SHORT SHORT STORY

Blind Advertisement

By
EMMIE BELL PORTER

The newspaper advertisement read: "WANTED: Sober, reliable man to take complete charge of advertising department of large firm. Must be able to assume full responsibility. College-trained men only need apply."

Ted Shane read it over toast and eggs. "Mona!" he exclaimed, "Listen . . . this is what I've been looking for . . ."

"Yes, it does sound good," agreed Mona, over his shoulder.

Ted reflected. "It isn't that old Todd is a bad sort . . . it's just that he doesn't seem to want to give me full rein, and you know I work better without so much supervision."

Mona raised her hand in a dramatic sweep, "Onward and upward, my lad . . . Let's enter greener fields via this ad . . . let Todd feed hi business to the birds!"

Thirty minutes later Ted leaned back. "Read it to me, honey . . . let's hear how it sounds."

"Dear Sir: If you are looking for a man with initiative, willingness to work and a capacity to handle your advertising, look no further. However, I would have it understood from the beginning that I am to have full charge and not be hindered, swayed or crippled by any supervisor, helper or owner. I am at present employed but unfortunately my present employer is afraid to trust me to stand on my own feet, in fact, I do not believe he fully trusts his own feet. I know what I can do and all I ask is a chance to prove it.
Respectfully, Theodore Shane."

Mona's eyes glowed. "Oh, Ted, that is a good letter, but is that part bad about your boss not trusting you?"

Ted's jaw set. "All my cards are on the table, honey . . . might as well let him know where I stand right from the beginning."

Kissing Mona goodby, Ted whispered, "Keep your fingers crossed for luck, sweet."

At four o'clock that afternoon the buzzer on Ted's desk impatiently summoned him into the inner sanctum of the Big Boss—J. Anthony Todd, himself. That illustrious individual sat stiffly erect, his halo of steel gray hair bristling excitingly.

"Sit down, Shane!" he thundered. "Sit down. I want to talk with you about that Finkle advertising deal. Just how would you handle it?"

Ted blinked in surprise. "Why, sir, I would channel it through the mediums of the small retailer for there's not enough valume to interest the large concerns."

The owner of Todd and Todd nodded in agreement. "Right! That's just what I've been telling my partner should be done! Go ahead with it!"

"Thanks!" agreed Ted. "That should be quite a deal if handled properly."

"By the way," inquired Mr. Todd, his eyes twinkling, "just how would you handle the new plastic deal with the Denver people?"

Ted outlined in enthusiastic detail the plans he had been longing to put into action.

When he had finished, the boss looked at him in astonishment. "My boy," he instructed, "Go right ahead. Call me in for a conference only if you feel you need moral support." He shifted his weight and

He ushered a dazed but happy Ted to the door.

smiled. "Come back tomorrow. We will draw up a new arrangement s well as full authority in your department."

After he had ushered a dazed but happy Ted to the door, the head of Todd and Todd drew a letter from his desk. He chortled. "This is really good!" Adjusting his glasses he read:

"My present employer is afraid to trust me to stand on my own feet, in fact I do not believe he fully trusts his own feet."

Putting the letter back, he smiled again. "I guess young Shane will always wonder why he never received an answer to that letter. It was a good thing I made that advertisement a blind one, otherwise I might have never discovered what a tip-top advertising fireball I had right here all along!"

Veteran Fights—And—Wins—His Toughest Campaign—During World War II, Jack Jacobson was wounded by shrapnel in Europe. He became a disabled veteran, paralyzed from the breastbone down. But, quite naturally, he wanted to get around, so went to the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Veterans where—as these pictures show, he was taught how to overcome his disability. Above, left, a therapist puts him through his paces on the parallel bars, to develop his arms so they can handle crutches. Gradually he advanced until now, he could walk down stairs.

WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

Great Britain

The United Kingdom has had a little over six months experience with the new National Health Act —and opinions are sharply divided as to how it is working out.

Although the expenditure for medical and dental services was budgeted at around 520 million dollars for the first nine months, it is freely admitted that the cost will be much more than that—probably closer to 800 million. And out of this vast amount, the British professional men, who have to do the actual work, are complaining of getting an unfair cut. The doctors' first quarterly payment from the health service was disappointingly low, and what is even more serious to them, is the loss of a high proportion of their private patients, who have gone over to the health scheme.

But whatever the doctors and dentists may say the British population, in general, has accepted the Health Act with enthusiasm. With winter weather setting in the doctors were overwhelmed. People with imaginary diseases as well as those with slight colds—for which in the past they wouldn't have troubled a doctor—flooded the offices.

The stage and radio humorists are having a field day poking fun at the health Act. One popular bit of doggerel has a verse which runs,

"Oh to be in England,
Where pills are running free—
Help yourself to wooden legs,
Ne'er a penny fee."

Nor are wooden legs the only things provided by the free service. Bald folks, both made and female, are getting wigs free of charge and the two dozen wigmakers engaged in the health plan estimate that demands may reach as high as 100,000 such pate-coverings per year. At $40 apiece, the Government should have an annual bill of 8 million dollars—as each applicant gets a spare.

Other articles in which the supply has not caught up with the demand include spectacles, false teeth, hearing aids, electric wheel chairs and trusses. The almost 9,000 dentists working in the plan are so busy that some have put out signs "No new patients for a year." Although there is some doubt as to wheher the Act actually contemplated such supplies, people have been demanding — and getting—such things as headache remedies, simple laxatives and the like. One woman got as many as 500 cascara tablets—and a druggist tells of another who tried to get a free bottle of hair shampoo.

Inspired both by dissatisfaction with present conditions, and fear of what the future may bring, angry doctors are making an effort to rally support for a physicians' strike. As one medical man puts it, "The alternative to a Ministry refusal to give adequate living facilities to men who have spent a lot of time and expense in acquiring their skill seems to be a wholesale resignation from the Health Plan and a return to private practice—or emigration."

Meanwhile, the Health Plan speeds on its more or less merry way.

Italy

Russian propagandists, for some time back, have been making great efforts to win the people of Italy over to the "beauties" of Communism. But the Kremlin variety of propaganda has been very clumsy indeed, and so far as can discerned, completely unsuccessful with the rank and file of Italians.

In Rome there are at least three Russian libraries, with still more in other parts of the country. But all the books and magazines are in the Russian language, and so unintelligible to more than one or two per cent of the population. More than that, those using such libraries have their credentials scanned very carefully, with the result that very few people bother to use them at all.

Russian films, which are rented out on a commercial basis, have had almost as little success. Most of them are in Russian, and on one occasion at least the Soviet representative in charge of the showing admitted that audience reaction—especially in the smaller places—was downright hostile or at best, simply indifferent.

Germany

The worst season for fog and overcast skies in the Berlin district is around the end of December, and it is no secret that the onlookers in the Kremlin were expecting such conditions to cripple seriously the Allied air-lift or even, perhaps, wreck it altogether.

But their hopes proved groundless. Allied planes somehow managed to keep Western Berlin going and when, with the New Year, the annual fog season drew to a close, Western air power stepped up its efforts against cold and hunger in the blockaded city.

An allied pilot, early in January, flew into Berlin with the hundred-thousandth cargo for the city, while Allied officers in charge of the operation were making plans to up the daily arrivals to an average of 8000 tons—this being almost four times the minimum subsistence level for the Western Berlin.

The whole Air Lift business has been a truly remarkable achievement—one that has probably done more to astound the Russians, and to put them into a more receptive frame of mind toward settlement of the Berlin question than anything else could possibly have done. British and American pilots, who made the operation possible, deserve the thanks of the whole world—and, more especially, the thanks of the people of Western Germany. But whether they will receive the latter—that's quite another matter as the Western Germans are apparently too angry over what has happened in the Ruhr to be grateful to anyone—even those who kept them from starvation.

Socialism And Corruption

The current investigation into allegations of fraud among high officials of Britain's Board of Trade has a shocking effect perhaps out of proportion to the corruption that may be involved.

British government services have for so long enjoyed a reputation for high-calibre integrity that people are reluctant to believe the men who head them are susceptible to the blandishments of slick lobbyists or string-pullers who peddle remunerative directorships, expensive gifts and lavish hospitality for "value received."

The "value received" appears to have been favorable decisions made by Board of Trade officials, the wangling of special privileges and all the other under-the-table deals invariably associated with government graft.

During the last war, there was remarkably little of this sort of thing uncovered in Britain, Canada and the United States; and there is every reason to believe that little of it went on.

But it is perhaps not so surprising, after the first shock wears off, to see it happening in postwar Britain where, under a Socialist government, politicians and civil servants have retained wide arbitrary powers; where they can make or break, help or hurt businesses by their decision about the granting or withholding of a permit, the allocation of materials, and so on says The Financial Post.

Socialism in postwar Britain, with its more stringent control, its super-regimentation (in quintuplicate), its burdensome supervision from morning to night, from cradle to grave, has created the atmosphere and attitude that may smother all public virtue.

Britons have been made into bootleggers, spivs and black marketers. Every new regulation has brought with it the search for a loophole; every new control is accompanied by a platoon of "fixers" who know how (and the price) to get around it. Such regimentation invites corruption; some will always pay for fast passage through the bogs of officious officialdom.

Canadian and other visitors to Britain are almost always appalled at the extent to which influence and favoritism has become rampant. There is no reason at present to believe the current inquiry has done more than lift the lid of the scandal yet to be uncovered, or will end the system that has allowed it to grow and flourish.

Knew Better

A woman leafing through Dorothy Parker's "Enough Rope," at the Public Library found this remark pencilled in a feminine hand under the crack about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses: "That's what SHE thinks!"

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Good news for a lot of farmers is found in a recent report that Red Clover seed production in Canada in 1948 was the biggest in at least 20 years. This record crop is largely attributed to production in Ontario where over seven million pounds were produced. The Dominion crop—around eleven and a half million pounds—is more than double that of 1947.

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In normal times Canada's surplus of Red Clover seed—recognized everywhere for its quality and hardiness—is exported to the United Kingdom and some Western European countries. But import restrictions caused by exchange difficulties are likely to limit such exports. So with plenty of top quality Red Clover seed available, at fair prices, many more farmers than have done so in the past should take advantage of the opportunity to make greater use of this highly valuable legume crop.

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So many people—both those already on farms and also those who dream of retiring from city life and "Taking it easy"—think of going into poultry raising on a commercial scale, that perhaps a few hints from an acknowledged expert might not be out of the way. For while there's money to be made in poultry, there's also a chance for severe loss, if gone into in a haphazard manner.

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The proper place for locating a commercial poultry farm is near a medium or large city, where the products will be used. Markets should not be more than ten miles away at the outside, and roads should be good.

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Electricity and a pressure water system are essential. Sandy soil, that is well drained, is most desirable. The amount of land available can vary from one to ten acres.

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Chicks for future layers should be obtained from a reliable breeder-hatchery—one that can supply disease-free stock from well-bred flocks, and which you can depend on in the matter of filling orders on time. Naturally—as in other purchases—you should expect to pay a reasonable price for such chicks, and not expect to get them "at a bargain."

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Unless you have plenty of both experience and capital, it is best not to start on a full-scale program, but to begin moderately and build for the future. To be economical, start with a flock of not less than 2d0 hens—which might go as high as 500 if you are sure you can handle such a number.

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Breed or breeds? Well, that's pretty much up to the individual, but White Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, Austra-White and Red Leghorns are probably the most popular, although many have had good results from some of the cross-bred strains. Layers should be housed in one long house, either 20 or 24 feet in width. Each leghorn hen should have 3 square feet of floor space—heavier hens three and a half square feet.

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Layers should be confined to the house at all times, and those with small acreages of land will also do well to raise their replacement pullets in confinement. Those with plenty of land will possibly allow their pullets to range from the time they are around two and a half months old until they start laying at 5 or 6 months.

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Because of over-enthusiasm a beginner at the business is quite likely to overestimate his income and not take into consideration all costs. Anyone just starting out would be well advised to pay a visit to some established producer and take notes under three headings fixed investments—operating costs—and income.

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From the very beginning make out a budget and don't miss putting down a single item, but make it as complete as possible. "Fixed investment" should include land, buildings, equipment, stock on hand and feed on hand. Your "operating costs" should include feed, hired labor, building repairs, medicines and vaccines, equipment repairs, litter, water, electricity, egg cases, also taxes and interest on your investment.

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Under "income" should be included sales of eggs, sales of cull hens, fryers, feed bags, manure—also whatever products you use in your own home. Such a budget, if properly started and kept strictly up to date, will give you a complete picture of the operation—also add very materially to your chances of success in such an undertaking.

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Which should be about enough for one session—except to pass along the very ancient one about the city man who asked the farmer how far it was to Oshawa. "Well, replied the farmer, "the way you're heading, I figure it would be around 24,992 miles. But if you turn around, it's only about seven."

Paralyzed From Breastbone Down, Now Drives Car — Jack Jacobson, disabled by sharpnel in Europe, after special therapy now uses crutches to walk to his hand-controlled car. It took 18 months of hard work, but he's now physically independent.

JITTER — **By Arthur Pointer**