

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS MOST . . .

**Boola Boola Boys Battle Bicarb Business**

. . . ARE MORE COLLEGES FOR CHEFS

By H. I. PHILLIPS

COLLEGE FOR CHEFS

G. I. Schools in cooking, menu planning, restaurant operation and hotel management are being conducted in various parts of the country, with one more or less affiliated with Yale. For this we give a lusty cheer. If there is one field in which plenty of education is

needed, is it in the operation of the average American restaurant and lunchroom. The run-of-the-mill eating places of this country are presided over largely by chefs who are strictly grease-and-hot-flame boys.

Even the proper technique in fry-

ing an egg escapes them. Their idea of a good dinner is anything that has been in and out of a grease bath. And they can make coffee taste like essence of marine varnish. They got into the business on a bet, learned to cook by taking an elementary course in arson and kept their jobs because the boss ate elsewhere.

A college for chefs, cooks and stewards is a crying need. America desperately needs it. The customers are tired of being guinea pigs for apprentice ham-and-bean boys whose motto is, "If you can eat it without catsup, it's our mistake."

There are G. I. students from 38 states in the school at New Haven. The boys study cooking under experts and nobody who thinks two minutes are enough for a four-minute egg makes the team. No student with a fixed idea that any sandwich is tasty if well upholstered with faded lettuce finishes his freshman year.

We understand special attention is paid to the matter of chicken pies and beef stews and that the dean flunks any student who insists all a chicken pie needs to be irresistible is a slight segment of wing, one quartered potato and a boiled onion whipped in glue.

As for menu planners, ah, there's a field! Take 150,000 middle-class restaurants in this country today, and 149,923 think the menu has been radically changed if the string beans are left out.

Dietitians? Yes and no. Personally, we think that the moment a person gets a sheepskin as a dietitian he or she thinks it is a license to skimp on all the essentials of lunch except eggplant and coleslaw.

The course in hotel management is needed, too. What a field! There are thousands of cities and towns in America where, except for one inn (if lucky), the hotels are run by sock peddlers hired to keep down expenses and operate wholly on the theory that the guest should bring his own plumbing kit, be able to fix a lock and make no complaint if he has to have the hotel physician immediately after ordering the day's special.

Three cheers and a tiger for that school up in the rarified atmosphere of Yale. And we hope Harvard and Princeton will see the light, too.

Cuff Stuff

"Realtor" won a race at \$43 in Miami the other day and Shudda Haddim is still knocking himself with reproachments. "Realtor! A name like that in Florida and I don't know it's a sure hunch!" he cried. "Every third guy I meet this winter down there is selling lots! I can't do any handicapping the night before this race on account of everybody on the porch is arguin' over real estate.

"That night around midnight I got waked up by a phone call in the next room and some guy starts making an appointment to look over a sub-division. At breakfast my three-minute eggs are done a half hour on account of the chef is tryin' to sell the dishwasher a bungalow cheap. And on the way to the track the taxi driver stops to point out his acreage! Yet there is this skinner 'Realtor' on the program and I let him go."

On closing day at Hialeah the Seminole Indians were given their annual day in the infield. This one annual observation of the White Man at play sends them back to the Everglades thanking the Red Man's god that they have escaped civilization.



**A Song from Sorrow**

OUT of my sorrow I shall make a song  
So beautiful that others' grief will cease.  
If one but listen, silently and long,  
I promise him my song shall bring him peace:  
One dear high note of faith, one note of cheer,  
And one of courage, flung against the sky,  
But not one tremulous, low note of fear,  
And not one muted, agonizing cry.

Oh, I shall make my song a thing of light,  
The darkness only can put forth a star;  
And out of sorrow—darker than the night—  
A song shall lift that men will hear afar,  
And listening, with faces eager—glad—  
Will say, "Where is the sorrow that we had?"

— Grace Noll Crowell

**Star Dust**  
STAGE SCREEN RADIO  
By INEZ GERHARD

DEE ENGELBACH, producer-director of CBS' "Hallmark Playhouse," may not be a star-maker, but Joan Fontaine, Irene Dunne, Gregory Peck and many other stars agree that he gets outstanding performances from actors who might not give them otherwise. Miss Fontaine did "Random Harvest" on the Playhouse and asked to have him direct her next picture. Peck had



JOAN FONTAINE

fought off requests to play Abraham Lincoln, saying he was a cinch to be typed as Lincoln and wanted to postpone it—but could not refuse the role, in "The Prairie Years," with Engelbach directing. "Tactful but forceful direction"—that's what they say they get from him.

Hollywood has lured two of "The Guiding Light" cast into its fold. Willard Waterman, "Ray Brandon," starts work as Bing Crosby's stuffy brother-in-law in "Riding High," and Betty Gerson, the female lead, will have a leading role in a picture at Republic that's unnamed so far. This will be Miss Gerson's first film venture, so here's luck to her.

The new "March of Time" may give you a lot of ideas, if you don't know where to spend your next vacation. Or it may show you a place you've already enjoyed. The film shows a cross-section of American holidays—cruise ships, big and little hotels, camping trips, dude ranches. Americans spend some 11 billion dollars on vacations; here is how they do it.

Kid Chissell, one of the prizefighters in RKO's "The Set-Up," used to work out in a Cleveland gym in 1925 with an amateur fighter named Packy East. Then Packy took the long count, gave up fighting, and Chissell didn't know what had become of him. Didn't see East until some years later, in Hollywood. Packy had won quite a reputation there as Bob Hope.

The Fiction Corner

MAGIC MONTH

By DYER WILSON

HELEN AND ANDY weren't laughing. They were sitting in metal chairs which were placed at right angles to each other, instead of side by side on the glider, and the glow in their eyes was replaced by anger.

"The trouble is you have no ambition!" Helen was saying as her wide set gray eyes flashed signals. "You act lazy!" The long curls were given a toss as she got to her feet.

3-Minute Fiction

Andy got up too. He gave her the one-sided smile he'd brought home from war with him and shrugged his heavy shoulders. Andy had blond curls, too—tight to his well-shaped head and the merriest of hazel eyes. "You can say that again," he told Helen. "I act lazy, do I?" He thought: Well, that's that and I'll re-enlist and get as far from Hyville as possible.

When he got home the radio was playing jive and he wound one leg over the chair beside it. His mother came into the room and said, "aren't you going to look for a job today, son?"

As he worried for an answer the announcer interrupted the program to tell about a soap contest. "Five hundred dollars for first prize," he said, "just tell in twenty-five words why you like Sudzy-Soap best!"

"I'm trying to think up an entry for the contest, Mom," said Andy directing his hazel eyes up and grinning like an imp, "only I'll have to have the wrappers from three bars of the darned soap."

Andy Tyson tried not to understand that she inferred he had wasted too many afternoons. He made great work of wording his entry and addressed the envelope for mailing.

Habit turned his steps into the corner store where the fellows laughed and teased him about his entry. Half angry again he hurried out of the place and tossed the letter into the nearest mailbox.

In the three weeks that went by he didn't go near Helen nor did he look for a job. One day slipped into the next and a laxness seemed to hold him tight. He was marking time and getting more dissatisfied with every passing hour.

THE NIGHT, a day later, when he got home to find excitement in the very air and Mom holding out a telegram he ripped it open and nearly passed out. SUDZY-SOAP IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE YOU WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE. STOP. LISTEN TO USAL SATURDAY PROGRAM. STOP. CONGRATULATIONS.

Next day Andy got a job. It was really easy. He felt so good—so

proud of himself and ready for anything that came along he just went right after the mechanics job he saw advertised in the morning paper.

Saturday night the whole family gathered for the radio program telling of the contest and the winners.

"But I didn't win," Andy said helplessly when the program was over, "they didn't mention my name and that Robert Amherst won the five hundred dollars."

The door bell interrupted Andy and when the messenger boy gave him a telegram he glanced at it and ripped it open. "HOW DID IT

FEEL TO BE A PRIZE WINNER FOR A FEW DAYS? STOP. THE BOYS.

Andy was half way out the door when Helen caught up with him, "where you going" she asked.

"I'll bust those guys in the nose," Andy cried, "of all the dirty, low down tricks."

Helen laughed as she read the telegram. Tears rolled down her lovely cheeks and still she laughed. Andy couldn't help laughing with her.

"If they hadn't done it we'd still be angry with each other," she pointed out, "and you wouldn't have your job—and we wouldn't be planning on getting married."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

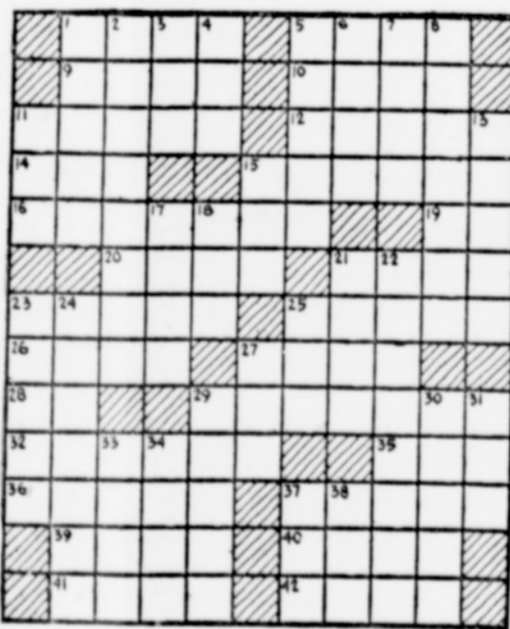
ACROSS

- 1 Front of a boat
- 5 Snow shoes
- 9 Thick cord
- 10 Penitential season
- 11 Muffled
- 12 Become liable to
- 14 Chief god (Babyl.)
- 15 Having a handle (var.)
- 16 Kingdom, NW Europe
- 19 Tantalum (sym.)
- 20 Mysterious
- 21 Obnoxious plant
- 23 Fascinate
- 25 Endures
- 26 Absorbed, as in thought
- 27 Fly aloft
- 28 Mulberry
- 29 Ragged
- 32 Clay-like
- 35 Hewing tool
- 36 Mohammedan bible
- 37 — An toilette
- 39 Gains
- 40 Covers with ink
- 41 Alcoholic drink (Orient)
- 42 Register

DOWN

- 1 A dried plum
- 2 Large round rooms
- 3 Open (poet.)
- 4 Marry

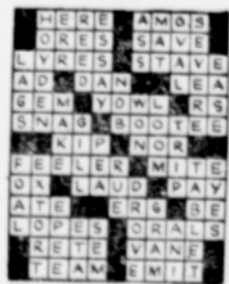
Solution in Next Issue.



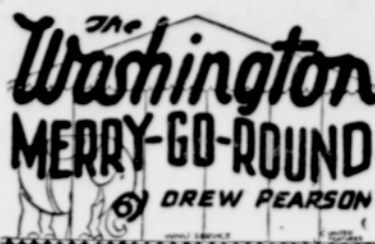
No. 29

- 5 Lurk
- 6 Knows (Scot.)
- 7 Indian (Peru)
- 8 Speak stumbly
- 11 Insane
- 13 Peruses
- 15 Chest
- 17 A market
- 18 Fortify
- 21 To tire
- 22 Identification marks
- 23 Clatter
- 24 Slight depressions
- 25 Exclamation used to frighten
- 27 Pig pen
- 29 Meaning
- 30 Live
- 31 Scotch river
- 33 Melody
- 34 Pull
- 37 1/1000 of an inch
- 38 Keel-billed cuckoo

Answer to Puzzle Number 28



Series K-48



Bloom Overworked

ONE THING that contributed to the death of much-loved Congressman Sol Bloom was overwork. And his work load was increased by the fact that many Democratic members of the house foreign affairs committee brazenly loafed on the job, leaving most of the work to Sol and the Republicans.

While the 11 Republican members of the committee usually are present, sometimes as few as three Democrats have turned up. This once caused conscientious Congressman John Kee of West Virginia to remark, "maybe what we need is a police force to get our colleagues to attend meetings."

So far statesmanlike Congressman Charles Eaton of New Jersey, leader of the Republicans, hasn't taken advantage of this. But he could easily turn the tables on the Democrats and put the Republicans in the position of running American foreign policy.

As a result the first act of new Democratic Chairman John Kee, when he took over following Sol Bloom's death, was to warn Democratic congressmen it was time for them to quit playing hooky.

Note—Sometimes it has even been necessary to telegraph Democrat Joseph L. Pfeifer of Brooklyn at his home to insure his attendance for committee votes.

Servant of Brotherhood

When Forrest Warren, now on the San Diego Journal, was a reporter on the Acheson (Kas.) Globe, he lost his wife under the wheels of a train. Perhaps that tragedy had something to do with causing Warren to spend much of his time since then listening to the sorrows of others and doing something about them.

At any rate, Warren has become a tireless worker for his fellow men. He has organized a revolving wheel-chair service in which there are more than 600 wheel chairs and many walkers for polio victims. He originated the San Diego shoe fund, collecting \$40,000 and more than 100,000 pairs of shoes that were repaired and given to needy children.

At Christmas time Warren conducts a Santa-helper program by which 4,000 men, women and children are cheered with holiday presents. He has collected money to buy books projected on the ceiling via films so that flat-on-the-back patients may read pages on the ceiling above their beds.

Warren, now 71 years old, does all this in addition to his regular work on the San Diego Journal. He is a real servant of brotherhood.

Plumps for Peron

No newspaper in the U. S. A. has fought Harry Truman more vitriolically, vehemently and vigorously than the Chicago Tribune. These attacks have also been centered on Truman's military aide, Gen. Harry Vaughan. Nevertheless, Tribune publisher Colonel McCormick now has found something in common with Harry Truman and Harry Vaughan. He is an admirer of dictator Peron of Argentina.

Col. McCormick has been traveling through Latin America spending an average of 30 hours in each of four capitals—but spent more time in Buenos Aires where President Peron pinned a medal on his breast—the same kind of medal given to General Vaughan.

After lunching with Peron, McCormick informed the press that he and the dictator were in complete accord on western hemisphere affairs.

Other things about the Colonel's trip were interesting. One was the way American ambassadors kowtowed to McCormick, giving the impression that the publisher's views were sympathetically received in Washington. Wherever he stopped McCormick was wine and dined by the U.S. envoy, with top government officials of each country invited.

Another interesting fact was McCormick's rabid attitude toward Europe which became so violently manifest that even his own interpreter toned down his remarks.

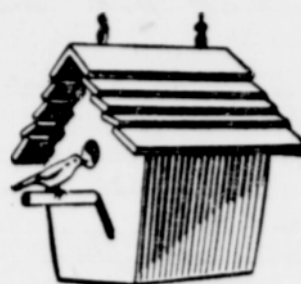
Drooping Merchant Marine

Democratic Sen. Warren Magnuson has informed Presidential Assistant John Steelman that he will do some tough talking on the senate floor if the White House doesn't wake up to the plight of our merchant marine.

It's time we realized that the American flag is going off the seas, declared Magnuson. Our private commercial shippers have fewer vessels in service than the approximate 360-vessel seagoing fleet of the army. Furthermore, 95 per cent of our relief shipments to Denmark and 80 per cent of our shipments to England are being carried in foreign bottoms.

As a result, declared Magnuson, about 48,000 U.S. merchant seamen have been beached in the last seven months.

Attractive Bird House Is Easy to Construct



IF YOU want to turn your spare time into a useful and productive hobby, make up this attractive birdhouse. You'll have fun building it and be agreeably surprised to see what a professional looking job you can do using only hand tools.

Since each component part of the house is reproduced full size on the printed paper pattern, all the mystery usually associated with woodworking is dispelled. Merely cut each piece of wood according to the shape and size of the pattern, then fasten each part together in exact position indicated.

Send 25c for Pattern No. 11 to East-Bldg Pattern Company, Dept. W, Pleasantville, N. York.

Household Hints

Keep electric mixers, toasters, automatic juicers, etc., in a handy ready-to-use place. Don't hide them on the bottom shelf.

When washing chenille or jandewick bedspreads, hang spread over line right side in so that the tufts rub against one another in drying—fluffing themselves as they dry.

A very thin starch (one tablespoon to each quart of water) will bring back that "new, pretty look" to your favorite rayon blouse.

Rinse tea towels after each dishwashing "detail": then they won't pile up and present such a large item on wash day.

When one pound of brick butter is cut and wrapped in four lengthwise parts, each part equals one-half cup; one inch of each part equals two tablespoons.

Lace frills can be dry cleaned at home with corn starch. Place lace on a clean, dry turkish towel and dust with a liberal amount of dry corn starch. Work corn starch gently through lace several times, then shake lace to remove starch: lace will be clean and fresh looking.

A perforated cap on a cork which will fit into any soft drink bottle makes an ideal device for sprinkling clothes.

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