

Herald and News

# Editorial Page

## By Any Other Name

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," a well-known playwright once wrote.

Then again, maybe it wouldn't, especially if it were called something like barbed catweed or flowering dogwort.

Some such psychological connection between things and their names seems to operate in many areas of life. Sometimes it can be serious, as in the case of food that hungry people could eat but don't—simply because of its name or looks or because of certain taboos.

John Frithdof of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, a Dane who has spent his life championing the uses of nutritious and economical fish, recently told of some of his experiences.

It seems that one of the tenderest, most

savory fish caught off Denmark is the lowly catfish. But the Danes had long rejected it because of its name and ugly appearance. Then it was decided to market only the clean, white fillets—and also to give it a new name: "cutlet fish."

Today, catfish is still unavailable in Denmark, but you can get cutlet fish in any restaurant, including the best.

In another instance, in West Africa, fishing fleets and packing plants thrive and human diets have been greatly improved because of an abundant fish that was once ignored—all because its name was dogfish.

Fridthof renamed it "Fish 45," the number representing its protein content. Now West Africans can't get enough of it.

Does this indicate anything can be done for our own lowly mullet?

## Anguished Father Views 'The Law'

(Register-Guard, Eugene)

At hand is a letter, far too long for the Mailbag. It is from a man who says he is "bitter and angry," and "justly so." This is a moving letter, and it raises questions that many others have also asked, although few have had better reason to ask them. The writer was the father of a 19-year-old girl. "Was" the father. The girl is dead now. She and a 20-year-old companion died on the highway when their car was hit by another, driven by a drunk.

The drunk driver was charged with negligent homicide, tried, found guilty and sentenced to 18 months in prison. The father, a bitter and angry man, reads that in Portland a fellow who stole and sold 217 Christmas trees was sentenced to 18 months in prison.

"I must speak out, I must protest," he writes, "for even in death my lovely daughter would not respect me if I did not." He does speak out in protest of a system that seems to equate the theft of 217 Christmas trees with the deaths of two girls.

He asks, "Have you ever received a telephone call from hundreds of miles away, impersonally stating that your daughter was killed on the highway? Think a little. And then, later, after she is buried to receive a note from the Memorial Gardens that a bronze plaque had been installed 'to commemorate an earthly mission that began September 15, 1943, and was completed October 27, 1962.' I am aware that it has ended. But was it completed?"

One can have only sympathy as he reads this touching letter. And every reader will understand the father's bewilderment and anger. Two young girls are only equal to 217 Christmas trees?

However, there can be no sentencing in which the punishment really fits the crime. No penal system is really efficient. But one

that seeks to be efficient must try to make the punishment fit the criminal rather than the crime. "The law," of which this father speaks so bitterly, recognizes this to a degree. It provides a list of crimes and maximum punishments. It provides, in most cases, that a jury will determine innocence or guilt, but not the penalty. The penalty is left to a judge who has experience, and likely information, that a jury does not have. This fixing of the penalty is the chore judges relish least.

The drunk who went to prison was sentenced by one judge, the tree thief by another. The penitentiary is full of fellows who compare notes on their crimes and their personal backgrounds and who find seeming injustices as great as the one the father mentions. Each of these bitter men must know, too, that the sentence he got was the sentence imposed by one man who had to look at the criminal, as well as the crime, and determine what sentence would be best for society and, eventually, for the fellow in the dock, the fellow who would return to society as either a better or a worse citizen.

The system has holes in it. The anguished father found one of the big ones. Yet, what other system can there be? Certainly we cannot say that a certain crime will be paid for by a certain penalty, with no latitude, no allowance for the backgrounds and potentials of the criminals. Some jurisdictions have had good results with a system under which penalties are meted out not by a variety of judges, but by a single board that could deal with both the drunk and the thief.

Perhaps one day Oregon will come to such a system. But we must never forget that the purpose of the sentence is neither vengeance or retribution. It is the long-range good of the community—based upon the protection of the community from dangerous people and the return of these people, when they are no longer dangerous, to a useful life.



## LETTERS

### Dogs

I'm writing in regards to the many dogs running loose in the Shippington area (some of which is within the city limits.) Some of the dogs are old and lay around and don't bother anybody, but others are young and don't know the meaning of obedience. These are allowed to run wherever they please and in doing so, cause much damage.

There are two sides to every story. In this case, the dogs and the gardeners. So as a gardener, I'm speaking in my behalf.

I have nothing against owning a dog. We did for 14 years, and we love dogs—in their place. I've never once blamed the animal but I do blame their owners. Our dog slept in the house at night on his blanket, on the floor, and ran on his chain during the day, when out. If he bothered anybody at all, it was only us.

We took him hunting, fishing and most of the places we went in the car where we could, and a good many places where he could run loose without hurting anybody or any property.

So, dear reader, please don't think he was abused, we loved that old dog. He had a good home and worshiped us and the children. We all enjoyed outings together—dog and all.

We have a lawn and flower garden that we take a great deal of pride in, and while away many hours there. Seems like older folks would be entitled to a little peace in age, but that's not true, I guess, when you can look out and see several big dogs roaming in your lawn and garden—some roam and bark all night long, even bury bones in the rose garden—most prized of all.

Dogs bounding from here and there can do much damage to



By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

A reader in North Carolina calls my attention to a recent case in which a judge, during the same week, sentenced two juvenile offenders for committing the same act. One of the boys was given a "hard" sentence, and the other was given a "soft" one.

My correspondent was indignant at this act of what he called "injustice." He thinks that the two offenders should have been treated "equally" for equal offenses. And he asks me to share his indignation.

Actually, I feel quite the contrary. I don't know what the facts in each case were, but the principle followed by the judge is the only sound one. It is not "equality" to treat unequals equally; it is gross unfairness.

It was the portentous Mikado in

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

the operetta who believed in "making the punishment fit the crime." But the punishment should fit the criminal; justice is blind, but it cannot be stupid also. And nothing is more stupid, in criminal jurisprudence, than failing to distinguish real differences between those who commit similar crimes.

Three boys may steal separate cars: one as an ill-advised escapade; another as an act of rebellion against his parents; and the third for dark and ugly reasons. Must all three be punished in the same way?

Unless we have a philosophical grasp of what "justice" is, we cannot understand the principle of equality. For instance, parents who claim that they give their children "equal treatment" are guilty of a great fault if by this they mean that they judge all their children by the same standard.

The loving and intelligent parents take into account the profound differences between their children—differences in temperament and ability, brains and bodily structure. To discipline one's children fairly means to give unequal treatment to unequals; for to treat them the same would be manifestly unfair to the weaker, the more delicate, the less intelligent ones.

Justice consists in correctly proportioning the means to the ends. And this can be accomplished only by knowledge of the individual case. A judge who sentenced all auto thieves to the same term would be a superfluous official; the statute books can do that without the need of a judge.

I'm sorry if I've stepped on someone's toes, but I can't help feeling the way I do.

Mrs. R. E. Jones,  
2533 Bly Street.

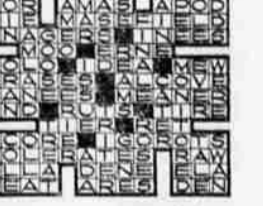
## Birds

- ACROSS**
- 15 North
  - 16 American bird
  - 17 Songbird
  - 18 Reprinted (ab.)
  - 19 Playing card
  - 20 Tropical plant
  - 21 "Low Green Was My Valley" heroine
  - 22 Lair
  - 23 Crude home
  - 24 Oceanic bird
  - 25 Strid alarm
  - 26 Wood measure
  - 27 Noise
  - 28 Charming
  - 29 Small bird
  - 30 Top brass (ab.)
  - 31 Clean the pan
  - 32 Russian river
  - 33 Abridged (ab.)
  - 34 Hut
  - 35 Town in Utah
  - 36 Feathers
  - 37 Carl
  - 38 Beverage
  - 40 Three (Roman)
  - 41 Look closely
  - 42 Bird's belly
  - 43 Ensnare
  - 44 Era
  - 45 Tempt
  - 46 Shield bearing
  - 47 Masculine name
  - 48 Goddess of discord
  - 49 Small bird
  - 50 Pound
  - 51 Pooled

## DOWN

- 1 British (ab.)
- 2 Bulgarian coin
- 3 Proposition
- 4 Wandering
- 5 Exhausted
- 6 Maple genus
- 7 Urge (slang)
- 8 Tie
- 9 Winged
- 10 Room
- 11 Alert
- 12 Almightly
- 13 Basin
- 22 Cut into small cubes
- 23 Jump
- 24 Exchange bill
- 25 of lading (ab.)
- 26 South American country
- 27 Screesh owl
- 28 Learning
- 29 Caps
- 30 Theater box
- 31 Cain (pl.)
- 35 Yellow birds
- 37 Fur
- 38 The right time
- 40 Structural section
- 41 Weather forecast
- 42 Territory (ab.)
- 43 Spindle
- 44 Indian city
- 45 Squeezed
- 46 Irishman
- 47 Bird's home
- 48 Ventilator

## Answer to Previous Puzzle



## Other

### Editors Say . . .

#### POIGNANT PLEA

(Oregon-Statesman, Salem)

A poignant plea to give an ex-convict a chance comes from a Salem area woman who for obvious reasons prefers her name withheld.

"I encourage my guy the best I can," she writes. "And I pray 'Lord, let this be the day he finds a decent job instead of those for \$1.15 an hour in mud and slime—a job that would give back self-respect, the most needed article in rehabilitation."

The fact that her plight, and his, is not new is little comfort.

She signed her letter and wrote this postscript: "I have faith in my husband and know how much he wishes to be self-supporting and to do for his family, and I also know how discouraging it is to look for work and not get it." She added that she signed her name because "I am not ashamed of my husband or what I have written."

With a wife like that, this man who made a mistake and has paid his debt can't fail, discouraging as the road may be. And she has set forth the problem inherent so well that no words of ours are needed.



## EDSON IN WASHINGTON . . . Plastic Chair Mat Is Status Symbol

By PETER EDSON  
Washington Correspondent  
WASHINGTON (NEA)—Newest status symbol for big bureaucrats in Washington is to have a transparent plastic mat in the office. There aren't very many of them around yet, but wait till the word gets out and the fashion catches on.

Pretty soon you'll be able to tell whether the government official you call on in his spacious digs, really amounts to anything by one simple test.

It will be whether he has a sheet of quarter-inch thick Plexiglass—say 6x10—under the vast acreage of his flat-top desk and the space behind, where he rolls his \$300-and-up, three-way-stretch, swivel - and - ballbearing - castered, deep - cushioned leather-covered chair when he rises to greet you or bow you out.

No plastic chair mat, as it's called, no big shot.

The evolution of this new badge of prestige is fascinating. First, there was the marble floor, in the old government buildings. Hard on the dogs—and cold. Then there were scatter rugs. Then hardwood flooring. Then parquet flooring. Then more and bigger rugs. Then wall-to-wall carpeting. Only the biggest shots rated wall-to-wall carpets.

But wall-to-wall broadloom created other problems. Shuffling the feet under the desk in nervous irritation wore holes in the rug. Pushing the chair back and pulling it up wore the nap off the carpet and wore down the knee-high pile to the coarse foundation fabric beneath.

This was expensive. For the only way to replace wall-to-wall carpeting is with wall-to-wall carpeting. At \$12 a square yard in a 100 to 200-square-yard office, that runs into money.

And a patch on wall-to-wall carpeting, even under a desk, would be a worse loss of face than a patch on the pants.

And so there was invented the fiberboard carpet saver. It was a T-shaped piece of hard-surfaced, brown composition something or other. The stem of the T fitted under the center well of the desk and kept the feet from wearing out the carpet. The head of the

T was behind the desk and there the bureaucrat could spend hours of deep thought, rolling his wheeled chair to and fro or rocking, without wearing out the carpet.

All these troubles made it inevitable that some genius—he happened to be working for the Delta Division of Air Associates, in Fort Worth, Tex.—should get the idea, of putting a sheet of Plexiglass under the desk and chair, over the rug, to save wear and tear. It's transparent.

You can see the wall-to-wall carpeting beneath it, color and all.

Rohm and Haas of Philadelphia, who make Plexiglass—a pure plastic acrylic, methacrylate monomer—were doubtful about this use of their material when they first heard of it. They happily admit now they were wrong.

It doesn't scratch if rubber-tired casters are used. It doesn't get brittle, yellow or opaque. It's slick but nobody has yet reported falling and breaking his dignity on it. Spilled coffee and snacks can be wiped off and don't stain the carpet.

This reporter saw his first plastic chair mat in the office of Internal Revenue Service Commissioner Mortimer M. Caplin. There are several others in IRS. That's where your money goes, citizens.

A 100-square-foot mat, at \$1.75 a square foot retail, would cost you-know-what.

Inquiry at General Services Administration discloses that plastic chair mats aren't being stocked as regular equipment yet. But agencies that have special interior decoration funds for fussing-up big-shot offices are permitted to buy extras like objets d'art and spittoons. New fads catch on fast.

State Department and NASA, the space agency, have a few for their top brass. Commerce Department's new business center has one. GSA has a few smaller ones in its public buildings and space management offices, and a few were put out at Fort Eustice, Va., for field office testing.



## WASHINGTON REPORT . . . Powell Committee Fund Slash Sought

By FULTON LEWIS JR.

As an orator Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D-N.Y.) has few peers.

Not so John James Williams, the wispy-voiced, mild-mannered Republican Senator from Delaware. Yet there is no doubt that "Whispering Willie" Williams has come off on top in his battle with Powell, the handsome playboy-chairman of the House Labor and Education Committee.

Less than a month ago Williams took to the Senate floor with a speech that made national headlines. He lashed into the Administration for dishing out funds and favors to Powell, said to be the nation's most powerful single Negro.

Powell, resting in Puerto Rico, sauntered back to Washington when ready, called a Kilg light press conference, and told assembled reporters that Williams had criticized him because he (Powell) was a Negro.

Informed that Williams had voted for the only civil rights bills to become law in this century, Powell was undisturbed. He stuck by his guns.

To buttress his case, Powell said that Williams opposed the creation of a Cabinet-level Department of Urban Affairs because he did not want Robert Weaver, a Negro, to head the department.

He conveniently overlooked the fact that Williams voted to confirm Weaver for director of the Federal Housing Authority.

Powell denied Williams' assertion that he (Powell) had pulled strings to get a \$250,000 Federal grant for Associated Community Teams, a Harlem project of which he was a director.

Powell neglected, however, to quiet Livingston L. Wingate, the project director. Wingate told the Washington Star's Cecil Holland: "It's a fact that Adam Clayton Powell negotiated this grant. His influence was used to get it."

The nation's highest official, who served with John James Williams in the Senate for eight years, is reluctant to criticize Powell. President Kennedy told a news conference that "the best answer to any attacks" on Representative Powell would be legislation passed by the committee. And, said the Chief Executive, that record is a "good one, a very useful one."

While the President is reluctant

to offend Powell in any way, not so John Ashbrook, a second-term Ohio Congressman who serves under Powell on the Labor and Education Committee.

Ashbrook appeared before a subcommittee of the Committee on Administration to oppose his chairman's record request for \$67,000 to run the Labor Committee.

In the 86th Congress, Ashbrook pointed out, Committee Chairman Graham Barden was authorized \$225,000 and returned \$53,649 to the Treasury at the end of the second session.

Powell spent \$633,000 during the 87th Congress, his first as chairman, and now wants almost \$700,000 for the 88th. He has packed the committee with political appointees, while reducing the number of Republican employees from four to two. He has quadrupled the number of Democratic aides, who totaled 12 two years ago.

One of Powell's appointees, John Young III, a New York public relations man, was sent to South America to make a 30-day "cultural survey." He received \$1,000 for services as a "consultant," and spent \$2,000 for hotels and expenses plus another \$1,000 for travel.

"Young's report," says Representative Ashbrook, "tells very little that any member of Congress could not obtain on a straight request for information from the Library of Congress."

Examining committee vouchers, Ashbrook discovered that Powell regularly received funds for travel to Puerto Rico, where he lives in a \$50,000 villa. Frequent payments were made to Powell for miscellaneous expenses in the United States and the Virgin Islands. Examples:

Miscellaneous and per diem, Dec. 3-15, 1962, place not known: \$178.

Per diem, and taxi, Nov. 19-23, 1962, place not known: \$89.

Per diem and taxi, etc., Nov. 2, 1962, place not known: \$25.

Per diem and taxi, place not known, no date: \$105.

Per diem, Oct. 9-13, place not known: \$120.

Congressman Ashbrook demanded that \$200,000 be slashed from the budget for Powell's committee. He was backed up by Republican Congressmen Gross (Iowa), McClary (Ill.), Alger (Texas), Curtis (Missouri), Younger (Calif.), and Findley (Ill.).



## IN WASHINGTON . . .

### Nuclear Test Ban Session

By RALPH de TOLEDANO

In the past years, Democratic Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut has shown himself to be one of the most hard-headed, members of the "world's most exclusive club." His speeches on foreign policy have become minor classics in close reasoning based on excellent research.

I say this as introduction to material which Mr. Dodd has gathered together and placed in that graveyard of information, the Congressional Record. It is material which will give the Administration little comfort in its efforts to convince the American people that a nuclear test ban at any cost is mandatory. Senator Dodd does not buy this "at any cost" line—and his opposition will certainly give added power to those in the Administration who hope to force him out of public life.

Senator Dodd has prepared a table listing the steady retreat of our test-ban negotiators since the first Geneva conference in 1958. As of today, we are ready to accept almost any terms if only Comrad Khrushchev will put his name to a paper which says, "I ain't gonna test no more."

In 1958, for example, the U.S. called for the right to inspect all seismic events of indeterminate origin above five kilotons, and 20 per cent below that level. This would adequately police any secret testing. By February, 1960, we were asking for only 20 on-site inspections per year.

By May, 1961, the Kennedy Administration was ready to settle for as little as 12 such inspections per annum. Last December, the Ad-

ministration was talking hopefully of eight - to - 10 inspections. In February there were planned leaks to the U.S. press that Mr. Kennedy's negotiators were willing to accept a "compromise" of five on-site inspections.

In order to protect against sneak testing by any country, scientists estimated that a world-wide network of 600-650 seismic inspection stations would be needed. At Geneva, however, our negotiators agreed to 180 stations—only 21 of them to be within the Soviet Union. Last August, the U.S. offered a "substantial" reduction of this number—80 stations, with merely eight-to-10 in the USSR.

Who would man these stations? In 1958, the U.S. insisted that the monitoring stations should be manned by non-nationals of the country in which they were located. This made sense. No one would expect a Soviet national to report on illegal nuclear test. By August, 1962, the U.S. had retreated to the position that the stations should be manned by nationals of the country they were in, with international inspection.

Last February, in his efforts to woo the Soviets, chief U.S. negotiator William C. Foster dropped mention of international inspection.

In 1958, the U.S. set as a threshold for inspection all seismic shocks above five kilotons and, as I have noted, 20 per cent of those below that figure.

By January, 1959, the threshold for inspection had been raised to 20 kilotons. In August, 1962, the U.S. didn't mention a ny threshold in its draft treaty. This

means that the Soviets could claim that a 50-kiloton seismic disturbance did not come under the terms of the "inspection" agreement—making it a scrap of paper.

When the U.S. went to Geneva, it proposed a control body made up of Britain, United States, and the Soviet Union—with no veto right. Spelled out, this meant that if the U.S. and Britain decided an inspection was warranted, the Soviet Union could not block it. In August, 1962, Mr. Kennedy's negotiators accepted the principle of parity for Communist and Western nations on the control body. If outside monitoring detected a serious and undetermined seismic shock within the Soviet Union, a vote to inspect would be deadlocked, on a one-to-one basis—with the Soviets in effect having veto power.

The record, as outlined by Senator Dodd, shows conclusively that the United States has steadily pulled back from a position work out by its scientists. Our negotiators have listened far more to the propagandists for a test ban than to scientists like Dr. Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, who has expressed deep concern over the proposed concessions. And while the U.S. has shown such sweet reasonableness, what have the Soviets done? The record shows that they have always asked for a little more than we offer. When we agree to that, they up their offer.

At this rate, the United States will be agreeing to a nuclear test ban with no safeguards. That, at least, is what many Senators and Congressmen have begun to fear.