



Hope Ridings Miller

Whether He Is an Old-Timer or a Newcomer, His Characteristics Are Obvious and Unmistakable; Same Goes for Female of This Particular Species

TYPICAL WARTIME WASHINGTONIAN (male variety):

He refers to all higher-ups as if they were his old college mates; speaks familiarly, for example, of "Henry" and "Sam," even though the Vice President and the House Speaker probably wouldn't recognize him if they met him on the street, or anywhere else . . .

He is a confirmed name-dropper; leaves the impression that he dines nightly, or tosses off a daily cocktail, with some of the Biggest Men in the Government . . .

He is gregarious and curious, and while he may loudly decry the social goings-on in the Capital, he never misses any party if he can help it . . .

He takes a pessimistic view on almost everything. (It's sure to be a 10-year war" . . . "The postwar world will be worse than anything you can imagine" . . . "We probably won't have enough food or heat next winter, and there won't be even enough gasoline for buses." . . .)

He is inside the inside track on practically everything; hints mysteriously that if he told all he knew there wouldn't be many military secrets left . . .

With out-of-towners, he assumes an air of supreme importance and indicates that one has to be around Washington for quite a while before he can really find his way around . . .

If he is a cave-dweller, he speaks fondly—and incessantly—of "what a lovely city this used to be." And he goes out of his way to tell you that IF Washington IS a madhouse, the newcomers are entirely responsible . . .

If he is down from New York for a duration job, he never lets you forget he is only temporarily a Washingtonian; and he bemoans the fact there's "positively no entertainment in this town, and no place to eat and dance" . . . yet almost any evening you can find him dining out at a popular dance spot . . .

If his wife and children are not here with him, he pens plaintive letters to them—telling them how uncomfortable Washington is, how nobody can ever find a seat on bus or streetcar, and now the tropical heat is making a complete wreck of him . . . yet around 6 p. m. when you see him in an air-conditioned cocktail bar with a blonde, he looks cool and comfortable enough . . .

He is confident that affairs in his own particular office would run far more smoothly if he were put in complete charge, with no questions asked on any account.

He feels his capabilities and achievements have never been fully appreciated by either Congress or the White House; and he is convinced he deserves a better job, higher recognition, more publicity and a bigger paycheck.

TYPICAL WARTIME WASHINGTONIAN (distaff side):

She blames Mrs. Roosevelt, positively and completely, for the entire "servant problem."

Times being what they are she is doggedly determined to stick to her many war jobs right through the sizzling season. (It may be as late as July 1 before her frayed nerves force her to pack her bags and take off to cooler climes.)

Invariably, when asked to a luncheon, tea, or dinner, she wonders if she can make it . . . what with ALL the bandage rolling motor driving, and canteen serving she has to do—but somehow, she manages to get there. ("Of course, you don't mind if I wear my uniform, do you, Dear?")

She takes pains to inform society writers that she is doing "no real entertaining these days—just a few friends in, now and then, you know," but she rarely opens her doors for fewer than 50 at a time.

She deplores the publicity showered on a tight little social set in the Nation's Capital, but she loves to see her own name in the newspaper—particularly when her costumes are described in detail.

She will work for almost any good "cause" . . . but she works hardest when news photographers are around.

She knows all about the private lives of ever so many public persons.

Like the male of the species, she knows Everybody by first name. Her line of talk invariably is accented with references to—oh, well, let's say such prominent Washingtonians as *Frances Hull*, *Courtney Espil*, *Edith Gerry* and *Marion Frankfurter*, even though those particular women are among the few whose dignity does not lend itself to the first-name-on-first-meeting Capital tradition. (I've never yet heard anybody address Mrs. Hull as Frances.)

She has been thoroughly inoculated with the virus of self-importance, and she wonders if anybody in all Washington is busier than her husband; is doing more to help win the war; is making a Greater Economic Sacrifice to stay here.

She had rather talk than eat, but she eats quite a lot . . . usually at large luncheons exclusively for ladies.

She goes dreamy-eyed talking about what she and her family will do after the war. They will retire to some quiet place, she tells you softly, and spend the rest of their tired lives far from the madding crowd that IS Washington. You realize, of course, war or peace, she will never leave . . . for long. This town is a dish, and she knows it.

Many Positions Beckon to High School Students

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with employment opportunities for women and children in the District of Columbia. Tomorrow's story will tell of housewives' part-time job openings.

By Genevieve Reynolds

Good student, poor student, boy or girl—there are plenty of job openings for high school youngsters. Biggest cry is for typists. Next in demand are clerical workers, accountants, bookkeepers and telephone operators. Hence 16-year-old Sallie or 14-year-old Mary can swing easily \$1440, provided it is a Government job.



GENEVIEVE REYNOLDS

"There are too many jobs for youngsters," declares Mrs. Mildred S. Percy, head, department

of guidance and placement for the District of Columbia public schools." The kids are getting inordinately high salaries, in some cases many make more than the teachers. These high salaries are doing something to the children. It is giving them a faulty idea of worth, which probably will embitter the children who haven't had sufficient experience to weather the post-war letdown."

So great has been the clamor for high school children's help that various Government agencies vied with each other in recruiting the youngsters. Private industry's voice was lost in the tumult—it could not compete with the high salaries. For awhile so many assemblies were called for recruiting that the kids began to laugh and poke fun. Also, they learned quickly to dicker for higher salaries, according to Mrs. Percy. However, she pointed out that since civil service had been called in to hold examinations and do the recruiting all at once, more order had been established in the schools.

The Children Strut

What are the adolescent's reactions to the easy jobs and high pay? "They get the impression 'We are needed,'" explained Mrs. Percy. "'We are big shots,' they say, and strut accordingly."

Her greatest concern is that the children lured by the high salaries will like their economic independence so well that they will have little inclination to return to school at the end of the summer or war, to complete their high school training. If the jobs were specifically summer ones, Mrs. Percy wouldn't worry so much.

In order to encourage youngsters to complete their education, the District schools are urging the establishment of school counseling programs. This is to encourage those who left to take war job to come back to night school or after the emergency to reenter day classes.

"If such a consultation service is established," said Mrs. Percy, "the boys and girls will come back." In the meantime, the school placement officers are handing the students the green E. E. S. cards (Educational Experience Summary) prepared by the United States Office of Education in cooperation with the War Department, the War Manpower Commission, the Farm Production Administration of the United States Department of

Most difficult work to sell to the children are the farm jobs, where the pay is much less than in the city. Finally, after much talking and recruiting by the teachers, a sufficient number of youngsters has been obtained. The two selling points used were patriotism and physical fitness. The boys want to get to the country to toughen up for the Army; others considered it a duty to produce food for victory. Teachers saw in the farmers' demands a wonderful opportunity to impart a new type of education.

"I think this is an excellent opportunity for city boys and girls to learn farm language, to discover the problems of the farmers. He or she might find some aptitude heretofore unrecognized," stated Mrs. Percy. "After the war is over and when laborers return to the farm, I hope the farmers can continue arrangements for employing school boys and girls. I should like to see the boys and girls get school credits for the work when they do a good research or notebook job."

This week finds many high school girls—minimum age is 14—at Camp Mil-Bur for Victory Farm Volunteers and Women's Land Army. These girls under the supervision of counselors and staff members will help the farmers in Anne Arundel County, Md., harvest their crops. Boys will go to other nearby

camp to aid farmers. The harvesting period continues until after Labor Day.

Registrations may be made through the local school organization or through Miss Dorothy Emerson, Girls Club agent, College Park, Md. Her telephone number is Warfield 3800, Branch 237.

What with Government and industry begging for help, the high school students can take their choices of jobs as messengers in the U. S. Government at \$1260, telephone operators, clerks, technical or scientific aides. Salaries with the Government are higher. In private business there is a big demand for messengers, office machine operators, clerks, typists, file clerks, store clerks, managers. Above all there is the continuous cry for more typists.

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Hot Water Bath in Minutes (pints and quarts)	Oven 250 in Minutes (pints and quarts)
15 minutes	30 minutes
5 minutes	15 minutes
15 minutes	30 minutes
25 minutes	60 minutes
5 minutes	15 minutes
20 minutes	50 minutes
5 minutes	15 minutes
25 minutes	60 minutes
15 minutes	15 minutes
50 minutes	50 minutes
minutes	minutes

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