

"Yuh Know, Susie . . . Between DAD and the Daily HERALD

I Got No Time for Love!"



*W*HAT'S the matter with Johnnie Jones? What's happened to his old carefree, cocksure opinions? Looks like Johnnie is set to drown his sorrows in an Awful-Awful. 'Cause Johnnie's troubled—and that's bad.

Last summer it was a cinch he liked blondes better. ("An', boy, Princeton isn't in it with Yale. An' you can have your ol' hockey, give me basketball every time.") But lately he's been a welter of confusion.

Johnnie's confused because he's *thinking*—and that means Johnnie's growing up. For the first time in his rip-snortin' life he's weighing both sides of the picture—all sides—every picture! Doesn't matter what the picture is. It might be the case of "College Fraternities vs. not." Or eight-cylinder cars—whether to take them vee'd or straight. Or then again, perhaps Johnnie is in that same whirlpool of indecision where most every other mentally matured American is swimming. What to do about America! What is the right thing to do? ("Gotta keep up that ol' British Fleet. So why in the heck don't they send more planes overseas? But gee, we need 'em here, too! Hope they knock Hitler for a loop. But it's a rotten shame the way some kids are picking-on Hans Schmidt in the fifth grade just because the poor guy's gotta Dutch name. Doggone all dictators! We ought to go over and clean

'em up. But, holy sunfish! If we went to war we'd probably have a dictator, too! An' then we might as well say goodbye to good ol' American liberty. Why the dickens can't I make up my mind once and for all and then forget it?")

It's tough to be unhappy, Johnnie. It's tough to have to make up your own mind. That's one trouble a lot of kids your age over in Europe don't have to worry about. Their minds are made up for them. They get only one side of the picture, the official side. Their newspapers print only the "accepted version." They never have to think. That's why they never grow up! Your dad, Johnnie—he's kept better informed than 997 Europeans out of a thousand. And you, yourself—you know more *real truth* about the world through what you read in your newspaper than a lot of foreigners three or four times your age.

Johnnie, you lost the "blind obedience" habit when you shed your knee pants. So did every other American worth his salt. And that's why there's one thing you are *not* confused about! The big serious job of being an American—what your dad calls the "responsibility of citizenship"—the job of learning to grow up to help run a mighty country that is just as much yours as it is the President's. Young as you are you sense that, and later on you'll feel it 'way deep

down, and then you'll understand the reason why!

It isn't fun right now, this job of being an American, Johnnie. We've come a long way from those carefree days when Kipling told the world we "matched with Destiny for beers." The world has drawn away from our way of life, from the kind of life where people are free to work and travel and build and save and plan and dream. It must not all become a fairy-tale, Johnnie. Not ever. You must see to that; you and Susie and all the other kids you know, Mike O'Leary and Andy MacLeish and Joe Cohen and Bill Smith and little Hans Schmidt down in the fifth grade.

How can you see to it, Johnnie? By growing up to the job of being an American *right now!* Take that job seriously; the country needs level heads today. Be hard-headed, calm, skeptical. Read, study, weigh—think things through! Analyze both sides of every question—and then reach your own decision—alone! That's in the shrewd, dry, careful, quiet, Abe Lincoln, American tradition. Do that, Johnnie, and keep fast in your heart at the same time the beauty and earnestness and tolerance and kindness that make you love your country today and you'll be keeping faith with the men in the history books who figured we were old enough to govern ourselves.

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