

## Success Story

By  
S. CORDELL

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

CLAIM no man ever was successful unless he was aggressive by nature. The man who waits for the breaks doesn't get to first base. It may seem so when you read some of the modern success stories, but if you delve into the lives of the subjects, the chances are you'll discover the individuals involved were of enterprising dispositions.

Well, perhaps not always. You take the case of Iakov Ganetsky. Iakov was brought over to the United States by his mother when he was seven. Immigrants. In Russia, Iakov had had some opportunity to play the violin. His mother believed he was a prodigy. She knew that America offered opportunities for anyone of talent. But how to find that opportunity? They had no money. Neither could speak English. Their friends had no connections.

The mother, Kyra by name, brooded. It seemed like a hopeless situation. It seemed that her son, the prodigy, was going to be lost to the world.

During the months that followed Kyra, laboriously took up the study of English. Six months after their arrival in America, she had learned to pronounce ten words. This she realized was not enough. So she labored six months longer. She learned how to say: "Good day, how are you? I am fine. It is nice weather today. Would you like me to tell you about my son? He is a genius."

Thus fortified she asked the following question: "Who is the czar of America?"

Her Russian friends laughed. "There is no czar in America. There is a President. A good and kind man. He has a very lovely wife."

Kyra thought this over. She would go and see the President's lovely wife. So she saved her money and she and Iakov moved to Washington.

This all happened a long time ago and conditions in Washington weren't what they are today. Nevertheless Kyra found a place to live. Then she dressed in her finest and sought out the White House. She wanted, she told the guard, to talk with the President's lovely wife. The guard was a kindly old man. He advised her that the President's wife was very busy and saw people only by appointment. However, he said, on Wednesday afternoon the President's wife usually interviewed people without appointments.

So the next Wednesday afternoon Kyra came again to the White House. She sat in a reception room and waited with dozens of other people. She came the next Wednesday and the next and the next. Always there were other people who wanted to see the President's wife. But Kyra became an object of interest to the guards and secretaries. She had such a patient face, and her clothes were so queer. They talked, and eventually they said reached the President's wife. She asked to see the strange woman from Russia.

Kyra did her best to speak good English, but when the President's wife smiled she knew she had failed. Then the President's wife said: "Won't you tell me in your native tongue?"

Kyra beamed. Wonder of wonders. The President's wife could speak and understand her native tongue. Kyra became glib.

The President's wife was much interested in Kyra's story. She would like to hear the child prodigy play his violin.

It was arranged. The child played. A concert was arranged. He played again before hundreds of people. His genius was recognized. Interested people sponsored his instruction. Time passed, Iakov became famous.

Iakov's mother was very happy, very proud. She appointed herself Iakov's manager. She arranged his concerts, his tours. She turned down some offers and accepted others.

She understood that her boy was famous. When he was offered the leadership of a great symphony orchestra she was not surprised.

More time passed. The Ganetskys were now very wealthy, very famous. Iakov, the genius, sometimes frowned at the way his mother conducted his affairs, but he never refused to accept her decision.

He saw his picture plastered on billboards all over the country. He read articles about himself in newspapers, and magazines. He understood that he was successful; that he was famous; that other people admired and respected him. He was the typical example of the immigrant boy who had overcome all obstacles and made good.

Then one day a sad thing happened. Kyra was taken sick and died. Iakov was grief-stricken. He

knew now how great a part of his life she had been. For a year he went into retirement.

Then, his grief overcome, he reappeared and announced that he was ready for a tour. He appointed a new manager and the tour was arranged. Curiously it wasn't as successful as previous tours. The critics were not so loud in their praise. Iakov was surprised, but contemptuous. When he announced that he would again conduct the great symphony orchestra he was told that the present conductor was quite satisfactory, thank you.

Iakov sulked. But sulking did him no good. He gave concerts, but the theaters were now never packed. Time passed and Iakov began to slip into oblivion. A doubt also crept into his mind. Had he been as great as people once thought? Like a small child he sulked again. He made no attempt to convince people he was still the world's foremost violinist.

Today Iakov still lives, but nobody knows where. People have forgotten him. Somewhere, I suppose, he is conducting a small orchestra and sulking. Quite probably that is the case.

Iakov is not successful today because he is not aggressive.

## YOUNG PEOPLE

By JOHN BROWN

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE Wednesday afternoon Sewing Club of North Lansing met weekly in the parish house and before its adjournment there were three subjects to come up for discussion. The disgraceful condition of the pew cushions, the inefficiency of the sexton, and the general intractability of present-day young people.

Today Mrs. Joel Hatfield had been responsible for the introduction of the last topic.

"I certainly make no mistake," she ended complacently, "in sending my Muriel back and forth with her father in the truck. He leaves her at the school steps and she waits afterwards in the library until he can call for her—such a nice quiet place, the library—and although sometimes it's out of the way for Joe and a nuisance, I tell him we can't be too careful nowadays!"

"Well," spoke up Julia Williams, "I make my Harold sit down by himself at one end of the car and do his homework."

Arlene Edwards was a comparative newcomer to North Lansing and she continued to baste up her apron seam rapidly before replying. Then she spoke thoughtfully. "Both my boy and girl go back and forth every day and I hope they behave themselves. Yet sometimes I wonder if a little roughhousing doesn't use up surplus energy and animal spirits that might otherwise be spent in more harmful ways!"

At that moment the telephone rang and Mrs. Edwards, who sat nearest, lifted the receiver from its hook. A second later, "For you, Mrs. Hatfield," she said.

To the conversation which followed, the others were forced to listen, although what they overheard conveyed no meaning at this time.

"Yes, is it you, Joe?"  
"Why, no, of course not."  
"Not so far as I know."  
"Why, what do you suppose—yes, I'll come right home."

She appeared agitated as she turned from the telephone and hastily folded her work. "Sorry, but I've got to go home."

Two hours later, however, the whole town of North Lansing knew that Muriel Hatfield had not returned from school.

Still greater excitement was caused when it came to light that Harold Williams had likewise failed to put in an appearance.

Why, it had been only yesterday that Harold had spoken of Muriel as a pig-headed bookworm. Yet she felt it her duty to telephone her neighbor.

"Oh, no, it is impossible!" cried poor Mrs. Hatfield. "I am sure Muriel—" she paused, for how could she repeat her daughter's frequently expressed opinion of Harold? And wasn't there after all a strange coincidence in the dual disappearances? "Thank you for calling, Mrs. Williams," she said. "If I hear anything, I'll let you know."

At that moment, the front door opened and banged shut. Then the living room door opened, and there stood Muriel. And behind her was a thin, spectacled young man who was decidedly not Mrs. Williams' son, Harold.

"Muriel!" cried her mother weakly, while her father started towards her, frowning.

"It's too late to scold, Dad!" cried the girl, and threw her arms about his neck. "John and I are married. I've been engaged for a long time, but we didn't dare tell you because we knew you wouldn't let me be married until I had finished school."

She turned to the solemn young man who had been watching the little scene with pardonable anxiety. "Son-in-law, parents! Parents, son-in-law!" she said quaintly. "Or, in other words, Mr. John Wellman, assistant librarian of the Lansing Public Library!"

## Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

BY VIRGINIA VALE  
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

WHAT'S been happening to that feminine lead in Metro's version of the stage success, "Best Foot Forward," is like the old game of "Button, Button." Lana Turner was announced for the role, then she was out and Lucille Ball was assigned to it. Then Miss Turner got it, and Miss Ball was out. After which there was another shuffle, and now—this seems final—it's Lucille's.

The role of "Smitty" in "Cry Havoc," that story of the nurses on Bataan, is another one that's been in doubt. Merle Oberon, Greer Garson—one top notcher after another was suggested for it. The beautiful Greer couldn't do it and really didn't care. She's to be co-starred



MERLE OBERON

with Walter Pidgeon again, which makes the third time, in "Madame Curie," based on the lives of the famous scientists. Merle Oberon and Joan Crawford head the cast of "Cry Havoc," with Mervyn LeRoy directing.

Samuel Goldwyn's had to borrow a "Gone With the Wind" flag. A Confederate banner was needed for "They Got Me Covered," the Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour picture, but the flag-makers said that all bunting and material were going into modern emblems and nothing could be done about making one.

Melvyn Douglas has got what he wanted—he's a private in the army now. Which means that a new leading man had to be rounded up for "Gaslight," starring Irene Dunne. And Columbia's "Port Said," it's said, has had to be put on the shelf, unless someone else can be found to take the Douglas role. Gone are the days when leading men were a dime a dozen in Hollywood!

It's a long jump from tent shows to the role of "St. Bernadette" in "The Song of Bernadette," but Jennifer Jones, a newcomer to the screen, has made it. She's been in Hollywood just since last February; David O. Selznick is responsible for her discovery.

It's announced that Orson Welles is going to do a spot of acting again, this time in 20th Century-Fox's "Jane Eyre," as "Rochester"—and it's to be hoped that audiences won't giggle in remembrance of Jack Benny's valet whenever the name is spoken. Joan Fontaine has the title role. That picture Welles worked on in Brazil, "It's All True," is still unfinished.

"Der Fuehrer's Face," the song hit that has made so many of us laugh, was written specially for Walt Disney's picture of that name in just one hour and a half—the composer, Oliver Wallace, says so. Disney had outlined his idea for a picture, and Wallace remembered a few arrogant phrases from Hitler, Goebbels and Goering, sat himself down and dashed off the song.

Sammy Kaye recently celebrated the first year anniversary of his song, "Remember Pearl Harbor," by donating another \$1,000 royalty check to the Navy Relief society. That makes the tidy little sum of \$4,000 that the song has brought them.

Joan Davis' first song, written with Dick Mack, producer of the Rudy Vallee program on which she is featured, has been recorded by Donald Dickson and a full orchestra, and may soon be spotted in a motion picture; it's titled "A Day Closer to Victory."

ODDS AND ENDS—The "Star-Spangled Banner" film short by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvania Squires is now being shown by Fox Movietone. Cleo Manning, younger sister of Lucille Ball, starts her picture career in "The More the Merrier," which stars Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. Jerry Hauser, who a few months ago was the voice of Lum and Abner's foundling baby on the air, is now an aerial photographer in the army. Ann Sheridan's movie debut, Arne Lindstrom, makes his scene in Ann's picture, "Edge of Darkness." The handyman has never seen any movies but the ones in which she has appeared.

## Kathleen Norris Says:

You Can Win a Decoration, Too

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



I asked the doctor what had happened, and he grinned at me and said, "Some of your friends at home, Bud, stopped talking about what they'd LIKE to do, and gave you back your life."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

DID you know that thousands of our fighting men are being saved by transfusions of the blood sent out to the battle fronts by their friends at home?

In the horror of this war could there be a more wonderful note of sympathy and comradeship than this, that the life that runs so secure and safe and warm in your veins should be shared with some great fallen giant of a boy, who lies white and unconscious in a faraway hospital, breathing quietly lower and lower toward death, until the help that YOU send him, from your quiet home town, begins to flow in his veins again?

Surely all modern science has given us no greater miracle; that those of us who cannot wear uniforms and sail away on the great ships can have our actual living part in the great struggle, through the plasma—the technical name of the fluid part of the blood—which is dried and sent to our sons.

But you haven't contributed yet? Why, what do you mean? You have been hearing about it and reading about it, but somehow you didn't ever clearly get it into your head what it was all about, you didn't get round to it?

Well, then, put this paper down and go telephone Mary Brown, who is one of the higher-ups in the Red Cross. Ask her where the Blood Bank is. And go there tomorrow.

Go there, by appointment, of course, four hours after you've eaten a hearty, normal meal. Drink all you want of water and fruit juice in between the meal and going to the Blood Bank, no rich drinks or milk.

### A Pint of Blood.

They prick your arm, at the Blood Bank, and draw off a pint of the blood that means life for some mother's son. Perhaps yours. And that initial prick is all you pay in pain for this experience, and that hour of going and coming is all you pay in time. After the blood is taken they give you a hot drink and a sandwich, and that's all you do for two or three months, when you do it all over again.

The blood is evaporated, packed off to the far-flung hospitals of the war fronts, and—as a surgeon-doctor told me, when he came back from Australia a few weeks ago, "just the knowledge that it is there, plenty of it, means the difference between life and death to the doctors." They mix this plasma with water, and pour it into the draining veins of the heroes who are brought in white and unconscious; and the color comes back to those ashen cheeks, and the boy opens his eyes and perhaps mutters a surprised "what's cooking?"

Yet I know one eastern city in which three hundred thousand perfectly strong and healthy men and women between the ages of 18 and 60 are going about, placidly unconscious that there are such things as Blood Banks. Many of these good folk are the ones who continually say "My dear, I'd be delighted to do something for our men, God knows, but with two boys in school and Harry working so hard, there doesn't seem to be one thing I can do!"

### So They Need Not Die.

Recently a cargo ship sailed with medical supplies from this same city, the invoice of what was required being fully checked except in one particular. Where the item, "so many pounds of plasma" was

### PAST MASTER

You know her. She is a past master at the art of evasion. No one is more eager to do her part—sometimes, if nothing interferes, she will even let you pin her down to a definite promise—to help out the next time you need her. And no one is more contrite when she fails to appear. She languishes in appealing weakness when there is blood to be given, then wastes precious energy on alibis when there is work to be done. She smiles, evades the issue, and smiles again. How lucky we are that there are so few women like her!

listed, the check against it said: "short. Sixty-one per cent."

That meant that if that life-giving fluid was destined for the veins of one thousand magnificent boys, lying wounded and faint and bleeding in naval, marine and army hospitals, six hundred and ten would die. Would be condemned to death by you, and your neighbors, and the kids in the nearest college, and the healthy, joyous young things who are flocking to the movies tonight.

Now, if you have any influence with women at all, if you belong to a club or teach in a school or if your daughter goes off every day to work in a factory or office with scores of men and women associates, appoint yourself a committee of one to get this message over to them. For this is the great modern miracle, that thousands of the men who die in base hospitals, NEED NOT DIE, and we can save them.

When you have contributed your pint of blood to the cause, you get a little pin. When you have visited the Blood Bank three times you have a special decoration. And it seems to me that there is no young person in our great country who ought not be ashamed to express ignorance of and indifference to the Blood Bank, and none who will not be proud to wear that decoration.

If I were within those stipulated years I would want to be the first of my group to wear it, and if I were a soldier's wife or a young girl I would want to have that third-time decoration to show to my husband or my sweetheart when he came home from the war.

One quiet, big, heavy man in our little town, a man burdened with the support of a beloved wife, an invalid child, an old mother and a baby son—an unassuming man who goes to an office every day, faces changing times and war taxes and restrictions with a good deal of humor, never complains—has seven times given his blood to men he will never see or know, men from whom he can never receive any thanks.

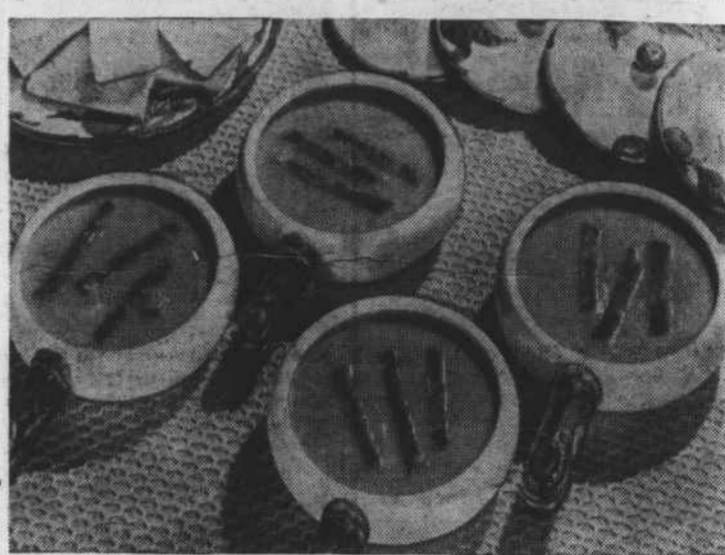
### Back to Life.

This is a real quotation from a real letter by a boy of 22, sent after the Wake Island fight to a mother in our town.

"When they threw me a rope I'd only been in the water about 15 minutes, but I was all mucked-up with heavy black oil and through the oil I could see the blood from my shoulder pulsing out the way a wave would, coming up through a hole in a rock and brimming over, and then sinking back again. It was the darndest thing you ever saw!"

"A few days later, when I was sitting up, I asked the doctor what had happened, and he grinned at me and said: 'Some of your friends at home, Bud, stopped talking about what they'd LIKE to do, and gave you back your life.'"

## HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Soup... Serve It Hot and Savory!  
(See Recipes Below)

### Savory Soups

Soup makes the meal! It used to mean that soup set tone to what was to come during the meal, but I'm willing to wager that soup will be the meal on many of these wintry days. It can be quick and easy to fix, yet nourishing and full-bodied in flavor.

Serve substantial soup as a main course for a luncheon or dinner with a salad crammed with vitamins and minerals, and a dessert.

Green split peas have long been a favorite ingredient of soup. Here they are combined with salami. Other kinds of substitutes of meats or left-over ham may be effectively substituted if you so desire.

#### \*Split Pea and Salami Soup.

(Serves 6)

- 1½ cups green split peas
- 4½ cups cold water
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ½ pound salami
- 3 cups milk
- Salt to suit taste
- Dash black pepper

Soak peas in cold water for 2 hours, in large kettle; add onions, celery, and 1½ teaspoons of salt. Bring to boiling point, cover, and simmer 2½ hours, stirring occasionally. Remove outer covering from salami and cut in small cubes or strips; add to soup (saving a few pieces for garnish). Simmer 30 minutes longer. Add milk and pepper and additional salt to suit taste. Bring to boiling point. Serve with melba toast or crisp crackers.

It's a nice custom to serve just an old-fashioned Brown Onion Soup with its garnish of toasted rye bread and cheese.

#### Onion Soup.

(Serves 8)

- 6 (1 pound) onions
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 quart soup stock
- 6 slices bread
- 3 tablespoons grated cheese

Cut onions into ¼-inch slices. Cook slowly in butter until tender and slightly browned, stirring constantly. Add soup stock, heat to boiling point, boil 2 or 3 minutes. Toast bread, put toasted cubes in each soup plate, cover with 2 tablespoons cheese. Pour the hot soup over all and serve with additional cheese if desired.

Another soup that can take the place of a main dish is a real Fish

### Lynn Says:

Spots and Stains: Holidays bring with them the inevitable stains on your linens. Since you can't avoid stains, be prepared to know what to do about them.

The American Institute of Laundering releases the information that the best way to take care of cranberry stains is to spread the cloth over a bowl and pour hot water on the stain from a height sufficient to allow the water to strike the cloth forcefully. It may interest you to know that raw cranberries weaken the strength of the cloth 25 per cent, whereas cooked cranberries only weaken it 21.1 per cent to 22.4 per cent.

Coffee stains, cocoa, and fruit juice stains wash out if the cloth is allowed to stand in a solution of cold dilute potassium permanganate for a minute or two. If the stain remains, reduce it further with an application of warm solution of sodium hydrosulfite.

Milk, cream and ice cream stains are best treated by being soaked in cool suds before washing in hot water. For candle grease stains, use a solvent such as carbon tetrachloride, sponging it on with a small pad of cotton on the cloth under which a blotter has been placed. Pat lightly but do not rub solvent.

### This Week's Menu

- \*Split Pea and Salami Soup
- \*Celery Slaw
- Rye Bread and Butter
- Sandwiches
- Baked Pear
- Milk
- \*Recipes Given

Chowder. This Chowder makes use of haddock or cod and salt pork.

### Fish Chowder.

(Serves 6)

- 3 pounds haddock or cod cut in a solid piece
- 4 cups boiling water
- 2 ounces fat salt pork
- 3 medium-sized onions, peeled and sliced
- 4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1 quart milk, scalded
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Simmer fish in 2 cups water until tender; strain, reserving liquid. Discard bones, skin, etc., cut pork fine and brown slightly. Add onions, potatoes and remaining water and cook until potatoes are tender. Combine with fish mixture. Add scalded milk, salt and pepper.

Beans are a good source of protein and can therefore be used as a meat substitute. Here is a nutritious soup with an attractive garnish of hard-cooked egg and lemon.

### Black Bean Soup.

(Serves 8)

- 1 pint black beans
- 2 quarts cold water
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 stalks celery, broken in pieces
- ¼ tablespoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon mustard
- Few grains cayenne
- 1½ tablespoons flour
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- Juice 2 lemons

1 lemon, thinly sliced

Soak beans overnight. Drain and add cold water. Cook onion 5 minutes with half the butter and add to beans. Add celery, simmer 3 or 4 hours or until beans are soft, adding more water as water boils away. Rub through sieve. Reheat to boiling point. Add lemon juice and well-mixed seasonings. Bind with remaining butter and flour mixed together. Garnish with lemon and eggs.

A piquant and colorful salad to serve with a soup combines winter vegetables with a sharp french dressing and goes well with soup.

### \*Celery Slaw.

(Serves 4)

- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 cup cooked beets, diced
- 1½ cups cabbage, shredded
- 2 tablespoons onion, minced
- ¼ cup french dressing
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine celery, beets, cabbage, onion, french dressing, salt and pepper. Chill. Serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with hard-cooked egg.

If you're too busy to make meat stock out of a meat bone and vegetables, called for in some of the soups, make a bouillon, by dissolving one of the concentrated cubes in boiling water.

For quicky soups combine some of your favorite canned soups like tomato and green pea, mushroom and chicken, bean and tomato, mushroom and celery, etc.

Try topping soups with a dash of paprika, chopped parsley, popcorn, grated cheese, toasted bread cubes, and swirls of whipped cream.

Lynn Chambers can tell you how to dress up your table for family dinner or festivities, give you menus for your parties or tell you how to balance your meals in accordance with nutritional standards. Just write to her, explaining your problem, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your answer.

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