



A TREY FULL

By E. G. Whitney

Entitled, "I Want to See the Editor," an interesting article on the trials and tribulations of a small town daily or weekly editor appears in the May 29 issue of The Saturday Evening Post.



E. G. Whitney

Mark Rhea Byers, the author, asserts the small town newspaperman is never off duty; has no private life; is considered morose by all those whom he opposes or refuses to side with; constantly has to decide what is news and what is gossip and vicious half-truths; and, lastly, has to contend with "pressure" when someone of position or authority has done some act or deed that will not reveal him or her in a favorable light. The "pressure" consists in cancelled subscriptions or advertising space.

The writer casts a rather gloomy picture of the Fourth Estate in smaller towns and cities although he admits a journalistic career gives a reporter or editor a deep and forbearing knowledge of men and women.

Personally, I am inclined to take exception to the article. A newspaperman, first of all, should have such an ingrained love for his task of gathering and disseminating news accurately and truthfully that the stumbling blocks mentioned above serve only to spur him on to his goal—being an intelligent and capable writer and moulder of public opinion.

Doctors, lawyers and others could tell the same story as the small town editor but they take their psychopathic cases and "chiselers" as a matter of course. Certainly, newspaper work has its rewards. I can think of no other profession in which to gain a general education. It teaches you to be tolerant and fair and to avoid snap judgement in any instance.

The writer, to my way of thinking, skipped over two of the more important "gripes" in the journalistic field. One is, the well known fact that newspapermen, from the lowly cub reporter up to the editor, are under paid considering the fact that they are supposed to maintain a certain "dignified position." Secondly, is the point of time spent on the job. As a rule, a good newspaperman should be on his feet continuously in order to avoid losing contact with all activities in his city. Hard work and long hours certainly are factors in getting ahead but it is also true that a steady grind eventually wears one down and destroys originality. Being human, a newspaperman has to contend with the same problem as the factory worker who works on nut No. 23149 so continuously he becomes nut No. 23149.

By Jane E. McCallan

We guess it was about last Thursday that Steve Wygant, that introverted individual who claims that he knows all there is to know about anything, burst into the office and wanted some publicity. A friend, who desires to remain anonymous, said a poem dedicated to Steve, and we think that there is no better time to release it to Steve's public, and waiting word...



Miss McCallan

When a terrible noise on the piano begins it's Steve.

And it seems like the penalty paid for your sins it's Steve.

When the manic-maestro continues to play till your eye-sight is blurred and your hair starts to grey

And in spite of it all—when you hope that he'll stop it's Steve.

When he says, "If you coax me, I'm getting a hunch—"

"Twinkle" he is enjoying it as being overly friendly with some strange little puppy. . . . Let your hair down women and prepare to have yourselves a good cry. Bob Cromie no longer is the "tawny most eligible bachelor." He got himself married to one Alice Hamilton, a social worker from Kansas City, whom, fellow gossip vendors have it, he had seen but twice in his life. . . . Note to Howard Wendorff: "Where are the tulips you promised?"

By Carol Dweilley

So Wally's going to dye her hair deep blue, to match her wedding dress? Feminine opinions are about equally divided over the idea, but of course the men are again it. Funny thing is, they run up against as peculiar things right here in Birmingham, but they never seem to notice them. Just for fun, I'll bet that before I come back from lunch this noon I'll have enough foul feminine foibles to fill this column.

Later, well, I've won the bet. We talked about these freak fashions in McBride's. The first gal nominated Princeton beer jackets for oblivion, unless worn by Princetonians not by women. A Princeton beer jacket is made of unbeached muslin, cut along football lines. The shoulders stick out far beyond those of the fair wearer, and the cuffs reach her finger tips. It ends just at her hips, and is always wrinkled enough to have been hauled through a key-hole. Vixens in the East prize 'em as summer wraps, though the same effect could be achieved by swaddling one's self in sugar sacks.

My young sister was taken to the hospital with an attack of appendicitis one summer, began the second gal. "Of course we were worried, and hung around the room waiting for the doctor to decide whether or not he'd have to operate. Suddenly he leaped in, he'd been shot, and so did we, fearing that he had discovered some deadly complication. He stood there with his mouth open, holding her hand with one hand and pointing to her feet with the other. 'Look at that,' he moaned. 'Mi-gawd, no wonder she's sick—it's a wonder she hasn't leprosy.'"

"When we saw, we almost had fits," continued the story-teller. "She had completely covered her finger and toe nails with that thick white polish, and then put deep blue dots all over the white. It made her look exactly like a coach dog. She didn't have the operation and it's a lucky thing; the doctor was so upset he'd probably have seen a towel or something up inside her."

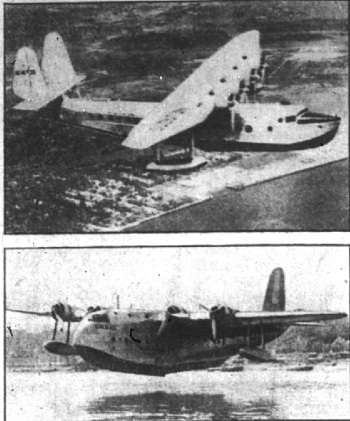
That reminded someone else of the time she had first worn those artificial finger nails. For the innocent, the things are made out of flesh-colored celluloid, and there are ten in a set. You glue them on over your own, and trim and tint them to suit yourself. This girl, being of tender years at the time, refused to trim her false nails, and of course she looked like a tiger with those awful claws sticking out an inch or so beyond her own.

"It was terrible," she confessed. "Every time I dressed I'd rip something. Then one night I was sitting next to a friend of my brother's, who was staying for dinner. Just when I was trying to show off and be elegant, one of the darned finger nails fell off and popped into my soup. I left the table in tears, but everyone else thought it was awfully funny. I never wore the nails again, either."

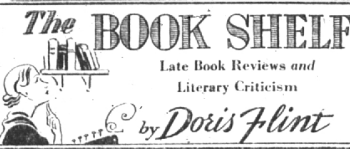
By the way—now is as good a time as any to warn people—men in particular—about the new lipstick, which brings Surrealism or something right into your home. It may not seem so tough when you read about it, but wait until you see it. I have met ladies whose dainty lips are a rich purple, or mahogany brown. And this is only the beginning—supporters of the fad say we'll all be wearing these shades as well as yellow and green ones, by Christmas.

I've more than won that bet. There isn't room enough left to tell you about the girl whose false eyelashes melted, in a rainstorm, or the lady whose pneumatic tigger got punctured at a dance. But at least things like this ought to make the Duke more resigned.

Blaze Trans-Atlantic Plane Service



Clont trail blazers for a regularly scheduled trans-Atlantic airplane passenger service were these two ships, the Bermuda Clipper, top, of Pan American Airways, and the flying boat Cavalier, bottom, owned by British Imperial Airways. The Clipper flew from Port Washington, N. Y., to Bermuda, a 700-mile route, in less than five hours. Meanwhile, the Cavalier flew from Bermuda to New York. The flights were preparatory to establishing the New York-Bermuda service and eventual trans-Atlantic runs.



The BOOK SHELF

Late Book Reviews and Literary Criticism

by Dotis Flint

A REMINDER LIST OF WORTHWHILE BOOKS

Perhaps, the best or at least one of the few best books of this season is Virginia Woolf's "The Waves." Always an exquisite writer, she has done herself proud in her new novel which is a "tele-scoped" chronicle of an upper-middle-class London family. We meet them in their youth and live with them until they reach old age. Miss Woolf is always a good investment and contrary to the impression which many have of her, her stories are not difficult to read.

Aldous Huxley's "The Olive Tree" is a collection of sixteen essays which have been written at various times during the past eleven years. He is at his best when he writes in a satirical vein and consequently his best essays are those which are flavored with irony. "Justifications" is the title of one of them and is the story of the English equivalent of Father Divine. It is preposterous in content but the writer sees in it something which is fundamental in human nature and Huxley, of course, is a socialist and does see further into human reactions than the most of us.

Somerset Maugham, author of "Of Human Bondage" has a new story "Theatre" which is a splendidly written novel about an actress to whom the stage is the most important thing in life. "Jordantown" is a story of a typical small industrial town. It is Josephine Johnson's new book and is a very plain picture of the suffering caused by unemployment and misfortune. Her "Now in November" won for her the Pulitzer Prize for 1935. Many think, however, that her new book is slightly inferior to the first.

"Together and Apart" as you might guess is a story of a marriage maladjustment written by Margaret Kennedy. She has written many novels but probably the best is her "Constant Nymph" of several years ago. The new story is a fast moving narrative which

should make a good "renter" in a circulating library.

"The Street of the Fishing Cat" won for its author the All-Nations Prize of \$10,000.00.

Don't forget "Of Mice and Men" that little gem which requires only an hour or so to read. "Forty Years on Main Street" is a collection of the best editorials written by William Allen White during the past forty years which he has spent on his little paper in Emporia, Kansas. Unlike most, his mental horizon broadens with the years and now he can rightly be considered a liberal in every respect. You will enjoy the pungent footnotes which he has added.

One literary magazine lists the "Sears Roebuck Catalogue for Spring and Summer" as one of the more important Spring publications. A picture of the front cover showing a charming girl in the arms of an equally charming young man against a rural background is also included. The reviewer notes that from the catalogue one can buy shotguns and 22 rifles but no revolvers; whisk-brooms and whistling teakettles but no whiskey—cocktail glasses but not a shaker and he points out that there are ten pages of musical instruments, seven of fences, ten of radios plus scores of pages picturing tennis rackets, fishing tackle, canoes, croquet sets and everything to keep America young—in fact you can't afford to grow old for he says that transformation made of grey costs more than one made of black or brown hair.

"Sweeten it with Domino" Refined in U.S.A.

for baking ginger bread apples beans ham

Domino Cane Sugar Old fashioned Brown Yellow Light Brown

Investigating Crash of Hindenburg



Seeking to solve the mystery of the Hindenburg disaster, members of the Department of Commerce's board of inquiry are shown here as they investigate the disaster. The board proceeded in the dirigible hangar at Lakehurst, N. J. Members of the board were Dennis Mulligan, South Tinsboro, Jr., chairman, and Maj. R. W. Schroeder. Seen testifying in this picture are Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, seated to the left before the board. Rosendahl, who narrowly escaped death himself nearly a decade ago in the crash of the dirigible Shenandoah, saw the Hindenburg disaster.

WANT ADS COST LITTLE
AND GET QUICK RESULTS

KROGER STORES

TENDER, FRESH, STRINGLESS

GREEN BEANS

LB. 5c

LADY. try this COOLING SYSTEM in your home



NEW, RED TRIUMPH, EXTRA GOOD QUALITY

POTATOES . 10 25c

COUNTRY CLUB PEARS No 2 1/2 can 23c

COUNTRY CLUB PEACHES No 2 1/2 can 19c

COUNTRY CLUB APRICOTS . can 15c

TENDER, S-SIEVE PEAS . . 2 cans 23c

JACK FROST, PURE CANE, GRANULATED

SUGAR 25-LB. CLOTH SACK \$1.33

OUR MOTHER'S

COCOA 2 LB CAN 15c

"Delightful for Breakfast"

COLLEGE INN

SOUPS 2 CANS 21c

Nourishing — Healthful

SPRY

Pure Vegetable Shortening

1-LB CAN 22c

3 lb. can 59c

HOT-DATED, FRESHER, JEWEL

COFFEE . 3 lb. bag 53c . LB. 18c

DELICIOUS, COOLING, FLAVORFUL

ICED TEA . 1/2-LB. PKG. 25c

ROCK RIVER or LATONIA CLUB

BEVERAGES . 3 24-OZ. BOTTLES 25c

TOP QUALITY FRESH WONDERNUT, OLEO

MARGERINE . 2 LBS. 35c

THE COFFEE OF RARE FLAVOR

COFFEE COUNTRY CLUB 2 1-LB. CANS 53c

EMBASSY, PURE, CREAMY, SALAD

DRESSING . . . QT. JAR 25c

COUNTRY CLUB, GRAPEFRUIT

JUICE DELIGHTFULLY COOLING 2 TALL CANS 19c

REAL KROGER VALUES

MAY GARDEN, ORANGE

PEKOE TEA 1/2 lb. 33c . 1/4 lb. 17c

COUNTRY CLUB, BAKING-TESTED

FLOUR 5 lb. sack 23c 24 1/2-lb. sack 19c

CLEANS CLOTHES HARMLESSLY

OXYDOL . . . large pkg. 20c

NORTHERN, SOFTER

TISSUE . . . large roll 5c

SUNBRIT

CLEANSER . . . can 5c

AVAILON, BETTER

BLUING . . . 10-oz. bot. 10c

AVAILON, GENTLE

SOAP FLAKES 23-oz. pkg. 15c

FLAVORFUL CLOCK

RAISIN BREAD

2 16-oz. loaves 19c

KROGERS

COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED