Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS, Editor — BILL JENKINS, Managing Editor

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They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

Cynthia Lowry

As if the path of true love were not rocky enough as is, another hurdle is being installed quietly and efficiently on the courtship-and-marriage course. If Fortune magazine is to be believed, an increasing number of corporations are hiring their executives at least partially on the suitability and adaptability of their wives.

Of course, the wife who voluntarily helps her husband get ahead has long been an American heroine. This is the wife who makes a wonderful hostess, sets a handsome table, saves his money, brings up his children well, inspires him to greater heights and comforts him when things go wrong. There's a belief that an executive is as strong as his helpmeet at home and the man who has such a frau is counted lucky indeed.

FRIGHT

However, Fortune finds a trend to standardize the wife of the corporation executive, and confesses to being a little frightened by the whole idea. Personally, I'm scared stiff. I can see in the trend an end to the American dream of romance and curtains for the pleasant American custom of picking a wife on an emotional basis.

It seems that, increasingly, wives are being subjected to interviews before a decision is made on hiring husbands. Some corporations have a thing called "wife-screening" and it involves such tests as her performance at social gatherings, her attitudes toward her husband's work, the way her home is kept, her credit rating and a checkup on her popularity among the neighbors. One corporation estimated that some 20 percent of otherwise acceptable applicants for executive employment wives flunked the company's "social integration" test.

In another company, the wife of a top executive presided at a sort of finishing school for wives of executives who graduated into the $8000-a-year and over brackets. The women are instructed in such refinements as where to shop, where to dine and how to dress on either occasion.

SCIENCE

If this trend continues, the time will come undoubtedly when an ambitious young man will go shopping for a suitable wife armed with a list of company-drawn wife-requirements, and with approximately the same emotional attitude about the project as he now brings to the purchase of a new automobile.

Is she prepared to sacrifice everything to the Blank Gum Shoe Company? Will she promise to quit wearing slacks around the house unless she plans some heavy gardening? Will she patronize Ye Corner Tea Shoppe for afternoon snacks? Will she serve only sherry before dinner? (The vice president in charge of personnel has a wife who is corresponding secretary of the local WCTU.) Will she promise to enroll the names of her children in the lists of the Blank Gum Shoe Junior Club within two days of their birth? Will she remain uncomplaining if John is transferred to the Lhasa, Tibet, branch office? Will she swear to limit her friendships to the wives of other company executives in approximately the same income category? And will she always consider the Company in the number one spot in her own and her husband's affections?

MERGER

If she answers all these questions in the affirmative, and if a quick inspection shows John that she rarely makes mistakes in balancing her checking account, he would do well to suggest a long-term partnership.

Neither Fortune nor companies adopting this policy were zooming about the trend. The adaptability of wives and their conformity to company social standards has proved a boon to business, some said. But there's something unpleasant, snobbish and even a little un-American about the idea. Our hopes the corporations are just going through a phase and will emerge from it with a belief in the old-fashioned idea of letting a man pick a wife he can love and cherish, instead of urging him to select a little woman who will prove a rung in the ladder of his corporate success.

Thought in the Rounds

By DEB ADDISON

Culled from Klamath Keynotes, without comment — no comment necessary:

"From George Washington's time, and for the next 152 years, the total cost of federal government was less than 180 billions of dollars. In the past seven years the federal government has spent more than 322 billions of dollars—our national debt now stands at over 257 billion.

"Are we living 142 billion dollars better in seven years than we did in all the collective 145 years previously? Are our commitments such that our demand is almost as great in seven years as it was for 145 years?

"Seven goes into 145 how much? That the 'rithmetic—'ritin into the books 257 billion is something else again — and who has the knowledge today to comprehend the readin' that it takes to tell where we are going?

"Would you like your federal government to save $1,000,000 per hour? Get your congressman to cut government expenditures by ten percent and you will get your million dollar an hour results.

"Surely 10 percent of the fat could be cut out of our expenditures. It is up to you to inform your congressman that this should be done, viz., if you think that we are spending a bit too much on government today."

Bruce Biossat

When radio came in, the prophets foresaw the quick demise of the phonograph recording industry. But they were wrong. The record business soared to new peaks, far outdistancing the moderate pre-radio levels.

Television's arrival produced similiar glum forecasts of the death of motion pictures. Who would get out the car, drive downtown or to a neigborhood center, hunt for a parking spot and go to a movie when he could put his slippered feet up on a hassock and be entertained without leaving his living room?

For a good while, it looked like there would be much more substance to the movie-makers' fears Cinema theaters closed by the dozens across the country. The volume of business sagged painfully. Good films seemed an increasing rarity.

CONFOUNDED

But those who thought the time had come to start choosing pallbearers have been confounded by the events of recent months. The box office has picked up sharply. Hollywood, recognizing the threat to its existence, has poured energy and talent into pictures with a determination seldom matched in its erratic history. And, in dazzling succession, many of these films have won high critical acclaim.

In the experts' judgement, it is this new stress on quality that has turned the tide. Careful scanning of the box office figures shows the movie-goer exercising extreme selectivity. The good ones he supports with impulsive vigor, long lines outside the big metropolitan theaters attest to that. The turkeys he lets die a lonesome death.

Television has had something of the impact on movies that the latter had on the legitimate theater. The films destroyed the market for run-of-mine stage fare. Why see a play for a few dollars when you could see a picture just about as good for forty or fifty cents?

TV, with its great spate of studio dramas and its almost embarrassing emphasis on old films, is slicing away at the market for "B" pictures. The family that wants an evening of merely passable dramatic entertainment doesn't need to budge from the house.

But the thirst for top-grade cinema apparently has never really abated. In the dramatic mirroring of life, in the creation of light-hearted fancy, the films can occupy a unique place. With unsurpassed technical facilities, with abundant resources, with cameras that can range the face of the earth, the movies are equipped to contribute to art and entertainment in their own special way.

UNDERESTIMATES

Too often in the past the film-makers have sadly underestimated the increasingly discriminate nature of their audience. Too often they have measured their task narrowly, in terms of superficial entertainment routinely and unimaginatively offered.

The recent run of excellent pictures raises hopes that, under the spur of TV competition, they are at last out to make the most of their rich potential. In the end, there may be something like a merger or compromise with TV. But a continuance of present trends will at least assure that this will be a meeting of equals, the movies are not going to yield by default so long as quality is their insignia.

Hugh Prusett

Heavens Above

Last week we discussed the recent possible discovery of a 12th moon for Jupiter, the brilliant planet now in the southern sky. Since that was written another announcement card from Harvard observatory, the distribution center for astronomical information in America, gives news of additional photographs of the object under the rather definite heading "Jupiter's New Satellite."

The four large moons are a constant source of delight to the owners of small telescopes. The moons' paths around Jupiter are nearly circular and they are symmetrically placed around the Jovian equator. The orbit of the first moon is nearly a quarter of a million miles out in space beyond the equator. The paths of the next three are successively farther out, the fourth being over a million miles from Jupiter.

EDGES

The way we are located in relation to the planet, we look at the edges of the satellite orbits and thus do not get the effect of the actual motion in circles. Instead, the moons, appearing like little stars, seem to go back and forth in almost a straight line. Some nights two moons are on one side of Jupiter and two on the other, but all in this imaginery straight line that runs through the center of the planet. The next night, there may be three on one side and one on the other, or all four on one side. One or more of the satellites may be invisible due to eclipse, or passing behind the huge planet (occultation) or in front of it (transit).

These four moons encircle Jupiter respectively in periods of approximately two, four, seven and seventeen days. In order outward they are named Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto. There is a fifth tiny moon still nearer the planet which makes a round trip in 12 hours.

The remaining well-observed satellites are very small and at considerable distances from Jupiter. The most distant is nearly 15,000,000 miles away and requires over two years for a round trip.

Good prism binoculars, especially when held on a steady support show the larger moons as tiny stars when they are apparently not too near the planet. Enthusiasts in Los Gatos, Calif., Portland, Ore. and Buhl, Ida. have recently sent me diagrams and descriptions of their coservations. Even opera glasses are helpful.

GOOD VISION

Moon number three, the brightest, is sometimes seen without optical aid by those with excellent vision. It appears as a tiny star cuddling almost against Jupiter. This moon will be farthest from the planet—and the most easily seen—on the following dates this month:

To the left of Jupiter, 19, 20, 26 and 27; to the right, 17, 22, 23, 24 and 29. If you can see it "naked-eyed", write me at Eugene, Ore., and get placed on the list of the keen-eyed.

Telling the Editor

RED PETITION

TULELAKE—Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, famous Negro scholar and writer and co-founder of the National Assoc. for the Advancement of Colored People, is now on trial in a federal court. What has Dr. Dubois done?

According to the justice department he is accused of circulating a peace petition that originated with the "Reds." In the name of Heaven, if the devil himself circulates peace petitions or love petitions is that a crime? It is said that he was an agent of a foreign power and failed to register.

On that basis every Christian preacher should be in jail because Christianity originated with foreigners—Asiatics like Jesus who were not of the white race

Jessica Courtney

CITY PLANNING

SACRAMENTO — Practically-leafless trees make November an excellent time for searching out nests which the birds deserted, after raising their broods, this year. Wise child welfare workers know there are few things more fascinating to the wee folks than a tramp aiming to thus explore tree-lined roads, to bring home this work of feathered architects If, last spring, the lads had located nests while used as nurseries and has personally known the little builders, much joy is added to the fall study of the deserted bird homes.

A most interesting nest is that of the hummingbird when wonderful use has been made of cobwebs, and of lichens. To find how these substitutes for our clumsy brick and lumber are skillfully used, to learn how the dainty mother's breast feathers take the place of the trowel—why, resolve to find her building such a nest and learn for yourself. If this takes several years—all the greater is the joy.

The domicile of another nest-builder, the yellow warbler, or summer yellowbird, is oftimes found in the river bottoms. By mid-winter this summer visitant has gone to Spanish-speaking countries of the warm south, to Nicaragua, Panama, or even to Colombia or to Venezuela. One yellow warbler nest now before the writer is a structure marvelous for its use of nearby materials. The outside is composed almost entirely of bark fibre of the cottonwood, and excellent binding material. Then it is daintily lined with the wool of the same tree. Here is a lesson for the young Californians who are to do our city planning of tomorrow. Wise men from elsewhere, deplore our tendency to make California a jarring potpurri from other civilizations. We lay out a park—and proceed to cover it with Chinese pagodas, Moorish-arched buildings, Dutch windmills. We plant a roadside and, neglecting our California silva, use Norway maples or Oriental sycamores. The lads and lassies who will do our city and rural planning of tomorrow can learn from the yellow warblers' nest the common sense, the expediency, the beauty of using materials at hand. Thus will countryside and city grow to be more distinctively Californian.

C. M. Goethe

NEW HOME

LONDON, (AP) — Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill today moved into the furnished apartment on the third floor of No. 10 Downing street—official residence for Britain's prime ministers.

The apartment was redecorated after the defeated premier, Clement Attlee, and Mrs. Attlee moved out, four days after the national election Oct. 25.

Dr. E. P. Jordan

Although diabetes is most common after the age of 40, it is by no means rare in childhood, and at this age, it is particularly distressing.

Typical of the questions which parents of children with diabetes would like answered is the following letter from Mrs. H.: "My daughter, 11 years old, has diabetes. Will there be a cure soon, or ever? I am wondering if the pancreas could ever be stimulated, or if an operation could ever be performed. Do children outgrow diabetes?"

In answer to Mrs. H.'s first question, I can only say that I am not a prophet. It seems doubtful that a complete cure will develop soon, but being an optimist, I feel that sometime this will come.

So far as stimulating the pancreas by operation is concerned, one can say that experiments in this direction have been made, and although some interesting results have been obtained, there appears to be nothing as yet of practical value. This, too, may come.

Finally Mrs. H. asks whether children outgrow diabetes. In a sense, some of them do in that they may develop a much greater tolerance for sugar, and a much greater ability to use it within the body as they get older.

The prompt, and satisfactory treatment of children with diabetes is most important. Their diets have to be carefully regulated according to their needs and the state of the disease. A great many of them also need insulin injections, and these injections must be planned exactly and administered conscientiously.

Since the amount of exercise taken affects the disease to some extent, children with diabetes are often restricted in their athletic activities.

In this connection I should like to mention the fact that there are a number of summer camps for diabetic children throughout the country. This is a wonderful thing because it makes it possible for many children with this disease to have the normal summer experience of camping and still receive the special care which they may need.

Information on these camps can be obtained from the American Diabetes Association (11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N.Y.), or the (343 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.).

Councilman To Be Named At Meeting

Top item on the agenda for a city council meeting tonight, 7:30, is naming of a councilman to succeed Jim Kaler.

Kaler, ward three councilman, has submitted his resignation.

Mayor Thompson is to nominate Kaler's successor. The mayor's nominee is subject to council confirmation.

The new councilman was to have been named last Tuesday but a scheduled council meeting was called off for lack of a quorum.

Frank Tripp

Sage Sideglances

At the turn of the century Railroad avenue, now a shambles, was tailing off a checkered career and was notorious throughout the East. It was southern New York's and northern Pennsylvania's Barbary Coast during the lumbering days. Its notoriety predated the Civil War.

Reporters used to determine the stamina of roistering lumbermen by the address of the dive back of which they were found drunk, robbed and often drugged and beaten in the alley. The lower the number, the farther one had progressed down the "avenoo," and the better man he was.

While at one end of the long street were reared many fine citizens, the other end harbored the lowest type of humanity. The district was largely supported by burly lumberjacks who came out of the woods once in three months, rarin' to go.

I caught the avenue assignment near the end of its heyday. One morning my city editor led a sturdy countryman to my desk and said to him, "Tell your story to this man; maybe he can help you." The husky young farmer handed me a picture of a buxom lass and said, "I'm looking for my girl. She has been gone two weeks and her mother is almost crazy."

"He thinks she may be among your playmates up the avenue," my boss, Earl Dean, said to me.

The heartbroken man was avoiding the police, thinking to protect his daughter's reputation. He and his wife came to the city and had spent days of futile search; then someone told them that the newspaper might help them.

DISCOVERY

That night I took the picture up the avenue with me. In about the third place I found the girl. She was seated at a table with an old-time female denizen of avenue back rooms.

"See that young girl back there with Pansy?" I said to the greasy proprietor of the dump. "You better get her out before you're stuck with her. Here's her picture. Her father wants her."

"He can have her. She'll never be any good to me," was his reply.

"Been around here long?" I asked him.

"In and out for a couple of weeks," he said, "and she ain't turned over a nickel for the place."

"Figure she's not the right sort?" I questioned.

"She don't know what it's all about," he declared.

"Okay, then do this," I told him. "At exactly 11 o'clock tonight push her through the back door into the alley, and lock her out."

"So's you can have her, eh?" sneered the skunk.

"Cut the wisecracks," I fired back. "Put her out or I'll turn the heat on your grand palace."

I phoned the father to be on hand at five minutes to 11, with a hack. He was, and his wife was with him.

"You've found her?" he entreated.

"You'll have her in five minutes," I told him.

In that five minutes a strange thing happened. The nerve-racked father put his strong hands on my shoulder, then shook and clutched me till it hurt. With all the venom and earnestness a man can muster, he said to me:

"I know what you're going to do. You're going to give me back my girl, then you're going to write one of your stinking stories in the paper and ruin her reputation. By God, if you do I'll kill you and be proud to hang for it. Give me back that picture!"

"Thanks," was all that I could muster to say as I handed over the photograph.

TOGETHER

The pig who ran the brothel came clean. At exactly 11 o'clock the door opened. A protesting girl was thrust into the alley and into the arms of her awaiting father.

From my station in the shadows I saw her led to the hack. Inside two women with arms about each other wept hysterically. The hack drove away.

I walked around to the front door, went inside and said "Thanks" again; this time to the proprietor. At that moment I had more regard for him than for the ingrate who had just misjudged and threatened me.

Within a week there came a letter. It made amends and overflowed with gratitude. All was well in the little farm home up in Steuben County.

Time and "the avenoo" marched on. And then one day Earl Dean dropped a clipping from a country paper on my desk. "Here's word from your girl friend," he said.

The item told of a happy wedding in the village church; and ended, "The popular couple will spend their honeymoon at Niagara Falls."

"A hell of a reporter!" do I hear you say? Maybe. Few of them write everything they can.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK, (AP) — This is the tale of a blind wife and her husband who didn't want to come home.

Their story:

Once upon a time a steady gambler, through impulse, married a beautiful blind girl. He kind of thought it would be lucky. She kind of thought it was love.

They had ecstatic weeks together. Then he wearied of her doglike devotion and told her:

"The boys play a regular game on Friday night. I want to have that night off with the boys."

NO COMPLAINT

She agreed that was reasonable and certainly nothing for her to complain about. She said for him not to worry about her—she would get along all right.

One Friday night, however, the boys didn't show up for the weekly poker game. The gambler didn't know what to do with himself—it was too early for him to go home, by his standards. Suddenly aware of all the brief wonder of life about him, he walked up and down Fifth Avenue looking at the dreams in the store window. He felt lonely and life-crowded.

He strolled on across the midtown sector. He stopped at a way side soda fountain shrine and had a pineapple drink. It had the frosted, frustrated taste of something far away that could have been better.

CONCERT

He felt the need of music. There was a concert at Carnegie hall, and he went in there. He had a feeling of male adventure in him. So he felt lucky when he sat down and sensed a girl next to him in the dark.

There was a time of mutual listening that knitted them, he felt. Then his hand reached out in the blackness and brushed against hers. He felt tremulous and bashful and bold.

He squeezed her warm hand in the darkness, and she squeezed his hand back again—she had such small bird fingers. He had a sense of fresh mystery in his tired world.

The music ended. The lights came on. And then he gasped—he was staring into the sightless eyes of his own wife.

"My husband . . . my husband," she said, folding his arm in hers, contentedly. "Let's go home now."

"How did you know who I was, my dear? I wanted to surprise you!" he said, startled.

And she turned her blue unseeing eyes up to him and said wistfully:

"In love, my love, there are no surprises."

He honestly hoped as he looked at her bright upturned face of faith that she believed what she said. He wished, with a power deeper than his forgotten passion, that she would not think of him later only as a liar.

As for himself, being an honest man, he doubted whether he would ever believe anything again. He gave up tomorrow altogether.

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