

Gideon Planish by Sinclair Lewis

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THE STORY: When Dr. Gideon Planish, editor of Rural Adult Education and former Dean of Kinikink College, learns that the present executives of the Heskett Rural School Foundation are not cashing in sufficiently on the Foundation funds, he sees inside possibilities. He is offered and accepts the position of Managing Secretary.

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It must not be thought that Dr. Planish did nothing at all as managing secretary of the Heskett Foundation. He took part in conferences, almost weekly conferences, promoted by colleges, libraries, municipal forums, state educational associations, and he unflinchingly told these conferences that rural education was a fine idea. He sat on committees, and if the sitting was not actual and physical, at least he had his name on the rosters of committees, scores of them. He benevolently allowed students to use the pedagogical library which Miss Nimrock had collected, and he supervised the publication of three pamphlets prepared by university instructors who had concluded, after examining all the figures issued by the state governments, that teachers could be better paid and better treated. This was called Research.

He was fond of these pamphlets, because whenever his accounts looked a little confused, he could always put down "printing and promotion" as an item of expense.

It was indeed chiefly as a literary man that Dr. Planish markedly improved upon Miss Nimrock. He gave no larger financial grants for school-garden contests, but he increased fourfold the number of letters of advice sent out monthly to rural educators: advice on whether blackboards should be greenboards or blueboards, advice on reading poetry, advice on the established code for school janitors. He sat dictating oracles all day long, stopping only to steal his information from the publications of Columbia University, the Carnegie Foundation and the Association for Adult Education.

AS a literary man, Dr. Planish also composed the Heskett Foundation's first aggressive series of fund-soliciting letters. Mr. Frisby insisted that the Foundation had enough funds so that it was not worth the bother "to circulate a lot of fourflushers that you couldn't pry a sawbuck loose from with dynamite," but Dr. Planish saw it more professionally, with the eye of vision and of the future.

The Biblical virtue of philanthropy was in this era turning into something far nobler than the impulsive handing out of a quarter. It was no longer emotion and friendliness, but Social Engineering, Planned Giving, with a purpose and a technique; it was Big Business. Dr. Planish saw that today the Good Samaritan would not do anything so silly and unsanitary as to pick up a man who had fallen among hit-run drivers. According to every rule of First Aid, the silly suburbanite might have killed the poor fellow by moving him. Today, the Samaritan would telephone to the nearest hospital and say, "Take care of him, and when I come again, I shall increase my subscription to your nationwide chain of hospitals, now headed by that great Organization Executive, Dr. Gideon Planish."

Thus dreamed the Doctor, tender heart and powerful brain running strong and true, as he took his daily nap among the steel filing cabinets in his office.

All this colonization of hospitals was as yet merely in his prophetic vision. Not for some time yet would Organized Philanthropy rank eighth among the major industries of the United States. But already Dr. Planish could foresee a wedding of generosity and efficiency which would make the Crusades look like a bonus march, and perceive that it was going to be valuable for a scholar with a wife and child to be stationed close to this waxing flood of gold.

DESPITE Frisby's doubting, Dr. Planish prepared a new letter of solicitation for the H.R.S.F., Dear Friend of Education:

This letter isn't for you. We know from our huge files that you are sound on the subject of rural

education; you realize that unless our country schools are just as well staffed and supplied as the snootiest city private school, there is no hope for our beloved America in its race against world anarchy.

But you have a friend who believes just as you and I do, but doesn't know about the HESKETT RURAL SCHOOL FOUNDATION. He doesn't realize that if he will take a mere \$10.00 a year from his cigar money, he can make that sum do \$1000 worth of imperative national good—and make him a proud Contributing Member of the H.R.S.F.

He'll get all our publications free, with the privilege of attending our Conferences and hearing the biggest men of the nation explain the solution of all rural problems. And you, dear Defender of Education, will be doing the greatest good to the country by telephoning to that Unknown Friend of Ours and giving him our address and greetings.

We can't locate your friend—YOU CAN! While you're reading this, why not lift the receiver and call his number and tell him—RIGHT THIS MINUTE!—we want to send him, FREE, the four-color booklet "OUR SECRET SHAME."

THIS letter was sent not only to all members of the Foundation, but to all persons who had promissively inquired about its work, and later sent to a general list. Dr. Kitto thought it a rather shocking letter, and Mr. Frisby thought it funny. But, in the technical term, it "pulled." With the passion for exactitude and flapping charts which is part of the New Scientific Philanthropy, Dr. Planish calculated that it cost ten cents to send out the letter, including stationery, in postage, mimeographing, filling in the booklet, overhead, and purchasing lists of persons known to have been philanthropic—which were rather coarsely known as "sucker lists," and which were sold commercially, like fly-paper. As the professional savers put it, "If one per cent of the prospects on the sucker list kick through, the cost of the campaign is covered."

To the gratification of the Doctor's love for beautiful letters, 1.37 per cent of his prospects did "kick through," and showed their devotion to education by taking out Foundation memberships.

Even Mr. Frisby was impressed. Dr. Planish had been truly ordained as a priest of Scientific Philanthropy.

And as for the pamphlet Our Secret Shame which was sent out to prospects—that was Bernardine Nimrock's old "tract, Statistics on Salaries and Attendance in District Schools, with a new cover on it."

(To Be Continued)

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY America's Card Authority

In Washington recently I had an opportunity to drop in and kibitz at the Federal Bridge League game, where 32 teams-of-four were playing. The players of Washington are proud of the blood and serum bank where they started several years ago at the Children's Hospital, and to which they contribute annually. At the game I pulled my chair

♠ 8 7 3
♥ A 8 7 2
♦ J 10
♣ K Q 10 4

Capt. Skinner Capt. Baldwin

♠ 10 2	♠ A 9 4
♥ 5	♥ K Q 10 3
♦ A K Q 9	♦ 8 6
♣ 7 4 3 2	♣ J 9 3 2

W E
S Dealer
N

♠ K Q J 6 5
♥ J 9 6 4
♦ 5
♣ A 7 6

Duplicate—None vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♥	Double	Redouble
Pass	3 ♣	Double	Redouble
Pass	3 ♦	Pass	3 ♠
Double	3 N T	Pass	Pass

Opening—♠ 8. 21

up behind the newly elected president of the American Contract Bridge League, Capt. Richmond H. Skinner, who was playing with our former national tournament director, Capt. Russell J. Baldwin. I think that Captain Skinner decided to get a little fancy in his bidding because I was kibitzing. His bid of two hearts was just a psych. East's redouble showed heart strength. The three-club bid was another psych, but once again East's redouble showed club strength. After the three-diamond bid, East's bid of three spades showed a control in that suit. Captain Skinner made a nice bid when he went to three no trump.

WORLD WAR II VETERAN ELECTED TO LEGISLATURE

NEW ORLEANS —(P)— A 24-year-old war veteran voted for the first time in his life Tuesday and was elected to the State House of Representatives the same day.

John Joseph Hamann, Jr., defeated three opponents for the post in New Orleans' first ward. Hamann lost a leg in an accident somewhere in the South Pacific area while on duty with a tank-destroyer battalion.

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HOLD EVERYTHING



What's this about you talking advantage of the housing shortage to make extra money?

Legion Child Welfare Leaders Will Confer

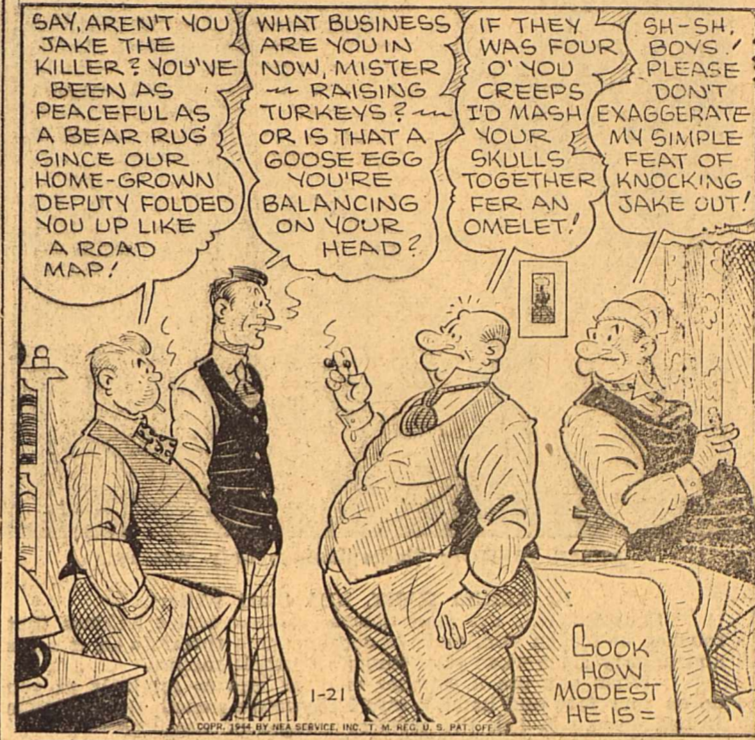
The American Legion and its affiliated organizations, the Legion Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight, and the Eight and Forty will hold their Area C child welfare school conference in Houston Jan. 26 and 27. James H. Goodman announced Friday.

Old Rubber Bands Are Cause Of Scare

LOS ANGELES —(P)— The suspicious looking package came in the mail to the mayor's office and Mrs. Albine Norton, secretary, called for help. President Van M. Griffith of the Police Commission carefully cut a hole in the side of the package. Out popped a batch of old rubber bands—someone's contribution of the salvage drive.

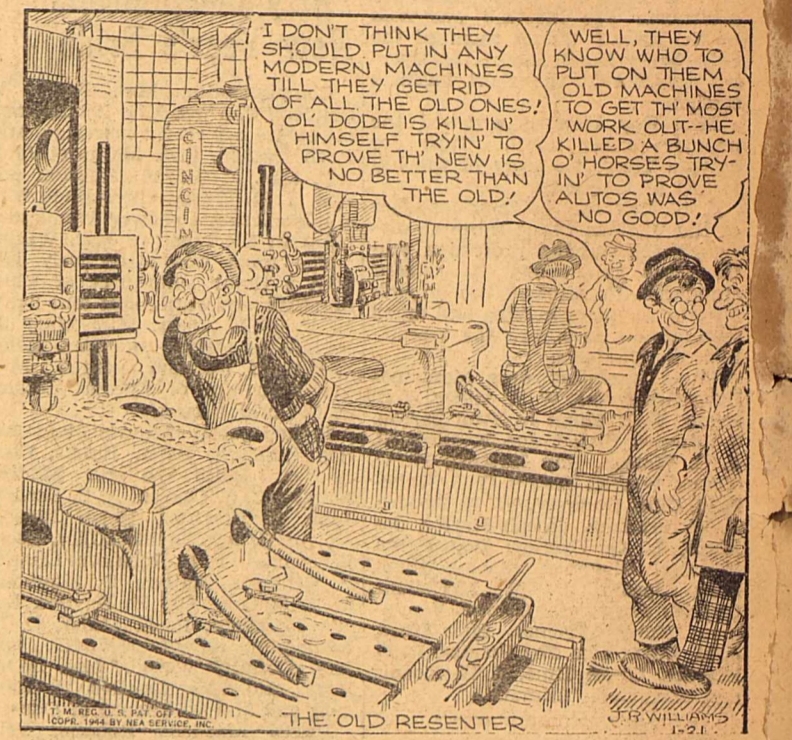
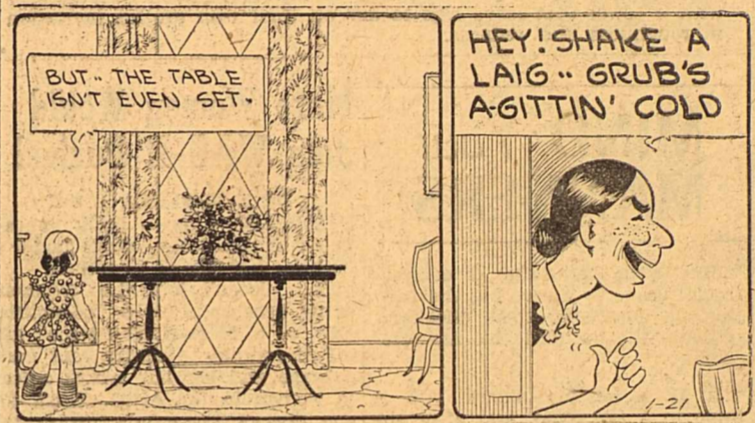
OUR BOARDING HOUSE —with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

—By J. R. WILLIAMS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

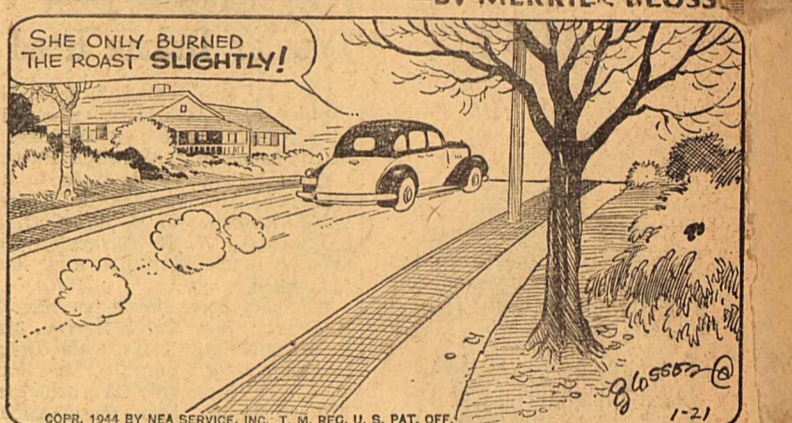
—By EDGAR MARTIN



buy MEAD'S fine BREAD

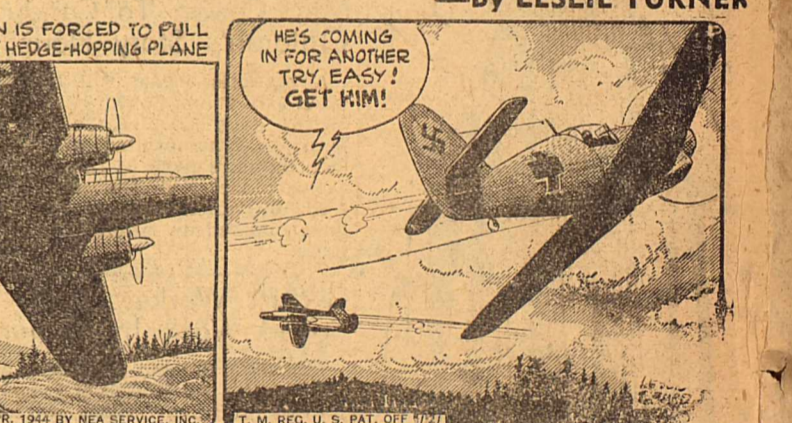
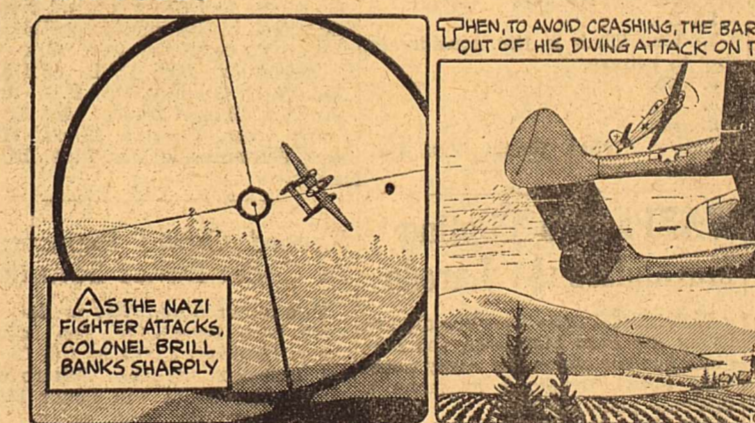
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By MERRILL BLOSS



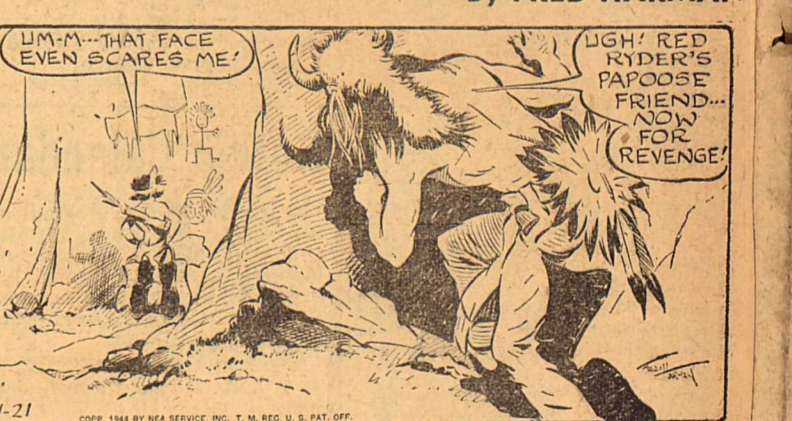
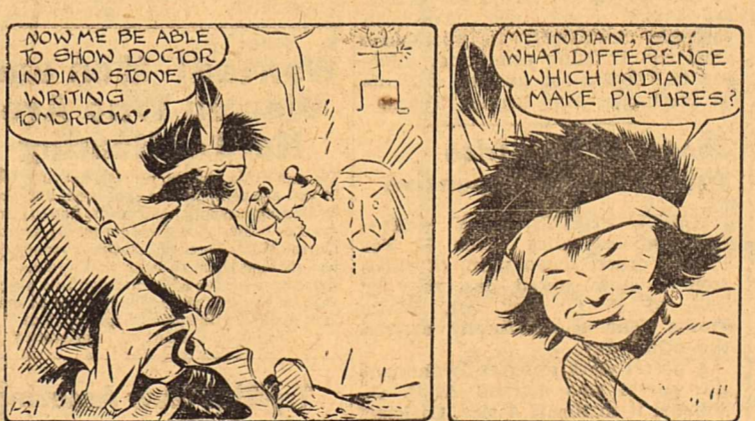
WASH TUBBS

—By LESLIE TURNER



RED RYDER

—By FRED HARMAN



ALLEY OOP

—By V. T. HAMLIN



SAVING THE WOUNDED

OF EVERY 100 SERVICE MEN WOUNDED

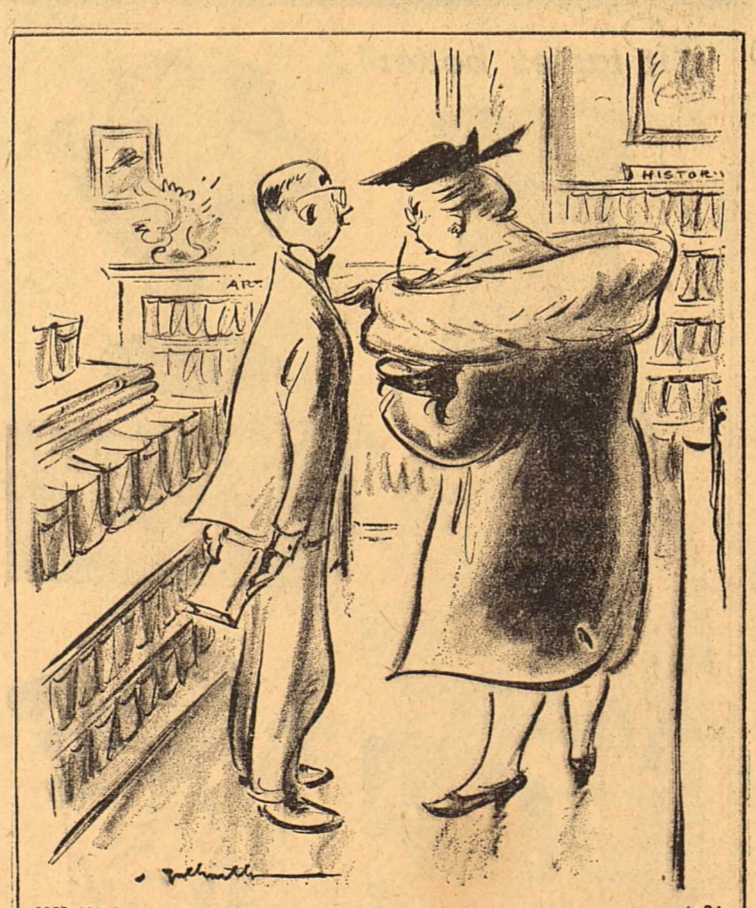
WORLD WAR I	WORLD WAR II
6 DIED	3.5 DIED
7.4 DIED	3.2 DIED
12 DIED	3.2 DIED

SOURCE: OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION GRAPHIC BY PICK-5

Jap Cruiser Sunk By British Sub In Indian Ocean Foray

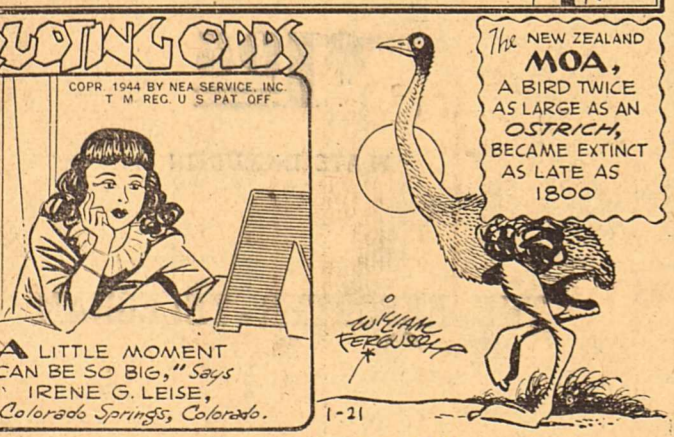
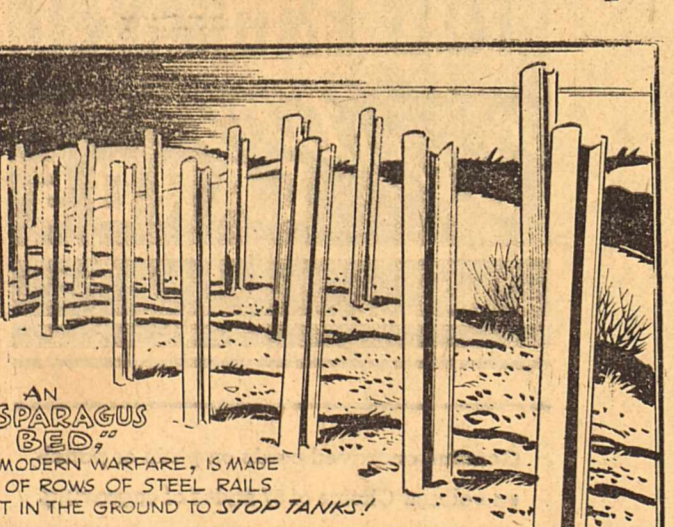
LONDON —(P)— A 31-year-old British submarine commander famed for his exploits in the Mediterranean was credited by the Admiralty Friday with sinking a Japanese cruiser in the Indian Ocean at the northern approaches to narrow Malacca Strait which threads between Malaya and the Dutch East Indies island of Sumatra.

SIDE GLANCES



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



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