general practitioners.

Last year about two of every three physicians were in private practice. But back in 1931 the ratio was 86 per cent.

This does not mean, of course, that there are actually fewer doctors in private practice. Their numbers have gone up some 20 per cent in recent decades. But the total of persons to be cared for medically has shot up by more than twice that rate.

To add to the problem of the ordinary citizen seeking private medical care, today the physicians who are in private practice are almost equally divided between general prac-

tioners and specialists. Thirty years ago specialists accounted for only one out of every six.

The people who need to consult specialists can be grateful for the trend. But the millions whose prime need is a good family physician have a right to be worried.

As a matter of fact, the difficulty of finding a family doctor who is not already overloaded with work can be testified to by countless families in most parts of the country. The search often is long and hard, and is not always successful.

Unless the doctor-to-population ratio is soon reversed, the quest for a good general physician is likely to become steadily more difficult for the growing numbers of Americans.

Quite obviously, the whole subject of the adequacy of our medical care, both now and in the future, needs exhaustive re-examination.

We need far more doctors, especially general practitioners, and we need to find the means of first stirring interest among qualified individuals and then providing full training with the prospect of a rewarding private practice.



JIM BISHOP: REPORTER... A Few Belt Whackings Taught Him How To Lie

The only thing that remains the same for Jake Gottlieb is the bicycle shop. It is still in South Philadelphia and, even though Jake is aging and ill, the same coaster brakes need adjustment, the chains come off the sprockets, and the people of the neighborhood are still fairly poor in worldly goods and filthy rich in neighborhood spirit.

Mr. Gottlieb had five children. He was tough. Mrs. Gottlieb used to say to the children: "Don't talk to poppa before he eats." The family was so poor that, if one of the youngsters showed up after school with a dime, father removed his belt and whacked the kid because he assumed that no child could come by ten cents honestly.

His youngest was Joey. Joey tried all the amateur nights. A Negro boy named Glen Bishop used to drive Joey and his trio around to the local movie houses to do their satires on radio programs, and Joey said that if Glen would let them use his car, they'd change their names to Bishop. So Joey Gottlieb became Joey Bishop.

This started the name changing. No one in the Gottlieb house is the same. Jake switched to Jack but stuck to Gottlieb. Harry became Freddie. Clara is now Claire; Becky is Betty and now poppa doesn't know whom to whack even when they identify themselves. Joey says that he was belted so much that, until he was 12, he thought he was on a dog team. He still calls one of his brothers "Mish."

test. The teacher gave him fifty cents. He came home with it and one brother beat him up from 3:30 to 4 p.m. for lying. "Who told you you can spell?" the brother said. Momma shook her head. "You want us to believe teachers give money for spelling?" Another brother cuffed Joey around from 4 p.m. on for stealing fifty cents and lying about it. Poppa arrived with the belt at 6 p.m. It was a busy day.

This explains why Mr. Bishop talks fast and punchy today. He is 42, married to a lovely lady who used to be Sylvia Ruzga, and lives in Englewood, N. J., with a talented son Larry. The boy is 13 and has his own theater in the cellar of the house. Nobody beats him up, so he will probably grow up talking like Frank Sinatra.

Joey made a movie with Mr. Sinatra called "Ocean's Eleven." It was about eleven war buddies who plot to rob the big gambling casinos in Las Vegas. Joey says that Sinatra read the script and became so fascinated that he said: "The hell with the picture. Let's heist those joints."

He has had three big breaks in his life. One was his first solo act at Vine Gardens in Chicago

at \$450 a week. There, he talked to a whole wall full of mirrors for 49 weeks. The next big break came when he played Bill Miller's Riviera in Fort Lee, New Jersey. The star was Frank Sinatra and people came to see Frank and remained to accept Joey.

The third big break came when Jack Paar invited Joey to appear on his big network program. This worked out particularly well because (1) Bishop has no writers and no written material and he can be funny at will; (2) the Paar program gave 35,000,000 people a chance to sample Joey Bishop's nervous brand of conversation.

Now he is known everywhere and he earns \$200,000 a year and ask Master Gottlieb—I mean Bishop—where he gets the 400,000 half dollars. In fact, the father can't even understand what the people are laughing at.

Joey is a home body and likes to sit in a deep chair with his shoes off watching cowboy television. He plays golf in the high 70's and nobody whacks him for lying about bogeys.

This winter, he spent time starting at the Fontainebleau in Miami and his jokes were typical and topical. "Look," he said startled, "a woman in a cloth coat!" "Last night I was out selling hot pictures of the sun." "While you're in here watching me, my gang is outside stealing your hub-caps."

"Look at that guy Jim Bishop sitting over there laughing. We've got the same name but we're not in the same parish." . . .



"Me? I'm a Hungry Statistic"



THE VIEW FROM HERE . . . by F.L.W. KUHS Space Shortage Dictates New Moves

IT APPEARS that classroom space is becoming critical at KUHS. Recent reports indicate that school officials are eyeing possible emergency moves in the event a large freshman class enrolls at the school next fall.

They point to present indicators to show that such a class is in the offing, and will tax the KUHS facilities beyond their capacity.

THE BOARD also has apparently examined a number of alternative proposals in the event this happens. They have discussed the possibility of using Ponderosa School, converting the stage portion of the KUHS wing which is now a huge gym into additional classrooms, building a separate structure to house freshmen, or building another high school.

THESE APPEAR to be the various propositions being examined by the board at the present time.

We can't quarrel with the fact that an expanded freshman crop looms up for next year. Their figures undoubtedly prove this.

It appears that, if we are to believe our census figures, most of that additional crop of freshmen will come from the suburban regions. As the situation now exists, grade schools in the city handle grades one through seven, eighth graders go to Fremont and KUHS handles ninth through 12th.

IN THE COUNTY, the elementary schools handle the first six grades and the next six are housed in the high school structure. At Altmont Junior High, the one exception, the seventh and eighth grades are housed together, the ninth graders moving to KUHS.

WE HAVE NO WISH to try to tell the school administrators how

to handle their problems. These are situations in which they are well trained and well versed.

IT DOES SEEM, though, that the present time is a good time to search for a permanent solution to some of these problems, not just a temporary one to get us over the next year or two.

The problem of reorganization is one that has stymied the city system from adopting a 6-3-3 approach to education as is the case in most other communities.

Yet, logic would argue that if the freshmen were taken out of KUHS and teamed with the seventh and eighth grades in a three-grade junior high system, it would relieve the pressure on both the elementary schools and the high school.

IT IS ARGUED that since the KUHS district overlaps the county elementary district, problems would be encountered in trying to realign the educational structure. This may be true, but it would seem that some compromise plan could be worked out.

RATHER THAN THE COST of building a new high school, it would seem that Ponderosa could be completed into a junior high school to house three grades, and, if necessary, another junior high school be built to house additional students.

Such a move would swing the system into a 6-3-3 system and prepare it for future expansion, both in the grade schools and in the high school.

IT COMES as a disappointment to the public to be told that the space situation at KUHS is critical. The public was led to understand that when the new wing of the high school was built it would take care of the future needs of the school for some time. Now, just a few short years

later, we are faced with a space shortage again.

WE WOULD ONLY CAUTION against the adoption of any temporary measures. We would also urge the school boards, county, high school and city, to take the bull by the proverbial horns and get our school situation straightened out so that we have an orderly, organized plan for future growth.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Box Canyon

The Department of Natural Resources and Beaches and Parks are awaiting word from Siskiyou County on the subject of suitable locations for state parks. There are several of these favorable locations within the county.

There seems to be some confusion as to what the status of the Box Canyon Project will be, if and when it is built.

I do not believe that any of us visualized this project as a state park. There are many reasons why this project should be carried out by the state on the basis of its worth as a recreation potential, flood control, and storage of water, which would be 1,000-acre surface, and would impound 85,000 acre feet.

The upper Feather River has five upstream projects, three of which were dedicated primarily to recreation. The upper Sacramento River has none above Shasta Dam. It is true a feasibility survey is being conducted on the Box Canyon Project. This could have, and probably would have, been completed had our senator given the matter the attention he did the defunct Copco Dam Project or had he given it anywhere near the support that has been given by Assemblywoman Pauline Davis.

Here are a few of the many reasons I believe Box Canyon should not be a state park. On account of the easy accessibility, and the short distance from major transportation this lake which would be filled with clear mountain spring water would have a shore line of approximately 15 miles, practically every foot of it is good building terrain, water can be brought from Castle and Scotts Creek on the west, and there are two possible potable water supplies on the east. The shore lines would for the most part be high, dry and firm. Many summer homes would spring up around the lake, and thus increase our income from property taxes. Instead of helping a state park would take the load off the tax roll. The major portion of the shore line could, if a road were built across the dam, be reached in 10 to 15 minutes by car. The road to Castle Lake about



EDSON IN WASHINGTON Fun On The Bus Over FDR Memorial

By PETER EDSON Washington Correspondent Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

WASHINGTON (NEA)—An exclusive transcription from an imaginary recording of a conversation that never took place between two bus riders, on the day sketches of the proposed Franklin D. Roosevelt memorial were printed in the papers:

First bus rider, unfolding his paper: "Good gosh."

Second bus rider: "What's the matter now?"

"Look at this."

"What is it?"

"It's a memorial to F.D.R. they're going to build in Washington at a cost of 2 1/2 million dollars."

"Did he design it? With a ouija board?"

"No. It looks like the Republicans did. For revenge."

"Looks like the end of civilization after being struck by a hydrogen bomb."

"That's too colossal for even F.D.R. to think of."

"Well then maybe it's just a pictorial progress report on Washington's slum clearance plan. A bulldozer or one of those street ripper-uppers has just passed by and they left the slabs of concrete paving standing on end just the way they happened to light. Are you sure you read it right?"

"Yes, it says here that some of F.D.R.'s famous quotations are going to be carved on the slabs."

"You mean the revised version of the ten commandments, like, 'Thou shalt tax and tax! Spend and spend?'"

"Roosevelt didn't say that. It was Harry Hopkins. Besides, there are only eight stones, not 10."

"Just goes to show what inflation has done to the Four Freedoms."

"It looks a little like a modernistic cemetery design."

"Oh, I get it now. This is the New Deal graveyard. There's one

gravestone for every one of its late lamented reforms—Triple A, the Supreme Court packing plan, the Senate purge, the NRA Blue Eagle recovery plan, WPA, PWA, OPA—and that biggest one over there, that will be for all the little pigs that got plowed under during the depression."

"That's negative. Can't you get a more positive approach? This will memorialize the ones he guessed right on, or that didn't turn out so bad after all."

"You mean like the one about, 'I promise every American mother that her boys will not be sent to fight in foreign wars?'"

"You're too cynical. Stomach upset or something? This is supposed to be inspirational—uplifting."

"Inspirational for whom? Kennedy?"

"No. Nixon and the GOP. Get into the spirit of it."

"How about calling it, 'Spirit of the New Frontiers?'"

"That's better. It looks a little like 'A Planned Economy.'"

"Too subtle. Call it 'Washington Chaos and Confusion.'"

"We have enough of that now without building a monument to it, 165 feet high and covering 27 acres."

"Why are the stones broken off at the top, dog-eared like?"

"That's modern art. Don't you appreciate it?"

"That art ain't modern. It's archaeology—right out of the dark ages. Easter Island. The Sphinx. Nobody ever figured out what they stood for either."

"It says here this was the prize-winning design in a nationwide competition."

"Oh, brother. I'd hate to see the ones that didn't win. Who picked this one?"

"It was a commission headed by F.D.R.'s old attorney general, Francis Biddle."

"That could explain everything. This is where I get off."



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . . Protect Yourself Against Viruses

By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D. Written for Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

Some time between now and next summer, you're going to take quite a beating from an assailant that has to be magnified more than 40,000 diameters before he can be seen.

He may concentrate on your nose and make you a present of the common cold. Or he may call in one of his big brothers who'll leave you feeling as if somehow you had gotten into a professional football game and landed on the bottom of every scrimmage.

Each of these ultramicroscopic organisms is a member of the family of filterable viruses. They've gotten that name because their minute size enables them to pass through the porcelain filters that are used in bacteriology laboratories to clear a solution of ordinary microbes like staphylococci, streptococci and the various bacilli.

And, what's more important to you and me, their minute size enables them to float through the air, make a landing on our nasal passages and wiggle through lining membranes to enter deeper tissues.

When they move in on us, they immediately establish themselves as the greatest "free-loaders" of all time. They're unable to breathe, feed, excrete or even reproduce themselves until they hook into one of our cells. Then, without so much as a "by-your-leave," they take everything in

six miles west will be improved, and the matter of extending the Castle Crag Park to embrace Castle Lake should be explored. This would give vacationists a wonderful drive from the Mount Shasta entrance through the mountains to Castella, and northbound travelers could leave Highway 99 at Castella, come through the mountains and strike it again just below the town of Mount Shasta. Talk about your scenic drives, we would have it, and in connection with the Mt. Shasta Ski Bowl we would really have something to offer the year around. Department of Natural Resources write me they are awaiting recommendations from our people for an alternate state park, since Copco was turned down. Our planning commission, board of supervisors, and city councils, as well as chambers of commerce should extend themselves to see the information is furnished at an early date. This should (in my mind) include potential park sites, and urge the completion of Box Canyon as described above.

W. A. Barr Supervisor, District 2 Mount Shasta, Calif.

Almanac

By United Press International Today is Friday, Jan. 13, the 13th day of the year with 352 more in 1961.

The moon is approaching its new phase.

The morning star is Mars. The evening stars are Venus and Mars.

On this day in history: In 1733, some 150 English colonists arrived at Charleston, S.C., with a charter to establish a settlement in what is now Georgia.

In 1834, Horatio Alger, author of "rags-to-riches" stories, was born.

In 1864, American composer Stephen Foster died in New York's Bellevue Hospital, with 35 cents in his pocket—all the money he had.

In 1868, the Senate refused to accept President Johnson's ouster of Secretary of War Edwin Stanton.

In 1906, a scientific magazine (Scientific American) carried an ad for a radio set for the first time.

Thought for today: Harvard President Charles Eliot said: "In the modern world the intelligence of public opinion is the one indispensable condition of a social progress."

Funtime crossword puzzle with clues and grid.