

## Editorial

IT is humiliating to me to see a bright young editorial prospect, who might be a Brisbane, fall for the loaves and fishes of the business office.

Young Will Rogers, when barnstorming the state with his old man a month ago, was leaning to the editorial side. He thought the work was so interesting—always something new to do, and you meet so many interesting people.

When I heard that he was going to break in on the Star-Telegram as a cub reporter I thought I recognized another coup d'etat by Col. Amon Carter, the modest publisher, who likes everything in Texas but Dallas.

Later information by The Associated Press is to the appalling effect that Rogers, fils, has gone to work. But not as a cub reporter. Not as an office boy in the editorial department, where so many a Richard Harding Davis has learned the dangers of the split infinitive. Not in the morgue, where he might pore over the collated editorials of Marse Henry, the biography of Pulitzer and the memoirs of Northcliffe. He has gone to work as a classified ad taker.

THERE are few things less inspirational than the routine of a classified ad taker.

You sit at a six or ten position switchboard all day. This switchboard is one of the modern accomplishments of Mr. Bell and Mr. Gifford and their boys. It is so contrived that any ad taker can cut in on a call when it comes through one of the ten trunks. You see the customer should not wait.

Then you must say hello, sweetly, identify yourself and take the ad. Probably the customer has a litter of choice Persian kittens she wishes to dispose of with profit. The male kittens are more expensive than the female kittens. Their ancestry is impeccable and those interested should call at a certain address and give the dear little things the up and down. All this must be condensed within three lines of five words each. You give the lady the minimum rate for three time insertion in both the morning and the evening papers. Of course she thinks the rate is too high and you have to be informed about the price of print paper, the fact that the company has 500 people on its pay rolls, that it is a leader in civic affairs and everything, in order to make her feel that she is helping a worthy cause and getting the value for her money. Then you repeat the ad, spelling out all doubtful words clearly, check the telephone address and watch for another red light on the board.

IF you are not watching for lights and have a particularly dulcet voice and bewitching personality, you are on the selling end. Then you will get a card from the supervisor containing all the lost and found ads the opposition printed in their morning rag. You will call the advertiser with your most cooling, personal tone and advise him that he is really missing a great opportunity for coverage if the ad he used in the Daily Wheeze is not repeated in the afternoon and morning papers you so proudly represent, with their saturated coverage of the territory he is trying to reach. Really, it is difficult to understand how anyone using classified would consider the job done without trying our papers. And so on, until the master clock on the wall points to 5 o'clock, or thereabouts, and you grab up the old pocketbook, with the vanity case and lipstick and everything, and rush for the date with the boy friend.

I SEE I have mixed my sexes in the above. I was talking about a sturdy Oklahoma boy and wound up talking about girls. Really, most classified ad takers are girls. Girls, because girls have the sweetest voices and do the best telephone selling to men. I know a girl whose voice persuaded one man to repeat his ad, for a three-day run after he had found his dog, just to make the ad taker happy about it all. Think of a big rough hunk like Will Rogers raising a fine American boy to be a classified ad taker!

SALUTATIONS to Dr. Alva MacDonald, presumably sent to Norman by Governor Murray to make an investigation of the general conditions among the students and faculty at the university and to report back.

Doctor MacDonald has been on sabbatical since he left the office of United States marshal. He was last heard from in 1928 when he left the Republican party to its fate and joined up with the Al Smith Democrats.

Professor MacDonald was educated in the hard school of the Alaska gold rush. He denies ever having met "the lady known as Lou," but has often held the class in criminal jurisprudence spellbound with his reminiscences of Rex Beach, Frank Canton and the he men who made it over Chilkoot pass.

Before consolidating the office of marshal for the western district under the late Harding, Doctor MacDonald, graduated from Ed Kelly's stud poker school at El Reno, cum laude. He is not Phi Beta Kappa, but he did get a degree from his superior Harry Daugherty, during that worthy's career as head of the law enforcement agencies of the U. S. A.

Professor MacDonald's duties at Norman are not defined by statute and therefore somewhat hazy. It is reported that he is doing research among Doctor Bizzell's incunabula. Our correspondent says he is mentioned in connection with an effort to square the circle and is also looking for the head of the mathematics department who has openly insisted for years that Pi is never variable.

Professor MacDonald has not been seen around Nick Comfort's college of religion, but it would not be surprising to find him poking about the

## Council Slate Of Anti-Bond Group Chosen

Bell's Forces to Support Martin, Taylor, Jacoby And Pendleton.

Blinn Also Is Boosted

Mayor Nominee to Avoid Alliances, However, His Manager Says.

By MORRIS MOORE  
Member of the Times Staff

Four of the eight nominees for the city council were endorsed Tuesday by R. R. Bell, chairman of the anti-bond committee, as "safe, conservative men" who would be in accord with the policies on bond issues of C. J. Blinn, if he is elected mayor April 7.

Judge Bell announced that the anti-bond faction is supporting this group: John Frank Martin, ward one; J. E. Taylor, ward two; A. H. Jacoby, ward three, and Grover Pendleton, ward four.

Bell's announcement is the first move of any group or faction to select a "slate" for the April general election. Bell has endorsed Blinn and is working for his election over J. C. Walton, the other nominee, and Tuesday said that his slate of four will work in accord with Blinn's policies regarding bond issues.

**Blinn Avoids Alliances**  
A. L. McRill, campaign manager for Blinn, Tuesday said Blinn's campaign is being run independently of the council races. Whether the anti-bond slate will become the Blinn slate remains to be seen. No efforts have been made by either mayor nominee to line up a group of council candidates to run on a "ticket."

Walton's campaign, like Blinn's in this respect, is being run independently and he has no assurance from prospective councilmen that his policies can be put into effect, according to talk general in political headquarters. So far, there is little effort on the part of any candidate to team up with others for the common good, except for Bell's announcement.

Martin's opponent in ward one is Fay Thompson, incumbent; Taylor's from ward two, Ray Hanson; Jacoby's from ward three, Jack Wood; and Pendleton's from ward four, Frank Quillin.

**All Join in Vote Drive**  
Blinn, Walton and all candidates Tuesday were concentrating on getting out the vote two weeks from Tuesday. Each candidate for mayor was taking time off for short radio talks and small precinct meetings, and as yet has not listed any large mass meetings for a discussion of the issues.

Bell joined the "get out the vote" (Please turn to Page 2, Column 2)

## Temperature Rise Is State Forecast

March Winds to Prolong Their Stay, However.

Generally fair weather with a slight rise in temperature was the prediction of J. P. Slaughter, federal weatherman, for Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Monday's maximum temperature was 64 degrees with a minimum of 41 degrees, early Tuesday.

The traditional March winds probably will linger on through next week, Slaughter said.

Minnesota and Illinois reported a wet snow falling Tuesday.

## Will Rogers Says:

BEVERLY HILLS, March 24. —Two fatal plane crashes here Sunday, with a man and



woman in each plane, and both accidents a voidable. Members in each plane thought they were pilots and got in the air and tried to prove it to each other. One couple, a man and wife, were arguing who was the pilot when they took off. That's one way the auto is ahead of the plane—a woman can sit in the back seat and do all the "crabbing and gabbing" she wants to, but she can't reach the wheel. If you are going to do any arguing with your wife or lady friend, you better get it over before you get in the air. Two people just can't land a plane.—WILL.

bottles and retorts in Guy Williams' chemical cubicles.

In short, the cat is not entirely out of the bag. The herr doctor is just snooping. If there are fish to be fried following the findings of the savant from Canadian county, his excellency, Governor Murray, will have his hand on the skillet handle.