

A New Look At Young Delinquents

If, as many a social worker proclaims, juvenile delinquency is primarily a lower-class, slum-and-poverty condition, why does poverty-free Sweden exhibit one of the world's highest JD rates? Why are the West Germans, with their glittering new economy, plagued with a swelling delinquency problem while newly arrived East Germans in their midst — thrashers and underprivileged — behave in a comparatively faultless manner?

A fresh and jolting book called "Kids, Crime, and Chaos" is that a highly developed society brings more temptations — more cars to steal, more self-service stores, more material things to long for. "When a country is progressing," says author Roul Tunley, a magazine writer who did global research for this study of juvenile crime, "there is a period of upheaval. The resultant urbanization, mobility, and industrialization are hard on all — especially the children." Affluence, ironically, seems to stimulate delinquency. Yet most U.S. theoreticians still hold to the shibboleth that improved living conditions help deter delinquent behavior.

The author cuts through this cliché with a wealth of provocative evidence. In Sweden, delinquency is viewed by authorities as "exclusively" a middle-class phenomenon. Tokyo officials report that 33 per cent of all juvenile crime (excluding traffic) offenses comes from middle- and upper-class homes. Applying such notions to America, Tunley points out that the delinquency frequently bursts out at a respectable social level, from car-stealing among socially prominent youngsters in Englewood, N.J., to 151 middle-class juveniles picked up in Westchester

County for taking dope. Such facts — both here and abroad — have all the more weight because, in general, the higher the family's economic level, the easier it is to hide delinquency.

In delinquency in the United States as rampant a social disease as it's cracked up to be? Experts flaunt a dossier of scare figures but, according to the author, JD statistics create a misleading picture. "We have broadened our definition of juvenile delinquency so recklessly in the last several decades that it includes just about every transgression of childhood," says Tunley. Three California boys, for example, were recently arrested because they were caught swimming nude in a river. In New Jersey, two youngsters who had never been in trouble with police sneaked out after dark and painted a local monument shocking pink. The result: Both were sentenced to indeterminate terms in the state reformatory. All these boys, in the eyes of the state, are juvenile delinquents. Truancy, leaving home, curfew violations — these are acts that would not be considered crimes if committed by an adult. Today they label a youngster as a threat to society.

Author Tunley ticks off theory after theory commonly accepted by both expert and layman, then scores them with contradictions. For example:

Broken homes are the cause of most delinquency. In one Philadelphia study it was reported that serious offenders from broken homes were fewer than the number from intact homes.

What we need is more boys' clubs. In a New York boys' organization, 18 per cent of the youngsters were delinquent when they first joined. After they participated in the activities, the delinquency figure rose to 28 per cent.

Delinquency is growing because the number of working mothers is growing. In Vienna, 50 per cent of all mothers have outside jobs — the highest percentage in the world — and yet Austria has one of the lowest delinquency rates.

Naturally, Tunley does not deny that there is some truth in the orthodox theories. But he is emphasizing that new thinking and, what is more important, new action are needed. For one thing, the U.S. is institution-minded. "As soon as a new institution is built, it immediately becomes overcrowded," a correction officer told the author. "Judges feel it ought to be used." Why not try probation instead of such ready imprisonment? When used on an adequate scale, insists Tunley, the results have been stunning. The common excuse is that the number of probation officers is woefully inadequate, but many a foreign country has solved the lack by tapping volunteers.

No single approach will do the job, admits the author. But it is high time that communities shake their rigid conceptions and start investigating the scores of promising ways to handle delinquency. Moreover, adults should realize that things are not quite so bad as they seem. They might, intimates Tunley, consider the words of Pierre Morelli of the French Ministry of Justice: "The European accepts the adolescent for the half-man, half-child that he is, a creature of romance, passion, and impulse." The American adolescent is no different.

Mr. Thorp told me he and his wife attended the spring meeting of the Pioneer Valley Live Steamers at Southwick, Mass., U.S.A. The little model was on exhibit on the Sunday and during demonstrations was in steam for just about six hours. We were really fascinated watching this small model running around the track without the least visible effort and yet carrying with it a full-sized man seated on a flat car at the rear.

Now we come to the large model. This was at Mr. Hill's place for him to do some mechanical work on it — at which he is an expert. The model actually belongs to Mr. Ernest Dicks, of Weston and was originally bought and shipped from some large estate in the County of Kent in England. Mr. Hill had laid down 80 feet of straight track for the model to run on, 10 1/2 inches wide. This engine is built on a 2 inch scale and is what is known as the 4 - 4 - 0 type. Of course all these particulars are all Dutch to me so rather than make wild guesses I got the information straight from the horse's mouth to make sure of it being correct.

This big model was drawing an open car, something like an old-fashioned streetcar and had seating capacity for eight adult passengers. That was the model that was on when we saw it, plus a couple of small children, yet it was running along the track, just toothing merrily on its way, just as smoothly as a regular railway train — or maybe more smoothly



ART LOVER — A French poodle ponders the wonders of art at outdoor exhibit in New York's Greenwich Village.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, I certainly have something different to write about this week. Bob and his family were here for supper today as usual and right after Bob said "Where is this model railway I've been hearing about — I'd like to see it!"

Strangely enough the railway he was referring to is on private property almost backing our own. Partner turned to me and said immediately — "You know Mrs. Hill, why don't you phone and ask if they would mind if we walked over?" So I did — and the answer was "not at all!" Well, we didn't lose any time in going over and we saw not one model railway but two, both of which were working.

The first model was quite small but very powerful and ran on a circular track at the back of Mr. George Hill's wooded property at Erindale. The engine was owned by Mr. Al Thorp at Streetsville who made the model himself. It is built on a 3/4 inch scale and the model I saw is a 3 1/2 inch gauge of an industrial switching engine. This engine is what is known as a "four-wheeler, 0 - 4 - 0 type," coal-fired with a grate area of only four square feet. It has a steam pressure of 80 pounds per square inch, yet when we saw the model was running with a man sitting on the back working the engine controls. More than that we were told the engine will pull TWO adults on a dry, level track! Yet the engine weighs only 22 pounds.

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Hair-Cutting In Hollywood Style

"I'm not a barber," says Jay Sebring. "I'm a cosmetologist." Whatever way you cut it, the bushy-haired speaker runs a unique clip joint. Nestled on Fairfax Avenue, a bustling Los Angeles district, his barbershop grooms the mops of Hollywood's male celebrities with the sumptuous care usually reserved for women only. Henry Fonda flies out from New York for a trim; Marlon Brando is clipped by Sebring as is Sinatra's hair, save for Dean Martin ("He cuts his own hair, although he did use my scissors once"), and Peter Lawford (who didn't hit it off with Sebring's only time in the chair).

Such exceptions cause the slight, 29-year-old cosmetologist no gray hair. He's booked three weeks in advance, often flies to appointments in Las Vegas, has a personal client list of 200 who will trust no other hand at the shears.

On the eve of the Academy Awards ceremony last night, Sebring was busy until 3:30 a.m., working anywhere from 45 minutes to two hours on the likes of George Chakiris, Anthony Franciosa, and Steve Allen. "It always happens this way," he says. "They don't want anyone else to do it and I can't let them down." This dedicated service costs a client \$25 for the first haircut and \$15 for subsequent trims. Supporting barbers get from \$5 to \$10.

Sebring's enterprise first formed in his mind eight years ago in the Navy. "I wanted to do something in the artistic vein," he explains. "My whole ambition was to revolutionize men's hair grooming. There had been no progress. Most barbers cut hair any old way and then slunk on to it. Oil is for machinery, not for people's hair. I established the style of your hair the way it grows from the pores."

By late 1960, clients had started pouring into his shop, impressed by his skill with a revolvic or a receding hairline. Currently under way is a remodeling of the shop partially financed by customers Bobby Darin and Vic Damone. Barber chairs are being imported from Europe, phones will be hooked to all ten chairs, and music is to be continuously piped through an intercom.

"I'm the best there is," Sebring proclaimed recently. His income supports this. It runs to an annual \$50,000 which enables him to drive a jet-black Lincoln Continental and maintain the most necessary of Hollywood accoutrements — a press agent.

Of course all this interest in model engines and railways is merely a hobby with all the men concerned — they are all variously engaged in making a living. But what a marvelous thing it is to have any such hobby capable of producing so much creative ability. I was sorry our two grandsons, Ross and Cedric, did not get over to see it but they were having their afternoon sleep after a bad morning at the Riverside Zoo. When they came in to see us they could hardly get words out fast enough to tell us about all the animals they had seen. So we figured they had had enough excitement for one day and a good sleep was more to the point than seeing a model railway.

Dee and her family were in last Friday night — the first time for quite awhile and we saw quite a change in the boys — quieter and more mature. Except for Jerry who isn't quite five and of course starts school in September. He is still full of the Old Nick. Actually they were all in good humor — especially Art — as he says they had had on the market since last August had been finally been sold. I'm glad we haven't any real estate to worry about as the present time is certainly isn't a seller's market. Neither have we stocks and shares to be concerned about — for that we are truly grateful!

Mr. Dicks is anticipating putting his model railway to some use and is hoping it might be the centre of attraction at some public park for amusement and instruction of children. The prototype of this model was in use in 1904 — possibly the type of engine used to pull an express passenger train in those early days.

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In The Great Days Of Liverpool Seaport

Liverpool was pre-eminent the seaport of the Victorian Age. It is true that London was a bigger port, but it was more than a seaport. The ships which sought London pushed their way up the Thames until they reached the narrow anchorage below London Bridge, but the craft which were moored there had long left the sea behind since London at a port was in fact merged in London as a capital.

There was Bristol, which had been Liverpool's great rival in the eighteenth century, but which she had vanquished by the time that the Queen came to the throne. In any case Bristol lay far more up a narrow and tortuous stream, and was the chief town of a rich valley of the West, its position in a fruitful agricultural district gave it a distinctly inland character.

Round One: At first Brigitte contented herself with giving Maria the "evil eye" treatment, with dark, lowering looks.

Round Two: La Barbot began to send out batches of "old hag" if anything, her bearing assumed an added dignity. This indifference finally caused Brigitte to revert to the call of the wild.

Round Three: Maria refused to be drawn by the charge of "old hag." If anything, her bearing assumed an added dignity. This indifference finally caused Brigitte to revert to the call of the wild.

Round Four: Without warning she rushed the "enemy," grabbing at Maria's hair. The two ladies were soon on the floor, in a scene that outlasted anything they had performed before the cameras.

Round Five got under way, but male guests decided enough was enough. It wasn't all to pull the infuriated Brigitte at her adversary.

Maria's face showed streaks of blood. Covering it as best she could with a silk handkerchief, the Mexican actress made a dignified exit as possible in the circumstances.

But Brigitte stayed on, after some patchwork to her disarrayed, torn clothing.

She had driven off her rival, was now happy, laughing and dancing and drinking.

Maria decided that publicity might have negative repercussions. So, like a lady, she unanimously decided to forget the whole unpleasant episode.

In the future the two film queens of an older and younger generation will not be invited to the same parties.

Modern Etiquette By Anne Ashley

Q. Is it considered good manner to enter someone's house with a lighted cigarette in one hand?

A. No.

Q. My husband recently introduced me to a man who is associated with the hospital where he is employed. I acknowledged the introduction while seated, and my husband told me I was rude — that I should have risen. What do you say?

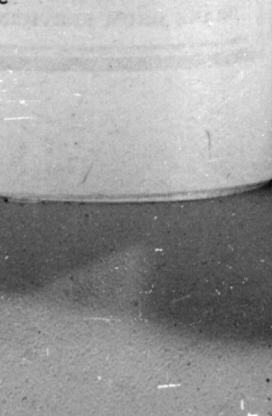
A. I agree with your husband. You should have risen.

Q. Sometimes I get the feeling I'm living in a dream.

Very much against his will, philosopher Voltaire was conned into speaking a small eulogy over the body of a deceased acquaintance whom he had loathed for years. Said Voltaire, "Here lies a man who was a sturdy patriot, a gifted writer, a loyal friend, and a faithful husband — provided, of course, that he is really dead."

ONE WAY TO GET A PARKING SPACE — The car and excavation appear to be made for each other in New York. Mrs. Roslyn Horowitz said she was following a truck and it suddenly made a turn. Mrs. Horowitz tried to escape from the truck, but before she knew it, her car was lying in the hole on its side. She was not injured.

Elephant takes a walk in New Jersey — Chased by her keeper, Norma, a 33-ton circus elephant frolics in a Peterson, N.J., lumber yard after a circus grounds. A male elephant was brought to the yard to lead her home.



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Master Thief Bears A Charmed Life

Sitting in his modest office in Singapore, he looks like any other modern Oriental businessman. But one telephone call from him can set in motion a crime operation so fantastic it makes the Mafia and most big crime syndicates look like children who steal apples.

We will call him Mr. Lee. An oil-drilling rig and machinery valued at more than \$300,000 vanished into thin air while waiting on a dock in Marseilles to be shipped to New Guinea. Mr. Lee knows where it went.

One night King Norodom Si-hanouk of Cambodia noticed that his big white elephant was missing from the palace yard.

A few weeks later, some 1,200 miles away, a white elephant that looked like an identical twin of the lost bull was presented by the romantic Prince Thavath of Burma to be shipped to New Guinea.

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IT'S NO ACT — Keeping fit is a way of life for actor E. G. Marshall, star of television's "The Defenders" and 1962 Emmy winner. On way to work, above, Marshall skims along New York streets on a Japanese bicycle. Right, he does headstands and other calisthenics to stay in shape.

He began to detect a lack of skill and imagination on the part of Yung. The gang had been stealing anything it could find: rope, chains, drums of fuel, and other shop stores which they sold at low prices. Mr. Lee decided that more could be done with more profit, so he waited his chance.

It came on a dark night while the gang was loading fuel cans into their sampan at India Dock. Why do we bother with this small stuff when there are more valuable goods farther down and only one drunken watchman?

Mr. Lee asked.

The others gaped in surprise at anyone challenging the judgment of their quick-tempered leader.

"Shut up and get back to work," snapped Yung.

"But you're missing something bigger," Mr. Lee started to say, then he saw the knife in Yung's hand.

The others covered in fear and watched Mr. Lee draw himself down into a crouch and suddenly shot forward like a prize wrestler. His head butted Yung's stomach with such force that the shocked man was upended out of the sampan and into the water.

Grabbing up a heavy grease can, Mr. Lee waited for Yung's head to bob up, then heaved the can from the sampan. It cracked over the floundering man's skull.

From then on, Mr. Lee was leader. Soon he was on his way to becoming No. 1 thief and fence of Hong Kong.

American medical supplies were sold in Peking, Chinese pongee cloth in New York City, Spanish gunpowder in Tokyo, Russian fur in Buenos Aires.

While most people regarded him as a prosperous exporter, there were three who regarded Mr. Lee with considerable envy. They were hutzli leaders known as Lou Wang, Foo Shiko and Chu Tai.

Mr. Lee, along with gang members Lee Ong, Mok Wong and four others, pooled a sampan alongside the darkened P. & O. docks to raid a shipload of ball-bearings and dental supplies from a Swedish vessel.

Coming on deck with a case of dental drills, Mr. Lee hurled his case of drills smack on the open toes of Foo Shiko, a surprise move that halted Foo long enough for Mr. Lee to draw a pistol and shoot him between the eyes.

In the ensuing encounter, Mok Wong and three of Mr. Lee's men were stabbed to death, and Lee Ong's arm was slashed. Mr. Lee was able to shoot two more and Lee Ong got three, writes Victor H. Wagner in "Tit-Bits."

A week later, in what appeared to be a gesture of peace, Mr. Lee invited Lou Wang and Chu Tai to his dinner guests aboard a luxurious floating restaurant.

But before they arrived he visited a "witch woman" in Cat Alley who provided him with two tiny round pellets known as silks.

An alls is a slender bit of bamboo sharpened to needle point at both ends and coiled up in a small ball. When placed in a bowl of soup it appears to be a mushroom, but when swallowed it is a small ball of bamboo.

Mr. Lee was the perfect, amiable host at the dinner. He already had bribed a waiter to prepare the plates for his guests. Suddenly Lou Wang clutched at his stomach and collapsed. A moment later Chu Tai did the same, and both men died while being rushed to hospital by ambulance.

It was assumed the men died from food poisoning, the result of something eaten earlier. But other hutzli leaders knew the truth, and from then on made no attempt to unseat Mr. Lee.

When World War II broke out, Mr. Lee transferred his operations to Switzerland. He was as active as ever.

A trainload of butter and cheese intended for Berlin vanished from London docks and appeared later as far away as Tahiti.

Even a shipment of perfumes and dresses being kept by German Army officers for wives and girlfriends back home disappeared in occupied Paris and showed up in Caracas.

Soon after the war there was the case of the twenty-five pianos.

The former police chief of a part of Indo-China was operating a chain of luxurious brothels. All were lavishly furnished, but twenty-five lacked pianos. Mr. Lee was contacted at Tangiers, and soon he located pianos in a U.S. Army warehouse at Wiesbaden, Germany. They were in poor shape, but they were American pianos.

"W.L.E. agents, dressed in G.I. uniforms, backed a troop carrier to the depot and flashed a forged order to the guard. Then they loaded the pianos onto the train."

"They are to be removed for reconditioning," said the "W.L.E."

"O.K.," said the guard. "Right now they sure sound like old brothe pianos."

They were quickly delivered to the ex-police chief's establishments.

At Europe settled to a more orderly ex-ence Mr. Lee moved his headquarters to Singapore.

Every day audacious robberies around the world bear his mark. He is treated with great respect in Singapore, for his vengeance has become legendary. No one will admit to knowing him when the police make inquiries. Until someone has the courage to give evidence, Mr. Lee will continue to lead his charmed life.



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