

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

'Too Little for Brains' Idea Is Hindering Research Medicine

By BILLY ROSE

Today, I'd like to tell you about a talk I had with a doctor who is doing research work at one of the New York cancer clinics. He made me promise not to use his name because he was afraid he might be blacklisted by the foundation which pays his salary. I began by asking him to sketch in his pre-research career.

"The usual 10-year grind," he said. "Four years of college, four more at medical school, a year as intern, and a year in residency training."

"What made you go into research?"

"Like a lot of young doctors," he said, "I couldn't get used to sitting by while a patient died simply because I didn't know anything else I could do for him. Every time I looked up into the eyes of relatives gathered around the bed of a man in the last stages of cancer, I told myself that my job wasn't to go on using the hit-or-miss techniques but to get into a laboratory and help find the real cure."



Billy Rose

"How did you go about getting started?"

"I made the usual applications," said the M.D., "but I soon found the hospitals and universities had no funds to hire research men, and that I couldn't get a job unless a foundation paid my salary. To complicate things, most foundations won't give you a fellowship unless you first have a job. In addition, it's almost impossible to get a grant until you've published a certain number of scientific papers and, of course, you can't publish such papers until you've worked in a laboratory and had a chance to do research worth writing about."

"It finally boiled down to this—I could work for nothing in a cancer laboratory, or I could take a job paying \$120 a week doing research for a cosmetic outfit. Well, I had just gotten married and was ready

to settle for the money, but my wife wouldn't hear of it—she went out and got an office job and made me stick to my test tubes."

"HOW LONG did you work for free?"

"About a year," said the doctor, "and then the head of the medical center—a very decent guy—squeezed me onto the payroll at \$28.87 a week."

"You could have earned more washing dishes."

"We managed to get by," said the medico, "but the following year my wife had a baby and had to quit her job. After that, it was pretty rugged. As, for instance, we couldn't afford to buy a crib, and the youngster had to sleep in a donated baby carriage."

"Somehow, though, we pulled our way through, and by the end of the following year I had gotten a couple of research pieces published. With these to back me up, I applied for a fellowship paying \$3,000 a year."

"Minus withholding tax, I presume."

"It may not sound like much, but I felt like John D., Jr. when the grant came through," said the doctor. "Last year, I went through the application rigmarole again—275 typed pages—and this time I got the full \$3,600."

"WHAT DO YOU DO to earn all that money?" I said.



"IF YOU ARE QUIET"

An old man sat one evening by his door,
His face was tranquil, in his eyes was peace,
His hands were still, his long life work was done,
He had a look about him of release.

And I, who needed much to learn the things
That he had learned, sat down beside him there
On the low doorstep in the scented dusk,
He smiled his gentle smile, he touched my hair,
He said: "My child, I, too, was restless once,
I, too, was hurt by life, and blind and dumb
I groped my way, then a wise one said these words.
If you are quiet, so will help come
Twas an old folk saying from an old loved land.
I listened to its teaching, listened long,
And learned its secret. He who trusts in God,
And who goes quietly, he will grow strong."

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

"I'm in charge of three cancer projects and help on half a dozen others. On the side, I run a throat clinic, work in the wards and give seminars."

"Any chance of a raise?"

"I'm afraid not," said the doctor, "and, as far as fellowships are concerned, I'm getting near the end of the line. I'm 29 now, and the foundations don't like to make grants to men over 30."

"There's always the job in the industrial lab," I said.

"It may come to that," said the M. D., "but I hope not. No matter what it pays, I want to keep plugging away on cancer. It seems a lot more important than developing a new shade of face powder..."

The day after our talk, I happened to pass the medical skyscraper in which the young doctor works, and I noticed that an additional wing was under construction. Dozens of steel workers, bricklayers and carpenters—all averaging around a hundred a week—were getting in each other's way.

Over the half-finished entrance was a space which looked as if it might eventually be filled with a block of marble on which a fitting inscription would be carved.

"I know what it ought to be," I said to myself. "Too much for bricks, too little for brains."



BY INEZ GERHARD

MORTON DOWNEY says "I've had more mileage out of my voice than any other singer in the business." He probably has; it was in 1919 that Paul Whiteman discovered him, singing in a small movie theater and looking "like an unfrocked choir boy." Bing Crosby says the only difference now is



MORTON DOWNEY

that "he looks like the oldest choir boy in the world." He has sung everywhere—church socials, night clubs, Hollywood, on the air, radio and now on television, too. A solid business man, he is director of three companies, vice-president of one. And he has found time to be a fine father; Mike, Lorelle, Sean, Tony and Kevin are proof of that.

After 30 years of acting—on the stage, in silent and talking pictures and in guest shots on the air—Ronald Colman has embarked on his own radio series (NBC Friday evenings). The applause he and Benita Hume Colman received after their four appearances on Jack Benny's show persuaded them. "The Halls of Ivy" presents them as a college president and his wife.

Stars of movies and radio are giving so generously of their time to aid the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation that eventually you'll hear practically all of them. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sammy Kaye, Arthur Godfrey, Morton Downey and Abe Burrows are among the many who already have broadcast in aid of the current drive for two million dollars for the foundation.

"Kilroy Returns" is the current RKO Pathe release of the "This is America" series. It is the story of a typical ex-GI who revisits the Normandy beaches, Paris, Luxembourg and Germany with his wife.

The Fiction BASIL BECOMES A MAN

Corner

By Richard H. Wilkinson

BASIL Winthrop's father had always made his decisions; had conducted the boy's affairs, organized his life, superintended his doings. Basil was an only child. His mother was dead, and because he had inherited his mother's mildness of manner, and because his father was a domineering type, Basil, following the line of least resistance, had allowed these things to happen. His father was wealthy and generous, so why not let the old man run the show? Basil thought.

He ceased to think thus when he met the girl with the red hair and blue eyes. She was selling kisses at a charity bazaar. Five dollars a kiss. Basil only had \$30 in his pocket, but he stretched out the six kisses that amount would buy so that other customers got tired of waiting.

After the bazaar, he drove the girl with the red hair to the hotel where she was staying. He didn't ask her name; she didn't volunteer it. But they made a date for the next night.

As he entered the front hall his father called to him. Basil hesitated, then squared his shoulders and went toward the voice.

Winthrop, senior, seemed in a good mood. "I've just met an old friend of mine, son, Sarah Mortimer. She and her daughter, Elaine, are spending a few days in town. Son, I want you to meet them. Nothing would please me more than to see you and Sarah's daughter married."

Basil stared. This, he thought was the payoff. His father had arranged everything else in his life, but by golly he wasn't going to pick his wife!

"Dad, you're taking too much for granted. I can't marry Elaine. I—I'm in love with someone else."

"Someone else? Who?"



Basil continued to see the redheaded girl, and each time he saw her he loved her more.

"I—er—don't know her name." "I see," Winthrop, senior, rose and patted his son on the arm. "I've arranged a dinner party for tomorrow. You'll meet Elaine then."

BUT BASIL didn't meet Elaine then. For the first time in his life he felt the electrifying qualities

of manhood warming his blood. Instead of attending the dinner party, he held a clandestine meeting with the redhead. They had a swell time together. By mutual and silent agreement they decided not to confide to each other their identity.

Afterward, Basil had some regrets. His father was a powerful influence. He could make things decidedly uncomfortable. And the red-headed girl who, apparently, had been used to nice things, might not be so interested in him if she knew he was penniless.

Winthrop, senior, arranged another meeting with Sarah Mortimer and daughter. It was, he decided, to be the test. If Basil refused to follow his wishes this time—well, he'd have to get under way in taking his drastic steps.

When Basil heard about the arranged meeting he came to a decision. He would meet this Elaine and tell her in front of his father that he loved another. Then he would keep an appointment with

the red-headed girl and propose marriage. That, he decided, was the only manly thing to do, and Basil had suddenly become a man.

So with his father Basil went to the hotel where the meeting had been arranged. Mrs. Mortimer and Elaine received them in their suite of rooms. Basil took one look at Elaine and almost collapsed.

She had red hair and freckles and buck teeth. She was about the homeliest looking creature Basil had ever seen. Moreover, she giggled.

Basil didn't wait for the dinner to get under way. He made his speech then and there, then headed for the door. His father accompanied him into the corridor.

"Son," said the old man, "forgive me. I didn't know what I was getting you into. Go marry your redhead. She couldn't be any worse than that."

"Thanks, Dad," said Basil. And he went off and kept his date with the red-head, whose name, it proved, was Mary Smith. He proposed and she accepted and they lived happily ever after.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

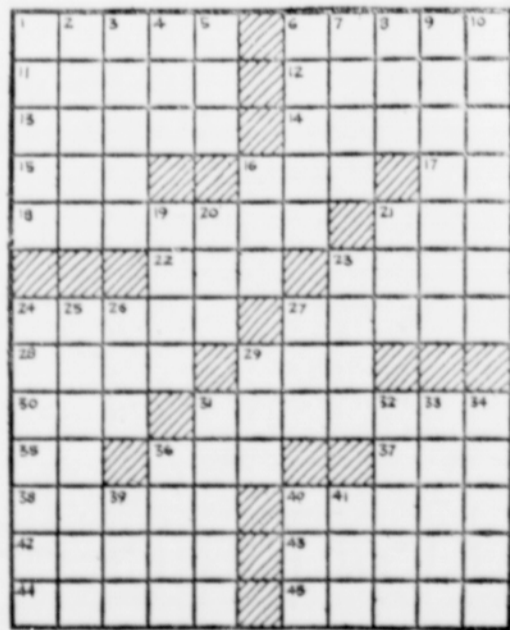
LAST WEEK'S ANSWER



- ACROSS
- Kind of duck
 - Interval between points
 - Kind of game
 - Teutonic god
 - Senior
 - Onward
 - Honey-gathering insect
 - Goddess of mischief
 - River (Chin.)
 - Afoot
 - Demand, as payment
 - Perish
 - Telegraph
 - Discharged
 - Domesticates
 - Jewish month
 - A sailor
 - Finch
 - A table in a store
 - Folio (abbr.)
 - A son of Jacob (Bib.)
 - Hindu goddess
 - Oil of rose petals
 - Young man in military school
 - Lariat
 - Make amends for
 - Notoriety

45. Divisions in hospitals
- DOWN
- Ancient country, S. Arab.
 - Masculine name
 - Kind of shrub
 - Japanese apricot
 - On an equal
 - Sweep of the scythe in mowing
 - Rod
 - Fuss (Chin.)
 - Afoot
 - Demand, as payment
 - Perish
 - Telegraph
 - Discharged
 - Domesticates
 - Jewish month
 - A sailor
 - Finch
 - A table in a store
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 - Notoriety

10. Railroad locomotives
16. High card (Eur.)
19. River
20. Help
21. Obscure
23. To caution
24. A flourish of trumpets
25. Foolish
26. Knock
27. Greek letter
29. A heavy weight
31. Unit of weight
32. A ruling family of England



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