Opening Announcement

ANNOUNCER: How would you like to have a magic carpet, gang, and fly over this country of ours? Wouldn't you like to fly over the big buildings of New York, dive down to visit the Indian villages in New Mexico, zoom over to Detroit to watch our great automobile plants, flip your wings at the Grand Canyon and Boulder Dam, dip down for a salute to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, and soar over our great white-capped Rocky Mountains? It would be fun, wouldn't it?

Well, I guess you can imagine how excited a bunch of boys and girls from Europe were, when they saw all this and more on a whirlwind sightseeing tour of the USA recently.

These boys and girls from Switzerland from Turkey, from Ireland, Germany, Luxembourg and France... from all the European countries taking part in the Marshall plan. They were invited here to talk at a gathering of high school students in New York. But before they told American young people about their countries, we gave them a chance to see something of ours.

There were thirty-four of those young Europeans and when they arrived, they didn't know each other. They spoke different languages, had different customs, and were just as far apart from each other as they were from the boys and girls of America. But their shyness didn't last long - it never does when people really get together. They were able to see that millions of different kinds of people live happily together in this country. They learned that their own differences in religion, background and customs didn't prevent them from being friends. And when they went home, they took something with them - the idea that different ancestries and creeds don't have to be a barrier between people. That all we need is to know each other and to work together, and we can live together in peace.
ANNOUNCER: Ever visit an office where they have to handle a lot of mail, gang? Sometimes there are too many letters for one man to sign and then his secretary uses a rubber stamp to imitate his signature. Sometimes she gets careless and stamps a letter or memo as approved before it's been carefully read, and that's why in our everyday lingo, the expression "to rubber stamp" something has come to mean okaying it without giving it your full attention.

Gang, for the love of mud, don't ever get into the habit of "rubber stamping" ideas. Ideas are swell, let's have lots more of them, but they should always be carefully looked at before you accept them. People who get into the sloppy habit of rubber stamping ideas find themselves approving all sorts of half-baked notions. That's how people are apt to get taken in by prejudice, for instance. Somebody hands 'em some phony superstition or rumor about folks of a different race or religion and because they don't really check it and mark it "no good" then and there, it gets circulated around and causes a lot of trouble.

Don't make that mistake yourselves, boys and girls. Look at every idea carefully. You'll find that if you "rubber stamp" a falsehood based on prejudice, it may snap back at you like a rubber-band.
ANNOUNCER: On the inside, boys and girls, everybody in the world looks alike. You and the Indians, the Eskimos and the Chinese, the Negroes and the Europeans. Honestly! It's true. We've all got the same kind of blood, the same kind of lungs and heart, the same number of bones, our eyes work the same way, and we have the same fine apparatus for hearing and smelling. And why not? Once, long ago, we all looked alike on the inside and the outside too. Because whatever our differences now, we all belong to the same family.

Sure, there are differences now. That's obvious to all of us. But they aren't very important. Question of skin color and types of hair, mostly... the people in eastern Asia have a yellowish skin, the people in Africa have darker skins and tightly curled hair. Those of European stock have a lighter skin, and more hair on their bodies.

And even for these minor differences there's a pretty good explanation. You see, the Africans lived under a blistering hot sun. So probably their dark skins were developed as a protection against the heat - just as you get a sun-tan on a good summer's day. The Europeans or Caucasians didn't need protection from the sun so their skin is lighter. On the other hand, they needed warmth and that's why they developed more hair on their bodies. Most of the differences in people's looks developed for just such practical reasons as that, years and years ago.

The funny thing is, that there's just as much difference between people of one race or group as there is between people of different races. Look around you, for instance. You see blonde hair and black, blue eyes and brown, curly hair and straight, all in members of one race. It makes you realize doesn't it, how unimportant looks really are. It's what's inside that matters - and there we're all the same.
SUPERMAN: Boys and girls, did you ever try to pick up a hot potato, straight out of the oven or out of a picnic fire? Ouch!!!

You've forgotten how hot those Idahos can really get. And then you pick one up, and you yell, and you toss it from left hand to right because it's so sizzling hot you can't stand to hold it more than a second.

Well, gang, some ideas are like baked potatoes. They're just too hot to hold. They get tossed around from one person to another and they harm a lot of folks who take hold of them. Ideas based on prejudice, for instance. Some guy starts a rumor—that so-and-so is different, let's say, just because he has a different religion or race or comes from another country. The troublemaker who begins the rumor knows that his idea is dangerous stuff to hold. So he chucks it over to the next guy. And the next guy if he's foolish, tosses it on to somebody else. You can see why such stories are dangerous. People often don't hold on to them long enough to really think about them. They just keep passing them along, regardless of whether they'll burn others.

Gang, if a hot potato burns your fingers, you put it down and let it cool. Well, the same thing is true about prejudice. If somebody throws an idea your way that's apt to burn you, or others, don't pass it on. Leave it alone. That's the way you can change an idea full of burning prejudice into pretty cold potatoes!
Boys and girls, did you ever see one of those jack-in-the-box toys? You open the top and whango, with a loud squawk, out pops a bright colored little man. It's automatic; he springs up whenever you open the box.

Well, a lot of prejudiced windbags remind me of a jack-in-the-box. Just give them a chance, and they pop up with a mouthful of loud nonsense. They are the ones who spread silly stories about other people — sounding off with stupid prejudice. But they make such a lot of noise about it that they do a lot of harm. And they never tire out, the way they pop up over and over again with a new squawk.

Ever notice what a toy store jack-in-the-box looks like? A clown, with a great big head that's hollow inside. Well, these windbags are just as brainless, always springing up with falsehoods and vicious rumors. That's why nobody with sense likes to let them out into the open. If you meet up with one of those loud squawkers, gang, he's one clown you don't want to play with. Shut him up, even if you have to sit on him — and put the lid down on all his nonsense.
Everybody knows that when you take a snapshot with a camera, you've got to hold the camera steady. Also, you've got to have it in proper focus --which means that the lens, or eye of the camera, has to see the picture sharply and clearly. Otherwise, your photograph will be all blurred.

Well, boys and girls, in everyday life, you can use those same rules in order to get a clear picture of what's going on around you--

Keep your mind steady. Don't get jiggled and joggled by a lot of phony ideas based on prejudice.

Be sure you're looking at people in proper focus. Here's what I mean-- Suppose some new kid moves into your neighborhood, or you meet some new kid in school. If you look at him in terms of his character and personality, or the interests you both have in common, well then, you're looking at him clearly. You're seeing him for what he is. And, if you like the picture he presents, well, no reason why you can't both be good friends.

But suppose you look at him from the wrong angle. Let's say, you look down on him because of his race. Or you put him in a false light because his religion happens to be different from yours. Naturally, you're giving yourself a blurred picture of what he's really like.

Using the wrong exposure on a camera means losing worthwhile film. And exposing other people to silly prejudices may mean losing worthwhile friends.

It also means you're not developing properly!
SUPERMAN: Gang, did you ever hear of the sailor's friend - the North Star? Long before men had compasses, sailors used to set their course by the North Star at night, and follow straight to their destination. And after the compass was invented, around seven hundred years ago, sailors had another sure guide - the little magnetized needle on the compass which points always to the north.

Well, gang, we all have a sort of compass or North Star if we want to follow it. A guide right in our own minds - call it common sense, call it truth, call it anything you like. If you follow it, you'll get where you want to go. If you don't follow it, you can sail around in circles, never getting anywhere at all.

Take an example. Suppose a new boy or girl comes into your class at school. Suppose he seems a bit different - has a different kind of name, or a different religion. Well, your common sense will tell you that he's not different at all. He likes to play the same games that you do. He studies the same books that you do. He thinks and acts the same as you and your friends. But if you didn't follow that little needle in your head which points in the right direction, you might not make friends with him. And then you'd be losing out.

In everyday life, you don't need any maps or charts, as long as you follow that little compass of common sense, gang. Stick to it, and you'll always be on the true course.
ANNOUNCER: Boys and girls, did you ever open a trunk stuffed full of old clothes? Remember that odor of mothballs, a sort of musty-fusty smell? Right away you knew those things had been locked away for a long time.

Well, some people have ideas which seem as if they've been picked in mothballs. Worn-out, old fashioned ideas. Like believing that people are different just because they have a different race, or religion, or speak with a foreign accent. We all know how musty that kind of thinking is.

Now, I don't know much about housekeeping, but my wife tells me that it's a good idea to take old clothes out and air them every now and then. She hangs them in the sunlight and examines them carefully to make sure they're good and clean.

Well, people with old fashioned ideas never bother to do that. Those people are in for a shock if they ever inspect their stored-up ideas. They may find out that they're full of holes!
Closing Announcement

SUPERMAN: All over the country, we've had some mighty big blizzards - snowstorms that blanketed our cities and towns under a couple of feet of snow. Blizzards aren't like ordinary snowfalls - they last much longer. The snow piles up in high drifts. Why, a real bad blizzard can bury a whole community. Cars get stuck, houses get snowed in, electricity and water supplies often go off. In lots of places, it's hard to get food and all folks can do is wait for the snow plow to dig 'em out.

The snow looks pretty at first, but a bad blizzard is never quite so much fun as it started out to be. Well, it's the same way with prejudice. To some people, ideas based on prejudice look attractive at first - like that first fall of snow. They hear some silly story that makes them feel superior to people of a different race or religion. And they tumble for it, right in over their heads, and then more and more prejudice keeps piling up on them.

It isn't so funny when they're buried under it, floundering to get out. What they need is a special kind of plow to dig them out. They need common sense to clear the road for them. Otherwise they're in danger of turning into human icicles with all that stupid prejudice freezing their hearts solid.

Boys and girls, if you hear some joker spouting stupid rumors about other people, tell him you're not interested. Tell him you "don't catch his drift". That's the best way to stay out of the storm!
Remember the little nursery rhyme you recited when you were a little kid. You probably recited a certain famous nursery rhyme. Remember how it goes?

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean.
And so between the two, you see, they licked the platter clean."

You probably didn't think much about that rhyme when you were very little, but let's think about it for a minute right now.

Evidently Mr. and Mrs. Spratt got along just fine, and you can see why, can't you? They had very different tastes when it came to food. But each one managed to be well-fed and enjoy what he or she was eating.

Well, just as in the Spratt family, you'll find folks with different tastes or preferences in any family. Your father may like to read one kind of book, and your mother, another. You may enjoy certain programs on the radio, while your Uncle Willie—if you have one—enjoys other kinds. But in order to get along, naturally, you respect each other's different tastes and preferences.

Now let's apply the case of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt to everyday life. You might say that we're all members of one big family—the human race. Sure, we vary in some degree. We come from different backgrounds. We worship at different churches. The shape of our noses, the slant of our eyes, the shade of our skin may vary. But these are very slight differences, really. You wouldn't want everybody to be exactly alike, any more than you'd want everyone in the family to want the same part of the chicken at Sunday dinner.

They say it takes all kinds of people to make the world. Well, if you ask me, that's what makes the world such an interesting place to live in.
ANNOUNCER: If you've ever watched a carpenter, you've noticed that he has two tools which help him to keep things straight. One is the plumb--the little weight on the end of a chalked string which marks up-and-down straight line for him. The other is the "spirit level" which shows him if his horizontal measurements are straight.

In everyday life, we can't take a spirit level out of our pockets, of course, to help us think straight. But we do have a tool that's even better—if we know how and when to use it. That's our common sense.

I'll tell you a perfect time to measure whether or not your thinking is straight—- Suppose there's a new family on your block who have a strange-sounding name. Anybody who hesitates to make friends with them for such a reason is going in for some mighty crooked thinking. Your common sense will tell you that it isn't fair to condemn folks without really knowing them. And being on the level with others means you're being level-headed yourself.
I've looked at mud puddles only a few inches deep. And I couldn't see beneath the surface, I couldn't see bottom.

And yet down in Florida, I've seen pools or lagoons hundreds of feet deep where the water was so clean and clear, and the sunlight so bright, that I could peer straight down. The gleaming, many-colored rocks at the bottom seemed almost within my grasp.

In other words, very often you can see much better into deep water when your vision is clear than into shallow water where the mud and dirt obscures your vision.

That's certainly true when it comes to looking at other people. When you judge others with muddy ideas based on prejudice, you're not going to see very far beneath the surface. Prejudiced notions are all discolored; they're composed of stirred-up rumors and exaggerations, falsehoods about the other fellow's race or religion. But because they're so discolored, a lot of silly people accept them without realizing how shallow they are.

When you look into the actual, important facts about others, then you get a much deeper view. To judge the other fellow properly, you've got to look at his character and ability. That takes clean, clear vision. It also takes friendliness and real interest on your part.

You meet some new kid. Maybe his background or religion or skin color is different from yours. But that's not how you judge him. Not if you want to find out what he's like, deep down at rock bottom.

You'll find that, deep-down inside, most other kids have something worthwhile to offer you. Friendship and common interests in the same games and sports, and, oh, lots of things.

You'll never find them if prejudice obscures your view.
Opening Announcement

(MEMO) "Ready to come aboard? Hard Aweigh!" The gang, that's the
shout of the sailing shipmen as they race their swift, sleek boats across
the windy lake. There are mighty few things more exciting or beautiful
to watch than tall white sails singing their way to victory.

Here are some interesting side-ights on how to sail. Too busy gang,
the only way a sailboat can move is if the wind pushes it. And, should a
sailboat by some mistake go directly into the wind, then the wind will push
the boat backwards, instead of forward. To avoid this, a smart skipper sig-
sees his boat back and forth until he can turn it to a new direction where
the wind is on his side. This sig-seesing is called "tacking" and it's a
vital part of sailing.

After the skipper and his crew have finished tacking one lap of the
race, they have to make a very sharp turn and go off to another direction.
This sharp turn is called "coming about," and it's the most difficult part
of the race, because here's where you can lose your speed, and the race!

With precision timing, the crew working together, must shift the big
sails from one side to another, foiling them with lightning speed. Then
they must switch the back stays that hold up the mast. All this has to be
done with split second accuracy and perfect teamwork while the skipper stands
and shouts, "Ho-oy! To come about! Ho-oy Aweigh!"

Yes gang, it's teamwork that sheets the sail boat past the final marker
to victory. For teamwork is the formula that gets all victories won. That's
how our nation won its great victory in 1776. Then we gained our independ-
ence. That's how we won world leadership and greatness down through the
years — by teamwork.

Americans of every color and religion worked together to achieve these
victories. Alone, not one American could have done it. Together, all
Americans did it! Not in our country, wherever a job has to be done, a step taken to be taken, the cry goes up to all Americans, "Ready to come about!" And all Americans answer, "About!"
ANNOUNCER: Song, the other with the Cleveland Indians, top team in the American League, were looking over a prospective pitcher. Manager Lou Boudreau and Cleveland's Vice-President, Hank Greenberg, watched the tall right-hander make fifty pitches to them. Boys and girls, only four of these pitches missed the strike zone.

That was all the boys had to see before they went to work and get the signature of the future Faige on the Cleveland contract.

For one song, Faige Faige is one of the greatest pitchers of all time. He broke into minor league baseball way back in 1929, and in 1933 his record for strike outs in one game was eight, the same as Bobby Feller's record.

But even though we baseball players these days came from all over the country to watch Fortel's pitch, no major league team ever signed him up. For back in those days, a figure was never signed by a major league team, regardless of his ability.

Well, things sure have changed since then, boys and girls. Today the baseball industry has wised up. Marine veteran Bill Veeck, President of the Cleveland Indians, summed it all up when he said, "Faige was signed in accordance with our policy of getting the best available material regardless of cost. We are convinced he is the best available player who has a chance to help us win the pennant."

And there's no doubt about it. The match will help them do it, if anybody can.

Song, take a tip from President Bill Veeck—- a man who really knows baseball. When lining up your neighborhood team, make sure you don't miss up on a good bet. Get the best available player, and never let his race influence your decision to accept him. Remember song—-baseball is one good where "color blindness" gives you a better chance to win.
SUPERMAN: Boys and girls, is there a witch living in your neighborhood? Does she
make the milk in your ice-box turn sour? Does she transform the kids on your
block into toads and tree-stumps? Oh, gang, you can stop laughing at me,
I'm only joking. Outside of fairy-tales or a Walt Disney movie, everybody
knows that witches don't exist.

But hundreds of years ago, boys and girls, most people really believed in
witches, along with ghosts and hobgoblins. Back in what we call the Middle
Ages, folks sat around at night, half scared to death. Every time they heard
a sound from the woods—probably some old hoot owl—they'd shiver and shiver,
"Oh-oh, the witches are out tonight, riding their broomsticks." And when the
crops failed or the milk turned sour, they said it was witchcraft.

You see, they didn't know any better. There were almost no schools in those
days. And no books to tell them the truth; and, anytime, they couldn't read.
So it's understandable, considering the dark, ignorant times, how superstitious
people were.

Today there's no excuse for believing in witches or witchcraft. But cer-
tain folks, on the half-sitten side, do fall for equally sick-eyed notions.
Just imagine: with books, newspapers, schools, the radio, and on and on—all
calling overtime to teach us the true facts—they quash the degenerate balderdy-
superstition about a motor case, or how the color of a man's skin makes him
better than another man.

Modern science tells us there isn't a grain of evidence to support any
such nonsense. Any dope who believes it might just as well believe that the
next old lady he meets can turn him into a tree-stump!
Remember the fable about the shepherd boy? It's one of Aesop's Fables, and probably most of you have read it. This shepherd boy used to shout, "Wolf, wolf!" to scare the people in his village. They'd come chasing to the pasture, naturally, to save their sheep. And then the boy would keep at them: "Oh, no, you dephts, I was only kidding." Well, he pulled this gag a couple of times and the villagers were burned up. Then, one fine day, the big bad wolf really came. And this time when the boy shouted "Help, wolf!", the villagers said, "Let's not be suckers again." So Mr. Wolf had asurprisingly real consisting of Joe, the shepherd boy.

Well, the moral of this yarn, Aesop tells us, is that sooner or later a liar is going to get it in the neck, and he right that is. And how true is that there's a certain kind of liar who always tries to play the rest of the crowd for suckers. Often, like Joe Shepherd the Misbehavin', their best way of attracting attention is to raise the phony cry of alarm.

For instance, in Germany, you know, that's how Hitler and his gang got control. The Nazis had a special "Help, help, the big bad wolf" cry. It consisted of slogans and slanders against the Catholic, the Jews, and various minority groups. Well, as we know, the German people fell for Adolf's ranting, bick, Idiot, and whiner.

They sent him their "Vaters-op, Big Chief Sitting Bull. He kept telling 'em more and more lies. Told 'em they were the masters of the world. Well, you know what happened. Adolf and his gang got it in the neck, but good. But then, so did the German people for not being up enough.

We're a lot easier in this country. Alarmed slogans intended to inflame innocent people or groups have a phony ring in our ears. We can spot the phony hate-mongers a mile off. They're the real danger.