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1. DICK SMITH, WHB program director, is m.c. of Kansas City high school quiz show, "It Pays to Be Smart," broadcast every Thursday at 7 p.m. This picture was made at Washington High School. A different school is featured each week.

2. BANDLEADER BOB CROSBY clowns with Arbogast on WHB "Club 710." For Arbogasts by Arbogast see page 66.

3. "BOX 13" starring Alan Ladd is one of the great new shows on WHB this winter. Ladd plays writer who advertises for adventure. Hear him at 3 p.m. every Sunday.

4. "THE DAMON RUNYON THEATRE" stars John Brown as "Broadway," in shows based on the late Damon Runyon stories about Broadway characters. Hear it every Thursday at 8:30 p.m. on WHB.

5. WHEN ASKED if the Kansas City Blues would win the American Association pennant this year, George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, (right) the new Blues manager, just winked! Others at the table, left to right, are: Lee MacPhail, farm director of the New York Yankees; Tom Greenwade, famous Yankee scout; and Larry Ray, WHB sports director.
Foreword

With this February issue, Swing begins its seventh year of publication. Originally published monthly, we changed in mid-year, 1949, to every other month. The magazine now appears each February, April, June, August, October, December.

WHB sends it to advertisers (local, regional, national); to sales managers, advertising managers, and advertising agency executives—people interested in the broadcast advertising medium. Cook Paint & Varnish (who own WHB) send Swing to architects, property owners who buy paint, painting contractors, Cook Paint dealers and users of industrial paints.

Swing’s readership makes the magazine content and character unique. We’d like you to think of it as a friendly call on you from your friends at Cook’s or WHB.

You won’t find too much in it about us. Rather, we try to bring you, each issue, a few thought-provoking articles . . . some reading matter of informative value and human interest . . . occasional essays and criticism . . . and a few laughs.

This is a time, seems to us, when America especially needs the tonic of laughter. Not as escape. Just as a tonic.

For these are grim times. An era when the United States will win and maintain—or lose forever!—its position of world leadership, its texture as the America we know and love. This is a time for faith—and works. A time when we need to think clearly, speak truly, act with decision and fortitude.

It is a time of belt-tightening. A time for austerity—or else! With it all, we must relax . . . occasionally. Swing—“an apparatus for recreation”—hopes to help you relax.
Visitors pay with their billfold for the glamour and gaudiness of Chicago "night life."

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

EARL W. really wasn't a reckless man. A well-dressed, somewhat heavy executive in his early fifties, he came to Chicago to attend a sales meeting, with no thought of getting involved with a woman.

In his small Ohio home town he had a splendid reputation and was considered a pillar of the community. His name was high on the letterhead of any group organized for a worthy cause. He was successful in business, and loved his wife and family. Friends thought of him as a moderate social drinker. He never made a spectacle of himself at parties or the country club dances.

Far from being the typical conventioneer, he avoided getting involved in several parties planned for Chicago's west-side honky tonk belt. He had dinner with a senior member of his firm, took the man to his train, and then returned to the hotel to call his wife.
However, the long distance operator couldn’t put through his call. The telephone at home was busy. Recalling that this was his wife’s night to entertain her club, and that most of the women who were members couldn’t be in the same room with a telephone for more than five minutes without using it, he asked the operator to try again in half an hour. With nothing to do but wait, he went down to the cocktail lounge for a drink.

When the operator rang his room forty minutes later to report that the line was still busy, Earl W. hadn’t returned. Two hours later he was still away—and by that time had forgotten the telephone call and, temporarily, about his wife. He was very much occupied telling an attractive, stylishly dressed young woman of his early business struggles. She was an exceptionally eager and sympathetic listener.

At one o’clock the next afternoon—when he awoke in a strange hotel room with a pounding head and no money—Mr. W. couldn’t remember how he had started talking to the girl at the next table in the cocktail lounge. He could only recall that she seemed to be very well-bred—not at all the pick-up type. He had always told himself that he was a good judge of women.

She wore a badge for some convention and had identified herself as the secretary to the sales manager of a manufacturing company in California. Her explanation of what she was doing alone in the cocktail lounge had satisfied Mr. W. “They wanted me to go on one of those parties,” she had told him, “but I don’t go in for that sort of thing. I’d much rather have a quiet scotch and soda and get a good night’s sleep. It’s awfully nice of you to buy me a drink.”

He recalled ruefully that there had been many drinks, and that the young woman had numerous opportunities to see his well-stuffed wallet. During the four hours until closing time they had grown progressively fonder of each other, with Mr. W. remembering pleasurably that he had been considered very attractive to women during his college days.

Although the girl was definitely not the kind a man would invite up to his room for a nightcap, he somehow considered it a compliment when she suggested that they have one in hers. She made it seem like the most natural thing in the world that two warm friends should finish a bottle of scotch together. She neglected to mention that she planned to add knock-out drops to his share and rob him of $300.

Mr. W. got back to his own room feeling stupid and foolish, but delighted that apparently no one had been trying to find him. There were no messages or phone calls, and the credit manager was very courteous about cashing a check. As he counted the money he began to plan how he would explain that incomplete phone call when he got home. He had, of course, no intention of mentioning his experience to anyone. It remained a secret for two years, until he got a little tight one night and confided in a close friend who is a well-known private investigator.
“Actually he was lucky,” Mr. W.’s friend pointed out. “The girl just knocked him out and stole his money. The fact that she didn’t attempt blackmail indicates she was working alone. She could have rigged him for a shake-down by taking her clothes off after she knocked him out, with a confederate shooting a picture of her leaning tenderly over him. That’s a cute pose to threaten a man.”

The girl was not a prostitute but a knock-out expert specializing in working conventions. She had a convention badge and took the trouble to prepare herself carefully for her working hours in hotel cocktail lounges. The badge helped a great deal. She was readily accepted by conventioneers as one of the gang. No one ever bothered to check up on its authenticity.

There are usually “live ones” around—conventioneers out for a large evening, local husbands who have managed to miss the last train to the suburbs, and a few paunchy wolves who hang around the place regularly. While the waiters pad the checks and the strippers take a chance on getting pneumonia, the bartenders search for a “chump.” They can usually spot one by the length of the bar, no matter how bad the lighting. Visiting firemen or substantial local business executives are preferred because they seldom “make a beef.” Their pride or reputations won’t let them.

The majority of the hostesses who work in bars or cheap night clubs are not knock-out queens or jack-rollers. However, there is no evidence either that they are high minded young women who are working their way through college, or supporting a sick relative. They are paid by the management for listening to the customer talk about themselves and getting their feet stepped on by those who fancy themselves as wonderful dancers.

These “B” girls are paid by the drink. During the course of a long night, they can consume an enormous quantity of cheap vermouth. This billed as bonded liquor and is called “the special.” It is considered a taste for a customer to try to determine what the lady who finds him fascinating is really drinking.

One reveler who had been pouring “specials” into a hostess for more than three hours at ninety cents each was startled to overhear her tell a comrade, “Gee, I wish we could get one of here and have a drink.”
A GOOD hostess — in her prime
and working a real "live one"—
can down three to four "specials"
while he is finishing a single drink.
Her average will run from ten to
fifteen an hour. There is always a
willing waiter at her elbow. The man-
agement sees to that.

In many strip-tease joints the girls
in the show throw on a few clothes
between disroblings and join the cus-
tomers with the purpose in mind of
adding to their income. As one strip-
ner explained, "I do all right in this
business. I've got a good figure, a cast-
iron stomach, and a 'tin' ear."

Usually a "B" girl's interest in a
chump lasts only to the end of the
night or the end of his money—
whichever comes first. Unless she is
doing a little work on the side, after
hours, she will brush him off at clos-
ing time — leaving via the back door
with the alacrity of a stenographer
shutting her desk at five o'clock.

Whether he comes from New York,
Pawhuska, Oklahoma, or just around
the corner, the customer is always
wrong when the time arrives for him
to pay his check. This precept of the
clipping business was forcefully illus-
trated only recently when several out-

of-town businessmen decided to pa-
tronize one of the so-called night clubs
on Chicago's North Clark Street.
Soon after they sat down at a table
they had feminine companionship.
Not particularly caring for the place,
the show, or their hostesses, they
asked for the check after having only
a few drinks. Being sober, they were
amazed to discover that the total was
outrageous. They protested.

The waiter called the manager.
They still protested. The manager
called upon several associates kept
around for the purpose of being sum-
moned in emergencies. The visitors
paid — still protesting.

Then, probably feeling that they
needed a lesson, the bouncers, with
the assistance of a couple of bartend-
ers, beat them up with miniature base-
ball bats and tossed them into North
Clark Street. That was supposed to
close the incident. The night club had
good protection and the next election
was many months away.

However, the injured visitors didn't
cooperate. Apparently they were un-
aware that when you get a going-over
in a dive you're supposed to feel
ashamed of yourself and keep your
troubles a secret. They called a cab
and asked to be driven to a police
station. Fortunately for justice's sake,
the cabbie was new to North Clark
Street and took them to a station out-
side the police district in which the
night club was located. There they
signed a complaint. Then the news-
papers picked up the story.

This incident proved exceptionally
embarrassing to the city administra-
tion. It was forced to revoke the strip
joint's license and turn the heat on all
over town. The Chicago Crime Commission and the Cook County grand jury got into the act by starting an investigation of an alleged protection tie-up between police officers and night club operators on North Clark Street. This was bad for business everywhere.

One clip-joint owner moaned, "Those jerks sure didn't use their heads. They never shoulda strong-armed a bunch of fellas. They shoulda been more careful."

The case against the night club operator was finally dropped after many continuances in a friendly police court. The boys who run the joints know that if an unhappy customer does have the nerve to prosecute, they can "continue" the complaint to death—particularly if the injured party is from out of town and can't afford to appear in court more than a few times. When he fails to show up, the case is eagerly dropped.

An institution known as "the soft pinch" also protects operators. When an arrest is about to be made, someone who knows police plans makes a tip-off telephone call. When the police arrive the operator and any other big shots on the premises have had plenty of time to get away. The only persons left in the place are the chumps, a handful of entertainers and bartenders, and the third-string "manager" who has been elected to take the trip down to the station.

A convention bureau executive expressed his organization's attitude toward the "B" girls, knock-out specialists, party girls and strip-tease artists this way:

"We really do our best to stamp out the vicious practices, and most of the time we get cooperation from the authorities. However, lots of men look forward to a few days in a strange city as a chance to shed respectability and at least pretend that they're painting the town red. They're the ones who get clipped, because if they weren't at least agreeable to meeting trouble half way, they wouldn't find it."

It would seem that the best way for a man to avoid trouble while away from home is to take his wife along.

Straw Boss: "So you don't like my way of doing things! I suppose you wish I were dead so you could spit on my grave."
Luke: "Not me—I'm an ex-GI, and I hate standing in line."

A girl bought a lottery ticket and insisted on having the ticket number 51. It turned out to be the winning number and she received $15,000.
"What made you think that 51 was going to win?" asked a reporter.
"Well," she explained, "for the last 7 nights I dreamed of number 7, and 7 times 7 are 51, so I bought the ticket."

"Gimme two eggs."
"How you want 'em cooked, Mac?"
"Any difference in price?"
"Nope, same price any way you want them."
"Good, I'd like them cooked with a piece of ham."

A couple of Scotsmen were walking along the road together and one was jingling something in his pocket. His pal asked, "Jock, you must have plenty of money in there."
"Oh, no," said Jock, "that's my wife's false teeth... there's too much eating between meals in our house."
What'll We Call It?

A tongue-in-cheek story of how your favorite town got its name.

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

OUTSIDE the wind whistled over the white-blanketed Iowa farms. Inside one of the cabins, a group of settlers discussed possible names for their village.

One weather-beaten farmer stood up. "Since most of us come from Somerset, Ohio, why don't we call our new home Somerset?"

Another settler scrambled to his feet. "Whad'ya mean summer? Take a look at the snow out there. Looks to me more like Winterset." The others agreed and the name Winterset was adopted.

Many towns, cities, rivers and other natural features receive their names in a similar manner. Sometimes, through humorous circumstances, comical titles are adopted. Sheboygan, Michigan, is said to have been named as a result of a disgusted remark by an Indian chief when his squaw presented him with another daughter—"She boy 'gain!"

Friday Harbor, Washington, was named as the result of a misunderstanding. In the early days a ship's captain dropped anchor in the harbor. Noticing a farmer plowing near the beach, the mariner yelled, "What bay is this?"

The obliging plowman cupped his hands and yelled back, "Friday," thinking the captain had said "day" instead of "bay." And so Friday Harbor was christened.

Natives of the small town of Hearne, Texas, say their village is so-called because of an argument some years ago between an elderly married couple. The town now occupies the land which formerly made up their ranch. After domestic difficulties, the couple decided to separate. Trouble started over who should have the ranch. The husband declared it was "his'n" and the wife said it was "her'n." Local ranchers took sides, some saying the property should be "his'n" and others declaring emphatically that it should be "her'n."

In court the judge ruled in favor of the wife. From that time the place
was called "her'n." Later the spelling was changed to Hearne.

It is said that Difficult, Tennessee, received its name from a letter written to its residents by George Washington. The Father-of-His-Country turned down the first name the townsfolk submitted because it was too difficult to pronounce. "The name is difficult," Washington probably wrote. And so the name Difficult was adopted.

Other oddly named towns include Wounded Knee, South Dakota; Milk Punch, California; Boxspring, Georgia; Burnt Cork, Alabama; Cuckoo, Virginia; and Dime Box, Texas. Each name has its own unique history. The origin of Dime Box is typical. The story goes that some years ago the daughter of the proprietor of an isolated Texas general store pestered the customers for coins to put in her dime box. Laughingly the customers dubbed the store Dime Box. Later, when houses sprang up around the store, the settlement retained the name.

A LITTLE-KNOWN government agency of the Department of the Interior is the final authority on place names. The Board of Geographic Names is its official title and it is directed by Dr. Meredith F. Burrill.

Among the Board’s duties is the standardization of the different names, spellings, and pronunciations used for the same place. For instance, some local people still refer to a stream in New Hampshire as Quohquinapassakessamanagnog. However, the correct name, according to the Board, is Beaver Brook.

When the agency officially dropped the apostrophe from Martha’s Vineyard, Massachusetts, the enraged citizenry of the island put up such a protest that the Board was forced to restore it.

Once the Board decided the final "h" should be dropped from Pittsburgh to simplify the spelling. Other cities such as Newburg, New York, formerly Newburgh, had cooperated, but not the steel city. The controversy continued for some 20 years until the Board finally gave up. Pittsburgh is still Pittsburgh.

Dr. Burrill’s department doesn’t have to settle the problem of places having the same names but located in different states. This puzzle often causes trouble for the Post Office Department. There are 23 Lincolns and 27 Washingtons, for instance, as well as a host of other duplications.

The ways in which places receive their names are almost unlimited. Some are derived from dates, others from numbers. Eighty-four, Pennsylvania, took its name from its date of founding in 1884. The number of a school district provided a name for Fifty-six, Arkansas.

Backward spelling is also popular. Thus Reklaw and Sacul in Texas are the names Walker and Lucas spelled in reverse.

But the funniest place names are those resulting from an accident or humorous incident. When the residents of a West Virginia community felt the need of a post office, the Post Office Department received a letter from them which started: "We-wanta post office." And the community got a post office named We-wanta.
It is said the people of a Western Iowa town submitted a list of names to the Postmaster General with the request that he select one.

None of the names, however, struck the Postmaster's fancy and he wired back: "Give me a name that will stick." So the people came up with the name Wax and it has been Wax, Iowa, ever since.

Often there are conflicting beliefs as to the origin of a place name. There is a widespread belief, for example, that the Youghiogheny River is an Indian name. The history of the name shows differently, although an Indian did figure prominently in the naming.

The tale goes that an early settler walking in the woods spied an Indian at the same time the redskin spotted him. Both jumped for cover behind trees.

In his hiding place the settler removed his hat, stuck it on the end of his gun, and poked it from behind the tree. The Indian shot an arrow through the hat and, thinking he had disposed of his foe, jumped out and yelled "Yough!"

The settler took careful aim and put a bullet through the Indian. As the redskin fell, the settler jumped from behind the tree and yelled "Yough-again-y!" And so the river was named Youghiogheny.

Douglas, at a gathering at which Lincoln was also present, was repeatedly making remarks about Lincoln's lowly station in life and saying that his first meeting with him had been across the counter of a general store. He finally ended his remarks by saying, "And Mr. L. was a very good bartender too." There was a roar of laughter at this, but it quieted down considerably when Mr. Lincoln said quietly: "What Mr. D. has said, gentlemen, is true enough; I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candles and cigars, and sometimes whiskey; but I remember in those days that Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. Many a time I have stood on one side of the counter and sold whiskey to Mr. Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us now is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. D. still sticks to his as tenaciously as ever."

An editor was at his desk when the phone rang. On the other end was an irate subscriber. "I noticed in your paper," the reader shouted, "that you printed I was dead!"

"Zatso?" was the indifferent retort. "Where are you speaking from now?"
GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY, who broke the Berlin blockade with an airlift, tells what needs to be done for Civil Defense. No one of us has the right to fail to make a contribution.

IT IS difficult to interest people in civil defense problems. Our efforts to this end in World War II did not win public favor, because Americans did not believe the United States could be attacked successfully by air. Much of that belief still exists.

Nevertheless, our own Air Force has told us repeatedly that it is possible for Russia to deliver an atomic attack on American cities. Probably Russia is not prepared to carry on a sustained air attack against any single target, having neither the long-range aircraft nor enough atomic bombs. However, it must be assumed that Russia has enough to make sneak air raids against important targets. The surprise nature of such raids would enable some of the aircraft to reach their target.

Our planning for the future must be based on past experience. Going
back to the recorded results at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we can assume that a bomb of equal intensity would create almost complete devastation above ground within a radius of half-a-mile with little chance of survival for those in the open. Within a radius of one mile, most of the buildings would be gutted or destroyed; and there would be heavy casualties among those not protected by shelter. The property damage would extend over a radius of a mile-and-a-half; and secondary fires could be expected to result over an even more extensive area.

In a concentrated area like Manhattan, the killed and wounded might reach several hundred thousand in number. Obviously, these figures are alarming. But any area which suffers an atomic attack will experience property destruction of untold value and the loss of hundreds—indeed thousands—of human lives.

Nevertheless, we are sure that prompt action in removing people from the immediate area of the explosion and quick treatment of the wounded would greatly minimize the effects of the bomb. Such action may well reduce the loss of life which would follow by 50 per cent. This alone indicates the necessity for organized effort to utilize all our resources in minimizing the effects of atomic explosions.

It is important that each individual knows what to expect in an atomic attack. Particularly, the importance of seeking shelter—for outside the area of complete destruction even a small amount of shelter may mean the difference between life and death.

Here is our philosophy in civil defense: We believe the development of atomic warfare has made civil defense as essential as military defense. Unlike military operations, it involves the entire civilian population. The maintenance of civilian confidence and morale is necessary to victory; and should the public be subjected to atomic attack, they must know that everything possible has been done to reduce the risk. We have entered into a new way of life for America. For the first time in our history we have found ourselves—in the event of war—exposed to its full dangers.

The primary responsibility for civil defense must always rest upon local officials. The instantaneous nature of the attack makes it necessary quickly to protect the population where they are, and to rescue immediately those in the area of the explosion. If it is to be done effectively, these local officials must have a specific plan. Arrangements must be made to warn the population in advance. They must know where to find shelter; and there must be prompt mobilization of medical, rescue and fire facilities. Even when this work is well done, local resources will not suffice. There must be a plan—tested by trial—which will bring facilities in adjacent areas into action quickly. This is our scheme of operation.

Each area likely to be hit has been designated as a target area, and assigned the mission of developing a plan for the immediate mobilization of its own resources. At the same time, the resources of the state will
be mobilized, under appropriate state officials, to assist the local authorities in coping with the enormous problem.

The scope of the work and its requirements for air raid wardens and other essential services requires a large number of volunteers. They must be selected carefully to hold the confidence of their neighbors; and they must be willing to undergo the requisite training. To secure these volunteers, the public must understand the importance of civil defense and the necessity for being in a state of preparedness at all times.

Much has been said about long-range programs for the construction of deep shelters, for the dispersion of industry, for the many other programs which would reduce our dangers from atomic attack. Certainly, long-range planning must give consideration to such programs. However, we must face reality. At the moment neither time nor funds are available which would accomplish much on a national basis during the next few years to disperse industry widely or to provide full shelter for the millions of people living in target areas.

When I took over the chairmanship of the Civil Defense Commission of the state of New York, the Governor advised me that his immediate and direct interests were in securing a civil defense program that would work as quickly as possible. In undertaking this task, we have been confronted by some cynicism with respect to the need for the program. This is difficult for me to understand. If we assume, as we must, that our great concentrations of population can be exposed to the hazards of atomic warfare at any time, then it behooves all of us to do the utmost to protect the populations thus exposed.

Basically, civil defense requires complete cooperation between the federal, state, city and county governments, and between the officials of these governments and the people. Largely executed by volunteers who are motivated by a desire to serve, this effort can furnish an outstanding example of the willingness of a democratic people to work together in mutual interest. It provides the opportunity for people less exposed to atomic attack to make their resources available to those more exposed. Such cooperation can come about only when all are fully informed.

It seems to me that no one of us could ask to serve in a better cause, even though as individuals each of us may contribute only a small amount to the accomplishment of the task. No one of us has the right to fail to make that contribution. If we all do our part, civil defense in itself may
prove over the years to be a means of drawing our people even closer together in common purpose. People working with each other in a common cause is the essential of free enterprise, the foundation of Democracy. It is another challenge which I am sure can never be met as successfully in a totalitarian state as it can and will be met here.


Two fellows met. One was wearing the initials "IATK". The other said, "My friend, I never saw a button like that. What kind of a lodge or organization is that?"

"It's an organization I belong to. The initials mean 'I Am Thoroughly Confused'."

"I get the first three letters," answered the other fellow. "but what is the 'K' for?"

"It stands for Confused."

"But you've spelled it wrong."

"Maybe so," was the retort. "but you don't know how thoroughly confused I am."

"I'll bet you 10 dollars," a man said to a boastful athlete, "that I can wheel something in a wheelbarrow from one street lamp to the next and you aren't able to wheel it back."

The local champ looked him over. He thought of bags of cement, bricks and old iron, and concluded that whatever the stranger could wheel, he could do better.

"Bet taken," he said.

The other man smiled, walked over to a wheelbarrow and said to the boastful athlete, "Get in."—The Woodsman.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was fond of telling the story that the people of the world decided to shout "Boo!" all at once at a specified moment, so that the voice of the inhabitants of the earth might be heard in the moon. When the time came for this mighty ejaculation, the people were so eager to hear the great noise that they failed to contribute their "Boo's," and the great occasion passed as the most silent moment since creation.

A gentle Quaker heard a strange noise in his house at night. He found a burglar busily at work. In plain sight of the visitor he walked quietly with his gun to the doorway and said:

"Friend, I would do thee no harm for the world and all that is in it, but thou standest where I am about to shoot."

The Soviet educator Mitschurin was discussing insects at Moscow University. "I have here a flea," said he to the students, "on my right hand. I order him to jump over to my left hand. The flea obeyed, as you see. Now I repeat the experiment, and the flea obeys again. Now I remove the legs of the flea and order it to jump. You see that it doesn't jump. Therefore, gentlemen, we have scientific proof that a flea whose legs are removed becomes deaf."

"Any marks or means of identification?"
Medical Irony

IN 1909 a new drug was discovered by a German scientist. It was not tested for germ-killing properties however, and the patent was allowed to expire. But in 1933 another German scientist re-discovered the drug and learned of its germicidal qualities.

In February, 1935, Gerhard Domagk published the results of his experiments. “Prontosil doesn’t work in the test tube,” he wrote. “It only works in infected animals, but there it is remarkable. I took 26 mice and infected them all with lethal doses of streptococci germs. To 12 of them I gave Prontosil. Of the 14 animals that did not get Prontosil, every one died. Of the 12 that did get the drug, every one lived.”

Prontosil was hailed as a great medical discovery, for it would cure blood poisoning, strep throats, infections of all kinds. Heinrich Hoerlein, one of the founders of I. G. Farbenindustrie, bragged that his associate’s discovery was one the hated French would never figure out.

He was thinking of his arch-rival, Ernest Fourneau, director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Time and time again, the Frenchman had turned the tables on German scientists. When Erlich discovered his magic bullet, 606, to battle syphilis, Germany had expected to profit by the patent on the drug. Fourneau, however, had spoiled the plan by discovering bismuth compounds which did the same job. The monopoly had been destroyed.

Again, when Hoerlein’s chemists had developed Bayer 205 to fight sleeping sickness, Ernest Fourneau had solved the secret formula. Little wonder that Hoerlein hated the clever French scientist.

Forneau was up to his old tricks again. Learning of Prontosil, he was puzzled. How was it that Domagk had discovered the drug two years before publishing a paper on it? How was it that if the Germans had developed such an important drug, they should wait two years to put it on the market? Obviously, there was more than meets the eye.

Forneau and his colleagues went to work in the laboratory. Using the formula appearing in official patents, they soon made a quantity of the drug and tested it on animals. Prontosil was everything the Germans said it was. And before long France had its own version of the life-saving drug.

Hoerlein raged. “The French have plagiarized our discovery,” he roared. “They’ve robbed us with an imitation of our product!”

Ernest Fourneau’s men already were unraveling the secret of the complicated Prontosil formula. “It’s more complicated than necessary,” a chemist reported. “One-half of the molecule is a dye that has no germ-killing properties. The other part is the really active drug. The Germans merely camouflaged the effective germ-killer so no one else could discover it.”

“What about the patents?” asked Fourneau.

“There exist no patents on the true germ-killing part of Prontosil.”

The French patented the drug in other countries. It was named Sulfanilamide, and the very mention of it threw Hoerlein and his colleagues into a rage. They could not escape this fact: Sulfanilamide had been discovered by a German in 1909, and patented then. The drug, however, hadn’t been tested for germ-killing properties and the patent had been allowed to expire. Twenty-four years later, the drug was re-discovered by another German. Two years lapsed while the Germans worked to camouflage the drug so Germany could control all patent rights.

And who was the man who originally patented the drug? Who was the poor excuse for a scientist who never had tested it for its germ-killing properties back in 1909? Who was it who missed the chance of a lifetime? Why, none other than Heinrich Hoerlein himself!

—Walter Williams
America's scourge, Polio, cripples many each year. But they can live a normal life if they remember disability is not inability.

by MILT HAMMER

WHEN Glen Pigott was three years old, he was stricken with polio and spent two years in bed in a back cast. His mother, a former music teacher, gave him physical and mental therapy by placing a piano next to his bed. She taught him keyboard technique, and he began to pick out notes following the music he heard over the radio.

The piano was his substitute for all the games and pleasures normal children can participate in. Not that Glen ever considered himself anything but "normal".

"I felt my handicap wasn't a handicap. It diverted me from one thing to another—and made me concentrate on the music that was a substitute for all the other things to which I couldn't adapt myself physically."

Now 22, and paralyzed from the waist down, Glen moves around easily on his crutches and maneuvers at will. His handling of the piano pedals is made possible by a special brace arrangement on his shoes.

"There is no real physical handicap," he says. "My mother is afraid to get into a plane. I fly all around the country in planes, and in that respect, she is more handicapped than I."

Glen played the piano for his own enjoyment until he entered high school in McComb, Mississippi. Then he majored in music studies and began to practice seriously. As a junior and senior he doubled his laurels with the "Sonata Award" for his piano playing.

In the summer of 1945, he entered Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss., to major in music. He wrote tunes for all the student shows and in the fall of 1946, he transferred to L. S. U. to work for a degree in composition.

The social director of L. S. U. made Glen casting director of the campus,
activities—shows, reviews, a student night club series, and pre-game festivities and rallies. He also joined the campus radio department, writing background music for student-produced dramas over the local radio station. In 1948 he was elected student president of the School of Music.

FOUR boys and a girl, screened by Glen in his casting job, formed a singing quintet in the fall of 1948, with Glen accompanying them on the piano and arranging their music. In early 1949, a Horace Heidt talent scout arrived at Baton Rouge and selected the quintet in the preliminary auditions for the following Sunday night’s “Youth Opportunity” program on a coast-to-coast radio broadcast.

Although they lost out in the finals, the scout was impressed with Glen’s piano technique and asked him if he couldn’t come to New Orleans that Sunday morning to audition for Heidt. Glen played one number, “Dixieland Boogie” and was immediately assigned number three spot on that night’s radio broadcast. He came in second by only two points.

The following day the troupe played Baton Rouge. After the shows Glen talked with Heidt and Dick Contino, the 19-year-old accordionist who had won the $5000 first prize in the grand finals in 1948. Glen became featured soloist and Dick’s accompanist in the new unit Dick was forming.

“No person with a physical disability ever likes to be spotlighted or paid special attention. He wants to go along with the gang and make his own adjustments. The worst thing he fears is pity and overindulgent sympathy. Disability is not inability. A disabled person who can develop independently, as I have, can find just as useful a life for himself in society as a person with full use of all his physical facilities.

“That’s why I am always happy to help in polio drives. I was brought up independently and if I can help others achieve the same independence I have, it will be the best thing I have done in this world.”

Helping others is nothing new to Glen. He has participated in numerous polio and other charitable drives in his home area. And since joining Cantino, Glen and Dick have made it a point to visit all Veteran Administration and children’s hospitals, as well as polio wards, when they have the time on tour. They put on a small show and Glen demonstrates how he overcame the bleak outlook from the time he was stricken.

A versatile musician, Glen is writing both classical and popular music. His “Suite for Piano,” composed at L. S. U., won first place last year in the Mississippi Composers Contest, and he has more than 30 popular tunes under his belt.

“I am interested in sweet and sentimental jazz, the Frankie Carle or Glenn Miller type. Bebop is like seasoning to a meal; a little bit of it is good.”

Swimming is Glen’s favorite sport, and walking his main form of exer-
cise. He swings in and out of cabs faster and easier than most people, and he likes spectator sports such as football, baseball and basketball.

Glen Pigott has fought polio and won a normal way of life. His main ambition now is to settle down and compose the music he likes.

During the silence of a twenty minute bus stopover, a man accompanied by his young son, found a seat behind the driver. The youngster, bursting with pride, was carefully carrying a covered box.

"Dad," he asked, "is my kitten a man kitten or a lady kitten?"

Everyone on board listened hopefully.

"A man kitten," said papa promptly.

"How do you know?" the boy persisted.

One could have heard a pin drop as the father replied: "Well, he has whiskers, hasn't he?"—Lamar Daily Democrat.

A youngster stood gazing intently at his father's visitor, a homely man of large proportions. At length the portly one becoming a bit embarrassed, said: "Well, my boy, what are you looking at me for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "Daddy told Mother that you were a self-made man, and I want to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest.

"I am a self-made man."

"But what did you make yourself like that for?" asked the boy.

A friend of the family inquired about the baby.

"Can he talk yet, Rickie?" he asked the six-year-old brother.

"You betcha," came the quick answer.

"Now we're teaching him to keep quiet."

—Life & Casualty Mirror

"Dad, why did you sign my report card with an X instead of your name?"

"I don't want your teacher to think that anyone with your grades could possibly have a father who can read or write."
A MILLENNIUM is an insect with more legs than a centennial. 

Tarzan is a short name for the American flag. Its full name is Tarzan Stripes.

The Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea are connected by the Sewage Canal.

Trousers is an uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

Monasteries were places in the middle ages where monsters were kept.

The laws of the U. S. do not allow a man but one wife. This is called monotony.

Esau wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.

Joan of Arc was Noah’s wife.

A quorum is a place where fish are kept.

Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

Garibaldi is a tonic for the hair.

A mandate is an appointment with a gentleman.

The plural of whim is women.

An autograph is an imprint of an automobile tire.

A board of education is a pine shingle.

A knapsack is a sleeping bag.

Ali Baba means somewhere else when the crime was committed.

Matterhorn was a horn blown by the ancients when anything was the matter.

Homer is a type of pigeon.

Mangoes where woman goes.

A drydock is a thirsty physician.

Ulysses Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil War were fought.

The four seasons are salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

—Cecil Ford
He was a cold copper—afraid, terribly afraid. But he knew what he must do.

by JOHN P. HANCOCK

OFFICER CONDON stared into the blackness of the alley. In the dark ahead, high up in the windows of Bodkin’s Warehouse, a pinpoint of light flashed on, then off. He waited—the light didn’t show again.

Condon took two slow steps into the alley, probing for a footing on the frozen, rutted slush. Darkness pressed in around him, a January wind snarled along the brick wall and bit through his police overcoat. But sweat was wet on his back and his hand trembled as he felt for his holstered gun.

Here it is again, he thought. Flesh prickling along the ribs, tight knots in your stomach, breath coming too fast.

Maybe it was the dark. He hadn’t known much about the dark. His five service years had been with the traffic detail. Daylight work—then this graveyard trick on Ryan’s squad. The dark was blind, but in the warm sun you saw what you were doing. The whine and clatter of traffic was okay. You felt good, waving your hand, hearing your whistle screech, watching the noisy sidewalk crowd. But this silence, streets black and empty, the shadowy doorways, alleys!

CONDON gripped his flashlight tighter to steady his hand. The alley was as black as a cave. From the nearby harbor came a freighter’s drawn-out moan. He started at the sound, his lip quivering like a kid’s, and fought back an urge to snap on his flash and trace a tip-off across that warehouse window. Why not? Ryan wouldn’t know . . . Would he? Ryan was smart; it would add like two-and-two. He’d made one “mistake” a week ago—and this on top of it—

That night had been black, too. Cold, dark, like this. When he’d made his routine phone report, Ryan told him gruffly, “Check Korst’s. A watchman claims a light’s on in the back room that wasn’t on an hour ago.”
Condon shivered; he could see himself creeping down the side street, could feel his thumb pressing Korst’s doorbell. Fear was with him then—the humiliation came later. Later, in the ward room, Ryan said, “A guy called in awhile ago, wanted to thank the copper on the Water Street beat for tipping him off with the doorbell.”

Condon’s face flamed as he thought of the lie he’d told—“Must have brushed against the buzzer while I was working at the lock.” Ryan didn’t answer, but the roundsmen changing shift went out as though they were leaving a wake.

A wake. Maybe that was the word for it. Condon’s thoughts ran back over the weeks past. Since that night nobody asked him to make a fourth at blackjack, no friendly tips from old-timers over a bowl of soup at Minty’s. A wake, yes, his own, he was dead, a shadow of a cop. Well, if he was dead, why not make it good, go out as a copper oughta—to the hammering pound of a police special.

Condon drew up, reached again for the gun under his coat. Then his shoulders sagged. Slowly he half-turned to retrace his steps.

Behind him ice crunched sharply. Condon jerked erect, spun to face the sidewalk.

“Officer, did you see it, too?”

A girl stood at the alley entrance—so near he could reach out and touch her.

“See what?” he asked.

She stepped closer, staring up at him. “A flashlight. Bodkin’s second floor window. I work at the Palm Club, my act’s over at three. I was on my way home, and saw the light, and was going to call headquarters, then I looked back and saw you pass the street light.” She clutched her fur coat closer. “Shall I call ’em?”


She turned then and hurried up the street, high heels going tap-tap-tap. Soon the tapping stopped. She had halted, watching him. He stepped back into the alley, frowning, and listened until the tap-taps started again and faded out.

When Condon couldn’t hear them any more he fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief, and wiped his face. The cloth came away wet.

Why, he thought savagely, did she have to pick tonight to look down an alley?

Now he had to try a pinch. There was no way out. If he didn’t—He pictured the headline: ANOTHER WAREHOUSE ROBBED ON WA-TER STREET. And the dame, spilling it around, “I told that cop. He knew something was up.” She’d flounce into the News office. She was a show girl, she was out for publicity. Reporters would drift into headquarters looking for a story about a cold copper.

CONDON took a slow step into the alley’s solid blackness. Tremors ran down his legs. His hands felt stiff and numb. The dark was like a blindfold.

But he found Bodkin’s rear door, and somehow got his passkey into the slot. The key clicked, but the door
stuck. He braced himself and shoved—and skidding on the ice, went down, flashlight breaking on icy bricks.

He lay there for a moment, rigid, then staggered to his feet. He inched the door open and the musty warehouse smell hit him as he moved inside.

He was afraid, terribly afraid. A rat scurried across the room and the sound was like human footsteps. Still he moved ahead, feeling walls of wood on either side. Crates of food for Europe... he'd inspected this building with McCann.

![Illustration](image)

The office safe was on the second floor. He moved on, and his outstretched hand nudged the stairway rail. He lifted his foot to the first stair-tread, and halted.

At the head of the stairs, a match flared, silhouetting dimly a face, cupped hands. The match whipped out. A cigarette tip glowed red.

Condon caught his lip between his teeth. Fear was making his heart pound. But he knew what he must do—throttle this lookout first, and quietly. He loosened his gun, swung his weight to the stair, and started up.

The red spot glowed bright, and Condon froze against the wall. He moved on again. Up a step... halting... moving on. Now he was close, so close he could hear the man exhale smoke.

Then downstairs the door slammed.

Instantly the red spot vanished. Shoe leather scuffed on wood.

Condon lunged upward over the last stair-tread. He heard the sharp intake of breath as the man whirled. Then his shoulder hit hard and the man grunted and fell backward in the dark. Condon felt his gun wrench from his hand. He struck blindly, his knuckles hitting solid bone. Pain flashed up his arm. The man under him cried hoarsely, "Steve! Steve!"

Again Condon drove his fist down. This time bone crunched and the twisting body under him relaxed.

Condon kept hunting for his gun, pain flickering up his arm. And a queer thought came—this guy, nothing spooky about him, nothing Unknown... just another hood, tough-talking, soft-jawed. A pushover for a confident cop. A confident cop... Condon's tight lips eased into a smile. In daylight he'd have connected on the button first try. In the dark you're not so sure, and it's rougher on knuckles, that's all.

Suddenly hands from behind were clawing at his throat. Fingers that dug deep and made whirls of colored pinwheels in the dark. So this is Steve, he thought. Not spooky. Not unknown. Just a hood, with a wheezing beer-breath and a wild grip any cop could break easy.

Condon shot his elbow back. It plunged into the man's middle, and the fingers slid away. Footsteps skid-
ded uncertainly on the stairs. The hood was making a break.

Condon felt warm and sure and strong. He turned, crouching, to stalk the sounds.

A light-beam stabbed into his face and blinded him. He thought, a look-out from the alley. The door slammed when he sneaked in after me. Well, he'd get this one too, and he rushed the flashlight. But the beam veered away, spotted the hood on the stairs.

And Ryan's voice behind the flash-light boomed, "All right! Stick 'em up!"

An elderly mountaineer on the witness stand was cool as a cucumber. The prosecuting attorney was beside himself with impatience.

"Sir," hissed the lawyer, "do you swear upon your solemn oath that this is not your signature?"

"Yep."

"It is not your handwriting?"

"Nope."

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Nope—can't say it does at all."

"Do you swear that it doesn't resemble your handwriting in a single particular?"

"Yep, I certainly do."

"How can you be so certain about it?"

Retorted the witness, "Cain't write."

Two old mountaineers were sitting on the porch a few nights back and one was showing the other his gun. "That gun," said the owner, "has killed more game, possums, coons, groundhogs, squirrels, quail and stuff like that . . . And what's more "it's got me two sons-in-law."

"Say, I hear you lost your job. Did the foreman fire you?"

"Well, you know what a foreman is—he's the guy what stands around and watches the other fellows work."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, he got jealous of me. People thought I was foreman."

Then the office light came on. Condon saw the Chief grinning at him, and at the first hood lying on the floor.

"Some dame called," Ryan said. "What's the idea kayoin' all these bums? Why not leave some of the job for your buddies?"

A roundsman stepped forward to snap cuffs on the man on the stairs. "You work good in the dark, Condon."

But the lights were bright now and Condon saw Ryan looking at him. The Chief's eyes told him what he wanted to know.

The late Dexter Fellows was famous for many years as press agent for Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows. Like all great salesmen, Fellows had magnificent faith in the supremacy of the things he was selling. One year he dropped in to extend a glad hand to the "boys" in a Kansas City newspaper office.

"I'm Dexter Fellows, of the circus, you know," he announced, "and I'm here to—"

"What circus?" interrupted the city editor.

For a moment Fellows was shocked speechless. Then he exploded: "Great Scott! If you were in London and heard a man singing God Save the King, would you ask 'What king?'"

Boss: "You're an hour late getting home with these mules, Jim."

Jim: "I know it. You see, on the way home I picked up Reverend Ralston, and from there on the mules couldn't understand a single word I said."

Mistress: "When you were hired you told me one reason you were such a good maid was that you never got tired. This is the third afternoon I've come into the kitchen and found you asleep."

Maid: "Yes ma'am. That's how I never got tired."
Dudes flock to Porters of Arizona for fancy Western clothes, but the common cowboy is the backbone of their business.

by JOSEPH STOCKER

WHAT Saks Fifth Avenue is to milady, Porters of Arizona is to the American cowboy. For 75 years cowpokes have been jouncing across the sagebrush in saddles made at Porters, their barrel-stave legs encased in Porter chaps, flicking their horses’ flanks with Porter spurs.

Today Porters stands as one of America’s most unique merchandising institutions. At its flossy, ultra-modern stores in Phoenix and Tucson, or by mail, the cowboy and his wistful imitator, the Western dude, can buy anything from a $1 bandana to a $2,000 horse trailer, or even a $10,000 silver mounted saddle. Calling itself “The West’s Most Western Store” is no idle bandying of superlatives, for Porters is as indigenous to the West as cactus and corral fences, buttons and bows.

Its operations and influence even reach well beyond the West. Bonwit Teller of Philadelphia recently installed an N. Porter Shop featuring ladies’ leather knick-knacks with authentic Western brands flown in from Porters.

Porters also has gone global. With a mail order business adding up to a tidy string of figures annually, it sends its saddles across the sea to wind up under the pants of gauchos on the Argentine pampas, sheepherders in Australia and cowmen in Bolivia.

Not very long ago a French cattleman had trouble finding just the kind of saddle he needed. He chanced across a Porter catalogue, discovered that he could have a saddle made to his own measurements and ordered one. Then, because he was chary of entrusting his precious purchase to the trans-Atlantic mails, the Frenchman went all the way to Phoenix to take delivery in person!
A rich cattleman in Hawaii, whose ranch is one of the largest in the world, bought 25 saddles at one whack from Porters—this despite the fact that he has his own saddle-makers.

Porters has customers in England, too. One Englishman orders—not saddles nor nobby dude sportswear—but long flannel underwear.

Natives of Nigeria, in British West Africa, send in for Porter catalogues, just to look at the cowboy pictures. A one-legged cowboy in Colorado has placed a standing order at Porters—for the name of any other one-legged customer so he can strike up a correspondence. Inmates of penitentiaries place orders for merchandise to be held until they get out of stir.

Of late years Porters has grown to a truly big business, running the gamut of posh Western sportswear for the fashionable lady dude as well as that of cowboy accouterments. But, even as in the more leisurely days of the old West, the atmosphere of the stores seems still to say, "Let's set a spell, pardner. Nobody ain't in no hurry, nohow."

The salespeople, most of them dressed in cowboy togs and many of them ex-ranchhands and rodeo performers, perch on the counters, dangle their feet and jaw with the customers. Cowpunchers loaf for hours in the saddle department, swapping tall stories.

This easy-going way of doing business has led to startling occurrences. On one occasion the Porter boys were asked if Monty Montana, the famous trick rider, might ride his horse up and down the store aisles to publicize a rodeo. They said sure, come ahead—anything for a worthy cause.

And there was the time, some years back, when Harold Porter had an eight-piece orchestra composed of store employees. This same Western orchestra still plays for square dances and cattlemen's meetings all over the state. They used to assemble at noon in an open space between the counters and render choice Western hoedown, just for the fun of it.

That's an important thing with Harold, Joe, Bill and Fred Porter, Jr., the grandsons who run the business today. "If anyone can't have fun working here, he might as well not be with us," says Joe Porter.

The Porter fetish for informality is a heritage that has come down through three generations. It started when Newton Porter first set up shop in a 12-by-14 tent in Taylor, Texas.

He discovered that the best way to do business with cowboys was to let them use his saddle tent for a gathering place. What he didn't reckon with, however, when he was launching his business back in 1875, was the fact that the cowboys might also like to use his place for target practice.
Under the influence of strong Texas bourbon, they would ride by with guns barking, and then N. Porter would discover bullet holes in his fine, laboriously-built saddles. So he went underground, digging a pit where his saddles could rest safely out of gun range.

Newton Porter moved to Abilene in 1881, then to Phoenix in 1895. The firm was known as the N. Porter Saddle & Harness Co. That is still its official corporate name and the source of occasional confusion. When Porters decided to install a line of men’s suits and sent its initial order in to an Eastern manufacturer, signing it “N. Porter Saddle & Harness Co.,” a polite letter came back inquiring if some mistake had been made.

N. Porter died in 1906. His son, Earl, took over, and when he died, another son, Fred Porter, Sr., succeeded him. Then the grandsons came home from World War II, and moved into active command. Harold Porter is manager at Tucson, Bill Porter is manager of Saddle Manufacturing and Mail Order, Fred Porter, Jr., is manager at Phoenix and Joe Porter is assistant manager there. The business grew and brached out, with the main object to corral the lush trade of Eastern dudes who swarm to the warm Arizona desert to escape frost-bite and chilblains.

Recently the Porter brothers opened up a new women’s sportswear department on the second floor of their Phoenix store. They installed Arizona’s first escalator leading up to it, an enchanting gadget to some of the old hands from the Lazy Bar L, who hadn’t even got entirely accustomed to elevators yet. The display cases upstairs are lined with expensive un-born calfskin trimmed with lariat rope, and the Western flavor is carried out even unto the door at one end labeled “Cow Girls.”

But the cowboy trade is still the backbone of Porters’ business, and Porters isn’t forgetting it. The front part of the main floor in the Phoenix store is decorated prettily in pastel colors. But the back portion, where the saddle and harness department is located, has been kept almost self-consciously plain, with just enough disarray to make a cowboy feel at home. And there is still the convenient side door where the cowpoke can come in without having to mingle with the rich dudes at the front door and have dirty old mink rub off on him.

WILL ROGERS traded at Porters and said he felt like “a kid in a toy shop.” It’s not unusual to see celebrities prowling happily amidst the counters at Porters, ignoring the worshipful stares of dudes and townsfolk. The firm has numbered among its customers such movie personalities as Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper, Wayne Morris, Tom Mix and Buck Jones, and, of course, the elite of the rodeo world.

Gary Cooper, browsing through the Phoenix store one day with Eugene Pallette, the roly-poly character player of many Westerns, inquired idly if “some of the old-time cowboys” were still around Arizona.

“Sure,” replied Fred Porter, Sr., and pointed to a gnarled old cowhand lounging against a counter. “There’s one. Want to meet him?”
“Yup”, said the stars. Porter introduced them to the cowboy and remarked with a smile, “You’ve probably seen these people in the movies.”

The cowhand peered at Cooper and Pallette, then shifted his tobacco from one cheek to another as he thought it over.

“Nope,” he drawled finally. “Never did.” He shifted the tobacco back again and thought some more. “Don’t go t’ many movies. Went t’ one last year. Two th’ year before. Didn’t see you fellers in any o’ them.”

_DOWN through the years Porters has been a happy hunting ground for Indians, too. The firm’s roster of regular mail order customers includes such intriguing names as Aaron Skunk Cap, Jeffery Dull Knife, Earlwin Deer-With-Horns, Vincent Black Dog and the On-The-Tree brothers of South Dakota—Albert and Elmer.

In the early days, many of the reservation Indians who came in to Porters could speak no English. They made known their desires by sign language.

Even today the Indian has his own characteristic, unhurried way of doing business. He stands around, sometimes for an hour or so, trying to make up his mind. He goes out of the store and comes back in. When he finally decides to buy, he turns his back to pull out his money and count it; so the salesman won’t see how much he has. And he keeps his eyes glued coldly on the pneumatic tube until it swishes back with his change.

The saddle department is the principal object of fascination for Indians—and white men, too, for that matter. Porters displays its saddles on special wooden stands, resembling saw horses. They’re set at just the right height so that a customer can mount for a sort of test ride and jiggle up and down and back and forth, to the imaginary rhythm of a horse in motion. After all, a saddle has to fit, just like a pair of pants.

Salesmen in the saddle department long ago discovered that a cowboy trying out a saddle in the store invariably mounts the saw horse from the left side, as he would mount a flesh-and-blood horse. Indian customers mount from the right. A dude is liable as not to slither on from the back end.

Porters makes its own saddles. Expert leather workers turn out more than 2,000 fine saddles every year, most of them custom-built to the customers’ specifications. It isn’t uncommon to find a cowboy hunched over a workman’s bench, kibitzing every step of the process to make certain that the saddle he ordered comes out exactly the way he wanted it.

A good average Porter saddle costs about $165. Rather often, though, the firm gets an order for a triple-super-special, usually for show purposes and frequently costing far more than the horse it’s to be ridden on.

One of the most expensive saddles Porters ever turned out was one specially made a year or so ago for Fowler McCormick, chairman of the board of International Harvester Co., with lavish silver trimming and corner plates inlaid with turquoise. It set McCormick back nearly $5,000.

Sometimes Porters’ saddle customers show an unconventional turn of mind. A woman asked for a saddle with a
box built on the back of it, in which to carry her dog. Every once in a while orders come in for saddles with tail-lights attached. One customer wanted a saddle made with an extra large horn—to accommodate a radio.

Each saddle is the work of only one man. There’s no assembly line at Porters. They tried it during the war, reasoning perhaps that if Willow Run could adapt it to military airplanes, so could Porters to saddles. But it didn’t take, because no two leather craftsmen work exactly alike.

Styles in saddles change over the years, just as they do in hemlines and neckties. Time was when the cowman preferred his saddle high and narrow. Now he wants it low and broad, which reflects the influence of rodeo. (Rodeo hands like a low saddle because it’s easier to dive out of.)

The mode in chaps, boots and Western hats has changed, too. The cowpuncher used to prefer tight-fitting “stovepipe” chaps that he went into like a pair of pants. Now he likes the “batwing” style, which snap around his jeans and fit loosely.

In boots, the heels are getting lower. Here again it’s the rodeo influence. With a lower heel there’s less chance for a calf roper to turn his ankle when he leaps off his horse to wrestle the slippery dogie.

There isn’t any demand nowadays at Porters for the 10-gallon hat—five gallons or thereabouts is as much as the modern cowpoke ever wants. The brim runs from three to three and a half inches. Since the cowboy inevitably rolls the brim of his hat over each eyebrow, Porters anticipates him and steam-curls the brims just the right amount in just the right places.

This is perhaps a clue to the enduring success of “The West’s Most Western Store.” Even while the Porter boys are tossing out their beguiling lariat to rope in the rich trade of the West’s mounting legions of dudes, they never take their eye off the lowly cow-waddie. So long as they can keep him comfortable, he’ll keep their interesting institution what it is today—as solidly entrenched in Western tradition as sheriffs’ posses, six-guns and white-faced Herefords.

Country Girl: “Paw’s the best rifle shot in this county.”
City Slicker: “What does that make me?”
Country Girl: “My fiance.”

A young couple asked the parson to marry them immediately following the Sunday morning service. When the time came, the minister rose and announced:
“Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?”

There was a great stir—and 13 women and one man walked up to the altar.

The average person bristles with indignation if it is intimated that he is buying heavier than normal.
Not so a woman at a suburban market. She came up to the cashier with half a dozen cans.
“Hoarder,” sniffed the woman who was next in line.
“Hoarder yourself,” replied the first woman sweetly. “I just happen to love pepper.”

Missionary—Now, in Africa, there are miles and miles without a single school. Why ought we to save up our pennies? Jackie—To pay our fare to Africa.
Change-Our-Calendar Week

INSURANCE actuaries came up with the discovery that life expectancy for Americans is longer than that of half a century ago. They credit this longevity to scientific and medical research. This explanation is nonsensical. Any layman knows, if he has been a student of our times, that our greater life expectancy is accounted for entirely by the subtle calendar changes that have taken place in the last few years.

The real reason Americans live longer now is because there are more days, weeks and months in each year. For every Gregorian calendar year there are now at least 3650 days, 520 weeks and 120 months, all duly recorded and fittingly observed.

While some old-fashioned fuddy-duddies cling to the unsound belief that "30 days hath September, April, June and November," wondrous things have been happening. The days of our years, like a fruitful guinea pig, have been multiplying.

Now there are such seven-day events as "Be Kind to Animals Week," "National Pickle Week," and "National Health Week." September, traditionally a conservative month with only four weeks, plus a couple of orphan days, now has at least 24 weeks to the bafflement of those who go around asking what day it is.

Necessarily there is some fierce conflict as sponsors of days, weeks and months vie with each other in staking out claims to calendar periods of time. Some of these, however, have a natural affinity for each other. For instance, May 8-14, by some strange compulsion, is both "National Restaurant Week" and "National Cutlery Week." Thus, the bemused citizen may have the blue-plate special and, with fitting nimbleness, simultaneously liberate some silverware as a memento of this double-header event.

Eugenics has now been given a new biological twist which will cause pediatricians some bad moments in explaining the birds-and-bees to young, unsophisticated parents. On June 17 there is "Expectant Father's Day." Twenty-four hours later "Father's Day" is observed.

On Oct. 8-14 comes another double feature billing with "National Cranberry Week" and "National Wine Week." Certain impatient characters in the back-country combine this into a main event and celebrate it—neat—as "National Cranberry Wine Week."

One of America's most pleasant and oldest diversions, petting, is now unblushingly given the public recognition it deserves. From May 21 through May 30 has been designated as "Park and Recreation Week." By popular demand, this participation sport is held over three days beyond a calendar week.

From September 25 through October 1 is "National Sweater Week." In some circles this strikes a false note. This affair is heralded as all-wool-and-a-yard-wide. However, it is significant that the last day of sweater week muscles into "National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week."

Lest it be thought that the possibilities of extending life expectancy have been exhausted by creation of special days and weeks, a few serious proposals are here offered.

Manicurists might fittingly sponsor a "Be Kind to Hangnails Month," while rural justices of the peace could tout a "Pay a Fine Day," and divorce attorneys could exploit "Get a Divorce Month." Politically-minded prosecuting attorneys with time weighing heavily should institute a "Bury the Hatchet Week"—in an enemy's head. For the automobile industry: "Wreck a Jalopy Day," and for psychiatrists: "Lose Your Inhibitions Month."

And last, consider the possibilities of a "Visit Your Mother-in-law Day." This, by all means, should be held on December 21st, as it is the shortest day of the year.

—Harold J. Ashe.
It's all in the day's work for Jim Davidson.

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

MARGARET TRUMAN may be the daughter of the President of the United States; but to Jim Davidson, head of James A. Davidson Management, Inc., she is just another client, one of seven he has under contract. That's the way she prefers it; that's the only way he would have it. They see eye to eye on this point and it's been a wonderful relationship between artist and manager.

The general public has put more emphasis, however, on his management of Miss Truman than has Davidson himself. When he took her on, it was definitely understood that he would not do for her what he would not do for such stars as Lauritz Melchior, Jeanette MacDonald, Jennie Tourel, the Robert Shaw Chorale, Claudio Arrau, and Leonard Warren.

"After all," Davidson says, "I have to treat all my clients alike in order to keep them happy."

Davidson has a sound background of experience, acquired with Twentieth Century-Fox Films; the Missouri Pacific Railroad; Hayden, Stone & Co., Wall Street bankers; and the William Morris Agency. This experience led him to open his own office in the Steinway Building in New York City. It was in this same building, in the recital hall, that he held his first business conference with Miss Truman.

Here is the way he met her: As manager for Jeanette MacDonald, Davidson had been invited to a supper party by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt in Washington to celebrate Miss MacDonald's final recital of the season at Constitution Hall. This was in February, 1948. Davidson had no idea he would be paired with Miss Truman in the exclusive club where the affair was held.

"We just talked about music business," Davidson recalls. "She told me of her experiences and I told her a few anecdotes about some of the people I represented. It must have been a year or so after our first meeting that I heard from her.

"I got a call one day at the office. Miss Truman said she was in town and asked if I'd like to come and see her. I said yes, and we met in the recital hall downstairs.

"Miss Truman had been under someone's else management; and when she asked if I'd like to be her concert manager I said I'd be delighted. But with certain stipulations, which would be to her interest. First, I stated, she'd
have to devote eight to nine months to get ready for a tour. Next, no singing professionally until Oct. 1, 1949, at the earliest.

"There was no special contract. We used the standard form without any special features or appendages. She asked for nothing that was not customary, and that's all there was to it."

MISS TRUMAN'S basic fee per concert is $1,500, and for radio it is between $3,000 and $4,000 an appearance. The Davidson firm, which gets the regular 20 per cent, provides all the advertising and publicity accessories pertinent to each date, prepares the itinerary and sees to it that all necessary requirements are met by the local manager. All of Davidson's bookings have been with independent managers, halls not controlled by the two big circuits which reputedly have a monopoly on the halls and auditoriums. Davidson figures this parallels the film business and its subsequent anti-trust proceedings by the government, and one day hopes to see the end of the existing monopolies in the concert and allied entertainment fields.

The president's daughter provides her own accompanist, Herman Allison, who, before he joined her, was doing some chores for Ezio Pinza. For more than a year she studied with Helen Traubel, who recently decided she could do no more for Miss Truman. Miss Traubel regarded her teachings "a good turn for a friend" and was not paid for her services.

Davidson's initial booking for Miss Truman was at Cullowhee, S. C., at the East Carolina State Teachers College. It was a small hall and was filled to capacity. The president and first lady did not attend, but Davidson and his staff were on hand. The second date was at the Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro, N. C., and both proved a sellout with good notices and fine audience response.

Discussing Miss Truman's fee, Davidson says that the $1,500 is regarded as modest in the concert field. "Others get from $3,000 to $4,000 a concert. Sometimes I have to make deals for my clients as they do in the film business. These provide for flat sums against percentages, or flat sums without extras, as film companies negotiate important film for first rate showings.

"As booking manager I have to know about availabilities, just as they do in the film business. I also insist that my personalities stick to the concert field and not appear at clubs, prize fights, hotels or other functions that would take them out of their scope. This understanding also goes for Miss Truman."

Admitting he knows not one note of music, Davidson can tell a fine voice from a good one, knows who has to be developed and who doesn't. Miss Truman is among those who required development, hence his insistence that she spend eight to nine months studying before embarking under his managerial wing.

Miss Truman started her 1950-51 season at Binghamton, N. Y., and then followed with an appearance at Rochester. She has about 20 songs in her repertoire, which doesn't change much from season to season. A season lasts six months. Davidson said he is limiting the president's daughter to
25 engagements, not trying to book her beyond that number this season, her second under his guidance. She recently appeared on a national radio show that honestly demonstrated Miss Truman can dish it out and take it, regardless of whom she is pitted against.

She is completely pleasant to handle, comments Davidson. "She goes about doing what she has to without any complaints at all.

"Margaret wants to be treated the same as anybody else. She wants to succeed on her own and she is off to a good start." She will probably earn about $75,000 in the concert field this season, to say nothing of the rewards from radio and television, according to Davidson.

Before winding up his comments, Davidson said he takes no credit for working miracles for Miss Truman. He has a wealth of experience and has used it to good advantage in the instance of Miss Truman, as with others he manages. Miss Truman's zeal to succeed has been an inspiration to Davidson; and because of this zeal the stepping stones upward are made easier.

James A. Davidson, better known to his colleagues and in the concert field as "Jim," prefers to remain in the background which, he believes, managers should do if their songbirds are to succeed.

A Hollywood composer asked a famous musician how to go about writing background music for airplanes. Said the composer, "Exactly like bee music, only louder."

Jesus Maria Sanroma, well known concert pianist, was honored with a doctor of music degree from Boston College not long ago. When a physician friend was making out a hay fever prescription for the pianist somewhat later he jokingly put Dr. before his noted patient's name.

As the prescription was being filled Dr. Sanroma was puzzled when the druggist asked him if he practiced much, but he politely replied: "Certainly, when I have time."

"Then," said the druggist, "I'll give you the usual 10% professional discount."

A famous author touring the jungles of Central India came to a village. "You people in the forests are certainly lost to civilization," he observed to the headman.

"We don't mind being lost," was the reply. "It's being discovered that worries us."

If you think you're going to be happy and prosperous by sitting back and letting the government take care of you—look at the American Indians!
Japanese Tigers

JAPAN has seemed a very strange country to the Americans there. One of the many oddities is the popularity of the tiger, or tora as it is called there.

The tiger is found in many of the great masterpieces in paintings, sculptures and wood carvings, and is regarded as a symbol of faith and great courage.

But the tiger is not limited to works of bygone days. He is one of the most painted and moulded of subjects today by school children of all ages, and by contemporary artists—good and bad.

He brightens little peasant huts in the country and adds to the beauty of wealthy city homes. He peers at G.I.’s from sidewalk shops along the Ginza and looks out from beautiful wall hangings in exclusive tea rooms. He lies peacefully among the bamboo on picture plates and crouches in souvenirs glory on the backs of tourists.

It may be that he wonders a little about his importance because there are no native tigers in Japan, and there is no evidence that there ever were!

—Bee Nell Hoover

Miracle Breeze

THE scientist was annoyed. He was working with colonies of staphylococci in an effort to isolate the influenza germ and now another of his cultures was ruined. A mold, carried on the breeze, had drifted into his small London laboratory and settled on the plate, contaminating it. He sighed irritably. Contamination of culture plates seemed unavoidable. Once more he must wash a specimen down the sink.

Culture in hand, he walked over to the sink; then hesitated a moment. In that moment lives hung in the balance. For his trained eye noticed something unusual. Around the mold was a ring completely free of bacteria. Beyond the circle, germs were swarming in the thousands.

A new era of medicine was born. Because on that September afternoon in 1928, Sir Alexander Fleming had stumbled upon the secret of penicillin—according to many authorities the most outstanding development in medicine within recent years.

The odds were millions-to-one against the tiny speck of mold which settled on Fleming’s culture plate being of a penicillin-producing strain. The odds were almost as great against his noticing the bacteria-free ring around it. Yet today thousands of persons who otherwise would have died of infection are alive as a result of that chance contamination of a culture plate.

—David R. Kennedy

Two illiterates visiting the zoo were trying to decipher the names of the various animals by spelling out each name at the top of the cage. They concluded that l-i-o-n spelled Lion, b-e-a-r spelled Bear, but m-o-n-k-e-y had the old boys stumped. After a long gaze at the creature in the cage one quipped, “With that droll expression on their faces and those big callouses where they sit, I’d say they were Canasta players.”

A young fellow asked for a job of delivering milk and the manager of the milk company asked his name.

“Thomas Jefferson,” replied the young man.

“Well,” said the manager, “that’s a pretty well known name.”

“It ought to be,” said the boy, “I’ve delivered milk in this town for more than three years.”—Life & Casualty Mirror.
So You Want A Raise?

There are many ways of trying to get a raise in pay, but here's the bow, why and what leaders of industry recommend.

by JACK BANNISTER

So you want a raise? A better job? More responsibility? More opportunity to prove your worth to the business which employs you?

Well, Sir... or Brother, or Miss or Madam—

Don't be surprised! The employer for whom you work wants to give you these things soon, and often. But to get them you must earn them.

An employee is valuable to a business in three ways:

1—He performs his duties smoothly, effectively and efficiently, thus enabling the business to function in the same way. This means no lost motion (wastes time); no expensive mistakes (costs the company money); no friction with your fellow workers (makes things unpleasant for all concerned). Rather, your employer wants dependable, on-time performance; so that things run smoothly and leave you with a margin of time and thought to plan carefully for the job ahead... anticipate what will be needed... and thus have the time, energy and reserve force to "get the jump" on the next situation to arise. A safe rule is to do everything you have to do just a little better than you have to do it.

2—He helps the business get more business. He is a selling factor in the business. If he is a salesman, he woos his prospects effectively... sells them intelligently and at reasonable cost... serves them at a profit to the company, and in a manner to achieve a profit for the customer. That sort of selling wins repeat business.

But maybe you're not a salesman—on the sales force, that is. But you're a salesman when you answer the phone promptly and courteously... You're a salesman when you help your firm deliver its product or service, properly, on time... You're a salesman when you make people feel it's a pleasure to do business with your
firm. And that applies to everyone in the shop, from chairman of the board to lowliest shipping clerk’s assistant.

3—He helps the business cut costs. This means studying the operation of the business from the owners’ point-of-view. Such simple things as using regular mail instead of air mail, if regular mail will do. Or writing air mail if an air mail letter will serve instead of a telegram. Or sending a telegram instead of making a more-expensive long distance call. Or bigger things, such as figuring out better, yet less expensive, ways to do things around the shop. It means not loafing on the job.

Forget those pin-ball machines in the lobby; and the “break” for mid-morning coffee . . . unless you’re ahead of schedule. Forget ’em, anyway. There are more important things to do. Much more important!

It’s as simple as that! You get ready to earn a raise by doing one, or all, of three things:

1—Performing your own work well.
2—Helping the business sell.
3—Helping the business cut costs.

As you do your daily job, remember that you are building up a reputation, good or bad. When the opportunity comes for promotion probably two or three people will sit down in an office and discuss you. That’s when things will be in your favor if your immediate superior can say: “He does everything I ask him to do, promptly and well—and he’s always asking for more to do.”

You’d be amazed at the number of employees who seem deliberately to side-step responsibility. This may be due to a lack of ambition, or a lack of initiative—but in either case, it is a definite handicap to promotion. Add a tendency toward carelessness, non-cooperation or laziness and you have the major causes for discharge.

When you accept responsibility, you must be willing to accept the headaches that go with it. You can’t accept responsibility for a job and then “pass the buck” when things go wrong. One executive put it this way: When you tackle a job, ask yourself three questions:

1—What am I to do?
2—How am I to do it?
3—Have I done it?

Don’t make excuses. Don’t alibi as to why you didn’t get it done. Take the blame for mistakes you or your associates make—and cure the headaches by mending the weak spots, in personnel or in performance.

The secret of progress and promotion is to keep everlastingly at it. And when you ask for a raise, present your case intelligently. Give close attention to these fundamentals:

1—Your employer is not primarily interested in your domestic problems and living expenses. He is in business to make money; and will pay you more only if you reduce his costs or increase his profits.

2—No matter how good you are, when you ask for a raise you have a selling job to do and must prove your point.

Men like Franklin, Edison, Burbank and Ford did not attribute their success to genius, luck, or exceptional intelligence. They “arrived” because they grasped the fundamental principle that “time is money,” and just kept on plugging away, giving a
“little extra” here of their time and energy, studying harder there.

Rudy York, Hank Greenberg and Joe Di Maggio have high batting averages. Luck? No. They watch every ball, carefully choosing the one to sock!

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.

The greatest mistake you can make in this life is to be constantly fearing you will make one.

The person who watches the clock remains one of the hands.

Work eight hours a day, and don’t worry—some day you may be boss. Then you work eighteen hours a day and do all the worrying.

Don’t make excuses — make good.

Offer your services. Surprise your boss by saying “Why don’t you let me do that for you?”

It takes a good deal of stamina, nervous energy—just plain “guts,” if you will—to win in such a competitive race as the Success Derby.

Here are stories of two men, both time-study men:

Jim puts in eight hours of good work every day. In the evening he relaxes. Both he and his wife agree that if a man gives an honest day’s work to his employer the rest of the time should be his own.

Both miss the point that although a man may be working for somebody else, the extra hours he puts in, the extra studying he does, are investments in his own future, profitable to himself as well as to his employer.

Jack’s interest in his work amounts almost to fanaticism. Always some overtime, taking extra care with a report, studying a lay-out, or carefully rechecking figures.

Two evenings a week he devotes to his family. During the other five he studies, reads everything he can locate about the work he is doing. Whenever he bumps up against a new fact, a new idea, he thinks around and around it, trying to discover every way in which it relates to his job and to the job ahead of him.

In this way he became interested in industrial motion-pictures as a medium for motion-study, marshalled his facts, bought a movie camera with his own money and made a series of pictures to prove his point. Then he wrote a series of talks to accompany the pictures.

He did this while Jim was “out for a drive,” “enjoying an evening of bridge,” or “a quiet evening at home.” He sold the idea to his boss. In two years’ time the savings in labor and processing, because of this advanced method of time-study, amounted to slightly more than one hundred thousand dollars.

I know Jim. He works hard every day, knows his job, obeys orders. Twenty years from now, he will likely be earning approximately his present
pay and “spending his evenings with his family.”

I know Jack. In two years’ time his salary was trebled. But Jack is still burning midnight oil, still giving that “little extra” which spells success.

He is not resting on his first laurels. He knows that to climb the ladder of success ahead of other men he must work fast and long: today, tomorrow, next month, next year.

Suppose on your job—every day, seven days a week—you study the job one hour more than your fellow-workers are studying it. At the end of the first year you will be out in front with an advantage of three hundred and sixty-five hours of additional knowledge about the job and how to do it better.

A young neighbor of mine, working as a chain grocery store manager, decided that if he could reduce green goods losses through spoilage, improper trimming and handling, by one per cent for all stores, he would save his company a sizable sum of money.

He hung up his white coat and locked his store when the other managers did. But while they were telling their wives how their feet hurt and how lousy it was to work such long hours, here is what he was doing:

He culled every book and pamphlet in the library for information on the subject.

Operation by operation he studied the movement of produce—from farm to wholesale market, to company warehouse, to the store, to the counter, to the customer.

Week by week he fed written suggestions to the management.

In nine months he was made a Supervisor. Today he is a Division Superintendent.

These things you must do:

1—Be interested in your job. If you don’t like it, get out of it.

2—Do your job better than the other fellow. Give a “little extra” if you expect to receive a little extra in the pay envelope.

3—No matter how well you know your own job, you must study the job ahead if you wish promotion.

4—Your moral attitude is important. Properly speaking, a man’s private affairs should not interest his employer. Yet a slight irregularity may be sufficient to tip the scales against your success.

5—If you command instead of persuade, you won’t get very far.

6—If you laugh at the other fellow’s ideas and ridicule his suggestions, you’re sunk. And if you steal his ideas and pass them along to the boss as your own, you’re a skunk.

7—If you have a college education and, because of this, think that your ideas are necessarily better than those of the man who has had ten years of practical experience, better think again.

And these are qualities you must have:

1—Cooperativeness. The ability to get along with others, to persuade and lead them, to team up with the group and work without friction, resentment, or jealousy. A fellow has to be able to keep quiet and smile in the face of criticism; adjust himself to peak loads and new bosses; and yet not go around the office or shop like a timid mouse.

2—Interest in your job and ability
to enjoy it. Of equal importance is your willingness to work hard, study hard, and keep on plugging, plugging away. And if you have something to complain about, tell it to the boss. Don’t breed discontent by grudging to other men.

3—Leadership. This you can develop. Many books are available to help you. Have initiative, of course. But that isn’t enough. Aggressiveness must be coupled to initiative. Many men have new ideas and are good at starting things. Only about eight out of a hundred are aggressive enough to finish what they start.

So much for general considerations.

Now let’s get down to instances about asking for raises and promotions.

Asking for a raise is a sales job, to be approached with care. You will have to do some talking as well as writing; hence facility in talking is important. If you’re timid, as many are, a short night school course in public speaking will be worth while.

Success comes to those who are able to persuade men. Brainy men often lose to mediocre competitors because the latter have learned how to present their product in the best light.

There is nothing to be nervous about. If you know you’ve done your job better than anyone else, if you know the job ahead and can prove it, you are entitled to a raise or promotion and should ask for it. If you haven’t done your job better than anyone else, don’t ask for a raise because you are not entitled to it, regardless of how many years you may have worked for the company.

To summarize:

a—Do your present job better than the other fellow is doing it.

b—Know the job ahead.

c—Be reserved, courteous, and friendly with your co-workers and your superiors. Don’t “play politics.”

d—Present your case intelligently.

This last is a matter of common sense. First decide whether to ask for a raise orally, or by letter. If you are nervous in front of the boss, use the letter method.

Next prepare your approach in an effective sales presentation. Remember, you have something to sell. Your problem is to convince the boss that it will be profitable to him to give you a raise.

Don’t be nervous. If you know your job, you’ll have confidence. If you don’t—study up on it before asking for that raise.

And if the boss turns you down, ask him courteously to tell you why; so that you can go about correcting the fault.

Most large corporations develop their own executives. They want young people to train within the
company; and they like to promote from within. It probably costs $200 or more just to "break in" the average worker, at simple, manual tasks. In office, creative or sales work, the training cost can run into the hundreds of dollars.

Therefore, no company likes to waste time and effort on employees who feel unappreciated, or overlooked, or aggrieved. Or who always have an eye on other pastures that look greener.

Business men do not demand that you be brilliant. But to win promotion and pay you must be willing to work, to take pains, to shoulder responsibility and to get along with other people. You must have teamwork, and generate enthusiasm.

As an employee you want to feel that you're part of an organization that is worthwhile, and performing a real service. You want opportunity for advancement; security against old age, sickness and loss of job; freedom from unjust supervision; the right to fair treatment from your superiors; and freedom to say what's on your mind. You want a feeling of individual responsibility; and the knowledge that you're doing something of significance and importance.

The work you're doing is significant and important. Your problem is to make your work more important, by doing it better and absorbing more and more responsibility. Your employer will give you all the responsibility you demonstrate you can absorb. With that responsibility comes promotion and increased pay.

A traveling salesman, holed up in a small Wyoming town by a bad snowstorm, wired his firm: "Stranded here due to storm. Telegraph instructions." Back came the reply: "Start summer vacation immediately."—The Gasser.

It was their fortieth wedding anniversary. The gray, slightly-stooped professor entered his residence, kissed his wife, smiled as he handed her a package and said, "Surprise, my dear. I'm sure you thought that your old absent-minded professor had forgotten what day this is, but here's your present."

The wife hastened to unwrap the large box of beautifully engraved stationery, and hesitating a moment said, "It—uh—it's very distinctive."

Noting her hesitation, the professor said. "Is something wrong?"

"Just one little thing, perhaps," she said smiling. "The address is that of the home we sold five years ago."

"I've been fired! I forgot to empty the ash tray in a car I serviced this morning."
SPRING training for baseball is just around the corner and every manager is holding his breath to see just which of his athletes will be claimed before the season opens. It used to be the young team with lots of reserve material that was favored; but the old men have come into their own after being treated like country cousins for several years. The New York Yankees with an old team are headed for another pennant, and the ancient St. Louis Cardinals will be in a good position to finish high in the race.

Minor league baseball will be hit hard in the near future. In the first year of the last war, forty leagues folded. The new Kansas City Blues manager, George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, is keeping his fingers crossed. If the emergency slackens, the Blues could field one of the youngest and most colorful teams in many years. Parke Carrol, general manager of the Blues, is going to reinstate some day-light baseball, playing home dates on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Maybe the tide and trend is changing.

In the world of basketball, things have been happening fast. CCNY, ranked number one in the nation, has no ranking at all, as of late January, after losing five games to mediocre opponents with the same personnel used to win the double national title last April. Another ugly scandal broke in New York as two former stars of college days were caught in a web of attempted bribery to influence scores in basketball games. An ex-GI negro star of Manhattan College refused to accept a thousand dollar “fee” for dumping a game and courageously went to the police.

Jack Gardner, the pepperpot coach of the terrifying Wildcats of Kansas State, came to the defense of coaches who become animated during a basketball game. Jack claims that it is grossly unfair to expect a basketball coach to
keep his seat if he feels he has been robbed, when a baseball manager can rush on the field and exchange words with the umpires, and football coaches can walk the entire length of the field. Jack puts it this way, “A business man wouldn’t sit idly by if his building were burning down. When an official gives me a bad break it’s burning down my house of business; and that calls for action.” Frankly, in spite of the fact that it sets a bad example for college students, he has a logical argument.

Bantam Ben Hogan was awarded a trophy by sportsdom for being the “comebacker” of 1950, but the little golfing wizard says he will engage in only a few tournaments this year.

Say, if you think you know your sports, try our little nickname quiz at the end of the column this month. You might even use it when the gang is in for a hand of poker or bridge!

The new year opened with a bang in the world of sports. In the Rose Bowl Michigan proved that no matter what team the Big Ten sends west, the result is always the same. So the Pacific coast conference threatens to withdraw from all post-season competition. Big Seven schools got a new lease on life—irresistible force was conquered when Oklahoma was defeated by Kentucky in the Sugar Bowl. Big Seven coaches are beginning to breathe again.

The NCAA put the hex on all post-season games when they ruled that 75 per cent of the gross on all bowl games must go to the schools involved. You could hear the agonized screams of the promoters across the nation!

Uncle Sam may make a big change in the football picture before September. But freshmen will not be varsity material yet, and a lot of schools are fighting to eliminate spring training from the college schedules.

J. V. SIKES, the Kansas University football coach, stole the show at the Don Faurot testimonial dinner in St. Louis shortly after Missouri had dumped KU in an upset. When Sikes was introduced and received hearty applause, the transplanted southern gent drawled, “I can see I am more popular in Missouri than I am in Kansas.”

Some years back the Chicago Cubs bought a fancy station wagon for their minor league scouts, but soon gave it up because of public opinion. The Cub minor league teams weren’t doing so good, and the fans would regularly shout, “You bums can ride the rods. Why don’t they spend that dough for some players?”

Former diamond star Frankie Frisch recalls the time he had to pay a $50 bridge toll to get across the Harlem River in New York. As Frisch tells the story, he had been late for practice with the New York Giants several times and Manager John McGraw was beginning to get impatient. One day, Frisch started for the ball park early enough, but was held up by a drawbridge at the Harlem River. The bridge was up for an hour and Frisch missed practice completely. When he
arrived at the ball park, McGraw said, “Where were you?”

When Frisch told him, McGraw replied, “After this, start early enough so that you will be here on time—regardless. You’re fined $50.”

Here’s the quiz I was talking about. Good luck with it, and see you next issue!

**NICK THE NAME**

Listed below are some of the most famous nicknames in American sports. They’ll register a familiar click immediately—but are you dead sure you know who they belong to?

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—Harold Helfer

*Answers on page 58*
Faith of Love

In the summer of 1886, the late Walter Damrosch—newly appointed as conductor of New York's Metropolitan Opera House—was touring Europe in search of talented new singers. In Stuttgart, Germany, he discovered a brilliant young soprano named Theresa Foerster. But when Damrosch offered her a contract, the young singer refused.

"I'm sorry," she told the crestfallen conductor. "But I am in love. I'm engaged to be married—to a cellist in our orchestra."

Despite Damrosch's eloquent pleading, the soprano stubbornly refused his offer. Finally, when he agreed to take the cellist along to America, she signed the contract.

"You'll never regret this," she told the skeptical conductor. "I know he has great talent."

That fall, the young singer and her fiancé sailed for the United States. Soon afterward, they were married. A few months later, the soprano was enthusiastically hailed by music critics on her debut with the Metropolitan Opera.

But what happened to the young cellist, who might never have come to America had it not been for the love and faith of Theresa Foerster? After a few months in New York, he gave up the cello and decided to try his hand at writing music. You know him as one of America's most beloved composers—Victor Herbert.

—Illus. by Robert Stein.

"I spent the weekend in the country," she explained, "and made a very painful blunder that I certainly do not want to repeat."

The optician nodded. "Failed to recognize one of your friends?" he queried.

"No, no," replied the woman. "It wasn't that. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

The family patience with little Willie's dog was at the breaking point. Finally Willie's father announced at the breakfast table that if the dog was not given away or lost before supper, he'd shoot it.

At supper Willie said, "Well, the dog is gone." "What happened to it?" asked dad. Willie proudly announced, "I traded it for three pups."

"You've been with us a week now," said the boss, "and so far we haven't been able to find anything you could do; yet when we hired you, you said you were a handy man."

"That's right, sir," replied the new employee. "I am a handy man. I live just around the corner."

The famed English writer, H. G. Wells, once founded a publication with his friend Henley; but unfortunately, it was not very popular. One day the friends stood in their office window and watched a funeral procession go by. Remarked Wells in a worried tone, "I hope that is not our subscriber."
HOW'S YOUR EYE Q.?
by Gladys Louise Cortez

Match the following:

1. Optometrist. 1. One skilled in testing the eye.
2. Oculist. 2. A maker of glasses on prescription.
3. Optician. 3. One skilled in examination and treatment of the eye.
4. Ophthalmologist. 4. One skilled in anatomy, function and diseases of the eye.

Answer the following True or False:

1. Bulls used for bull fights are color blind.
2. About 4% of all men are color blind.
3. Butterflies have a keen sense of color.
4. Color blindness is inherited through the father.
5. Cats can see in the dark.
6. Color vision develops more rapidly in girls than in boys.
7. More women than men are color blind.
8. Eating raw carrots improves night vision.
9. Many persons have one blue eye and one brown.
10. Visual purple is needed for good night vision.
11. All new born babies have brown eyes.
12. The armed forces will not accept a color blind person.
13. It is believed that originally all humans had brown eyes.
14. Everyone has a blind spot.
15. The human eye sees everything upside down.
16. Man has binocular vision.
17. We do not see with our eyes.
18. We are blind while our eyes are in motion.
TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PRESIDENTS
by Bill Slater
Moderator
"TWENTY QUESTIONS"
Sponsored by Ronson over WHB every Saturday at 7 p.m.

1. What President is buried in Washington, D.C.?
2. Who was our only bachelor President?
3. Who served two terms as President but did not succeed himself?
4. How many Presidents were born west of the Mississippi?
5. What President was a college football coach?
6. How many Democrats have been chosen President since the Civil War?
7. Which President served the shortest length of time?
8. What is Woodrow Wilson’s first name?
9. Which President was born in Kentucky?
10. What President served 17 years in the Congress after being President?
11. What President was taught to read by his wife?
12. Which President was arrested for speeding on the streets of Washington?
13. What President’s wife was known as “Lemonade Lucy”?
14. Who was the last President born in a log cabin?
15. Which President installed modern plumbing in the White House?
16. Who was the first President married in the White House?
17. What President’s grandson was also President?
18. What Presidents were assassinated?
19. Who was the first President to go to Europe while in office?
20. Which President weighed over 350 pounds?

MATCHING CIGARETTES
by Lawrence R. Barney

Fifteen brand names of cigarettes are listed below in the left hand column and fifteen scrambled answers are listed in the right hand column. See how many of the answers you can match up with the cigarette names.

1. FATIMA (A) CAPITOL CITY
2. OMAR (B) BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS
3. TWENTY GRAND (C) GLACIER
4. OLD GOLD (D) UNIVERSITY OFFICE HOLDER
5. CAMEL (E) POTATO
6. RALEIGH (F) FAMOUS LONDON STREET
7. PARLIAMENT (G) PAGLIACCI
8. LUCKY STRIKE (H) GALLANT
9. REGENT (I) FAMOUS RACE HORSE
10. PAUL JONES (J) CONTENTS OF TREASURE CHEST
11. SPUD (K) PERSIAN POET
12. PALL MALL (L) SHIP OF THE DESERT
13. PIEDMONT (M) AT SUTTER’S MILL IN 1849
14. CAVALIER (N) EGYPTIAN QUEEN
15. CLOWN (O) NAVAL HERO
**LET GEORGE DO IT!**

by William C. Boland

In passing the well-known buck, we usually say: "Let George do it." Below are listed twenty "Georges" who have done it, and become famous. Let the clue become your cue, and identify the "George". Scoring 17 or more right is excellent; 13 to 17 fair; under 10, poor.

1. He invented the air-brake.
2. He is now owner-coach of the Chicago Bears professional football team.
3. He signed all his writings, "A. E."
4. He built the Panama Canal.
5. He became Notre Dame's greatest gridiron hero.
6. He fathered a great nation.
7. He wrote "Porgy and Bess."
8. He became a noted Irish bishop.
9. He wrote "Silas Marner."
10. He became a British novelist and poet.
11. Her real name was Baronesse Dudevant.
12. He was a Hollywood tough guy.
13. He draws a popular comic strip.
14. He once commanded the entire United States Army.

**SET YOUR WORK TO MUSIC**

by J. H. Lovely

Like music while you work? Well, here's a quiz that parleys almost every job into a tuneful profession. The following song titles, before we omitted certain words, all included the name of a familiar occupation. Your task is to select the omitted occupational title from the right-hand column, using it correctly to complete the tune title on the left. With 15 perfect pairings you're hep to the Hit Parade; 11 to 14 is above average; 7 to 10, fair; but 6 or less and you're a charter member of the "We've Got Cotton in Our Ears When It Comes to Music Club!"

This song—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>This song</th>
<th>Suggests which occupation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Feather</td>
<td>(a) Milkman</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Old Master</td>
<td>(b) Jockey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Boogie Woogie</td>
<td>(c) Boxer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Jack, The</td>
<td>(d) Washerwoman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Hey, Mr.</td>
<td>(e) Lamp-lighter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. , Keep Those Bottles Quiet.</td>
<td>(f) Painter</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. Disc Jump.</td>
<td>(g) Lawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Dance.</td>
<td>(h) Riveter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Charlie Was a</td>
<td>(i) Bell Boy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. The Old</td>
<td>(j) Cowboy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Rosie, The</td>
<td>(k) Shoe Shine Boy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Doctor, , Indian Chief.</td>
<td>(l) Watchmaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Chattanoogie</td>
<td>(m) Shepherd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. The Fuddy Duddy</td>
<td>(n) Postman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Ragtime Joe.</td>
<td>(o) Merchant</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THINK YOU’RE AN EPICURE?
by S. Suttles

You’ve got two kinds of fish, plus a lobster and some clams, and you want to make something special. What’ll it be: bouillon? bouillabaise? finnan haddie? Bouillabaise—of course! Now try your culinary I.Q. on matching these principal ingredients with the gourmet’s delights you’d find them in:

1. prawns and batter
2. cornmeal
3. potatoes
4. taro root
5. almond paste
6. beans
7. anchovies
8. raw fish
9. grape leaves and ground meat
10. dough and tomato pulp
11. rice
12. beets

A. dolma
B. pizza
C. borscht
D. frijoles
E. kartoffelpuffer
F. poi
G. tempura
H. marzipan
I. sashimi
J. tortillas
K. nubbelda
L. pilav

CHANGE A WAVE
by Boris Randolph

Beginning with the word WAVE simply change one letter at a time and form a new word each time according to the definitions.

W A V E

Diminish
Need
Passed
Curved
Thump

B E A M

THE SEARCH
by Charles Carson

The following named persons (some real, some mythical, are said to have gone out in quest of some objective or achievement.

If you know ten or more of the right answers, you are as bright as a Quiz Kid. If you can get as many as eight, you ought to be in Congress. If you guess only six, you had better go back to school. And if you get five or less, going back to school wouldn’t help.

1. General Pershing in Mexico
2. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa
3. Simple Simon when he went fishing
4. Diogenes of the streets of Athens
5. Sir Galahad in England and the Far East
6. The pussycat in London
7. Henry M. Stanley in Africa
8. Jason at Colchis
9. Ponce de Leon in Florida
10. Christopher Columbus in the New World
11. The Israelites in the wilderness
12. The Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock

FAMOUS RELIGIOUS LEADERS
by Griggory Dole

Can you guess these well known missionaries, revivalists and preachers from the clues given?

1. First governor of Utah
2. Imprisoned in Nazi camp
3. Made a Heaven on earth
4. Nailed his ideas to the church door
5. Sang songs with Sankey
6. Created a town for boys
7. Burned “witches”
8. Had a temple all her own
9. Went to bat for religion
10. Was General of an Army
The Talking Chip

IT WAS the year 1827 and Rev. John Williams was building a church without nails or iron work on the island of Rarotonga in the South Seas. One morning when he left home for the church he discovered that he had forgotten to bring his square. Since he needed it, he took up a chip and wrote a note upon it with a piece of charcoal. The note was a request to his wife to send the square to him.

He called a native chief to him and said as he gave him the chip, "Friend, take this; go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

The chief who had been a great warrior and had lost an eye in battle exclaimed, "Take that! Mrs. Williams will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," Mr. Williams replied, "she will not; take it, and go immediately. I am in haste."

Seeing that Mr. Williams was in earnest the chief took the piece of wood and asked, "What must I say?"

"You have nothing to say," said Mr. Williams. "The chip will say all I wish."

With a look of astonishment and contempt, the chief held up the piece of wood and said, "How can this speak? Has this wood a mouth?"

Mr. Williams replied, "Do as I say. Take it at once to Mrs. Williams and do not argue. It will tell her what I want."

On arriving at the house, the chief gave the chip to Mrs. Williams who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool chest. On receiving the square from her, the chief said, "Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply, "for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

With this the chief leaped out of the house; and, catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand, and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

After giving the square to Mr. Williams, he wished to know how it was possible for the chip to talk to Mrs. Williams. The missionary tried to explain that he had written the message in charcoal on the piece of wood, but it was all too mysterious for the chief to understand. He tied a string to the marvelous chip, hung it around his neck, and wore it day and night before the envious eyes of the other natives. For was it not a wonderful magic piece of wood that knew how to talk to the white people in their own language?

—Vera Cooper Mullins

During an international conference in Paris, a number of statesmen left the Quai d'Orsay at the same time. The doorman called out to their chauffeurs: "The Cadillac for Mr. Acheson... The Rolls Royce for Mr. Bevin... The Citroen for Mr. Schuman!"

Then, after a pause, "The umbrella and rubbers for Mr. de Gasperi!"

"How is it, Al, that you make such a profit out of your coal?" asked a business acquaintance. "Your price is lower than any other dealer's in the city and yet you make extra reductions for your friends."

"Well, you see, I knock off $1 a ton because a customer is a friend of mine, and then I just take 10 bushels off the ton because I'm a friend of his."
Lessons in Relativity

According to a tale that is still being related in Princeton, New Jersey, a ten-year-old girl had developed the habit of asking "a kind old man" to help her with her arithmetic homework.

"He's a good man," she told her inquiring mother. "My arithmetic was hard, and people said he could help me. So I go to him, and he explains everything—even better than our teacher does."

The shocked mother, learning the identity of the man, went at once to apologize for her daughter's boldness.

But the "nice old man" refused to accept an apology.

"It is not necessary," explained Albert Einstein, smiling. "I have learned more from my conversations with the child than she did!"

A recent incident tells of a long distance phone conversation between Michael Goodman, Professor of Architecture at the University of California, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, the distinguished nuclear physicist and director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

As the two were chatting, Dr. Oppenheimer's voice was accompanied by the disturbing strains of piano music. Several times the physicist turned from the phone to say, "Please be quiet, Albert," or "Albert, I can't hear."

Finally something clicked in Dr. Goodman's mind. "Say, that—that couldn't be Albert Einstein, could it?"

"Why, yes," replied Oppenheimer.

"Then for heaven's sake, keep quiet and let him play," screamed Dr. Goodman. "I can hear you talk anytime!"

Edward W. Ludwig

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Centerpiece

On Swing's center pages you will find beautiful and charming Vera-Ellen, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's talented young stars. She is currently seen in the M-G-M Technicolor hit, "Three Little Words," starring Fred Astaire and Red Skelton.

George Bernard Shaw once visited the sculptor Jacob Epstein, in the latter's studio. As they chatted, Shaw noticed a huge block of stone in a corner of the room.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," said Epstein, "I'm still making plans."

"You mean you plan your work?" exclaimed Shaw. "You, an artist? Why, I change my mind several times a day!"

"That's all right with a four ounce manuscript," replied Epstein, "but not with a four ton block."

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it they'd call it nagging."

Another man who lived in the White House denounced an act of aggression. Abraham Lincoln, describing Mexican hostilities, said they reminded him of a farmer back home in Illinois who always maintained, "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine."
1. BIG CLYDE LOVELLETTE, University of Kansas 6'9" basketball star, is the center of attention in the dressing room. Left to right are: Clyde; Larry Ray, WHB sports director; Bill Lienhard; and Charley Hoag. See page 37 for Larry Ray Talks Sports.

2. HAROLD B. LYON, right, new managing director of the Paramount Theater in Kansas City, and John Del Valle, publicity director of Nat Holt productions, whose new picture, "The Great Missouri Raid," was in town, join WHB in celebration of Bing Crosby Month.

3. LARRY RAY OF WHB gets the lowdown from the Kansas State basketball team and their coach, Jack Gardner. Left to right are: Jack Stone, Dick Knostman (hidden), Ed Head, Lew Hitch, Jack Gardner, Larry Ray, and Jim Iverson.

4. PRETTY WHB-STAFFER Jane Fox models the 1951 WHB calendar.

5. PIANIST-HUMORIST LIBERACE gets a double-take from Arbogast while a guest on "The Arbogast Show," heard from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. every night except Sunday over WHB. The one on the right is Arbogast.

6. PREHISTORIC WOMEN appear on "Luncheon On the Plaza" to show how the gals got their men in the old days. Left to right at mike are: "Caveman" Frank Wziarde, "Prehistoric" Kerry Vaughn, Earl Wells and Joan Shawbe, of R-K-O Studios.
OTTUMWA, Wappelo County, Iowa, was a wonderful place to be growing up in the years of World War I. Even then a thriving meat-packing and manufacturing town, Ottumwa was still small enough to be a friendly sort of place, where nearly everyone knew almost everybody.

On Saturdays, or after school, a boy of twelve could hunt and fish along the banks of the widening Des Moines River, as it flowed southeasterly to join the Mississippi, where locks, a canal and a great dam had been built at Keokuk. There were creeks, shallow lakes and ponds containing a thousand mysteries—surrounded by cut-over timber, and hills alive with legends of Indian mounds. Game and wildlife were abundant on the undulating prairie tablelands, fine territory for hunting and trapping!

If your dad was foreman in a steel fabrication works, he could show you how things were made—and you dreamed exciting dreams about the world of industry and commerce. If you were one of five children, you never lacked playmates—when you had time to play. But usually you were pretty busy, working at odd jobs, making money to help pay your way. You delivered drugs and groceries for neighborhood stores; you had a milk route; you were a delivery boy for the Ottumwa Courier, or the Des Moines Register and Tribune. You didn’t mind working, because all your brothers and sisters worked.

In September before Armistice Day, 1918, you started to high school—where a new world and new vistas opened before you, stimulated by the teaching of kindly and interested instructors. One teacher, particularly—a wiry, dynamic, energetic man named C. C. Carruthers who taught economics and civics—took a real interest in you. He noted your excellence in mathematics, encouraged and coached you in your propensity for high school debate. You were too light for football; so you played tennis and baseball. Because you rapidly gained self-confidence and the ability to speak well, because you were a quick, orderly and articulate thinker, you easily made the debating team.

And that led, naturally, to your desire to become a lawyer—and to
study at the University of Iowa. When your high school debating team won the Iowa state championship, you were overjoyed to have it include a small scholarship at Iowa City. Sharing your excitement was a high school sweetheart—and you resolved to marry her one fine day!

Before going on to college, however, you took a year out to accumulate a nest egg. For $22 a week, you worked in a wholesale fruit and vegetable house, saving your money for an entire year, to enroll at Iowa in September of 1923. You knew what you wanted; business law was your field, with a major in accounting and economics. Five years of it, two years in the College of Liberal Arts, three years in Law School. You were a happy young man to win that coveted LL.B. degree in June of 1928. Behind you were busy, profitable years of "working your way" through school—cutting grass, tending furnaces, shoveling snow, waiting tables.

IT is the sort of training that builds character... and when young Harry B. Munsell passed his state bar exams he had all the inbuilt qualities that make for success.

Finding a job was something else again. It was the era of "Coolidge Prosperity" and young Munsell took his time—spent the summer in Ottumwa after graduation. Then, with $200 as a "buffer," he started looking for a job in Chicago that fall. Some of his classmates became stock and bond salesmen. But the young lawyers who had preceded him were holding down all the jobs in law-firm offices. At $100 a month, Munsell went to work for the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company; shifted after three months to a two-week job with Goodrich Rubber; then became a collector of bad accounts for a hardware concern. It was rough, getting going!

An Iowa classmate, Bill Chamberlain, whose uncle was president of United Light and Railways, tipped him off to a job in the company's legal department. After several tries for the position, he finally connected at $150 a month. There were three associated companies: Continental Gas

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in SWING have their own Fraternity, nominate and elect each new "Man-of-the-Month." The organization, in six years, has become a civic "honor society" similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and SWING. Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.

and Electric; American Light and Traction; and United Light and Power, of which the Kansas City Power and Light Company was at that time a subsidiary.

On the strength of his new job, Munsell in June, 1929, married his childhood sweetheart, Helen L. Criley, who had moved to Chicago after her graduation from the University of Iowa in 1926. She was his "one and only"—he never had another girl all through high school and college.
His marriage in June of 1929 was followed by the financial crash in October of the same year. Then came the depression days of 1930 and 1931, as corporations all over America went broke, banks failed, apple-vendors worked on street corners, and people sang: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

WITH United, however, Munsell's rise was rapid. Jobs of increasing importance were assigned him as his marked executive ability became increasingly apparent. He showed a remarkable aptitude for figures—could read them like a book—and found them absorbing and inspiring. Almost uncanny was his grasp of the intricacies of corporate structure and corporation law—his swift and accurate analysis of corporation financial statements. This was to be the basis of his successful career.

The thing that made him was the federal legislation of 1934 and 1935, regulating public utility companies. To comply with the new and intricate laws required a high order of legal legerdemain—and Munsell was the man to perform it! He was given responsibility for all public financing of the system companies, followed by the complex job of working out their problems under the new Public Utility Holding Act.

In August of 1938, Munsell was made assistant to the president, Charles S. McCain. And later, to William G. Woolfolk, who succeeded McCain. In June of 1941 he was elected a Vice-President and made a director of the four companies. In 1944 he was elected Treasurer.

Down in Kansas City, the late Chester C. Smith, president of the Power and Light Company, wanted an assistant. The word had spread that Munsell was highly capable. So Smith brought him to Kansas City, where Munsell became vice-president and secretary of the Kansas City Power and Light Company on July 18, 1945. Upon the death of Smith in 1947, Munsell was elected president, at the age of forty-one. His election to the presidency came just two months short of the date, eighteen years earlier, when he had entered the utility business. He was elected a Director of the Professional Building Company, December 27, 1946; the Kansas City Southern Railway, May 25, 1948; and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway, June 8, 1948.

He lives at 6410 Wenonga Road, in Johnson County, Kansas—and belongs to enough clubs to get something of a reputation as a "joiner": the Kansas City Club, Kansas City Athletic Club, Mission Hills Country Club, Saddle and Sirloin, "711" and "822" (two of the famous "inner clubs" at The Kansas City Club), the Chicago Club, the University Club of Chicago, the Recess Club of New York, and Kansas City's new River Club.

MUNSELL, who climbed the ladder of success at such an early age, is pictured as the ideal executive by his associates and employees. He delegates authority, the first thing a successful executive must learn to do. He surrounds himself with capable assistants and gives them responsibilities. And best of all, he is termed a "fair, square guy" by his employees,
Swing  
February, 1951

the finest tribute any worker can pay his boss-man.

One of his outstanding characteristics is frankness. No matter what the problem, he is straightforward and frank in his approach to it, and respects that quality in his associates. In fact, he becomes impatient with anyone who cannot tell him the facts without excess wordage. Once given the facts, he has unusual ability to analyze the problem quickly; and he wastes no time in making decisions.

As a mathematician, he has few equals. He can scan a page of figures and understand them quickly and clearly. An engineer once brought him a sheet of figures to check. Munsell scanned it, pointed to the middle line, and said, "There's an error here."

"But," protested the enginer, "I checked it three times."

However, the engineer took out his slide rule and figured it again. At the end, he slowly lowered the slide rule. There was an error!

An excellent memory is a Munsell legend. Keith Warc, a close friend since law school days, loves to tell this one: During the school year, it was the usual thing for a group to gather and bone for law exams. As was the custom, they ordered food from the Savoy Restaurant in Iowa City. Munsell volunteered to take the orders for hamburgers, some with mustard, some with pickles, all of them different. Without writing a thing down, Munsell ordered the food over the phone. When the food arrived, not an order was wrong!

Always a lover of sports, Munsell limits himself to hunting and fishing. Golf used to be a favorite, too, but an attack of bursitis and a desire to spend more time with his children, caused him to drop it. His daughter, Jane Diane, 17, is now in Sunset Hill School; and his son, H. Burwell, 16, is a student at Pembroke-Country Day.

Hunting and fishing are not only his favorite sports, but his hobbies and chief form of relaxation. He bends over backward to be sporting and fair, just as he does in his work. For instance, he tries to catch northern pike on an 8-pound line! "There's no fun," he says, "in just pullin' in fish where the fish are plentiful." He likes to tell of the time he once landed a 17 1/2-pound fish on his line, only to have a 4-pound bass break the line shortly after.

For fishing he goes to Norfolk Lake in northern Arkansas and Barney's Bald Lake Lodge, northeast of Kenora, Ontario. He hunts for ducks and geese. Once a year he goes duck hunting south of Lake Charles, La.; the balance of his hunting trips are to the "Lost Quarter Club." The name is derived from a quarter-section of land.
not included in a survey, and the membership consists of only three people. It is legend that when Munsell arrives at the club, he neither shaves nor combs his hair until he leaves.

With a wide taste in music, he prefers to stay home and listen, rather than attend concerts. He plays poker, gin rummy and bridge, but avoids canasta. His favorite indoor “sport” is reading, with detective stories heading the list and Erle Stanley Gardner his favorite author.

MUNSSELL can look back with pride at the tremendous growth of his company. Within the last ten years, approximately 50,000 customers were added to the company’s lines, making a total of over 200,000 customers in Greater Kansas City. To keep pace with this growth, nearly twenty million dollars has been invested in the last year alone, to enlarge and improve facilities.

Total residential use has risen 52 per cent since 1940. More than 5,700 new commercial and industrial customers have been added, an increase of about 20 per cent. Of these, more than 1,000 new business and industrial firms were connected in 1950.

New line extensions were made to farm homes and industries in rural communities. In the last 10 years, more than 2,400 miles of lines were constructed to serve some 9,800 additional rural customers in Missouri and Kansas.

A continuing program of enlargement of transmission and distribution facilities resulted in completion of a high-voltage transmission “ring” of power lines around Kansas City in 1950. The company has power pool interconnections with three other utilities in northern Missouri and Iowa, and plans are underway to complete a 154,000-volt tie-line with Union Electric Company of Missouri at St. Louis in 1952.

Kansas City is well on its way to becoming one of the best lighted cities in the nation. Since 1946, in cooperation with the city, the power company has completed more than 53 miles of new street, boulevard and trafficway lighting, including underground circuits, and the installation of 9,933 new-type street lamps.

The company is also constructing a new plant at Hawthorn. Originally planned for two units of 66,000-kilowatts each, an additional 99,000-kilowatt steam-electric generating unit costing sixteen million dollars is to be added. This will bring a total future output of 231,000 kilowatts from this station.

Now approximately 60 per cent complete, Hawthorn station will place its first unit in service next April, and the second unit in August. These units will increase the power supply in the service area by 40 per cent by mid-1951. When the new 99,000-kilowatt unit is placed in service, in the spring of 1953, the increase will be 70 per cent over the present available supply.

“Many people,” says Munsell, “think the cost of electric power is too high. Actually, it isn’t. Here are the figures on three common household items in use every day, to show how it has decreased over the past 30 years.”

**Electric Iron**—The average householder uses 100 kilowatthours every year.
- 1950—$2.99 per year.
- 1940— 3.80 per year.
- 1930— 5.00 per year.
- 1920— 7.10 per year.

**Electric Toaster**—The average householder uses 30 kilowatthours every year.
- 1950—.87 per year.
- 1940— 1.14 per year.
- 1930— 1.50 per year.
- 1920— 2.13 per year.

**Electric Refrigerator**—The average householder uses 350 kilowatthours every year.
- 1950—$10.15 per year.
- 1940— 13.30 per year.
- 1930— 17.50 per year.
- 1920— 24.85 per year.

“You can see how much cheaper electric power is today,” says Mun-
sell. "But the time is rapidly approaching when rates will have to go up. In September of 1946, we reduced our rates, cutting our revenue by two million dollars. Today, everything is rising, fuel, wages, materials, prices, and it's just a matter of time until we are forced to increase our rates."

A MAN with the capability, drive and initiative of Munsell inevitably is asked to assist in community activities. A few of them are: the Chamber of Commerce, American Royal Association, The Electric Association of Kansas City, Business District League of Kansas City, Mayor's Traffic Safety Educational Committee, Real Estate Board of Kansas City, Kansas City Centennial Association, Starlight Theater Association, Midwest Research Institute, Kansas City Conservatory of Music, Kansas City Art Institute, Kansas City Crime Commission, Quartermasters' Association, Foreign Trade Club of Greater Kansas City, Missouri, Association of Public Utilities, American Bar Association, Edison Electric Institute.

Munsell's background has probably been his greatest asset. The work he had to do while growing up, in high school and in college, has given him a rare insight into the minds of laboring men. He knows their feelings, their everyday struggle for existence, their hopes for security. And his background has shown him that you cannot become a success without hard work!

"For ages, whenever young men get out of school, they have been told there was plenty of room at the top," he says. "There really is. I honestly believe there is more room at the top today than ever before. More businessmen are looking in their own companies, and in other companies, for top personnel to take over key jobs. There is plenty of room, but it takes work, hard work to get there. If you want to make good, you must get down to earth and work!"

Getting back to mathematics for a moment, there's the story about Munsell's son, H. Burwell. The Munsells planned for him as a birthday present to Dad—with his estimated time of arrival, May 18. He arrived one day early.

### Answers to SPORTS QUIZ on Page 41

1. Hubbell  
2. McGraw  
3. Martin  
4. Sullivan  
5. Davis  
6. Waner  
7. Carpentier  
8. Maranville  
9. Grange  
10. Wills  
11. Gehrig  
12. Griffith  
13. Frisch  
14. Cuyler  
15. Johnson  
16. Brown  
17. Keller  
18. DiMaggio
They're Fast In Arkansas

BEFORE the war my youngest brother lived in the hills of Arkansas. One night as he and a chum were leaving a candy-breaking, they decided to escort a pair of country lasses home. But upon learning that the girls had come “afoot” and lived across the mountain six miles, the ardor of the youthful swains began to cool.

In a quick two-man conference, they decided to have the girls wait by the yard gate, while they went back to the ash-hopper, presumably to get their mules. The girls waited, the boys rode home and promptly forgot the incident.

Then came Pearl Harbor ... Guadalcanal ... hospitalization ... home ... recovery ... the German occupation ... home again.

Six years from the night of the candy-breaking my brother went back to visit his mountain friends, and they gave a dance in his honor. During the merrymaking a young hill woman with a child in one arm and a toddler hanging to the other hand made her way through the crowd to where he was standing. She looked at him quietly for a long moment, and then in a wistful voice she said, “I do declare, it took you longer to git a mule than any feller I ever seen.”

—Charles Carson.

"Have a good night?" the hostess asked sweetly of the house guest who had slept on a couch.

"Fairly good," he answered sleepily. "I got up from time to time and rested."

"Just what have you done for humanity," asked the judge before pronouncing sentence on the pick-pocket.

"Well," said the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

"How did your wife get on with her reducing diet?"

"Fine. She disappeared completely last week."

A woman returned a pair of shoes to an exclusive shop.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but these shoes aren't what I need. I can't walk in them."

"Madam," commented the snooty clerk, "people who have to walk don't shop here."

After the new minister had been in town a month, he asked a woman church member what she thought of his sermons.

"Wonderful," she gushed. "You know, until you came, we didn't even know the meaning of sin here."

Of course, there's nothing new under the sun. 'Tis under the moon where the young fellow thinks he's found something new.

COMING . . . IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SWING

Catch That Fish—Then What? Handy tips on hook-to-skillet technique.

King of the Pin-Ups This lucky man has photographed more than 10,000 beautiful girls!

Do Right By Your Dog You can't love him one day and forget him the next.

Smoking Can Kill You! "...believed to have been smoking in bed."

The Land of Widows Miami Beach—land of sun, sand, sea, stucco—and single women.

Etched for the Masses Unknown artists whose portraits sell by the millions.

Be a Provversationalist Let's take the "con" out of conversation!

Educating Against Accidents High schools teach their students to drive—safely.

Vacation the Easy Way The most important thing is moderation. "2000 Plus" The script of this popular network program as actually broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.
Adventure . . .

... rides the airplanes as WHB introduces four new programs: "The Clyde Beatty Show", Bobby Benson, "Challenge of the Yukon" and "Box 13."

Clyde Beatty, world-famous animal trainer and circus owner, now has his own program, "The Clyde Beatty Show," over WHB every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 p.m. The tense and dramatic episodes from his life while hunting in the African jungle make this show a thrice-weekly delight for arm-chair adventurers, young and old.

Mutual's young cowboy star, Bobby Benson, has his own program of music and comments every Tuesday and Thursday from 5:55 to 6 p.m. over WHB. In addition, every Saturday Bobby joins the B-Bar-B Ranch boys in a rough-riding program of western adventure in the Big Bend country of Texas from 5 to 5:30 p.m.

"Challenge of the Yukon," the action-packed adventure stories of the Yukon territory during the chaotic gold rush days, is now heard over WHB at 5:30 p.m. Saturdays, and 2 p.m. Sundays. The adventures revolve around the wonder dog, King, and his hard-riding master, Sgt. Preston of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The two heroes are active in the Yukon settlements where a host of colorful characters risk their lives in search of gold and adventure. This is a must for both action and adventure. And don't forget—on Saturdays there is a full hour of solid entertainment for the kids, with Bobby Benson at 5 p.m. and "Challenge of the Yukon" at 5:30 p.m. beginning Feb. 17.

"ADVENTURE WANTED. Will go any place . . . do anything. Box 13." Thus begins a thrilling, intriguing half-hour of adventure on the
“Box 13” program heard over WHB Sundays at 3 p.m. Alan Ladd, of the movies, plays the role of Dan Holiday, a man of action, a versatile, resourceful fiction writer who advertises for adventure.

Music . . .

. . . Several new programs on the melodic side have been added. Victor Borge, popular and versatile pianist—comedian known as the Great Dane, is now heard at 5:55 p.m. over WHB every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with patter and music.

Popular “Swing Session” is back at its regular stand, 2 to 4:30 p.m. every Saturday. Genial Bob Kennedy is m.c. of this platter chatter party.

A new morning program that will delight housewives is “Kennedy Calling”, Monday through Friday from
## CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

### MORNING

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### Sports News
- **Straight Arrow**
- **Sky King**
- **Bobby Benson**
WHB — 710
MORNING

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<td>Club 710, Arbatgast</td>
<td>Horse Races</td>
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<tr>
<td>Musical Tune-O</td>
<td>Challenge of Yukon</td>
<td>4:15</td>
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<tr>
<td>Musical Tune-O</td>
<td>Challenge of Yukon</td>
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<tr>
<td>AP News—Dick Smith</td>
<td>Challenge of Yukon</td>
<td>4:45</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sports News</td>
<td>Challenge of Yukon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mark Trail</td>
<td>True or False</td>
<td>5:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mark Trail</td>
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<td>Clyde Beatty</td>
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<td>Clyde Beatty</td>
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<tr>
<td>Victor Borg</td>
<td>True or False</td>
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9:15 to 10 a.m. Features tips and chatter for the housewife, good records, plus a chat with Sandra Lea, the Plaza Shopper, every morning. Fits right in with the housework!

"Serenade in the Night", WHB's soothing program of music for relaxing and reading, has been extended to a full hour. It was formerly heard to a full hour. This popular program is now heard from 10 to 11 p.m. every night, seven nights, of the week! It features semi-classic and show tunes, nothing serious or heavy.

Guy Lombardo, everybody's favorite orchestra, has an additional 15-minute show Monday through Friday at 9:30 p.m. He is also heard on "The Lombardo Hour" on Sundays from 11 to 12 noon.

Monday through Friday from 12:15 to 2 p.m. has been set aside for "The Boogie Woogie Cowboys". America's foremost cowboy artists are featured including Don Sullivan and Eddy Arnold, M.C.'ed by Bruce Grant and "Pokey Red."

Drama . . .

. . . Everyone remembers Damon Runyon, the big-time, first-rate, Grade-A reporter who wrote stories about the guys and dolls of Broadway. Now "The Damon Runyon Theatre" re-creates these stories over WHB every Thursday at 8:30 p.m. The favorite Runyon yarns are re-spun with John Brown featured as "Broadway." Your favorite characters, such as Tobias the Terrible, Little Miss Marker, Princess O'Hara, Madam La Gimp, Dancing Dan, High-C Homer, (Continued on Page 64)
and Fatso Zimpf, are heard on the program. As Runyon would say: “It’s 6 to 5 that the shows will be great fun for the guys and dolls that hear them ... and listeners will go ga-ga.”

**Sports . . .**

. . . Fans are in for some of the best basketball in the country when they tune WHB to hear the play-by-play description of Big Seven basketball games by Larry Ray, the Midwest’s favorite sports announcer. Kansas, Missouri, Kansas State and Oklahoma are the top teams in a tight race for Big Seven Basketball honors; but there may be a dark horse. Keep this list of Big Seven games handy for easy reference:

Mon., Feb 5—Oklahoma A & M vs. Kansas at Lawrence.
Sat., Feb. 10—Missouri vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.
Mon., Feb. 12—Kansas vs. Missouri at Columbia.
Sat., Feb. 17—Kansas vs. Iowa State at Ames, or Kansas State vs. Oklahoma at Norman.
Mon., Feb. 19—Oklahoma vs. Kansas at Lawrence.
Sat., Feb 24—Kansas vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.
Mon., Feb. 26—Nebraska vs. Kansas State at Manhattan.
Sat., March 3—Kansas State vs. Iowa State at Ames, or Oklahoma vs. Nebraska at Lincoln.
Mon., March 5—Oklahoma vs. Kansas State at Manhattan, or Colorado vs. Missouri at Columbia.
Wed., March 7—Iowa State vs. Kansas at Lawrence, or Nebraska vs. Missouri at Columbia.

Broadcasts begin at 7:30 p. m. at Lawrence, 7:45 p. m. at Manhattan and Norman, and 8 p. m. at Columbia. In addition, WHB will carry the NAIB Tournament in Kansas City from March 12 through March 17; and the NCAA Tournament in Kansas City on March 21 through March 24.

And in case you haven’t heard about it yet, Larry Ray’s nightly sports round-up is now broadcast at a new time, 6:15 p. m. Monday through Friday!

If you’ve a yen for Florida when the ponies are running, and can’t find the time or money for the trip, here’s a hot tip! Listen to WHB every Saturday from 3:30 to 3:45 p. m., and you’ll hear the top race from Hialeah or Gulfstream Park, described by Bryan Field, nationally known turfcaster. Here’s a preview of what you’ll hear. From Hialeah: the Bahamas on Feb. 3; the McLennan on Feb. 10; the Miami Beach Handicap on Feb. 17; the Widener Handicap on Feb. 24; and the Flamingo Handicap, the winter’s most important Kentucky Derby preview, on March 3. From Gulfstream: the Horning Handicap on March 10; the Gulfstream Park Handicap on March 17; the Suwanee River Handicap on March 24; and the Fort Lauderdale Handicap on March 31. No pari-mutuel windows, just the solid enjoyment of a good race described by one of the top turfcasters, Bryan Field.

**News . . .**

. . . In light of the world situation, WHB has added two more news broadcasts to its schedule, at 2:25 and 3:25 p. m., Monday through Friday.
The full and complete news coverage on WHB is as follows:

Monay through Friday
6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
9:55 a.m.—Ken Hartley
11:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
12:00 noon—Dick Smith
12:55 p.m.—Ken Hartley
2:25 p.m.—Babo Reporter
3:25 p.m.—Babo Reporter
4:45 p.m.—Dick Smith
6:00 p.m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter
7:55 p.m.—Bill Henry
9:00 p.m.—Frank Edwards
9:15 p.m.—Mutual Newsreel
9:45 p.m.—John Thornberry
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

Sunday
8:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
10:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
12:00 noon—William Hillman
8:30 p.m.—Gabriel Heatter
10:00 p.m.—Mutual News
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

Saturday
6:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m.—Ken Hartley
11:45 a.m.—Dick Smith
6:15 p.m.—Twin Views of the News
10:00 p.m.—Mutual News
10:55 p.m.—Mutual News

General...

"It Pays To Be Smart," Kansas City's outstanding high school quiz show, now in its sixth year, is heard over WHB every Thursday at 7 p.m. Each week WHB visits a high school in the Kansas City area and records a half-hour program with high school students as quiz contestants, airs it on Thursday night. Each school selects six students to participate. The questions, all on current events, are chosen by a representative of the University of Kansas City and teachers of the school. Dick Smith, WHB program director, is the producer and quiz master of the program, presented jointly by WHB, the University of Kansas City, and the Board of Education of Kansas City, Missouri. Prizes of U.S. Savings Bonds and cash are awarded. Educational and enjoyable, this show should have top priority with students and parents alike.

"Queen For A Day," with m.c. Jack Bailey, is now heard at 10:30 a.m., Monday through Friday over WHB. This popular audience-participation show has changed its method of selecting the "Queen" for the day. Formerly, sixteen women were chosen from the audience to form the special panel that judged the best wish. Now the entire audience sits as a regal jury voting on the basis of the best wish made. Comedian Jack Bailey makes this a laugh riot.

Another time change is that of "Luncheon On The Plaza." Formerly heard at 10:30 a.m., it is now aired at 10 a.m. Monday through Friday, from Sears' Plaza Store.

And "Club 710" with Arbogast, the program designed for housewives and young people, now has an additional quarter-hour. That means you can hear that funny, funny guy from 2 to 4:15 p.m. Monday through Friday. And be sure to hear Arbogast and his gang in the "Arbogast Show," from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. every night except Sunday.

Take your pick. Comedy, drama, music, sports, news—whatever you want, you'll find it on WHB—Your Favorite Neighbor—in Kansas City!
THE telegram read: "Arbogast... Swing again this month." It was from the editor of this thing.

I had the rope around my neck and was dangling in mid-air when he rushed in and cut me down.

"You fool," he said. "I didn't mean this."

"But, sir," I gasped while purpling, "You told me to swing again this month." He looked perplexed.

"Oh, hang it all, Arbogast," he said.

I fastened the rope again and climbed atop the box.

"Farewell, cruel editor," I said.

"No, no," he screamed. "By 'Swing again,' I meant that I wanted you to write an article—not hang yourself, you idiot."

And he cut me down again.

My guess is he should have let me hang, considering the overall outcome (overall outcome: dungarees splitting at the seams).

But anyway, here it is. About records and things.

The track record at Hollywood Park for the mile and a quarter is 1:59 and five-eights. But that's another sort of record.

Mine are the phonograph-type things.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE (Mary Martin... Columbia album "Mary Martin Sings For You"). It'll be that time soon, you guys, when you put down a fin for a box of goodies just because you're in love... or because her old man has money... or because. Ah, but what is love, anyway? Mary Martin, SHE of "South Pacific," has one answer, and she puts it down in fine style on this tune. All about her lover who isn't the greatest looker in the world, but she loves him just because he's what he is. We've all... now admit it... gotten one of those penny comic valentines at one time or another... the kind that let us see ourselves as others do. That's what La Martin chantenthuses about... her "Funny Valentine" boy-friend. Nostalgic, torchy and catchy. Our current favorite among the yet-available "oldies." With a harp background!

SLIM GAILLARD TRIO (Atomic... Bel-Tone... MGM... Other labels, too. I don't know which. Ask around.) These are the men (Slim Gaillard, Zutty Singleton, "Tiny" Brown) who knock you out of bed on our late show (don't fall too hard... you'll knock us off the air). If you've missed 'em, you've missed the greatest. Tremendous beat and drive... and lyrics that are stories in themselves. Seems that the group features the incongruous use of Arabian dinner menus for all the other than Anglo-Saxon words in their songs. Which is no surprise, since Gaillard is a master of languages and dialects they haven't even written yet. Add to that the fact that the group can play 15 or 20 instruments between them, and you've got talent to burn. And burn they do... but always come back for more. Tunes like "Yep Roc Heresy," "Tee See Mclee," "Carnie," "Laguna," "Buck Dance Rhythm" will give you some idea. Gaillard is of the "Slim and Slam" ("Flat Foot Floogie") duo of other years. The trio (add "Tiny" Brown on the bass) was sensational on the Coast and nationwide about 1946 (recall "Cement Mixer"?). We look for a comeback by popular appeal. Definitely not for Ernest Tubb fans. Long-hairs will love it, though, we bet.

JUMPING BEAN (Bob Farnon... London). This is the theme for our afternoon session ("Club 710" from 2:4:15...
p.m. Monday through Friday). It’s appropriate in that it precedes the things that are likely to happen (and we never know). The song is somewhat the same. A musically-depicted jumping bean... moving, but not quite knowing where it’s going... like us, according to 80,000,000 irate listeners. Farnon’s “Jumping Bean” is a lot like our night tag, “Sicilian Tarantella”... but happier. The record is set for a possible novel promotion gimmick, with dealers giving away a flock of Mexican jumping beans with each of Farnon’s discs. Beans should go well with high-jumpers all over the country, who claim that five or six of ’em in their track shoes will lead to new world marks.

You Name It!
Who’s this guy?
We’ve all seen him in action. Put him behind an automobile wheel and somebody winds up in the morgue or maimed for life... Homicide in control of eight powerful cylinders!... Name him so we can find him and put him away.

Write your name suggestions to Arbogast, WHB, Kansas City 6, Missouri.
1st Prize: $25 U. S. Savings Bond.
2nd and 3rd Prizes: Record Albums.

His Car Was “Hot”
By Howard Bittner

All kinds of stuff, and a Winfield “pot”
No doubt about it, his car was hot!
He could peel it in high, when others could not.
No doubt about it, his car was hot!
Solid panel, fastened by lock,
When asked what he had; he’d say “strictly stock,”
But we all knew that that was rot,
‘Cause we all knew, that his car was hot!
He even got tickets, as tickets go;
But not for speeding; for flying so low!
He’d “gow out” in low, ’cause his car was hot,
And still be “peeling” eighty feet from the spot.
Winding motor, pipes that “blubber,”
Crackling mufflers, and the scream of rubber!
Tight in second, the same in low,
No doubt about it, his car would go.
Meshing of gears, to him, was an art.
In a race with him you were “chopped” from the start.
He’d “speed shift” to second, and “snap” it in high.
His car was hot, and that’s no lie!
But all things must start, and all things must end,
Iron will give, and steel will bend.
He got “his,” on a Saturday night.
He was feeling good, and his motor was tight.
He really shouldn’t have tried to pass,
But he “dropped” in second, and gave it the gas.
Headlights were shining in his face,
For once he was going to lose a race!
Even then, he could have turned back,
But his car was hot, so he wouldn’t slack.
A deafening crash, that was heard for miles,
And two fast cars were worthless piles.
A wisp of smoke from his motor came,
And soon his car was a sheet of flame.
It had turned over twice, and burnt on the spot,
No doubt about it, his car was hot!
Answers
to Quiz Questions
on Pages 43-46

YOUR EYE Q

A good dictionary will prove the word differentiation, and any reference book on the anatomy of the eye and heredity will prove the facts as stated.

1. Optometrist—One skilled in testing the eye.
2. Oculist—One skilled in examination and treatment of the eye.
3. Optician—A maker of glasses on prescription.
4. Ophthalmologist—One skilled in anatomy, function and diseases of the eye.

1. True 10. True
2. True 11. False
3. False 12. False
4. False 13. True
5. False 14. True
6. True 15. True
7. False 16. True
8. True 17. True
9. True 18. True

PRESIDENTS
1. Wilson—buried in the National Cathedral.
4. Two—Hoover and Truman.
6. Four—Cleveland, Wilson, F. D. Roosevelt and Truman.
7. Wm. Henry Harrison—died thirty days after his inauguration.
8. Thomas.
9. Lincoln.
11. Andrew Johnson.
12. Grant—and horse and buggy, too.
13. Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes—she was anti-liquor.
15. Chester A. Arthur in 1881.
17. Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of Wm. Henry Harrison.
18. Garfield, McKinley.
20. William Howard Taft.

CIGARETTES
1-N, 2-K, 3-I, 4-J, 5-L, 6-A, 7-B, 8-M, 9-D, 10-O, 11-E, 12-F, 13-C, 14-H, 15-G.

GEORGE
1. Westinghouse 11. Sand
2. Halas 12. Cohan
5. Gipp 15. Berkeley
7. Gershwin 17. Meredith
8. Santayana 18. Raft
10. Kell

SET YOUR WORK TO MUSIC
1. (o) Feather Merchant
2. (f) Old Master Painter
3. (d) Boogie Woogie Washerwoman
4. (i) Jack, The Bell Boy
5. (n) Hey, Mr. Postman
6. (a) Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet
7. (b) Disc Jockey Jump
8. (m) Shepherd Dance
9. (c) Charley Was a Boxer
10. (e) The Old Lamp-lighter
11. (h) Rosie, The Riveter
12. (g) Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief
13. (k) Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy
14. (l) The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker
15. (j) Ragtime Cowboy Joe

EPICURE?
1-G, 2-J, 3-E, 4-F, 5-H, 6-D, 7-K, 8-I, 9-A, 10-B, 11-L, 12-C.

CHANGE A WAVE
WAVE — WANE — WANT — WENT — BENT — BEAT — BEAM.

RELIGIOUS
1. Brigham Young
2. Martin Niemoller
3. Father Divine
4. Martin Luther
5. Dwight L. Moody
6. Father Flanagan
7. Cotton Mather
8. Aimee Semple
9. Billy Sunday
10. William Booth

SEARCH
1. Pancho Villa
2. Health
3. A whale
4. An honest man
5. The Holy Grail
6. "To see the Queen"
7. Livingstone
8. The Golden Fleece
9. The Fountain of Youth
10. A new route to India
11. The Promised Land
12. Freedom of worship
They Shoot Helpless Babies

—and their mothers love it!
by C. J. PAPARA

NAVY veteran Robert Clark’s shooting days are far from over, even though he was discharged from the service five years ago. Every day, he has his staff of skilled marksmen fire point blank at newborn babies without fear of arrest! In fact, they are well paid for their deeds because they use cameras, not guns.

A former Washington, D. C., news photographer, Clark has hit upon an idea of shooting two-day-old babies in hospitals even before their own mothers have had a good look at them.

The idea came to Clark at a time when he himself was handing out cigars to herald the arrival of his own son. He snapped a picture the day after the baby was born. The stunt was such a hit with relatives and friends Clark figured he could make a career of it. But the war came along to keep him from carrying out his plans.

After the war, Clark, who served as photographic officer aboard the carrier Midway, experimented with a variety of cameras before perfecting the one he wanted. He synchronized an aerial camera with a high-speed, repeating flashlight with which he could snap baby’s picture in quick, gentle light no stronger than day-light. This prevents baby from squinting or shutting his eyes, thus spoiling the picture.

Clark first tested his idea on a small scale at Keyser, W. Va. So successful was he that he moved over to Washington’s big Garfield Memorial hospital, his installations there costing $3,000. Doctors and parents both applaud his work for the photos are a help in certain identification. They are priceless objects to parents and an overwhelming majority of parents buy the pictures—usually following it up with additional orders.

Clark has teamed up with Harvard-educated Bob Danielson, who handles the business end. Today, the two men build the specially-designed cameras which are operating in 35 hospitals around the nation. More hospitals
will be added as they widen their theater of operations.

Hospitals in other cities are handled by franchised operators who have signed contracts with Clark. They get the use of the cameras, plus the fruits of long experiments made by Clark and Danielson, who also supply records and bookkeeping systems to promote smoother operation for the attendants.

Clark and his co-partners in other states take care to snap the babies after the tots have been well-rested and just before feeding time. On the day after birth, the nurse wheels baby

A music lover is a man who upon hearing a beautiful blonde singing in the bathroom puts his ear to the keyhole.—Space and Time.

Does anybody read the ads on paper match books except wives who are curious about their husbands meanderings?

The groom seemed slightly confused. Hesitatingly he said to the clerk, "I was asked to buy either a casserole or a camisole. I can't remember which."

"That's easy," replied the clerk. "Is the chicken dead or alive?"

A New Jersey hospital was recently deluged by phone calls from the parents of 23 new-born babies. All had the same problem: baby was happy and contented in the hospital nursery, but cried all night and refused his 2 o'clock feeding after being brought home.

An astute doctor finally found the answer. When this batch of babies arrived, the night nurses brought a small portable radio into the nursery. Soon the infants got used to hearing all-night disc-jockey programs while they were eating. The parents were urged to serve up a little Dixieland with the 2 a.m. bottle. The phone calls soon ceased.

Clark and Danielson are now on the lookout for new men to tour hospitals everywhere—they want to shoot every newborn babe in the country! Their home office is Hospital Pictures Service Corp., Box 29, Cambridge 39, Mass.
The Chisholm Trail

FOR more than fifty years prior to the Civil War, the great plains country was a desert of grass, inhabited only by the buffalo, the Indian who hunted him, the lobo wolf, turkey buzzard, and howling coyote. During the gold rush frenzy, the '49ers raced across the great plains in their covered wagon caravans, but they did not tarry along the way. So great was their hurry, due not only to the lure of gold but fear of the roaming Indian, that they often pushed on without burying their dead.

Our settlers had been used to the woods. They had learned how to fight Indians in the woods. They were fearless on water, too. They had conquered the Mississippi, the Missouri, and many of the tributaries. But that waterless sea of waving grass was the realm of the unknown.

One old timer with a long beard and long rifle sized it up in one sentence: "Nowhere else in the world could one look so far and see so little," he said.

To these mighty men in buckskin britches, that boundless desert of ever rolling grass was the "lone prairie"—a land of the damned—an awesome purgatory. From an old English theme which voiced a sailor's dread of being buried in the "deep, deep sea," an unknown cowboy fashioned his own dread of being buried on the "lone prairie." Every American knows the song that poured forth from that cowboy's heart—"Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

About two years after the Civil War, a little railroad spur had been pushed out to Abilene through the Kansas flatland. This tiny spur was the spear that conquered the prairie. Far to the south, bawling longhorn steers were prodded into the long grass by reckless Texas cowboys, their goal the railroad spur at Abilene. Straight across the Red River they drove their steers and, accompanied by the jingle of their big bell spurs, they sang this song—now familiar to all of us—"Git Along, Little Dogies."

These were the rollicking men who first opened the great western plains to civilization. Most of them were from South Texas and from the Mexicans they learned how to live on the prairie. They had learned their horsemanship from the Mexicans, too, and even their costumes reflected Mexican influence.

Inch by inch, the great plains were wrestled from the grasp of the buffalo-hunting Indian. Over the western prairies ranches began to spring up. The land was fenced off, acre by acre. Civilization had taken a firm grip on the "lone prairie." From Texas to Wyoming, on into Montana and the Dakotas, the cattle drovers sang one song more than any other—the song that has more variations and more verses than any other cowboy melody. There are actually about seventy verses in the song called "The Old Chisholm Trail."

The events that led up to this conquest of the prairie date back to the Civil War itself. During those confused years South Texas ranchers had abandoned their properties. Roaming longhorn cattle had multiplied by the hundreds of thousands. If a man wanted to own a herd he had merely to ride into the mesquite brush along the Pecos River. With a strong rope and a branding iron he could soon acquire a herd of choice stock. But he was a rancher without a market. Such cattle were worthless in Texas.

The route to New Orleans lay through impassable swamplands. The Arkansas hills and gangs of thieves blocked the route to Illinois. The extension of the railroad to Abilene, Kansas, was the answer. The thundering herd moved northward and history was made. The old Chisholm Trail led to that citadel of Americanism called "Home on the Range"—a home made immortal through a song Americans know as well as our national anthem. "Home on the Range" is a tribute to the men who conquered the prairie and it's a song we'll never forget.

Colonel Robert R. McCormick

Colonel McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago Tribune, is heard on the "Chicago Theater of the Air" over WHB at 9 p.m. Saturdays.
The Sage of Swing Says—

If peace costs more than we can afford, and war is even more expensive, the only conceivable way out is a new kind of arithmetic.

If you think you think, ask yourself what is the greatest thought you ever thought, then listen to the silence.

Earliest example of a "hands-off policy" is doubtless the Venus de Milo.

A street cleaner was fired for daydreaming—he couldn't keep his mind down in the gutter.

Dollars are banked by those who aren't forever depositing their quarters on easy chairs.

If you want a place in the sun, you'd better expect to get a lot of blisters.

The most enthusiastic worshiper of his maker is the self-made man.

A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle.

A good job is one which is more interesting than a vacation.

Tourist: A person with a heavy tan on the left forearm.

Most of today's troubles on which we stub our toes are the unpleasant, unperformed duties which we carelessly shoved aside yesterday.

Vacations are easy to plan: The boss tells you when, and the wife tells you where.

The chap who invented pills was a very bright fellow, but the man who put sugar coating on them was a genius.

The country is full of promising men, but the paying ones are most sought after.

Ambition means working yourself to death in order to live better.

Communist: One who borrows your pot to cook your goose in.

One hand cannot applaud alone.

No one is rich enough to do without a neighbor.

The trouble with prosperity is that it is becoming harder and harder to afford it.

An ad by Warner & Swazey has a neat comment on the Welfare State: "Look out for all those promises of something for nothing. They don't put that cheese in the trap just because they love mice."

Alcatraz: The pen with the lifetime guarantee.

We all know that sourness spoils milk. It's too bad more people don't know it has the same effect on people.

The average boy uses soap as if it came out of his allowance.

Most people can't stand prosperity, according to an eminent sociologist. The sad part of it is, most people don't have to.

Spinning wheels: Something a lady sits at—until someone comes along to put on her chains.

Appearances truly can be deceptive. For instance, the dollar bill looks just as it did 10 years ago.

Television is the most amazingly efficient distraction man has ever produced.
The future belongs to the things that can grow, whether it be a tree or democracy.

Modesty is the best policy—don’t let the premium lapse.

Money will buy a fine dog, but only love will make him wag his tail.

"Bragging may not bring happiness," said the old fisherman. "But no man, having caught a large fish, goes home through the alley."

Mass psychology: doing it the herd way.

Adolescence: The age when you began wishing that the cowboy in the western would kiss the heroine instead of the horse.

Business man’s definition of confidence: The feeling you have before you know better.

Shy girl: One you have to whistle at twice.

Fisherman: Fable-minded sportsman.

Diapers: Changeable seat covers.

Boy: A piece of skin stretched over an appetite.

There is no teaching like a good man’s life.

The difference between a gentleman farmer and a dirt farmer is a harvest.

A hug is a roundabout way of expressing your feelings.

An accordion is a musical instrument invented by the man who couldn’t decide how long the fish was that got away.

The dilemma of a child: If I am too noisy I will be given a spanking; if I am too quiet I will be given castor oil.

Every normal man has two ambitions: first to own his home; second to own a car to get away from home.

Mosquito: An insect that passes all screen tests.

The rich man employs a butler, a valet, a secretary, a laundress, a cook and a housekeeper; the poor man just gets married.

Give a pig and a boy everything they want. You’ll get a good pig and a bad boy.

A fellow has to be a mighty big egotist to feel important while looking at the stars.

A lot of people who wouldn’t talk with full mouths go around talking with empty heads.

The trouble with trouble is that it always starts out just like fun.

Economy is the way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.

Unused ability is no better than an unread book.

Some people are so sensitive that they feel snubbed if an epidemic overlooks them.

We may ask for advice, but what we really want is approval.

—Marvin Townsend

“Drunk nothing. He’s fixing my broken garter!”
$150 and an Air Force

THE United States Air Force is a principal unit in our national security, for which the American people willingly pay hundreds of millions of dollars yearly. Yet our great air arm began just about forty years ago, with an appropriation by Congress of $150 for the upkeep of "Aeroplane Number One."

"Aeroplane Number One" was the plane the government had bought from the Wright Brothers in 1909 after it had made a successful nonstop flight over the "rough terrain" between Fort Myer and Alexandria, Virginia. Orville Wright was the pilot, and Lt. Benjamin D. Foulois the passenger. One of Wright's earliest, the plane had a pusher propeller driven by a chain, was equipped with skids, and launched by a catapult.

For a long time, Lt. Foulois was the entire United States Air Force. He was pilot and mechanic as well as administrative officer, and took great pride in keeping the plane in first class condition.

Congress had authorized Lt. Foulois to spend $150 for the upkeep of the plane, but in a few weeks, the money gave out. When Congress showed no signs of supplementing the original amount, Foulois dug into his own pocket and paid out $300 before more money was given him.

Although a few persons in those early days of aviation saw the airplane as the forerunner of the "new age", the government and public were indifferent to the development of a military air force. Only the stern necessities of World War I persuaded Congress to establish a strong air arm.

Today the Air Force is a vital factor, and it all started with $150 and "Aeroplane Number One!"

—Jerry Church.

A disguised Russian MVD agent is supposed to have been sent among the people of Dresden to find out their reactions to the Soviet occupation. He spent a discouraging day hearing nothing but complaint, and was delighted to come at last upon a member of the proletariat who changed the tune. "People can say what they like about the Communists," said the laborer, "but as far as I'm concerned, I'd rather work for Communists than anybody else." The agent clapped him heartily on the back. "Good man!" he said. "Tell me, what do you do for a living?" So the laborer told him, "I'm a grave digger."

Sally announced that her brother was playing hookey from correspondence school. Naturally Margie was curious to know how he could possibly accomplish such a feat.

"Oh," said Sally airily, "he just mails them empty envelopes."

The son was learning the business. "Father," he said, "there's a man here who wants to know if these shirts shrink."

"Does the shirt he tried on fit him?" queried the father.

"No," replied the son, "it's too big for him."

"Then," concluded the father, "it shrinks."
Think you can win at poker? Or beat the ponies? Then read why it doesn't pay to gamble.

by BETTY AND WILLIAM WALLER

THINK you can beat the ponies? Think you can shoot craps better than the next guy? Think you’ve got a chance at poker, three-card monte, roulette, bingo or any other gambling game?

About fifty million Americans think so, but it’s still a mystery to Dr. Ernest E. Blanche, considered by many to be the nation’s greatest authority on gambling.

“The man who can explain why people gamble rates a place beside King Solomon,” says the mathematical wizard who spent the last twenty years making a study of the techniques of gambling and the strange behavior of those who make it possible for shady characters to live by their wits.

“I still can’t figure out why—really why—people gamble,” asserts Dr. Blanche. “I know all the usual reasons, but they don’t make sense. There just aren’t any two ways about it. You can’t win at gambling!”

Dr. Blanche’s conclusions are not based on guess-work. One of our leading mathematicians and Chief Statistician for the Logistics Division of the Army General Staff, he has gone into the subject of gaming and gaming cheats in infinite detail. Using his skill as a first-rank mathematical expert, he has figured out exactly what your chances are of beating any game in which you must place a bet. Out of his studies have come thirteen main conclusions anyone with sporting blood might well stop to consider.

First, says Dr. Blanche, every system of betting breaks down and fails sooner or later. No matter what system you use, you’re going to wind up behind the 8-ball. Take the double progression, or Martingale system. This one calls for making a bet and then doubling it every time you lose. If you start with a buck and lose 25 times in a row (a distinct possibility), by the time you finished you’d be in the hole to the tune of 33 million dollars!

If you think you couldn’t possibly lose 25 times in a row, Dr. Blanche reminds you that a horse called Tragic Ending back in 1941 won a $5,000
race, and thereafter lost 31 consecutive times.

He also tells the story of Bet-a-Million Gates, multimillionaire of the Gay '90's. Gates was a fabulous gambler who'd bet on anything. He played bridge for $1,000 a point, matched pennies for $1,000 a spin, bet $50,000 on a single poker hand, would bet as much as $100,000 on a horse race. The stock market cleaned him out in 1907, and Gates died broke four years later, warning the public never to gamble on anything.

Even so-called games of skill really aren't that at all, according to Ernest Blanche. They're games of chance and even the best players can't beat them. Mathematically, the odds are always against thebettor, and luck has little place in a gambling game when you study it statistically.

**WHAT'S more, points out the expert, gambling is, always has been and always will be a crooked business. Most carnival games are gimmicked—rigged up for crooked performances—as was recently revealed in the anonymous confessions of a carny game operator in the Saturday Evening Post. Pinball and slot machines, nicknamed one-armed bandits, likewise are fixed. Most machines return only about 20% of the money put in them. Some even less. Play them—and you're sure to lose.

**Play the numbers? In that racket the operators get from 46% to 55% of the total wagered by the public. Play punch boards? They're fixed so they pay out less than 50% of what is taken in. Chain letter, Pyramid Clubs? You've got just one chance in 2,000 of getting even your money back. Or do you fancy a ticket on the Sweepstakes, Mexican or Irish? Most of 'em are counterfeit, and your chances of winning, even if you've got a valid ticket, are somewhere in the neighborhood of one in 10,000.

A recent survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion revealed that 45% of Americans indulge in gambling of one form or another. In the light of his long study of gambling, this fact still amazes Dr. Blanche. "Although you can't estimate exactly how many billions of dollars change hands annually as a result of gambling, the sum total is astronomical," he states. "Gambling is unquestionably the nation's largest illegitimate business."

Dr. Blanche himself first became interested in the subject when he was a student at Bucknell University, and began to study the relationship of mathematics to games of chance. Later, while studying under the late Professor A. R. Crathorne at the University of Illinois, his interest was further stimulated. Dr. Crathorne's major hobby was analyzing gambling and the application of mathematical principles to it.

Later, as a lecturer at Michigan State College, the University of Buffalo, and American University, Dr. Blanche went still further into the subject. In his recently published book, "You Can't Win," he has rolled up all of his knowledge into a neat little package of some 150 pages, replete with mathematical tables showing exactly what your chances are in just about any game of chance. Anyone who reads it can come to only one
DON'T GAMBLE BECAUSE . . .

1. Every system of betting breaks down and fails sooner or later.
2. So-called skill games are really games of chance that even the most skilled players can't beat.
3. The mathematical probabilities are always against the better.
4. Gambling has always been and always will be a crooked business.
5. The odds are inevitably against the dice tosser.
6. The roulette operator is ahead of the game before it even starts.
7. Carnival wheels are invariably "fixed."
8. Only the race track operators are sure of their "take."
9. The numbers racketeers get from 46% to 55% of the money wagered by the public.
10. The card "sharper" uses a score of tricks to deceive the amateur.
11. Most of the tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes sold in the United States are counterfeit.
12. Punch boards pay out less than half of what they take in.
13. You have only 1 chance in 2,000 of getting any money back in a chain-letter scheme or in Pyramid Club participation.

conclusion: You can gamble in any one of a hundred different ways—but you're a fool if you do!

NEVERTHELESS, almost everyone does. Intelligence, success, social prestige seem to have very little to do with it. Rich and poor alike bet—and take a licking. Some time ago a prominent movie producer was taken for a cool $50,000 right in his own home. After a gambling syndicate had taken the Hollywood set for some $3,000,000, a famous private eye from New York was called in to investigate. Through his efforts, the ring was broken up.

Every now and then the newspapers carry stories of crooked gambling, yet the public never seems to weary of wagering. According to the American Institute of Public Opinion, as quoted by Dr. Blanche, "lotteries, raffles and bingo are the most popular pastimes (24%); playing cards and dice enjoy an almost equal popularity (20%). Betting on sports events or elections (17%), slot machines (17%), punch boards (15%), the 'numbers game' (7%), and horse races (7%) comprise the other major forms of gambling."

In Dr. Blanche's Chevy Chase, Maryland, home, you would find a veritable museum of gambling history. His reading on the subject has been little short of phenomenal. Before writing his authoritative work, Dr. Blanche made a study of about 85 books on every aspect of gambling. Yet, despite all the literature on the subject and his own crusade to expose gaming cheats and their methods, the expert wryly admits that something that has been going on almost since the beginnings of mankind is likely to continue undiminished in the future.
Whether you’re a gambler who’ll bet $100,000 on the turn of a card, or an impoverished clerk who takes money out of his kid’s piggy bank, you’re likely to place a bet at one time or another.

Twice in history bets of a quarter of a million dollars have been made on a horse race—once by the notorious gambler Arnold Rothstein, who lost his wager, and once by the sportsman Harry Payne Whitney, who won his bet on a horse named Mother Goose. Another fabulous improver of the breed, Col. E. R. Bradley, once stated that he’d bet on anything from spitting at a crack in the floor to guessing how long it’d take an ocean liner to cross the Atlantic!

You don’t have to be in the chips, though, to bet your hard-earned dough away. If you match coins, Dr. Blanche claims, you’re a sucker. There are gamblers who make their living by it. “Sometimes they have such sensitive fingers,” asserts the expert, “that they can distinguish heads and tails by touch, and arrange coins without looking at them.”

In fact, according to America’s gaming authority, all professional gamblers have sensitive fingers eager to take someone else’s money. Take it from Dr. Blanche’s statistical tables—YOU CAN’T WIN, BUD, YOU JUST CAN’T WIN!

Two old cronies were discussing the latest local news. “I don’t see,” said one, "why Senator Frost got sore because the newspaper announced he was retiring from politics."

“Well,” commented the other, “it might have been because the printer, by mistake, put the article under the heading, ‘Public Improvements.’”

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At a musical event, a woman was rendering a song and one guest leaned towards the man next to him and muttered: “What an awful voice! I wonder who she is?”

“She is my wife,” replied the other stiffly.

“Oh, I’m awfully sorry,” apologized the first man. “Of course, it really isn’t her voice that’s so bad, but that terrible stuff she has to sing. Wonder who wrote that ghastly song?”

Came the even stiffer reply, “I did.”

When I retired as a school teacher in Texas, I was thrilled when a group of pupils walked into the room and handed me a huge cake, a sweet-smelling bouquet and an equally flowery message of good will. It was all very touching and my eyes got misty as I read the sentimental greeting.

Suddenly, I had to stifle a snicker. At the tail end of the tribute, scribbled in pencil was this P.S.: “This is from all the kids except Alice, Marie, Buss and Chuck who are glad you are going. They never liked you anyway!”—Hy Gardner, Parade.

"Shoot de fo’teen million!"
NOISES ARE BIG BUSINESS

If your car has a rattle, don’t fix it—sell the noise to Thomas J. Valentino.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

To the two wrestlers who groaned and grunted in tortured combat, the little dark man with the glasses was just another nuisance among the paying customers. He kept thrusting a small microphone in their faces to catch every wheeze, moan and gasp.

But to Thomas J. Valentino—the man behind the microphone—it was all in a day’s work. He lacked the genuine sounds of a wrestling match for his vast collection of recorded noises, and getting close enough to these leviathans to have his nose bashed was the best way to capture the decibels.

Capturing noises for re-sale or rental is big business with Tom Valentino. He stalks both commonplace and rare sounds with the enthusiasm of a scientist with a butterfly net. To preserve in wax or on tape the hiss of a skyrocket or the whoosh of a jet plane is his hobby and his bread and butter.

The New York Central Railroad once greased its rails outside Manhattan so that Tom—with his portable recorder—could nail down the thunder of an onrushing locomotive, to be used over and over again in the Broadway version of Casey Jones.

In many zoos, leopards, lions, tigers and bears have made futile attempts to claw the peering man with the earphones leaning dangerously close to the bars of their cages. But Tom never worries about gashes or bites in transcribing the roars of animals—his principal concern is for the microphone he brandishes before the disdainful beasts.

Authenticity is a passion with this New Yorker whose vocation is snaring the noises of a busy world.

“Many sounds can be imitated successfully,” he says, “but most of them have to be bagged the hard way!”

Like the time when irate passengers
in a throbbing New York subway station almost pushed Tom under the wheels of a train as he leaned toward the third rail to record the thunder of an approaching express.

"That was rugged," he recalls wryly. "Several hundred commuters pushing, swearing and grunting to board a train and me waving a mike under their noses like a red rag before a herd of bulls!"

The congregation of a tiny one-room church in the hills of Kentucky yearned for a pipe organ, but the collection plate yielded up only nickels and dimes each Sunday. A visiting clergyman said:

"Why don't you buy a used amplifying machine for a few dollars and let Tom Valentino do the rest for you? He has recorded organ music that would make the angels sing!"

In a short time, Tom's mighty recorded diapasons lifted from a $10,000 organ in a fashionable New York church were rolling out each Sunday in the little country house of worship. The congregation doubled its size within three months after hill people talked glowingly of "the reverend's new music box."

Valentino hit upon the idea of collecting noises for profit while he was an itinerant piano tuner in the world's noisiest city—New York. Fascinated, he watched radio station production men struggle to imitate rain on a tin roof or the roar of the surf.

"I told them that it would be much simpler—and a whale of a lot more realistic—to reproduce the actual sounds," says Tom. "You get 'em on wax and we'll buy 'em," they told me. That's been my business ever since!"

This noise connoisseur is a fiend for accuracy. He has endured the bite of a thousand New Jersey mosquitoes to get their buzz "just right." He had risked arrest on public nuisance charges by immortalizing on wax the inimitable bedlam which is peculiarly Times Square.

"Most people ignore me, thinking me just another kind of eccentric in the big city," he explains. "It's the five per cent who get real curious about my work who bother me, trip over wires, and foul up excellent transcriptions."

Valentino has saved glee clubs, drama societies, college theaters and other groups thousands of dollars, thanks to his well-stocked collection of recorded sounds.

If a small-town theater director needs the sound of a battle, he can rent it from Tom for a small fee. Maybe the high school drama coach requires the thin, sustained whine of a plane in a power dive. Valentino has this sound, too, together with cows' moos, owls' hoots, fire sirens, a jackal's laugh, and the deadly sound of a burp gun.

People and animals may not always cooperate with him, but Tom has the power of gentle persuasion which rarely fails. But getting the cries of infants in a maternity ward was tough.

"I looked like a doctor, swathed in white and mask—that was to make me sterile—but I secured the most beautiful collection of whimpers and yowls any mother ever heard!"
Blindness is Her Business

Hazel Hurst rehabilitates those who live behind the opaque curtain of sightlessness.

by JOHN WOODBURY

"Y'KNOW, Skipper, I wish I had been blind all my life. You have so much fun."

The words were spoken to Hazel Hurst by a sightless marine as he stood, ready to leave, at the doorway of the Hazel Hurst Foundation for the Blind in Pasadena, Calif. There was a look of repose on his face and supreme self-confidence in his manner.

He was a far different lad than when he had come a few months before. He'd lost his sight at Okinawa. The disaster left him profoundly bitter, and he repelled every effort by Navy doctors to rehabilitate him and send him home. He was unruly, defiant, drinking heavily—this was his way of lashing back at a fate which had condemned him to a lifetime of darkness and uselessness.

The Navy doctors went to Hazel Hurst. Would she try her hand with the boy? She would.

She equipped him with a brand new guide dog, taught him to place his confidence in the animal and trained him to earn his own livelihood. But what was far more important, she restored his shattered morale and with it his zest for living.

It might be stretching a point to say that Hazel Hurst considers it fun to be blind. But her blindness has proved the base upon which she has built up an extraordinarily useful and rewarding career. It is that of rehabilitating others who, like herself, live behind the opaque curtain of sightlessness, and of teaching society to accept the blind as normal human beings, not as freaks or helpless mendicants.

MORE than 300 blind persons have "graduated" from the Hazel Hurst Foundation and gone back into the world with courage, resolve and self-assurance they never felt before.

Many of them had come like the marine from Okinawa—despondent, flirting with the notion of suicide.
Some wanted to turn around and go back as soon as they arrived, too discouraged even to attempt rehabilitation.

"I’ve stood on one side of the bed unpacking a suitcase while a discouraged student stood on the other side packing it," Miss Hurst recalls. "Finally he had to laugh when he felt around and found the suitcase as empty as when he started."

Last year marked the 10th anniversary of the Hazel Hurst Foundation. Its founder—a slim and attractive woman of 36, with chestnut hair—has been blind since she was three days old. "A mistake in medicine," she explains with a rueful smile.

Miss Hurst launched the Foundation in 1939. It is unique among non-state-supported schools in that it serves the blind entirely without cost, depending on public subscriptions for its wherewithal. And that means actually that the Foundation depends on Hazel Hurst. She spends much of each year traveling the country, flying from city to city with her guide dog, Bonnie, lecturing at hotels and clubs, persuading people with sight to help make self-sufficient citizens out of people without sight.

At the Foundation each student is provided with a guide dog and the two are trained together for a month. First they take slow, tentative strolls around the grounds. Then they venture out into a quiet residential section. The next stage is downtown traffic. Finally the "solo flight"—at the intersection of Hollywood and Vine in busy Hollywood.

If necessary, the student is taught a trade by which he can make his own way in the workaday world. Then the Foundation finds a job for him.

The dogs are taught to guide through traffic. They are trained to walk around overhead obstruction and to respond to a series of oral commands—"left," "right," "forward," "chair," "elevator," etc. A well-trained dog never gets off the elevator at the wrong floor or goes to the wrong room if he has been there once before.

"Every move they make tells a story to us," says Miss Hurst. "Every move we make tells a story to them."

One of her "graduates" is a prosperous attorney in New York City. Another is a justice of the peace in Oklahoma City. Several are school teachers. One is a missionary in China and Ruby, her dog, is called by the Chinese "the magic dog that leads the wonderful lady." When food is scarce, the Chinese share their skimpy rations with Ruby; so the gentle shepherd may come to live and work for her blind mistress.

To these and many other "graduates" of the Foundation, Hazel Hurst herself is no less a "wonderful
ady." It is the example of her own fruitful life, as much as the training and guide dogs, that repairs the battered spirit of the blind who come to her for help.

She was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., the daughter of English immigrants. When her parents recovered from the shock of realizing that they would have to rear a blind child, they resolved to prepare her for as normal a life as possible. The fact that she could not see did not exempt her from childhood discipline.

"I can recall telling my father that he wouldn't spank a little blind girl," Miss Hurst says, twinkling. "And I can remember the spanking. My mother liked to say that my eyes didn't have anything to do with my temper."

Well-meaning friends of the Hursts tried to dissuade them from sending Hazel to school. It was obvious, they said, with much sympathetic clucking, that she was mentally retarded as well as blind.

"I didn't act normally," says Miss Hurst. "But, then, why should I? I couldn't see how other people acted."

But the Hurst family was determined. Hazel attended a parochial school in her home town. Then she went to Columbia University and obtained her degree.

Equipped with her first guide dog, named Babe, Miss Hurst embarked on a lecturing career, during which she made three trips to Europe. One was to Nice, where she was the only woman speaker at the Rotary International convention. On another she became—quite inadvertently—a cause celebre.

England had a law which provided that dogs might be admitted to the country if they fitted one of three classifications—show dogs, breeding dogs or dogs for "special purposes." When Miss Hurst's ship docked at a British port, the immigration officials decided to classify Babe as a "show" dog, assuming apparently that the blind American lecturer had come to demonstrate Babe's talents.

Miss Hurst insisted that Babe be admitted, not as a "show" dog, but as a "special purpose" dog. Otherwise, she argued, her mission would be thwarted. For guide dogs were still something of a novelty then, and one of her objectives was to publicize their role in the lives of the blind and to gain their acceptance wherever their masters and mistresses might go.

The British were adamant. So was Miss Hurst. English bulldog stubbornness had collided with English bulldog stubbornness.

For 23 days Miss Hurst sat aboard ship alongside the British dock while news of her one-woman crusade against British red tape sped around the world. Between visits from delighted reporters she rested and sunned, then sailed back to America without ever disembarking.

"As it turned out," she says, "I accomplished far more than I could have accomplished with all my lectures. If I could stage it, I'd do it all over again today."

When the second world war began, Miss Hurst launched another crusade: to persuade defense manufacturers that the blind could handle production jobs as capably as the sighted.
Employment managers were deeply skeptical. To prove her claim, Miss Hurst traveled from plant to plant, performing various industrial operations while safety inspectors and insurance company representatives watched critically.

By the time America reached the apogee of its war production, thousands of blind people were holding down important jobs—drawing the same pay and assuming the same responsibilities as the sighted.

Five years ago Miss Hurst married. In private life she is Mrs. George Colouris. He is a former Monrovia, Calif., newspaperman and is himself almost totally blind.

They met when he enrolled at the Foundation as a student. ("He was one of those discouraged boys I talked about," says his wife.) After completing his rehabilitation training, Colouris stayed on to work at the Foundation. Today he is president of the Foundation and a vice president of the California State Junior Chamber of Commerce.

"I tell people," smiles Miss Hurst, "that help was hard to get during the war, so the only way to tie the president down was to marry him. He says he married the boss for security. So we get along wonderfully."

They have two adopted children—George, 2½, and Caroline, 3, both sighted. Too young to understand the meaning of blindness, still they sense that their mother is different from other people. They take their own books to their nurse to read to them, but when they want their mother to read aloud, they fetch her Braille books. When they want to "show" her a picture in a magazine, they place her hands on it and say, "Mommy, see the car?"

Her children, her husband and the Foundation—these are Hazel Hurst's life, and in it she has found abundance.

"Blindness is tough at best," she says, "If I can only help to make it a little easier for the blind and teach them not to lose faith in humanity, I'm happy. The greatest experience I've had is when sighted people tell me I've done more for them than for the blind."

Perhaps the marine from Okinawa, when he said that Hazel Hurst had "so much fun," wasn't too far wrong after all!
Culture By The Carload

WHEN Johann Strauss, the younger, stepped from the gangplank on his first visit to America in 1872 there were plenty of surprises awaiting him.

His first impression of America was an unfavorable one. All he had seen so far were the fisheries which dotted Boston’s harbor. But his next impressions were anything but boring, for at the foot of the gangplank were scores of American women clamoring for locks of his black, curly hair!

The master of the waltz loved this attention—the out-and-out idolatry—and he dramatically cut off the desired curls and placed them in the eager hands. In fact, he gave away so much hair that his manager feared he’d soon be completely shorn.

"Fear not," said the maestro, "I have a Newfoundland dog, you know, and his hair is the same color as mine."

Strauss was in the mood now for the Peace Jubilee of 1872, held in Boston. The darling of the European courts, famous for his "On the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz," had been persuaded to conduct at a performance of the Jubilee which celebrated the 100th Anniversary of America’s independence.

Engaging the composer wasn’t an easy job. Why should he leave the comforts and the plaudits of the continent to travel to an "uncultured" country? Not until a complete tour was arranged for him, including New York and Philadelphia, did he consent. Even then he showed little enthusiasm.

During the busy hundred years of expansion, people of America were accused of having no culture and the ingenious Boston committee was resolved to display more culture at one sitting than was ever seen or heard before.

Strauss, who could make his demands for any appearance, said, "You must guarantee that 25,000 persons will be present at this concert."

The committee members smiled. "Twenty-five thousand? There will be 50,000 there," they promised.

There was an element of disbelief in Strauss’ expression. "And I must have a full orchestra!" he continued.

"Indeed," he was told. "You will have 21,500 musicians obeying every movement of your baton!"

"This is a Yankee joke," Strauss accused.

"No joke at all," came the ready answer. "There will be 1,500 instrument-playing musicians plus 20,000 singers."

It was true. The committee had called in choral groups and choirs for miles around, and it had engaged bands from England, Ireland, France and Germany to supplement those of America. All were set to play the big number, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

The "shot heard 'round the word" had been from the Boston vicinity a century earlier, and now the loudest music heard in the world was going to come from Copley Square in Boston itself.

Strauss was taken to the immense building constructed for the occasion. One of the first sights was that of a huge bear being led on a chain.

"What is this?" he shouted.

One committeeman hesitated a moment, then answered, "The bear has been trained to play one of the eight-foot bass drums!"

Strauss flew into a rage. "Ach!" he cried disgustedly. "And I suppose
there will be an elephant playing the flute and a monkey at the cello!"

At that point, the committee members thought a change of topic was in order and they brought his attention to something else. "Let us show you the organs," one suggested quickly.

There were four organs requiring 12 men in relays to pump air for the accompaniment to the 1,500-piece orchestra. This was more to Strauss' liking.

In its effort to do things in a big way, the committee also scheduled the loudest "Anvil Chorus" ever heard. For the great scene of "Il Trovatore," Patrick S. Gilmore led a choral group and orchestra, and had 100 Boston firemen simultaneously clanging 100 anvils.

Strauss' conducting was, of course, the outstanding part of the entire program. President Grant attended and so did Mme. Minna Peschka-Leutner, the celebrated "Leipsig Nightingale."

It was arranged that scores of orchestra directors would take their instructions from an illuminated baton in Strauss' hand.

A few minutes before the start, Strauss was frantic. "How will they know when to start?" he cried. "All of them cannot see me!"

"They'll know," he was assured. "They'll know."

Strauss shrugged, mounted the podium and stood ready. The committee hadn't forgotten a thing. As Strauss raised the baton above his head, there was a terrific cannon boom in the harbor. As the baton was lowered on the downbeat, another cannon was fired. It was the signal, and every musician started at the right time!—Barney Schwartz.

A salesman, new to the West, was disappointed to find sage hen the only item on the small town restaurant bill of fare. "What's this sage hen you have on the menu?" he asked, before giving his order to the waitress.

"Oh," she replied, "it's a game bird, a species of grouse that thrives in the sage-brush hereabouts."

"Does it have wings and can it fly?"

"To be sure, it has wings and can fly."

"In that case," snapped the salesman, "I don't want any."

"Why?" demanded the waitress.

"That's easy," shot back the salesman. "I want no part of anything that has wings and still stays in this Godforsaken state."

On passing the road block again, they found this inscription written on the reverse side: "It really was closed, wasn't it?"

Two men on a fishing trip came to a side road with a "Closed" sign blocking it. However, they noted that fresh tire tracks led around the sign. So they followed the tire marks and ignored the sign. But they had gone no more than half a mile when the road really did end. Only thing to do was to turn around and come back.

—Mel Soderlund
"It was two o'clock when George came in. He was in a bad humor because the banquet, with its third-rate liquor, had been a bore, and because he had forced himself to stay only in the hope of getting a rise out of Margarita. But all the while, he knew better.

"Rita!" he yelled, tossing his hat and coat on to the yellow velvet chesterfield in a spasm of revolt.

But sure enough—

"Right with you, darling!" her happy voice sang back.

He wanted to knock the slim, satiny volumes of poetry from their shelves. He wanted to tear the silver-gilt lock from the little desk, and smash in its tencilled medallions with his fist. He felt like grabbing the camellias afloat in their Lalique chalice, and hurling them against the limited-edition wallpaper.

The next moment Margarita had floated down the stairs and into his arms. Her eyes danced with laughter, her face was radiant as a fresh flower. She didn’t mind about his overcoat being on the chesterfield. She just pushed him into a chair with a merry exaggeration of strength, and sank contentedly against him.

At whatever ungodly hour he got home, Margarita seemed forever to be just emerging from a bath. Her curls were moist, her body warm through layers of fragrant chiffon.

"Did you have fun? Was it a nice party?" she wanted to know.

He felt a slow fury rise in him, because she had not noticed that he was in a bad humor.

"It was a lousy party. I had a rotten time."

She tried to console him.

"Can I get you a sandwich and a glass of milk?"

"No."

"Cold beer? Or sherry and cake?"

"Hell, no!"

He pushed her away to get at his cigarettes. She helped him find them in his pocket, and held the lighter for
him. The smoke didn’t bother her. Nothing he did ever bothered her.  

“Have a busy day?” he grumbled suspiciously.  

“Very.”  

“Why the devil aren’t you in bed asleep, then? It’s after two.”  

For answer, she streaked his hair.  

“What’d you do?” he jeered.  

“Write a new Venus and Adonis or something? Get all tuckered out reading fan mail from that bunch of fairies who read that stuff you write?”  

She shook her head, mock-ruefully. It was impossible to get her in a bad humor.  

“When Watson comes staggering in at two a.m.,” he reminded her, “his wife raises the roof.”  

Rita pouted disapproval.  

“Ellie Watson’s an old shrew,” she said.  

George thought of trying again, then he groaned involuntarily.  

“For Christ’s sake, Rita, couldn’t you once—just once—crumple up and bawl me out? Swear at me—say you wish you had never set eyes on me? Just once—so I’d get to think maybe you’re a real woman instead of—instead of—Snow-white in a—a crystal coffin!”  

“Why, George!”  

Rita’s eyes widened with deftly feigned bewilderment. He looked deep into them for some hopeful shadow of hidden sorrow. But there was none. She sprang lightly away, before he had a chance to suggest that he had pushed her.  

“You’re not a woman,” he ranted. “You’re the poems locked up in here—” he slapped the little desk so that it trembled on its dainty cabriole legs, and the pottery bust of Shelley quivered dangerously near the edge of its mirrored shelf. “What’ve you got to worry about? ‘George gives me everything I want . . . gold davenports (he kicked it) . . . silver carpet (he scuffed it) . . . ivory tables . . . first editions of Keats . . .’”  

“But George,” Rita interrupted, in a voice as innocent as cherubs playing on flutes, “isn’t it a charming house? Don’t you like a charming house?”  

“It’s a perfect house, and I hate it. I wish to God it would burn down to the ground some lucky day. I know what you think.”  

“‘George is no trouble at all,’ that’s what you think.  

“‘He’s away all day and leaves me to my writing. By the time he comes home my feelings are all used up, and I can afford to be nice as pie to him because I’ve given the best of myself to what is most important to me.’  

“If I thrashed you to within an inch of your life and turned you out into a blizzard at midnight, you’d just crawl back giggling, and say, ‘Why, George, darling, you’re cross as an old bear!’  

“Rita,” he began to plead, holding her by the arms, “don’t you suppose I can tell you’re happy—but not because of me? Poets are supposed to know what goes on inside people. You do know, and you don’t care! Rita, don’t you ever feel sorry for me?”  

And Rita’s wide-eyed, unwavering gaze justified the terror he had felt. He sank into a chair. After a while she crept close and pulled his fingers from his face like a child playing a game. For one wild, unreasoning mo-
tent, he searched her face for some clue to their fate. But she only said, "Aren't we happy, George? Don't you love me any more?"

"John, who was Anne Boleyn?" asked the teacher.
"Anne Boleyn was a flat iron." "What on earth gave you that idea?" queried the teacher.
"Well," replied John, "it says in this history book, 'Henry, having rid himself of Catherine, pressed his suit with Anne.'"

A beetle can lift 500 times his own weight—it is not known what breakfast he uses.

And he gave it all up forever. "Yes, I love you," he sighed as he drew close all the warmth that was cool as ice, and all the softness that was as brittle.

Two snowy-haired old ladies, jouncing along in an antiquated automobile through York, Pennsylvania, made an illegal turn. The traffic cop had to blow his whistle vigorously and repeatedly before they came to a stop. "Didn't you hear my whistle, lady?" he asked.

Wide-eyed and innocent, the little lady looked at him. "Yes, indeed," she said, "but I never flirt while driving."

The twelve year old offspring of a friend confided that he was burdened with an ever-increasing worry. The boy had been signing his father's name to his report cards ever since the third grade, and last term the teacher wondered why his dad's writing seemed to be improving.

A guest cornered by his host's seven year old son, bought his way to freedom by dropping a quarter in the lad's piggy bank. "You must be rich by now," he said. The boy eyed the bank balefully. "No," he snapped. "Between Sunday school and this darned pig, I'm broke all the time."

An inquisitive oldster asked a youngsters what the papers cost him.
"Three cents," answered the lad.
"What do you sell them for?"
"Three cents," was the answer.
"Goodness, son," said the man, "you can't make any profit doing business that way. Why do you sell papers for what they cost you?"
"Oh," answered the newsboy, "I do it because it gives me a chance to holler all I want to."
ON March 14, 1870, William J. Canby arose before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and related an anecdote concerning his grandmother who had died thirty-five years before.

It was a remarkable story that Canby told. The next day, the Philadelphia Press printed the story—the first time it had ever been publicly recorded.

The tale quickly captured the public's fancy; it was repeated and embellished and soon became tradition.

In the early 1880's, the story, accepted as true, began to appear in school books. School children were given a heroine to look up to, one they had never heard of before. Thus, almost one hundred years after the incident supposedly occurred, William J. Canby originated the legend of his grandmother—Betsy Ross, and the first Flag of the United States.

It's quite true that the "Widow Ross" did, along with her daughters, make many flags for the United States Government; but the legend that she made the first flag is based entirely on Canby's story in 1870.

—Roy R. Muller

Hoagy Carmichael tells the story about old Chep Blevens, a southern Indiana character who was given to boasting of his prowess with firearms.

On one occasion, when he was hunting with a few cronies, Chep's dog stirred up a single quail. Waving to his associates to lay off, old Chep took aim and fired. The bird sailed calmly on toward the distant horizon. For a few moments Chep stood with his mouth agape. Then he threw down his gun in disgust and stormed:

"Fly on, you blankety-blank bird! Fly on with your gol-durned heart shot out!"

"It's becoming increasingly difficult to reach the downtrodden masses in America," a comrade wrote to his superior. "In the spring they're forever polishing their cars. In the summer they take vacations. In the fall they go to the world series and football games. And in the winter you can't get them away from their television sets. Please give me suggestions on how to let them know how oppressed they are."

Irked by the time wasted by visitors, a businessman cut one-half inch off the front legs of the chair in which callers sit. As of last week, his appointments were running 60% shorter—no one has as yet realized why he gets so tired just sitting there talking.
The Clairvoyant See
With Inner Eyes

—and Science offers no explanatory theory.

by GARVIN SAUNDERS

It was in Gothenburg, Sweden. A number of gentlemen had gathered in the ballroom awaiting the call to dinner when they noticed one of their number, a prominent mining engineer named Swedenborg, acting quite strangely. Normally a most dignified man, he was now pacing back and forth across the gleaming floor, his face pale and anxious-looking. A hush fell on the company as they looked questions at each other.

Suddenly he halted and announced excitedly: "A dangerous fire has broken out in Stockholm. The Sodermalm is burning!"

The room buzzed with whispering as they watched him continue his absent-minded pacing of the floor. He stopped from time to time to announce further details of the fire's progress through the streets of Stockholm.

His fellow guests were amazed. And no wonder, for Stockholm was 300 miles away! The year was 1759, long before radio or telegraph. What they were witnessing was clairvoyance.

Known to us now as a theologian, Swedenborg in his own day led a varied career in politics and business while in private he was experiencing the many astonishing "visions" on which his religious writings were based. But none was more astonishing than this, for three days after the fire Swedenborg's vision was confirmed in every detail when the first dispatch riders galloped into Gothenburg to find it already amazingly well informed about all details of the fire. Interest in the fire now gave way to interest in this feat of clairvoyance and soon the double news was making the rounds of the European capitals and came to the skeptical notice of the great German philosopher Emanuel Kant.

Kant was so intrigued that he carried out what was perhaps the first modern psychic investigation and
finally wrote his personal endorsement of the accuracy of the story. But whatever philosophers might believe, scientists soon proved themselves a hard-bitten lot. In fact the dawn of our Modern Age might be dated from the day Science divorced itself from Philosophy and moved into the Laboratory. But the scientist left behind him an orphan child: the field of learning that lay partly in both areas of learning, the study of non-physical or psychic forces. And until recently Science has neglected this subject—one of the most fascinating fields for the inquiring mind.

In recent years learned men again have turned their attention to this borderline subject. Half a century ago the father of American psychology, William James, led in the revival of scientific interest in the subject. Present day investigators and writers include the Frenchman Warcollier, author of “Experiments in Telepathy,” Tyrell and Soal in England, and Dr. Rhine in the United States.

But if serious scientific investigation is new, the subject itself certainly is not. The pages of history from the Bible to the present are highlighted by accounts of “visions,” second-sight, premonitory dreams and the like. These are all classed as clairvoyance, a word taken from the French meaning clear-seeing.

However, clairvoyance is much more than clear vision in the usual sense of eye-sight. It is defined as that ability, real or fancied depending on your belief, by which certain sensitive persons (or maybe anyone on rare occasions) may directly perceive objects or even events at a distance without the use of any of his sense organs. Where the thoughts of one another person rather than objects or events are perceived, it is called telepathy—the two facilities seem to be closely related. The important thing to note is that the clairvoyant vision is entirely mental. While it exists only in the mind, it has a real counterpart in actual physical existence somewhere beyond the range of any possible vision by ordinary means.

The subject matter of such a vision can be almost anything; but usually seems to be something alarming. Frequently the vision is of a apparition or “ghost.” However some of the best authenticated cases are ones involving the clairvoyant impressions of quite ordinary things.

While a clairvoyant impression normally a visual one, it may be a sounds or even of touch or odor. In the case of visions the clairvoyant often does not claim to “see” in the natural way with the eyes open, but rather to receive a mental picture in the manner of dreams during sleep. But sometimes the vision is “exterized” and seen as though physical existing out there in space.

Frequently the vision is so vivid that person having the experience does not realize until later that it is not “real.” That happened one night in London shortly before World War II when cab driver was hailed by a middle-aged woman standing on a street corner. She got in the cab and gave an address. He drove there and drew up in front of the residence. But when he turned around to help her out, th
back seat was empty. He went up and rang the doorbell. An elderly man answered; the cabbie told what had happened; and asked if the man knew where the lady had gone.

"From your description it sounds like my wife. Please step in here a moment, I wish you would look at these photographs." He led the way into the parlor and to a row of photos on the mantel.

The cabbie immediately picked out photo of a middle-aged woman from the group ranged against the wall. That's her! I'd know her anytime."

"Just as I thought," the older man aid, "she often took the cab home from that street-corner. She died almost six months ago!"

THE CLAIRVOYANT SEE WITH INNER EYES

It is typical in the reported cases that an apparition, whether of a deceased person or one asleep or unconscious, is mistaken for an actual person, so completely life-like is it. It is interesting to see that the sheeted pector of fiction is unknown in the literature of clairvoyant cases.

When the library of the American Society for Psychical Research and other collections are bulging with reports of such spontaneous cases you wonder why scientists are in general still skeptical of these claims of clairvoyant vision and the like. It is true that a large proportion of alleged cases can be explained away on grounds of coincidence, morbid imagination, sheer inaccuracy or even deliberate faking. But not all can be dismissed, judging from the British census.

SOME years ago now, the British Society for Psychical Research undertook what proved to be a landmark in the investigation of this subject. It circulated thousands of questionnaires among a cross-section of the educated class. Over thirty thousand replies were received! A study of these returns was published as the Census of Hallucinations. In spite of the most extreme scrupulousness in scoring the returns, the Society concluded:

"Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact."

This census is also the basis for the conclusion that not less than one person in every ten has at one time or another in his life a genuine psychic manifestation of one kind or other.

But still the orthodox scientist—whether physicist, chemist or biologist—abhors psychic phenomena for its irrational aspect. The stumbling block is the complete lack of any faintly credible hypothesis to explain clairvoyance. Not only is explanation lacking, there is no known point at which it can be connected to the organized body of accepted scientific
knowledge. It remains a loose-end. And scientists do not like loose-ends. But at Duke University a very real accomplishment stands to the credit of Dr. J. B. Rhine.

Dr. RHINE recognized the importance of developing a really scientific method for studying psychic phenomena. Under his leadership the Parapsychological laboratory of that University has developed a repeatable experiment consisting of a standard test based on the attempt to "guess" the cards in a special deck made up of 5 cards of 5 different symbols. Over the past twenty years experiments with these cards, called ESP cards, have been repeated in thousands of cases and with a variety of persons working with different investigators.

The results of all these tests have been laboriously tabulated and analyzed on a statistical basis by expert mathematicians. The conclusion is inescapable that the human mind has powers that go far beyond any physical basis or explanation that science can offer. Rhine's recent book, "The Reach of the Mind," certainly indicates that in some cases it has a long "reach" indeed!

Dr. Rhine and most of the other researchers in this field have long since concluded that clairvoyance and certain other psychic powers—telepathy, telekinesis, etc.—are real. But they are the first to emphasize that these powers are far from dependable. Rather they are a now-and-then gift on which even the most talented cannot rely, except in a rare case like that of the African, Daba.

Down in South Africa, a psychiatrist named Dr. Laubscher reported a case he personally investigated. A native witch doctor, Solomon Daba, claimed he could achieve clairvoyant vision whenever he willed it. Dr. Laubscher was naturally very skeptical and decided to make a test. Telling no one of his plans, he drove sixty miles out into the veldt in the opposite direction from Solomon Daba's kraal. At a random spot in the bush he buried a small purse in the ground. He put a flat brown stone on top of the purse. Then he placed a small grey stone on the brown one.

Dr. Laubscher left and drove rapidly back to Daba's kraal. Although telling the witch doctor he had prepared a test, he gave him no inkling as to its nature. The witch doctor agreed to undertake the test and started his special seance dance. After coming out of a trance, Daba recounted for the astonished Dr. Laubscher every move he had taken, describing the purse, its burial in the ground, the placing of the two stones over it and the exact location of the cache. Dr. Laubscher concluded that this African was clairvoyant and had so trained his psychic powers that he could call upon them at any time with confidence.

But leaving aside rarities like Daba and considering only run-of-the-mill cases, it is generally true that clairvoyant visions appear without intention or conscious effort. They just come out of the blue. But usually they concern an event of some importance; often the death of a friend or relative. The experience of Mary Towers shows
how a warning of danger is sometimes perceived.

She was walking along a country lane near the village where she lived, studying a school book, when the surroundings seemed to fade away as a vision grew before her. The vision was that of a bedroom in her home, the one they called the White Room. Now she saw it clearly; her mother was lying on the floor as if dead! Mary even noticed a lace handkerchief on the floor beside her mother.

After a few minutes the vision faded out and natural surroundings reappeared. Mary was frightened and ran directly to the house of the family doctor nearby. Together they went to the girl's house and upstairs to the White Room. There on the floor lay her mother, unconscious from a heart attack. The scene was exactly as Mary had described it to the doctor, even to the lace handkerchief on the floor. Only the prompt care of the doctor saved the mother's life.

It is on the solid basis of repeatable experiments coupled with a scientific analysis of the statistical results that further research on clairvoyance will make its progress. We may already be well on the road foreseen by the wizard of the General Electric laboratories, Charles P. Steinmetz. When that genius of research in the orthodox fields of physics was asked: "What line of research will, in your opinion, see the greatest development within the next fifty years?" Steinmetz answered:

"The greatest discoveries will be along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of man and history. Someday people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of spiritual forces . . . which field as yet has hardly been scratched. When that day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

Two cannibals met in an insane asylum. One was devouring pictures of men, women, and children.

"Say," the other asked, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

Motorist: "I ran over your cat and I want to replace him."

Housewife: "Well, get busy. There's a mouse in the pantry."

"My father was a conductor—in fact, he was too good a conductor."

"Railroad? Orchestra?"

"Neither one—he was struck by lightning."

At a trial, the judge was questioning the prisoner. "Have you ever been in trouble before?" he asked. "No, sir," asserted the prisoner vigorously. "And all I did this time was to rob my kid brother's bank." The judge was about to dismiss him when the district attorney held up his hand. "Your honor," he cautioned, "the prisoner forgot to explain that his kid brother is cashier of the Security National Bank."

A newspaper recently ran a feature called, "If I had my time over again." The shortest contribution came from an ex-convict who wrote: "I'd see that I didn't."
COL. HARRY L. BENHOW of South Carolina commanded three regiments of Confederate troops during the Civil War, and fought long and hard for the Confederate cause. But in spite of all the exciting battles, his most unforgettable experience was in a Union Army hospital.

On April 1, 1865, Benhow was shot through both hips, captured, and sent to a hospital at City Point, Va. There he was put in a ward entirely occupied by Union officers, but was well cared for and enjoyed every luxury the times would permit.

On the morning of April 8, 1865, Benhow noticed a commotion at the door, and several men entered the ward. The last of them was a tall, gaunt figure clad in black—President Lincoln himself.

Lincoln walked down the aisle smiling and bowing. Halting at Benhow's bed, he extended his hand to him.

"Do you know to whom you are offering your hand," asked Benhow?

"I do not," Lincoln replied.

"You are offering it to a Confederate colonel who fought you as hard as he could."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I hope a Confederate colonel will not refuse me his hand."

"No, sir," replied Benhow, and he clasped Lincoln's hand between both of his.

"He had the most magnificent face I ever saw," said the colonel later. "He had me whipped when he first began to speak. Had he ever walked up and down a Confederate line of battle, there never would have been a battle. I felt I was his, body and soul, from the time I first felt the pressure of his fingers."

"He talked to me for ten minutes, kindly and sympathetically. When he left, he shook hands again, and hoped I would be restored to my family and friends soon. He knew that in a few days Lee would surrender at Appomattox. When news came that he was assassinated, I turned my face to the wall and wept."

—H. E. Zimmerman.

At a high school dance a youthful girl was trying to make conversation with her partner: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet larger, don't you?"

"Yes."

Trying again, she bashfully asked: "Don't you think swimming gives a girl awfully big shoulders?"

"Yeah."

After a long pause, her partner finally stated: "You must ride quite a bit, too."

"You've read that sentence wrong, Miss Adams—it's 'all men are created equal'—not 'all men are made the same way'!"

Customer: I'm looking for a gift for an employee of mine who is a proud father for the thirteenth time. What would you suggest?

Clerk: What about this stop watch?—Lamar Daily Democrat.
HERE COME THE HAMSTERS

With no bad habits and requiring little care, the latest in the pet line may soon replace your old favorite.

by LYNNE SVEC

YOUR prize dog, cat, canary, turtle—or for that matter, any pet you call your own—had better watch out: they’re in for some stiff competition from a tiny chipmunk-like immigrant from the Middle East. For if there’s one little fellow who’s coming up fast in the pet world, it’s the golden hamster.

The appearance, size, habits and care requirements of this button-eyed animal make him an all-around winner. Requiring very little care, they are also inexpensive to buy and feed. And being hardy little animals, they stand up under the usual handling accorded household pets. Also, hamsters obligingly eliminate average pet bugs—no hair on the furniture, no trotting across the field for morning walks and no worry whatever when it comes to disease, fleas or body lice.

Piled on top of the fact that hamsters adapt themselves readily to caged existence, they are completely odorless. Moreover, they’re clean to the point of being finicky. You’ve but to watch Dapper Dan hamster give his golden-mahogany pelt a licking in cat-like fashion to have visible proof of animaldom’s Department of Sanitation at work. Furthermore, you seldom hear a peep out of him beyond occasional chattering at play.

And though they take the cake for pudginess, they weigh only a little over a quarter of a pound. From wriggling nose to one-quarter inch tail, they measure a mere six inches when full grown.

Still another distinguishing feature is the hamster’s large shoulder pouches where food is either stored or prepared for the palate of mom’s brood. The word “hamster” is German for “hoarder,” the title emanating from the hamster’s habit of hoarding great quantities of food in his cheek or shoulder pouches. Capable of cramming a foot long carrot, leaf and stem, into one of his pouches, a hamster can also chew and shred bedding or nesting materials for a warmer and softer protection for the young. Any-
thing removed from the pouches, by the way, is practically as dry as it was when it was put into them via paw-over-paw motion.

While it is only in the past year or two that golden hamsters have become known outside zoos and experimental laboratories and become popular as run-of-the-mill pets, their ancestry dates back to a sort of Eve of hamsterdom. A Syrian zoologist dug up the original hamster and her litter of twelve from their burrow eight feet underground in 1930, and American import of the first live hamster is set at a scant 10 years ago.

Being naturally tame, hamsters do not require long training periods to make frolicsome pets. Endowed with the ability to learn many new habits, they can be taught a whole raft of tricks, which will undoubtedly bring out the Barnum and Bailey in you.

The skin over the entire body is so loose that the animal can be readily lifted, or held, by grasping it by a fold of skin, although the preferred manner of lifting him is by the palm-cupping method, or the way you lift a baseball. It's also most practical to grasp the animal with his head toward you, inasmuch as he's less likely to become frightened.

Ordinarily, a grown hamster will cling to your hand after you've lifted him, making handling easier. Being naturally gentle and trusting of nature, hamsters are willing to go along with you if gentle treatment is rendered. Frighten him unnecessarily, however, and the nervous creature is liable to give your finger a nip for protective purposes, just as he's bound to if prodded or teased.

Biologically speaking, hamsters distinguish themselves on still another score—that of their apparent love for family life. They're supposed to be the fastest breeding animal known, with a gestation period of less than 17 days. The hamster can be bred at 32 days of age, although adulthood is usually reached at 2 months, with a resultant litter of 8 under good conditions. The female is the aggressive sex in hamsterdom and she's more than willing to "live alone and like it" except during the time when she is nursing and raising her young, or, of course, during her breeding cycle when she craves male company.

Many large pet stores carry golden hamsters, and professional growers who ship the animals to any part of the country can be located in pet magazines, with the cost running from $2 to $3 each.

How to set up a hamster kingdom? One method is to buy a pen or cage along with feeding and play paraphernalia where you buy the pets—or you can improvise. The needs are little and inexpensive. The empty bird cage in your cellar or attic can be brought into service as the perfect hamster abode. Or you can build a pen with little trouble. All that is necessary is a light wooden cubicle, measuring about 12 inches on each side, and a gnaw-proof screen (or ¼ inch mesh "hardware cloth") for coverage.
Hamsters thrive contentedly in such small pens, and will prove exceptionally good housekeepers. An inch of floor litter should be strewn about. This may consist of dry soft absorbent wood shavings or dry grass, saw dust, pine needles, peanut hulls or excelsior. Hamsters employ such litter for bedding, hiding their food stockpile or just kicking it around the pen for laughs. In cool weather further bedding should be provided in the form of shredded packaging excelsior, paper napkins, cloth, cotton or any similar material for constructing a nest.

Except in hot weather, hamsters require very little water, since needed moisture is secured from the succulent foods they eat. If water is supplied in an open top face cream jar or water glass, or a gravity feed bottle and tube assembly, it should be kept in a spot where it won’t become dirty. The receptacle can be securely attached to the cage by a wire strap to prevent its being upset.

While all aspects of a hamster’s care are simple, perhaps the easiest are his feeding problems. They are practically nil. However, spice his diet with variety; he should not be made to subsist on one item of food daily. There are two essentials to keep in mind: He should have sun-grown vegetable leaves and fruits for vitamins; and over 20 per cent protein in pelleted food for good production and a friendly disposition.

These diet staples can be found in green vegetable leaves and in any kind of animal or poultry feed that has at least 20 per cent protein. A good pelleted feed for hamsters is one of the numerous brands of dry dog food found on the shelves of all grocery stores in packages as small as one pound. Factory-prepared feeds have all the necessary salt and other minerals right in them. Hamsters also do very well on table scraps alone, both cooked and uncooked. Peels from sun-ripened fruits may take the place of greens. Nuts, seeds and grains furnish variety to the diet, and will be carefully hoarded by the animals to nibble on at their leisure.

Short on trouble, expense and care, the golden hamster is long on fun and educational possibilities, for the young in years—and in heart.

—Alfred Rosenberg

“What did you expect?”
How to Burglar-Proof Your Home

THERE'S been an epidemic of burglarizing of private homes in our fair city this year. But we're not worried. No, we don't have any burglar alarms, extra-fancy locks or a watch-dog.

It's the obstacle course.

A street light illuminates our front yard pretty well; so prowlers would almost surely try to gain entrance to our house from the rear. Now, picture their progress.

On one side of the house is the "woods"; a narrow area with a heavy growth of untrimmed shrubbery. Here the children are allowed carte blanche, and they've made the most of it. There is a vegetable garden, some four square feet in size, roped off at knee height with sticks and heavy twine.

Close by is a hole, about two feet wide and three feet deep, laboriously dug by the gang as a trap for wild animals. True to trap structure, the top is loosely covered with leafy branches. Near the hole stands an assortment of tools and instruments used in its construction—a couple of battered buckets, an old shovel with half its handle gone, and several sharp-pointed sticks.

From the branches of a small flowering tree hang several pieces of rope with noose ends, used to hoist buckets into said tree and also to facilitate Tarzan activities.

The other side of the house is taken up almost completely by the driveway. (We're situated on a narrow city lot). In spite of constant reminders to the youngsters to put all outdoor toys in the garage for the night, there's sure to be at least a tricycle and a pair of roller skates lying around. Then too, the neighbor's dog sleeps in a little house not ten feet away on the other side of the hedge.

But let us suppose that, by some miracle, the lucky prowler manages to escape all these pitfalls, and actually arrives at the rear of the house. Here he is confronted with three choices of entrance.

He may take the French doors which lead off the patio into our four-year-old's room. Unfortunately for the intruder, Kit's table and chair and a huge wooden box of blocks sit squarely in front of those doors. We have had to forego the use of that entrance in the interests of more wall space.

Or, our man might try to gain admittance through the double windows of the other back bedroom, occupied by our seven-year-old. Here again he would encounter some little difficulty. Directly underneath these windows, extending four feet out into the room, lies a plywood board absolutely crammed with electric train equipment—track, switches, cars, station, bridge, crossing signals, bumpers and tunnel. These articles won't respond to a gentle shove or kick, either, because they're all screwed down tight to the board.

The poor guy has one last resort: the main back entrance of the house. Here he must break through three locked doors—the service porch screen and wooden doors plus the solid panel kitchen door. And the narrow porch is apt to contain at any given time, the following: washing machine, clothes basket, empty cola and milk bottles, small pile of fire-place wood, scooter, an open umbrella (drying after yesterday's rain), and a low-hanging clothes-line holding an assortment of dishtowels and wet rags. One does well to thread himself through this maze in broad daylight.

Now, do you see why we aren't worried about silent night prowlers?

—Dorothy Boys Kilian
“Big Seven” Basketball Play-by-Play With Larry Ray

Mon., Feb. 5  Oklahoma A & M vs. Kansas at Lawrence.

Sat., Feb. 10  Missouri vs. Kansas State at Manhattan
Mon., Feb. 12  Kansas vs. Missouri at Columbia
Sat., Feb. 17  Kansas vs. Iowa State at Ames, or
         Kansas State vs. Oklahoma at Norman
Mon., Feb. 19  Oklahoma vs. Kansas at Lawrence
Sat., Feb. 24  Kansas vs. Kansas State at Manhattan
Mon., Feb. 26  Nebraska vs. Kansas State at Manhattan
Sat., Mar. 3  Kansas State vs. Iowa State at Ames, or
          Oklahoma vs. Nebraska at Lincoln
Mon., Mar. 5  Oklahoma vs. Kansas State at Manhattan, or
          Colorado vs. Missouri at Columbia
Wed., Mar. 7  Iowa State vs. Kansas at Lawrence, or
          Nebraska vs. Missouri at Columbia

NAIB Tournament—Kansas City—March 12-March 17
NCAA Tournament—Kansas City—March 21-March 24

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WINTER IS WONDERFUL ON WHB!
—News of neighbors, the nation and the world with 17 newscasts daily.
—Sports with the Midwest's favorite play-by-play announcer, Larry Ray.
—Aggressive, powerful SELLING for you and your product or service.
—Advertising IMPACT because nearly 3½ million people swing their dials to 710 . . . WHB.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Client Service Representatives
ED DENNIS
ED BIRR
WIN JOHNSTON
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WHB
Your Favorite Neighbor

10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial
DON DAVIS, President
JOHN T. SCHILLING, Gen. Mgr.
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
Land of the Widows  
By Jo Coudert

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King of the Pin-Ups  By Betty and William Waller

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ohn Crosby – Radio—Television Reviews – Page 139
1. GEORGE "TWINKLETOES" SELKIRK (center), new pilot of the Kansas City Blues, and Parke Carroll (right), general manager of the club, predict a thrilling season for baseball fans. Larry Ray (left), WHB's Sports Director, will do the play-by-play for WHB listeners. For details read "Larry Ray Talks Sports" on page 136.

2. FILM STAR SUSAN HAYWARD and her husband, J.B. Barker, visited Arbogast on WHB's "Club 710" show. Art Arbogast is the one on the left! Read "Arbogasts by Arbogast" on page 170.

3. MURRAY KORMAN, "King of the Pin-Ups," has photographed over 10,000 beautiful girls! Read his story on pages 146; pictures 149-155.

4. THE CHAIR GROANED when Tiny Hill, 365-pound Mercury recording star, joined Bob Kennedy as guest disk jockey on WHB's Saturday afternoon Swing Session.

5. A LETTER TO GABRIEL HEATTER by Bill and Jane Poole of Kansas City was chosen for broadcast over State Department's "Voice of America." WHB transcribed it for VOA. Read the letter on page 105.
YOU open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you’ve a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoes, a wing gets in the way. In the streets crowded with noon you wander lonely and ecstatic, over the dissonance of traffic hearing the willow buds open. Bending your head into the wind, you curse the rain, and your words bounce off and fall into a puddle, splashing you with jewels and mud. Then the sun explodes and the words curl up like petals and blow away. The world is a glass ball tumbling in space with you inside pell-mell with rainbows and apple trees. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens—any old miracle—your own private miracle. And you’re agog with a strange emotion. It has a specific name. They call it April.

April . . . and things are young again with a special bursting sort of youngness that seems it must go on forever. We know a radio station like that. It was born on an April 29 years ago, and its heart is a red kite on a high wind. Spring courses through the veins of it to defy stuffiness as belligerently as a schoolboy with mud on his knicker knees and a favorite taw clutched in his fist.

No private miracle, this. WHB belongs to the people it serves. We try to serve you well—you listeners, advertisers and friends! That’s why WHB has become “Your Favorite Neighbor” to uncounted thousands. In spirit, WHB is definitely April!

(Revised from April Swing, 1947)
The Land Of Widows

Miami Beach—land of sun, sand, sea, stucco—and single women.

by JO COUDERT

MIAMI BEACH has been called the land of sun, sand, sea and stucco. Suckers, too; but the Chamber of Commerce does not publicize that. And neither do they publicize their fastest-growing crop they have: widows, grass and sod, rarely home grown, almost entirely transplanted from other sections of the country. When a man retires from business he may take his family to California or to the north woods; but the women retiring from the business of marriage are heading for Miami Beach. The widows are there in droves and the numbers grow every day.

Throughout the rest of the country like Noah’s Ark, the people come and go two by two; but Miami Beach is the city of the single woman; it is the married couple who are an oddity.

Originally, many of them came to obtain the ninety-day Florida divorce. Then, rather than return home face life conspicuously single, they stayed on.
The widows are women like Georgia. Married to an engineer, she spent most of her adult life in South America, moving from country to country, leading a glamorous, exciting life. When her husband fell in love with another woman, there seemed no place for her to go but back to the small Southern town where she had been reared. Knowing how much out of the life she would be there and knowing that they might well be secretly pleased at her downfall, she read it. Before her ninety days in Miami were up, she had purchased a house. If you were to ask her about it, she would say, "The climate is wonderful, living is fun, and everyone I know is in the same boat I am. Sly remarks about having lost a husband. Right here is where I'm spending the rest of my life."

Helen's story is much the same. When my husband and I were divorced, I couldn't face the thought of going on living in the same town, being him with a new wife, being with couples who had been our friends and yet not being part of the crowd anymore. So I stayed on in Miami Beach. I'm glad I did. I'm happy here. Anyway, happier than I would be in any place else."

You will find the widows on the beach and in the bars. You can recognize them by their cultivated antans, the slightly vague look that allows daily overdoses of alcohol, and the cynicism with which they speak about men. They are a disillusioned group, these widows. Whether married twice, thrice, or more times, all they are out for now is sun and fun, not marriage. "Not ever again!" most of them say. Why give up that comforting cushion of alimony for another ride on the merry-go-round when nine chances out of ten all you will get is a lousy brass ring?

Maybe they are right at that. The men who live in Miami Beach the year around are there either for their health or for wealth, preferably other people's and of the sort that can be acquired without too much labor. One way is through marriage; but the widows are wary. The transient males, and there are plenty of those in season, are like vacationing males anywhere, only more so! They vanish northward when their two weeks are up with never a letter coming back to tell the ladies they still remember that night under the tropical moon.

Usually the widows have had one such experience as this, but on the whole it is not too often they come in contact with vacationing males. When Miami Beach is "in season" the widows are "out of season." That is the time of the year they hibernate. They disappear to Havana where living is cheaper. Or you might find a few, always traveling alone, on freighters making their way leisurely through the tropics. Most of them scatter throughout Miami and its outskirts, however, holing up for the winter in cheap rooms. Why the exodus? Well, that is how the widows make their living, by moving out of their beautiful homes and renting them to tourists for the season. For some of them it is an extra two or three thousand dollars a year to buy the luxuries that alimony doesn't provide. For others,
it is what pays for the groceries. January finds them dispossessed people. Come May and like homing pigeons they return, pocketbooks jingling, to hold full sway until "the season" rolls around again.

Some of the widows are not so fortunate as to have houses to rent or alimony to live on. Margaret, an Englishwoman whose daughter married an American G. I., came over here to be near her daughter and then found that her son-in-law did not care to have her around. With no training and no particular skills, it was necessary for her to find some way to support herself. Knowing that many wealthy people had homes in Miami Beach, she went there. Now she is a governess to twin boys. "Where else could working be so pleasant?" she says. "I can spend all day on the beach, and when the family goes North, they leave me to look after the house. I have nothing to do then but enjoy myself in a beautiful home."

If she has the talent and the iron nerves it takes, there is another way for the widow to pick up change, often heavy change, the kind that rustles. That is by gambling, not the spectacular kind involving the back rooms of the plush hotels and the whirl of roulette wheels, but the quieter, and in the long run more profitable, gambling that is done at the card clubs. Bridge, canasta, and gin rummy are heavy favorites as a way both of passing the time and financing the many jars of sun lotion needed to achieve those luscious tans. There are women who underwrite their expenses by knowing which hand the vital king is in; but they have to be good. The competition is terrific!

You might expect that the widows travel in packs or in pairs. If so, you are wrong. Groups of them can be seen at the beach but they come alone and they leave alone. Those who spend their days wandering through the fabulous shops do it not in pairs but alone. At the cocktail lounges it is the same story. These are lone women, women who have shed their male partners but who do not seek the substitute companionship of others like themselves. For many of them a dog or a cat is the only close attachment in their lives.

Christine, a still-beautiful woman in her fifties who has had two husbands, sums it up this way: "All of us down here have had homes broken up, close ties dissolved, and now we prefer to live in an emotional vacuum, not caring much about anyone. We swim, lie in the sun, go fishing, play bridge, just pass the time each day and don't think beyond that. One ward robe lasts all year round, the weather is superb, and on the long evening we can always go to the neighborhood bar where there are a dozen people just like us, alone. Where else in the country would it be better for a widow than in Miami Beach?"

Only a woman can rave over a pair of nylon stockings when they are empty.—Guy Robertson.

When chivalry goes on vacation
It uses streetcar transportation.
—Howard Hayn.
A Voice of America

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Poole, 1200 East 11th Street, Kansas City, Missouri, wrote this letter for Gabriel Heatter's "Voices of America" campaign. It was chosen for broadcast over the State Department's Voice of America radio. Gabriel Heatter is heard at 6:30 p.m. Monday through Friday over WHB.

To you, wherever you are and whoever you may be, my husband and I send our love and our hope that God will bless you and keep you as he has blessed and sheltered us.

Although we reach out to you somewhere in the world in a place we do not know, we are not strangers. We all have the same Father, and we all live in His world, and so we cannot be strangers to each other. It would be much better if we could really talk together, to learn to know each others' voices, and the thousand little traits that make us individuals. But we will tell you a little about ourselves so that you will feel you know us better.

My husband's name is William, but he is always called Bill. My name is Mary Jane. Bill is a veteran of the last war. When he came home he had lost his right eye, his right side was injured, and he weighed just 105 pounds. He is still slight, but he has grown stronger. We are working together to build up a little business in cabinet-making but it is the slow season now, so I have taken a job where I do office work. Bill is going to night school where he is learning upholstery.

We live in an old apartment building on the fourth floor where there is no elevator. The ceilings are high and the rooms are quite large for apartment rooms. There is the living room that opens on a small front porch. It has a high old fireplace with a mirror above it and the woodwork is dark oak, so we make the furniture and curtains gay and warm with color. The kitchen also has our table where we can eat and look out far over the city from the south window. A little hallway leads past the bath and back to our bedroom, where the windows face east. When we first married we bought only the things we had to have, but now Bill is making new furniture for our home. It is fun to bring in each piece however small, and watch our home grow. So far he has made the cherry-wood desk and some chairs and the little hassock—that was his first lesson in upholstery. We are proud of our home and glad to have our friends visit and we often laugh and say that they are good friends to come and see us, when they must climb so many stairs.

In summer we sit on the porch and watch the lights over the city and our neighbors come out on their little porch and we talk. We have a truck for the shop and we go fishing on weekends. When we are at home in winter we read and listen to the radio. My husband is quiet and reserved and I am inclined to talk and laugh a lot and so we are good for each other.

We wonder who you are who will read these words. Perhaps our life seems very simple to you. And so it is. And yet, it may not be so different from your own. What you think and what you feel, what you want from life and what you are, may not be so different. We are just average American people.

And having said so much, may we say one thing more? We love our country. It has been built on the sacrifices, the work and the prayers of many great men, and of many little ones like us. We love its beauty and its free-
dom to worship and to work and to play as we please, and to say whatever we think. We are proud to help to preserve these freedoms. But today the world has grown very small. It is no longer possible for men or women or nations to shut out the rest of the world and go about their own concerns.

People who know each other get along. Together they find friendship and hope and understanding, if they have the chance. That is why we are writing this letter. We hope that from even so small a start—just average people talking to other average people and coming to know and like them—there may come to be peace and understanding in the world. We believe that whoever you are and wherever you are, you value these same things—friendship and understanding, peace and hope. God bless you all.—Bill and Mary Jane Poole

When Comedian Danny Thomas arrived home after his first day's work in "Call Me Mister" at 20th Century-Fox, his daughter, Margaret, 12, began a searching quiz:

"Daddy," she asked, "do you get the girl in this picture?"

"You bet your sweet little life, I do," he said.

"Who? Betty Grable?"

"No, Dan Dailey gets her. I get Benay Venuta."

Margaret turned ecstatically to her mother, professionally known as Rose Marie Mantell, radio singer, "Oh, momie!" she beamed. "Daddy finally gets a girl in the picture. Isn't that wonderful!"

"As long as he doesn't bring her home," said Mrs. Thomas, "everything will be all right."

An all-girl three-piece orchestra was playing at a New Hampshire summer hotel, where guests were chiefly elderly people. At the dinner hour the manager hushed the orchestra: "The ladies are complaining that you play too loud."

The girl leader protested: "But our orchestra's so small it can't be very loud. Besides we're only playing the music as it's written—forte."

The manager considered, then asked: "Well, couldn't you tune it down to 30?"

There is a certain small community which boasts that it is the home of three former governors. This fact is proudly proclaimed to the world on large billboards placed strategically on main thoroughfares entering the town. In smaller, but legible type is the added note:

"We also have natural gas."

A stingy husband, while out of town, sent his wife as a present a check for million kisses. The wife, a little annoyed, sent back a post card: "Dear Jim, thank for the birthday check. The milkmen cashed it for me this morning."

Driving up to the house to deliver the family's eighth baby, the doctor almost ran over a duck.

"Is that your duck out front?" asked the M.D.

"Yep, it's ours," replied the father, "but it ain't no duck. It's a stork with legs worn down."

"Dear, this is Miss Hamilton ... yo always wanted to meet her."

"Fidock"
Let's take the "con" out of conversation.

by ELIZABETH R. SPHAR

As a people, we Americans "go" more places than ever before; but too many of us complain every inch of the way: the water's too cold for swimming, the sun's too hot for tennis, it takes too long to get to Helen and Tom's for a party.

And at the party, our conversation is negative, fault-finding. Oh, we don't mean it to be. It's just a habit we've unconsciously developed—like twisting a lock of hair, or pulling at an earlobe. "Business is terrible!"—"Wasn't that the lousiest ball game you ever saw?"—"You'd think the Hingham would paint their house, wouldn't you?"—"I hate mince pie—"

People are imitative, follow conversational patterns. Say you don't like something, be it Sanskrit, soup or capless gowns, and someone will go you one better. You will have started a flood of "I don't like—" which can degenerate from a thoughtless attempt at small talk into mean, disgusting remarks, which in turn can lead to serious arguments, and permanently injured feelings if someone's pet hobby or food has been tactlessly derided.

Someone always tries, often without success, to inject a cheerful, non-controversial remark into the tense situation. Other guests fidget or make blundering attempts at repartee. Had these heroic fixer-uppers made as much effort to be gay and entertaining in the first place, the whole embarrassing impasse would have been avoided, and guests would exclaim for weeks afterward, "Gee, the Blairs had a swell party!"

Originally, conversation meant "to talk with"; but by careless speech habits we've perverted it into conversation—talk against things. We've become like the deaf man at the rear of the auditorium, who, when asked
by a latecomer what the lecture was about, replied, “I dunno, but whatever it is, I’m agin’ it.” No wonder many social gatherings leave us with a feeling of dissatisfaction, of boredom and bad-humor.

It’s easy and shallow to say, “That movie was rotten,” “This book’s no good.” To notice excellent camera work or superbly drawn minor characters requires initiative and discernment. If you feel you cannot truthfully praise some phrase of a program or sermon, cannot quote one remark or incident with glee, cannot repeat one sincere, apt thought, why mention it at all? You and your listeners will depart in a better humor, will remain friends longer, if only you buy a good joke book, memorize it, and stick to telling jokes. But a new joke book, please!

A teacher once advised me, “Never belittle a man who earns honestly more money than you do, nor condemn a better book than you can write.” That was my first lesson in proversationalism—optimistic, enthusiastic, positive-toned talk.

A PROVERSATIONALIST speaks with premeditated thoughtfulness from what Gelett Burgess calls the educated heart. If you know your listener detests seafood, don’t “rave on” about shore dinners. If you’re in doubt about your listener’s feelings, make casual inquiries before going into “ecstasies” about any subject.

Don’t be content to confine your comments to “My, isn’t that too bad” or “Jim sure got a tough break” when you hear that an acquaintance just lost his job. Make characteristic proversationalist mention of Jim’s good traits. Perhaps your praise will be heard by or passed on to someone who needs an employee with Jim’s abilities.

As a proversationalist you’ll translate your optimism into action. Make your personal letters gay, interesting. Confident. Instead of writing letters of complaint to editors, write letters of praise. Refuse to put down or paper the unfortunate rudeness you encountered in a store or on a bus. Instead, commend the public-spirited ness of some citizen or community organization. If the neighbor’s dog dig up your favorite bulbs, don’t quarrel about it. Work off steam by writing a note of appreciation to the druggist who gave free serum to a destitute family, or send a cheery card to a lonely relative.

A man greatly respected for his even temper calms ranting controversationalists by saying, “I don’t know why that person did that, but there’s a reason.” By thinking through the situation or by making careful inquiries he usually finds the reason. He doesn’t criticize unless he can suggest a better method than the one he criticizes.

A proversationalist does not gossi even when not malicious, we are to stress people’s weaknesses and failures, not their virtues and accomplishments. How foolish we are! Praise brings a glow to everyone, even the most blase. Disparaging remarks will never gain friends.

When a bigot slanders some person or group, it’s unwise to counter, lessly, with “Oh, you’re all wrong
or "They aren't all that way." Bide your time, and when the opportunity occurs naturally, relate an incident wherein a member of the maligned group was self-sacrificing, or kind-hearted. Instead of ranting endlessly against communism, or any other -ism, cite incidents to prove that our democracy is working here and now, and exert more effort to make it work better!

To be a proversationalist compliment people whenever you can do it naturally and sincerely. Admire a pin or suit someone has on, or the flowers the grows. Likewise, whenever you receive a compliment, pass it on. Instead of making a half-embarrassed attempt to hide your pleasure, say, "Why, thank you, John Clark gave me this tie, and you know he has excellent taste." If someone praises your cake or roast, say graciously, "Mary Jones gave me the recipe," or Mr. Smith always sells me such good heat."

A proversationalist avoids sweeping, exaggerated or belittling statements which make his listener uncomfortable by giving him no opportunity for comment. We know that Mr. Sure-of-Himself who vehemently declares he'll never work for $40.00 a week, or sit through another amateur show, or live with his in-laws. Inevitably he will have to eat his rash remarks. Though we know he has it coming to him, we don't like to witness either brag-gadocio or humiliation; so we move over to the group around the proversationalist telling an entertaining story.

A PROVERSATIONALIST has a ready supply of "proversation starters." I collect proverbs and family sayings. Whenever I ask someone to tell me his favorite family expression, which is invariably connected with a favorite story, a pleasant conversation results. Tell an amusing incident that happened on a trip or at a wedding, and your listeners will vie with each other to tell something amusing that happened to them.

Too many of us "talk shop" too much of the time. When talking about our jobs, we often resort to general statements, news-headline impressions or ordinary fault-finding. Then we fail to get the proper perspective about our jobs, fail to develop a fresh attitude about them. Every field has its peculiarities and its amusing side-lights which, though commonplace to those on the inside, are entertaining to outsiders. Make these part of your proversational repertoire. To tell how many miles of wire a mill uses daily in making bobby pins, or how many pounds of perfume go into the manufacturing of dishwashing soap may not involve wit, but it won't be as dull or
disconcerting as a continuous "This is what’s wrong with my job" harangue.

Proversationalists are careful about replies to questions, and about responses as listeners. If the tone of voice in which you say, "That’s lovely," or "Oh, the dinner was all right," is superior or sarcastic, your positive remarks are in reality negative ones producing disagreeable effects.

Proversationalists are neither naive Pollyannas, nor fact-ignoring, head-hiding ostriches. Rather they are confirmed optimists. They know that roses have thorns, but think it unnecessary to overemphasize that fact. Instead they find keen enjoyment in calling attention to the exquisite coloring and delicate fragrance of the rose. Forget the sultriness of the afternoon; enjoy to the full the glorious beauty of the sunset that follows it. Emphasize the gay, the beautiful, the pleasant details of living. If you do, you’ll be popular socially and successful in your job.

Be a proverationalist and you’ll be happy!

A government entomologist lectured to a group of school children on the pest menace of the rat in Alberta, Canada.

The note of thanks he received read: "We didn’t know what a rat looked like—until you came!"

Doctor—Your husband must have rest and quiet. Here’s a sleeping powder.
Wife—When do I give it to him?
Doctor—Don’t give it to him. Take it yourself.

A small boy waiting in the beauty shop for his mother’s hair to dry walked impatiently over to her and said, "How much longer will you be under the brooder?"

Three men sat in a railroad station cocktail bar, drinking a few before train time. One hour later one fellow looked at his watch and said, "Gosh! it’s time for the train to leave." All three ran to the gate just as the train was pulling out. One man ran and caught the rear end and jumped on. Then the second man made it also. The third man stopped, sat down on the track and laughed and laughed.
"What are you laughing at?" said a bystander.
Third man: "They just came down to see me off."
POST OFFICE AUCTIONS

The biggest bargain counter in the world—your post office.

by DORIS E. TULL

SIXTY-FIVE thousand items from the world’s oldest bargain counter were put on the block in one place this year. The occasion was an annual post office auction, at San Francisco, where for three days, any article in he queerly assorted lot went to the highest bidder.

There was some of almost anything naginable from which to make a choice. Violins, watches, tires, inflatable life rafts, women’s underwear, jewelry, canned goods—huge piles of odds from wearables to machinery—practically everything under the sun was displayed here for sale to the highest bidder.

This was but one of the many post office auctions. Here are a few of the thousands of items listed at a recent sale in St. Louis: 23 boxes of Dippy Blooms; 2 dozen ladies’ Playtex girdles; dozen Dr. West’s tooth brushes, new; approximately 475 razor blades; four hundred day clock, damaged; electric pasteurizer, condition unknown; Sport King casting rod; man’s suit, size unknown, slightly worn; one hamper of approximately 725 pounds scrap iron; sewer auger; 15 volumes Richards Topical Encyclopedias, new; set of Rogers’ silverplate; one pair ladies’ pajamas, nightgown, pads, size 38; and one world globe, slight damage! The material for all of these auctions come from the dead letter and dead parcel post divisions scattered over the United States.

The dead letter office is a landmark in the postal history of America. It was established in 1825, because of an accumulation of unclaimed letters and parcels that plagued the department. No record was kept of what happened to undeliverable mail, however, until 1865, when the Postmaster General felt so irritated and aggrieved about the vast collected mass that he included it in his annual report.

By 1917, conditions in the Postal Department had become so congested that the Dead Letter Office, then
located at Washington, D. C., was decentralized. Branches were established in five cities. At the present time, there are 1,240 dead letter branches set up to receive defunct letters and other first class mail. There, dead mail is held one year; after which time it becomes government property.

Undelivered parcel post meets with a slightly different fate. Dead parcels go to one of fifteen first class post offices conveniently distributed throughout the United States and its territories. These offices are located at Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Fort Worth, Honolulu, New Orleans, New York City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Seattle, and Washington, D. C. Each parcel is opened and its contents carefully examined. Records are made of the separate items. If the sender's name and address appears inside, he is sent notice of the amount he owes for return postage. In sixty days, if no answer has been received from him, the package is allowed to remain in the dead parcel office for a reasonable time, after which the contents are spread out for public auction.

There are from two to six such auctions held each year at each of the fifteen post offices, the time depending on the amount of unclaimed matter on hand.

In New York City alone, the revenue from post office auctions nets a cool thirteen thousand dollars annually. Every year, the government pockets thousands of dollars as a result of the mistakes made by residents of our forty-eight states. The Attorney General once said in his annual report that he had that year handed over to the United States Treasury $101,154.94. He added, somewhat on a triumphal note, that it was all gained from careless letter writers and package-mailers.

And here's why:

Last year, Aunt Jenny, out in California, mailed a package to Cousin Lou's folks in Nevada. It was a big, odd-sized package, which would have traveled better in a strong box. But Aunt Jenny didn't have a box.

Post Office Sales Dates

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Dates</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta, Ga.</td>
<td>3 to 4 a year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
<td>3 to 4 a year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>3 to 4 a year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cincinnati, Ohio</td>
<td>May</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fort Worth, Tex.</td>
<td>May</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honolulu, Hawaii</td>
<td>about July 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Orleans, La.</td>
<td>about July 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York, N.Y.</td>
<td>every three months: March, June, September and December</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omaha, Neb.</td>
<td>about June 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis, Mo.</td>
<td>3 to 4 a year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Paul, Minn.</td>
<td>March 13; every two months</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco, Cal</td>
<td>June 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Juan, Puerto Rico</td>
<td>May</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
<td>May 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
<td>3 to 4 a year</td>
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Write to the nearest post office for time and date of next sale.
The wrapping she used wasn’t heavy enough, and she lacked sufficient string. Rather than make an extra trip uptown, she used materials at hand. Aunt Jenny didn’t bother to insure her gift, either—she trusted Uncle Sam. En route, things began to happen. The paper split; the string broke; everything came apart, but thoroughly! Aunt Lou never got the package, for with no address left to guide them, postal authorities let it lie for the prescribed length of time; and then it became Government property.

The Smiths in Arizona mailed a box to the Joneses, in Vermont. It was properly wrapped and tied securely. There was only one little oversight—Mrs. Smith forgot to put a return address on it. As the Jones family had moved, leaving no forwarding address, the parcel ended up in the dead parcel office.

Mr. Blank helped feed the dead letter office. His handwriting was a scrawl that even he could barely decipher. But one day while Mrs. Blank was away, he answered an urgent appeal from Johnny at college, for a few extra bucks. He slipped a ten in an envelope and mailed it hurriedly. The post office couldn’t read his writing, either.

And so it goes. All of the thousands of items collected in “dead” divisions, to be sold at auctions, or added direct to the Treasury’s funds, came out of parcels or letters mailed by Mr. and Mrs. America.

For a year before the San Francisco auction, about one hundred workers worried and worked over the big haul of letters and packages. It took a special staff two months to complete the sorting. It isn’t fun—just headaches for those involved in the work to be done whenever one of these auctions takes place. And worst of all, it only stops hurting for an interlude—from the time the stuff is out of the way until it starts piling up again. But it could be cured by a few simple precautionary measures.

First, pack your parcel with care, taking thought as to the size and shape of its contents. Sharp pointed objects will work through containers unless shielded. Heavier items necessitate close packing, or the box may be battered and smashed before it reaches its destination. If your writing is not plain, and you do not type the label, print the address large and plainly; so that it is unmistakable.

Check all outgoing mail to make sure you have addressed it correctly and given a good readable return address in the upper left-hand corner. If your letter or package contains valuables of any description, register or insure it. In 1926, the postal service was improved by a service designated as “special handling.” By paying ten or twenty cents extra—according to weight—in addition to the required postage, your parcel is treated as first class mail and goes through with the same speed. This is registration, and you will be given a receipt for your records. It is good business, as the post office also has your name and address, thus affording you more protection.
Insuring your mail is an even better policy. If for some reason it should be lost, you fill out a blank at the office of mailing, and the post office investigates your loss. If the mail cannot be found, you will be reimbursed the full amount of insurance after a short period, even to the amount of postage prepaid. There is every chance, however, that it will be recovered. And at least, your valuables will not turn up at a post office auction somewhere, to swell the Treasury with money you may ill-afford to lose.

Postmaster John A. Fixa, of the San Francisco post office, has some pertinent advice for the public.

"You should always include a return address, both on and inside your letter or parcel," he warns.

"Of course," he adds with emphasis, "some people have good reason not to include their names. Some items are doubtless stolen goods, for which senders obviously won't give a return address.

In a Massachusetts cemetery there is a gravestone with the following inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."

The young clergyman was soundly trounced in a golf match by a parishioner who was a good thirty years his senior, and he headed for the clubhouse in a disconsolate mood.

"Cheer up," said his opponent. "Don't forget, you'll win in the end — you'll probably be burying me some day."

"Yes," muttered the cleric, "but even then it'll be your hole."

"We've run across just about everything, in mutilated or otherwise undeliverable packages—from narcotics to greenbacks and gold. Nearly nine thousand dollars in money from this source went last year to the United States Treasury.

"Sometimes precious stones turn up; and they go on sale just like anything else. A few people walk off with surprising bargains.

"Take, for instance, the man who bought a shaving brush for a few cents at the auction here. He unscrewed the handle, for some reason, and found a twenty dollar bill inside. He called up very happily to tell us about it; but he didn't offer to turn it over to the Treasury. We didn't ask him to, either. Here's the motto of our auction—'Let the buyer beware, and may he rejoice!'"

An old saying states: "forewarned is forearmed." Let's paraphrase Mr. Fixa's "motto," and put it this way: "Let the sender of mail beware, and he can rejoice!

Boss, to employee coming in late: "You should have been here half an hour ago." Employee: "Why, what happened?"

"Could you," the specialist asked, "pay for an operation if I found one necessary?"

"Would you," countered the patient, "find one necessary if I couldn't pay for it?"

Asked one time if he'd ever had the DT's in Hollywood, W. C. Fields replied, "I don't know—there's no way of telling where the DT's leave off and Hollywood begins."
Ilga couldn't count to three or spell cat—but that's only the beginning of the story.

by TED PETERSON

The nine year old girl was unable to read a syllable, and the instructor despaired of teaching her. All the other children had learned at five and six. But, through working with her in special classes, the teacher made the amazing discovery that if he read to himself, just skimmed over a passage, the girl could repeat out loud, with no apparent difficulty, everything he'd read. This strange ability applied, as well, to foreign languages, indicating that the faculty was exercised without understanding. It was the same with arithmetic. Backward in sums, the child had no trouble repeating calculations when they had first passed through the mind of the teacher.

Her name was Ilga, and her curious case puzzled the European doctors and professors who examined her. She was classed as feeble minded, and on the surface there seemed no reason to question this finding. At seven, she expressed herself in the manner of a two-year-old. Her own family couldn't understand her until she was eight. By that time, however, she spoke enough of the native Lithuanian to begin elementary school. At school, Ilga was hopelessly backward; she could handle only single letters at a time. Even simple syllables were beyond her comprehension. Then her capacity for recounting the thoughts of her mother and teacher was discovered.

Ilga's story reached F. von Neureiter, professor of forensic medicine in Riga, capital of Latvia. In the summer of 1935 he asked that she be brought to him for examination and study. With members of the faculty of Riga University present, Dr. von Neureiter's tests were made. At first the tests went badly because Ilga was ill at ease in the presence of strangers and unfamiliar surround-
ings. So it was decided to conduct the tests in the child’s home village. Improved results were immediately obtained from the tests held there. In fact, had they been conducted by anyone but conscientious scientists, the results would have been incredible.

In one case, “4.5 × 5.5 = 41” was jotted on a slip of paper, and handed to the child’s mother for her to read to herself. Not quite understanding the directions the woman turned to von Neureiter, who explained it to her as a problem in multiplication.

“Forty-one” called Ilga, just at the moment her mother, following the explanation, had reached that amount.

Then while Ilga and her mother were out of the room, one of the men hid his watch under one of the many cushions in the room. Beyond the child’s hearing he told the mother where the watch was. Ilga at once repeated the thoughts of the professor as voiced to the woman in a whisper. “The watch is under the cushion!” Indeed, Ilga’s mother said that for years she had not been able to hide anything from the child, who always knew where to look.

Actually, Ilga seemed only to grasp the literal wording of the thoughts transmitted to her. That is, she could repeat the words exactly, but there was no meaning in them for her. For instance, the examiners told the mother to frame a thought ordering Ilga to put away the picture book with which she was playing. Ilga repeated the sentence, “Put away your book, Ilga,” but kept right on playing with it. Further, although she knew the watch was hidden under a cushion, she had to turn over several before finding it.

Ilga’s most phenomenal accomplishments were in reading. As with her elementary instructor, she spoke aloud passage after passage from books read silently by her mother, despite the fact some were in German, French and English.

When von Neureiter tried silent reading before the child, there was no response, except that once she repeated the single word that caught the professor’s eye just as he closed the volume. However, when von Neureiter showed pictures to Ilga’s little brother, she described them without the slightest hesitancy or error.

It is far easier to relate Ilga’s accomplishments than to account for them. The obvious explanation is that the demonstrations were fraudulent. But that theory will not stand up. The men who conducted the tests kept their eyes open for any sign of lip reading, or hand signals. They found none. Ilga was able to speak her mother’s thoughts when the two were in separate rooms, and when they were back-to-back. Too, Ilga was a backward child. She would have broken down under the burden of even the simplest code. An intricate system of communication would have been fundamental to any scheme between the child and her family.

Could mental telepathy be the solution? Professor von Neureiter had thought of that. But experiments in thought transmission
failed completely. Ilga could not probe the thoughts of others. She could repeat messages that they deliberately phrased in their minds, as in reading.

The best view seems to be that Ilga’s almost miraculous ability was compensatory. We know that blind persons very often develop hearing and touch to a high degree as compensation for failure to see. Inversely, those who cannot hear often possess extra-keen vision. Ilga’s compensation would seem to be of a different nature — extra-sensory perception to compensate for very low mentality as judged by normal standards—the development of a little used part of the normal brain in an attempt to offset extreme weakness in other parts. Possibly that is the explanation. The final answer must await man’s greater understanding of that most complex mechanism, man himself.

Art: “My girl’s eyes are strange. One is red and the other is green.”
Sam: “What difference does that make?”
Art: “Well, when she gets excited, both of them light up and I don’t know what to do.”

Lawyer, reading client’s last will and testament to a circle of expectant relatives: “And so, being of sound mind, I spent every cent I had before I died.”

Funny how sometimes you mean one thing, but say something entirely different.
A woman was hostess to her club. The gossip was fine and a good time was had by all. In fact, one woman later wrote, “I had such a happy visit with you, I couldn’t let it go without an extra ‘thank you’ beyond the one said when I passed out at the door!”

A man, unable to sleep, consulted a doctor and was advised to count sheep. Next day he returned, more exhausted than ever.
“Sure, I counted sheep,” he reported. “I counted up to 20,000. Then I began figuring. Those 20,000 sheep would produce 80,000 pounds of wool—enough for 30,000 yards of cloth. That would make up 12,000 overcoats! Man, who could sleep with an inventory like that!”

“You go in first . . . she’s expecting you.”
Benevolent Bequest

"I, CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interests in the world among the succeeding men:

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust to their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

"ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of the children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the trail of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"ITEM: I devise to boys jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows, with the clover-blossoms and the butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each in his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, or without any encumbrance or care.

"ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else that they may desire to figure to each other, the last-ingness and the beauty of their love.

"ITEM: To those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, I bequeath the power to have lasting friendships, the capacity for courage, and undaunted faith.

"ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I leave memory, the peace and happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

This is the unusual and heartwarming legal document that came to light in the Probate Court of Chicago. It was a will drawn up by the late Charles Lounsberry, a Chicago attorney, while he was an inmate of an insane asylum. Perhaps he was insane, as the courts ruled, but his sublime bequest is a gem of literature that warms the heart of all who read it—particularly at this time.

—Stephen J. Schmiedl.
The most important thing is moderation.

by STANLEY J. MEYER

WHEN the warm months arrive, some 60,000,000 Americans will be taking vacations. And, sad to say, some fewer millions, despite long planning and preparation, are going to run into trouble somewhere along the line.

If you follow a few simple rules the chances are you will be one of those who can return home and take up business life just where it was left—without additional expense or worry. While planning your vacation it is a good idea to make up a list of things to be done before you leave. Heading the list should be “Check all doors and windows.”

This might sound like a silly suggestion. At least that’s the way it sounded to George W. last year. He took it for granted that his wife had locked up before they pulled away in the car, headed for a glorious fort-night at the lake; but he didn’t think to ask her until they were fifty miles from home.

“Why, I thought you had checked all the windows, George,” she said. There was nothing for George to do but make a long distance call to one of the neighbors—an unnecessary expense, and two uneasy minds for the entire vacation.

Paul M. wasn’t as lucky. He didn’t think of the windows until he was almost home. While he was putting 3,000 miles on his speedometer (the number of miles the average motoring vacationist will travel) someone had relieved his family of all the clothing and silverware in the house.

Burglars don’t need an uncanny knack for knowing when a family is away on vacation. Most families leave tell-tale signs that even the uninitiated can properly interpret. Such advertising as a porch lined with sour bottled milk, or a lawn strewn with newspapers is common in any neighborhood from June through August. Drawn shades and stuffed mail boxes are equally eloquent of temporary vacancy.
The police in a small Ohio town nabbed a young man who had successfully broken into a dozen homes. Asked how he knew the families were on vacation he replied, "I entered only houses where the grass was high. That's a sure sign."

Intelligent vacationers always have their cars checked thoroughly before departure—with special attention to brakes, lights and windshield wipers. And they carry first aid kits and flashlights. The most dangerous part of any vacation is the time spent in transit. Speed is the chief nemesis. Drivers realize they have only two weeks vacation, and in order to enjoy as many days of it as possible, heedlessly try to get wherever they're going in the shortest possible time. The result, accidents! Other vacationists burden their automobiles with luggage, canoes, trailers or other vacation gear, so that control on the road is impeded, or front and rear vision blocked. The result, accidents!

Many a driver seems to forget that he is driving in unfamiliar territory, and that traffic signals and regulations differ from state to state. Also forgotten is the fact that the driver cannot enjoy as much of the scenery as can his passengers. Neither is the driver a robot. It is impossible for the average driver to stay behind the wheel hour after hour without feeling strain and fatigue. If only one driver is available, it is wise to stop periodically for him to relax. Get out and stretch the legs!

Last summer Cliff T. headed for the far West, where, incidentally, most Americans spend their vacations. He drove steadily for three days and a large part of two nights to reach his destination. When he finally arrived, he was so tired that he didn't enjoy the first three days of his vacation.

Most people seem to forget that the real purpose of a vacation is to relax. They try to crowd a whole year's outdoor fun into two short weeks. As a result hearts give out, nerves are snapped, and people become fatigued to the point of illness or break-down.

Take the case of a grocer who knew that his heart had been acting up. He enjoyed walking; so the first day of his vacation, he walked five miles. The next day he tried seven, and the next ten. He didn't think that walking would bother his heart. But it did, and today he's an invalid, because he tried to cram all the walking he could into a few short days.

One of the most pleasant sensations of all is lying out in the warm sun after taking a swim. But if you should happen to fall asleep in the sun, the sensations can become very unpleasant. Because the sun can burn badly—and often does!

Many a vacationist has spent nearly his entire two weeks on the flat of his back, trying to recover from a serious case of sunburn incurred the first day out. If you are a sun worshipper, use a good lotion, and take your tan in easy doses. And don't forget to wear good sunglasses!

If you're around the water, make sure of the depth before diving. Often there are rocks or other dangerous obstructions on the bottom.
The rule about not going into the water for at least an hour after eating still holds; and so does the caution about drinking impure water, touching unfamiliar plants and sampling unknown berries.

The one rule for a safe vacation that seems to sum up everything is: “Use common sense.”

Betty, the farmer’s daughter, was milking a cow when a bull suddenly charged toward her across the meadow. Betty did not move. Summer boarders who had dashed to safety saw, to their astonishment, that the bull stopped within a few yards of Betty, then turned and walked meekly away.

“Weren’t you afraid?” someone asked the girl.

“No, I wasn’t, but I bet he was,” Betty laughed. “You see, this cow is his mother-in-law.”

By going along at a slow, easy pace you’ll find that you’re enjoying your vacation much more than ever before. And when it’s time to get back to the job for another fifty weeks, you’ll find that you feel much more fit to do the job. After all, that’s why you take a vacation!

A lady walked into a bookstore the other day and asked if they had any books interpreting dreams. The clerk showed her the only one in stock.

“No,” she said firmly, “that isn’t it. I am looking for a dream book written by a man whose name begins with G.” She pondered for a while but still couldn’t remember the full name. Just as she was starting to leave the store, the inspiration came. “Now I remember his name,” she said, “It was Jehovah.”

“Sorry,” the clerk said. “We haven’t that book, madam. But I can certainly assure you that the author is a very authoritative source.”

As two hawk-faced buxom women watched a sky-writing pilot perform, one said: “Now I wonder what induced that man to go in for such fool things.”

A man nearby spoke up: “Frustration, lady. His wife probably wouldn’t let him smoke in the house.”

A visitor to Louisiana was standing by the side of a bayou watching a shrimp lugger laden with passengers and produce glide by. A native was standing at the side of the visitor, watching with equal interest.

The native finally turned to the visitor and remarked: “That lugger will go on down the bayou to Plaquemine, and—if they’ve a mind to—the passengers can get on a river steamer that’ll take them straight to New Orleans. At New Orleans they can get a bigger steamer that’ll take them across the Gulf; they can go to Mexico and South America and on and on. Why, you can go anywhere on this earth from a bayou!”
Blessed Is the Boss Who—

treats his secretary as though she has a brain, at least until it's definitely established that she does not.

appreciates how often his secretary is called upon to be a mind reader in order to fulfill all his demands and keeps her advised just as carefully as he does the topmost executive. (Otherwise, she's just an automaton who writes his letters while groping in the dark for the background information necessary to do an intelligent job.)

gives his secretary authority to correct his mistakes in grammar and otherwise improve the wording of his letters. (It's barely possible that she may be able to write a better letter than he can, even though she is a woman!)

isn't afraid to delegate authority, after due consideration, and trusts those employees who have shown themselves worthy, instead of proceeding on the assumption that none is capable but the big guy.

returns a letter to his secretary for an occasional minor correction instead of making it in ink on the original letter himself. (The good secretary can make a neat correction on the typewriter that won't be noticed if he doesn't make it impossible.)

when he has some material to be copied, gives it to his secretary on the assumption that she can read too, instead of boringly dictating it to her, word for word, and at breakneck speed.

recognizes the files as her domain and gives her access to them in doing her work. Otherwise, she's as handicapped as a plumber without his tools. (If he can't trust his secretary with the files, he'd better get a new secretary.)

if he's agreed to sign and mail the rush contract his secretary stayed late Friday night to finish, fulfills his part of the bargain. (If she finds the important paper still on his desk Monday morning, can he blame her if she isn't too much concerned the next time he wants a rush job done?)

understands when an occasional beauty parlor date makes his secretary a few minutes late getting back from lunch, since he always goes to the barbershop on company time.

understands if shopping on her noon hour makes her a few minutes late now and then, since he sends her on personal errands for him during his lunch hour, and it isn't always a business engagement that takes him away for a two-hour lunch.

doesn't expect his secretary to drop everything and come running, just because he yells, when she's on the telephone handling a business call.

realizes that his secretary has a perfect right to leave at quitting time in the evening. After all, she does have to report for work on time in the mornings even though he can and does stroll in an hour later.

gives his secretary some gay, frivolous assignment once in a while in appreciation for all the nasty jobs he's shoved at her. (Doesn't she deserve to represent him at lunch with an interesting client occasionally in exchange for all the pests she's had to take care of?)

when he finds a good secretary without whom he would be lost, admits it and rewards her in the most convincing and acceptable manner known to the working girl—regular pay raises.

—Kathleen Mitchell.
The Charity Campaign Controversy

People ask: "Why not all our begs in one ask-it?"

by TOM CAULEY

The American scene is in the throes of an open fight between the large national charity agencies and those who contend that it can best be handled on the local level by the Community Chest. Encouraged by the National Community Chest and Councils, national advisory clearinghouse for local Chests, many communities are trying to work out some form of "federated fund raising."

Kansas City is the focal point of the federated fund-raising issue today. There is increasing pressure for the consolidation of money-raising efforts of all national and local health organizations and social agencies.

On the surface, the idea sounds deceptively good. One donation would cover all the local community agencies and the big nationals, like the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, Christmas Seals, Easter Seals, Crippled Children, Heart and Cancer.

It appeals particularly to civic-minded persons whose services are enlisted for almost every money-raising drive in the community. It looks fine to average citizens, especially after they have had three or four solicitations in a period of weeks.

The trouble with the Super-Fund idea is that it is founded on wishful thinking. It has proved unsuccessful in Southern cities, and in Detroit, it resulted in a rash of separate fund-raising efforts carried out under the guise of "membership campaigns."

In that industrial center there has been nurtured for the past two years an organization called the United Foundation of Metropolitan Detroit. Its symbol is a blazing torch and its slogan, "Give Once For All." It is commonly called the Torch Fund.

The slogan has proved a fallacy. In 1950, after several drives were conducted, customarily covered in the Community Chest, irate citizens approached Torch Fund officials with this awkward question:

"What about the 'Give Once For All' deal?"

Since separate drives have been held
or are planned by the Red Cross, March of Dimes and the American Cancer Society, that indiscreet slogan will be further weakened.

Although Torch conducted an all-out propaganda campaign against the American Cancer Society when that organization decided to conduct its own fund-raising effort, it made little headway. In spite of billboards proclaiming that Cancer had been included in the Torch fund, the ACS took in close to $150,000, only ten per cent less than the previous year.


Speaking at a meeting of the Citizens committee on multiple fund-raising campaigns, Laidlaw asserted that the Detroit chapter of the American Red Cross and the Detroit chapter of the March of Dimes had participated in the Torch Fund.

The truth is, according to Furnas, the Red Cross finally arranged in-plant solicitation “concurrent” with the Torch drive to spare management the grief of its regular drive in March. The money collected from this source was only a small percentage of the total Red Cross goal and it put an additional burden on the personnel and volunteer workers of this organization.

Basil O’Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has stated that there was no March of Dimes participation.

“The Wayne County (Detroit) chapter, has never accepted Torch Fund money, has never been offered any, and has advised us that they would not accept it if offered,” O’Connor said.

“As a matter of fact,” O’Connor continued, “the American Cancer Society and other national agencies advise us that they are being misrepresented just as we are in Detroit.”

The propaganda machine of the super-fund advocates went into action again a few months ago in Oakland, Calif., where the Public Charities Commission denied a permit for the 1951 March of Dimes drive.

The fact that the order was rescinded a few days later along with a public statement from the Commission urging support of the drive, did not alter the harmful effects of the earlier denial.

Here again, was a case of one selfish group attempting to “muddy the waters,” causing confusion and uncertainty among workers and contributors, and above all, aiming to sabotage the fine programs which have been carried on through the years by these national health organizations.

A N incident which occurred during the recent March of Dimes drive in Kansas City illustrates the difference of opinion and the heated feelings over the issue.

At a large manufacturing plant, a group of workmen sought permission from the manager to solicit donations for the polio fund. He refused to permit this. He told them that he personally was in favor of one drive to cover all health agencies.

The men marched from his office,
obtained a 10-gallon container which they placed outside the plant entrance, and went to work collecting donations. That evening they turned over $182 to the infantile paralysis fund.

This action cannot be construed as a defiant attitude towards the "boss." It simply proves that the average American wants to donate his money free from dictation of some super-committee.

Another factor which the Super-Chest advocates fail to take into consideration is the intense interest which people have in their own pet charities or organizations.

Naturally, the person who has had cancer in his family is most interested in helping to eradicate that disease. The same applies to other diseases like tuberculosis, heart or polio.

Some of the best contributors and the hardest and most effective workers in the March of Dimes drive are persons who have been hit by polio or who have had the disease strike members of their own families.

In the closing days of the 1951 drive, a 10-year-old school girl, stricken by polio during the 1946 epidemic, walked into the Jackson County Infantile Paralysis office and placed a bag containing $239 on the desk of one of the workers. Although still crippled from the effects of the disease, she had canvassed the entire neighborhood alone to collect that sum.

Then there are organizations like the Polio Mother's Club of Kansas City. They carry on a year-round program of work in behalf of polio victims, visiting them at hospitals and giving advice and solace to parents of the stricken children.

Perhaps James J. Rick, active in the Jackson County (includes Kansas City) chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for ten years, put into fewest words the strongest argument against federated fund-raising.

"You cannot budget for an epidemic," is Rick's answer to proponents of the Super-Chest. And he has facts and figures to back up this statement. In 1946, Jackson County alone spent in excess of $200,000 during the epidemic which struck that summer. And in the not-so-severe epidemic year of 1949, the chapter obtained an advance of more than $50,000, from the epidemic fund of the National Foundation to meet its bills.

"How," asks Rick, "could our Community Chest meet an obligation of this size when today it is not able to budget adequately for the agencies under its control?"

"The Kansas City Community Chest has allotted Mercy Hospital $150,262, effective January 1st, 1951. The budget for the hospital, set up last May, is $404,526. This figure is the estimated cost for the actual operation and maintenance of the hospital for the fiscal year, thus $254,300 must come from other sources. With the
Community Chest furnishing little more than one-third of the funds needed, Mercy faces the task of raising $254,300. And because they are a Chest agency many contributors do not understood why they must conduct a separate drive.

"That the people of Jackson County appreciate the work being done by their polio chapter," said Rick, "is shown by the fact that in the January drive—in the face of determined and well organized opposition—contributions soared 10 per cent higher than the record set in 1950. I expect this figure to reach 25 per cent before the figures are totaled!"

The Dayton (Ohio) story is another example of the bitterness and confusion that results when amateurish attempts are made to tamper with the work and activities of local agencies and national health associations.

In the same article in which he described the Detroit situation, Mr. Furnas gave a clear and concise picture of the Dayton debacle.

"With the blessing of most civic leaders," Furnas wrote, "Dayton in 1949 had its Community Chest ask local affiliates of nationals to come under the big tent. Without asking permission the American Cancer Society was included in this federated drive.

"When the Dayton A. S. C. asked the city for its customary permit to solicit, the request was refused on the ground that the local Chest had already taken care of cancer that year.

"This action resulted in a lawsuit against the city charging violation of civil rights. Today, Dayton has two rival cancer societies, each honest, earnest and stubborn."

Furnas reports that in these days of growing government controls, federated fund-raising is a move toward voluntary, semi-private bureaucracy that could readily turn governmental.

"Growing reliance on the easy method of corporation gifts and payroll deductions amounts to a voluntary tax that all too readily could become legal and compulsory. The present mess is too much of a drain on people's time and dispositions, already strained by the drift toward war."

The position of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is much the same as the American Red Cross in the matter of joining a federated fund-raising group. The heads of both national organizations have emphasized time and again that under no circumstances would they permit their organizations or any of their chapters to join a federated movement.

Last year, General George C. Marshall made this statement concerning the Red Cross and the federated drive which still stands as the policy and guide for the organization.

"Red Cross requirements demand from time to time the expenditure of funds in a community far beyond the capacity of that community to provide. The persistence of debate on whether or not the Red Cross should participate in federated drives is not only harmful to the Red Cross, but also to welfare organizations generally."
believed to have been smoking in bed.”

by FRANK A. BARTONEK

IN Kansas City, Claude Lee Ross, Jr., bade his landlady “Good night” and went to his second story room about 1:45 a.m. on a March night. Leisurably, he prepared for bed, lit a cigarette, lay down and began reading the evening paper.

About an hour later, the shrill scream of “Fire” roused the other eight occupants of the rooming house, who fled pajama-clad into the bitter night. All escaped, except Ross, who had sounded the alarm. His body, scarcely burned, was found in his room a few feet from the bed—indicating suffocation as the cause of death. The fire chief said the victim apparently had been smoking in bed, dozed off to sleep and was overcome by smoke before he could break out into open air.

In Hollywood, Mme. Ouspenskaya, famous 73-year-old character actress, went to bed and lit a cigarette. When weariness overtook her, Mme. Ouspenskaya fell asleep. She was found the next morning, dead—a burn in the mattress indicating a cigarette had been dropped on the bedding. The smoke. actress had been asphyxiated by the

In Lowell, Massachusetts, a 55-year-old woman died of burns apparently after having fallen asleep while smoking in bed. In New York, smoke suffocated a small baby in his bed. Firemen said the mother had dropped a lighted cigarette on the mattress.

This list could go on for a hundred pages, covering only deaths caused by smoking in bed. If you smoke in bed, and persist in the habit, the odds are against your dying of old age. Just as you, the victims described above all felt they were careful smokers. And they probably were, until the day they smoked the last cigarette of their lives!

The most frequent victim is the smoker who sleeps alone, with the bedroom door closed. Men seem to have the habit more than women.
According to figures supplied by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, of the men who died from burns, 33% were suffered while smoking in bed or an upholstered chair. Women burn victims indicated that 16% died as a result of smoking in bed.

The annual loss of life by fire has averaged 10,000 for a number of years, according to the National Fire Protection Association. This high level of death continues in spite of safety precautions and more efficient fire department operation. It is attributed largely to an increase in the smoking habit. Smoking is now so universal that carelessly discarded cigarettes and matches are ranked the number one fire cause.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters has made studies of what happens to a sleeper who drops a cigarette on the bedclothes. The cigarette sets off a disastrous chain of events.

First, the cotton or wool around the burning cigarette is slowly heated to around 700° Fahrenheit. This distills flammable carbons from the fibers, producing carbon monoxide gas. Carbon monoxide is flammable and when a sufficient concentration is reached, the glowing tobacco can ignite it.

As the fibers glow, more heat is produced. Then an automatic acceleration process begins. The greater the heat, the greater the distillation, and the faster the fire develops. The chemical change in burning bedding doubles with every 18° Fahrenheit rise in temperature.

The cigarette then burns its way deep into the bedding, where the wool forms an insulating barrier for the fire. The heat builds up. More fibers are distilled and more carbon monoxide is produced. The burning becomes more intense and the fire begins to have its effect on the smoker.

Some of the carbon monoxide burns and becomes carbon dioxide, which is asphyxiating in high concentration. When the sleeper breathes the dioxide, the lungs demand more oxygen and the sleeping victim breathes deeper and faster.

Now the process builds up the concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood stream to a lethal level. At this point, many die of suffocation even if the fire should remain small or be extinguished. This is proved by the thousands of smokers who died in bed with no burns on their bodies. Partially-burned mattresses testify to the cause of death.

In other cases, as the precious oxygen in the room is being consumed by the fire and by the sleeper's deep breathing, the fire goes on producing more carbon monoxide. When the room contains the critical concentration of the flammable gas, a breeze blowing through a window, or a suddenly opened door will introduce a new oxygen supply which may set off a flash combustion, engulfing the room in instant fiery ruin.

Most of the stories dealing with these tragedies of smoking in bed bear the words "believed to have been" or "probably" preceding a naming of the cause of death. In most of these fires, the evidence is destroyed, making the proximate cause difficult to determine.
Every time you lie in bed with a lighted cigarette between your lips or in your hand, you are tempting fate and waiting your turn to join that group who paid the extreme price for the enjoyment of a last cigarette.

Hiking along a country road, a man and his wife stopped to ask a farmer how long it would take to reach the nearest town. “Start walking,” was his curt reply. “Pardon me,” the husband said, “but we’d like to know . . .” “Start walking!” the farmer repeated. Thinking it was useless to try to get further information, the couple trudged along. They had covered about ten yards when the old farmer called out, “It’ll take ye about twenty-five minutes.” “Why didn’t you say so before?” the husband asked. “Well,” the farmer drawled, “Had to see how fast ye walk ’fore I could rightly say how long it’d take ye.”

One of the worst things that can happen to an actor is for his audience to laugh during a serious scene. John Barrymore handled a situation of this kind in a classic manner. He was playing Richard the Third in a New York theatre. When he came to the line, “A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,” a man in the balcony let out a big guffaw. With one magnificent gesture, Barrymore pointed to the man, and said in perfect Shakespearean pentameter, “Make haste and saddle yonder braying ass.”

This descriptive indictment appeared in the Boston Journal of 1855: “Among the curiosities lately placed in a museum is a mosquito’s bladder, containing the souls of 24 misers, and the fortunes of 12 printers. It is nearly half full.”

The teacher, trying to impress her pupils with the importance of original thinking, illustrated by saying: “Mickey, repeat these sentences in your own words: I see a cow. The cow is pretty. The cow can run.”

Mickey said: “Boy, lamp de cow. Ain’t she a honey! An’ I ask you, kin she tak’ it on the lam!”

“But I was under the impression you owned more land than this!”

—Tut LeBlanc
The Sage of Swing Says —

This last war brought a lot of displaced persons; the next war will bring a lot of dispersed places.

The early bird doesn’t always get the worm. Franklin discovered electricity, but the fellow who invented the meters made the money.

Insomnia: A contagious disease often transmitted from babies to parents.

Dimple: A depression enjoyed by all businessmen.

Those miracle drugs sound so exciting you feel you’re missing something if you’re healthy.

There is no way a woman can get into a ‘51 car gracefully, short of having the vehicle built around her.

A chemist says the first alcohol was made in Arabia—which may help explain those nights.

As long as a blonde can keep her hair light and her past dark, she’s happy.

A good report card is not so much a reflection of the past as it is a prediction of the future.

There is much to be said for a college education. For instance, it keeps the boss’s son from the business for four more years.

Don’t have for a friend a man who is proud of having no enemies.

A saint has been defined as a person who is good even when nobody is looking.

Parenthood is the only job which requires infinite experience to perform and none whatsoever to get.

Success depends partly on whether people like you wherever you go or whenever you go.

If you’re in the right, argue like a man. If you’re in the wrong, argue like a woman.

The way to pick up a story or a speech is the way you pick up a puppy —a little before the middle.

The automobile hasn’t completely replaced the horse. You haven’t seen a bronze statue of a man sitting under a steering wheel.

Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are.

Perhaps the real basis for most gripes about the younger generation is that we no longer belong to it.

Home: The place where we are treated the best and grumble the most.

Debts: The certain outcome of an uncertain income.

Compared to the restless energy of a small boy in church, the atomic bomb is a fizzle.

A vacation is a period when the average person gives up good dollars for bad quarters.

A pessimist is a guy who sizes himself up and gets sore about it.

Try this one for size: Now that it’s all over, what did I do yesterday that’s worth mentioning?
It is better to have great desires than merely to desire greatness.

What one says when on his knees is of less importance than what he does when he rises.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can let alone.

Monday's masterpiece, my first city editor told me, wraps Tuesday's fish.

Experience is the cheapest thing you can buy if you're smart enough to get it second hand.

At the same rate per ounce charged for women's bathing suits, a man's overcoat would cost $795.63.

Sooner or later, the man with a pull is ousted by the man with a push.

How a man plays the game shows something of his character. How he loses it shows all of it.

A dictatorship is a nation where men once had freedom, but didn’t use it.

Lack of enthusiasm is mental anemia.

If you find the months getting shorter, you are getting older or else buying on the installment plan.

If you treat a guest like home folks, he may get mad and retaliate.

When a speech is boiled down, it isn't so dry.

God promises a safe landing but not a calm passage.

The book which most fascinates any executive is his volume of business.

The average man: 42 around the chest, 42 around the waist, 96 around the course, and a nuisance around the house.

Women's intuition: Suspicion that clicked.

The church is a hospital for sinners, not a club for saints.

A budget tells us what we can’t afford, but it doesn’t keep us from buying it.

A serious impediment to marriage today is the increasing difficulty of supporting the government and a wife on one income.

Thirty million Sunday drivers were out in fool force.

The one thing to be put on a toy to make it immediately attractive to every child is another child's hand.

No man ever becomes a Communist until he has given up all hope of becoming a Capitalist.

If you have something to do that is worthwhile doing, don’t talk about it, but do it; your friends and enemies will talk about it.

Don’t strut. The fact that you have a certain title or position does not prove anything except that maybe in selecting you somebody made a mistake that will be rectified later.

—Alfred Rosenberg.
Childhood Memories

Do you remember the gay, carefree times when you were young? Have you walked through the cool sparkle of a spring morning calling up shining moments of your boyhood? Memories...

Perhaps childhood is to you the feel of grass and earth when you go barefoot in May. Sometimes it is waking up with the grand sensation of Saturday morning leaping in your heart, smelling sausage and hot cakes, knowing there will be no dreaded school today. And then Saturday night, with joy and adventure in the air; waiting to get out on the streets, after your bath, and go "uptown." It's going clear down to the orchestra pit to see Broncho Bill shoot the villain dead twice, until the cracked slide flashes "Good Night" on the screen.

Childhood may be warm sand through your toes, or soft, hot tar bubbles in the streets, walking along a stone wall or a wooded path, smelling the damp earth and moss of shaded places. Perhaps it is the excitement of standing on the low edge of a roof, daring another boy to jump, knowing you must jump too. Perhaps it is prying around a house that is being built, or lying in a barn loft opening. Childhood may be that satiable destructive joy of throwing a round, heavy stone through the window of a vacant house when the red, ancient light of dusk blazons its windows; or of seeing how many skips a flat stone will take across the still river pool; or it might be watching your new baseball accumulate grass stain and swat marks until it becomes your old baseball.

Then it is going back to school in September, eager to see some kids... not so eager to see others, wondering if there will be any new ones in your room. It is the look and smell of the new geography, the pungent odor of freshly sharpened pencils, the solid, wealthy feel of new books and book-strap. It is taking the books home—devouring them with unfilled hunger until nothing remains. You go to bed warm against the frost-white moonlight out of doors. A dog barks, then two, in the distance. The nine-twelve freight wails its signal over on the other side of town in a transaction that doesn't concern you, but you wonder about it before going to sleep. In the morning it is ploughing through steeped autumn leaves toward school, hoping to continue an interesting project or game started yesterday; believing when you hear the school-house bell that things won't be so bad this year.

Do you remember waking up knowing it snowed during the night, feeling the numb, white presence of soft all-engulfing snow, hearing its hushed fall to earth, the scraping of the neighbor's shovel on the walk, and the muted stamping of the milkman on the kitchen porch? Childhood may mean Sunday morning, hearing sleigh bells outside, wanting to get your wraps on, but feeling peaceful, not exultant as on Saturday. Sunday papers are everywhere, as is the smell of father's mild tobacco. Mother's industry in the fragrant kitchen seems to make the whole house glow.

In a few reflective moments, these lights and shapes and tones of things swarm in your mind like a magic web of shifting, iridescent colors. For the places where you've lived are not just streets—not strips and designs, they are the ingredients of your life, the frame and stage for your whole World.

—R. Samuel Bush
You can't love him one day and forget him the next.

by NELL WOMACK EVANS

WOULD you like to be patted on the back of the head by a hand you can't see? Would you wish always to be pleasant to complete strangers? Would you care to have a face with eyes like headlamps thrust suddenly into your own?

You wouldn't? Then maybe that puppy doesn't like it either. Maybe that is why he seems vicious. Sometimes an animal is vicious because people have done many foolish things with perfectly good intentions. And sometimes a puppy is sick because he has been neglected either in the manner or choice of food, or in the care exercised in sanitation or medication. Common sense is the basis for all real love and care of animals. A bit of know-how mixed with common sense will assure mutual love and respect between you and your canine collaborator.

First, do you really want a dog? Having responsibility for any animal is a high trust. It is no use loving an animal one day and forgetting about it the next: every animal needs regular daily attention. Ask yourself these questions:

How much time can I give a dog for exercise? How much food am I prepared to furnish him? How difficult will it be to keep my dog clean? Can I make arrangements for him when I go away for weekends or vacations?

If you cannot answer these questions with pride, then you should spend your money on something that does not feel, smell or see. But if your answers say you still want a dog, the choice of breed comes next.

WHEN choosing a dog it is well to remember that basic needs differ according to breed. Great Danes, St. Bernards, Bloodhounds and Bulldogs need less exercise than terriers, because they are built to guard or to pick up scent, and terriers chase and pounce. Springer Spaniels
are built to “spring” their game, as well as for speed on the chase or hunting field, in common with other gun dogs such as the Pointer and Setter.

Apart from breed, the amount of exercise a dog requires depends upon the length of his legs. Dachshunds, Cairns or Corgis, for example, are well suited to town dwellers with small yards; their short legs preclude great space needed for play.

Some authorities recommend getting a dog from five to six months old, this being the age at which his training begins to be effective; and at which age he becomes his own master to some extent. But since it is usually a much younger puppy that wins the human heart, an owner must be prepared to discharge the obligations that go with this added pleasure of dog-owning. The basic responsibilities are to set a definite feeding schedule; make up a wholesome diet; and provide adequate bedding. Most young puppies will miss their mothers the first night they are in their new homes. A clean, warm bed near the new master or mistress is sometimes all it takes to banish that fear of being alone. If your puppy wants more assurance of security, give him a hot water bottle wrapped in a towel to cuddle up to, and an old-fashioned ticking clock to remind him of the heartbeat of his mother. Then all will be well—for the puppy and for you.

YOUR dog will want to be fed at least three times a day until he is six months old. This food should consist of egg yolk, one per day beaten in milk for his breakfast; 1/2 cup meal dampened in broth or milk in the middle of the day; chopped fresh beef, lamb or veal for supper in amounts adequate to satisfy a puppy appetite, depending upon the size and breed. Dog biscuits to gnaw on, good clean knucklebones are also a treat, and plenty of fresh, clean water at all times—except after 6 o’clock at night. This diet may be changed to include fish, cheese or table scraps without starchy foods as the puppy grows.

For adult dogs, one good meal a day, preferably in the evening, is usually enough, and its main content should be meat—cut up and mixed with biscuit meal or toasted brown bread.

Very few puppies are vicious. If they are unpleasant it is because they had an unsuitable upbringing. Indeed, it is said to be possible to meet a dog and tell the character of its owner! If an animal is unjustly treated when young, punished for reasons he doesn’t understand, given no encouragement or affection, constantly kept on a leash, he will grow up with a grudge against the whole human race.

BEATING a dog is always useless, and cows its spirit. If a dog has been naughty, scold him, send him outside and tie him up for a short time, taking care that the punishment is associated with the offense. He is sure he has done something wrong if he is restrained: all young animals loathe restraint. The newspaper method is still the most efficient means of housebreaking. Place the newspaper by your puppy from the time he comes to live with you; when
he grows bigger, move the newspaper into the yard, and you'll find habit leading the puppy to it.

Immunization against distemper is the most essential veterinary treatment you can give your dog. Every dog should be given these shots by the time he is three months old and preferably the "puppy shots" before that time—to ride him over until he is old enough for the permanent shots.

"See your vet when in doubt," is a good rule to adopt when you give your heart to a puppy. Fits, attacks of hysteria, worms, all these are things for your vet. Good care, love and loyalty, kindness and understanding—all these are things you owe that puppy who will become one of the finest friends you will ever have.

So—come at him with hand upturned and coming upward toward his neck. He will love that kind of petting, where he can see your hand and know where it is going to touch him.

The tone of voice will convey your message to your pup; so keep it low and unexcitable. Don't show him off to all the neighbors and friends until he has become acquainted with you. That serves a dual purpose; he must know who his master is, and the neighbors' and friends' dogs may be distemper carriers.

These are little things compared to the big comfort and pleasure your puppy will bring you when he becomes that fine old dog, your best friend who knows you as well as you know yourself. Your old dog who has traded fire and style for dignity and pride. Your old dog, who has a little trouble with his ears, his eyes, or his hearing. Your old dog: your sweet and dependable and happy companion who will never let you down. But you must get that puppy now to have that old dog later!

Get that puppy and do right by your dog!

In Georgia, a man stopped at a small town garage and told the mechanic, "Whenever I hit 70 there's a knocking in the engine."

The mechanic gave the vehicle a lengthy examination, and after much testing, wiped the grease from his hands and drawled, "I don't see nothin' wrong, mister. It must be the good Lord a-warning you."

It was a little girl's first day at school and the teacher was making out her registration card.

"What is your father's name?" asked the teacher.

"Daddy," replied the child.

"Yes, I know, but what does your mother call him?"

"She doesn't call him anything. She likes him."

"I have tobacco in mine."
SPRING is here and the sports world, which has been busier than the one-armed paperhanger with fleas, now goes into overtime.

Basketball in the Midwest boiled down to the Kansas State Aggies, who ran roughshod over the Big Seven conference and then walloped the Big Ten champions, the fighting Illini of Illinois, and played before more than 110 thousand people in the first year of the new fieldhouse at Manhattan.

Although the University of Kansas team was a great disappointment to the KU fans, Clyde Lovellette broke more records again this year and was named to almost every All-America team. The man mountain has re-written every page in Big Seven history. Ernie Barrett, the Kansas State whiz kid, was named on several all-star selections, and made almost every second team where he was not on the first line-up.

KU will begin construction of a new 16,000-seat armory and fieldhouse on the campus at Lawrence in the near future; and already the gigantic fieldhouse at Manhattan has proved not large enough to accommodate the crowds.

That annual hoop circus in Kansas City—known to the nation as the N.A.I.B. (National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball)—drew over sixty thousand cash customers to the week-long event which was won by Hamline University of St. Paul. The tourney was sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City and the Jaycees are to be complimented on the wonderful way in which the affair was handled. The thirty-two honorary coaches and sponsors had even a better time than the players!

The greatest battle for tickets since the opening of South Pacific was the story in Kansas City as more than one hundred thousand people sought tickets for the annual National Collegiate
Athletic Association basketball tourney. Sixty thousand letters were returned unopened.

PLAY BALL—that bellicose roar will send millions of Americans into a dither as the battle for the pennants in a multitude of leagues, from the majors to the lowest sandlot, gets under way.

The National League race appears to be close with Brooklyn, on paper at least, the favorite and the defending champion Philadelphia Phillies the chief competition. Leo Durocher disagrees. The "big blow" of baseball predicts that his Giants, with any luck, will steal the gonfalon in the National.

Who would dare choose any team over the Yankees in the American? Although it is conceded that material-wise the Red Sox, the Tigers and the Cleveland Indians are as good if not better, the Yankees have a winning tradition that cannot be denied. The Yankees do not believe they can be defeated, and that winning confidence breeds victory. Joe DiMaggio sounded the feeling of all Yankees that day two years ago when fifty-thousand blase New Yorkers gave him the town. The "Jolter" said reverently, "Thank God I am a Yankee."

WHEN the Kansas City Blues answer the call against Louisville on April 17, they will help begin the Golden Anniversary season for the American Association. Bruce Dudley, the league president, anticipates a banner year.

The Kansas City Blues, under the management of George "Twinkletoes" Selkirk, the pet of the Yankee organization, will strive to win their way back into the hearts of the Kansas City populace after three miserable years. WHB will again broadcast the Blues games exclusively and a huge Fan Club has been organized in Kansas City and the surrounding area. General co-chairmen are A. J. Stephens and Ray Edlund, with clubs throughout Kansas and Missouri. The clubs and presidents in Missouri are:

Kansas City—Leo Barry
Plattsburg—Frank Jaques
Hamilton—Dean R. Trosper
Excelsior Springs—Earl Purpus
Liberty—Jack Massey
Richmond—James A. Weltmer
Lexington—W. G. Abbud
Harrisonville—Arthur Conger
Carrollton—G. J. Keeler
Sugar Creek—Mayor R. J. Roper
Orrick—Clifford Gooch
Cameron—Joseph L. Van Horn
Raytown—Everett Miller

The clubs and presidents in Kansas are:

Kansas City—Dr. C. A. Gripkey
Atchison—Herbert G. Ham
Bonner Springs—C. W. Cavanaugh
Tonganoxie—George White
Valley Falls—H. D. Wyatt
Lawrence—George Noland
Olathe—Dewey Minnick
Paola—Ben Henry
Osawatomie—Otto Icenogle
Holton—Sam Anderson
Parsons—Harry Edwards
Fort Scott—M. D. Kaufmann
Pittsburg—Jim Morey

The annual Kansas Relays have become one of America's outstanding track meets with this year marking the twenty-sixth running of the affair at Memorial Stadium in Lawrence, Kans.

The Relay was the dream of Dr. John Outland, and through the aid of Phog Allen, then athletic director, the dream came true in April of 1923. In just one year the track event gained national prominence with 95 schools taking part.

The first post-war Relay in 1946 started it toward being the great meet it is today. Since Bill Easton took over the track coaching job at the University of Kansas, he has been sitting on top of the nest. The last two years has found the great stars of the track world requesting invitations to take part. The April Kansas Relays should again set Midwestern track fans ga-ga.

A poverty stricken little high school in the deep south had no gym, so the basketball team, minus uniforms, played all its games outside. They became so good that interested sportsmen raised the money to buy uniforms and send them to the state championships. In the first game, on the opening tip-off, a little guard took the ball at center and fired at the hoop. Without looking, he turned his back on the play and walked to his defense position. Everyone gasped as the ball swished the cords. The youngster did this three times more, always running back to his defense position without waiting to see if the ball would go through the net. The crowd was wild about this sensational display of accuracy and nonchalance, and as the teams left the floor at the half, a reporter asked the lad about it. The boy was surprised.

"It's nothing," he said. "This playing indoors is easy after playing outside all your life. On long shots you just shoot for the hoop; you don't have to allow for the wind!"

Coach Pee Wee Bourette, who handles the public address system at the Kansas City basketball tourneys, ran into a snag during the NAIB. Thoughtless people in the upper balconies would sail paper airplanes down on the playing floor. George asked them not to do it, since a player could slip and be injured on one of them. His request went unheeded, and finally, a little piqued, Pee Wee spoke into the mike, "Look, you little kids, if you need some toys to play with maybe I can find some dolls for you."

Out of the thousands came a voice in reply, "Hey, Pee Wee, I've got a doll up here; but she won't play!"

There will be more when we get back from spring training.
The CREAM of CROSBY

—Not Bing, but John. SWING herewith reprints by permission excerpts from the N. Y. Herald-Tribune's syndicated column on Radio and Television.

by JOHN CROSBY

Forty Per Cent of Hamlet

The Theater Guild's hour and a half long production of "Hamlet" was a formidable undertaking for radio on a number of accounts. In the first place, it meant cutting Prince Hamlet, admittedly a wordy fellow, down by two and a half hours. That's something like cutting a division down to 40 per cent of full strength and expecting it to maintain full effectiveness.

A large body of opinion holds that cutting Hamlet down to an hour and a half is a fine idea. In any case, it's quite a task. John Gielgud, who did the editing and also played Hamlet, performed this surgery about as neatly as anyone could, maintaining most of the story line as well as the power and splendor of its best known poetry. About all that was sacrificed was the philosophy, large hunks of it anyway, and radio is still too flighty a medium to take philosophy in large doses.

Another complaint, hardly the Guild's fault, was that N.B.C. television scheduled at the same time a salute to Richard Rodgers, the composer, with an all-star cast, including Mary Martin, Bing Crosby and about a million others. It was tough competition for the Bard. I had both radio and television set on at once in different rooms. Probably the only time I'll ever hear "To be or not to be" fighting it out with "People Will Say We're In Love."

* * *

The Amateur Turns Pro

The motto at the base of the Statue of Liberty would make a very apt motto for television at its present state of development. "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses ... the wretched refuse of your teeming shore." A good many tired (though hardly poor) folk from the movies, the theater and radio have crowded into TV and are cluttering up the joint with ancient routines designed specifically for other media.

Matinee idols of twenty or thirty
years ago—Neil Hamilton, Conrad Nagel, Buddy Rogers—are emcee ing
quiz shows or audience participation shows. The matinee idol comes from
silent pictures, the program idea is
borrowed from radio and the quiz
questions are lifted from McGuffey’s
Reader. Almost everybody has got
into the act now—Eddie Cantor, Ed-
ger Bergen, Jimmy Durante, Jack
Benny, Bob Hope, Burns and Allen.
“Pretty soon,” muttered one dis-
grunted network vice-president,
“these people will have to be brought
on in wheelchairs.”

* * *

George Rosen in “Variety” reports:
“Television in the short span of eight-
een months has practically gone
through what it took radio twenty-
five years to exhaust. . . . Material
that had a life-long guarantee in
vaude and other show biz media has
been drained, leaving the TV cup-
board threadbare. . . . Everybody is
asking ‘Where do we go from here?’”

It might be instructive to turn back
to radio for guidance. Television now
is about at the same milestone as radio
in 1929 and with almost the same
type of big show. It was in that year
that the Rudy Vallee show, a tre-
mendous success from the beginning,
was launched. The graybeards among
you will remember that the Vallee
show was a variety show which bore
a startling resemblance to both the
Milton Berle and the Ed Sullivan type
television shows.

Vallee procured the best vaudeville
acts, the best singers, the most noted
actors, chatted with them a bit and
then turned them loose to do their

turns. This is pretty much what Mr.
Berle (though he never quite lets go)
and Mr. Sullivan do now. The com-
edian or singer or whatever was on
his own on the Vallee show and he
brought his own material with him
from vaudeville, night club or the
stage. The Jack Benny-type of inti-
mate, imaginative, character comedy
was not born until 1932 and didn’t
really flower until a good many years
later. Do you know who first intro-
duced Mr. Benny to a microphone?
He was a guest on the radio program
of our old friend Ed Sullivan.

* * *

Mr. Vallee, as a bigtime radio en-
tertainer, disappeared long ago and
the type of show he broadcast is not
to be found anywhere on the radio.
Radio went on to develop its own
forms. Some of them were pretty bad
but at least they were distinctive to
radio and could be found nowhere
else. Jerry Colonna, for example,
telephoning Bob Hope: “Bob, can you
start building a forty-eight story
building from the twelfth floor?”—
“No!”—“Boys, come down!” That’s
a radio joke. It couldn’t be told in any
other medium.

The fact is, that television has lost
its original innocence which was once
its most appealing quality. Just four
years ago, television was amateur
sport. No one could conceivably make
any money at it so no one tried. Man
could be as creative or esthetic or
plain elfin as he liked. Chicago fell
with delight on “Kukla, Fran and
Ollie.” New York put on “Macbeth”
which is out of Shakespeare and “The
Black Robe” which came out of the
Bowery. Television couldn’t afford
Eddie Cantor so they settled for Dave Garroway.

* * *

As I say, television was amateur sport then and, just when it was getting to be a pretty good amateur, the darn thing turned pro. The TV broadcaster is now faced with the appalling prospect of earning money, lots of money and the dirty green stuff has paralyzed its initiative. Money is a terrible thing. And just as the performers were amateurs a few years back so was the audience. The set-owner was enchanted with the fact that he could see Milton Berle. Now he expects Berle not only to be visible but to tell good jokes, an impossible demand on Berle. He wants major league standards.

Well, back in 1929 radio was just beginning to get, as they say in the trade, big. It had its early amateurs like Stoopnagle and Budd, genuinely creative spirits, who were later overwhelmed by the big shows. Television, it seems to me, is about in radio’s ’29 to ’31 phase. As an amateur it looked all-American. As a pro, it’s still in the Three-I League.

* * *

Fully Clothed and In Her Right Mind

"The (New York) Daily News' was built on legs," its late publisher, Joseph Patterson, once remarked, "but when we got enough circulation, we draped them." This extraordinarily shrewd method of attaining success is not confined entirely to publishing. It’s been done in Hollywood, notably in the case of Hedy Lamarr whose first film to be seen in this country displayed her almost entirely undraped. Subsequently, . . . well, there’s no sense crying over spilt milk.

Another conspicuous example of the same technique is Miss Faye Emerson, a girl of many talents, whose undraped neckline was easily the most spectacular fashion note of 1950. Well, Miss Emerson built her circulation to a point even "The Daily News" would envy. Then she draped. The new draped or heavily wrapped Emerson, in fact, could get through January in Fargo, North Dakota, without adding anything except her winter earrings.

* * *

It’s the policy here to keep the readers informed of the new fashion trends in TV. And Miss Emerson is unquestionably the arbiter in these matters. Well, this is the late word, gals. Cover up. Not long ago, Miss Emerson was observed in a dress with the most enormous white collar seen in these parts since the days of the Pilgrims. Looked like something out of Nathaniel Hawthorne, modified by Louisa M. Alcott. The real Miss Emerson happened to be sitting about a yard away from the filmed Miss Emerson at the time which afforded an excellent opportunity to test the theory, advanced by several scholars, that transcribed women are preferable to live ones. Well, I don’t know. Preferable in what way? You can turn the transcribed ones off, of course. But in most other respects, there are serious shortcomings in electronics.

Where were we?

Besides dressing warmly, Miss Em-
Jordan has changed a lot of other things around on her show. Some time ago, Miss Lilli Palmer characterized the current crop of television females as "a lot of chattering dames." This was not only one of the most trenchant bits of criticism of the winter but one of the most effective.

* * *

Almost immediately, Miss Emerson began displaying her brains, of which she possesses a good many, almost as flagrantly as she had once... well, I mean the intellectual climate of the show changed radically. If you have been listening in on Faye recently, you would have heard Patrice Munsel and Garson Kanin discuss how to stage an opera.

The Emerson show is now entirely on film, which has brought along some problems. Miss Denise Darcel, for example, devoted a large part of a fifteen minute show filmed a month in advance to explaining how kind, how gentlemanly American men were. The next day, the tabloids were full of the story about her husband drenching her with champagne at El Morocco.

* * *

How to Win an Audience

You may well argue that a 1,500-person sample, a ratio of 1 to 100,000, is entirely too small to provide anything like an accurate picture of what 150,000,000 people are listening or not listening to. It's an old, old argument, and you'd pick up a lot of company among radio or TV people to debate it pro and con. Those in favor of ratings, you'll find, have good ratings. That man on the left who says ratings are a lot of blankety-blank, #$%^&$ nonsense probably has a rating of .02. A year from now, let's say, his rating climbs to 23. Then you'll find him on the other side of the fence, passionately defending the Hooper and Nielsen ratings like an ex-Socialist who has just inherited $14,000,000 defending the capitalist system.

* * *

Four or five years back N. B. C. raided C. B. S. and picked up most of that network's most popular programs. The C. B. S. ratings dropped like bandits in front of Hopalong Cassidy. The maledictions heaped upon the head of C. E. Hooper around the C. B. S. corridors in those days would have delighted Falstaff, that great master of invective. Then C. B. S. did a little cattle-rustling on the N. B. C. range and picked up Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Amos 'n' Andy and a lot of other prime beef. N. B. C.'s rating sank like rocks. Now N. B. C., which once regarded Mr. Hooper as a statistical divinity, looks upon his successor, Mr. Nielsen, as an amateur tea-leaf reader whose ratings are about as accurate as a straw in a windstorm.

And so it goes. No matter what you think of the ratings, the advertiser
still depends on them and that means the listener is still going to get a high-rated comedian thrust down his throat, no matter how awful the listener thinks he is. Now television comes along and with it come the rating boys with their glittering figures.

* * *

If ratings were debatable in radio, they are wildly misleading in television. The man with the highest rating in television is still Milton Berle. Well, Berle has almost the absolute limit of television stations on which to display himself and he also has an excellent time. If you're on sixty-three TV stations, you're going to get a higher rating than a man on sixteen stations, even if you're reciting the classified telephone directory.

The big thing is to get on the air in as many cities as possible. Sammy Kaye, with a perfectly dreadful show, got ratings in the 80s, which is very, very high, in St. Louis. Well, St. Louis has only one TV station. You either took Sammy Kaye or you turned the set off. In its current issue, "Time" magazine surveys local television shows around the country and concludes sadly that people will look at anything. "Fireside Theater," which has maintained an amazingly consistent level of mediocrity, leads all television dramatic programs in popularity—if you believe the ratings. There are at least seven other dramatic programs which are far better, have higher budgets and greater box-office names in the cast.

* * *

"Television Magazine" points out that "in both the variety and dramatic categories, the programs with the lower cost per thousand (viewers) are those that have been the longest on television." In general, the oldest programs grabbed the best stations (or the only stations) and the best times. You can hardly avoid them and they can hardly avoid a good rating.

And because they have good ratings, the advertiser assumes that these are the types of programs the public is deeply devoted to and strives to imitate them, no matter how bad they are. It has always seemed immoral to me to set a standard of taste through the manipulation of numbers as the ratings did in radio. In television, the rating system strikes me as not only immoral but as downright lousy arithmetic.

* * *

The Decline of the Name Band

This is a highly vocal age, and I don't pretend to understand why. If you prowl through "Variety's" list of the top selling records, you'll find that twenty-one of twenty-three of what "Variety" generally refers to as platters are dedicated to the sound of the human voice. Only two are strictly band numbers. The vocalists from Patti Page to Dinah Shore, have swept the field.

Years ago and not so many at that, the list was studded with the names of bands. What has happened to the dance band, anyhow? Doesn't anyone dance any more? Many of the bands have been disbanded or are pulled together only occasionally—a loose collection of instrumentalists rather than a band—to make records. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, to name only a few, could all attract a sizable crowd who came to listen, conceivably to
dance, to the band. The singing was incidental. Where are they now? Benny Goodman has a quintet in Las Vegas. Bob Crosby long ago gave up the band and concentrated on singing where the money lies.

* * *

The big dance craze now is for Latin music—the samba, the momba and the rest of them. With all respect to our neighbors of the South, these are old men's dances. A fellow spends twenty years amassing a tall bundle of pelf during which he is too busy to dance. Suddenly, he feels life is slipping by and in a burst of belated youth, he goes to Arthur Murray's where he learns to wiggle his hips in a stately fashion, a method of exercise suited to his aging bones.

The dances of the '20s and the '30s, the Charleston, Black Bottom, the jitterbug, the Big Apple, were anything but old men's dances. They were terribly strenuous and designed especially for the ebullient young, a method of expression of their own delight in their youth, their health, their gay spirits.

With the arrival of Mr. Frank Sinatra and his host of successors of both sexes, the dance band ceased to have much importance except as an accompanist. The kids stopped dancing, which is a form of participation, and fell to simple listening, a rather alarming form of passivity for our young. When I was a boy, the records were identified by the name of the band—Paul Whiteman, let us say—and by a single word, vocal, reminded you that there would be some singing on it. Today, it is the band that is anonymous; the Dinah Shores and Billy Eckstines get the billing.

In the '30s, Benny Goodman's band played on the Camel Caravan, depended almost entirely on band music and was very successful. The Camel Caravan has long since disappeared. The Hit Parade, originally a band program, has had to be hyped by name singers to preserve its popularity. The only bands on television these days—apart from the Fred Waring type of thing which is essentially a big production number—are Cavalcade of Bands, which has run so short of bands that it has to repeat some of them like Xavier Cugat four or five times. Skitch Henderson "and his band" have appeared a couple of times, too. Actually, Skitch hasn't had a band in years. He simply recruits musicians for each performance.

* * *

In the fall of 1949, Victor records tried to arouse a little interest in bands again and issued a series of band albums which featured the music usually of one composer—Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers. These earned some $600,000, which is considered only so-so. This year they went back to the vocalists—Perry Como, for example, singing a selection of Billy Rose's old songs—and they expect to earn at least one-third more with them.

There are still some good bands in existence—Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Harry James—but not a single one has made a record which can compete, for heaven's sake, with Mel Blanc singing "I Taw a Puddy Tat," which is tenth on "Variety's" list.
For Scholars Only

Scholars of television history, a small but enormously erudite bunch of hard-drinking intellectuals, will never forget Dec. 4, 1950. It dawned clear, bright and cold, and somehow in the very air you could detect the odor of history about to be made, an acrid smell if you’ve never noticed. Dec. 4, 1950, is the day television’s first soap opera, “The First Hundred Years,” went on the air, thus instantly taking rank among historic dates somewhere between the fall of the Bastille and the death of Charlemagne.

“The First Hundred Years” is an apt title for a soap opera, each of which is designed to run at least that long, though, of course, it refers to the first hundred years of marriage as being rather more trying than the next hundred. In soap opera, marriages, though fraught with every sort of peril from mothers-in-law to flirtations, endure for centuries. The particular marriage commemorated in this epic is that of Chris and Connie Thayer, a couple of misty-eyed youngsters whose wedded life is already beset by extraordinary tensions.

For one thing, Connie’s mother-in-law, a flibbertigibbet, lives across the street, which will lead to endless trouble. Chris’ in-laws live near by. Across the street from them lives Scott Blair. Any student of soap opera will tell you that a man with a name like that is up to no good. The moment he walked on to my screen I distrusted him. Sleek good looks, curly hair and a mustache—obviously a scoundrel. He’s a writer, too, and you know what those people are like.

One of the more striking characteristics of any soap opera is the pace of its plots, which is about half the speed of an aging snail. In his exhaustive treatise on the subject in “The New Yorker,” James Thurber mentioned several specific examples of just how slow the action is in soap opera. In one case—if my memory is at all accurate—a man clambered into a barber chair to get shaved on Monday and hadn’t even been lathered by Friday.

This tradition of slowing time almost to a halt is being nobly perpetuated in “The First Hundred Years.” Two weeks ago, for example, the denizens of this opera started getting ready for a dance at the country club, a relatively simple operation anywhere except in soap opera where tying a black tie can take quite a while. They finally got to the dance last Monday. Elapsed time: eleven days. Getting them out of the country club is another matter. That may take up the rest of the winter.

* * *

Last week one day’s plot consisted entirely of Connie and Chris getting into a spat over a girl he once knew named Mildred. Mildred crept into the discussion because Chris said he liked a song they were dancing to. Connie took umbrage and fled to her mother’s house. The next day’s episode was largely devoted to Connie telling her mother what Chris had said about Mildred, just in case anyone had missed it the day before.

Another soap opera tradition carried forward on this program is that of giving the listener the minimum of

(Continued on Page 194)
This lucky man has photographed more than 10,000 beautiful girls! His signature on a picture is a Trademark of Beauty on Broadway.

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

WALK along Broadway any day, and in front of every night spot you’ll see pictures of glamorous girls in fetching poses. Nine times out of ten the photographs were taken by a short, stocky, long-haired man in his middle forties, who has shot so many “cheesecake” photos in the last twenty years that he is generally conceded to be the “King of the Pin-Ups.”

Murray Korman actually has photographed more than 100,000 of the world’s most beautiful girls during his extraordinary career on Broadway. Chorus girls, featured performers, opera divas, models, socialites and debutantes flock to his Fifth Avenue studios because they know his signature on a picture puts the seal of approval on their beauty.

Male celebrities come to Korman, too, because they know he’s a mighty good man with a camera. For the same reason, so do advertising concerns when they want outstanding pictures.

Known originally for his photos of scantily-clad chorines, Korman’s jam-packed photo files virtually constitute an auxiliary morgue for the newspapers and syndicates. Whenever a beauty breaks into the headlines by way of scandal, divorce, murder or suicide, the newspapers are likely to call upon Korman for pictures.

Once, for example, when no news photos were available during the course of an important trial, Korman came up with just the thing. From his extensive files he dug up 49 first-rate glamour poses of the attractive showgirl sweetheart of an underworld lawyer who was the state’s star witness. Korman’s pictures stole the show in the sensational New York tabloids, and he realized about $1,500 on them.

Korman has photographed such celebrities as Bobo Rockefeller, Mrs. Jacob Astor, Brenda Frazier, Lucille
Ball, Ann Sheridan, Jane Greer, Lauren Bacall, Loretta Young and Carmen Miranda. Among the male contingent have been Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor. Frequently he does pictures used in advertisements for corsets, lingerie, eye glasses and women’s clothing. His pictures, too, grace many a magazine cover. He gets anywhere from $5 to $10 for small photos used in magazines to several hundred dollars for covers. They have been featured by practically every picture magazine in the country.

As much a part of the Broadway scene as any Damon Runyan character, Korman practically invented the modern, glamour-type publicity picture. It came about, as have so many innovations, more or less by accident. After leaving grammar school in the eighth grade without bothering to graduate, Murray spent the next eight years as a kewpie-doll artist. By the time he quit this rather unusual but lucrative line of work, in 1924, he was earning $300 a week running his own shop.

A year after quitting school, he began studying art at night school, and studied for five years. During this period, he did some free-lance drawing for newspapers. Some of his sketches of beautiful women were used by a tabloid newspaper, and Korman then got several assignments. Encouraged by this small success, he quit the kewpie doll business and opened his own portrait studio on Broadway.

His first big break came when Ziegfeld hired him to do a sketch of the “Follies” cast for newspaper publicity. Korman received only $3 for the job, but the prestige value was enormous. Theatrical producers began seeking him out, and he got many more assignments.

Eventually, Korman increased his income by selling drawings to the performers. Then he got the idea that he could photograph the original drawings and sell the prints. Finally, it occurred to him that he could photograph his subjects, instead of drawing them. He approached a photographer with the idea, and they merged forces. Six months later, Korman had learned so much about photographic technique that he opened up his own studio. Korman, however, stills paints as a hobby.

As a photographer of beautiful women, success came to Murray right from the very start. The same ability that once went into sketching a beautiful woman’s good points merely was adapted to camera portraiture. “Cheesecake,” a term that came into being when ship-news photographers posed beauties on a rail with lifted skirts, became his specialty when Broadway cabarets demanded them for their lobby displays.

One of Korman’s first assignments as a photographer was to shoot pictures of the showgirls at the old Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway. Murray did such an expert job of just evading police censorship that some pictures lasted only overnight. Pictures were installed outside a night club. The next morning, when Korman came to look at the display, the frames would all be empty. The pic-
tures had been lifted by persons unknown after closing time. Instead of getting sore, Murray chuckled to himself. His art has never been more genuinely praised, he maintains.

Korman, who has photographed more celebrities than perhaps any other photographer, is never awed by them. He will order a society dame to “lift the skirt just a little” as readily as he will a chorus babe. One of the few times he has ever been embarrassed occurred some years ago when the editor of a fashion magazine came to his studio one day with a beautiful blonde in tow. “Give her the glamour treatment,” the editor told Korman.

Murray shot some pictures, and the girl posed like a professional. After the pictures were taken, he said to the blonde: “I do some corset and lingerie work, and I could use you on a couple of jobs.”

The girl thanked him, and said she was sorry, but she was too busy. Korman forgot all about the incident until he happened to see a copy of the magazine some weeks later. There was the picture of the girl he had photographed. It was Clare Boothe Luce!

His reputation is such that on Broadway they say Murray Korman could photograph a mummy and make it look sexy. Korman, however, takes beauty matter-of-factly; “cheesecake” is strictly business with him. He remembers by name practically every girl whose picture he has shot; and he’s virtually a walking encyclopedia of Broadway lore. But his attitude always is objective.

Korman breakfasts daily at Lindy’s, where he is as much an habitue as Winchell. He frequents El Morocco, the Stork, and “21”, where he’s sure to bump into his friends and customers. The waiting room of his studio is often filled with chorus girls, debs, burlesque queens, Broadway and Hollywood stars, and assorted would-be glamour-pusses. His pictures of them are sure to satisfy both the subjects and those who collect glamour pin-ups.

Only once, in fact, has Murray failed to please a customer. The lady was a middle-aged opera star, and not even Korman could make her beautiful. Murray took some pictures that knocked about 30 years off her age, and still she wasn’t satisfied. He took some more and retouched them himself, and still she kicked. Finally, he suggested that they hire a stand-in to model for the lady. Then she saw the light. “And even came back later for more pictures,” Korman chuckles.

SWING’S Photo Insert this month features six of the thousands of women the “King of the Pin-ups” has photographed. In sequence, they are:

Beautiful and seductive Adele Jergens.
Frances Langford, currently starring with Lew Parker on “Star Time.”
Vivacious Peggy Maley.
The center pages feature Nevada Smith, considered one of the most beautiful girls ever to grace a night club chorus line.
Nevada Smith gracefully models three masks.
Pert and cute Lillian Wells, complete with bustle.
OUT of a young man’s dream came an industry. The dream made a youthful industrialist a national figure, set a new pattern of industry, confounded the experts in Washington, and converted the Midwest into a “powder magazine for the arsenal of democracy.”

The boy who nursed that dream, the man who made it become a reality, is Kenneth A. Spencer, president of the Spencer Chemical Company and the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. The dream was improbable and impossible, any old-timer will tell you that. But young Spencer could see how to build a chemical industry in the mineral-rich section of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma. Why, it was a golden opportunity for Kansas and the Middle West to establish a permanent peacetime industry in balance with agricultural production!

After graduating from the University of Kansas in 1926 with a B.S. degree and a major in geology, plus all the courses in mining engineering he could carry, young Spencer went to work for his father, Charles Spencer, president of the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. Fortunately, his entrance into the coal business coincided with the transitional period between traditional methods of mining and the modern, scientific operations he had studied in college—methods which stress usage of the by-products of any material. Spencer’s mind was filled with his dream; but he was realistic. He knew the basic economy of his family was the coal business. The terrific competition of the gas and oil industries threatened the coal industry. In some way he had to find new uses for coal, increase its value, create larger markets. How could coal beneficiate the state and nation? Was there any other use besides just burning it? One “out” young Spencer could see was to utilize coal as a chemical raw material; find out what could be made from a plain coal base. He began to experiment.

As he learned the coal business, and thought of using coal as a basic mineral, he also thought of using the coal refuse in some way. With the aid of others, he helped invent a differential density cone process, a machine that separates certain minerals; and a pyrite recovery device which recovers pyrite (known as iron sulphite), form-
ing the base of sulphuric acid, and iron oxide, the heavy gravity solution used in the control of rotary oil well drilling.

In 1935, his vision began to take shape. He organized and became president of the Mineral Products Company, building a plant for the recovery of pyrite from coal refuse. In 1936, the young mine operator became president of the Osage Coal Company, which operated a strip mine near Ottawa, Ill., and vice-president and general manager of the Spencer family's big company, the Pittsburg & Midway. Then, in 1938, he helped organize the Midwest Radiant Corporation of St. Louis, Mo., which operated two by-product coke plants and a large strip mine in Illinois.

Increasing management and financial duties did not stop young Spencer from thinking of the chemical industry. In 1939, with the aid of Dr. L. C. Heckert, head of the physical science department of Kansas State College in Pittsburg, Kansas, and a very able organic chemist, and C. Y. Thomas, a mechanical engineer now Spencer vice-president in charge of operations, Spencer built industries on paper and reduced the geological structure of the Ozark region to fit them. The plan had matured from a dream; he was ready. As a geologist he had appraised the storehouse of natural resources; as an engineer he had projected his factories on blueprints; and as a business executive he had a financing plan!

But with the outbreak of World War II and the need for defense plants, the Kansas miner recast his region in the role of the "powder magazine for the arsenal of democracy." It took only a few alterations in his plan to change a commercial peacetime industry into a defense industry.

All of his plans were in what he affectionately calls his "old black book." Weighing several pounds, it assembled page after page of highly technical data and drawings. It contained questions and answers on every conceivable problem connected with the enterprise:

"What raw materials are required?"
"Where will cotton linters come from?"
"Where will sulphuric acid come from?"
"Where will ammonia come from?"
"Where will coal for ammonia come from?"
"What will happen to the waste sulphuric acid from the smokeless powder plant?"
"Where would large volumes of water be obtained?"
"How does the Tri-State area stack up from the standpoint of transportation?"
"What power is available to drive a 'family' of strategic munitions plants?"
"Who will man this 'family' of strategic plants?"

The notebook contained everything. Every mineral area was pinpointed and mapped. The data included: the power plants in the area with their capacity to produce; the amount of labor available in the three counties surrounding the plant location (23 per cent of the population was on
relief at the time); the population of the area with the density per square mile; the sources of power available such as coal, gas, oil and steam; charts and figures of the water level of the major rivers over the past twenty years; the minerals available and those that would have to be imported; how the climate would be a factor.

But that wasn't all. Spencer had planned a "family" of plants for the whole area, how they could be built and how they would be integrated. How the waste products from one plant would be utilized by another. He listed the types of transportation available with maps showing their routes. He pointed out there was a surplus of agricultural products in the region and indicated how these would fit into the defense plant picture, then went on to figure out just how much increase could be expected and the cost of each product or material. He gave the cost of raw materials, the cost of shipping them in, the cost of the land to build the plants. Not one single item was overlooked.

He titled his survey report "Powder for the Arsenal of Democracy," put it into his briefcase and flew to Washington. There he met with engineers of the Ordnance Depart-
April, 1951

Swing

cer; back and forth went officials of the government, testing, checking. In 1941 Spencer flew over 130,000 miles. He maintained eastern offices in New York and Washington. On Monday and Tuesday he was in New York; on Wednesday he was in Washington; back at Pittsburg, Kansas, on Thursday and Friday; Kansas City on Saturday and Sunday. Then back to New York for Monday and Tuesday of the next week. He maintained this tight and exhausting schedule 50 weeks out of the 52 weeks in the year 1941!

After months of waiting the plan was approved and the government ordered a chemical plant built. And insisted that Spencer construct and run the plant! At first he refused, but finally formed the Military Chemical Works, Inc., as a subsidiary of his coal company, and designed, constructed and put the plant in operation, the first ammonia plant in the U. S. to utilize the natural gas process. In rapid succession other plants were built by the government: the Sunflower Ordnance Works, a smokeless powder plant in Kansas; the Oklahoma Ordnance Works, a smokeless powder plant in Oklahoma; and the Kansas Ordnance Works, a shell loading plant in Kansas.

Spencer during this period was constantly so busy that he didn’t have time to meet President Roosevelt! A meeting had been scheduled for Spencer, Gov. Payne Ratner of Kansas and Bob Lemon, president of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce, to receive congratulations from the President. But that afternoon, Spencer was waiting for the chief of the ordnance department to sign the contract. The deadline for the White House meeting found Ratner and Lemon on hand. The moment came—no Spencer!

With the chemical plant in full production, Spencer offered specific plans for the plant if his company bought it after the war. He would convert 50 per cent of the plant capacity to produce ammonium nitrate farm fertilizers. The rest of the plant would be turned into the production of wood alcohol, formaldehyde, dry ice, and other basic chemicals.

In 1946, the government approved the transfer, the Jayhawk Ordnance Works became the first Spencer Chemical principal producing unit of the Company on June 2, and immediately began producing ammonia and fertilizer-grade ammonium nitrate. Spencer’s dream had become a reality!

TODAY, Kenneth Spencer is better known as a chemical man. But his background is coal, being the third generation of the family who started the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company.

His grandfather, John W. Spencer, was a Union cavalryman in the war between the states. In 1866 he drove cattle up from Texas, homesteaded in Kansas and became a rancher. But not for long; one day he was thrown from his horse and crippled. Unable to continue the ranch work, he turned to mining the coal under his land.
“It’s rather a coincidence,” says Spencer, “but I was born in Cherokee County. When I was nine, we moved to Pittsburg. I had no thought of going back there to establish a plant, but now the Jayhawk works is back in Cherokee County where I started! There must be something in the saying about people returning to the land where they were born!”

Kenneth’s father, Charles Spencer, grew up in the mining company and developed it into big business. Today, the coal company is big, but completely dwarfed by the step-child created by Kenneth Spencer, who is still president of the coal company.

Kenneth’s father was effective without fuss, a tolerant and patient man with a rare capacity for absorbing other people’s troubles. His mother was the intellectual stimulus, with a gay, quick mind and an interest in everything.

Today, Spencer recalls how his father provided him with the will to work. His father invited him to throw some bricks into a neighbor’s yard without troubling to explain that the neighbor wanted them there anyway. Thus he was painlessly introduced to toil in the first decade of his life.

After high school in Pittsburg, Spencer went to Culver Military Academy and then on to the University of Kansas. During his sophomore year the president of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, called a meeting. The chapter was building a new addition to the house, and he wanted every member to write his life ambition on a piece of paper, which would be placed in the cornerstone for posterity. Young Spencer knew what his ambition was, and wrote: “I expect to run an integrated coal and chemical business.”

At the university he divided his extracurricular activities between Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Gamma Upsilon and boxing, the latter under the professional Tommy Dixon.

Boxing stood him in good stead after his graduation. He went to work in the coal pits. Naturally, he was looked on as the “boss’s son,” one who was pampered and petted. Having heard of his boxing prowess in college, the miners taunted him to bring out his “gloves” sometime and take one of them on. Spencer figured that he would have to do it some day, and it would be best if he did it while he was still in condition. One day in February, he brought his gloves to the pits, the men made a ring by having four men stand holding a rope, and used as a gong an iron pot. It was agreed to have four rounds of two minutes each. A big, muscle-bound miner was selected to box Spencer. They stepped into the ring, the bell rang and they fought. Two minutes went by, the bell rang, but the miner didn’t stop! He just kept on wading in. Spencer waited until the miner’s feet were mixed up and knocked him down and out. “That was the last of boxing for me,” said Spencer, “and it was the last I had to do.”

KENNETH SPENCER is first of all an engineer, second a businessman. An impressive man of 6 feet 2 inches and about 200 pounds, he is alert, aggressive and full of energy. And like most big men, he has a wonderful sense of humor. He is proud of what he calls his “one-track mind.”
When he is working, he wants to finish the job:

"My work is never something that has to be done today or tomorrow. When you have an objective in mind, you just keep at it until it is done, whether it takes days, months or years."

Having grown up in the coal and chemical business, his heart is with the men in the plant. He likes to do business across a desk. When he talks to someone long distance for 15 minutes, he is likely to say, "Wait, I'll be down to see you in a couple of hours." Then he hops into his plane and keeps the appointment. "You can accomplish so much more when you are on the ground, next to the problem," says Spencer.

He has to get around fast! Spencer Chemical now has five plants: the Jayhawk Works at Pittsburg makes ammonia and nitric acid (it's the largest nitric acid plant in the world), fertilizer-grade ammonium nitrate, methanol and ammoniating solutions, and dry ice; the Parsons, Kansas, Works is leased from the government and makes nitrates; the Charlestown, Indiana, Works makes nitric acid and Spensol; the Chicago, Illinois, Works makes formaldehyde; and the Henderson, Kentucky, Works makes ammonia. Just recently a new ammonium nitrate prilling plant has been built at the Jayhawk Works. This, in addition to coal mines in six states!

Spencer has three able men to help him run the ever-growing and complex company: C. Y. Thomas, vice-president in charge of the operations division, John P. Miller, vice-president in charge of the treasury division, and J. R. Riley, vice-president in charge of the sales division.

Spencer feels strongly about the position of his chemical industry in the economy of the area which it serves. "The good earth is the cornerstone of our economy," he says. "Therefore, industry should put forth every effort to make agriculture more efficient and to assist the farmer in obtaining both the material and information he needs to assure low cost production." His chemical plant has indeed achieved this, making possible low cost fertilizer to enrich the soil.

One of Spencer's proudest possessions is a citation from the University of Kansas in 1943, presented for his outstanding contributions to his university, state and nation. It reads:

"For his imagination and his remarkable abilities to organize and translate dreams into reality in the field of industrial development, for the abilities to use the results of chemical research in effective war production and for improved standards of living in peace, the Alumni Association of the University of Kansas cites Kenneth A. Spencer of the class of 1926, president of the Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Company. He is the originator and president of the Military Chemical Works, Inc., which operates the Jayhawk Ordnance Plant at Pittsburg, Kans., a project to be transformed at the end of the war into a great peacetime industry, and directing official of other coal and heating companies in Illinois."
An enthusiastic sportsman, Spencer likes to hunt and fish. In his tight schedule, time is an important factor, so he uses his twin-engine Beechcraft to get from place to place. He has flown from Alaska to Nassau for fishing and vacations. He is an ardent booster of air travel, is an avid fly fisherman and loves to attend prize fights. Photography is his special hobby, but even though he has a dark-room in his home, he admits that he has little time to use it.

In 1927 he married Helen Foresman of Pittsburg, Kans., whom he met in high school. A patient and understanding wife, she is also devoted to travel. She has had to adapt her life to the erratic hours her husband keeps. They live at 5800 Mission Woods Road.

Vivacious and full of charm, Mrs. Spencer has always cooperated in everything her husband has done. "My wife," says Spencer, "deserves as much credit as I do. She has paralleled me in all of my work; has been a full partner since she packed my first lunch when I worked in the pits. Without her constant support and encouragement, I could not have accomplished as much as I have."

He is chairman of the board of governors of the Midwest Research Institute and one of its original founders. He serves on the Board of Trustees of Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas, Board of Trustees of the University of Kansas Endowment Association, and the National Coal Association. He has been president of the Associated Industries of Kansas for three terms.

His clubs include: Kansas City Country Club, University Club, Kansas City Club, Union League Club of Chicago, Chemists Club of New York, American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, Racquet Club of St. Louis, River Club of Kansas City, and Sigma Tau, honorary engineering society.

Above all, he is a student of the businesses he serves as a director.

He is president of the Spencer Chemical Company, The Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Co., the Osage Coal Company, and the Mineral Products Company.

Although he is at home in the plush, efficient, beautifully-equipped offices of the chemical company, it is easy to imagine him in the field, one of the men. A dynamic man, who doesn’t look his age, he was born in January of 1902, and has the energy and drive of a man ten years younger.

Swing salutes Kenneth Spencer as the modern version of an American tycoon who has adapted the pioneer spirit to an age of high taxes and government controls, a builder for the sake of building. Swing is proud to name him its Man of the Month.
THERE are a great many things to celebrate this spring. For WHB it means looking forward to its 29th birthday on April 15, it means that delicious feeling when you know spring is really trying to arrive, and it means baseball will begin and find office boys and their bosses keeping their office hours at the ball park in the afternoon!

Throughout the spring and summer, Larry Ray, sportscasting dynamo and WHB's Director of Sports, will broadcast the play-by-play of all Kansas City Blues baseball games. Out of town games will be recreated by Larry with the aid of Western Union and Gibby Gibson. On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Larry will take the air at 8 p.m. On Sunday, games will start at 1:30 p.m., on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 p.m. For a listing of the games to be played in April and May, see the inside back cover.

And don't forget that Larry Ray is heard every Monday through Friday in his nightly sportscast at 6:15—a quarter hour packed with up-to-the-minute news, plus stories of your favorite sports figures. You'll like his infectious personality, his rapid-fire delivery and his lore of sports morsels, all projected through the mike to you.

WHB continues to lead in the kid shows, with adventure unlimited for all young fry from 5 to 6 o'clock every afternoon except Sunday. Here's the way they line up:

Monday . . . 5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
            5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Tuesday . . . 5:00 p.m.—Straight Arrow
            5:30 p.m.—Sky King
Wednesday . 5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
            5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Thursday . . 5:00 p.m.—Straight Arrow
            5:30 p.m.—Sky King
Friday . . . . 5:00 p.m.—Mark Trail
            5:30 p.m.—Clyde Beatty
Saturday . . 5:00 p.m.—Bobby Benson
            5:30 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon

Adventure in any form, from the frigid mountains of Alaska to the hot, steaming jungles of Africa, that's the list of kid shows on WHB!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
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<td>Comedy of Errors</td>
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<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Comedy of Errors</td>
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<td>Hidden Truth</td>
<td>Hidden Truth</td>
<td>California Caravan</td>
<td>Magazine Theatre</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
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<td>International Airport</td>
<td>California Caravan</td>
<td>Magazine Theatre</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Henry, News</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Proudly We Hall</td>
<td>Soft Lights, Sweet Mus.</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;2,000 Plus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;2,000 Plus&quot;</td>
<td>K. C. Blues Baseball</td>
<td>Soft Lights, Sweet Mus.</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td>45</td>
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<td>Arbogast Show</td>
<td>Arbogast Show</td>
<td>Arbogast Show</td>
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Morning and afternoon schedules on next page

The old Saturday night lineup has returned to WHB. With basketball out of the schedules until next season, listeners enjoy:

7:00 p.m.—Twenty Questions: the “animal, vegetable, mineral” quiz game.
7:30 p.m.—Take a Number: a quiz show with wonderful prizes.
8:00 p.m.—Hawaii Calls: music and interviews direct from Waikiki.
8:30 p.m.—Cowtown Jubilee: stage show from Kansas City with top Western stars as guests.
9:00 p.m.—Chicago Theatre of the Air: a full hour of the best in operetta plus Colonel McCormick.
10:00 p.m.—Mutual News: the latest world-wide news.
10:15 p.m.—Serenade in the Night: a program of instrumental music featuring all-time hits.
11:00 p.m. to 1 a.m.—The Arbogast Show: unique disc jockey show featuring the current and choice in music and unpredictable Bob Arbogast.

"Cowtown Carnival," a new Saturday morning feature from 10:15 to 1:30 p.m. on WHB, presents the recordings of America’s top Western singing stars. Can’t find better anywhere, pardner!
10:15 a.m.—Gene Autry’s Song Roundup
(Continued on Page 167)
### CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

#### MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
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<td>6</td>
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#### AFTERNOON

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<td>Home Report</td>
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<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
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<td>Victor Borge</td>
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### WHB — 710

#### SATURDAY

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#### FRIDAY

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<td>Dick Smith News</td>
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<td>Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>Dick Smith News</td>
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<td>12:00 noon</td>
<td>Man on the Farm</td>
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<td>12:30 p.m.</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Songs by Don Sullivan</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15 p.m.</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
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</tbody>
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"Report from the Pentagon" is one of several new shows on Mutual. "Report" is a new series of public interest broadcasts keyed to the nation’s defense mobilization activities. Heard at 12:15 p.m. every Sunday, it features interviews with Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps personalities who have just reported back to the Pentagon in Washington from their posts abroad.

Another new program is "Dr. Scott, Family Counselor." Dr. Scott, a minister who has traveled all over the world, invites listeners to write him their troubles. Every Wednesday over WHB at 11:45 a.m., he tries to find a solution to family or personal problems. Homey and interesting!

Dramatizations of true-to-life stories of adventure, romance and intrigue are heard in a new series, "Magazine Theater," over WHB at 7 p.m. every Friday. The stories, taken from the pages of MAGAZINE DIGEST, feature top-notch dramatic stars in radio-adapted tales making headline news. Al Helfer, Mutual’s outstanding "sports voice," is the host and narrator for these broadcasts.

The new "Fulton Lewis, Jr., at Home" series, featuring a thirty-voiced choral group, is heard at 12 noon Sundays. The program originates from the commentator’s home town of Hollywood, Md., where he directs and plays the organ for the singing group. The new series spotlights a little known phase of the famous Washingtonian, the fact that he is an accomplished organist and choir director.

Yes, spring has zing over WHB! The program schedule is a winning team, and like a winning team it has the crack of a clean base hit or the solid sound of a home run! And listeners are cheering!
**Never Too Old**

The dear old lady had a problem for the doctor. "It's like this. I have the greatest trouble dropping off to sleep. And when I finally do drop off, I have the strangest dream. Always the same one. I dream a handsome young man is chasing me."

The doctor nodded understandingly. "Simple, my dear. I'll just fix you up a little something—harmless little pill that'll make you go off to an immediate, dreamless sleep each night."

The dear old lady thanked the physician as she paid him and departed with the prescribed medicine. But, less than a week later, she was back at the doctor's desk.

"Doctor—er—those pills you gave me. They're fine—just fine. As you said, they have given me instant dreamless sleep. But—but doctor, could you give me something, now, to dream just a little? You know, I miss that young man!"

—Herbert E. Smith

Not until middle age is a man likely to take more than one view of things, and then he is probably wearing bifocals.

Regardless of how many or how few birthdays you've had, you're old if it takes you longer to rest than it does to get tired.

"George was wondering if we might come over this evening?"
Money That Grows on Trees

The people of central Florida laugh at the old saying that money doesn’t grow on trees. They know from experience that it does. Of course, it’s not freshly-minted U. S. currency; but it works just as well. It’s Spanish Moss, and many a family in this sub-tropical region makes a good year-round living just by picking it off trees.

No expense is necessary for a man to set himself up in this unique business. All he needs is a hooked bamboo pole and the ability to raise his arms overhead. Spanish Moss does not suffer the fluctuations of most other crops. It is a dependable producer, growing plentifully in good season and bad; so there is no danger of a man’s business going on the rocks due to a scarcity of raw materials.

Many people consider Spanish Moss a useless parasite; but they are wrong on four counts. It is not Spanish. It is not moss. It is not useless. It is not a parasite.

Spanish Moss is a member of the pineapple family, growing in long black, hair-like strands covered by a fine grey bark. Its blessed events take place in two ways: it may spread from the migration of seeds which float through the air on tiny feathery parachutes; or a new growth may spring up from a fragment broken off an old plant. The tiniest strand of Spanish Moss can eventually fill a whole tree with grey festoons ten to twelve feet long.

Although it may kill its tree host by smothering it, Spanish Moss is not a parasite. It is an airplant, like an orchid, and it takes all of its nourishment from the rain and air.

Nor is Spanish Moss useless. It is an excellent source of high-grade upholstery material. It is highly resilient, almost indestructible, and naturally mothproof. Louisiana discovered the value of this veil-like growth shortly after the Civil War, but in Florida moss manufacture is a comparatively new industry.

There are three steps in moss production: picking, curing and ginning. An average picker can gather about 500 pounds of moss a day. In Florida, however, the whole family, from Grandma to the toddlers, troop along with the picker.

The large curing yards pay only 50 cents for 100 pounds of the green moss; so the smart pickers cure it themselves. This is very simple and increases the profit angle considerably. Cured moss brings from six to eight times as much as the uncured.

To cure it, the green moss is merely stacked in piles in the open about five feet high. Then it is thoroughly wetted to hasten the disintegration process. After about six weeks, it is turned over with a pitchfork and wet again. It takes about six months to produce the finest black moss.

There is a constant demand for this cured moss from the gin factories dotting central Florida. Many of them ship three or four carloads a week of the “ready-to-use” moss to furniture manufacturers all over the country. Others use it in on-the-spot making of specialized Florida furniture. All of them can use more moss than they get.

Although the Spanish Moss industry is new to the Florida scene, it has already zoomed into the big business category. When a man is out of a job he never need ask for government relief. Just go out and pluck money from trees.

—Frank Rose
A LORS (apologies to Ransom Sherman) is spring.

The season strictly for the birds and for the happy people—anticipation time for summery baseball days.

Music and spring go hand in hand and, whoever you are—and wherever—you’re singing or whistling today. You can’t help it.

You feel great and spring is responsible—spring and music.

For, as long as there’s music—ah, but let George Shearing tell you about it.

As welcome as the proverbial breath of spring air in this era of bombastic music, is Mr. Shearing’s version of, “AS LONG AS THERE’S MUSIC.”

On an M-G-M label from the Shearing album called, “YOU’RE HEARING GEORGE SHEARING,” the melodious “AS LONG AS THERE’S MUSIC” is but one of eight great sides available on 78, 45, or LP’s.

Written by the team of Jules Styne and Sammy Cahn, “AS LONG AS THERE’S MUSIC,” as played by George Shearing and the quintet, gives you the feeling that the composers and the performers are quite serious about music meaning everything. Shearing’s marvelous piano impressions are inspiring.

Put “AS LONG AS THERE’S MUSIC” down as a “must” for lovers of intrinsically good stuff.

And while you’re about it, check out on the entire works of Shearing, who, we believe, will be the biggest thing in American popular music before year’s end.

On to some others.

Such as, “AELUNA MEZZUMARE” (The Butcher Boy). Emil Dewan and the Quintones on Mercury.

Remember a thing with lyrics like “Mama, dear, come over here and see who’s looking in my window”? That was featured as “The Butcher Boy” about 10 or 12 years ago. Now Emil Dewan and five frolicking gentlemen have come out with the straight Italian version under the original folk-songish title of “AELUNA MEZZUMARE.” It could well be the sleeper of the season. We’ve fallen for it and featured it as our candidate for hit-dom on both our day and nighttime spinning stints.

“AELUNA” rocks. The heckling background voices lend to the song the folksy spirit needed to make it authentically Italian. But what sold us on the thing is the joking “bop” wind-up that follows the street scene folderol. We bet you’ll want it for your own—unless you prefer Ernest Tubb. Us? We’re Tubb-Thumpers, we cater to Dewan’s “MEZZUMARE.”

But we digress—let’s get outta here.

And on to another.

It has been suggested that a song is a song is a song. ’Tis so, possibly. But, when a song is good (and truly so) it is always good.

And, since we’ll be baseballing it soon, the song we have in mind here fits perfectly.

“JOLTING JOE DIMAGGIO” (Les Brown Orchestra . . . Columbia Label). This may be the Yankee Clipper’s last year—we are nostalgic enough to hope not—but he has said as much. This tune by Brown is all about Joe and his tremendous exploits as a comparatively new Yankee ballplayer. Now Joe is legendary—and still, to us, the greatest. Musically and historically it gives the Dimag’ story a fine treatment. The liberal use of special effects on the disk makes it unique.

Let’s see, what’s next, Herman?
SEPTEMBER SONG (Walter Huston... Decca Personality Series). Veering from the popular norm, the rendition by the late actor is as composer Kurt Weill meant it to be. Huston introduced the song in 1938 in the Broadway musical, “Knick-erbocker Holiday,” and it’s been recorded by virtually every top-flight artist. But this is the one we like best, because it was meant to be done as Huston did it. If you’re looking for lilting voice quality, you won’t find it here. Huston tells a story and tells it well. But not a la Sinatra. It’s the story of an elderly man lamenting, in music, the fact that he’s too old to catch a girl... that he waited too long while young and the time is now short. But he’s singing to a “someone” who’s with him at the time; so all is not bad. He’ll have something to make his November and December brighter. To out-cliche a cliche, this one is haunting, but really. And the Walter Huston voice makes it, if anything, the most beautiful of the bunch. Soon or currently available at local discouses.

DAVE BRUBECK TRIO (Fantasy Records). The hottest thing to come out of the West since Kenton. The piano of Brubeck, the bass of Ron Crotty, and Callen Tjador on the drums, make for the most pleasing and interesting stuff we’ve heard in years. The Brubeck Trio plays “different” music in a most inoffensive and sparkling manner. They imitate no one and their own new treatment is good enough for us. Such sides as “Tea for Two,” “Black Magic,” and “September Song” will give you the idea. Only once, when the trio grows to the Brubeck Octet for “The Way You Look Tonight,” are the Brubeckians overly wild. Overlooking that side (and it’s not a trio waxing, anyway) we believe Fantasy has a winner.

DAVID ALLEN (Discovery). “The Touch of Your Lips” and the flip, “I Can’t Believe That You’re In Love With Me” should propel Allen on the way to stardom. His style is his own and that’s recommendation enough... since the style is good. Watch for his new ones... he gets better as he goes along... and he can go nowhere but up.

SOMETHING I DREAMED LAST NIGHT (Kay Penton-Teddy Wilson). Just a word. We talked about this in the last SWING. Kay with a torchy, sentimental and melodic vocal... maestro Wilson with the perfect piano assist. Formerly on Musicraft, it’s now on MGM as a re-release. Teddy Wilson is currently with MGM in New York and thinks the song good for the top now. We think so... have always thought so... and we look for it to connect. Wonder, by the way, what happened to Kay Penton since the record (on Musicraft) first came out about 15 years ago? It’s from “George White’s Scandals” (1935). We loved it then... which dates us, doesn’t it?

GUMBOS AND GOODIES about which things must be said and questions asked:

The show of many Arbogasts and one Sully and a Pete has been searching frantically for a thing called “Freelancing Again” by a guy named Jack Mason. We came across it on the Coast about two years ago and spotted it as a natural. We were chagrined to find that it went the way of most good music lately... namely nowhere. We’d like to find it, though, and give it the boost we think it needs. If anybody has it or knows where it can be found (locally or anywhere), please give us the word. It is backed by “Moonlight in Vermont” by Mason, if that’ll help. But we don’t remember the label. HELP!

Tab this for a sleeper: Vocal duct by Joe Stalin and the Russian Minister of Finance on the “Red Bank Boogie”... a different treatment of a Volga theme.

And Mahatma Nehru and the Bombay Symphony Orchestra on “I Only Want A Buddah, Not A Sweetheart.”

It was J. P. Yeglin who once said, “Time heals all wounds.” He was wrong. I’ve been wearing a Benrus over my black-eye for six months and I still can’t see a thing.

Which is an excuse for winding this thing up.

Not the Benrus... the column.
Family Pet Names

Some parents just call their children the kids, or the young ones or the small fry. Others use more definite, and sometimes more appropriate ones, such as the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FAMILY NAME</th>
<th>THE KIDS ARE CALLED:</th>
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<td>Horne</td>
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<td>Bullets</td>
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<td>Buck</td>
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<td>Bush</td>
<td>Bushels and Shrubbery</td>
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<td>Speck</td>
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<td>Thorne</td>
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<td>DeForest</td>
<td>Saplings</td>
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<td>Wood</td>
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<td>Nichols</td>
<td>Pennies</td>
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A man recently had a new house built. Inspecting it, he concluded that it didn't look very strong. He mentioned it to the architect.

“Well, after all,” replied the architect, “you've got to consider that we haven't got the wallpaper on yet.”

Success is making hay with the grass that grows under other peoples feet.

An old man was sitting on the porch of a little country store when a big shiny car drove up with two strangers in it.

“Hey, there,” one of them called out. “How long has this town been dead?”

The old man looked at them over the rim of his spectacles.

“Well, not long, I guess. You're the first buzzards I've seen.”

“And when she was born I was disappointed because I thought I wouldn't have anyone to help me with the garden and lawn!”

—Aubrey G. Lockhart.
A mother must plan many years ahead for a small son.

by A. S. HEWITT

Rosa was making tortillas for Emilio’s supper. In great haste she patted the flat rounds paper-thin between her palms. The blessed baby fretted and grew more and more insistent. Soon now she would pick up the little boy and again hold the warm softness of him in her arms.

Emilio, her husband, liked plenty to eat. He was fat and thrice her age. But he was kind, and he owned the house they lived in.

The walls were greyed by sun and rain and had small cracks where the boards were warped. The roof leaked just a little. But Emilio’s house stood bravely under the largest pepper tree in the street. This afternoon not one little wind disturbed the pendulous branches. With the heat of the sun, the spicy odor poured in through the open door, heavy, pricking her nostrils.

Rosa patted and turned and turned and patted the last tortilla. All at once she stopped to listen. Yes. Someone was coming up the street.

Before she saw him, Rosa knew it was Lalo. She knew his step by the beating of her heart. He had come! Gentle, cautious Mr. Otro had kept his word to Rosa. He did all she asked without question.

Straining, Rosa watched Lalo swing into the shade on the hard-trodden earth alongside the house.

Tonight, at sundown, they would be alone.

Rosa reached for a drink of water. She touched her beads. For a small son a mother must plan—with prudence—many years ahead. The Holy Father helped those who helped themselves.
NOISELESSLY Rosa moved to the screen door. Emilio sat on the porch steps. Every day he sat in the same shady place. Lalo came up and sat down by Emilio on the splinterly wood. Three times Lalo had come to sit with Emilio since the army let Lalo go. Not once had she been alone with him from the day he went away, many, many months ago.

"Emilio, amigo," Lalo said now, "this time I bring news."

The baby began to cry, and Lalo turned to look inside. But Rosa bent quickly to pick up the boy and soothe him into contentment.

Emilio lifted the elbows from his knees. He took off his sombrero. With one sweep of his shirt sleeve, he brushed the beads off his wide brown face. "Your voice sings, Lalo, and the smile is big on your lips. You are the bearer of good news."

"Quien sabe, amigo," Lalo teased. He slipped his bare feet out of his shoes. "I come from Mr. Otro at the Big Market—he with the barren wife. He wants a man to bring cantaloupes from Yuma in his truck, maybe three, maybe four trips. He will pay good money to a man who can drive all night and be back early in the morning.—Fine job, eh, Emilio? The night is cool for driving."

"Marveloso, Lalo, I am glad for you, my young and handsome friend. When do you start?" Emilio put his hat back on. He pulled it over his eyes and once more leaned on his elbows.

"But, Emilio, you fat goat!" Lalo gave him a poke. "You do not understand. I give this fine job to you."

"To me, Lalo?" Emilio turned his head half way around.

"Si, amigo! You have a family—a girl wife and a little son. I have nobody. I come, I go. I need none of all this money."

"I could not take your job." When Emilio shook his head, the sombrero flopped. Once more he straightened up and turned his wise smile on Lalo. His small eyes glittered. Rosa edged closer to the door to hear. "Rosa would not like to be alone," he said.

"Madre de Dios, I swear she will not be alone! I, Lalo, will guard her and the boy while you are gone." Rosa watched his bare feet squirm on the hard soil. The brown toes stretched and curled.

"Too much, amigo!" Emilio glanced behind him through the door, but Rosa busied herself with the tortillas at the little stove. "We still have beans. We have corn meal for tortillas. My little wife is thrifty and clever, too. Last winter she made a serape and sold it to Mr. Otro for much money. There is yet some left. Mr. Otro brings gifts of meat, fruit and greens—many, many things.—No, Lalo, I must not take this job. I have too much!"

"Santissima,—would you turn me into a selfish pig, viejo?" Lalo made a face. "A pig with a greedy snout—no, amigo! You need much, very much, to feed your son. He must grow big and strong."

Rosa hugged the baby close. Her trembling lips sought its neck.

"Si," Emilio sighed, "si, si. The boy must grow big and strong. I had not thought of that."

"Then go quick to Mr. Otro and
tell him you can drive like ... like an angel, careful and fast.” Lalo prodded Emilio up from the steps toward his shoes which stood wide and empty on the brown soil. “I saw a rebozo in old Felipe’s window ...” the tone of his voice was a song to which Rosa’s heart beat like the strumming of a guitar. “Que rebozo! Colors of the rainbow in its weave! Tomorrow, you can buy this silken thing for your beautiful wife.”

The beating of her heart grew loud, hard to bear. With eyes closed, she could see the tilt of Lalo’s chin, the masterful persuasion in his eyes, and how the smile played with his lips around the white glistening teeth.

“I will tell Rosa.” Emilio stuck his sun-blackened feet into his shoes and came up the steps. Rosa pushed open the screen for him.

“Rosa,” Emilio said behind her, “I must go away in a truck to Yuma and bring fruit to the Big Market. I will make money, much money.”

“You are a good husband.” Rosa put the boy into his crib. He cried lustily. “Put on this tie, Emilio, while I make the enchiladas. I am glad the tortillas are ready. Such a good supper for your journey! See, I will put a lid on the bowl and tie it in a cloth.”

“Si, Rosa. The good smell of gravy makes me hungry.” Emilio patted the baby on its head. When it stopped crying, he looped the already knotted tie around his neck and pulled it straight. He took the supper dish from Rosa. Their faces were moist with the heat.

Rosa wiped Emilio’s cheeks with her apron and pushed him through the door gently. He came back inside for his sombrero.

“If Mr. Otro brings wine ... send him home to his wife.”

“Si, Emilio, I will. But, my husband, it is a little thing he asks—to share a bottle of wine—he is a generous friend.”

Emilio nodded.

Rosa followed him outside, the baby in her arms. The sun was sinking low behind the pepper tree. “Buenas noches, Lalo,” she said.

Lalo looked up. “Ai, Rosa, como te va?” The cigarette smoke poured leisurely from his nostrils. “I will take good care of your family, Emilio ... sleep here on the porch tonight.” He made a wide gesture.

“Thank you, amigo. Rosa will prepare your supper.” Emilio started off. He lifted a hand in salute. In an-
other moment his broad back was out of sight around the corner of the house.

Rosa and Lalo heard him walk down the street. They listened until the sound of his big shoes on the pavement merged with the noise of traffic in the distance.

Lalo’s eyes found their way to Rosa’s.

The baby groped hungrily at her neck. She kissed the top of its head. Lalo watched through half-closed lids. He picked the cigarette from his lips and threw it away. Rosa’s gaze followed its arc and came back to Lalo’s toes where they bent and spread on the earth.

The sun was down. A glow behind the pepper tree lit up the elegance of trunk and foliage.

“Are you happy, Rosa?” Lalo looked at the green tracery as he spoke.

“Si, Lalo.” Her cheek smoothed the baby’s hair. “Si, si!”

“NO,—you cannot be!” He was at her side. His face bent close to hers. “Why did you marry Emilio?” he whispered. “Why?”

Rosa closed her eyes. “I love my husband. He is a steady man who owns a good house.”

“You promised to wait for me,” he said. “You did not wait very long, did you, Rosa?”

“Long days . . . long weeks . . . I could not wait . . .” She stopped. It was hard to breathe. “I was lonely.”

The frown on Lalo’s face made deep lines above his nose. “I, too, was lonely.”

“Emilio . . . Emilio took care of father so I could work. Two weeks after you left . . . father died. Emilio was good to me. I did not know how to find you. He helped me and I . . . I love him.” She threw back her head to defy the longing which clutched her throat. “You did not hurry back fast, Lalo. You stayed too long!”

“I in the army you cannot hurry back. You have to go, and you have to stay a long time, even be killed almost, and go to a hospital.” His husky voice caressed and seared. She ached for his arms, her legs grew weak. “I saved my pay and my pension, but when I came back my Rosa was married to Emilio, her father’s friend. I came to see. Three times I came. Rosa is thin. Her eyes are not gay. Her laugh does not go up and down like music. I wanted to speak to her alone.”

“I knew,” she whispered, “I also wanted to see you.”

“I was lucky,—Mr. Otro sent me . . .”

“I told him to.”

“How can you tell him what to do?” Lalo gripped her arm. His fingers were strong. They burned her skin and she shivered.

“This baby . . . Mr. Otro is afraid I will tell his wife . . .”

Lalo shook her. Hurt and scorn twisted his lips. “So . . . Why did you not wait for me?”

“You did not write . . . how could I find you?”

“We were betrothed! We were betrothed . . . before the Holy Mary.”

“Please!—I love Emilio.”

“You lie,” he whispered back,
“you married Emilio. You love Mr. Otro!”

“No, no, no! The night you left he brought wine to cheer me. I took so little of it... he drank too much... he slept. When he woke up...on my bed, he... well, he... I love only my husband...”

“You lie, he is old!”

“He gave me this house. He is good to me and... the baby. He too, thinks the baby is his.”

“Who then, in the name of the saints, is the father?”

“You are, Lalo.”

“I? Rosa,—you speak the truth?”

“Yes, Lalo.” She pushed him away, weakly.

“We must tell Emilio—at once!”

“Never, Lalo! He is old. It would kill him. He is proud of his son. Mr. Otro also is proud. Let them be. It is a fine thing they have... to live for.”

“A son should be with his father.”

She shook her head. “You have no roof for shade or shelter for one so small, no four walls to keep out the wind. You come, you go.”

“I will build a house—far better than this one! It shall have two doors and a bell which will sing when we press it. ‘Rosa, open the door!’ it will sing. ‘Lalo and his son are here.’—I must find paper and pencil and come back to draw the plan. My son shall have many things!” He waved his arms and swung down the steps excitedly to pick up his shoes.

Rosa smiled and slipped inside the door. She fastened its hook and bent her cheek to the child’s. “It is wisdom and great wealth, little one, to have three fathers,—one for shelter, one for the daily bread, and one... for many joys... in days to come...”

A Russian escaping from Stalingrad was halted by police of the country to which he was escaping, and was questioned and searched.

“What’s this?” police asked him, concerning a bottle of pills.

“Oh, that’s against headaches,” the Russian said.

“And what’s this?” they asked him about another bottle of pills.

“That’s against toothaches.”

They came to a picture of Stalin and demanded, “But what’s this?”

“That,” said the Russian, “is against homesickness.”

“You say her favorite sport is fishing through the ice?”

“Yes, trying to get the cherry at the bottom of a Tom Collins.”

Actually, the so-called weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

“I wonder what will become of television when Hopalong finally cleans up the West?”

—Filchock
by JUDITH and DAVID BUBLICK

The script of this popular network program as actually broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

BROADCAST MAY 3, 1950

PRODUCED BY: SHERMAN H. DRYER ROBERT WEENOLSEN

MUSIC: Opening Theme
Announcer: (Echo) “2000 Plus”!

MUSIC: Shiver and Under With Suspense
Announcer: (Cast mike) Let us send our imaginations forward into time—into the years beyond 2000 A.D. What strange adventures—what exciting things will we find in the world of tomorrow?

MUSIC: Surge
Announcer: (Echo) (over) “2000 Plus”!

MUSIC: Up to Climax
Announcer: Today—an adventure of outer space—“When Worlds Met.”

MUSIC: Opening Up and Under
Announcer: It is the year 2000 plus twenty. At the giant space port in Washington, D. C., temporary capital of the Federated World Government, an enormous throng—tense with expectancy—jams every available inch of space surrounding the rocket landing base. All eyes

Reprinted by permission of Dryer & Ween Olsen Productions, Inc., 57 West 58th Street, New York, N.Y.
strain upward into the clear blue sky—for
today is the day—April 21, 2000 plus
twenty—and the audio and televox net-
works of the World are at the rocket field
to cover the epic event.

**SOUND:** Babel of throng, swish of rocket planes in distance, down into B.G. under
*Cast:* LIVELY WALLA WALLA.

*Wilson:* Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, this
is the day—the day we’ve been waiting for.
In a matter of minutes now, out of
that brilliant blue sky will come an inter-
planetary space ship—carrying in its gleam-
ing hold the first load of uranium taken
from the pits of Luna, satellite of Earth.
Since the beginning of—(suddenly ex-
cited) One moment, folks, there’s a signal
from the tower! This may be it. Take it
away, Fred!

**BOARD:** Dead air 3 seconds
*Haskins:* (Tense) Fred Haskins reporting
from the control tower. Our escort planes
have been in contact with the space ship
from Luna for the past twelve minutes.
They are now approaching the field from
the northeast, and any moment we can
expect to—

**SOUND:** Crowd roar and down into B.G.
start fading in rocket engines gradually
*Haskins:* (Voice cracking with excitement)
And there she is! The rocket ship Chronos
—17 hours out of Luna City—her mag-
nadium hull white hot from the friction of
the atmosphere—her jet brakes belching
fire. She’s right over the field now . . .
She’s coming down . . . down . . . down.

**BOARD:** Dead air 3 seconds

**SOUND:** Tremendous blast of motors
down and out under
*Haskins:* (Big) She’s landed! Mark well
this date, my friends . . . This is the dawn
of—the Interplanetary Age!

**MUSIC:** Epic segue to slightly suspensy

**SOUND:** Klaxon . . . static
*McCabe:* (Filter) Earth calling Moon.
Earth calling Moon. Come in Luna City—
*Dixon:* (Right on mike) Luna City, Johnny
Dixon.

*McCabe:* Dixon! Where’ve you been?
You’re three minutes late!
*Dixon:* Sorry, McCabe. All shipments as
scheduled. Everything routine.

*McCabe:* Report noted. Checkout.
*Dixon:* Checkout.

**SOUND:** Click

*Paul:* Sometimes I think we’re crazy.
Spending our lives cooped up in this
pressurized shell. Breathing synthetic air
—risking our necks every time we step
out onto that cold, barren, pitted piece of
green cheese. For what?

*Dixon:* Who’re you kidding, Paul? You
know the answer. We’re space happy,
that’s all that’s wrong with us. We pulled
every wire and practically tore the World
Federation apart getting this assignment to
the moon, and we’ll do it again when the
first flight into deep space gets under way
—next month, next year, or whenever they
get it ready.

*Paul:* Yeah, I guess that’s it. But right
now, what wouldn’t I give to see a tree
again—and those Kansas wheatfields.

*Dixon:* Me, I want to hear a bird sing, and
watch the lights go on in the skyscrapers
along the river front. I want to dance with
my girl, and breathe in the sweet smell of
lilacs. Boy if—

**SOUND:** Mars shimmer effect (1)
*Johnny:* (Puzzled. Just a little scared):
Wh-what was that?
*Paul:* Huh?

*Johnny:* That—that sound . . . that vibra-
tion . . . it—

**SOUND:** Mars shimmer effect (2)
*Johnny:* There! Did you hear it?

*Paul:* I—I’m not sure whether I heard—or
felt it. Like a current of air, passing by
me.

*Johnny:* That’s it! Some kind of pulsation.
Makes my skin tingle. I—

**SOUND:** Two Mars effects in quick
succession
*Paul:* (Eerie) Listen! Sounded different,
didn’t it?

*Johnny:* Yeah. A different pitch.

*Paul:* The instruments are all steady. Noth-
ing on the visiscreen. Radar’s negative.
What is it, Johnny? Where’s it from?

*Johnny:* It’s not Earth, I’ll swear to that.
I’ve got a notion, Paul, a crazy notion that
someone’s trying to signal us . . .

*Paul:* You mean—

*Johnny:* (A little unnerved) I don’t know
what I mean. (Trying to shrug it off)
Maybe McCabe’s right. Maybe I have got
a touch of—

*Paul:* Johnny, what is it?

**SOUND:** Mars tones overlapping
Johnny: Look, Paul. Look at the direction finder! It’s swung all the way round. Those sounds—those waves—are coming from outer space! I’ve got to—

SOUND: Static and Klaxon

McCabe: (Filter) Earth calling Luna City. Earth calling Lu—
Johnny: Luna City to Earth. Go ahead, Earth. Go ahead, McCabe.
McCabe: (Filter) Dixon! What’s going on up there? What’s the idea of beaming out those hammy signals?
Johnny: Signals?
McCabe: The harp effect—the music of the spheres stuff. It’s giving our boys on the monitors down here the heebie—
Johnny: You—you got them too, McCabe? You picked them up on Earth?
McCabe: Certainly. What’s it all about?
Johnny: The signals—if that’s what they are—are coming from one definite spot in outerspace!
McCabe: Outerspace!
Johnny: That’s what I said.
McCabe: Johnny, get your space suit ready. We’d better have a conference.
Johnny: But—
McCabe: Have your men tune up Rocket 307. Blast off at 0800. We’ll be expecting you on earth in the morning!
MUSIC: Stirring Segue to Neutral

McCabe (Irritated): Ten days now we’ve been getting those signals—and not one of you geniuses has come through with a plausible explanation.
Wolfsen (Slightly German): Very well, Mr. McCabe. If you know of anyone who can do it better—
McCabe: Take it easy, Professor Wolfsen. You don’t have to be so touchy. But ten days! What do you say, Dr. Lee?
Lee (Chinese): Ten days or ten years—it makes no difference. If those sounds or signals are code, it’s in a language unknown to man.
McCabe: You’re sure of that?
Wolfsen: We’ve consulted the foremost cryptographers of the world. We’ve tried every way to break the code.
McCabe: What does that add up to?
Wolfsen: That message, if it is a message, does not come from anywhere on Earth . . . or from any man of Earth.
Johnny: I told you, chief! It’s what I’ve been saying all along. Of course you can’t decode those messages in any known language, living or dead, because they come from Mars.
Wolfsen: (React) Mars! Impossible.
Johnny: Yes, Mars! My directional finder on the Moon indicated it—and McCabe here pinned it down. Look at the graph.

SOUND: Rattle paper

Wolfsen: Directional signals can be wrong.
Johnny: Yes, sir . . . but get this. I’ve been timing those signals. They come at intervals of exactly 24 hours 37 minutes and 22 seconds—
Wolfsen: The length of the day on Mars!
Johnny: Yeah. If we were trying to signal them, we’d do it, say, every night at eighteen hundred. That’s what they’re doing to us.
Wolfsen: In that case, the next signal is due—

McCabe: In ten minutes and thirteen seconds, and we’ll be sitting here like lumoxes, feeling our scalps tingle while the message drifts past us!
Lee: Gentlemen, excuse please. But it seems to me the message need not necessarily drift past us.
Cast: (Ad lib surprise)
Lee: By the message I do not mean the sounds or the words that are being transmitted. I refer to the thoughts themselves . . . the thoughts that perhaps are being transferred from the Martians to us.
Johnny: Thought transference? That’s telepathy!
Lee: We have discarded that charlatan's word, Mr. Dixon. But we do know that there is extra-sensory perception of thought impulses. Just as there are sound waves which your ear has learned to interpret and light waves which your eye and brain transform into a picture—so there are thought waves, electrical impulses discharged by the brain, which vary with the particular thought.

Wolfsen: An intriguing idea, Dr. Lee. If only we had some instrument that could pick up and sort out these impulses.

Lee: There is such an instrument, Professor Wolfsen.

Cast: (Ad lib reaction)

Lee: I have been working on it for many years. It involves a scanning screen intercepting an electrified field.

McCabe: Well, what are we waiting for?

Lee: You understand, the telepathator has only been tested for short distances—Johnny: The signals are reaching us—that's the only important thing, isn't it? How soon can we—

Lee: The instrument is in the next room. I took the liberty of bringing it with me, hoping it (start fade) might conceivably be of some use. This way, gentlemen, if you please. (Out)

McCabe: (Fading in) (incredulous) You say this little machine can take thoughts and turn them into words we can hear—they won't be in English!

Lee: Ha! Not only will they be in English, Mr. McCabe. The telepathator will translate thought impulses into any language for which you set the dials. You think of something, Mr. Dixon. Now listen . . . First I set the dial for French.

Machine: (French) Epatant, les chinois!

Lee: German.

Machine: (German) Wonderbar, devise Chineser!

Lee: And English.

Machine: (English) Darn clever, these Chinese!

Cast: (Chuckie)

Lee: You must understand—

McCabe: Excuse me, Dr. Lee, we'll have to postpone your demonstration now—only fifteen seconds to go—set your dials for remote pickup. Stand by everyone.

(PAUSE)

Johnny: (Whispers) Nothing.

Lee: More power.

McCabe: Well, it was a good try.

Johnny: Wait. I've got that feeling again—my skin's beginning to crawl.

Wolfsen: Yes, I too—

McCabe: Oh, no. It's just your imagi—

Lee: Quiet!

Sound: Mars effect speeded almost to a chord

Lee: They are coming through now—

Machine: (Very deep and distinctive) Planet four greeting planet three . . .

McCabe: Mars!

Machine: The fourth planet from the sun greeting planet three. Planet four calling planet three. We are trying to reach you, planet three.

Cast: (React in several languages)

Sound: Mars chords

Machine: If you receive our signal, respond. If you receive our signal, respond. We will communicate again . . .

Sound: Shimmer of Mars blend to

Music: In with Mood and Segue to headline uproar

Haskins: Life on Mars! This week, ladies and gentlemen, the question that has be-deviled mankind ever since the day he first stood erect and gazed into the heavens has been answered! There is life on another planet—Mars . . . intelligent, articulate life. The country—the World—tonight seethes with excitement. Has Mars received our responding signal? Has our telepathator succeeded in projecting, as thoughts, the messages spoken into it by human beings? (fade) Or can it merely receive the thoughts . . .

Music: In with mood. Segue to serious

Sound: Crickets. General country effects at night

Johnny: Ah, the smell of lilacs, Terry! I'll never get enough of it.

Terry: It's lovely, Johnny. And look—there's a moon out tonight.

Johnny (Stung): Moon. Oh, please. It's hard to believe that back in 1950 people could still get romantic over that cold, dead, pockmarked, heavenly yo-yo! Now that red star up there—Mars—that's a different proposition. It's alive—there are living beings up there—and

Terry: Johnny, it's staggering! It's beyond imagination. It's—
Johnny: Rubbish! Why shouldn’t there be life up there?
Terry: But they’re so advanced — space ships and interplanetary signals, and maybe even . . .
Johnny: Maybe you’ve got a point at that.
(Laughs) We thought we were so smart because we reached the moon. Our space ships aren’t developed enough yet to get to Mars.
Terry: It’s just as well.
Johnny: Why?
Terry: Because you’d want to be the first to go—
Johnny: Wouldn’t you like that? I’d be quite a hero. You could point at my picture and say—“That’s my guy.”
Terry: You’re my guy anyway, Johnny.
Johnny: Sure, Terry. But don’t worry, honey. We won’t be seeing any Martians for a long time!

**Music: Bridge**

Paul (PA): All personnel — stand by. Stand by for X-M signal.
McCabe: That’ll be Mars! Hop to it, Johnny.
Lee: Telepathator setting 212 degrees 18 seconds. Frequency 600,000.
McCabe: Got that, Johnny?
Johnny: Check.

(Pause)

**Sound: Mars effects**

Machine (Mars): Planet four calling planet three. Planet four calling planet three. We greet you in peace. Your response received. (Group reaction) The time has come. At this moment which marks the beginning of the great interstellar age between worlds it is fitting that there be between us a meeting of minds. Therefore, we would like to send representatives to visit your planet.

Cast: (Reaction)

Machine (Mars): A ship will depart tonight and enter your magnetic field in seven of our days. Have landing instructions ready. We come in peace. We come in peace.

**Music: Ominous**

Sound: Crowd buzz down into B.G. under

Wilson: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Mack Wilson bringing you a report of the emergency session of the Federated World Government. Never has
Martian space ship will carry the following armaments: death fog sprays, magnetic disintegrators, atomic missiles Class B... (fade) All weapons shall be on the...

CROSS FADE TO
Johnny (Fading in): ... and upon your entry into the Earth’s atmosphere, you will circle our globe once and then make landing at the space port at Los Alamos (fares) which will be ready to receive you—

CROSS FADE TO
Senator (Fading in): (filter... low) The space port of Los Alamos shall be mined to a depth of 50 feet with tritium land mines, the field encircled with radioactive flame throwers (fade) and a reserve force

CROSS FADE TO
Johnny (Fade on): From the landing field you will be conducted to the seat of the World Government at Washington, D. C., where you will be received and housed in suitable accommodations. We welcome you—in peace and friendship. Check out.

SOUND: Click
Johnny: We welcome you in peace—we hope!

MUSIC: Ironic

SOUND: Footsteps on marble corridor
Johnny: Suitable accommodations! Trust McCabe to hand me a crackpot assignment like this!

Terry: Why, Johnny, you’re the big space man. You’re supposed to know what constitutes suitable accommodation for a Martian.

Johnny: Don’t, Terry! I haven’t the slightest notion in the world what they’ll look like or what they’ll need, except some crazy ideas I picked up from science fiction. For all I know—

Terry: All right, that’s why we’re here. The head of our Anthropology section has more ideas than any science fiction writer you’ve ever read. Here we are.

SOUND: Door rolls open
Wolfsen: Ah, Terry, come in.
Terry: Hello, Professor. This is Mr. Dixon, the young man I told you about.
Wolfsen: I know Dixon.
Johnny: Professor, I’ve got a problem that’s got me...
Wolfsen: Terry and I have discussed the problem. Of course, no one can know. But it is my theory that the Martian will, in most important respects, have the characteristics of—Earthman.
Johnny: What’s the basis of your theory, Professor?
Wolfsen: It’s quite simple. The known accomplishments of the Martians parallel our own. It stands to reason that our evolutions are parallel too, though they may be at different stages. Only a being with opposable thumbs can fashion the intricate devices necessary for space ships; only a being with a nervous system like our own could master communication. Only a creature with a brain like ours could dream of peace.

Johnny: Makes sense, Professor!
Terry: That’s one side of it, Johnny. A lot of other anthropologists think differently. They feel that the Martians, living on a dry planet with little vegetation and very little water, will be creatures that crawl on the ground, like our insects, enlarged a few hundred times.

Johnny: I give up! With forty-eight hours left, I can’t prepare accommodations for every conceivable form of life. We’ll just have to improvise—after they get here. (Slightly savage) I just hope they don’t get too sick when they first look at us!

MUSIC: Ironic then boil up to climax and into end of “United Nation” song

SOUND: Crowd murmur
Wilson: This is Mack Wilson again, reporting from the space port at Los Alamos. A tremendous crowd is gathered here from all parts of the Earth... we are awaiting
the appearance of the space ship from Mars which is being escorted by twenty pursuit rockets from the rendezvous near Moon. According to reports, all has gone well so far. The Martian ship was . . .

**Sound:** Bell clangs

**Wilson:** One moment, please (pause) An audiostream announcement is going to be made to the people assembled.

**Secretary (PA):** Your attention please. The ship from Mars and its esc-orts will be seen any moment from the East.

**Wilson:** You heard that—any moment the ship from Mars—

**Sound:** Crowd murmur

**Wilson:** There they are—they're coming in. The leading rocket ships first.

**Sound:** Rocket ships slap by

**Wilson:** And now the ship from Mars—

**Sound:** Infinoid effect

**Wilson:** The Martian ship is idling over the field now . . . casting a huge shadow over the landscape. It's an awe-inspiring spectacle. The ship is tremendous . . . it appears to be eighteen to twenty stories in height, several city blocks long, and (start fade) its large windows seem to be fashioned of some kind of transparent metal . . .

**Senator (Filter very low):** Civilian commander to special defense patrol. Man battle stations.

**Wilson (On mike):** Our technical experts are staring at the craft in open-mouthed wonder. Mr. McCabe, what is your reaction?

**McCabe:** I-I'm dumb-founded! The ship doesn't seem to operate on a rocket principle—there's no exhaust flame—no clouds of smoke! I keep wondering what kind of fuel they use, what principles of propulsion, what metals.

**Wilson (Tenser):** Thank you, sir. The ship is almost touching the ground now, and . . .

**Sound:** Subdued buzz as in awe

**Wilson:** . . . the crowd's getting uneasy—they're falling back—as though there were something—(straining) I see it now! It's a blue haze misting about the Martian ship, forming a twenty foot blanket of whatever it is!

**Senator (Urgent filter):** Commander defense patrol! Zero hour. Re-orient all weapons . . . remove safety controls. Stand by to detonate mines. Stand by to fire.

**Wilson:** The secretary of the World Federation is going to speak.

**Secretary (P.A.):** As your great ship settles on our soil, we salute you—the emissaries of space! We wait eagerly for your appearance.

**Wilson (Urgently):** And now the blue mist has completely vanished, and all eyes are on the ship—waiting for the first Martian to appear. There's so sign of activity yet.

**Secretary:** Will you respond to our greetings, Martians? Will you show yourselves at this time?

**Wilson:** Nothing stirring—no gangplank lowered—no sign of life! Perhaps they were not prepared for atmospheric conditions here. Perhaps, on the very brink of success, death has struck within that awe-inspiring vessel . . .

**Sound:** Great crowd! Aahh!

**Cast (Ad lib):** Look! Up there! It's moving!

**Wilson:** Wait! It looks—yes, it's moving! A tremendous section of the ship's prow is opening up in front. Like a gigantic tongue, it thrusts forward and drops to earth, forming a great ramp from the ship—to our soil. Now it's down (excited) and the surface of the ramp—the surface of the ramp is like nothing ever seen on this earth! A shimmering impalpable iridescence unbelievably radiant—and beautiful. . . . The throng of spectators is in rigid
silence scarcely breathing ... waiting to see—the first Martian emerge.

(PAUSE)

And still nothing. No one—no thing comes down the ramp—there is nothing but silence ...

(PAUSE)

SOUND: Mars shimmer in chords

Wilson: Listen! That must be the Martian communication vibrations we were told about—the men on the field are operating the telepathator and the—(cut off by)

Machine: Earthmen! We ask that you send one representative to board our craft. We assure his safety.

SOUND: Shimmer out ... crowd murmur

Cast (Ad lib): No—What? Did you hear that?

Lee: There is no cause for alarm, gentlemen.

Senator: I think there is! They want a hostage—or a specimen to take back with 'em!

Secretary: There's no time for wrangling. They are waiting for a decision.

McCabe: Mr. Secretary!

Secretary: Yes, Mr. McCabe?

McCabe: If it's all right with the committee, I'd like to go aboard. Technical information, sir.

Dixon: No!

McCabe: Quiet, Johnny.

Johnny (Hot): This is my dish, McCabe! I was slated for the space run to Mars, remember? You're not doing me out of this! Besides, you're too valuable to waste. Mr. Secretary, tell them I'm coming aboard!

Secretary (P.A.): Men of Mars, we comply with your request. Our representative is about to board your ship!

MUSIC: Ominous string into rhythmic beat then into mysterioso and under

Johnny (Filter): Get ready, Johnny Dixon ... this is it! Take a good, long look at the sun and the sky ... take a deep breath of the earth's good air ... you may never get another, after you meet ... whatever is waiting at the end of this long ramp ... The ramp! It's pulling me forward like a conveyor belt ... it's beginning to rise into the air!

SOUND: Faint whoosing of gears

Johnny (Filter): Get a move on, Johnny ... (panting whisper) Get into that ship—fast (relief) Made it!

SOUND: Soft ponderous thump

Johnny (Filter): Locked in. Now what? No one here ... nothing except that dancing light. I'll follow it ...

SOUND: Footsteps on very big echo. Stop

Mars Voice: Enter, Earthman.

Johnny: Huh? How can I? I'm closed in by four solid walls.

Mars Voice: Follow the light, Earthman. The walls will not impede you.

Johnny (Filter): Molecular re-orientation! Changing the density of solid matter at will!

Mars Voice: We achieved that ten thousand cycles ago, Earthman.

Johnny: Where are you, man of Mars? This room is flooded with light, but I see no one.

Mars Voice: We are not ready to reveal ourselves.

Johnny: The people of Earth are waiting to see you, to welcome you. There is nothing to fear.

Mars Voice: We are not afraid (pause—strange intonation) Dixon.

Johnny: You know my name!

Mars Voice: We know many things. That is why we are sad, and filled with revulsion.

Johnny: I don't understand! What do you mean?

Mars Voice: Through the dark spaceways we came to you in peace. You said to us—"come in peace." But the escorts you sent to honor us were armed for destruction; the very ground on which we now rest seethes with radioactive potential!

Johnny: Wait! You've misunderstood us. These weapons are for defense against you—not attack.

Mars Voice: Many cycles ago we of Mars learned, as you earthmen will someday learn, that wars are fought, men are slaughtered and civilizations wiped out, by those who attack with "weapons of defense!"

Johnny: But our world is at peace now ...

Mars Voice: Your peace is not peace. It is a thin cloak which covers the hates, and fears and savagery of primitive beings. Observe, Dixon. On this large visi-screen we have for hours been viewing your people ... in many parts of your earth. Watch!
**Swing**

April, 1951

**SOUND: Effect**

Johnny (Whispers): The Senator!

Mars Voice: Listen!

Senator (Filter): I warned you it was a trap! We'll never again see Dixon alive. I told you not to trust foreigners. Just give me the word, and I'll blast 'em all into kingdom come!

**SOUND: Out**

Johnny: You must not be deceived! He's only one man. The rest of us are different.

Mars Voice: Are you? Look at this—from another part of your civilized earth...

**SOUND: Effect**

Voice No. 1 (Continental accent): You have been a traitor to our party! You have been guilty of bourgeois thinking, you have sold us out to the enemies of our people. You will pay the penalty—but first—you will confess! Confess! (start fade) Confess! Confess! (Out)

**SOUND: Out**

Johnny: That's a backward part of our planet—it's not fair to judge by them.

Mars Voice: Then we reveal a more civilized area... the country of your birth, Dixon...

**SOUND: Effect**

Woman (Screaming): No—no no!

**SOUND: Angry crowd roar**

Voice No. 2 (Over Crowd): The law be damned! Trial's too good for him. Hang him, I say, Hang him! The rope! String him up from the highest tree in the square—lynch him—lynch him—lynch him (Out)

**SOUND: Out**

(PAUSE)

Mars Voice: Now you know why we shall not reveal ourselves to you. If you are like this to these of your own kind—what will you think—what will you do—when you see us strange as we are?

Johnny: Don't go! We know you may be different from us. But we can all meet in peace.

Mars Voice: Earthman, peace must be achieved through toil and sacrifice of those few among you who understand its meaning. It may take many cycles but in the end, the day will arrive. Then and then only, we will return. Go back to your people, man of Earth—and give them—the Message from Mars!

**MUSIC: Ominous, then ascend. Out on trailing whisper**

Announcer: Next week another exciting drama on “2000 Plus”... “The Silent Noise.” In the year 2000 plus 20 an important man is murdered. How will the police of the future track down a killer? And what new methods of assault will the criminals of tomorrow use? Well, listen next week and you'll find out.

**MUSIC: Sneak closing theme**

Announcer: “2000 Plus” is produced by Sherman H. Dryer and Robert Weenolfsen. In today's story Ken Williams played Johnny, Luis Van Rooten played the Martian, Lon Clark played McCabe, Frank Behrens was the Senator, Amzie Strickland was Terry, Gil Mack was Dr. Lee and Sandy Bickart was Paul. The orchestra was conducted by Emerson Buckley, music composed by Eliot Jacoby. Script by Judith and David Bublick. Sound by Walt Shaver and Ade Penner. Engineer, Bob Albrecht.

**MUSIC: To tag**

Announcer: This is the Mutual Broadcasting System.

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“How are you getting along in your driving?” inquired an interested friend of the novice.

“Oh, fine,” she bragged. “Yesterday I went 50 miles an hour and tomorrow I'm going to try opening my eyes when I pass another car.”

Daniel Boone was once asked if he had ever been lost in the woods. “Never got lost,” Boone replied. “But I was bewildered once for three days.”

Applicants for appointment to the FBI are required to state whether they drink. One aspirant had the idea that an admission of sobriety might militate against him. He answered, “Applicant does not drink, but is a good mixer.”

A bewildered man entered a woman's specialty shop. “I want a girdle for my wife,” he said.

“What bust?” asked the clerk.

“Nothing, it just wore out.”
High schools teach their students to drive—safely.

by KENNETH L. MEYER

The afternoon prior to April Fool’s Day, 1950, an automobile in Hammond, Indiana, suddenly careened out of control. There was a jarring impact, a crash of rending metal, a tinkle or two, then silence. The driver, an eighteen year old high school girl, whimpered in agony, pinned between the crumpled sedan and a brick wall. She was new to the command of an automobile, and slowing for a turn, had stepped on the gas instead of the brake.

At Dyer, Indiana, a one stop-light town, a beginning driving student nudged his car out into the speed lanes of U. S. highway No. 30, also the town’s main street. But the car shot forward, and in a flashing second was astride the opposite sidewalk, stopped, but with engine roaring, and a sixteen year old youth frozen to the wheel. He, too, had fed the accelerator instead of the brake, but the automobile had been pulled up just short of disaster by the instructor’s reflex use of the dual controls.

The difference between a tragic situation and a merely frightening one was the difference between trying to drive without, and learning to drive with supervision.

The training of automobile drivers is an unfortunate paradox. Take the game of basketball; players are drilled for weeks to develop skills, and generally don’t get on the floor until they have mastered them. The airplane pilot is rigorously examined and schooled both in dual and solo flight before being given a license. The automobile driver? Well, a drive around the block plus a couple of correct responses—answer-book in hand—will, in most states, get him a license to practice what is potentially America’s most hazardous big-time occupation. Because it is so easy to acquire legal entitlement to operate an automobile, the efforts of beginners to learn its proper handling are often desultory, and even tongue-in-cheek.

In the absence of strong license
laws, voluntary driver training is the best bulwark against accidents.

Proficiency in driving depends upon three things: alertness, coordination, and judgment. These are qualities which any person can develop through training. Having this much to work with, more and more responsible agencies are setting up constructive driver-training programs.

It is at high school age that most youngsters become keenly automobile conscious. It is at that age that they are ready to develop alertness, coordination and judgment. Then is the time to teach them to become safe drivers. Through the high schools the mass of youth can be reached, and driver-training courses are well suited to high school curricula.

Our high schools have picked up the job of training drivers in admirable fashion. In most instances, it is made possible by the American Automobile Association. The details are handled by their branches.

When a high school administrator decides he wishes to install the course, there are three major duties to fulfill. They are (1), to contact a dealer concerning the procurement of an automobile, (2) to contact the nearest branch of the AAA, and (3) to obtain a qualified instructor.

The procurement of a car is usually an easy item. The Motor Clubs will aid the administrator in securing loan of a car from a dealer. The autos are leased to the schools; they do not own them except in isolated instances. In return, the school agrees to maintain the car in a manner stipulated by contract. The dealer, when the car is returned, sells the vehicle as a used auto. The resultant loss, if any, is written off as advertising.

The driver training instructor must be a qualified teacher. This means holding a teaching license (usually the result of four years of training in fields of education) plus a special driving certificate.

Driver instructor courses are sponsored by many colleges across the nation. In most cases, they have been established with the aid of the AAA and later incorporated into the college curriculum. They vary in nature from the forty-hour short course to the full semester course.

Once driver education and training is established in the high school, the problem of scheduling confronts the administrator and instructor. There are numerous plans; the best is usually that tailored to fit the specific school situation.
The automobile is equipped with dual controls. The instructor's controls, located on the right side of the car, consist of a mechanical linkage from the regular clutch and brake. There is neither a gas feed nor a steering wheel in the instructor's compartment. It is a point of debate whether the latter two items are desirable. Sideswiping is a hazard over which the instructor has little control, but seldom have accidents of this nature been reported.

There are more than 5,000 dual-controlled automobiles in operation for high school training today. Reports made to the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies for the school year of 1948-49 showed 6,191 schools in 43 states having driver-education courses. Not all of these schools offer the behind-the-wheel phase of the training. In Indiana, for example, there were 425 high schools offering driver education courses—221 of which used dual-control automobiles. The 6,191 high school courses enrolled 481,723 students. There is still much room for expansion, and each succeeding year should bring an increase in the number of schools offering this vital safety education.

Before attempting to school the beginner in traffic, driver instructors are in agreement that a sound foundation of fundamentals must be laid. Just as the concert pianist must learn his fundamentals at an early age, so must the everyday driver. When in sudden danger, the driver will not have time to think about using the brake first—he must use it! When turning a corner in traffic, the driver has no time to think about the clutch-gas coordination involved in the action of shifting. It must be a well-trained habit! The accomplished basketball player when receiving a pass on his way to the basket does not have to think about which foot should go up first in his take-off for the lay-up shot. He just does it! He has performed the stunt so many times that a well-coordinated neuromuscular pattern has been set up. The automobile driver, say authorities, must concentrate similarly on the development of good fundamental driving habits.

These habits may be grouped into four categories. Under each of the four are five distinct points to be learned. To the beginner they comprise the "Twenty Points of Driving."

A. STARTING THE ENGINE:
1. Adjust the seat.
2. Adjust the mirrors.
3. Declutch and check for neutral.
4. Switch on.
5. Press starter and release immediately.

B. STARTING THE CAR:
1. Put in gear.
2. Release parking brake.
3. Check mirror.
4. Check blind spot.
5. Signal.

C. STOPPING THE CAR:
1. Check the mirrors.
2. Signal.
3. Foot off gas pedal.
4. Declutch.
5. Foot brake on.

D. PARKING THE CAR:
1. Return to neutral.
2. Parking brake on.
3. Switch off.
4. Foot off clutch pedal.
5. Foot off brake pedal.

The clutch-gas coordination is taught in between categories B and C. The above listings tend to routine the beginner’s actions. By following the routine, sound operational habits are soon formed. One driver instructor compared the check-list to the SOP (Standard Operating Procedure) that Air Force personnel utilized during the past war.

Knowing how to handle an automobile fundamentally well does not mean, however, that accidents will be eliminated. On U. S. highway No. 6, south of Hammond, another teen-age girl was driving. Her speed was approximately forty-five miles per hour, and she was controlling the automobile well at a safe distance behind a fruit truck. The truck, without warning, pulled its right dual wheels off the pavement in front of a fruit stand and stopped! The instructor halted the car a few feet behind the truck and started to query the young lady about her intentions. He had not spilled the first words from his lips when a speeding car flew by in the same direction, on the inner lane, doing no less than sixty miles per hour! Quietly she said, “Why, I was just going to pull around the truck.” Another costly accident and possible destruction of lives were saved by the use of head- work and dual controls. A vital lesson in the importance of checking the mirror and blind spot was learned.

The driver’s attitude is of utmost importance. Every driver has been antagonized by discourteous highway travelers. A driver may be the most gentlemanly individual at a formal party, but behind the wheel he may demand his right-of-way in a most high handed fashion.

High school driver-training instructors place a premium on the formation of wholesome attitudes. Teen-agers are forming attitudes which will be made steadfast by maturity. To place “mentally-safe” drivers on the roads is a grim responsibility, but one that is being accepted by our schools. It cannot be accomplished by “scare” tactics, the educators firmly insist. It is appalling that in 1949 there were 31,500 traffic deaths on U. S. highways. Accident costs totaled over seven billion dollars—about one-sixth of our national budget—but this doesn’t “scare” teen-agers who want to drive. Grisly death scenes won’t aid in developing a cautious attitude, either. Common sense teaching and education that reaches the learner is the only answer. They have to WANT to drive safely before they will do it.

Our schools are to be commended for their forthright approach to a very realistic problem. As the years roll by thousands of youngsters will become mature, trained drivers. Hopefully we look forward to a generation of safety on our streets and highways.
Fish and more fish! Several years ago my husband and I went placer mining in the high altitudes of the Colorado Rockies. Although we found no gold, we did have fish. Good mountain trout! In fact, there was little but fish. If I were to keep my husband coming back to camp for meals it behooved me to learn the tricks of preparing this staple of mountain diet.

The first thing I learned was that so many people get pleasure only from catching fish. Fishermen and their wives would come to our creek; hang their fish; keep them out of water until time to go home; then, seeing that the fish had spoiled, would throw them away. If your sustenance depends upon fish, your blood will boil at this waste, just as mine did.

Whether catching fish is a pleasure or a necessity, properly caring for fish is an obligation. For fish, like other animals, or like minerals under the ground—the gold we didn’t get—are natural resources. They are as depletable as the forests. Most of us catch fish now and then. We should be determined to lend our support to their proper use. If the following principles are put into practice by all fishermen, good sportsmanship will result.

First, kill the fish immediately after it is caught; draw, and remove the gills. With the thumb nail remove the kidney, which lies along the spine at the back of the visceral cavity.

Do not wash the fish. If the fish is to be held for several hours wipe dry with a cloth, paper—or grass. The bacteria which cause spoilage increase rapidly on a moist surface. Dry grass is very good for packing in the creel, as it allows the air to circulate freely around the fish, keeping it dry. This dry condition is most desirable, and especially with trout, which soften
and deteriorate rapidly. Deterioration is retarded at high altitude; but if your fishing is done in the low humid atmosphere the grass-packing trick is an especially good one to remember.

Do not put the fish in water. The fish will lose much of its savoriness if allowed to become water-soaked. The same is true if you allow fish to remain in the sun. Salt-water soaking is also bad, as it draws out the juices and toughens the flesh of what would otherwise be good fish. Without the juices most of the inherent goodness of any fish, or meat, is gone.

Another practice that is detrimental to the tastiness of fish is to leave them strung on a line for a period of time. It may look sporty to swing that line of fish along, but it causes nervousness in the fish while they live. Secretions of the endocrine glands pass into the blood stream of the fish, impairing the flavor. If you find this hard to believe, run a chicken round and round before it is killed and eaten! You’ll see. Don’t think keeping the fish alive longer will enhance the flavor; it will only cause you to set an inferior dish on your table.

If ice is available, use it; but do not keep fish in an ice box that excludes air. You’ll be sorry!

Good cooking is part of good fishmanship. If fish are worth catching, they should be treated with respect in the kitchen. A method of cooking with mushrooms made our eating-off-the-land program quite enjoyable. The mushrooms were not nearly so hard to catch!

Fried Fish with Mushrooms.

1 trout (or other variety) per person.
Salt    Eggs    Pepper
Milk    Dry Bread Crumbs

Dip prepared fish in mixture of beaten eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Roll fish in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat heated to 375 F. for 3 to 4 minutes, or until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Drain off the fat from the pan in which the fish was fried. Saute mushrooms until golden brown; garnish each serving of fish with a piece of lemon and helping of the mushrooms. Serve hot, and if possible, have hot cornbread muffins, and black coffee.

Baked Fish In Tomato Sauce.

Fish for each person (about 2-3 pounds or two trout.)
Butter or other fat.
Onions, about 1/2 cup, chopped.
Celery, about 1/2 cup, chopped.
Green peppers, 1/4 cup, chopped.
Flour, salt, pepper.
Tomatoes, canned, about 1 cup.
Bay leaves, whole cloves, cayenne.

Melt fat, add onion, celery and peppers; cook until tender but not brown. Blend in the flour. Add tomatoes and seasoning; then cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove bay leaves and cloves. Pour sauce over fish, and bake in moderate oven 350° F. for about 30 minutes, or until tender. I used these proportions for two persons, or two small trout per person. The ingredients could be increased for more servings, and of course fish from the market can be used.

Freshly caught fish is preferable though; and if you ever get the habit
you'll agree. I hope you will also join me in thinking of fish as a natural resource—deserving to be treated as such.

Get out that fishing gear! Go to your favorite lake, pool or stream, and catch that fish! Then know what to do from hook to skillet!

Wilson Mizner, the late humorist who spent many years around San Francisco, had a favorite fable about a pair of Nob Hill grande dames who went “slumming” along Skid Row. In the first block they were stopped by a wise old hand who sensed an easy mark for some money.

“Y’gotta help me, ladies,” he croaked. “I ain’t had nothin’ to eat for three days.”

The first member of Nobhillity was shocked. She turned to her companion. “Did you hear that?” she asked with a tear in her voice. “This man says he hasn’t eaten in three days.”

Then she turned back to the hopeful panhandler, laid a hand on his shoulder and said firmly, “My good man, you must force yourself to eat!”

A literary critic’s five-year-old son struggled through The Three Little Pigs, his first work of fiction. Finishing the story, the lad said judiciously, “Dad, I think this is the greatest book ever written.”

Three Yorkshire tailors were proud of their skill in measuring their clients at a glance. They met in the street one day. “You see that man at the corner?” said the first. “If he kept still I could make him a fine suit.”

“So could I—even if he were starting to walk around the corner,” said the second.

“Amateurs,” said the third. “Just show me the corner after he’s gone around it—that’s all I need.”

He wanted some testimonials from some big names and sent his assistant out to get them. But somehow, using them didn’t improve his mailing returns. Trying to dig to the bottom of the problem, he called in his assistant. “Are you sure these people are well known?”

“They certainly are,” reported the assistant. “Why, they’ve got their pictures hanging in every post office in the U. S.”
THE CREAM OF CROSBY
(Continued from Page 145)

plot and the maximum of commercial. "The First Hundred Years" opens with an extensive paean to Tide, a detergent, set in prose and in song and including both live action and cartoons. This elaborate operation takes about three minutes. There is a reprise just before closing. Altogether, this leaves about ten minutes to investigate the marital woes of Chris and Connie.

* * *

To be quite fair to the show, there has yet been little of the mood of sustained anxiety which is both the curse and stock in trade of radio soap opera. Soap opera heroines are perpetually on the brink of losing something valuable—their careers, their husbands, their homes, their virtues—to list them more or less in the order of their soap opera importance. Chris and Connie are relatively free of worries so far, but I wouldn't bank on their continuing to be for long.

About the only other thing to tell you about this historic show is that it is set—according to a press release—in a middle-sized town "somewhere east of the Rockies and west of the Alleghenies," which takes in an awful lot of real estate. The lead on this press release, incidentally, is a classic of press agentry. "Television, the young giant, reaches maturity with the start of a new day-time dramatic serial show..." Reaches what?

* * *

Time On the Coaxial Cable

"TIME" says Webster's New International Dictionary in part, "is the point or period when some-

thing occurs... fitting moment, proper or due season." Difficult thing to grasp, time, and now that we have television it's getting slipperier by the moment.

Take Christmas on television. Its proper or due season before TV was circa Dec. 25. Since TV it is celebrated uninterruptedly for months. This year someone in the Ralph Edwards' empire slipped up badly, and sent out the wrong can of film. As a result, "Truth or Consequences" Christmas show was celebrated on the coaxial cable on Dec. 14. Actually, this wasn't the first Christmas on TV. Fred Waring beat Mr. Edwards to the punch with a tableau of the Nativity, suitably limned by Christmas carols, on Dec. 10, then continued to celebrate it for two more weeks, making it quite a birthday, all in all.

Comes today a letter, dated Feb. 17, from Phoenix, Ariz., a one-TV-station town which is not yet blessed, if that's the word for it, by the coaxial cable. "I don't know why it should be so long, but it seemed kind of weird the other night to be wished a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (on TV). One of the kids said "When is Christmas, Daddy?"

Tough question, sonny. Years ago, editorial writers had no more difficult queries to answer than "Is there a Santa Claus?" Now we've got to pinpoint Christmas in Phoenix, Ariz. Well, I don't know, Junior. Next year Christmas in Phoenix will be determined by a lot of variables—the efficiency or lack of it of the Edwards' organization, Fred Waring's production schedule and the whole about of the coaxial cable. My advice

(Continued on Page 204)
WAITER AND WAITRESS VERNACULAR

by John B. O'Meara

How many of these "old time" expressions can you figure out?

1. "Six in the Grease"
2. "Blindfold two"
3. "Dogs in the Grass"
4. "Adam and Eve on a Raft"
5. "Graveyard"
6. "Thousand on a Plate"
7. "Irish Turkey"
8. "Man wants to take a chance"
9. "Turn two and hit 'em"
10. "Money Bowl"
11. "Mistreat two—butter the brown"
12. "Mary Hadda"
13. "Kitty-fish"
14. "String of Flats"
15. "Shorty Brown"
16. "Railroad it"
17. "In the alley"
18. "Meat Burner"
19. "Soup Jockey"
20. "Stiffs"

MYSTERY FAN QUICKIE

Complete the following mystery book titles. Correct answers on Twenty—"Master of Mystery Fiction"; Fifteen or Sixteen—"Super Sleuth"; Ten to Fourteen—"Private Op"; Ten or less—"Shamus."

1. "_______, Wrong Number."
2. "Farewell, My _________"
3. "The Murder of Roger _________"
4. "Journey into _________"
5. "A _________ for Dimitrios."
6. "Crime and _________"
7. "The Mystery of the _________Train."
8. "Murder in the _________ Coach."
9. "The Great _________"
11. "Arsenic and Old _________"
12. "The Case of the _________ Bride."
13. "_______ at End House."
14. "Finders _________" 
15. "The Bride Wore _________"
17. "The _________ Without a Key."
18. "_______"
20. "And Then There Were _________"
KNOW YOUR NATIONAL PARKS?

by Helen Laura Renshaw

Uncle Sam has set aside several beautiful spots of special national interest and called them National Parks. A visit to any one of them is a fine holiday, but do you know where to go to find them?

1. Yellowstone National Park—Arizona
2. Glacier—Colorado
3. Yosemite—Wyoming
4. Grand Canyon—Montana
5. Olympic National Park—Oklahoma
6. Mount McKinley—California
7. Rocky Mountain National Park—Utah
8. Mount Rainier—Colorado
9. Crater Lake—Arkansas
10. Sequoia National Park—Kentucky
11. Mesa Verde National Park—Virginia
12. Zion National Park—Alaska
13. General Grant National Park—North Carolina
14. Acadia National Park—California
15. Bryce Canyon—Oregon
16. Great Smoky Mountains National Park—Utah
17. Shenandoah National Park—Washington
18. Hot Springs Reservation—Maine
19. Platt National Park—California
20. Birthplace of Lincoln—Washington

WHAT DO WE OWE THESE NEWCOMERS?

by Gerard Mosler

In the left-hand column are the names of twelve people prominent in our time . . . names which have become associated with the explanatory words in the right-hand column to form familiar expressions. How many identifications can you make by matching the two columns?

1. Einstein          a) Method
2. Geiger           b) Chair
3. Coxwell         c) Hut
4. Molotov          d) Rifle
5. Link             e) Equation
6. Lindbergh       f) Recovery Plan
7. Stader           g) Trainer
8. Nissen           h) Cocktail
9. Garand          i) Splint
10. Kenny          j) Law
11. Maginot        k) Counter
12. Townsend     l) Line

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE

by H. M. Castle

You must have money in any country to buy what you want. But would you know in what country you were if you had the following pieces of money? Match the money with the right country. Unless you have traveled extensively, you'll do well to get ten of them.

1. krone          A. Mexico
2. cordoba          B. Iran
3. guilder         C. Spain
4. peso              D. Poland
5. bolivar          E. Peru
6. lira             F. Nicaragua
7. piastre          G. Netherlands
8. rial             H. Greece
9. franc           I. Venezuela
10. dinar          J. Iraq
11. peseta          K. Switzerland
12. lei             L. Rumania
13. złoty          M. Italy
14. sol              N. Turkey
15. drachma            O. Norway

ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE?

by S. Suttiles

Don't know how you men will do, but you mice ought to have no trouble turning down your noses at the one item in each set that isn't cheese!

1. a. Cheddar  5. a. Brieche
b. Cheshire  b. Brie
2. c. Cusk
2. a. Neufchatel
b. Nesselrode
c. Gruyere
3. a. Murbe Teig
b. Ricotte
c. Jack
4. a. Parmesan
b. Provolona
c. Pompano
3. a. Stilton
b. Pineapple
c. Hilton
4. a. Zabaglione
b. Liederkranz
c. Caciocavallo
SWING QUIZ SECTION

ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE

Correct answers on Ten—"Mystery Master"; Nine or Eight—"Super Sleuth"; Seven or Six—"Private Eye"; Five or less—"Gumshoe."

1. John Shuttleworth offers a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of a dangerous criminal on:
   (a) The Shadow
   (b) True Detective Mysteries
   (c) Martin Kane—Private Eye
   (d) Nick Carter—Master Detective

2. A Ghoul is a:
   (a) Ghost
   (b) Type of shroud
   (c) Mechanical man
   (d) Grave Robber

3. "Corpus Delicti" is:
   (a) A city in the Southwestern part of the U.S.A.
   (b) An extinct bird
   (c) Basic facts necessary to commission of a crime
   (d) An English Pudding.

4. If a man is dead when the law arrives on the scene, the victim is tagged:
   (a) d.o.a.
   (b) r.s.v.p.
   (c) a.d.
   (d) r.i.p.

5. "Jack, the Ripper" was famous for:
   (a) His ability at Cricket
   (b) Dashing, debonair manner
   (c) Cutting throats
   (d) Custom-tailored clothes

6. Lizzie Borden’s favorite weapon was:
   (a) A milking stool
   (b) A lug wrench
   (c) Arsenic
   (d) An axe

7. A "Three Time Loser" is:
   (a) An ambitious bigamist.
   (b) An unskilled dice player
   (c) The father of triplets
   (d) By law an habitual criminal

8. Double Jeopardy is:
   (a) A Canadian card game
   (b) Facing trial for a crime of which you have previously been acquitted
   (c) A type of fur coat
   (d) A popular song

9. The term infanticide suggests:
   (a) A deodorant
   (b) An anti-freeze
   (c) A child’s fantastic dream
   (d) The murder of a child

10. If you were asked to describe the function of a Polygraph—would you say it was:
    (a) A device of recording the cry of a parrot
    (b) A lie detector machine
    (c) A police map
    (d) The brief biography of a politician
SUCCESS IN LIFE

by Peter Murgaski

All of us have been a success in life. It slips our minds just who we are. Can you help us to remember? You shouldn’t have too much trouble with at least 16 of us.

1. I invented dynamite for the benefit of mankind.
2. My magic touch turned everything into gold.
3. I was an Ace during World War I, and was lost on a raft in World War II.
4. My business was bringing back live animals from the jungles.
5. I’m pretty much of a success at keeping crooks in line.
6. I was known as the Iron Man of baseball.
7. Fame and fortune came to me through my dancing feet.
8. My wizard-like touch in electricity brought light to the world.
9. I was a cabinet maker and built the first railroad sleeping cars in 1858.
10. I first worked in Chicago for $400 a year, but became the owner of the world’s largest department store.
11. I came to Chicago in 1875, and became the world’s meat provisioner.
12. I came from St. Louis, settled in Chicago and developed the first great mail order house which still bears my name.
13. A “G” string made me famous, and later on I began writing books.
14. I have become the world’s No. 1 “RED.”
15. At one time I was a shorthand champ, but took up show business for a living—and I also write a daily column for the newspapers.
16. George Washington forced me to surrender at Yorktown during the days of the Revolution.
17. During the days of World War II, I was given command of the soldiers known as the Commandos.
18. I was the only four-footed lactress that really knew how to sell milk for the Borden Milk Company.
19. In 1926, I was the first American woman to swim the English Channel.
20. On the billiard tables I have been considered champ of them all.

IS YOUR BODY A STRANGER?

by Albert Lippe

We are human, but how many of us can really identify the various parts of our skeletal structure? Below you will find ten bones of the body. It is up to you to put these bones in their right places.

1. Clavicle (a) jawbone (b) bones of fingers (c) collar bone
2. Sternum (a) kneecap (b) bone of the arm (c) breast bone
3. Maxilla (a) leg bone (b) facial bone (c) vertebrae
4. Humerus (a) arm bone (b) bone of the thigh (c) wrist bone
5. Phalanges (a) rib bone (b) finger bones (c) neck bone
6. Coccyx (a) tail bone (b) bones of the foot (c) bone of thumb
7. Carpals (a) wristbones (b) bones of the foot (c) ribs
8. Patella (a) cranium (b) hip bone (c) kneecap
9. Femur (a) thigh (b) first rib (c) shoulder blade
10. Ulna (a) leg bone (b) bone of forearm (c) bone of spine
Two young men turned weather into big business.

by C. J. PAPARA

FRIDAY will be a bright, sunny day with the temperatures in the 80’s. Should be a good day to sell straw hats.”

That was the report given on the preceding Tuesday to a Milwaukee department store by two young Chicagoans who are making a successful career of furnishing mid-western firms with accurate and valuable weather forecast data.

The Milwaukee store placed its advertising and put the straw hats on display. On Friday, the alcohol hit 87, and there was a run on straw hats.

The two former air force meteorologists, licensed by the Department of Commerce to receive daily teletype weather reports, are John R. Murray and Dennis W. Trettel, who comprise the firm of Murray and Trettel, Industrial Weather Consultants. Their timely reports have enabled many a business man to reap a profit where lack of advance weather knowledge might have resulted in heavy losses.

Murray and Trettel tell a Chicago foundry when to plan a week of high production — temperature, humidity and wind velocity will be just right for maximum operating efficiency.

Murray and Trettel advise a giant Chicago department store that a six hour rain will commence at 8:00 a.m. the day the store had planned to capitalize on special advertising. Forearmed with this information, the store management cancels the ads along with calls for extra sales help for that day. Thousands of dollars have been saved.

Murray and Trettel warn an Iowa poultry farmer of a developing storm. He trucks his birds to market a day early. Speculators on cash crops receive advice on whether to buy or sell, depending upon the weather at harvest time. The firm advises the Illinois Highway Department when and where to have its snow ploughs when drifting snow is imminent.

Length of the cold or warm spell, road condition and air pressure and
humidity reports are made seventy-two hours in advance, giving businessmen ample time to make adjustments. After the first report is sent, others follow in greater detail, giving full information on all relevant weather developments. Each Murray and Trettel forecast carries one of three ratings:

1. A high confidence forecast. . . . the two men will swallow the paper it's written on if the forecast is wrong.

2. A normal forecast . . . reasonable certainty as to what the weather will be.

3. Low confidence report . . . they think they know, but won't take any bets on it. In a recent six-month period, sixty-eight high confidence forecasts were 100% correct. Of 334 normal forecasts, 292 were correct, for a score of 87.4%, while about 70% of the low confidence forecasts were on the button.

To attain this accuracy the firm has access to daily government forecasts, now highly dependable because of the increased number of weather observation stations, and developments in the science of meteorology, both results of World War II. Besides teletype reports from the entire United States, Mexico, Canada and Alaska, Murray and Trettel utilize six-hourly synoptic weather maps; 10,000, 20,000, 40,000 and (when available) 60,000-foot upper air charts; adiabatic diagrams; isentropic charts; and northern hemisphere synoptic charts. In former years, business men accepted weather hazards as one of the risks of the game, but with this excellent service at their command, there need be no more uncertainty over the weather than about the cross-town mail.

But the forecast is only one aspect of the Murray-Trettel client service. “Before the business man can intelligently and successfully use a forecast,” says John R. Murray, “he must know what effect the forecast weather will have on his business . . . So it is that our first service to a new client is to tie down, as best we can, the effect of the weather. This is done at times by simply correlating the firm’s records with the historical weather data available. In other cases it necessitates setting up an entirely new, weather-sensitive bookkeeping method. In many instances special weather readings must be made in order to build up a record of that particular weather element which peculiarly affects a certain business operation.

“After this correlation has been completed,” continues Murray, “the client can pick up a forecast and quantitatively apply the weather information to a business decision such as the number of sales personnel necessary, the disposition of labor, the production to be expected on a certain day, and so on. Once this correlation has been made the forecasts take on a new meaning. This correlation is known as a Weather Parameter. The parameter can be refined as new aspects of weather in the client’s business appear.”

ENTIRELY logical, you say. Why hadn’t weather consultants appeared on the industrial horizon be-
WEATHER IS THEIR BUSINESS

Before Murray and Trettel? Nearly everybody is a weather prophet, and perhaps that is the reason. Each man’s private forecast, together with the published reports, was considered sufficient until the two young men came along with their bright idea. They set out deliberately to refute Mark Twain’s well known witticism concerning what people think, but don’t do about the weather. Trettel studied at New York University as a soldier in the Army Air Force before going to Texas for meteorology and navigation. There he met Murray who had had similar schooling at Michigan and Chanute Field, Illinois. While still in navigation training, the two young men began receiving phone calls from Texas business men who had a stake in the weather. At the time, weather information was under restriction, but the calls gave them the idea for their business.

Murray and Trettel decided even before the war ended that with their training they should be able to provide a service that would be of importance in the business world. Now with their shingle out over the Chicago Loop, and clients ranging from candy manufacturers to building contractors, the two young men have proved they were as right as a typical Murray and Trettel high confidence forecast.

“With your ready speech,” remarked a young minister to Dr. Andrew Thompson, “I wonder why you spend so much time on your sermons. Many’s the time I’ve caught a salmon and written a sermon before breakfast.”

“Well,” replied Dr. Thompson, “all I can say is, I’d rather have eaten your salmon than listened to your sermon.”

The young bride had just taken her first driving lesson and was telling a friend about it. “My husband went along with me,” she said, “and oh, did we have a frightful time! I stalled the car right on a railroad crossing and there was a train coming . . .”

“My dear,” the husband interrupted, “there was no train coming.”

With a frigid look in his direction, the bride answered, “There was a train coming sometime,” and continued with her story.

The optimist says, “Please pass the cream.”

The pessimist says, “Please pass the milk.”

The realist says, “Please pass the pitcher.”
PEDAL HABILIMENTS
ARTISTICALLY LUBRICATED AND
ILLUMINATED WITH
AMBIDEXTROUS
FACILITY FOR THE
INFINITESIMAL REMUNERATION OF
20¢
Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 195-198

WAITER VERNACULAR
1. One half dozen fried oysters.
2. Two fried eggs, basted.
3. Frankfurters and sauerkraut.
4. Two poached eggs on toast.
5. Milk toast.
7. Corned beef and cabbage.
8. Hash.
9. Two fried eggs over hard.
10. An a la carte bowl of soup.
11. Two scrambled eggs and an order of buttered toast.
12. Lamb stew.
13. A small, whole catfish served on the lunch or dinner.
14. A term used in railroad eating houses, meaning hot cakes.
15. Short ribs and browned potatoes.
16. Hurry up this order.
17. An a la carte order.
18. Name used to designate a poor cook.
19. Term used by cooks to designate the waitress who "drives" in her orders. This means carrying in an order in each hand instead of all on one arm, and holding the hands out rigidly in front, similar to the position used in driving a horse.
20. Customers who fail to tip.

MYSTERY FAN
1. Sorry
2. Lovely
3. Ackroyd
4. Peer
5. Coffin
6. Punishment
7. Blue
8. Calais
9. Impersonation
10. Continental
11. Lace
12. Curious
13. Peril
14. Keepers
15. Black
16. Gold
17. House
18. Laura
19. Hound
20. None

NATIONAL PARKS
1. Wyoming
2. Montana
3. California
4. Arizona
5. Washington
6. Alaska
7. Colorado
8. Washington
9. Oregon
10. California
11. Colorado
12. Utah
13. Arkansas
14. Oklahoma
15. Utah
16. North Carolina
17. Virginia
18. Louisiana
19. Pennsylvania
20. Kentucky

WHAT DO WE OWE?
1e) An equation for the mutual conversion of mass and energy.
2k) A device that detects the passage of every ionizing particle through a tube.
3b) An upholstered easy chair with inclined back.
4h) A crude hand grenade.
5g) A mock airplane that simulates flight conditions.
6j) A law providing penalty of life imprisonment for transporting a kidnapped person across state boundaries.
7i) A splinting device for holding broken bones together.
8c) A barrel-shaped prefabricated shelter.
9d) A semi-automatic gas-operated rifle.
10a) A new treatment for infantile paralysis.
11l) The line of defensive fortifications France had built after W.W. I.
12f) A proposal to award each person of 60 or over $200 per month upon retiring from active employment.

EXCHANGE
1.—O
2.—F
3.—G
4.—A
5.—I
6.—M
7.—N
8.—B
9.—K
10.—J
11.—C
12.—L
13.—D
14.—E

ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE
1. b
2. d
3. c
4. a
5. c
6. d
7. d
8. b
9. d
10. b

SUCCESS
1. Alfred Nobel
2. King Midas
3. Eddie Rickenbacker
4. Frank Buck
5. J. Edgar Hoover
6. Lou Gehrig
7. Gene Kelly
8. Thomas Edison
9. Pullman
10. Marshall Field
11. Gustavus Swift (meats)
12. Montgomery Ward
13. Gypsy Rose Lee
14. Joseph Stalin
15. Billy Rose
16. Lord Cornwallis
17. Lord Mountbatten
18. Elsie the Borden Cow
19. Gertrude Ederle
20. Willie Hoppe

IS YOUR BODY A STRANGER?
1. (c), 2. (c), 3. (b), 4. (a), 5. (b), 6. (a), 7. (a), 8. (c), 9. (a), 10. (b).
THE CREAM OF CROSBY
(Continued from Page 194)

is to start heckling Daddy around Thanksgiving and keep it up until Easter.

The unpredictability of television time has also made a shambles out of these talent contests from which a winner is selected by audience applause. The city editor of "The Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise," for example, got a press release postmarked Jan. 27 with the names of the winners on the Horace Heidt amateur show for Jan. 29. (The show is filmed a month in advance.) Now that the heat is on at Madison Square Garden, the gamblers could make a handsome thing out of prior information on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. (Get down on the marimba player, Joe. It's a boat race.)

Ogden Nash, the humorist, was addressing a midwestern women's club, and began with a heartfelt comment: "Ladies, I have 100 good reasons for speaking to you today. 99 of them are monetary."

The pianist Leopold von Mayer was requested to play for Ferdinand. After the concert the monarch said, "It pleased me very much. I have already heard Thalberg . . ."

Mayer bowed.
"I have heard Liszt . . ."
Mayer bowed deeper.
". . . but you, but you . . ."
"Oh, your majesty, you are making me . . ." stammered Mayer, and bowed his deepest.
"But you, my dear Mayer," concluded the ruler, "sweat more than either of them."

If you are, like myself, a collector of television and radio firsts, here are a few others for your collection. Last Friday on "You Asked For It," the first underwater struggle between a man and an octopus was shown through the beneficence of the Skippy Peanut Butter Company which sponsors the show. WOR-TV claims another notable first. How to prepare for maternity and paternity was brought right out in the open for the first time on TV on its discussion program "The Women Talk It Over."

And Mrs. Amanda Glen, of Thief River Falls, Minn., won the distinction of being the first woman to faint as she was being crowned Queen on "Queen for a Day." Congratulations, Mrs. Glen. If your thirst for firsts is still unslaked, drift over to the National Antiques Show where the first falsie is on exhibition in close proximity to the first sermon delivered in the United States.
**LARRY RAY . . . The Midwest's No. 1 Sports Announcer**

**WHB . . . . . . . . . The Midwest's No. 1 Sports Station**

Will Broadcast All 1951 Kansas City Blues Baseball Games

*Sponsored by Muehlebach Beer*

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<th>Date</th>
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*(For balance of schedule, see June Issue.)*

**Larry Ray's Nightly Sports Round-Up**

—Monday through Friday 6:15 p.m.
SPRING HAS ZING ON WHB!

With Sports, News, Music, Mysteries and these “Lucky Thirteen” Program Blocks

Town and Country Time—5:30 to 7 a.m.—Monday through Saturday
News and Musical Clock—7 to 9 a.m.—Monday through Saturday
Kennedy Calling—Unity Viewpoint—9 to 10 a.m.—Monday through Friday
Audience Participation Shows—10 to 11 a.m.—Monday through Friday
“Luncheon On The Plaza” and “Queen For A Day”
News, Tune-O and Music—11 a.m. to 12 noon—Monday through Friday
News, Boogie Woogie Cowboys—12 noon to 2 p.m.—Monday through Friday
“Club 710” with Arbogast—2 to 4:15 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Tune-O and News—4:15 to 5 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Mutual Kid Shows—5 to 6 p.m.—Monday through Friday
News, Sports and Music—6 to 7 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Mystery, Adventure, News, Baseball—7 to 10 p.m.—Monday through Friday
Serenade In the Night—10 to 11 p.m.—Monday through Sunday
The Arbogast Show—11 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Monday through Saturday

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Client Service Representatives
ED DENNIS
ED BIRR
WIN JOHNSTON
JACK SAMPSON

WHB
Your Favorite Neighbor
10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial
DON DAVIS, President
JOHN T. SCHILLING, Gen. Mgr.
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
Citizen-Angels In Show Business  
By Jim McQueeny

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Swing’s nominee for “The-Most-Light-Hearted-Critic-of-our-Time” ..........................Page 239

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By Jules France

But it’s invigorating while it lasts—witness California’s Ben Alexander.....................Page 295

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Starlight Theatre — A Pre-View of the 1951 Season - Page 253
1. MARGARET TRUMAN, appearing in Kansas City for a concert, was interviewed by popular Bob Kennedy for the WHB audience.

2. "THE WABASHFUL HUMORIST". Herb Shriner, matched wits with Arbogast (left) on WHB's "Arbogast Show". Read Arbogasts by Arbogast on page 276.

3. RECORDS BY MARIO LANZA from "The Great Caruso" were broadcast when the producer of the movie, Jesse Lasky, appeared on WHB.

4. AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS J. MURPHY, police commissioner of New York City, was broadcast by WHB from the annual dinner meeting of the Kansas City Crime Commission. He also attended WHB's Man-of-the-Month luncheon honoring Kenneth Spencer, and was made the first Honorary Member of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity.

5. THE FAMOUS GUITAR DUO, Capitol recording stars Les Paul and Mary Ford, were guests on the "Arbogast Show". Their Capitol recording, "How High The Moon", has been a sensational hit.

6. FRED G. GURLEY, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, told of its early history on "Club 710". He was in Kansas City for the premiere of Columbia Pictures "Santa Fe".
foreword

ENTER these days of The Great Debate in your personal log book as America's "Year of Confusion." What people know and believe seems to depend upon which voices, of the many raised in controversy, they consider valid.

One thing is sure: Due to radio, television, newsreels and newspapers in the press, Americans have never before had such a fine ringside seat at such a big fight!

The issues will be resolved, the decisions will eventually be made — and somehow, let us pray, America will go forward.

Meanwhile, steel, copper and aluminum are critical materials under rigid control of the National Production Authority. This will begin to show up soon in a shortage of supplies for the Great American Dream: refrigerators, washing machines, clothes driers, automobiles, Radio and TV sets, and all the other shiny gadgets America loves!

And speaking of the American Dream, take a look at the article beginning on page 301, called "Positive or Negative?". A lot of people may have forgotten the American history they learned in school; forgotten the original idea behind our country's founding; forgotten about the American ideals set forth in the Constitution.

Amid such gloomy prospects, it's heartening to see our K.C. Blues baseball team near the top of their League . . . and Kansas City's magnificent new Starlight Theatre almost ready to open for a dazzling first season. When pressure mounts, and you're inclined to say "To Heck With It," forget for an afternoon or an evening about the war, taxes and inflation. Take a breather at the ball park, or under the stars in Swope Park!
Let Fear Work For You

Fear is nature's useful tool to combat danger.

by CLAYRE LIPMAN

An actress stands in the wings. She has played this part a hundred times, and shows only composure. Inside, her muscles are a constricted knot. Tonight, as her cue draws near, the paralysis of fear becomes stronger and stronger, until at the cue, "Celia," she is virtually helpless with fright.

"I can't!" she whispers. "I've forgotten every word. I can't remember!"

"Celia, darling, hurry!"

A prompter motions. Firm hands take the girl by the shoulders, and she is shoved on to the stage.

"Freddy, it's so nice of you to come for me." Instantly, the weeks of rehearsal, the years of discipline take hold. The lines come back, the structure is gone and the actress is lost in another of the smooth performances for which she is famous.

THIS emotion is known to everyone as stage fright. It usually vanishes as soon as the performer swings into action. Curiously, those who get the worst attacks of shakes before a performance or speech often make the best impressions.

Fear is a useful tool given us by nature to help combat danger. When emergencies arise, a gland in our bodies pours out the "get mad" hormone, adrenalin. This makes our hearts beat faster; gets us ready for violent physical action. A shot of adrenalin enables a man to work harder, jump higher, run faster, fight harder than when calm. During fires, accidents, panics, people often perform heroic acts of strength and endurance far beyond their normal abilities.

Fear serves society in less dire forms, too. Many worth-while reforms have been made because someone "got good and mad" at injustice or cruelty. Often one will say, "I got a look at those conditions, and my blood boiled!" or: "I was all hot and bothered . . . ;" "I was steaming."

This is "good" anger because the person does something constructive. Actually, the anger comes from a feeling that the evil may spread and touch their families, friends, or themselves.
One who fights, let’s say, for freedom of speech is driven in part by the fear that freedom of speech for himself is menaced.

Many improvements made in the care of elderly, sick or crippled folks, as well as women and children workers have been the result of someone’s “getting mad and doing something about it.” Such “reformers” are not always liked but the world owes them a debt of respect and gratitude.

But what happens when a person is scared and does nothing about it? What becomes of the energy that is created and has no useful work to do?

Martha Lee found out. She didn’t want to change the world or win glory. She was just a young, nice, scared housewife. Scared that people wouldn’t like her . . . that she might lose her husband’s love. And these fears pulled the trigger on her adrenalin every day. The strange and wonderful fluid toned her up for drastic physical action—but there was nothing physical that she could do. So her fears turned inward. Being a well-disciplined person, Martha tried to hold in while her emotions steamed and fizzed and finally exploded. She became ill. When her wise doctor could find nothing physically wrong, he began to ask questions. She told him about her fears.

“Fear is your enemy,” the doctor said. “Fear has made you ill; it can destroy you. Your problems can’t be met by physical action; they’re too much for you. A great general-diplomat once said, ‘If you can’t lick ’em, ’Jine ’em!’ That means—get over on their side. You do that by coming out of the fort you’re holed up in and get honestly interested in your husband and friends.”

“But I am interested, Doctor! I love Dick, and—”

“You love him but you’re not really interested in him as much as in his attitude towards you. You’re afraid he’ll lose his job, or that his blonde secretary will get him. Do you take pleasure in discussing his business problems, his hobbies, his dreams and wishes?”

“Well, yes—but I can never remember the difference between dry casting, Dow-Jones Averages and what you do with a ski-pole . . . talking about quartering the field always makes my head ache.”

“If you’d rather have a headache than a heart ache, okay,” the doctor said, “But I think you’d better start reading your husband’s business magazines, and sharpen up on sports talk. And as for your friends and neighbors—find out what their fears are and try to help. Otherwise you really will have problems to worry about.”

Martha tried; at first half-hearted. Then she found both business and human relations more fascinating than she’d ever imagined they could be. Her fears and worries disappeared and her life with Dick became more harmonious. She began to form rich and satisfying friendships. She looked, felt, and was a better person!

Martha’s story is perhaps extreme, but it contains a valuable thought. Become really interested in the thing you’re scared of, and watch it fade away.
MARVIN SMITH, fearing he would become ill and a burden to his family, was persuaded to find out some concrete facts about health. He did—and learned that his diet was too one-sided; that he needed mild, every-day exercise. He changed his habits, and has not only lost his terror of illness, but feels more rugged than he ever did before.

Clever, hard-working widow Nellie Green almost became a nervous wreck because she feared she would lose her well-paid job. Her immediate boss was cranky and demanding. Nellie solved her problem by learning to do her eight hours’ work in seven, and using the saved time to help her boss get his job done more quickly. She studied his duties and when he was transferred to another office, she was promoted into his place! “I guess it takes a little fear, sometimes, to make you see things,” Nellie said later.

As one well-known physician has pointed out, some fears are normal—and some are disproportionate to the actual danger. Normal fear is generally temporary, and soon forgotten. But the other kind—the kind that stays with you—can drain you of your vitality, make you less a person.

So why not learn to make constructive use of the energy your fears generate? Look carefully at your problem. Figure its weakest point. Then attack, using the “small piece at a time” technique. You can—if you try—conquer your fears more quickly and easily than you’d ever supposed!

The late Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma, used to tell of a colored soldier who was asked by his old boss when he returned to the U.S. how he liked military life.

“I don’t like it a bit,” he said. “I got court-martialed.”

“Well,” his boss asked, “what did you get court-martialed about?”

“I don’t exactly know,” was the reply, “but it was something about a furlong.”

“Remus, you don’t mean a furlong, you mean a furlough.”

“No, suh, boss, I don’t mean no furlough. I mean furlong. They accused me of going too fur and staying too long.”

Two cats were about to have a duel. “Let’s have an understanding before we start,” said the first.

“About what?” asked the other.

“Is it to be a duel to the death or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?”
Los Angeles Meter readers go to the dogs!

by DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

THE old rule that every dog is entitled to one bite isn't accepted by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power. This public utility corporation has found a way to make even that first nip unnecessary, at least as far as company men are concerned.

To prove its point the department went far afield of its work of supplying water and electricity. It spent fifteen years of intensive research and considerable money in compiling a thick volume of over 100,000 listings—under continuous revision. The subject matter of this amazing publication would seem, at first glance, to be completely irrelevant to the company's activities inasmuch as the book is entirely about dogs.

Unofficially called the "Catalog of Canine Courtesy", it is one of the most democratic Blue Books ever published. Whether a dog has an ancestry as long as his tail or is a common curbstone-setter, if he lives in Los Angeles or vicinity, his name, breed, disposition and habits are neatly recorded in the registry.

It all started in 1932 when meter readers, returning from their daily chores, too often had to apply for first aid before checking out. In those days dog bites were taken philosophically and regarded as a normal occupational hazard for meter men.

Then the department took steps first to study, then remedy the situation. A survey of canine habits was undertaken. Investigators went along with meter readers to observe the behavior of dogs and, incidentally, the manners of the meter men. From their findings the department, in collaboration with a well-known Los Angeles dog trainer, developed an indoctrination course for their men in the field.
The course was given an official name: "How to Make Canine Friends and Influence Dogs." It was an immediate success and records show that dog bite reports dwindled almost at once.

ONE feature of the course is teaching the proper technique in winning a dog's confidence. The men are taught that making friends with a dog is like befriending a child; keep the situation firmly in hand at all times by maintaining the initiative. Adopt a friendly, confident attitude by smiling and talking in an even, clear tone. Do not make sudden movements with the hands or feet. Above all, never show fear of the dog. Simply carry on a normal conversation as though he were a fellow man; never talk down to him. Dogs, according to the experts, are most receptive to strangers when treated as equals.

Meter men are instructed to act as guests when on private property. Investigation showed many employees lax in the social graces when making their rounds. Frequently they were careless about leaving doors open, or slamming them; cutting across lawns and flower beds. This behavior only invites trouble from watchdogs.

Pooches that merely scratch themselves when children or ordinary strangers invade their bailiwicks, are suddenly lionized when electricity or water checker-uppers dodge around in an unorthodox manner.

METER men are required to turn in dog reports along with their readings each day for inclusion in the next edition of the dog book. Along with addresses they write such terse comments as "bad dog", "cocker spaniel named Flip—friendly", "mastiff—watch", "Rosey incapacitated—pups", "brown dog—snaps", "collie—bluffer", "Duke—died 5-20-51", and "Joe—mean, loose. Be sure you see him before he sees you."

One meter reader, with the accuracy demanded of his job, wrote: "Eight dogs here; two bite, one blind, three young and friendly, one barks incessantly, one so lazy he doesn’t give a darn."

Often the water and power men learn to know more about certain dogs than do their owners. Recently a meter man turned in a report that read: "Owner is mistaken about Bowser. Says dog is very vicious, but I know better; I petted him!"

Searching the pockets before sending her husband’s suit to the cleaners, a housewife found a piece of paper with a phone number on it. Aha, she asked herself, what's this? She dialed the number three times, got busy signals until she noticed that the number in the center of the dial was the same as she was dialing. Her husband had made a memo of the number after they had moved to a new address.

The young teacher, Miss Howard, was as cautious as Willie was conscientious. A bit surprised at the erudition displayed in a composition the boy had turned in she inquired suspiciously: "Willie, are you sure that this is strictly original?"

The youngster pondered the question briefly and then replied, "Well, Miss Howard, you might find a few of the words in the dictionary."
**Are You Weighting For An Early Grave?**

*Be sensible. Excess weight will shorten your life!*

by FAYE C. LEWIS, M.D.

"DOWN to two-forty-nine!" This was the exuberant exclamation of a patient of mine recently when she came in to be weighed. While this appalling figure still rates her at more than an eighth of a ton, I refrained from referring to it in that light. In fact, I congratulated her warmly, and urged continuance of her valiant efforts to reduce. For the first time she came in to see me she did not "tip the scales" at all. My office weighing machine takes cognizance of weights only up to three hundred pounds, and her avoirdupois was somewhere in the unknown beyond.

This is an extreme case, of course—one to be held up as a horrible example of what can happen to you if you keep on promising yourself to take up a reducing schedule "tomorrow." Other more serious examples might be cited—about the many who are in their graves years before they need have been, because of overtaxed circulatory and other vital systems due to excess weight. But the picture of this monstrous load of fat covering the landscape is effective enough.

Excuses for overweight are many: "It runs in our family;" "I must have some gland trouble;" "I have to eat or I get so weak I can't work;" "I don't see why I can't lose; I just haven't eaten a thing all month—well, hardly anything."

How often I hear this last remark! Sometimes it is accompanied by an accusing look, as though it were all my fault and I were withholding some part of a magic formula that would pare off more poundage. If this look is too accusing, I take rather a malicious pleasure in worming out of the patient the actual list of things she has eaten in the past few days. Invariably there is listed, in the end,
enough food to have nourished adequately both the patient and a brace of European orphans.

I am continually amused by the importance the potato is given in the mind of the dieting patient. Doing without the humble root is many times the sole significant sacrifice the patient has made. When a slender silhouette is not forthcoming on the heels of this endeavor, keen disappointment sets in.

There is no use quibbling about it; you gain or lose weight according to the laws of human metabolism. These are more complicated, it is true, and have more interacting factors than, say, the laws of physics or inorganic chemistry, but basic causes and effects are just as real.

It is true that glandular disorders are sometimes a factor in weight gain or loss. But a great many abnormalities in weight attributed by the patient to “gland trouble” or a “family trait” are really attributable to family eating and exercise habits. There are a number of causes concerned in the padding of a once slender torso. The forty-year-old furnace doesn’t work as well as it did when new. The amount of fuel it once burned avidly to a clean, fine ash, is now more than it can accommodate. Unburned fuel and clinkers clog the grates. In the human organism the excess may clog the alimentary tract for a while and then be shunted off in desperation to every nook and cranny that can be used as storage space.

As this process continues, every organ in the body becomes ensheathed in masses of fat. There are pads of it about the liver and spleen, and between the coils of intestines, filling the abdominal cavity until it bulges, thus making the two-way stretch a complete futility. The best of girdles can contain only so much!

The surface of the body offers an almost limitless repository for fat. The skin is elastic, and will stretch to accommodate pounds of it. The kidneys may become buried in fat, and there may be so much of it about the heart as to impair its action seriously—to say nothing of the strain imposed upon the heart by having to supply the motive power for so much added weight. With all the available storage spaces thus crammed to capacity, the last thing in the world the body needs is more fuel. Yet that is just what is being supplied. And as it puts on weight, the body tends to become more sluggish. With inactivity may come restlessness, discontent, and boredom. Breathing becomes more difficult, and fatigue follows the mildest exertion.

Teen-age girls are apt to go on reducing splurges, nearly all advisable. But most of them give the physician little to worry about, as they seldom last long enough to do any damage. Other interests and healthy appetites are usually enough to overcome the transitory fasting notions. It is when people get on in the forties that weight most often becomes a problem that should have attention. It is then that a woman surveys her figure with dismay, and recalls with a pang the slimness of
the white dress in the attic that she wore as a bride.

While all doctors preach reducing diets, the surgeon becomes insistent. He thinks primarily of the greater technical difficulty of operating through hampering blankets of fat. In many cases weight must be removed before an operation is practicable. Small details of post-operative care may be much more difficult in the fat patient, also—such as getting a needle into a vein that you know is down there somewhere, but which is so deeply buried that there is no surface sign of it.

Most people who are overweight are well aware of their plight, but they need advice in doing something about it. Abstaining from over-eating by such general measures as refusing second helpings, omitting desserts, etc., will not hurt; but a rigorous reducing program should be undertaken only under supervision of a physician. Body nutrition is not expressed completely in pounds and calories. Vitamin and mineral needs must be taken into account. While a great many patients would never punish themselves to the danger point on a reducing diet, some of the more determined would, and have. Visual difficulties have resulted from diets not adequately safeguarded, and neuritis can occur severe enough to give partial paralysis of leg muscles.

If you really want to lose weight, here is a sensible procedure to follow:

1. Find out how you rate according to a height-weight-age table. The insurance companies publish tables as reliable as can be found anywhere.

2. If you have only a few pounds to worry off, you might go on a restricted diet on your own responsibility. Here is a simple one. For breakfast, eat one serving of any fresh fruit that is in season, one slice of whole wheat bread, one teaspoon of butter, 1/2 cup of milk with your coffee or other non-caloric beverage. For your noon meal, choose one of these three proteins: one-fourth pound (one-half cup, chopped) lean meat or fresh fish, boiled, broiled or baked; or, two eggs, boiled or poached; or, one-fourth pound cottage cheese. Eat what you want of yellow or green vegetables—here is where you fill up! Have another serving of fresh fruit for dessert, with a cup of milk, and some tea or coffee if you wish, uncreamed and unsweetened, of course. For your night meal, repeat the noon program, with your own variations. This diet will provide about twelve hundred calories a day.

3. If, after a few weeks of Number Two you have become your old willowy self, and feel like a million dollars, you need not read further. But if you and Number Two haven’t gotten along well, talk to your doctor about your reducing program. Maybe you need a stricter diet. If so, you must have supervision of your vitamin and mineral
needs. Maybe, on the other hand, you just need to know that somebody is apt to scold you if you don’t show any progress when you come in for check-ups. If it is too difficult for you to curb your appetite, your doctor may give you some pills that will help. But take them only on his prescription and under his directions.

4. Be honest with yourself, and don’t look for excuses when your weight creeps up again. Pounds don’t settle on you out of thin air. I recall one patient who was almost at the point of tears after her bi-weekly check on my scales. She just couldn’t understand it. But my secretary had seen her at the bowling alley one night that week, having a midnight snack of pie a la mode!

5. Don’t expect pills, or exercise, or doctors, or articles like this, to do the job for you. The big, stark, essential factor in your losing weight is in doing without so much to eat.

Patrick, an Irishman, was suffering from a toothache and went to the dentist. But, alas, Pat lacked courage.

The dentist, however, was an old friend, and he told his assistant to run out and get Pat a tot of whisky. Pat drank it and the dentist asked: “Have you got your courage now?”

“No,” replied Pat. So another tot was brought, but still Pat said he hadn’t enough courage to allow the dentist to proceed; and a third tot was brought with the same negative answer.

At last, the dentist, exasperated, sent out for a full tumbler of whisky. Pat disposed of it, and then the dentist said: “Have you got your courage now?”

Pat squared his shoulders: “I’d like to see the man who’d dare to touch me teeth now.”

Playing a joke on a friend from England, a man slipped out and procured two ducks, took them up to the bathroom, and set them sailing in the filled tub. The Englishman, after taking a brief nap, decided to have a bath before dinner. He called to his friend to see the strange sight in the bathroom. “Must have flown in at the window,” said the host calmly. “Yes, yes,” agreed the visitor from abroad. “No doubt! But how in the world did they manage to turn on the water?”

A fellow was interviewed recently by an FBI agent about a friend of his who was applying for a position in the government. Winding up the long interrogation, the agent asked: “And do you consider him well qualified for the job?”

“Depends. What’s the job?”

“Sorry,” said the G-man. “I’m not at liberty to reveal that. Confidential, you know.”
Mountains to Freda Walbrecht are barriers to be conquered.

by WELDON D. WOODSON

"You don't have to make a religion of it," commented a friend to the young Los Angeles attorney. The fervent lawyer is Miss Freda Walbrecht, nationally known as the first woman to climb all fifteen of the 14,000-foot peaks that tower above the Pacific coast. Her friend, in his remark, was referring to the energy and enthusiasm which this human chamois applies to her hobby.

While in Japan from 1936 to 1939, Miss Walbrecht thought of mountains solely as magnificent products of nature's labor. For recreation, one day, she joined the gay throng of tourists who climbed Mt. Fujiyama, a snow capped 12,395-foot volcanic cone. The experience was so exhilarating that she spent future weekends scaling the lesser peaks of the "Japanese Alps." To her, a mountain became not merely picturesque scenery, but a formidable barrier to be conquered. With this philosophy, Miss Walbrecht was on her way to becoming a full-fledged mountaineer.

Returning to California, she joined the Rock Climbing Section of the
Southern Chapter of the Sierra Club. Now mountain climbing became a hobby rather than an adventurous amusement. She mastered the art of descending the long precipice; discovered how only a small hand or toe hold would suffice to get one up a steep face of rock. She learned the use of rope and pick. Above all, she learned that the easiest and safest way to climb a mountain is to follow the practices of the expert mountaineers.

Her schooling completed, Miss Walbrecht resolved to master the 14,000-foot peaks strung along the United States Pacific coast. At that time there were fourteen known peaks of this class. As a starter, she went by trail to the 14,501-foot summit of Mt. Whitney, highest mountain in the nation. Then followed Mt. Shasta, White Mountain Peak and the Middle Palisade. In 1945, '46, and '47, she crossed off her list one by one the giant peaks of Mt. Sill, Mt. Langley, Mt. Russell, Mt. Tyndell, Mt. Ranier and Mt. Barnard.

By the time she had mounted the fourteenth, the American Alpine Club discovered that another—Thunderbolt Peak—ranked as a 14,000-footer. It was not until after the resolution had been made to ascend this new find, that Miss Walbrecht realized that she would be the first woman to have climbed all fifteen. Thunderbolt Peak derives its name from the lightning that flashed over its summit when the first party ascended it. It is located 250 road miles and 10 hiking miles from Los Angeles.

From Miss Walbrecht’s diary of the ascent of Thunderbolt in August of 1948, come these revealing entries. "Once across the bergschrund, steps had to be cut up a long ice chute. Due to the drought in the Sierra, rocks were falling constantly. We worked on to the steep buttress, and then to the top. Here a spectacular ridge with smooth granite walls sweeping down on the east to the main glacier, and a steep ice chute on the west lead over to Thunderbolt. The route goes around the first crag, drops down into a chute, and climbs a crack to the main peak. We hurried to get off the peak before dark. A glorious moon lighted our way down the glacier and the mean moraine. By eleven o’clock we reached Robin Egg Lake and firewood."

From her store of experience, Miss Walbrecht offers the following pointers to neophyte climbers who will be taking up the challenge of Rocky and Sierra Mountain peaks this summer.

Never climb alone. Some phases of mountain climbing are too difficult for a single climber. It would be foolish to start out on a climb, only to be blocked at the foot of some escarpment and have to turn back for want of help. There are dangers natural to the sport, and someone should always be available to give first aid in case of accident. Besides, the beauty and excitement of mountain climbing is always more complete when shared with others.

Once the summit is reached, relax. Spend an hour enjoying the view, identifying other peaks and taking pictures. Always sign the register. If
there is none, inscribe your name and the date upon a rock to show that you have been there.

Allow three days for a peak, although some require but two. Drive or ride by horseback to the end of the road at the base of the mountain. From there a knapsack trip of about seven miles, generally, will take you to timberline, between 11,000 and 11,500 feet elevation. Make camp at this last outpost of wood supply. The following morning, climb to the summit and return to camp before dark. Descend the next day.

Carry a light frame pack. Include a canteen of water, necessary food, sleeping bag, first-aid kit, and a camera. The full gear should not weigh more than thirty-five pounds. Carry an ice axe and a rope if the climb is to be difficult. Wear tough jeans, a warm shirt, thick-soled boots and heavy socks.

BEWARE of badly weathered rocks. Test before putting your weight on them. Watch for falling rocks; they can cause serious injury. Stay out of chutes where they frequently come down. Don't take unnecessary chances. Miss Walbrecht explains, "I believe most mountaineering accidents result from carelessness and lack of enough sense to be afraid where one should."

Now that she has climbed the fifteen, people ask her, "What next?" To this, Miss Walbrecht reminds them there are many lesser peaks worthy of climbing, many of them difficult. She has on her list several 13,000-foot peaks in the Sierra Nevada. In Southern California there are some 200 peaks over 5,000 feet in height. "These," she says, "are enough to make an interesting scramble for anyone."

"Get me some ballet dancers," ordered movie-director Gregory Ratoff, after a frustrated morning on the set.

"Ballet dancers?" protested his puzzled assistant. "This script doesn't call for ballet dancers."

"I know," roared Ratoff, "but I want someone on his toes around here!"

Malcolm Sargent was directing a rehearsal for Handel's Messiah. The female voices were giving him trouble, especially when they sang, "Unto us a son is born." Sargent advised clearly, "Now, ladies, sing this with more respect and less astonishment."

The sexton had been laying the new carpet on the pulpit platform and had left a number of tacks scattered on the floor. "See here, James," said the parson, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I guess there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."
American Success Story

As we go through what may well be the most fateful year in the history of American freedom, our citizenry needs to be fortified with a better understanding and a re-vitalized appreciation of the American way of life. The story related recently by Helene Forster thus is timely—for it is a part of the sinew and the soul of America. Here it is:

The rumblings of Hitler’s National Socialism and the trappings of the police state had begun to move ominously onto the stage in Germany when, in 1924, Johnny and Helene Forster, of Dresden in Saxony, bundled up their two boys and their meager personal belongings and made their way to Hamburg where they got passage in the steerage of an ocean liner bound for America. Upon arrival in New York they had $12. They had no acquaintances, could not speak English. But for the first time in their lives they knew their opportunity had arrived. They were supremely happy.

Johnny Forster found work here and there, often hard manual labor. When he arrived home in the evenings the family would have dinner, then Helene would leave him with the babies and go to her work as charwoman in a Central Park mansion or Manhattan office building. In time the family moved to Chicago and Johnny got work at the stockyards. And, as the boys were by now in school, Helene worked daytimes too. Their love for America grew. They were now naturalized.

On their modest earnings the Forsters furnished a home, gave their sons wonderful American Christmases—and saved a nest egg. Johnny got a job with a service station. In a few years he was operating his own. And the couple continued to save money. One summer the Forsters took a trip south in their own car. In southern Missouri, on the west bank of the Mississippi, they found a perfect location for the business they had saved for and dreamed of.

On heavily traveled U. S. 61 just north of Cape Girardeau, the Forsters built a modern tourist court. This was in 1939. Soon the war was upon them and their plans were disrupted. They were faced with the demand for severe sacrifices. “We tried to repay Uncle Sam a little for the happiness he gave us,” Helene Forster said. “Our sons went to the Navy and were in the fighting. My husband, too. I kept the home and business going. We would do it again to preserve this freedom we so highly cherish.”

The lack of understanding and appreciation of the American way of life, especially among some of the younger people who stop off at their tourist court, worries the Forsters. “They talk,” she said, “as if they knew nothing at all about the value of freedom. How lucky we people in America are.

“Words in any language cannot adequately tell what we feel about our country,” she said. “Where else on the globe can anyone starting with two babies and $12 show what we have? It is like a miracle. Sometimes my husband and I go across the highway and look from there at our place. We pinch each other to be sure it’s really true.

“These Communists cannot tell just one little success story like ours. Our system of government is the best on earth. And I am sure there are millions of Uncle Sam’s nieces and nephews who have success stories like ours.”

That’s a good guess too. So we all have the job of getting the facts and passing them on to others. The freedom flame must be kept burning high in American hearts during this crisis.

—The Harding College Letter.
Unknown artists whose portraits sell by the millions.

by JAMES L. HARTE

BEHIND the weather-stained facade of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in the nation's Capital are seven little cubicles. In each sits an artist. Their names are unimportant for, as artists go, they are virtually unknown. Yet their pictures sell by the millions!

Anyone who has ever mailed a letter anywhere in the United States has pasted on the envelope a picture that came out of one of the seven cubicles. Anyone who has ever saved stamps has thus framed some of this art etched for the masses. For the seven occupants of the cubicles are the picture engravers who carve the dies used in the mass production of Uncle Sam's postage stamps.

These pictures as they are cut on metal are technically divided into two classes, portraits and vignettes. Portraits, of course, are of those individuals who have carved their niches in American history. In addition to many Presidents, recent ones have included Wilbur and Orville Wright, Samuel Gompers, Edgar Allen Poe and Casey Jones. Vignettes are glimpses of American scenes such as are shown on commemorative issues.

With the authorization of a new issue of stamps, the Post Office Department submits a general idea for its design to the Bureau of Engraving. Bureau designers go to work, making wash drawings of the proposed design which go back to the Department for approval. The draft approved, a final, intricate wash drawing, four times the size of the actual stamp, is made and sent as a guide to the picture engraver in his cubicle. The artist then goes to work.
In place of brush or crayon, the engraver’s tools are acids and scalpel-like cutting instruments. His canvas is soft steel, and his number one assistant is a powerful magnifying glass. Before he uses these tools, the design is reduced in size, photographically, to that of the actual postage stamp. Retaining the larger wash drawing as his guide, the artist traces the outlines of the photographic reduction on to celluloid, very carefully seeing to the proper face shadings if the design is a portrait. The celluloid outline is then covered with a coating of wax.

Next the coating is placed face down on a plate of soft steel and rubbed gently and evenly until it leaves the tracing on the metal. The tracing is then stained with a weak solution of acid, following which etching ground, a liquid containing asphaltum, is poured over the tracing.

Now the artist begins to put numbers of fine dots on the portrait by means of an etching point, an extremely hard and sharp-pointed tool that resembles a rat’s tail. The dots do not, as the uninitiated might think, give the subject a measled or poxed appearance. Actually, they give the portrait a softer tone as they mellow the sheer, hard outline. When the work is done, they are not noticeable to the unpracticed eye.

Dotted as the engraver desires, an etching acid is poured over the whole. This bites below the surface of the metal and makes the outline more prominent. Next, with a knifelike instrument known as a graver, the picture is fashioned in more detail as the artist cuts in lines, dashes, and dots. The lines afford darker tones, the dots the lightest, and how much of each is up to the engraver. This is the real test of the artist, for picture engravers have styles of their own and those in the business can recognize another’s work by the technique.

ONE postage stamp looks much like another to the average person, but any one of the seven Bureau engravers can look at a particular issue and, without previously knowing, tell which one among them cut the design. “The way a man puts a picture on steel,” one engraver assures, “is practically like putting his name on it.”

As the work progresses, the artist makes constant comparison with the original design. He has proofs run off so that he may check: is it too light, or too dark? Are certain features too prominent, or not prominent enough? He works with a deft, light touch, preferring to have the work too light rather than too dark to begin, for it is much simpler to darken than to lighten. To darken, all he has to do is deepen a line, dash, or dot. But to lighten, he must erase his lines with a fine scraper, then punch the surface back to its proper level by exerting pressure on the back of the metal, then retouch the area to be corrected.

The picture engraver does not do any lettering. A specialist in lettering engraves the necessary frame and lettering on the die, taking the same care as the picture artist. A portrait takes from two-and-one-half to three weeks to cut, and a vignette about two weeks.
Meanwhile, the engraver has had to guard against his worst enemy, rust. Mere perspiration from the hand can ruin a die. Therefore, while it is in preparation, the engraver at the end of each day washes it clean with special cleaning fluid and covers it with protective grease overnight.

When at last the picture is completed, the die is heat-treated to harden it, in order that rolls may be taken from it for use in making multi-subject plates. The process in which the design is transferred from the roll to the plates actually used in the printing of the stamps is called siderography. The plates are then machined, hardened, and bent into half-cylinder form to be fitted on a rotary press that prints the stamps in web sheet form. The press is itself a model of man's ingenuity, for it wets the paper, inks and polishes the plates, applies the gum to the back of the stamps, dries the entire and then rolls it up for further processing.

That is the story behind the U. S. postage stamp, the product of the artists whose pictures reach the great masses of Americans in millions of copies. The seven of them work constantly, not just turning out metal pictures of Presidents and other historical personages for stamps; but for bonds and other official paper. They have also, on official order, limned in metal a number of portraits that have been stored away in vaults, held against the day when new currency is to be issued and the old pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Salmon P. Chase, and others made by engravers long since departed, are replaced with figures of more recent years.

Two modern little girls coming home from Sunday school were solemnly discussing the sermon.

"Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one.

"No," replied the other promptly, "of course not. It's just like Santa Claus. He's your father."—The Balance Sheet.

"If we could only use the $2,000 in my savings account to buy a new car, we wouldn't have to pay any financing charges," a lady said to a bank teller.

"Then why don't you?" asked the teller.

"Because my husband would ask how I saved so much money. If I told him, it would spoil his fun. When he began playing the horses, I offered to place the bets for him. Instead I took them myself. When his horse won, I paid him off, and when he lost, I put the money in my savings account."—New York Times.
Solving Crimes By Numbers

CRIMES usually are solved by checking fingerprints, chasing down tips and grilling suspects. But seven members of an unconventional crime-busting force in Boston have a simpler method. They solve crimes by numbers—and with spectacular success.

These unorthodox sleuths—members of the Emergency Police Communications Bureau of the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles—never move from their office while on duty, never see a criminal or the scene of his crime and meet other law enforcement officials only socially. Moreover, they usually don't know they have solved a case until they read their newspapers.

The bureau's numerical clues are the registration numbers of the nearly 1,200,000 cars, trucks, trailers and other motor vehicles in the state, and the engine numbers of these machines. Complementing this storehouse of information are the names, addresses and descriptions of the more than 1,500,000 persons licensed to drive in the commonwealth.

Working at night when the tempo of crime increases, the bureau has become a rich source of leads for regular police in cases ranging from handbag snatchers to homicides. The registration number of a car seen near the scene of a holdup, the engine number of an abandoned truck, a name mentioned in a police questioning—all have been turned into arrests with the bureau's aid.

When the "Mutt and Jeff" bandits were terrorizing small store owners in Greater Boston, police found a car believed to have been used by the pair abandoned in the woods. The registration plates and the engine number were sent to Communications as possible clues.

Workers found the plates had been stolen and were of no help. But the engine number was. Turning to its file of engine numbers, the bureau traced the machine through eight transfers of ownership. The last owner was one of the holdup men and arrests followed shortly.

Communications also supplied the break in the slaying of a Boston patrolman. City detectives had picked up a suspect who under questioning blurted out the last name of a youth believed to have been involved in the shooting and the robbery that preceded it. The suspect then "clammed up."

With only the surname and the supposed location of the second suspect's home, Communications consulted its file of licensed operators and within an hour had provided police with a description of the youth and his home address.

The bureau's ability to check thousands of names and numbers within a few minutes has resulted in other quick arrests. When a woman was injured by a hit-and-run driver, a passerby noted most of the license plate numbers and informed police. A quick call to Communications and a squad car sped to the driver's home and was waiting when he turned into the driveway with the tell-tale damaged car.

Much of Communication's work is more prosaic. A Registry inspector may telephone to learn the name and address of the owner of a speeding car from the license plate number. A sheriff in Oklahoma may radio or teletype for information on a Massachusetts car involved in an accident.

The bureau often is queried by motorists who have forgotten where they parked their cars on Boston's winding streets, and worse still have forgotten their registration number. Many a jealous suitor also has telephoned to find out who owns the car parked in front of his girl's home. Not wishing to become an aid to the love-lorn agency, bureau workers usually reply, "Sorry, we can give information only to police officials."

—Edward Quarrington.
Charles C. Kelder has an eye for values.

by FRANK A. BARTONEK

“I BUY Anything!” . . . Sounds like a slogan that can lead a man to adventure and early bankruptcy.

Serving as a clearing house for white elephants has been the unique profession of Charles C. Kelder of St. Joseph, Missouri, for two decades. One morning spent in his main store at 2210 Messanie Street, or on tour of the sundry buildings where the chattels are impounded, gives convincing evidence that Mr. Kelder thoroughly enjoys life, and is exceedingly solvent.

Nothing is too large or too small for Kelder to buy. He will give you an offer on anything potentially useful. His shrewd business eye leads him unerringly to purchases he can convert to profit or to publicity. Admittedly mellow now, he doesn’t go in for publicity stunts as much as he used to.

One year, Kelder purchased the old post office building at St. Joseph for $77.34. The price included 1,998 pieces of office furniture, desks, chairs, vaults and cabinets. “I Buy” razed the ancient structure to make way for the new federal building, then sold the salvagable materials and the office furniture.

DURING the drought years of the 1930’s, a disgruntled farmer stopped with a truck load of watermelons in front of Kelder’s store. He eyed the “I Buy Anything” sign with skepticism, but stepped inside to put his produce on the block. The melon market had broken that morning, and the raisers were faced with recovering nothing but the seed for next year’s crop. Kelder bought that truckload and
three others for $50 a load. Then he invited every kid in town to a mammoth free watermelon feed in the city ball park. Needless to say, that feast is still remembered in St. Joseph.

Sometimes Kelder’s merchandise must undergo a complete transformation before it finds a purchaser. On one occasion, he bought a horse-drawn hearse. For months the relic remained on Kelder’s lot ignored by the public. Finally, “I Buy” removed the tell-tale upper structure, and constructed a truck body on the sturdy chassis. It sold the same week, and is serving to this day on a midwestern farm.

Kelder has a soft streak despite a gruff exterior. One day a small boy brought in a thin, half-caste kitten, and offered it for sale. The feline was bought for 25c. Another small boy appeared quietly, and when he left, the kitten left, too. Later, a third urchin showed up with the catling nestled in the crook of his arm, and again Kelder bought her for 25c. Finally, after five beaming boys had quarters tucked away in their jeans, Kelder called a halt to the junior-sized racket.

When trading, Kelder gives each item a quick appraisal as to its low value to the seller and possible greater value to a buyer. He is never in a hurry to buy or sell, and never quibbles over prices. Whether buying or selling, his offer is made on a “take it or leave it” basis.

KELDER began his career in a casual way. He was reared and trained in the art of show business by a circus clown. During slack seasons or between shows, Kelder repaired office furniture to augment his income. One day, he accepted a broken chair in payment for a repair job. The chair was made usable and sold at a profit. Soon Kelder became known as willing to trade his labor in part for merchandise. One day, on a repair call, he was offered the contents of the customer’s attic. After an appraisal, Kelder made a bid, and was accepted.

When one of his friends saw the strange and apparently useless conglomeration of “junk”, he remarked, “Charlie, I think you’ll buy anything!” But Charlie sold the rummage for considerably more than he paid, and had started a career.

As his reputation spread, his stock of merchandise and his profits increased, until the St. Joseph store was decided upon. The accumulations of the years are now housed in 21 separate buildings, basements, and attics, and are crowded to the ceiling of the main building.

Charles C. Kelder has found contentment and prosperity in a singular profession, born of necessity and built to robust maturity by heart, wit and enterprise.

Poverty: A miserable state of existence which deprives one of many things he is better off without.

There are the people who roll out the carpet for you one day and pull it out from under you the next.
Parcel delivery men lead exciting
lives—posing for artists, feeding
babies, walking dogs.

by ROBERT STEIN

AFTER disposing of a package, a
Milwaukee delivery man was
about to drive off in his truck when
the customer called him back.

“I’d like to shake your hand,” explained
the friendly old man in the
doorway.

Smiling, the delivery man put out
his hand. A second later, when he
tried to withdraw it, he found him-
self held in a vise-like grip by the
old man, who was still grinning
pleasantly. Ten minutes later, two
husky men in white came rushing
out of the house to free a badly-
shaken delivery man.

Such unusual behavior by their
customers is nothing new to parcel
delivery men, however. According to
the United Parcel Company, its driv-
ers are regularly requested, among
other things, to pose for art classes,
make Junior eat his cereal, walk dogs,
feed cats, fix the plumbing and pro-
tect frightened housewives from mice.
In Hollywood, a nurse asked a de-
ivery man to model several evening
gowns for her. And in Denver, an
all-night poker player wanted a driv-
er to deliver candy and flowers to
his wife, then hide all the baseball
bats and rolling pins in the house
when she wasn’t looking.

Dogs are the delivery man’s greatest
occupational hazard. Every day of
the year, some unsuspecting young
man with a package is nipped from
behind by an innocent-looking fox
terrier. In Chicago recently, George
Gebhardt lost the seat of his pants
to a snarling canine pet. When he
reported the incident to the police,
he found them waiting with a war-
rant for his arrest. The indignant
customer charged that Gebhardt had
intimidated her dog.

Yet, experiences like these have
not embittered the majority of drivers.
Recently, Ed Dowling—who has been
nipped a dozen times in the line of
duty—was driving his delivery truck
through Darien, Connecticut when
he spotted a small dog trapped on an ice cake in the middle of a pond. Despite his unhappy memories of household pets, Dowling stopped.

From the back of his truck, he pulled out a long rope, tied it to a log and tossed it out to the shivering puppy. At the same time the dog's owner came running up to the other side of the pond, dragging a long ladder. Slipping it on to the ice, the youngster began crawling out along the ladder to his pet. He was inches away when two other dogs scampere out along the ladder, upset his balance and sent him plunging through the thin ice.

Seeing the boy's head disappear below the surface, Dowling quickly stripped down to his underwear and socks, tied a rope around his waist and handed the other end to a bystander. Breaking the ice with his back, Dowling reached the boy and dragged him to safety. A few minutes later, firemen arrived and rescued all three dogs in a rowboat. The boy went home with his dog, shivering and wet, but unhurt. Nursing severe body bruises, Dowling drove off on his rounds—still no dog lover.

Somehow, people make a habit of overestimating their pets' intelligence. Ed Marcus found this note waiting for him on the door of a Los Angeles home: "Leave the package on the back porch. And don't worry about the dog—I told him you were coming."

Most women are fussy about more than their pets alone. Arriving with 20 pieces of furniture, two delivery men were greeted by a Milwaukee housewife who had just finished waxing her floors. Following her orders, they carried a table to the door, stopped, took off their shoes and then proceeded into the house. On the way out, they put on their shoes and went back for a dresser. After an hour of slipping in and out of their shoes, the exhausted delivery men gave up. They telephoned the company, which hurriedly sent out two reinforcements. While the sharp-eyed housewife kept watch, the two new men brought each piece of furniture from the truck to the front door. There, they handed it to the shoeless delivery men, who carried it into the house.

In Englewood, New Jersey, a delivery man was greeted by this scrawled message from a housewife: "Knock, bang, scream or stamp on the porch, but don't ring the doorbell. It makes enough noise to wake the dead."

Children, too, provide their share of headaches for the man with the parcels. In southern California, Sandy Seneger found a freckle-faced youngster handcuffed to the door of his truck. After Seneger had spent two hours fumbling with the lock, the boy's playmates came back and released him.

In Connecticut, a driver stopped at a house where a small boy was mowing the lawn.

"Is your mother home?" he asked cheerfully.

"If she was out," replied the youngster sourly, "you don't think I'd be mowing the lawn, do you?"
While making their deliveries, drivers run into every conceivable type of household emergency. George Davis was carrying a package up to a Los Angeles home when the lady of the house came running out in a state of high excitement.

“My little boy,” she gasped, “is trapped.”

Davis dropped the package and rushed into the kitchen. There, he found a small boy wedged between the kitchen stove and wall. Borrowing a wrench, Davis quickly disconnected the stove and freed the whimpering youngster.

BECAUSE they travel around so much, delivery men are often the first to discover an accident. On a lonely road near Summit, New Jersey, driver Phil Mack found a boy left stunned and bleeding by a hit-and-run motorist. Mack applied a skillful tourniquet and called an ambulance in time to save the boy’s life. During his first day on the job, delivery man Harry Alexa plunged into a Mount Vernon, New York lake and saved a ten-year-old girl from drowning. And in Capistrano, California, driver Jimmy Loy discovered that a gas truck had overturned only a few feet from the railroad tracks. Fearing that a passing locomotive would explode the gas fumes, Loy raced ahead—just in time to flag down a crowded commuter’s train approaching the danger spot.

Money, of course, is always a ticklish problem for delivery men. One of them, bearing a package for $10.76 was given a check for $10.66 by a housewife. For the ten-cent balance, she handed him two empty ginger ale bottles to return to the corner grocery. And a Los Angeles driver was delighted to find a note telling him “to keep the change” for a $2.99 C. O. D. parcel. Inside the accompanying envelope were three dollar bills.

Probably the most unusual tip ever offered a delivery man came from a Long Island matron. After the driver had unloaded a heavy set of porch furniture on a sweltering summer afternoon, she fished a pair of swimming trunks out of a drawer and invited him to take a dip in the private pool on her estate.

Even a touch of mystery comes into the delivery man’s daily routine. A driver and his helper were carrying a long table into a Wisconsin home when the driver suddenly felt the end behind him drop. When he looked back, his helper had disappeared. After a search of the house, he discovered the missing assistant in a cellar bin—covered with pillow cases and dirty overalls.

He’d fallen through a laundry chute.

As asked by his son how soon he would be old enough to do just as he pleased, a wise father answered, “I don’t know, son; nobody has ever lived that long yet.”

To fish in the stream of life one must use wisdom as bait.
Swing Low

The folk music of our country is divided into two distinct categories. The broad dividing line was drawn by our singing ancestors in the early days of our country's development. One group was songs of physical love, passion and desire, bawdy music to the strains of which the disciples of Satan danced and cavorted down the primrose path only to topple into that bottomless pit where the fires of hell consumed all sinners. The other group of songs was sung by the saints, and those who had "seen the light." The road they traveled was the Glory road and, instead of the pit of purgatory, they sought the Promised Land beyond the Jordan river, convinced that He awaited them and that He would call them home.

The first group represents "things of the world" and, in the early days, a convert who had turned to religion had to promise to give up these "sinful" songs and sing only those in group two, the "spirituals." This belief and practice was common among all singers of folk music. However, the folk singer who found religion was rewarded with a vast stockpile of melody to cheer his way along the road to glory. These melodies, in general, are referred to as the "Negro spirituals."

Basically, the so-called "Negro spiritual" is a white revival song with many phrases and lines, many melodic ideas, rearranged and adapted by the Negro. The most distinctive Negro characteristics added to the revival song are the Negro "shout," the steady beat, the complex rhythm and counter-rhythm, the ever present syncopation, the feeling for blend in group singing, and the Negro's distinctive vocal style, which differs greatly from that of the white folk singer. An example of the Negro adaptation of a white revival song is the stirring spiritual which he recreated out of the Old Testament story of Joshua and the Battle of Jericho.

It is quite understandable that the Biblical symbolism upon which the Negro fashioned his spiritual should have rather a different meaning for the Negro than for the white. The Negro was concerned more with real woes, and less concerned with the clutches of Satan than the white, whose thoughts of purgatory sometimes troubled him considerably. It is quite understandable that the Negro slave experienced different emotions from his white brethren when singing songs about the comforts of heaven. As a slave, the Negro was without human identity, a "motherless child" whose "promised land" seemed far, far away.

In the days before the Civil war, thousands of such "motherless children moved along a "phantom railroad," a railroad that had no tracks, no trains, no rates, no schedules. It operated only in the deep darkness of night. Power was supplied by human courage and the love of human freedom. It was called "the Underground Railroad." Along these hidden lines, thousands of slaves moved northward, its abolitionist operators providing secret "stations" along the way for rest and food. The chief engineer on this underground road was an escaped slave woman named Harriet Tubman. She it was who risked her life and liberty time after time to slip back into the southland and lead her people along the underground way to freedom. Down in the slave states, $10,000 reward was offered for Harriet Tubman, dead or alive. To her Negro followers, Harriet Tubman was a divine being, and they called her "Moses," the savior of her people. According to legend, the great spiritual, "Go Down Moses," was created for Harriet Tubman. Negro troops sang it during the Civil war, and today it is sung the world over.

—Colonel Robert R. McCormick.
FOR FUN—TRAIN A SEAL

Profit or pleasure—there's little competition in this field.

by KAY L. SNOW

OUT of one hundred-fifty million people in the United States, only a handful, eight, to be exact, devote their lives to training sea lions, the sleek, black sea mammals you've seen balancing brightly colored beach balls on their whiskered snouts, and barking insults at the spectators. It's said seals are endowed with a natural sense of rhythm, at any rate, they are affectionate, intelligent and make outstanding theatrical performers.

There is an open field for the frolicsome pinnipeds in show business, and the men who train them drive big automobiles and dress as though they have the proverbial dollar in a sound bank. Financial returns are enticing. Mark Huling of New York has pocketed $3,000 for one week's appearance with Sharkey, a California sea lion about twelve years old and in his prime. Albert Spiller is making the pot boil on a South American tour with Nina, Gilmore and Sally. Homer Snow has earned $300 a day with his trained Sandi, Kelpi and Cindi. Roland Tiebor and his favorite, Dewey, gross $1,000 every week of their stay with the Shrine-Pollack Brothers Circus.

If you would like an income of this kind, but can't dig it alone, why not let a sea lion earn it for you? Inquire at the nearest zoo where to obtain a seal pup. It will cost around $250, about the price of a good pedigreed canine puppy. At Kansas City's Swope Park Zoo, a magnificent new seal pond has been opened this spring.
It is a circular outdoor pool, ninety feet in diameter, and six to eight feet deep. The graceful comedy of six young sea lions as they plunge through the clean water has delighted a continuous throng of visitors since opening day, a convincing display of genuine entertainment.

When you get your seal pup home, some challenging problems will face you immediately, but every moment should be a pleasure. Your neighbors may fear and loathe a captive wild animal in close proximity. They will complain of fish odors, one of the marks of sea lion lodgings. The S. P. C. A., the Board of Health or the police might be knocking at your door.

Do not let these small annoyances stand in your way, for our lawmakers have not provided for disputes involving sea lions in homes. You are safe; that is if you are careful to see that fish scraps don’t elude your daily cleaning. Negligence here may set you up for well grounded nuisance complaints. Do your part, and the seal will do the rest; he is among the cleanest of animals.

While the sea lion’s natural habitat is water, a pool is not required. A small porcelain or galvanized tank three feet wide, equally deep, and five feet long—or even a discarded bathtub will substitute royally.

Your training quarters should be enclosed to protect the seal from his worst enemy—well intentioned people. The number of animals killed by kindness is legion. Concentrations of peanuts, beer, popcorn, fish hooks and banana skins will kill off the hardiest aquatic trouper in short order.

The food problem is of paramount importance. To keep sea lions in top condition requires plenty of fresh salt water fish. Ten pounds a day will keep the average seal frisky and strong, and, if you live on the coast, the cost should run well under $400 a year.

Though a sea lion wasn’t born with a ball on its nose, he does have an inherent sense of timing. Most sea lions are natural clowns, and loads of fun. They love applause and appreciation, especially from their trainers.

In putting on a show with your marine comedian, much depends on whether or not you are a good showman. Don’t worry about the seal, he is! If you are adept at fast patter, you can whip up a good five minute act the minute your seal is stand broken.

**W**HETHER you decide to travel or put on your show for the home town kids is up to you. If you take the road, it must be on a first class basis. Get a trailer with a water tank in it, a deep freeze unit to keep your fish fresh; then you are ready to see the world, with all expenses paid by your seal.

But a word of caution. Because of his earning power, you must guard that animal of the sea as you would the Hope diamond. Nothing must take you away from him for more than an hour at a time. He has become your bread and butter, a promise for later ease and luxury. As such he is entitled to the best you can give him in care and consideration.

One trainer, after a hard season on the road, went to San Francisco for a
night of gaiety. He and his wife left their seals in the care of a conscientious understudy. The assistant was cautioned to keep the animals out of a draft. If the wind changed, he was to close the doors of their cages.

The wind did change; the assistant did close the doors. But so eager was he to please that he closed the transom as well. Result: three seasoned, well trained seals dead of suffocation. For one evening of relaxation, this trainer lost years of hard work, and more important, the seals he loved, and who loved him.

A sea lion's life expectancy is about twenty years. His training begins at eighteen months, and he is good for fifteen years of active show business. Those years can be crammed full of genuine enjoyment for you—introducing your seal in children's hospital wards, to theater or benefit audiences, or to a person who is offered a friendly flipper on command. You'll be amazed to recall that at the outset of your career, there were only a handful of men, eight, to be exact, in the entire field.

So if you really want to train a seal, get the ball bouncing! One hundred-fifty million enthusiastic spectators are waiting!

This ad appeared in a German paper: "The beautiful blonde who disappeared the moment she realized she was being watched by a student is requested to contact him so he may have permission to see her again."

Four days later the reply appeared: "The beautiful blonde is, if you will excuse the bitter truth, not only the mother of two equally beautiful children but she has also been my wife for four years. She requests that I advise you, under these conditions, to spend your time following your studies instead of blondes, especially if you want a passing grade on your exam. (Signed) Professor ———, member of the examining board."

Brevity has its points, but it, like other rules to short cuts, can be carried too far. In the State of Washington, for example, when the Government was banding some crows, to study their migration habits, the experts were up against the problem of how to band a bird with "Washington Biological Survey, United States Government." Finally they decided to resort to abbreviations, and the band as used, read:


Several months later the Government office received a letter written on butcher shop wrapping paper with a pencil stub and plenty of wrath. Said the taxpayer:

"Sirs: I shot one of your crows. I followed directions. I washed it. I biled it. I surved it. But it was still tuff."

"If we were pedestrians, we'd be dead ducks by now."
Science Skins The Beaver

BUSY as a beaver, did you say? Just a minute, friend. Some authoritative voices are being raised to tell us we've been all wrong about the beaver. They say he isn't busy at all—just makes it look that way. Spends most of his time loafing and lolling around in the water. He's no good as a woodsman, either, and he's a cockeyed engineer. Chops trees down without rhyme or reason and builds a dam way up there when any sensible human could see it ought to be way down here.

These are the shocking findings of Dr. Leonard Butler, assistant professor of genetics at the University of Toronto and former biological adviser to the Hudson's Bay Company. Surely nothing less than scientific integrity could induce a Canadian to get up in public and take the hide off his totem animal in this brutal manner. In a recent lecture to the Royal Canadian Institute dealing with fur conservation the professor—but just listen:

"The idea that a beaver can make a tree fall in any desired direction is not well founded. If the tree falls toward the water that's because it just happens to lean that way... Most beavers are not methodical and leave a great mess behind them with no attempt to utilize more than a fraction of what they cut down."

Really, it is hard to take the man seriously. And yet the professor is not alone in his defamatory statements. Dan Morgan, a highly reputable naturalist of Algoma, Ontario, supports him. Morgan asserts that the beaver is one of the dumbest and laziest of animals, working only about two months of the year and spending the rest fooling around having a good time; that he will neglect handy timber at a stream's edge to go a quarter of a mile into the woods for trees; that he seldom builds his dams straight and often puts them in unworkable places. And then Morgan makes the unkindest cut of all in this character assassination. "What's more," he says, "beavers do not use their tails as shovels."

Now how do you like that? Why, anybody could tell you the beaver used his tail to scoop up mud and plaster his house. It was one of the very nicest things about him. But now... Well, that's science for you; nothing is safe anymore.

But the beaver! Model of industry, marvel of woodcraft and engineering know-how, using his tail like a shovel... Why couldn't they leave it that way? But that's what the man said.

—Lee Conner.

When you are completely satisfied, remember what happens to a fat turkey.

▲

Hate: Hell's gift to the primitive mind.

▲

The difference between in-laws and outlaws is that the in-laws promise to pay it back.

▲

A smart girl puts her foot down on a flat heel.

▲

What if a woman does marry a man for his money? The chances are ten to one she'll earn it.
Watch out! This man kills two or three people every week.

by R. E. GURVITZ

The desk sergeant picked up the receiver, and a tense voice came through, "This is the 68th Street Pharmacy. I gotta tip for you boys. There's a guy in here with murder on his mind. Been asking a lot of questions about cyanide; ... wants to know how long it'll take to do the job!"

A few minutes later, a chagrined druggist was making apologies to Charley Russell and some irate policemen. It seems Russell did have murder on his mind all right, but then, you might say, murder is his business. He kills two or three people every week.

As producer of TV's mystery thriller, Danger, it's Russell's job to see that the show goes off without a hitch, and since murder forms a definite part of every plot, he's become an inquisitive, insatiable hunter of murder facts and instruments.

According to Russell, it all started when he administered a lethal dose of cyanide to one of his actors. The actor swallowed his cyanide and tea, immediately clutched his throat, and expired. He'd barely hit the floor when the station was flooded with phone calls from doctors, chemists and other "crime experts" pointing out that it takes much longer for cyanide to work.

It was then that Charley Russell began to do some really serious study on violent death, and today he has a file of almost every poison, its effect on the taker's behavior, and the approximate time it takes to work. Now, if one of his actors drinks strychnine, he dies in the proper manner and time. Russell has a stop watch handy to check him down to the last twitch.

Gun wounds are harder to work with. A famous by-word for all TV heroes is, "It's only a flesh wound." One night after wounding an actor with a Colt .45, Russell received a call. An authoritative voice iden-
tified the owner as a pistol expert and champion marksman. "I'll stake my reputation," said the voice, "that a Colt .45 bullet fired at that close range would have blasted him off the set."

As a result, all gunshots are checked against a ballistics file, and it's a rare hero who gets away with a mere flesh wound. If he does, it's authentic.

Another script called for Iris Mann, playing a diabolical little child, to charm a polecat ferret into killing her aunt. Charley read the script and reached for his aspirin. This time he had a killer, but he didn't know what it was. "I narrowed my problem to three essentials. First I had to find out what a polecat ferret was. Then I had to figure if it could actually kill a human being. After that, could it be charmed into doing it?" After a hectic afternoon on the telephone, he reached a naturalist who explained that the ferret was a killer rodent native to Europe; that it had been known to kill children when hungry or enraged, and that it could probably kill an adult of the aunt class. "He was vague about the charm angle," says Russell, "and asked me if I had any I was planning to charm."

But all Danger scripts don't work out as easily. Once Fay Bainter, playing a murder victim, was to take a rare and exotic poison ordinarily requiring from three to four hours to take effect. Still Miss Bainter had to expire before the commercial. "That was a problem," said Charlie. "The whole script depended on the poison, so we couldn't substitute, and obviously she couldn't die during the commercial. We had to figure a place in the script where she could die." They managed it by fading in on a clock, fading out and then fading back on the clock turned ahead to indicate the passage of time. "By this time she was out colder than a mackerel, and we all breathed easier," said Russell.

OCCASIONALLY, when the stories are set in bizarre locales, the murder instrument is likely to be an animate object . . . snakes, leopards, scorpions or phirana fish. "It may not matter to some one else," he says, "but it means a lot to me to know that phirana devil-fish can strip the flesh off a human in three and a half minutes. Why, when I get rid of a murder in that time, think how much we've got left for solving it."

An entomology text forms part of Russell's extensive murder library, and the dangerous insects are all catalogued according to size and deadliness in a small file marked Murder weapons, Insects.

As a result of his production of Danger, Russell has made some valuable observations on audience reaction to murder programs. "The audience wants to know how it happened," he says. "If you kill a man by drowning, they want to know how long it took, whether he was hit on the head, and a myriad other details." Although his TV murders are temporary, causes and effects are worked out with an eye to detail. Even autopsy reports have to be accurate.

Once, Lee Tracy, playing the mur-
MURDER IS A FINE ART

A derer of a woman, was confronted with an autopsy report in which the coroner described the condition of her throat after the murder. Russell, then assistant producer, listened hard and rushed to his file. The doctor had described a throat strangled by rope, but the script called for Tracy to use his hands. The autopsy was changed. "You'd be surprised how many letters we'd have received had we let a thing like that ride," sighed Russell.

According to Russell, lawyers comprise fully their share of the audience. "Those birds," he says, "sit at home and wait for you to make a legal mistake. For instance, when Sarah Churchill played the part of a woman facing a first degree murder charge, lawyers by the hundreds wrote us that the most she could be tried for was manslaughter. Some even offered to defend her."

You'd never believe that Charley Russell murders people. He's a quiet, soft-spoken, pipe-smoking man who plays golf on Sundays. But sometimes even on the fairway, he'll heft his club menacingly, swing it over his head and look at his partner wonderingly. Then you know he's planning next week's murder.

Smith was proudly showing his new sedan to his neighbor.
"I thought your other car was less than a year old," said the neighbor.
"You drove it only about 8,000 miles, didn't you?"
"Yes, it was still as good as new, but, of course, it was hopelessly out of date as soon as the new and improved model came out."
"How is the new model different?"
"Why, you can see it at a glance. The automatic cigarette lighter is an inch nearer the steering wheel this year."

An alcoholic was finally cornered by his wife in a bar where he was dreamily contemplating a slug of rye. Being in a genial mood, he offered her a sip, but when she took it, she gagged and spluttered. "How can you drink that horrible stuff!" she gasped.
"See?" said the husband, "and all the while you thought I was having a good time."

A woman, having an upstairs room painted, was worried because the workman was making such slow progress and she was paying him by the hour. She listened at the foot of the stairs and couldn't hear a sound.
"Mr. Henry," she called, "are you painting?"
"Yes, ma'am," came the reply.
"That's funny. I can't hear you working."
"Listen, lady," was the exasperated reply, "I ain't putting it on with a hammer!"
They Flew Backwards!

A STRONG wind was blowing across Belmont Park in New York. The gossamer craft was buffeted to and fro, straining with its frail might first against one anchor rope, then the other. Spectators looked at each other and smiled. They were a curious lot; many had come just to laugh at the pilots who claimed aeroplanes were here to stay.

It was October, 1910, seven years since the Wright brothers had made the historic first flight from Killdevil Hill, Kitty Hawk, N. C. To virtually the entire world, the aeroplane had yet to be proved as more than a stunt, a feasible means of transportation.

Ralph Johnstone and Arch Hoxsey held their scarves aloft to gauge the velocity and direction of the wind. They were pioneer flyers who had joined the Wright Flying Team, a collection of dare-devils under the tutelage of Wilbur Wright. "Wind's getting stronger by the minute," said Hoxsey.

"Once we get above it we're all set," was the calm rejoinder. Hoxsey peered into the sky at the high racing clouds, grinned and said nothing. "At any rate, we've done crazier things," Johnstone added. The two had completed many dangerous "tricks" in the aeroplane. In fact every time the plane left the ground, the flyers were in for a hazardous time. The need for precision instruments and air-ground communication was not greatly felt because all flying was done on a daylight, contact basis; but the frail structure was entirely at the mercy of the treacherous air. As yet, nobody knew how much wind pressure it could withstand.

In September, Johnstone had set the endurance record of three hours, five minutes and forty seconds at the Boston Aviation Show. Hoxsey, at about the same time, had flown to an altitude of 11,500 feet to break the record of 9,741 feet set by Johnstone. Only a week before, Hoxsey had taken Theodore Roosevelt for a ride at the St. Louis Aero Club Show.

Johnstone and Hoxsey held to one principle: never disappoint a crowd! From the standpoint of aviation, it was an excellent policy, for the critics of air-flight were legion, and there was only one way to convert them.

"Let's go!" Johnstone shouted through the rising wind. Like actors the flyers warmed to the task of winning the skeptic crowd. The ground lines were untied and cast into the wind. The men slipped into the kite-like bi-plane and revved up the motor. There was a cough, a cloud of black exhaust, and then a propeller spinning merrily, causing the entire craft to shake violently. At the controls, Hoxsey gunned the engine to full throttle, and while the crowd held its breath, the little plane skittered over the park grounds into the wind, wavered and was quickly airborne.

Below, the crowd applauded. The aeroplane climbed for a time. Its struts and side panels creaked and groaned under the strain. In the cockpit, the daredevil pilots, amid the scream of wind and wire and the blast of the motor, knew they were in for a struggle. A half mile down, the spectators were suddenly gripped with alarm. The plane seemed to stall; the machine built for sweeping man through the sky was now hung in quavering suspension, with no forward motion whatever. The fighting propeller was just matching the roaring gale. But the wind continued to rise, and the plane was forced back—back out of the Park area, and out of sight of the crowd. Johnstone and Hoxsey, although they were holding the ship's nose into the air stream, were flying in reverse. They were carried backwards for twenty-five miles!

Finally they escaped the clutches of the gale, and landed with no damage in a pasture. But they had established a record for backward flight which stands today. No one has even tried to duplicate it.

—Barney Schwartz.
BASEBALL rules America these days and although attendance at games is still off, there seems to be more interest than ever. The American League is better balanced than at any time in recent years with five good clubs, while the National League promises to be a real scramble. The experts are beginning to think the Yankees and Dodgers will meet for the World’s Series in October.

The American Association, too, is more evenly balanced. The tailenders in the prediction list have been making the experts look foolish. The Kansas City Blues, with a young ball club under the splendid leadership of "Twinkletoes" Selkirk, have been the sensation of the early season with a club no one figured could go anywhere. John Schulte, the bull pen coach for the Yankees under Joe McCarthy, is coach and assistant to Selkirk.

Bob Cerv, the muscle man from Nebraska, continues to astound everyone with his tremendous clouts. He’s the talk of the league—and every hot stove club.

ALTHOUGH baseball holds the attention of the fans, spring football drills have been completed, as well as spring basketball. At Kansas, the Oldtimers, with names like Ettinger, Evans, Fambrough, Griffith, Schnellbacker and others, brought back memories to all Jayhawkers when they defeated the Varsity. At Missouri, the Oldtimers also defeated the Varsity as stars of days gone by played good football to teach the youngsters a trick or two. At Kansas State, new coach Billy Meek surprised a lot of people when his varsity de-
feated the old grads. He further amazed everyone who knew Jim Tatum, his former boss, when Billy deserted the Split T and came up with the Tennessee version of the single wing.

Golf is fast becoming a world-wide pastime. The latest nation to get the fever is Japan, where they're going for golf as have Americans in the past.

Kansas City has been guaranteed another big league, pro-football game this fall when the Washington Redskins and the Chicago Bears signed for a September meeting.

SPEAKING of football . . . experts from coast to coast are predicting that Notre Dame will come back this year in a new blaze of gridiron glory. Which reminds me of the latest Leahy story. A friend who had not seen Coach Leahy for some time asked, "Frank, how many children have you now?" Leahy replied, "Seven," "Same old Leahy," he said. "Never knew when to keep the score down!"

Glenn Davis, one of Army's two great All-Americans of a few years ago, always got a lot of fan mail. One day a letter from a female fan said: "I pray for you every Sunday." He showed the letter to his All-American teammate, Doc Blanchard, who made a practical suggestion. "You had better write and tell her to pray for you on Saturday afternoon. That's when you need it most!"

During a football season, a group of carnival Indians visited Green Bay, Wisconsin, and hooked up with a department store on a promotion idea. Several of the big wheels were made honorary members of the tribe. One selected was the Green Bay Packers backfield star from Oklahoma, Jack Jacobs. Jacobs didn't crack a smile as the carnival Indians awarded him a certificate that said, "This Pale Face has been chosen ——" But he prizes that award highly, because Jacobs is three-quarters Indian.

The broadcasting of college football games had not yet become a standard radio practice in 1924. And, perhaps, it was just as well. For in 1924, the Haskell Indian Institute of Kansas was playing a big-time schedule. You can imagine the tribulations a broadcast of a Haskell game would have been to an announcer with this Haskell line-up: Bible, Big Buffalo, Sleeping Bull, Moonshine, Running Wolf, Two Hatchets, Antelope, Hungry Man, Little Boy, Big Bone, and Kicks-His-Wife!

That's all for now! Good listening to ya.
The CREAM of CROSBY

"You must come back again, real soon" — and John Crosby does! — with these nimble little essays on Television Conversation, Benny Goodman, Sam Levenson, March of Time, Horse Players' Proclivities, Movie Gossip Girls, The Nature of Television, Gracie Allen, Baby Talk, Seventh Heaven, Marimba Players and Henry Morgan.

by JOHN CROSBY

"This Is Madness! Sheer Madness!"

My wife and I are as derivative as lizards, changing the color of our thoughts and our speech habits according to our environment. Since we have been exposed to television, it has left a deep mark on our conversation. It was just the other night, speeding the departing guests, that I found myself exclaiming:

"Goodbye for now. You've been a perfectly wonderful audience."

The guests, a non-TV crowd, turned a little pale, I thought. Uneducated people.

My wife, who knows her lines as well as Wendy or Faye or any of the girls, threw in that classic, almost unavoidable line: "You must come back again — real soon."

The guests fled. Haven't seen them since. It's just possible they didn't have a good time. My wife and I were discussing it just the other day, employing only the very best cliches.

"John, you don't think . . . ."

"I don't know what to think."

If you follow the well-established precedents laid down by television's emcees and quizmasters, "the wonderful audience" and "come back again real soon" are the only respectable formulas for getting the guests out of the house. Getting them into the house is another matter. Our favorite, a line that must be declaimed with the utmost joviality, is:

"Almost anything can happen in this house — and it usually does."

I think this is a perfectly wonderful opening gambit but it does seem to unsettle the guests. Not nearly so much, though, as our new form of introduction, something we also picked up from TV: "I want you to meet the most wonderful girl in the world AND HERE SHE IS—MARY CROSBY!" The cheers and wolf whistles and tumultuous applause are provided by my small son, another devotee of television, who can imitate an audience of 500 persons with the utmost ease.

My wife's opening line here is: "We have some perfectly marvelous drinks coming up. But first, a word about something that I'm sure will be of interest to everyone."

She has another line, this one for use when we are doing the visiting in other people's houses. She says brightly: "I feel as though I'm sitting right in your living room." The last time she used it, the host snapped back: "You are sitting right in my living room." I ought to explain that he is a non-television churl, a man unacquainted with the ordinary civilities of life, especially televised life.
It was a stiffish and, in the end, disastrous visit we had that night, though we tried everything to put them at their ease. "Here we are again, folks," I exclaimed, "with a half an hour of fun and frolic all for you." They didn't seem to think it was all for them and they didn't take very kindly to the fun and frolic, even the custard-pie throwing which has always been a surefire bit in our repertoire. In fact it was just about then that we got thrown out of the house. My wife got in a good line though, just before she was tossed out: "This is madness! Sheer madness! I should never have come."

I got in an even better one. Just as I hurtled out the front door, I fixed my host with a steely glance—difficult thing to do in midair—and declared, ringingly: "I'm seeing you now—for the first time—as you really are!"

We don't see them any more, either. As a matter of fact, we don't seem to have any friends any more.

Who's Deceased?
YOU never quite know who is or who isn't deceased on "Lights Out" but I can give you a couple of hints, if you care to hear them. The dead, almost without exception, have a wise, all-knowing air about them; when threatened with death or injury, a small inscrutable smile flickers across their lips. They feel sorry for us poor dopes, the living.

Long-Haired Music,
Short-Haired Disk Jockey
"O NLY yesterday, jitterbugs were dancing in the aisle of the Paramount to my band," says Benny Goodman on his Sunday afternoon symphony hour on WNEW in New York. "There certainly has been a change since that time. Today a lot of the kids have learned to like classical music as well as jazz. The long hair label doesn't scare 'em any more."

This is heartening news, especially heartening to Goodman who is trying to break down the barriers in music, who thinks that music is music and that it shouldn't be compartmentalized into classic, jazz, popular, or folk music and that its devotees shouldn't compartmentalize themselves into certain categories and cut themselves off from the other categories.

Theoretically, on his Sunday program on which you will hear the great works of Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Goodman is a long-haired disk jockey. But his comments are very short-haired, exceedingly sensible and frequently witty.

On the subject of other music commentators, for example: "Some of these commentators sound as if they're reading off the back of a phonograph album... 'Notice in this composition, the strong tonal contrasts and the slight contrapuntal in the second theme in the third movement.'—Why must everything be so solemn?"

Goodman's comments are anything but solemn. But they're pretty darned learned. "The next and last item on today's agenda," he's likely to tell you, "is a composition by Brahms with an assist by Haydn. To be specific, it's Brahms' variation on a theme by Haydn. This variation business is an interesting process. It seems as though a musician wants to express something and then has to figure out several dozen other ways of saying it. In classical music the composer takes a theme—either his own or another composer's—and writes variations around it. In jazz, the musicians take a theme and play variations on it, usually extemporaneously."

"In my opinion the best variations are those in which the basic theme is never wholly lost or forgotten. As an example, I will interpolate a record of 'After You've Gone' which I made with the sextet..."

And he did, after which he said, "That should be enough of an introduction, so let's listen to Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic playing Brahms Variations On A Theme By Haydn."

That's Mr. Goodman's method, both musically and verbally, of breaking down the barriers between the classic and the jazz camps. Very good method.

Goodman loves to poke holes in the pomp and circumstance surrounding music, both classic and jazz. "A dozen people I know won't have anything to do with Tschaikowski's music. It's too popular. But would I like to hear a wonderful
little madrigal by Monteverdi—or a sensational Bach cantata that practically no one has ever heard before? Same thing goes with jazz. A lot of people wouldn’t set foot in a Broadway theater to listen to a band. The band is too popular. If you’re really with it you’ll go to this little place on such-and-such street. It’s only twelve steps down and you might not be able to fight your way through the smoke—but, boy, do they make music there."

This astringent point of view is very refreshing in a field as surrounded by snobbery as music of all sorts. Goodman also likes to take a swing at the Hollywood screen treatment of great composers. "You know the thing I mean. A fellow walks into this music publisher’s office. The publisher says: ‘Sorry, my boy, your work isn’t commercial,’ shows him the door, saying: ‘What’s your name?’ The composer says ‘Bach. Johann Sebastian Bach.’

"Later we see Bach playing the clavier in a little cafe full of smoke. He’s very despondent and in walks a lovely little fraulein—right up to the clavier. He doesn’t notice her but she picks up a copy of sheet music—upside down—and says, ‘This is sensational.’ That’s all she says but right off—they both know. It’s love. Yes, it’s love but they break up in a little while over some trivial matter like who threw the diminished seventh in the stew.

"I don’t know how Hollywood could explain away Bach’s eighteen kids or the fact that he was a very quiet and industrious fellow but I imagine they could find a way."

Speaking of Kids

SAM LEVENSON is succeeding in doing something that a number of noted comics have recently claimed could not be done. He is kidding the pants off us, spoofing our shiny American civilization, our habits and our prejudices. Several contemporary humorists—Abe Burrows, to name only one—have claimed that America was in no mood to be kidded about itself, that Will Rogers couldn’t exist today because our institutions had become too sacred to be profaned by laughter.

But Levenson does it, so gently that we don’t quite know what he’s doing. On our fetish for psychiatry, for example. Says Levenson: “The baby is sucking his thumb. Emotional instability. They take him to a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist says he’s disturbed. Huh! He’s disturbed! He doesn’t know whether he’s a boy or a girl.” On the modern shoe store: “Today every shoe store is a clinic. They x-ray the kid’s feet. He hasn’t even got bones, yet.”

Levenson’s must have been a happy childhood, if you believe the psychiatrists, because none of it is buried in his subconscious. His childhood, of which he has apparently forgotten nothing, is all on the surface of his mind and comes out in warm, appealing chunks on his program. "Papa says either the dog goes or you go. So I took the dog outside. Papa says: ‘You’re staying?’"

It is very human comedy and after half an hour of Levenson, you are likely to feel glad that you are a member of the race, that human beings aren’t such schmoses as we had been led to believe. A nice feeling for a change. Levenson’s comedy technique is rudimentary to say the least, consisting largely of his moon-faced, engaging grin and a pair of hands that he flails around helplessly.

He deals heavily in nostalgia—the old days contrasted with the new—and makes no effort to conceal his preference for the old. "The modern kitchen. Everybody has got the magic eye dishwasher. We had it, too. Mama would take one look at you with her magic eye and the dishes were washed."

Time Marches On

THE golden touch of Henry Luce has always failed him in the case of “The March of Time,” one Luce enterprise which has not been marked by the postposterous success of most of the others. However, throughout the years, “The March of Time” has shot a good deal of valuable and expensive footage which has been lying fallow since its original release in theaters.

Now, in a noteworthy salvage operation, selections from these films are on view
again on a weekly television show called "March of Time Through the Years." Hitler, Mussolini, the Spanish Civil War—well, all the panoply of disaster of our recent past are put on parade again. It’s a sort of pictorial "I Can Hear It Now."

We are in a reminiscent mood these days. Albums of records, commemorating the sounds and voices of twenty years ago. Picture books which capture the great moments of the '20s and '30s. And now "The March of Time Through the Years." We are examining the recent past with almost morbid intensity.

If you're in a reminiscent mood, these are pretty good films.

The narration is performed by the "March of Time" voice of doom in a prose style that has been so sharply modified in recent years that it sounds a little archaic to hear it again. "Of grave concern to the U.S. were dispatches from Tokyo." It reminds me strongly of Wollcott Gibbs' celebrated sentence concerning Time's style. "Backwards ran the sentences until reeled the mind."

If your thirst for the sights of the last fifteen years is too great to resist, you'll have quite a good time with this show. I just wish the films extended over a period longer than fifteen years. It's been a pretty dismal fifteen years, if you ask me. The series is sponsored in various cities by local banks, which intercede briefly to tell us that banks like to lend money. (I'll be right over.)

**Same Man or Same Thing?**

My old friend Robert Mainwaring of Scarsdale, a man who keeps his ear very close to the ground around Westchester, swears to this: "That guy who plays 'The Flight Of The Bumblebee' at forty-five miles an hour on an accordion—it's the same one on all the programs—Godfrey, Heidt, the Amateur Hour. I got it straight from a man in the control room. They just change his face around a little. Sometimes they change his sex. But, you notice they can't change his technique and they can't change 'The Flight Of The Bumblebee' either. That's the only tune he knows."

I consider this an extreme view. I've heard accordion players on the talent shows who played something besides "Flight Of The Bumblebee," though, off-hand, I can't recall what it was. I don't agree with Mainwaring that this is the same man doing the same thing. I think it's a whole lot of different men doing the same thing.

**The Chalk and The Hunch**

JOHN McNULTY, the Third Avenue historian, has a new book out, "A Man Gets Around," and a very nice little series of essays it is. The reviews were universally favorable since no one in his right mind would ever give McNulty a bad notice if for no other reason than that he would be exiled from all the saloons on Third Avenue for life.

One thing that struck me about these reviews is that most of them contained references to McNulty's horseplaying propensities, which are extensive, though horseplaying doesn't figure in this book very much. McNulty is strictly a chalk-player, a student and scholar of the form sheets. Chalk players scorn and, I think, misunderstand hunch players, of which I am one. I don't think anyone has ever stood up and explained the hunch player and his problems so, if no one minds, I thought I would.

A hunch player is one who gets bets on a horse because its name reminds him of his aunt or some such thing. There are probably as many hunch players as there are chalk players and, though it'd be a pretty hard thing to prove, I think they do just as well as the chalk players and maybe a little better. Your true hunch player don't touch a form sheet because it'll interfere with his instincts. He'd get to thinking about past performances, the condition of the track and other nonsense when he should be looking for portents.

A portent—one type of portent, any-way—is something in the name of the horse or his sire or his dam which relates to your own life or recent experience. I remember once my small son got himself locked in the bathroom and couldn't contrive to unlock himself. We had a terrible time getting him out of there.
Well, that afternoon at the track, there was this horse whose sire was Shut Out. A clear portent and a rather easy one. He won easily, too.

Some hunches are a good deal more complicated than that. At Santa Anita one time, I was introduced to Mickey Rooney, who is not only a horseplayer but also a horse owner. Well, Rooney, is locally renowned in Hollywood as the alimony kid. By the age of twenty-five he had already paid out several hundred thousand dollars in alimony which, considering his age and weight, is probably a world’s record. In the next race there was a horse named Larceny (or Grand Larceny or some such thing.) That was enough for me. It won at 7 to 1.

Now follow closely here. A couple of years elapsed and I was at Saratoga. In the last race of the day a horse named Alimony was running. I remembered the Santa Anita incident and acted accordingly. Alimony paid $18.20 for a $2 ticket which is all I had on him. This is known as playing a hunch based on a prior hunch, a very delicate operation and one that doesn’t happen often.

One thing that differentiates a hunch player from a chalk player, most of them anyway, is a sense of guilt. A chalk player who stays up all night figuring performances, bloodlines, and other abstruse matters feels he’s earned the money if he wins anyway. A hunch player feels he’s stealing the stuff and tries to return it to where it came from. Mostly he succeeds. But not always, I know one hunch player who’s in a terrible predicament.

“I had $10 on this horse,” he explained, “and it wins and I get paid $54. Well, the man behind the window gives me a $50 bill and four singles. It’s maybe the second time in my life I’ve had a $50 bill. I carried it around for weeks, not wanting to spend it, of course. I felt a moral obligation to return this $50 bill to the proper authorities.

“Well, I’m out at the track again one day and I get a strong hunch on a horse called Asterisk for one reason or another. On the tote board this horse is 20 to 1, for heaven’s sake. I figure this is a splendid opportunity to restore this $50 bill to its rightful owners. First $50 ticket I ever own.” His face took on a stricken look. “Asterisk comes in by eight lengths. And you know what they do—they pay me $100 bills. I’m walking around with ten $100 bills that don’t belong to me.”

“Well, you could always go bet the hundreds,” I suggested.

“I tell you why I don’t, what’s keeping me awake nights. Suppose I land one of these here $100 bills on a longshot and they pay me in $1,000 bills. There ain’t a horsepark in the world got a $1,000 window. I’d have to spend the stuff.”

I understood him perfectly. He’s in a terrible fix.

Crime on the Intellectual Level

In Baltimore there’s a bookie who has lost caste. He wasn’t called before the Kefauver Committee.

Would They Or Wouldn’t They and Who Cares?

Semi-Annually, I catch up on the fabulous doings of the Hollywood folk as sprayed throughout the Eastern seaboard by those two great ladies, Louella and Hedda, on their respective radio programs. If you don’t know the last names of Louella and Hedda, then you’ve been out of touch too long to have much interest in Hollywood anyhow.

It was a bad night to pick, April 15th. The girls got me even more confused than usual. The whole country was hanging, breathless. Would Lex make it up with Arlene? Was this irrevocable, this quarrel about who was to meet whom where and at what time? The first word came from Hedda who comes on at 8 p.m., E.S.T. Sundays: “Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker won’t be married,” said Hedda with what seems in the light of subsequent developments unwarranted confidence. “She kept him waiting outside a department store.” He was furious, according to Hedda, lit into the girl and left her weeping.

“I don’t believe in divorce,” declared Arlene (according to Hedda). "It’s a good thing we found out in advance.”

In other words, everything was off and I, like millions of other sentimental Amer-
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Swing

icans, was heartstricken. I waited till 9:15, when Louella blows in. "My first exclusive," said Louella. "Lex flies in to take his bride back." It was, she said, just a misunderstanding. "They're going to get married."

Well, you can imagine my state of mind! Would they or wouldn't they? And who was left waiting outside the department store? There was considerable disagreement here. Press reports the next day seemed to concur that it was Arlene outside the department store, not Lex. She was supposed to meet Lex at a cocktail party at Ceil Chapman's but she couldn't find a taxi cab. That's why she was late.

A great deal of print was expended explaining about girls always being late (and Miss Dahl, it was intimated, is especially prone to this weakness) and about boys getting terribly irritated about girls who show up half an hour late. I studied all the reports carefully, weighing things in my mind. After considerable deliberation, it seemed to me that Miss Dahl was no later than most girls ever get and that Lex got no madder than most men ever get under similar circumstances.

One point that neither Hedda nor Louella touched upon—and a very important one, too—was the fact that Arlene was trying to get that cab at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street at 5:30 p.m. on a Friday night. Now, any lawyer could tell you that Friday night is a terrible night to get a cab anywhere in New York, that 5:30 is probably the worst hour and that Fifth and Fiftieth is easily the worst street. Arlene had a strong case there. There isn't a district attorney in the country that could break it down.

But, at that point, (9:17 p.m. E.S.T. Sunday), the issue was: could Lex explain? Would Arlene forgive? Louella said they'd get married. Hedda said they wouldn't. Millions of us tossed in our beds that night, wondering. We had to wait until the Monday papers to find out. Then, in the "Mirror," we found Miss Parsons trumpeting: "While you are reading this, they (Lex and Arlene) may already be aboard a plane, New York bound, for their wedding." The "News," Miss Hopper's paper, went even further, contradicting their own columnist, and said Lex and Arlene were flying back to New York together and would get married. And they did. Even while you are reading this, they are living happily ever after.

It was touch and go for a minute, though, and, on the whole, I think both Hedda and Louella acquitted themselves well in covering one of the great news stories of our day. Of course, Hedda did get it wrong but then she comes on earlier in the evening. A bride could easily change her mind forty-two times between 8 and 9 o'clock, could tell one columnist one thing and the other, another thing.

Anyhow, best of luck, Lex and Arlene. Just take it easy, Lex. Next time she says she's going to show up at 5:30, arrive at 6:30 and you'll meet her coming in.

Some More Firsts

ELEVISION'S first bubble bath is claimed by the "Vaughn Monroe Show." A singer named Shaye Cogan scored this striking premiere in full view of the cameras while singing "About A Quarter To Nine."

Out in Akron, the world's first underwater radio interview with a stripteaser was accomplished not very successfully by a disc jockey named Jerry Crocker. Carrying a microphone, he dove into a tank of water and gurgled briefly at a nightclub entertainer named Divena. Didn't get much information out of her.

In Little Rock, Ark., the Hooperating people finally managed it after all these years. A Hooper surveyor got Ernest Howard, announcer at KARK, on the phone right in the middle of his evening newscast, asked him what he was listening to.

Over in England Averil Ames, ex-showgirl weighing in at fourteen stone, and a housewife named Mrs. Black, thirteen stone, are rigidly dieting and appearing on television every day to show how much they've lost. Half of Britain is following the course of events as entranced as we were with the identity of Mr. Hush. A stone, in case you're interested, is fourteen pounds. Do your own arithmetic. (You'll find they're both pretty hefty girls.)
The Nature of Television

The Kefauver Committee hearings in New York were sponsored by "Time" magazine over a nineteen-city television network (and were broadcast unsponsored over a good many other stations) to an audience estimated at 20,000-000 persons.

I bring up the size of the audience because it is probably the most controversial point raised by the televised hearings on a number of counts. The fact that millions of persons were viewing the proceedings sharply modified the answers and the behavior of witnesses. Ambassador O'Dwyer at one point in his testimony protested that he wanted the record on a particular matter made very clear because so many people were watching. The implication was plain that he wouldn't have cared so much if the cameras weren't on him.

The question of invasion of privacy was brought up several times by James Carroll, of St. Louis, who wouldn't testify before the cameras, and by Frank Costello, who wouldn't allow his face to be shown. On strictly legal grounds, it's hard to justify the question of privacy. Public hearings have been held in this country since earliest times and, in the nation's infancy, were held in a meeting house where the whole community could crowd in and watch. In a city of 7,500,000, that's no longer possible, but television has taken us a long ways toward making it so.

A good deal of the criticism and comment concerning television's role in the Kefauver hearings, it seems to me, overlooks or misrepresents the fundamental nature of television. As a conspicuous example of this misunderstanding, take Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz's statement to Yale law students.

While praising TV for "informing and moulding public opinion" during the hearings, the famed Brooklyn judge went on to warn that the hearings had also shown "what a sinister weapon of slander, what a Frankenstein monster that television camera can become if proper safeguards are not set up to control its use."

Judge Leibowitz, astute as he is, is ignoring the fact that the television camera, far from being a Frankenstein monster, is simply an instrument, a method of communication, a recording device. As Broadcasting magazine wisely points out: "Television has an absolutely impartial eye and ear. It does not edit nor interpret. It simply sees and hears. It cannot turn a hearing into a carnival unless the hearing itself is so conducted. It cannot make a man a bum unless he is one."

The magazine states further: "To a large extent the evolution of government from the monarchical authoritarianism of feudal times to the parliamentary democracy of today has depended upon the opening of government activity not only to public participation but also to public scrutiny. The Star Chamber courts, whose dark secrecy protected the most unjust verdict, gave way to public trials and the jury system... The evolution has been slow and at times painful (the U. S. Senate met behind closed doors until 1792 when forced by editorial pressure to admit the public) but it has been made inevitable by the very nature of democratic progress."

Television just carries that evolution to almost the ultimate point in public scrutiny. Judge Leibowitz quite properly points out that, while the Kefauver investigation was a dignified one, there might come a time "when some inquiring body will go off into a smear campaign." And, if the cameras were on the witness, the smear, of course, would be spread to an audience of millions. That would hardly be the fault of television but of the people who were conducting the hearings. People have been smeared before in Washington without any help from the cameras and they probably will be again.

And I'm not at all sure that television will abet the evil; my feeling is that it will lessen it. I have too much faith in the common sense of the American people and, more importantly, in their deep respect for fair play. Unfair and prosecutory methods, I'm convinced, will be detected and condemned very easily by the people. With television, the examiner is under scrutiny as well as the witness.

Some of the reactions have been decidedly curious. Even Senator Kefauver
noted with some alarm that large segments of the populace showed a tendency to sympathize with the witnesses, no matter how shady their past. Similarly, Senator Tobey, God’s Angry Man, and Rudolph Halley, the coldly relentless inquisitor, were not universally popular with the masses and were decidedly unpopular with many people.

In fact, the one person who appears to have won universal acclaim after a stint before the cameras was Virginia Hill, which suggests that this isn’t so Puritan a country after all.

To be quite honest about it, we have been conditioned by the movies, by the theater, by books to dislike the prosecutor who is trying to send poor Barbara Stanwyck to jail when we all know she’s just shielding her idiot brother. The feminine audience especially has a tendency to confuse some of these hoodlums, the well-dressed and successful ones in particular, with Humphrey Bogart and to romanticize them accordingly. In the suburbs, the well-heeled matrons have picked Senator Kefauver as their matinee idol, a sort of Laurence Olivier with a briefcase.

Television, in short, has contributed not only to popular enlightenment but, more importantly, to public maturity. But we’ve still some distance to go before we can view such a hearing with anything like the cool skepticism and judicial impartiality it deserves. Television is a wonderfully potent instrument for arousing the populace and in this case, it’s arousing it against organized crime, a fairly non-controversial thing.

In the General MacArthur speeches, the question is not anything so open and shut as our opinions on criminals; it is the question of foreign policy and how to conduct the war in Korea. We judge the proceedings, not alone on the physical attractions or personal problems of the witnesses, but, of all things, on what they have to say.

Another point has been raised by eminent legal brains—that of sponsorship. It has been darkly hinted that Mr. Costello and his friends could, if they chose, have a lively legal case against “Time” for sponsoring a program on which they were the reluctant entertainers. One columnist has offered the opinion that the hoodlums ought to be paid the going rate for their appearance, like actors. This sort of opinion unfairly narrows the value of television. According to this point of view, TV is nothing more than a means to bring Milton Berle into as many homes as possible, an entertainment medium and nothing more.

But TV is essentially, I repeat, a method of communication far more than it is sort of a home movie. Advertising pays its bills. Advertising also pays the bills of newspapers and of the news magazines. And believe me, kid, the Kefauver hearings didn’t hurt circulation. If “Time” is guilty of sponsorship, then any advertiser in newspapers during the hearings was just as culpable of commercializing on the woes of Mr. Costello and his friends.

**Gracie Allen . . . and Bing**

MISS GRACIE ALLEN has always been a favorite of mine because of her special and magnificent gift for feminine irrelevance. Irrelevance, of course, is not confined entirely to Miss Allen, all women being pretty gifted in this direction. But Miss Allen is especially comforting to male listeners who have been driven nuts from time to time by their wives’ habit of wandering about a mile away from the point. After listening to Gracie for a bit, you breathe a sigh of relief and reflect that the old girl isn’t that bad.

Most of the Gracie gags are as visual as possible on the Burns and Allen TV show. Gracie, for example, reading a cookbook: “For best results, frankfurters should not be cooked long.” So she chops them up short. Gracie is a menace whenever she dips her nose into a cookbook. Once she read that fairly familiar line: “Roll in cracker crumbs.” She rolled in them. Well, what can you expect from a girl who drives with the emergency brake on so as to be ready for any emergency? Or one who says: “Oh, that’s too bad. I hope he didn’t die of anything serious.”

While we’re passing out posies to the old, old pros, I might as well toss one to
Bing Crosby who is practically the only entertainer alive who has not yet appeared on television. The Crosby radio show is still a tuneful, relaxed, amiable show which manages somehow to conceal the hard work that goes into it.

Except for a few wisecracks between Mr. Crosby and his announcer Ken Carpenter, comedy has been tossed out almost entirely. This is just an old-fashioned songfest, a type of activity for which I have a great fondness. When you get those two professionals—Mr. Crosby and Miss Judy Garland together, the joint really rocks. Crosby himself refers to his program as a jukebox and that pretty well defines it. Except you don’t have to put any nickels in the box.

**Baby Talking Baby**

**SOMETHAT** reluctantly. I tackle the popular song profession, a field I don’t understand at all, simply because there’s a program around called “Songs For Sale.” My interest in the popular song dodge flagged after someone wrote “Save Your Confederate Money, Boys, The South Will Rise Again.” You’ve all heard it, of course. It contains that immortal line, “When we whup them Yanks, we’ll open them banks and declare a dividend.” The songwriting art reached a peak right there that will never come again.

At least, that’s what I think. It’s only fair to point out that other scholars in this specialized field disagree. Mitchell Rawson, a world recognized authority, favors that great World War I song, “If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Then It’s Goodbye Germany.”

“I know he’ll be a hero when he’s over there.

“Because he’s a bear.

“In any morris chair.”

But let’s not start singing the old songs. We’ll be here all night. “Songs For Sale” is, according to the opening announcement, “the big chance for unknown songwriters to have their songs played by Ray Bloch and sung by Rosemary Clooney”—if that is any inducement to you young unknown songwriters. None of the unknown songwriters has yet touched the pinnacle of genius of those two songs I’ve mentioned or got anywhere near it. But they’re trying awfully hard.

Not long ago, “Songs For Sale” introduced for the first, and just possibly the last, time on the air a song called “Baby-Talkin’ Baby.” Its lyric was almost exclusively devoted to baby talk. Not quite so much baby talk as you find in “I Taw A Puddy Tat” but, if my insensitive ears are to be trusted, a bit more expert baby talk than that of “Bouncy Bouncy Ball-y.” I could be wrong about this. My experience is limited.

The program possesses a panel of experts who hand down indictments on these songs, and one of these experts, Russ Morgan, the bandleader, spoke up vehemently on this one. “Personally, I don’t like baby talk lyrics,” said Mr. Morgan. “Personally, baby talk failed in my first marriage.” I consider this opinion biased, immaterial, irrelevant, incompetent and un-American, and I think Morgan ought to be disbarred for uttering it.

Just because Mr. Morgan’s first marriage founndered in a sea of baby talk is no reason Tin Pan Alley should abandon baby talk and learn English. One of the comforts of my middle years is the mental picture I conjure up in periods of stress, of a couple of balding, paunchy songwriters trying to find a rhyme for “Snookums.” Just between you and me, I too, am working on a baby talk song, “Let’s ‘oo and Me Play Pattycake But Not Here, For God’s Sake.” I’d hate to think that the baby talk lyric had been ruled unconstitutional before I got my song ready for “Songs For Sale.”

The program, which seems to have got elbowed aside in this column, is presided over by Jan Murray, a sort of thin Morey Amsterdam. He tells jokes. “A good husband is hard to find,” says one contestant. “You’re telling me,” ripostes Mr. Murray. “My aunt has been trying to find her husband for ten years.” Want to hear some more of Mr. Murray’s jokes? No? You’re sure? Positive? Well, all right.

Along with the songs by unknowns you’ll hear a good many songs by well-knowns and the difference, I must confess, is sometimes slight. Still, the unknown

(Continued on Page 298)
Citizen Angels
Everybody has a wing in Kansas City's new, community-owned "Starlight Theatre," where tickets are priced to fit every purse.

by JIM McQUEENY

HOLLYWOOD BOWL, move over! Greetings, Lewisohn Stadium! And hi there, all you cities with outdoor "summer opera!" Kansas City, boasting a magnificent new million-and-a-half dollar outdoor "Starlight Theatre" in its 1727-acre Swope Park, this year moves into the outdoor theatrical "big time," presenting a 10-week summer season of the finest and most-loved light operas and musical comedies. Seven nights a week! In an amphitheatre seating 7,600 persons!

Indeed!

With all the aplomb of a veteran actress making her big entrance, the Starlight Theatre in Kansas City moves into the spotlight June 25th, after an overlong wait in the wings.

The theatre's struggle for actuality and recognition probably dwarfs that of any player who will strut upon its stage during the 71-night season. It has been in the civic mind for more than two decades. There
have been countless meetings in its behalf and the published words about it would fill a king-size historical novel. It has been wildly embraced one season and shamelessly neglected the next. It has survived legal complications, engineering difficulties, personality clashes, budget problems, material shortages, railroad strikes, and all of the vicissitudes of wartime construction.

But all this is behind the Starlight Theatre. Now its shows are the thing! Like Minerva who sprang fully-grown from the head of Jupiter, the theatre starts its first season as a full-blown operation. As such, it represents one of the greatest gambles in show business. A trim, likeable fellow named Richard H. Berger has the dice. He's rolling out on a two million dollar lick.

The ten musical comedies and operettas he's pulling together for a season of seventy-one consecutive nights aren't new to the community but the method of presentation is. It's a new concept of entertainment in an area where show-goers have a reputation for eating their young.

The al fresco productions are a pleasant admixture of the legitimate theatre, circus, ice extravaganza, ballet and midway spectacle.

"Solid entertainment," Berger says. "This is a theatre where people can relax and enjoy themselves. It's not 'culture' and people don't go because they want to look at each other. Nor does the husband recommend the shows to his wife and children with 'It'll be good for you, dear'—while he stays home. These shows are for the entire family."

If the shows had to depend entirely on regular theatre patrons they'd die. A curbstone estimate of a normal legitimate theatre season in Kansas City, without a "South Pacific," would be 100,000 admissions. That's the Starlight Theatre's capacity for two weeks!

In attendance at Sigmund Romberg's "The Desert Song," the opening production June 25 through July 1, with the famous composer himself directing the overture, will be many persons who have never before seen a musical production. Even some people, perhaps, who have never set foot in a legitimate theatre. The attendance at the ten productions will come from WHB's five-state area as well as the city and its environs where 808,231 persons live.

WHB will preview each Starlight Theatre attraction Sundays at 12:30

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### Starlight Theatre Admission Prices

For Ten Performances—Season Tickets

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Price</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orchestra</td>
<td>$22.95</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boxes</td>
<td>32.40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Loges</td>
<td>27.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arena (First 20 rows)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Single Admissions</td>
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During the season, box office at Starlight Theatre opens 7:00 p.m. Monday through Friday; at noon on Saturday and Sunday.
p.m., presenting interviews and music from the show opening the next night.

The City owns the theatre; but for $1 and other considerations it has leased it to a non-profit production group, which is bankrolling the season. Some 700 business firms and individuals are the angels, putting up $100,000 in cash and another $100,000 on call. As part of the agreement with the city, 400 free seats must be made available to at least 80 per cent of the performances with the balance of the admission prices attuned to the average family’s bank account.

The production budget for the 1951 season is $400,000. That’s not a figure picked out of the air, but a total at the bottom of a 15-page cost sheet over which the business manager, William M. Symon, works continually. No simple pie-man is Symon. He has fought the civic culture wars in Kansas City for thirty years—as convention manager of the Chamber of Commerce, business manager of the Philharmonic Orchestra, president of the Art Institute; and now, as business manager of the Starlight Theatre. As a mother fights for her young, Bill Symon through the years has fought the good fight for an outdoor theatre—and now that it is a reality, no one knows better than he that in order to break even, approximately 60 per cent of the theatre capacity must be sold at all performances. The weatherman, too, must be tolerant, as the budget won’t stand more than two or three cancelled shows.

Because of the theatre’s capacity the season has been planned to appeal to a wide audience. Linked with Sigmund Romberg’s musical romance are “The Chocolate Soldier” and “Naughty Marietta,” appealing to those who voted for William McKinley; “Babes in Toyland” for the young in heart; “Brigadoon” and “Song of Norway” for the contemporary audience; and “Roberta,” “Rose Marie,” “Rio Rita” and “Bittersweet” for those who like good music and plots on the plausible side.

The construction bill on the theatre amounts to $1,243,000 to date. At least $350,000 in additional funds will be included to add two more permanent buildings backstage and to build pergolas at the rear and along the outer aisles; so the spectators may find haven in the event of a sudden shower.

Everything’s been done with a bold hand. The electrical contractor tells you there are more than five miles of conduit, carrying 25.5 miles of wire of various kinds and sizes. A substantial portion of the conduit and wire may be seen in an underground tunnel that is four feet wide and six feet deep, extending from the stage to one of the pylons in the rear of the theatre, a distance of 300 feet.

The Park Board, headed by R. Carter Tucker, has been a great help. Exclusive of the time spent by the architect and various consultants, more than 17,000 man-hours have been expended by surveyors, inspectors and personnel in the Park Department’s engineering office—surveying, inspecting, and paper work.

The backstage area is a city peopled with more than 200 artists, craftsmen, specialists and players—in the ballet
and chorus rehearsal pavilions; dressing and wardrobe buildings; office; music library; shops; paint scaffold; transformer room; first aid station; and café. The stage is occupied from morning until night, seven days a week. The production director has a large staff of experienced stage practitioners who whip together a new show for Monday night opening each week from June 25th through September 3d. The scenic designer has a crew busy building and painting sets that roll over the concrete slabs on rubber tire casters.

One of the brick pylons down front houses the $64,000 dimmer board controlling banks of lights. On the light bridge suspended between the two rear pylons are spotlights with sufficient power to throw a white-hot light on a singer or dancing ensemble 250 feet away. Here, too, is the control board for the sound system with its ten stage microphones that will pick up even a whisper. A special feature is a tunnel underneath the stage that will be used by orchestra members in taking their places in the pit; and by singers and dancers in crossing from one side to the other.

(Continued on Page 311)

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**Starlight Theatre Facts**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Construction cost to date</th>
<th>$1,243,000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Permanent construction to be added</td>
<td>$350,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Production cost budget—1951 season</td>
<td>$400,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash-in-advance ticket sales—to May 15</td>
<td>$150,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seating capacity</td>
<td>7,600</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of play dates, 1951 season</td>
<td>71</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total audience, playing to capacity</td>
<td>539,600</td>
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<td>Audience required to “break even”</td>
<td>277,200</td>
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<td>Attendance at St. Louis Municipal Opera, 1950 Season</td>
<td>807,186</td>
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<td>Attendance at St. Louis' Record Season, 1949</td>
<td>898,103</td>
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<tr>
<td>Play begins every night</td>
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<tr>
<td>Parking space for</td>
<td>1,500 autos</td>
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</table>

Theatre is near Swope Park Shelter House No. 2

*By Auto:* Meyer or Gregory Blvd. east to Swope Park; South on Paseo to 63rd St., turn left; South on Swope Parkway; South on Brookside Blvd to Meyer Blvd., turn left.

*By Transit:* Connect with 63rd Street bus from Broadway (routes 4 and 5) and Armour-Paseo (route 3) motor busses; Prospect-75th (route 43) trolley bus; and Country Club (route 56), Troost-63rd (route 50) and Swope Park (route 53) street cars.

With the opening of the Starlight Theatre, there will be continual 15-minute daily and Sunday service by bus to the doors, until the nightly show is over.
John A. Moore, president of the Starlight Theatre, and Richard H. Berger (seated), director of productions, discuss plans for the 71 performances to be presented this summer.

Roland Fiore, below, is musical director of the Starlight Theatre.

STARLIGHT THEATRE
SWOPE PARK • KANSAS CITY

1951 SEASON

Director Richard H. Berger in New York selecting costumes for the 10 great musical productions.
THE DESERT SONG

June 25 through July 1

CAST

Pierre Birabeau—The "Red Shadow" and son of the Governor......................... Brian Sullivan
Margot Bonvalet—The Governor's fiancée......................................................... Victoria Sherry
Benjamin Kidd—A society correspondent....................................................... Buster West
Susan—The Governor's ward.............................................................................. Lucille Page
Sid El Kar—The "Red Shadow's" lieutenant....................................................... Donald Clarke
Ali Ben Ali—Caid of a Riff tribe........................................................................ Richard Wentworth
General Birabeau—Governor of a French Moroccan province............................ Truman Gaige
Clementina—A Spanish lady................................................................................ Joyce Sellinger

HIT SONGS

The Desert Song  Feasting Song  Farewell
One Alone  Blue Heaven  Eastern and Western Love
The Riff Song  The Sabre Song

Set in North Africa of 1925, the story concerns Pierre, the "Red Shadow", leader of a band of warring Riffs. In love with Margot, all ends happily.

The dramatic climax in the original play at the Casino Theatre, N.Y., 1926, as the "Red Shadow" captures his bride. Photo: Culver Service.
**RIO RITA**

*July 2 through July 8*

Book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson  
Music by Harry Tierney  
Lyrics by Joseph McCarthy  
First produced—Ziegfeld Theatre, N. Y.,  
Feb. 2, 1927

**CAST**

Rio Rita—Singer in a cabaret...Terry Saunders  
Jim—A stranger ....................Donald Clarke  
Esteban—A “great” general...Leonard Ceeley  
Chick Bean—A bootlegger.........Tim Herbert  
Ed Lovett—A lawyer................Don Saxon  
Roberto—Rita’s brother.........Earl MacVeigh  
Katie Bean—Chick’s wife........Joyce Sellinger  
Dolly—Cabaret girl.............Betty Ann Nyman

**HIT SONGS**

*Rio Rita*  
*Rangers’ Song*  
*You Are Always In My Dreams*  
*If You’re In Love You’ll Waltz*

Jim, from the original  
Broadway production.  
Photo: Culver Service

A Texas Ranger on a bandit-hunting mission  
Mexico falls in love with Rio Rita, the Spanis American cabaret singer, whose American fath had settled there.
SONG OF NORWAY
CAST

Edvard Grieg—A young man of charm and humor, not too concerned with the profundities of life...........John Tyers
Countess Louisa Giovanni—A handsome, vital and worldly woman.............................................Helena Bliss
Rikard Nordraak—A sensitive man with a devout love for his country........................................Donald Clarke
Maestro Pisoni—Impresario of the Royal Opera.................................................................Leonard Ceeley
Mother Grieg—Symbol of the Scandinavian Mother ...............................................................Muriel O’Malley
Nina, Hagerup—An attractive young woman...Lillian Murphy
Count Peppi Le Loup—A dapper boulevardier..Truman Gaige
Henrik Ibsen—A writer.................................Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS

Strange Music
Three Loves
Freddy and His Fiddle
Midsummer’s Eve

Two scenes from the original Broadway production. Photos: Theatre Arts Magazine
JACK GOODE
as Huckleberry Haines

SIBYL BOWAN
as Scharwenka

Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach
Music by Jerome Kern
Adapted from Alice Duer Miller's "Gowns by Roberta"
First produced—New Amsterdam Theatre, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1933

A glorified fashion show wherein a jilted football player visits an aunt in Paris and falls in love.

ROBERTA

CAST

Stephanie—A dress designer......................Terry Saunders
Huckleberry Haines—A crooner..................Jack Goode
Ladislaw—The doorman..........................Glenn Burris
Scharwenka—The star customer..................Sibyl Bowen
John Kent—A jilted football player.............Biff McGuire
Aunt Minnie—Kent’s aunt and owner of the
   Roberta dress shop.........................Muriel O’Malley
Sophie Teale—A debutante......................Joyce Sellinger
Lord Henry—A friend of Roberta...............Truman Gaige

HIT SONGS

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Let’s Dance
The Touch of Your Hand
Yesterday
Lovely to Look At
I Won’t Dance
Hard to Handle

Fay Templeton (right) in a scene from the Broadway production of Roberta.
Photo: Theatre Arts Magazine
An artist’s sketch of the new Starlight Theatre.
LEONARD CEELEY
OLLIE FRANKS
as Lady Jane
EARLE MacVEIGH
(below) as Sgt. Malone

Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd
Music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart
First produced—Imperial Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1924
A romance of the Canadian Northwest

ROSE MARIE
CAST

Jim Kenyon—A wild, romantic adventurer....................John Tyers
Rose Marie La Flamme—Sister of a fur trader......Terry Saunders
Hard Boiled Herman—A comic gold hunter.............Jack Goode
Lady Jane—Proprietor of a saloon.............................Ollie Franks
Ethele Brander—A chaperone.................................Joyce Sellinger
Sgt. Malone—Northwest Mounted Police...........Earle MacVeigh
Dance Specialty ..................................................Rex Cooper

HIT SONGS

Indian Love Call
Rose Marie
Totem Tom Tom

The Door of My Dreams
Why Shouldn’t We?

The original Totem Tom Tom dancers (below) at the Imperial Theatre in New York, 1924. Photo: Culver Service.
BILLY GILBERT
as Col. Casimir Popoff

HELENA BLISS
(below) as Nadina

Original Book and Lyrics by Rudolph Bernauer and Leopold Jacobson; English version by Stanlius Stange
Music by Oscar Strauss
First produced—Casino Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1909

A comic opera about the war between Bulgaria and Serbia in 1885. Bumerli tries to escape the Bulgarians and is helped by Nadina.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

July 30 through August 5

CAST
Bumerli—A Swiss soldier in the Serbian army, nicknamed “The Chocolate Soldier”.......................... John Tyers
Nadina—Daughter of Colonel Popoff.......................... Helena Bliss
Alexius—A young Bulgarian hero.......................... Glenn Burris
Col. Casimir Popoff—A Bulgarian.......................... Billy Gilbert
Aurelia—Wife of Colonel Popoff.......................... Muriel O’Malley
Mascha—Cousin of Colonel Popoff.......................... Joyce Sellinger
Captain Massakoff—A Bulgarian.......................... Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS

My Hero
Sympathy
Forgive
Falling in Love
The Letter Song

Scene from the Broadway production at the Century Theatre.
Photo: VanDamm Studio.
GLENN BURRIS
as Charles

BETTY BARTLEY
as Meg Brockie

Book and Lyrics by
Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe
First produced — Ziegfeld Theatre, N. Y.,
March 13, 1947

A musical fantasy about
two twentieth century Americans who lived in
an 18th century village,
based on a Scottish legend.

BRIGADOON

CAST

Charles — A village suitor ... Glenn Burris
Meg Brockie — A Scottish lass of determination ... Betty Bartley
Tommy Albright — A New York boy on a holiday ... John Tyers
Jane Ashton — A lass in love with Tommy ... Joyce Sellinger
Mr. Lundie — The village teacher ... Truman Gaige

HIT SONGS

Come to Me, Bend to Me
There But For You Go I
Almost Like Being In Love
From This Day On

Waitin' For My Dearie
Brigadoon
The Heather On the Hill
I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean

A scene from the original production at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York, 1947.
Photo: VanDamm Studio
GLENN BURRIS
as Carl Linden

TRUMAN GAIGE
as the Marquis of Shayne

Book, Music and Lyrics
by Noel Coward

First produced—Ziegfeld Theatre, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1929

Dolly, promised to someone else, is in love with a jazz band leader. Her aunt, the Marchioness, tells her story of the same problem.

BITTERSWEET

CAST
Sarah Millick—A young girl with a future.................Helen Bliss
Carl Linden—Sarah's music teacher.............................Glenn Burris
Marquis of Shayne—Second husband of Sarah........Truman Gaige
Capt. August Lutte—A rival for Sarah.................Earle MacVeigh

HIT SONGS
I'll See You Again
Zigeuner
If Love Were All
Kiss Me
To-Kay

A scene from the St. Louis Municipal Opera production of Bittersweet. Photo: Theatre Arts Magazine.
BABES in TOYLAND
August 20 through August 26

CAST
Alan—Nephew of Uncle Barnaby......................Biff McGuire
Santa Claus—Spirit of Christmas..................Richard Wentworth
Uncle Barnaby—A rich miser....................To Be Announced

Specialty Dances by Nirks, Harold, Lola

HIT SONGS
March of the Toys                          I Can't Do That Sum
Toyland                                  Hail to Christmas
                                        Song of the Poet

Scene from the original production on Broadway in 1903.
Photo: Culver Service.
RICHARD WENTWORTH as Rudolfo
ROSEMARIE BRANCATO as Marietta D'Altena

Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Music by Victor Herbert
First produced — New York Theatre, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1910

Set in the New Orleans of 1780, Capt. Dick has been sent to capture the pirate, Bras Pique

LUCILLE PAGE as Lizetta

NAUGHTY MARIETTA
August 27 through September 3

CAST
Marietta D'Altena
An irrepressible girl
Rosemarie Brancato
Lizetta — A comedienne
Lucille Page
Capt. Richard Warrington
An American... Donald Clark
Rudolfo — A marionette theatre owner... Richard Wentworth
Etienne — Governor’s son, the pirate Bras Pique
Earle MacVeigh
Lt.-Gov. Grandet
Province Governor
To Be Announced

HIT SONGS
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life
Naughty Marietta
Italian Street Song
I'm Falling in Love With Someone
It Never, Never Can Be Love
If I Were Anybody Else

Scene from the first Broadway production. They were singing "Live for Today." Photo: Culver Service
THE most appropriate way to tell the story of William N. (Bill) Deramus is to an accompaniment of telegraph keys and a chorus of railroad workers singing “Our Bill.” Both would be symbols of why he is president of Kansas City’s only hometown railroad, the Kansas City Southern.

Handsome, rugged Bill Deramus has come a long way since his birth on March 25, 1888. There were no telegraph keys within his hearing then; but he could hear the roar of the Louisville & Nashville locomotives as they flashed by his home town, Coopers, Alabama. Perhaps that is what started him on his career, for the sounds have been in his blood ever since.

Bill was one of seven children born to W. N. Deramus, farmer and merchant of a small village set in a scraggily section of cutover pine and worn-out cotton land. There was little time for leisure. Whatever his thoughts, they turned, always, to railroading. It represented the outside world, a new and better way of life, a chance to be someone.

Although he and his younger brother, Louis F., loved the wail of the whistle, the throb of the rails, the roar of the train’s passing, one sound was ever above the others... the click of the telegraph key. Bill watched his hero, the local telegrapher, casually and effortlessly speed words to a distant point. The telegrapher, with all the aplomb of a king, smiled down at the eager boy from his pedestal and, unknowingly, set young Deramus’ feet on the first rung of the ladder to success. He suggested Bill take the job of keeping the yard switch lights clean; and light them every night. In return, Bill would be paid $4 a month.

Aged 14, Bill eagerly accepted the job!

Thus it was that railroading became a part of Bill Deramus—and Bill Deramus dedicated his life to railroading. Taking care of his regular lamp-lighting and cleaning, he studied his favorite job, telegraphy, on the side, under the capable Coopers operator.

Bill got his first regular job—as a relief operator for the L & N—when
he was 15. He was proficient enough to be trusted with a little telegraph and water station buried in the piney woods, "nine miles from nowhere." Every afternoon at 6 o'clock he took the train to his job. He was back at 8:30 the next morning, with just enough time to sleep and eat before taking the train to work again that night. All this for $40 a month!

But this small job was to be his most important one. It was to become the foundation for his future success. In the lonely woods there were few trains during the night. The hands of the clock seemed glued to the face, his eyes grew heavy with sleep. To keep awake, young Bill began to pretend that he was a dispatcher, one of the most glamorous of jobs. The dispatcher was the master brain and hand that safely guided trainloads of life and treasure. By listening to the clicking of his telegraph sounder, Deramus could follow the movement of all the trains on the division and imagine he was the real dispatcher with the fate of these trains in his hand. What would he do? How would he handle them? Through this nightly competition with the real dispatcher, Deramus taught himself the business.

After serving as an apprentice for three years on the L & N, Deramus moved to the Atlantic Coast Lines in 1906, and that same year, he moved on to the Southern Railway in a better paying post. In 1907, he was promoted to dispatcher at Memphis.

He was now 20 years old, with a philosophy that all ambitious young people have: "Get your head above the crowd." There were thousands of young hopefuls who were just as good telegraphers—or dispatchers. With this fundamental knowledge, Deramus determined to learn his job in record time, and then learn the job above him. This was to pay off—and soon.

In Memphis he had worked under a Chief Dispatcher named C. R. Duncan, who had gone west to join the still young Kansas City Southern lines at Pittsburg, Kansas. Duncan remembered the eager Deramus and wrote him. He described the west in glowing terms, as a place where a young man could find plenty of opportunity to advance. At the end of the letter he offered Deramus a job as a telegrapher—a step down, but at a much better salary than Deramus was getting in Memphis as a dispatcher. Weighing his chances of promotions with the Southern, Deramus decided to "Go West."

The arrival of Deramus in Pittsburg on Nov. 7, 1909, was the start of a swift rise within the ranks of the Kansas City Southern—always with the idea of getting his head above the crowd. In a few months he was sent to Heavener, Okla., as dispatcher. A year later he came back to Pittsburg as Chief Dispatcher for the Northern Division. Promotions indeed were rapid!

The General Superintendent of the road, E. H. Holden, frequently visited
Deramus, stopping in to talk over various problems. Impressed with what he saw, one day in 1918 he phoned:

“Now, Bill,” Holden said, “I’m going to do the talking. I’ve discussed this with the President and everyone else. We want you to come up here as Superintendent of Car Service the first of next month.”

It was an executive job in Kansas City, and a big leap up the ladder of success. While Deramus was trying to get his breath, Holden said:

“What’s the matter? Don’t you think you can handle it?”

“Sure,” replied Deramus, “I could handle your job!”

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in SWING have their own Fraternity. They themselves nominate and elect each new “Man-of-the-Month.” The organization, in six years, has become a civic "honor society" similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and SWING. Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.

Now his rise became even more rapid. With an eye to the future, the company in 1925 made a deliberate move to broaden the experience of a picked man by transferring Deramus to Texarkana, Texas, as Superintendent of the Southern Division. Wherever Deramus went, he made friends—with executives and with the people who worked under him. And he worked! Nights, Sundays, holidays were spent learning how best to get his job done, looking into all the operational problems, always learning the job above him.

In three years, as head of the Southern Division, Deramus acquired much of the practical knowledge and experience which today underlies his reputation as one of the nation’s ablest railroad men. When one of his closest friends, Charles E. Johnston, became President in 1928, Deramus was moved back to Kansas City as General Manager. It was in this spot that Deramus made his great record as one of the finest operating men in railroading. Hacked out during the great depression, this experience was to prove invaluable to the Kansas City Southern. By 1934 he was a Vice President, and in 1938 he became Executive Vice President of the road. Upon the death of H. C. Couch in 1941, and with promotion of C. P. Couch, then President, to Chairman of the Board, Deramus, with his wealth of background and experience, was a “natural” to head the heavily indebted line. This included presidency of the Louisiana & Arkansas, a separate road, but part of the Kansas City Southern system.

On becoming President, Deramus had “a big cat to whip” keeping the Kansas City Southern out of receivership. All reasonable logic said
the line should be in the hands of receivers by 1950—only nine years away. A bonded debt of 67 million dollars was falling due; and there was nothing in past records of earnings to pay off any part of the debt.

The future looked bleak. Part of the trouble was that board control and policy-making were in New York, far from the scene of the problems. In 1944, Grant Stauffer successfully sparked a group of Kansas City businessmen to put board control as well as the executive office definitely in Kansas City hands. Then Deramus and the new board went to work to save the Kansas City Southern. A railroader who had made his reputation as an operating man was to do his biggest job in financing.

Million after million had been shoveled by their builders into the magnificent railroads crossing the nation. The Kansas City Southern had been built by a high powered promoter, a salesman and a dreamer named Arthur Stilwell, who had attracted the necessary millions to build it, even in the depths of the 1890's panic. Now the job of Deramus and the new board was to try to shovel out the millions again until the line could handle its debt. In order to refinance the bonded debt, 67 million had to be whittled down to 40 million.

Time was short and the basis of their temporary salvation, heavy wartime traffic, was ending. A large share of the earnings was in a high bracket where the government took 8½ per cent, leaving little to save a railroad.

In various ways the debt was reduced to 46 million dollars. But the investment bankers were firm: no refinancing until the debt was down to 40 million. Deramus accordingly went to commercial banks for the needed six million, and got it at a low rate of interest.

Today the refinancing is complete and the railroad is in sound financial condition. Under the Deramus leadership the Kansas City Southern has become a magnificent property. Besides following a consistent program of general modernization, the line has pursued a wise policy of refinancing and dieselization. In addition to its passenger and switching operations, over 80 per cent of the railway's road freight service is now diesel drawn, resulting in greatly improved movement and substantial operating economies.

When word of Deramus' election to the presidency was flashed down the line, a spontaneous system-wide celebration began. Nothing could attest more to his hold on the working personnel, to the wide regard all over the system for the new chief who had come up the hard way.

Much of this regard stems from the fact that he is a friendly person, a man who has a real and lively interest in the people he meets and their particular problems. Coupled with this is an extremely winning manner, an infectious sense of humor and an ex-

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Deramus
extraordinary memory. Up and down the line, Deramus can greet station porters, track walkers, dispatchers by their first names. And they, in turn, speak of him as “Bill.” That’s the way he wants it.

The “Boss,” as Deramus is called by the office force, is dramatic and homespun at the same time. Heavy dark eyebrows and a wide mouth are constantly on the move. His range of facial expressions is amazing and complete, and speak his thoughts before the words get out of his mouth. A mobile mouth, constantly moving, reflects his feelings.

A complete stranger walking into his office becomes a friend within five minutes. He has a human warmth that surrounds people and makes them feel at home. Someone once said, “Bill Deramus still has the first friend he ever made”—and that sums it up completely. He makes friends easily—and keeps them.

The Deramus family has done well in the railroad field. Bill’s brother, L. F., began his career as a telegraph operator, following the same path to become general manager of the Southern railroad at Cincinnati, and before retiring, chief executive officer of the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville.

A replica of Deramus, and the apple of his father’s eye, is W. N. III, now President of the Chicago Great Western Railway Company. After thoroughly equipping himself for the practice of law by graduating from Harvard law school, the younger Deramus threw a legal career aside to begin railroading at the bottom, with the Wabash line. Working with the same drive as had his father, he rapidly rose in the ranks. During the war, he was sent to India to help run the Army’s railroads. On his return, Grant Stauffer, who meanwhile had been named President of the Chicago Great Western, grabbed Bill as an experienced young man to help him run the road. During Stauffer’s subsequent long illness, the young Deramus was virtually in the driver’s seat. After Stauffer’s death, the directors kept him there as President.

Although Bill Deramus admits to no hobbies other than the Kansas City Southern, his grandchildren receive all of his spare attention. There are four of them now: W. N. IV, 7, popularly called “B.D.”; Patricia Nicholas, 4, called “Nicky”; and the twins, Jean and Jill, aged 2. Every weekend spent in town will find grandfather Deramus with the children.

One amusing story shows how Deramus combines his hobby and his family interest. A neighbor, John A. Marshall, ran into Deramus one day in Swope Park. He was puzzled to see “B.D.” and Deramus board a miniature train. Deramus hurriedly explained that he was accompanying his grandson. But he must have had another motive. When the ride was completed, Deramus reported:

“I would say the line’s roadbed is in good condition, its rolling stock

rose to be
well handled, and I hear its financial statements are more than satisfactory!"

Deramus' time is divided 50-50 between his office and trips on the line. Emergencies, especially during the winter or in flood times, will find "Bill" Deramus wherever there is need—right beside his men! He is constantly on the move, inspecting facilities and new track proposals, checking on the condition of the line. Always with him is his assistant, L. Orval Frith, who worked under him when Deramus was Superintendent of Car Service. In 1939, when Deramus rose to Executive Vice President, Frith became his secretary, and later his assistant.

But Deramus now spends much less time in the office and on the job than he did a few years ago. Mrs. Deramus, the former Lucile Nicholas, of Pittsburgh, Kansas, whom he married in December of 1911, is thankful for that. During the war, when there was a constant strain, he worked 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week. Now he has cut it down to 9 or 10 hours a day. But he still does it seven days a week! He works Sundays, holidays—365 days a year.

The physically-fit, vigorous Deramus indulges in no muscle building outdoor sport—nor indoors, for that matter! The only time he ever plays is when it accidentally ties in with business. There has been an occasional deep-sea fishing trip; but the exercise, though strenuous, is entirely involuntary and incidental. His nervous energy is only dissipated by inspection tours of the tracks.

Talks with close friends reveal six outstanding conclusions about Deramus:

First, even though he is an authority, Deramus is still a perpetual student of railroading. He is continually striving to iron out kinks in the Kansas City Southern system by devising specific remedies for the solution of each problem. He keeps informed of every technological advancement in the field, and has himself contributed to railroad science through his own inventions and ideas.

Second, although his background would seem to preclude such knowledge, Deramus knows railroad finance as well as any other railroad president. He is as familiar with financial problems as any leading railroad banker. Attributable to Deramus is the fact that the value of Kansas City Southern stock today is eight times what it was in 1940; that the common stock is now paying dividends, where the preferred stock paid none before! Deramus handled all the contacts with the banks, dealt with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the investment brokers, and was as much at home negotiating these transactions as he would be superintending a track repair operation.

Third, through his efforts, the line has made immense physical improvements. The road now has a high percentage of diesel units in operation, with more planned. The road bed has
been vastly improved. Fast passenger and freight trains run where slow ones ran before. Locomotives powerful enough to pull 125 or more freight cars over the rugged Ozark and Ouachita Mountains are now a part of the system. And today's trains maintain schedules!

Fourth, Deramus knows that the fundamental function of his line is service to the people. He understands their needs, and conducts the company's operations accordingly.

Fifth, new industries have been developed, mainly due to Deramus' efforts. He has sold the area along the line to industries: steel, grain, rubber, chemicals, and many others. By showing them the manpower, natural resources and transportation available, great industries have been persuaded to locate in this virgin territory. Stock raisers, oil men and steel men have been helped and befriended.

Because of the increase and distribution of industries along the line, the Kansas City Southern is now able to maintain a full schedule of both short and long hauls. Under Deramus, the freight tonnage hauled by the road has increased to three times its best prior year; and, because of these things, the standing of the line within the railroad industry has changed completely. Where it had been among the lowest-ranked lines, it now stands among the highest class railroads in the country.

Sixth, Deramus, personally, is meek and humble, and works too hard for his own good. He is energetic; but a leader rather than a driver; and is liked and respected all along the line. Too, he knows every inch of track and wherever there is trouble, there is Deramus!

Any member of his organization will tell you that Deramus will not be satisfied until he has the best railroad in the world. And back of his determination to provide unsurpassed rail transportation, they will cite his desire to prove his conviction that the Midwest and Southwest, with their great natural resources and other advantages, are destined to supply America increasingly with her most vital needs.

At present, the Kansas City Southern has 891 miles of main line; the Louisiana and Arkansas has 756 miles of main line, for a combined total of 1,647 miles. Add to that, yard, industrial and side tracks. Certainly it is not the biggest railroad in the country, but obviously one of the most progressive. It is important to Kansas City not only because it is the only railroad with general offices located here; but it is the only railroad to carry the name of Kansas City.

Swing salutes William N. Deramus, not only for his success, popularity, and many civic "good deeds"—but as an example of a typical American who rose from the bottom to the top through exercise of his ability and skill in the American way, under the system of free enterprise!
THE Sunday mystery schedule on WHB has been altered to accommodate the afternoon Kansas City Blues baseball games, broadcast by Larry Ray. Here is the mystery schedule until September:

1:00 p.m.—Box 13 with Alan Ladd
1:30 to 6:00 p.m.—K. C. Blues Baseball
6:00 p.m.—Murder by Experts
6:30 p.m.—Wild Bill Hickok
7:00 p.m.—Martin Kane, Private Eye
7:30 p.m.—The Shadow
8:00 p.m.—Challenge of the Yukon
8:30 p.m.—Affairs of Peter Salem
9:00 p.m.—John Steele, Adventurer

Wild Bill Hickok at 6:30 p.m. is a new show based on the exploits of the famous marshal who helped keep law and order in the old West. Guy Madison is featured as Wild Bill, and Andy Devine as Jingles, his deputy and sidekick. Packed with adventure, it has already zoomed way up on the list of best-liked shows!

During the week, WHB presents mystery and adventure shows every night. Among them you will be sure to find your old favorites!

Monday
7:00 p.m.—Hashknife Hartley
7:30 p.m.—Crime Fighters

Tuesday
7:00 p.m.—Count of Monte Cristo
7:30 p.m.—Official Detective

Wednesday
7:00 p.m.—Hidden Truth
7:30 p.m.—International Airport

Thursday
7:00 p.m.—California Caravan

Friday
7:00 p.m.—Magazine Theatre

WHB carries a complete schedule of newscasts and commentaries—in all, 100 every week. Bill Cunningham, popular Mutual news commentator, is now heard on the Sunday schedule at 12:15 p.m.
**Monday through Friday, Fulton Lewis, Jr., is heard at 6:00 p.m.; Gabriel Heatter at 6:30 p.m.; and Frank Edwards at the conclusion of the baseball games. The complete list of news periods during the summer:**

**Sunday News Broadcasts**
- 8:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
- 10:00 a.m.—Lou Kemper
- 12:15 p.m.—Bill Cunningham
- 9:55 p.m.—Mutual News
- 10:55 p.m.—Mutual News
- 11:55 p.m.—Mutual News
# CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

## MORNING

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**WHB — 710**

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<td>News, W'ther, Livestock</td>
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<tr>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hank Williams Show</td>
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<td>Roy Rogers</td>
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<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
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<td>The Lou Kemper Show</td>
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**Monday through Friday News**

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<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
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<td>Ken Hartley</td>
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<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>Ken Hartley</td>
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<td>9:25 a.m.</td>
<td>Frank Singiser</td>
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<td>10:25 a.m.</td>
<td>Frank Singiser</td>
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<td>Dick Smith</td>
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<td>4:45 p.m.</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
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<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>Mutual News</td>
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**Saturday News Broadcasts**

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<tr>
<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
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<td>Ken Hartley</td>
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<td>11:00 a.m.</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
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<td>12:00 noon</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Cecil Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Mutual News</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Mutual News</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:55 a.m.</td>
<td>Bob Arboagast</td>
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Take your pick! News, music, mysteries or sports—you’ll find them on WHB—Your Favorite Neighbor—in Kansas City!

"Wish me luck, Uncle Charles!"
Swing

June, 1951

with ARBOGAST

I SN'T this great? This summer kick, I'm talking about. Terrific!

Ricky of the "Ravens" pegs it right with that line that tells us that it's "Summertime, and the living is easy."

Man, Dad, Pops, and Jack—or what have you—you're so right.

And if we're at all sensible, any of us, we'll pay more than a little attention to the Mills Brothers' annual suggestion that we accompany them "Up the Lazy River"—or any number of other suggestions taken from any number of other songs about summer.

All of which poses an interesting question: What are some of the real good songs that extoll the merits of the vacation season? Summer, I mean.

Good idea—and while we're trying to answer our own question, we can put down some kind of a listing as to which artists have made records in the summer vein—and on which record labels said songs by said performers appear.

Just for kicks, tu sabes, so let's give it a go, shall we?

Well, for a starter, how about the tune, "Summertime," itself? We like it best by George Shearing on an M·G·M label. And, too, by the "Ravens" on a somewhat off-brand National disc. Try these on your record-beer-beach-pretzel sessions.

And how about the deal on Decca by Gary Moore called "Song Satire," that tears apart, in fun-poking fashion, the daddy of all Augustish songs, "In the Good Old Summertime"? It's from Mr. Moore's album and is the funniest record I've ever heard. Matter of fact, all of the take-offs by Moore in the album are classics for comedy, to my way of thinking (which is usually pretty weird, so perhaps you'd best forget it). (Unless you'd like to give it a try.) (Well, do then.) (Don't just sit there—this is a time for lightning-like action, man... On your feet! Win this one for the Gipper! Go, go, go!)

Oh, dear, now I'm talking football, which is a good excuse for forgetting the summer pitch and getting on to other more exciting things.

As you may know, if you've heard our late show (11 p.m. 'til 1 in the wee hours on WHB), we've made it a point to feature a lot of early Goodman, Lunceford, Basie and Barnet. Lots of the good stuff, I mean, from that late-lamented era called the "Golden Age" of the thing called Swing. Well, there's good news for you if you're one of those who ac'ocate the return to prominence of that sort of music. We do, believe me. And that's porque we're a mite ecstatic over something these days. And we owe our unconfined joy to a little girl.

She is Rachel, the teen-age daughter of the King of Swing himself, Benny Goodman. For, if it weren't for her, we might never have known that there existed some of these fine sides we're going to tell you about.

The story: On January 16, 1938, in New York, Benny Goodman and 25 of the greatest jazz musicians ever assembled under one roof, brought swing for the first time to Carnegie Hall.

The performance, billed as the "Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert," featured, among others, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Gene Krupa, Jess Stacy, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Bobby Hackett, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Lester Young and Martha Tilton.

It goes without saying that the performance was tremendously well received. It paved the way perfectly for more of the same in later years—one of the greatest things that could've happened for modern music of the swing variety.
Then, as time would have it, the B.G. concert was all but forgotten.

Until now—thanks to Rachel.

Seems Rachel was rummaging through the Goodman family attic and found that which caused all of our happiness stashed away under lampshades and musty letters and such other violent mementos of time passed.

For there, Rachel found the master recordings of every tune played that night at Carnegie—recordings that Benny had forgotten were anywhere around.

Thanks, Rachel.

You can guess the rest.

Columbia has released the music from the Carnegie session on both LP and 45, and it's nothing but soul-stirring. It'll cost ya, but it's worth it—like nothing you've ever heard, if, indeed, you like that kind of stuff in the first place. Me? I love it. The fee: ten bobs on the current mart—a small setback for some 21 brilliant swing songs by the greatest swing musicians of our time. Among the sides: “Sing, Sing, Sing,” that lasts by itself, over a quarter of an hour; “One O’Clock Jump”; “Shine”; “Honeysuckle Rose”; “Body and Soul”; and “Blue Skies.”

I could talk for pages about the featured solos, but I'm a bit incapable of describing greatness of this sort with words. Do yourself a big musical favor—hear it. When you do, you’ll buy it. It’s the “must” to terminate all “musts,” ever.

A couple of sidelong or three regarding the B.G. session. It has been said by at least one record-reviewer that Gene Krupa’s drumming shows lack of taste (and even an occasional lack of beat). We don’t concur. We can see the man’s point, but we don’t feel that his criticism is justified. Rather, we think that Krupa’s performance on these sides, good or bad (and we leave that up to you), was brought about by the very drama of the evening. Let’s face it, it was the biggest night for modern music of the Golden Era kind—there’ll probably never be another like it. If Krupa went a little too wild on occasion, it didn’t detract from the overall picture—rather it added, and made the whole session more vibrant.

In the words of our producer and music connoisseur, Pete Robinson: “There’s something about an in-person performance that brings a drummer out of his usual background position. The fans get worked up; things go a little wild, but there’s hardly a better place or time for such goings-on. Whatever the concert recordings lack in polish and recording studio technique, they certainly make up for it in on-the-spot excitement and feeling.” (end quote Mr. R.)

And, too, while we’re taking our hats off to Columbia, we’d like to pass along yet another bit of good cheer to music lovers of a type, to wit:

With a view toward revival of the good old days, Columbia has re-issued some other fine things, like “Pound Cake”, “Clap Hands, Here comes Charlie”, both by the Count Basie band. (Basie is an alumnus of WHB, by the way—a “by the way” of which we are properly proud.) The Basie band on these sides includes Lester Young, Buck Clayton and Harry Edison.

Still another chapeau-doffing to the Columbians:

Benny Goodman and a full band have cut some heretofore unused Fletcher Henderson (now a very sick man in New York) arrangements written in 1938-40—a fitting tribute to a wonderful musician.

Columbia seems to be showing the way on a big scale. We hope the others follow.

For a wind-up to this thing, how about this goodie:

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN IS SAYING HIS PRAYERS . . . Kay Starr—Capitol. An A. A. Milne poem set to music (Milne’s the inker who brought the fabulous “Winnie the Pooh” to the world) from A. A.’s “When We Were Very Young”. Miss Starr doesn’t give this her usual raucous (but fine) vocal treatment as with “Mama Goes Where Poppa Goes” and “Lonesomest Gal In Town”; but she does Mr. Milne full justice. This, to us, is the greatest lullaby-type since “Rockabye Baby on the Treetop”. Try it as a sleep-suggester for the li'l monsters at home . . . although they’ll probably like Kay so much, they’ll keep ya up all night . . . which is a good thing, I guess, if ya happen to be a pilot who works nights. But don’t get me wrong, I love Olathe.

See ya later . . . I’m going to the beach.
The Sage of Swing Says—

Many a reformer stumbles over a pile of trash around his own door when he sallies out to clean up the world.

The extent of some people's religion is that they know the name of the church they stay away from.

The trouble with the world is that the stupid ones are cocksure and the intelligent ones full of doubt.

Class reunion—Mixing old grad with Old Granddad.

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.

Honesty isn't any policy at all; it's a state of mind or it isn't honesty.

An orator—A man who says vague things with extreme violence.

It is said that man will work 8 hours a day for pay, 10 hours a day for a good boss, but 24 hours a day for a cause.

Envy yells at Reputation, "You're an accident." And Reputation wonders idly who is making that funny squeaking noise way down at the bottom of the hill.

What a pity the average man cannot dispose of his experience for as much as it cost him.

Cast your lot with a woman who has money enough to build a house on it.

Many a small boy is the kind of kid his mother wouldn't want him to play with.

Courtesy is a form of consideration for others practiced by civilized people when they have the time.

An expert—A person who avoids all the small errors as he sweeps forward to the grand fallacy.

Nothing can hold liquor as well as a bottle.

As we understand the doctors, you can live longer if you quit everything that makes you want to.

Gizmo: A gimmick that's better educated than a gadget.

A medicine cabinet is nothing more than a home drugstore without sandwiches.

The reason teaching has to go on is that children are not born human. They are made so.

If you don't believe in co-operation, just observe what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

It is frighteningly true that a bad education may be more dangerous than no education.

The most beautiful sentiments ever penned weigh less than a single lovely action.

The thing that turns people into inveterate gamblers is the misfortune of winning the day they start.

Don't let yesterday use up too much of today.

A man is like a tack, he can go only as far as his head will let him.

A great statesman is generally a politician who dies before his laws have had time to produce their natural effects.

Laziness is only a disease. That's one more science has not found a cure for.
With some people, you have only to be a good listener to win their acclaim.

There is a difference between making money and earning it.

The nearest thing to perpetual motion is two women discussing another woman’s affairs.

Taking time off is easier than putting it back.

Mind is more than mechanical, yet you see few fully wound up.

An open mind with a closed mouth, that’s wisdom.

Many of us often suffer from acute indiscretion.

Many a man’s idea of charity is to give unto others the advice he can’t use himself.

Getting acquainted with a pretty girl is like running to a fire, you go with the crowd.

A crank is something of an expert on a subject in which you are not interested.

The nearer worthless an article is, the more luxurious wedding gift it makes.

One must have a lot of faith in his fellowmen to believe the speedometer reading on a second-hand car.

A dollar in your hand is only a dime, after taxes are deducted.

Is there such a thing as getting into trouble without your own help?

Libel is written abuse. Slander is oral abuse.

One reason you notice the mistakes of a newspaper-man is because everything he says is down in black and white.

Too often a man’s character would never be able to recognize his reputation were they to meet.

Nobody has ever produced a substitute for constructive thinking.

The trouble with resisting temptation is that it may never come again.

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

Putting it off until tomorrow is the reason we had so little to do yesterday.

The more dishwater a wedding ring sees the longer it will last.

Better than gold is the peaceful home.

A gentleman is one who apologizes to a woman when he’s right.

A modern home is a place where a switch regulates everything but the children.

Education is wonderful but what amazes us is the ignorance that persists.

A medicine cabinet is a place where you keep $20 worth of nasty drugs you forgot to take before the meals while you were getting well.

“\textit{If you had one inch of backbone you’d ask for a raise in your allowance.}”
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Name.................................................................
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ED SIMMONS hung up the receiver and walked slowly out the back door, forgetting even to brush at the flies clinging to the screen. He leaned his cane against the woodbox, then sat in the unpainted, slanted chair in the middle of the jumble of rocks and bushes that he and Sue called a patio. The realtor hadn’t been too optimistic. “Twelve thousand is all they’ll go, Mr. Simmons,” he had said in a cool voice. “Maybe twelve-five. They’re driving up from San Francisco to see you now. It doesn’t look too good. They want something more—well, new, and modern.”

Ed wished he had taken that offer of fifteen thousand last year. Values were coming down, and his place was old, but it was comfortable. He sat there musing in the sun. Beneath his thick white hair, light-blue eyes, set in a brown, thin face, played from one familiar object to another. His knobby fingers touched the earth tenderly and intimately. If Sue were alive they’d manage somehow, as they had for thirty years. Never more than one paycheck ahead of being broke, but never really wanting.

He crossed his legs and sighed, and settled back to fill his pipe. The smoke wisped back on the breeze as he sat almost motionless, reviewing the years of work that had not brought them security in their old age: the garden that Sue had bent over every spring to satisfy their vegetable needs; the redwood grove just up the slope, where they had relaxed in the evening and watched the family of raccoons gradually become friendly enough to eat out of their hands.

He leaned over to spit at the bank, but checked himself. Below him he saw the dark, foot-long lizard that usually dozed on the hot woodbox set against the south side of the house. “You’ve been here a long time too,” he said aloud, and stretched out his hand. The lizard scooted behind the box, then the scaly pointed head poked out from behind it, the black eyes bright and unblinking, the mouth
curved. He knows I won’t hurt him, he thought.

WHEN he heard the car stopping in front he went carefully down the stone steps of the sloping walk toward the two people who had just gotten out of the buff convertible. The man was tall, with a soft pink face that was fleshy and naked under a receding hair-line. The red-haired woman was stepping on the gravel driveway as if she were walking a tight-rope. Green slacks clung to her hips and her yellow halter bulged. Behind green-rimmed sun glasses was an expressionless face, obviously darkened by tanning lotions.

Ed extended his hand. “Good morning. Mr. and Mrs. Hurst?” He led them through the rooms, watching them, trying to appear unconcerned. Doesn’t she ever smile? he thought, and then saw the interest in her mask-like face as she stepped up to the shelves of Oriental vases. Of course, he thought. Sue had loved those, and that Japanese print—wonderful folk art. He took the picture down from the wall. “See, this isn’t painting at all; it’s knitted. Perfect, isn’t it?” He watched her examine it. The man’s feet shuffled behind him, and he felt a vacuum of sound and action. This isn’t going too well, he thought, and coughed, and felt relief when she went into the kitchen. He stood beside Hurst in front of the fireplace and wished he had built a fire. It seemed cold, all at once, here in the house, and he led the way out into the sunshine. They waited for her. She came out smiling for the first time.

“Everything’s handy, anyway, although it’s pretty small, Frank,” she said. Ed waved his arm in a wide circle.

“Nice here, especially on a hot day. This patio—my wife and I hauled rocks all one summer for the garden and pool, and the walks.”

She said, “Rock gardens seem rather crude, to me. ‘Course, yours is nice, really.” She put her nose against one of the wisteria blossoms that covered the overhung gateway. “Mum. So fragrant, aren’t they? The hybrids, especially.”

He remembered how Sue liked flowers too, so he smiled at her and then led the way up the winding path to the redwood grove. Here several dozen of the great trees dwarfed them in the cool shade of a soft-looking clearing that contained a lawn swing, three chairs made of redwood limbs, and a small open fireplace. Near one edge hung a Mexican rope hammock. As they stepped into the clearing a quail scuttled across it and disappeared into the undergrowth. Hurst swiftly swung an imaginary gun to cover the bird.

“Say, quail on toast for dinner,” he said. “Many of them here?”

“Quite a few,” Ed said, “but I quit feeding them. The people across the way got a cat that snoops around, and feeding them makes them tame. One morning I found two little ones drowned in that dish under the faucet.” He showed them the hammock. He and Sue had saved for ten years to make that Mexico trip.
Mrs. Hurst drew her hand along the rope. "Beautiful colors, aren't they, Frank?"

Her husband tugged at the swinging hemp. "That's about all, though. Just junk they peddle to the tourists."

Ed closed his mouth and watched them move with vague indirection around the clearing. What do these people like? he asked himself. He stood in the center of the open space waiting until they turned back to him, and then led them down to the orchard.

The trees were already heavy with green fruit, apples and cherries and several fig trees that were almost naked in contrast to the thick foliage of the others. He stopped to scratch his head and tilt his hat back to let the wind cool the sweat on his forehead. His stomach began to knot into that sick feeling that came so regularly these days. The dizziness started behind his eyes. Hurst was saying, "These trees aren't in rows. You plant them?"

"Some of them were here when I got the place." He felt the rigidity of his jaws and reached up for a branch to steady himself. The thought kept pounding through the waves of dizziness: It's worth more than they've offered. Damn if I'll sell for twelve.

He led Hurst toward the orchard edge, to the brush that marked the beginning of the lot thick with spreading bay trees, white oaks, and thick bushes.

"This piece could be sold separately," Hurst said. "Someone could build on it. Is that another redwood grove up there?"

Ed nodded. "You could sell this to someone you'd like for a neighbor. Even then he wouldn't be too close to you. I've had plenty of offers for it." He saw the blankness that spread over Hurst's features veiling his thought.

"Would you consider selling the rest for ten thousand, and keeping this? I really don't need it."

He felt he ought to turn and walk away. "No. The whole thing, or nothing, the way I feel—for fifteen thousand."

"Guess I could sell it." The tall man's head moved from side to side, and Ed glanced toward Mrs. Hurst seated detached in the patio chair.

"We'd better find out what Mrs. Hurst thinks," he said. He wished the
realtor were here. This selling was not his line. Money, money, he thought. If only he were younger. If only Sue were alive. He brushed sweat from his forehead again and wondered if the dizziness came from walking on the uneven ground, and knew it didn't. I keep forgetting my cane, he reminded himself.

She looked up. "What have you two decided?"

"Mr. Simmons wants fifteen, for all of it."

"How about the place we talked about yesterday?"

Ed felt the anger within himself. They had been figuring all the angles. He spoke quickly. "A great deal could be done here. You could landscape it." His lips were dry. "What do you think of the house?"

She took off her glasses for the first time and chewed on one of the bright-green prongs. "It is small. And—do you think it's too old, Frank? But I adore the fireplace. Would you include the vases?"

He knew Sue would object if she were alive. He tried to push the thought of her aside. "Yes, and the prints. And the bookcases. I'll even throw in the stove and refrigerator." He spoke directly to Hurst now. "You must have noticed how solid the house is built. That hardwood floor cost plenty. If I were feeling better I wouldn't sell at any price. Maybe with those fixtures, and that authentic folk-art—. He thought of something then. "Would you like to see the flowers and shrubbery on the other side?" Maybe he should have showed her around there first. Women liked flowers.

They followed him as he began to pass by the woodbox. Hurst was saying, "I'll go to twelve-five, Mr. Simmons," but he pretended not to hear. He stopped and pulled up on the lid of the woodbox. It was a false lid, raised so that there was a space an inch high between it and the real top of the box.

"Would you like to see my pet?"

He tried to sound friendly. As he pulled up on the planking the lizard curled and straightened out on the box top. It twisted jerkily toward the wall just as Mrs. Hurst screamed and jumped back and fell into a thorny bush. He saw Hurst grab up the cane, raise it high, and crash it down on the box. A long piece of it flew up against the house with a dull clatter and then dropped back on the patio. Hurst cursed.

"Missed him," he rasped. Ed could hear branches crackling behind him. For an instant he thought that he should turn and help her, but he knew he couldn't. He closed his mouth and felt his nerves loosen slightly. Hurst said, "Are you hurt, Myrna?" as Ed peered around the corner and saw an armored tail disappear under the house. He breathed deep and walked back to the patio, closing his eyes for a few seconds against the dizziness. He didn't look back as Mrs. Hurst swore briefly but viciously.

Their steps scuffed hesitantly behind him in the dirt and he turned to face them. His mouth moved but no words came. Then his lips met and he said, "You can work out all
the business details with my realtor. I can move out in two weeks." He led the way down the incline of steps, then halted again. "Goodbye," he said, not holding out his hand, not even wanting to look at them. He turned toward the path up to the redwoods. As he passed through the flowered arch of the patio gateway his knees weakened and he flung out an arm toward the leaf-covered post. The wistaria blossom felt cool and soft as it crumpled into dry mash in his cold palm.

Discouraged by a laundry that kept sending his clothes back so shrunk out of shape he couldn't get into them, a customer finally got mad and sent them a large railroad spike. To it he wired a note, saying: "I'll bet you can't shrink this." Eventually the laundry returned to him a small bundle. In it was a carpet tack and a note. It said, "The heck we can't." —Woodmen.

"I'm Mr. B's wife," said the brunette, introducing herself to a blonde at a party. "I'm his secretary," said the blonde. "Oh," said the brunette, arching her eyebrows slightly. "You were?" —Forest Echoes.

A midwestern preacher in the middle of a long sermon was horrified to look up and see his young son methodically shooting the parishioners in various spots of their anatomies with a bean blower. Just as he started to scold the youngster, the boy shouted:

"Keep preaching, Pop. I'll keep them awake for you!"

A tramp knocked at the door of an inn known as "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door and the tramp beseeched:

"Could you spare a poor, hungry man a bite to eat?"

"No," she said, slamming the door.

A few minutes later the tramp knocked again. The landlady came again. He asked:

"Could I have a few words with George?"

A geology professor overheard a friendly argument about the attractions of life in Los Angeles. A man from Mason City, Iowa, said he wouldn't like the torrential rains in winter, the bald, brown hills in summer, and the ever-present possibility of an earthquake.

The Californian was a match for this. He said, "Brother, we don't have earthquakes in California. They're just big movements in real estate!"

It's well known that when grandma was a girl she did not do all the things that girls do today . . . but, too, grandma did not do the things that grandmas do today.

If you can tell the difference between good advice and bad advice, then you don't need any.
When she gets in the act, Joan Brandon haunts the haunters!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

SHE was allowed to ask three questions for her dollar. She wrote them on a slip of paper, addressing them to her dead sister Ann. Then she signed the name Jean Hilton, and eagerly awaited the answer.

The woman in the center of the circle swayed slightly. When at last she spoke, it was in a voice which seemed to come from another world. “Ann is calling to her sister, Jean Hilton,” she intoned. “She is so happy to greet you and send you all her love.”

Immediately, the blonde young woman rose from her seat and exclaimed to the startled audience: “This woman is a fraud! My name is not Jean Hilton and I’ve never had a sister!”

Joan Brandon was the amateur sleuth in that audience, and her greatest pleasure is exposing fake mediums wherever she finds them. A professional magician who has entertained thousands of people although she’s still in her twenties, she has made it her mission to uncover the fakers who every year mulct millions of dollars from the public. Heedless of personal danger, she fights the fake spiritualist racket at its source.

Once, for example, she watched a nationally-known medium from Hollywood perform a blindfold billet reading. After being blindfolded with a large white cloth, the medium sat at a table and shuffled the papers with the questions on them. When she started to read, Joan broke up the meeting by explaining to the audience that anyone can be blindfolded and read anything on a table before him, no matter how tightly the blindfold is tied.

Another time, Miss Brandon met a Milwaukee couple in Los Angeles. Their young daughter had recently died, and they were heartbroken. Seeking solace, they went to a medium. They were completely taken in by her tricks. The father, in fact, even showed Joan what purported to be a spirit picture of his daughter, complete with a halo around her head.

Joan decided to investigate the case. She learned that one of the medium’s confederates in Milwaukee had obtained a picture of the dead girl from the morgue of a local newspaper. The rest was simple. A photographer achieved the halo effect by using well-established darkroom technique.

Nevertheless, the girl’s father was still skeptical of Joan’s explanation. She had to bring in her own photographer to reproduce the halo on the
picture before the parent's very eyes. Only then were they convinced that they had been duped.

DAUGHTER of a famous magician and ghost breaker, Joan knows every trick in the fake medium's book. Wherever she travels, she visits local mediums, posing as a convert, disguised so that she won't be recognized. Her brother, Jack Brandon, a husky young man who is her agent, is her only bodyguard. Despite threats of violence, she has exposed hundreds of fake mediums all over the world.

Levitation, spirit photography, blind-fold reading, materializations, trumpet blowing and all the rest of the medium's flim-flam are just old-fashioned magic, according to Joan Brandon. Being an accomplished magician herself, she can perform these stunts easily. About the only thing she can't do is produce a materialization— or ectoplasm, as the mediums call it— because it is necessary to regurgitate a piece of gauze and Joan confesses she has a weak stomach. But all the spectral effects, table raisings, voices-from-the-beyond, mysterious rappings and other tricks in the fraudulent medium's repertoire can be duplicated by this magician who has made a specialty of debunking the medium's magic.

Some time ago a survey showed that there were eight million people in the United States who were convinced that spiritualism, as demonstrated by mediums, was the real thing. A recent estimate put the number of mediums in the country at 6,000, and they were reaping possibly $25,000,000 a year from well-meaning but gullible persons. These facts are a constant challenge to ghost breaker Joan Brandon. Unscrupulous practitioners of the magician's art, she claims, prey upon the heart-aches and sorrows of bereaved persons as well as offering advice, often misleading or insidious, at a price.

One medium, for instance, told one of her followers not to have an operation. When the woman protested that her doctor had advised the operation, the medium replied: "I don't care what your doctor said. The spirits tell me you should not have an operation."

Another medium told a woman to put her property in someone else's name because her son-in-law was scheming to take it away from her. The son-in-law was completely innocent, of course. The medium would have succeeded in creating a rift in the family had it not been for Joan Brandon's intervention.

Many messages from-the-beyond delivered by mediums result in dire consequences. People have been known to commit suicide after receiving such messages. They also have made bad investments, bought or sold property willy-nilly, done other senseless things merely on some fake medium's say-so.

MISS BRANDON is not attacking a religion, nor the many sincere people who believe in spiritualism. Instead, she fights the mediums who use lies and trickery to convince people of their powers. In lectures before civic groups, clubs and colleges, she has endeavored to bring her message to the public. Going into the medium's temples and meeting places, she has exposed their sorcery during
actual seances, explaining and demonstrating to their converts how the mediums achieve their spectral hoodwinking.

On a recent trip to Detroit, for example, Joan uncovered a medium who made ingenious use of an odd-looking, talking statue. The spirits, according to the medium, talked through the statue. For an extra fee, in fact, the spirits would suggest a lucky number to be played in the numbers racket. Joan discovered his method, and now uses a replica of the statue to demonstrate one more aspect of the fake medium’s trickery.

Another trick, used by a medium in Texas, was almost as ingenious. A bright light shining in a glass vial convinced his followers that a spirit was present. Joan performs the same trick for audiences, claiming no supernatural powers whatsoever.

Convinced that such mediums are merely second-rate magicians, Joan has a standing offer of $10,000 to any medium who can produce psychic phenomena legitimately. Like the similar offer made by the great Houdini, it has never been successfully challenged. Every medium who has been tested by a magician has proved to be a fraud.

A PETITE blonde, whose looks could win her a showgirl’s job in any Broadway musical, Joan Brandon could get by very well without exposing the fake mediums who infest the country. Miss Brandon, however, has magic in her blood. Her father was the Great Brandoni, a famous magician who spent many years as a ghost breaker himself. Joan, who was born in New Orleans, spent most of her early life touring the country with him. As a child, she was part of her father’s act, and he would produce her out of an empty box on the stage. By the time she was five, she could take rabbits out of hats and accomplish other feats of legerdemain. At the age of fourteen, she was a vaudeville headliner. At fifteen, she was booked into the Hotel Savoy in London. This was the start of an international career which took her to France, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and other European countries. At one time or another, she also has performed in Australia, Hawaii, Mexico, Cuba, and Canada, as well as all the 48 states. She has been called “America’s First Lady of Magic” and the “World’s Greatest Lady Magician” for her aptitude at sleight-of-hand.

Her other accomplishments are equally amazing. Besides being the first girl magician to appear on television in London, Paris, and New York, Joan also has led her own dance orchestra, played the drums and saxophone, is an amateur flyer, and at present is writing a book to be called “Frankly Spooking.” Her magic act, featuring such stunts as pouring 100 different drinks from a cocktail shaker—anything from a Scotch-and-soda to a Bromo Seltzer—as rapidly as an audience requests them; raising a table easily just with the palms of her hands; making a cane dance apparently unsupported in mid-air; and others stamp her the equal of famous masculine performers.

All these achievements, however, are of secondary importance to the remarkable Miss Brandon. Debunk-
The study of spiritualism and has found that the belief in it is world-wide. And not only ignorant people fall for the fake medium’s wiles, she says ruefully. Many men of science have been convinced that certain mediums possess supernatural powers. Joan Brandon, however, sees such stunts through the magician’s eyes. On guard for trickery, she has uncovered their most baffling stunts.

MODERN spiritualism is 100 years old, she will remind you, and its entire history has been one of sheer hypocrisy and sham. It started in Hydesville, N.Y., when two little girls, Margaret and Katy Fox, dropped an apple off a bed about a hundred years ago. Their superstitious mother then told the neighbors there were spirits in the house. The girls thought it amusing, and kept up the deception. No one would believe such innocent looking children could be guilty of perpetrating a hoax, of course. Later, they were too frightened to admit they were only playing a little game. They learned to crack the joints in their toes, and their mother called it spirit rapping.

The news spread, and the family decided to make capital of it. Admission was charged to go into the Fox home. Soon the house was too small for the audiences that came to see the sisters. Then they went on tour, appearing before credulous audiences in various cities throughout the United States. In later years, though, Margaret’s conscience got the better of her, and she signed a confession which was published in the old “N. Y. World.” In part, it said: “I do this because I consider it my duty, a sacred thing, a holy mission to expose spiritualism. I want to expose spiritualism because it is a fraud and a deception. It is a branch of legerdemain. If I cannot do it, who can? I, who have been the beginning of it.”

Spiritualism, however, was to survive and mediums multiply down through the years. “It was too good a thing for the quacks to let go. There was too much money in it for the mediums to cast it aside. And there were millions of people ready to pay good money in return for being fooled in the most insidious way.”

WHEREVER she may be, Joan is ready to track down the fake mediums. Some time ago she found one not far from her home in New York City. Joan previously had a friend telephone the medium and arrange an appointment. The friend told the medium that her younger sister, Joan, was despondent because her
fiance recently had died. When Joan arrived at the spiritualist’s temple, she sat in semi-darkness for a while. A phonograph played soft music. After that, there was a period of quiet meditation before a women appeared. The medium asked for gold and jewels to be made into a cross. Then she gave messages. Joan’s was completely ridiculous. The medium told her that the spirit of her fiance said that she must not take her own life because then they would never be reunited in the spirit world!

P E O P L E ask mediums comparatively few questions, Joan Brandon explains, and this makes their work simple. Mainly, questions asked deal with love, money, health, business, marriage, friends, trips, and investments. A person with any imagination at all can give plausible answers. If the sitter seems dissatisfied, the mediums can easily cover up or generalize. You may try to put on your best poker face but the experienced medium will detect the slightest flicker of the eyes or trace of expression, and draw conclusions from it. That is known as “fishing,” one of the most reliable ways of answering stock questions.

If the subject is wealthy, the fraudulent medium will go to any length to get information about him. Mediums not only use telephone directories of cities all over the country, they also resort to their own books which are carefully cross-indexed. Other data is obtained from neighbors, servants, trades people, newspaper morgues, and confederates posing as door-to-door salesmen. The city directory and even the tombstones in cemeteries likewise provide the medium with information. Thus equipped with many of the answers, the medium convinces nearly everyone that he is in communication with actual spirits.

After putting questions to hundreds of fake mediums during her career as a ghost breaker, Joan is convinced only one ever gave her the proper answer. Once she asked a medium whether she herself should become a medium. “Yes, you should become a medium,” was the reply. “I will be your guide. You would make a wonderful medium.”

“Sure, I would,” Joan wryly agrees. “I know all the tricks.”

The very rich man was interviewing an applicant for a job as his personal valet. “You may have trouble with me,” he said. “I have a wooden leg, a glass eye, a toupee, an artificial arm and false teeth.”

“That won’t bother me,” replied the applicant. “I used to be on the assembly line at Lockheed.”

Neighbor Brown has a new car and is rather proud of it, now that some of its eccentricities are smoothed out. It seems the car had several unexplainable rattles and squeaks. All but one were tracked down and corrected. The mysterious rattle was traced to a rear window, where—hanging by a string from the inside of the framework—was a small bottle. Inside the bottle was a note which read, “How long did it take you to locate this one?”
KNOCK THE CHAMPS OUT
by Lawrence R. Barney

In the past sixty-eight years there have been sixteen Heavyweight Boxing Champions of the World. The left-hand column gives the years in chronological order during which each Champ held his title. The right-hand column gives the names of all the heavyweight crown-holders in a scrambled order. See how many of the title-holders you can knock out by correctly pairing each Champ's name with the years he held the Heavyweight Crown.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ANSWER</th>
<th>YEAR(S) TITLE HELD</th>
<th>CHAMP'S NAME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>1. 1882 to 1892</td>
<td>(A) JOE LOUIS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>2. 1892 to 1897</td>
<td>(B) JACK SHARKEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>3. 1897 to 1899</td>
<td>(C) VACANT</td>
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<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>4. 1899 to 1905</td>
<td>(D) JAMES J. CORBETT</td>
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<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>5. 1906 to 1908</td>
<td>(E) MAX SCHMELING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>6. 1908 to 1915</td>
<td>(F) JESS WILLARD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>7. 1915 to 1919</td>
<td>(G) JOHN L. SULLIVAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>8. 1919 to 1926</td>
<td>(H) MAX BAER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>9. 1926 to 1928</td>
<td>(I) PRIMO CARNERA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>10. 1928 to 1930</td>
<td>(J) EZZARD CHARLES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>11. 1930 to 1932</td>
<td>(K) GENE TUNNEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>12. 1932</td>
<td>(L) JACK JOHNSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>13. 1933</td>
<td>(M) TOMMY BURNS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>14. 1934</td>
<td>(N) ROBERT FITZSIMMONS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>15. 1935 to 1936</td>
<td>(O) JACK DEMPSEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>16. 1937 to 1949</td>
<td>(P) JAMES J. JEFFRIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>( )</td>
<td>17. 1949 (N.B.A. only)</td>
<td>(Q) JAMES J. BRADDOCK</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(See Page 304 for the Answers)
PAGE BOY
by Gregory Spooner

Can you guess these well-known "boys" from the cues given? If you get them all, congratulations. Or in the vernacular, Atta Boy.

1. Oliver La Farge's Pulitzer boy
3. Can she make a cherry pie?
4. This one is Mr. Peck's
5. Sabu's vehicle
6. By Gainsborough
7. A Whittier creation
8. The Londonderry Air
9. Al Jolson's baby
10. Play by Clifford Odets
11. Harold Lloyd was IT
12. Giddyap Whoa!
13. Eden Ahbez' brain child
14. He knew Mr. Pickwick.

SPELL IT ANOTHER WAY
by Boris Randolph

There's another equally correct way to spell each of the words below. Do you know it?

1. Jeweler
2. Gaiety
3. Partisan
4. Skeptic
5. Ketchup
6. Plow
7. Mustache
8. Jail
9. Program
10. Drafty
11. Kidnaper
12. Splendor
13. Whisky
14. Check
15. Raccoon
16. Anemic
17. Tepee
18. Defense
19. Sirup
20. Inferable
21. Manikin
22. Fiber
23. Banns
24. Peddler
25. Doggie
26. Catnip
27. Valkyrie
28. Phantasm
29. Rhyme
30. Bark

THE BIG ONE GOT AWAY!
by William C. Boland

If your fishing trips wind up with that well-worn alibi—"you should see the big one that got away!"—be prepared to defend yourself. Was it trout, bass, or dolphin you didn't catch? Pick the fish in each category below. Getting 13 or more right makes you excellent; 10 to 12, fair; below that, buy a fisherman's guide.

1. Cormorant
2. Tern
3. Snook
4. Wagtail
5. Pollack
6. Koodoo
7. Toucan
8. Squaretail
9. Windhoover
10. Platypus
11. Flamingo
12. Perch
13. Magpie
14. Hawk
15. Bittern
16. Marlin
17. Bison
18. Bustard
19. Striper
20. Tapir
21. Jackdaw
22. Pumpkinseed
23. Shrike
24. Gibbon
25. Pickerel
26. Flycatcher
27. Bullfinch
28. Crappie
29. Ibex
30. Pilchard

Badger
Muskie
Ocelot
Emeu
Dhole
Carp
Chamois
Dodo
Bluegill
Jerboas
Togue
Grosbeak
Ouzel
Walleye
Heron
BEWARE THE PLATITUDE
by Theodore Simonson

Ever since Adam, people have loved to hand out advice. And nothing is more impressive than a time-honored platitude—or more contradictory! Measure your defense against “careless counselling.” Match each famous quote on the left with its contradiction on the right.

1. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.  A. Travel teaches tolerance.
2. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.  B. Naked came we into the World, and naked shall we depart.
3. Fools are aye fond o' flittin', and wise men o' sittin'.  C. He that questioneth much shall learn much.
4. A penny saved is a penny earned.  D. He who hesitates is lost.
5. Too many cooks spoil the broth.  E. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
6. When in Rome do as the Romans do.  F. Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.
7. One man is as good as another.  G. Penny wise, pound foolish.
8. Curiosity killed the cat.  H. Out of sight, out of mind.
9. Clothes make the man.  I. Two heads are better than one.
10. Haste makes waste.  J. Men are made by nature unequal.

SOWING FLOWERS
by Gerard Mosler

If each of the persons described in the left column would have sown the corresponding object described in the right column the word combination will result in the name of a flower. For example: If a NETHERLANDER would sow a WIND INSTRUMENT the resulting flower would be a DUTCHMAN'S PIPE. How many flowers can you identify in this way?

**IF THEY . . .**  **SOW THESE . . .**  **WHAT FLOWERS HAVE YOU?**
1. The first man  A pointed tool  .M'
2. An unwed male  A fastening device  A
3. An infant  A single respiration  Y
4. A royal son  A part of plumage  F
5. A noblewoman  A light shoe  L
6. A patriarch  A device for climbing  O
7. A flirtation  A deadly poison  W
8. A Roman goddess  A catching device  E
9. A keeper of sheep  A small pouch  R
10. A church dignitary  A headgear  S
Can You Be a Salesman?

by Michel Lipman

Ask your man-on-the-street, and you might hear, “Son, I couldn’t sell a kitchen match to a freezing excelsior merchant!”

If this is the common attitude, then we have news! The big commissions in selling stem from these factors. If you have the kind of personality that wins friends; if you have a sincere factual approach, a good product, and a little hustle, you possess the raw materials of salesmanship. To be sure, why not run through this test?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Always times Never</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Are you genuinely democratic in your association with others?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Are you tactful in all your relations with others?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Is your health good? (except for minor illnesses)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Can you be cheerful without straining?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Do you really enjoy lending a hand to others when possible?</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Can you keep plugging on the job regularly without a boss to watch you?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Is your attitude usually optimistic and friendly?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Can you keep going without discouragement even when everything seems against you?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Do you keep your appearance neat and manner cordial at all times?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Do you make sincere friends on the strength of your personality?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Are you a “self-starter” with respect to whatever job you tackle?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Would you rather go to a meeting or other gathering of people than stay home with a good book?</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Are you able to see two sides to every question?</td>
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<tr>
<td>14. Can you accept criticism for constructive self-improvement?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15. Have you a sense of ethics with relation to the representations you may make?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Do you find it easy to take a real interest in others, their problems, and their hopes?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Do you think you have sufficient “bounce” to come back time and time again after turn-downs?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Do you have a fund of enthusiasm that will trickle over and infect a customer without washing him away?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Are you sufficiently sure of yourself that you can reassure others who are a little fearful about you, your product, and the world in general?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Do you have the ability to work steadily, earnestly, and objectively toward your goal?</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Each “always” counts 5; each “sometimes” 3, and each “never” rates 0. Now add ’em up.
They cope with swindles, pests and grouches—and love every minute of it!

by JULES FRANCE

TAKE it from a guy who saw Saipan, Leyte, Okinawa and the rest of the Pacific from an aircraft carrier, working out a living from behind your own gas pumps jangles the nerves. But Ben Alexander, who might well bear the sobriquet "Mr. Filling Station," was hypnotized by a flivver at the age of six, and has been sticking his head under motor hoods ever since.

He cracked the mysteries of carburetion and differentials during high school vacations when he was paid $9 a week to hand-pump gas and rake gravel at a Union Oil station. The outbreak of war a few years later found him still selling gas for Union Oil—but at a microphone, as announcer for their radio show.

Then Ben enlisted in the Navy. On his return home, he found that the announcer who had pinch-hit for him had been signed for another year. So, with three of his ex-navy buddies, Ben bought a Union Oil station on lease, and went back to selling oil the hard way.

And, brother, it is the hard way!

Apart from the usual gas station pests, there are the swindle artists to cope with. It took Ben's boys' time—and costly experience—to be wary of the man who buys gas with a twenty-dollar bill, then discovers he has a five when the attendant returns with his change. In the confusion and fast talk of rejuggling the transaction, the short change operator drives off with a full tank, and $20 profit.

A new racket pops up every week. There was the girl who drove in with the tearful story of no gas or money to meet her husband coming into San Diego on a tramp steamer. If she
could only have ten gallons... she’d leave her wedding ring for security.

Ben subsequently found out that Woolworth’s had an abundance of “wedding rings,” so it was hardly surprising that the girl never came back. But misfortune was the lot of another female when she called at Ben’s station only a week later with an identical yarn. One of Ben’s boys stalled her until the police arrived. The woman’s handbag revealed the two-bit bands of a dozen “marriages.”

If these characters weren’t enough to make Ben weep wistfully the lion tamer’s placid profession, there’s also the customer who pulls into the station with profound distrust in his heart. He’s the man who’s grateful to his dentist for advice that he needs fillings. But when Ben suggests that a worn-out part needs replacing, the customer invariably rewards him with a stare of utter disbelief and suspicion.

Paradoxically, Ben finds the customer who automatically assumes he’s being cheated is the easiest to win over —like the school teacher who gets out of her car to watch the tank-filling process. On this type, Ben uses the psychology of diplomacy. He gives her a little more than she’s paying for. If this draws comment, he shrugs, “Oh, that’s all right. The boss doesn’t care if I give you a little extra.” From then on she can’t be beaten off with a club, ever hopeful that the “mistake” will be repeated.

LIKE most gas station operators, Ben has found it necessary to use subtle selling techniques. The general idea is to suggest to the motorist alternatives, either of which entails spending money. Instead of asking

“Shall I fill ‘er up?” Ben queries, “Shall I fill it up with 76 or 7600?” Most men—especially those with girl friends at their sides—lack the courage to order, “Just give me four.”

Ben checks the oil without asking, then shows the gauge to the driver. “You need a quart,” he’ll say. “Do you want Triton 30 or 40?” He then checks water and tires, saving the windshield for last. This leaves him in a position to chat with the driver about anything he’s discovered wrong with the motor or tires.

You can’t get rich selling gas at a gross profit of 3c a gallon. And to dispense 5,000 gallons a week, grossing $150, requires the full-time service of one attendant. Ben’s real profits accrue from the miscellany—sale of oil and parts, parking fees, wash and lube jobs and repair work.

Because competition is keen and customers are fickle, Ben never misses a chance to extend himself in the line of service. He’s found that this pays off in loyalty, where a penny slash in prices is quickly forgotten.

Shortly after Ben took over his Hollywood station, Reese Taylor, president of Union Oil, persuaded him to return as announcer for the company’s new Monday night program. Saying nothing about his new career, Ben would grease cars at the station right up to the last moment, then rush to the studio for his broadcast.

One night Taylor and some Union Oil bigwigs came to the program. There was Ben Alexander, standing in front of the microphone clad in greasy overalls. The executives were baffled. What was this—television? After the program, Ben sheepishly ex-
plained that he was not only an announcer now, but a dealer as well.

“Gentlemen!” Taylor exclaimed. “Here’s an announcer who read his commercials so persuasively he convinced himself!”

BEN knows almost everybody in Hollywood, but he insists he hasn’t made a nickel out of his personal friends. They came in for a while for the novelty of having radio’s Ben Alexander fill up their tanks, but soon seemed more annoyed than pleased at his success. That’s Hollywood.

Sometimes Ben meets a friend under unexpected circumstances, as when the handbag hospital across the street from the Cahuenga station burned down. Fire engines roared in; the hook and ladder was run up. A fireman, ax in hand, scrambled up the rungs toward a smoking window. Half-way up the ladder, he happened to spot Ben across the street. Letting out a whoop, he clambered down, rushed over to the station and pumped Ben’s hand. “Why you old rascal—!” Then remembering the fire he raced back across the street, up the ladder and to work.

Hollywood stars who call at the station are sometimes more a handicap than a help. They’re one of the reasons why nobody but an attendant is allowed to put a car on the hoist. One day a man from Monticello, N. Y., drove in. Before anyone noticed, he had raised his car four feet on the hoist, with him inside.

Just then Martha O’Driscoll drove up and yelled a greeting to Ben, who was pumping gas out front. The man from Monticello recognized the star, got out of his car for a better look, and stepped into four feet of space. He was knocked cold on the pavement.

Although Ben’s two stations are only two blocks apart, they cater to different clienteles. At the Cahuenga station he gets Hollywood businessmen, and at the Yucca station, housewives driving in from San Fernando Valley. Women, he’s found, rarely know anything about cars; expect more service than men, and won’t allow anything to be done for the car because, “My husband won’t let me buy anything without his OK.”

The toughest customers Ben has to deal with are those who, like himself, drive new cars, trade them in early, and dish out nothing but punishment in the interim. “I never keep a car long enough to wear out the battery,” Ben confesses, “so I never bother to have it checked. People like me make terrible customers, and I’m darn glad I’m less prevalent!”

If the best man’s faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

Little boys would learn to write much faster if blackboards had the appeal of fresh cement.

Compliment: The applause that refreshes.

Civil Service is something you get in restaurants between wars.
THE CREAM OF CROSBY  
(Continued from Page 247)

songwriters whose work is bandied about on "Songs For Sale" have remained without exception spectacularly unknown. Tough racket to break into, songwriting. I haven't been able to find a publisher for my other baby-talk song, "How Can Itty Bitty You Be Such A Great Big Lousy Tramp?"

Historic Occurrence

THERE is a thrice-told tale about Leo Tolstoy ("War and Peace") waking up in the middle of the night crying: "A yacht race! I left out a yacht race." It's virtually the only thing he didn't include in that massive novel. After listening to Lux Theater's revival of "Seventh Heaven," it occurred to me that the playwright, Austin Strong, might have had a bad night after the play opened, too.

"A deathbed scene!" he might have cried. "I left out a deathbed scene."

He didn't leave out anything else. "Seventh Heaven" contains all the other ingredients of popular drama—sex, sadism, religion (faith lost, faith regained), poverty (followed by an inheritance), war, peace, renunciation, and love, love, love. The hero goes blind. The heroine gets flogged. War separates them. Another man—she thinks the hero dead—almost gets her. The darn thing abounds in picturesque scenery—the slums and sewers of Paris—and in picturesque characters—the old taxi-driver Boul', the gentle priest, the sewer rat, Diane's absinthe-maddened sister, the lamplighter, gendarmes. Oh brother! There's only that deathbed scene missing and it bothers me that Strong didn't work it in somewhere.

Actually, "Seventh Heaven" is a magnificently skillful piece of popular theater and it has shown extraordinary durability. Originally produced on Broadway by John Golden in the fall of 1922, the play ran 704 performances and was once the fifth longest running play of them all. (Of the five longest runs on Broadway in 1925, Golden had produced three—"Lightnin'", "The First Year" and "Seventh Heaven"). In 1927, it was made into a preposterously successful motion picture with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell conceivably the movies' most successful romantic team. For her performance, Miss Gaynor won an Oscar the first year they gave those things out. (1928)

"Seventh Heaven" was the play broadcast on the premiere production (1934) of Lux Theater, now radio's most popular program (if you believe the ratings), and it has since been done on that show three other times. On the recent revival, Lux dug out of retirement the two screen originals, Charles Farrell, now the proprietor of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs; and Miss Gaynor, who is married to Adrian, the dress designer. The old magic—either the magic of the Gaynor-Farrell combination or that of "Seventh Heaven"—is still working. Lux was deluged with 5,000 requests for studio tickets to an auditorium that holds only 1,200.

I bring all this up because this "Seventh Heaven" production was primarily an historic occurrence, something akin to the resurrection of William Jennings Bryan declaiming the Cross of Gold speech with the original cast. Naturally, you view an event of that kind a little differently than you view Tallulah Bankhead, who's been on view almost uninterruptedlly (4 p.m. till midnight except on Sundays and holidays) since the twelfth century.

It was a fine show, "Seventh Heaven," and, listening to it, it occurred to me that the literary wheel has just about completed full circle. "Tale of Poor Lovers," for example, a pretty fine contemporary Italian novel, is a lot closer to "Seventh Heaven" than it is to "Grapes of Wrath" in spirit and in structure with one happy exception—"Seventh Heaven's" black-and-white, two-dimensional characters.

As for the acting, Mr. Farrell, the Jimmy Stewart of his time, still sounded arrogant, youthful, tender and tough in proper proportion for the part. His timing was off badly, but then it's hard to compare it with his performance in the picture, which was a silent film. With Miss Gaynor I find no criticism whatsoever. She took me right back to 1927 when we were just rehearsing the 1950s. President Roosevelt once described her as "cute as a button" and I don't think I can improve on that.
"It's Howdy Doody Time"

To an adult, Howdy Doody is both irritating and baffling. It contains nothing that adults normally consider entertainment; the plots through which its mixture of puppet and live characters wander are so child-like and at the same time so devious as to be totally incomprehensible to adults. (To the kids, the story line is a cinch.)

After witnessing it once, the exasperated parent is likely to head for the cellar or the roof to escape the darned thing. Howdy Doody, however, is pretty hard to get away from unless you live in an awfully large house. From the moment it opens with a chorus of forty children piping "It's Howdy Doody time" at the top of their lungs to the closing, the program is conducted at a noise level roughly five times that of Berle, or about twenty times that of Frank Costello.

Bob Smith, the inventor of Howdy, is dressed in a costume which is a mixture of an African explorer and Hopalong Cassidy. Howdy is a freckle-faced Huckleberry Finn of a puppet. Clarabell is a male clown who can't talk and issues her—pardon me—his signals by means of an auto horn. Are you getting confused? You must be over nine years old, then. For the benefit of parents who wonder when they can get rid of Howdy, the age group is from two to nine. After that they graduate—or should graduate—to Hopalong. If he's still mad about Howdy after age nine, send him to a psychiatrist.

Marimba Player Surplus

This great American sport of talent hunting, instituted by the late Major Bowes—may he rest in peace—is creating a whole host of social problems, disturbing to many deep thinkers. Horace Heidt, whose thinking on the subject has been both profound and remunerative, has been beating the bushes for years, trying to find a marimba player in Sheboygan, Wis., better than the one he just left behind in Waterbury, Conn.

This activity has aroused in a great many young breasts an excessive and, I think, wholly unreasonable ambition to become a marimba player. The marimba-playing population then rises far in excess of the normal demands for marimba players in a city the size of Sheboygan. After Mr. Heidt and his troupe pass through, what happens to all those marimba players? Mr. Heidt's motto is: "It's better to build boys than to mend men." But how do you mend a marimba player, how do you transform him into something socially useful after his appetite for marimbas is aroused? That's a problem for the next generation. We've got enough of our own.

Mr. Heidt has introduced one nice wrinkle to give us a rest from the marimba players. He introduces the local dignitaries—the mayor, the local managing editor, the resident leader of Civic Culture and Uplift League. Each one tells him what a splendid thing he is doing for the youth of America. He says what a splendid city Sheboygan is, listing its principal rivers and exports, and in the case of Sheboygan, even adding warm praise for the local basketball team.

"And now it's goodbye to the wonderful city of Sheboygan," he cries at the end, like Burton Holmes leaving Bali, like all white men who invade exotic lands and leave behind their strange customs and terrible diseases. And marimba players.

Earmarks of Success

Henry "If At First You Don't Succeed" Morgan is with us again on a TV program which has all the earmarks of success, a terrible thing. At least, a terrible thing for Mr. Morgan who has carved out a fruitful career for himself by failing at most everything he did in radio. However, his were not ordinary failures. When a Morgan show folded, the air was full of clamor and controversy, stimulating stuff to the industry, the columnists and, I suspect, Mr. Morgan himself.

Back when I was a boy, the native population could be divided roughly into two classifications—those who listened to Morgan and to nobody else on radio, those who didn't listen to Morgan and listened to everything else. This made it easy to cast a dinner party. You put a pro-Morgan next to an anti-Morgan, all the way down the line. Within five minutes the pros
would be breaking soup plates over the heads of the ants and everyone would have a lively time. It was a surefire way to break a lease, too.

Now success looms. He’s got a sponsor and everything. Pretty soon, the teenagers will be annoying him for his autograph, the tradespeople will expect him to pay his bills, he’ll have to learn how to deposit money, and, in general, life will be vexing.

To get down to the show itself, “The Great Talent Hunt” is a parody on all the talent shows that infest television. That in itself is significant. When television starts parroting itself on a regular weekly basis—its been done intermittently before—it has reached a degree of self-analysis which is one of the first inklings of maturity.

In announcing his new show, Mr. Morgan said he was seeking odd talents. “You know, a man who tapdances on Jello, things like that.” I don’t think anyone has tapdanced on Jello yet, but the talents on display have been almost equally curious. At various times, Morgan has produced the world’s champion lady wood-chopper, a lady punching-bag expert from South America, a farmer who played castanets with his muscles, a welder who played “Sleepy Time Gal” on a matchbox, and a couple who sang arias while standing on their heads.

An appearance on his show, Mr. Morgan cheerfully confesses, is the first step on the ladder to oblivion. “Immediately after his appearance here,” said Morgan of one contestant, “a very important producer called him. He rushed to the phone, fell through the cellar door and broke his neck.”

It’s a wonder some of the high prices don’t come down once in a while to get acquainted with the country they were raised in.

As an army chaplain in Korea looked up at the sky, he meditated that a brigadier general had one star; a major general, two stars; a lieutenant general, three stars; a general, four; and general of the Army, five stars. But his Boss “had a whole sky full of them.”

—Jacob F. Weintz.

It’s a very gentle, disarming and rather surprisingly handsome Morgan who wanders through these innocent proceedings. “Welcome, to the great Talent Hunt or as it is often called ‘Movies are better than ever.’ This program is performing an enormous contribution to television. Makes all the other shows look good.” Then on come the people who play xylophones with their kneecaps. I don’t know what enchanted forest Henry flushes these people out of but he seems to have an inexhaustible supply of them.

Morgan treats them gingerly, as if he were afraid they might disappear before his eyes. There is no real meeting of minds. The lady punching-bag expert, a humorless lady, didn’t seem to know what Henry was doing there or what he stood for exactly and Henry seemed a little puzzled about it himself.

Arnold Stang, Morgan’s perennial sidekick, whose face matches his ludicrous accent in every particular, has passages at arms with Mr. M. when the talent gets out of the way. Very funny exchanges, too, these two supplementing each other perfectly.

“Got a terrific act to close the show,” says Stang.

“Baboon?”

“No.”

“A flight of pigeons?”

“No, this is a person.”

“Oh, people!”

“What’s the matter with people?”

“We’ve already had ‘em on the show.”

I couldn’t vouch for that last statement.

A reluctant conscript faced the army oculist who asked him to read a chart.

“What chart?” asked the draftee.

The doctor persevered: “Just sit down in that chair and I’ll show you.”

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat.

“Excuse me,” said the conscript as calmly as he could, “does this bus go to Mobile?”

—Woodmen.
How do you want the next generation to live?

by W. H. BRADFORD

Let's forget politics and think about the type of American life we're going to give to the generations coming up.

There is growing up in America today a generation of youngsters who don't know the comparative prosperity they enjoy, who don't know what makes our American way of life tick, and who are unconsciously a fertile field for the development of all the "isms" that have been imposed upon other peoples of the world.

Most of us are on the negative side of the ledger when it comes to any action on the national governmental scene. Our Federal Government has grown to such large proportions that

We The People find it difficult to realize:

1. that WE choose the kind of government we wish, dictate its size and scope, elect city, county, state and federal officers;
2. that we have the right to approve or veto their actions each election day;
3. that on the average we pay one week's income out of every four in taxes to support the government;
4. that we send our sons to fight for our way of life;
5. and that in the last analysis, the responsibility for good or bad government, inflation, socialism, communism, and crime rests with us.
Our country, because of its rich resources and a standard of living that has never been equaled, has always had enemies attacking it from without. But every generation of Americans has had a positive attitude about American democracy, based upon a firm knowledge of the system and active participation in determining its policies. And no enemy from without has ever been able to make any progress in destroying the freedoms of the individual American.

Today, however, we have termites boring from within the American free enterprise system and making such alarming progress that our freedoms, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, are being lost through default. We The People are not sufficiently concerned to dig into our government and economic tangles to straighten out the confusion that exists among millions of Americans.

An insidious threat to our system is the “something-for-nothing” attitude that is becoming so instilled in Americans today. . . . the theory that the government owes us something. This is Socialism. . . . the kind of government that is destroying individual initiative in Great Britain today, gradually curtailing more and more of the individual freedoms of the British people, and lowering their standard of living to where it is just one-third of the American standard.

Nothing is free. . . . especially a government service. We pay in direct and hidden taxes for every service the government renders and the more service we demand, the more taxes we must pay. Where taxation becomes excessive, controls become so numerous that democracy disappears.

Twenty years ago, there was one government employee for every 40 people. Today there is one to every eight of the working population. It is estimated that taxes absorb 75 to 85 per cent of all savings. In the past these savings have been used to provide security in old age, buy homes, farms, insurance, pay doctor bills, provide schooling, finance private business ventures, etc. As individuals find themselves unable to provide for their own future security, the demand for government protection grows. The inevitable result is absolute control of all individuals by a central government.

As people find themselves unable to provide for their later years, they join the demand for old age protection.

As people find little left to pay doctor and hospital bills, they demand socialized medicine.

As investment in industry decreases, men find it difficult to secure jobs and the demand for unemployment insurance increases.

The demand arises that government “take over” and people are soon working for government—a welfare state—where there is no incentive to work, to save, to educate.

Taxes are the rent we pay for living in America . . . dues that we pay to a nationwide union that has existed 175 years for the express purpose of preserving our individual freedoms. Some taxes are surely needed to carry on the necessary functions of government, particularly in a time of national emergency.
We are expected to "tighten our belts" during this emergency. We have every right to expect our government to "tighten its belt" and eliminate unnecessary non-defense spending.

Taxing all people to pay off obligations to pressure groups can only result in more and more non-producers, living off fewer and fewer producers. The cost of living for every worker goes up (to help support the non-workers), his standard of living goes down (fewer autos, furniture, clothing, meat, homes, luxuries, etc.)

A big portion of America is accepting government benefits; all of us pay; but only a handful protest or make any attempt to take a positive stand.

In recent months, newspapers, magazines, congressmen and people in all walks of life have become aroused to these danger signals in our national life. Every effort is being made to awaken people so we can fight before it is too late. We have allowed ourselves to lapse into a negative attitude with the thought that "I am just one of millions—what can I do?" If you want to preserve your freedoms, if you want your children to know what America is, you as an individual, must take a positive stand now—read your newspapers, listen to your radio, look at television, review the story of America and learn what has made it tick 175 years to provide the highest living standard and greatest individual freedom that any group of people has ever known—be positive and express your convictions to your children, your neighbors, the people that you put in public office.

Again—it's not a matter of political parties. Each party is offering what they think the people want. So... it's up to the people. What do we want...what will we give the next generation?

Have you ever noticed how often a narrow mind and a wide mouth go together?

Wolves are like railroad trains—you like to hear their whistles even if you don't want to go any place.

An optimist is a person who thinks humorists will eventually run out of definitions of an optimist.

About the only thing some people save for a rainy day is the watering of the lawn.

If you think you have troubles, just picture a giraffe with a sore throat or a centipede with corns.
Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 291-294

CHAMPS
1. (G) JOHN L. SULLIVAN—London Prize Ring (bare knuckles champion).
2. (D) JAMES J. CORBETT (1st Marquis of Queensbury Champion).
3. (N) ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.
4. (P) JAMES J. JEFFRIES. Jeffries abandoned the title (1905) and designated Marvin Hart and Jack Root as logical contenders and agreed to referee a fight between them, the winner to be declared champion. Hart defeated Root in twelve rounds (1905) and in turn was defeated by Tommy Burns (1906) who immediately laid claim to the title. Jack Johnson defeated Burns (1908) and was recognized as champion. He clinched the title by defeating Jeffries in an attempted comeback (1910).

5. (M) TOMMY BURNS.
6. (L) JACK JOHNSON.
7. (P) JESS WILLARD.
8. (O) JACK DEMPSEY
9. (K) GENE TUNNEY (Retired)
10. (C) VACANT.
11. (E) MAX SCHMELING.
12. (B) JACK SHARKEY.
13. (L) PRIMO CARNERA.
14. (H) MAX BAER.
15. (Q) JAMES J. BRADDOCK.
16. (A) JOE LOUIS.
17. (J) EZZARD CHARLES (National Boxing Association only).

BOY
1. Laughing
2. Harvard
3. Billy
4. Bad
5. Elephant
6. Blue
7. Barefoot
8. Danny
9. Sonny
10. Golden
11. Grandma's
12. Pony
13. Nature
14. Fat

THE BIG ONE

SPELL IT
1. Jeweller
2. Gayety
3. Partizan
4. Sceptic
5. Catchup or Catnap
6. Plough
7. Moustache
8. Gaol
9. Programme
10. Draughty
11. Kidnapper
12. Splendid
13. Whiskey
14. Cheque
15. Racoon
16. Anaemic
17. Teepee
18. Defence
19. Syrup
20. Inferrible
21. Mannequin
22. Fibre
23. Bans
24. Pedlar
25. Doggy
26. Carney
27. Walkyrie
28. Fantasm
29. Rime
30. Barque

PLATITUDE
1—E, 2-H, 3-A, 4-G, 5-I, 6-F, 7-J, 8-C, 9-B, 10-D.

FLOWERS
1. Adam’s Needle
2. Bachelor’s Button
3. Baby’s Breath
4. Prince’s Feather
5. Lady’s Slipper
6. Jacob’s Ladder
7. Wolf’s Bane
8. Venus’s Flytrap
9. Shepherd’s Purse
10. Bishop’s Cap

SALESMAN
YOU’RE IN THE 85-100 GROUP. You have what it takes to land in the high commission brackets.

YOU’RE IN THE 70-84 GROUP. This is a good average, and you can do well in the selling profession.

YOU’RE BELOW 70. Chances are, salesmanship isn’t your long suit. This doesn’t mean you have no possibilities of success. Realizing that your personality isn’t the most favorable type, (for purposes of salesmanship) may be an asset. You can’t “high pressure”, so work hard on technique. Studies show that the biggest annual sales records are made by men who (a) give the prospect most sound sales arguments; (b) show prospect more items. Like your product, like your customer, and your customer will like you!
ENCHANTED · HILLS

Wonderful new horizons are opened by this recreational camp for blind children.

by GLADYN CONDOR

Vacation days are here, and most youngsters are throwing off the shackles of school to plunge into the sunny weeks of adventure called summer. But the happy season holds little enjoyment for the child who is blind. His monotonous life continues, always dark, often lonely, generally confined to home.

Imagine, then, what it means to blind, or even partially blind children to be given a summer camp all their own—with tent areas, a snug lodge with a large cheerful fireplace, a filtered swimming pool, a lake, a running stream and forest trails—all under a canopy of blue sky and tall California redwoods. A real camp where horseback riding, hiking, boating, swimming, fishing and games of all kinds are the order of the day. Even its name, Enchanted Hills, causes the handicapped child to thrill with anticipation.

But how can such a thing be possible? Isn’t it dangerous to take blind children near such hazards? Is it possible to teach them these feats of sportsmanship? It’s like asking a child to ride horseback, or learn to swim, or bat a baseball blindfolded. It seems almost fantastic.

Rose Resnick, founder of the highly original and charitable project, knows that it can be done. Her own life, taken as an example of her personal determination and success, is abundant proof that she is capable both of accomplishing what she sets herself to do and of being an inspiration for others.

Miss Resnick, blind from childhood, has refused to allow her personal handicap to interfere with happiness and success. Well-known as a pianist and lecturer, she received a B.A. from Hunter College and holds a general teaching certificate and master’s degree from the University of Cali-
fornia. Pioneering in New York state with *Lighthouse Camp*, a project-camp for the blind, she served many summers as a camp counselor. Possessing a magnetic personality and an ability to push herself above handicaps and disappointments, she inspires and assists others to help themselves. It is not surprising that out of a heart so full of compassion and concern should come the dream of a camp for children handicapped by blindness.

Convinced that one of the deepest desires of those without sight is to realize a normal place in society, Miss Resnick made a thorough study of the matter. Her own convictions that the visually-handicapped need activation and expansion of recreation were substantiated by authorities in New York and California.

The first camp for visually-handicapped children of the west was held in August, 1947, at Los Altos. Twenty boys and girls between the ages of eight and fourteen attended. So keen was their enjoyment of swimming, hiking, and horseback riding, as well as the participation in square dancing, baseball, crafts and campfire song fests, none wanted to leave. Most of the children had never been to camp before, but their improvement in self-reliance and adjustment to each other as well as to sports and skills, made Miss Resnick even more positive that her dream was a must for other blind children.

For three years Miss Resnick and her committee, aided by donations from friends, rented a camp and gave summer vacations to a small number of blind children. Limited funds and facilities made it impossible to accommodate more than 50 children. This was such a small percentage of those who begged to attend, that Miss Resnick yearly set her goal higher, deavoring to reach more and more youngsters.

Aided by Nina Brandt, a registered nurse and professional worker in psychiatry and pediatrics, a committee of philanthropical citizens, and a highly trained staff of camp counselors, she finally saw her dream realized.

On Feb. 6, 1950, *Enchanted Hills* was acquired. Located on the gentle slopes of the west ridge of the Napa Valley, the camp boasts 340 rolling acres. It is reached by a scenic road, winding down Mt. Veeder for eleven miles through towering redwoods. It's the first permanent camp of its kind in the western states, and will make possible a new outlook on life for hundreds of blind children.

As Miss Resnick’s dream becomes more and more a reality, literally thousands of sightless youngsters, children for whom a summer vacation held no anticipation of joys to come, nothing but a drab monotony of being left on the sidelines while their friends ran and played, will share a new delight and freedom.

During a publicity campaign for the camp funds, Kelvin, a small five-year-old lad, was posed with Mayor Robinson of San Francisco. Not entirely satisfied with the arrangement, the photographer said unwittingly, "Look up at the Mayor, Honey."

Quickly Kelvin complied. Putting out his hand, he touched the Mayor's
ace and smiled as he "looked" at him with his fingers.

The fact that when one sense is lost, the others become keenly augmented, has been well established by medical science. Though deprived of eye-sight, an individual can be trained to "see" by means of sound, smell and especially by touch or feel.

This is the principle put into practice at Enchanted Hills. Plants, flowers, trees, are recognized by their form, texture and fragrance. Sound readily comes into usage, as in baseball. The pitcher rolls the ball to the boy at bat, who kneels and listens, then bats when the ball sounds close enough. He also runs by sound, as the voice of the fellow at first base calls, "Come on, Dick, come on."

Perhaps one of the greatest of thrills came to little Johnnie when he first "saw" a horse. Eagerly he ran his fingers along the soft nose and through the long mane.

"We understood each other right away," cried the delighted boy. "While I was 'looking at' him with my fingers, he 'spoke' to me by nuzzling my ear with his nose."

Certainly here is a marvelous opportunity to help youngsters "in the dark." Blindness can mean isolation, uselessness and complete lack of independence unless an opportunity to develop self-reliance, personality and skill is afforded them. It is amazing how children can advance mentally and physically in one short month.

There are no charges of any kind, nor any racial restrictions at Enchanted Hills Camp. As many children are accommodated as time and funds permit. All funds for the operation of Recreation for the Blind are acquired through donations of interested friends. It is strictly a non-profit organization.

DESPITE the long, hard road still ahead in her enterprise, Miss Resnick is confident of ultimate success. It has become more than a dream, more than just a place where children can come to laugh and live for a brief period. It is a mile-post in the education of the public to the capacities and needs of the blind. It is a step toward interesting technicians in adapting and inventing tools and aids which will broaden the fields of pleasure and usefulness in the lives of those so handicapped. And as a research plan for exploring the possibilities of farming, gardening, poultry-raising, and other vocations, it may help to establish hobbies and even sources of livelihood for these children.

While walking with a counselor, seven-year-old Billy began to fall behind his companions.

"We'd better hurry up, Bill," the counselor advised. "The others are getting ahead and I can't see our group."

"Don't worry," replied Bill confidently. "I have a good 'hear-sight'."

Coupling her own "hear-sight" with enterprising "fore-sight", Miss Resnick and her associates are aiming persistently at their goal, the passage of more and more children through the Golden Gate office toward wonderful new horizons.
A country storekeeper who could not write had his own methods of keeping his accounts.

"Say, Jed," he said one day to a customer, "don't forget you owe me for that cheese you got a couple of months ago."

"I never bought a cheese from you," replied the customer. "It must have been some other fellow."

"Wait a minute," replied the storekeeper, "I'll take a look at the book. That's right, Jed, you don't owe me for a cheese. It was a grindstone you got. I didn't see the dot I put in the middle of the picture."

"Is there any legend about that mountain?" asked the tourist of a native.

"Yep," was the reply. "Two lovers once went up the mountain and never came back again."

"Is that so? And what happened to them?" the tourist inquired breathlessly.

"Went down t'other side."

Malicious Mrs. Brown said to her neighbor: "I'm surprised to see as 'ow you 'as an odd stocking on."

"I can't quite understand your surprise, dear," replied the woman, "but it quite often 'appens to ladies wot 'as more than one pair."

Wife: "I cannot understand, John, why you always sit on the piano stool when we have company. Everyone knows you cannot play a note."

Husband: "I'm well aware of it, dear. Neither can anybody else when I am sitting there."—Life & Casualty Mirror.

A bank last summer had a $200 check drawn on it signed "Santa Claus." The bank refused to pay it but the bank's spokesman assured reporters that they didn't want to be put on the record saying there isn't any Santa Claus. "Just say," he begged, "that Santa Claus has no account in our bank."

Stalin's aides urged him to ban an American film, saying although it was supposed to show average life in America, it actually showed how our millionaires live and thus was a propaganda film.

Stalin agreed, asking, "What's the title of the film?"

Replied his aides: "Tobacco Road."

The young man waited impatiently for the lady to finish with the drugstore telephone directory. After she had turned page after page he said, "Madam, can I help you find the number you want?"

"Oh, I don't want a number," she replied, "I'm looking for a pretty name for my baby."

A little tired of their daily budget battles, the wife glared at her penny-pinching husband.

Wearily she asked, "Did you by any chance understand me to say, 'Love, honor and no pay'?"

"Friends," said the speaker, "I know I've been a little lengthy here tonight, but I feel justified in so doing because I am speaking for the benefit of posterity...."

"Yeah," yelled a heckler, "and if you don't hurry, they'll hear you."

―Filchock

"I just wanted to see if your father would notice."
Robert E. Lee Lives On

Stratford”, his home in Virginia, has become a national shrine.

by MAUDE GARDNER

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of General Robert E. Lee since his death eighty-eight years ago, but none would the great soldier and scholar more heartily approve than the restoration of the Lee family home, Stratford, on the west bank of the Potomac estuary, Westmoreland County, Virginia.

Stratford was built, with assistance from the King and Queen of England, between 1725 and 1730 by Thomas Lee, Royal Governor of Virginia. It replaced an earlier Lee home destroyed by fire. The deep red brick, fine grained and smooth, was sent from England; the huge oak timbers were cut from trees on the estate.

An old home that has been closely associated with great men and events conveys a concrete lesson. Stratford is such a place, for it shows the mode in which the patrician families of early Virginia lived, and reflects the stature of the Lees by being itself an outstanding example of unaltered Colonial architecture.

The building was designed to stand in the center of a large square, with smaller brick domestic buildings at each of the four corners. A brick wall unites the domestic quarters to give the residence a fortress-like appearance.

The mansion itself was constructed in the form of an H, with a long flight of steps called “Welcome Stairs”, leading to the entrance on the second floor level. Two great clusters of chimneys, four in each, rise to the right and left of center. From an observation post in the middle of one cluster, Governor Lee could look out across the Chesapeake Bay to sight the return of Stratford’s own sailing ships which plied the trade between the Virginia estate, Boston and England.

In the nineteen-room mansion were
born Thomas Lee’s six sons, two of whom became signers of the Declaration of Independence, and all six noted for service to their native colony.

Stratford in later years became the home of General Henry Lee, better known as “Lighthorse Harry”, a brilliant officer under Washington’s command during the Revolution. Washington’s boyhood home, Wakefield, is little more than a stone’s throw from the Lee abode.

Lighthorse Harry’s fourth son, Robert Edward Lee, whose fame was to pale that of his noted ascendants, was born at Stratford on January 19, 1807. There he lived until 1820, when after nearly a century of Lee tenure, the estate passed into other hands. In the following decades, the mansion and grounds deteriorated.

Comparatively recently, 1929, the historic site was lifted from oblivion by the formation of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, whose purpose was to acquire the property, restore and maintain it for the nation.

No other American, perhaps, had held a higher place in the affections of his countrymen than Robert E. Lee. All sections wanted a share in the project, and in a few years the purchase price had been donated. On October 12, 1935, representatives of 44 states gathered at Stratford to witness its dedication as a national shrine.

A fine highway makes the famous old mansion and its typical colonial plantation easily accessible to the thousands of visitors who tour historic tidewater Virginia each year. Much has been done to restore the activities of the estate as they were in the days of Thomas Lee and his sons.

Colonial times are relived with the rebuilt grist mill at Stratford clattering and creaking once again, furnishing adjacent farms and homes with meal ground between millstones already worn by ten score years of service. Although there were many fine examples of old mills throughout the country, the search for pre-Revolutionary wooden machinery was nearly abandoned before an exact type was found in a two hundred-year-old mill in Maryland.

In a letter to his wife in the fall of 1861, General Lee said: “In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only place I could go now, accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. We could make enough for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes.”

By reviving the arts and industries it is hoped to make Stratford a self-sustaining plantation. From the restored smoke-house Virginia hams, hung over hickory coals for the curing process, are being shipped to far parts of the country. Sausages, preserves, pickles and jellies are made in the kitchen and sold in the plantation store.

Fine cattle and thoroughbred horses graze the sunny acres, flocks of fowl dot the barnyard, there is activity all about. The old Lee home re-echos the life of colonial days for the instruction of the entire nation. It is in this way a fitting memorial to an illustrious family.
KANSAS CITY'S "Mr. Show Business"—a man who was never active in amateur or professional theatricals, but who has been doing much of the acting, singing and dancing through Kansas City's civic circles in behalf of an outdoor summer theatre or the past eight years—is John A. June Moore. As president of the Park Board, Moore got interested when the Board in 1943 wanted to build a $10,000 band shell in Swope Park. Moore brought Edward Buehler Delk into the picture as architect. And the first thing they discovered was that outdoor musicals were a bigger attraction in many cities than band or orchestra concerts. But you couldn't stage such productions in a band shell! However, if an outdoor stage suitable for theatricals were built, a portable band shell could easily be placed on such a stage. That idea did it!

When Moore resigned from the Park Board in 1945, he was made chairman of the outdoor theatre committee on the Citizens' Planning Council; and subsequently, chairman of a like group on the Citizens' Bond Committee. He was disappointed when they cut the proposed outdoor theatre construction budget from $750,000 to $500,000. But he kept at it! "He nursed it, rehearsed it and gave out the news." And last year, when Kansas City celebrated its Centennial, funds subscribed by citizens for an outdoor historical pageant made possible construction of a skeleton Starlight Theatre Amphitheatre.

Starlight Theatre Association

Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>John A. Moore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Herbert H. Wilson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>R. R. Irwin</td>
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<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Cliff C. Jones, Jr.</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>R. Crosby Kemper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Business Manager</td>
<td>W. M. Symon</td>
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<td>Publicity Director</td>
<td>Jim McQueeney</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mgr., Ticket Sales</td>
<td>Catherine S. Jones</td>
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Production Staff

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<tr>
<td>Production Director</td>
<td>Richard H. Berger</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Albert Johnson</td>
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<td>Stage Director</td>
<td>Robert Ross</td>
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<td>William Meader</td>
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<td>Ass't Stage Manager</td>
<td>Harry Howell</td>
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<td>Roland Fiore</td>
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<td>Choreographer</td>
<td>Harold Decker</td>
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<td>Vonn Hamilton</td>
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'Phone GRand 5510

New York Office
Room 904
666 Fifth Avenue
N. Y. 19, N. Y.
Plaza 9-4285

No architect, meanwhile, had ever approached a professional task with greater zest than Delk. Talented and temperamental, he had built castles for Oklahoma oil kings; planned suburban shopping centers and store buildings that became models for real estate developers throughout the nation; he had designed memorial towers and public buildings. But the outdoor theatre was a dream assignment! In order to make it as attractive and practicable as possible, Delk visited every outdoor theatre of consequence in America, conferring with architects and theatre officials on technical details.
When the Starlight Theatre Association—the producing group—was formed last July, the founders decided there would be no archangels. Little angels, yes, but no big ones. The theatre, they felt, belonged to the people, and if any individual were allowed to put up sufficient money to underwrite a major share of the production costs, he or she might be inclined to dictate policies.

That’s how it was decided (and eventually achieved) to enroll some 700 Kansas City firms and individuals as guarantors for the 1951 season—to the tune of $200,000.

A middle-aged lady was chatting with a friend of hers. “I’m approaching the age of 40,” she said. Her friend looked at her for a moment, then inquired: “From what direction, darling?”

A six year old girl submitted the following composition on “people” to her teacher:

“People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women. Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married. Men who don’t get married are no good either. Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap. My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy.”

A college graduate opened a store and it fizzled so badly he soon had to sell out. Some months later he visited the new proprietor and found the store was prospering.

“How in the world did you do it?” he asked in great astonishment. “I have two college degrees and you have no education at all.”

“Very simple,” was the answer. “I buy something for $1 and sell it for $2. I earn my 1 per cent profit and I’m satisfied.”

Chosen as production director, Dick Berger surrounded himself with top drawer scenic designers, stage directors, managers, conductors, and technicians. The singers and dancers who will appear in the musical productions are favorites in St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis, and in other cities where an outdoor operatic season is firmly established.

Almost the only unknown factor in the enterprise (aside from the weather) is how the people of Kansas City and its tributary area will support the summer season.

That’s the two million dollar gamble.

“Say, Doc, if there’s anything wrong with me, don’t give me a long scientific name. Say it so I can understand it.”

“Very well—you are lazy.”

“Gee, thanks. Now gimme the scientific name. I gotta report it to my boss.”

—Forest Echoes.
# Kansas City Blues Baseball

**710 on your dial**

**WHB**

## Play-by-Play

**At Home and Away, by**

**Larry Ray**

Sunday and Holiday games in parenthesis (2)

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Sunday and Holiday doubleheaders—1:30 PM

Night doubleheaders—6:30 PM

Wednesday and Saturday—2 PM

Night games—8:15 PM

Presented by Muehlebach Beer

**Nightly Sports Round-Up**

by Larry Ray

Monday thru Friday 6 PM
WHB FOR SUMMER SALES POWER!

Sports-conscious Midwesterners hear the big summer sporting events on WHB: all the Kansas City Blues baseball games, at home and away—All-Star Baseball Game—National Tennis Championships—Kansas City Open Golf Tournament—All-Star Football Game—World’s Series—plus Larry Ray’s nightly sports round-up at 6:15, Monday through Friday. WHB can bring the full force of your sales message to sports-conscious Midwesterners—3,867,412 of them in 151 counties of 5 states. Ask today for availabilities!

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DON DAVIS, President
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MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City
Rivers in a Rage
By John Thornberry
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W. AVERILL HARRIMAN, special assistant to the President, spoke to the graduating class and the radio audience at University of Kansas City graduation ceremonies.

LOVELY PATTI PAGE clownéd with disc jockey B. Arbogast on "Club 710" during her recent visit to Kansas City. Her recording of "Tennessee Waltz" is now a classic. Her latest, "Mr. and Mississippi," has soared on best seller lists. Arbogast discusses records on page 378.

KANSAS CITY'S MAYOR William E. Kemp formally opened eight new Sinclair service stations in Greater Kansas City. The ceremonies were broadcast over WHB.

SWING MAGAZINE was not new to Clyde McCoy, a guest on WHB's "Saturday Swing Session." McCoy began his career in 1913 and became famous through his recording "Sugar Blues."

JOE REICHMAN, the Pagliacci of the Piano, at the W. organ.
Kansas City has “lots of bounce to the ounce.”*

The floods came ... biggest in history. Damage to farms, stores, homes and factories in Kansas and the Kansas City area is estimated at 1/2 billion, 3/4 billion, a billion. Nobody, of course, knows just how much—yet.

In Kansas City, Missouri, a tremendous fire burned four days through a 12-block area containing oil tanks, industrial buildings, a lumber yard—spreading toward the state line and Kansas City, Kansas.

Thousands were evacuated from their homes: some of them people whose houses were inundated—others were evacuated in fear of floods that didn’t materialize.

An acute water shortage developed on the Missouri side, resulting from flooded pumping stations.

Seventeen people—but only seventeen—lost their lives. (This in itself is something of a new “low” record for such a major disaster.)

Through it all, Kansas City remained amazingly calm ... fought the flood, fought the fire, saved the Municipal Airport, saved the important industrial districts of the North End, North Kansas City, Blue Valley, the Northeast Industrial District—saved the power and water supply of Kansas City, Kansas. Missouri’s power and light supply was never in danger. Had the Missouri River been on a rampage simultaneously with the Kansas (Kaw) River, the results could have been chaos.

But the light and power supply didn’t fail. Telephone service was interrupted at times; but not severely. Folks learned to boil their drinking water; but only as a precaution—the city water never became contaminated. Railroad service was interrupted and spasmodic for a few days; but soon the trains were on schedule again.

And the town has bounce!

Saturday night, while the flood waters raged and fire sirens screamed, 5,800 people witnessed a performance of “Song of Norway” at the Star-light Theatre. The Blues Fan Club planned a “Boost the Blues” campaign for our winning ball club. Citizens voluntarily rode street cars and busses to work to keep their cars off the downtown streets and leave the fire lanes open. They didn’t smoke in stores or public buildings. Result: no more fires. Disaster Corps, Inc., was formed by the city administration on a non-profit basis for the “clean up” process—contractors renting their equipment at half-price, union A.F.L. and C.I.O. labor agreeing to work for half the union scale. And the town digs out!

Business was “off” for awhile in the downtown area, because fewer people were downtown. But by Tuesday after that “Friday the Thirteenth,” life in Kansas City had resumed almost a normal pace. All the big stores and office buildings of the downtown business district were unharmed. And at the Stock Yards, the Central Industrial District, and in Fairfax, the livestock men, grain men, oil men, packers and industrialists who had suffered severe damage faced the future with courage. They’ll come through, somehow!

Kansas City has “lots of bounce to the ounce!”*

*Slogan copyright by Pepsi-Cola Company.

WHB • KANSAS CITY

Swing®

August, 1951 • Vol. 7 • No. 4

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“Destructive . . . Vicious . . . Immoral—”
JOHN THORNBERRY’S FLOOD BROADCAST
WHB — JULY 16, 1951

Announcer:

At 3 o’clock, Monday, July 16, Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City, Missouri, with members of the City Council and press-radio representatives, made an aerial survey of the flood-stricken areas of Kansas City, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri—and the territory immediately surrounding these twin cities where the Kansas (Kaw) River flows into the Missouri River.

John Collings, vice-president in charge of operations for Trans World Airlines, had offered the plane to city officials—to make the survey prior to Monday’s City Council meeting.

Among those aboard the plane was John Thornberry, a member of the WHB Newsbureau Staff. Here is Mr. Thornberry’s report.
YOU have heard the reason for our flight. I can say emphatically that we truly had an "overall" look—a view which, I feel now, will never pass from my memory.

Like most people in America, my personal life has been such that I have never before witnessed Havoc—such unbelievable devastation and ruin! In these past four days of continual news broadcasting about the flood, I think maybe I had become a bit calloused about it. At this moment, I'm sure a different person than I was at three o'clock this afternoon when we were taken to Kansas City, Missouri's, Municipal Airport.

We were met with the sight of Brigadier General D. G. Shingler's personal DC-3 bogged down in the soft earth just off one runway. His pilot had flown in from Grandview to meet the General and Colonel Lincoln. The plane had insufficient braking capacity; and in turning to avoid a broken place on an unused runway, went off into the soft field and settled down to await a large caterpillar tractor sent to pull the plane out. No one was injured.

At 3:40 we boarded a Trans World Airlines DC-3—eighteen passengers and a crew of two: Pilot D. L. Mesker, chief pilot for the central area based in Kansas City, and check pilot, Captain Earl Fleet.

At 3:45 we taxied to the north end of the large—now very lonely—Municipal Airport, over runways thoroughly dry, as though rain hadn't fallen for weeks. The main levee, running from the northwest corner of the field southward, then east, to the southeast corner of the airport—had protected the field from the rushing flood waters of the Missouri River. But it took the added heroic efforts of hundreds of men, working continuously since Friday, to haul huge truck loads of rock and dumping it—first into two, then three places that were being eaten away by the current and eddies created when the surging Kaw joined the "Missouri's Municipal Airport, and turned eastward toward St. Louis.

Few people can know or may realize just how heroic has been the dull but persistent work to protect the levee and keep abreast of the river's determined effort to break through.

In spite of the hope to protect the levee on Saturday, July 14, L. Inwood, Director of Aviation for Kansas City, Missouri, grew more apprehensive that air traffic could not safely be continued. Municipal Airport. He moved airline operations to the large Grandview Airport south of Kansas City.

John Collings took the controls and at 3:50 o'clock we were in the air rising over the raging, angry Missouri River, headed southward. We could see the repaired airport levee and to our right, to the west, great Fairfax District in Kansas City, Kansas. Water to the tops of railroad box cars—up to the second stories, buildings. Stories, yes hundreds of human interest stories would come out of this tragedy.

Cattle pens in the huge Kansas City Stockyards were flooded.

Then I suddenly realized that I was looking down on the aftermath of that holocaust that destroyed twelve square blocks of business buildings in the vicinity of 31st a
As I looked at the horrible destruction, I reflected upon the certain suffering and loss; I realized how little man is, when he meets Mother Nature in her angriest mood.

We flew on up the Kaw River beyond Bonner Springs, Kansas—and saw at close view the whole valley covered with water, but now several feet below crest. The first evidences of the clean-up job ahead could be seen where the water had receded.

At Turner, Kansas, the Santa Fe hump yards were completely covered. Thousands of railroad cars were strewn zig-zag by the force of the rising waters.

Homes nearby—along with all other property in the sweep of the high waters—were now only a shambles. Large oil storage tanks—trains of oil tank cars—lay twisted like a black-sectioned snake—drowned and silent.

Bridges were destroyed. The railroads wrecked. We were soon back again for a closer look at the fire area: twelve blocks destroyed, neighboring roofs caved in, and the firemen still playing a stream of water on the smouldering ruins. Still at it, after starting the fight last Friday noon—a continuous battle for more than 75 hours. An unheard-of fire battle in Kansas City, I surely believe.

Now we could see the Fairfax Industrial District again—we were headed north.

Literally hundreds upon hundreds of 50-gallon metal drums were floating on the water. I do not know if they contained anything. We could plainly see the break in the dike on the Kansas side of the Missouri River.

Roanoke and along Southwest Boulevard—a property loss of more than one million dollars in one great fire!

We turned back again. I looked out the plane and saw those wild barges, now sullenly and stubbornly holding the Hannibal Bridge open, right where they lodged after they tore loose from moorings at the Municipal Barge Lines Docks.

Further south I saw again the roof pens at the Stockyards. Approximately 6,000 dead hogs and 3,500 head of heavy, fat cattle of top grade, already purchased (said Counsilman Nolan) by Kansas City packers before they were caught and drowned in the pens. Now a complete loss.

Many times in the past fifteen years I have flown out of and into the wonderful airport of Kansas City, each time seeing our beautiful city as it spread out in all its magnificent grandeur—the river so properly laced in its corset of protective levees—the hills of the city covered with green tree tops.

Now—the river was fat and broad—and angry, acting like a drunken harlot, destructive, vicious and immoral.
which resulted in the flooding of the wealthy Fairfax industrial area, containing major industries such as General Motors, a Phillips Petroleum refinery with many huge storage tanks—and the flood water around them covered with an oil slick.

Next, the Kansas City, Kansas, water and light plant—saved by heroic effort. Thousands of box and tank cars off the rails—lying in crazy design. Then we went east with the Missouri River.

North Kansas City was dry. Mayor Cheek had withdrawn his evacuation orders and permitted the citizens to return to their homes and jobs.

The Milwaukee Railroad Bridge, recently purchased by Kansas City, Missouri, to be used for another highway development crossing the Missouri River, seemed unharmed and free of debris—although much trash and debris was all along the surface of the river.

The Sugar Creek Refinery (Standard Oil) on the south side of the river was unharmed.

At Liberty Bend cut-off—which was created a few years ago to straighten the river channel and create a large recreational lake—I could see that the "Mighty Mo"—the mad woman—went back to her old habits—back into the old channel, tearing out a full section of the new Highway No. 71 Bridge in her mad fit of destruction. Part of U. S. Highway No. 71 at Liberty Bend is under water. There is unbelievable destruction. A section of the highway approach to the bridge—maybe a hundred yards long—has been washed away, as it meets the bridge from the north side.

We flew at a height of 1,000 to 1,500 feet and could have an excellent chance to observe.

Today the water is still lower than yesterday on both the Mo and the Kaw, and we can only hope the fall will continue.

As I began the flight and saw the effects of the two uncontrolled rivers I was sick at heart for those who were homeless. And I felt helpless to give aid to those who had suffered such huge financial loss. I saw it surmountable difficulties ahead—a first.

But finally I realized I also saw more than a billion dollars of reconstruction work ahead of us, need for recondition our great industrial community. I could start to feel again the strength of men when face with disaster. Their courage grows—their determination is unlimited.

And I knew that Kansas City and its ruined neighbors would soon be at the task of rebuilding—creating greater industrial facility than have heretofore known; but no doubt with more—yes, much more!—assurance that this flood situation cannot repeat itself, ever again, if data and history can guide men to fashion controls for the now uncontrolled rivers.

What all mankind needs—\textit{water} . . . what all mankind knows I cannot live without—\textit{water} . . . we have learned we cannot live with it in this form. Vicious and uncontrolled!

You can be sure that the "Mighty Mo" and the "Kantankerous Kaw" will be properly controlled—as surely the start cannot be delay further.
Words... Made In America

The English language is enlivened by pungent American phrases.

by ED SACHS

On August 6th, 1890 a gentleman named William Kemmler was ached in an electric chair at Auburn, New York with the not unexpected but unpleasant results, at least for Mr. Kemmler. He became the first American to die in an electric chair.

This event was noted with varying degrees of interest by several groups of his fellow citizens. Those members of the gentry whose occupations placed them in frequent contact with murder—strong arm men, burglars and other craftsmen of the underworld—were quick to observe that the electric chair was indeed here to stay. Mr. Kemmler was just as dead as he would have been by hanging, shooting or any of the other old fashioned methods.

The death of William Kemmler also touched off quite a bit of discussion in legal circles. One group said that the new method of dispatching wrongdoers constituted cruel and unusual punishment in violation of our Constitution. Others were quick to point out that the new method was a great improvement, showed progress and was not without humane aspects.

Still another group of Americans was involved in a debate connected with the passing of William. They were worried about what we should call the process by which Kemmler had been eliminated.

Some of the suggestions of these intellectual heavyweights included electrophone, electrothanatos, electrophony, and electrotony. Prof. F. A. March of Lafayette College suggested a combination, electric-execute. This seemed to satisfy everybody, except Mr. Kemmler whose pre-chair statements showed an unconcern about the problems of the lexicographers but stressed his desire to be excused from the entire matter.
However, when the authorities set about to have electric-execute christened, they found that the American people had gone ahead and adopted electrocute.

Electrocute became another member of the English language, a member in good standing... made in America. The story behind the birth of electrocute is just one of many uncovered by Dr. Mitford M. Mathews, a word detective who has been "sleuthing" English and American words for 28 of his 60 years and is the editor of "A Dictionary of Americanisms," published recently by the University of Chicago Press.

The Americans had to have a new word for it. The new and expanding nation forced the people of this country to new experiences and new sensations and the language of the old world proved too limited to describe what was commonplace here.

One of the oldest Americanisms noted by Dr. Mathews is turkey, one of the few words included because the object denoted is found only in North America. While the British first believed that the bird had come out of Turkey and thereby named it for the Turks, the species is distinctly North American.

Captain John Smith, the old warrior of Virginia, made one of the first printed mentions of the bird when he wrote in 1610, "We found an Ilet, on which were many Turkels."

The good captain was not the only famous American who helped originate words in common usage today. Dr. Mathews and his staff found that many men whose lives are of historical and literary importance originated many of our most expressive and succinct figures of speech.

Among the famous men who have left Americans a heritage of their expressions are: Washington Irving, who coined the almighty dollar; Ben Franklin who first said don’t pay too much for your whistle, and in a moment of weakness, invented and named the harmonica; Harlan P. Halsey, dime novelist who reduced the fourteenth century sleuth-hound to sleuth for detective in 1872; James Fenimore Cooper, the Pathfinder; Sinclair Lewis, Babbitt, Main Street; Thomas Paine, times that try men’s souls; Gelett Burgess who gave us blurb and bromide; and Noah Webster, father of the American dictionary whose contribution was demoralize.

Dr. Mathews’ work credits H. L. Mencken with “Bible Belt,” first used in 1925 to designate those places where the literal accuracy of the Bible is accepted without question.

“Tularemia,” an all-American word for an American-discovered disease, was coined in 1921 by Dr. Edward Francis, retired medical director of the U. S. Public Health Service. “Appendicitis” was the contribution of the late Reginald H. Fritz, professor of pathological anatomy at Harvard.

Of course, famous Americans were not the only contributors to the language. A small tribe of Indians who during the gold rush days brewed a potent whisky from molasses was responsible for the American expression, “hooch.” These Redskins lived on the Admiralty Islands near Alaska and were named Hutsnawu, a word that even the sober palefaces had difficulty...
in pronouncing. So the palefaces came as close as they could, "hooch" resulted, and that's how hangovers were born, at least among the customers of the Hutsnuwu.

Dr. Mathews' research revealed that other terms, akin to hooch, also have honorable histories of usage by Americans. Gin sling dates back to 1800; eye opener to 1818; drunk as a fiddler to 1848; straight whisky, 1862; moonshine, 1892; hangover, 1912; bathtub gin, 1932; cocktail lounge, 1940; old-fashioned, 1943; and pixilated, 1949.

Sports-loving Americans have added many terms and expressions to the language. Night baseball, for example, came into use as an Americanism at the turn of the century. Its first-known printed use was December 1, 1910 in Morrison's Chicago Weekly. Baseball was first mentioned in London in 1744.

Strikeout dates back to 1853; foul ball, 1860; batter, 1879; double header, 1896; hit and run, 1899; squeeze, 1905; and blooper, 1937.

Other sports terms originating in the United States include back stretch, 1839; bleacher, 1889; basket, 1892; All-America, 1904; birdie, 1922; athlete's foot, 1928; and photo finish, 1944.

Dr. Mathews, a native of Alabama, first became interested in his work in 1925. That year, Sir William Craigie, British dictionary maker and scholar, came to this country and the University of Chicago to edit the four volume "Dictionary of American English," published by the University of Chicago Press in 1944.

Mathews was a member of Sir William's first class at Chicago and eight years later became an assistant editor of the "Dictionary of American English." When Sir Craigie's work was finished, Dr. Mathews embarked on his compilation of Americanisms.

For the first-known printed evidence for each word made in the U.S.A., the staff of the project was assisted by lexicographers, country editors, business men, scholars, and even a prisoner. A lifer gave the derivation for "phony" and a Dutch agriculture professor gave the history of "bee"—spelling bees, apple bees, and husking bees.

Mathews and his staff catalogued on citation slips dated quotations of the use and meanings of the 50,000 Americanisms. These citations were culled from a variety of sources, including old books, newspapers, mail-order catalogues and official documents.

No claim is made that first-known citation in the dictionary is the earliest that might be found. Such definitive checking to the ultimate source would be a task beyond practical possibility and the possibility that the entire work from "A," an abbreviation first used by the Plymouth colonists for adultery through "zwieback," twice baked bread, will be read by users who will send evidence of earlier usage for some of the terms. These volunteer efforts will be of aid to editors of dictionaries in the future.

Why, the comments alone from customers who find that the two-volume set is priced at $50 should bring Dr. Mathews, a world of material—and some of it may be printable.
On a summer day back in 1938, Carl Stotz of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, stood watching a group of neighborhood youngsters playing a game of sandlot baseball. His eyes had a wistful expression, for he remembered his own boyhood, his sandlot days when he had dreamed of becoming another Tytus Cobb.

He realized that the chance to play big league ball had long been the burning ambition of millions of American boys. But he knew also that the overwhelming majority would never make the grade. Carl Stotz saw the unfairness of the situation. Kids should be allowed to play big league baseball while they were young and didn’t have to worry about making a living!

As he walked home, each step fanned enthusiasm for the idea. He didn’t know whether such a plan could be worked out, but Stotz was determined to take a crack at organizing a big league for youngsters.
That evening he discussed the matter with several fathers in the neighborhood. The fire of his vision quickly set their imaginations afame, and they agreed to help organize two teams as a starter.

For a while it looked as though any large scale enterprise were doomed. No sponsor could be found willing to furnish money and equipment. Finally, the Lycoming Dairy Company of Williamsport offered the needed funds. During the rest of that year, Stotz, and his friends worked like beavers securing uniforms and equipment and developing plans. In 1939, the original “Little League” was put into operation on a lot near an aviation plant. At first it amounted only to supervised vacant lot play; but as the boys learned the game, the twilight contests began to capture the fancies of grownups. Before the season’s end, hundreds were attending the games.

Success for the boys’ league was assured when Thomas H. Richardson, president of the professional Eastern League, staged a banquet in honor of the young players. In 1940, Stotz was able to secure enough sponsors to finance a regular four-team league, and move the playing field to a better location.

Gradually, national attention was focused on the league by newspaper and magazine articles carrying vivid accounts of the Williamsport young-sters’ games. Inquiries began to pour in from communities all over the East from people wanting to form their own leagues. Little leagues began to pop up everywhere.

World War II checked the budding movement, but Stotz’ original league continued to operate successfully throughout the war. When peace came, interest revived. There are now nine leagues in Williamsport, and the movement is spreading like a prairie fire. In 1949, eleven states were supporting more than 300 leagues. By 1950 there were 2,034 teams throughout the nation. This year, the number of teams has soared to 2,588. Never has pressure of any kind been exerted to get teams started; the idea is a natural that speaks for itself wherever introduced.

Little League baseball is nothing less than Big League baseball seen through the wrong end of the telescope. The game is set up for boys between the ages of 8 and 12. A normal sized baseball is standard equipment for the kids, but everything else is tailored to their physical requirements. Bases are 60 feet apart instead of the regulation 90. It is only 40 feet, 4 inches from pitcher’s mound to home plate. A home run must clear a wall only 180 feet from the batter’s box. This enables future Babe Ruths to swing for the distance and get genuine results. Special light bats have been turned out for the bantamweights to handle in true big league fashion. Rubber soled shoes stand in for the spikes of the professionals.

The league is the smallest unit of organization. It is governed by men active in the program: team managers, agents, umpires, coaches, scorekeepers and elected officials. Each league is composed of four teams which use the same playing field for two games per team each week. The over-all league headquarters is at Williamsport, but the connection from top to bottom in the organization structure is loose.
About the only requirements for franchising a new league are a ten-dollar deposit, and observance of League rules.

Each team is sponsored by a business firm, fraternal organization, service club or individual. Emphasis is placed on teaching the ideals of good sportsmanship rather than the mere act of winning. Each sponsor puts up $200 to finance its team. This makes $800 with which the league buys uniforms, balls, base sacks, bats, and the like. The sponsors expect to get nothing in return, except that they may, if they wish, have their names lettered across the shirts of the players.

Democracy and building of character are stressed in the little leagues. Candidates for positions on the various teams are pooled during spring training and later distributed according to a regular selection system. Managers and coaches are chosen with an eye to character and correct living as well as to baseball wisdom. The players are chosen without regard to race, creed or economic standing in the community.

As is the case with all other competitive sports, there must be a selection of a champion. Thus there are district, state, regional and national championship playoffs in boys' baseball.

The first national tournament was held at Williamsport in 1948. At that time, Carl Stotz, who had been appointed national commissioner of boys' baseball, decided that the movement was growing so large that the resources of some big organization were needed. He secured the backing of the United States Rubber Company, which financed the Little League Tournament. It contained all the glamour, excitement and fanfare of a World's Series.

The company paid all traveling expenses of the competing teams, putting them up at Williamsport's most expensive hotel. It also awarded prizes, gold medals and statuettes to each member of the winning team; silver medals to the runners-up; and bronze medals to the also-rans.

Over 10,000 fans cheered at the 1949 final game in which the all-star team from Hammonton, New Jersey, defeated the team from Pensacola, Florida, to win the title of boys' baseball champions of America. Ted Husing broadcast the event over a nation-wide hook-up. Governor James H. Duff of Pennsylvania tossed out the first ball.

In the 1950 championship series, the Southwest swatted and fast-balled its way into the picture for the first time. The team from Houston, Texas, captured the gold trophy. Bridgeport, Connecticut, was second; Kankakee, Illinois, took third; Pensacola, fourth.

As more and more little leagues are mushrooming into existence, responsible citizens are coming to realize that this movement is one of the finest things that could happen to American youth. Not only is it the perfect training field for the baseball stars of tomorrow, but, more important, it is the crucible for tomorrow's citizens. The United States will derive immense benefit from Little League Baseball, which teaches thousands of young citizens the principles of poise, tolerance, leadership, fair play and applied democracy.
"He will die in six months . . ."

by GEORGE GLOVER

Dr. TED CLARK looked down from his six-foot, broad shouldered height, smoothed back brown wavy hair with an easy gesture, smiled at the departing patient's back and closed his office door. He walked back to his desk, sat down and picked up an envelope. "Ted" was all that was written on the face of it.

The inter-office communication broke in. "Dr. Clark, there are no more appointments. I think I'll go to lunch."

"All right, Sarah," Dr. Clark said quietly.

Ted picked up the envelope again. The handwriting was familiar. It belonged to Penny, his wife; the curls, the circles that made up the capital "T" spelled Penny.

He opened the letter and read it again. It was brief, but it had been carefully written—Ted knew from the way Penny had dotted her "i's" with tiny circles.

"Dear Ted:

I just couldn't tell you last night, before Charlene and I left for mother's, but you have to know.

John and I are in love. It isn't something that happened suddenly. It took time; we didn't know what to do about it. John wants me to marry him.

Because I know you so well, Ted, I know you'll understand. I thought I might file for a divorce in Reno, it will only take six weeks. But perhaps that might hurt your practice. If you want me to, I'll file here and wait a year.

I'm sure that we can make some arrangements about Charlene because she loves both of us and you and I both love her.

I respect you, Ted, but I guess I never was intended for a doc-
tor's wife. I just can't stand sitting around alone, or with another doctor's wife. I guess I want my fun now and not later, like you said we would when you were established.

Ted, you'll always be high in my heart, but John has taken the top place. I hope you try to understand. Write and tell me you do, please.

Love, Penny.”

Ted raised his head and glanced at a leather covered picture frame on his desk. Penny and Charlene stared back at him from the photograph. He looked closer at the picture. Penny was holding her right hand thumb and forefinger in a circle. He smiled. She had been convinced that a full moon was their lucky sign, and she always made the circle with her fingers when she was happy.

Ted reminisced. There had been a full moon the night they met; the night they got married and the night he started his own medical practice. Each sign had brought happiness. Now it looked like the full moons in the future would be meaningless symbols.

TED roused himself. He gathered up his stethoscope, shoved it in his suit pocket, then sheepishly took it out again. Penny always said his pockets bulged just like a kid's.

On the way to St. Luke’s Hospital he thought about John.

One afternoon, a year ago, he had been called into consultation about a new clinic for St. Luke’s. There had been a tall good looking guy in the group. Ted soon found he was the architect. In discussing the plans, they discovered they were hungry. Ted took John Russell home with him.

When John saw Penny he let out a low whistle. Penny blushed. John said:

“Doc, you’ve certainly done all right by yourself both in the medical and marriage departments.”

From that first day Penny had liked John. He was a bachelor, free and easy, with a good sense of humor. In the matter of romance, though, John had failed. He couldn’t interest himself in a girl for more than three months.

“It’s the chase I like, Ted,” John once said in confidence. “When it ceases to be a chase I want out.”

There had been many evenings of fun for the three of them. Barbecue parties on Sunday; horseback riding on Thursday. Ted hadn’t always been able to make it, but “a date’s a date,” Penny always said, “and one of the Clark family ought to make it.”

About two weeks ago the regular dates had stopped. Ted wondered and asked Penny about it.

“Oh, John has probably found a new flame and doesn’t have time for us fuddy-duddies.”

The letter explained everything now. If Penny went to Reno the whole thing would be over quickly.

In the hospital the receptionist was waiting for him.

“Dr. Clark, Dr. Frome would like to see you as soon as possible.”

“Right-ho,” Ted acknowledged somberly.

DR. FROME was staring into a microscope on the corner of his desk when Ted walked in.
"Hello, Ted. I want your opinion on something. Look at those two X-rays over on the wall and tell me what you think."

Ted walked over and carefully peered at the X-rays. Then he walked back and looked into the microscope. "It's cancer."

"I knew it," Dr. Frome said abruptly. "And in an advanced stage. How long would you give him to live?"

Dr. Clark stared through the microscope again. "Without an exploratory, I'd say ... six months."

Dr. Frome nodded. "Six months, or less. Well I'll call him in tomorrow. You know him, Ted. It's John Russell."

Ted straightened up, then slumped back in the chair.

Frome rushed around the desk. "You all right, Ted?"

Ted straightened up. "I'm okay."

Dr. Frome stared at Ted a minute longer. "Well, I also have some good news. The board has named you medical director. You'll be officially notified tomorrow. Run along home now and tell Penny, she'll be glad to hear it. Congratulations!"

Ted walked out of the hospital in a daze. Instead of going to the office he drove home.

The house was quiet. Ted wandered upstairs. These were rooms that Penny had decorated. He wandered farther. Charlene's room was white and sanitary, except for the painted row of Bunny Rabbits around the wall. Under her single twin bed was a pair of slippers. Ted sat down, picked one up and rubbed it gently against his chin. He sat there for a long time.

If he wrote and told her to go to Reno she'd jump at the chance. She had made the decision to marry John. He could make the really final one.

He went back downstairs to the library, sat down at his desk, picked up his pen and started writing.

"Dear Penny:

Your happiness is very important, and I do want you happy. However, I hope you will see fit to file for divorce here. I know it will take a year but perhaps during that time you will be able to think things over.

You know how much you'll always mean to me. I won't say more. If you want your divorce at the end of a year, you may have it. If you decide you still want me, I'll be waiting.

Love, Ted."

Ted reread the letter, picked it up and addressed it.

He walked out into the street and saw the first glow of a new moon coming over the roof tops. He smiled, made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, and then hurried toward the corner mail box.

What a lot of people need right now is more horsepower and less exhaust.

What we all need occasionally is a good kick in the seat of the can'ts.

There are two sides to every question—her side and the wrong side.
The CREAM of CROSBY

The New York HERALD-TRIBUNE'S sometimes acid radio and television critic often steps on tender toes. SWING presents more excerpts from his syndicated column on the subjects: The Serviceman, The French Language, TV Color, Tap Dancers, The New Type Cowboy, TV Style Shows, and a Consistent Lady.

by JOHN CROSBY

Crosby In Europe—and Home Again

"When this gets into print," John Crosby wrote, "I shall be in Paris, strenuously avoiding all contact with radio and television—a delightful interval."

Avoiding all contact?
You be the judge. Here are some of Monsieur Crosby's more pungent essays—written from Paris, London and Rome. Along with excerpts from his "normal" columns, written upon his return, wherein he estimates the quality of current American television and radio programs.

Happy Birthday, Paris!

The American people have been cordially invited—by poster, by advertisement, by all the marvelous resources of the American press agent—to visit Paris on its 2,000th anniversary. We have always been sentimental about birthdays and are more than ordinarily susceptible to antiquity, having so little of our own.

The combination of a birthday and 2,000 years is a powerful and a very clever one. However, if I were you, I wouldn't fall into discussion with a Frenchman on the subject. I never met one who ever heard of this 2,000th anniversary. Parisiens are not only unaware of their city's birthday but inclined—when told about it—to be a little skeptical. Paris is a very old town, all right, but it'd be awfully hard to put your finger on the exact date when it was founded. It was first a Gallic town, then a Roman town called Lutetia for a couple of centuries, and it didn't acquire the name Paris until the third century.

The designation of 1951 as the 2,000th anniversary of Paris is completely arbitrary but I'll play along. Perhaps it was exactly 2,000 years ago that Paris was founded. If Rome can have a Holy Year, Paris can have a 2,000th birthday. Let's spread the tourist dollar around. Happy birthday, Paris! Next year it will be somebody else's turn. I suggest my own home town of Oconomowoc, Wis. It was exactly 2,500 years ago next year that an Indian named Okeeboje fell to fishing in the Oconomowoc River, decided it was a nice place to stay and built a tepee there, thus founding the town, which has not grown much bigger since. Drop in on

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us next year, fellows. The fishing is still pretty good.

To pass on to other matters, let us discuss the French child whom I found fascinating. We are all aware of television's grip on our own young and it is, I think, instructive to inspect the whelps of another nation where a television set is so mercifully expensive that few French children have ever seen one. It'd be just as well if they never did.

The French child, I notice, is a very imaginative child. He is not overladen with toys as our own are (or if he is he doesn't carry them into a public park). Three or four French children with only a stick to draw circles on the ground can invent their own games and play for hours. They don't need the blessings of a Hopalong Cassidy suit, a pair of revolvers, a bicycle or wooden dogs that bark when you pull them. The play, in other words, is provided by the child, not by toys or machines. He is a very active participant.

This applies to his entertainment. In one of the parks on the Champs Elysées you'll find a Punch and Judy show known as Vrai Guignolet. You'll have no trouble finding it because the shrieks from the children will guide you to it. Here, small children from two to five watch the puppets spell out the misadventures of M. Guignol. Most of the children have seen each show ten or twenty times, know the plots by heart, and shout advice, lamentations and encouragement to the hero and the villains.

For the children, the show is M. Guignol. For the adults, the show is the children. If you have ever watched a bunch of kids sitting passive as dolls in front of a television set for hours, it is refreshing to see some youngsters enter into the game personally, become a part of it and draw some faint intellectual stimulation from it.

Maybe television can give a child the same emotional and intellectual release. But I doubt it.

The French Language

French is an eloquent language which must be seen to be fully understood or sometimes even to be comprehended at all. That is why the telephone has always defeated the French. The shrugs, the gestures, the rolling eyes, the expressive hands are missing on the telephone which means the nuances—the essence of the message to be conveyed—are missing, too. Sometimes two Frenchmen can't understand each other on the telephone.

That means that radio is not for the French. The machine talks, yes, but it doesn't really talk. About 30 per cent of the French language cannot be conveyed by a box which simply stands there motionless. The box has no soul. The French, therefore, have simply walked away from radio as we know it and employ it largely as an instrument for the diffusion—which is the French way of saying broadcasting—of music.

The three national French networks—Programme Nationale, Programme Parisienne, and Paris-Inter (Only God and the French know what Paris-Inter means)—sound to these untrained American ears pretty much like WNEW and WQXR in New York. You get a mixture of popular and classical music on all three, though Programme Nationale is likely to be a little heavier in density than the other two. Apart from news, you won't hear much talk which is all right with me.

Turn a radio on in a French hotel and you'll think you're home again. In comes Mademoiselle Judy Garland singing "I'm Tired of the City" dans cette langue barbare, Anglais. American popular music is just as popular here as it is in America. Of course, it's not always sung in English. One of the most exquisite experiences I had in Paris was listening to "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" sung in French. (I'm going to learn how to sing "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" in French if it kills me.)

The great thing about "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" sung in French is that the mood of the song is completely transformed. It becomes un chanson Parisien—haunting, delicate and somehow more elegant than the love song Rogers and Hart had in mind when they wrote it. I might add that this applies equally well to American songs sung in English—if sung by the French. A French chanteuse
singing “The Lady is a Tramp” in English—or what she thinks is English—is as French as the Rue de la Paix. In fact, it would be more comprehensive if she sang it in French.

As for the Voice of America, it is, according to all evidence, not heard in Paris. That does not mean it is not broadcast in Paris. It is broadcast here but, as I say, not heard. An acquaintance of mine expressed it aptly: “You can always tell when the Voice of America is on the air by leaning out the windows. You’ll hear the click of radios being turned off all over Paris.”

The French simply don’t understand what the hell the Voice of America is talking about. They find the Voice not only bewildering but faintly ludicrous. I’m inclined to agree. One program for example, is called “Ici New York” which is roughly comparable to “And now—we give you San Francisco.” Or in this case, New York.

This is likely to start out with some such vital message from the American people as this: “Nous voila au Stork Club. Monsieur Billingsley nous dit bon soir et puis voila une franchise. On l’a reconnait comme chic Parisienne de son chapeau. Je vous presente Morton Downey. Il est un fameux chanteur de ballades Irelandaises.”

The average Parisian doesn’t know what the Stork Club is and couldn’t care less about Monsieur Sherman Billingsley. Much of the Voice’s message here consists of records and the French complain bitterly about the quality of the records. They are very old records, many of them Negro spirituals. The French have a great fondness for our spirituals, know a great deal about them and feel that the Voice’s selections couldn’t be worse. One Frenchwoman told me that every time she turned on the Voice, all she got was “Old Man River.”

“As for the rest of it—discussion programs,” she said. “A bunch of people sitting around a table discussing what goes in Arkansas. You know, Monsieur Crosby, I don’t care what goes in Arkansas.”

THE most successful export we have made to Europe and one of our best ambassadors in every country is our dance music. It’s rather odd when you think about it a bit. The world’s great music sprang from Europe but the Europeans, at least the current crop, don’t seem to understand how to compose a popular song.

You can wander all over Europe and never get out of hearing distance of “Ol’ Man River,” “Begin The Beguine,” “Night and Day” and “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes” which are conceivably the four most international songs in the world. The French, the Italians, the Danes—well, name anybody—prefer our old popular songs, the older the better. At Grosvenor House in London you will find the English, a sober race, jiggling up and down sedately to “Bye Bye Blues.” And at that football field of a dance floor in the Grande Hotel in Stockholm, you’ll find a different crowd but the same tune.

Move over to Helsinki, which has been aptly described as the Tim Costello’s of the north—there’s only one nightclub there—or at the Wunderbar in Copenhagen you’ll hear an awful lot of “After You’ve Gone.” In Berlin at the Golden Horseshoe, where the customers ride horses around a sanded ring for reasons which were never made clear to me, you’ll encounter that old-time tune, “Avalon.”

In Vienna, at the Moulin Rouge, at this very moment I bet anything you’ll find a couple of professional entertainers tap dancing to “Tea For Two” which, of course, is the tune people have been tap dancing to all over the world ever since it was written. In Rome, there is a wonderful restaurant and nightclub called the Hostaria dell Orso in an edifice that was standing there in Dante’s day. And the tune we danced to there—“Yes, Sir, That’s My Baby” which came along only a few years after Dante.

In Paris—this paragraph may just confuse you a bit at first but stick with me here—the Metro, the subway, contains some of the most glamorous names in France as station stops. One line con-
tains in order the following subway stops—Louvre, Palais Royal, Tuileries, Place de la Concorde, and Champs Elysees. I took this line once, stopped off at the Lido on the Champs Elysees and got there just in time to hear a girl sing "Take The A Train" which can hardly mean anything to the French. You'd think the French would write songs about their own subways. But no.

I was in that enchantingly beautiful city, Bruges, during the Whitsun holiday, which is strenuously celebrated in Belgium. There were carnivals in all the city squares. Blaring from one of the merry-go-rounds, competing with and almost drowning out the thirteenth century bells of the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, was Hoagy Carmichael, old gravel-voice himself, croaking "Am I Blue?"

"Stardust," "Penthouse Serenade," "Time On My Hands," "September Song"—they'll ring in your ears everywhere this side of the Iron Curtain and conceivably on the other side, too. We Americans have not succeeded very well in exporting ideas. We are not very well understood anywhere and neither is democracy or capitalism. It has occurred to me that one device for selling our ideas might be the popular song. Let's get Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Rogers and Hammerstein and the rest of them to wrap up a few American ideas in good popular dance tunes. They'll be sung all over Europe.

The G. I.'s took the jitterbug, which has pretty well passed out of the picture in America, to Europe during the war. It's still there, though not just everywhere. At the Vieux Colombier in Montparnasse, where the Sorbonne students hang out, you'll hear some of the best American jazz in the world and also see some of the most amazing jitterbugging and Big Apple—a dance which has completely died back home. In both cases, the French have formalized the dances. There is less abandon, less improvisation, and more precision and formal movement, though they are still danced at the speed of light.

In Our Defense

The following is a condensation of an article I wrote for "The Manchester Guardian" in an attempt to explain and defend commercial broadcasting to the British whose own broadcasting is a government monopoly. Bear in mind that it was written for a nation which harbors some profound misconceptions about American broadcasting.

A great many touring Englishmen have clattered through our broadcasting studios in the last few years in an attempt to assess, pro or con, American radio. What opinions they took back to Britain I have no way of knowing but I rather suspect they were reinforcements of the opinions they brought over in the first place.

The B. B. C. and the Beveridge Committee have dispatched some very competent witnesses to our shores but, I should say, they have prowled around in the wrong places. They have lunched with the best people. They have dined. They have banqueted. They, have been subjected to torrents of argument. I strongly suspect that few of them had time left to listen to our radio and form their own opinions.

The fact is that American radio is very difficult to appraise in a hurry. Our most popular programs have been on the air so long that a single "hmmm" from Jack Benny, possibly our most popular radio entertainer, means volumes to us and absolutely nothing to the uninitiate. At the same time, our commercial plugs, our broadcast advertising matter, are so loud, repetitive, offensive and silly that it drives most Englishmen out of their wits. It does not quite affect all of us that way because we are more used to it. Through long practice we have acquired selective deafness; we simply turn off our ears as people living on a streetcar track learn to ignore the racket of the wheels while remaining fully sensitive to the slightest cough from the baby upstairs. Actually, this gift of selective deafness is largely responsible for the worst excesses of our commercials. We have become so immune to commercials that the dosage has to be steadily increased like addiction to heroin if it is to be at all effective.

While the advertiser has committed some grave offenses, he has a good many
things to recommend him, too. For one thing he pours roughly $500,000,000 a year into radio and television which means the broadcaster can afford and does provide an opulence and variety on our air which is not possible anywhere else in the world. Much of this money goes into the wrong pockets; much of it spent on programs which are monstrosities of vulgarity.

But the Briton should bear in mind that this flow of gold from the advertiser makes it possible for the National Broadcasting Company to pay out $400,000 a year for Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony which is on the air fifty-two weeks a year. This orchestra would not have existed, Toscanini might never have been lured back to America but for the advertiser. The Metropolitan Opera, whose annual deficit is one of our permanent national headaches, would have had an even more terrible time of it without the large checks it gets from the Texas Company for broadcasting its Saturday afternoon operas.

America is a very large country with greater diversities in temperament, racial origin and local custom among its people than in Great Britain. Our radio reflects this by providing enormous variety in the big cities. In New York, a good radio set can pick up about thirty-five different stations and the listener has, the choice of most everything from soap opera to concert music.

Our soap operas in which an endless succession of heroines are afflicted with blindness, bankruptcy, unrequited love and about a million other tribulations have a terrible reputation and deserve every bit of it. But they are not nearly so popular as many people believe. In the summer the soap heroines can't begin to compete in popularity with WMGM which broadcasts the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball games.

The greatest sin of our broadcaster is not that he allowed the advertiser to support his medium—after all, we in the newspaper business are supported by him, too—but that he allowed him to control it completely, to dictate the content of the programs as well as the content of the advertising.

The second great flaw in the makeup of our broadcaster is his lack of leadership. The broadcaster has consistently followed popular tastes rather than attempted to lead them to higher ground. With all its faults, I believe commercial radio is the best type of radio for a country as big, as populous and as diverse as ours. It is more practicable in my opinion to eliminate the faults of the system than to eliminate the system itself.

**Hopeful Note**

WALKING along the Thames embankment I saw a huge sign, McClean's Toothpaste. "Did you McClean your teeth today?" Britain will pull through all right if she has advertising men who can write copy like that.

**Home Again**

IN MOST European countries—on our side of the Iron Curtain, at least—the customs, a highly developed form of international confusion, are reasonably perfunctory. Fifteen minutes in London. About ten in Paris. Possibly seventeen in Rome. Then, you arrive back in New York and the situation changes radically. The Europeans of tourist lands welcome travelers with money in their pockets. The United States Immigration Service is hostile to the idea of letting anyone into this country whether he lives here or not.

The way I understand it, an immigration official gets ten points if he can delay a traveler an hour, twenty points if he can hold him up two hours and 100 points or jackpot if he can deflect you to Ellis Island. My man did his best. He scowled at my passport for a minute or so, turned all the leaves, then said:

"What were you doing in Belgium?"

"Well," I said. Then I stopped. I did a lot of things in Belgium, not all of which I'd like spread around even to Immigration officials. "I played roulette," I told him. I added hastily: "I know Senator Kefauver wouldn't approve but it's quite all right over there, you know. It's legal."

"What else did you do in Belgium? Why exactly were you in Belgium? Where were you in Belgium?"
I explained that I was in a little seaside resort called Knokke, a sort of Flemish Fire Island, that a good deal of my activities were shrouded in a sort of haze that envelopes me from time to time and that my demeanor, while not entirely above reproach, was hardly subsersive.

"You weren't in Czechoslovakia? Poland?"

"Why would anyone want to be in Czechoslovakia? Who in his right mind would want to go to Poland?"

"You're sure?"

I said I was absolutely positive. There was an occasion when, to my very great surprise, I woke up in Providence, R. I. But I have never wakened up in Czechoslovakia or Poland and I hope to God I never do. My man appeared unconvinced. He ruffled through the passport—there are pathetically few stamps in it—and then gave up. I was released into the protective custody of the Customs people.

The Customs officials have all your luggage neatly arranged alphabetically. I found my bags under Q, removed them to the C counter and waited. An hour passed. Customs officials passed. No one tarried except the passengers—the Cs, the Bs, and one lone Q whom I suspect of being a misplaced C. Finally a man appeared before the woman next to me—a B girl—and gave her a bad time over a watch she had procured in Switzerland. I had better luck. The Customs man took one look at the dirty shirts, decided not to soil his hands on such alien filth and shot me through.

Well, I suppose it's a good system. We can't go letting American citizens back into the country indiscriminately. They might come back harboring germs or conceivably even opinions. But don't look at me. I tossed all my opinions overboard at the three mile limit. They sank like stones.

In a bar that night, I had my first look at American television in a month. Bert Parks in "Stop The Music." A long-legged girl was tap-dancing. This gave me an excellent opportunity to compare European culture with our own. In Paris the showgirls are in general draped handsomely from the waist down to the toes, undraped from the waist up. Here we drape them topside, undrape them extensively from there down.

Bert Parks, I'm happy to report, is still draped all over except for his teeth, which appear to be in wonderful condition except for a slight discoloration on the ulcerated bicuspid. Anyhow, it's nice to be home!

The Serviceman

If anyone should ask me what I find most conspicuously new on American television after a month's vacation from it, I should say it is the serviceman. The Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Air Force are as ubiquitous on television now as they were on radio during the war.

You find the gob on the quiz program, handily winning the jackpot to the accompaniment of tumultuous applause. On the interview programs you come upon the generals issuing their carefully prepared ad lib on their prospects for victory in Korea, or ultimately in World War III. Each week Vaughn Monroe salutes different camps with the favorite melodies, determined by poll, of the recruits.

The serviceman is all over the place—winning things, telling the true story for the first time anywhere on how he won the Medal of Honor, or just appearing gracefully and modestly on the screen while the emcee tells us how grateful the nation is to him. In many ways, this is as it should be. The nation's debt to its fighting man, the popular interest in looking at him, the world situation all demand that we pay not only deference but respectful attention to our soldiers and sailors.

I just hope our serviceman doesn't get exploited or misrepresented. There are evidences already of both. A couple of weeks ago on the Stork Club show, a woman was talking to the noted innkeeper, Sherman Billingsley, about a lovely party given at the Stork the night before for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Wasn't it splendid, asked Mr. Billingsley, the way the Duke went over to the two Medal of Honor winners and spoke to them?
Said the lady: “He’s so good with people like that. Right down to their level.”

This lofty attitude requires no further comment beyond pointing out that the bandying about of heroes’ names or faces is not always to their advantage and doesn’t contribute much to the enlightenment of the rest of us. There is great competition among the programs for Medal of Honor winners. There aren’t really enough to go around, more’s the pity, and the available ones are likely to bob up all over the place, venting sentiments which would greatly surprise their comrades in a prose style which greatly surprises me.

The other night three Medal of Honor winners who had been shipped back from Korea were on “We, The People” and were asked by Dan Seymour, the proprietor of that show, to say a few words about their exploits. One of them, in lines that had obviously been written for him, said that the real heroes were still in Korea:

“A lot of guys who didn’t get medals, who didn’t get to meet the President of the United States, who didn’t get to Washington, who didn’t even get to be alive—they’re the ones who paid my ticket to Washington,” he declared with reasonable conviction.

“And mine,” said Medal of Honor No. 2.

“And mine,” said Medal of Honor No. 3.

It sounded like a commercial for a floor wax—a little too neat, much too contrived, and entirely lacking in the essential dignity of their hazardous profession. Our mission in Korea, our mission in the world cannot be explained in the terms used to sell soup. The issues are too grave and far too complicated for that.

Earlier on the same program, a good deal of space was devoted to the function of the Navy’s frogmen, the fighting men who swim in to enemy territory and destroy mines and other obstacles to landing parties. One genuine frogman described his occupation in words of such sweeping grandeur that I completely lost sight of the fact that his was one of the world’s most dangerous and difficult and valuable jobs. That’s hardly the idea.

If this stuff has to be written and rehearsed, let’s get it down in the boy’s own words, scrub it up a little and present it unadorned.

And Now—Color

Perhaps the most pregnant words issued in the Supreme Court decision which made the C.B.S. color system the law of the land were those contained in the dubitante handed down by Justice Felix Frankfurter. A dubitante, I’m told, is not a dissent but an expression of doubt. In other words, a Supreme Court Justice, while playing along with the rest of the mob, is dragging one foot; he is venting skepticism, just talking aloud, while still grudgingly signing his name on the proper line.

Frankly, I’m enchanted that Supreme Justices are permitted the privilege of saying well, yes and, on the other hand no. Supreme Court decisions have always been a little too black and white (take your hands off that pun, brother; I’m permitted one pun a year and that’s it) to suit me. Dubitante is almost exactly the right word to sum up my feelings about C.B.S. color. I have always been dubitante as hell about C.B.S. color. No outright dissent, you understand, but no outright assent either.

To put it another way, I’m just plain exasperated by the whole thing and I think I sum up the attitude of millions. To thrust color upon us after we have just got the confounded black and white sets to operate with reasonable reliability is a bloody nuisance.

“The enthusiasm which both the public and important national advertisers have shown for color television gives great encouragement that this exciting new medium will grow rapidly,” said Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S.

Well, I have kept my ear pretty close to the ground for years. In fact, my friends say I’d better get that ear off the ground very soon or I’ll catch cold down there. Anyhow, the popular clamor for color television somehow eluded that ear
—or perhaps it just got drowned out by the uproar over Gen. MacArthur and whatever came over the New York Giants.

C.B.S.'s assertion that the public tongue is hanging halfway to its knees in anticipation of color is based on a lot of little white cards which it has passed out at its color demonstrations, after the populace has got drunk on color TV. Well, I admit, you can get drunk as a goat on an hour of C.B.S. color which, I must admit, is a gorgeous thing. After two hours of it you pass out cold. In this condition of insobriety, the folks eagerly attest that they would instantly rush out and buy either a color converter or a whole new set. Then they go home and sleep it off.

Actually, the nuisance of color at this time has not yet been fully realized. Color converters will cost from $100 to $150 apiece, will never be as satisfactory as a color set and will clutter up the living room even more than it now is. In spite of optimistic assertions to the contrary, there will be very little color broadcast outside New York—and not too much inside New York—for some time to come.

My chief objection to color at this time is that it may temporarily confuse an already confused industry which is just five years old, and may retard what some optimists consider its progress. To get back to Justice Frankfurter's dubitante, it "may well make the commission reluctant to sanction new and better standards for color pictures" and the result would be "economic waste on a vast scale."

The reception by the newscasters of the two networks was instructive. Each news item sounded as if it had been cleared by the State Department. Doug Edwards of C.B.S. put it in the middle of the program and went on about it for minutes, explaining in considerable detail just what you could do to get C.B.S. color. He spoke also of "the enthusiasm of the public and the important national advertisers," carefully avoiding any mention of the lack of enthusiasm of the set manufacturers.

John Cameron Swayze, over at N.B.C., saved the big news for the end of his program, a little feature called "Hopscotching the World for Headlines." He referred to C.B.S. color as "the non-compatible system which cannot be received even in black and white without modification of present sets." He added grimly that R.C.A., N.B.C.'s parent, would continue "with its public demonstrations of its improved, compatible, all-electronic system of color TV," a lot of adjectives which would not ordinarily occur to a man writing a news story.

Most jubilant of all was Arthur Godfrey, C.B.S.'s water boy, who got his head bitten off by publicly endorsing C.B.S. color last time the controversy arose. To all those who had written that he was out of bounds in getting into the controversy, he gave a Bronx cheer.

**Tap Dancers**

Between the tap dancers and the private eyes which are cluttering up both radio and television, things are getting monotonous. All tap dancers, I'm told, are not exactly alike. There are small differences in technique and execution but I'm afraid these slight variations are too subtle for me. I divide tap dancers into two general classes—the ones who wear pants and the ones who wear skirts.

**Point of Satiety**

We are reaching a point of satiety in the matter of horror which will be rather difficult for the authors of horror plays to cope with. The television audience has been exposed to the gruesome so extensively that we simply don't grue any more. A while ago on "Suspense," a blind woman was tortured with lighted cigarettes, the actual deed being concealed from the cameras, which permitted your imagination to make it that much worse.

The net effect on my nerves, where this interesting by-play was aimed, was about one-third what it would have been five years ago, one-tenth what it would have been twenty years ago. This follows the graph of Crosby's Law, which, briefly stated, is simply: enough is enough. Quite a lot of mail reaches this desk, expressing dismay at the growth of horror stuff on radio and television. What, these people ask, will this do for our young? Recently, I was told, a youngster of three was gently
informed that his grandfather was dead. The boy's response: "Who shot him?"

That's hardly the attitude of reverence and grief that grandfather would have expected, but it's a natural one. We're all getting a little jaded with homicide; we're so accustomed to the violent end that it's inconceivable anyone could die in bed of simple old age. The medicine has to be stronger and stronger to hold our interest at all, much less horrify us, and eventually people will be driven to Morey Amsterdam out of sheer desperation and, believe me, that's desperation.

The other night the Robert Montgomery show (N.B.C.-TV) was devoted to the tale of a man who wanted to kill his wife, a thought that must have passed through everyone's mind from time to time. The gentleman rigged up a time bomb in his cellar, one big enough to blow the house to bits, and was about to tiptoe out the door when a couple of burglars, intent on robbing the joint, put the slug on him and tied him to a post in the cellar. And there he was with his own bomb and lots of time (an hour and ten minutes before the thing went off) to think things over.

Mr. Montgomery, who acted as narrator, plunged in at this point to describe what was passing through the tormented man's mind. ("Please, God, I'll never do it again—if I can get out of this.") All sorts of people happened along. Man's wife came home with the man he had thought was her lover but who turned out to be her scapegrace brother. They went to a movie. A little girl saw him through the cellar window but couldn't call her mother's attention to him. The gas man stopped by, rang the doorbell and went away. People telephoned.

And Mr. Montgomery droned on and on with what seemed unnecessary relish about the irony of it all. (Irony is getting a heavy play these days.) It should have been suspenseful; it succeeded only in being interminable. An hour and ten minutes—and it seemed at least that long—is a long time to wait to see some one blown to bits, especially since the same story has been on TV before and I knew the man wasn't going to be. The infernal machine never went off; the man went mad, instead. Irony, you know.

Edgar Allan Poe would have a rough time of it today. He stood alone, or almost alone, in this particular field. Today the audience is a little too wise and much too callous to give a damn. This is driving the writers to greater and greater flights of ingenuity to raise the hair on the back of my neck. They'll find it a tough job.

The last time I was properly horrified was when the mental patients at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital voted Milton Berle their favorite television star. Then I looked at the ratings and found that the rest of the country voted him the same honor, and I fell to wondering about the sanity of the rest of us, about who belongs up in that hospital and who should be permitted to roam the streets. Don't get to thinking about it. That way lies madness.

**Interview Programs**

I N MY experience before the microphone and the cameras, I have been asked a lot of searching questions which brought forth from me a lot of tiresome and, in some cases, embarrassing answers. What I want is a man who can ask the questions and supply the answers. I can nod as well as the next man.

**Noble Experiment**

THERE has been a lot of front page fuss and feathers, sound and fury, and one thing and another over the theater televising of the Joe Louis-Lee Savold fight. This noble experiment—and everyone will hastily explain that is just an experiment—signifies something. Just what it signifies is hard to say.

It has always seemed to me that theater television is a throwback to the neolithic or pre-Milton Berle era, sometimes called the Golden Age, before television. The fundamental revolution of television is that it brings the picture right into your home. Man can go to the Polo Grounds and see the actual fight, which has its own special flavor, or he can pull a beer out of the icebox, light his pipe and watch it at home. In a theater he doesn't get the real fight nor the beer. He has to procure
a sitter, drive to town, find a parking place, and pay his way in. There he gets, not a fight, but a picture of one, though a pretty good one.

Years ago Mike Jacobs dreamed of some day piping pictures of his fights to theaters around the country and gathering in $25,000,000 or $25,000,000,000, or some such sum. But that was in the great days of Joe Louis and also it came before television, before a man got used to the beer, the pipe and his own chair. The theory now, if I catch the drift correctly, is that our appetites have been so whetted by the spectacle of a couple of men belting each other that we will beat down the doors of a theater if deprived of the sight of blood in our homes.

If I owned a theater or a prizefighter, I might conceivably be won over to this wildly optimistic assumption. Not possessing either, I have grave doubts. Both radio and television have always increased by millions the audience for sporting events, but have not always had such a happy effect on the gate receipts. But never before has anyone attempted to create a new sports fan, then deprive the drug addict of his needle and drive the maddened creature to the berserk length of parting with a buck and a half.

That's why this thing is an experiment. Just possibly it might work out that way. But it might backfire entirely. It might cure him of the terrible habit entirely, restore him to sanity and socially constructive diversions like Faye Emerson.

Another noble experiment, that of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in banning live telecasts of football games, has already sprung a serious leak with the decision by the University of Pennsylvania to abstain. Franny Murray, athletic director at Penn, put his finger squarely on the nature of the problem with the statement that the university "cannot agree that it is wise in either athletic policy or university policy to prevent millions from seeing inter-collegiate football on television in a vain attempt to force more thousands to pay admission at the stadium gate."

That's the crux of it. If this Pandora's box hadn't been opened in the first place, there wouldn't be any problem. Now that the evils have flown out, it's going to be awfully hard to recapture them and slam the lid again. A lot of people bought television sets for no other purpose than to see sports events. They now consider sports on home television a constitutional right like free speech, and the I.B.C. and the N.C.A.A. are going to have a terrible time abridging it.

**The New Type Cowboy**

The cowboy came out of the chuck house, bearing a plate of biscuits which he passed around to the rest of the boys. "Best biscuits I ever tasted. Howja make 'em, Joe?" inquired one of the tougher hombres, a man who looked real fast on the draw. "Bisquick," said the cowboy briskly. "I just follows Betty Crocker's instructions."

So it's come to this. The cowboy has been going downhill for a long time now, ever since they took off his chaps and bandana and started dressing him in skintight pants like a ballet dancer. Now, he's taking cooking instructions from Betty Crocker when he should be out on the range shooting it out with the rustlers or maybe sitting in on a hand of five-card stud in Dead Man's Gulch Saloon. Not that the old-time cowpokes couldn't rustle up some pretty good grub but they sure didn't get their cooking lore from Betty Crocker.

Next thing you know they'll be smoking Old Golds instead of rolling their own, chasing down the canyons in Dodies in place of the old-fashioned horse and in general softening up physically and spiritually. William S. Hart must be spinning in his grave.

**Farewell! Farewell!**

It has been a season of farewells, an exhausting experience for you and me. Farewell to Jimmy Durante. Goodbye, Frankie Sinatra. Au revoir, Uncle Miltie. See you in the Fall, Eddie Cantor. They're all gone now, like city folk moving to the country, leaving the air fairly empty except for the shrill unsponsored cries of the second team.
This annual Summer hibernation of the great names has been done for years in radio and is now being done in television. But there is considerable difference. In radio, the date of departure, the date of return, were fixed and changeless like the tides. We knew to the second when “Amos 'n' Andy” or Jack Benny or the rest of them were coming back. With television, a vast uncertainty hovers over each departing entertainer. “We'll be back in the fall,” said Frank Sinatra on his last show. “We don't know just when. But we'll be back.” We'll wait, Frankie.

A sea of doubt exists as to when these people will come back, or whether—and this is the thought that makes me toss in my bed at night—they'll ever return. And, if they do return, what sort of show will they return in? In radio we knew not only when, but we knew also there'd be no change in Mr. Benny's inflections, or in George's exasperation at Gracie, or in de Kingfish's speculations.

But in television, the nature of the vehicle, the identity of the entertainer, the length and expense of the show are shrouded in the hesitancies which exist in the sponsor's mind. In radio it was almost a bookkeeping operation. You invested a certain amount of dough in a certain entertainer and you got fairly measurable results. Television, though, is show business with all its uncertainties, its quixotic human elements, its surprises.

This is as it should be. The creative impulse cannot exist alongside the slide rule. If a formula works too well—as it did in radio—the inventor and the experimenter are stifled. I devoutly hope that doubts grow like weeds in the minds of both entertainers and sponsors over the Summer. It'll set the boys to thinking, which wouldn't do a bit of harm.

So long, Jimmy, Frankie, Miltie, Eddie. Have a good Summer and don't get too fat with complacency.

Incidentally, the farewells were at least as fervid as those in radio, and you know how passionate those are. Or perhaps poignant is the word I'm groping for. Durante faded into the N.B.C. darkness, waving goodbye (a trick he's done several times), like Charlie Chaplin walking off into the sunset, or like Gen. MacArthur's old soldier. This proved so effective that Sinatra did it too, and, in his case, they even struck the set in front of our very eyes. Frank, abandoned by his cast and even by the electricians, then turned his back, a forlorn figure with a suitcase and no place to go, and walked off into the C.B.S. darkness. (The C.B.S. darkness is darker than the N.B.C. darkness, which makes it twice as poignant.)

Berle's finale was a little different. He has never found darkness especially inviting. The spotlight never sets on Milton Berle. He doesn't like to go wandering any great distance from the footlights, either. This left him a little short in the poignance department, but, as recompense, he surrounded himself with a horde of small children and they all sang "In The Good Old Summertime" together. It didn't raise a large lump in my throat like Durante and Sinatra, but it raised a small welt which will carry me through the Summer.

Actually, Berle didn't, as did the others, disappear altogether. He's been bobbing up all over the place, most recently on Eddie Cantor's farewell show. Mr. Cantor had been laid low by germs. Not entirely prostrated by them, you understand. Nothing has ever succeeded in entirely prostrating Eddie. He was in and out of his own farewell performance, but he got a lot of assistance from Mr. Berle, Jerry Lewis, Dagmar and Jack E. Leonard.

It all ended with Berle vilifying to Berle's mother on one phone, Eddie casting aspersions on Berle to Ida on the other. Now if they'd just had Georgie Jessel in there on a third phone to his mother . . . well, you can't have everything.

Those TV Style Shows

Of course we got the style show with which the afternoon air is studded. (Keep your pocketbooks buttoned, men. They're after us again.)

This one was a showing of bathing suits enveloping some very pretty girls, and right here my notes are a little scrambled. I can't follow fashion language
any better than the next man. One of these bathing suits, according to the fashion announcer, was—it says here—"a latex impossible girdled by a very fine shade of turquoise which (it says here) is a leprous shade of yellow." It was also shirred, scalloped, appliqued and was covered with what I gathered was unpicked fruit in unabashed sharkskin. So much for fashion.

**Consistent Lady**

ONE OF the grimmer aspects of fame is the newspaper interview which, through unfortunate technological advances, is preserved forever in the files. This is nice for the interviewer but rather hard on the interviewee who is frequently trans-fixed by a statement he made in 1902 and is stuck with forever after. Most interviewers are far better informed on a celebrity's state of mind and opinion ten years ago than the celebrity himself and can confound, contradict and in general louse him up with his own prior declarations.

Well, I was browsing through the files of Miss Dorothy Gish, the first woman I ever loved—I must have been about eight years old—and discovered that for about a decade she had been saying that the making of movies isn't any fun any more, that the pioneer excitement had long since been abandoned for spit and polish. This seemed like a long time for a lady not to have changed her mind on a subject so I conducted an investigation to see if she still felt the same way.

She does. Miss Gish—it seems hardly possible—is now fifty-three years old, looks a little like something out of Louisa May Alcott, is sprightly as ever, and is pioneering again in the new medium television, her fourth (stage, films, radio, TV.) "Television is exciting and it's great fun to do. It's very much like the pioneering we did in the early days of the movies. I'd much rather be in at the beginning of any medium than at the end when it's all on an assembly line."

Miss Gish thinks television has vastly improved in three years, a highly debatable proposition, but she is not at all a "I-think-it's-all-too-wonderful" girl. She thinks a lot of things on TV are not only not wonderful, but downright silly. However she harbors what I consider unwarranted faith that TV will outgrow the silly phase, will some day be an important educational medium.

As for its resemblance to early movie days: "We have to improvise so much in television. In television it's lack of space. We had to improvise in the silent movie days because we didn't have any money which sometimes, I think, is a big help." (I agreed.) "There's great excitement working with these young directors like Fred Coe, Martin Ritt, Frank Shaffner and Donald Davis. I should think stage people would be better in television if they were brought up in the theater as we (Dorothy and Lillian) were. There's a tempo you learn on stage that you don't learn in pictures. But there's one thing in television you haven't any training for. If you blow up in your lines, you have to get out of it yourself. You can't be prompted. There's that microphone hanging there and the prompter's whisper sometimes sounds louder than the actor's lines. Nobody's going to help you then but God. Rely on Him completely."

Movies made Dorothy Gish one of the world's most famous women in the '20s but she takes a dim view of pictures now. When she quit the movies, she didn't see a picture for two years. She still worships her early director, the late great D. W. Griffith, and has for years been vainly trying to get the picture people to do the story of his life. The Griffith story was done recently on television with Lillian Gish as narrator, was altogether a splendid production and was also almost an outspoken declaration of war by TV on movies. The contemporary film producers were pictured as tough, uncreative business men who were interested only in when the Cadillac convertible was to be delivered. That's a little harsh on the modern film producer who has a great many headaches besides Cadillacs, including a bad slump at the box office, a lot of it due to television.
She has done five television plays—“The Story of Mary Surratt,” “It’s Spring Again,” “The Bishop Misbehaves,” “The Magnificent Fake” and “Detour,” and has turned down a great many others. She doesn’t like what she calls “droopy drawers” roles which are those potty old ladies who sprout like weeds over so much dramatic television drama.

Television demands a lot of agility from a lady of fifty-three. A girl has to be prepared to show up on a different set in a different costume in a matter of minutes. But Dorothy is still fast on her feet and is also, she explained, held together entirely by zippers which so far have worked almost too well. Once she stepped behind a bit of scenery, unzipped from head to toe and suddenly found herself staring into the entranced eyes of a lot of people who were on a studio tour. They haven’t stopped talking about it in Des Moines to this day.

There was a professor of law who said to his students:

“When you’re fighting a case, if you have the facts on your side, hammer them into the jury, and if you have the law on your side, hammer it into the judge.”

“But if you have neither the facts nor the law?” asked one of his listeners.

“Then hammer on the table,” answered the professor.

—Woodmen.

Mrs. Jones was sitting in the breakfast nook shelling peas when she heard a knock at the back door. Thinking it was her young son, she called, “Here I am, darling.”

Silence. Then a deep voice boomed, “This is not the regular iceman.”

The best way to balance the family budget and avoid financial worries is to have enough money in the bank to pay your bills and a little reserve for emergencies. That’s not high financing—that’s just daydreaming.

He was out with the boys one evening and before he realized it the morning of the next day dawned. He hesitated to call home but finally hit on an idea.

He rang his house and when his wife answered the phone, he shouted: “Don’t pay the ransom, honey, I escaped.”

—Sunnen Snooper.

“I don’t understand how you came to marry her,” a man remarked to a friend whose marriage had failed. “You admit that you didn’t particularly care for her—how then did she get you?”

“Well,” came the dry rejoinder, “it’s not something you can explain very easily, but I suppose it must have been because she wanted me worse than I didn’t want her.”

Nine times out of ten what a man yelling his head off for justice really wants is revenge.

—A. J. Wilson

“Don’t shout, you’ll wake up Mother.”
Simple Ventriloquism

WANT to try your hand at ventriloquism? It isn’t difficult, but it does require practice.

First of all—there’s no secret about it. A few ventriloquists do use a device called a “Ventrilo.”

Others perform with a leaf from a bush held between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, but the majority use nothing at all and are just as successful.

If you have a rather high natural voice, it will be easy for you to cultivate a higher, parrot-like voice. If your voice is low, a guttural puppet voice is best for you. Try to visualize a puppet. Imagine what his voice sounds like.

As a ventriloquist, you and your natural voice must be colorless. This will direct attention to your puppet. It will be easy to imagine, with your help, that the puppet is doing the talking.

Cultivate a poker face, holding the facial muscles as stiff as possible. Keep your eyes expressionless. Roll your tongue around and around while your lips remain nearly closed. Now try some grunting sounds, imitating a pig. Try, “Ugh-ah. Muggah. Emphy. Memby.”

You are now trying to speak with your stomach instead of your lips and teeth. Don’t worry if your first attempts sound like mumbo jumbo. Practice will work wonders. Experiment with different words, eliminating those which you find too hard to pronounce. Simple words are best.

Use “duggle—you” for “w,” “fee” for “p.” Try saying, “babies on our block.” It will sound like “vavies on our vlock”, but no one is going to be critical. Try “hello” which will sound like “allo.” “What’s your name?” (lots sur lamae). Say words such as Ally, mally, olly, oily.

Strain a little from the chest as you speak. Say a few words in your natural voice. Then take a deep breath, and, letting it out gradually, answer yourself in your puppet voice. While pressing your tongue against your teeth, try circumscribing a cavity between the left cheek and the teeth. Fill this with air before your puppet speaks.

A good experiment for a beginner is to get a box with a lid and imagine his puppet concealed in it. (Before an audience you will tell them someone’s hidden in the box.) Place the box some distance away from you and make your puppet voice faint, yet distinct enough to be heard well.

Say, in your own voice, “Hello. Are you in there?”

Puppet’s voice answers, “Es. Let me out. It’s hot in here!”

You may then approach the box, kicking it as if accidentally. Voice says, “Ow... ah!” groaning loudly.

“Are you hurt?”

“Let me out! I’m nearly dead.”

Continue the conversation. When you have written out a few simple lines, practice them until you begin to get the “feel” of your dummy’s personality.

Good ventriloquists have found that some of the easiest words are in lines like the following: “Are you up there? Where? Here. Come down. I want you here. Are you ill? Hello, hello. What color are you?”

It is helpful to imitate voices of people you know, or radio voices. It is good to try animal imitations... the cackle of a hen, the croaking of a frog, the chirping of a cricket.

When you have practiced alone for two or three weeks, try your trick voice on a friend. You’ll be surprised at how readily you can deceive him. And if you want to go on with your hobby, the Fine Arts Department of your public library will furnish all sorts of fascinating books on the subject. You’ll have lots of fun and the possibilities are unlimited.—Helen Janney
U.S.A.

Education pays off for waitresses who attend this novel school.

by HELEN PATTERSON HINDE

Are you susceptible to smiles? Willing to pay for them in hard cash? The great majority of Americans are. Ask any waitress! She'll tell you her smiles are worth a good living in tips. More than any other part of her service, restaurant customers appreciate a friendly, cheerful approach.

John B. O'Meara, of Independence, Missouri, who conducts a unique school for waitresses, says experience has proved that we are susceptible to smiles. It is the cheerful girls who get the big tips, every time.

Still, even the most charming smiles cannot make up for poor service. And there it's the little things that count. Grammar, for instance. In O'Meara's schools, which have been
conducted in twenty different states and in Canada and Puerto Rico, a lot of time is spent on grammar. The old time restaurant lingo may have been picturesque, but it did not improve the appetite. Many a customer has lost his desire for frankfurters and sauerkraut, upon hearing his order relayed to the kitchen as “dogs in the grass.” And after ordering stew, he does not like to hear himself described as “a man who wants to take a chance.”

Another popular expression among the waitresses of yesterday was “stew for a stiff,” which was restaurantese for milk toast. An order for two scrambled eggs became “mistreat two.” A small thing, but waitresses tell O'Meara they have fewer dissatisfied customers when they use more conventional language.

Then, there is the matter of poise. A good O'Meara graduate accepts the most improbable request calmly. If you want mustard on your ice cream, or catsup on your mince pie, she provides it without questioning your taste.

That means a lot to people with a liking for peculiar combinations of food, according to O'Meara, and it is the kind of thing which is likely to increase the size of the tips they leave behind.

Now, all of this may seem incidental to the actual serving of food, but O'Meara believes that waitresses are saleswomen, as surely as are the members of a department store sales force. So, they must first present an attractive personality and appearance, and then deliver the merchandise, in this case food, properly and efficiently.

And here again, small details are important. Although the course includes training in the fine art of balancing heavy trays, emphasis is placed on polishing the Emily Post brand of etiquette.

“I often lecture for an hour on the right and wrong ways to serve a cup of coffee,” O'Meara explains. “The waitress should notice whether the customer is right- or left-handed. The cup should be placed on the most convenient side, with the handle at the outside.” There is instruction on the proper method of serving a piece of pie, with the point of the wedge aimed at the diner, not into space.

O'Meara himself began working as a waiter as a young man, and was personnel manager of a cafeteria before he began teaching. Restaurant work, once a field almost sacred to men, has been taken over almost entirely by women in recent years, he points out, and now it is up to the girls to make the most of the opportunity.

Many of them have. There is the classic example of an Oklahoma school teacher who decided she wanted to enter a more lucrative field. After some preliminary investigation, she concluded she could make the best money working as a waitress. She
studied the right and wrong ways to merchandise food—and grossed $7,000 during the first year.

O’Meara’s schools have been attended by former graduate nurses and secretaries, as well as school teachers. They agree, he says, that there is more financial opportunity in restaurant work than in their former careers.

They receive an average of from $25.00 to $60.00 a week in wages, depending on the location and type of restaurant, plus substantial sums in tips. In New York, Chicago, and other comparable cities, many waitresses average from $50.00 to $75.00 weekly in tips.

One recent development has been the return of the five-cent tip. During the war, few diners left an amount that small. Right now, according to O’Meara, there are more five-cent tips than there have been in the past two years. He considers this a sort of barometer to financial conditions in general.

Being a waitress, however, is not so simple as it seems. It requires a great deal of skill and experience to reach the high-tip brackets. Above all, the girls must be versatile. They are likely to come across many an awkward situation in the course of a day’s work.

Consequently, O’Meara teaches his students how to handle amorous male customers. That’s one time when the smiles disappear. Girls are instructed to have a ready-made story which concerns a father or brother who calls for them every night after work, but to keep their refusals of dates polite as well as firm. There is no point in antagonizing a customer who is, of course, a potential tipper.

There is also a brief lecture on the care and feeding of babies. Proper dishes and utensils are important, and graduates learn, among other things, to knot a corner of a napkin so it can be tucked inside Junior’s collar to serve as a bib.

One of these days O’Meara would like to approach the situation from the opposite side of the table, and conduct some schools for customers. There are a few rules diners should follow if they want the best service, just as there are rules for waitresses who want big tips.

One of the most common complaints from waitresses is that customers “hiss” at them when they want attention, or call them “girlie.” Neither is good policy. A simple “waitress” or “miss” gets better results.

As for tipping habits, O’Meara maintains that the public wants the right to tip according to service received. He says most people do not resent the custom of tipping, but are willing to pay for the extra little attentions and the smiles. He cites as an example a Midwestern restaurant which inaugurated a policy of prohibiting tips. It went out of business soon afterward, partly, he says, because the customers resented being told they could not tip. And with that attitude prevalent, restaurant work can become one of the most lucrative fields open to young women.

Some drivers speed up so as to get in front of you so that they can slow down.
The world of baseball is still talking about the way the National League All-Stars manhandled the American Leaguers in the 18th annual battle in Detroit. The win, second in a row for the Nationals, was still only the sixth win in 18 games played; but the way it was done brought joy to the hearts of National fans. The new crop of senior all-stars had no fear of the Amerc’s and battered them silly in an American League bailiwick. Perhaps the fact that only three Yankees appeared in the lineup did the trick. Yes, times have changed when the White Sox dominate the lineup of All-Stars instead of the fabulous Yankees!

The trend is swinging. Boston fans no longer boo Ted Williams in the field nor at bat; and the Red Sox seem to be unified for the first time in recent years. The American League race is one of the closest, with any one of four leading teams capable of winning the pennant. However, it appears to be all over but the shouting in the National League as Chuck Dressen has pulled his Brooklyn Bums almost out of sight while the Phillies are still trying to rest on last year’s press clippings.

Critics believe that Paul Richards is one of the best young managers to come along in many a year. A shrewd strategist, Richards demands and gets hustle every second. His minor league record is tops.

Some time ago Lefty Gomez told this writer that George Selkirk of the Kansas City Blues would be the next manager of the New York Yankees. Since then the story has popped up in several places. Selkirk has done a marvelous job on his own and has welded a bunch of green kids into a colorful winning combine without any help from the parent Yankees.
Harry Geisel, who umpired in the American League for 18 years and now is supervisor of the arbitrators in the American Association, tells this one on himself. When Lefty Gomez first came to the Yankees from the Coast League, he was warned that a player didn’t take many liberties with Umpire Geisel. The first time Goofy came to bat with Harry behind the plate, he missed the first pitch for strike one and the second was a hairline called strike two. Gomez stepped back, measured the ump with his eye, but said nothing. The third pitch was a called strike three on another close one. Gomez turned red, and then with dignity said, “How do you spell your name?” The umpire said, “G-E-I-S-E-L.” “One I?” asked Gomez. “Yes,” replied the ump. That brought the climax as Gomez walked to the bench muttering, “That’s what I thought!”

UNPREDICTABLE Sam Snead put together some of the most amazing golf in years to win the PGA. It was played over one of America’s longest and toughest courses—over 7,000 yards and 115 deep traps. Snead, in the 166 holes of play, was an unbelievable 22 strokes under par. It’s the old story. Snead can beat any other human; it’s a different story when he is playing medal against par.

When Gene Sarazen entered the tourney it reminded me of a story about the Germantown farmer. Some years ago he won a $1,500 tourney. His wife wanted a new fur coat and he wanted a prize bull for the farm. His wife was sure she would have her way until a commotion was heard outside one afternoon and the Sarazen’s little daughter said, “Mommie, Daddy is bringing your new fur coat into the barn!”

Ben Hogan’s third win of the National Open was sensational but not surprising. Hogan for 72 holes is still the best.

What has happened to tennis? There are fewer players coming along each year and the youngsters now are grabbing golf clubs instead.

Teen age bowling leagues for the summer and as a school activity have become the latest way to help combat idle-time problems in the grade and high schools of many cities. The sport is co-sponsored by the schools, bowling proprietors and civic groups.

IT WON’T be long until football hits the nation again. The Midwest, with strong Oklahoma and Nebraska, will give the fans something to think about. The dark horses in the Big Seven will be Kansas and Missouri. It could be a great individual season for two juniors, Bob Reynolds of Nebraska, already an All-American, and Charlie Hoag of Kansas. I’ll be there to bring you a full eleven-game schedule over WHB this year.

We’re going back a long way for this one. It’s said to have happened in 1913 when Ray Eichenlaub was the line-ramming fullback on the Notre Dame team.

Notre Dame had given a midwestern school a terrific going-over, with Eichenlaub starring, and after the game the losing team climbed on a street car for the ride back to its hotel.
The trolley was jam-packed but it stopped for one more passenger, a big woman, arms filled with packages, who rumbled through the players, stepping on feet and belting them in the ribs with her elbows.

As she headed for the rear of the car, one leather-lunged wit up front sang out: “Look out, fellows. Here come’s Eichenlaub’s mother.”

**FOLKS,** if you want to see some fun get out to Blues Stadium, Friday, August 17 for “Radio Night.” All year people have been telling me how much fun they had last year watching blindfolded ball players pushing wheelbarrows around the diamond. Or laughing as they saw players, who usually peg the ball with lightning speed, playing catch gingerly with fresh eggs—ever so daintily and gently! Those are two of the “fun features” for Radio Night again this year—along with a Catchers’ Accuracy Contest in which the rival catchers attempt to peg the ball from home into a barrel on second base. And a Home Run Hitting Contest in which the best batters will swat the ball clear out of the park!

Two free trips to Havana, Cuba, via Braniff International Airways, with hotel rooms furnished at the world-famous Hotel Nacional, will be prizes in the Blues Baseball Puzzle Contest, now in progress. Pick up a puzzle at Blues Stadium (it has pictures of all the players, and compete for these fine vacation trips to be awarded Radio Night.

That’s all for now. See you Radio Night!

Jack Gilford recalls a husband-wife duel in which the husband, about to lose his temper, warned, “Careful, you’ll bring out the beast in me!”

“Go ahead!” sneered his wife. “Who’s afraid of mice?”

A man who had a fabulous fortune returned to his home town and called on an old buddy. The old buddy was determined, though, that he wasn’t going to give the other the satisfaction of being impressed by his wealth.

“I got a limousine now with a chauffer,” the returning native said.

“So what? Quite a few people got limousines with chauffeurs.”

“You should see my house. It has fifty rooms and I have an 18-hole golf course.”

“I heard of houses with 18-hole golf courses, too,” said his buddy.

“Inside the house?”

—**Alfred Rosenberg**

“**What dramatic school did you attend?”**
IT'S not necessary to go to Europe to see a feudal castle. There is one in Canada's second largest city. On a hill overlooking Toronto, stands Casa Loma, a turreted baronial castle with everything but a moat and drawbridge to send the visitor right back to the fifteenth century. During the summer months a thousand tourists a day are guided in fascination through the castle, and come away with thoughts of chivalry and intrigue. There are secret staircases, and passages between the floors and underground.

Casa Loma was built between 1911 and 1913 by the late Sir Henry Pellatt. As a small boy he had dreamed of feudal castles, and while growing up had held the ownership of one as a goal in life. After wealth came from the sale of western Canadian land, he built his castle.

There probably is no other building like Casa Loma in North America. Built to entertain royalty, the castle has 100 rooms, with servants' quarters for a staff of fifty. While Sir Henry lived, the sixteen master bedrooms had silver-plated bath fixtures; the fixtures of Lady Pellatt's bathroom were of gold. The walls and floors of all baths were of imported marble. Each bedroom has a fireplace transplanted from a castle in Europe. Sir Henry's bedroom, now on view, is forty by sixty feet, with a high ceiling. The push of a button near the canopied bed opens a secret panel to reveal a hidden staircase leading to the ground floor.

The visitor to Casa Loma is shown the Great Hall, the main living room, eighty feet square and seventy feet from carpet to ornamented ceiling. The library is eighty feet long and twenty-seven feet wide; the dining room could comfortably seat a hundred guests. "The kitchen," Sir Henry once said, "is large enough to feed a regiment."

In the cellar there is a large tiled swimming pool, a number of billiard rooms, a bowling alley, and a 200-foot rifle range. An elevator runs from the cellar to the uppermost story. The highest turret juts 300 feet above the street, and from its south crenels, you can, on a clear day, see Niagara Falls thirty miles across Lake Ontario.

Each floor is an eight-inch slab of concrete beneath hardwood boards. A three-foot drop separates each floor from the ceiling below. These cavities are entered through trap doors, and no one knows for sure all their ramifications. From the cellars there is a 600-foot-long tunnel leading to the red-tiled stables, garages and greenhouses of the estate. The castle occupies seven acres in a residential section of Toronto. It is a landmark to a man whose dream castle came to life. Since Sir Henry's death in 1939, the castle has been operated by a Toronto business men's service club for charitable affairs, dances and sightseeing. The proceeds, after maintenance and taxes, go to charity.

—James Montagnes.

Government is like a stomach: if it's doing its work right, you will hardly realize you've got one.

Legally, the husband is the head of the house and the pedestrian has the right of way. Both husband and pedestrian are fairly safe unless they try to exercise their rights.
They are the key to worry and irritation, reflecting your wishes and desires.

by FRANK ROSE

If a friend of yours possessed a magic key to success, happiness and health, you would most certainly consider him foolish if he didn’t use it. Yet you have such a key, and, chances are, it has long ago grown rusty from lack of use. That key is the intelligent study and interpretation of your dreams.

Modern psychologists are convinced that no one dreams unless he is facing a problem; that each dream expresses an unfulfilled wish, a repressed desire. So, by unraveling the meaning behind each dream, you may eliminate the causes of mental conflict, and might even uncover unsuspected talents and tendencies. You will learn more about your true self, your hidden motives and characteristics, than ever before. You will be in a position to eradicate those social, personal and business maladjustments that are shared to some extent by all of us. As a result, you will be able to lead a richer and more balanced life.

Until fairly recently, dreams were considered outside the scope of orthodox science. The majority of people scoffed at them as mere playthings of the sleeping mind, or they were ignored altogether as sheer nonsense. Even Shakespeare shared this opinion when he wrote: “I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy.”

But, today, modern psychology has recalled the dream from exile by demonstrating that every one is significant to the dreamer. It is now known that, although these weird mind pictures may seem incoherent, wild or sketchy, they are, nevertheless, definite attempts by the dream-
er’s subconscious mind to bring matters of importance to the conscious attention.

The study and interpretation of dreams has become one of the psychoanalyst’s most effective tools in helping him straighten out personality kinks. But you need not go to an expert to have this done; you can do it yourself. All that is required is patience and a consuming desire to know your real self.

BEFORE attempting to interpret your dreams, consider just what dreams are. Everything you have ever done, thought, seen, heard, felt, wished for or feared is carefully preserved in the rich storehouse of your subconscious. This accumulated record is vastly important to you as an individual; yet only a tiny fraction is consciously remembered. All the ghosts of the past are deeply and intricately interwoven with your present personality. These ghosts continue to worry, to hope and desire just as they formerly did, but it seldom comes to your attention except when the conscious mind is at rest—or asleep.

Most of us are ignorant of our true motives and feelings. We delude ourselves with words and rationalizations. But during sleep the censors in our conscious minds slumber. Then our subconscious minds speak of those things which are ordinarily repressed due to social, moral or religious grounds. At that time, hate, fear, sex and anger reveal themselves without disguise or subterfuge.

These are the emotions which make up basic character. They come from within, not from without as the ancients believed. You, the dreamer, are responsible for the strange drama being enacted within your head. You are author, director and cast; and there is always definite reason behind the dream. Your subconscious is trying to give constructive advice, to make you realize the truth about yourself without prejudice.

You may learn many scandalous things about yourself by studying your dreams, but don’t worry. Everyone has primitive instincts—no matter how securely hidden. St. Augustine once observed that he was glad he was not to be judged by what he dreamed. Self-analysis, and not aimless concern, is the right way to approach dreams. Study them thoroughly and be completely honest about your findings.

No one else can fully understand your dreams for you. It is an individual responsibility. A word or dream symbol which means something to one person might mean something altogether different to another. Dr. Adler said: "It is not the dream itself which is important but the underlying thought of the dream.”

The first step is to write down your dream as exactly as you can remember
it, and the best time for this is right after you wake up. Dreams are ephemeral, losing most of their substance when the conscious mind shifts into high gear for the day's activity; so get them down on paper as quickly as possible.

Then pick out the words or symbols that seemed most important in your dream and try to link them up with some incident or impression of the previous day. Many such incidents will seem too trivial to bother with, but write them down anyway. They may open an important room in your mental storehouse.

You will soon discover an interesting fact about dreams. They are puckish fellows, exceedingly fond of strange twists and turns and puns. They love disguises and circumlocutions. It is as though they had handed you a map to a buried treasure but had written it in code so that the whole thing wouldn't be too easy. However, if you persevere, you can always find the real reason behind the dream.

For example, one night Frank dreamed that he handed his young nephew a cauliflower. The lad seemed depressed until given the strange present, but then his eyes shone with joy and he danced around in merriment. This dream had Frank puzzled, but during breakfast the answer flashed into his mind. He recalled hearing a radio account of a boxing match the night before. The announcer had quipped that one of the athletes had formerly been in the vegetable business and now was growing cauliflowers on his ears.

Thinking of boxing led Frank to remember that during the previous week his nephew had brought over a new pair of boxing gloves and begged him to spar a round or so. At the moment Frank had been too busy working in the garden and had refused. Subconsciously he must have been acutely aware of the boy's disappointment, and must have felt a sense of guilt. So in his dream he tried to make amends by handing him a cauliflower.

Since his conscious mind was now aware of what had been bothering it, he boxed with his nephew the next time he came over and thus removed an unnecessary source of mental strain. Probably no one else in the world could have interpreted this dream, for no one else knew he'd been impressed by the radio gag.

Your technique will improve with practice, and most dreams will practically solve themselves by the foregoing method. But should some parts of them still remain a mystery, you might resort to the free association process. Merely think of the word or dream symbol, then permit your thoughts to drift aimlessly. You will find your mind traveling lightly from one symbol to another until finally it will reach a dead end. The thought at this point will explain the symbol in your dream.

Dr. Louis E. Bisch tells how he unravelled one of his dreams in this manner. He had dreamed of Santa Claus, and, letting his mind wander, he thought of snow, then cold, then winter, and finally coal. At this point his mind went blank, and he realized
that subconsciously he had been worrying about his empty coal bin. He had it filled and promptly relieved his mind of a needless worry.

Many of the sources of irritation which you will uncover by these methods will seem trivial and unimportant, but if left to fester and multiply, they can grow into a regular colossal of mental conflict which eventually will transform the most sunny disposition into gloom. Many of our mental and physical ills are rooted in the details of our daily lives; and the overwhelming majority can be eradicated before causing any real harm by the intelligent study and interpretation of dreams.

If you would realize that dreams are more revealing than either speech or actions, you would not be so eager to share them with others. Instead, study your dreams by yourself. Find out what your subconscious is trying to convey. Apply this knowledge to the problems of your daily life and you'll remove the greatest obstacles to health, happiness and success. The answers to your dreams lie, not at the end of some far away rainbow, but within you—hidden in themselves.

William Busch, the German humorist, went to his doctor for a heart check-up. "Do you smoke much?" inquired the doctor.

"About 15 cigars a day."

"You'll have to cut down. It will be hard but you'll have to be satisfied with one after dinner."

A few weeks later Busch returned for a check-up. The doctor commented on his improvement in health. "You see, that's what happens when patients follow their doctor's orders!"

"Well it isn't always easy to do," answered Busch. "It was hard to eat 15 dinners a day."

As the man stepped into the elevator with his wife the pretty elevator girl turned to him and said, "Hello, darling."

The wife was quiet but her eyes burned and her lips quivered.

When they left the elevator, the man turned to his wife and said, "Now don't start anything. I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."

The late William Lyon Phelps, famous educator, once felt that too many of his students were not giving the time or attention to his courses which he felt they deserved. In order to reprimand such scholars, Phelps prepared an unusually stiff examination for one of his classes just before the Christmas holidays.

One of the students who looked upon the course as a "snap" wrote across his follows: "God gets an 'A.' You get an questions. Merry Christmas!"

Phelps returned the paper marked as follow: "God gets an 'A.' You get an 'F.' Happy New Year!"

"He's not building a thing. We use him as a decoy to keep the crowd from an- noying us!"
State fairs play to packed crowds because there's something to interest Dad, Mom, the Kids, Uncle Jake, everyone. That of the great State of Missouri is no exception!

by CARL McINTIRE

From the happy land of speeding thoroughbreds and stolid perchers, grandma's strawberry preserves and ice cream-bolting children, county displays and band music, carnivals and hot dogs, comes the annual call, "Meet me at the Fair!"

This month, August 18th through the 26th, one-half million Missourians and their neighbors will rally to that clarion, tumbling into peaceful Sedalia by train, bus, auto and wagon on a nine-day splurge at the great Missouri State Fair.

Missouri is an agricultural state. Its cities hum to the tune of industries handling the products of the farm or producing the means for better agriculture. The Missouri State Fair is the showplace for the raw materials and the finished products of agriculture.

If any two things could be said to stand above the rest at the Fair, it would be the folks who throng the 276-acre grounds, and the horses. The plain people stand out because they are the Fair, as they are the State. The horses are at the top because they exemplify the cream of man's efforts in science, patience and training. The 49th Missouri State Fair is going to be sprayed with highlights, and a good share of the glare will fall on these two, the people and the horses.

People judging people will make perhaps the biggest sparkle of the highlight spray. People from the quiet dirt cross roads will mingle with people from the teeming city intersections. The Presbyterian ladies' auxiliary will meet the gamblers and their shills face to face; and neither will
regret the encounter. Up and down the midway, along the broad fair ground streets, in and out of the livestock barns, in grandstand and arena, day and night thousands of people will be strolling. They will be looking at each other, judging each other; their emotions will be many. Most will look through eyes of friendliness and fraternity, and, for the uninitiated, curiosity and adventure.

Presiding over the great human circus will be a favorite Mutual Broadcasting System emcee, Tom Moore. Tom got his radio start in Missouri, and he's bringing his famous Mutual show, "Ladies Fair" (not heard on WHB), to Sedalia for two mornings. Never before has a morning program been scheduled at the Fair. The big show will be presented in front of the spacious racing grandstand, and will be aired over Mutual.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, John Snyder, has accepted an invitation to return to his home state in order that he may be speaker at the First Annual Missouri State Fair Country-Cured Ham Breakfast. Governors of all adjoining states have been invited by Governor Forrest Smith to be his guests at this breakfast. The feast will climax the biggest show of old fashioned, country-cured hams the state has ever seen. Every county in Missouri is to have at least one entry of the tastiest morsels into which teeth can be set. Governor Smith will cap the spectacular Governor's Day program by presenting awards to the healthiest babies, and to the 9-point health winners.

Grand Circuit harness races, bringing to the Fair's mile and half-mile tracks the finest pacers and trotters of the nation, highlight the horse events. The famous Missouri State Fair Horse Show runs five nights in the Arena. The best saddle horses in the world, in all gaits and classes, will be on display. Kansas City's Saddle and Sirloin Club is sending its colorful mounted patrol to captivate the huge crowds on Kansas City Day.

These features barely begin the list of special events crammed into the nine day Fair. For many, the auto races, big racers and stock cars, will provide the keenest thrills of the week. Motorcycle racing is an added feature this year.

The Cavalcade of Stars stage show, featuring dozens of acts and a spectacular water carnival, will be presented five nights. A circus will give a one-night performance and an auto thrill show will be another nighttime feature. Giant fireworks displays are set for every night.

Children's Day will have special concessions for the youngsters at the rides of Cetlin and Wilson's World-on-Parade Shows. And the youngsters may see their first old-fashioned balloon ascension Aviation Day.

The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce is arranging a special train to bring 350 people for St. Louis Day. War Dads of Missouri will be hosts to the Gold Star widows and orphans of World War II at the fair on Veterans' Day. A tractor rodeo, with winners from county fairs of the state taking part, will be held Missouri Fairs' Day.
ALL these events and many more will be taking place while exhibits of quilts, pies, roosters, stamps and a thousand other things, will be attracting teeming crowds every day. Judging of cattle, horses, mules, swine, sheep, goats and asses continues right on through the fair. Commercial exhibits, farm machinery, home appliances and other farm and home products are always magnificently displayed. The 4-H clubs, Future Farmers, Missouri College of Agriculture and the 114 Missouri counties have outstanding exhibits every year. The shows put on by the Wild Life Commission and the Highway Department are perennial favorites.

Yes, "Meet me at the Fair" is going to be the slogan this summer for all Missourians interested in seeing, hearing and learning what makes their state a great state . . . and having the time of their lives while finding out!

A visitor asked several people in a small town if they knew the mayor.
"He's a bum!" said the filling station attendant.
"He's no good," said the druggist.
"Never voted for him in my life," said the barber.

Meeting the much maligned mayor, the curious visitor asked how much his salary was.
"Good heavens, I don't get any pay," the official answered. "I took this job for the honor of it."

A new army recruit was placed on guard duty. Posted on the early morning relief, he did his best, but in the end went to sleep on his feet. He was awakened by a slight noise and, raising only his eyes, saw the Officer of the Day standing in front of him. Remembering the heavy penalty for sleeping on post, the recruit stood for another moment with his head bowed. Then, raising his head slowly he looked piously into the sky and reverently murmured, "Amen."

William P. Thorne was one of several Kentuckians who shared a dream of building a railroad from New Castle to Eminence.

While the road was still in the blueprint stage, Thorne provided himself with stationery and, as self-appointed President, wrote to the President of the L & N system concerning the exchange of annual passes.

The L & N executive pointed out a certain inequity: while his system extended for more than 1,000 miles, Thorne’s road, if and when built, would be less than four miles.

"True," replied the persistent Thorne. "the L & N is somewhat longer than my road, but mine is just as wide!" He got the annual pass.
The Fruitful Combination

A NICKEL, an apple and a prayer are a strange combination. They were the only assets of the Rev. John Larkin, when he arrived in New York City on a sunny, summer afternoon in 1847. With these three items his superiors expected him to procure a building for a parochial school.

Even then a nickel wouldn’t buy much, so Father Larkin carried the apple. The nickel was all that remained of his train fare, and unless he made a contact in the strange city, the apple would serve as his dinner.

His frugal possessions didn’t dampen his spirits. As he swung off the train platform he glanced over the skyline until he saw a church steeple in the distance.

Half an hour later he was kneeling in the church. When he had finished a short prayer, he went to the parish house and rapped on the front door.

He explained his mission to the pastor. Right from the start luck was with him. Not only did the pastor tell him to remain as long as he wished, but told him of a vacant meeting house for sale.

Jubilantly Father Larkin rushed to the owner and asked the sale price. Only $18,000 he was told. “But don’t let that frighten you,” the owner said. “You only need a down payment of $5,000.”

Father Larkin fingered the nickel in his pocket. “I’ll be back as soon as I raise a little more capital—$4,999.95 to be exact.”

There the matter stood for several days with the priest unable to raise anything like the amount he needed. Then one evening someone knocked on the front door. It was a young man. “I need some advice.”

“I’m an artist,” said the visitor, “an I’ve made a little money that I’d like to invest. I don’t know anybody in New York that I can trust, so I decided to stop at the first parish house.”

Father Larkin was interested. “Is it a lot of money you have?” he asked hopefully.

The young man shook his head. “Not too much.”

Father Larkin was disappointed. “How much do you have?” he asked. “Five thousand dollars.”

“Did you say five thousand?” asked the priest. The young man nodded.

“Then let me tell you a story.” He told the man of his search. “The only drawback” he explained, “is the down payment. Your five thousand dollars would turn the trick. Would you invest your money with me?”

For several seconds the artist sat in deep thought. Finally he said, “I hadn’t exactly figured on investing it that way, but I guess it couldn’t be used for a better cause.”

So Father Larkin made the down payment and a school was opened. Years passed, and the artist was repaid, and more property purchased. Eventually a high school was added, and then a college.

Today St. Francis Xavier College of New York City stands on the spot, the only college in America to ascend from such an humble beginning as a nickel, an apple and a prayer.

—Stanley J. Meyer.
Ah, for the life of a cat!

by JULES ARCHER

A FEW years ago in Dedham, Mass., nine relatives of the late Woodbury Rand gathered at the reading of his will. How had he distributed his $100,000 estate? After a hush, the dead man’s decision was read aloud.

Nine outraged gasps filled the room. Not one relative had been left a dime. Woodbury Rand’s reason? “Their contemptuous attitude and cruelty toward my cat.”

The sole heir to $100,000 was Buster, a tom-cat.

A dog’s life may be nothing to envy, but you’d enjoy leading many a cat’s life. If you were Tommy Tucker, white Persian, you wouldn’t even have to meow for your supper. Tommy inherited $5,000 upon the death of his owner. He lives on Riverside Drive in a private room, enjoys sirloin steak on toast four days a week, and sleeps in a large wicker basket on a soft baby mattress.

Few children receive the lavish care awarded a white Angora named Baby. Owned by a childless woman, Baby is dressed in spotless infants’ wear, including a winsome bonnet. She has never learned to walk because her doting mother-by-adoption carries Baby around both inside the house and out.

A cat named Lilly proved you don’t need a pedigree to make good in the world. She was just a garbage can variety black alley cat. But one day neighborhood wives, who used to chase Lilly with brooms, began to stroke her fur lovingly. Over 330 Californians begged to take care of her. This sudden affection was explained by a $5,000 ($50 a month) legacy bequeathed the ex-scavenger by an 84-year-old Sacramento spinster.

Nothing was too good for Mr. White, a snowy tabby owned by a
Washington newspaperman. When the cat developed a foot infection, Jesse Jones talked a leading Johns Hopkins urologist into taking the case. For seven weeks Mr. White regularly made the 40-mile trip to John Hopkins in a taxi, as a patient of the famous specialist.

Tommy Clark, an ex-alley resident of Seneca Falls, N. Y., had a bank account of $300 when he turned up his paws. This was the hoarding of gift money presented to him at four birthday parties. It bought him a handsome tombstone. History is silent as to what Dinah, a tortoise-shell from Albany, N. Y., did with the $100 windfall she won in the Irish sweepstakes.

In England, humans born on the wrong side of the tracks have social standing definitely inferior to blue-blooded tabbies. The pusses' social register, Cats and Kittens, carries dignified announcements of feline visits, birth and deaths. A typical birth notice: "Mrs. Wilson Burrasford's Booful—7 kittens: 1 blue, 2 black, 4 torties—by Miss Cadell's Sinakululo."

In aristocratic circles, especially designed cat combs and brushes are available to keep that kittenish complexion. A study of Napoleonic times reveals it was commonplace for French dandies to carry cat combs in their pockets to curry their ladies' pets.

Of an estimated 20,000,000 cats in the United States, about 40% board with families, 10% try luck-of-the-road, 50% earn a living as rat-catchers in barns, factories, restaurants, prisons, churches, ships, etc. Highest-salaried felines are found in Hollywood, where cat thespians earn between $15 and $20 a day.

Until her demise, Minnie Esso, a tiger-colored tabby employed by Standard Oil of New Jersey to keep rats out of their laboratory, earned $4.40 a month, itemized on the payroll as "fish for Minnie." Starting as an apprentice at $3.20 a month, Minnie soon won a raise when it was discovered she had over 100 dependents.

Foreign cats have a somewhat lower standard of living. Argentina's United River Plate Telephone Company pays its tabbies only 50 centavos a day living money. Even less generous is France's national library, Bibliotheque Nationale, which protected book bindings from being gnawed for only 60c a year per cat.

Puss has his day in court. A Cleveland judge recently ruled that a cat has a perfect right to bite any person who steps on his tail. Two Pennsylvania miners were convicted of disorderly conduct when caught eating cats. In a suit for $50 veterinary expenses, a Boston judge decreed that cats could not be convicted of rape.

The tabby will probably never again reach the godly status he enjoyed in ancient Egypt, where temples were built to him, jewels hung in his ears, and cat holidays celebrated publicly.

But through the ages he never lacked distinguished worshippers, like Mohammed, who cut off the sleeve of his gown rather than disturb a cat sleeping upon it. Dr. Johnson used
to feed his cat oysters from fish stalls. Gray wrote an elegy to his cat, which had drowned in a fishbowl. Victor Hugo enthroned his cat on a red velvet dais in his drawing room, to which all visitors had to pay homage.

The cat has its enemies, too, such as Chicago banker Rockwell Jayre, who paid 10c for every dead cat brought to his door, and the International Cat Society, which urged that the species be made extinct. But against these it has had the protection of the Allied Cat Lovers International, the Mieau Club of England, Cats’ Protection League, American Feline Society and the S. P. C. A.

The devotion of man to his dog is a celebrated cliche. Less familiar is the equally intense loyalty of a man to his cat. One Peter Nicastro, to feed his four pets, robbed food stores for them until he was caught and jailed. When a St. Louis merchant’s cat was kidnapped, he paid $5 ransom for her return, no questions asked. And in Bishopstoke, England, when a man discovered his cat stranded on a church steeple, he climbed up after it, got stuck there himself, and had to be rescued by the fire department.

A cat, it is obvious, may not only look at a king, but would be justified if it chose to spit in his eye and purr, “Step down, bud, and make room for some real royalty.”

Once while at the height of his great singing career, Enrico Caruso had the misfortune to have his car break down in a small country town. His knowledge of mechanics was extremely limited and, since there was no garage in the community, the celebrated tenor was at his wit’s end.

Finally, a farmer noticed Caruso’s plight and offered to fix the car. After he had done so, he invited the singer to dinner. Caruso accepted, and when the meal was finished, he sang for the farmer and his wife as a gesture of thanks. The farm couple was delighted, and the farmer asked the name of his guest.

“Caruso,” replied the world famous singer a trifle smugly.

A broad smile of joy lit up the farmer’s face. “Why, I’ve read about you for years,” he exclaimed. “You’re a famous man.”

“Yes,” agreed Caruso with a self-satisfied smile.

“Just think,” continued the farmer glancing at his wife, “We’ve heard Caruso sing right here in our dining room. The famous traveler— Robinson Caruso!”
HE has only three wants: 1951 wages, 1931 prices, and 1911 taxes... The pioneering urge kept his great-grandfather forever moving, but "15 Minute Parking" signs do it for him today... He curses complex tax reports, then turns to puzzles for recreation... He feels affection for shapeless old hats, his wife feels it for shapeless new ones... His everlasting problem is to make money first, then make it last... You can make him believe practically anything but the words "Wet Paint."... When he really begins serving others, he finds he is serving himself as well... By the time he's forty, he knows happiness and women are alike: both sidle up after you quit chasing them... All in all, he lives a good life, mostly because he possesses such a good Constitution.

—Roscoe A. Poland.

"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
(Center Spread Photo)

On a hot summer night, few places are as cool as Blues Stadium in Kansas City, where the Kansas City "Blues" are fighting for the pennant in the American Association. Our center pages show a vociferous crowd such as will assemble on Radio Night, August 17th.

Swing's August Man-Of-The-Month, Henry J. Haskell, became interested in baseball when he was nine years old and introduced the game to Bulgaria. His family taught at the Bulgarian Mission School, which later became the American College of Sofia. For this story, see page 365. For additional information on WHB's Blues Baseball broadcasts, see Larry Ray Talks Sports on page 345 and Swinging The Dial, on page 376.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

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Franklin P. Murphy, (left) new Chancellor of the University of Kansas, interviewed by Dick Smith on "Why America Needs More Doctors."

Following publication of his Saturday Evening Post article May 26, Dr. Murphy, at that time Dean of the School of Medicine at K. U., was named Chancellor of the University to succeed Deane W. Malott, who resigned to become president of Cornell University. At 35, Dr. Murphy is said to be the youngest chief executive of any state university. He was the "Man-of-the-Month" in Swing's December, 1950 issue.

Fulton Lewis, Jr., Kansas City Visitor, Originates His Mutual Network Broadcast from WHB

In a personal appearance later, at a dinner meeting of Clay County livestock farmers, Mr. Lewis predicted a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats in the 1952 national elections. His nightly "Top of the News As It Looks from Washington" is heard on Mutual and WHB at 6 p. m., Mondays through Fridays, Kansas City time.
HENRY J. HASKELL
The Man of the Month

by "Her Royal Highness H. R. H."
of the "Starbeams" Column and the University of Kansas.

HELEN RHODA HOOPES

WHEN Paul B. Lawson (Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at the University of Kansas) presents a panic-stricken candidate for chairman of the department or such, he follows a little formula designed to conceal certain facts from the group gathered to pass judgment on the candidate. He is, says the Dean affably, so and so many years younger than I am. And as no one knows just how old the Dean is, and as computation is difficult without an abacus or counting on your fingers, the candidate's age is an unsolved problem except that you presume he is pushing forty or fifty or—no, that's as far as we dare go.

Now, I shall use this same confusing method in discussing Mr. Haskell's age. He is a few years older than I am, and I am just a year older than the Kansas City Star. And that fixes things nicely, unless you go and look it up and find that the Star was born in 1880.

Right here is where I jumped the gun on Mr. Haskell. When I was a year old I took my mother back to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, so that she could show me off to admiring relatives and friends, and tell all about Kansas City and the mule cars and Independence Avenue and the attractive cottage at 5th and Holmes, away out at the edge of town, which they had rented so I could be born there on the first of August. And I was, too. And when, just after my first birthday, we came back to Kansas City, to its rivers and its hills and its muddy streets and wooden sidewalks, my beautiful young aunt would take me out in my elegant baby carriage with the fringe on top; and on the 18th of September, the Kansas City Star was, as it were, dropped in my lap.

Nowadays, a man in a car scoots past my house and hurls a wad of newsprint in the general direction of my front door and I go out and retrieve it. But it is still the Star, and I am still I, though much improved by all these years of associating with the paper.

Indeed, the Kansas City Star was my first teacher. It was a dear little sheet in those far-off days; I know, because all of us subscribers received
a replica of it on its fiftieth birthday. But when I was four and the Star was three, I would take the paper to my mother and say, “Teach me my letters; I’m determined to learn to read.” I can truthfully say, with Bernard Shaw, that “I cannot remem-
ber any time when a page of print was unintelligible to me.”

And where was Mr. Haskell all this time? Just fooling around. Get-
ing himself born in a little town in Ohio that failed to realize its impor-
tance to the Kansas City Star, and faded away. Nor will you find the little cottage at 5th and Holmes. Not enough of either of these important areas to support bronze tablets.

The teaching strain is strong both in Mr. Haskell’s family and mine. Some of us taught schools—small country schools, high schools, and uni-
versities; some just taught wherever they happened to be—in Sunday School, in editorial offices, garden clubs, the Athenaeum. In Mr. Has-
kell’s family, teaching took a definite religious bent. Their work began in a Bulgarian Mission school, which later became the American College of Sofia. To this mission school, the Haskell family returned. There were now three children: a brother, who later became head of the school; a sister who spent her whole life in Bulgarian mission work until her expulsion, only a year or so ago, by the communist regime; and young Henry.

Henry’s teaching proclivities, from the very beginning, took the form of newspaper work. At the age of nine, he established his own newspaper, The Weekly Visitor. Subscriptions, 2 cts. a week.

It would have been easier for me, in adopting Plutarch’s method of comparative lives, if Mr. Haskell hadn’t got himself born five years ahead of me. I’m getting mixed up. Here he is at nine, with his own newspaper, and me at four just learn-
ing my letters from the Kansas City Star, to which he was giving no thought. He was learning Bulgarian, and getting interested in baseball, in order that he could introduce the game in Bulgaria.

Here he found himself in the midst of conditions which Kipling put into the phrase “trouble in the Balkans.” It was the best schooling for someone who was later to possess expert knowl-
edge of European politics and international affairs. Not a word of such doings penetrated the quiet kinder-
garten and private school at 14th and Tracy, where Miss Morgan and Miss Bayha taught little boys and girls, many of whom were to grow up to be people of importance in the grow-
ing development of Kansas City, Mis-
souri.

Trouble in the Balkans there might be; but in May, 1886, we had a ter-
rific cyclone in Kansas City and Mr. Haskell missed it. That’s what he gets for going to school in Bulgaria. Not long ago, I wrote an awfully good report of that cyclone, and sent it to the Star and they rejected it. Their loss, sez I.

Henry’s early trip to Bulgaria meant that later he would have to return to the States for further education. And “States” really meant Ohio. Calmly ignoring the ivy league, Henry re-
turned to Oberlin; first the Academy, then the College, with a degree in
1896; and three years later, when a chapter was established at Oberlin, Phi Beta Kappa. I didn't get my diploma and key till 1913, but that was because I was busy at other things.

Both Mr. Haskell and I, during our college years, were interested in newspaper work and teaching. We were editors, and we were tutors; and then, suddenly, one was an editor and the other was a teacher.

In writing about Mr. Haskell, I find myself in sympathy with Ben Jonson, who had known his friend Shakespeare for years and yet knew no definite details of his life (unless, like the Rosicrucians and some others, you believe it was Bacon he knew—but leave us not enter that maelstrom). I was compelled to ask for material—material for an appreciation of the man who through his writings has for years guided my thinking and helped form my opinions. In this "material," so kindly furnished me, I found a delightful sentence, beginning thus: "The family were more or less poor." Of course they were; so were we all. And of course we all took the good magazines of the day. My mother sat in a walnut rocking chair and read Scribner's (later the Century), as she put me to sleep. I still have the chair and the magazine. We had books and magazines. We could read print. It must seem strange now to Young Moderns that people in those benighted ages of the 70's and 80's and 90's could content themselves—could even be gay—with only a printed page between themselves and boredom. My father's first Christmas present to his young bride was The Scarlet Letter; and if I were to draw a conclusion from subsequent Christmas gifts, the bride had told him to get it—nay, she may even have bought it at Cramer's or Bullene's, if they had a book department then. He wrote her name in it, and added proudly "from her husband." Better perhaps than a TV set, where all she could see would be Dagmar and Milton Berle.

I don't know what books the Haskells had in their household, but it goes without saying that books they had. Like Erasmus, all book lovers, when they get a little extra money, first buy a little extra money, first buy a little extra money, first buy Greek authors (or New England ones) and then they buy clothes. It is the accepted order. If they are ladies, they buy navy blue or brown. The gentlemen dress in what the high-class magazines call "muted masculine colors." I know the outfit well, for the head of my household dressed thus for a long lifetime. They order a suit made on conservative lines of the best material in a good gray. With it they wear a gray necktie. None of this Countess Mara stuff, nor purple cactus painted on nile green crepe; but a gray silk of the best quality, with a tiny fleck of red, or a narrow red diagonal stripe.

The pattern of one's life is often established very early. In addition to that first trip, I had been from coast to coast by the time I was ten, always heading back to Kansas City like a homing pigeon. These journeys endowed me with a fondness for buttercup meadows, old stone houses and lustre pitchers; for fields of California poppies, Greek Revival houses,
and Chinese embroidery and jade. These early jaunts taught me that trains and, by 1930, planes were merely things to take you where you wanted to go. But, except for a timid trip or two, I drew the line at the ocean.

No so, Mr. Haskell. His early trips made a ship for him a home away from home. I once dined with the Haskells on a Friday night, a few years ago. The house was in its usual serene order. The guest was seated where the view of the fountain was best. As usual, the dinner was perfect, the talk pluperfect. During the course of the evening, someone said casually that the Haskells were leaving for Stockholm on Tuesday. Just another trip abroad.

ALL this foreign travel, and careful schooling, and much apprentice work did not save Mr. Haskell from starting his life work some distance from the top. After his graduation, he came to Kansas City and hung out his newspaper shingle for two years, until a promotion caused a vacancy on the Star, and Mr. Haskell was finally given the job. Monday morning, 7 February, 1898, is the important date. I wonder what the weather was like. There can be few worse stretches of weather than we usually experience along towards the last of January and the first of February. Kansas’ birthday, Ground Hog Day, Mr. Haskell’s first day on the Star, Lincoln’s birthday, Valentine’s Day—my goodness, it’s Washington’s birthday before we get things really in order and can open our gates for the Lion and the Lamb.

Mr. Haskell secured his job from T. W. Johnston, managing editor. In 1898, I was busy getting ready to graduate from Central High School; but a few years later, I decided on a journalistic career, and made an appointment with Mr. Johnston. I asked him for a job as editor of the woman’s club page, because, I assured him, women’s clubs were as important as sports. He smiled benignly at me and gave me to understand that I was wrong. I once asked a high school principal if I could teach in his school, and he said I didn’t know enough unless I had a college degree. Only twice in my life have I asked for a job and both times I was turned down. It’s enough to thwart anybody. Fortunately for us and for the Kansas City Star, Mr. Haskell was more successful.

Thus began the gradual building up of a great life-work. These were the days of Wm. R. Nelson’s career as owner-editor. It took Mr. Haskell two years to catch the attention of the great man; but by 1900 he was promoted to editorial writing.

For the next decade Mr. Haskell did post-graduate work under the benevolent despotism of Mr. Nelson. The editorial page became in effect Mr. Haskell’s daily section of his master’s thesis; and, as well as we were able, we readers followed his progress. To me, the Star was a liberal education, never ceasing from the moment I was a-terminated to learn to read. We still had the Century Magazine and others, but the Star was our daily diet. In it, we learned to know our own city. We knew from the Star’s pages the old favorites and the newcomers in art, music and
the drama. Mr. Nelson's collection of reproductions of great masterpieces taught us what to look for in great pictures. It was like old home week to find the originals of those paintings on the walls of the great galleries in Florence, in Paris, and in London. We made no mistake in choosing the best plays, the best operas, the best concerts. I sometimes regret that I do not belong to K. U.'s class of 1902, my chronological niche, instead of marching in the procession with my juniors of 1913. But had I left Kan-

sas City in the fall of 1898, I might have found myself teaching miles away, and so have missed those years of following the gentle direction of the Star: See this; hear this; like that.

When T. W. Johnston retired, in 1910, Mr. Haskell was moved up to director of the editorial page, a position he has held ever since. Perhaps he no longer directs; but he told me himself not long ago that—no, I will quote him exactly. He said, "I am still editor." He became editor in 1928, when, after the death of Mr. Nelson and of other members of his family, the Star's ownership and management was reorganized.

I never had the courage to approach Mr. Johnston again, after his amused refusal of my proffered services; but I did manage to earn a small place in the Star's affections by writing Starbeams. As I had also acquired a degree or two and a teaching job of sorts, I had material at hand for quips. Politics and affairs at Washington I could safely leave to Mr. Haskell, who has always done right well with those difficult subjects. But the equally difficult subjects of college life were an open book; and for a score of years, I peppered the Starbeams column with my H. R. H., earning the goodwill of Ye Ed, the inestimable privilege of retaining my initials during a visit of the then Prince of Wales; and the approval of Mr. Haskell: a royal accolade. Mr. Haskell writes me that he still remembers with pleasure the riotous party Pip (Ye Ed) had for the contribs to Starbeams.

It was a grand party; the seating arrangements were particularly effective. Through the column, I had given them my personal supervision. All was as I had ordered—myself at the head and Ye Ed at the foot of the table, with other lesser lights, such as Mr. Haskell, seated below the salt. As we took our places, it gradually dawned on me that a Starbeams contrib, even one with royal initials, could be too funny. But to this day, Mr. Haskell kindly remembers it with pleasure. Bless the man.
Mr. Haskell's home life has had elements of beauty and of sadness. His promotion to more important work on the Star enabled him to marry Miss Isabel Cummings of Clinton, Iowa. She was greatly esteemed by the women of Kansas City who were quietly beginning the new century by initiating improvements in many directions. The Haskell home was open to friends, who came away admiring the quiet taste of the furnishings and the hospitality of the host and hostess. A long illness kept Mrs. Haskell from active participation in club work and social work; but her influence was felt. Her son, Henry C. Haskell, told me of his mother's extensive charities for the children of the city. Her death occurred in 1923. I wish she might have lived to see her granddaughters, and that they might have known their grandmother. A second marriage brought to Kansas City Katherine Wright, sister of two famous brothers, Orville and Wilbur, and a charming woman, whose death, three years later, left husband and friends forlorn. Mr. Clad Thompson wrote of her, after her death, that she was much interested in the Starbeams writers, and knew all of us not only by our initials but by our names; and she followed our cavortings with amusement. She was a friendly little person. I met her one day in Kansas City; and, after a gay exchange of ideas, she said, "You must come out and have dinner with us." But before we could become hostess and guest, she had died.

In 1931, Mr. Haskell married Mrs. Agnes Lee Hadley, widow of Herbert S. Hadley, first Republican governor of Missouri. She was known to me from our high school days. That is, in my freshman year, I knew her as one of a group of brilliant and handsome senior girls. As I trotted diligently from class to class, I could watch these girls behaving with dignity and decorum and charm. I could admire, but for the life of me I couldn't emulate. There was nothing for me to do but to study my Latin and my Greek, my English Grammar and my Shakespeare, to satisfy the demands of Mr. Minckwitz, Miss Fox, and Miss Jones. I could behave with decorum, but I could not be handsome. These girls, Agnes Lee and her group, could be everything.

By the time I was a senior, they were gone about their various grown-up affairs, thus giving a dozen of us a chance to ride in the Star's float in the Priests of Pallas Flower Parade. There was glory for you! Tulle hats, capes of yellow and white (paper) chrysanthemums, white silk parasols, and a coach and four, with supper afterwards at Bullene's new tea-room; a rose and a box of candy for each girl, and the dignitaries of the Star as our hosts and their wives as chaperones. Great day! And 30 years later, I learned that they picked the pretty ones. Agnes Lee and the other handsome girls had left just in time to give us a chance to parade.

Many years later, when Agnes Lee Hadley had become Mrs. Haskell, she and I attended a grand banquet given by the Theta Sigma Phi Alumnae of Kansas City. Mrs. Haskell was seated with the other V.I.P.'s at the long table on the dais. I was at
one of the many round tables on the floor, but near the speaker (wasn’t it Mary Margaret McBride?) and within winking distance of Mrs. Haskell. We were all dressed in our best bib-and-tucker. Curls were rampant and lipstick was prevalent.

At the close of the affair, Mrs. Haskell said to me, “You and I have something in common, and only we can say that.” I gave up at once—I always do—so she told me that we were the only women present with straight hair. It’s a comfortable distinction, and a great saver of time and money. Also, we liked straight hair. Mrs. Haskell was a very handsome woman; and I had, for one afternoon, been the 1897 version of a pin-up girl. Earth holds not anything more delightful.

The young people of Kansas City who studied the classics under Professor Minckwitz had something on their minds other than their hair. If you thought about your looks, it was only after you were quite certain that you knew your lesson. That simple statement made demands on his students that no modern child could compass. We were hardy, and could take what he gave us. Once our lessons were learned, it was for keeps. College work, even under A. T. Walker, was half-learned before we began. Agnes Lee continued her study at the University of Kansas; nine years later I followed her. We could agree with Norman Douglas that Latin was a scholar’s language, for the meanings of Latin words are irrevocably fixed by authority. The results of such training are of course carried over into the use of one’s own language.

This early and late study of Mrs. Haskell’s was to prove of immense value to her husband in the writing of two books. To her, Mr. Haskell dedicated the books; she once said, aside to me, “his latest love.” It was a perfect example of team work, each contributing to the final success of their endeavors.

The first of these Roman books is The New Deal in Old Rome, Knopf, 1939, in which Mr. Haskell writes of “Times Transflecting” (as Herrick called his own age, the first half of the 17th century) in terms of the present day. To read the chapter headings is to fancy oneself with the evening paper before one’s eyes. All Mr. Haskell’s life work was really a preparation for the writing of this book. It is fascinating and illuminating reading for anyone; but a student of Mr. Minckwitz’ days at Central High School or a toiler in the classes of Professor Walker of the University of Kansas has a distinct advantage over the reader who took Spanish for one semester. It takes more than that to understand even the device on the cover of Mr. Haskell’s book: the eagle, Semper Eadem, and S P Q R.

After having successfully analyzed the New Deal in Old Rome (and, incidentally, taken care of the New Deal in the USA so thoroughly that today one reads the book as one does the Hebrew prophets), Mr. Haskell dealt with Cicero as the great figure of his second book, published in 1942 by Knopf. This Was Cicero is authentic, because it is written by a

(Continued on Page 380)
The 1951 Flood is one they'll talk about in Kansas City for years to come—and WHB talked about it almost continuously for 91½ consecutive hours, July 13-14-15-16th.

From the moment the onrushing waters of the Kansas (Kaw) River threatened to surround and top the dikes on that memorable morning, July 13th, until 1 a.m. Tuesday, July 17th, WHB's transmitter remained on the air continuously to bring listeners news of the flood, the great fire, and the water shortage; and to broadcast emergency bulletins and instructions from all the agencies which co-operated in magnificent fashion to handle the situation, prevent panic and direct the city in orderly effort to confront disaster.

The task was complicated because of the several municipalities involved, as well as surrounding suburban regions: Flood Headquarters at City Hall, and Fire and Police Headquarters, Kansas City, Missouri. Civil Defense Headquarters, Kansas City, Kansas, through which all Kansas bulletins were cleared. The Jackson County Sheriff's Office, The Red Cross. The various Reserve units: Navy, Army, Engineers. The Civil Air Patrol. Almost everybody was in the act!

Total air time devoted to "flood programs"—in newscasts, interviews, on-the-scene reports, emergency bulletins, instructions and announcements consumed 23 hours and 55 minutes in the four days and three nights of continuous broadcasting.

WHB Newsbureau was caught with Dick Smith, director, on vacation. Ken Hartley, Genii Willock and John Thornberry organized our emergency reporting and flood coverage under the leadership of general manager John T. Schilling—with capable assists from Lou Kemper, Owen Bush, Earl Wells, Bruce Grant, Phyl Birr (Sandra Lea), Larry Ray, Peter Robinson, Bob Arbogast and Paul Sully.

With the eyes of the nation on Kansas City, Mutual wanted flood news coverage with "on the spot" authenticity. WHB originated and fed its network four programs:
Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

of requests for a recording of Thorn-
berry's delivery. ("I want to send one
to X . . . X . . . ," wrote a listener, "and
show those network commentators how a
broadcast should be done." Note: If you
want a record of the Thornberry broadcast
as a souvenir; or for some other purpose,
write WHB).

Chief Engineer Henry (Goldie) Gold-
enberg was thankful there were no
power failures; but his technicians were
ready with a standby power supply for
any emergency. They covered remote
originations with efficiency and dispatch;
performed as a well-trained, disciplined
team should perform! Merely to keep a
10,000-watt transmitter continuously on
the air for 91½ hours is no small feat in
itself. Hats off to "Goldie," Lew Baird,
Ray Brophy, Bob Earsom, Fred Fuenfs-
tueck, Ed Hall, Warren McFadden, Roy
Nonemaker, BoBo Pike, Ed Shepherd and
Paul Todd!

The switchboard "went crazy" for five
consecutive days and nights—and the
calls continue as this issue of Swing goes
to press. With the flood waters subsiding,
and a stricken community returning daz-
edly to work—or not returning to work,
in those plants still under water—more
than 550 bulletins were broadcast from
employers. Instructions to their employees
about when and where to report for work
. . . whether to bring their own lunches
and drinking water . . . or whether to
take an enforced "holiday." Locations of
temporary offices were announced, and
information about when and where to pick
up pay checks. Such instructions were
broadcast by WHB as a public service
(Continued on Page 375)
# CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

## MORNING

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<th>MONDAY</th>
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## AFTERNOON

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(which means there was no charge for it to the business firms concerned). Emergency announcements reunited members of families who had become separated. There was pathos in much of this—but humor, sentiment and excitement, too! We hope that none of our beautiful, courteous and efficient girls on the staff have any permanent grey hair as a result of their virginal and their effort! Kudos to Betty Orendorff, Vivian Smith, Lorraine Learnard, Barbara King, Millie Cain, John Torrey, Marcia Young, Barbara Thurlow, Edna Lee Crouch, Dolores Bear, Liz Henderson, Dorothy Fox—and to those pinch-hitting Thornberry girls, Johne and Ann!

All this activity and strain proceeded in an atmosphere accentuated by the News-bureau’s instructions to “Get it First, but First Get It Right!” The flood was no time for mis-information!

T HINGS hummed, even in the sales department. Ed Dennis, Ed Birr, Win Johnston and Jack Sampson were continuously on the job to revise “copy” in commercial announcements—to bring listeners the emergency angles of commercial copy broadcast by grateful sponsors who found radio the immediate and effective way to reach their customers and potential customers, right now!

And one of the nice things about the whole experience was a series of calls from our “alumni”—former staff members—who volunteered their services if needed in the emergency.

Nobody has yet added up the amount of sleep lost by WHB staff members from Friday through Tuesday—but it would be an interesting statistic!

You can chalk this job up as another victory for free enterprise operating under the competitive system.

WITH the return to “normal,” WHB offers the following top features.

The All-Star Football Game between the College All-Stars and the Cleveland Browns, champions of the National Football Professional League, will be heard over WHB on Friday, August 17 at 7:30 p. m., direct from Soldiers’ Field in Chicago.

(Continued on Page 376)
The Kansas City Open Golf Tournament will be held in Kansas the middle of September. The Midwest’s favorite sportscaster, Larry Ray, will be on hand to bring WHB listeners the main matches and finish of this great tournament.

September means school, school means football, football means WHB, ready with an eleven game schedule of Big Seven games. Larry Ray will do the play-by-play of the games, sponsored by Hallicrafters Television. The first game is scheduled for September 22, between Kansas and T.C.U. at Fort Worth. Broadcast time is 8 p.m. For the full schedule, see the inside back cover of this issue.

The Kansas City Blues baseball games are, of course, aired nightly over WHB with Larry Ray at the mike; and on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Kansas City is near the top; and the race for the American Association pennant promises to continue “hot.” On August 17, WHB and the Blues will be host in Kansas City for “Radio Night,” with Larry Ray as master of ceremonies. The entertainment includes a fresh egg catching contest; home run hitting contest; catchers’ accuracy contest; throwing from home plate into a barrel on second base; and a wheelbarrow contest blindfolded, racing from second base to home plate in 90 seconds! Two free trips to Havana, Cuba, via Braniff International Airways, with accommodations at the Hotel Nacional, will be awarded winners of the Blues Baseball Puzzle Contest now in progress.

WHB will also carry the finals of the National Tennis Championships from Forest Hills, Long Island, on September 2 at 4 p.m., and September 3 at 7 p.m.

NOW, let’s recap the new shows on WHB this summer. Some are replacements for the regular shows; many are permanently settled; all of them are tops!

Les Higbie is now heard on the 8:55 a.m. news in place of Frank Singiser. This veteran Mutual commentator brings the headlines and news into your living room in capsule form. Another Washington commentator, but of a different category, is Hazel Markel with her “Washington Whirl” every Sunday at 12 noon. Not only does she bring you the inside of Washington’s fabulous life, but prominent statesmen and citizens appear for interviews on her program.

At 9:55 a.m., Monday through Friday, WHB airs “Talk Back With Happy Felton.” A funny show, but one that often has a serious side, Happy Felton invites questions from listeners, then gets an expert in the field to answer them. You can imagine the wide variety of questions he receives!

Newest in local audience participation shows is “Breakfast Free With Mr. D.,” broadcast every Tuesday at 10 a.m. Each week 100 women receive a free breakfast, compete for prizes, and attend a free cooking school after the show. Women fight to get on this program!

There are three new programs on the musical side. Curt Massey and lovely, lilting Martha Tilton combine with Country Washburn’s orchestra to present “Curt Massey Time” at 11 a.m., Monday through Friday. Songstress Evelyn Knight follows at 11:15 a.m. with her own distinctive brand of singing on the “Evelyn Knight Show.” And at 5 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, “Mert’s Record Adventures” is presented, featuring unusual recordings with Mert’s novel dialogue. The kids will get a kick out of this!

Mel Allen, Mutual’s “Sports Voice,” presents a five minute sports program, “Popsicle Clubhouse,” every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:55 p.m. Allen, one of the smoothest sportscasters on the air, has a prominent sports figure as a guest each night.

An old favorite of the kids, “Challenge of the Yukon,” has been shifted on the WHB program schedule and is now heard every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 p.m.
Nothing thrills like adventure, and this program keeps the youngsters on the edge of their seats, featuring Sgt. Preston of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and his wonder dog, Yukon King, in stories about the taming of the wild Northwest during gold rush days.

In cooperation with the Starlight Theatre Association, and to aid in this worthy civic project, WHB broadcasts a "Starlight Theatre Preview" every Sunday at 12:30 p. m. Each program highlights the musical show to be presented the following week, including a brief resume of the story, the outstanding songs from the production, and comments from civic leaders. Still to come are "The Chocolate Soldier," "Brigadoon," "Bittersweet," "Babes In Toyland," and "Naughty Marietta."

The "Damon Runyon Theatre" replaces Allan Ladd in "Box 13" for the rest of the summer on Sundays at 1 p. m. These witty stories from the pen of one of the world's great authors will make you laugh and make you sad. They are plucked out of the heart of New York—don't miss them.

Don't forget. When you want music, sports, comedy, drama, news—you get it on WHB, Your Favorite Neighbor in Kansas City!

Four-year-old Maurice was so quiet his mother became suspicious of his whereabouts. Finally she found him sitting on the floor, perfectly still, doing nothing.

"Maurice, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Can't you see? I'm only living."

An English poultry dealer has found a way to sell at high prices without getting into trouble with the authorities.

He published the following ad: "Lost, at Charing Cross, an envelope containing five pound notes held together with a rubber band. I will gladly send a turkey as a reward to the person who returns it to me."

The next day the dealer had received 62 envelopes each containing 5 pound notes, all complete with rubber band.

A big oil man in an expansive mood decided to spend some money. As he sauntered down the street, he spied three ragged youngsters. Shepherding them into a clothing store he ordered new suits all round.

As the clerk was finishing the youngest began to howl. This upset the benefactor, a bachelor who knew nothing about children.

"What's the matter?" he demanded; but there was no response from the crying child. Turning to the oldest, he asked, "What's his name?"

"Please, sir," was the response, "his name is Alice."
Thanks to George Avakian, one of this country’s foremost jazz experts, and to the progressive go-getters who people the Columbia Record Corporation, we are able to bring frantic tidings to Louis’ followers everywhere. For Columbia has released a musical anthology, compiled and annotated by the Mr. Avakian, that should leave all us lovers of the fine things jumping glee-wise. This gem, called “The Louis Armstrong Story,” is an anthology consisting of 48 Armstrong recordings on either four 12-inch Long Playing Records, or forty-eight 45-rpm records in four volumes.

The sides contained in “The Armstrong Story” series feature trumpet and vocals by Louis on things he has cut with various groups (The Hot Five, The Hot Seven, The Orchestra, etc.) from 1925 through the very recent past.

On record with Armstrong in this set are such top-notch individual performers as trombonists Kid Ory and Jack Teagarden, and piano-master Earl “Fathah” Hines. Even Louis’ wife, Lil, comes in for an ivory-lick on some of these.

We can’t be too enthusiastic about this Armstrong music as set up by Columbia, for it is jazz at its wonderful best by Satchmo and friends as they lived it and loved it during this fifteen year period.

Titles? “Potato Head Blues,” “Heebie Jeebies,” “Muskrat Ramble,” “Weather Bird,” “I Can’t Give You Anything But Love,” among others... but that should tip you off that it’s a “Don’t Miss.” And if that doesn’t do it, wait’ll you check out Louis’ scat vocals. ’Nuff said.

1947 JAZZ CONCERT (Symphony Hall, Boston... Decca). In answer to the Armstrong smash from Columbia, the live-wires at the Decca recording studios have done a good thing, too. Prior to 1947, a cat name of Serge Koussevitsky reigned at Boston’s Symphony Hall. In one night, it’s said, Louis Armstrong lifted Serge’s crown (albeit momentarily, but I betcha Louis’d win in a return go).

As we understand it, Satchmo and some of the boys got together in the B.S.H. to do this show they called a jazz concert. Not having been in Boston at the time we might never have known about this

To take the mind (water on the brain is actually what it is) off the floods, we’ll launch our pocket-size Kon-Tiki, with portable typewriter askance, ball-point head jutting above the turbulent torrents, and bat out something good about phonograph records.

And, as we write this, it is watery in the five state area around the WHB studios in Kansas City, Missouri—but very.

When you read this (Mom) it’ll be sumpin’ like 101 degrees in this area; so this’ll serve as a reminder that such inundays (that’s a Winchellism) did exist in mid-July of 1951.

But let’s forget all that now and speak of prettier things. There’s nothing better than good music for a starter and we have plenty for this issue. We’re thankful to the Columbia and Decca recording people that there is this good stuff to talk about—and to the Savoy recording directors, too.

The Louis Armstrong Story (Columbia). There was a time, not long ago, when avid Armstrong fans paid as much as $25 and $50 for one scratchy, breakable record of the great Satchmo’s. Now, but for some completely unobtainable sides, those mad-spending days are over.

To take the mind (water on the brain is actually what it is) off the floods, we’ll launch our pocket-size Kon-Tiki, with portable typewriter askance, ball-point head jutting above the turbulent torrents, and bat out something good about phonograph records.
had not the Decca people been on their collective toes. It seems they had a man there to record the goings-on for posterity. Well, anyway, to make a long story, Mr. Posterity was a long hair and would have nothing to do with the music. So the Deccans have brought the results inexpensively to the musically thoughtful public, and a nice job they’ve done, too.

This “1947 Jazz Concert” is available currently on LP and once again features Louis and friends at their best, which is apparently the only way they know how to be.

Armstrong (now under contract to these same Decca folk, by the way) comes in for some fine trumpeting and vocalizing plus a fine trombone by Jack Teagarden. Louis and Jack and the boys do some nice backing for songstress Velma Middleton.

It might be said about these jazz concert sides that, although there is not as much originality to the stuff as contained in the previously reviewed set from the “Story,” Armstrong is still the Armstrong of old, which is another way of saying that the spark is still very much there and that Louis and friends are great.

And to Decca’s credit it should be noted that they’ve brought on-the-spot recordings a long way since the days of such things as the 1938 Benny Goodman jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. These diskings from ’47 are standouts for good balance and, consequently, for good music. Yet another “must.”

And what of the Savoyans? (Not to be confused with Saroyan, William, who wrote, among other things, a song called “C’mon A My House.”) Let’s look.

BOYD RAEBURN’S BAND (Savoy). The Savoy moguls know a good thing when they see it, so they bought up some old Raeburn masters from the Jewel record company and have tossed ’em out for what should be a tidy profit for themselves as well as the buyers of these Savoy Raeburn re-issues. (An aesthetic profit for the consumers, if nothing else.)

Sixteen or more of these Raeburn things are available and they are all quite good, if you like Raeburn. I do, but the decision is yours (the subject is controversial among fans, if you get what I mean). We’ve always been of the opinion that, although this Raeburn man may go a little overboard and wind up over-arranging once in awhile, he’s still generally more listenable than Stan Kenton, who is more often than not on the same sort of kick as Boyd and the boys. For Raeburn is, to us, somewhat of a pre-Kenton Kenton, that is to say the heyday Kenton without the present day overly-gaudy feathers and frills.

Put it this way. Raeburn seems to know where he’s going when he starts a song and, although he sometimes doesn’t get there, you get the idea that he might if given a couple of extra musical bars. And then there’s Kenton. Understand? Aw, never mind.

Anyway, this is fun to hear (the Raeburn stuff from Savoy, I mean) and I would suggest you try it.

Among the sides are “Tonsillectomy,” “Dalvatore Sally,” “Yerxa” (all instrumentals), and “I Only Have Eyes For You,” “Blue Echoes,” and “Forgetful” (all vocals). Ginny Powell is the girl and David Allyn the guy singer, and they’re both very capable. Allyn, we suspect, might be the same chap of whom we spoke pleasantly in a recent issue. The other one (if it’s not the same man) spelled his with an “e,” but they sound so much alike we’re confused.

Anyway, it’s all good, so, if they’re twins, more power to ’em.

THAT should catch it for this edition, men. Look for us again in October when we’ll offer you words about music on the schoolyard kick. And, in the event you don’t remember, it’s back to the campus in September!

So, (all this to be read with an Alma Mater background) until we again walk the hallowed grounds of ivy-covered professors and bearded walls, let us pause a moment to bemoan the fate of Mario Lasagna, songster and pizza-dispenser, who was inadvertently wrapped in a ravioli and devoured by Louis Prima and the band at the 17lst annual meeting of the Music Lovers Society of America, Atwater Branch.
MAN OF THE MONTH
(Continued from Page 371)
man who, as Elmer Davis said, “had seen politics, and politicians, in action.” Mr. Haskell knew all the tricks of the trade, as no ivory-tower scholar could ever know them.

I’m glad that Agnes Lee Haskell traveled every step of the way with her editor-husband, from their first glimpse of the Pont du Gard at Nimes, where the adventure began, through the presentation of “modern politics in a Roman Toga.” It was a noteworthy companionship. Mrs. Haskell’s death occurred in 1946.

I CALLED on Mr. Haskell, one evening in June, thinking it would help me in the writing of this article. I did not consider this an interview. I knew better. You would get about as far as in those verses the Knave of Hearts said he didn’t write. Mr. Haskell “gave me a good character, but said I couldn’t swim;” or words to that effect.

My escorts were two young men, friends since their days in the Navy. We sat a while in the living-room, waiting for the return of Mr. Haskell and his out-of-town guests. We admired the Siamese gold and black cabinet in one corner of the room, the 18th century breakfront in another; and identified from a safe distance some of the Spode and Lowestoft. We enjoyed the photographs on the piano; a large one of Mr. Nelson and a slightly smaller one of Andy, the Scottie, who romps through paragraphs of Mr. Haskell’s Random Thoughts, which since 1932 have been our Sunday morning treat. (Aside to Mr. Haskell: It was Tom Masson who told the story which ended with the comforting words, “No, young man, you have done quite enough.” I’ll recite it, next time we meet.)

“Let us go into the library,” said Mr. Haskell, on his return; and we entered that friendly room. We saw pictures of the editors who have been Mr. Haskell’s friends. We were shown treasures and possessions. The Swiss typewriter, on which he wrote The New Deal in Old Rome. (I picked out for my own private enjoyment four tiny Roman soldiers, each horse and rider mounted on a little block; the letters spelled ROME.) An early 19th century silhouette of a Haskell grand-uncle (I think). A scholarly working library for the book on Cicero, including the 17 biographies of Cicero which preceded Mr. Haskell’s: a row of volumes collected with something of the toil Virgil claimed for the founding of the Roman line. The two massive volumes of Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary, each one adorned with the postage-stamp Haskell bookplate. A quick turning of pages gave us a chance to read the famous definition of “oats.”

Mr. Haskell wore his usual muted gray; his necktie had a narrow diagonal stripe of red. Books were everywhere. Our host moved about his special domain, with me wondering how I could remember all the delightful details and knowing that I couldn’t; and my escorts silently absorbing as much as they could.

None of the things we saw (except the 17 biographies of Cicero, cherished like a string of matched pearls)

(Continued on Page 384)
The Machine Age modernizes an old Western tradition—the Sheriff's posse.

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

FREE grass, stagecoaches and horse pistols were buried with the Old West. But the sheriff's posse has survived into the complexities of modern-day society, one of which carries on as lawmen did in the days when six-guns roared, and order was maintained in the time it took to ride a man down.

Out of Victorville, California, rides a twelve-man posse, a strictly volunteer organization, which does everything from finding lost persons to tracking down rustled cattle.

These volunteers are from many walks of life, ranchers, laborers, business men and students. They ride without benefit of fanfare. Their uniforms are levis and cotton shirts; no hand-tooled boots, dress jackets, concho'd belts, or silver studded saddles. They furnish their own equipment, ride their own horses, trained for dan-
ger and endurance, and their territory is the deceptive expanse of the Mojave desert.

NOT long ago, an 84-year-old woman was lost in the wastes of the Mojave not far from Apple Valley. The desert sun was a ball of fire, and there was no water. If the woman was on the desert, certain death was in the offing unless she were found quickly.

"Call the Posse!" the word went around. In a matter of minutes the members had ridden into the rendezvous point. Action began. No maps were needed; these men knew the desert as you know your back-yard flower garden. Under orders from Capt. L. L. Eblen, who leads the posse, they fanned out to meet at a phase line. In a short while, the woman was found and brought back to her home.

Five-year-old twins wandered off recently and were swallowed up by the frightening desert expanse where wild animals, Gila monsters and venomous rattlers lurk. Any delay courted disaster; unsuspecting children are easy prey for vicious wildlife.

The posse made systematic haste. It was estimated how much ground the children could cover in a given time, taking into account the nature of the terrain, the heat of the day, probable resting points and direction of travel. Then by a careful cross-check, the posse decided the children would reach one of several places at a certain time.

The men rode out, found the twins at one of the spots discussed, and delivered them to the anxious arms of their parents.

One of the most difficult cases was that of capturing a suspected murderer during a big snow. The woman, wanted for questioning in the slaying of her husband, had a long start on the posse. The wind worked with her, too, driving snow over her tracks. But the posse members read the trail signs and caught the woman after a four-day search.

NOR did cattle rustling go out with the Old West. There’s still an aggravating amount of it. When the posse rides for thieves following a report from the ranchers in the area, the old methods of the plainsmen are replaced.

Instead of riding all the way on horseback, the members of the group put their horses in trailers and tow them to a specified point. Thus, when the actual search begins, the horses are fresh. In the strange and rugged country, much depends on the stamina and surefootedness of the horses.

Often, cattle thieves have gained valuable time before the posse is called and have had a chance to get the livestock out of the area. In that case, Capt. Eblen takes over the investigation on a fulltime basis. When he’s not riding at the head of the posse, he’s deputy sheriff of San Bernardino County.

Don’t wait for a parade to get a glimpse of this stalwart volunteer group. Parades aren’t a part of the program. The horses have been trained for work on the desert and do not
march in cadence when a band plays. Their principal step is that of hoofs against stone and sand. They're graceful, but that gracefulness is employed to pick out footing on the desert floor.

"Frankly," reports Capt. Eblen, "these men don't have time for parades. All of them are in private businesses, and occupations must be carried on."

If you do visit Victorville, don't miss seeing the posse's headquarters. It's a small green house on the east end of town, built by an oldtime homesteader. Thirty years ago, it was moved into town with many marks of its history as an office for dynamite permits, brand inspections and marriage parlor.

When Victorville was much younger, the little house was put to work as a sheriff's office. Only fitting and proper then that its present duty should be as headquarters and rallying place for a hard-riding group of volunteers.

Soon after they arrived in the theatre the young lady excused herself to repair her make-up. After looking around she found the place she wanted, although there was no one else there except the attendant. The young lady made up her face carefully, arranged her coiffure, straightened the seams of her stockings, and returned to her escort. The play had already begun. "What happened?" she asked in a low voice.

"You ought to know," he replied coldly. "You were right there on the stage."

A man had a 'cello with one string and used to play on it for hours on end, always holding his finger in the same place. For months his wife had to listen to his excruciating noises. Finally, in desperation, she said, "You know, I've noticed that other 'cellos have four strings, and the players move their fingers about all the time."

The man stopped his playing for a moment and said, impatiently: "Of course the others have four strings and move their fingers about all the time. They are looking for the place. I've found it!"—Forest Echoes.

Ida: "I hear that you have accepted Jim. Did he happen to mention that he'd proposed to me?"

Ina: "Not specifically. He did say that he'd done a lot of foolish things before he met me."—Life & Casualty Mirror.
MAN OF THE MONTH
(Continued from Page 380)

was more interesting than the photographs of the memorial fountain for Mr. Wm. Volker. This, for the last three years, has been Mr. Haskell’s chief outside activity. He is chairman of the committee to select the memorial, which promises to be a thing of beauty. Carl Milles, eminent Swedish sculptor, is the artist selected by the committee. His design for the fountain will center about an equestrian statue of St. Martin cutting his cloak in half to give to a mendicant. The work, to be completed next year, will be an object of beauty in the projected new Plaza south of the Nelson Gallery.

We watched the clock, as the hands drew on inexorably toward 9. There was a 9:30 train to Lawrence to be caught; and, for the Navy, a plane to San Francisco. We made ready to depart, meeting on the way Mr. Haskell’s cousin, the gracious lady who now acts as hostess for him.

As befitted one who shares photographic honors with Mr. Nelson, Andy lay in the doorway on one of the best rugs. I spoke to him in dulcet tones, but was ignored.

As we went down the walk toward our car, one of my Navy escorts said, “Was that Dictionary an original?” Their ears were attuned to detonations on Saipan; but the great Doctor’s thunderings, even on oats, had rather deafened them.

The Navy said the visit was something to be remembered; and I agreed, even though the only help I got toward this article was to be told to do as I pleased. And so I have.

Really my method has been more modern than that of Plutarch. It seems to derive from that used by Sir Osbert Sitwell, in his latest book, “Noble Essences,” in which you get a modicum of subject and a large dose of Sir Osbert. You may think that the title of this article should be “Me and Mr. Haskell.” Well, I’ve been afraid of that. But remember that, if knowing the Kansas City Star is a liberal education, I am much better educated than Mr. Haskell. I was almost a founder in the 80’s; Mr. Haskell a late arrival in the 90’s. Still, he has done his best to catch up; and I am willing to give him all the credit he deserves; but if I did, I should exceed my limitation. I should have to write a book and call it “This is Mr. Haskell.”

Then I could have added a partial listing of his directorships, such as that of the Kansas City Star Company, and trustee of the Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design. And I could have listed his memberships in the Kansas City Club, the University Club, the Kansas City Country Club, the Cosmos Club, the National Press Club (Washington).

I have tried to give you a taste of his quality, the “noble essence” of Henry J. Haskell, editor of the Kansas City Star. I hope he likes what I have said.

And I am sorry that Andy wouldn’t speak to me. I like Scotties.

OATS—A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

(Dr. Johnson owned to Boswell that by his definition of OATS, he meant to vex the Scotch.)
WHO SAID SO?
by William J. Murdoch

Who was the first to say each of the statements given below? Take your choice of the names after each quotation, and take a low bow if you get more than three correct.


2. "Remember the Alamo!" General Sam Houston, Colonel Sidney Sherman, Davy Crocket.


5. "LaFayette, we are here." General John Pershing, Charles Stanton, Sergeant Alvin York.


MERCHANDISING
by Norman Daly

The twenty-five names on the opposite page are those of well-known, nationally advertised brands. Perhaps all of them are familiar to you, but can you name the product they represent? In answering, consider the question being put this way: If every one of the following manufacturers sent you a sample of their merchandise what items would you be likely to receive?

NUMBER, PLEASE
By Stewart Schenley

Let's phone some people! Here are the numbers of some famous ones. They are composed of dates, expressions, quotes and other significances. Read them until they make sense. All parties concerned are real or slightly legendary characters, and the central telephone exchange is Eternity. Examples: Dreamland 100 would be the Sleeping Beauty, Discovery 1492 would be Columbus.

Who will answer at:

1. Hemlock 13
2. Conquest 1066
3. Matrimony 1500
4. Locomotive 9722
5. Longevity 969
6. Treasury 120
7. Eire 317
8. Ararat 2222
9. Society 400
10. Pacific 1513
11. Philistine 10,000
12. Macedonina 1111
13. Vinland 1000
14. Election 14
15. Domremy 1412
16. Waterloo 0000
17. Giaconda 1503
18. Kimberly 19
19. Mecca 570
20. Musketeer 14341
21. Talkathon 1001
22. Buffalo 4862
23. Lucky Strike 1849
24. Camelot 1
25. Emancipation 1863

IN SHORT
By George O. Pommer, Jr.

We've always had abbreviations but, in recent years, the crop has been particularly bountiful. Here's a collection to test your wits. If more than one answer applies, pick the most common one.

1. A.A.A.
2. A.A.U.
3. A.L.
4. A.O.H.
5. B.P.O.E.
6. C.A.B.
7. C.I.O.
8. D.A.R.
9. F.A.M.
10. F.C.C.
11. F.D.I.C.
12. F.H.A.
13. G.A.R.
14. I.C.C.
15. I.O.O.F.
16. K.C.
17. N.A.M.
18. N.L.R.B.
19. N.R.A.
20. F.F.C.
21. R.O.A.
22. S.E.C.
23. S.P.C.A.
24. W.A.C.
25. W.C.T.U.
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DOING A DAILY DOZEN

by William C. Boland

In our daily living, we wear and use many common objects, such as the twelve listed below. If you are really observant, you will know the answers to the questions below. A score of 5 or below means you’re just going through the motions.

1. How many prongs has a table fork?
2. How long is a dollar bill?
3. Does a man’s shirt button left on right, or vice versa?
4. What is the diameter of a silver quarter?
5. Whose head is on a penny postage stamp?
6. What is a common Federal Reserve note?
7. Where do you always see “E Pluribus Unum?”
8. Whose home appears on the back of a Jefferson nickel?
9. How long is the average new pencil?
10. Is the hot water spigot on the right or left hand side of your water basin?
11. Is Jackson’s picture on the $10 or $20 bill?
12. What is the size of a piece of typewriter paper?

FIGURING THE FIGURES

by Harold Helfer

Nobody expects you to hit these figures right on the nose. But how good an idea do you have about them? One of the three figures listed under each sentence is the correct one.

1. There are ...................hotels in the United States.
a. 7,850  b. 29,650  c. 82,450
2. The President of the United States directly appoints ......................officials.
a. 440  b. 16,000  c. 55,100
3. New York City has ................traffic lights.
a. 12,000  b. 45,000  c. 100,000
4. The FBI has ................fingerprints on file.
a. 135,000  b. 65,750,000  c. 112,000,000
5. The people in the United States own ....................automobiles.
a. 8,450,000  b. 17,000,000  c. 30,500,000
6. Albinos appear at the rate of one in ................persons.
a. 10,000  b. 25,000,000  c. 500,000
7. There are ....................oil wells in the United States.
a. 35,100  b. 182,000  c. 435,000
8. There are ....................islands in the Mississippi River.
a. 18  b. 102  c. 747
9. The U. S. Postoffice has ....................mailbags in service.
a. 1,320,000  b. 10,111,500  c. 28,690,000
10. Out of every five Americans, ................live in cities.
a. two  b. three  c. four
11. The average per capita income in this country is ....................
a. $500  b. $1,450  c. $3,350
12. An expensive watch may have up to ................parts.
a. 75  b. 225  c. 800
13. The United States, with 7 per cent of the world’s acreage, harvests ....................per cent of the world’s food.
a. 12  b. 25  c. 50
14. Every year in this country ................greeting cards are mailed.
a. 10,000,000  b. 50,000,000  c. 3,000,000,000
Schmoos, kigmies—figments of a wild imagination. What next?

by GEORGE E. JONES

DESPITE the handicap of only one leg, and after repeated failures, Al Capp, creator of the comic strip Li'l Abner, has become one of America's top cartoonists. Modestly, he believes himself to be one of the two greatest contemporary comic strip artists in the world, the other being Milton Caniff. Caniff is the creator of the strip Steve Canyon, and was once a colleague of Capp's in the same office. Dark, heavy-set, brash, exuberant, witty, rowdy Capp makes, roughly, $250,000 a year before taxes, on the Li'l Abner strip. He also does the plotting and writes the dialogue for Abbie & Slats, which appears in 130 daily and 80 Sunday papers. He receives $20,000 a year for this stint, although he's never mentioned as the author. Raeburn Van Buren is the artist.

The antics of Li'l Abner, and his hillbilly family, Mammy and Pappy Yokum, Daisy Mae, his girl-friend, and all the citizens of Dogpatch, Kentucky—a figment of Capp's imagination—the shmoos, the kigmies and the citizens of Lower Slobovia, are followed by 27 million readers in more than 600 newspapers throughout the United States and the world. The strip is a friendly—sometimes caustic—satire on people, customs and events in American life.

Capp's shmoo, which he declares is a cross between a pool ball and 20 shares of National Dairy Common Stock, is a quick-breeding animal, shaped like a bowling pin, which yields milk, eggs, cheesecake, and tastes like chicken or steak, depending on whether it is fried or broiled. Five million shmoo balloons have been sold; Capp's book, "The Life and Times of the Shmoo," was a best seller. There are shmoo pencils and pencil boxes, key rings, ties, ash trays—altogether some 75 other shmoo items. Some critics, like Gilbert Seldes, for instance,
have called Capp's shmoos revolting creatures. Revolting or not, the shmoo's by-products alone are a $25 million bonanza, with Capp's cut 5 to 15 per cent.

There have been few crazes like the shmoo. But there sprang still another character—the kigmy—from the fertile mind of the cartoonist. The kigmy is similar in shape to the shmoo; it talks, swims like a fish, is part homing pigeon, part bloodhound, and likes to be kicked.

So popular is Capp's strip that his ideas often overflow into real life. "Sadie Hawkins's Day," in which each eligible male of Dogpatch and vicinity is forced to marry the woman who catches him, is celebrated in schools, colleges and universities the first Saturday of November. The festivities include the race, a mock marriage, and usually ends in a dance with everyone dressed either as Li'l Abner, Daisy Mae, or one of the other fabulous characters of the comic strip.

AL CAPP was born Alfred Gerald Caplin on September 28, 1909, in New Haven, Connecticut, to Otto Philip and Matilda (Davidson) Caplin. Capp shortened his name in 1934, when his comic strip made its first appearance. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where Al attended the town's public schools. Capp came by his cartooning ability partly through inheritance, but mostly through perseverance and study. Capp's talent was inherited from his father, an industrial-oil salesman, who was an accomplished, though amateur, cartoonist. Capp, the oldest of four children, began turning out comic strips at the age of 11, when his brothers and sisters would sell them to the kids in the block, for two and three cents a strip. It was while Al was visiting in New Haven, when he was 12, that he lost his right leg in a street car accident.

As a kid, no member of Capp's family was allowed to mention that he had only one leg. Young Capp had all the fears and despair. He hated that wooden leg. He was afraid to drive a car, or dance, or go out with the girls, even meet his own friends. In his spare time he studied art.

All through grammar school, at Hillhouse High School in New Haven, and at Central High in Bridgeport, Al kept at his drawing. At Central High, Al set what he calls, "The world's record in flunking geometry—nine straight times."

One summer vacation, when Al was 15, he and a friend, Donald Munson, went hiking through the southern states. Like any other two fellows bumming around the country, "We were unshaven and ragged, but having the time of our lives," relates Capp. "We slept in hay lofts, lived in the country, and borrowed the farmers' food."

It was a particularly hot day in southwest Kentucky and rides were
scarce. To put in the time, Capp started sketching the surrounding landscape.

A strange, young, hillbilly came plodding along the road. "Whatcha—a—a—doin?" he asked.

"Embalm ing this landscape for posterity," replied Capp.

"That don't make sense," said the hillbilly.

Capp looked at the sketch. "I believe you're right," he agreed. "I'll tell you what. If you'll pose for a sketch, I'll give you one."

"Sounds like foolishness to me," said the Kentuckian. "But—all right."

Capp finished the drawing, handed it to the hillbilly, who disgustingly remarked, "It don't look nothin' like me."

Which was true. What Capp had done was substitute his own face and his own abundant crop of hair which he lets grow long, and used the body of the hillbilly.

"The body part is all right," drawled the youth, "but the rest is just plain ugly." He refused the sketch; Capp kept it.

CAPP returned north, to resume the training which was to lead him into profitable fields. After high school, he got a job in a gasoline station. Now 18, he definitely did something about his longing for studying art. He enrolled at The Academy of Fine Arts, The Designer's Art School, The Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts, and Boston University, in quick succession. Capp earned money to pay registration fees by doing odd jobs.

"I stalled off paying tuition as long as I could," he relates, "until the bursar's patience was exhausted. Then I'd be forced to leave, and repeat the process at another school."

The temptation to follow classicism was great. Finally, Capp, with a portfolio of sketches and railroad fare, quit the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and boarded a train for New York. He arrived in Grand Central Station with exactly $6 in his pockets. He got a job with United Press, doing all sorts of menial jobs, which meant everything from wiping the big boys' pens dry, to running out for their sandwiches and coffee.

Twenty-one-year-old Capp was almost resolved that he was doomed to failure. Catherine Wingate Cameron, a classmate in Boston, encouraged him. He married her in 1929, stayed in Boston, where they went broke together.

Shortly after being married, he and his wife went back to New York, where Al had an interview with Wilson Hicks, then editor of the Associated Press Feature Service. Hicks needed someone to take over Mr. Gilfeather, an already established cartoon strip. Hicks hired Capp, who thereby became the nation's youngest cartoonist. Capp was not a success.

"The strip was so awful," says Capp, "I couldn't even stand it myself." Capp, however, lasted nine months. There is some conjecture as to whether he was fired or quit. Back he went to the Museum School of Fine Arts, in Boston, for more study. He earned coffee and cakes by doing illustrations for the Boston Sunday Post and various magazines and news-
papers. In 1933, he became “ghost” artist for several cartoonists, at one time working on three major comic strips. Capp grew restless. Once more, he set out for New York.

He looked up an old landlady of his, a Mrs. Ford, who had confidence in Capp’s ability. She staked him to rent on the cuff, and slipped him a dollar a day, besides, for coffee and carfare. It was while Capp was walking along a New York street one day that his big break came. Under his arm he carried a package, wrapped in blue paper. A smartly dressed man and woman drove up alongside the dejected Capp and stopped him.

“I’d like to make a bet with you,” said the man. “I’ll bet you have rejected cartoons under your arm.”

“I’m not fixed to pay off any bets,” said Capp. “If it makes you feel any better, you’re right.” Capp walked on.


“You kidding?” asked the astonished Capp.

“No,” said Fisher. “Just finish a Sunday page for me.”

Capp did. When that job was completed, he was offered a job as Fisher’s assistant.

“To Ham Fisher I owe all my success,” admits Capp, reflectively.

Capp did the lettering for Fisher’s cartoons for five months. The experience proved valuable. Later, the association was to cause a permanent rift between the two cartoonists.

When Fisher went on a two weeks vacation, leaving Capp in charge, a new character appeared in the strip—an earthly, gangling rube called Big Leviticus. Capp said the idea was his; Fisher said the character belonged to him. Fisher fired Capp. Capp said, as long as he was fired, he had a right to take along his idea. Fisher says his ex-aide stole the idea for Li’l Abner from him. Capp maintains he got the idea from his hitch-hiking trip down south. The two cartoonists do not speak to each other.

Actually, neither Capp nor Fisher were over-original in introducing a hillbilly to the American public. George Luks was already sketching hillbilly comics for the late New York World in the early 1900’s.

Capp went back to his room at Mrs. Ford’s. He had the urge to do a feature of his own. But, at first, he could not think of anything to work on. It looked as though he would never get anywhere with his art. Then, one day, from the courtyard below, a radio started blaring out some hillbilly music.

“That’s it!” Capp cried. “A hillbilly!”

Frantically, he dug into an old packing box and withdrew the sketch of the hillbilly he had drawn many years before. From this sketch the comic strip Li’l Abner was born. Li’l Abner is a handsome 19-year-old, precocious youth with an impressive physique, a shock of black hair, naive manner and honesty to a degree. There, also, was born Mammy Yokum with poke bonnet and pipe, calico dress with leg o’ mutton sleeves, and high button shoes. And Pappy Yokum,
shiftless, cowardly, but with a heart of gold. There's Daisy Mae, blue-eyed, blonde, so much in love with Abner it's painful, and who has yet to learn what life is all about.

Capp completed 12 weeks of the Li'Abner strip, then headed for the United Features Syndicate. He waited around for three days, until the editor finally noticed him. The executive soon discovered that Capp had something a little different—a natural. Capp was placed under contract. Li'Abner made his debut in August, 1934, and Capp's rise from then on has been swift and sure.

CAPP lives with his wife and their three children—two daughters and a son—on his 65-acre farm near South Hampton, in New Hampshire, 65 miles from Boston. He has a studio apartment in Boston, on the top floor of a small three-story build-

ing, where he thrives on disorder. Capp writes his ideas and his dialogue in pencil in a loose leaf notebook. He sketches most of his figures in pencil, and pays two assistants around $18,000 a year. Li'Abner requires an average of 100 words a day. Capp works two weeks in advance of schedule, and mails a week's material to New York at a time. He spends two weeks of every month in New York.

About his life as a cartoonist, Capp says, "My work is about like that of a day laborer. It takes me about four hours to do a daily strip, and ten for a Sunday page. I spend more time than I should with my drawings."

Next to his wife and children, Capp loves the Yokum family more than anything else in the world. His personal tastes runs to sleek convertibles, golf, football, and wrestling. His favorite pastime—doping out new and dramatic situations for the Yokums.

The president of a western railroad once made a trip over a division with his private car coupled to the end of the train. After the trip was completed, he cornered the engineer.

"On that stretch of new track back there," he said, "the train orders specified your maximum speed to be 54 miles an hour."

"That's right," said the engineer, shuffling nervously.

"How fast did you go?" asked the president.

"45," replied the engineer, a little more nervously.

"I have a speedometer in my car," the president said, "and I was going 65 miles an hour."

All the embarrassed engineer could think of to say was, "Well, I'll be danged if I ever saw you go by us."

"Darling! We'll be the happiest... wipe your feet... couple in the world!"
This Is America

NO ONE who saw or heard General MacArthur deliver his talk to Congress April 19, 1951, could do other than admire his sincerity, lack of bitterness at the abrupt determination of his active military career, and his fortitude in presenting his opinion in solving the problems of our immediate future.

Historians of future ages may have more success judging in retrospect as to the relative merits of the divergent points of view. Certainly we attempt no appraisal at this time.

However, there are several things that we believe are typically American which should be registering with the world. We are a free nation. Even those in high authority may disagree in fundamentals without overthrow of our adopted form of government; without fanatical bloodshed; without throttling the individual's right of free speech; without fear of arrest.

Newspapers, news commentators, columnists, even you or I may agree or disagree with either side and may raise our voices in support or disagreement, to those willing to listen, without fear of secret police or curtailment of our freedom of action. These differences of opinion whether based on informed opinion, political bias, or just cantankerousness, which we as a people often seem to display, will go on until the majority indicate their approval or disapproval in no uncertain terms or some new happening supersedes the current controversy in interest and attention.

The world should know from past observation that, however heated these controversies may appear, we are still all for America with its freedom of speech, its freedom of opportunity, its freedom of religious worship, and its freedom to choose those who govern as provided by our Constitution. Any bitterness of debate does not change our unity of purpose to keep America "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Our differences of opinion do not prevent our millions of people from saluting and honoring General MacArthur who has given of himself without stints for more than fifty years to preserve the heritage of freedom in which he was born.

There are few in this nation who believe violence is the way to resolve differences of opinion whether such differences are between individuals, groups, or nations. However, we have demonstrated before and we will again that we stand ready to mobilize for freedom regardless of cost and without hope of profit.

Yes, we may grumble at the necessary restrictions, the high cost of taxes, the limitations an emergency places on our freedom of action, but we will each do our job. We would rather lend our skills to produce a better scale of living for our people and for others insofar as our means and natural generosity will permit. We would rather build roads than military air strips—harvesters than guns—toys than bullets—homes than camps—automobiles than tanks—ocean liners than warships—commercial planes than jet fighters—civilian clothes than uniforms—home kitchens than field kitchens—radios than army walkie talkies—television than radar—fireworks than gunpowder.

We would rather see our sons and daughters go to college than to camp—to see sports events instead of military parades—to see peace instead of war. However, regardless of cost, regardless of preference, and regardless of differences of opinion as to the best means of accomplishing our ideals, we will fight to preserve the rights and privileges that our forefathers fought to leave to us, for This is America.

—The American Appraisal Company
Gerontologists say you can live longer by controlling your diet.

by MORRISON COLLADAY

EVERYBODY who wants to live to be 100 will please raise his right hand! Fine! Now, those who to want to live to 200 . . . ! For every man, woman and child yearning to push on past the allotted three-score and ten, whether it be to finish a life's work, finance a world cruise, see the Red Sox win a pennant, or bury an old enemy, a group of scientists, working separately, have come up with some answers that may set hearts singing.

"Barring a major physical defect, you should be able to live as long as you desire!" This was the declaration of 78-year-old Dr. Maurice Ernest, British longevity expert, on his arrival in this country to instruct a group of aging millionaires.

It is not known how many scientists in the field would endorse completely the doctor's theory, but it is the considered opinion of most of them that old age is steadily being conquered. Discoveries are being made in nutrition and other areas influencing longevity that will enable us not only to live many years longer, but to stay young and virile to the end.

Whether you die at 57 or 97 depends upon many factors, some of them unknown, but the single greatest contributor to the downfall of most of us will be that we just haven't eaten right! Nutritional deficiencies, they are called, and the way to correct them is one of the most important phases of the investigation into longevity. The men who specialize in these problems agree that the vast majority of people do not eat the right things to assure long life. Dr. Robert R. Williams, director of the Research Corporation, submits, "Anyone who thinks his own diet is ade-
quate should try feeding it to rats. The experimenter is almost certain to find that the rats fail to reproduce in the second or third generations."

We are given more hope of perpetuating ourselves and our kind by Professor Henry Clapp Sherman, of Columbia University, who maintains that something like an extra decade can be inserted at the apex of life by the simple expedient of living in accordance with today's knowledge of nutrition. He recommends a "super-sufficient diet—high in vitamins, calcium and protein."

It is a comparatively new subject—this science of old age—and it is known as geriatrics or gerontology. Geriatrist Henry S. Simms of the Columbia University School of Medicine says, "Ninety per cent of the deaths in the United States each year result from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age. The death of humans is at a minimum at the age of ten. If the death rate remained at this level throughout the whole life span, your life expectancy would be 550 years instead of about 63 . . ."

Resistance to disease is a chemical process, according to Dr. Simms, and the work of the geriatrist is to find out why the process is so efficient in children, and steadily decreases in efficiency as people grow older.

Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University is even more optimistic as to the prospects of a longer life. There will be no foreseeable limit to the number of years a man may live, he says, "when the reasons are discovered for aging in organisms made up of cells which under favorable conditions remain immortally young."

Oxford scientist Dr. V. Korenchevsky, heads a staff whose purpose is to find out "Why one man dies at 50 while another lives to 100 . . . When we find the answer to this question it will be perfectly simple to insure normal life to well over 100 by administering the proper chemical compounds to help life run its normal course."

Death rates have been declining steadily during the past half century as a result of progress in medicine; but, according to the Census Bureaus, the rate for women is, for some unknown reason, declining faster than the rate for men. In the 45 to 54 age group, male deaths fell from 15.7 per 1,000 to 12.5, and female deaths from 14.2 to 8.6 between 1900 and 1940.

Some of the advice scientists beam our way may not be welcome to all of us. "It is better not to drink even moderately if you want to live long on this earth," asserts New York Life's Dr. Arthur Hunter. He states that records of sixty life insurance companies for over 2,000,000 people prove that every drink costs the moderate drinker 25 minutes of life.

Smoking will prevent your living as long as you otherwise would, according to the late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins. "Smoking is associated with a definite impairment of longevity. This curtailment of life is proportional to the habitual amount of tobacco smoked, being great for the heavy, and less for the moderate smokers."

People live longer in some parts of the country than in others. You will
live longer if your home is in the central part of the country than if it is on the Atlantic, Gulf, or Pacific coasts, according to Dr. Harold Dorn, statistician of the U. S. Public Health Service. "The expectation of life is longest in the tier of eastern great plains states from North Dakota to Oklahoma," he says.

Many promising discoveries thought to enable us to live longer have proved duds. One of these was heavy water. When first produced a few years ago it was predicted that heavy water could be used to prolong lives of older people by slowing down the vital processes. But recent experiments on rats indicate that the deceleration is temporary and is more than offset by a speed-up reaction that follows.

New theories are tested on rats because they respond to nutrition in exactly the same way as humans, and their normal lifetime being so much shorter, it is possible to ascertain effects in weeks and months that might take years of observation in people. For example, Drs. Fay Morgan and Helen Davison Simms have pointed up the effect of the lack of certain vitamins in the diet in experiments on rats. They found they could produce all the symptoms of old age in very young rats by withholding the Vitamin-B complex from their diet, and make them young again by restoring it.

Each geriatrist has his own particular theory as to the best way of lengthening life. However, practically all of them agree that other things being equal, how long you live depends upon what you eat. Dr. C. Ward Crampton, former chairman of the Committee on Preventive Medicine of the New York Medical Society, summed up the matter before a joint legislative committee in New York. He said, "Whether a man at 60 will be as vigorous as the average man of 40, or decrepit and miserable as the average octogenarian, depends largely on diet. Men and women who are growing old do not get enough calcium, iron and protein, and eat too much starch and sugar."

No one knows what the geriatrists and gerontologists will discover tomorrow or next week, so it's hard to say whether or not you'll double the lifespan of your grandparents. But your chances right now for a few extra years are excellent . . . even if you keep on smoking and drinking and eating what you want rather than what you should.

- If current best-selling authors do not achieve immortality, at least they only miss it by a "t."

- Many of us are at the "metallic" age—gold in our teeth, silver in our hair, and lead in our pants.

- Pedestrian: A car owner who found a parking space.

- With respect to the world at large, the American taxpayer is fast becoming his brother's keeper-upper.
Million Dollar Newsboy

When a hall of fame for outstanding newspaper vendors is founded, Jimmy Widmeyer of Cincinnati, Ohio, will probably be given a special plaque. Not a boy now, Jimmy has been hawking headlines for 57 years, has made and lost a million dollars.

Until 1920, he was just an ordinary newsboy, putting in long hours on a city corner and saving as much as he could from his earnings. One day a stock broker-customer gave Jimmy a tip on the market. He invested his capital and made a killing.

He began to follow the market religiously, making investments whenever he got hold of a good tip. In an incredibly short time his holdings amounted to nearly a million dollars.

Through the lush days that followed, Jimmy kept his newsstand. He sold papers during the day and drank champagne at night. He rented a $300 suite at the Hotel Gibson, which was just across the street from his corner; bought a Cadillac, and became the owner of 55 tailor-made suits. But he was always careful to enter the Gibson by the service entrance, afraid his customers might think he was going high hat.

When the market crashed in 1929, Jimmy was wiped out financially. Undaunted, he moved to cheaper quarters and worked harder and longer than ever at the newsstand. Once again he began to make investments and was soon on top once more.

Today, from a monetary standpoint, he is a successful man, the envy of most people who buy his papers. The average morning finds him driving to work in his Ford station wagon. He spends the day hawking papers and chatting with customers, some of them life-long friends.

Some mornings, Jimmy is driven to work by his wife in their Cadillac. On those days, he gets out a few blocks from his stand and appears at work on foot. He is still afraid his customers will think he is putting on airs.

—Jack Eicholz.

The little man was pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big super-market.

"Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved.

"Gangway," he shouted. A few men stepped aside.

He ruefully surveyed the situation and then smiled as a bright idea struck him.

"Watch your nylons!" he warned. The women scattered like chaff in the wind.

Reporters visiting a certain Senatorial office were startled when the gentleman burst out of his sanctum to demand of his secretaries:

"Where's that list of people I call by their first names?"

"Hey, Ma... here's your chance to get all your rugs swept again."
Look to Your Freezer

New and wonderful uses for this cold Horn of Plenty.

by JEANNE HOMM

Ann Carson sank wearily into a chair, pushed an unruly shock of hair from her eyes and breathed an enormous sigh.

From behind half-closed lids she surveyed the bedlam—color books and blocks, toys and crayons, kitchen pans and playing cards littered the living room floor. Jimmy, her two-year-old, had spent the entire morning indoors. When he decided at last to frolic outside, Ann had seized the time to wash the stack of dishes from breakfast and lunch; managed, somehow, to clean upstairs, and had just finished hanging up a formidable washing.

“I’ll have to straighten up this room before Charlie comes home,” she mused dazedly. “Then there will just be supper, the dishes, and put Jimmy to bed. Then I can relax—thanks to my freezer.”

Before she got a home freezer, Ann couldn’t have looked forward to the post-supper relaxation! A large bundle of clothes lay dampened for three days, and, without a freezer, they must be ironed tonight or run the risk of mildew. But now Ann could spend a restful evening with Charlie, read, sew, or just plain sleep. Her dampened clothes reposed in the freezer, and they could stay there for months—or until the family ran out of clean clothes—until she found time and energy to iron.

Storing clothes for future ironing is but one of many jobs Ann has learned can be done with a freezer that have little to do with food freezing. The homemaker expects her freezer to save cooking time because she can store prepared meals for months and have only to heat them when mealtime arrives. She expects her freezer to save money because she can buy food in quantity

Jeanne Homm is Director of Home Economics, International Harvester Company.
when prices are low and freeze it for use months later. She expects her freezer to save work because the process of preparing foods for freezing is far easier and less complicated than canning. But there are many more uses for the home freezer.

ANN CARSON, for instance, had been irritated because she could not keep cereal products and prepared mixes fresh during the summer. She was about to despair of ever getting more than one crisp helping from a package of corn or bran flakes, or potato chips, when she heard all could be kept perfectly fresh in her freezer. Furthermore, she found that storing them in the freezer guarded against contamination by insects, especially during the summer.

And Ann would never forget the look on Charlie’s face the night of their first wedding anniversary. They had dined out in high style—roast duckling with cerise sauce, potatoes au gratin, buttered beans, chef’s salad, and a bottle of wine with the entree. Charlie had his eye on a strawberry parfait for dessert, but she insisted they take dessert at home, where she was planning something special.

“What is this mysterious concoction you’ve prepared?” demanded Charlie.

“Wait and see,” Ann teased.

When they reached home, Ann made Charlie sit in the living room while she busied herself in the dining room and kitchen. She set the table for dessert, with their best linen, china and silver. Then she lit two long tapers and turned out the lights. Intimacy . . . there was a soft, restful atmosphere where they could reminisce the past year.

“All right,” she called. “Dessert is served.”

When Charlie was seated, she disappeared quickly into the kitchen, then reappeared carrying half a cake on a silver platter. With a girlish little suggestion of ceremony, she placed it in front of her husband.

“Why, this looks like . . . It is . . . our wedding cake! But a year . . . It’s still fresh! Darling, I’m glad you didn’t let me have that parfait!”

Ann had learned quickly many of the capabilities of her home freezer. And one of them was that it could keep cake, rolls and bread fresh for months. She’d been planning this anniversary surprise for a year.

BUT Ann doesn’t know all the tricks of home freezing. One of them could save her an enormous amount of time and work. About twice a year she airs the family furs and woolens on the clothes line. Then she goes over them meticulously with a brush, reversing the pockets, turning back lapels and collars, and brushing the garments thoroughly inside and out, searching for moths and larvae. But if she knew, she could save herself this drudgery. Furs and woolens left in a home freezer for 24 hours will emerge moth-free. There is no moth-proofing odor, and only the labor necessary to carry the clothing to the freezer and put them in!

Several months ago, Ann caught measles. In addition to a flood of wisecracks, she was given enough candy by friends to satiate the sweet tooth
of a platoon of convalescents. For a time she was faced with gorging herself with the stuff or letting it grow stale. Then she discovered that freezing preserved candy. So into the freezer it went. She still has some today, and finds it as fresh and flavor-perfect as when it was stored.

Charlie has his own special use for the freezer. He buys his cigarettes 10 cartons at a time, along with a couple boxes of cigars to have on hand for guests. To keep them fresh, he pops them all into the freezer, where they stay fresh for months in their original cellophane.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, provides a testimonial on the use of the home freezer as a safe for storing valuables. During a flood, a freezer was under muddy water for 24 hours. When the water subsided, several inches of mud was found clinging to the sides. The freezer was hosed down and the lid raised. Not a drop of water had entered the cabinet, and the contents were in perfect condition!

Many models are, in fact, equipped with locks, so that the freezer becomes a veritable safe. Home freezers are fireproof, too. What a place to keep jewelry, insurance policies, income tax notes, deeds and other valuable papers and goods! The freezer becomes a safe deposit box right in the home.

Home freezers fit into the business picture. Many veterinarians use it to freeze small cans of water for ice packs in shipping biological specimens to testing laboratories. Hospitals frequently use the home freezer for storing crushed ice for packs and other medical purposes.

Bait salesmen have used it for storing fish bait. Kennels and farms freeze foods for dogs, mink, rabbits, and other small animals. Many stores use home freezers instead of commercial freezers for storing ice cream bars, popsicles, and other dairy products.

There are many other uses of the home freezer—both food and non-food uses. Homemakers the country over are learning new uses every day—uses that mean easier living, greater convenience, more economy and leisure. And these are uses that the homemaker doesn't even bargain for when she buys her home freezer.

A woman posed for a picture in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car into the picture," she instructed the photographer, "or my husband will think I ran into the place!"

Driving in the business section of a city, a man tried to edge his car past one driven by a woman, who was trying to park in close quarters. Suddenly the woman's car crashed into his.

Flushed with exasperation, she leaned her head out of the car window. "You could see I was going to do something, stupid," she said. "Why didn't you wait to see what it was?"
The Sage of Swing Says —

Courtship is that period of a girl's life between lipstick and broomstick.

Courtship begins when a man whispers sweet nothings and ends when he says nothing sweet.

The penalty for a stolen kiss may be a life sentence.

Marriage is love parsonified.

The cooing stops when the honeymoon is over but the billing goes on forever.

The skillful application of face powder may catch a man, but it's the expert use of baking powder that keeps him.

What this country needs is less permanent waves and more permanent wives. —Kay Ingram

In this age of unrest adolescence is the period of life between bottle and battle.

Sometimes a train of thought proves to be just a string of empties.

Never pick a quarrel even when it's ripe.

A man needs more than an aim in life: he has to have some ammunition to go with it.

Speak well of your enemies—after all, you made them.

Remember your tongue is in a wet spot and likely to slip.

Often a romance that begins by a waterfall ends by a leaky faucet.

Like vinegar, the man with too much mother in him has to be taken in small quantities.—Marceline Cox

No man likes to come home to a supper of cold shoulder and hot tongue.

In matrimony, as in politics, truce is stronger than friction.

The bonds of matrimony are worthless unless interest is kept up.

Incompatibility sets in when the husband loses his income and his wife, her patibility.

Love is a quest; marriage a conquest; and divorce an inquest.

—Andrew Meredith

The ideal marriage is a three ring affair: engagement, wedding and teething. —Shannon Fife

The great secret of successful marriage is to treat all the disasters as incidents and none of the incidents as disasters. —Harold Nicholson

Democracy: Where the man at the bottom can blow his top.

The best years of a woman's life are figured in man-hours.

The popularity of radio give-away programs may be why this era is known as the present generation.

A chronic worrier is one who can't remember what to forget.

Children, like canoes, are more easily controlled if paddled from the rear.

Housewife's problem: having too much month left over at the end of the money.

Some people who think they are dreamers are just sleepers.

The man who is really a big wheel doesn't mind doing a good turn.
When a girl begins to call you by your first name, it's really your last name she's after.

Women's tears: the first successful fluid drive.

My definition of an educated person is one who can concentrate on one subject for more than two minutes.

Specialist: a doctor who has his patients trained to become ill only during his office hours.—Magazine Digest.

Bore: one whose shortcoming is his long-staying.

Ah! If human beings only knew a little less and understood a little more!

Modern fairy tales don't all begin "Once upon a time." Some of them start "I was in conference."

A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something that would make you mad if it happened to you.

He who finds diamonds must grapple in mud and mire because diamonds are not found in polished stones. They are made.

"No, sir," she said, "my ears are not pierced; they are just bored."

You may be able to make some people think you are younger than you really are, but you can't fool that hamburger sandwich just before bedtime.

Co-ordination: Arguing a point until both sides are too tired to disagree.

Allocation: Tug of war between those who "can't do without" and those who "absolutely have to have it."

Short item: Something of which there was plenty until people thought there wasn't.

Deflation: Archaic word; not in common usage.

The origin of civilization was the determination of man not to do anything for himself that he could have done by others.

If all of the civilian employees hired by the government were laid end to end, there wouldn't be enough people left standing to help them to their feet.

Pray as though no work would help; and work as though no prayer would help.

A scandal is something that has to be bad to be good.

Work is something which when we have it we wish we didn't; when we don't have it we wish we did, and the object of most of it is to be able to afford not to do any on some day.

Physicians tell us thousands of people are overweight. Round figures, that is.

A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of wait.

"Fix me somethin' exotic."
Time is the Watchword

That watch in the conductor's hand is the most important thing on a railroad.

by J. R. HUBBARD

UNCLE WHISKERS, who begins all official consideration of military and naval personnel, written or oral, with "name, rank and serial number," keeps tabs on railroaders for whom he has a variation of the query so familiar to the G.I.

With the boys who make the wheels go 'round on the shining rails, the concern is not identification of the man, but of his watch, and the question is, "name, make and serial number."

Under Federal regulations, no conductor or engineman can leave a division point until he has filled out a government form which carries spaces for his name, the make of his watch, its serial number, and how many seconds deviation it shows from standard time.

Without any prompting from the government, railroad men are among the most time-conscious individuals on earth, and they wear out their watch pockets faster than any other part of their uniforms.

J. R. Hubbard is a Special Representative of the Santa Fe Railway.
It's not that they are "clock watchers" in the commonly accepted sense of the term. It is just that time still looms large on the railroad horizon in spite of the fact that safety measures and mechanical and electrical devices have eliminated much of the old-time dependence on the individual in the handling of trains.

The time element and the human factor still are so important in the routing of passenger and freight traffic over hundreds of thousands of miles of railroads in the United States that strict standards governing the kind, care and servicing of watches are laid down and enforced by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Although it has installed centralized traffic control on much of its system, the Santa Fe Railway regards watch accuracy with such respect it, like other railroads, maintains a time service operating department and sends frequently-revised rules governing the care and inspection of watches to all concerned.

A general watch inspector like Santa Fe's A. J. Strobel in Topeka, exercises authority over traveling inspectors, who regularly check local inspectors in all division and key points along the system.

A railroader's watch is his own property and he must pay for its upkeep, but it must conform to a set rule as to type, design and precision; must be registered and accompanied at all times by a registration card; must not vary from absolute accuracy by more than 30 seconds a week; must be checked by a local inspector at least once every two years; and must be compared daily with a standard mercury clock or with the watch of another employee who has made such a comparison recently.

Even the length of the hands of a railroader's watch is prescribed by regulation, and luminous, gold or fancy hands are forbidden.

A railroader's watch must have an open face, must be marked with heavy black Arabic numerals, and must be fitted with a glass crystal which is neither cracked, chipped nor badly scratched.

What's more, a railroader cannot yield to any romantic or sentimental impulses and carry a photograph pasted on the case, dial or crystal, such folderol being referred to as "obstructions," and prohibited specifically.

As inseparable as are the railroader and his watch are the watch and its accompanying Time Service Approval Card, issued by the general watch inspector when the timepiece is purchased and before it is put into service.

When a railroader takes his watch to a local inspector for regulation, cleaning or repairs, it is accompanied by its card until it returns to his possession. In its place he receives a "loaner" watch and a loaner Watch Certificate.

Before a train leaves a division point, the conductor compares his watch with that of the engineman at the same time they compare orders, the engineman compares his watch with that of the fireman, and the conductor compares time with the brakeman and any other member of the crew.
En route, if an engineman's watch is lost or broken, he can, under regulations, commandeer the fireman's watch until the end of the journey. Similarly, if the conductor's watch fails or disappears, he can take the brakeman's timepiece.

Enginemen, conductors, firemen, brakemen, engine foremen, yardmasters, signal maintenance employees and all other employees in the track and traffic departments who maintain traffic on a main line are required to own watches subject to all ICC regulations.

Trainmasters, superintendents and traffic supervisors are the railroad's "time detectives." They can, and do, examine watches at will, and may impose demerits if any of the many regulations governing the ownership and care of a timepiece have not been complied with.

Centralized traffic control makes reliance on a man and his watch less specific than was the case in the days when traffic was governed by train orders, but there still is the possibility of power failure or other emergencies which could shift the load back to personnel, a responsibility which is too great from the standpoint of lives and property to permit any error in time.

Time? Time? What is Time?
It's that stuff between paydays.

A worker in a tin factory caught his coat in a revolving wheel and whizzed around in it until the foreman managed to cut off the machine. As the machine stopped, the foreman rushed up to the worker and pleaded.

"Speak to me, speak to me!" To which the half-conscious worker replied,

"Why should I? I passed you ten times and you never spoke to me."

The importance of time is emphasized in division railroad offices where there is at least one standard mercury clock in every room and hallway. Each is checked daily with a report from the U. S. Naval Observatory and is marked with a prominently displayed card which indicates whether it is correct or whether there is a variation of even one second in its accuracy. Each daily time-check requires three minutes.

The Santa Fe maintains central records on the watches of all employees, and if a man fails to have his watch checked at least once during each two years, he is subject to penalty.

Even the man who directs the mechanical and electrical wizard which is the centralized traffic control board in a railroad division office sits in a room with a standard clock on the wall and a watch lying face up on the desk in front of him.

And of the thousands of miles of railroad where traffic still is moved under train orders, the little black indicators that travel around the faces of watches and clocks are the hands that mean the difference between life and death, safety and disaster.

The reason some women are so magnetic is because their clothes are charged.

Any astronomer can predict with absolute accuracy just where every star in the heavens will be at half past eleven tonight. He can make no such prediction about his young daughter.

It is easy to dodge our responsibilities, but we cannot dodge the consequences of dodging our responsibilities.
Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 385-388

WHO SAID SO?
1. John Lane Soule, writing in a Terre Haute, Ind., newspaper. It was read by Greeley who gave the phrase its greatest circulation.
2. Sherman, at San Jacinto, 1836.
4. Allen, Democratic senator from Ohio.
5. Stanton, AEF disbursing officer, in a speech at the tomb of the great Frenchman on July 4, 1917.
6. Curran, a brilliant Irish politician and patriot.
7. Burns, in his poem "Man Was Made to Mourn."
8. Coke, one of the greatest English jurists.

NUMBER, PLEASE
1. Socrates
2. William the Conqueror
3. Solomon
4. Casey Jones
5. Methuselah
6. Alexander Hamilton
7. Saint Patrick
8. Noah
9. Ward MacAllister
10. Balboa
11. Sampson
12. Alexander the Great
13. Leif Ericson
14. Franklin D. Roosevelt
15. Joan of Arc
16. Napoleon
17. Leonardo Da Vinci
18. Cecil Rhodes
19. Mohammed
20. Alexander Dumas, pere
21. Scheherazade
22. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)
23. John Sutter
24. King Arthur
25. Abraham Lincoln

FIGURING THE FIGURES
1. b 4. c 7. c 10. b 13. c
2. b 5. c 8. c 11. b 14. c
3. c 6. a 9. c 12. c

MERCHANDISING
1. Insecticide
2. Liquid dentifrice
3. Cooking oil
4. Lipstick
5. Soap powder
6. Cosmetic
7. Nail polish
8. Vacuum cleaner
9. Canned food
10. Oleomargarine
11. Toweling
12. Battery
13. Watches
14. Deodorant
15. Nail polish
16. Hearing device
17. Radio
18. Rubber heels
19. Dandruff lotion
20. Glass cleaner
21. Deodorant
22. Foot remedy
23. Electrical appliance
24. Dog food
25. Sewing machine

IN SHORT
1. American Automobile Association
2. Amateur Athletic Union
3. American Legion
4. Ancient Order of Hibernians
5. Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
6. Civil Aeronautics Board
7. Congress of Industrial Organizations
8. Daughters of the American Revolution
9. Free and Accepted Masons
10. Federal Communications Commission
11. Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
12. Federal Housing Administration
13. Grand Army of the Republic
14. Interstate Commerce Commission
15. Independent Order of Odd Fellows
16. Knights of Columbus
17. National Association of Manufacturers
18. National Labor Relations Board
19. National Recovery Administration
20. Reconstruction Finance Corporation
21. Reserve Officers Association
22. Securities and Exchange Commission
24. Women’s Army Corps
25. Woman’s Christian Temperance Union

DOING A DAILY DOZEN
1. Four.
2. 6½ inches.
3. Left on right.
4. 1 inch.
5. Benjamin Franklin.
7. U. S. silver money.
8. His own, Monticello.
9. 7½ inches.
10. Left.
11. $20 bill.
12. 8½ x 11 inches.
"MARRY YOU?" The pretty girl snickered in the face of the ardent young man. "I won't throw myself away on anyone with so few prospects of success in life as you have, John!"

That's the answer John D. Rockefeller received from his first proposal. In a similar manner, other people have passed faulty judgment on many of the most successful figures of our time. As a young man, F. W. Woolworth of five and ten fame became a delivery boy and janitor in a dry goods store. The manager considered him too ignorant to wait on customers.

When Walt Disney first applied for a cartoonist's position on a newspaper, the editor examined his drawings and shook his head. "You don't have any talent, my boy," he said. "Why don't you get into something where you have a chance to succeed?"

"He's stupid, dull, and backward," the teachers said of Albert Einstein when he was a schoolboy. Even his parents feared he was sub-normal.

When Louis Pasteur looked at his University diploma, he saw it marked "mediocre in chemistry."

"He's too stupid to learn, and is always at the foot of his class." These were the words of his teachers concerning young Thomas Edison.

And so it goes . . . before you criticize your fellow men for errors in judgment today, remember, they're a chronic human frailty!

—Frank L. Remington.

Mark Twain was once the guest of honor at the Metropolitan Opera House. He was seated in the box of a wealthy woman, and to his dismay she chattered constantly throughout the performance.

When the opera ended, she thanked Twain for coming and invited him to be her guest again the following week. "I do hope you'll come," she pleaded. "The opera will be 'Carmen'."

"I'll be looking forward to it," replied the famed humorist. "I've never heard you in 'Carmen'."

As Secretary of State, Cordell Hull was reputed to have never passed judgment on any matter until he had carefully examined all the evidence.

Once while he was taking a train trip with a friend, they saw a large flock of sheep.

"Look," said his friend, "those sheep have just been shorn."

Hull looked at the sheep thoughtfully for several minutes. Then he turned to his friend and said: "Well, at least on this side."

"On second thought I will have something to drink with it. A bicarbonate of soda, please!"
Buttons or bulls—these giant air transports will carry them.

by WILLIAM E. BREESE

In the blistering heat of the oil fields near Barcelona, Venezuela, an American executive was inspecting his company's holdings. By mid-afternoon, nearly dehydrated, the party had worked around to the sun baked commissary. Entering, the American stopped before the glass panelled refrigerator and, indicating his thirst to the attendant, stared in wide-eyed amazement at row after row of bottled milk standing in the big cooler. The grade A caps bore the name of a Miami dairy—and Florida was 1,600 miles away!

"How in the world did that milk get here?" He asked the manager.

"By Clipper," was the reply. "We get more than a thousand quarts a week from Miami, along with cheese, butter, ice cream and fresh vegetables. These air shipments of food from the States are the best morale builder and home sickness cure we have down here for the American personnel."

The Miami-Venezuela "milk run" is only one of myriad jobs that are all in a day's work for the Pan American World Airways' cargo clipper fleet serving Latin America.

These aptly named aircraft are the modern counterpart of the clipper ships which a century ago established the United States as a maritime power and pushed its trade frontiers to the Orient and other corners of the globe.

Only a decade past, air cargo was regarded with skepticism. Businessmen viewed it as an emergency means, use-
ful alone for mail and small, high value packages.

That type of cargo is a natural for air transport, of course, but the gamut of commodities being flown today—constantly expanding in the battle for trade—amazes even the most enthusiastic boosters of air cargo.

Nowhere is air transport being utilized more extensively than on the Clipper routes linking the United States with Latin America.

Today, airlines carry more passengers in the southern hemisphere than do steamships, and air cargo tonnage is increasing rapidly.

Geography has had much to do with the phenomenal growth of air transport in Latin America. Rugged mountains and dense jungle have retarded railroads and highways. As a result, many countries have made the transition from oxcart to the air age in one swift leap.

A timely example of the advantage air cargo holds over surface transportation is found in Pan American's newly announced plan to fly an entire gold smelter from the United States to the South American interior. Hundreds of tons of heavy machinery—ore crushers, screens, power plants and electrical equipment—are included in the movement which will require scores of flights by big all-cargo Clippers.

Even so, shipment by air is the most practical and economic method, for it eliminates stevedoring from train to boat to train to truck, saves on crating costs, prevents corrosion from salt air, minimizes handling damage and will speed the entire construction project by months.

Time sometimes is the vital factor. Such was the case when PAA flew a 12,000 pound propeller shaft from Oakland, California, to a disabled steamship in the Panama Canal zone. One of the heaviest pieces of machinery ever carried commercially by air, it was needed in a hurry since the steamer was losing $2,000 for each day it lay idle.

Then, of course, there are the "mercy flights," with Clippers rushing drugs, serums, plasma, oxygen tents and other emergency supplies and equipment to avert epidemics or save lives.

But these shipments, while they make headlines, are exceptional, not the rule in air transport. Let's follow one of these cargo Clippers on a routine flight and see what it hauls where and how!

Most of the flights originate at PAA's spacious terminal at Miami International Airport, which handles almost as much international air cargo as all other airports of the nation combined.

Shipments arrive by domestic plane, train and truck. They are weighed and checked for the necessary export permits and import documents. Then they are spotted on the terminal floor, according to destination, to facilitate loading.

Cargo Clippers are generally loaded at night for a pre-dawn takeoff to take advantage of as much daylight as possible, since many Latin American airports are not equipped for night landings and takeoffs.
After the crates, boxes and cartons are stowed away, the two-man crew comes aboard, checks the manifest, sees that the cargo is securely lashed down and takes off.

The pilot and co-pilot are members of PAA’s new “Cargo Corps,” a picked group of experienced fliers, all voluntarily transferred from plush passenger runs. Most are college graduates. They average about 30 years in age, and chances are they won their wings in the U. S. Air Force.

These Clipper flight officers are not only skilled airmen, but versed in all phases of air cargo, from customs and import-export procedures to the proper methods of loading, stowing and unloading. They keep their eyes open for business and have the authority to change course and put in at any port of call to pick up cargo.

Perhaps it is a special trip—a full load of gas ranges for Colombia, flour for Cuba or bubble gum for Venezuela. Generally however, the cargo fleet operates on regular schedules, and with manifests that read like a mail order catalogue. The big cargo clipper, which can hold as much as a box car, may carry on a routine flight an assortment like this:

Radios, automobile tires, penicillin, aspirin, men and women’s clothing, nylon stockings, juke boxes, cigarettes (Venezuela alone imports about one million cigarettes a day by air), refrigerators, textile piece goods, pens and pencils and a dog. Chances are there’ll also be a carton or two of baby chicks, for almost every Clipper leaving Miami has them aboard. Rounding out the cargo may be cosmetics, razor blades, magazines, newsreels and automobile and machine parts.

All this adds up to a total of about 13,000 pounds, and the fat bellied Clipper takes a long run before it lifts into the air and heads South.

Dawn is beginning to break as the Clipper comes into Camaguey, Cuba, the first stop. Next ports of call are Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and the neighboring capital of Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic. At each stop some cargo is unloaded, some taken aboard—mostly foodstuffs being interchanged between the Carribean countries.

The flight continues to Curacao in the Netherlands West Indies, and to
Caracas, capital of wealthy Venezuela, whose oil resources have made it perhaps the best customer for U. S. goods in the southern hemisphere.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, is the end of the day’s trip. The crew climbs down for a well-earned rest and another pilot and co-pilot take over as the Clipper, considerably lighter now, takes off down the east coast of South America—for Paramaribo, Surinam; Belem, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo and Porto Alegre, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, the end of the line.

The return trip is apt to find the Clipper carrying a half-dozen race horses for Caracas. At Belem, the live cargo may be increased by several cages of monkeys and an assortment of brilliantly colored jungle birds that will wind up in zoos and pet shops throughout the United States.

Because trade between Latin America and the United States right now is pretty much a one-way deal, PAA flies nearly ten times more goods south than north. The Clipper may make a wide detour on the way back. It may cut across the north coast to Panama and work its way up through Central America, putting in wherever a payload can be found.

On one such trip not long ago, the skipper was advised by radio to pick up 12,000 pounds of iced shrimp at Carmen on the Mexican Gulf Coast, and fly it to Brownsville, Texas.

The loading and takeoff at Carmen were uneventful, but when the Clipper was half way to Texas a radio message was received that Brownsville was weathered in and that the plane should land at Vera Cruz.

It was one o’clock in the morning when the big craft taxied up to the deserted Vera Cruz terminal with its load of perishable shrimp. The pilot found a telephone and routed an ice plant operator out of bed. Using his Sunday-best Spanish, he cajoled the Mexican into bringing out a truck load of shaved ice. The shrimp were saved, and the next morning delivered fresh at Brownsville.

PAA pilots’ logbooks are full of similar crises, especially apt to arise if animals are aboard. There was the cow being flown from Guatemala to San Jose, Costa Rica. When the Clipper reached San Jose at sundown, the skipper found there was no ramp nor hoist to disembark the cow.

The pilot hurriedly rolled up an engine work stand and led the cow out onto it. As he taxied out he could see the disconsolate creature outlined against the dimming sky, eight feet off the ground. He’s often wondered how they got that cow down to earth.

Then there was the little spider monkey that escaped his cage aloft and startled the crew by leaping into the cockpit and disappearing behind the control panel. When the Clipper reached Miami, mechanics took the plane’s nose almost before they were able to reach the little rascal.

Bites from nasty-tempered toucans, parrots and monkeys, and an occasional kick from a nervous horse are accepted hazards, and the cargo pilots take it all in stride. They enjoy it! You couldn’t get them back on a passenger run, even if you dangled a passenger list full of Betty Grables and Hedy Lamarrs in front of them.
BIG SEVEN FOOTBALL
PLAY-BY-PLAY
by
LARRY RAY
WHB • KANSAS CITY

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Sept. 29 Iowa State at Kansas
Oct. 6 Missouri at S.M.U.*
Oct. 13 Missouri at Colorado
Oct. 20 Kansas at Oklahoma
Oct. 27 Nebraska at Missouri
or Kansas State at Kansas
Nov. 3 Kansas at Nebraska
Nov. 10 Oklahoma at Missouri
Nov. 17 Kansas State at Missouri
Nov. 24 Oklahoma at Nebraska
Dec. 1 Missouri at Kansas

* T.C.U. and S.M.U. games will be played at 8 p.m. All other games begin at 2 p.m.

Smiles for all as John G. Gaines & Co., distributors of Hallicrafters Television for Kansas and Western Missouri, sign for the 1951 Big Seven Football broadcasts over WHB. L to R: Jack Gaines, John G. Gaines, WHB Sports Director Larry Ray (seated), and Jack Sampson, WHB Sales.
RADIO NIGHT AT BLUES STADIUM
FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 8 P.M.
LARRY RAY, MASTER OF CEREMONIES
KANSAS CITY vs. TOLEDO

Fresh Egg Catching Contest — Home Run Hitting Contest —
Catcher's Accuracy Contest — Throw From Home Into A
Barrell on 2nd — Wheelbarrow Contest Blindfolded, 2nd to
Home in 90 Seconds! — Two Free Trips to Havana, Cuba
via Braniff International Airways to Winners of Blues
Baseball Puzzle Contest:
AND MORE GREAT SPORTS EVENTS!
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— Kansas City Open Golf Tournament — World's Series —
Big Seven Football Games.
Nightly Sports Round-Up by Larry Ray
Mondays through Fridays at 6:15 p.m.

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MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
Ever Saw a Woman In Half?  
By Frank L. Remington

The specialized school will teach you how to conduct an auction, usher in church, or learn pianoforte technique!  
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By Arthur A. Engel

An authority on mass media explains why he thinks there will be a forced liaison between films and television  
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By Ira L. Nickerson

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THE floods came ... disastrous followed ... and the entire nat looked with sympathy to the Kar Cities, key point of the nation's worst flo disaster. And there were those who thou Kansas City might be unable to surv the great disasters. But these were peo who are unfamiliar with Kansas City . its heart and its spirit.

Yes, it's true that Kansas City and nei boring communities suffered severely . suffered damage that might have spel defeat to some areas.

But the Kansas City Spirit came to fore in this most recent emergency, as it has always come forth in the past.

And now, three months after that fatal "Friday the Thirteenth" of mid-July, you can witness the tremendous task that has been accomplished ... the "digging of the Kansas Cities from the mud, filth and waste.

And now the nation knows that Kar City has overcome its obstacle and is con tinuing to forge ahead into its second cen tury as a modern, progressive American city ... a city with a future as promis as the spirit it embodies.

WHB • Your Favorite Neighbor • KANSAS CITY
Amercia's Date with Destiny is shaping up. Ike is getting his armies in Western Europe. At San Francisco, Dulles and Acheson won their international match against Gromyko and Golunsky, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. It was a week that made diplomatic history—and simultaneously provided television with dramatic material of world significance for its coast-to-coast debut. President Truman's speech and the week's treaty sessions spanned the 2,600-mile breadth of our nation in the first programs ever to be televised from sea to sea across our land... picturing living history as reported by radio and the press. It was the prelude to a new era in communications.

Japan got a treaty conceived in kindliness and cooperation, rather than malice. And, of course, the Korean Armistice talks bogged down again. General Marshall, who had played the most critical and positive role in the formation of our China policy, resigned. Slowly the nation may be awakening to the mistake of allowing the Communists to grow to power in China. But the treaty at San Francisco certainly marked a turning-point in cold-war diplomacy: never before have Communists suffered such a sharp diplomatic defeat.

Meanwhile, our nation arms—on the double. Tearfully we regret our 81,000 casualties in Korea to date, but we are grateful that this "police action" war shocked us out of ever again attempting to stroll peacefully, unarmed, in a bandit-infested world.

Judging by the tests of guided missiles, the building of an atomic-powered submarine, complete designs for planes that fly 1,800 miles an hour higher than 200,000 feet, and hints of other awe-ful mystery weapons, "push button" warfare (if needed) actually is just around the corner. Move over, Buck Rogers!

Here at home in Kansas City, we've dug out of the flood, business is zooming back toward its normal boom proportions, baseball's World Series is almost upon us, the American Royal will take place as scheduled, the Philharmonic starts its season October 23rd—and the October weather is perfect. In such a world, take time out to pray for peace!
Colorful Raymond Schindler leads an exciting life—as incredibly adventuresome as some of your favorite radio and TV detectives!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

EVER since Sir A. Conan Doyle created the immortal Holmes, a whole literature has glorified unofficial sleuths who solve crimes. Yet any real-life private eye will admit that today criminal cases usually are handled by the authorities. America’s most famous private detective, Raymond Schindler, never even carries a gun, in fact. But unlike most private eyes, 68-year-old Schindler has dealt with his share of crime. During his career, he probably has cracked more celebrated cases than any man alive.

His most sensational case, perhaps, was the murder of 10-year-old Marie Smith at Asbury Park, N. J., back in 1910. Although a Negro ex-convict nicknamed “Black Diamond” was indicted on circumstantial evidence, a wealthy citizen became convinced of his innocence and hired the William J. Burns Detective Agency to investigate. Schindler, then 28 and manager for Burns, drew the assignment of tracking down the culprit.

Seven persons were in the vicinity when the child was slain. By elimina-
ion, Schindler whittled down the sus-
tects to the accused and another man.
\textit{Planting} a colored detective in “Black
Diamond’s” cell, Schindler obtained
information which convinced him that
he Negro was innocent. Only one
other suspect remained—a florist
amed Frank Heideman—and the
ruth waged a clever campaign to
ring him to justice.

First, Schindler assigned an opera-
ve to throw stones at the German
hepherd dog which Heideman kept
hained up outside his house at night.

ice nightly, the dog thereupon set
p a terrible howl. Heideman stood
for ten nights; then fled Asbury
ark.

Confident he had the right man,
schindler had him trailed to New
ork. There the suspect put up at a
heap hotel, and soon fell into the
bit of taking his meals at a certain
restaurant. Before long, Heideman
et a fellow German named Carl
Neumeister, and they became fast
riends. (Neumeister happened to be
Schindler operative assigned to
ope” Heideman.)

The pair whiled away the time by
laying cards together. They found
ach other so congenial, in fact, that
hey took a room together. Neumei-
ter confided he was living on $75 a
EEK from a German estate that was
eing settled. To prove it, he took
Heideman to a bank where the vice-
resident handed over a $75 check
nd mentioned the estate. (The bank
official, of course, was a friend of
Schindler’s.)

Attempting to work on Heideman’s
conscience, Schindler next arranged
with a movie theatre manager to
screen for one performance a horror
film showing a little girl being mur-
dered. Heideman was taken to the
show by Neumeister, and reacted as
expected. Nauseated, he fled the
theatre.

The suspect, however, was still far
from cracking, but Schindler’s next
move was a strategic masterpiece. The
“roper” was directed to take Heides-
man for an auto ride in the country.
Along a lonely Westchester road,
Neumeister got into an argument
with a stranger who pulled a knife
on him. The “roper” drew a gun and
fired. The stranger, another Schind-
ler operative, fell to the ground
“mortally” wounded, “victim” of the
blanks that had been fired at him.

A Yonkers newspaper, whose edi-
tor was a friend of Schindler’s, the
following day ran a front page story
about the “murder” in a single,
specially-prepared copy of the issue.
Neumeister showed it to Heideman,
and the pair promptly fled to Atlantic
City. There the roper “inadvertently”
left a steamship ticket for Germany
on the bureau in their hotel room.
Heideman, of course, saw it and rose
to the bait. He begged Neumeister
to take him to Germany, too. Neu-
meister demurred, saying Heideman
had too much on him after the West-
chester affair.

\textbf{Betty and William Waller (Mr. and Mrs.) are New Yorkers who live two blocks from
he George Washington Bridge. As a writing team, they “write 24 hours a day” and
verage more than 100 articles a year on every conceivable subject.}
Heideman swore undying friendship. To prove it, he admitted he was a murderer, too. Yes, it was he who had done in little Marie Smith. Later, he repeated his confession while the district attorney, Schindler and other witnesses eavesdropped in an adjoining room. Eventually, Heideman went to the electric chair for his crime.

A man of the world, bon vivant, gourmet, and fancy dresser, Raymond Schindler is a colorful character who has friends in every strata of society. That is a must for any successful private eye; and Schindler frequently has used them in handling some 10,000 cases.

His career, however, started as far from sleuthing as possible. His father, a Unitarian minister in Mexico, N. Y., at the time of Ray’s birth in 1882, later moved to Milwaukee, where he entered the insurance business. After graduating from high school, Ray went to work for his father, selling insurance in Alliance, O. He was 18-years-old, with a talent for making friends and observing the most minute details; but at the end of the year he had earned almost nothing in commissions.

Despairingly, his father packed him off to Pittsburgh, where Ray surprisingly took a new lease on life. Selling typewriters, he did so well that by the end of the year he had saved almost $2,500. Promptly, he invested the money in a California gold field. He soon went out west to work his property.

Hard luck dogged his steps, and four years later he journeyed to San Francisco with very little gold in his pocket. Arriving the day after the big earthquake and fire of 1906, he picked up a newspaper and spied a help-wanted ad for “historical researchers.” Raymond got the job—and discovered it actually was for a detective.

Within three months he was directing a crew of 42 men, and his exceptional ability attracted the attention of Hiram Johnson, then a leading lawyer and later U. S. Senator. Johnson hired Schindler to obtain evidence in a blackmail case, and was so pleased with the results that he recommended Schindler to William J. Burns, the famous Secret Service man, then cracking a San Francisco graft ring under orders of President Theodore Roosevelt. Ray helped unmask the criminals, and two years later, when Burns opened his famed national agency, he put young Schindler in charge of the New York office.

Since 1912 Raymond Schindler has headed his own agency, and now employs a large staff of operatives all over the country. Having dealt with everything from political corruption to capital crimes, he goes to almost fantastic extremes to train his men for their jobs. Once, for instance, in order to prepare a rope used to break up a murderous Black Hand gang, Schindler first sent his man to Italy to acquire a face scarf. When the operative returned to America, he wormed his way into the gang. Eventually, Schindler and his men helped send seven murderers to the chair.

Like any private eye, most of Schindler’s cases, however, are of a non-criminal or quasi-criminal nature...
in which prosecution is neither desired nor required. Such was the case involving an attractive red-haired young woman aboard an Atlantic liner some years ago. With a male accomplice, she took over another couple for a sizable sum at poker. The wife, lacking enough money to pay her share of the losses, gave the redhead a $100,000 bracelet as security. Arriving in New York, the victim secured $25,000 cash; then discovered the redhead had vanished with the far more costly bracelet.

Schindler was hired to find her and retrieve the bracelet. Using operatives who mentioned the case in the finest restaurants and night clubs the girl frequented, Schindler waged a successful campaign of retribution. The girl lost one suitor—or sucker—after another.

Finally, one night Ray Schindler, his brother and business associate, Walter, and his father, who has since died, were at a table next to the girl at the Ritz. The elder Schindler, a dignified old gentleman, loudly remarked for the benefit of the girl's rich admirer: "This redhead who topped that bracelet aboard the boat—why, she's the greatest swindler in the world!"

The girl's suitor stared at the bracelet, and gave her a piercing look. She fled in confusion, and later that evening Schindler phoned her. He offered to call off his campaign if the bracelet were returned to its owner. The girl made a quick, sensible decision. She returned the lavish bracelet that very night.

The first detective to use the dictograph, and an early experimenter with the lie detector, Raymond Schindler has been involved in more than one fantastic plot. Once, for example, the president of a bank called him in and informed Schindler that an employee was embezzling funds by making entries in an old, inactive account. Schindler spent three weeks narrowing down the suspects to a few tellers. Then he suggested using the lie detector. The bank president openly was skeptical, finally agreed to be the first tested, and turned out to be the guilty one!

Of all crimes, Schindler considers blackmail the most insidious. "Millions of dollars are paid out every year by the victims," he says, "and almost the only check on it is by private detectives. The very nature of the crime makes it the last thing which the victim will take to law enforcement agencies."

Frequently, Schindler is called in by state governments to help prosecute cases, locate witnesses, and otherwise assist in the administration of justice. Years ago, he was often engaged by the federal government, but the F. B. I. handles such matters today. Many of Schindler's assignments now come from the most prominent law firms in the country. He used to work for the American Bankers Association whenever a bank was robbed, but nowadays the F. B. I. is officially interested in bank robberies. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation," Schindler states flatly, "is un-
doubtlessly the greatest investigating organization in the world."

There are detective agencies that specialize in breaking strikes, and others that obtain phony divorce evidence. Schindler will have no part of either. Years ago, he helped crack the "Los Angeles Times" bombing outrage perpetrated by the McNamara brothers. In 1945 he investigated a $3,000,000 Hollywood card swindle in which a leading movie producer was rumored to have been fleeced of $40,000 right in his own home. That same year Schindler also went to Mexico to investigate a gambling ring.

Schindler's biggest job in recent years was the celebrated Sir Harry Oakes murder case. The multimillionaire was bludgeoned to death in Nassau, the Bahamas, in 1943, and his son-in-law, de Marigny, was accused of the crime.

Convinced of her husband's innocence, Nancy de Marigny, daughter of the murdered man, hired the famous detective to investigate. Arriving in Nassau, Schindler quickly sized up the situation. Certain they had the right man, the local police had overlooked several important points. For one thing, Schindler discovered a blowtorch was used to ignite the bed on which the corpse was found, and not an insecticide spray as the police believed. Again, the police claimed de Marigny's fingerprint was found on the screen beside the victim's bed. Schindler upset this theory by proving that the fingerprint actually came from a smooth, glass-like surface, while the surface of the screen happened to be rough. Schindler, in fact, so thoroughly demolished the prosecution's case that de Marigny was acquitted.

Schindler earned a handsome fee for his work, and this tribute from Homer Cummings, former U. S. Attorney General, who made a special study of the case: "I never knew a man to move more swiftly or with surer touch . . . Schindler was employed in this difficult matter and handled the problem in a masterful way."

Another handsome fee came Schindler's way back in the Twenties. You'd hardly expect the Dashiell Hammett-type private eye to handle such a case, but the real-life private eye welcome such assignments. This one involved that very common article of household use, soap. In fact, none other than Lifebuoy soap.

Lever Brothers, the manufacturers of that brand, were encountering trouble. Competitors were marketing an exact imitation of Lifebuoy and taking advantage of millions of dollars worth of advertising in behalf of the famous product. With no advertising cost, but with all its advantages, the competitors were underselling Lever and reaping big profits.

Lever was quite helpless. According to law, anyone could duplicate the color, shape and smell of Lifebuoy without penalty. However, if it could be proved that the competitors were deliberately duplicating Lifebuoy with the intention of gaining by its advertising, then Lever would have cause for legal action. Raymond Schindler was hired to gather such evidence.
His first move was to use a roper posing as a manufacturer interested in producing a new radio show. The roper contacted a soap manufacturer, a Lifebuoy competitor, and stated he was interested in buying a tremendous quantity of soap as give-aways for radio listeners. In on the plot was an old friend of Schindler's, actor Charles Winninger, who played his role with all the verve he was accustomed to bring to his stage, screen and radio parts.

When the soap pirate met "Capt. Andy," he was tremendously impressed. They discussed plans for the radio show. At an opportune moment, the actor excused himself and made his exit. The roper and the soap manufacturer then got down to business.

Many Italians are fond of having their fortunes read. The other day one woman was told: "It is terrible. You will die a widow soon. Your husband is going to die a violent death."

"And," asked the woman innocently, "will I be acquitted?"

Under skillful prodding, the manufacturer claimed that his product was identical with Lifebuoy. In fact, he boasted, it deliberately was securing the benefit of Lifebuoy's advertising. A dictograph, planted by Schindler, recorded the entire conversation. The roper had the soapmaker hanging on the ropes.

The scene was repeated a number of times as other pirating manufacturers were roped in. As a result of Schindler's evidence, the Federal Courts stopped their unethical business practices.

All this, of course, was a million miles away from mystery fiction. Like every real-life private eye, Raymond Schindler claims it seldom happens any other way.

Walking with a native guide on the outskirts of Shanghai, the late George Ade found his passage stopped by a long and solemn procession. A mournful chant, broken by the intermittent clang of kettle-drums, tom-toms, and cymbals, moved Ade to uncover his head, and stand solemn and silent while the marchers passed.

"Buddha?" the American author inquired of his guide, when the procession had disappeared.

The guide looked blank.

"Confucius?" Ade asked.

"Do not understand," the guide replied.

"Was that a funeral?" the Hoosier inquired.


A tourist walked into a Hollywood cafe, spotted Dan Dailey at a table and began to stare. Dailey nodded hello. The tourist turned to his wife and said, "Gee, I've seen him in so many pictures, he thinks he knows me."

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

EVER wonder where the clever night club trickster acquired his talent for plucking lighted cigarettes out of space, or where the auction sale chanter cultivated his voice? Chances are they learned their trade secrets in a characteristically American phenomenon—the specialized school.

Would-be magicians, for instance, flock to the Chavez College of Magic in Los Angeles. In five months the aspiring conjurer learns the fine points of prestidigitation. Before graduation, he must demonstrate his ability to saw a woman in half, pluck silver dollars from the atmosphere, and produce colorful silks and white bunnies from an empty silk hat.

Ben and Marion Chavez, both master magicians, head the faculty of this school which has graduated almost 1,000 students from all parts of the world. Some of the graduates go on the stage or perform at night clubs and in television; others take the course as a hobby.

There are hundreds of similar schools catering to the educational whims and urges of those interested in off-trail callings. Hopeful auctioneers can learn the art of chanting at the Reppert School of Auctioneering in Decatur, Indiana. For 29 years, the faculty of 25 has trained fast-talk artists, and there are now some 5,000 former students practicing the glib-tongue technique throughout the country. Before graduation, a tyro auctioneer demonstrates his ability to sing the unintelligible chant of the tobacco auctioneer.

Deep sea divers learn their trade at the Sparling Diving School in Wilmington, California. The school is operated by Lt. E. R. Cross, USNR, an ex-Navy Master Diver. In four years of operation, the school has graduated students from many for-
There's an increasing demand for trained deep sea divers. Salvage and ship repair activities depend heavily on them. Insurance companies employ them to recover sunken ships, and oil companies for offshore drilling. In addition, construction companies erecting dams, bridges, and piers constantly demand them for underwater work.

The course is packed into sixteen weeks. Classes meet in a unique $30,000 doughnut-shaped diving tank, thirty feet in diameter and ten feet high, for burning, rigging and underwater welding instruction. Teachers observe students making practice dives looking through portholes outside the tank, and from a compression chamber in its center. The next step is working from a barge; then all students must do advance work on a boat in the open sea. The final exam is a deep dive in the ocean.

Here's even a school for Santa Clauses. For the past 15 years, Charles W. Howard, who believes Santa Clasing is a public relations job that calls for specialized training, has taught department store Kris Kringles the tricks of the trade. Located in Albion, N. Y., the school offers two one-week terms each year, the last week in October and the first in November. For a nominal tuition, the white-bearded gentlemen study such subjects as child psychology, realistic make-up, the educational value of toys, and how to make tactful suggestions.

Graduate Santa Clauses receive a diploma and further study can qualify them for a B.S.C. degree—Bachelor of Santa Claus. Only a handful of men have received the emblem of this degree, a silver pin representing a chimney.

Omaha, Nebraska, has a school for ushers. Conducted by Professor E. M. Hosman of the University of Omaha, the school teaches ushers to be courteous, alert, and thoughtful enough to seat a doctor near the door in case of emergency calls. In eight years, this unusual school has trained "congregation engineers" in such subjects as the psychology of meeting people and what the churchgoer expects of the usher.

Sports schools are many and far-flung. July and August find prospective football coaches and referees swarming to class. Each major conference has numerous clinics where the referee or coach can bring himself up to date on the latest rule changes. If the ref's a bit rusty, or a beginner, he can learn the mechanics of officiating, rules, plays, etc. Basketball schools, later in the fall, are organized the same way. The country has a network of schools for baseball umpires. In 6-week courses, would-be umpires can learn how to yell "Yer out" and other technical phrases of the game at Snuffy Sternweiss' or Bill McGowan's school in Florida. One required study is on how to ignore a crowd and dodge pop bottles!

Aspirants to positions as maids, cooks, and butlers can master the knack of serving soup or answering the door in the best Arthur Treacher tradition by attending a two-year course at the Los Angeles Trade Tech-
Technical Junior College. The curriculum includes training for cooks, maids, and housekeepers, as well as home catering. There’s a long waiting list of prospective employers for these household service experts. One woman attended classes for a year, then became managing housekeeper in a swank Bel Air home. In a few years she saved enough money to pay the mortgage on a farm, educate her son, and build a home of her own.

Dr. Bruno Furst, the memory expert, offers a sure cure for absentmindedness at his New York School of Memory and Concentration. Since 1938, he has trained more than 5,000 men and women in the art of remembering. At graduation exercises, after the ten-week course, students must memorize large sections of a telephone directory, the names of 50 or more guests in the audience, pages in magazines, and columns of figures!

As yet there’s no School of Schools but there’s one for every other calling! Only recently New York closed a school for burglars. The professor slipped up on his technique and was arrested for theft. Before his apprehension, however, he conducted classes in the proper way to “case the joint,” the safest methods of obtaining entry, ways of forcing doors, desks, and cash boxes, and techniques for opening safes.

The squad of recruits were very raw. Even the simple orders “Right turn” and “Left turn” meant nothing to them. After various efforts the officer in charge got them halted, and eyed them sadly. “It’s no use,” he said, “it’s not a drill instructor you want... it’s a sheep dog!”

Among the more ethical schools, New York City lists such educational institutions as Mwalimu School of African Music and Art, the High Mountain Ski School, The Chorus Institute, Languages Unlimited, Neon School of New York, Madden School of Primitive Percussion, Caroline Zachery Institute of Human Development, Bartenders International School, Pioneer Diamond Setting School, The Training School for Deaconesses, and the Michael School of Acrobatics. In Los Angeles there are schools with such provocative names as Sally Sargent School of Personality, Nature Music School, Pillar of Fire, School of Plumbing Control and Practice, the Institute of Thought Control and The Institute of Mentalphysics. In Chicago you can attend the School of Pianoforte Technique.

Persons with a secret yen or natural inclination for bird-calling, hypnotism, corset designing, baby sitting, whistling, applied engraving, embalming, musical art, detecting, or what have you, can readily find a coach to teach them the fine points of the art. Let your mind roam. What have you always yearned to be able to do? Decide, then pick up the nearest phone book, dial a number, and you’re off on your hobby, career, vocation, profession, or trade.

The schools are there. Where are you?

Four-year-old Maurice was so quiet his mother became suspicious of his whereabouts. Finally she found him sitting on the floor, perfectly still, doing nothing.

“Maurice, what are you doing?” she asked.

“Can’t you see? I’m only living.”
Rising costs, lack of space, convenience, production knowledge, story properties, and skilled personnel may force a liaison between films and TV.

by ARTHUR A. ENGEL

As television churns from evolutionary development into the rich maturity of enterprise, art and public service, the role of Hollywood as film production source for the greater bulk of its programming becomes increasingly resolved. With the truth will come to Hollywood a prosperity and power dwarfing that of its most lucrative motion picture days, so much so it is questionable if the industry is adequately prepared for the unlimited and unparalleled influence awaiting it.

For, once this dependence on films achieves its full stride and the stations of the country are daily telecasting hours upon hours of motion pictures originating in the cinema capital, the political, social and economic impact of Hollywood will be of such potency that the industry will be subjected to the tests of public reaction as never before. So far Hollywood has shown mingled indifference and inability to cope favorably with public opinion, a problem it must vigorously address itself to in the forthcoming days of television predominance.

More appropriate than any other label, this is the Age of Public Opinion, with all its ramifications and implications. Whatever may have been nascent about it has been fully ripened by the Kefauver Committee hearings wherein were revealed the awesome capacity of television to form mass attitudes, coupled collaterally with a remarkable public interest. So

Arthur A. Engel, considered an authority on mass media and their integration, has been involved in newspaper, motion picture, television and radio work since graduation from the University of Chicago. He was a member of the professoriate that founded the graduate department of journalism at the University of California in Los Angeles.

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powerful a medium as this, then, will undergo the strictest attention ever accorded any channel of communications. Therefore Hollywood's potentially great influence as programmer must, in turn, be governed by an awareness of public relations it hitherto has not demonstrated.

Aside from these administrative considerations of the future, however, the foremost problems pressing on television at present are programming and payment—what to put on the air all those insatiable hours and who is to pay for the steep, ascending charges thereof. The former is, of course, responsible for the trend to films and the other is of merely secondary importance to Hollywood in that no matter the source, advertisers or subscriptions or theatres or all jointly, the revenues are certain.

TRACING briefly the vagaries of programming to this date, the most startling revelation is that of zooming costs. In the early period of television after the war, a thirty-minute show could be produced in New York for several thousand dollars, at the most. As circulation rose and as the coaxial cable spanned additional cities in the East and Midwest, these charges mounted to the point where advertising agencies are now protesting that television is pricing itself out of competition with the printed, outdoor and broadcast media of promotion.

To illustrate, sponsor Frigidaire is spending $140,000 for each of six hourly shows featuring Bob Hope and, since this is a live program kinescoped for delayed telecasting in the Far West, there are no residual incomes such as accrue to films from foreign, 16mm. and other sources. One showing, that's all. NBC's highly-touted comedy cavalcade climbed to a $50,000-$60,000 per show bracket and sponsor and network alike complained of the fees. Despite numerous attempts to turn costs downward or at least keep them static, budgets for live programs climb ever upward.

Important as this is, it is but one of the many factors souring sponsors on live programs originated in Manhattan. Some of the most prominent are lack of space there, necessitating additional expenditures for set changes as well as limitations of scenes; the dearth of talent in the East; the absence of scope and technical effects that only motion pictures can provide; and, the mistakes frequently occurring in live programs that obviously could be deleted in films. New York's resistance to losing out cannot offset these causes for shifting.

ANOTHER facet of the trend Hollywoodward is the plight of stations throughout the country. Television economics demand that outlets be operated an increasing number of hours weekly to defray heavy fixed investments and operating assessments; live programs require skills and personnel that are increasingly excessive in their aggregate price. Stations have attempted to by-pass
AND so, for all these major causes television is gradually seeking its programming in Hollywood. Here are vast studio facilities, thousands of writers, actors, directors, producers, photographers, editors and other artisans involved in the making of visual entertainment—and that, essentially, is television. Here, also, are thousands of props available upon a moment’s demand, animators who possess matchless experience, the experts at trick shots so sorely lacking in live television, and all the many other specialties and accoutrements of motion picture making without counterpart elsewhere. Even a non-filmite such as Chandler concedes, “It is only natural that the television techniques would to some extent be patterned after the motion picture techniques in the matter of lighting, camera booms, dollys and stage facilities.” Present polls foretell such audience preference.

More important than even these assets, however, is the treasure trove of story properties and old films in Hollywood’s major studio vaults. The dollar value of these stories and pictures is inestimable in exact terms, but within the next decade—projected on a basis of some 2,000 stations to be franchised by the Federal Communications Commission—they will easily be worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Tack on several dollars to the stock value of every major studio, if for no more reason than these assets which will surely be capitalized upon just as soon as television circulation warrants.

And this by showing whatever old films they could snag from Hollywood or abroad; but these are quickly being depleted after making the rounds as much as four or five times in a given city. And so, stations are turning to Hollywood for film product that combines economy plus quality usually better than that of the customary trivia and tripe sadly constituting the majority of live, locally-originated television offerings now extant.

In this phase, it is pertinent to dwell shortly on the experiences of Norman Chandler and his Times-KTTV subsidiary. Recognizing the need of stations for programming, he last year attempted to organize a type of “Associated Press” syndication for television whereby a number of newspaper-owned stations would pool funds for production of motion pictures in Hollywood to be distributed amongst them for showings. Basically this procedure is sound, since it represents the best scheme so far devised for joining the manufacturer—Hollywood—and the national market of stations hungry for material to telescast. Incredible mismanagement spoiled the plan but it may be revived under new subordinates.

Another contributing factor to the emergence of film is the convenience of playing it whenever a station wishes rather than in the confinement of a live-hookup. A sponsor who wishes to spot-promote various markets finds that films facilitate this, whereas in contrast simultaneous live telecasts do not. For the individual stations, too, films are a considerable aid by permitting use in accord with the requirements of local advertisers.
Therein, now, is the crux of the major studios’ attitude towards television. At present, the 17,000 theatres of the nation provide a bigger market than do the twelve million sets clustered in 63 market areas tuned to only 107 stations. Given time, when the set census increases considerably and when divestitures of theatres from production allow producers calculatingly to select their best customers, Hollywood will begin to feed programming to television unstintingly, including the stories and films now locked away. The transition from theatrical to television films will likely imply less profit per picture, but the total income and employment will soar.

Meanwhile, some significant activities within some of the major studios forecast involvement in television at not too remote a time. Columbia Studios deliberately allowed Gene Autry to make an initial series of films expressly for television to ascertain exhibitor and customer reaction. The former complained, but no bookings were lost; and boxoffice for Autry’s theatre films remained the same or better, indicating that the TV pictures may have keyed attendance for the others. Screen Gems is Columbia’s television subsidiary and it has lately enlarged its staff in readiness for expansion. Contemplated soon is the filming of television shows on the Studio’s Hollywood lot, as a test of integration with motion picture production.

Warner’s was—even before its proposed sale—said to be experimenting with television films, and although vehement denials pour out of the studio each time this is printed, there apparently was evidence of some activity. Republic Pictures has set up a subsidiary, Hollywood Television Enterprises, to edge its way into television. As is well-known, Paramount owns station KTLA in Los Angeles and is syndicating programs throughout the country. This studio has a list of 1800 shorts produced in years past which it is preparing to sell to the proper television outlets when it adjudges the time to be right. Universal-International has an active, profitable subsidiary, United-World Films, which is engaged in television and the studio itself has produced TV commercials on its lot. Monogram has about 300 old films floating around the country on television. MGM, 20th Century-Fox, and RKO are so far inactive in television, but stories emerge from the last-named every so often relating Howard Hughes’ revived interest. United Artists has a distribution set-up for television films. As is the case in Hollywood, once one studio climbs aboard the television band-wagon, the remainder will follow in close stampede. Most indicative of all was L. B. Mayer’s declaration that “Hollywood will supply the entertainment and television the medium.” Skiatron and Phonevision, home subscription systems, hold forth huge possibilities for film, despite inconclusive results in the latter’s recent Chicago test.

The history of American industry is that supply always fulfills demand. As soon as the market is sufficient, it is assured that Hollywood will find ways and means of adjusting
FITTING into this overall Hollywood picture are the networks, pressed by the manifold problems of current operation during a transitional stage from radio to television, as well as by the need of charting their futures on the unpredictabilities of the latter. Columbia Broadcasting System last year announced the erection of “Television City,” a ten-acre site in mid-Los Angeles at a publicized cost of $35,000,000. These composite facilities, the network declared, would include those for film-making. Veteran motion picture executives do not regard this venture as being particularly sound, in view of costs, technical hazards, and other by-products of film production. After some study, though, it appears the network is committed to a made-in-Hollywood policy for its television programming, and that policy does seem alert to the factors mentioned earlier in this analysis.

Contrarily, NBC has frequently stated its positive belief that New York and live-programming are to retain preference over Hollywood production. Only lately did the network disclose that some of its programming would emanate from the West this autumn, due supposedly to the clamor of such of its artists as Eddie Cantor and Jimmy Durante. It must be recognized that television programming is a tremendous risk to the very existence of the networks; after all, the basic reason for a network is

gained foreign and residential rights to the films it could step up its budget, benefitting the sponsor as well.

Understandably, the most intriguing speculation concerns the majors and their first ventures into television, other than outright release of their past films. One manner of entrance would simply be the interstitial production of low-budget television films fitted into the theatrical picture schedules. The sponsor of the Hope $140,000 live show could, for example, allocate a million dollars for six to eight films to be made by a major studio; these could be integrated into the production scheme so as to lower overhead costs while affording the sponsor a good buy. If the studio

the various problems—including that of many crafts and labor demands—so that it can spew forth the thousands of hours of programming to be required yearly. Right now, notwithstanding considerable obstacles, some 15 to 18 programs produced locally of varying quality are syndicated to stations elsewhere in the nation, by film and kinescope. Amongst television film producers, led by Hal Roach, Jerry Fairbanks, and Bing Crosby Enterprises, it is believed that by 1952 there will be a shortage of space in Hollywood for producing these low-budget pictures, so shifting is the trend from New York. A couple of years back high budget for television films was the $12,000 expended by Lucky Strike for its “Your Showtime” series; now, the Amos ’n Andy half-hour films are earmarked at $40,000 each.
simultaneous airings throughout the country or a large portion of it. Films destroy this premise, in that a can of pictures can be staggered throughout the nation at will and played at the time choice of the sponsor and station. Should the networks decide to get into film production that, too, is a far-reaching decision because making pictures is a specialized, risky business with huge capital investments required, and certainly far afield from what networks have been mainly engaged in to this time in sound broadcasting. The American Broadcasting Company acquired the old Vitagraph studios in Los Angeles several years ago as its base, and announced an ambitious film-making program. The ABC merger with United Paramount Theatres is a logical outgrowth; and a public offering of stock should supply needed funds.

The biggest fallacy in television today—bar none—is that the coaxial cable will spur an immediate flow of programming across country, primarily West to East. This isn't true, as any sound analysis will readily reveal. The time differential between East and West is such that only very, very few programs can command adequate audiences to repay the enormous expenses. Columbia Broadcasting plans to kinescope such programming as it does place on the cable, for stations who cannot pick up the live telecast. Another hindrance is the inclination for mistakes, the limitations of live shows and all the other minus-qualities of unfilmed shows. And, finally, there is the element of cost. The fees for cabling a show cross-country will be so huge (remember the unbroken space between San Francisco and the Mid-West) that these charges, plus station time, plus the program costs themselves will be completely out of reason but for a small number of sponsors or public service events. And so, discount the cable considerably.

To sum up, television is the greatest single challenge of contemporary times. Its deployment for entertainment, for advertising, for education, for information, for public service, and for breaching inter-racial and inter-faith mis-interpretations is so vast in potential that however high our hopes mount for its successes they may all be materialized. In his definitive study, "Technics and Civilization," Lewis Mumford points out that the swift advancements in mechanical means of communication have not been thus far accompanied by equal progress in what is moved over those channels; he deplored the same mediocrities that were given voice, simply at a faster pace. Perhaps—and this may be excessively sanguine—the experimentations attendant to TV will bring some promising changes, at long hard last indeed.

In television Hollywood can find expression for profit and leadership that will relegate its past to puniness. Time alone, as always, will determine how this destiny is met but meanwhile the motion picture industry should appraise and prepare itself for the opportunity ahead. To the West, acquiral of this commanding ideological instrumentality is but another of the manifestations that the Pacific Era is more than merely dawning.
Some men use physical strength to carry their souls to higher places.

by MARION WALDEN

ACROSS the dinner table Fred Haines glared at his son in disgust. “So you didn’t even try out for football,” he said.

“Dad, I haven’t time,” John pleaded. “I’m taking five subjects, and keeping up my practice. Two hours a day, if I can.”

“Couldn’t you drop orchestra?” his father asked. “You’ve stayed with it ever since you started high school.”

“Unh-unh. It’s the best training I can get, and gee, Dad, I’ve about decided to be a musician when I grow — when I’m through school.”

Fred let his eyes wander up and down his son’s figure. John measured six feet; weighed only a hundred sixty-five, but a couple of years would add pounds; had wide shoulders; was fast on his feet. You didn’t need all that to play the violin.

“There isn’t much money in music,” he warned, and instantly regretted it. There was not much money in his job, either. He was athletic supervisor at one of the city playgrounds. It was a living; but no more.

“Maybe I won’t need much money,” John argued.

“But you’ve got a powerful build, kid. You ought to use it for something.”

“Lots of musicians are well built. Look at Menuhin, Spaulding. It takes strength, even if it doesn’t seem that way.”

There was no use nagging. John finished eating and went upstairs. Fred heard him tune up and run off some clear, brilliant scales. Their

Marion E. Walden lives in the port city of Seattle, “midst beautiful mountains, water and scenery.” A housewife and part-time writer, she attended the Minneapolis Music School, was trained to teach violin. She has been published in many Canadian and U. S. magazines. Her hobbies are music, gardening and mountain climbing.
housekeeper began to clear the tables. Fred went to the living room and pretended to read.

What was the matter with him, bringing up a son like John? Of course there was his mother’s influence, but Amy died before John was ten. John might have inherited some of her qualities, but he’d certainly inherited his Dad’s physique. He was meant to be an athlete.

Fred had tried to tell John, without boasting, about the glories of his football career. His college days—ah, there was a life! Of course, those were the days before the big universities began scouting for stars. Fred had simply gone to his home-town college and made the team; but even then his renown had spread throughout this West Coast region. Some of his plays had become tradition. John always listened, polite but unimpressed. Fred couldn’t understand him.

He never had, in fact. He remembered when Amy, small, pretty and serious, had first taken John to a music teacher, and bought him a tiny violin. Fred had thought it was all right for the kid to play with. He believed Amy’s desire was inspired by her sister’s little girl, who played the piano nicely. It was kind of cute. Fred never imagined it would last more than a year or so. Then John’s rapid advancement and enthusiastic practice began to worry him. It wasn’t normal. All the kids he dealt with had to be threatened or cajoled into practicing. John, quite evidently, would rather play the violin than a ball game.

He growled to Amy about it. “Let the kid’s hair grow! Get him a lace collar!”

“Please let him alone,” Amy always defended him. “Professor Berg says he has wonderful talent.” Amy loved music and poetry, and such things. If she’d had a daughter, it would have been all right. But for Fred Haines, the Fred Haines, who had made one of the longest runs in the history of West Coast football, winning the championship game—for Fred Haines to have a violin-playing son. It was ridiculous!

NOW he realized, as rapt strains floated down from John’s room, that all his efforts, unhampered since Amy’s death, had failed. John was still the same. Although Fred had taken him to the fieldhouse and enrolled him in the athletic program, nothing in the line of competitive sports interested John. Fred taught the kids sportsmanship, teamwork, how to pit their strength and skill against adversaries. Those were important things, as important as physical development.

He took groups of boys to the woods and mountains. John really enjoyed these excursions into the Northwest wilderness, but while Fred tried to teach them how to build a campfire and make a bedroll, John would be pursuing a bird-call, gazing up at the treetops to see which forest giant was the tallest. This last summer he had spent his spare time wandering around Mt. Rainier. John could have acquired fine ability in almost any sport if he’d spent half the time on it that he did on these
rips, and on his violin. But there it was. Fred had simply failed to interest him in athletics. Well, he'd keep trying. The boy was only sixteen.

The next night John came to dinner with eyes glowing. "You know what, Dad? A bunch is going to climb the mountain, Sunday, and I get to go. I climbed Pinnacle Peak last week with a kid whose father belongs to the Mountaineers, and they said I was trained enough to go. Isn't it keen!"

Fred perked up. Anyone who could climb Mt. Rainier was no sissy. Maybe it would be the turning point. Show John what kind of stuff a man was made of. He had an idea.

"I think I'll go along, if they don't mind. I've never been up."

"Okay. Swell! I'll have Hank tell his father," John agreed.

Fred had never cared much about mountain-climbing. He'd been to timber line, where it became nothing but snow and rocks, and it seemed purposeless. However, if that was going to be John's sport, he'd encourage it, be companionable. Anything was better than violin-playing.

"Hank's dad says okay, but you better take a physical first, just in case," John reported next evening.

Fred thought it was silly, but he complied. He stepped into Doc Graham's office on his way over to the fieldhouse, and had a going over. Doc's verdict shocked him a little at first.

"It's nothing to worry over," Fred explained later to John, "so don't go putting me in my grave yet. I'll still be wrestling you when I'm seventy. It's the altitude, mostly. Might not be so good. Tell you what, though, I'll ride to the Lodge with you, and hike a small piece."

ON SUNDAY there was quite a party. A dozen youngsters, a few older men and two guides started up the trail. Fred walked about a mile, saying goodbye when he felt his heart pumping too fast. He sat at the Lodge equipped with plenty of dimes for the public telescope. He watched until the party became a series of black specks on the snow, then lost them when they went into the rocks. Three came down, two girls, and a red-headed youth whose skin was burning too badly. One of the girls had a nosebleed, and the other said she "just couldn't take it." After dark the watchers at the Lodge were sure they saw flashes of light at the point of encampment. Fred went to bed.

He was up at daylight, watching through the telescope again. It took him a long time to find them. The specks were high on the snow, scarcely moving, but gradually approaching
the crest. It was hard to keep the tiny moving spots in view. He experienced a slight wave of fear, which he instantly banished. This was the sort of thing for which man was made! Before all the specks had reached the highest ridge, the descent began. He hoped John had made the summit. He himself would most certainly have made it, if he had been there. He realized this sort of thing was competitive, too; keeping up with the best of them. Perhaps John would catch the spirit of it. He hoped so.

Fred asked a guide how long the descent would take, and half an hour before the predicted time he strolled up the trail again.

With difficulty he recognized his son among the first of the party. “I made it, Dad!” John exclaimed, gripping his father’s hand. “I got there! All the way!”

A man wanted to buy a riding horse for his wife and was trying one out. Noticing that the horse required a firm hand and constant control he asked doubtfully, “Do you think this is a suitable horse for a woman?”

The owner of the horse was a tolerably honest man, so he answered carefully, “Well I think a woman could handle the horse, but I wouldn’t want to be the husband of the woman who could do it.”

A woman unexpectedly met Mr. Truman at a private party. Although adept at conversation, she was new in Washington and was flustered at suddenly being obliged to say something. All she could achieve was “Oh, Mr. Truman. I’ve heard so much about you.”

John’s face, although well-greased, looked like a burnt roast. His lips were swollen and dry.

“Oh Dad!” he went on, as they strode along together. “It was wonderful! It gives you a feeling! Somehow—well, I just couldn’t tell you, even if I were a poet, but it was a feeling of things being mighty, and everlasting, and—” His voice faded to a mystic whisper.

Fred cleared his throat. They were near the Lodge. “Son,” he said, “you better do something for your face. You’ve got an awful puckered puss.”

He sat on the porch after the party had gone in. He mused. And he began to understand. With his own fine body, his physical strength, he had competed against others, and he had done it well. But some men might use theirs to carry—Fred blushed even to think the words—to carry their souls to higher places.

There’s a new hollow moth ball, girls. You tuck your bathing suit safely inside.

—Harold R. Currier

“Here’s your birthday present, Peggy. But don’t think it was my idea!”
Half a million letters will be received by our State Department this year commenting on our foreign policy.

by JAMES L. HARTE

AMERICA has become a nation of letter writers. The daily volume of mail received in the nation's capital has grown tremendously as almost every American gives expression to his thoughts. Letters literally pour into the White House, to Congressmen, to government officials, and to editors of newspapers and magazines. The most phenomenal increase, however, has been in letters addressed to the Secretary of State.

This year, at the present rate, more than half a million letters will reach the State Department in Washington. And, like the hundreds of thousands received last year, and those already received this year, they will show that the average letter writer is very decided for or against whatever subject causes his outburst.

No issue within the many complexities involved in our country's foreign policy escapes the flood of public attention. Typical examples of controversial subjects that keep the mailbags full are: Aid to Franco Spain; the imprisonment of Cardinal Mindszenty; official representation in the Vatican; the MacArthur controversy; and communists in government.

The largest number of "Dear Mr. Secretary" letters are honest, sincere expressions of individual thought from citizens deeply concerned with the state of the nation. Next in number are the form letters prepared and circulated by groups or organizations with axes to grind. Then, of course, there is always that group of letter writers from the lunatic fringe who seem to take personal delight in abusing public officials.

The abusive, inane, and sometimes insane, letters are ignored by the Department. The form letters are an-

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alyzed but not acknowledged. Every other letter, however, starts off a chain of efficient action set up for the sole purpose of giving the proper answers.

After the letter has been examined, it is sent to the Department's Office of Public Views and Inquiries. Here it is read carefully and then assigned to one of six drafters for reply. Each drafter, through training and experience, is a specialist in a particular geographical area of the world.

The drafter studies the subject or question, does the necessary research, and types a reply which is submitted to the head of the section for approval. If, as quite frequently happens, the letter propounds questions considered beyond the scope of the drafter, or seems to rate a more extensive reply, Assistant Secretaries of State or their advisors are called upon for assistance. No effort is spared to give the letter writer an accurate and informative answer to his problem. Often, printed material on the subject is sent along as reference.

OFFICIALS of the Department say that a surprisingly large number of recent letters contain religious references or themes, indicating a rebirth of faith in America. Typical examples are those of an exiled Czech, now living in Brazil, who wants to enter the United States, join the army and fight for freedom beside the soldiers of a nation that still believes in God. A New Jersey businessman advises the Secretary of State that our present policies are leading to the destruction of mankind, an end that can be averted only "if the ethical teachings of Christ are put into practice." A Los Angeles housewife offers her 15-room house as a home for war orphans "in the name of Jesus." A Philadelphia manufacturer states that if he were Secretary of State his first act would be to "set up an annual Day of Prayer in America, and petition the United Nations to set up such a Day for the world."

Communism and the Far East are currently the most popular topics of the letter writers, the half-million self-appointed Secretaries of State. An irate Chicago engineer demands the immediate return of General MacArthur to Japan, as he is the one man "the Russians fear." An equally irate Midwestern banker suggests that the Department issue an ultimatum to give Stalin "just 10 days to come into the United Nations like a gentleman or be tossed out like a bum." A Denver attorney demands that we get tough because "a third world war would be a terrible thing but a (deleted) sight better than to have our country enslaved by the Red tyrants."

A large percentage of the ever-increasing mail addressed to the Secretary comes from women. The ladies frequently display a keen insight into affairs of the day on which they make pointed comment. A Chicago matron writes that "pressure from Great Britain to go easy on China is unrealistic from the American viewpoint." Oddly enough, this view is shared by the majority of letter writers, male and female.

Letters continue to pour in by the thousands, protesting any thought of turning Formosa over to Red China.
An even larger segment of the writing population is against rearming Germany and Japan. And larger still is the segment which insists that there must be no appeasement of the known communist enemy.

Only a few of the hundreds of thousands of communications express defeatism, lost hope, or lack of faith in the American way. Typical of these is the New Yorker who addressed the Secretary, in all sincerity, requesting honest information on the progress of space travel, that he might be one of the first to make a reservation for rocket-ship exodus from this planet. "Man's inhumanity to man," he writes, "as recounted every day in the press, makes me think that even though my new neighbors on such planet as I may journey to may have three heads, they will have comparatively honest hearts."

Regardless of the theme, the Department of State is pleased to receive and answer all sincere letters. Despite the avalanche of overflowing mailbags, a Department spokesman says, "From the Secretary down, we feel pleased and encouraged with the letters, for they indicate to us the interest of our citizens. An interested citizen is a good citizen."

Just to make sure, the visiting sun-seeker asked the native Floridian if there were any alligators around. Reassured, he dove in for a swim only to hear the guy on the beach shout a footnote. "Alligators never come around here." The Floridian added, "The sharks scare them away."

A big oil man in an expansive mood decided to spend some money. As he sauntered down the street, he spied three ragged youngsters. Shepherding them into a clothing store he ordered new suits all round.

As the clerk was finishing the youngest began to howl. This upset the benefactor, a bachelor who knew nothing about children.

"What's the matter?" he demanded; but there was no response from the crying child. Turning to the oldest, he asked, "What's his name?"

"Please, sir," was the response, "his name is Alice."

A barber, patronized almost exclusively by high school students, was asked if he made any special concessions that might account for his tremendous success with the kids. "No, the only cuts I give them are hair cuts," he said. "But I do have a method. When a youngster steps into my chair, I always say 'Shave sir?' no matter how young he is. I don't shave one customer in ten in this shop, but it gives them the impression that I appreciate a man when I see one. So . . . they come back again."
It's Your America...
What Are You Doing About It?

"In our own country one out of every six persons receives checks from the Federal Government and the number is constantly increasing. These recipients of Federal aid are not inclined to 'bite the hand that feeds them'. In reality the American people in their pursuit of economic social salvation are being bribed by their own money to sell their heritage for a 'mess of pottage'."

—New England Letter.

"Today, federal taxation and government borrowing against the future are not merely necessary nuisances, they are major determinants of business policy, and they dominate and shape the course of our economic developments, the level of our prices and the extent of our national wealth. They are a lien of enormous size upon our past savings and upon our future production."

—Monthly Digest of Business Conditions.

"If we ever accept the 'government-will-take-care-of-you' philosophy, it seems to me we would be betraying the whole heritage that has been founded for us here in this nation during the past one hundred and sixty years. If we ever accept the planned economy, and the so-called welfare state, it would make all our battles for freedom from Bunker Hill to Iwo Jima nothing more than a travesty and a farce."

—Thurman Sensing.

"To illustrate this economic illiteracy I cite the fact that there are millions of people in the United States—voters—who still believe that the government, of itself, creates wealth. There are millions who believe that the government merely prints money as it is needed. They do not understand that only the productivity and the savings of the people at large make money worth anything. They don't understand that money is merely a medium of exchange and that actually we can only exchange our own individual production for that of someone else."

—Ody H. Lamborn.
SUNFLOWER'S SUNNY FUTURE

Science is finding amazing new uses for the state flower of Kansas.

by BILL SHEPHERD

BEFORE long someone may offer you a piece of cake or a cookie made entirely out of sunflower-seed flour. But that's not all. You may be washing your hands with sunflower soap, painting your house with sunflower paint, powdering your nose with sunflower cosmetics, writing your letters on sunflower paper, cooking your meals with sunflower shortening, and even burning sunflower logs in your fireplace. And these are only a few of the many uses that science hopes to make of this common but beautiful weed.

Professor R. O. Weibel, associate in Crop Production and Plant Genetics at the University of Illinois, says that research laboratory authorities have been investigating the sunflower plant for more than a decade; trying to discover all of its latent potentialities and develop some practical way of processing it.

Scientists are now greatly interested in the sunflower as a possible source of fat and protein. Manufacturers have used the seed oil, the most important single product of the plant, in making oleomargarine, lard substitutes, salad dressing and cooking oils. And with good results. The

Charles William Shepherd is from Pontiac, Ill., a small farming community in the heart of the Corn Belt, and home of Illinois State Penitentiary. This is his first published article, written aboard the S. S. Constitution, where he is Chef's Yeoman, sailing the Mediterranean.
oil is top quality and contains more fat and protein than any other seed—
40 to 50 per cent protein and 5 per cent fat. Most important of all, each
seed is 50 to 60 per cent oil.

Sunflower seed meal, or flour, is
rich in highly digestible and nutritive
proteins. As a natural supplement, it
could correct many of the nutrient
deficiencies of white flour. The seed
flour also contains unusually large
amounts of calcium and is exception-
ally rich in the vitamins thiamine and
niacin.

"Cooking tests at the University of
Illinois with sunflower seed meal have
turned out delicious cakes that are
extremely rich, full-flavored, moist,
fine and even-textured," says Profes-
sor Weibel. "They're somewhat
greater in volume than standard cakes
made of 100 per cent patent flour."

For its use in paints, authorities
have classified sunflower seed oil as
"semi-drying," similar to linseed and
olive oil. It has only a slight odor, is
pale yellow in color, and when used
in fine paints and varnishes, has a 26-
hour drying period instead of the
usual 34 of linseed oil.

The oil has been recommended as a
substitute for olive oil, and producers
have long used it as a base for lini-
m ents. In fact the crude oil, as it
comes from the plant, is of such good
quality that several bakeries have
used it in their products without
further refining. And better yet, Eu-
ropean reports indicate that no other
plant produces a finer honey and wax,
and that many Rhodesian and Russian
farmers raise nothing but sunflowers
for their bees.

MANUFACTURERS have suc-
cessfully used the stalk of the
plant as a source of cellulose for paper
and plastic products. After lengthy
experimentation by the government
laboratories, Hungary started a fac-
tory for the extraction of the cellu-
lose, opening up an entirely new in-
dustry of paper and plastics.

Experimenters have also prepared
the stalks and hulls into a specialty
fuel which they call "pres-to" logs. This fuel is a log about the size of a
loaf of Vienna bread, weighing seven
and one-half pounds. Made by com-
pressing the stalks and hulls under
pressures up to 165,000 pounds per
square inch, the result is a fuel two
or three times as dense as wood. Clean
to handle, leaving only a minimum of
ash, there is more heat energy packed
into it than in lignite, one of our best
known fuels. Commercial use of the
"pres-to" logs has proved them excel-
 lent for fireplace fuel and ideal for
cooking ranges, especially where a
fast, long lasting heat is desired.

Besides all of these newly developed
uses, the first real values of the sun-
flower were as forage and silage
crops, and fertilizer composts. Some
large feed manufacturers use the
whole seed in mixed poultry and bird
feeds, and the ground seed is used
in making poultry mash es.

Although the culture of sunflowers
has spread to all parts of the world,
the plant is actually a native of North
America. As early as 1615 Champlain
found the Indians raising it in what
is now New York. Sunflowers have
been developed most extensively as a
farm crop in Europe, and especially in
Russia, where the value of the seed and oil has long been recognized. In recent years, Argentinians have produced sunflowers in great amounts. Canada has encouraged their growth.

The University of Illinois Agronomy Department became interested in sunflowers as a potential oil seed crop in 1944. Late in 1943, Ezra Levine of the Vio-Bin Corporation in Monticello, Ill., ran several experiments on processing the seeds for their oil and meal. Levine had heard of the value of sunflower oil, and realized the great potentialities of the crop if it could be made to fit into the normal farming scheme. Levine reported the results of his experiments to two Piatt County farmers, Paul Bear and Burt Downey. Their interest encouraged further investigation, and Downey made a trip to Canada, checking on a dwarf variety of sunflower, learning their growth conditions and bringing back samples.

At a meeting of the Piatt County Farm Bureau early in 1944, Levine outlined a plan for cooperation with the growers. He was to obtain the best seed for planting and the Vio-Bin Corporation would process the seed produced. All returns from the sale of the oil and meal would be turned over to the growers. Nine farmers from scattered portions of the county agreed to take part in these trial plantings and grew about 100 acres. The fields yielded an average of 675 pounds an acre, the oil selling at 13 cents a pound and the meal at seven and a half cents a pound. Later plantings brought even greater returns. As each year’s growth has increased in content and return, Professor Weibel thinks the sunflower will assume a larger place in the state’s agriculture as an oil crop, with experiments continuing and better varieties being developed.

Sunflowers are adaptable to a wide range of soils and can be grown successfully in almost every part of the world. However, as with other crops, the highest yields are produced in soils of high fertility. Soils which will produce good yields of corn will produce the same of sunflowers. University experimenters have even produced fair crops on light sandy soil and poorly drained land.

Methods of planting and cultivating sunflowers are similar to those of corn and can be done with the same machinery. Harvesting machinery has not been built, but in some areas it was done with a small-grain combine. As the sunflower gains prominence as a crop of importance, machinery will become available.

It takes from five to eight pounds of seed to plant an acre of sunflowers, and under favorable conditions the yield may vary as much as 500 pounds
per acre in southern Kansas to 1800 pounds in central Illinois. This wide range is, of course, partly due to the effects of diseases, birds, insects, and rodents that attack the plant.

Although Kansas boasts the name of the “Sunflower State,” it doesn’t have the highest production of the plant. About 95 per cent of the sunflower seed produced in the United States today is grown in Missouri, Illinois and California. But there are substantial plantings in Kansas, Minnesota and North Dakota, with smaller plantings in other states.

At present, a sunflower crop will not pay the farmer as much as corn, wheat or soybeans. But more laboratory and field experimentation will develop a hardy, consistent plant to take its place beside the current favorites. The future of the sunflower as a food and feed crop seems assured.

The president of the school board, being of a conscientious nature, made it a point to visit all the schoolrooms frequently. In each room he would make a little talk in an effort to interest the children in the everyday things of life.

On one such occasion, he was telling them of the blacksmith.

“And what kind of arm has the blacksmith?” he asked.

“Big!” shouted the children.

“And why is the blacksmith’s arm bigger than mine?”

“He works!” came the chorused reply.

_—Month by Month._

French explorers forcing a way through dense African jungles came upon a party of cannibals about to have a feast on a late enemy. The cannibal chief greeted them in perfect French. When they showed surprise at his command of the language, he explained that he had studied in France, including two years of literature at the Sorbonne.

“What!” exclaimed the explorers. “You’ve been educated in France and you return to feed on human flesh! It’s unbelievable!”

Well,” replied the chief modestly, “now I use a fork.”

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Tribute to a Trumpeter

The story of Red Nichols and His Five Pennies, who are to present a Dixieland Jazz Concert in Kansas City’s Music Hall, October 3.

by JOHN SAND

The night club had suddenly gone still. It was so quiet you could hear the ice cubes melting in the drinks. The sad wail of the trumpet sneaked down to a low moan. As the last note out of the bright golden horn quit bouncing off the walls, the night clubbers present were transfixed.

Someone started to applaud, almost softly, as if he were afraid to break the mood. The applause spread quickly and as the dammed-up reservoir of high-pitched enthusiasm burst, the night club, with a loud whoosh, broke into a spirited outburst.

The small, red-headed man on the bandstand stood up, bowed slightly and gave his cheering audience an easy smile. You could tell from his lips that he was saying “Thank you,” but you couldn’t hear him. Too many people were applauding.

The man with the horn was Red Nichols. He and his Five Pennies had just finished playing Bix Beiderbecke’s “In a Mist.”

Red Nichols is one of the few men in the world of music to whom night clubbers pay such tribute. It happens often to Red and he’s learned how to accept it. One lover of jazz said, with regards to this phenomenon of a short silence after a Red Nichols treatment of a number: “You feel as though it’s wrong to applaud. You wish you could take those few seconds of absolute satisfaction and put them in a safety deposit box. It’s a perfect moment and you hate to spoil it by slapping your hands together.”

John Sand is a native Kansas Citian who has worked the night club, concert and jazz beat for fifteen years. He recently heard Red Nichols in Hollywood—the inspiration for this story.
The first time an audience ever gave Red Nichols the “perfect tribute” he thought they were displeased with his playing.

“I suffered a lifetime in those few seconds,” he says. “I wouldn’t have been surprised had they thrown glasses at me. Then all of a sudden, they began to applaud and I knew everything was all right.”

Once, after playing a long and complicated trumpet solo for the late George Gershwin in the composer’s apartment years ago, Red was surprised when Gershwin said nothing but, “Coffee, Red?”

A few days later Red discovered that Gershwin was telling friends of the incident. “It was so good,” related Gershwin, “that I couldn’t think of words adequate enough to express my feelings. So I didn’t say anything.”

ERNEST LORING NICHOLS was born on May 8, 1905 in Ogden. His father, a professor of music at the state industrial school, taught Red to play the trumpet at the age of three.

Red treasures a fading, yellowed clipping from the Ogden Standard, dated February 8, 1916. It reads:

“Master Loring Nichols, Ogden’s precocious eleven-year-old cornetist, was required to play two numbers instead of one at the Elks’ show last night. In fact, the audience did not wait for the conclusion of either of his numbers to express its appreciation, but applauded continuously while he was playing.”

Professor Nichols loved his music, but he did not want Red to become a musician. “Dad didn’t know it at the time,” says Red, “but he was fighting a losing battle.”

“It made Pop real happy after I won a musical scholarship to the Culver Military Institute in Indiana. He thought the military atmosphere would steer me into a military career.”

It didn’t. Red was expelled after his first year—for smoking. The ironic part is that he never smoked at home. He learned from his Culver classmates—and was the one who got caught! But, between classes on military tactics, Red organized a combination of young Culver musicians he called the “Culver Jazz Band.”

He worked in a theatre pit orchestra in Ogden; got his first dance band job at $50 a week in Piqua, Ohio, at the age of seventeen; and joined the “Syncopating Five” which became a seven-piece band with the addition of Red and a trombone player.

He barnstormed through Indiana and Ohio for nearly a year and made his first phonograph records with this group, “Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye,” and “Chicago,” and then landed in New York City. Then he took a job with Harry Susskind’s band at the Pelham Heath Inn.

With Susskind, Red developed an entirely new technique of Jazz on the cornet. (It wasn’t until fifteen years later that Red’s ideas broke on the musical world under the name of “Swing”.)

At nineteen he formed another band and called them “The Redheads.” The group included such jazz classicists as Jimmy Dorsey, Miff Mole, Arthur Schutt, Vic Berton, Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang.
The Redheads found favor with the public of the speak-easy era, then at fever pitch over jazz. Red's success in New York City was the talk of the music world.

In the same year Red and "The Redheads" made a series of records for the Pathe Company. Then, as today, they were considered the hottest jazz platters ever made for home reproduction. Copies of them are rare now and some of them have sold for as high as a hundred dollars.

IN 1927 Major Andrew White, then the head of the Columbia Phonograph Company, asked Red to record for his firm exclusively. One of the conditions of the contract was a name for the group which Major White wanted to be used only on the Columbia (Brunswick) label.

Red laid awake nights trying to think one up. He still remembers and later used some of them. They included "The Indiana Hottentots," "Ladd's Black Aces," "Arkansas Travelers," "Charleston Chasers" and "Red and His Big Ten."

He discarded them all. One day his friend, Vic Berton, suggested "Red Nichols and His Five Pennies." Under this name on Brunswick he became a national favorite.

Through the '20's and into the '30's Red hired many a new "Penny" as a musician, polished him up and sent him on to his own success. Benny Goodman, Charlie and Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Joe Sullivan, Artie Shaw and the late Glenn Miller are all former musicians hired and inspired by Nichols.

Concurrently with his group's success Red had begun to bloom as a musical director for New York stage shows. He conducted the pit band for Earl Carroll's Vanities for seven consecutive years.

It was during this period that he became acquainted with George Gershwin, who later said, "Red Nichols was the one musician who created moods of pure jazz." Red worked with Gershwin on "Girl Crazy," one of the composer's most successful musical comedy endeavors.

While participating in the "Vanities" productions, Red fell in love with one of the beautiful "Vanity" girls. Her name was Willa Inez Stutzman until she became Mrs. Lor-ing Nichols. They had one child, Dorothy, who is now married.

During the '30's Red enlarged his musical group to orchestra size. He toured the country for a series of hotel, night club, theater and college prom dates. His popularity grew and by 1940 he was known as the "Father of Swing" both in the U. S. and in Europe.

AFTER World War II, he reorganized his Five Pennies and set something of a record in Los Angeles night spots by packing the clubs
night after night, year after year.

Today Red runs the gamut of engagements in radio, movies, night clubs, television. His extremely competent group is even more appealing to the American public; and Red himself is regarded by modern music fans everywhere as "the man who plays the horn of plenty."

Listeners in the Kansas City area can hear a typical program of Red Nichols' trumpet and band every Saturday over WHB at 1:30 p.m., sponsored by the United States Marine Corps. And Kansas Citians will have opportunity to hear his new band "in person" on Wednesday, October 3, when Red and his musicians appear for a "Dixieland Jazz Concert" in the Music Hall, home of Kansas City's Philharmonic Orchestra. The event will have some of the breathtaking fortitude of Benny Goodman's first appearance in Carnegie Hall. Never in its history will the walls of the Music Hall have echoed such a velvet avalanche of rhythm as on this occasion when Red plays Dixieland music of the modern school: orchestrated with care, precision and skill — carefully rehearsed — beautifully played. Such a concert is a musical experience not soon forgotten, of interest to "long hair" musicians as well as to popular music fans and connoisseurs of Dixieland Jazz.

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\text{During his first engagement with a professional orchestra, the youthful horn blower had been slightly at sea in the face of his increased responsibility and, in consequence had not put as much vim into his performance as he considered necessary.}
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"Well maestro," he hesitantly inquired after the show, "how did I do?"

"Not too badly," the conductor replied, "But I'm sure you can do much better."

"Can I?" the horn-player exclaimed, "Just wait until I get on the beam and you won't be able to hear those violins at all."

Sherlock Holmes descended from heaven accompanied by the inevitable Dr. Watson. The two men walked along the city street when suddenly Holmes remarked, "I'm glad to know that modern girls are just as pretty as girls ever were.

"What young lady are you referring to?" asked Watson.

"The one walking behind us."

"But how can you tell that she is pretty? You haven't turned your head."

"No, but it's still very simple. I can see the bulging eyes of the men walking toward us."

A salesman always kept his hat on while working at his office desk. When kidded about it, he shot back, "That's to remind me I have no business being here."

\[
\text{I don't know. It happens every time I touch you.}
\]
As the leaves change color and footballs sail through the crisp autumn air, the annual battle of brawn gets underway with millions of Sunday morning quarterbacks arguing over the merits of the T-formation as opposed to the single wings and spreads.

Football this year has had more advance-season attention than ever before. It stems from publicity across the nation about the over-emphasis on athletics, since the scandals in basketball and other college sports were uncovered. The West Point story got big headlines and the Big Seven received its share when several of the conference schools invited the lads to come West. Six enrolled at Kansas State and one at Kansas.

Life magazine editorialized on page 38 of its September 17th issue that “Football Is A Farce,” calling it an “annual fraud” carried on “at great pain and expense” by the recruitment of players “from the best high school teams, in some cases fattened up by a year of postgraduate leisure at some prep school while gaining height, weight and maturity.”

Life panned the coaches “in their greed to win games and keep earning better money than the philosophy professors” by “inventing the rule of unlimited substitutions and the two-platoon system. . . It is impossible to follow the players even with a program. They have also invented the T-formation, which gets rid of the football. (It is there, all right, but no mere spectator is permitted to see it.)”

“All the pleasure is gone from watching,” says Life, “and the only possible explanation for today’s spectators is that they go out of habit.” Nevertheless, Life predicts, “football is going to be bigger and more expensive than ever this fall.”
“Just about every American college with a big-league football team,” Life continues, “is itself guilty of cheating on the grades of football players. This has been going on for years; every college administrator knows it, and the West Point players knew it, too. If the players at College X can get a B. A. for catching fish, and the players at College Y can get a B. A. for winking at the professor, why should the West Point players feel unduly squeamish? Especially since they were invited to West Point not primarily for their brains and not for their promise as officers or gentlemen or leaders in war but for the express purpose of beating the hell out of other football players.”

Life calls it “the jungle code of college football” and points out that we do not entrust 2,225,000 “of our brightest young people” to colleges upon which the nation expends close to three billion dollars a year just to “give us an autumn substitute for professional baseball. What we really want is a genuine education for everyone who is capable of absorbing it…” Life continues: “A college president who is sorting out his contracts for high school football prospects with one hand, and selling tickets to the stadium with the other, can never keep our faith…” “Better forget about those stadium bonds,” Life says to the college presidents—“forget the bonds and start worrying about your real franchise in American life.”

Whew!

Those are fighting words out here in the Big Seven, where Don Faurrot at Missouri invented the T-formation and wrote a book about it. Out here, where six ex-West Pointers enrolled at Kansas State because they wanted to study engineering, had looked over various schools, and chose K-State because of its excellent faculty, magnificent plant and fine curriculum. Where Doc “Phog” Allen, the basketball coach at K.U., congratulated K-State on offering “haven” and an opportunity for education to the ex-West Pointers!

Yes, we like our football out here in Missouri, Kansas and Iowa—in Oklahoma and Arkansas—and we’re not afraid of over-emphasis on athletics in the fine state universities and agricultural colleges maintained by the states of the WHB listening area. We have faith in the administrators of our schools, knowing that they put education first, always! As an example, these are the words of the new Chancellor of the University of Kansas, Dr. Franklin D. Murphy:

“I have no interest in bringing up the rear in anything, so far as K. U. is concerned,” Dr. Murphy says, “and this includes research, the quality of
scholarships and instruction, and also inter-collegiate athletics.

“We shall work with other schools to maintain the proper balance as far as athletics are concerned, and after the limits and rules are set each year by the conference, we shall follow them strictly. But once the rules are settled, our interest is in winning.”

Dr. Murphy is not alarmed by criticism of outsiders who protest the enrollment of out-of-staters at the University of Kansas.

“If a boy from Jackson, Platte or Clay counties in Missouri, or for that matter, one from Alameda County, Calif., has the intelligence and wisdom to come to K. U., we shall welcome him,” he said.

\section*{1951 Rule Changes}

\textbf{SURPRISINGLY} enough, rule changes by the governing body of college football were slight, and those only minor ones. Here are the important ones:

1. The fair catch has been restored, but without the former option of putting the ball into play by a free kick. A scrimmage only is allowed.

2. Violation of the substitution rule is no longer penalized as delay of the game. Violation carries with it a penalty of five yards for the offense.

3. The ball may be put in play only after the referee signals “ball is ready for play.”

4. The penalty for an illegal shift has been reduced to five yards.

The Big Seven expects to have at least two All-Americans this year. Lineman Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma and Bobby Reynolds, the Nebraska sensation who made almost every selection as offensive halfback last year, are the choices. The severe shoulder injury received by Reynolds recently, however, may erase his candidacy. Tom Catlin, the vicious linebacker of Oklahoma is also a possibility; and if Kansas has a good year, Charlie Hoag will be in the running.

Now for one good story before I close, about Notre Dame football coach Frank Leahy. One of the best stories about Leahy concerns his habit of asking players three questions: “How do you feel?”, “What’s your weight?”, and “How’s your family?”

Some of the players began noticing that Leahy always responded in the same manner, regardless of their replies. So, one day, Tom Miller went out of his way to meet the coach.

After exchanging greetings, Leahy asked, “How do you feel, lad?”

Replied Miller, “Terrible, coach, terrible. Absolutely terrible.”

Leahy smiled and answered, “That’s fine, lad, that’s fine. What’s your weight?”

Miller, who weighed 185, replied, “285.”

Commented Leahy, “Great. Keep it down, lad. And how’s your family?”

“Not so good,” said Miller. “My Dad broke his leg.”

“Glad to hear it, lad,” replied Leahy. “Give your family my best when you write home, won’t you?”

Well, what football coach doesn’t have problems? See you next issue.
A critic who can propose nothing better is just a nuisance.

Everybody seems agreed that the most interesting signatures in the world usually adorn checks.

Show appreciation of your friends now; don’t wait to say it in an epitaph.

The very best way to get rid of work is to do it.

Some fashion magazines tell us that a man should dress to fit his purse. But the law won’t let a lot of us do that.

It’s very fortunate that the Statue of Liberty faces the other way so it can’t see what’s going on here.

Some people read just enough to keep thoroughly misinformed.

Boredom is often a symptom of hardening of the mind.

There’s nothing strange in the fact that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation.

We have done so much to raise our standard of living; now we must raise our standard of thinking.—John Randolph.

How come the ant acquired such a reputation for being a hard worker? Nearly all we’ve seen were on a picnic.

An accident doesn’t just happen. Someone causes it.

On Monday morning some of us are about as fit as a fizzle.

A hobby is something you get goofy over to keep from going nuts.

Some fellows never forget a favor if they ever did a favor for you.

A man of words rather than deeds is like a garden full of weeds.

Punctuality: Guessing how late the other person will be.

Eating between meals helped to develop the sandwich spread.

Today’s profits are yesterday’s goodwill—ripened.

We all have something to fall back on, and we may land there before long.

A divorce is a busted coupling.

Poise: A state of mind engendered by the possession of five or six $10 bills.

Nobody knows the age of the human race but all agree it is old enough to know better.

Many a self-made man might have done better if he had let out the contract.

A scandal is a breeze stirred up by a couple of windbags.

An old saw revamped: “I don’t have any etchings, but, if you like, you can come up and see the handwriting on the wall.”

Don’t worry about finding your station in life; somebody will be sure to tell you where to get off.

Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes.
He who works in a rut will always be narrow.

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day; I'd rather one should walk with me than merely tell the way.—Edgar A. Guest

Some people use religion like a bus. They ride on it only when it is going their way.

Most of us know how to say nothing—few of us know when.

The only one who should put faith in a rabbit's foot is a rabbit.

You learn that you are really aging when the woman with whom you are dancing tells you she doesn't care for younger men.

An argument is two people trying to get the last word first.

The most utterly lost of all days is the one in which you have not once laughed.

If you believe that horseshoes are lucky, don't overlook the fact that the last horse in every race has four of them.

The rich man employs a butler, a valet, a secretary, a laundress, and a housekeeper; the poor man just gets married.

Don't let your pride get inflated; you may have to swallow it someday.

You can't do today's job with yesterday's tools and be in business tomorrow.

If you can't think of anything else for which to be thankful, you might spend a few minutes being thankful you are tough enough to live in this tough world.

Confidence: The feeling you have before you know better.

More cigarette lighters would work if they took their feet off the desk.

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.

A child is a thing that stands halfway between an adult and a television screen.

You can easily tell legislators from lobbyists: lobbyists wear $125 suits.

God may forgive you for your sins, but your nervous system won't.

A whimsical professor, retiring after teaching mathematics for 40 years is calling his rural retreat, After Math.

It's getting easier to find a needle in a haystack than it is in a girl's hand.

In the days of the Old Testament it was a miracle if an ass spoke. How times have changed.

Bachelor: A rolling stone that gathers no boss.

"There's probably some simple explanation, like an overheated spark plug or something."
May we meet it with wisdom, courage, vision and understanding.

by DR. FRANKLIN D. MURPHY

GOVERNOR ARN, Mr. McCoy, members of the Board of Regents, members of the faculty and student body, distinguished guests, friends—

To be given the administrative responsibility of directing a great university can, in most circumstances, be expected to stir deep currents of feeling in a man. But to one who spent his boyhood under the regional influence of this University, whose father was a member of its faculty, and who, himself, learned to love its beautiful campus as a student—to one so situated, an occasion like this is bound to create violent riptides of emotion, defying expression.

And so it is today. I stand before you quite unable to lay bare the depth and breadth of my feeling. Suffice it to say, I humbly accept your charge with a full recognition of the honor and trust it implies and with equal cognizance of the heavy responsibility which it imposes. My confidence that this responsibility can be borne with credit stems from a knowledge of the many persons who are willing to share the load—an alert and highly able faculty; the more than 70,000 living alumni who have carried their loyalty for K.U. to all parts of our state, our country and our one world; the members of the Board of Regents, present and past, whose continuing belief, through thick and thin, in educational opportunities of the highest order for our youth has guaranteed the progressive growth of K.U.; the increasing host of friends not officially connected with the University but who realize the crucial role this institution must play if the destiny of our great midwest area is to be fulfilled; and finally, most important of all, the people of Kansas.

The history of Kansas and that of its University are inextricably interwoven. The courageous men and

Address by Dr. Franklin D. Murphy on the occasion of his Inauguration as the Ninth Chancellor of the University of Kansas, Sept. 17, 1951. Dr. Murphy was Swing’s Man-of-the-Month in December, 1950.
women who founded our state were moved to do so as much by moral principle as by economic opportunity. It is vital to an understanding of our heritage to remember that the pioneers infused into this actual heart of America a burning appreciation of the dignity of man. Here in Lawrence, on this day, we reaffirm our traditional insistence that man must be measured by the yardstick of performance, not by that of prejudice. At K.U. we will not merely discuss human freedom and the dignity of all men—we will put our convictions into practice.

The pioneer settlers of Kansas were, perforce, preoccupied with the physical conquest of the prairie and the high plains. But being men and women of principle, wherever they touched the soil with permanence they quickly built their churches and schools. To them the spiritual and moral went hand in hand with the cultivation of the intellect. Again, we at the University today insist on the validity of their belief. Does one need more than the record of society in the last fifty years to prove that no intellectual effort, however advanced it may be, can have purpose without moral and spiritual direction? To what lasting social purpose are the great scientific and technical discoveries of our scholars if they serve only to make more effective “man’s inhumanity to man”? It must be our aim to demonstrate that human effort of lasting value is achieved only when the razor sharp tools of the intellect are fashioned and used by those whose primary concern is the common problems of mankind.

At this point I must note that the country is presently showing great concern over the “softness” and immorality of our youth. Editorial writers, educators, congressmen, and just plain fathers and mothers, unwilling to put the blame where it really belongs, turn to the nearest relatively impersonal whipping post and in this generation discover it to be intercollegiate athletics. In 1951, just six years after our youth has concluded a savage war, not of its own making—in 1951, when our youth sees its adult leaders preparing an even more effective global bloodletting—in 1951, when in every quarter appears a mounting toll of broken homes—in 1951, when the question “What’s in it for me?” motivates too many of our leaders in public and private life—yes, in 1951, the best explanation for the moral confusion of our youth (we are told) is the so-called hypocrisy engendered by our present system of intercollegiate athletics. I leave it to you to decide who is hypocritical about what. Can we not put first things first?

In passing, let me say that a determined and coordinated effort must be made to curb excessive emphasis on college athletics. A number of University presidents will be watching with interest to see if their joint endeavor to establish a proper balance in these matters will meet with support as vigorous as the emotional attacks which almost daily entertain a public needing something to divert it from the really fundamental and apparently insoluble problems which bear upon society with such urgency.
THE people of Kansas have always held the torch of freedom high. They have accepted and lived the dictum “the truth shall set you free.” Their University must continue to practice as well as to preach the doctrine of freedom of expression without fear of reprisal. Would it not be a ghastly irony if in the process of defending ourselves against a force which denies all personal freedom, we lost our own? Character assassination by innuendo and half-truth, with careless regard for the facts, if encouraged, will inevitably lead to a paralysis of free thought just as debilitating to American democracy as the conduct of those who would utilize American institutions to overthrow and subvert these same institutions. The University of Kansas must provide a moral and intellectual climate in which men are free to continue their search for truth. Nothing is more certain in this life than change. Society, like man, never stands still. It moves forward or it moves back. The status quo exists only as a phrase in the dictionary. Our concern must not be with the foolish denial of the inevitability of change but rather with means to channel its forces in those directions which permit progress in a free society. Stifle the intellectual freedom of our universities and you stop the progress of American democracy.

This is not to say, however, that we can permit freedom to be murdered in the name of freedom. Any influence which has as its avowed purpose the ultimate elimination of the personal rights of individual people must and will be rooted out with dispatch and vigor.

Kansas has a notable record of what I have come to call “sensible progressivism.” As problems have arisen they have been met, for the most part, with imagination, social maturity and common sense. It is therefore to be expected that what Chancellor Strong called “the most powerful intellectual and spiritual agency in the commonwealth” would show these same qualities in constructing educational programs to fit our youth for the needs and demands of the mid-twentieth century. Obviously, the curricula of the various schools of this University can not be cast in the concrete of tradition. They must be pliable, under constant scrutiny and revision, so that they maintain their touch with the realities of today and tomorrow.

What are these realities of 1951? We see a world made so small by man’s ingenuity that we are the near neighbors of all the peoples of the globe, millions of whom are chronically hungry and ill, in spite of untold natural wealth under their feet, and who are therefore fair game for the Communist with his glittering lies. We find both to our surprise and sometimes, I think, to our dismay that to us has fallen the leadership of the free world, attended by unavoidable responsibilities. In spite of two major world wars in less than thirty years, we seem to be as far from a durable peace as ever. The interest of our people in their government, which in the last analysis is the most accurate measure of the vitality of democracy, has never been as weak if one may judge by the
A FURTHER and related obligation of K. U. is the building of character in her students. As we view the American scene today we must note with concern a diminution in the sense of individual responsibility on the part of our citizens. The sanguine reasoning which encourages the free substitution of the paternal hand of government for private initiative denies the very force which built this nation. Obviously, as society grows more complex, men must place more reliance on organized effort—which usually means one of the various branches of government. But it should be the aim of our public servants to encourage individual enterprise, not deny it; otherwise one day we shall discover that the source from which this nation has drawn its strength will have been enfeebled beyond repair. If such comes to pass, the vitality of American democracy will have become only a nostalgic memory.

Our students must understand their responsibilities to themselves and their neighbors. They must be made to think and act independently and be given the right and opportunity to make their own decisions. If young men are old enough to fight in defense of their country, they certainly are entitled to major authority in handling their own affairs in this University, and we consider strong and active student government to be a vital force in preparing men and women for the responsibilities of citizenship. We must make certain, insofar as possible, that students do not lose enthusiasm for self-learning while wandering about in a frustrating maze of rules and regulations and that they

percentage of eligible voters who cast their ballots in the last national election. These are the important and difficult realities with which this generation must come to grips, and they should be of far more "practical" concern to us than refrigerators, automobiles, television or the 40-hour week. To face them wisely requires something more than animal vigor and specialized skill. It will be a primary aim at the University to guarantee as nearly as possible that the students in all curricular fields have, in addition to sound technical knowledge, a broad understanding of the outstanding problems faced by the world of today. The housewife, businessman, farmer, engineer, lawyer, doctor, teacher—all must be interested citizens first, masters of their chosen specialty next. The educator must realize that carefully integrated programs of general education will not compromise the quality of technical training but rather will enhance it. To this end the University must constantly apply not only wisdom and experience, but great imagination.
be encouraged to show initiative in their search for knowledge. In short it must be our purpose to graduate men and women who clearly recognize, and are capable of assuming, the personal obligations which a true democracy imposes on its citizens.

Americans, their lives eased and enriched by the enormous technical advances of the past century, too often fail to realize that these advances would not have been possible but for the basic contributions to human knowledge made by our scholars, working long and devoted hours in their laboratories and in the field. Nature gives up her secrets grudgingly. The drama of the atom began years ago. Its actors, university scientists in the main, enacted many episodes of frustration before the play got well under way. Its progress was agonizingly slow, and its script seemed highly "impractical" to a utility-minded public. Yet as the action unfolded, its so-called dreamy "impractical" heroes, the scientists, have been revealed as the designers of instruments of the utmost practicality and of unbelievable potential for the health and welfare of mankind.

Stop research, and the kind of human progress known to us will die. It should be a matter of great pride to the forward looking people of Kansas that last year, through their legislative representatives, they set the precedent of providing substantial direct support for general research at the University of Kansas. This enlightened step will permit the various departments of this University to lay out both immediate and long-term plans for basic research, the results of which will at some indeterminate time in the future mean for us and for our children a fuller, happier and more productive life.

Along with the responsibility of fostering research goes that of making available numerous direct services to the state. The Geological Survey, the Bureaus of Business and Governmental Research, University Extensions, the Medical Center, and the Teachers and Business Placement Services, to mention a few, almost daily contribute to the development of the physical, cultural and human resources of Kansas. The constant insistence that these services be extended and increased attests to the need for them and their value, and I assure you that the University will meet this need vigorously within the limits set by its budget.

Kansas is rich in colleges of the highest quality, both state supported and denominational. They, like the University, have their traditional and directed place in our educational fabric. We offer them the firm hand of friendship, will take vicarious pleasure in their successes, and will guarantee cooperation and assistance, if possible, whenever requested. To work in harmony at our appointed tasks and thus present a common educational front in Kansas should not be difficult since our objective is the same—the welfare of our state.

It is a concern for the welfare of our people which has constantly shaped the character of K.U. Beginning in 1866, just five years after Kansas was admitted to the Union, this University has mirrored the
growth of the state which nurtures it. Always Kansas has prided itself in its University and always the University has striven to reflect credit on the state. The deep interest of our people in K.U. and higher education was never more clearly shown than by the action of recent Kansas Legislatures, with the active support of the state administration. The University as well as the state of Kansas owe a great debt of gratitude to these representatives of the people which I am glad to acknowledge here. We especially appreciate the establishment and the subsequent realistic adjustment of the Educational Building Fund. Now, for the first time in history, the state-supported institutions of higher education, through the Board of Regents, can plan systematically for the replacement of obsolescent or temporary buildings and for the expansion required by the increased enrollments certain to occur in the near future.

Now let us be on with our business. The day-to-day affairs of this complex world allow little time for mutual admiration. From earliest times man has been continuously engaged in a physical and spiritual assault on the hard cliffs of prejudice, ignorance and intolerance. Slowly, painfully, he has climbed from barbarism and darkness toward civilization and light. It has not been an easy ascent. Often he has slipped at a critical juncture in history and found himself, physically and spiritually bruised, back where he started a generation before. But always, drawing upon a limitless store of courage and faith in himself and the future, he has immediately turned to the task of reconquering the lost ground. As we follow the dramatic curve of his net gain through recorded history, we can not but be filled with a sense of wonder at the magnitude of his endeavor and success. At the same time we must feel the heavy obligation this record imposes on us. Have we the skill, the imagination, and the fortitude to carry our fair share? Will our generation be recorded as one which slipped and fell, thereby setting back mankind's time table for a century or two?

Yes, this generation has a crucial date with destiny. It is the terrible yet exciting responsibility of the University of Kansas to prepare men and women so that they may bring to this meeting wisdom, courage, vision and understanding. We pledge our effort to this end, and with the help of God, the father of all peoples in all lands, we will not fail—we dare not fail.
The American cowboy has been modernized in all respects save one—his virile, original language.

by INES SLATE

Times have changed out in the great open spaces and the cowboy has changed with them. Today he rides a jeep over the range more often than he rides a horse, although many occasions find him still in the saddle. He oils windmills, repairs fences, and totes his horse behind him in a trailer. But in one important respect, he hasn't changed in the least; his language is still virile, original and compelling.

The cowboy today, as fiction insists and facts reveal, remains a lonely person. Most of his conversation is based on daily living, dredged up from long hours of intense concentration. No attempt is made to describe anything to you, instead a trenchant word picture is drawn. He'll tell you about the new man on the ranch who is "down-right cat-eyed." Or refer to a companion as being "fryin' size," meaning small, young, or sometimes roly poly fat. Perhaps you'll be told about the new hand who was pitched from his horse, only it won't be put that way. He'll say, "Chuck shore was chasin' a cloud that time!" Should you become obnoxious to him, he'll advise you to "hobble yore lip," meaning to shut up. If you're leaving the ranch or planning to travel, then he knows you're "gonna hit the breeze," and if you're urged to "jingle yore spurs," he's telling you to hurry.

Perhaps you may be lucky and hear a cowboy say, "Man, you shore got wrinkles on yore horns." When you hear those words, be sure to say thank you. It's one of the highest tributes a cowboy pays. The phrase implies unusual wisdom, long and varied experience, and complete trust in your judgment and sagacity.

Ines Slate is an alumnus of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York, a housewife and free lance writer, living in Houston. She has been writing radio scripts for 14 years. Does TV commercials for Foote, Cone & Belding, confession stories, articles for women's magazines and King Features Syndicate.
The man from the big cattle country will think a long time before he pays such a tribute, but when he does he goes all out in his praise. He might even applaud you for “makin’ a hand,” which comes under the heading of top praise. In “makin’ a hand” you’re living up to the cowboy code. You’re distinguished for audacious courage, unswerving loyalty, constant cheerfulness, a complete disregard of personal danger or tough luck, a respect for your companions’ past as well as privacy and, above all, a deep and abiding veneration for the ladies. These are the high points in a cowboy’s code of ethics.

ROMANCE still makes its sweet way into the cow country and, from time to time, the cowboy finds a maid without whom life would be unthinkable. Marriage, his own home, family, and good cooking are all in his mind when he calls on the lady and, with due humility, explains that he’d shore like to “drap his rope on her.” But when speaking of a recently married friend, he may very well tell you that “Chuck trapped him a squaw.”

Women are strange and wondrous visions to the cowboy. He shows them the respect due the unpredictable and, whether the lady be the deacon’s wife or the prettily painted little dancer, all are shown the greatest courtesy and consideration. In discussing women, a topic he prefers to avoid the greater part of the time, he’ll color his conversation with many highly pungent descriptions. A woman may be “a runnin’ mate,” “a long-haired pardner,” “a catalog woman,” “a cow bunny,” “a heart and hand,” or just “a sage hen.” And when he wants to “ride herd on a woman,” he’s thinking seriously of going court­ing.

A cowboy is a homely philosopher, as well as a wit, keen observer and accurate reporter. By way of proof, there is the memorable story of the famous movie beauty on a personal appearance tour, stopping for a night in a large cattle town. The cowboys went to town that night, cheered her, stomped their vehement approval and, undoubtedly, made her feel very welcome. But, as one remarked the next day:

“I jest dunno . . . she is a right purty girl, of course . . .” He thought it over for a long moment. “Fact is, that gal’s got so much beauty in her face there jest don’t seem to be no room left for nothin’ else. A good face, now, needs a good fire comin’ from the inside, same like a good stove.”

Peculiar to Texas and other Southwestern states is the “norther.” This blinding, lashing gale would be called a blizzard in other parts of the country, with unexpected high winds and low temperatures. One veteran cow­hand described one, unforgettably, as “jest a-pourin’” smack off the North Pole and ain’t nothin’ to stop it ’cept a bob-wire fence and it’s fulla knot holes.”

There are times when the prairie heat sizzles and pops. The hardened cowhand takes such scorching weather in his stride, but lazy cowhands are not unknown. When one such weary worker abandoned his chores in favor of a shady and, as he thought, un-
observed spot, a fellow bunkie grinned and decided, "Guess he jest got tired of bein' fried and decided to broil awhile."

The cowboy picks his words and phrases from the life around him. In a single sentence he'll incorporate something that is an integral part of his daily life and give the listener a graphic word picture of what happened. "He's caught in his own loop," when he's in trouble, or he's "coyotin' around," when he's being deceitful. When on the run, he's "headin' for the settin' sun," and "in hell with the hide off" when things are really tough. And when he tells you that "his calves jest don't follow the right cow," he's accusing someone of rustling.

He has forged his own language for his own needs, making of it a pithy, pungent, always forcible vehicle of tart expression. His is, above all, a language springing from deep thought and continual observance. The admonition to think before speaking is unnecessary; such practice is second nature. It is thought and observation that give his talk its dynamic force, high originality, its salty and unique flavor.

He'll tell you to "hurry while the gates are still open," when urging you to take advantage of an opportunity. With true prairie sagacity a cowboy will say "only a fool would argue with a skunk, a mule, or a cook." He'll decide to try "playin' a hand with his eyes shut," his way of letting the listener know that this time he's really taking a chance. When he's angry, his language "would take the frost out of a fall mornin'." Dislike of a fellow worker may lead him to point the man out as one who was "raised on sour milk," establishing once and for all the other's cranky disposition. On a morning after an over-large Saturday night he may confess that "this mornin' I ain't got nothin' but a head," cowboyese for the world's worst hangover.

Many of the slang words and phrases we use in everyday conversation are actually cowboy lingo. "Ace in the hole," generally thought to be an ancient gambling expression, is a cowboy phrase dating back to the early days. A man who carried his gun in an unusual place, his boots or waist band, carried an "ace in the hole."

"Beefing," "bendin' an elbow," "gypped," "the first rattle outa the box," "dealin' from the bottom of the deck," and "bite the dust" were all born on the lone prairie.

Tellingly accurate is the cowboy's description of a companion, who, newly paid, sallies forth for a night
on the town. "Shucks, that boy's busier than a tom cat on a January night." Perhaps they'll tell you that the busy one returned home and flopped in his bunk just like a rooster. In case that one puzzles you, it means with his spurs on!

LAUGHTER from deep down, laughter rich and earthy, is in a cowboy's blood. He laughs at you, at his fellow cowhands, at himself, at the world in general. Often the laughter has a bite in it. An old cowboy once remarked of his boss, "If I worked as hard for that man as he expects me to, he'd be rich and I'd be dain."

Sometimes hard luck strikes the cattle country, as in the instance when a virulent fever descended upon the Square Dot ranch, putting most of the cowboys in their bunks. Ordinarily, two dozen men had been kept busy from sunup to sundown. Now their work was handled by three sweating, swearing, laughing hands. The work was done—and well. When the siege was over and the owner complimented the three on their amazing achievement, they grinned in embarrassed silence, until one of them saved the day. Rubbing his scalp briskly, he confessed, "Shucks, t'weren't nuthin' to it. All we had to do was just work twenty-fore hours the day."

As everyone knows, the state of Texas covers a lot of territory. A traditional tale tells of a tourist who inquired of a strolling cowhand if the natives considered themselves Southerners or Westerners.

"Neither, ma'am," was the emphatic reply. "We're Texans!"

The same fierce state loyalty, typical of all cowboys in any of the cow country states, is evident in the story of a visitor who remarked,

"You cowboys really think this is God's country, don't you?"

"Lady," came the answer, "I've heard tell that there are bigger and better places but I ain't seen 'em." A pause, then with conviction, "And neither have you."

Humor the cowboy undoubtedly has, and generosity well mixed with gentleness, too. Carolyn, the eleven year young daughter of a cowhand, was kitten crazy. She collected pictures of them and spent hours poring over magazines looking for still more kitten illustrations. "Oh!" she'd squeal, "I wish God would send me an adorable kitty just like this one."

One Saturday night a couple of the cowpokes drove into town, bought a beautiful Persian kitten and deposited it in Carolyn's room with a note attached to the ribbon: "To Carolyn, with love, from God."

Among themselves, the bucaroos enjoy a bit of healthy sarcasm. A roper once disgraced himself by repeatedly missing his throw at a steer. Face beet red, he tried again—and missed.

"Keep a-tryin'," urged his friend, "maybe by sundown he'll git tired and squat."

Above all else, your true cowboy remains unfailingly optimistic.

"No use kickin'," he'll advise you, "leastways, less'n you're a mule!"
A man on vacation had been told that he would find some good hunting on the lower end of the creek. Gun in hand, he wandered for miles without getting a shot, and was on his way back in the late afternoon when he met a small boy.

"Is there anything to shoot around here?" he asked the lad.

The boy thoughtfully shook his head. Then his face brightened and he exclaimed: "Here comes the principal of my school."

The candidate for the office of sheriff was defeated ignominiously. He received 55 votes out of a total of 3,500. The next day he walked down Main Street with two guns hanging from his belt.

"See here," a fellow citizen told him, "you weren't elected sheriff, and you have no right to carry guns."

"Listen," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got needs to carry guns."

Two doctors were talking in a restaurant. A black market speculator was at the next table.

"I've got several cases of hysteria," said one doctor to the other.

The black market operator leaned over and said in a whisper, "Name your price, mister, I'll take the lot."

In Boston there is an irascible old gentleman whose great wealth is exceeded only by his relentless stinginess. With ill-concealed impatience an improvident nephew waits for his demise, hoping to inherit his uncle's estate.

"Pete," a friend recently remarked to the venerable miser, "I hear your nephew is going to be married soon. Don't you think you should do something to make the poor boy happy on that momentous occasion?"

"You really think I should?" the old man exclaimed.

"Most assuredly," his friend replied.

"O. K.," the rich uncle agreed. "On his wedding day I'll pretend I'm dangerously ill."

The Swing is to WIB in Kansas City

"You were right about not interrupting mommy. Did you learn the hard way, too?"

Centerpiece

WING'S center pages feature beauteous Ava Gardner, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen star, recently noted by Time to be the "IT" girl of this generation. She is expected to take the place of the late Jean Harlow, and has a "mysterious attraction that everybody recognizes but no one has been able to label more accurately than glamour, or oomph, or IT." Miss Gardner's current starring role is in M-G-M's "Show Boat."
"Coppery" is a word for Joseph C. Williams. Joe Williams to you. He has a coppery look—
with his red hair; his bronzed skin; his slight, compact, sturdy figure; his keen eyes bright and piercing as metal. And the tone of the copper metal is a clue to his disposition:
"Copper—a common metal, reddish in color, ductile, malleable, very tenacious and one of the best conductors of heat and electricity."
—Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary

When Joe was twenty, he spent an entire year working away from home “on his own,” in the copper country out west—high in the White Mountains of Arizona, ten miles above the famous copper mining town of Clifton on the Coronado Trail extending from Clifton to Springerville.

Some 3,500 Mexicans worked in the mines; but there were only 25 Americans in the camp—living in a region sparsely inhabited, seldom visited by outsiders.

Young as he was, Joe had a man’s job, did a man’s work—in charge of the Arizona Copper Company payroll and the company-owned houses and barracks surrounding the mines. It was rugged, and it was fun ... but it was also tough! There were saloons and gambling places along the winding main street of Clifton, extending the length of a narrow valley—and there were constant fights, brawls, stabbings and shootings among the miners. Adventurous surroundings indeed for a young man on his first job away from home!

But the mountains provided their contrasting note of peacefulness ... and the place and the opportunity for reflection. Raymond Carlson, editor of “Arizona Highways,” wrote of those mountains: “Whoever has not slept beside a mountain stream or has not heard the soft sound of a gentle wind in the pine trees has missed pleasures that cannot be found elsewhere. Whoever has not huddled around a camp fire on a high mountain, with the morning chill in the air and the air itself redolent with the aroma of bacon and eggs frying and coffee boiling is truly an unfortunate soul and greatly to be pitied.

Don Davis is a Kansan by birth; a resident of Kansas City since 1923; and has served as president of WHB since 1931. A former advertising agency executive, he enjoys pounding a typewriter as much as the next man.
Life has been ungenerous and unkind to the one who has not enjoyed the clean forest smell after a summer rain, or felt the soft crunchiness of a needle-strewn mountain path under his feet, or heard the thunder roll down the mountain chasms, or drank deep from a cold mountain spring. Mountain pleasures are simple pleasures."

Astride a horse on the high Arizona trails, with the mountain ranges rising purple and blue against the sky, twenty-year-old Joe Williams found time to reflect and to think about his future. Behind him was his boyhood in Springfield, Missouri, where he had led a busy, happy childhood and attended the public schools. Then a semester at the University of Missouri in Columbia, where he had intended to study law; but he hadn't liked it. A year and a half at Drury College in his home town of Springfield, where his studies had turned to economics and psychology, with the conviction growing that he would like to become a banker.

His experiences out west brought resolution. Those payrolls!—he handled the money with accuracy and care, and enjoyed it! Management of the company's property!—he thrilled to the responsibility! Where else then, except in banking, could he find a life work that would be a hobby; a hobby and a life work that would be a constant pleasure? He returned home determined not to resume his college studies—but to enter immediately the field of banking.

A natural thing would have been for him to get a job in one of the several banks of which his father was a director—but Joe didn't want it that way. Like his father, he was an independent character.

And perhaps this is as good a time as any to tell about Joe's remarkable family. His father, John W. Williams, was an infant when he was brought to Springfield from Tennessee in 1852, nine years before Abraham Lincoln became President. He grew up to be an easy-going, benign and successful hardware merchant, obsessed with the idea that he should retire at fifty. "No man," he said, "ever amounts to anything after fifty. All he does is ruin the business he built up in his best years." And "retire" at forty-nine the elder Williams did!—to spend the rest of his years looking after his investments in Springfield and managing the five farms he had acquired in that lovely Ozark region. In his lifetime he sired nine children, five boys and four girls. Little Joe was the fifth child, the "middle one."

Joe's mother's people came to Springfield from Tennessee, also. One of her ancestors, John P. Campbell, homesteaded a farm at Springfield in 1830—the year of the first "Great Debate" in Washington, D. C.—when Senator Hayne of South Carolina was insisting that the U. S. Constitution was a mere compact formed by sovereign states, any of which might withdraw from the compact whenever it saw fit to do so. A state, Hayne maintained, could declare an act of Congress null and void, This was the doctrine of "nullification." Opposing him, Daniel Webster, in one of the greatest speeches ever delivered in the English
language, denied that the Constitution was a compact and insisted that the Union could not be dissolved. He denied the right of a state to secede from the Union or to nullify a law of Congress. Webster insisted that the government was a national one, and that the Supreme Court, not the several states, was the final judge of the constitutionality of a law of Congress. The matter was not finally settled until decided by the War between the States.

Springfield who trooped out there to play—with two baseball games in action simultaneously to accommodate them! There was a big barn, with a floor suitable for square dancing; there were work horses, saddle horses, carriage horses and horses fast enough to race at the Greene County Fair. Plus pigs, milk cows, pigeons, pet rabbits and chickens.

Joe’s beautiful, perfectly-groomed mother had two Negro women to do the housework; but she was nevertheless the busiest person on the premises—looking after her own brood, settling disputes among the visiting neighbor kids, serving as a leader and the money-raiser in the struggling Springfield Christ Episcopal Church, and working at her pet charity as president of the Springfield Children’s Home, in which from thirty to fifty children lived. Sundays she lined up her own children in the Williams pew at Church, where Joe’s childish voice from the ages of ten to fifteen was heard as a choir boy. At 21 Joe was elected a vestryman of the Church; and at 25, Church treasurer. He had heard his mother tell of the church debt and was eager to see the mortgage paid. Before he left for the army, he raised the money to pay off the long-standing debt on the Church property! But busy as she was, Joe’s mother had time also for active work in the D.A.R., the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Church Guild. And time, always, for her children. As they grew older, she would wait up nights for their return home; and visit with each one about the day’s events, while she served delicious

In this year of debate, 1830, John P. Campbell opened the original public square town-site of Springfield. It was his niece, Juliet Vinton, who married John W. Williams and bore the nine Williams children—eight of whom survive, six of whom are still living in Springfield today. The other non-Springfieldite, aside from Joe, is his sister, Juliette, Mrs. Roy Cox of Houston.

The Williams family occupied a twelve-room white house on a five acre plot, located at the turn of the century near the edge of Springfield. Nowadays it’s practically “downtown.” Joe’s childhood memories are of a tree-shaded home, of fun in the fields, of all the kids from
home-made cake in the family dining room.

To such a home Joe returned after his year in Arizona. He looked in vain for a bank job, throughout Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Then Fate, spelled with a capital “F,” stepped into his life in the person of the immensely wealthy Landers family from Wisconsin—rich lumber people who had moved to Springfield and were starting to branch out into other businesses with the new Springfield Bank of Commerce. If he could become associated with the Landers, Joe figured, the connection might ultimately be worth much more than a banker’s salary.

He applied for a job to the bank’s cashier, offering to work without pay until he had proved himself. The cashier turned him down. So Joe went directly to “the old man”—to John Landers, the chairman, a strapping-big former-lumberjack turned financier. The bank lacked farm customers; Joe knew every farmer around Springfield and he told Mr. Landers he believed he could secure many of them as customers. Within two months, covering the countryside in a horse and buggy, Joe brought in so much new business that they gave him a job “inside the bank”—at $50 a month.

Capital “F” for Fate also meant “F” for friendship—because in his new job at the Springfield Bank of Commerce Joe became the closest friend and confidant of young Douglas Landers, the big 250-pound son of the ex-lumberjack. Doug was president of the bank. And Doug’s pretty wife, Marie, who was the reigning belle of Springfield in those days, was as smart as she was beautiful. The Doug Landers’ kitchen became an informal planning headquarters for Landers’ enterprises. On long winter evenings—and in summer, spring and fall!—Doug, Marie and Joe would sit in that kitchen—building air castles.

And with Joe on the “inside” as each new Landers “deal” was brought to fruition, it was natural that he should become the treasurer for the many properties which resulted: some thirty-seven different lumber operations; the big Colonial Hotel; the Sansone Hotel; the Landers Building which dominates the “square” in Springfield; and the Landers Theatre. Knowledge and experience gained in such a variety of enterprises was to be of great value to Joe in later life—ideal preparation for his career as a banker. And in just three years from the time Joe had started work at the Landers bank, soliciting farmer accounts, Landers put Joe in charge of the bank.

Speaking today of his early success and rocket-like rise in Springfield business circles, Joe Williams gives much of the credit to Marie Landers,
now Mrs. J. A. Nickell (Douglas Landers died at 43). "Marie was a wonder," he says, "and as clever, active and shrewd as she was beautiful." The "kitchen cabinet threesome" of the Landers and Joe Williams became a foursome in 1914, when Joe first met Sam Herrick's daughter, Nona. Nona's father had the Springfield Hudson motor car agency, where Joe and his father bought the first Williams family car. Miss Nona, a tall, attractive brown-eyed beauty was practically in charge of her father's motor car business. "We'll buy the Hudson," Joe told her, "if you'll teach me to drive." And she did teach him—with subsequent dates, courtship and marriage in 1918 as the result.

World War I had involved America by this time, after Germany began unrestricted submarine warfare February 1, 1917; and the United States Congress declared a state of war existed with Germany February 6. Joe felt he would have to go to war; and his pending departure was such a blow to the Landers family that they sold the bank, rather than try to run it without Joe Williams! But they hoped he would eventually return to Springfield to help them with their other enterprises.

It was not to be. Mustered out of the Army in January, 1919, Sergt. Joe Williams of Battery B, 29th Field Artillery, who had trained at Camp Funston in Kansas too late to get overseas, started his return trip home via Kansas City.

JOE probably didn't realize it; but two Kansas City bankers, John and Charley Moore of the old National City Bank had observed his progress in Springfield, and had their eye on him as a "comer." In those days, the Mid-Day Club located on the top floor of the Commerce Building was one of the plush dining spots for Kansas City tycoons. After a casual meeting, the Moores invited Joe to lunch there, in the very building which today houses his office! The Moores were consolidating their bank with the Fidelity Trust Company to form the Fidelity National Bank and Trust Company. They offered Joe a position with the new bank as assistant cashier. Joe gave up the idea of returning to Springfield, took the job, and Kansas City gained a new and valuable citizen.

Three years later, when Theodore and Hunter Gary took over the Continental National Bank, they employed fast-rising Joe Williams to help in its reorganization. This was in 1922 when the management team of Walter S. McLucas, William T. Kemper, Sr., and J. W. Perry had built the Commerce Trust Company into Kansas City's largest bank. Then McLucas of the Commerce accepted a New York offer with the National City Bank; W. T. Kemper's health failed; and Kemper and J. W. Perry sold their Commerce Trust Company stock to Theodore Gary and Associates. The Kempers repurchased the stock in 1933.

Instead of going ahead with their plans to build up the Continental National, however, the Garys merged it with the Commerce. Joe Williams, who had been employed by the Garys to be their big frog in the relatively small puddle of the Continental Na-
tional, found himself, instead, reduced to the post of an assistant vice-president in the giant Commerce Trust. Such a job was a set-back in title and responsibility for Joe—but a twist of Fate which he accepted with good grace and firm determination to continue his upward climb in banking circles.

The Kansas City trade territory, at this period, was in a financial depression following the post-war crisis of 1920. Farms bought at fantastic prices during the War boom were being liquidated and there was much distress, particularly in agriculture. Many small country banks were having their troubles. In such an era, Joe Williams was assigned the task of helping the country banks and adding correspondent banks to the list of Commerce Trust customers. Now the things he had learned in Springfield, the experience he had gained with the Landers, and Joe’s native friendliness and winning personality began really to count! Two years of hard work, constant travel and persistent solicitation of prospective correspondent banks brought their reward: Joe was made a vice-president and a director.

Any man in charge of correspondent bank solicitation is also an unofficial business ambassador for his city. Everywhere he goes (and he must travel much of the time) he “sells” his city, praises its virtues, points out opportunities which exist there—or opportunities which can be made to exist! Joe Williams was not (and is not) the back-slapping type. No party wag is he! His ways are quiet ways. His friendliness is truly sincere, softly modest, scrupulously helpful. But when the going requires short, swift, sure strokes, he can land a terrific punch!

FOR the next fifteen years at the Commerce Joe Williams headed the correspondent bank division. The years of 1933 to 1938 were years of great growth for the Commerce, headed by W. T. Kemper as Chairman and James M. Kemper as President. In 1938, W. T. Kemper died. Meanwhile Joe Williams had built the correspondent bank accounts in numbers to upwards of 1,300—the largest number in any bank west of Chicago.

To build such volume is a sure test of a banker’s ability. Small wonder that in 1948, when James M. Kemper recommended to the Commerce Board of Directors that key members of the staff be given further rank and recognition, George W. Dillon was made Vice-Chairman of the Board, Joseph C. Williams was made President, and Arthur B. Eisenhower, Executive Vice-President. James M. Kemper moved upstairs (figuratively and literally) to the comparatively calm and
luxurious office of Chairman—while Joe and George W. Dillon began to share the big first-floor Commerce Trust office looking out on the corner of Tenth and Walnut. Financial history has been made in that corner office—and will continue to be! But graphology will have little to do with it.

Years of constant travel made Joe Williams better known to bankers outside of Kansas City than to the businessmen here at home. After many Association jobs in minor offices, he served as president of the Missouri Bankers’ Association, and chairman of the post-war planning committee. In the American Bankers’ Association, he has served as a member of the executive council, and is a member of the legislative committee and small business credit committee. Traveling to New York, Chicago, Detroit—throughout the Middle West, the South and the West—he came to know bankers everywhere by their first names. And that means the big bankers, as well as hundreds of smaller ones. One of his proudest achievements within the banking industry is his successful endeavor to build the Association of Reserve City Bankers into a top-echelon organization. When he joined it, in 1922, the membership was composed principally of bank transit men and assistant cashiers. Joe worked to bring into the group the chairmen of boards, the vice-chairmen, the presidents and the executive vice-presidents of banks in Federal Reserve cities. There are 450 such members today—all top executives in their own banks, commanding, as a group, immense respect and power.

Joe Williams knows 90% of them with nick-name and first-name intimacy, and has served the association as treasurer, vice-president, director and as a member of various committees.

In the rush of affairs today, hobbies no longer take much of Joe Williams’ valuable time. In Springfield days, when one of the Williams farms had been turned into a golf course, Joe used to shoot a fair game of golf. He liked the game because, owning the course, he and his brothers could move the tees at will, to suit their whim. The Williams family, incidentally, are truly “landed gentry” in the Ozarks region, having expanded their holdings (with elder-brother Dr. Robert F. Williams as business head of the clan) to include some 2,400 acres of dairy farms. The golf course was sold to the government as a site for the O’Rieley Veteran’s Hospital.

After Joe and Mrs. Williams had moved to Kansas City, where they were raising their four children in their former home at 606 West 52nd Terrace across from the Loose Park Rose Gardens, Joe for a while did a bit of rose gardening. But when the children had grown, and Joe and Nona moved with their unmarried son Robert to an apartment in the Sophian Plaza, there was no further opportunity for rose culture. In recent years, Joe has taken up fishing—lake fishing, brook trout fishing, deep sea fishing. Joe, Nona and son Bob (who is in the women’s ready-to-wear department of Emery, Bird, Thayer on the Country Club Plaza) spent their summer vacation this year at Lake
of the Woods, Canada, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell, fishing for bass and northern pike. Other cronies with whom Joe spends some of his leisure hours are the members of the Saddle and Sirloin Club and the Seven Eleven Club.

And in Kansas City, there is the Chamber of Commerce secretary, George W. Catts, a good friend responsible for the fix Joe is in today as president of the Kansas City, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce.

Speaking frankly, it has been one hell of a year—thus far!—to be President of the Chamber of Commerce. Joe hates to spend time in long-drawn-out meetings; and this year, to date, the Chamber has had far more than its usual share.

The new administration started off with a gas utility dispute over who would supply gas to the thirty million dollar Ford plant being built in Clay County. Central West Distributing Company serves that area—but their gas supply was inadequate for Ford’s requirements. Ford threatened to build elsewhere. The Gas Service Company of Kansas City, Missouri could supply Ford; but such service required permission from the State Public Service Commission. Central West opposed Gas Service before the Commission; and the stalemate threatened Kansas City with loss of the gigantic Ford plant. It was Joe Williams who stepped in as mediator, working firmly and patiently until he persuaded Central West to withdraw, on condition that Gas Service supply no other customers in Central West’s area. The outcome was a triumph for Williams and it kept the Ford plant in Kansas City—but all of Joe’s tact and diplomacy, plus countless hours of conferences, were required to settle the dispute.

The tumult and shouting had hardly died when a civic hue and cry was raised over the question of whether to hold a “United Fund Drive” instead of the usual Community Chest campaign plus a dozen other independent charity solicitations. Then the Kaw River Flood of July 13th produced another crisis—with all the resources of the community turned out to save all that could be saved, clean up the mess, care for the homeless, and assist the industries affected to get back into operation. In this work the Chamber played a vital role, spark-plugging important regional flood conferences to prevent a recurrence of such disasters by arriving at a workable flood-control plan.

Joe’s platform for the Chamber—his conception of its Number 1 job—is to bring expanding industries to Kansas City. His one thought and one ambition is to build a greater Kansas City. Part recompense for all the countless hours he has spent in Chamber meetings and conferences is the addition this year to Kansas City’s industrial roster of:
Notable strides have been made in aviation. The Central Air Defense Command and the Continental Air Command are to occupy Grandview Airport with construction costing $16,000,000. This will mean a 7,500 personnel increase; 3,000 army personnel for the Central Air Defense Command, and 3,000 army and 1,500 civilian personnel for the Continental Air Command; and will require an annual payroll of twelve million dollars. Millions are being spent enlarging the Naval Air Base at Olathe, Kansas, and many millions are being spent on expansions and improvements at Lake City and Sunflower Ordnance Works. Mid-Continent Airlines began service to Lincoln, Nebraska, providing Kansas City's first connection by air with the Nebraska capital.

"I guess I'm a damn fool about time," says Joe. "I hate to waste it in fruitless, beside-the-point discussion; I hate meetings that don't begin on time and end promptly; I hate people to be late at appointments." There is so little time, really, to accomplish all Joe wants to attempt. There's no time whatever for reading not connected with business—he has to fight for reading time in which to peruse the Wall Street Journal, Chicago Journal of Commerce, Nation's Business, Fortune, Business Week, the American Bankers' Association Journal, "Banking," Banking News, Southern Banker, and the myriad economic and business surveys, forecasts and reviews that chronicle the doings which are his bread and butter. He feels that America's most serious problem is in-

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**THE MAN OF THE MONTH**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Plant Expenditure</th>
<th>Number Employees</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chlorox Chemical</td>
<td>$400,000</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consolidated Grocers</td>
<td>$175,000</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairbanks, Morse</td>
<td>$7,500,000</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ford</td>
<td>$30,000,000</td>
<td>6,000*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missouri Portland Cement</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modern Art Company</td>
<td>$80,000</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Aluminum and Brass Foundry</td>
<td>$400,000</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharp &amp; Dohme</td>
<td>$175,000</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wadsworth Homes</td>
<td>$200,000</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Watkins Company</td>
<td>$70,000</td>
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*Double shift

Ten established organizations have big expansion plans under way:

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<th>Company</th>
<th>Plant Expansion</th>
<th>Number Employees</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black, Sivalls &amp; Bryson</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butler Manufacturing Company</td>
<td>$500,000</td>
<td>1,050</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cities Service Company</td>
<td>$300,000</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colgate-Palmolive-Peet</td>
<td>$400,000</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hershey Wholesale Grocery</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kresge Store Company</td>
<td>$2,000,000</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(the largest of Kresge's 888 units)</td>
<td>—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muehlebach Brewing Co.</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peck's Roeland Park Store</td>
<td>$1,000,000</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Safeway Stores</td>
<td>$Multi-Million in Greater Kansas City</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Wire Rope</td>
<td>$2,000,000</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
flation; and deplores unnecessary government spending.

His time spent at the bank consists of dealing with a steady procession of callers, this year mixed in 50-50 proportion: 50% on civic affairs connected with the Chamber; 50% on bank business. Every morning there’s an executive discount meeting lasting from 8:45 until about 10:30. Mail, dictation and phone calls all crowd for attention—often with New York, Miami, Detroit and San Francisco operators trying to reach him at one time. His efficient secretary, Miss Elma Read, is his “right-hand,” screening the callers and preventing the routine from getting snarled. Joe eats a leisurely lunch in the bank’s luxurious dining room directly above his office—a beautifully appointed restaurant where the bank’s officers and their callers enjoy really delicious food, flawlessly served. A sprinkling of correspondent bankers from out-of-town is usually present.

In addition to being president of the Commerce Trust Company, his outside activities include presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, treasurer of the Kansas City and Jackson County Chapter American Red Cross; trustee of Drury College, Springfield; a director of the Starlight Theatre Association; a director of the Price Candy Company; and president and director of the National Bank in North Kansas City. He enjoys being in the banking business in Kansas City, Mo. and North Kansas City; even as president of the Kansas City, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce, he is always looking after the interests of North Kansas City.

On the social side, he belongs to the Kansas City Club, its “inner” Seven-Eleven Club, and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

He’d like more time to spend with his four children and five grandchildren: little Camilla, daughter of his older son Dr. Joe and Jean Dodds Williams; Linda and Jeff, the children of elder daughter Marie (named for Marie Landers), who is the wife of Dr. Albert I. Decker of Wenatchee, Washington; the two little girls, Nancy and Patti of the younger daughter, Juliette, married to Robert Beeler, a Beloit, Kansas, rancher. Yessir, Joe would like a little more time to spend with them!

WELL, Joe, let’s face it. As Arnold Bennett says: “We shall never have any more time. We have, and we have always had, all the time there is. The supply of time, though gloriously regular, is cruelly restricted. The daily miracle is our allotment of a full twenty-four hours when we wake up in the morning. No matter how much we abuse this gift it is always renewed. No matter how badly we want it there is never more. You
JOYCE C. HALL, president of Hallmark Greeting Card Company, recorded his views of the Kansas City spirit during and after the great flood. His remarks were used as part of the comeback story of Kansas City on Ted Hanna’s “Your Business Reporter,” aired by some 200 stations.

EILEEN WILSON, Decca recorder and star of her own radio program, was a guest on “Club 710” during a recent singing engagement in Kansas City.

RED NICHOLS’ brand of Dixieland jazz music will be heard by Kansas Citians in a concert Oct. 3. His weekly quarter-hour broadcast is heard Saturdays at 4:45 p.m. on WHB.

SANDRA LEA OF WHB described the ceremonies and a fashion show when Stern-Sliegman-Prins demonstrated the “lift slab building method” used in constructing their new $1,000,000 garment manufacturing plant in Kansas City. At the microphone (l to r) are: Ferdinand Stern; John C. Long (hidden), Long Construction Co.; Tom Slick, Texas oilman who helped develop the new building technique; Sandra Lea; and Earl Wells, WHB.

WHB WAS PART of the recent national memorial tribute to the memory of Babe Ruth. Appearing on a special program to honor him were (l to r.): D. W. Newcomer III, chairman of the Jackson County Cancer Society Fund Campaign Committee, Men’s Division; Dr. C. Edgar Virden, Medical Director of the Kansas City and Jackson County Chapter of the Cancer Society and president of the Missouri State Medical Association; George Selkirk, Kansas City Blues Manager; Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director; and Ernie Mehl, Sports Editor of the Kansas City Star.
have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. Out of it you spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect and the evolution of your immortal soul. Your happiness depends upon the right use of your time."

An optimist and a pessimist went into business together. Trade flourished.  
"Well," said the optimist, "we've had a wonderful month. It's been one constant run of customers."
"Yeah," agreed the pessimist dourly, "we've had some good business. But look at those front doors! If people keep shoving through them, the hinges will be worn out in another week."

A woman stalked into a detective's office, planked down a $100 bill on the desk and explained: "My husband has taken up with a blonde hussy, and I'm not going to let him get away with it."
"Well," said the detective, "what do you want me to do?"
"I want him followed 24 hours a day," snapped the visitor, "and then I want you to come and tell me what on earth she sees in him."—Bennett Cerf.

A county agent fresh from agricultural college was trying to show a farmer of the old school how to farm his land more profitably. Finally, the farmer—his patience worn thin by the scientific terms and new-fangled ideas—cut in sharply, "Listen here, young fellow, don't tell me how to farm! I have worn out three farms already!"

One Sunday morning an old Quaker and his wife got ready to go to church when he remembered he hadn't milked his cow. He decided that he could milk without getting his good suit dirty. Just as he got through the cow gave a kick and milk spilled all over the old man. He looked at his ruined suit and then at the cow. Then he said, "I shall neither beat thee nor strike thee, but, by the grace of God, I shall twist thy tail."

For sure, this has been a rough year to be president of the Chamber of Commerce. But as Senator Harry Darby always says: "You're doing a great job!" Kansas City, and Swing, salute you, Joe Williams!

"Don't worry about rats, madam," the pet store salesman assured his customer. "That dog is the best rat catcher in the county."

At this moment the woman screamed. A rat was strolling casually across the street.

Minutes later, when some of her composure was restored, she asked, "Why didn't your dog go after him? I thought he was supposed to be such a good rat catcher."

"He is," nodded the salesman smugly. "Just let a strange rat come in!"

—Harold R. Currier

"Let's pretend we're book censors!"
Midst a resounding “locomotive” and the blare of bands, WHB opens its fall and winter broadcast season with a schedule that is picked to win from the start. Not only are all the old favorite programs back, but many bright new ones have been added, giving listeners in the WHB five-state area top pleasure, entertainment, news and education in radio listening. And with the cool, crisp air rolling in, let’s begin by telling about the sports treats on WHB.

The Sports...

Again this fall, WHB will feature Larry Ray, top sportscaster in the Midwest, in play-by-play broadcasts of the outstanding football game each Saturday in the Big Seven Conference. This year the games are sponsored by Hallicrafters Television and John G. Gaines and Co., distributor for Hallicrafters in Kansas and western Missouri. The first clash was September 22, when Larry traveled to Fort Worth to describe the Kansas University-Texas Christian game. Remaining games on the schedule:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Wild Bill Hickak</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>Wild Bill Hickak</td>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Drama Hour</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Drama Hour</td>
<td>The Weather and You</td>
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<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Drama Hour</td>
<td>Good News Tonight</td>
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<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Drama Hour</td>
<td>News-Robert Hurleigh</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Philharmonic Orch.</td>
<td>Hashknife Hartley</td>
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<td>55</td>
<td>Philharmonic Orch.</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>The Enchanted Hour</td>
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<td>9</td>
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<td>I Love Lucy</td>
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<td>15</td>
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<td>Mystery News—J. Thornberry</td>
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<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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p.m. the complete scores (including West Coast games) will be repeated.

Continuing the rich sports fare which has made WHB “Your Sports Station in Kansas City,” the World Series will be heard over WHB beginning October 3 or 4. During the fall and winter months, basketball will be given thorough coverage when the Big Seven teams begin their preconference schedules and launch their regular season. The basketball broadcasts, play-by-play by Larry Ray, will include the NCAA and NAIB Tournaments. And, of course, Larry Ray will be heard nightly with his quarter-hour sports round-up at 6:15 p.m., Monday through Friday.

The Mysteries...

Two hours and a quarter of mysteries and adventure every night, Monday
## PROGRAMS ON WHB—710

### EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
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### Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

through Friday, from 7:00 to 9:15 p.m., are a highlight of the new season’s schedules on WHB. Your old favorites have been retained, but there are many chilly new ones. You can iron while you listen to these—and putter in your workshop—or do other work around the house—every night for 2 1/2 hours:

**Mondays**
- 7:00 p.m.—Hashknife Hartley
- 7:30 p.m.—Crime Fighters
- 8:00 p.m.—Murder By Experts
- 8:30 p.m.—The Sealed Book
- 9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

**Tuesdays**
- 7:00 p.m.—Count of Monte Cristo
- 7:30 p.m.—Official Detective
- 8:00 p.m.—John Steele, Adventurer
- 8:30 p.m.—Mysterious Traveler
- 9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

**Wednesdays**
- 7:00 p.m.—Hidden Truth
- 7:30 p.m.—International Airport
- 8:00 p.m.—2000 Plus
- 8:30 p.m.—Family Theater
- 9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

**Thursdays**
- 7:00 p.m.—California Caravan
- 7:30 p.m.—Proudly We Mail
- 8:00 p.m.—The Avenger
- 8:30 p.m.—Hollywood Theater
- 9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

**Fridays**
- 7:00 p.m.—Magazine Theatre
- 7:30 p.m.—Strange Wills
- 8:00 p.m.—Danger, Dr. Danfield
- 8:30 p.m.—Diary of Fate
- 9:00 p.m.—I Love a Mystery

In addition, you mystery fans will find more of your favorites every Sunday after—

(Continued on Page 479)
# Current Programs On

## Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
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<td><strong>&quot;Talk Back&quot;—Feltan</strong></td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Ladies Fair</td>
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<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
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## Afternoon

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The Children...

Naturally, WHB hasn't overlooked the kids! When five o'clock rolls around, Monday through Friday, eager little fingers turn radio dials to 710 for the solid hour of Mutual kid shows every afternoon. Try these on your children, to keep them indoors and busy just before dinner:

- **Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays**
  - 5:00 p.m. — Bobby Benson Show
  - 5:30 p.m. — Clyde Beatty Show
  - 5:55 p.m. — Tex Fletcher

- **Tuesdays and Thursdays**
  - 5:00 p.m. — Challenge of the Yukon
  - 5:30 p.m. — Sky King
  - 5:55 p.m. — Tex Fletcher

As with the adults, WHB has provided shows for the kids on Sunday afternoons, too. The "Bobby Benson Show" is at 2, "Challenge of the Yukon" at 5; and that fabulous fearless marshal of the wild west, "Wild Bill Hickok" with Andy Devine is at 6 p.m.

The Music...

Perhaps the biggest and most significant changes lie here. WHB has provided music from western to classical throughout its programming. On the classical side there are three solid hours of classics and semi-classics from 7 to 10 p.m. every Sunday night. At 7, WHB presents an hour of music by one of the great philharmonic orchestras; at 8 the "Enchanted Hour"; at 8:30 the "Sylvan Levin Opera Concert"; and from 9 to 10 p.m., the "Chicago Theater of the Air." The program was moved from its usual Saturday night position so it wouldn’t be blocked out when basketball starts.

For lovers of western music, WHB has provided hours of good ole' cowboy music. From 10 to 12 each Saturday morning, it's "Cowtown Carnival" time featuring recorded western stars such as Gene Autry, Jimmy Wakely, Tennessee Ernie, and many others, plus the Cowtown Wranglers and the Boogie Woogie Cowboys. Earl Wells is the m.c. and Dick Smith, the foreman, provides the news of the day at 11:45 a.m.
Swing
October, 1951

Swinging
the Dial
710

Saturday night is a night of music with a western flavor. At 8:30 WHB broadcasts a half-hour of the fun at the “Cowtown Jubilee,” direct from the stage at Ivanhoe Temple. It includes square dancing, favorite guests and plenty of hot western hoedowns, pardner! From 9 to 10 p.m., you will hear “Missouri Hayride,” an hour of western tunes featuring stars from the Cowtown Jubilee and favorite ballad singers on record.

At 10:20 p.m. nightly, comes music for complete relaxation when “Serenade in the Night” is heard. A period of instrumental music (no vocals), it features pop tunes and old favorites in lush orchestrations—“music to read by.” Then the “Old Redhead’s Show,” featuring Owen Bush with patter and records, takes over from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. every Saturday and Sunday. If you like good popular recordings, stay up to listen to this one!

For an inspirational show with good music, listen to “Wells Calling” from 9:15 to 10 every weekday morning. It’s the kind of show you want to invite into your home, like a good neighbor or your best friend.

Roch Ulmer, disc jockey extraordinaire, is the new master of ceremonies on “Club 710,” Kansas City’s top afternoon show, heard from 2 to 4:15 p.m. Monday through Friday. Not only is he a good disc jockey, but Roch speaks seven different dialects and has a wonderful sense of humor, crew cut and all! His late night program, “The Roch Ulmer Show,” is heard Monday through Friday from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. with the best of the current new tunes and sprinkling of old ones replacing Arbogast, who has gone on to bigger and better things in the world of germish and radio.

The News

An innovation here! WHB has a solid hour of newscasts from 9:15 to 10:15 every night Monday through Friday. You get all the angles on the local, regional, national and international news. Remember this schedule for you’ll want to hear:

9:15 p.m.—John Thornberry
9:30 p.m.—Frank Edwards
9:45 p.m.—Mutual Newsreel
10:00 p.m.—Baukhage Talking

The very newest thing in the WHB news service is the 6:45 to 7 p.m. lineup every night Monday through Friday. At 6:45 WHB will present “The Weather and You,” five minutes of weather news, given in what can only be called a neighborly manner. At 6:50 there will be “Good News Tonight,” the cheerful, spirit-lifting stories from across the nation and at home. The final five minutes will be devoted to the commentary of Robert F. Hurleigh, one of Mutual’s top commentators.

The Old Favorites

A full hour of audience participation shows via Mutual is lined up for the fall season. “Ladies’ Fair” with genial Tom Moore is heard at 10 a.m. and “Queen for a Day” with zany Jack Bailey is heard at 10:30 a.m. every Monday through Friday.

And “Man On the Farm,” the farm program that lays no eggs but lots of chuckles, has been extended to a full hour, 12 noon to 1 p.m., every Saturday. Chuck Acre is m.c. of the henhouse, full of music, games and fun. Won’t you pull up to roost?

You’ll crow about those good shows on WHB!

And Then . . . Nov. 19
The $1,500,000 Surprise—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stars!

Just announced at Swing press-time is a new and important programming affiliation between Mutual and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—whereby M-G-M stars will appear on six hours of Mutual and WHB programs weekly. There will be two big full-hour night time shows each week—and eight half-hour programs: drama, situation comedy, variety, music, mystery. Starring great performers from the M-G-M Studios in Hollywood, whose “box office” names are among the greatest in show business! Watch for the detailed announcement of these fine programs which are to begin Monday night, November 19.

Yessir, folks! . . . “this fall is the greatest of all on WHB!”
YOUR FAVORITE STAR

by Joseph C. Stacey

The average person carries the name he was born with throughout his life. Not so those in the entertainment world, who need a name that is more romantic, or easier to pronounce, or more virile. Below are listed 18 movie stars, all of whom you have seen on the screen; beside them, in scrambled order, are their real names. It's a simple operation of matching the movie names with the real names.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Movie Name</th>
<th>Real Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Fred Astaire</td>
<td>a. Leonard Slye</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Jack Benny</td>
<td>b. Stanley Morner</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Claudette Colbert</td>
<td>c. Charles E. Pratt</td>
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<td>4. Joan Crawford</td>
<td>d. Sarah Fulke</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. John Garfield</td>
<td>e. Frederick Austerlitz</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Judy Garland</td>
<td>f. Lily Chauchoin</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. Stewart Granger</td>
<td>g. Joe Yule, Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Cary Grant</td>
<td>h. Jack Millane</td>
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<tr>
<td>9. Susan Hayward</td>
<td>i. Ruby Stevens</td>
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<tr>
<td>10. Boris Karloff</td>
<td>j. Spangler Arlington Brugh</td>
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<tr>
<td>11. Ray Milland</td>
<td>k. Virginia McMath</td>
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<tr>
<td>12. Dennis Morgan</td>
<td>l. Archibald Leach</td>
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<tr>
<td>13. Ginger Rogers</td>
<td>m. Julius Garfinkle</td>
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<td>14. Roy Rogers</td>
<td>n. Lucille Le Sueur</td>
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<td>15. Mickey Rooney</td>
<td>o. Benny Kubelsky</td>
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<td>16. Barbara Stanwyck</td>
<td>p. Edythe Marrrener</td>
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<td>17. Robert Taylor</td>
<td>q. James Stewart</td>
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<td>18. Jane Wyman</td>
<td>r. Frances Gumm</td>
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SPORTS TALK

by Helen L. Renshaw

You may be the master of none of these sports. Still, certain terms are frequently used, and you should easily tag the expression that goes with the sport. Your job is to identify the sport equipment or expression mentioned with one of the three choices.

1. When your neighbor sallies forth carrying a baffing spoon, he is . . .
   a. Going to the polo field.
   b. Preparing to play hockey
   c. Going to play a game of golf

2. A tappy is . . .
   a. A short golf club
   b. A light stroke or serve in tennis
   c. Another name for a caddy

3. When a player is marking his opponent, he is . . .
   a. Telling him the rules of the game
   b. Giving him a number to wear in a basketball game
   c. Keeping close watch over his polo opponent

4. A ball made from a willow tree root, not to exceed three and a quarter inches in diameter nor five and one-half oz. in weight, is . . .
   a. A polo ball
   b. A croquet ball
   c. A billiard ball

5. When your friend says he is going to the tee, he is . . .
   a. Going to where his horse is tethered
   b. Going to an area where his golf ball may be raised off the ground
   c. Sailing for home dock

6. A daisy cutter is a term used in . . .
   a. Racing
   b. Boat-sailing
   c. Baseball

7. A fungo is . . .
   a. A ball made of leather
   b. A baseball hit by a batter from his own toss
   c. A poor serve in tennis

8. A blue darter is . . .
   a. An off tackle play in football
   b. A line drive in baseball
   c. The name of a Kentucky Derby winner

9. A carom is . . .
   a. A style of riding horseback
   b. A ball that the batter fails to strike
   c. Is a billiard shot

10. A lob is . . .
   a. A lofted shot in tennis
   b. A short putt in golf
   c. Sailing away from the wind

11. When a man speaks of a clewline, he means . . .
   a. The angle at which a baseball is hit.
   b. The line extending from first to second base.
   c. The rope by which a sail is drawn together for furling.

12. When someone refers to the herringbone in skiing, he means . . .
   a. An upslope technique
   b. The hole in the snow he fell into
   c. A part of his dress particularly suited to skiing.

13. Association Football is the official name for . . .
   a. La Crosse
   b. Polo
   c. Soccer

14. A sharpie is . . .
   a. A type of yacht
   b. Another name for the referee
   c. The official time-keeper

15. A bolo is . . .
   a. A game played by eight men on horseback
   b. A gutter ball in bowling
   c. A sweeping uppercut punch in boxing
TRY THESE FOR SIZE
by Norman Daly

The patterns of the diagram on the right are neither mathematical formulas nor ink blot tests! It’s a sport quiz. Just read the instructions under each group and refer to the diagram.

Group A:
The nine balls illustrated are each used in a different sport, and are presented in their comparative sizes. Name the balls correctly with the help of these terms.

Split Shot  Chukker  Love  Eagle  
Sacrifice  Let Ball  Overthrow  
Thrown-In  Hinder

Group B:
Each geometric figure represents the athletic area of a certain sport. Pair the diagram with the appropriate terms listed below for the sport.

Spare  Hammer  TKO  Punt  
H.R.E.  Scratch

Group C:
Here are three teams. Can you tell by the dimensions of their playing fields what sport they represent?

300 x 450 feet  900 x 450 feet  94 x 50 feet

MORE THAN ONE
By Violet M. Roberts

We say a “swarm of bees” and a “tribe of Indians,” but how many of the following can you place in their correct groups?

1. ——— of porpoises  drove
2. ——— of whales  gang
3. ——— of bass  pride
4. ——— of elephants  pod
5. ——— of dotterel  herd
6. ——— of wolves  pack
7. ——— of oxen  sloth
8. ——— of lions  school
9. ——— of bears  shoal
10. ——— of elk  trip
AUTHORS AND HEROES
by Virginia D. Randall

Most mystery, crime and adventure writers choose a central figure around whom most of their books revolve. Can you give the proper author credit for having brought life and personality to the hero?

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Hero</th>
<th>Author</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richard Hannay</td>
<td>a. Leslie Charteris</td>
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<td>Bulldog Drummond</td>
<td>b. Baroness Orczy</td>
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<td>Donald Lam and Bertha Cool</td>
<td>c. S. S. Van Dine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reginald Fortune</td>
<td>d. Talbot Mundy</td>
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<td>Perry Mason</td>
<td>e. John Buchan</td>
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<td>The Scarlet Pimpernel</td>
<td>f. A. A. Fair</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clubfoot</td>
<td>g. Sax Rohmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slim Callaghan</td>
<td>h. H. C. McNeil (Sapper)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Fu Manchu</td>
<td>i. Peter Cheyney</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td>j. Erle Stanley Gardner</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jimgrim</td>
<td>k. Anthony Morton</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Lone Wolf</td>
<td>l. H. C. Bailey</td>
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<td>Philo Vance</td>
<td>m. Valentine Williams</td>
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<td>The Baron and Blue Mask</td>
<td>n. Mary Roberts Rinehart</td>
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<td>Tish</td>
<td>o. Louis Joseph Vance</td>
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ARE YOU A PHOBIA-FIEND?
by Paul Huxley

"Phobia", as the word is used in psychology, may imply a pathological fear or dread, or merely an intense dislike. At any rate, those of us who expect to lead well balanced lives should be without them. Below are listed 15 phobias. Match them, if you can, with their definitions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Phobia</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nyctophobia</td>
<td>a. Fear of fire</td>
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<td>Myophobia</td>
<td>b. Fear of high places</td>
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<tr>
<td>Acrophobia</td>
<td>c. Fear of being buried alive</td>
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<tr>
<td>Triskaidekophobia</td>
<td>d. Fear of open spaces</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thanatophobia</td>
<td>e. Fear of being afraid</td>
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<td>Claustrophobia</td>
<td>f. Fear of darkness</td>
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<td>Taphephobia</td>
<td>g. Fear of death</td>
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<td>Pyrophobia</td>
<td>h. Fear of the number &quot;13&quot;</td>
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<td>Agoraphobia</td>
<td>i. Fear of pain</td>
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<td>Algophobia</td>
<td>j. Fear of confinement</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pathophobia</td>
<td>k. Fear of mice</td>
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<td>Mysophobia</td>
<td>l. Fear of germs</td>
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<td>Phobophobia</td>
<td>m. Fear of dirt</td>
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<td>Ailurophobia</td>
<td>n. Fear of snakes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ophidrophobia</td>
<td>o. Fear of cats</td>
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The Joke That Elected Taft

It's not often that a joke elects a President of the United States. Long memories will recall, though, that a good-natured jibe at William Howard Taft did just that.

It happened in 1903 while Taft was Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. Taft's energetic administration had endeared him to the natives of the Islands, and won respect in Washington, but long hours of work in the debilitating climate of Manila were severely taxing his strength. Furthermore, Taft weighed more than 300 pounds, and under this additional burden, his health began to suffer. Washington officials were concerned and advised him to take it easy.

After a rest, Taft felt much improved, and he and his family headed for a mountain resort to complete his recovery, making part of the distance on horseback.

Shortly after, Secretary of War Elihu Root received a report from the Governor in which he described his mountain journey. Taft cabled: "Stood trip well. Rode horseback twenty-five miles to five thousand feet elevation."

In Washington, Root was relieved to learn of Taft's improvement. Then, as he reread the cable, he saw the opportunity for a joke...a joke that was just too good to miss. He cabled Taft: "Glad you are well. How is the horse?"

In the Philippines, the 300-pound plus Taft read Root's message and shook with laughter. Never afraid of a ribbing at his own expense, he told the Filipino press.

Secretary Root's witticism waited five years for fruition.

When Taft was nominated for the presidency, to run against Bryan in 1908, his campaign managers feared that he was too reserved and not enough "a man of the people" to combat the popular orator. Then the incident of Root's message was brought forth and publicized throughout the land as proof that Taft was a "regular fellow." "How is the horse?" became the watchword of the Republican Party in the campaign, and Taft was elected President of the United States.

-K. F. Jerome

He had been recalled by the draft board. After the physical, a bored sergeant took over the questioning. "Did you go to grammar school?"

"Yes," he answered, "and to high school."

"College?" the sergeant yawned.

"I have a BA from the University of North Carolina," he told him, "MS at Columbia. Then graduate courses at Cornell, back to Columbia for Journalism, a degree from the University of Mexico and..."

The sergeant nodded, picked up a rubber stamp, flourished it in midair and slammed it on the questionnaire—one word: "Literate."

We are cheered by a report that the Red Chinese Government is encouraging inventions by native workers. We can think of nothing that would lead to a quicker quarrel with Russia.

A dyed-in-the-wool Southerner was riding in a streetcar in Washington, D.C., when a woman next to him spoke.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, as the car passed the vast United States Pension Building, "can you tell me what building that is?"

"I sure can," replied the Southerner. "That is a monument to Southern marks-manship."
The Cream of Crosby

Eighteen times a month, the New York Herald-Tribune's radio and television critic erupts pungent little essays on life—life as seen on TV screens, heard on the radio. Swing cannot print all of them in our brief pages...but here are a few of his summer best!

by JOHN CROSBY

Small Town Television Story

SARKES TARZIAN is a mild, low-pressure guy who wears spectacles and is a bit of an electronic genius. By all the rules he should be vegetating quietly in the suburbs, employed by one of the big companies and earning maybe $6,500 a year. But he isn't. After a ten-year stint with Atwater Kent, another ten with RCA, he quit RCA five years ago to manufacture an inexpensive TV tuner, which he now supplies to most of the nation's set manufacturers, in Bloomington, Ind. He invested $40,000 in this enterprise, which last year grossed $13,000,000.

A couple of years ago, he decided Bloomington ought to have its own television station. Everyone said he was insane. The station would cost $300,000. Bloomington couldn't get network programs. No one owned a TV set. There weren't enough people to operate profitably if everyone owned a set. There was no local talent. Oh, there were lots of reasons, all of them sound.

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Tarzian went ahead, anyhow, built the station and all the equipment, including cameras, himself. (Cost: $150,000) Within six months the Bloomington area possessed thousands of TV receivers, (it now has 18,500), one for every five persons, the station was in the black and Bloomington had gone—and still is—television crazy. The reasons: practically everyone in Bloomington has been on WTTV, they’re all—as it were—in the business, and they like to watch how well (or badly) their friends and neighbors do. There is no more avid TV-watcher than an expert, and in Bloomington everyone is.

Lacking local talent, Tarzian offered everyone in town: Mayor Lemon, a local printer, a drugstore clerk, waitresses in the Hotel Graham, haberdashers, ministers, stenographers, hardware dealers, and that old television and radio standby—they can’t get away from it even in Bloomington—the housewife. About the closest thing to a celebrity that was ever offered by WTTV was Bloomington’s most noted resident, Dr. Alfred Kinsey. (No, junior, I don’t know what Dr. Kinsey did on his show. Probably discussed the genetics of fruit-flies.)

If anyone in Bloomington wants to get on television, he just calls the station. With no audition and very little rehearsal, he’s on. Almost everyone, Bloomington has discovered, has something to say or do, and, even in the worst cases, it isn’t any worse than some of the celebrities who show up on Ed Sullivan’s shows and in many cases it’s a lot more interesting.

Naturally this paradise couldn’t last forever. Last summer Tarzian decided Bloomington ought to have live network shows, so he constructed a couple of relay towers (Cost: $110,000) and the town now has all four networks pouring in. Now Mayor Lemon is competing with Faye Emerson and Howdy Doody; some of the bloom has worn off Bloomington; and WTTV is settling into the old rut the rest of the industry is in. The populace still remains loyal to its local shows, just the same.

These include weekly interviews with high school teachers, a local Red Cross demonstration show, variety and hillbilly shows, roundups of local news conducted by Indiana University journalism students, round-table discussions of national and local issues, the senior play at Bloomington High School and the local soap box derby.

Tarzian, in fact, has just reversed the usual order of things. The normal, but by no means the best routine with a new TV station (in a one-station town) is to throw a switch putting on whatever of the four network shows the program manager happens to like. In that way you avoid the headaches of local programming, and can almost avoid thinking at all. You also lose the community loyalty which WTTV has aroused, and which, in the end, is the most valuable property a station can have.

Tarzian’s method has already won him esteem and eventually will win him emulation. He’s had letters from all over the country asking how he did it. When the F.C.C. freeze is lifted, he plans to build TV stations in other small towns, and he’s always ready to show the operation of WTTV to the numerous pilgrims who drop in on Bloomington. You’ll generally find him in blue jeans along with the other engineers, which, in spite of everything else, is what he primarily is.

**Comedy From Boston**

Bob and Ray, whose last names, respectively, are Elliot and Goulding, are a pair of smooth-tongued, literate comedians who have been entertaining Bostonians on a local station for several years with a species of deadpan, deadly satire, much of it about Boston. Now, they have branched out—a fortunate thing for all of us—extending the range of their satire to the nation at large and the size of their audience to the N.B.C. network, where you can hear them for fifteen minutes five times a week or for a solid hour on a nighttime show—altogether a tough assignment.

Already they have attracted a small coterie—in radio a small coterie is anything less than 5,000,000 people—of admirers. One of them is I. Almost everything you hold near and dear—motherhood, the movies, advertising, radio pro-
grams—have been examined extensively by Bob and Ray at some time or other in a manner which leaves little left to be said on the subject.

Not long ago, they got interested in a small business man's forum in New York to the extent of reproducing it. "Seated around the table or possibly I should say on the table are the small business men—Mr. Reginald K. Gabby Porter."

"How do you do. I'm three inches tall."

"Mr. Paul Mell."

"I am four inches."

"Look, please, first of all, fellows, get out of the ashtrays and pay a little attention here now. I see your hand up, Mr. Mell."

"Pass down the butter, please."

"Over with the butter."

"Watch out, Mr. Mell, you're getting close to the edge of the table."

Bob and Ray go on like this in short pithy takes, that never quite give you time to catch your breath, in about a million different voices. About 90 per cent of their stuff is ad lib. I especially like their absolutely free commercial offers like the Bob and Ray Burglar kit. "the only complete burglar outfit offered today."

"Listen listen listen now—complete details."

"Bob and Ray will send you without obligation their famous burglar kit."

"Jimmies . . . glass cutters . . . screwdrivers."

"Awls . . . canvas gloves . . . crepe soled shoes . . ."

"Listen to these interesting chapter headings included in the Bob and Ray Burglar Book."

"Forging ahead."

"Casing a joint."

"These and many more. Also, in the appendix to the book—Bob and Ray's unique list of aliases."

"Aliases you can use over and over again."

"Aliases such as Benjamin Franklin."

"Or Mary Queen of Scots."

"When the postman brings your package in a plain wrapper marked only 'Burglar Kit,' take $3.98 from him."

At various other times they've offered the public the Bob and Ray Home Surgery kit ("How many times have you said to yourself: 'Golly, I wish I could take out my tonsils'.") And the Bob and Ray short-playing record ("Now . . . now . . . now at last it's here . . . only one half inch in diameter . . . the hole is bigger than the record . . . Made of genuine breakable glass . . . Hear Aida in twenty-seven seconds . . .")

Not long ago they took aim at Mr. William Stern, the sportscaster, with a small, gem-like travesty on Mr. Stern's tall sports stories, an almost perfect reproduction of the hysteria and general emptiness of content of the originals. The team is also very fine on impartial surveys. "I see you're mowing your lawn. Would you mind mowing my lawn?"—"I'd be very happy to."—"Now, sir, do you find my lawn easier to mow?"—"Yes, sir, also your lawn is greener and the grass is shorter."—"That's fine."—"and milder."

I don't know if any of this, presented as it is without the pair's matchless inflections and timing, reproduces to any degree the neatness and precision of Bob and Ray's humor. You'll just have to take my word for it they are very funny people.

Bergen Evans on TV

ONE of the best TV quizzes on the air, for my money, is "Down You Go." (Du Mont) a Chicago operation produced by the Louis G. Cowan office which owns the Quiz Kids. The quiz-master is Bergen Evans, a professor of English at Northwestern University, who possesses great charm, enormous erudition and a wit only occasionally overlaid by academic dust. The permanent panel members are Toni Gilman and Carmelita Pope, both very pretty and very bright actresses, and Francis Coughlin, continuity editor at WGN in Chicago, who is very fast on his feet, too.
The nature of the game, a sort of crossword puzzle of the air, is a little too complicated to explain here. But it is a very good game and it is interspersed with highly literate and entertaining comment from Mr. Evans and the guests. Also, it is graced by some new Chicago faces which you'll find a welcome relief from the tired old New York faces which have been on every quiz show on the air.

**Brave New World**

In Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," there was a stirring chapter about the conditioning of infants to acceptance of the life they would eventually lead as adults, the social class they were about to assume. A good chapter it was. I'll never forget one small scene where a platoon of babies are spurred across a nursery floor to a row of electrified books. Each one got the shock of his life as he touched a book which taught him to stay away from books the rest of his life.

It seemed at the time like a comic exaggeration, a satiric elaboration. It doesn't any more, the book business being at the moment absolutely lousy. Television, you know. Man hasn't time to read a book. It's a deplorable condition not only for the book business but for the country at large. Books, even without batteries attached to them, have an electric charge of their own. They condition us in a more complex way than electric shock to acceptance or rejection—especially rejection—of the environment around us.

The sort of conditioning that radio or television accomplishes is of a rather different nature. Go out and buy it NOW. Immediately. Don't waste a second. You'd be surprised how many people do rush right out and buy it now, too. A couple of years back I received a letter from an attendant of a lunatic asylum. She complained that the inmates in some cases had to be forcibly restrained from rushing right off the grounds to buy it NOW.

Almost everything that is said on the air is taken seriously, every word sinks into some brain more deeply than is intended. Years ago the disk jockeys ran into a peck of trouble with a song, whose title eludes me but which was popularly known as the suicide song. People would call up and request it and commit suicide while it was on the air. Well, suicide must have been on their minds before hearing the record but the slight change in—shall we say—the emotional atmosphere brought about by the song very likely had a lot to do with the large difference between thinking about suicide and actually committing it.

(Editor's Note—Crosby probably refers to "Gloomy Sunday").

Radio can be a dangerous toy.

Arthur Godfrey, in a jesting mood, once was illustrating how to open a pack of Chesterfields and he said that the cellophane top could be used as fish bait. A young girl I know took him up on it right away. (Caught a two-pound bass, Arthur, so I guess it works.) On another occasion Godfrey was asked how peanut butter could be ingested without sticking to the roof of your mouth. "Turn the bread upside down," suggested Arthur. Uncounted thousands of small boys did just that and got the peanut butter stuck to their tongues where it's even harder to get rid of. You can't make jokes on the radio which contain even a hint of advice.

The small fry are especially susceptible to suggestion. My own small son not only sings "Brush your teeth with Colgate's" but insists on doing it. He can't read yet so we palm off any toothpaste that happens to be around. But later, after he has been exposed to the perils of an education, he'll demand Colgate's—having, as it were, got that electric shock so early in life.

Since the youngsters (along with the asylum inmates) are so easily propelled toward the nearest drugstore, the demands made on them are increasing every day and the kids are having trouble keeping up with consumption. I have a letter right at my elbow from a lady who has Howdy Doody trouble. Bob Smith had repeatedly invited her daughter to buy Snickers and the girl had followed this plea so faithfully she got sick eating the candy bars.

"Now," writes the lady in some despair, "she buys the bars, throws the candy away and keeps the wrappers."
Newsreel Life—Then, Now and Forever

ONE of the comforting things about newsreels is their essential timelessness. Nothing has changed very much in human behavior or in the newsreels’ special attitude toward news and especially toward people. There is a program belting around the TV circuit called, if memory serves and I’m not sure in this case that it does, “News of Yesteryear.” It is just a collection of old newsreels and you’ll find that the only difference in life as depicted by the newsreels is in the clothes, particularly the bathing suits.

One of these programs opened with shots of Woodrow Wilson, grinning nervously, as he picked the first draft number out of a fish bowl—a ceremony which combines high tragedy and high comedy in about equal proportions and one which the newsreels have commemorated several times since 1917. It struck me at the time that this drawing of first draft numbers out of fish bowls is almost exclusively a newsreel ceremony, that before the invention of photography there wouldn’t have been any fish bowls or any ceremony.

Much of newsreel-land, in fact, appears to have been composed entirely for the cameras. You get the feeling that after the Kleig lights have been turned off, the sets are struck, Grover Whalen takes off his greasepaint and the little roll of film is the only memento of an event that never really took place. Following the fishbowl were the shots of the men in training in 1917, another sequence we’ve become tragically familiar with—the men exchanging their civilian clothes for khaki, the calisthenics, and also my favorite shot of all, the troops at mess while the announcer says proudly that this army is getting the best food ever given to any army. It’s a claim that the Army has been making over many wars now and one, I feel, they’ll never sell in Duluth or even in Pittsburgh.

Then came the shot we were all waiting for, Colleen Moore, one of the picture stars of her day, making a fuss over the doughboys just like Ann Sheridan in the last war, like lots of film stars in this one. When a movie star kisses a G.I., as we’re not supposed to call them any more, the cameras are always conveniently nearby; the osculation seems to be more a matter of public record than one of enjoyment between a boy and girl.

But, of course, newsreels have covered many things besides wars. Over the years, I should say the greatest and most changeless of newsreel stars has been the Chris Craft. In “News of Yesteryear,” there was one twenty-two-year-old shot of a pretty movie starlet on a surfboard, doing the “Black Bottom.” You and I have seen many, many variations of the girl on the surfboard in the last couple of decades. The bathing suits are briefer, the hairdos are different, “The Black Bottom” has fallen into disuse, the tricks on surfboards have grown steadily more complicated. The Chris Craft alone has remained basically unchanged—trim, expensive, and apparently designed only to pull pretty girls and handsome boys on surfboards.

Oh, there were lots of other shots, none of which will surprise you. A fashion show, for example. A 1919 strip of film showing the latest techniques in women’s coiffure. The newsreels have always gone in heavily for disasters of a pictorial nature—floods and earthquakes in particular. This one was no exception. There were 1930 shots of an earthquake in Italy—the ruins, the refugees, the nine-figure estimate of the physical damage. Then, of course, there was the latest invention, a newsreel standby. The latest invention—I think they dream them up in newsreel offices—is usually a device to shell stone crabs without getting your fingers wet or something equally pertinent to the stresses of modern life. This one, a 1929 film, was an umbrella automat—you pop a quarter into it and out pops an umbrella just as the rain starts—an invention that has got lost somewhere in the pressure of wars and economic revolutions.

There were a few things missing in these ancient newsreels. Not a single girl w.s crowned queen of the cherry festival, a serious omission; there weren’t any shots of the new girl figure-skating champ—or
queen of the ice, as we used to call her; there were no bobsleds, no battleships and not a single monkey dressed in top-hat doing a tango. Otherwise, though, newsreel life hasn’t changed a bit since 1917.

**How to Cope With Copelessness**

I CELEBRATED National Vegetable Week much too strenuously and have been put on a strict diet—nothing but whiskey and water. And panel shows. Nothing like a panel show to cut down your vitamin intake.

It was John Royal, the elder sage of N.B.C., who some years back declared that television was in the “I think” stage. A lot of people sat around a microphone and thought deeply about, say, high prices, or should a girl kiss a man on the first time out. Then they emitted opinions. It wasn’t the humidity, it was the density of these answers which made life uncomfortable in those days. Well, the panel show has come a long way since then.

The panel members don’t think at all; the answers are carefully rehearsed and seem at times to have been written by someone else, and a man can relax and perhaps even catch a nap during a panel show without feeling that he is missing any profound thoughts on animal husbandry.

Panel shows have even acquired enough renown to attract a show specifically designed to satirize them. There is no higher compliment. The program is “How To,” which you’ll find on CBS-TV, a Hollywood operation that arrives in New York by kinescope. It is the TV equivalent of “It Pays to Be Ignorant,” the first and still the most successful satire on all quiz programs, and, while it hasn’t the ripe patina of the older show, it is on the right track.

“How To” is presided over by Roger Price, a former script writer for Bob Hope and the author—so help me Hannah—of a book called “In One Head and Out the Other.” That ought to give you some idea of what goes on on “How To.” Price has the chin and many of the mannerisms of Bob Hope, a pair of spectacles without which no new comic on TV is complete, and a face that will remind you strongly of the Piccard brothers who used to go up in balloons and down in bathyspheres.

His humor is a composite of all those things from Mr. Hope to the bathysphere. “This show has been on the air for only a month,” he’ll tell you, “and already it has attracted thousands of enemies. Here’s a letter from a reader. ‘I’ve been following your health hints and they have made a real he-man out of me. I’m suing you for $100,000 because six months ago I was a girl’.”

The panel members include Anita Martell (Mrs. Price) and a couple of other Hollywoodites, Huntz Hall and Leonard Stern, and their task—to quote directly from Mr. Price—“is to help people with an inability to cope with life—or copelessness.” The problems they cope with are as inconsequential or just plain silly as possible. How to snare a husband, for example.

One man wanted to know how to handle a wife who wanted to go to the seashore when he pined for the mountains—a problem that I thought had expired in the comic strips. “Play along with your wife,” said Mr. Stern or Mr. Hall or somebody. “Take her to the seashore and play games with her. Bury her in the sand and when you come back from the mountains—dig her up.”

“Argue with her about the advantages of Mother Nature,” advised someone else. “Then she’ll go home to Mother and you can go to nature.”

These remarks are about as ad lib as a Presidential address and, in some cases, no sillier. Mr. Price interrupts the gags
from time to time to draw lightning and very funny sketches, a habit he picked up on the night-club circuit. And at the end he plunges into the wilderness with gun and microphone to ask questions of the audience. "How can I get my mother-in-law to leave home?"—"Divorce your wife."—"How can I keep my boy friend from spending too much money on me?"—"Marry him."

Well, those answers are at least as thoughtful as some of those I've heard on "Meet the Press" or "Leave It to the Girls." When you come right down to it, it's pretty hard to satirize a panel show. They satirize themselves pretty well.

**The Mildly Vicious Circle**

Once, during the rehearsal of "The Big Show," the producer was trying, over Tallulah Bankhead's strenuous objections, to cut a few of her lines just as a matter of timing. It was an epic battle, I'm told, but the producer finally won though he didn't escape entirely unscathed. Groucho Marx, who was within earshot, took the cigar out of his mouth just long enough to mutter: "The Timing of the Shrew."

I don't know why I'm telling you all this except that too many people are reading "The Vicious Circle" and quoting too much of it to me. Said Noel Coward to the highly tailored lady: "You look almost like a man." Retorted the highly tailored lady to Noel Coward: "So do you." The art of insult, especially that one, is still around in different form, though perhaps not so succinctly expressed. Said Tallulah to Bob Hope: "Hope, leave this stage until I call for you." Said Hope to Tallulah: "Don't lower your voice to me. I knew you when you were Louis Calhern."

The art of insult which I inspect annually along with dumb women jokes, political jokes, and tax jokes, has declined a little in the past year. But there have been a few—all of them, I expect, modifications of Max Beerbohm's or Oscar Wilde's but still, I think, at least as quotable as those in "The Vicious Circle." There was that one on "This Is Show Business," for instance.

BERT LAHR: I told this same joke recently at the Capital theater and you could hear them laugh across the street.

CLIFTON FADIMAN: What was playing over there?

Then there was Ronald Colman on the Jack Benny program.

COLMAN: I never told you this, Jack, but I heard the first radio program you ever did.

BENNY: Gee, Ronnie, I didn't know that. The very first program?

COLMAN: Yes. How have they been since?

Well, after all, there were some pretty old jokes in "The Vicious Circle," too, but they were on the whole more vicious. People just don't insult one another with the zest they once used, so we'll have to turn elsewhere. (If Bennett Cerf can get away with this, I can try, too.) I rather like Groucho Marx's brief patriotic oration which ran: "We owe a great deal to the government. The question is, how are we ever going to get the money to pay for it?"

That last is known as the tax joke which in sheer numbers is far out in front of my joke file. Radio and television actors and writers make much more money than is good for them; the government takes it away from them for their own protection and this solicitude preys on their minds. Pretty soon they write jokes about it. Or if they get real mad, they vent their spleen on the politicians. "My boy friend is out making stump speeches to draft Eisenhower. He wants to draft Eisenhower before Eisenhower drafts him." (Gene Autry show)

Or if they get too depressed to write jokes about either taxes or politics, they
can always fall back on the woman driver joke. "Well, I signaled for a left turn and then changed my mind and signaled for a right turn. Then I decided to take a short cut down the sidewalk because there were too many man drivers cluttering up the street. Well, this weasel was hugging the sidewalk and I was late getting to the beauty parlor so in order to avoid an accident I just ran over him." (Red Skelton show)

It's been a good year, all around, for women jokes. Gracie Allen returned the eight day clock George bought her because the eight days were up and at least one girl bought "Little Women" for a friend because he was marrying a midget and Dave Garroway broke the news about the perfume that was driving women mad—it smelled like money—and my friend Irma... well, let's not get into my friend Irma or we'll be here all day.

We started with Groucho and we'll finish with Groucho:

GROUCHO: If you like the sea, why aren't you a sailor instead of a landlubber?
CONTESTANT: That's not a very good way to raise a family.
GROUCHO: The fish manage pretty well.

I plan to collect them all in a book some day but not until the winter after the Christmas jokes are in. "Second Story Jackson is in jail again."—"What's he in for this time?"—"He was doing his Christmas shopping early."—"Early?"—"Before the store opened." (Duffy's Tavern.)

Small Matters

It's hot today and I only have the energy to consider small matters, the smaller the better. Nora Drake, the soap heroine whose miseries have extended over more years than I care to think about, has emerged now as a doll—nurse's uniform and all. Anyone who has followed the dizzy advances made in the doll industry in the last couple of decades knows that dolls have grown steadily more complicated, have grown steadily more difficult to handle and will—if this trend is not checked—approach the status of womanhood.

The Nora Drake doll is a long step forward in this lamentable direction. This doll, a press agent assures me, is the first doll to come equipped with a Toni home permanent set and a built-in set of neuroses—the first completely neurotic doll. "Theory is, the way we figure it," this man assures me, "that daughter plays with the doll as mother listens to the program and daughter eventually becomes a listener. The doll's eyes shut when she lies down. When they're open she has a cute confused expression. Maybe she listens, too."

If she does, the doll has good reason to be both neurotic and confused. Nora Drake has explored the field of neurosis more extensively than any other soap heroine I know. Last time I paid any attention to Nora Drake, young Grace Sargent—you remember young Grace—was expressing—as they say in the psychiatry dodge—great hostility toward her mother. Nora was in love with Grace's father, a psychiatrist, which was causing her endless unhappiness. And Grace's mother Vivian was exploding with hostility toward both Nora and her husband and, it seemed to me, the world at large.

Pick it up from there, daughter, and, if you listen very attentively five times a week, you may grow into a full-fledged neurotic by the age of ten. Just like Mummy.

And while we're on the subject of children, I might straighten you out on some of the strange noises that are emanating from your little ones these days if they happen to be addicts of Tom Corbett, space cadet. If Junior tells you he's rocketing on all tubes he means what we old-timers used to refer to as cooking on all burners. If he invites you to plug your jets, he means shut up. If you are accused of drinking jet juice, you're off the beam, pop.

One of my favorite Space Cadet expressions, one that I had to turn over to the translators before I could make head or tail of it, is, "Blast me for a Martian mouse." It means simply, "Boy, am I a dope!" As for all those exclamatory utterances—by the moons of Jupiter, by the rings of Saturn, by the clouds of Venus—
they are just refinements of, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Okay, pop. You've been briefed. Blast off. (Scram.)

Just one more small complaint. One of the television commercials you must have seen recently shows Buster Crabbe—this is the black and white Buster Crabbe as opposed to RCA's color Buster Crabbe, a different man entirely—splashing through a swimming pool and then showing his watertight watch—"the ideal watch for the active man."

Well, that's all very well for you, Buster, but I'm not an active man. I'm the prototype of inactive man and I wouldn't give that watch house room. They tire me out, these active watches. Always after a man to go belting around a tennis court. My watch, which is temperamentally attuned not only to me but, I suspect, to a lot of other inactive men, is not at all watertight. It stops in water; it stops in light rain; sometimes it even stops in heavy fogs. Action exhausts it completely. Stops for days, sulking. It's a nice watch, though. It tells time now and then, mostly when I'm not looking at it. It never tells the right time when I'd rather it didn't, an idiosyncrasy which has caused me to miss dozens of appointments with people I didn't want to meet.

**Compatibility Is a Wonderful Thing**

COMPATIBILITY, a word which has hitherto been applied chiefly to people, especially married folk, is getting a brand new run for its money in the world of electronics, specifically in color television. During the summer we in New York, have been permitted to witness RCA's color television system. A handful have managed to get into the RCA exhibit hall and see a half hour show in three colors and also on adjoining sets in black and white.

Some 4,000,000 other set owners in the metropolitan area, if they weren't at the dishes at 10 a.m. which is almost the only practical hour NBC was allowed to run its field tests, were exposed to RCA's color system in black and white and got the comfortable feeling of being let in on something which has previously been only for a few privileged, haughty people—Senators, F.C.C. commissioners, vice-presidents—who were bandying about our electronic destiny behind what almost amounted to locked doors.

CBS's field sequential or whirling disk system, buttressed by the United States Supreme Court, is now the law of the land. Yet it is still an uncomfortable secret which CBS would like to share with the rest of us but doesn't quite know how to go about it. The RCA system, while not exactly illegal, is terribly unofficial. But the public—at least in the New York area and eventually in others—has access to it as they had access to the speakeasy, another highly unofficial institution in its day. Compatibility is a wonderful thing.

So is color television—when, as and if anyone can afford it. As to the merits of the two systems, it would be pretty hard to determine unless CBS and the improved RCA receiver were set side by side. The differences, I suspect, would be of great interest to the engineers but probably wouldn't be very noticeable to you and me. RCA color, I think, is sometimes a little more pallid, not quite so rich in texture as the CBS brand. Just the same it's good color transmission. It would certainly brighten your home. And don't forget it's compatible in case you're a black-and-white lad whose home doesn't need brightening and who prefers Milton Berle in monochrome.

The splendor of color enhances almost everything on television—the fabrics, the gowns, the scenery—everything, in fact, except people. The RCA show I saw opened with a parade of Conover models whose vari-tinted habiliments were greatly enriched by color cameras but whose own personalities, it seemed to me, were somewhat dimmed by all the tri-colored radiance. These babes could be watched on black and white or in color and I thought they looked both younger and prettier in b & w. Also they looked more like people. I've been looking at people for some time now and I guess they have always come through to me in black and white or in suitable shades of gray. On
color television, they’re tinted from head to foot and look a little phoney like dolls.

One of the features of the show was a remote pickup from a Palisades Park pool where the water was a magnificent emerald and Buster Crabbe was a sort of cedar and the whole thing—as Ben Grauer proudly told us—was illuminated only by nature. Well, nature isn’t always right—an aphorism I picked up at my mother’s knee—and I would have preferred Mr. Crabbe in some less conspicuous shade like, say, clay pink. Eventually, all sorts of sports will be in color. This will bring out the full splendor of the Polo Grounds but what about Ed Stanky? Stanky in three colors might easily produce technicolored nightmares in the children.

Nature—another expression I picked up from mother—abhors a vacuum tube unless the installments have been paid on it. Just now television needs a lot of things—imagination, taste and money, to name three; it needs almost everything except color. The progress of the art—if I may make so bold—would be seriously interrupted by any non-compatible system like CBS’s; it would be left unimpaired and possibly unchanged for years to come by RCA color, which would give us set owners a chance to pay for the present set and still see the color broadcasts (if only in black and white).

Just one other small point. One of the entertainers on the RCA color show was introduced as “the brand new singing sensation.” The language of broadcasting is neither more nor less colorful than it was—black and white or, for that matter, in radio.

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HERB SHRINER is an Indiana boy who listens to people with great care and sometimes just repeats what they say, verbatim. “People in Indiana,” he’ll tell you, “say very funny things. If I could just live in Indiana and still do a television show . . .” But he can’t. Just the same, Shriner, who is taking Arthur Godfrey’s place on the Talent Scouts show, is an earthy, observant, native humorist—something that hasn’t been around for a long time, and I hope New York doesn’t blunt him.

His humor rambles like an Indiana rose and it is pretty hard to reproduce in print. “I’m an Indiana boy,” he’ll tell you. “You can tell. There’s something about a fella from Indiana. Don’t know what it is. Well, I do know what it is but I don’t like to think about it.” With his grin and his shock of brown hair and his candid open face, this sort of self-introduction is as warm and fresh as the Indiana breezes. The folks back home—their peculiarities, their wisdom, their lack of anything resembling urban civilization—are Shriner’s bill of fare.

The barber, for example. “He was kind of a . . . well, a little eccentric. Kind of nervous . . . Well, he was a drunk, that’s what he was. But it didn’t stop him from cutting hair. The trouble was you never knew what was coming off. Being a little short fellow, he’d get up on a box. But when he got going cutting hair you couldn’t stop him. The only thing you could do when you got enough hair cut was to kick the box from under him.”

Life in Indiana, as Shriner presents it, is calm, terribly remote from anything in my recent experience and conceivably libelous to the American way of life, as presented in the big picture magazines. “The town itself wasn’t much,” says Mr. Shriner. “It was so peaceful there, if someone dropped an atom bomb on it, the darn thing would just lay there and grow.” Most of the people, though, you’ll find fairly familiar. If you don’t know them, you get the idea they exist.

“Our mayor was quite a feller. I’ll never forget his campaign speech. He said, ‘Friends . . .’ That was an over-statement right there. He said, ‘Friends, I’m proud of you all in this town and everything you stand for.’ And believe me we
stood for plenty.” Another Shriner character is the sheriff who everyone knew was honest because the first thing he did was arrest the last sheriff.

Whether he knows it or not, Mr. S. is poking fun at the horn of plenty which, the advertiser insists, we’re all on the receiving end of. In Shriner’s home town there is plenty of nothing except people. Even their recreations were a little odd. “We didn’t have any lakes or beaches or anything like that. Well, we had a mirage at the end of town. It was pretty popular for a while there. Then a real estate man got a hold of it and he put in a lot of—oh, you know—bad food, mosquitoes and, well, high prices. Made a regular resort out of it.

“At that we started to get a bit of traffic. There was a lot of girls there looking for husbands and a lot of husbands looking for girls. There was one girl used to come around in particular. Well, actually, she wasn’t too particular. She was one of those girls who knew where she was going and not too bad looking—for an ugly girl. I dunno how you’d describe her. I believe if it hadn’t been for varicose veins she wouldn’t have any legs at all. But she looked better than the rest of ‘em. She had a little more meat on her bones. She had more bones, too.”

Shriner can rattle on at length in that—varicose—vein looking terribly innocent while exuding his corn-fed, delicate malice. As an interviewer of talent scouts, Shriner’s stuff has, I think, more meat on its bones than the vacationing Mr. Godfrey.

He was talking to a lady who turns out greeting cards the other day and he remarked: “ Seems to me them greeting card companies are turning out cards for every occasion. You know—Happy Ground Hog day. Congratulations on your parole. Good luck on your forthcoming strike.”

Then there was the girl who was wearing what Shriner referred to as an “open toe dress” which he asked her to describe to the radio audience. “It’s a short evening dress with a boned strapless top and an accordion pleated halter with a gathered flared skirt in ombre chiffon,” she explained.

Shriner stared at her a moment in helpless awe. Then he gasped: “Gosh, you know it didn’t look to me like you had that much on.”

**Dangerous Amusement**

RAYBURN and Finch are described by their announcers, their press agents and people in similar worshipful professions as madcaps which means, according to Webster’s International, “inclined to wild sports, delighting in rash, absurd and dangerous amusements.” It’s a pretty good definition of Rayburn and Finch, too.

For some years, this team’s special wild sport was to amuse listeners, who had just been routed from bed, from 6 to 9:30 A.M. over New York’s WNEW six days a week. Offhand, I can think of no more rash, absurd and dangerous amusement than trying to amuse me or anyone else during these hours but R & F, I’m forced to admit, have succeeded in extracting a bellow of laughter out of me even before the first cup of coffee, a feat which I had considered impossible. Now, CBS is giving Rayburn and Finch a coast-to-coast whirl at a more civilized time, 9 P.M., Fridays, though they’re still handling their twenty-one hour stint on WNEW.

They are essentially disk jockeys, both on CBS and WNEW, but they seem determined to destroy their own profession. Their humor is that of the nonsequitur, a peculiarly American gift and one that is hard to put into print. They interrupt recordings of songs with wildly incongruous announcements, sometimes in their own voices—they’re both excellent mimics—and sometimes with one or two-sentence transcriptions of somebody else’s voice. In the middle of “When I Take My Sugar To Tea,” Finch will step in with: “Young man, there’s something wrong with your vowels.”

Rayburn and Finch specialize in zany records and they have amassed a wonderfully weird collection of monstrosities which range from Spike Jones to foreign oddities of so eccentric a nature as to defy description. But they still toss in quite a few ordinary popular recordings which
Rayburn and Finch turn into comedy numbers by inserting their crazy comments. Miss Dinah Shore, for example, chanting plaintively about the vicissitudes of love, may be suddenly interrupted by Finch, snarling: “Ah ha! Just as I thought! Three shoes under the bed!” Or: “Please, Mrs. Jorgenson—you’re wrinkling my seer-sucker mackinaw.”

The network show is unfettered by advertising which is too bad because Rayburn and Finch are extraordinarily expert at messing up a sponsor’s message. On their WNEW show, one of those transcribed commercials which are pitched four decibels higher than a 50-calibre machinegun may start out: “And so—don’t delay. Remember Blank’s big fur sale starts today . . .” In comes a woman’s voice bleating: “Now see what you’ve done. You woke my baby!”—a form of editorial comment which sponsors have borne with great patience for years.

When their own voices fail, which isn’t often, they casually lift the voices of anyone else—“Amos ‘n’ Andy,” Jack Benny. Art Linkletter, Perry Mason. The network show, an hour-long operation which passes very rapidly, is padded out with a great many passages at arms between the partners, some of which are pretty funny. “And now,” says Rayburn, “it’s psychiatry time—another Rayburn and Finch first. Do you think you’re you? Do you have the feeling the wallpaper is snapping at you?”

On comes Finch: “In answer to your letter, Mr. Chodorov, we have decided you have no complex. You are inferior. In response to your letter, Mr. Schmidlapp, those are not nightmares. That’s Mrs. Schmidlapp.” The sound effects get a brisk workout on the Rayburn and Finch show. There was one transcribed commercial which started out with: “Look, Joe, Fred across the street has just modernized his store. Why don’t you do something about it?” It was followed by the sound of a violent explosion.

As I said earlier this special brand of insanity doesn’t translate into print very well and it’s just possible that some folks will find it inane and irritating on the air. There are times when I do, too. But there are others when I find Mr. Rayburn and Mr. Finch very witty and refreshing, and I’m happy they’ve found a larger audience for their wild sports, their rash, absurd and dangerous amusements.

Chestnuts Are In Bloom Again

I’VE been working on my war film which should be ready for television release sometime next year. But I know you people can’t wait that long so I’m going to give you a preview right now. This scenario, I ought to explain, was undertaken only after an exhaustive study of the other war films that have belted around the TV circuit all summer; it contains only the rippest old chestnuts that money can buy; it doesn’t break any new ground but it makes excellent use of the old soil.

There is what I consider a wonderful scene near the end of this film. Battersby, bearded and haggard, is in the prisoner of war enclosure, staring out at the bleak parade ground, the barbed wire, the stark barracks. And he says, as you rather suspect that he will: “I was just thinking that now the heather will be in bloom in Devon.”

Earlier in the film, Battersby, accompanied by young Grimsby, enter the shell-riddled, apparently abandoned village. “Quiet around here,” says young Grimsby. Battersby, the more experienced officer, glances around, chewing his underlip. “Yes—too quiet.” He glances up the empty street and somehow he can’t prevent himself from adding: “I don’t like it . . . I don’t like it at all.”

The action switches from the battlefield back to the laboratory. Naturally, I’m not going to neglect the nuclear physicist, most brilliant scientist in the free world and the only man capable of holding all
the secrets of the super-atomic ray gun in his head. They’re in the laboratory—Murchison from G-2, Dr. Wellsbach, the scientist—examining the ray gun. “Devilish machine,” says Murchison, awed. Then after a moment of reflection. “But—can you imagine what would happen if it fell into the wrong hands.” (Next reel: It falls into the wrong hands. So does Wellsbach. Pandemonium at GHQ. Chaos at Scotland Yard. Only the Prime Minister maintains a semblance of calm. “You did all you could, Murchison. All anyone could.”)

Well, naturally we have to get back the devilish machine and also, if it’s not too late, Wellsbach. Comes the secret, highly dangerous mission. Murchison and Battersby flying at 35,000 feet through a hail of flack, their parachutes at the ready, the intercom chattering away.

“Two ack emma—one minute more, old boy.”

“Thickish out there, what?”

“Steady the plips. Fast with the pliffs.

Roger and over.”

“I say, old boy . . .”

“Righto?”

“If anything happens . . .”

“Stout fella.”

“Say pip-pip to Dee for me, will you, like a good lad.”

“Righto.”

“Well—cheerio.”

“Cheerio.”

Bang! That’s the end of Murchison.

Battersby gets through into the enemy country. Instantly falls in love with a girl who belongs to the other side. “We’ve fought this thing. My God, how we’ve fought it!” Great scene when Battersby, who should be skipping back to his own territory, returns to the enemy girl’s farm-house.

“Why did you come?”

“I had to.”

“Don’t say anything—just let me look at you.”

“Tonight, at least is ours.”

Oh, I forgot to tell you the beginning of this film. Murchison, in civvies, and his wife at their little cottage in Surrey, having breakfast.

“Anything in the paper, dear?”

“Nothing. Some archduke’s been murdered.”

**Our Tragic Sense of Smell**

I WAS lying in bed the other day singing that old folk song “Dream Girl Dream Girl, Beautiful Lustre Cream Girl” and reading NBC’s new code of practice for radio and television when I fell upon a paragraph which arrested the song just before that poignant line, “You owe your crowning glory to—Lustre Cream Shampoo.”

“Intimately personal products which are not acceptable conversational topics in mixed social groups; laxatives and deodorants are not accepted unless the program and commercial presentation are handled in accordance with the highest standards of good taste and business ethics,” says NBC in this paragraph.

I don’t fully understand this paragraph. You mean, NBC, deodorants are not acceptable conversational topics? They are in our house. We never get over discussing the romances blighted because the girls weren’t half safe. Frankly, I never thought any girl was half safe or even one quarter safe; I consider them dangerous no matter what you drench them with, but that’s neither here nor there.

Anyhow, that side of the story—the fact that the course of true love is largely dependent on what deodorant a girl uses—is well known. But there is another side of the story, NBC, and this one had better be suppressed over the air too. This one is the story of a friend of mine, name of Halligan, whose life was ruined, not because he didn’t read the deodorant ads and take heed, but because he did.

Halligan was on the verge of marrying one of those horse-loving girls who never get more than a brief canter from the stables. Naturally, she was a little gamey and Halligan, I think, might have endured this with equanimity but for the deodorant ads. He was over-educated in this respect, reading all of them and listening to them carefully on the air. Finally, he did what he thought was the proper thing for any normal, red-blooded, full-nostrilled American. He broke it off, as he had been carefully instructed to do.
Well, sir, it was just the other day this girl inherited $20,000,000. Halligan's heart, which had survived the loss of the girl without serious damage, was broken right in half by the loss of the $20,000,000. He has, to put it mildly, lost faith in the deodorant people. In fact, if he ever meets one on the street, the deodorant man better take cover if he wants to be anywhere near half safe.

Last time I saw Halligan, he was brooding darkly over a glass of beer, muttering: "For 20,000,000 fish a man could have his nose operated on or maybe even cut it off."

As far as television is concerned, my sympathies are on the side of the deodorant mob. They've had a terrible time trying to mix what NBC calls "the highest standards of good taste" with a reasonable approximation of coherence. There is one TV commercial, for example, which shows three witches—lovely sleek, well-groomed girls, but witches, nevertheless—their eyes alight with scandal, whispering to one another: "Mary lost her man because of that. Because of that! Because of THAT!"

Because of what? Her brother's an embezzler? She's got maybe two heads? Speak up, man.

The most abstract of them all, a commercial which is almost as pure an art form as music in that it's hard to explain by anything so mundane as words, is one where a robed woman—half in the light, half in shadow—goes down a gloomy corridor as doors close on either side of her.

Pure mysticism, that one. My explanation is that this girl is half woman, half elf and she isn't welcome either in the world of people or the world of elves because neither world can see her, touch her or—the most sinister tragedy of all—smell her.

**The Teen-Ager On TV**

I'm a little mixed up about teen-agers who, I think, are conceivably under too much scrutiny for their own good. In the public prints the teen-ager is either taking heroin or throwing basketball games in the garden. On the Henry Aldrich program, the teen-age boy is a drivelling idiot who wouldn't know how to punch a needle in his arm. Drop into the Broadhurst Theater and you'll meet the most callow teen-ager of them all, Willie Baxter, of Booth Tarkington's ancient novel "Seventeen," which sneaked into town disguised as a musical comedy.

Just possibly all these conflicting accounts are accurate in their separate contexts which just goes to show that the teen-ager is as various and variable as the rest of us and shouldn't be lumped into a single convenient category. The teen-ager is getting his share of attention on television on half a dozen shows, all of which are aimed at teens and many of which are staffed by them. That last may be a mistake. In radio, the teen-agers were generally played by veterans who were a lot older than their voices. (Ezra Stone who plays Henry Aldrich on the radio is thirty-two.)

On television, you get the teen-ager, unalloyed by experience and, in many cases, by intelligence. The professionals among them—the singers, the dancers—are not yet tree-ripened, a phrase I picked up from an advertising genius who shared a fig newton with me the other day. The amateurs—the non-singers, non-dancers—haven't anything very interesting to say to me, at least, though the teen trade may love the stuff. You'll find both the amateurs and the pros on Jimmy Blaine's "Junior Edition" (ABC-TV) a show I've watched more often than would be by my normal wont simply because my wife, Mary Crosby, happens to be on it. The information Mr. Blaine and Mrs. C. dredge out of these kids concerning their fan clubs, their dogs, and their other en-
thusiasm is, I suppose, accurate, relevant and just possibly important to the junior misses and junior misters. To me, it is rather dim, faraway and hopelessly im-
material to anything in my environment.

Another much older teen-age show of, by and for teens is "Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club" also on ABC, which goes in for teen stuff more extensively than any-
one else. This one has a rather odd social history. Pop Whiteman, one of the town fathers of Lambertville, N. J., which ad-
joins his farm, was consulted by the other town fathers about growing juvenile delin-
quency in the area. Mr. Whiteman rose to the emergency by throwing a series of teen-age dances in a local church. They were so successful that he decided to pro-
ject the idea into a TV show.

Right here I think he went astray. The "TV Teen Club," a title which occasionally keeps me awake nights, is a procession of amateurs who sing, dance, play harmonicas, do imitations of Groucho Marx, and in general make the night hideous with hue and cry of a decidedly unprofessional nature. It emanates from Town Hall in Philadelphia before an audience composed entirely of the teen crowd, whose appreci-
ation—expressed by wild applause, animal cries and wolf whistles—punctuates and frequently drowns out the show.

Both the audience and the performers have a whip of a time but I'm not sure anyone at home will. That is, unless you are a collector of young girls who can imitate the Andrews Sisters which isn't among my hobbies. Mr. Whiteman's con-
nection with all this is tenuous. He sits next to a mistress of ceremonies who ex-
plains what is coming on next. "Oh yeah! Oh yeah! That's really wonderful," says Pop when informed about the next act. "How about that?" he exclaims after it's over. That's about all he says.

The first mistress of ceremonies was Margo Whiteman, Pop's daughter, who got married and gave up the teen-age world presumably forever. The current one is Nancy Lewis, a blonde. Recently—the teenage well having just possibly run dry—"TV Teen Club" reached way down into the bottom drawer and came up with small children, age four and upwards. One

four-year-old girl last week sang a song called, "I'm Just A Square In A Social Circle" which contained a line: "He daughter is a Frankenstein in mink." Fin-
thing for a four-year-old to be singing. Then there was a high-kicking chorus lin-

The show is sponsored by Nash Air flyte and Kelvinator and the commercial are conducted in hep talk which I can understand but can't speak. This is the first inkling I've had that the automobile and refrigerator people were after the teen age crowd. My allowance never go into that bracket and hasn't to this day.

One Hundred Years From Now

DEAR Mr. Crosby:

"In one wall of its new production building now going up in the block bounded by 67th and 68th Streets, Colum-
bus Avenue and Broadway, WOR-TV will seal a metal box to be opened a hundred years hence. Among items in the box we'd like to have some predictions about TV for the next century. We'd be very proud and happy if we could include one by you.

Sincerely

Walter Bennett, WOR"

Dear Mr. Bennett:

I'd be very proud and happy to be included in that box. A hundred years, you say? No one will read it until then? People will read it after that? People will take my predictions, you think, seriously in 2051? Or do you think they'd just laugh? "Crosby says Berle is slipping. Can't possibly last another year," I can just hear them say-
ing it roaring with mirth, knowing full well that Berle (in 2051) is still leading the rating list, is still telling the same jokes and has just been signed up by N. B. C. for another 2,000 years.

That's the problem, Mr. Bennett. Those characters (in 2051) will be in full pas-
session of the facts. I would not object to laying a small bet that Berle would slip in the next hundred years or so to some-
one who was, like myself, open to error.
I’m hesitant about laying down bets after the fix is in.

On the other hand, there is something overwhelmingly attractive about addressing yourself to readers a hundred years—as you so aptly put it—hence. I am by nature a hence man, the hencer the better. The farther hence the readers, the more relaxed the writer. By then it will be too late to send telegrams, to phone, to put pen to paper. The readers can like it or lump it. Or they can, if really beset, write a monograph for publication in one of the small monthlies. But they can’t get at me. I won’t be around.

And like all writers, I have a small hankering for posterity. The cornerstone—let’s not kid ourselves, Crosby—is the only clear avenue to the future that seems open. I’ve been diffidently hanging around cornerstone-layings, predictions in hand, for quite a few years now, hoping someone would invite me in. No one has. I was deeply hurt that Grover Whalen ignored me when they layed down at the New York World’s Fair of 1939 the celebrated Time Capsule which will be exhumed in a hundred or ten thousand years or something like that. It contained all the wisdom of the age. Except mine. They’ll just have to get along—those distant peoples—without any advice from me. I imagine they’ll manage somehow.

Television a hundred years hence? Well, let’s see now. It’ll be in color; it will be in three dimensions; you’ll be able to smell Milton Berle, taste him and, when he grabs Henny Youngman by the throat—you’ll feel a sharp constriction around your own throat—a modification of “the feelies,” the motion picture of the future, described by Aldous Huxley in “Brave New World.”

Last June, when a new antenna atop the Empire State Building started functioning, the New York Herald Tribune commented a little sardonically that the new tower was a monumental feat of technical accomplishment but also pointed out that the first program beamed out of the new antenna would be a film serial. “TV viewers too often have the uncomfortable feeling that all the scientific knowledge and technical know-how that went into the development of television must have been destined for some more worthwhile end than a picture of a cowboy twirling a rope.”

About five years ago “Life” magazine ran an editorial wailing that radio in twenty-five years had built Radio City and had developed into an enormous industry, but, programwise, had only progressed from Jack Pearl to Milton Berle. Well, television hasn’t managed to get beyond Milton Berle, and I harbor the suspicion that it is really trying to fight its way back to Jack Pearl. Television a hundred years hence, eh? If Gallagher and Shean were still alive, it’d be an even money bet they’d be the biggest stars around.

But the picture will be clear as moonlight and you’ll be able to see it in any room of the house.

Sincerely,
John Crosby.

A young mother asked her butcher to weigh the baby.

“With pleasure, Madam . . . 13½ pounds with the bones.”

A sergeant drilling a batch of recruits saw that one of them was out of step. Walking up to the man, he said sarcastically: “Do you know, Bud, that they’re all out of step except you?”

“Well,” was the retort, “you’re in charge, you tell ’em.”

A new army recruit was placed on guard duty. Posted on the early morning relief, he did his best, but in the end went to sleep on his feet. He was awakened by a slight noise and, raising only his eyes, saw the Officer of the Day standing in front of him. Remembering the heavy penalty for sleeping on post, the recruit stood for another moment with his head bowed. Then raising his head slowly he looked piously into the sky and reverently murmured, “Amen.”
Death alone could release the Murano glass makers from their tiny island, home of the famous Venetian Glass.

by MARY B. AKER

The history of Venetian glass makers on the island of Murano from 1291 to the end of the eighteenth century is an interesting and dramatic story. Venice had become a glass center in the fifth century and through the years grew famous for the exquisite art of fine glass making... and wealthy from its export. In order to maintain a trade monopoly, it was necessary to preserve at any cost the secrecy of the glass formulas. After Venetian methods had begun seeping into other provinces, spread by roving glass makers, the furnaces were moved to Murano, a mile off shore in Venice harbor. There the workers were held virtual prisoners the rest of their lives.

Colonizing the island to preserve the formulas required a code of drastic laws; they were drawn up by the Grand Council of Venice. In addition to isolating the workers to prevent mingling, it was essential to protect them from spies and offers of bribes. No man was permitted to leave the island except by special permit. The penalty for absence without leave was a quick death, the offender's family being taken hostage pending his capture and return. Workers who were able to obtain leave to cross the harbor into Venice found their behavior and the duration of their stay regulated severely.

Workers were divided into guilds of mirror makers, window and crystal makers, mosaic workers and bead makers. The guilds were controlled by a council of ten men... the high

Mary Bullock Aker lives in Parkville, Mo., a small town near Kansas City and the home of Park College, which she attended. She does features and articles for adjacent newspapers. She has one daughter, one son, and four grandchildren. Her husband is manager of the local telephone company.
legislators for the glass industry. Under the council of ten, and presiding over each guild was a Master. The secret formulas of glass making were the property of the Masters, handed down by word of mouth from father to son, making Mastership of the guilds largely hereditary. The Masters were elevated to burghers of Venice in payment for their imprisonment. This entitled them or their families to intermarry with the noble families whose summer villas nestled among the olive groves and vineyards on the sunny slopes of Murano.

At work, each Master was assisted at his furnace by apprentices and slaves. Molten lava was lifted from the furnaces on the end of blow pipes and passed from one blower to another until the final touch was added by the Master. The roaring furnaces looked like cone-shaped pots, some large and some small. They extended for a mile along the shore. The furnaces were constructed of a special type brick and were classified as "Great Glass-houses" for making mirrors, stained glass windows, and crystal; and "Small Glass-houses" for making beads, mosaics, imitation jewels and pearls. Ordinarily the furnaces were going full blast twenty-four hours a day, and created a colorful nighttime spectacle for Venetians looking out over the water toward the island.

Rivalry between the guilds was continual, with serious troubles being settled by the Council in peremptory fashion. Rebellion arose among the workers in the years 1547-49 over working hours. There were two twelve-hour shifts in the Great Glass-houses, and four six-hour stints in the smaller furnaces. In addition to working twelve hours a day, each man had to devote substantial time to church and state. Pageants and festivals were part of the life of Murano glass workers, who would dress in their most ornate garb to attend exhibitions of the best glass pieces from each guild.

Murano glass was exported to England, France, Spain, Africa and the low countries. King Henry VIII was an extensive buyer. Murano glass was used by travelers as a medium of exchange, especially the glass beads which were convenient to carry, and had a clear, gem-like appearance. Venetian beads were even brought to America for trade with the Indians. Only clear glass was made until about the fifteenth century when coloring was perfected. By the next century glass flecked or trimmed with gold was popular.

Improved methods of glass making are credited to Angelo Beroviero. In 1463, with the aid of a chemist, Beroviero invented crystal. His color and crystal formulas were kept in writing, a rarity among Masters. They were eventually stolen by one of his workers, a dwarf, who demanded the Master's daughter in payment for silence. But with the stolen knowledge, the dwarf set up a furnace of his own, and became his father-in-law's greatest rival in the production of beauty and form in glasswear.

The crystal was made into delicate stemmed goblets, slim necked ewers,
wine glasses and bowls with fluted edges. These pieces were popular as marriage and betrothal gifts. Enamel trimmed glass was the vogue in the sixteenth century; the marbled and variegated crystal types were added in the seventeenth. Through the centuries Murano led the world in glass making, the Venetian glass blowers were noted for ornate designs and perfect workmanship. Much of this can be credited to the type of sand on the Murano coast, and the soda content of the ashes from sea weed.

Murano was the world’s great art colony until about 1800, but fell into decline with the death of the last artisan, Giorgio Barbara. Murano is still the home of the Venetian glass factories, but now they are operated by foreign workers with foreign capital. There are few remaining descendants of the great Masters still in the trade.

The term “Venetian glass” has ring of romance and elegance to the modern world, whether it be a priceless museum piece, a twentieth century object or beads sent to America or Africa for trade.

Feeling low one evening, a trucker went to the bathroom for an aspirin. Picking up the familiar bottle, he downed one of the pellets.

Next morning his wife asked him excidedly, “Did you take a pill last night?”

“Yes I did. And felt better right away,” he replied, “Why?”

“Well,” she replied unhappily, “those pills were for my begonias.”

Spluttering and choking, the trucker frantically sought a doctor. The medic examined him and said: “You haven’t a thing to worry about. All you did was to take the equivalent of 10 sacks of barnyard fertilizer.”

The head of a Hollywood studio’s story department asked a big producer if he had read a certain synopsis of a publisher's book. “I never read a synopsis,” answered the big shot. “Would you like to read the book?” answered the story head. “Haven’t time,” was the retort. And with that the story department boss suggested having someone tell him the plot.

“But I couldn’t get anything out of that way,” objected the producer.

“Well,” snapped the irked underling “how would you like to have me communicate the idea to you intravenously?”

You’ve heard of the performer who claimed he crossed Grand Canyon riding a bicycle on a tight-wire, while keeping seven balls, a couple of lawn mowers and a kitchen range in the air.

In comparison with today’s business man that guy had all the best of it. At least no one was working on the tight-wire with a hack-saw!
Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 481-484

YOUR FAVORITE STAR
1-e, 2-c, 3-f, 4-n, 5-m, 6-r, 7-q, 8-l, 9-p, 10-c, 11-h, 12-b, 13-k, 14-a, 15-g, 16-i, 17-j, 18-d.

SPORTS TALK
1-e, 2-b, 3-c, 4-a, 5-b, 6-c, 7-b, 8-b, 9-c, 10-a, 11-c, 12-a, 13-c, 14-a, 15-c.

AUTHORS AND HEROES
1-e, 2-h, 3-f, 4-l, 5-j, 6-b, 7-m, 8-i, 9-g, 10-a, 11-d, 12-o, 13-c, 14-k, 15-n.

PHOBIA-FIEND
1-f, 2-k, 3-b, 4-h, 5-g, 6-j, 7-c, 8-a, 9-d, 10-i, 11-l, 12-m, 13-e, 14-o, 15-n.

MORE THAN ONE
1. School  6. Pack
2. Pod      7. Drove
3. Shoal    8. Pride
5. Trip     10. Gang

An English poultry dealer has found a way to sell at high prices without getting into trouble with the authorities.

He published the following ad: "Lost, at Charing Cross, an envelope containing five pound notes held together with a rubber band. I will gladly send a turkey as a reward to the person who returns it to me."

The next day the dealer had received 52 envelopes each containing 5 pound notes, all complete with rubber band.

Reporters visiting a certain Senatorial office were startled when the gentleman burst out of his sanctum to demand of his secretaries:

"Where's that list of people I call by their first names?"

TRY THESE FOR SIZE

Group A
1. Bowling Ball  6. Tennis Ball
2. Polo Ball      7. Baseball
3. Ping Pong Ball 8. Soccer Ball
4. Golf Ball      9. Handball
5. Softball

Group B
1. Bowling Alley.
2. Circle, 7' in diameter, used for the hammer throw and shot put.
3. Boxing ring, TKO is a technical knockout.
4. Football field.
5. Baseball diamond; hits, runs, errors.
6. Race track.

Group C
1. Cricket
2. Polo
3. Basketball

—Robert J. Wilson

"She doesn't do that when there's meat loaf."
Scenery, hot springs and fine hotels make the Japanese spa a rest haven for American soldiers.

by BARBER-NELL HOOVER

BEPPU, on Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese islands, is magnificent, its beauty superb.

One of the most renowned of the Japanese spas, Beppu has been a restful haven to travelers in the Orient for many years. During the occupation it has become familiar to generals and G.I.'s alike. Thousands of American soldiers have spent holidays at the resort, and the Nineteenth Regiment, part of the valiant Twenty-Fourth Division fighting in Korea, is quartered there.

The Americans have liked Beppu for its fine hotels, its golf course—one of the few good ones in Japan—and for its outstanding beauty in picturesque and colorful country.

On a peninsula, jutting into the Inland Sea, ringed by emerald mountains, the town tumbles down terraced slopes to meet the bay. Across retaining walls built of volcanic boulders, tiers of tiled roofs step down to meet the serene waters spread out along the base of famed Takazaki Yama, dubbed "Monkey Mountain" by the Americans because of the many monkeys living there.

Around the mountain, along the sea shore, the highway leads to nearby Oita, early home of Japanese Christianity, largely destroyed during the war. Far to the left, part of a rusted...
sunken hulk of a ship, reminder of the Pacific War, thrusts above the water. Beyond the bay, out to sea, are the mountains of Shikoku, rising into the mists.

The Japanese regard Beppu as one of their finest resorts. They chose it as first to be honored on a new series of stamps issued to help rebuild the tourist trade. Beppu owes its reputation to the thermal springs which dot the coastline of Japan. They gush out along the seaside, forming fantastic pools, lakes and fissures. The natives use these hot springs for cooking and dyeing, getting a vermilion hue from the iron in the water. Farms and greenhouses also use the spring water piped in.

Another commercial venture is to sell the mineral crystals deposited by the springs. Packaged as bath crystals, they are used in homes all over the Japanese islands. But the greatest value of the springs is their attraction for visitors who come to bathe... or pleasure, relaxation and health. There are some thirteen hundred spring vents in the area of Beppu; of these eight hundred are thermal, and most of them are of medicinal value. Springs have been known to disappear without warning. A sanatorium at Beppu had a spring so hot that the room into which it bubbled would fill with steam unless cold water were added. Suddenly both team and spring disappeared. Army doctors, at the time occupying the hospital, believed that a barely perceptible earth tremor had closed the pening. This is a rare occurrence. Usually the hot water continues toush forth in unending abundance.

BECAUSE of the popularity of the springs, Beppu has become a city of inns and hotels. The best of the more than three hundred are splendid examples of Japanese architecture, with beautiful and immaculately kept grounds. Landscaping runs to formalized yet exquisitely beautiful shaping of trees and shrubs, and formal placement of streams, bridges and stone lanterns.

Beppu’s shopping district is similar to those of a thousand small Japanese cities. It is quaint and colorful, crowded and smelly. Tiny shops open directly on narrow streets always filled with people who walk all over the streets, regardless of vehicles that may be trying to crowd through. There are carts of food, uncovered, mostly fish laid in neat rows. Clothing on counters and racks sometimes hangs out into the streets where it is brushed by passers-by. Wooden clogs of many colors not only fill the streets, but shops as well; called geta they hang in many-hued lines with a companion type of footwear known as zori. Corners that display dishes, the majority covered rice bowls, adjoin windows of tempting pastries, picturesque teashops and restaurants. There are numerous odd little nooks displaying the renowned Beppu bamboo products ranging from baskets to place mats and picture frames.

The men of Beppu wear occidental clothes during business hours, the only exception being footwear. The wooden clog has steadfastly persisted over the western-type shoes. Remnants of service uniforms are common apparel for men of all ages, a phenomenon common to all peoples experiencing large
scale demobilization added to restricted commerce.

Most women of Beppu, by preference, attire themselves in kimonos, sprinkling the shopping throngs with color. They, too, are shod with wooden clogs, and swell the endless clatter on Beppu’s cobbled streets. Japanese children uniformly wear severe blue suits, frequently shabby, but patched and mended as long as possible. In cold weather, Nippon’s tots don long blacked ribbed cotton stockings.

Out in the bay, fishing boats still ply back and forth, but the once bustling port is noticeably quieter now. Here, as all over Japan, people are working to rebuild commerce an country.

In recent months, American soldiers have come and gone, while American families have waited. Their Japanese have expressed sorrow that these friends should be fighting in Korea; but they never have show the slightest doubt as to the outcome. Even when American prestige sank low on the critical Pusan Perimeter, the Japanese and the people of Beppu felt no real anxiety.

Meanwhile, they wait and work patiently, in Beppu which still lies tranquil and beautiful by the sea.

A little girl and her mother got onto a London bus and took the second seat. The front seat was occupied by an old gentleman. The little girl repeatedly told her mother, “Mummie, I want to sit on the front seat.”

Finally she pulled the old man’s sleeve and said, “I want to sit on that seat.” Whereupon he turned around, pointed his finger at her, and emphasizing every word, said: “You get oranges, you get bananas, you get vitamins, and your mother gets five shillings a week for you. You’re not sitting in this seat!”

A father said to his daughter, “Your young man approached me and asked for your hand, and I consented.”

“But father,” cried the daughter, “I don’t wish to leave mother.”

“Such feeling displayed by a child is admirable,” said the father. “Then take your mother with you.”

The motorist halted and asked a native, “How far is it to Midvale?”

“Wal,” said the native, “the way you are going it is 24,995 miles, but if you turn around it’s only four.”

Displaying her wedding gifts, the bride came to one from the groom’s Army buddy. “I just adore these personalized gifts, she said. “We received towels and washi cloths with HIS and HERS on them, but — and she blushed — this is even more personal.”

She held up an olive-drab blanket with the letters US stamped in the middle.

“John always enjoys an apple—just before bedtime.”
"Windwagon" Thomas hoped to revolutionize traffic to the West in 1839. He made one trip.

by IRA L. NICKERSON

HURTLING down the bumpy trail like an express train from hell, the towering contraption shot across the prairie with a creak of training timbers and snap of billowing canvas to vanish as quickly as it had come, leaving a terrified Indian wondering if some great devil god had chosen that moment to reveal itself.

The time was early spring of 1859, and the place—along the Santa Fe Trail between the towns of Westport and New Santa Fe, Missouri. Westport is the region around Westport Road and Broadway in present-day Kansas City, Missouri. New Santa Fe was located at what is now 103rd Street and Wornall Road.

Had the redman gotten a better look, he might have noticed the apparition bore a vague resemblance to wagons used by the palefaces to carry freight along the well-traveled trail. But if that thought occurred to him, it was soon dispelled by the question: If it were a wagon, what had made it move? No team of oxen had preceded the fleet monster.

The answer was simple, but ingenious. A gigantic sail mounted on a twenty-five foot mast harnessed the

---

ra L. Nickerson, Jr., is a full-time idea producer for leading magazine cartoonists. His tags appear regularly in Collier's, SatEvePost and The New Yorker. He attended Grove City College in Pennsylvania (alma mater of WHB's Larry Ray); was in the Army Air Forces; now lives in the San Fernando Valley near Warner Bros. and Republic Studios. His hobby is flying.
wind to move the awkward vehicle faster than any beasts could.

This landgoing sailboat was the invention of a man recorded in history as "Wind Wagon" Thomas. With his odd brainchild, he hoped to revolutionize traffic to the West.

In the hectic pre-railroad era, freight and settlers had to be inched painfully along the Santa Fe Trail in lumbering Conestogas. Ten miles a day was considered good time. Incessant winds and frequent Indian attacks plagued the lengthy wagon trains.

The annoyance of the winds would be eliminated by using them to propel the wagons, and marauding savages would be foiled by greater speed. A hundred miles in a day would be as easy as rolling off a log!

"I'll carry twenty-four people to Pikes Peak and back in twelve days," Wind Wagon Thomas boasted. "Chip in money to build the first wagon," he told the citizens of Westport, "and we'll clean up a fortune!"

Thomas was popular in the frontier community. For years he had been operating a mill on the outskirts. Doubtless, the wind-powered machinery was the source of his inspiration.

"I been six years hatching this thing, and I can't miss," he told the intrigued townsmen. "Faster wagons mean more goods moved, and that means more profits."

DAZZLED by his argument, a number of Westport businessmen organized a company to back the cocky inventor. Calling themselves the "Westport and Santa Fe Overland Navigation Company," they bankrolled the cost of a test wagon.

Henry Sager and Thomas were assigned the task of drawing up plans and the Robinson & Crook Foundry and Brass Works was given an order for construction.

The project became the talk of Missouri. A newspaper reporter journeyed all the way from St. Louis to describe the project in awed rhetoric.

Finally, the great day arrived. The Wind Wagon was a thing of reality. Breathlessly, the stockholders met to examine their eight hundred dollar investment of wood, canvas, and iron. One thing was certain: it was impressive to look at!

The wagon stretched twenty-five feet in length, and was nine feet wide. The double spoked wheels were ten feet in diameter, with hollow hubs as big as beer barrels. A canvas cover of the Conestoga type was suspended on ribs over the roomy body. Above this, and over the forward end, was mounted a lofty deck from which the steering apparatus was operated. A twenty-five foot mast soared up from the deck, looming above the tallest building in Westport. A large Marconi rigged sail completed the land-bound ship. The entire vessel weighed three thousand pounds.

"Let's take her out!" Thomas yelled excitedly.

All of Westport watched as the stockholders of the Overland Navigation Company piled into the contraption.

"Can't no good come a' this even effen it works!" snorted one old
A hundred miles in a day is faster than the Lord meant us to travel!

A favorable wind was blowing along the deeply rutted trail leading to the southwest. Without hesitation, Thomas ordered the sail to be partially raised.

"We'll take a trial run out New Santa Fe way," he shouted from the bridge as the prairie ship began to move. While they slowly gathered momentum, he coached the investors ketchily on how the sail was to be manipulated.

Then, a strange light burning in his eyes, Thomas gave the command, "Raise full sail. We'll see what he can do!"

Reports which have survived indicate that he was not long in finding out. With full canvas aloft, the wagon leaped forward like a cougar hunting jackrabbit.

A short distance out from town, the velocity of the wind increased. In the belly of the wagon, the stockholders began to fidget perceptibly as the gust-slammed sail cracked rhythmically, with a sound like a bull whip. Looking out behind, they watched curious fellow citizens mounted on fleet horses, receding farther and farther into the distance, until finally, they dropped from view altogether.

Wind Wagon Thomas' frightened passengers stared into each others' eyes. This was faster than any of them had ever traveled in their lives!

Cupping their hands, they began calling aloft to the inventor, but the shriek of the axles and slap of canvas drowned out their cries. The springless vehicle bounced on the rough trail, pitching them about the interior like pebbles in a mill race. One of them tried to climb to the deck above, but a sudden jolt threw him back. Full tilt, the Wind Wagon thundered on.

It was at this juncture that a lone Indian out hunting saw the sight he was never to forget.... A giant ghost-monster speeding across the prairie faster than the wind, carrying the souls of lost palefaces to some terrible doom.

But the palefaces had no intention of perishing in Wind Wagon Thomas' crazy invention. "I'm getting out!" one of them blubbered. He peered out the back, his eyes smarting in the wind. Then he jumped.

One by one, the others went over the side, preferring bruises and broken bones to more of the wild ride.

Up on deck, Thomas was unaware of his crew's desertion. He clung to the wheel, careening the wagon around turns in the trail, happy in the knowledge that his invention was a success.

Suddenly the lash of the wind in his face made him realize he was traveling dangerously fast. Leaning
forward, he yelled down to his stockholders to lower canvas.

Only the rumble of wheels in the empty body replied. To his horror, he discovered he was all alone on the rampaging vehicle, with no way of slowing it down.

THERE was nothing he could do but clutch the wheel and pray. Visions of starving to death en route to the Pacific Ocean were abruptly ended by a bend in the trail. The path of ruts angled sharply to the right, while Wind Wagon Thomas and his invention continued straight ahead.

There was an earth-rending crash, and then silence.

Long minutes passed before the townsmen and ashen faced stockholders arrived. Dismounting, and stumbling with haste as they climbed up a small mound, they stared down a steep creek bank at the shattered remains of the Wind Wagon.

One of them removed his hat, exposing an expanse of hastily applied bandage. "Well, boys," he said huskily. "I guess that's the end of Wind Wagon Thomas. Cuss him—serves him right!"

"Cuss you too, Ned Blackburn," a voice intoned from above.

The men exchanged glances with eyes as staring as bungholes. The harrowing events of the day were proving too much. "Let's get outta' here, someone choked.

"Quit gaping, and get me down before them buzzards get through drawing lots!" the voice exclaimed.

Gazing about wildly, the men discovered the very much alive invention spread-eagled in the branches of nearby tree. He was uninjured, save for a few scratches, and on the way back to town, spoke glowingly of plans for a new and better wind wagon.

But the citizens of Westport had had enough. His most eloquent arguments couldn't interest them in another prairie ship. Ox-drawn Conestogas were a lot easier on the nerves even if they were slower. And what were a few raids by screaming savages, after that ride?

In the years that followed, Wind Wagon Thomas tried to interest others in his invention, but tales of his ill-fated test run of 1859 preceded him wherever he went.

Then came the snorting iron monsters of the railroad to bridge forever the gap between east and west. Before long, tons of freight were hauled speedily across the great plains—and a new era in commerce had begun.

Johnny was gazing at his baby brother who lay wailing in his bed.

"Has he come from heaven?" inquired Johnny.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

"Who's the swell man you was just talkin' to?" asked Tony, the bootblack.

"Aw, him and me's worked together for years," answered Mickey the newsboy. "He's the editor of one of me papers."
Kansas City’s Biggest One in Fifty-One!

11,355 People Attended “Radio Night” at Blues Stadium

Here is proof of the pulling power of radio—the largest paid crowd of the season at Blues Stadium! On Opening Day, 12,511 tickets were sold in advance by civic organizations; but only about 10,000 people attended. This made the “Radio Night” crowd (which assembled August 17th as a “thank you” to Larry Ray for his play-by-play WHB broadcasts) the biggest one in ’51. 11,355 paid attendance—due to radio!

To produce results like this is evidence of radio’s effectiveness. Radio — via WHB — can perform with the same gratifying results for your business . . . whether you sell a product or a service, or operate a retail store. Why not ask a WHB representative for program suggestions and availabilities?

Your “World Series” Station

WHB

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

Represented by JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT
THIS FALL IS THE GREATEST OF ALL ON WHB ★ “BIG SEVEN” FOOTBALL
Play-by-Play by LARRY RAY
★ GREAT MYSTERY SHOWS
7 to 9:15 p.m. every night, Monday through Friday
★ AN HOUR OF NEWS
9:15 to 10:15, nightly, with Thornberry, Edwards, Newsreel and Baukage
★ AND WHB’S GREAT DAYTIME FEATURES
Musical Clock • Sandra Lea • Boogie Woogie Cowboys • Don Sullivan • Cowtown Wranglers • Club 710 • News and Music

WHB
Your Favorite Neighbor

10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial

DON DAVIS, President
JOHN T. SCHILLING, Gen. Mgr.
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTE
Your Place In the Sun
By Louise Price Bell
Try Arizona for that winter vacation! A land of sunshine, and of warm, cloudless days. It could be just what the doctor ordered!........ Page 514

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By Jules Archer
Modern artists and craftsmen combine a 12th Century glass-making process with superb design to produce Steuben Glass — unique form of fine art that is distinctly American........ Page 519

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By Pearl P. Puckett
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John Crosby on Television • Page 581
Elephant-men trumpeted in Kansas City last month, but for different purposes. Sen. Robert A. Taft, aspirant to the Republican presidential nomination, took aim at and issue with the Administration, in an address before 1,500 persons attending a dinner in his honor.

Clyde Beatty, world famous wildlife trainer and hunter, is no slouch at handling elephants himself. In Kansas City he appeared as the star of the annual Shrine Circus. His "Clyde Beatty Show" is heard over WHB every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30 p.m.

At lower left is a reminder of the basketball season which starts over WHB on Dec. 13—a view of last year's NAIB Tournament in Kansas City's magnificent Municipal Auditorium. Larry Ray will broadcast a colorful play-by-play account of all the major tournaments and B conference games over WHB including the NAIB and NCAA Tournaments in Kansas City.
foreword

YOU say to yourself it’s not worth it. It’s too much wear and tear, too commercial, too frantic, too sentimental. You can’t be bothered with it this year. Besides, eggs and taxes just went up again, and Junior’s braces haven’t been paid for, and there isn’t any peace on earth anyway. Why don’t they stop ringing those bells?

And then the chimes begin to ring a little louder and you begin to recognize the tune. You smell Christmas trees. Your own child looks up at you as if at Santa Claus and God, and you fall completely apart and buy a whole block of Christmas seals. The wood fire makes a soft uproar on the hearth, and you remember sleds and grandparents. Every church becomes a Christmas card. Your face becomes a Christmas card. You find yourself patting backs and dropping quarters in cups. To hell with the budget! You shove your way into the glittering shops and snatch at stockings and ties with the rest of the mob, and puzzle over perfumes and maribou, and buy candy with sinful abandon!

What of the guns booming in Korea? What are the United Nations diplomats saying at the Paris conference? What of the need, just for food and medicine, in Israel, India . . . and Indiana? How much actual help was given the flood sufferers in Kansas? Well, things may get a little better next year . . . Winnie’s back on the job in England . . . and we can all do our part to make things better here.

Meanwhile, Christmas is at hand and no denial of it will make the world any happier. For Christmas is fundamentally a tribute to an ideology—to the supreme example of human kindness and love. There. You have it all figured out! So deck the hall and sing of the angels. Practice peace for the moment at least. Christmas has come and you’re glad. God rest ye merry, gentlemen!
4—PERSONAL

GIVE YOURSELF a Christmas present a winter in Arizona during the coming cold, hard, snowy months. Arizona, where the sun is warm, the days breezy and cloudless and dry when your health goes up and your worries drop.

by LOUISE PRICE BELL

WHEN bookshop windows displayed Pitkin’s book, "LJ Begins At Forty", thousands of people seemed to get a new lease on life merely seeing the book jacket and many more after reading optimistic pages. Nobody knows how many “tightened their belts” for fresh sprint down the road of life, re-joined the golf club, and actually felt younger and more alive! That is what psychology will do for the human race.

Regardless of Pitkin, or any other helpful optimist, we do develop aches and pains and sleepless nights as we grow older. Many young people with slight traces of asthma or bronchitis and nasal trouble find that it accelerates as the years go by. When there is a chronic physical defect present it is likely to become more annoying at just about the time that life
supposed to “begin”. But life, in its best sense, means pleasant, comfortable living and no one can enjoy life hampered by illness or chronic ailments. Certainly, if we ever want to feel well, it is when we are on the sunset side of forty! Why not try Arizona?

HUNDREDS—perhaps thousands of people throughout the United States think of Arizona as a veritable Utopia where Hygeia, the oddness of health, rules supreme, and illness is non-existent!

This is, of course, an exaggeration.

It is a fact, however, that thousands of people from all over the country have found in Arizona dramatic and happy relief from respiratory ailments and other diseases. Increasing numbers have been heading for Arizona where there are no chill winds blowing, snows piling high nor racing to fire furnaces against the dropping mercury. If one has a physical ailment that dry, warm, sunny air will help; if he needs a climate which helps people with arthritis, sinus, asthma and allied diseases, Arizona may be the answer.

Not only will the winter season be hat way, but the spring, summer and autumn seasons as well. In fact, many physicians, in suggesting that their patients go to Arizona for arthritis, say that one summer is worth two winters. The sun is almost constant... there is no fog, smog nor smoke...there are no dark and gloomy days. Not only is this condition a healthy one, but it is a morale booster. For those who like heat, the mercury hoists itself above the hundred-mark during June, July and August. The rest of the year is fine. Annual rainfall is only slightly over eleven inches so that Asheville residents with their thirty-inch rainfall... Chicagoans with thirty-three inches per year... San Antonio natives with twenty-seven inches of rainfall, notice the difference in humidity immediately. In many parts of the state, especially around Tucson and Phoenix, the 2,400-foot altitude is beneficial to certain types of chronic heart diseases.

An Indiana woman was so crippled with arthritis that she was confined to a chair that had been custom-made for her, and had to have special bathroom fixtures for her use. She lived anything but a normal life, was miserable and terribly discouraged. Urged by her physician to “try a winter in Arizona”, she was later graduated from her chair, still later from crutches. At last report she was dancing, driving a car, and a confirmed Arizona resident.

Fourteen-year-old Betty had wheezed since her first birthday and was allergic to several common foods, and to horse dander, orris root and wool. After twenty-four hours in Arizona she started to eat wheat bread, a food she had not been able to eat for years because she had had

Louise Price Bell lives in Tucson, Arizona, and has written eight books, the latest of which is Parties on a Budget, published by Prentice-Hall. She also writes for Better Homes and Gardens, American Home, Country Gentleman, Farm Journal, Good Housekeeping and House Beautiful.
violent asthmatic attacks from anything containing wheat flour. Yet there were no ill effects. Nearing middle age, Betty now is as staunch and hale as can be... and lives in Arizona.

Thirty-two-year-old Mary had taught school in Ohio from the time she graduated from college, yet had suffered with asthma from childhood. As the asthma grew worse, it was a question of a lengthy hospitalization or “trying Arizona”, a trip her physician had been urging for years. After a four-day train trip she arrived in southern Arizona. After a week she was breathing with comfort. Her nights turned from nightmares to restful respites and when the city’s college opened that fall she enrolled for work on her master’s degree. Later she accepted a teaching position, with a marked contrast to the job back east.

But... she did a foolish thing... she trekked back to Ohio to visit her relatives. In one day the asthma was bad, in a week it demanded hospitalization, and in three weeks she returned to Arizona on a stretcher. Needless to say, she hasn’t left the region again.

Every case isn’t like this, of course. Some people are slightly improved... some greatly... some are cured. Allergies prevalent in other parts of the country often lose their potency in Arizona. Bob, for instance, was allergic to wheat, peanuts, oranges, and egg whites in New York. In Arizona he eats those foods without a resultant wheeze or rattle. Yet if he goes to the west coast where humidity plays an important part in the climate, he2 breathes like an aged drayhorse before he has been the day.

It is inevitable that when we hear some physical disability we hear others with the same, or similar trouble. Since our family moved Arizona from the east, hoping for improvement in asthma, arthritis and pulmonary tuberculosis, we have heard many tales—some of which seem fantastic. And we have seen many “cures” that were hard to believe—even though we saw them with our own eyes. Anyone who has experienced the things we have will tell you the same thing: There is no other place in the United States where you can see so much improved health about you. Those who travel away from the southwest health spot are likely to find themselves the center of a climate and health pow-wow. So loving people, from other sections of the country deluge you with questions on all the things they have heard about the “health-giving climate.” To answer all the queries, the travel would have to be a composite A.A. representative, Duncan Hines, graduate doctor and ace meteorologist, besides having a complete knowledge every ailment and allergy that “cured” in Arizona. Most of these questions, of course, boil down to some particular health angle, because upon this rests Arizona’s fabulous prestige.

The cases mentioned above are extreme but tangible proof of what climate can do for some people. Many health stories are so drama...
hat they sound fictitious, or at best highly exaggerated. But they are backed up by medical men who have case histories on file—figures, charts, and the persons themselves as “exhibits”. Only one factor is misleading about such data. It is natural for people in ill health to grasp at straws—when they read of or listen to the wonderful health improvements, they feel confident that they, too, will have the same success. This is not true. All health-seekers aren’t that fortunate.

All Arizona physicians, and most of them are top-ranking men and women, emphasize one point when writing or talking to prospective visitors: No one can predict, promise or guarantee physical results. Chances are that most people with respiratory diseases and arthritis will be helped to a degree. But there can be no assurance. Scores of people, however, have traveled to the state on this basis and are now the biggest boosters on the health bandwagon.

In many instances one or more of a family needs just what this health spot offers in the way of outdoor living and healthful climate; but have to delay the move because of their circumstances. Others take the proverbial bull by the horns, load the family in the car and start out. One thing is certain. The people who know that the chances for better health are in their favor by moving to Arizona, do so at the first opportunity. That is, as soon as financial circumstances will permit it, or their invalid aunt dies, or they retire. Once located in the sunshine center of the nation, they soon begin to feel like different people... that life, in truth, does “begin” at forty or fifty or sixty! In retrospect they wish that they had managed, somehow, to make the move sooner. They realize that if they had it would have meant better health for them all... in Arizona!

▲

A tall cowboy, 10-gallon hat and all, was sauntering around a large department store. The salesgirl asked if she could be of assistance.

“No, ma’am,” he replied, “I reckon not. I ain’t never seen so many things I could do without.”

▲

Old Batch Stafford, the thrifty mountaineer, had long been dividing his attention between skinny Elviry and buxom Matilda, the village spinster. One day a tipsy loafer said: “When are you going to make your mind up between them two gals, Batch?”

“Cain’t say,” replied the thrifty bachelor. “Matilda’s bigger and stouter and can do more work. Still, on the other hand, it only takes three yards of calico to make Elviry a dress.”
Disaster on the Horizon

I HAVE great confidence in America’s future, but that does not prevent me from being deeply concerned over the present socialistic trend.

Right now the nation is in the midst of a great crisis—in fact, it is facing an internal danger much more destructive than any A-Bomb attack or invasion by a hostile power. The danger is more acute because the average man does not seem to be aware of it and hence he is doing nothing to prevent it.

We are feverishly working to prepare ourselves to meet any attempted attacks from without, but we are overlooking almost entirely the danger of complete internal collapse, which will be bound to take place unless we prepare to meet and defeat this new enemy—INFLATION.

INFLATION is growing by leaps and bounds and is affecting every American family. It is destroying the value of their insurance policies, of their savings accounts, of everything else they have strived for to protect them and their families as they grow older.

Few incomes have kept pace with the increase in the cost of living, and as inflation continues to grow, it is only a question of a short time before it begins to reach the same proportions it did in Germany in the disastrous years following World War I. At that time the mark lost its value so rapidly that workers were paid daily at noontime in order that they might attempt to buy needed food and clothing before prices became prohibitive that same day. In spite of the fact that wages were increased almost daily, the income never kept up with the increased prices. Finally, as many of you will recall laborers collected millions of marks for pay for a single day’s work and actually used wheel barrows to carry the necessary marks—in paper money—to have enough to pay for ordinary purchases. There were not enough printing presses in Germany to print new marks fast enough to keep pace with the drop in purchasing power. The result was that the entire economic structure of Germany was destroyed, and she entered the most disastrous period in her history.

Ken students who have no interest in either political party are agreed that we are going down the same road that Germany did, and unless something is done promptly, we may find ourselves in that same tragic situation that Germany did following the other World War. SO LET AMERICA BEWARE!

So the important question now is how can inflation be stopped. You, as an individual, can do your share in this fight. Here are some suggestions:

Watch your purchases carefully, weighing the merits of each, buying only what you need, and, above all, avoid “scare buying.” Don’t be stampeded into buying something you do not need, at too high a price, because there is going to be a shortage of it.

Write to your Congressmen. Tell them of your fears about inflation—let them know that they are accountable to you for their actions in Congress—that you do not intend to be represented by anyone who votes against the Nation’s welfare by voting for extravagance. Elected officials pay attention to the people whose vote put them in office, and if you and enough other good citizens will cry out against governmental extravagance, it will be corrected.

Buy Defense Bonds. Every dollar invested wisely in savings is a dollar enlisted against inflation. Inflation, in its most simplified form, is a case of too many dollars in circulation. If you help keep more and more money circulating, you speed the pace of inflation.

Join the fight against INFLATION. Remember, no matter how difficult or painful the cure, the final stages of the disease itself mean the end of everything worthwhile for which America has always stood.

—Nathaniel Leverone in “Canteen” Quarterly
Steuben Glass is hand-blown and hand-fashioned by craftsmen using a process developed in the 12th Century.

by JULES ARCHER

If you need a glass flower vase, Woolworth's will be happy to sell you one for about a quarter. If you prefer to buy it from Steuben Glass, the price may run anywhere from $12.50 to $1,250, depending on how fancy you want to get. What makes anyone in his right mind shell out that kind of money for glass—when a glass soda bottle is valued at a two cent deposit?

The answer, of course, is that Steuben Glass is designed by artists, hand-blown and hand-fashioned by craftsmen, and sold as crystal works of art. Even the inexperienced eye can tell the difference between Steuben and ordinary glassware. Steuben Glass gives the impression of having been boldly outlined in space by a skillful artist with a thick crayon. It seems heavy and solid, with firm, robust curves. Most Steuben pieces have the thick fluidity of form reminiscent of the smooth crest of water pouring over a dam.

Exhibitions of Steuben Glass, as a unique form of American fine art, have been held in London's Fine Arts Society Gallery, New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and art museums in every major American city. Famous artists who have created decorative designs for Steuben Glass include Manship, Tchelitchew, Dali, O'Keefe, Derain, Benton and Lauren-

Jules Archer is a graduate of the City College of New York — but says he was actually educated during a four-month bicycle jaunt through Europe. He writes slick fiction, pulp drama, romantic stories and serious articles. This article on Steuben Glass is serious.
cin. If you're a little careless with your elbow in the Steuben "Room" on Fifth Avenue, you can send $1,000 crashing to the floor by nudging just one objet d'art in Steuben Glass by Henri Matisse.

Among the nation's well-to-do, it is recognized that what Cartier's is to silver, Steuben is to glass. A dry-cleaning firm recently got into the act by taking large ads to proclaim, "What Steuben means to glass, Blank Dry-Cleaning Service means to dry-cleaning!" Steuben actually has no American competition in the glass field. Its sole rivalry is with firms producing art objects in silver and other metals.

The principal clientele of Steuben Glass is strictly upper crust. There are Steuben pieces in the White House, as well as aboard the Presidential yacht. The White House frequently orders special Steuben Glass pieces as American art gifts for foreign V.I.P.'s. When Princess Elizabeth was married, President Truman sent her an engraved Steuben piece called The Merry-Go-Round Bowl, designed by Sidney Waugh.

Steuben executives wince on occasion when called upon to provide specimens of their art for unaesthetic purposes. An orchestra leader tested all the Steuben Glass in the New York showroom to select tumblers which gave out different pitches when struck, so that he could use a dozen for a stunt musical number. The radio program, Truth and Consequences, wanted to use Steuben Glass to demonstrate that the human voice could crack glass. But even a radio commercial, delivered in a shrill scream couldn't agitate thick Steuben Glass.

The principal objects on display in a Steuben showroom include cocktail shakers, ash-trays, table glass, or naments, dinner bells, perfume bottles, tableware, vases, bowls, candlesticks, drinking and smoking accessories, dishes and pitchers. Steuben has also offered communion vessels, crystal crosses and other religious items. Incredibly beautiful trophy cups of glass are designed on order, and copper wheel-engraved with crests.

There are twelve other Steuber Rooms in the United States, in addition to the one of Fifth Avenue. They are located in the more exclusive stores of Chicago, Washington, D.C., Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Clayton, Dallas and Atlanta. In the New York show, at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, each piece on display is assigned to its position in the showroom by art designers, in the manner of an art exhibit.

When Steuben announced a flower show for spring, 1950, in its New York showroom, the firm expected sales to nose-dive for the week. "We did it simply because we like flowers and we like spring," explained John M. Gates, Steuben's director of design. This touching devotion to nature cost the firm a small fortune in fees paid to interior designer Charles Lin Tissot, and to Judith Garden, who kept the flower show supplied with fresh and beautiful blooms.

In twelve days, 37,000 visitors had filed through the Steuben flower
show. Although most of the glass was invisible, overshadowed by Miss Garden’s floral arrangements, enough visitors were impressed by the use of flowers in glass candlesticks, candy dishes and perfume bottles to elbow through the crowds in search of Steuben personnel. Sales during the flower show resembled the Christmas and June gift rushes.

The prestige of Steuben Glass is so well-established that most people imagine it has a century or so of tradition behind it. Actually, Steuben Glass as we know it today is an upstart born as late as 1933. It has very little in common with the “art glass” produced by the original Steuben Glass Works of Corning, New York, between 1903 and 1918. And it is a complete departure from the later glass produced from 1918 to 1932 by the Steuben Division of the Corning Glass Works, which bought out the Steuben Glass Works during World War I.

As a subsidiary of the Corning Glass Works, the Steuben Division was not too successful for fourteen years. Corning’s Board of Directors decided to junk it. But Arthur Amory Houghton, Jr., great-grandson of the man who founded the Corning Company in 1851, begged for a chance to reorganize the Steuben venture and make it pay off in both prestige and profits. He had a new conception of what Steuben Glass ought to be, and could be, given imaginative direction.

The Board agreed reluctantly. A new company called Steuben Glass, Incorporated, was formed in 1933, with Houghton as President, architect John Monteith Gates as Director of Design, glassmaker Robert J. Leavy as Production Manager, and sculptor Sidney Waugh as Chief Designer. Far from being wise old graybeards, each of these men was a stripling in his twenties. But together their daring ideas made Steuben Glass a synonym for fine crystal in less than two decades. Now in their forties, they are still intact as the team that guides Steuben.

Houghton’s original hunch as to what Steuben Glass should be was a revolutionary break from the centuries-old tradition of glassmaking. Up to 1933, the glassmaker was a one-man show. He blew the glass, shaped it, designed it. Houghton felt that this procedure was all wrong. Glassmakers were expert craftsmen, unquestionably—but not artists and designers. Why not have genuine artists do the planning and creation, and then turn over their designs to the glassmakers for skilled execution?

Houghton had other fresh ideas. The Corning Glass Works employed a large number of scientists to do pure research in glass. This research had given the nation “Pyrex”, as well as the 200-inch Palomar giant telescope. Houghton knew that the scientists had
been working on formulas for a new type of optical glass. One of the formulas they had hit upon was too soft for optical glass, because of a high lead content, but it produced glass with great clarity, purity and weight. The formula was discovered in 1932—and one year later Houghton claimed it for the new Steuben Glass.

The first six glass designers hired by the youthful new Steuben executives were all graduate architects, rather than artists. John Gates believed that glass design called for architectural know-how in the problems of balance, proportion, profile and scale, plus a facility for working in three dimensions. A second group of artist-designers were employed to create artwork decorations, which are translated onto Steuben Glass by means of copper wheel engraving.

All Steuben designers work in New York City, in order to draw inspiration from exhibitions of painting, sculpture and architecture. But they are first sent to Corning to study the craft of glassmaking. Thereafter they spend two or three days of every month at the factory, working with the glassmakers.

**D**espite this modern approach to an ancient art, Steuben Glass still relies on a handcraft glassmaking process the precepts for which were laid down by the Monk Theophilus in the 12th Century. The tools used in the Corning factory are few and primitive. The glassmakers are divided into small units, or "shops", of six men each—one master "gaffer", and five assistants. Each gaffer has full responsibility for the quality of work turned out by his shop.

Although the exact formula of Steuben Glass is a tight secret, the ingredients are not. Sand, potash and lead oxide are mixed, along with some powdered glass for smoothness, an placed in a clay crucible, or pot. This is then placed in a huge furnace where the mixture melts and fuses. It is cooled to a thick, bright-red, stick fluid.

A worker known as a "gatherer" dips a blow-pipe into the pot and draws off as much of the glass taffy as he judges is precisely needed for the size and density of the art object being created. He alternately blows air into the taffy to form a hollow bubble, and turns it on a flat slab at the mouth of the furnace to give it its basic shape. A "servitor" continues and develops this activity, using a cherrywood paddle and a two-pronged cherrywood fork for more precise shaping. At the same time he must keep blowing through and twirling his blow-pipe to keep the soft glass from losing its shape and falling off.

The gaffer takes over at this point. He carefully guides the laying-on of additional glass taffy over the basic shape for ornamentation. He shapes, cuts (with metal shears), and meas-
ures the work in progress as he goes, to make certain that it conforms within a hair to the designer’s specifications. He, too, must keep the glass revolving constantly so that it does not lose its shape.

At various intervals as he works, the gaffer inserts the glass object attached to his steel rod (where it has been transferred from the blow-pipe) into a small furnace called the “glory-hole.” This is to prevent the glass from becoming too cool during the process of blowing, joining, shaping and measuring. Only through long experience does a gaffer obtain the mastery of timing, judgment and skillful movements — comparable to the deftness of a fencer — necessary for his precision work.

When the gaffer considers the now-formed Steuben Glass ready, he breaks it away from his steel rod with a forked stick which is used to carry it to the annealing oven that slowly cools it. The mark of the steel rod remains on the glass, even though it is subsequently ground away, in the form of a small, circular depression which most people have come to learn as the insignia of handblown glass. Cooling of the glass requires from five to eight hours for ordinary objects, one to three days for more complicated pieces.

From the blowing room, the glass goes to a “finishing” room. Here it is given the minimum amount of cutting necessary to completion of the design, such as the squaring of a vase foot or exact fitting of a bottle stopper. The cutting is done by holding the glass against a revolving wheel of sandstone or iron. Transparency and luster are restored to cut surfaces by polishing with felt wheels fed with putty powder.

The copper wheel engravers in the finishing room work at small lathes which require, for the most simple design, some fifty interchangeable copper wheels of varying thickness and diameter. The glass is pressed against the revolving wheel, which produces a shallow intaglio. The engraver must be a superb craftsman to reproduce in glass, using his wheels as brushes, the delicate designs of the Steuben artist.

All in all, some one hundred and twenty-five craftsmen are kept busy at the Steuben Glass plant in Corning. Half are employed in the blowing room, half in the finishing room. The production rate is highly irregular, depending on the intricacy of the work being done. Ten simple ashtrays, with no ornament, might be turned out in an hour — while a large exhibition piece might require five hours of blowing, three months of engraving.

The public never sees some 90 per cent of the Steuben Glass which is designed. The Steuben people reject 97 per cent of their designers’ creations in the paper stage, and set aside some 80 per cent of the experimental pieces turned out at Corn ing for further study. This is the price of perfection. The Steuben firm is wary of risking its reputation by placing in any of its showrooms a single piece which doesn’t have the enthusiastic approval of every Steuben executive.
When Steuben is planning a new season’s line of glass, their designers will turn out some 400 designs, out of which about 75 will be selected and taken to Corning. There John Gates and Robert J. Leavy, the Production Manager, mull over them and reject about 25. After the 50 new designs have been executed in glass, Gates will probably scrap about 13. The remaining 37 are shipped to New York, where an executive conference may eliminate all but 22. These are sales-tested for three months, after which a dozen or more which do not make their sales quota are dropped. While about 10 new designs are thus retained (out of the original 400 planned on paper), approximately the same number of old designs are withdrawn from stock. Thus, each new piece of Steuben Glass which survives from its inception does so with the odds 40 to 1 against its being honored in a Steuben catalogue or showroom.

About one in four Steuben pieces is created as the result of customer demand. Every request is relayed on a written report by the salesgirl who receives it to the executive offices of the firm. If there seems to be enough demand for a certain type of piece, the designers will be asked to create it. But 75 per cent of all Steuben pieces are the result of independent inspiration on the part of the designers. The total line of Steuben Glass in stock at any one time seldom exceeds 150 pieces. Approximately 40 new pieces are introduced each year, and an equal number of old pieces are withdrawn.

When Steuben Glass is packed for shipment, it is first wrapped in a gray flannel bag, in the manner of a silver piece, to avoid any scratches. Tissue and shredded paper are used plentifully, and the box is protected by a white plastic coat. When a presentation piece—such as the Kentucky Bowl designed for the State of Kentucky—must be delivered, it is often flown to its destination in the Corning company plane.

Whether you buy Steuben Glass or any other glass, Steuben executives explain that you can test the purity of the glass by holding your hand behind it, and looking at your hand through the glass. The absence of any tint of color is your guarantee that the crystal is pure and flawless.

When Arthur Houghton was pleading with the Corning Board of Directors to give him and his three young co-workers a chance to make Steuben Glass into an American tradition, he told the Board in 1933: “We have a small group of skillful and experienced workmen. We have an extraordinarily pure crystal glass. Let us take these, let us have a small amount of capital and a reasonable amount of time. Give us a completely free rein, and we will attempt to make the finest glass the world has ever seen.”

It was this youthful, bold speech which led America, according to the view of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to “a commanding place in the production of glass.” A spokesman for the Museum summarized the achievement of Steuben Glass by evaluating it as “thoroughly American
in feeling, yet comparable to the best abroad."

It took Europe almost seventeen centuries to develop its tradition of fine crystal. It took Steuben seventeen years.

There’s a moral there somewhere.

An American golfer was playing at St. Andrews. Standing on the tee at a short hole, he surveyed the green and then asked the Scottish caddie for his No. 5 iron.

"Against this wind," observed the caddie, "yon’s a spoon shot."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the golfer, holding out his hand. "No. 5."

"Tak’ma tip," persisted the caddie doggedly, "an’ tak’ yer spoon."

Somewhat irritated, the American snatched his No. 5 from his bag, dropped a ball and smote it crisply. Alighting on the green it rolled lazily towards the hole and dropped into the tin.

"Well," cried the American, "what do you know about that?"

"Na’ so bad," said the caddie unemotionally, "but ye’d hae done it be’er wi’ a spoon!"

An Englishman returned to his home from a trip to America and was telling his friends of the odd American games.

"And they have the queerest game in the movie houses. It is called ‘Ohhell’ I think."

"Ohhell?" they asked. "How do they play it?"

"Well, when you go in they give you a card with a lot of numbers and during the intermission a man yells out the numbers. Then someone yells ‘Bingo!’ and everyone else yells, ‘Ohhell!’"

Two motorists met on a bridge too narrow for two cars to pass.

"I never back up for an idiot," shouted one driver.

"That’s all right," replied the other quietly, as he shifted into reverse, "I always do."

A man stood on the street corner waiting to cross. After autos whizzed by for a long time, he spied a pedestrian across the street.

"How did you get over there?" he shouted.

The other yelled back, "I was born over here."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the after-dinner speaker, "before I begin my address I have something important to say."

Two women chatted pleasantly as they started off on a shopping tour one afternoon.

"That neighbor of yours," said one, "she’s a bit of gossip, isn’t she?"

"I wouldn’t really like to say," replied the other woman, "but I know that when she came home from her vacation last summer, her tongue was sunburned."
Rough-And-Ready's 100-Year War

THE onetime "Republic of Rough-And-Ready" has made peace at last with the U.S.A., ending a century-long "Cold war" that had its spectacular beginning in the rip-roaring days of 1849 when the lust for gold and political empire gripped the builders of the old west.

The mining camp of Rough-And-Ready, in California's Mother Lode country, was named for General Zachary (Old-Rough-And-Ready) Taylor. Gold was found there in '49, and soon a bristling clapboard town of 500 sprang up. It quickly became a political center for workers in the Mother Lode, and zealots even boomed it for the capital of California when statehood came.

Rough-And-Ready's only territorial rival in size was Nevada City ten miles south. The trouble started when this up-start mining community, in a political coup, snatched the county government right out from under the noses of ambitious Rough-And-Readians. The male residents of the outraged jewel of the Mother Lode met in angry and sullen council at Jim Dunlavy's saloon. Then Dunlavy touched off the powder keg by breaking open a barrel of red-eye on the house. Before the cask was emptied, the miners in roaring unanimity had voted to secede from California territory and from the United States.

For three days a drunken rebellion continued unabated. The three Federal employees in town stalked for the hills in fear of their lives. Government records were seized and burned. The post office was stormed. Mail was flung into the street and trampled, and government-owned furniture was smashed to kindling.

The fourth day dawned on silence, with the brawlers nursing king-sized hangovers. The women had taken over, confiscating every drop of liquor left in town.

The Post Office Department sought indemnity, but could find no one on whom to fix liability. So from that week-end in 1849 until recent months, Rough-And-Ready remained in the official doghouse. The Department couldn't balance its accounts on the camp's postal business. Records showed repair costs amounting to several hundred dollars, and the Department never stopped trying to collect.

During the passing century, Rough-And-Ready's population dropped to fewer than 100 persons, giving the Post Office an excuse to close the local office; in 1942, it finally was shut down.

Present-day residents, petitioning for reopening the office discovered the historic reason for the grudge against their community. The town capitulated and agreed to reimburse the government for damages and disruption of service so that the Department could at last close its books on the incident.

In return, a new fourth-class post office was opened recently with a paid postmaster in charge. All is forgiven and the U.S.A. is once more living at peace with the Republic of Rough-And-Ready.

—Douglas Nelson Rhodes

"Are you going to hang any mistletoe in your house this year, Mandy?" asked the mistress.

Mandy sniffed in disdain. "No ma'am! I got too much pride to advertise for the ordinary courtesies a lady's got a right to expect."

An American arriving at the St. Lazare station in Paris asked a clerk where he could find the American Quarter. The clerk thought it over and replied, "If you want to know, it's the first five rows of the Folies-Bergere."
HANDLE CREDIT with CARE

It's a magic force—and a symbol of integrity. Rightly used, it puts the good things of life within your reach.

by DORIS E. TULL

THINK what life would be like today if we had to pay cash for everything. These are the days of high prices, high taxes . . . and charge accounts. It would take months, maybe years, for many of us to save enough to pay cash for a refrigerator, piano, automobile, or furniture. The dress or suit you want today might have to wait until next week or next month. Lacking the cash, you might even put off that necessary visit to the doctor or dentist.

Suppose you were to need money tomorrow? Could you walk into a bank and borrow the needed sum without difficulty? If you should decide to buy a home or new car, could you finance the deal easily? And if calamity should strike tomorrow in the form of a sudden illness or accident requiring hospitalization, could you raise the necessary money?

Nobody likes to borrow money, charge furniture or other household

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effects, buy groceries on time, or go into debt for any reason whatever. But it happens every day to thousands of people in these United States. According to the law of averages, it can and probably will happen to you before the year is out.

Whether your credit is good depends solely upon you and your past conduct. The Credit Bureau in your city is the all-seeing eye for the bank or merchant, and determines your credit standing from your past actions.

There are some 1,800 Credit Bureaus scattered over the nation, each run by a board of directors comprised of the heads of the city’s big retail stores. Its expenses are paid by those stores according to the number of inquiries handled. The purpose of the Credit Bureaus is not merely to keep people from buying things for which they cannot or will not pay, but to encourage the sound use of credit as an indispensable part of the modern business system. Thus, while Credit Bureau records often prevent irresponsible people from abusing the credit privilege, they also serve as a favorable reference and recommendation for those with sound credit habits.

Two examples will illustrate how important a good credit rating can be to you, and the importance of the Credit Bureau.

Jim Morgan had never made a bank loan of any kind. Until the night he came home to find his young son’s temperature mounting into delirium, the very mention of “borrowing money” would have scared him. He had had a few charge accounts, but only on small items. A physician diagnosed his child’s case as acute appendicitis and an ambulance screamed to the hospital with the emergency patient.

The money question hit Jim between the eyes with the impact of a sledge hammer. How could a man save anything in these times, with a wife and four kids to support? The doctor, he knew, would wait, but the hospital required immediate payment. There was no alternative but to try to borrow money from a bank.

At the bank where he made the application for his loan, Jim had a moment of sheer panic. Suppose he should be refused? His hand shook as he began to fill in the form. Name, it said . . . occupation . . . where employed . . . length of time in present occupation . . . give four credit references. That stopped him for a moment. Then he wrote in his landlord’s name, his grocery store, the hardware store where he’d paid out a washing machine almost four years ago, and a radio shop that had given him credit in the past. The rest of the application was soon completed . . . names of business houses to whom he now owed money, and if so, what amounts? None, thank goodness!

With fear in his heart, Jim handed the paper to the bank officer, who read it over and put in a call to the Credit Bureau. After a few minutes conversation, he cradled the instrument, typed in some words an another document, and gave it to Jim. “Your loan is granted,” he said pleasantly. “Take this home for your wife’s signature, turn it in at the second window, and get your money.”

Tom Phelps had an entirely dif
fert experience. Tom was restless and dissatisfied, spending over and above his salary. He had several clothing accounts scattered around town, carelessly neglecting to finish payments on one of them. He bought an expensive wristwatch at a jewelry store on credit, and forgot about it. Later he moved to another town, leaving his creditors wondering what had become of him. When he found himself short of cash in his new location, he tried for credit, but found himself up against a blank wall. The Credit Bureau had checked his file, reported their findings, and merchants everywhere turned thumbs down.

Would you like to know your credit standing, Mr. and Mrs. Average Shopper? Here are your characteristics in a nutshell summary, according to the Bureau:

On the whole you are honest. You don't buy unnecessary things, and ordinarily, pay your bills when due. When you move to another locality, you do not allow unpaid bills to remain behind you. So say the Credit Bureaus, who have many ways of checking on you.

The methods of finding out are both thorough and comprehensive, for your credit starts whenever you make your first credit purchase. As soon as you say "Charge it", a call goes into the Bureau and within three minutes your file is checked and all information regarding your credit habits relayed to the inquirer. The Bureau does not blacklist you, nor ask that credit be withheld if those habits aren't good. It merely reports its findings. The final decision is up to the store itself as to whether to go on with the sale or show you the nearest door.

Some of the sources upon which your credit standing is based are:

1. Your employer. He can usually furnish a fair estimate of your honesty and dependability.

2. Your bank, if you've had dealings with one. The bank will state whether you've had a loan, the amount and the promptness with which it was repaid, and give your approximate balance.

3. Other retail stores. If you've given another charge account as a reference, investigation will reveal what you did on this one; its amount, last purchase made, and its present status.

4. Out-of-town Credit Bureaus. These provide information about your affairs if you have lived in other cities.

In addition to these, the Bureau has various other ways of checking up on you. It combs daily newspapers for data which is recorded in its extensive files. If you were married or divorced, were in trouble with the
police, were involved in a damage suit or went into bankruptcy, the newspaper clippings are available for instant reference and have a direct bearing on your credit standing.

A good credit standing is one of your most valuable possessions; is much more than a temporary substitute for cash. It is a very practical convenience, and when used properly, a symbol of integrity and a source of personal prestige. If the time ever does come when you need money for an emergency, you yourself can best predict what the outcome will be.

One general manager for the Bureau explains it like this. "Credit habits," he says, "are pretty much like your own shadow . . . they seldom change, and they follow you about. Each customer makes his own credit record. All we do is keep track of it."

It's up to you! Since American business thrives on its credit customers, go ahead and charge items you can't do without. But remember, credit is the magic force that puts the good things of life within your reach. Don't abuse it!

A psychiatrist was walking along the street in Tel Aviv when a man leaned out of an upper story window and called out to him: "Would you mind coming up here and helping me with this elephant?"

No psychiatrist worth his salt could withstand such a request, and ours, anxious to oblige, hurriedly ascended the stairs. At the apartment door he was met by the man who had hailed him, and was promptly escorted into the living room. The place looked perfectly proper, except that in one corner stood an elephant, medium in size, lustily waving his trunk at the visitor.

The doctor didn't try to conceal his surprise. "I thought you were just imagining this elephant," he gasped.

"What elephant?" asked the other. "There's no elephant here. I did it for a bet."

The man came home, bringing with him a new wife, some 40 years his junior. He introduced her to his servants, and afterwards asked the oldest one of his employees what he thought of his new mistress. The man said, "She's a beautiful young lady, boss, but I hate to see a man start out on a day's work so late in the afternoon."

A mother gave her seven year old son an expensive wrist watch; so he could time himself when he practiced his violin lessons.

Asked how he liked his watch, he replied enthusiastically, "Oh, fine! When I wind it up real tight it does an hour in 50 minutes!"

"That's no fire siren you heard. It's my wife down the next block yelling for me to come home."
Fifty thousand harmony-hungry husbands have a night out to do some good old-fashioned "woodshedding."

by GEORGE E. JONES

FIFTY thousand harmony-hungry husbands would not now have a legitimate excuse for a night out to do some good old-fashioned "woodshedding"* had it not been for two Oklahomans, tax lawyer O. C. Cash and investment man Rupert I. Hall. If they had not met accidentally in a Kansas City hotel one spring night in 1938, the world might have lost forever the nostalgic songs of the sweet long ago. Nor would the world have learned of the SPEBSQSA—Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

The Society is the direct result of the general movement by congenial Cash and his friend Hall to revive and revitalize the almost extinct art of quartet singing in America—as it was done in the days of our fathers when every man's ambition was to own a team of spanking bays and a wire-wheeled, rubber-tired buggy.

Hall arranged for the original meeting at the Tulsa Club. Cash drafted the invitation. His concept was entirely a local club, singing to itself as an audience. It never occurred to him that anyone outside of Tulsa would be interested. But chain reactions were inevitable and the third

*Woodshedding, as any barber shopper will tell you, is sweet harmonizing on such chord-busters as Coney Island Baby, Mary's a Grand Old Name, or a tear-strainer like Honest Working Girl.
meeting really got the Society off to some musical history making. About 150 men showed up at the meeting in a downtown Tulsa hotel. While the gang was doing some "catch-as-catch-can" vocalizing, someone happened to look out the window and called attention to the traffic jam in the street below. When a reporter from a local newspaper happened by and inquired of the officer about the wreck, the indignant officer replied, "That's no wreck! It's just some damn fools up there, singing."

The next morning the newspapers carried a report on the affair. The mighty sounds of the night before had caused one staid and settled taxpayer to voice the consensus of the whole group. "Hell", he muttered in a tone compounded equal parts of alarm, astonishment and admiration, "has broke loose in the henhouse!"

The account of the meeting was such a colorful handling of the fourth human need, music—the other three being food, clothing and shelter—that the various wire services picked it up, sent it around the country, and the Society was on its way!

The Society was incorporated in the state of Oklahoma on July 6, 1938. Bing Crosby, invited to attend the first official meeting, had wired his regrets but dedicated a song on his radio program to the Society. Winchell and other columnists had mentioned the new organization, some with tongue-in-cheek attitude, others with a sincere hope that it would become national in scope.

At the first "National" meeting, at which Cash presided, in 1939, seven states and seventeen cities were represented. Rupert Hall was elected the first national President, O. P. Strickland, Secretary-Treasurer, and S. M. Bleven was Master of Ceremonies. Cash kept his title of Permanent Third Assistant Temporary Vice Chairman, the same title he has today. The first "Advisory Board" included Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien representing the west coast, Sigmund Spaeth, Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, and the late Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Rules for the first National Open singing contest stated that only amateurs (male) were eligible, and competition could be with or without accompaniment. Women have no official status in the Society, man's last bulwark against the distaff side.

The Bartlesville, Oklahoma Barflies were winners of the Society's World Championship prize of $50, by rendering "My Own Cabin Among the Hills". An insurance man, an interior decorator, a bank cashier and a purchasing agent for an oil company teamed up to make the prize-winning quartet.

The SPEBSQSA rarely mix liquor with lyrics, explaining simply "A drunk can't sing". Just as proud is the Society of its songs, not one of which "you couldn't sing i..." 

George E. Jones lives in Glendale, Calif., in the lush San Fernando Valley, but he wants to settle in Orlando, Florida, after his two children finish one more school term; and in Florida raise and race greyhounds while he writes mystery novels. His material has appeared in Motion Picture, Movieland, The Farm Quarterly, and Big Book Western
church”. Any man who can sing, and any man who can’t, may become a member of this great international brotherhood. Bankers, attorneys, commercial engineers, executives—and barbers—all gang up where the Society flourishes, and they sing side by side. The Society accepts for membership only congenial men of good character who love harmony in music, good fellowship toward all members, with an endeavor to spread the spirit of harmony throughout the world. The code of ethics adds a note of caution: Members shall refrain from forcing their songs upon unsympathetic ears.

Hotels seem to be the most popular meeting places at which old-fashioned, small town neighborliness and a good time rate above such non-essentials as accredited musical ability. Next come halls of non-fraternal organizations, then American Legion halls, followed by fraternal clubhouses.

BARBERSHOP members are reluctant to say how far back the urge to sing goes before the birth of the Society. It must be close to racial beginnings, for savage tribes used chants, some in a sort of harmony. The desire to put two or more notes together to produce more than mere melody is old, but it is impossible to assign a date to the beginning of “Barber Shop” harmony.

Samuel Pepys, in his diary during the early 1600’s of Elizabethan England, wrote: “My Lord called for the Lieutenant’s cittern (ghittern or lute, daddy of today’s guitar), and with our candlesticks and money for symbols (cimbals) we made barber’s music with which my Lord was well pleased.”

In Percy A. Sholes’ Oxford Companion to Music, there is this mention: “One of the regular haunts of music in the 16th, 17th and early 18th centuries was the barber’s shop. Here customers waiting their turns found simple instruments (apparently always the cittern) on which they could strum. The barbers themselves in their waiting time between customers, took up the instruments and thus acquired some skill as performers.”

Steinert, the piano manufacturer of Boston, said concerning a man with whom he lodged in 1860: “As once upon a time he had been a barber, he knew how to play the guitar.” The great Oscar Hammerstein in 1908 cancelled plans for a Spanish opera because the score called for many guitars, “more than I could get together readily; I should have been obliged to engage all the barbers in New York.”

This “barber’s music” came to our shores along with other old world customs and, like nearly all of them, gradually took on a distinctive American flavor. There is little record of this evolution, but in the 1880’s and
'90's "Barber Shop" was recognized as a form of harmony, and definitely as a part of small town life in the mid-west.

The small town barber shop was a clubby sort of place. It was a hang-out and gathering place for the gay blades and the hot sports dressed to kill. For every visitor who could tickle the guitar, which usually reposed with a hair tonic display card and a cat on the broad inner ledge of the street level window, many more could contribute vocally, and did. Someone would start singing a melody, somebody else would chime in on tenor, usually a bass was available, and sometimes a "fill-in". In those days the baritone part was often called "fill-in". Often the porter filled in one of the spots.

Then, as now, who the singer was mattered less than his ability to carry "a lead you can chin yourself on" or a harmony part. In the barber's shop, village church choir tenors and basses could utilize harmony which hymn writers may have felt but could only hint at, and which convention barred from their singing. Also, the barber shop gave those without church affiliations a place to congregate and sing. Local saints could worship "Mandy Lee" on the same level as local sinners, and even the worst was entitled to his opinion about holding that bass straight where "my broken heart" begins calling in "Dear Old Girl".

The four voices in barber shop are the lead or second tenor, who carries the melody; first tenor, who sings above the lead consistently; the baritone, who may go above the lead at times; and the bass, the guy who sounds like a tug boat in a busy harbor. Barber shop harmony is produced by these four voices unaccompanied—when the rules of time, expression, and word theme are sacrificed to obtain blending harmony satisfaction—and usually with at least one harmonized chord on each melody note.

A classic example of what "Barber Shop" really is comes from a barber shopper himself. "You know", he said, "when you're out on the shore of a lake on a summer evening and the moon is shining, and everything's quiet, and some people across the lake start to sing some old-timer, in harmony, and it sounds good, Brother, that's barber shop harmony!"

A judge at one of the Society's contests would sum up barber shopping this way: "If you cannot distinguish which individual is singing bass, baritone, lead or tenor at fifty paces, that's an indication that the blending is good."

In contests—or Parades, as the Society prefers to call them—judging is based on harmony accuracy 25 per cent, song arrangement 25 per cent, voice expression 30 per cent, song
selection 10 per cent, and stage presence, including costume 10 per cent. Costumes may be anything from impressive handlebar mustaches, to saucy black bow ties perched on boiled shirts, checked blazers, caps at rakish angles, flowing knickers, or striped knee-length hose, all reminiscent of the gay '90's.

In regional and district contests one judge is assigned to each category. Judges are always selected from outside that particular district. In an International contest two judges and an alternate handle each of the four classifications. The alternate's score is used when a quartet is from the same area as one of the regular judges.

Four minutes minimum and six minutes maximum is the time bracket in which a quartet must present its two numbers in competition. Religious and patriotic numbers are not used in competition. All members of competing quartets must be non-professionals as a quartet. A professional is defined as one who derives more than one-half of his income from an occupation in the field of music. Only one such member is allowed in a quartet.

The more visionary members of the Society foresee a chapter in every village, town and city of 1,500 population or over. Conservatives are inclined to disagree. They say there are not enough bloodhounds in America to track down the dearth of really good tenors needed for quartets.

On only one thing are all barbershoppers in accord—the old songs are the best.

A small boy with a penny tightly clutched in his hand entered the toy shop and drove the proprietor to distraction asking to see this and that and everything without making up his mind.

"Look here, my boy," the proprietor said finally. "What do you want for a penny—the world with a fence around it?"

The boy replied without hesitation, "Let's see it."—Forest Echoes.

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost mae enthusiasm."
The "crazy man on Crazy Horse" is slowly and painfully realizing a great dream—a time-defying memorial to the American Indian.

by ROGER P. HANSEN

UP IN the Black Hills of South Dakota, a man is carving out a mountain. Some people call him the "crazy man on Crazy Horse." But he is slowly and painfully realizing a great dream—a dream of a time-defying memorial to the American Indian.

Ten miles southwest of Mount Rushmore, famous as the "shrine of democracy", Korczak Ziolkowski is blasting and chipping a four-hundred foot high memorial out of Mount Thunderhead. In another thirty years, the figure of Chief Crazy Horse, astride a rearing Indian pony, will loom against the sky—preserved forever in marble.

History books tell about the Sioux and their great Chiefs, Red Cloud and Sitting Bull. But they almost never mention Chief Crazy Horse, the brilliant Sioux field general who wiped out General George Custer and two-hundred sixty-four troopers of the Seventh Cavalry at Little Big Horn in 1876.

It was an old Indian, Chief Henry Standing Bear, who first proposed the idea of carving a memorial to the Red man. He wanted a sculptor to carve a mountain so that "the White people may know that the Red men had great heroes also." In 1939, he approached Ziolkowski with the idea, the plans were laid, but then the war came along.

Following his discharge in 1947, Korczak Ziolkowski, forty-two-year-old sculptor of Polish descent, moved to the Black Hills and purchased a small ranch at the foot of Mount Thunderhead. He planned that, by mining beryl and feldspar from the mountain and selling souvenirs to tourists, he could chip out the moun-
tain in thirty years with five million dollars.

In the last ten years, Ziolkowski has invested $85,000, his entire fortune, in this work. He has built a log cabin home and studio with seventy-foot logs that he cut with an ax. In 1948, he set up an outdoor gallery in back of his home in which are exhibited many of his sculptural works. And since the mining project failed due to difficulties in getting equipment, he has developed the small ranch near his studio to assist him through the leaner years.

Undoubtedly, the Crazy Horse project was inspired by the Mount Rushmore memorial. In fact, Ziolkowski assisted Gutzon Borglum for a short time before the latter's death. But Crazy Horse is a more gigantic undertaking than even Rushmore, for the mountain is being carved "in the round" so that it may be seen from all directions. Crazy Horse is so much larger that, when completed, the four heads on Rushmore could be placed inside the horse's head!

Carving a mountain takes time and money and a lot of sweat. In the winter of 1948, Ziolkowski built, single-handedly, a seven-hundred foot staircase up the east side of Mount Thunderhead. The work was tedious and the sculptor almost lost his life several times due to broken ropes, rotten timbers, and falling rock. Since much of the carpenter work had to be done while he was lying on his back, the construction of the staircase was a feat in itself.

In the summer of 1949, the sculptor, with the aid of two men, started blasting 97,000 tons of rock from the mountain. A twenty-six-year-old air compressor that looked more like a steam engine was installed at the foot of the mountain. Pipe and hoses were laid to the top and everything from string to baling wires was used to keep the couplings in place so that air pressure could be maintained for drilling.

Korczak Ziolkowski doesn't give the impression, at first, of being a man especially adapted to carving mountains. Physically, he is not a big man—five feet, eleven inches tall and one-hundred seventy pounds—but he has a tremendous, seemingly inexhaustible energy. He is well adapted to a rugged life, having served overseas for four years as a combat sergeant with an artillery outfit.

His qualifications as a sculptor are many and varied. Beginning a career as a wood carver in New England, Ziolkowski became interested in marble and carved the thirteen-foot statue of Noah Webster that stands in West Hartford, Connecticut. In 1939, he won the First Sculptural Award at the New York World's Fair for his bust of Paderewski. His most recent work was a two-ton marble statue of Wild Bill Hickok.

Roger Page Hansen is executive secretary of the Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, Chamber of Commerce. Graduated in 1951 from the University of Illinois with a B.S. in Journalism, his hobbies are hunting, camping, winter sports, music and writing.
unveiled last summer in Deadwood, S. Dak. After his experience on Mount Rushmore, he said, “I dared to hope that someday I might put hand to a monument that would defy time and the destructive hand of man.”

Toward that end, he follows a daily routine something like this:

He rises at four o’clock every morning, steps out into the snappy mountain air, and starts his chores. These consist of feeding and watering his beautiful palomino stallion, “Thunder”, and milking four cows. After a five-thirty breakfast, he goes back to work around his ranch—building fences, making hog pens, rebuilding old ranch buildings, or going up the side of the mountain to cut fence posts.

Then at about ten o’clock in the morning, he and his hired man “go up on the mountain” to start loading dynamite into the holes that have been drilled the day before. At twelve noon, a tourist will draw a lucky number out of a hat, push a button, and set off a blast that will remove three hundred tons of rock from the top of the mountain. The process is repeated in the afternoon and another blast is set off at 5 p.m. The sculptor usually doesn’t get around to his evening chores until past 9 p.m. and by that time he has done a day’s work in any man’s language.

Since the project has been financed entirely by voluntary contributions and a fifty-cent admission fee for tourists, money has always been a major problem at Crazy Horse. That is why such inferior equipment has had to be employed in the work. Every stick of dynamite that is used to remove rock is precious and each hole in the rock must be drilled carefully so as to use the precious powder with maximum efficiency. At the present time, the sculptor can afford to employ only one man on the project. Occasionally, interested tourists will volunteer a few days’ labor.

There have never been any federal or state funds appropriated for the work, as Ziolkowski wishes Crazy Horse to remain an individual project. However, the U. S. Treasury department has made the memorial project tax exempt and contributions made to it are deductible from the donor’s income tax.

In these days when we think so much of living memorials, Ziolkowski believes that “a piece of sculpture put on view that has for its sole purpose naught but a figurement of attraction as its goal, is not sufficient.” Therefore, the ultimate purpose of Crazy Horse memorial is to create a university, museum, and medical center for the benefit of the Indian people.

Never again do we want the Indian people to reply to us as Crazy Horse did. When asked by a white man, “Where are your lands now?” the old Chief replied, “My lands are where my dead lie buried.”

Education is a debt due from the present to future generations. It is impossible to defeat an ignorant man in an argument.
Arnold Stang steals the show from stellar comedians; and his eventual triumph as a top-rank comic in his own right is predicted.

by JAY ARROW

He has fan clubs in Detroit, Hollywood, Chicago and New York—but millions of Americans never heard of him. Bobbysoxers chase him in the streets, but in his own words, “I look like a scared chipmunk who forgot to come out of the rain.”

He is the world's greatest exponent of “Brooklynese”—and a native son of Chelsea, Massachusetts. Famous as being one of the best, if not the top, comedy stooge in the business, he hates being considered a stooge. Because he is often funnier than the stars he works with, he sometimes finds it tough to get a job.

That's Arnold Stang—better known to Henry Morgan fans as “Gerard”, whose cracked-voice “Hi-ya!” is a signal for mirth from coast to coast. Television fans are also getting to know Stang through his frequent guest shots on the Milton Berle show. Stang, who commands higher pay than many stars, was until recently relatively unknown. Yet he's appeared with all the yuk masters—Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Kay Kyser, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx, Ed Gardner and the late Al Jolson.

There are two kinds of comics, according to Stang. Those that can pay him, and those that can’t. There are two other kinds, those who will risk

Jay Arrow lives in Pine Plains, N. Y., in the foothills of the Taconic Mountain Range, and skis “when there is snow.” He is prolific — writes mysteries, and serious books. He and his wife have three sons, aged 1, 2 and 3.
hiring him, and those who won't. Stang is a show stealer. Not deliberately, perhaps, but too many top comics have complained, "This boy is too funny." One frankly told Stang's agent he wouldn't hire him for that reason.

Like the platypus, Stang seems born to be laughed at. Nature endowed him with a ridiculous appearance, and added the "insult" of a comical voice. Stang improved on Nature by using a bow tie and horn-rimmed glasses as his trade mark. Added to his solemn face and stunted toothpick figure, these help him resemble nothing so much as a starved baby owl.

Stang was very much upset when the director of "Sailor, Beware", which hit Broadway in 1944, refused to allow him to wear glasses in the featured role he was playing. Before the show opened, Stang went to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to play in a benefit. Having a late supper with the C. O., Stang demanded, "Are sailors allowed to wear glasses?"

"Over three hundred of them at this base do," acknowledged the Commander.

"Put that in writing", Stang ordered. He bore the Commander's note triumphantly to the director of "Sailor, Beware". When the show opened, Stang was wearing glasses.

The glasses he wears have empty rims. His prize pair are the specs Harold Lloyd used in making his famous silent, "The Freshman". Lloyd gave them to him when a deal was pending for Stang to play Lloyd's old part in a remake of the film. Though the movie was never made, Stang kept his treasured gift. The veteran Lloyd's glasses have symbolic importance to the little comic, because Lloyd was his ideal from the start of his career, and unquestionably influenced Stang's concept of comedy.

Apart from Harold Lloyd's artistry, one of the great comedian's attributes which appeals strongly to Stang was his ability to parlay laughs into a million dollars. "I asked myself", Stang recalls, "how did all those other actors get rich—Lloyd, Chaplin, Hope and so on? You know how? Each built up a popular character in the public mind, a character everybody can identify—a simple little guy, very appealing, who gets kicked in the teeth, but who always comes out on top because he doesn't know when he's licked!"

In "Gerard", Stang has perfected his theatrical alter ego. He is a little guy against the whole world. His greatest defense against society is his refusal to be impressed by anything or anybody. If Henry Morgan boasts of having shaken the President's hand, Gerard answers, "Big deal". If someone explains something that is obviously over his head, Gerard mutters darkly, "Whassamatta, y'a wise guy?" If another character reacts with surprise at something he has said, Gerard explodes, "I tell him yes; he tells me no!" And in those eight words, his scratchy voice ranges up and down the entire musical scale.

S TANG considers himself first and foremost an actor playing comedy. He emphasizes that his approach to comedy is through characterization, not gags. For that reason he likes to
sit in on the writing of all shows in which he is scheduled to appear; so that his role, as written, will be consistent with the character, Gerard.

Although Stang’s appearance by itself can provoke belly laughs, the secret of his success is his voice. He uses it as Heifetz uses a violin. Stang is a master of mimicry, speech rhythm, intonation, pronunciation and voice curve.

Stang’s Brooklynese is considerably toned down from the Kings County English. “Nobody could understand it otherwise,” he explains. “Furthermore, it isn’t a Brooklyn dialect. You can hear exactly the same kind of speech in Jersey City, Chicago and a dozen other cities. The dialect really represents the slovenly speech of the average tenement district.”

Stang didn’t know he was a born comedian until he tried out for a serious role in a school play. “I walked on stage”, he recalls, “burning with an artist’s desire to emote. Inside of two seconds, I was just burning. I didn’t even get a chance to open my mouth, and the faculty dramatic coach was laughing. I ignored him and read the role with real intensity. By the time I finished, the coach and everybody else was rolling in the aisles. So that’s how I got the lead. The comedy lead, that is, in another play.”

Realizing that comedy was his forte, Stang decided to try for an audition on Horn and Hardart’s “Children’s Hour.” He won a nod simply by sending a postcard to the New York radio station airing the show. Money he had saved for his mother’s anniversary gift bought him a ticket from Chelsea, Mass., to New York. The year was 1934; Stang was twelve.

At the audition he felt extremely nervous, probably because the audience was composed of hostile mothers and their equally hostile progeny. He delivered a soliloquy in dialect, and won laughter in all the wrong places. He left the station discouraged, sure he’d lost out. But he received word to report back for comedy roles.

Stang stayed on the “Children’s Hour” for three years. He was paid ten dollars a week, less his agent’s 10 per cent. For this net take of nine he was required to rehearse Fridays and Saturdays, and broadcast on Sundays. But the show gave him an opportunity to branch out as a radio type on other programs. Any director with a script calling for a horrible brat with a satanic sense of humor put a call in for Stang. He was “That Brewster Boy”, and Seymour in “Rise of the Goldbergs”. There was only one voice like his in all radio.

Stang soon found himself tapped for Broadway. After “Sailor Beware”, he was cast as a little guy from the Bronx in “All in Favor”. After that he was featured in “Same Time Next Week”, a first-class flop which proved expensive to the show’s
angel, Milton Berle. For a long while afterward Berle complained, "It cost me $25,000 just to get to know Arnold."

Stang recalls that on opening night of the Berle show, the prop phone in the stage set booth didn't ring on cue for an important bit of exposition. After stalling desperately, Stang ad libbed, "I think I'll call So-and-So." Finding himself without a nickel, he dialed anyhow. Whereupon the earpiece fell apart. Struggling with it, Stang managed to stammer his necessary lines into the mouthpiece. During which the phone bell suddenly rang shrilly. Shaken, Stang hung up, and the earpiece promptly fell apart again.

"It's a wonder Berle didn't lose $50,000", Stang sighs.

When the little comedian's stage work won him a movie contract, in true Gerard fashion he refused to be impressed by Hollywood. On the first day, a pompous producer took him in hand and taught him technique for a solid half-hour while everyone on the set waited. "I mean it was solid", Stang recalls. "He didn't even give me a chance to say yes, no, or even what. Just kept telling me to look through the camera at this, look through the camera at that, and sounding off nonstop like a very big wheel".

Finally he ran out of breath and snapped, "Well, is it all clear now?"

It was the first chance Stang had had to open his mouth. So he said, "Wait till I get my glasses, and you can explain it again. I couldn't see a thing". The producer didn't talk to him again for three weeks.

Stang worked with Rosalind Russell in "My Sister Eileen", and Bob Hope in "They Got Me Covered". While appearing in "Seven Days Leave" with Victor Mature and Lucille Ball, he and Mature toured the local cafes as a team. He would step out from behind the shadow of Mature, who bulked approximately one hundred pounds heavier than Stang. The act was introduced, understandably, as "Mature and Immature".

During the war, Stang toured Army camps with the Kay Kyser show as a replacement for Ish Kabibble. The unit flew around the country in beat-up Army planes, whose engines had a disconcerting habit of catching fire.

"As Gerard would say", Stang recalls with a shudder, "'Oooo, I'm dyin'!'" The little comic, who doesn't smoke, kept his grateful father supplied with cigarettes during the tour.

In 1949, Stang married an ex-girl reporter from the Brooklyn Eagle, JoAnne Taggart, who had once interviewed him four years before. JoAnne had switched to publicity when they met again. She acquired Stang as a client, and he took her as his wife. They were married between rehearsals for the Henry Morgan show, with Stang insisting on time out because
he "had to have it". Morgan only found out why during the broadcast, and the news almost broke up the show.

Recently JoAnne visited her doctor for a "rabbit" pregnancy test. She phoned Stang at their apartment to tell him that they were going to have a "little rabbit". Stang chatted casually with her, hung up, then went in to take a shower. It was while standing under the water that his eyes suddenly glazed and he fainted. When he came to, he had a tremendous bump over one eye, plus a severe headache, and had to go to bed.

"Probably the longest double-take on record", he muses with a pardonable touch of professional pride.

Stang's greatest source of annoyance is the fact that every time he switches his allegiance to a new comedy star, he wins a fresh burst of enthusiasm as a talented "newcomer". Until recently nobody ever seemed to know his real name . . .

"Mama," inquired the little girl, "what is propaganda?"

"Propaganda? Well, think of the compliments Papa gives me on my old dresses when he thinks I want a new one."

Puffing and blowing, the sailor just managed to jump into a carriage as the train left the station.

The middle-aged man in the corner eyed him with scorn.

"When I was your age, my lad," he said, "I could run a half mile, catch a train by the skin of my teeth, and still be fresh as a daisy."

"Yes," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed this one at the last station."

The school orchestra was rehearsing a composition by the director to be played at the fall concert. After going over the composition six times the director seemed satisfied. "Thank you," he said to the weary musicians, "at last you have given me a true interpretation of my work."

"Gee!" whispered the boy with the trombone, "that's funny, I've got two pages to play yet."

The long-winded lecturer had been holding forth for over an hour, except for brief pauses from time to time to gulp a hasty drink of water. Finally during one such pause, an old farmer in the audience leaned toward his neighbor and announced in a loud whisper: "First time I ever saw a windmill run by water."
The Burns of America

SOME say it'll be a hundred years ago this past 7th of October that James Whitcomb Riley was born. Others guess a few years earlier. It doesn't really matter, for the Indiana poet is among the immortals . . . forever young.

In tender, amusing, pathetic lines Riley embalmed the enchantment of childhood in the amber of his verse. The children of all the world claimed him as their own. Their joys, their sorrows, glee, work and play were all happily expressed in his rhymes. He knew real children—what they loved and how they felt. No child-saints for him. His youngsters were rough-and-tumble urchins with dirty, laughing faces. His thoughts on the small fry were best summed up in the foreword to “Little Orphan Annie”:

“Inscribed with all faith and affection
To all the little children; the happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and silent ones; the boisterous and glad ones;
The good ones—yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.”

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, about twenty miles from Indianapolis. Just sixteen when he left school, Riley couldn't make up his mind what career to pursue. The life of an actor intrigued him, but the way was difficult and the rewards were mostly of the spirit. He became a sign painter! For ten years he roamed the countryside, happy and carefree, painting commercial signs on barns and fences in Indiana and Ohio.

Then, fortunately, came an opportunity to work in a newspaper office in Anderson, Indiana. There he began to write poems in his spare time, diffidently signing the name “Benj. F. Johnson of Boone” to some of his verses. Most of the poems were written in the Hoosier dialect, a new departure, and readers began to look for them eagerly. Riley's style was peculiarly his own, simple and completely Middle West America. With homely, salty idioms, the picturesque and apt figures of speech, his philosophy was that of the people and countryside Riley knew. His readers were well acquainted with the prototypes of Old Aunt Mary, Squire Hawkins, Tradin’ Joe and others.

From 1877 to 1885, Riley was on the Indianapolis Journal and the fame of his poetry was spreading beyond his native state. He began giving public readings, and with his natural gift for mimicry, made his characters live for his audiences. He found a companion in Bill Nye, the humorist, and together, they went on tour, delighting crowds wherever they appeared.

Riley’s poems were brought out in book form and the center table in many a parlor held a copy of “An Old Sweetheart of Mine,” illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Riley had caught the true American spirit and flavor. In his lines, “Noon time and June time down along the river . . .”, he enclosed all June unforgettably. Quietly he slips into the hand of the reader the essence of an hour and a month.

He died on the 22nd of July, 1916. His own verse might well constitute his epitaph:

“With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land . . .
“Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.”

—Mabel-Ruth Jackson
TIME really flies . . . football is over, except for the bowl games, and basketball has already knocked on the door to claim the attention of sport fans. The great roundball game has been hurt by the scandals involving college stars this past year, but just how much remains to be seen. The Big Seven schools have stayed clear of scandal thus far; and the only midwestern team to gain the spotlight of infamy was the Bradley team from Peoria, Ill. There will be some great teams in the land this winter and competition will be sharp and feverish. Remember, the 1952 Olympics is the national prize!

In the Big Seven it should narrow down to a battle between the Kansas State Wildcats and the University of Kansas Jayhawks. Kansas State was the national runner-up last year and, although Coach Gardner lost a lot of players, he has developed several outstanding men for replacements. Phog Allen at Kansas has a veteran team with size, speed and shooting ability led by All-American Clyde Lovellette and braced by three seniors, junior Charlie Hoag and tree-topper C. H. Born. With these, Kansas is in its best striking position in many years.

Sparky Stalcup at Missouri University has little showing on paper but he is sure to be in the thick of it with a scrapping team of better-than-average size for Missouri. Oklahoma and Colorado should be a strong threat on given nights, but from where I sit right now, it looks like Kansas or Kansas State for the Big Seven title.

The Oklahoma Aggies under the great Iron Duke, Hank Iba, will be the Missouri Valley champs. They might even win the national title since this may be one of Iba’s all-time great clubs. Even in the early season rank-
ings, they are rated next to Kentucky in the national picture.

But no matter how it comes out, basketball promises a season of thrills for the fans in Kansas City and the Midwest. I'll be broadcasting the NAIB Pre-Season Tournament from Dec. 13 to 15; five Big Seven non-conference games from Dec. 14 to 22; the Big Seven Pre-Season Tournament from Dec. 26 to 29; and the Big Seven conference games beginning Jan. 5. And after the conference games are over, I'll do the NAIB and NCAA Tournaments here in Kansas City. It will be a terrific season!

WHEN the football season ends it is always in order to name an All-Star team. The team I have picked from the Big Seven this year would rank high against any club:

Ends: Bill Schaake of Kansas and Mal Schmidt of Iowa State.

Tackles: Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma and Jack Jorgenson of Colorado.

Guards: J. D. Roberts and Jim Nelson, both of Oklahoma.

Center: Tom Catlin of Oklahoma.

Backfield: Ed Crowder of Oklahoma would fill the spot at quarterback on any club; Bob Brandeberry of Kansas and Woody Shelton of Colorado are the halfbacks; and the fullback slot can only be filled by Buck McPhail of Oklahoma.

In the realm of touch and go for All-Star honors are:

Missouri: Paul Fuchs, Junior Wren, Tony Scardino.

Kansas: John Konek, Charlie Hoag, Bob Hantala, George Mrkonic, Bud Laughlin.

Kansas State: Verl Switzer.

Iowa State: Dick Mann, Frank Congiaro.

Oklahoma: John Reddell, Bert Clark.

Nebraska: Ray Novak, Bob Mullen, George Prochaska.

Colorado: Dave Hill, Zack Jordan, Merwin Hodel.

As usual the Oklahoma University powerhouse dominated football in the Big Seven Conference, and fans witnessed only a battle for second place. But next fall may see the biggest improvement in Big Seven history, since each team is loaded with capable freshmen who lack only experience. That is, of course, if Uncle Sam doesn't raid the corral!

NOW for story time. Every great All-American has a thousand tales and legends told about him. At Nebraska they tell the story of the game with Missouri in 1950 . . . and of Bobby Reynolds who ran wild. On one play Bobby took the ball on the Missouri thirty and moved to the left. After finding his path barred he circled a couple of times and moved back over the fifty, picked up his blockers and began moving down the sideline for a touchdown.

The next time the Huskers got the ball Reynolds ran the end of Missouri's Dale Portman. Portman was taken out of the play and pinned down by a blocker. After a couple of seconds Portman said, "Hey, get off me. The play has gone past." "Not
on your life,” said the blocker. “You never know when Reynolds might circle back past here!”

The lid on the hot stove league is about to blow off with diehard baseball fans eyeing the winter baseball meetings to be held in December. Arguments on swaps, trades, deals, and sales are flying through the air, and anybody could be right! So, with a bow to the hot stovers, here are a couple of stories on the Great American Pastime.

Some years back, the Detroit Tigers had a pitcher named Eldon Auker, whose chief claim to fame was an unorthodox delivery. Auker pitched under-handed.

One day Auker fanned Babe Ruth. The Babe looked rather disturbed until the next time up, when he slammed a home run.

After the game, someone said to the Babe, “You looked sore before you hit that homer.”

“I was,” replied Ruth. “I didn’t want to get struck out by no girl!”

Most major league baseball players detest day games in St. Louis during mid-summer because of the terrific heat. This is particularly true of outfielders assigned to the sun field, where a temperature of more than 100 degrees in the sun is not unusual.

Years ago, the St. Louis Cardinals had an outfielder who was quite capable, but was often accused of not taking his baseball seriously enough. His name was Steve Evans.

One day, during a heat wave, Evans played his position as deeply as possible; so that he could stand in the shade of the grandstand. As a result, a number of pop flies to his territory fell safely. When the crowd began to ride him, he resorted to other tactics.

The next time he walked out to his position, Evans was carrying an umbrella. When umpire Hank O’Day ordered Evans to dispose of the umbrella, the outfielder argued, “Well, you try playing the sun field in this heat without an umbrella. See how you like it!”

That’s all for now, folks! From me to you, a very Merry Christmas and a swell New Year!

A new congressman flung down several typewritten sheets before his secretary. “Don’t use such long words in my speeches,” he said. “I want to know what I’m talking about.”

Mr. Jones had recently become a father of triplets. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. “Well, Mr. Jones, I hear the stork has smiled on you.”

“Smiled on me,” repeated Jones. “He laughed out loud.”
WHETHER the air is filled with salvos and bravos at a major festivity, or mere social droning at a small gathering, it's always a gracious gift to be able to offer a toast most appropriate to the occasion.

A master stroke of wordplay and wit was evinced many times by Benjamin Franklin—for example, his famous toast at a dinner of the foreign ministers, following the American Revolutionary War. The British ambassador gave: “England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.” The French ambassador followed with: “France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, controlling them in the darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful.” Benjamin Franklin then rose, and, with his usual dignity and customary simplicity, said: “George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.”

Be the event enjoyed by two, twenty, or two hundred, sparkling fellowship can penetrate strangeness by a few right words spoken with sincerity. These well-chosen words, however—be they simple, brilliant, humorous, or loving—require the spark of spontaneity. Since this spark is not always “on tap,” the next best thing for any occasion requiring a toast, is to develop a backlog of ideas.

Drawn from far and near, from ages past, from vagabond and friend, from the philosophers and the poets, are these toasts for a diversity of events:

- May we never speak to deceive nor listen to betray.
- I have known many,
- Liked a few,
- Loved one—
- Here’s to you!
- Drink to life and the passing show,
- And the eyes of the prettiest girl you know.
- Here’s to the bride and the bridegroom,
- We’ll ask their success in our prayers,
- And through life’s dark shadows and sunshine
- That good luck may ever be theirs.
- May we have the good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.
- Woman—the fairest work of creation; the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.
- May all your labors be in vein.—Mining Toast in Yorkshire.
- And to you all good health.—Shakespeare.
- May we kiss those we please, and please those we kiss.
- To Our Hosts: Happiness, Health and Prosperity.
- Here’s to our absent friends—God bless them.
GIVE THE GENEROUS TOAST

Here's to all the world—for fear some darn fool may take offense.

May we live to learn well, and learn to live well.

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

Let's drink to our friend and host,
May his generous heart, like his good wine, only grow mellower with the years.

May we have the wit to discover what is true—the fortitude to practice what is good.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table.—Shakespeare.

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it.
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.

May our pleasures be free from the stings of remorse.

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.—Bacon.

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbor of content.

Love to one, Friendship to a few, and Good-Will to all.

Here's to us all—God bless us everyone.—Dickens.

Here's to man from morning till night!
Here's to the man with courage to fight—
The courage to fight and the courage to live—
The courage to learn, and to love, and forgive.

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year.

May you live as long as you like,
And have what you like as long as you live.

I drink to the days that are!—William Morris.

May we never feel want or ever want feeling.

May we travel through the world and sow it thick with friendship.

Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again.

Friendship's the wine of life. Let's drink of it and to it.

Here's a health to the future, a sigh for the past;
We can love and remember, and hope to the last;
And for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart, we can never grow old.

To mercy, pity, peace and love.—William Blake.

For an affair, solemn or jubilant, or for good wishes for the New Year, select the phrases you like best, and offer the "generous toast" with feeling and sincerity!

Marcia Young is WHB's continuity chief and an associate editor of Swing. Prior to this she wrote a syndicated program service for department stores in New York; and was associated with the Scripps-Howard television station, WEWS, in Cleveland.
The Night the Mothers Marched

Polio donations? Two men proved that "it's the people who make things happen"—all in one hour!

by JOSEPH STOCKER

HAD you been a casual visitor drifting into Phoenix early in the evening of Jan. 16, 1950, you would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary. It had been an average Monday in the life of Arizona's sprawling, boom-swollen capital city. Now dusk had fallen, and the beneficent warmth of an Arizona winter's sun fled before the desert's sharp chill. Nothing ruffled the serenity of the evening save the throaty murmur of traffic, an automobile's occasional "beep."

At 6:59 p.m., all was quiet. At the stroke of 7, Phoenix suddenly became like a city possessed. Every fire engine was rolled out to its apron in front of the station-house and the sirens turned up to full shriek, blasting the silence of the night. Simultaneously huge searchlights came on. They probed for a moment through the dark well of the sky and then joined their beams to form a cone of light over the city. And, almost at the same instant, tens of thousands of porch lights flicked on to sponge the whole city in a soft golden glow.

To the casual visitor this must have seemed like very strange behavior on the part of a normally decorous and well-ordered city. But there was a reason for it—and a story behind it. The story is one of a community responding en masse to a great host of aroused mothers and opening its heart in a way in which few communities
ever had before. It is also the story of an idea born out of the desperation of the moment.

THE story began some three months before that strangely luminous night in mid-January. For the Maricopa County chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, the situation seemed hopelessly bleak. The 1949 polio epidemic had wrought human devastation—and financial devastation as well. So great had been the drain on polio funds that the chapter was nearly $19,000 in the red.

Nor were prospects hopeful. The annual March of Dimes campaign was coming up, but fund-raising drives in Phoenix had been failing one after the other. In fact, not a single drive had reached its quota in five years.

Little wonder, then, that Charlie Hoover and Dick Fitzpatrick felt pretty grim one morning in October when they met over a cup of coffee in a downtown restaurant. Fitzpatrick, the local agent for a transcontinental airline, was March of Dimes director for the county. Hoover, the display advertising manager of Phoenix’ two daily newspapers, was campaign adviser. He was also a man with a personal stake in the polio effort, for his own son, Tommy, had contracted the disease a few years before.

Both Hoover and Fitzpatrick had been wracking their brains for a way out of the dilemma. More than that, the two men had a feeling that fund-raising efforts in Phoenix somehow had begun to veer in the wrong direction.

Subtly and gradually the burden of supporting communal endeavors had been shifted to the shoulders of the business element and away from the community at large. Hoover and Fitzpatrick felt that it ought to be shifted back, because, as one of them put it, “it’s the people who make things happen.” And something had to happen if, during the year ahead, the scourge of polio was to be challenged and checked.

Fitzpatrick had just returned from a polio meeting in Los Angeles. Something was said there that piqued his imagination. A speaker told of a city in the East which had conducted a drive for a charity and urged its people to turn on their porch lights as a signal to solicitors that they were willing to give.

Over their coffee, the two men began to play with the idea: A Mothers’ March on Polio. Thousands of marching women swarming through the city to collect money for the war on infantile paralysis. Porch lights turned on as a signal of welcome and waiting cash.

Why the mothers? The reason was obvious. When polio strikes, it strikes the home, and the mothers are the defenders of their homes.

It would have to be done quickly, for the average mother has little

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THE Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (which includes Kansas City, Missouri) will use the "Mother's March" as a part of its 1952 fund drive. On the night of January 30, volunteers will canvass all homes in the county in an all-out, one-hour effort to raise the money necessary to carry on polio work for the year. James J. Rick, chairman of the local chapter and Swing's Man-of-the-Month in January, 1946, says: "Jackson County's expenditures in behalf of polio patients during and following the epidemic of 1951 amounted to more than $150,000. Our local funds are already exhausted and the National emergency fund has advanced this Chapter $25,000. Another $50,000 will be required before the end of the year. In view of this situation, the 1952 campaign must not fail if we are to carry on our work. Send contributions to Infantile Paralysis Fund, Kansas City, Missouri."

mothers travel light, the way a mobile army travels.

M-Day was set for Jan. 16, the opening date of the 1950 March of Dimes campaign.

M-Hour: 7 to 8 p.m.

THE job of organization and promotion was appalling. Although the time was short, the polio people spent two weeks hunting for just the right mother to head up the march. They finally found her in Mrs. Spurling Saunders, a widely-known and respected P.-T. A. leader. Then Mrs. Saunders in turn scoured the city and came up with four extremely able women to serve as area leaders and organize the march in the four quarters of the city.

The school system offered a logical structure for grassroots organization. A leader was named for each school district. (One of the district leaders was the mother of a little girl who had spent 13 months in an iron lung.) Then the district leaders named a leader for each block, and the block leaders organized the mothers who would do the marching.

No smallest part of the city was overlooked. The march cut cleanly across lines of class, economics, race and color. For the first time in the history of communal endeavors, the call for help went out to poor as well as rich. And from the poorer sections the response came back overwhelming-ly. The folks "south of the tracks" were pleased and proud to be called upon. They thought it was about time that the folks "north of the tracks" recognized them as fellow members of the community, with an
equal share in the responsibilities of the community.

“People think we’re poor,” said a Mexican-American lady. “Well, we are. But we’re civic-minded, too.”

The schools themselves swung in. Every pupil was given a coin card in the shape of a schoolhouse and asked to fill it with his candy-and-gum money, forsaking his weekly confectios so that some other child might walk again. Then, when a marching mother called at his home, he was to turn in the card and coins along with his parents’ contribution.

An attack requires an advance barrage, and the barrage was forthcoming. Day after day the newspapers and radio stations drummed the message home to the quarter-million people living in Phoenix and 21 valley towns surrounding it: “Turn on your light — fight polio!” Department stores bought half-page and full-page ads solely to alert the community and promote the Mothers’ March.

A radio announcer carrying a wire-recorder went into the polio ward of one of the hospitals. There he recorded the appeals of children encased in iron lungs. And the appeals, punctuated with long pauses while the iron lungs beat out their slow, desperate rhythm, poured forth from every radio station in town: “Won’t you—turn on your light—and help—children like me?”

On M-Day the build-up reached its climax. Newspapers splashed front-page stories. Radio stations sounded the alert every few minutes. Boy Scouts went from door to door, reminding householders to be sure to turn on their porch lights.

At 7 p. m. the sirens hurled their warning cacophony to the far corners of the city and the searchlights rendezvoused overhead. “It’s 7 o’clock!” cried the radio stations in chorus. “Turn on your lights!” And all over the city the lights went on, almost as from a single switch pressed by a single finger.

The Mothers’ March was under way.

In Phoenix and its neighbor towns, 2,371 pairs of feminine feet went clicking along residential sidewalks or picking careful paths across washboard roads. Doors opened. A torrent of pennies, nickels, quarters, half-dollars and dollars came gushing out of cigar boxes, piggy banks, sugar bowls and purses. Doors closed again. More clicking of feminine feet . . .

Seventy-five per cent of the porch lights in the city, it was later esti-
mated by the power company, were on that night. And where a home was too poor for a porch light, something was contrived in its stead. Lighted candles were placed in windows, kerosene lamps hung from fenceposts, flashlights were propped on door stops. One family put out a can of cooking oil with a rag in it for a wick!

On the south side a little girl stood on the porch of her ramshackle house with a package of paper matches. Patiently she lighted one match after another, waiting for a marching mother to see her beacon and come to get the few pennies clutched in her hand.

In the Mexican section, a little old lady with her mantilla on her head stood in the middle of her bare front yard with a candle held aloft.

The suspense was almost like that of a melodrama. Children kept vigil at front windows, peering through parted curtains minute after minute, until finally — "Mommy, Mommy! Here she comes!"

Polio victims themselves were among the marchers. A father pushed his paralyzed 20-year-old daughter from home to home in a wheelchair. A 40-year-old mother, crippled by polio, toured her block on crutches. (Her little girl also had been afflicted with polio. "You simply can't put this drive on without me!" the mother told campaign leaders.)

And as the mothers marched, police and sheriff’s squad cars patrolled the entire city, keeping watch over them and their precious burdens.

The mothers did indeed travel light. Each carried only a purse, a pencil and a scroll. Every contributor signed his name to the scroll—but not the amount of his contribution. Nobody was to feel forced to give by what his neighbors gave.

But no compulsion, subtle or otherwise, was necessary that night. From every section of the city and the surrounding valley, as the hour wore on, came warm and wondrous tales of human goodness at its very best.

Two blind men, living together in a small house without electricity (since they couldn't see, they didn't need light), placed a kerosene lamp in their window. When a marching mother called, they gave the largest donation in their district.

Dick Fitzpatrick and his wife, who had had a baby only three weeks before, called at a lighted porch and were greeted by an 11-year-old girl. Her parents were away for the evening, but she wanted to be in on the march. She held out her hand. It contained seven cents.

A mother working a south-of-the-tracks district thought at first she wouldn't visit the shanties down by the river. Then she decided that
nobody must be skipped. When she reached the shanties, each one had a light on and each family had its contribution ready.

Another mother found an isolated house trailer with its light on. No one was home, but on the door was pinned a note—and an envelope with money.

In the nearby town of Chandler, hundreds of citizens came out on the streets to watch the mothers march. And the Lions Club adjourned early to canvass the tougher section of town.

In Glendale the fathers decided they could collect more cash for polio than the mothers. So they took over the march—lock, stock and money.

In Phoenix the mothers had decided not to call at the motor courts and trailer courts. It seemed hardly fair to solicit from people who were merely visitors. But angry calls came pouring in from proprietors of the courts. "We've had our lights on all evening," said one, "and not a single marcher has come to take our money. We've got some hurt people here."

In certain sections of the city the Mothers' March was a big social doing—the biggest in years. Parties were given to celebrate the event and honor the mothers who did the marching.

At 8 o'clock it was all over. The mothers turned their money in to the schools, where it was gathered up by squad cars to be hauled to a downtown bank.

Each school had been given two sacks for its money. But two sacks only began to accommodate the avalanche of cash tumbling in. By 9 o'clock the police radio could be heard crackling with such curious messages as this: "Calling car 68. Proceed to nearest grocery store. Pick up several large cardboard cartons and take to school in your district. That is all."

Throughout the next day and the next night, adding machines manned by volunteers chewed their way through the mountains of cash. When the last total had been rung up, the polio people found that their most optimistic expectation had been exceeded.

THE marching mothers had collected $44,890.63 during that single hour! When the March of Dimes campaign ended two weeks later, this sum turned out to be almost exactly the margin by which the 1950 drive exceeded 1949, a gain of nearly 2-to-1. Now a vigorous defense could be mounted against the evil enemy, polio.

There were some other interesting figures, too. More people participated in the Mothers' March, as givers and workers, than had taken part in any single event in the state’s history. More people, in fact, than there were on the tax rolls of Arizona.

Three months later Dick Fitzpatrick and Charlie Hoover traveled to Baltimore to report on the Mothers' March at a polio directors' meeting. The national foundation acclaimed it as the first new idea in polio campaigning since the March of Dimes began many years ago. Shortly afterward the foundation sent a Hollywood crew into Phoenix to re-create the march on film. It has since been shown before thousands of in-
fantile paralysis chapters all over the country. Many of them adapted the idea to their own communities. This year the event was repeated in Phoenix, with even greater success. Collections totalled nearly $65,000.

The Mothers’ March did more than set a new pattern for polio fund-raising. It stirred a whole city out of its apathy. In many of Phoenix’ school districts there had been a notable lack of parental interest in school affairs. But, in the wake of the march and with the marchers themselves as a nucleus, mothers’ clubs and P.-T. A. groups sprang up where none had existed before.

In the hospital polio ward where the children had spoken their halting prayers for help, and had them answered, the massive iron lungs continued their slow, heavy pulsations. Now, however, the rhythm seems to have taken on a new note—less of desperation and more of hope.

If you were there and listened closely, you might have imagined that the machines were telling a story. It had a happy ending, too, for it was the story of the night the mothers marched.

Feminine Trickery: After a visit to the dancing school, a mother advised her small daughter to start a conversation with her dancing partners instead of dancing without a word.

The next time she visited the school, the mother was pleased to see that each time when the music started the same little boy streaked across the floor, bowed to her daughter, and swept her away to the music.

On the way home, the mother asked why the same lad had chosen her for every dance.

“Oh, him!” her small daughter explained. “I’m telling him a continued murder mystery.”

A doctor wrote out a prescription in the usual illegible hand. The patient recovered however and did not get it filled. In due time he forgot what the little piece of paper in his card case was.

The patient used it for two years as a railroad pass. Twice it got him into Radio Music Hall and once into Ebbetts Field for a ball game. It came in handy as a letter from his employer to the cashier to increase his salary. Then, to top it all, his daughter played it on the piano and won a scholarship to a conservatory of music.

An old timer is a fellow who thought the two evils were bobbed hair and short skirts.

"Fifth Floor ... complaint department ..."
The Christmas Stockings

A gift brought frustration—but washed away hate and greed and ambition.

by ANNIE J. TALABERE

Jim had just been told about the inheritance. $60,000. All his—now. He always figured she had a few thousand, she never spent anything. But $60,000! And now, it was his. Now.

He remembered when money would have meant so much to him. He remembered Miss Sally when he first knew her. She was their rather unsocial neighbor, who, when his parents were killed in the wreck, alone offered him a home. Offered him a home for the help he could give her around her old rooming house. He was only eight when she took him in—only eight when he offered her all the love of a hurt, bewildered orphan.

Eight—and full of the rebellious desires so common to boys. But he soon learned that he did not have time to play baseball or football. He didn’t even roller skate. He just went to school and worked for Miss Sally—and there wasn’t anyone who cared, anyone to love.

The kids laughed at his clothes. They were funny. Miss Sally didn’t know how a boy should look, and anyway, she bought all his clothes—her own too—at the second-hand store down the street. Always fearful of his outgrowing anything, she bought his things so large that usually she had to make them smaller. She wasn’t good at sewing—or patching either.

When he finally got the paper route and earned a little money, out of which Miss Sally required payment

Annie J. Talabere lives in the Walla Walla Valley, a "place they liked so well they named it twice." Her hobbies are her 14-year-old son, her garden, her son’s activities—including ball games. Several years ago her writing won a $1,000 True Story award.
for board, he saved by pennies until he had enough to wear his first new cords since losing his parents. They gave him such a normal feeling, a feeling of being like other kids.

HE REMEMBERED, too, the time he saved and saved for her Christmas present. He was thirteen then and had been noticing what women wore. He wanted Miss Sally to wear pretty, thin stockings too. So, recklessly, he bought a pair for her. Miss Sally was always cold and distant, but she was the only living person he had to love; and while she had never shown him much affection, all the craving for love in his starved life reached out to her. He wished she dressed more like other kids’ mothers.

“Merry Christmas, Miss Sally,” he offered in a tight little voice. He was bursting with excited happiness. “I—I bought you a present.” Other boys took Christmas trees for granted. Christmas hopes and laughter. Christmas fun and fellowship.

“You shouldn’t have,” she scolded. “You must learn to save every penny you get your fingers on. You’ll need ‘em.”

But she took the box and opened it. He hoped desperately that his offering would remind her to give him something, too. When the kids at school related what they had received for Christmas, he just couldn’t admit that she had not given him even one little gift.

His heart thumped wildly as he watched her carefully untie and fold the pretty ribbon which the understanding clerk had wrapped around the box. His eager, expectant smile waited hopefully—needlessly.

“Jim!” she stormed then. “I won’t let you waste your money on these thin, sleezy things. Take them back. I won’t wear them!”

Later, his face buried in his bed to smother the heart-searing sobs, his angry fists beating the pillow as his soul beat at life, he heard her slip into his room.

“Don’t cry—Jim,” she said stiffly and touched his shoulder. “I’ll keep them—and—thank you, Jim. But you should have saved your money!”

He hated her then. Money. That was all she cared about, all she wanted. Mean, stingy old fool! Hated her! Hated her as he would hate her forever and ever. That first day of school after the Christmas vacation, he played hookey. Better that than to hear the kids tell about their presents.

AFTER awhile, he was fifteen—sixteen—seventeen. There were the fellows and girls who could not see him for his funny, second-hand clothes. There was the gang that did not care what he wore. He went with them. Through all those love-hungry, lonesome years surged the deeply-buried yearning for affection and the determination some day to have the money he imagined would buy happiness. Surged, too, the hatred for the woman he really wanted to love—stingy old Miss Sally.

If only she had given him a little along the way and enjoyed it with him, instead of giving him so much when he really did not need it. Now, he had more than he could ever spend,
for her stinginess had blasted ambition into his very soul, filled him with a driving urge to acquire money at any cost, by any means. It seemed crazy now to think how much that first fifty had meant to him. Crazy to want money so madly. That first fifty had been a wild, satisfying start which led on and on to a new world of bigger and bigger enterprises. How he had piled it up!

Now, at fifty-two, Miss Sally’s gift meant added frustration, because even with it, he could not buy the one thing he desired most—freedom. Couldn’t undo that last “enterprise” with its deadly climax which had made him a “lifer”.

“Her instructions were to give you this box,” the warden’s voice broke into Jim’s musings.

So he untied the faded ribbon, while slowly, all the tight bands of hate and ambition loosened. Without looking, he knew that the box contained a pair of ancient silk stockings. No—more than that. It contained peace and understanding. He realized at last that Miss Sally, in her way, had loved him. He was eight again and filled with the love and gratitude that had flooded his heart when she took him into her life. It was a good feeling.
The Time and The Place

Have you ever wondered why a circle has 360 degrees? The number is unusual in our system of measurement. Being thoroughly decimalized, we might expect a circle to have a hundred degrees, or perhaps a thousand. But 360 proves a convenient figure. The commonly used angles are \( \frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{8} \) and \( \frac{1}{12} \) of a circle, or \( 180°, 90°, 60°, 45°, \) and \( 30° \), all easy figures to work with.

How would you like to work problems with a circle \( 365° \)? A right angle then would be \( 91.25° \). We can thank the ancient Babylonians for giving a simple \( 30° \) angle to work with instead of a difficult \( 30.41667° \).

The Babylonians were not particularly accurate scientists. Unlike other ancient peoples who scanned the skies to guide their ships and caravans, the Babylonians lifted their eyes merely to ascertain the fate of man, which they believed was foretold in the position of the stars. However, even under this misapprehension, they couldn’t help learning that after a calculable length of time the stars returned to earlier positions. It was only a step to the conclusion that either the sky or Earth had moved in a circle. They erred in computing the period of this cycle, considering it to be 360 days instead of the more correct 365.

With this figure as a basis, the Babylonians then divided each of the 360 degrees in the circle into sixty minutes, and these into sixty seconds each. At this point they made one of their few scientific inventions, the sun dial. The sun dial is circular, and represents one complete day of time, so the figure 360 came to be associated with the length of the day.

The day is one-thirtieth of a lunar month, and was divided into twelve hours, so that each hour became \( 1/360 \) of a month. The Babylonian hour, which was two of ours, was further divided into 30 minutes, so that a Babylonian minute made four of ours. Here again, 12 hours of 30 minutes gives the magic number 360, the minutes in a Babylonian day, the time required for the earth to circle on its axis. Today our clocks have only twelve hours marked on them because of this system introduced almost 4000 years ago.

So, today, when the mariner checks his compass to determine his course, and then looks at his watch, he is not making isolated measurements, rather he is using the gift of the Babylonians who looked into the heavens to learn the destiny of man, and found our basis for the time and place.

—Carl Pacifico

Swing’s Center Pages

Two reasons for cheerful holidays are Ann Miller and Betty Grable, who grace this Christmas issue of Swing. Ann, a Columbia Pictures’ dancing star, is ready to welcome Santa with her best foot forward. She is currently seen in “Texas Carnival.” Betty joins in a toast to the New Year . . . and to you! Her latest film is the 20th Century Fox technicolor musical, “Meet Me After The Show.”

Background arrangement of “Deck The Halls” is courtesy of Boston Music Company, Boston, Mass.
1. "DEVINE" NECKTIES were worn by some of Andy's WHB friends when Guy Madison, who play the title role in "Wild Bill Hickok," and Andy Devine, who is "Jingles," visited the WHB studio and staff. In photo, left to right front row, are Dick Smith, Guy Madison, Roch Ulmer, Andy Devine Hoby Schepp, Earl Wells. In back, left to right, are John T. Schilling, Don Sullivan, Bruce Grant. Madison and Devine headed the great American Royal Parade in Kansas City. "Wild Bill Hickok," the frontier marshal who tamed the West, is heard every Sunday at 3:30 p.m. over WHB.

2. Cliff "Ukulele Ike" Edwards returned to WHB recently for a visit with long-time friends on the staff. The singer and comedian is now a featured performer on the nightclub circuit.

3. LARRY RAY, WHB Sports Director, and D. R. "Dynamite" Alexander, Union Pacific Railroad executive, show mutual smiles after U. P. signed to sponsor the "Larry Ray Sports Round-Up," Monday through Friday at 6:15 p.m.

4. WHB BROADCAST the impressive ceremony when Notre Mere Marie Irene de Sion, Mother Superior of the French Institute of Notre Dame de Sion in Kansas City, received the Cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor from Francois Briere, French Consul, of Chicago, for her distinguished service in furthering French culture in the United States over a period of 25 years.

5. BRODERICK CRAWFORD, Columbia Pictures' star, appeared on WHB's "Club 710" during a personal appearance tour.
Flick a light switch. Turn up the gas. Open a water tap. Drain your bath tub.

Chances are, Tom Veatch had something to do with making it work.

In Albuquerque, Akron, Abilene—or Anchorage, Alaska. In Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. In Dallas, Denver, the District of Columbia or Dubuque. In Los Alamos; or Fairbanks, Alaska; or in Wahiawa, Hawaii.

And in some 773 other cities, all over America!

You think Kilroy got around? Tom Veatch was there, too!

If your electric lights glow brightly and steadily . . . if your gas flames briskly and evenly, in assured supply . . . if you’ve plenty of water, soft, mineral-free and in constant pressure . . . and if your sewage is recovered by your community government and sold on a cash market as grease, or as sludge digester gas, or as air-dried sludge for fertilizer ingredient, or for irrigation water . . . Veatch and his associates could be the men responsible.

As a professional housekeeper for industry, government, cities, towns and hamlets, Tom Veatch’s work as an engineer encompasses the development, purification, transmission and distribution of water supplies; together with the correlated function of sewerage, sewage and waste treatment. His firm engineers the generation, transmission and distribution of electricity. They create gas distribution systems for both natural and artificial gas. And the ever-necessary systems for the collection and disposal of garbage and industrial waste.

His firm makes financial studies and reports, appraisals and valuations—for private and public organizations on all sorts of properties.

And it conducts rate investigations for utility service, to indicate the fair return on capital invested in utilities properties . . . and to assure consumers of equitable rates for their water, their gas, their electric light and power.

Don Davis, WHB president, comes from Downs, Kansas; attended K. U.; and therefore could be accused of partiality to Kansas and Kansans. But WHB’s 1951 football schedule reported six Missouri U. games—only five games in which Kansas played. Well, don’t forget Davis lived in Jefferson City for two years . . .
HISTORY records the spectacular aqueducts built by the Romans to convey water above the ground—in Italy, in France at Nimes, in Germany at Mainz, in Spain at Segovia. Here at home, in Cincinnati, Tom Veatch’s engineers designed and supervised construction of an eight-foot tunnel two-and-a-half miles long, constructed in rock, 160 feet below ground level, to carry 150 million gallons of water daily.

We herald the Romans as remarkable because they built their aqueducts to avoid the hills and carry water by the force of gravity. Veatch’s men on the $15,000,000 Cincinnati project built their water transmission conduit from a treatment plant across the Little Miami River and the flood plain of the Ohio River to a pumping station in town. Then they built two elevated storage tanks as handsome as any Roman temple. With $1/2 million gallons storage capacity, one of these tanks is probably the largest structure of its type ever constructed.

Consider a few diversified projects such as these:

Does your company or your community want to develop an adequate and safe water supply? Or make a 70,000 kilowatt turbogenerator installation? Do you need a municipally-owned incinerator to prevent air pollution? Want someone to design and supervise the construction of roads, streets or an air base? Require an accurate appraisal of the street railway system? Of a toll bridge? Of a college, about the size of Oklahoma A & M? Would you have occasion to use a river front interceptor sewer? Or have you need for a trickling filter plant of the fixed nozzle type?

If so, Tom Veatch of Kansas City is your man! He and his 425 technical associates in the firm of Black & Veatch through 36 years have processed nearly 2100 such commissions—many of which are “repeat engagements.” They make studies, investiga-
tions and reports; draw up detailed designs and specifications; supervise construction.

And to the science of the consulting engineer, they add the artistry of the architect! Out in Johnson County, Kansas, at Belinder and State Park Road, is a two-story brick Colonial house, with garage attached, standing in perfect harmony among the other Colonial homes of the neighborhood. But who lives there? Nobody! The house is a camouflaged waste disposal pumping station. But it is so “real,” door to door salesmen continually leave samples of breakfast food, soap coupons and circulars at the front door. Tom Veatch gives credit to Edward Tanner, who assisted the architects of his organization in the design of the structure.

That’s Tom Veatch.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, the water supply (underflow of the Platte River) was unsatisfactory because of two undesirable minerals: “the iron and manganese content caused noticeable discoloration and appreciable deposition.” (It left stains on the wash bowls and clogged up the pipes.) Veatch’s engineers constructed a filtration plant designed to eliminate the manganese and iron, and permit lime softening to be added. Now Lincoln gets 20 million gallons of fine water daily, transmitted to the city through a 28 mile transmission main. “The processes employed were chlorination at the wells for crenothrix control followed by aeration through enclosed coke tray aerators, chlorination, high rate upward flow contact filters, sedimentation and rapid sand filtration.”

Whew!

Put this down for certain: A portable water supply in adequate quantity with satisfactory pressure to combat fire makes possible modern American civilization and urban development. To find the water, to develop the water supply and process it for distribution is part (but only part) of the vast engineering service rendered by Tom Veatch and his associates. Water-system construction alone calls for six kinds of engineering skills: geologic, hydraulic, electrical, mechanical, chemical and structural.

Federal government engagements constitute a large part of the firm’s work. During World War I, they engineered Camp Pike, Camp Doniphan and Camp Cody. In World War II, Camp Chaffee, Ft. Knox, Ft. Sill, Camp Forrest, Camp Hale and Camp Robinson. They designed and built all of the utilities at the great Navy Air Base at Olathe, Kansas. At Los Alamos, for the Atomic Energy Commission, they lifted water 2,000 feet from river valley wells to the city which they designed—utilities, water system, sewers and streets. At this moment, engineers at Black & Veatch offices are working quietly and secretly on another vast government project of city-building magnitude.

And this fellow Veatch, who directs all this—what’s he like? He’s a big man: tall in stature, big in ideas, big in friendship. He’s hearty, inspiring, human, lovable. His friends all comment on his loyalty, his comradeship, his enthusiasm, his trustworthiness, his very exacting professional standards and the intense moral
responsibility he feels toward his clients—his insistence that the firm deliver on every promise made. This reflects the serious-minded strain beneath his jovial, congenial exterior. A benevolent, convivial, poker-playing back-slapper and hand-shaker, he is the sort who is always organizing a quartette at conventions and meetings. Yet he is a rare combination of extroverted salesman and astute, careful business man of great executive ability. He works long hours, day and night; keeps in touch with every project; personally visits all of them; and checks up continually to make sure that every job is proceeding as planned.

That’s why he lives with his suitcase packed, ready to depart for a Black & Veatch job anywhere on an hour’s notice—or less. That’s why he gave up pipe-smoking three years ago—ulcers, you know! Before that, he always seemed to have a pipe in his mouth! Tom prefers to travel by train, reading and working en route; but he flies quite a lot, when speedy arrival is essential. At least half of his time is spent “on the job” away from the headquarters offices in Kansas City. When he is home, he is inclined to start leisurely in the mornings... take a group of six or eight younger men from the office to lunch (careful always to pick up the check) and work nights to keep abreast of everything.

He’s a big, rugged outdoor man; and if he could have his wish he’d probably like best to be a full-time cowboy. The combination of those traits led him, in 1933, to buy a farm where he could invest money as a hedge against the inflation he correctly warned was sure to come. The farm he chose consists of 900 acres in Douglas County, seventeen miles southwest of Lawrence, Kansas. He watched with amazement, and dismay at the cost, as 200 young men from a CCC camp spent two years creating what is now Lone Star Lake. But Tom gave thirty acres of land as part of the site, because neighboring farmers and Lawrence fishermen were promoting the 200-acre area as a state fish and game preserve, and as a county recreational project.

Now he has a fine hilltop view from the rustic farm cabin designed for him by Edward Tanner—with an open porch on top and a covered deck from which to admire the lake and the countryside. In the pastures, 150 Hereford steers munch the succulent grass.
But one development on the farm—the fight against soil erosion—is long past the experimental stage. Which brings us to ecology, or biology dealing with the mutual relations between organisms and their environment. If you've read William Vogt's Road to Survival, you know that "most soils in the United States are so subject to erosion that slopes more than 5 per cent—a vertical rise of five feet for every hundred feet advanced—cannot safely be cultivated without special cultural practices that are often costly in terms of money and labor; slopes of more than 15 per cent cannot in general be cultivated."

With Tom Veatch, erosion is a fighting word—erosion is cancer of the land. How well he knows that as bare ground becomes waterlogged, rainfall flows down gullies, brooks and rivers, carries the rich topsoil with it—and the productivity of that land is lost, perhaps forever! "Minerals that make man's bone and sinew wash away with top soil," says Tom. "Poor land produces weak races. Why can't more people see what is happening to their country?"

That's why Tom personally carried the rod when he and some of his engineers surveyed his farm to decide where to construct terraces—building them carefully to break the incline and hold on the land as much water as possible. That's why he feels as he does about contour plowing and all other modern farming methods that retain life-giving minerals in upper layers of the soil. On his farm, where he relaxes as a "part-time cowboy," he is still the scientist and the engineer!

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Is Tom a Joiner? Well---</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>American Waterworks Association</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vice President—1947</td>
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<tr>
<td>President—1948</td>
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<tr>
<td>Missouri Valley Waterworks Association—past president</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fellow—American Society of Mechanical Engineers</td>
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<td>American Society of Civil Engineers</td>
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<td>American Institute of Consulting Engineers</td>
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<td>Member—President's Water Pollution Control Advisory Board</td>
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<td>National Society of Professional Engineers</td>
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<td>Kansas City Engineers Club—past president</td>
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<td>Gas and Oil Association</td>
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<td>Trustee—Midwest Research Institute</td>
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<td>Honorary Scientific and Engineering Fraternities:</td>
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<td>Mercury Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kansas City Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mission Hills Country Club</td>
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<td>Saddle &amp; Sirloin Club</td>
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<tr>
<td>Director, Business Men's Assurance Company</td>
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<td>Second Presbyterian Church</td>
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<td>Country Club Lodge, AF&amp;AM</td>
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<td>Ararat Shrine</td>
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<td>Director, Plaza Bank of Commerce</td>
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And that cowboy business is no pose! Tom loves to work outdoors, to sleep outdoors and to think of himself as a cowboy! He is always talking about the "good old Chisholm Trail"—about adventure, fun and hardship.
in the saddle—fording or swimming the droves of cattle across dangerous streams, braving storms and thieves, and finally bringing the herd safely to the trunk line railway. Some of Tom's eastern friends probably think he actually did ride on the "good old Chisholm Trail"—until they reflect that the last of such great cattle drives was before Tom's birth. But when they see him in a poker game with the one-eyed Jacks wild, they figure he's a western man for sure!

And he is of the west—the middle-west of Rushville, Illinois, where he was born August 25, 1886—the middle-west of Atchison and Wichita, Kansas, where he lived from the ages of 15 to 20—and the middle-west of Mount Oread, which means the University of Kansas at Lawrence, where he studied engineering.

NATHAN THOMAS VEATCH was his father's name (Tom is "Junior," signed "N. T. Veatch"). His mother was Elizabeth Montgomery. Both parents were school teachers; and the family moved from Illinois to Atchison in 1901, where Tom's father became superintendent of schools. There young Tom played in the backfield on the high school football team—quit school to work in a lumber yard—then moved to Wichita to live with his Aunt Helen. In Wichita he attended Lewis Academy, a Presbyterian school, where he was a hammer thrower, broad jumper, baseball captain for a year and football captain for three years. These years he spent dreaming of a career as an engineer, for which purpose he enrolled at the K. U. School of Engineering in 1905.

Those four years at K. U. are summed up in two excerpts from the 1909 "Jayhawker," the senior annual, in which Tom is listed as a Bachelor of Science in engineering, "The Man With No Bad Habits". The girl with whom he "went steady" for three college years and married in 1912 is pictured as Amarette "Rette" Weaver, A.B.

TOM VEATCH—Atchison

Beta Theta Pi, Manager Senior Play, Class Football and Baseball, President Civil Engineers' Society, Fall, '08, Secretary and Treasurer Civil Engineers' Society, Spring, '08, Treasurer Y.M.C.A. '08, '09, Junior Prom Manager, Y.M.C.A. Cabinet '07, '08, Sophomore Prom Committee, Captain Freshman Football Team.

Tom, as a politician, knows no equal, but his propensities along that line are honest ones and not the usual kind. Tom and "Pleas"*, side-kickers, will be heard from yet in the engineering world, and we'll be glad to say, "They were classmates of mine." Tom is perhaps more widely known as the possessor of one of the fiercest "cases" on the Hill. In fact, his class in "Textile" engineering absorbs by far the greater part of his time. He is always happy, has a pleasant word for everyone and used to attend classes before he learned better.

AMARETTE WEAVER—

Lawrence

Pi Beta Phi, Quill Club, Associate Editor, '09 Javhawker, Senior Play Committee, Chairman Junior Farce Committee, Sophomore Prom Committee, Senior Play.

*"Pleas" was Carl Pleasant, now deceased, his close personal friend and associate who was captain of the K. U. football team in 1909, and later became a very successful contractor.
"Rette" has worked hard for the glory of '09 ever since she came up from Lawrence high school four years ago as a meek little freshman (imagine her as a meek little freshman!). Look at the above record and see for yourself. The picture in last year's Annual is a little misleading, as Tom was one step lower down when it was taken. Unless she comes back for an A.M., we fear the corner at the south end of the check stand will be rather lonesome next year. Seriously speaking, though, Amaretté is one of the nicest girls in the class; brilliant, a good student, an earnest worker, and a good dancer. Just look at the picture and we feel sure you won't blame Tom in the least.

K. U. connections led to Tom's professional career in Kansas City, after W. C. Hoad, professor of sanitary engineering, referred the likeable young student to his Kansas City acquaintance, J. S. Worley, of the firm which later became Worley & Black, and eventually, Black & Veatch. The late E. B. Black, who died in 1949, had known Tom at K. U., and employed him for the Worley firm.

Later Tom left to spend a year in inspection work for the Kansas State Board of Health and in part-time teaching at K. U. Then he went with the American Water Works & Guarantee Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1913, a year after his marriage, he was manager of the Keokuk, Iowa, water system. J. S. Worley, at this time, was called by the Interstate Commerce Commission to conduct the monumental job of evaluating the nation's railroads. A letter from E. B. Black to Tom brought the Veatches back to Kansas City, where began the partnership which resulted in Black & Veatch. Tom's brother, Francis, who is known as "Andy," joined the organization in 1923.

CONSIDERING Tom's well-known Republicanism, his friendship with President Harry S. Truman is one for the books. It began as an outgrowth of the efforts by Albert I. Beach, mayor of Kansas City, to have bipartisan engineering control of the large Goose Neck and Blue River sewer projects constructed in 1925-26. General (then Colonel) E. M. Stayton (Democrat) and Veatch (Republican) of the firm of Black & Veatch were employed by Mayor Beach for this work; and Stayton and Veatch personally handled the jobs.

Meanwhile Harry S. Truman had become presiding judge of the Jackson County Court. A bond election was held to provide funds for a county road system. Judge Truman pledged that if the bonds were approved, the County road construction would be handled on the basis of bipartisan control, as were the Goose Neck and Blue River sewer projects. Mr. Truman, in accordance with his promise to the voters, appointed Colonel Stayton and Tom Veatch as a bipartisan commission to build the Jackson County roads system. The job (in progress from 1928 to 1933) is a major achievement in road design and construction—a model followed by many counties throughout the nation.

Both Stayton and Veatch gave it their very closest attention, personally awarding all contracts and supervising
the construction work to the most minute detail. The result was that when Harry S. Truman outfitted his office as a Missouri Senator in Washington, three photographs adorned the walls: those of President Roosevelt, Boss Pendergast, and Tom Veatch. Similarly, in Tom’s office today, a photograph of President Truman hangs among those of Tom’s other friends. And Tom serves on the President’s Water Pollution Control Advisory Board, to deal with the problem of the nation’s polluted streams.

Tom and Amarette Veatch live simply in a four-bedroom house in Kansas City. They never miss a K.U. football game—which indicates their intense loyalty to “Old K.U.,” a loyalty shown in many other ways, also.

The Veatches have two daughters and four grandchildren. Daughter Jane married Robert M. Murray, who is with Keeling & Co., Incorporated, in Indianapolis; their son Tommy is four; daughter Stephanie is two. Daughter Aileen married Redman Callaway of the Laboratory Construction Company, Kansas City—and their two daughters are Amarette, three-and-a-half, and Kathleen, one-and-a-half.

Summer is gathering time for the clan at Waterford, Connecticut, out on Niantic Bay of Long Island Sound—near New London, not more than eighteen or twenty miles northward across the Sound from Montauk Point. This was the summer home established years ago by the father of “the Weaver girls,” A. D. Weaver of New England, a pioneer merchant in Lawrence, Kansas. His son, Art Weaver, carries on the family business in Lawrence today. Art, the children of Aileen (the late Mrs. David Robinson) and Amarette and their families share the cottage colony on the shore at Waterford. By marriage to Art, Nell DeHart became one of “the Weaver girls” too—just as Tom Veatch, as Amarette’s husband and a Weaver son-in-law, is part of the clan.

Waterford has the charm of all New England shore villages—plus golf and tennis, swimming and boating, fishing, dancing, clam bakes and beach picnics. There are snug little inlets and strips of cozy white-sand beach, and an endless stretch of water that leads clear across the Atlantic! Here, all summer long, the clan gathers in relays to relax and play, with a cabin cruiser to provide the pleasures of deep-sea boating and deep-sea fishing.

Considering their loyalty to “Old K. U.”—considering the Kansas background—and considering the fact that

"Men-of-the-Month" who have appeared in Swing have their own Fraternity. They themselves nominate and elect each new “Man-of-the-Month.” The organization, in six years, has become a civic “honor society” similar to those in a college or university. It is a Fraternity without membership fees or dues, sponsored by WHB and Swing. Six new members are elected annually from civic leaders in Greater Kansas City.
all of them are proud and even a bit insistent on letting their shore neighbors know about Kansas, can you guess what they named the boat? You're right, it's the "JAYHAWK."

The doctor left the patient's bedroom and joined the anxious husband. "I don't like the way your wife looks," he announced.

"Well, doctor," said the husband, "to be perfectly honest with you, I don't care much for her looks either, but she sure takes good care of me and the kids."

To hate is to be buried alive in a hell of one's own imagining.

The shoe dealer was hiring a clerk. "Suppose," he said, "a lady customer asked, 'Don't you think one of my feet is bigger than the other?' What would you say?"

The clerk promptly replied, "I'd say, on the contrary, Madam, one is smaller than the other."

The clerk was hired.

Two salesgirls were watching the new window-dresser decorate the window. One of them remarked, "That goodlooking chap is married."

"How do you know?" her friend asked.

"He's posing the models with their palms up."

In the course of a sanity trial the lawyer was cross-examining a witness. "And would you say," he asked, "that it was the defendant's habit to talk to himself when alone?"

The witness pondered this for a moment, and then answered with due caution, "That's hard to say. You see, I can't recall ever being with him when he was alone."

Selectee: "They can't make me fight."

Draft Board: "Maybe not—but they can take you where the fight is and let you use your own judgment."
Did You Know Elephants...

—Have EYELASHES 4-5 inches long (primarily to combat jungle insects) that must be kept greased with a good brand of petroleum jelly?
—Have WHISKERS and must be shaved semi-annually? The "razor" is an acetylene blow torch which, if used right, only tickles the thick hide and does not injure it.
—Must be SHAVED because the whiskers are wire-like and will injure the tender skin of the riders?
—May be considered the QUEEN OF THE BEASTS? That is, the she-elephant. The male is occasionally unmanageable and temperamental.
—Are always called "BULLS", whether male or female?
—Have a democratic SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT? They select their "Queen" because of personality and power and her rule is obeyed unquestionably. She is sought by others of the herd for counsel and protection.
—In the circuses are always of INDIAN ORIGIN? African elephants are undependable and difficult to train.
—Must obey immediately the COMMAND TO LIE DOWN? This position is necessary so they may be brushed off twice daily with a very stiff street cleaners broom.
—Must be SCRUBBED once a week to keep the hide in condition?
—Must be oiled with several quarts of linseed oil twice a year to keep the tough hide flexible? This requires about 30 gallons per animal.
—Would have a six-inch coat of SURPLUS HAIR all over its body unless it was removed? In the jungle it is scraped off against trees and bushes.
—Must have pedicures rather often? Callouses and toenails must be trimmed. This takes a fast worker six hours to complete. A keen-edged carpenter's drawknife is used to pare down the callouses. A rasp is used for ingrown toenails (which occur too frequently) and a wash tub with an antiseptic solution furnishes an excellent foot bath to treat infection.
—Are all LAZY? The leader of the herd will punish an animal for failure to keep in trunk-to-tail formation or for fighting unnecessarily, but she will never correct or condemn cheating in the act, such as cutting corners, simplifying waltz steps, etc.
—Always greet fellow animals with a loud trumpet when they leave or return to the picket line? However, if an elephant has "sneaked out", all the other animals know it and do not make a sound.
—Have simple HUMAN NAMES like "Sister", "Babe", "Mom", "Rose", "John"? Few fancy names like "Sultan" or "Rajah" are used for elephants, but are reserved for cats.
—Have BLANKETS which are sometimes fashioned from real Oriental rugs, studded with glass jewels for brilliance?
—TALK? There are about 15 different tones and variations of trumpeting, bawling, squeaks, whines and chirrups by which elephants communicate.
—Have COLIC? Their stomachs seem blessed with eternal youth and they will eat anything. However, after a circus day in a town where crowds are heavy, several of the hearty eaters will develop colic from peanuts, candy, chewing gum, popcorn, gumdrops, hay, fruits, any sweets. The remedy is whiskey, Jamaica ginger and paregoric.

—Must OBEY implicitly or they will prove troublesome? A herd leader obeys the bull boss, in turn transmits the message to her subjects and browbeats them into obedience if necessary.

—Have a strange sense of INTUITION? Old Mom trumpeted in fear, warning the keepers of trouble. They discovered a fire in the menagerie, which they promptly put out with the only available fluid—pink lemonade.

—Have a strange sense of POSSESSION? They pick up old pipes, bits of colored papers, cigar stubs, pieces of gum tinfoil and take them into the hay in bull cars and bury them.

—Are NOT ALL AGELESS ANIMALS that people think they are? In captivity the age development almost duplicates the human. Childhood lasts through the teens; maturity is complete by 25; they are considered settled from 25-35, in their prime from 35-45, decline up to 60 and then grow old. Very few live beyond the human life span of 70-80 years.

—Are given GUNNY SACKS with which to beat off flies, mosquitoes, or gnats, and do the work themselves?

—FEAR MICE AND RATS because they might unexpectedly run into the sensitive end of the trunk or might gnaw on their feet?

—Are valued at about $10,000 each? That is, a good working-performing animal?

—Each EAT 1 bale of hay a day, 1/2 bushel of oats, 7 pounds bran and anything else generous customers will give her? She will consume 50 gallons of water.

Information supplied by Clyde Beatty, famous animal trainer, whose "Clyde Beatty Show" is heard over WHB at 5:30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Former King Carol of Rumania once told a newsman that he had selected fourteen of his brightest young men in Rumania for training in government service. Half were sent to England and the other half to the United States.

Said Carol: "The seven who went to England were very smart, and each of them now has an important position in our government here in Rumania."

"How about those who went to America?" he was asked.

"They were even smarter," His Majesty replied. "They stayed there."

The two women were talking about a friend's gown. Said one: "She says it's imported, doesn't she?"

"Well, not exactly in those words," came the reply. "It's last season's dress. The dressmaker has turned it inside out and now she says it's from the other side."

"Is it true that the wild beasts of the jungle will not harm you if you carry a torch?"

"It all depends," answered the practical explorer, "on how fast you carry it."
CHRISTMAS greetings to all you WHB listeners! Snow, cold winds and the rapid disappearance of "shopping days before Christmas" point to one thing: the biggest and best holiday of the year! Soon, too, it will be time to greet a New Year packed with good radio listening.

Real enthusiasm for the chilling, spine-tingling "who-dun-its" in the mystery department has marked listener approval of our winter schedules. Two and a quarter hours of mysteries and adventure for every night, Monday through Friday, from 7 to 9:15 p.m. Think of it . . . 2 1/4 hours every night! Get out your pipe or your knitting, settle in that comfortable chair and let suspense, thrills and excitement invade your living room. Note the Evening Schedule in an adjoining column.

Then, to make stupendous out of colossal, WHB has four hours of great mysteries on the air every Sunday afternoon:

2:00—Affairs of Peter Salem
2:30—Danger Dr. Danfield
3:00—Box 13 with Alan Ladd
3:30—Wild Bill Hickok
4:00—The Shadow
4:30—True Detective Mysteries
5:00—Challenge of the Yukon
5:30—Nick Carter

Good chills, good thrills with these exciting shows!

WHB is rated the outstanding "Sports Station of the Midwest" not only because we broadcast all major sports; but because our sports director, Larry Ray, delivers clear, concise, rapid and graphic play-by-play reports of football, baseball, basketball, tennis, boxing and golf. Basketball, the nation's top winter sport, is about to bow in for the 1951-52 season with Larry Ray at the mike. The NAIB Pre-Season Tournament broadcasts open the season in Kansas City on Dec. 13, 14 and 15, along with these Big Seven non-conference games:

Dec. 14—S.M.U. vs. Kansas
Dec. 15—S.M.U. vs. Kansas
Dec. 17—Hamline vs. Kansas State
Dec. 18—Rice vs. Kansas
### PROGRAMS ON WHB—710

#### EVENING

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<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gabriel Heath</td>
<td>Gabriel Heath</td>
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#### Morning and Afternoon Schedules on Next Page

WHB will then carry the Big Seven Pre-Season Tournament, Dec. 26 through 29; and on Jan. 5, the first game of the Big Seven Conference will be broadcast, between Oklahoma and Kansas. Other Big Seven games over WHB in January include:

Jan. 12—Kansas vs. Missouri
Jan. 14—Kansas vs. Nebraska or Kansas State vs. Oklahoma
Jan. 19—Colorado vs. Missouri or Iowa State vs. Kansas State
Jan. 21—Missouri vs. Oklahoma
Jan. 26—Kansas vs. Kansas State or S. Dakota vs. Nebraska
Jan. 30—Kansas vs. Okla. A & M

More conference games will be broadcast in February and March, with the regular season ending March 10. To wind things up, WHB will broadcast the NAIB Tournament in Kansas City from Mar. 10 to 15 and the NCAA Tournament in Kansas City's magnificent Municipal Audi-
## CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

### MORNING

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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<td>Land of the Free</td>
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<td>Eddy Arnold Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
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<td>News—Cedric Foster</td>
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- **Town & Country Time**: News, W'ther, Livestock Don Sullivan, Songs Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers.
- **Boogie Woogie Cowboys**: Eddy Arnold Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys.
- **AP News**: Dick Smith Don Sullivan, Songs Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys.
- **Evelyn Knight Show**: Sandra Leo, Shopper Freddy Martin’s Orch.
- **Club 710**: Various musical performances.
- **News**: Various news segments.
- **Top Tune with Trendler**: Musical performances by Bill Cunningham.
- **Pentagon Report**: News and events.
- **AP and Sport News**: News and updates on sporting events.
- **Sorena in Blue**: Various performances.
- **Danger, Dr. Danfield**: News and updates.
- **The Showcase**: Various performances and shows.
- **True Detective Mysteries**: Mystery stories and performances.
- **Challenge of the Yukon**: Historical dramas and performances.
- **Bobby Benson Show**: Various performances.
- **Clyde Beatty Show**: Various performances.
- **Tex Fletcher**: Various performances.
- **Sky King**: Various performances.
- **Challenge of Yukon**: Historical dramas and performances.
- **Sky King**: Various performances.
torium on Mar. 21 and 22. Both tournaments attract national attention, and Kansas City basketball fans go into a frenzy.

**Arbogast In Chicago**

For those of you who missed his farewell interview over WHB, Bob Arbogast and his engineer-producer pal, Pete Robinson, are now heard on WMAQ, 50,000-watt N.B.C. station in Chicago—at 670 on your radio dial. Paul Sully left the show when the Arbo crew departed from WHB, and is now in Hollywood.

WMAQ heralded Arbo’s arrival with an effective “teaser” campaign in Chicago dailies. “Is he from sunny Spain?” read an ad showing Arbo in a matador’s hat. “Is he from the chilly North?” asked an ad showing Arbo in a fur cap. “Is he from Old Rome?” asked an ad showing Arbo in a Roman helmet. “Is he from the wild and woolly west?” showed Arbo in a cowboy hat. By this time, half of Chicago was asking: “Who is Arbogast?” The answer was revealed Sunday, Oct. 14—with Arbo smiling naturally in sport shirt and cap, and an invitation to hear his first Chicago broadcast the following night... “the funniest guy this side of a microphone.”

“There’s madness in the air, Cherie,” puffed WMAQ. “It’s Arbogast! Twice each day, Mondays through Fridays, Robert Arbogast, youthful comedian with a fresh approach to this business of entertainment, fills the WMAQ air with zany goings-on. From 12:45 to 1:00 p.m.; and 10:30 to 11 p.m. Arbo mixes chuckle-provokers and recorded music in a new...
Swinging the Dial

Chicago program that already has created quite a stir among listeners."

WHB sends best wishes, Arbo—best wishes for the most of the best! Tickle their ribs to stardom! We hope you help convince folks that WHB means "Where Headliners Begin."

Those M-G-M Shows on Mutual . . .

POSTPONED from November 19 to December 31 is Mutual's premiere of its newly-signed Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent to be featured on the network's magnificent new night-time shows throughout 1952.

Bette Davis, Orson Welles, Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Gracie Fields, Ann Sothern, Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone are to be presented in weekly dramatic shows. There will be a full-hour M-G-M Musical Comedy Theatre of the Air, and a weekly sixty-minute M-G-M Theatre of the Air (dramatic) with famous guest stars.

It all sounds highly interesting from here, at press time—so, stand by for announcements of time and station.

The late Calvin Coolidge was being interviewed by a reporter during his Presidency.

"Do you wish to say anything about prohibition?" the reporter asked.

"No."

"About the Farm Bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter started to leave.

"By the way," said Coolidge. "Don't quote me."

A struggling author had called upon a publisher to inquire about a manuscript he had submitted.

"This is quite well written," admitted the publisher, "but my firm only publishes work by writers with well-known names."

"Splendid," exclaimed the author. "My name is Smith."

"You'll not find me difficult to suit," said the woman to her new maid, who replied: "I'm sure you're not, Ma'am. I saw your husband when I came in."

A shadow in your life is needed at times to temper the glare of the sun.

"Mother, was I ever married before?"
The Cream of Crosby

In the John Crosby household, they use a TV set for a fireplace. Warming himself before its uncertain glow, Mr. Crosby comes up with these comments, criticisms and occasional items of praise. Heady stuff to ponder, these cold, winter nights!

by JOHN CROSBY

We're Masters at Advertising, Children at Propaganda

STEWART ALSOP, writing from Paris, reiterated what we should all now know—but don't. The Russian propaganda line—the Russians want nothing but peace—has bitten into the minds of Europeans far more deeply than we believe possible. It's a great word, an overpowering slogan and a radiant hope the Russians have got hold of—peace. The fact that we Americans don't believe a word of it doesn't do much to countermand it in the minds of people overseas.

What are we doing to counteract it? The NBC television network with a great show of pride recently unveiled for the first time anywhere in America a State Department official documentary film called "In Defense of Peace," one of our own propaganda efforts, which has been shown to 40,000,000 people in seventy-one countries. If this is the best we can do in the propaganda line, we ought to save our money.

(Copyright, 1951, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)
In Defense of Peace is little more than a collection of newsreel shots, and I'll bet there isn't a single one you haven't seen at least fifteen times. The Russians fighting in the suburbs of Berlin. The great motion picture portraits at Yalta—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin—smiling, triumphant, and—in the light of subsequent events—a little futile. On and on it went—the German surrender in the schoolhouse, the flag being raised at Iwo, MacArthur on the Missouri (“Let us pray that peace be now restored to the world and that God will preserve it always”), the birth of the United Nations at San Francisco—great scenes, all of them.

But also familiar ones and ones that mean different things to different people all over the world. They were knit together by a narration which was as factual as a Latin textbook and about as inspiring. You gathered that these things had occurred—is there anyone around who doesn't know that?—and that we had had some part in them. That's about all.

But it is in the aftermath of war, that period when the Russians and the free world ceased to be friends and became enemies, wherein our message to the rest of the world—if we have one—should lie. Well, the film showed innumerable shots of great shipboard cranes lifting those boxes into the holds of ships (the Marshall plan), of tractors happily run by French farmers, of piles of grain unloaded in Greece. We showed how our vastly wealthy country blew up its warplanes, beat its cannon into ploughshares and then beat the ploughshares back into cannon again. It was a demonstration of our native opulence and productive abundance sufficiently impressive to embitter a Balkan peasant against those rich Americans for decades to come.

This is propaganda? For whom—the Russians or us? When I was in Rome a man in the Italian Foreign Ministry told my traveling companion, Les Midgley, foreign editor of Look, something I've never quite forgotten: "We Italians deeply appreciate everything America has done for us since the war. We know very well that without your tremendous Marshall Plan there would have been nothing here but anarchy. But sometimes we wonder why you don't come forth with something like Wilson's Fourteen Points or the Atlantic Charter, something men can have faith in. And they didn't cost one cent."

In other words, we are exporting everything except ideas, which require nothing more elaborate than a pencil and paper. (And a brain. And a conviction.) The Russians have very effectively labeled us as warmongers all over the world. We retaliate by showing films showing 40,000,000 people overseas how many tanks, planes and guns we are producing. This is reassuring to us and possibly to the heads of foreign states and foreign armies. But hardly to the people who have clutched to their breasts the word that Russia has made its own—peace.

A basket of grain is a very effective bit of propaganda when someone hands it to you—but that's the task of the Marshall Plan, not the Voice of America which produced this film. A picture of a basket of grain won't do anything for a hungry man except make him hungrier. Propaganda is the dissemination of ideas—preferably the dissemination of a single overpowering idea. The Russians have embraced "peace" so effectively we'll never get it away from them (at least in the minds of most Europeans). But we've got a word of our own, "freedom"—"something," as the Italian remarked, "men can have faith in"—and the Russians will never get that one away from us.

If we could become in the minds of the outside world the exponents of freedom, if we could show them how free men live, if we could, in short, take over freedom as the Russians have taken over peace, we'd be in the propaganda business. As it is, we're just sending out stale newsreels.
Tallulah in London

“BLESS YOU, darlings,” intoned that famous foghorn which resounded on the British stage for so many years. “Now let’s see—what was I saying when I left London sixteen years ago—oh, yes—make mine a double.”

TV Broadcasters Take a Stand on the Man-Eating Shark

THERE is nothing like a code of ethics for broadcasting to make everyone’s conscience feel better. Bad taste eludes codes. Good taste is baffled by codes. Creative effort is frustrated by codes. Genius is stifled by codes. Still codes keep the dirty words off the air; they have the effect of mollifying the parent-teacher societies and you can have them impressively printed, bound in red leather and keep them around the office as a constant reminder that the broadcaster is unalterably opposed to incest.

Bearing all this in mind, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters met in Chicago and endorsed another code which, as an old scholar of codes, I should say is fully as pious and ineffective and altogether worthwhile as all the other codes I have ever read. In addition to incest, the broadcasters came out, foursquare, against the advertising of phrenology, palm-reading and race track tip sheets—three of the liveliest issues confronting our time.

This sweeping curtailment so moved Harold Fellows, the president of NARTB, that he issued a proclamation which brought tears to my eyes. “They (the broadcasters) have displayed a determination to visit American families as they would visit their neighbor’s hearthstone,” he declared, ringing like a gong. I have no intention of going into the rest of the prohibitory or restrictive aspects of the code in detail beyond reassuring all of you that the sanctity of matrimony is suitably upheld and the evils of drug addiction are suitably condemned.

Let’s pass on to the positive aspects of the code, where lie the weaknesses of all codes. There are a few positive declarations. The broadcaster is abjured to keep in mind that his community has cultural and educational needs and to feed it these commodities along with Hopalong Cassidy. He is reminded that children’s moral, ethical and social ideals should be kept in mind while selling them corn flakes. They are urged to air public events, controversial issues and religion. That sums up the “thou-shalls” which are outnumbered by the “thou-shall-nots” about forty to one. These sectors are expected to stimulate as much cultural and educational activity on the air as have all prior codes, which is to say, none at all.

The code was quite frankly passed to head off Sen. William Benton’s bill before Congress, which would set up a Citizens Advisory Board to keep an eye on what is and—more especially—what isn’t on television. The moment the bill made an appearance the broadcasters set up an organized hue and holler that this constituted government censorship of the air which it most certainly does not. Benton’s got much more sense than that. Recognizing the deep native American repugnance toward any hint of government censorship or interference, Benton proposed merely a board of eleven respected private citizens who would report to Congress and the Federal Communications Commission what television was doing and, more importantly, what it wasn’t doing.

The board would have no powers. It could only advise. But the broadcasters don’t even want that. Eleven citizens, probably all famous names, if duly appointed and blessed by Congress, could cause a terrible ruckus among the rest of the citizens simply by pointing out that television was devoting about 1 per cent of its efforts toward anything resembling culture or education or religion or ethics or good music. The advisory board, heaven forbid, could point out innumerable deficiencies in the television diet which the broadcaster, always sensitive to public opinion, would have to fill.

The issue, in brief, is not how to keep phrenology off the air—a little phrenology never hurt anyone—but how to put something worthwhile on the air, not as a replacement for Milton Berle but as an addition to him, how (to use Benton’s own
phrase) “to save TV from the road to trivialization.” An official advisory board set up by Congress, shorn of powers and therefore immune from the cry that it is abusing its powers, would act as a community conscience for the broadcaster and a powerful creative rather than negative force.

**Picture a Song of Sixpence**

Obviously a lot of profound thinking is being done these days on the picturization of the popular song, if you know what I mean and I doubt it. There was a time when a girl could stand in front of a curtain, suitably spotlighted in amber, and sing about the terrible agonies of love and why did it have to happen to her and especially why did that particular man have to happen to her and whatever became of him anyhow. A simple rendition of these plaints in something approximating a singing voice used to fulfill our inner needs.

But not any more. Not since television. Now, they make a three-act play out of it — girl meets boy, girl gets boy, girl loses boy — with fourteen ballet dancers leaping about in some sort of symbolic representation of her sexual frustration. Then they superimpose the singer’s face over this production orgy, and by the time it’s all over you’re emotionally tuckered, which isn’t the idea of a popular song exactly. Most popular songs can’t stand all this over-elaboration; a great many lyrics can’t stand any sort of scrutiny at all, much less all this — I can’t think of a better word — picturization.

**Foreign Import**

“FOREIGN INTRIGUE,” a new television film series shot in Sweden by a bright young and rather staggering energetic young twenty-six-year-old named Sheldon Reynolds, was not primarily intended as a poke in the nose for Hollywood. But that’s what it amounts to.

“Foreign Intrigue” is written, directed and produced — Mr. Reynolds takes care of all these chores personally — with taste, intelligence and an almost total absence of cliche. In other words, it resembles the normal Hollywood-produced TV films about as closely as “The Third Man” resembles a bad Charlie Chan movie. I tossed “The Third Man” in there deliberately because “Foreign Intrigue” has a good deal of “The Third Man” in its bloodstream.

As its title implies it is terribly continental, overpoweringly suave and aswarm with spies, black market operators, and other European scum intent on enriching themselves or gaining mastery over the rest of us. In the middle of all this is a young American reporter named Cannon who unseats the blackguards and then reports it in a blaze of glory to something called the Associated News. In that respect, “Foreign Intrigue” has a slight aroma of “Crime Photographer”, “Boston Blackie” and the rest of them.

However, if you can manage to swallow this basically improbable story line, you’ll find the rest of “Foreign Intrigue” rewarding. Its characters, while villainous, resemble people. Its dialogue is crisp and pointed and sounds, of all things, as if someone had taken the trouble of writing it rather than (as is the case in Hollywood-produced films), of pulling it out of the filing cabinet.

Reynolds chose Europe to shoot his stories in because it can be done there for about one-fifth the cost of the same thing in Hollywood, and landed specifically in Sweden because a Swedish accent is sufficiently generalized to resemble all the other accents in Europe. Apart from the two permanent members of the cast, the reporter Cannon played by Jerome Thor, and his wife played by Sydna Scott, both Americans, the cast is entirely Swedish (and, incidentally, contains names which, I imagine, only another Swede could pronounce, much less spell.)

This European casting is another fortunate and welcome inspiration on the part of Mr. Reynolds because — as I’ve
remarked on other occasions—Hollywood faces are cliches in their own right, each villain resembling all the other villains, each pretty, nubile lass bearing the same markings and conformation of all the other pretty, nubile lasses. In “Foreign Intrigue”, the faces are arresting original; the acting, with a few glaring exceptions, is extremely competent; and the characters they are asked to play behave strangely like adults rather than grown up children as do so many of the Hollywood-operated products.

Right here I would like to make a clear distinction between Hollywood films made for theaters which, people keep telling me, are better than ever, and films made for television which, as any fool can plainly see, are worse than ever. There’s no doubt in my mind that Hollywood can produce reasonably intelligent and mature pictures for television as it does for theaters. But it doesn’t. The reason it doesn’t, I firmly believe, lies simply in an attitude, a state of mind, which can be summed up very simply. “People will look at anything on television so why bother to make it good.”

People will not look at just anything on television and, if Hollywood had a shred of respect for its own reputation, it would not put its fancy label on all these little filmed horrors that are being shown on television stations all over the country. Shoddy bits of acting, direction, writing, even scene construction which, heaven knows, they ought to know all about, are permitted to slip into Hollywood-produced shows. They wouldn’t be tolerated in even the flimsiest whodunit emanating from New York.

The Hollywood know-how is celebrated the world over. But, unless you have the price of admission to the nearest movie house, you can’t find anything approximating professional theatrical competence in anything made in Hollywood. Not in your own parlor, you can’t.

Kudos for McCleery

T HAS long been my notion that television direction at its best is closer to still photography than to movies. Albert McCleery, as producer-director of “The Lottery,” demonstrated that a television screen can be as curt, concise and powerful as a line drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec. Using no scenery and only the minimum of props, McCleery concentrates his cameras on faces, hands, sometimes on masses of people who are as carefully arranged and as meaningful as ballet. Some of his camera shots are just fragments of faces, sculpturesque in composition, poetic in their intensity of feeling. Acting takes second place—well, fourth place—to the director, the cameramen and the man who controls the lights.

What McCleery is doing is restoring in some measure radio’s inherent virtue as a spur to the imagination of the audience. Where most television stifles and stupifies imagination, McCleery demands it of his audience, requires of them something besides passive absorption.

Hollywood—at least that part of it dedicated to TV—has yet to learn anything at all about television direction, about the size of a home screen, about the emotional atmosphere of a home group, about the depth and power of a human head, about the significance of small suggestive detail, about the mounting of mood and atmosphere by subtle lighting or about any of the techniques so splendidly demonstrated by Mr. McCleery in “The Lottery.”

The Export of Ideas

SOME time ago, grave dissatisfaction was expressed here at the efforts of the Voice of America. I felt then and still feel that the Voice is overly concerned with appeasing—or, at very least, not offending—members of Congress rather than with spreading abroad a message that a Balkan peasant could take to his heart, believe in and fight for.

Privately, some Voice officials concur in this view. “You can’t really blame Congressmen for the impotence of the Voice of America either,” one Voice official said recently. “The fact is the American people don’t understand propaganda and are rather resentful of the fact that we’re engaged in it. Congress simply reflects this misunderstanding and resentment. Before we can sell an idea to the Europeans
we've got to sell the American public on the idea of propaganda."

On the other hand Radio Free Europe, a private outfit which hasn't got Congress breathing down its neck, is approaching the true aim of propaganda, the export of ideas—simple, powerful, and emotional ideas. Robert E. Lang, director of Radio Free Europe, concedes that "Communism gives people a real idea to fight for. Whether it breaks down in actual practice or not—and it does—it's an idea that makes people overreach themselves."

Lang likes to quote a statesman from Lebanon on the challenge and meaning of freedom: "A man, no matter how weak or poor or ignorant, will be exceedingly strong and rich and wise if only he has an idea for which he can die, and therefore for which he can live."

Communism, says Lang, does provide such an idea. Our own propagandists haven't. But RFE is about to launch its own battle for men's minds with two ideas, both taken from the American revolution. The first is the equality of the individual, the second the federation of European states. "The idea, or religion, we want to preach," says Lang, "to give Communism the final push—and I believe a final push is all it needs—is the fundamental revolution of the American people. You won't do it rationally or logically but with the same fanaticism that brought forth the Declaration of Independence."

Lang likes to point out that the closing words of the Declaration of Independence—"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortune and our sacred honor"—are about as fanatic as any statement of policy can get. This same flame of emotion must illuminate our propaganda abroad and Lang thinks it will be as forceful in Europe now as it was in America 175 years ago.

The Hungarian, he says, had no equality under centuries of feudal capitalism, under years of Nazi domination or under the current Communist regime. Equality is an idea "for which he can die and therefore for which he can live." As for the federation of European states (something the Voice of America could hardly advance without incurring the wrath of half the governments of Europe), Lang says its biggest selling point is that such an arrangement will raise everybody's standard of living by eliminating tax barriers.

Here's how RFE sells federation. A waiter in Stamford, Conn., a former Warsaw lawyer, explains on the air that he earns $70 a week, works very hard for it, but his children have oranges all year round. The oranges come from Florida and California, both a long way from Stamford, but he can afford them because there are no tax barriers in America.

The idea of equality, so foreign and yet so inviting to most of Europe, can be reduced to the simplicity of an orange, too. RFE, Lang admits, is just starting its export of those twin ideas, having devoted most of its efforts up to now to licking technical problems. It now has three stations, two on short wave, one on regular broadcast wave, operating in Frankfort and Munich and is campaigning in the United States for funds to build two more standard wave stations.

The effectiveness of these broadcasts has already been demonstrated. The Czech government has officially protested to the State Department about the RFE broadcasts. Even more convincing was a work stoppage in a Czech factory which was inspired by RFE broadcasts and which, according to the British Foreign Office, came off on schedule. This rather dangerous experiment, Lang says, was conducted simply to find out whether a foreign broadcast could cause any turmoil at all in a Communist-occupied country and RFE was enormously gratified to discover that it could.

The Turnover Is Terrific

WAITRESSES, it has occurred to me, are the most popular heroines on television these days. I have seen at least a dozen of these girls behind the counter, dreaming their lonely dreams while ladling out coffee and doughnuts. Then along comes the truck driver or the kid with the cops at his heels or the man who is disappointed in life and is contemplating suicide but who changes his mind after
meeting her. Anyhow, she gets out from behind that counter. The turnover in counter girls is terrific in TV.

The Big Show from Frisco

The surprising thing about the big show from San Francisco is that it got under way at about the speed of Battlefield and maintained the pace pretty well throughout. Scarcely had Secretary of State Acheson rapped for order when Andrei Gromyko was away and running.

This master obstructionist, who may easily have irritated more human beings than any man in history, would be an imposing television personality with or without portfolio. Urbane, brilliant and—even in Russian—witty, Gromyko is a great performer and the director and cameramen paid him a deference which, considering that he is the symbol of our mortal enemy, may have outraged a great many million Americans but could hardly have been avoided.

But he was not the only good actor. All diplomats are expected to be urbane, but the quality of American urbanity as exemplified by Secretary Acheson is entirely different from that of Gromyko—more flexible, warmer and infinitely more human.

That is television’s great advantage as a journalistic medium. It presents the personalities as well as the utterances and the personalities are at least as revelatory as the declamations. The British delegate, Kenneth Younger, who looks much too young to bear so impressive a title as British Minister of State, is a personification not only of Great Britain but of a way of life which we are at war to preserve.

He is also a reminder that the age of reason, which is certainly not the one we’re living in, must have been a very nice age, and it would be fun to have it back. Mr. Younger’s brief remarks were sensible and, above all, moderate. Moderation is as foreign to the Iron Curtain countries as Yorkshire pudding and was in this contest far more illuminating than the procedural question at issue.

Standing next to Mr. Younger, arguing shrilly to preserve his place at the microphone, was the Polish delegate, Stefan Wierblowski, as prime an example of totalitarian man as you can find outside central casting. Come to think of it, both Mr. Wierblowski and his strident Czech counterpart, Gertrude Sekaninova, both ran to type a little too closely and would be considered stereotypes if encountered in fiction. Both as speaker and as a person, Mr. Wierblowski gave a pretty bad show and I have a hunch he got a little private spanking when he got home that night. (You can’t mark that down as personal favoritism either because, after all, Mr. Gromyko got a good notice and he plays on the same team.)

I will concede Mr. Wierblowski one of the great comedy lines of the show. “Giving us only five minutes to speak, violates our essential rights.” Coming from his side of the Iron Curtain this spirited advocacy of the right to speak one’s mind at any length is heart-warming and I hope he keeps it up when he gets back to Poland. His was a display of bad manners which would hardly be countenanced at any well-run sorority meeting and served to illustrate that international conferences can be as childish as any other conflict of wills between human beings.

There were some great shots. One of Gromyko on the podium more or less surrounded by and, in a way, the central figure of a composition of stairs and blocks looked like something out of Elmer Rice’s experimental drama “The Adding Machine.” And the closeups of Mr. Acheson putting on his headphones and digesting totalitarian procedural arguments, something he’s drearily familiar with, were the most eloquent portraits of an incisive mind at work that I have yet seen.

The opening of the Far West to the
blessings of Milton Berle (The live Miltie, that is. They've been getting him out there in cans.), is an event of great significance in itself, of course. Regular network service began Sept. 28, a great day all the way around. Because kiddies, not only is the West exposed to Milton Berle; we here in the East are wide open to the charms of Louella Parsons. That is something I've always held against the telephone. It's a two-edge blade.

**You've Got to Start Somewhere**

I HAVE harped at various times about the wonderful job opportunities television offers to people of low ambition and small talents—the girl who hands out the money on “Break The Bank,” the girl who helps the man into a barrel on “Truth Or Consequences”—but there are other jobs which, while small, require special gifts and sometimes no mean ability.

Take the guy on the “Hit Parade,” for example, who loans a shoulder to Dorothy Collins to nestle in while she sings “Sin.” (“Is it a sin to love you so?”) He not only has to stand there, supporting about a third of her poundage; he has also to register some sort of response to this question. Is it a sin? Or isn't it? And what's he going to do about it? This is a tough bit of emotion when you consider the poor guy didn't have a line of dialogue and wasn't even permitted a gesture and the actor, I thought, acquitted himself very creditably. Small role, of course, but a man has to start somewhere.

You youngsters who want to break into television ought to look into the possibilities of being sung at. Lots of people are being sung at on television and in some cases it's harder than to do the actual singing. The other night Miss Collins again was lamenting—at the top of her lungs—why couldn't she melt his cold, cold heart at another actor. He just looked her up and down disdainfully, rolled his sleeves down, lit a cigarette, and strolled away, clearly unmelted. It's a somewhat larger role than the one I spoke of before, more expressively and incisively written and the actor made the most of it. He'll go far. If he keeps up this pace, he may even grow up to be sung at by Dinah Shore.

One of the most difficult and demanding feats of being sung at was the role of an astronomer, also on the “Hit Parade.” Eileen Wilson was singing “The Loveliest Night Of The Year” in her observatory. He was doing logarithms. Or something. Anyhow, he was computing, trying to keep his mind on astronomy, while she was making all that racket, looking through his telescope and mussing his hair. Probably had to do the logarithms all over again in the morning.

And speaking of spreading the work around, there's a new wrinkle in commercials which should increase employment considerably. One man introduces another man who, we are informed, has something of interest to tell us. The second man says he has indeed something of enormous interest to tell us. Then comes a filmed commercial in which a man who hasn't got a Benrus misses an appointment, almost ruins his career and preserves his life from unqualified disaster only by buying a Benrus. It seems to me that one or conceivably both of those man could be eliminated but if Benrus wants to keep them on the payroll, I'm not going to complain. Let's all of us get on television and then no one will have to look at it.

While passing along this friendly advice to sponsors—something I do only on rare occasions—it seems to me the Schlitz people set a dangerous precedent the other night on “Playhouse of the Stars.” At the end of the first act, a couple was discovered staring at their TV set, exclaiming how much they liked the play...
and then dashing to the icebox for some Schlitz. This is a terrible idea to plant in people's minds, that they should vanish into the kitchen the minute the commercial comes on. How would they know which beer to take out of the icebox? They might stumble on to some Blatz' "Milwaukee's Favorite Beer" rather than Schlitz, "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"—and it simply isn't cricket to drink Blatz and look at something Schlitz paid for.

Just one more small note about commercials. World Broadcasting System, producers of transcribed programs, has announced that it will produce a special half hour Christmas show called "The Miracle at Christmas," starring Thomas Mitchell. "The Miracle at Christmas" will have open spots left for the insertion of the local sponsor's message. There was a time, of course, when "The Miracle" was message enough for the folks, when miracles didn't require local sponsorship, but that was long, long ago.

Opportunities in Television

JOE RANSON and Richard Pack have just written a book called "Opportunities In Television" which pretty thoroughly explores the training and qualifications for actors, writers, directors, engineers and people like that. But it doesn't cover any of the jobs I'm curious about.

How about that pretty girl who hands out $100 bills on "Break The Bank?" Where—Mr. Ranson, Mr. Pack—did she get her training for that job and how, exactly, did she break into that line of work? Or how about the Old Gold girl, the one who is covered by an Old Gold package from her head to her hips? Where did she study and what did she study before she broke into the big time?

Then there's the lovely young lady on "Beat The Clock" who helps the contestants pour water all over themselves, trying to fill milk bottles while standing on their heads. I know a girl who is looking for that kind of work and who has all the qualifications—pretty legs, a nice smile and an intimate acquaintance with milk bottles. But she doesn't know where the job opportunities are.

As a matter of fact, I have a whole list of applicants for similar jobs—the girl on the Vaughan Monroe show who pushes a button which lights up the favorite song of the troops at Fort Dix; the girl who holds up placards for the panel members on "It's News To Me"; the girl who helped Ralph Edwards propel a man called Nash through a mechanized automatic car-washing line. One babe I know wants even more specialized work. She wants to be the girl on the Arthur Murray show who tells Mrs. Arthur Murray how her personality changed, how she won a raise, a husband and illimitable happiness after she learned how to dance.

As for Music and Money...

FRANKLY, I find an oboe just as agreeable to look at as Morey Amsterdam and a great deal more agreeable to listen to.

God Bless Us Every One

"THE Kate Smith Evening Hour" struck me at the outset as being marked by a certain air of desperation. It occurs at a time which on NBC last year was sacred to comedians. However, NBC, I guess, just ran out of comics and somehow the full-throated and extensive Miss Smith was thrust in there to stem the flood of Arthur Godfrey who appears at the same hour on what is known as another network.

It's hard to tell what Miss Kate, one of the perennial glories of daytime or female radio, is doing on evening television when the men are home, presumably in search of relaxation. In fact this show is pretty hard for me to explain in any terms. Miss Kate is not a mistress of ceremonies, nor even an Ed Sullivan or "What-On-Earth-Am-I-Doing-Here" type emcee; she's not, apart from her singing, an entertainer; she doesn't—as she does on radio—burden the air with profound reflections on the sanctity of matrimony (which she has never experienced).

She is above all that. She is presented as a sort of American institution like Thanksgiving, something that doesn't require explanation. Ted Collins, her personal Svengali who has guided her des-
tiny—if that’s not too sweeping a word—for several generations, accords her a reverence which I found damned irritating. The confounded show even opens with a shot of waves breaking on our rock-en-crusted shores, pans next to a shot of the American flag, concentrates briefly on the star-studded section of the flag and dwells finally on a single star—symbolizing, as I gather it, Miss Smith, America, motherhood, and the National Broadcasting Company.

"God bless everybody in no trump," I murmured as this majestic opening faded and Miss Smith herself hove into view to sing "Vampin’ Till You’re Ready." It’s a rather odd selection to follow such a patriotic introduction—I half expected her to sing the Constitution in C sharp minor—and Miss Smith didn’t improve matters much by jiggling like a kootch dancer and snapping her fingers. If Miss Kate wants to be an American institution, she ought to model herself a little more closely on the behavior of other American institutions like, say, the stone lions at the steps of the New York Public Library.

The rest of the show is a mish-mash. Olsen and Johnson, another American institution, came aboard to deliver that sketch wherein they are in a hotel room, just trying to get a little sleep, and everybody including an NBC guided tour conspires to get in the way. I first saw Olsen and Johnson do this bit in Milwaukee in—let’s see now—about 1932 and I must admit they’ve rounded it, improved it and polished it a lot since then. It may be the most popular sketch on television, having pretty well done the rounds of all the shows. A classic, in short, which ought to be ready in another year or so for the Library of Congress. This is a real classic show.

Three guys and two dolls followed with a song number in which they bounded about without dropping a note, an impressive but exhausting mixture of athletics and vocalism. Miss Smith reappeared to sing "Longing." This led into a big dance number in which several thousand yards of crinoline were unfurled. From time to time, Mr. Collins, dinner-jacketed and acting a little like the curator of the American wing at the Metropolitan, showed up to talk about Miss Smith. There was a brief, muddy dramatic sketch, starring Sylvia Sydney and Sidney Blackmer, which proved that crime doesn’t pay. It was acted in almost total darkness without scenery.

None of this was very bad but nothing was very good either. In any case, it didn’t add up to anything that resembled a television show and I can’t figure out what Miss Smith is doing there. They’re trying, I speculated, to make a female Arthur Godfrey out of her. But is there any great need for a female Arthur Godfrey, or for that matter, a male Arthur Godfrey? I just don’t understand the thought processes that led to the construction of this show and I’m afraid I never will.

More About Kate...

In our house we use the TV set like a hearth, a place to keep warm on cold fall afternoons. Well, I was dozing in front of this contemporary fireplace, warming my feet on Kate Smith, one afternoon, when I woke up to find myself in the middle of a fashion show. A bunch of models in beachware parading back and forth. Miss Smith’s guest, a fashion expert, was saying: "In the privacy of your own pool or patio the outer garments may be removed."

I fell right back asleep again and dreamed about Miss Kate’s millions of devoted women listeners all over the country divesting themselves of their outer garments in the privacy of their own pools or patios. There must be two or three babes around who don’t own a pool or even a patio and they’re stuck with that outer garment till the right millionaire comes along. After all, television is for the masses, not for the unprivileged few who haven’t got patios.

More Everything Than Ever

There’s a nasty little rumor running around, conceivably hatched and nurtured in Hollywood, that movies are better than ever which, when you examine it, is one of the dimmest compliments the movie people ever paid themselves. Anyhow, in an attempt to shoot down this canard be-
fore it took wing, I investigated a movie, the first I've seen since the days when movies were worse than ever, "An American in Paris."

The selection of "American in Paris" was not entirely arbitrary. I wanted to see it, partly because I'd just been to Paris and wanted to observe just what improvements Hollywood could make on it, partly to hear again George Gershwin's music and partly because I was drugged in a saloon and then dragged to the picture by a rapscallion of a press agent, one of whose aliases is Mitchell Rawson.

For a man who has spent the last five years chained in front of a fourteen-inch screen, it was quite an experience. Movies are not only better than ever but bigger than ever, more technicolor than ever and more—I can think of no other word for it—populous than ever. To us TV addicts, three is a crowd and six is a mob. In the movies—you'd never believe this, Mabel—they toss two or three hundred people at you at once, all extravagant-ly caparisoned. (Caparisons are odious, except in Hollywood where they are beautiful beyond description.)

Where Milton Berle is eight inches high, Gene Kelly is roughly fourteen feet straight up and terribly, terribly distinct—perhaps more visible than seems strictly necessary. I was more impressed by his size and his clarity than by his dancing which is technically superb but occasionally limited in range.

No doubt about it, though, "An American in Paris" is a perfectly gorgeous picture—full of magnificent shots of Paris (all, except a few process shots, filmed in Hollywood), of some fine Gershwin music and of eye-filling pageantry. It's also as good an example as any of the things Hollywood can do that television couldn't conceivably attempt and also, I'm afraid, of the weaknesses Hollywood can't seem to avoid.

After getting off to a fine heady start with a magnificently comic song and dance number in a Paris sidewalk cafe, Mr. Kelly, who plays the part of an American artist starving gallantly in a Montmartre garret, gets bogged down in love which Hollywood takes more seriously than it should, especially in a picture of this nature. I have nothing against love, you understand, but I'd rather have seen a good deal more of Oscar Levant, who was being funnier than he has ever been before, than of Leslie Caron, the cute little French dish Mr. Kelly was mooning over.

The picture ends with a ballet which may be the longest in picture history—a full twenty minutes—which must contain all the dancers in Hollywood, all the costumes they hadn't dragged into the rest of the picture, all the process shots left over from Paris and about twelve changes of costume for Mr. Kelly who leaps into the fountains in the Place de la Concorde roughly twenty-two times and emerges dry but, I expect, tired. It was a stupefying experience and also rather an interminable one. Sometimes I harbor the suspicion that Mr. Kelly should let someone else help out with his choreography. He has only so many ideas and when he runs through the collection, he's inclined to repeat them in different dress against different scenery.

Having got these carping comments off my mind, I'm forced to admit I had a wonderful time at the picture. Pictures are not only better than ever but bigger, costlier, more opulent, more colorful and more vivid than ever. Also milder, mellower and more satisfying. All right, Rawson, cut out the business with the rubber hose and get off my chest. I may even go back and see a picture of my own accord some time, clutching my own money in my damp little hand.

And now—back to Ed Sullivan, all nine inches of solid muscle. Nothing but black and white, verging around the chin into suitable shades of gray. Perhaps it's better that way. I don't think I'm emo-
tionally equipped to take Mr. Sullivan if they blew him up to fourteen feet and shot him along in four colors.

**Tale of Old Hollywood . . .**

The other day Carmel Myers, the silent film star who now has her own TV show, was telling one of her guests about what fun they had on the set in the old days, which is to say, back when they kept the money. It was a nice little anecdote. A director had driven her to a restaurant in his Cadillac. When the doorman asked him what to with the car, the director said, "Keep it." No one ever saw the car again. Or the doorman either.

**Three Ring Circus**

The Columbia Broadcasting System presented a fine series of radio documentaries on crime in a series of five broadcasts titled "The Nation's Nightmare." The country's criminals were given a thorough going-over which may or may not result in any very drastic action. This has been a great year for the exposure of crime. It has not yet been exactly sensational for the conviction of criminals. Perhaps next year, an imposing array of district attorneys with flashing smiles and telegenic personalities will spring up and send platoons of gamblers, narcotic salesmen and politicians to jail right in front of the leering cameras. Then the D. A.'s will all go on to become either governors or narrators on "Gangbusters."

While I still harbor some doubts as to the motives of those who are deploring the practice of murder with such great vehemence, CBS deserves great acclaim for the elaborate research and thorough workmanship of its crime series. The most harrowing of them was "Crime on the Waterfront," a real shocker. CBS picked up a lot of their material for this one right on the New York and New Jersey waterfront and frequently faced physical danger in so doing. At one point a crowd of longshoremen threatened to throw a CBS truck in the river. While this particular broadcast was on the air, a man identifying himself as a longshoreman union official called the network and threatened all forms of retaliation.

That's no idle threat either. If you listened to the broadcast, you'd discover they play real rough along the waterfront. "The record of racketeering, exploitation, extortion, conspiracy and murder is so foul that it's hard to believe even when you have documented proof before you. But it's true, shamefully and unquestionably true," declared Bill Down, the narrator, at the outset of this program.

There follows a horrendous sightseeing tour around Manhattan Island. Each pier area and the men who control them, all men with long police records, were identified by name. "The waterfront from the Fulton Fish Market on the east to Pier 9 on the West Side, the famous tip of Manhattan Island, controlled by Socks Lanza, pal of Lucky Luciano—ten arrests, now out on parole after conviction for extortion."

The slave conditions of the longshoremen to their hiring boss has been told often before but it was retold in condensed, simple and dramatic form. The shipping interests as well as the unions have a marked preference for ex-convicts as hiring bosses because they keep the men in line. Once in power, the mobsters fleece the longshoremen through a dozen rackets—numbers, bookmaking, kick-backs, loan-sharking. The man who doesn't play along doesn't work.

But that is small potatoes next to the organized theft on the waterfront which costs the insurance companies $60,000,000 a year. As explained by one longshoreman: "Yer see, they work with the checker, the fellow who checks the cargo as it comes off the ship. The checker is supposed to get the longshoremen to put
the valuable cargo in certain spots on the dock. Let’s say they want to steal $500,000 worth of watches from Switzerland. The hirin’ boss tells the checker and the checker has it put somewhere else. The checker never marks it as coming off the ship, see. It never did arrive in this country, so it’s lost somewhere between here and France or wherever the ship came from.”

Supporting the appalling conditions on the waterfront, CBS declared, were a united front of shipping interests, unions, influential businessmen and the police, a tough bunch to fight. As summed up by one longshoreman, no one wanted to monkey with the system because everyone profited by it.

“The big boys (both business and political) need the tough guys. They need the tough guys to keep me in line so I don’t get too brazen, upset their way of runnin’ things. They also need the police department to keep the tough guys in line. If the tough guys go too far the police cut ’em down and then they got the politicians to see that the police don’t go too far and they’ve got the politicians ‘cause—well, he kin use the musclemen to line up the vote for him. It’s a three-ring circus. The legitimate guy is in the middle.”

Red’s Back on Radio . . .

“Mr. SKELTON can prattle along indefinitely, spitting out unrelated jokes with an air of such vigorous unrelated humor that, I’m forced to admit, he carries a large part of his audience along with him by sheer determination. It’s a gift not to be taken lightly,” I wrote once upon a time, long, long ago. (If Mr. Skelton can repeat the jokes, I ought to be permitted to repeat the observations.) Well, he’s back on radio again and the jokes—as Mr. Skelton himself confessed—haven’t changed.

“You got any stewed chicken”—“Yes”—“Well, give ’em black coffee. That’ll sober ’em up.”

“Have you always been in this condition?” No, I was single once.”

The Righteousness of a Reformed Sinner

RAYMOND RUBICAM, one of the giants of the advertising rack—uh—business, founded Young & Rubicam, now one of the largest advertising agencies in the world, retired in 1948 and now basks in the warm sun of Arizona where apparently he has done a certain amount of brooding about the sins of his youth. At any rate, he recently wrote a letter to Sen. William Benton who read it on the Senate floor where it attracted absolutely no attention at all.

It’s a forceful letter and, while most of the complaints in it have been made before, they are particularly pertinent and especially damning because they come from a man who did more than his share in committing the sins he now deplores. “Radio broadcasting,” Mr. Rubicam wrote, “has come nowhere near serving the American people as well as it ought to have served them. I am convinced that a large part of the reason lies in the domination of radio by the advertiser. Since I am no longer in the advertising business these views will be called, by many of my former associates, the newly acquired righteousness of a reformed sinner, but the fact remains that even when I was most active in advertising and in radio I held the same views and would have welcomed a reduction of the percentage of radio time available to advertisers and an enlargement of the public’s opportunity to hear programs which have little worth for the advertiser but great worth for the public . . .”

“What I am opposed to,” Mr. Rubicam continued, “is what amounts practically to a monopoly of radio and television by advertisers to the point where the public’s freedom of choice in programs is more of a theory than a fact and to the point where public service of the two media is only a shadow of what it could be . . . Radio programming in the United States has been comparable to a school system in which everything stopped at the elementary grades . . . and which consequently had no colleges, universities or post-graduate schools to serve the rest of the population.
"In the field of print, people have a lot better chance of escaping the worst than they have in radio. There are printed publications specializing in almost every field of human interest, inquiry, thought, activity. Even those newspapers and magazines which typically take the low road to popularity often do more to serve minority interests than radio does.

"The infinite variety permitted by printed publication has helped bring men a long way in civilization. We, nevertheless, face an age in which a higher and higher percentage of what our minds take in will be taken in through radio and television. Their danger is that if misconducted they will make for a population standardized on a narrow base and a low level of preoccupation. In the end they are certain to overpower the printed word as an influence on people and we are fools if we do not set them up to serve as much of our lives and to throw light on as many of our problems as we can.

"Television broadcasting might eventually cover a range of subject matter almost as wide as the printed word now does. In entertainment, instead of radio's relatively invariable menu of crooning, crime and gag-making, we might have not only current plays and movies but everything else from the classics to wood-working-as-a-weekend-hobby. Subscription broadcasting of television programs would create a new field for the free enterprise system and would further the healthy competition we know we must have in business to keep it free and to keep it from not serving us well. How can this proposal be seen in any other light? Except for military defense, what question is there before this country which is half as important as the question of the uses that will be made of television?

"In asking for the creation of a National Citizens Advisory Commission to aid the public, the Congress and the FCC in thinking through the problems of this new force, you are certainly on as sane and reasonable ground as any man could be. You do not pretend to know all the answers, nor do you ask that the government dictate the answers. What you ask (in the Benton bill) is that the problems and possibilities be given the respect and study they deserve by a group of qualified citizens so that the best answers can be found. How can we afford to do less?"

In other words, one enormously successful ex-advertising man is telling another enormously successful ex-advertising man (Sen. Benton was once partner in Benton and Bowles which controlled most of the soap operas on the air), that the power of the advertisers should be curbed in the public interest. Both ex-ad men are in favor of subscription television which would compete directly with the sponsored broadcasting they both did so much to promote. It's a remarkable document and I'm sorry I had to condense it so drastically. The full text was printed in the November 3 issue of "The Saturday Review of Literature," in case you're interested.

That Way Lies Cannibalism...

The confounded experts are sitting—panel after panel of them—all over television, and somewhere a line has got to be drawn and drawn soon. First thing you know we'll have one panel sitting in judgment on another panel, the "What's My Line" crowd evaluating the "It Pays To Be Ignorant" mob. That way lies cannibalism, fellows. Let's cut it out.

Mr. Murray Salutes the Esquire Girls

Ken Murray is a square-faced, larger-mouthed, crew-cutted, square-rigged comedian who flourishes an enormous cigar and frequently wears a smile that stretches clear across a fourteen-inch screen. Everything about this refugee from California is generously proportioned and, consequently, it comes only as a mild surprise to hear he is to be extended to two and a half hours. This makes him the most extensive entertainer anywhere on evening television, over-reaching even Arthur Godfrey by a full hour.

There seems to be no question that he has the stamina to spread himself over this time allotment, having presided over a sort of continuous vaudeville show on the West Coast known as "Blackouts" for seven long years without visible wear
and tear on his health. The whole thing then boils down to whether the rest of us have the stamina to endure Ken Murray for two and a half hours every week.

Well, he's an engaging low-pressure fellow who wears well. When he first started on CBS-TV, he was all over the place—trading badinage with other comedians, working strenuously in all the sketches and even drinking Budweiser with great zest during the commercial. Over the years he has become less obtrusive. That's the new or anti-Milton Berle trend. Stay out of the animal acts. You'll live longer.

The contemporary Ken Murray trades a few jokes, generally of a rather special wolfish nature, with his guests and leers at the pretty girls. There is quite a lot of leering going on in television, but Murray, with his vast countenance, has a leer that outreaches anyone else's and could in a pinch throw a shudder into a girl in the second balcony.

On a recent Murray program, there were more girls to leer at than ever before. Virtually the whole show was given over to sounding the klaxon for Esquire magazine, especially Esquire's calendar girls. I expect everyone now knows what the Esquire calendar is and that each month is adorned by a long-legged lass in various attitudes of abandon. Well, they had all twelve of them there—some of them the originals, others reproductions of the originals—and each one simpered her way through a little poesy to the effect that she adored men, especially men who bought her diamonds.

"This," said a young lady who happened to be watching the same exhibit at the time, "is going to set women back 400 years."

It sounded like one of the most elaborate magazine tie-ins of all time. The magazine-television tie-in; you give a comedian a full page spread in color; he responds with wild praise over the air for your magazine. But it wasn't. At least, Esquire claims that Mr. Murray's enthusiasm for the magazine, especially its calendar girls, was entirely spontaneous and that the magazine's retort to this hour-long tribute would be only a small plug for Mr. Murray on the editorial page: "Nobody reads the editorial page," said the managing editor of that magazine glumly, "except my mother."

Apart from all the pulchritude—and, believe me, unrelieved pulchritude can get awfully monotonous—the Murray show was and usually is a relaxed and expert operation which never pounds at your ears as do so many of the others. One unique feature is a weekly serious dramatic sketch plopped right in the middle of the buffoonery, an idea that has stood up well. In last week's, a young lady running away from life and men, takes refuge with Josephine Hull, who had locked the door against such intrusions nineteen years earlier. After a session together full of psychiatric allusions to their childhoods, the two girls decided they were being silly and returned to the bearpit to face Life and Men. Well, there have been more sensible ones and hereafter the sketches will be written by three of radio's top writers—Arch Oboler, Norman Corwin and Jean Holloway.

While the Esquire salute was not a tie-in, Mr. Murray is not above tie-ins here and there. During the commercial, Sherman Billingsley dropped by to scratch the back of Mr. Murray's sponsor, Budweiser, while Mr. Murray scratched the back of Mr. Billingsley's sponsor, Fatima—both of them puffing, sipping and scratching as if they had three arms. As commercials go, it wasn't bad, but I still prefer the Budweiser horses—massive, august animals who are easily the most dignified and impressive things ever to appear on my television set.

"Talk Back" with Happy Felton . . .

HAPPY FELTON played host one day to a lady author whose books bears my favorite title for 1951. The author:
Mrs. Kirsten Sergel. The book: "I Just Like To Kill Things." What sort of things, Mrs. Sergel—ideals, hopes, illusions? Or just people?

The New Vitamized Cotton Mather

The closest thing around to Cotton Mather these days is Charles D. Kasher, a pitchman. His eye, I should say, is at least as formidable as Mather's; his upraised finger is almost as disapproving and his fanaticism for N. H. A. Vitamin compound approaches that of Mather for soul-saving. The boys had rather different articles to sell but I feel they would have gotten along well.

Kasher's pitch is delivered on a half-hour film which belted around the country long before it hit New York. I know because we got letters from people who were overcome with astonishment for two reasons: (a) that there was such a thing as a half-hour commercial; (b) that they sat through it. After experiencing Mr. Kasher—you don't just look at him, you sort of suffer him like an electric shock—I see what they mean. I was paralyzed from the waist down. Some sort of hypnosis which I thought, was a violation of the Federal Communications Commission rules.

Kasher's pitch is a straight half-hour scolding without any trimmings, props, pictures, charts, diagrams, movies. Nothing. Just Kasher, a rather scrawny piece of goods with receding hair and a small mustache. Other advertisers may woo you, flatter you, frighten you, or turn on the big bright smile. Not Kasher. He just gives a half-hour of uninterrupted hell for the way we eat, the way we sleep and even—so help me hannah—the way we make love. We make love too fast, says Kasher. Take your time.

Come to think of it, we do everything too fast (says Kasher) especially eating and even—if my ears weren't playing me tricks—sleeping. Me, I'm a slow sleeper and always have been. I sleep along at about four knots. But I suppose there are fast sleepers who go screaming down nycititropism eighty miles an hour, taking the curves on one elbow.

While belaboring the rest of us, Kasher takes an occasional poke at some really sacred American institutions. The comic strip advertisement, for example. John doesn't love me any more, says the weeping girl. Next cartoon: a babe whispering in her ear about Bathseba soap. So she bashes. So they get married. I don't know how the soap people, who underwrite so much of our broadcasting, are going to take this attack on fundamental American principles. If the right soap isn't the answer to all our problems, what is?

Well, Mr. K. supplies the answer to that, too. N. H. A. complex. Incidentally, his lecture on food and our bad habits seems to my laymen's ear very sound. We do overcook vegetables, rely too heavily on sandwiches, eat too fast, drink too many cold liquids. But in the payoff Mr. Kasher, if I understood him correctly, condones all those malpractices—provided we take his vitamin complex, a rather startling deviation from his original premise and one which Cotton Mather would never have committed. That's the trouble with your contemporary fanatic. He has to wrestle with the sponsor where Mather had only his conscience to quell. Of the two, the sponsor is infinitely more menacing.

There is another more fundamental defect in the hypnotic approach. When I was invited to go out and buy the stuff, I was still rooted to the chair. Couldn't move for three days and by that time I'd done a bit of thinking. Kasher took the complex, didn't he? Kept saying he never missed. And—to paraphrase a line written by George Kaufman and Moss Hart—three days after I'm dead I expect to look better than he does now.

There are a lot of pitchmen on television these days. Kasher being only an example of the evangelical or God-help-you-if-you don't variety. There's one fifteen minute spot for Vitamix. A pitchman demonstrates a mixer which reduces egg shells, apple cores and all sorts of things to liquids and does it very entertainingly. I keep wishing he'd sort of accidentally drop Kasher in there sometime. After all those years of vitamin pills, Kasher, I bet, would reduce to a liquid more powerful than the atom bomb.
Swing's first quiz this issue is based on past and present Christmas customs. Those such as plum pudding, carols and our Babe in the Manger began long, long ago. But there are modern customs, too, as you will see below. If you get nine right, excellent. As low as four—well, you just don’t feel Christmasy inside!

1. The California State Flower personifies Christmas. Can you name it?
2. Plum pudding is especially identified with Christmas festivities in which country?
3. Can you name Clement Moore’s Yuletide classic poem?
4. Swedish Christmas cookies are many times cut to resemble what important farm animal of that nation?
5. In a valley in the Austrian Alps, Franz Gruber and Father Mohr composed a famous Christmas carol. Can you name it?
6. In what European country will you have an abundant Christmas Eve dinner, but a meatless one?
7. This lady is called the “Grandmother of the Nation,” and her primitive paintings are popular on Christmas cards. Who is she?
8. Which state has a town named Santa Claus, from which each year people send cards and letters to be mailed at Christmas time?
9. What Mediterranean nation has an elaborate Christmas Eve dinner that keeps the wife busy for days beforehand? Preperations of eel are favorite dishes.
10. Lebkuchen and pfeffernuesse are Christmas favorites in Germany. What are they?
WAITER, I'LL HAVE . . .

by Virginia D. Randall

Our first quiz mentioned food several times; now let's concentrate on it. Foreign foods are among the most important things brought into this country, whether by tourists or immigrants. Many dishes are unusual; but they can be found on the menu of any good restaurant. If you were to eat out during the coming holidays and found the following list of foods offered, do you know what you would get if you ordered them? A Christmas tip—some are in a liquid state!

1. Wiener Schnitzel
2. Schnapps
3. Capon
4. Crepes Suzette
5. Ragout
6. Cerveza
7. Treacle
8. Moselle
9. Kelp
10. Trifle
11. Pulque
12. Gruyere
13. Chili con Carne
14. Tripe
15. Pate de fois gras
16. Les buches de Noel
17. Le reveillon

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a. Meat with beans
b. Sponge cake covered with jam and cream
c. Beer
d. Veal cutlet
e. Cheese
f. Holland gin
g. Stomach of a ruminating animal
h. Wine
i. A cock-chicken
j. Mexican alcohol
k. Pancakes
l. Stew with highly seasoned meat
m. Seaweed
n. Goose liver
o. Molasses
p. Christmas Yule Log, chocolate-coated sponge rolls filled with crème au beurre.
q. Headcheese and sausage eaten after Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

PARTNERS FOREVER

by Ada B. Turner

Now, this may not seem Christmasy, but don't you think couples should be together during the holiday season? We think so and want you to supply the missing names of the couples who have gone down in history together. They may be Biblical, professional or fictional.

1. Punch and ................................................ 11. Cain and ..................................................
2. David and ................................................ 12. Blondie and ............................................
3. The Prince and ....................................... 13. Napoleon and ........................................
5. Ginger Rogers and ................................ 15. Leah and ..............................................
6. Jacob and ............................................... 16. Amos and ..............................................
7. Gilbert and ........................................... 17. Jeanette McDonald and ............................
8. Beauty and ........................................... 18. Samson and ...........................................
10. Lewis and ............................................ 20. Porgy and ..............................................
KITCHEN COMMODITIES
by Norman Daly

We move to the kitchen and its tantalizing aromas for this quiz. It's almost a safe bet that the cook in your family has these well-known products on the shelves right now—and that all of them will be used during the holidays! Your chore is to identify the twelve trademarks of these nationally advertised products. Score 10 points for each correct solution.

120 Points: You "know your groceries."

80 Points: Very good—if you're a man.
    Just fair if you're a woman.

Below 60 Points: That shouldn't happen—even to a bachelor!
ARE THESE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS?
by Helen L. Renshaw

Yes, Christmas is a wonderful time. Its beauty, its spirit, its friendship all add up to one thing—presents. Everyone loves to receive them, but hardly anyone escapes without receiving one that leaves a big question mark in his mind—what is it? If you do receive some of the gifts listed below, what are you going to do with them?

1. A scallion
   a. Play with it.
   b. Eat it.
   c. Hang your coat on it.
2. A tambourine
   a. Hit it rhythmically.
   b. Make punch with it.
   c. Put it in the stew.
3. An auger
   a. Turn it over to the police.
   b. Cut glass with it.
   c. Bore holes with it.
4. Palanquin
   a. Ride in it.
   b. Play a tune on it.
   c. Slice it for breakfast.
5. A distaff
   a. Use as an aid in climbing.
   b. Hang a gate on it.
   c. Put wool or flax on it.
6. Pirogue
   a. Paddle it.
   b. Wrap it around your head.
   c. Drink out of it.
7. Noria
   a. Fly it.
   b. Raise water with it.
   c. Play a game with it.
8. Tartan
   a. Put it on baked fish.
   b. Sleep on it.
   c. Wear it.
9. Brazier
   a. Heat coals in it.
   b. Wear it around the neck.
   c. Cut diamonds with it.
10. A wombat
     a. Play hockey with it.
     b. Take it to the zoo.
     c. Cut wood with it.

FOUND IN THE NEW YEAR
by Boris Randolph

For the windup, a few words about the New Year. Each of the words defined below can be made up from the letters contained in the words NEW YEAR. But—you can use a letter in any word only as often as it occurs in NEW YEAR.

1. A feeling of wonder
2. A bright beam of sunshine
3. A conflict between nations
4. A watcher
5. Some whiskey
6. Merchandise in general
7. An affirmative answer
8. A negative answer
9. A songbird
10. A means of doing things
11. A sign of boredom
12. You and I
13. A story of adventure
14. A terrific longing
15. A bump on the head

(See Page 605 for the Answers)
Trouble Spots in the Sky

Sunspots are vital to radio communication, but are also one of its worst enemies. This article tells you why.

by DOROTHY FOWLE

The radio operator bangs down on his transmitter key and strains to hear an answering signal through the roar and crackle of static coming over his ear-phones. Across the country, a farmer twirls the dials of his radio, trying vainly to get a distant station.

"Sunspots!" they both exclaim. Those sunspots are acting up again!"

Are the radio operator and the farmer right? Can we blame the lightning, life-giving sun for jinxing our enjoyment of radio programs?

Scientists certainly have established a relationship between sunspots and radio disturbances, but they won't say definitely that particular spots cause particular disturbances. There is no day-to-day relation between these solar blemishes and radio reception. All they will say for sure is that many severe, world-wide "storms" have been accompanied by displays of very large, spectacular sunspots. On the other hand, there have been bad radio disturbances at times when no sunspots were visible. There are nearly always some spots on the sun but they don't always give trouble.

Sunspots appear as dark patches on the surface of the sun. They may be round or irregular in shape. You can see sunspots with an ordinary two-inch telescope, or sometimes just by looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. At observatories in different parts of the world sunspots are counted, recorded and photographed regularly. They are small in

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comparison to the sun but the largest of them can be 18 times the diameter of the earth.

The cause of sunspots is not known although they are almost certainly the result of disturbances in the interior of the gigantic ball of glowing gases we call the sun. Probably masses of the material in the sun become subjected to greatly increased pressure, their extreme temperatures become even higher, and as a result they break into a storm like an earthly cyclone.

From this solar storm streams of particles are shot out in a continuing jet, like a stream of water from a revolving garden hose. When these particles reach the earth's outer atmosphere, they behave like an electric current. They act upon the rarified gases in such a way as to ionize them, that is, to set electrons free from atoms. At night this excitation of the gases produces a glow which we know as the aurora borealis, or northern lights. The particles also cause magnetic disturbances in the earth.

Sunspots nearly always come in pairs. There will be an active, leading spot and another quiet, following spot. Sometimes they change over so that the quiet spot becomes active. If we watched them day by day, we would see the sunspots move across the face of the sun until they disappeared. New spots appear before the old ones have died out, and they appear at higher latitudes, that is, farther from the sun's equator. A peculiar and as yet unexplained fact is that while one spot rotates in a clockwise direction, its partner spot rotates the opposite way, counterclockwise. From this it appears that the two spots are joined and are really two ends of one madly whirling column of solar material. The rotation of the spots, as seen by means of a telescope, leads scientists to believe that it is matter returning to the sun that we see as sunspots. Because it has gone some distance from the main body of the sun, it is cooler and therefore appears darker than the rest of the sun.

The sun rotates on its own axis, making a complete turn in approximately twenty-seven days. As it does so, the spots, of course, disappear from sight around the west limb of the sun, and return when the same surface of the sun faces us.

Perhaps the most spectacular display occurs when there is a solar prominence. It can be seen only on the edge of the sun and appears to be a great streamer of solar material shooting out thousands of miles into space, then sinking rapidly back into the sun. The birth of a sunspot is thought to be accompanied by a solar prominence. The prominences are often, though not always, near sunspots, and the exact relationship between the two is not known.

What does all this mean to the scientist studying sunspots, to the radio man trying to establish communications from some outpost of civilization? Both want to know what radio wave length (or frequency) can be used at a given time and what are the chances of a rad
disturbance coming along. To find the answers they depend on what is called the sunspot number.

At observatories throughout the world photographs are taken of the sun every clear day, and a number is assigned to each day according to the number of spots visible and the number of groups of spots. Records are kept of the daily numbers and at the end of the month an average figure is taken for the whole month. It is this monthly sunspot number that is the basis for predicting radio frequencies.

Higher radio frequencies can be used, and for months with a low number lower frequencies must be used. The radio operator wants to use as high a frequency as possible, because the lower frequencies, that is the ones with longer wave lengths, are more likely to have their energy absorbed between the time they are transmitted and the time they should be received.

A surprising and very handy discovery was the fact that the sunspot numbers follow an eleven year cycle. Once every eleven years, approximately, they reach a high peak and then gradually decline. 1947 was a peak year, when some of the highest sunspot numbers in history were recorded, but at present we are on the down trend of the cycle.

The next few years will not be favorable from the standpoint of shortwave or long distance air broadcasting, because many of the radio frequencies which are ordinarily usable, and which make for good reception, will now be too high to get through. But the research men welcome the unusual opportunity that will be given them to study sunspot effects, though from a negative viewpoint. By studying conditions in the absence of sunspots, they will have a better idea of what not to blame them for. Then, too, they can watch the changing effects when the spots re-appear.

By observing the trend of past sunspot cycles, the scientists can predict with reasonable accuracy what the sunspot number will be a month or more ahead of time. Knowing the sunspot number, they can determine

Sunspots have been the object of man's curiosity for thousands of years. You can look up the sunspot number of any month for any year since 1749. The Chinese kept records of sunspots in 301 A.D. The highest sunspot number ever known was 238, found in May, 1778. Another high number was recorded as recently as 1947; the number for May of that year was 206.

The sunspot count has a very important bearing on radio communications. Generally speaking, as the monthly sunspot number increases,
what radio frequencies it is advisable to use. They are not always right. The sun does not always behave as expected. Behind its bright and seemingly serene face are the answers to many still unsolved riddles.

Attempts have been made, with some success, to link the eleven year sunspot cycle with animal and vegetable behavior. The growth of tree rings fluctuates with the cycle, but some species show greater growth during years of high sunspot incidence, while other trees show more during years of low sunspot occurrence. Too, freeze-up time on rivers and lakes varies directly with the sunspot cycle, freezing occurring later in lean sunspot years.

We grumble when the sun's antics interfere with our pleasure. Ironically, were it not for the action of the sun's ultraviolet light on the outer atmosphere of the earth creating a reflecting medium for radio waves, we wouldn't have long distance radio broadcasting at all. If it weren't for this medium, the ionosphere, the radio waves would pass on into outer space.

The ionosphere, which exists roughly between 60 miles and 240 miles above the earth's surface, is denser at some times than at others. This density is all important to radio communications, for it determines what frequencies can be used in radio broadcasting, and which ones will not get through to their intended destinations. The density is greatest in years of high sunspot activity, but it does not vary smoothly with the sunspot numbers. If it did, the work of the scientist would be simplified a great deal. It is also very difficult to determine just what are the effects of the sunspots because so many other things affect the ionosphere. Its density changes with the time of day, the season of the year, and even with latitude and longitude. Only by studying masses of information and making innumerable observations can any conclusions be drawn.

Another trouble maker on the sun is the hydrogen flare, a sudden intense brightening of a portion of the sun. It causes the disturbances familiar to all radio listeners, the fade-out, or sudden failure of all radio reception. The fade-out differs from other radio disturbances in its abrupt beginning and in the fact that it lasts only from fifteen minutes to an hour. It occurs on the sunlit side of the earth. From the timing of these solar flares an fade-outs it has been found that both begin and end at the same time. This radio effect has been definitely related to individual happenings on the sun.

The scientist is still looking for answers. Here he is not working in a laboratory where exact quantities can be measured out, or working conditions controlled to his own liking. His workshop is as vast as space, his environment whatever nature chooses to hand out. To him all "specimens" 93,000,000 miles away on the inscrutable face of the sun.

Who overcomes by force has overcome but half his foe.
Answers to Quiz Questions on Pages 597-600

**SWING'S CHRISTMAS QUIZ**
1. Mistletoe
2. England
3. A Visit from St. Nicholas
4. The pig
5. Silent Night
6. Hungary
7. Grandma Moses
8. Indiana
9. Italy
10. Christmas cakes

**WAITER, I'LL HAVE . . .**
1. 2-f, 3-i, 4-b, 5-l, 6-c, 7-o, 8-h, 9-m, 10-b, 1-j, 12-e, 13-a, 14-g, 15-n, 16-p, 17-q.

**PARTNERS FOREVER**
1. Judy
2. Goliath
3. The Pauper
4. Joliet
5. Fred Astaire
6. Esau
7. Sullivan
8. The Beast
9. Sam
10. Clarke
11. Abel
12. Dagwood
13. Josephine
14. Jill
15. Rachel
16. Andy
17. Nelson Eddy
18. Delilah
19. Mary Livingstone
20. Bess

**KITCHEN COMMODITIES**
1. Old Dutch Cleanser
2. Frigidaire
3. Baker's Cocoa
4. Bon Ami
5. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda
6. Maxwell House Coffee
7. Bird's Eye Brand Frosted Foods
8. Colman's Mustard
9. Domino Sugar
10. Heinz Products
11. Quaker Oats
12. Uneeda Biscuit

**FOUND IN THE NEW YEAR**
AWE 9. WREN
RAY 10. WAY
WAR 11. YAWN
EYER 12. WE
RYE 13. YARN
WARE 14. YEN
AYE or YEA 15. WEN
NAY

**YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS?**
1. b—An onion.
2. a—A one-headed drum with loose metallic discs.
3. c—A carpenter's tool for boring or perforating rocks or soil.
4. a—An enclosed carriage or litter carried on the shoulders of two men by projecting poles.
5. c—Staff used to hold flax or wool from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand.
6. a—A dug-out canoe.
7. b—A large water wheel for raising water by action of the stream against the float.
8. c—Woolen cloth with small checks, much worn in Scotland.
9. a—A vessel in which coals are heated.
10. b—Resembles a small bear and is found in Australia.

"Let's have something different for a change—something edible."
Executive: A man who wears out several suits to every pair of shoes.

Career Girl: One who prefers plots and plans to pots and pans.

Accident: Where presence of mind is handy, but absence of body is more healthful.

Candidate: A person who stands for what he thinks people will fall for.

The thing most women dread about their past is its length.

Historians may refer to the present as the "Age of Chiselry."

The poor man is not he without a cent. It is he without a dream.

Youth is young life, plus curiosity, minus understanding.

English is the language that capitalizes I; most others capitalize You.

An optimist laughs to forget, a pessimist forgets to laugh.

If you look back too much, you'll soon be heading that way.

An exclamation mark is a period that's blown its top.

Somehow it's hard to believe that only the fit in the world have survived.

When history "repeats", it's often an unpleasant burp.

A man seldom hits the bull's eye by shooting the bull.

Procrastination: The art of keeping up with yesterday.

If something goes wrong it is more important to talk about who is going to fix it than who is to blame.

We don't need to fear fear, but fear the inability to master fear.

If you were another person would you like to be a friend of yours?

A job becomes work only when you worry about it.

Some folks think they are bearing the cross when they are only putting up with themselves.

Nobody is satisfied with his walk in life if he has to shovel it himself.

A pickpocket is a man who generally lives alone, but occasionally goes out in the crowd for a little change.

A good yawn is often more effective than a caustic remark.

On the other hand it is still legal for lambs to gambol.

What contradictions when we seek join in wedlock life and reason!

Civilization is just a slow process learning to be kind.

Common, average, everyday sense is most uncertain, unpredictable thing in world.
Culture is varnish that doesn't crack under heat.

Democracy, like charity, should begin at home.

Nobody ever got hurt on the corners of a square deal.

Self control is the best way to prevent control by someone else.

Socialism is like turning on a water faucet and expecting milk and honey to flow from it.

Men are like wines; age souring the bad and bettering the good.

There are two sides to every argument, but no end.

It adds truth and dignity to everything you say if you plead guilty now and then to a slight doubt.

Enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job. It makes heavy work lighter.

Some men try to drive a hard bargain seven days a week; six with their fellow men and on Sunday with God.

A man cannot lead if he is running behind.

These trying times are the good old days we may be longing for a few years from now.

A practical politician is one who believes in deals rather than ideals.

The reason so many people refuse to face facts is that they would have to turn their backs on their prejudices if they did.

Turning your back on one problem rings you face to face with another.

Take responsibility on your shoulders and it leaves no room for chips.

Tact is that rare ability to think of things far enough in advance not to say them.

The inventor of the alarm clock probably has done the most to arouse the working classes.

An old timer is a fellow who remembers when it cost more to run a car than to park it.

We're living in an age when our sins will find us out. We don't stay home long enough to have them find us in.

A child can ask a thousand questions that a wise man cannot answer.

The highest function of conservation is to keep the progress progressiveness has accomplished.

"... about the story you read to me last night. Where do you see 'to be continued'?"
MIRACLES of
MODERN MEDICINE

Cortisone and ACTH—two scarce pain-relieving drugs—have brought new hope to millions. Can we get them in quantity from yams instead of hams?

by PEARL P. PUCKETT

MORE than a century ago men of medicine were agreed that there existed an important link between the adrenal cortex and rheumatoid arthritis. It had been observed that women in pregnancy, and patients suffering from jaundice, were somehow relieved of previous arthritis pain. But the connection was not clearly delineated until Dr. Philip Hench, of the Mayo clinic, had compiled a fascinating study of the hundreds of arthritis patients passing through the famous Rochester hospitals.

In 1935, Dr. Edward Kendall, associated with Dr. Hench at Mayo, isolated a hormone secreted by the adrenal glands of cattle, and named it cortisone. During World War II reports reached the United States Office of Scientific Research and Development that German aviators had been immunized against the effects of high altitude flying through inoculations of an adrenal gland extract. Spurred into action, the go
ernment office sought to develop similar uses from Dr. Kendall’s discovery, but the war ended before cortisone could be synthesized, and with this impetus gone, the Air Force and Navy, the driving forces behind the program, soon lost interest.

By late 1948, however, sufficient quantity of the hormone had been accumulated by Merck & Company, manufacturing druggists, to permit testing. Then it was that Dr. Hench and his associates began their clinical work with cortisone on rheumatoid arthritis. The first to be given cortisone was a young woman, bedridden from a four and a half year old case of rheumatoid arthritis. Her joints were swollen, stiff and painful. The characteristic joint destruction had commenced in one hip. She was given 00 milligrams of cortisone by injection daily. At the end of three days, she walked with only a slight limp, and continued to improve with each dosage until she was able to go into Rochester on an extended shopping tour. Thirteen other rheumatoid arthritis patients, all severe cases, were given cortisone in the same test. In all of them, swelling went down, rigid joints became supple, pain vanished and strength was restored in an amazingly short time.

Cortisone became front page news. Sensational stories were made of doses that had given relief within minutes, of bedfast persons who had risen to health and new freedom. The heart-breaking facts were, however, that even though relief was given, it lasted only so long as injections could be continued. And the supply of cortisone couldn’t even begin to satisfy the demand for it. Cortisone was being made from cattle bile, requiring thirty-two operations for the conversion, and nine months of time to distill a little of it from a lot of cattle.

CONCURRENTLY, another group of scientists were working on another drug with bright possibilities. Armour & Company chemists in their new laboratory had discovered ACTH, which they believed to be a foot-in-the-door to the basic causes of disease. ACTH is the hormone governing the activity of the adrenal cortex; it is found in the pituitary gland, the “master gland” controlling the functions of other hormone-secreting glands. Armour & Company took ACTH from the pituitary glands of hogs, and made a few grams of the precious substance available to Dr. Hench. Dr. Hench reasoned that doses of ACTH should stimulate the arthritis patient’s adrenal glands into manufacturing the needed extra supply of cortisone. Injections caused results parallel in nearly every detail to those of cortisone, indicating that ACTH was, indeed, fostering production of the adrenal hormone.

Since 1948, ACTH and cortisone have performed “miracle cures” with various forms of arthritis, certain types of cancer, Hodgkin’s disease, leukemia, rheumatic fever, acute inflammatory eye disorders, skin diseases, allergies, tuberculosis and pne-

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monia, to mention a few. Pains of all kinds, regardless of cause, are quickly controlled by ACTH.

Cortisone is also valuable in treating chronic alcoholism, infections like tuberculosis and pneumonia, secondary shocks, burns, and scores of other illnesses.

Hospitals all over America are reporting miracles. One young lady with 80 per cent of her vision already gone was treated for five days with ACTH. In those five days a miracle happened—her vision was restored to less than 15 per cent below normal. Even after the ACTH was stopped, there was further improvement. Dozens and dozens of glaucoma patients have beaten blindness to the draw.

Recent research foreshadows even greater medical triumphs through the use of ACTH. Dr. C. H. Li, the discoverer of ACTH, has tripled the potency of the drug by boiling it in an acid solution, and by the same process has tripled the power of an ACTH extract chemically less complicated than ACTH and thus more suitable for mass production as a synthetic.

With the report of marvelous alleviation of suffering effected by cortisone and ACTH came tremendous public pressure upon Merck & Company and Armour & Company, manufacturers of cortisone and ACTH, to mass produce the drugs. An avalanche of requests had to be turned aside.

Wealthy people and opportunists bid thousands of dollars for whatever quantities they thought they could get. Political pressure to wheedle portions of the drugs was immense. Finally Merck & Company had to resort to large scale newspaper advertising to explain why cortisone was not generally available to the public. A perfect set-up for a fantastically profitable black market in drugs was at hand, but the two companies channelled the manufactured drugs to doctors and hospitals, and control has been kept by administering the supply only to patients under experimental care.

The public scramble for the hormones was heedless of some very grave warnings issued by the medical profession. ACTH and cortisone have the strange power to turn diseases of and on—much like controlling the flow of water by manipulating faucet. Neither drug has completely cured a chronic ailment, however, and a termination of injections will, in most cases, bring on a recurrence of the same suffering as existed before. Rheumatoid arthritis patients responded miraculously, but when medication was withdrawn, the disease returned in full force. On the other hand, snake and black widow spider bites were cured promptly and permanently. This relief of symptom of disease is interpreted to mean that it is only the host reaction to the cause of the disease that is modified by the hormones. They do not actually curb infection, rather they control the reaction of the host to those forces which initiate and sustain the disease. Control of this kind is tantamount to a cure in some instances, and many others, not a cure.

**NEITHER ACTH nor cortisone can be given indefinitely without fatal results to the patient from...**
Cushing's syndrome, which results from a tumorous overgrowth of the adrenal glands, and an oversupply in the system of cortical hormones. However, when injections are stopped, all symptoms disappear. It has been further determined that too much ACTH may cause eclampsia, a poisoning that kills more than 1200 American women a year in pregnancy. There are some conditions such as diabetes, hypertension, mellitus, and congestive heart disease, among others, to which the hormones should never be applied.

The full usage of ACTH and cortisone is still in an experimental stage. Each day's study and experience brings to light new developments and refinement of application. Meanwhile the large Armour plants all over America are bending every effort to keep pace with medical demands by producing more ACTH. Every plant as pituitary experts . . . young women dressed in starchy, white uniforms . . . who stand at the end of assembly lines. Their implements are harp "U" shaped knives. Their nimble fingers daily extract the precious pituitary glands from the hog carcasses that pass along the lines. The pituitary expert locates the tiny gland at the base of the skull of each carcass, clips deftly and places it immediately in dry-ice container. Speed is imperative in the operation, for exposure to air causes the hormones in the gland to lose potency. The pituitaries are quick-frozen and packed in ice for shipment to the Chicago Armour & Company laboratory to be converted to ACTH.

It requires from 1200 to 1600 hogs to yield a single pound of ACTH. The hormone sells at the new reduced price of $45,350 per pound.

To expedite shipments of the drug to large hospitals and clinics throughout the nation, Armour & Company has recently been purchasing all the pituitary glands the other packing companies can supply at $25 per pound.

TWO recent announcements in the synthetic field are of interest. Merck & Company has discovered a vegetable source for cortisone which promises to replace cattle bile as the chief source, and be far more adaptable to large scale production. A manufacturer of drugs in Mexico City, Syntex, S. A., has made public its discovery of a relatively cheap and quick process for synthesizing cortisone. The new process uses the giant yam, an inedible root growing in Mexican jungles. Syntex estimates that by 1954 it will be able to satisfy much of the great demand for cortisone.

Physicians say that knowledge of the functions of the adrenal cortex is expanding rapidly, and indications are that it plays a far greater role in the management of body functions than there was reason to suspect previous to the use of the "miracle drugs." This role is so extensive that no one has been able to formulate a theory of cortex functions comprehensive enough to include all its effects in health and disease. It is anticipated
that by full exploitation of the adrenal cortex, the human life span can be increased beyond all previous expectation, and it is not unlikely that patients will eventually receive relief from nearly all chronic ills by application of just the right amount of a particular hormone to correct the deficiency without upsetting the body's hormone balance.

The future promises greater discoveries in the physiology of adrenal cortex; so that suffering in a great many individuals will not only be alleviated, but chronic and disabling diseases will be cured completely.

In the early days a river steamer in the shallow Missouri was attempting to scrape its way over a treacherous sand bar. Her engines were straining, her paddle-wheels were churning, and every member of the crew was holding his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

A recluse living in a river-bank cabin chose this moment to come down to the water's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away with a brimming pail, his action caught the captain's eye.

"Hey!" roared the fuming skipper. "You put that water back!"

New twins had come into little Johnny's family. The household was in a state of excitement.

"If you will tell your teacher about this great event," Johnny's father beamed, "I'm sure she will give you a holiday."

It worked. Johnny came home exulting with the news that he wouldn't have to go to school the following day.

"And what did your teacher say when you told her about the twins?" father asked.

"Oh," said Johnny, "I just told her I had a baby sister. I'm saving the other one for next week."

Two explorers met in the virgin forest. In the course of their conversation, one said, "I came in order to become acquainted with new horizons, to experience an unviolated solitude, to appreciate the grandiose charms of savage nature. And you?"

"I," replied the second explorer, "came because my little girl has just started taking piano lessons."

Young Warren reveled in his participation in numerous juvenile secret societies, wherein he held a raft of offices with high-sounding titles.

"Well," his father asked recently, "what office did you draw in that latest society?"

"Something super special," the lad boasted. "This time I'm the member!"
So I handed him a contract.

"If you know all about WHB, Mr. Diehard, you’ll want this. Here’s my pen. Now, if you’ll just sign right . . ."

"Not so fast," snapped Diehard. "I know all about WHB—and it costs me money!"

Maybe the acoustics were bad.

"Costs you money!"

"That’s right."

"But look," I finally strangled out, "WHB wants to make money for you!"

"See here," Diehard growled, chewing his cigar like a Hollywood heavy and looking nasty, "my wife listens to WHB all the time. She hears about hats, breakfast food, cars, everything else. Then goes out and buys 'em. Costs me money."

"But suppose your product were advertised the same way, then . . ."

"God forbid! More than three million people would want to buy it. Know what that would mean?"

"More prosperity for you . . ."

"Bah!"

". . . and the people who work for you."

"Bah!" Diehard had reached a near-stroke pitch. "More headaches, that’s what it would mean. New plants, new machinery, hire new people. Then whaddya got? Personnel problems!"

Some people do die hard. There are a few (not many, thank goodness!) who don’t want to progress, who simply aren’t alert enough to swing in with the dynamic radio station that’s really going places in the golden Kansas City Marketland. But if you are on the lookout for new business, for expansion through progressive radio advertising, join the Swing to WHB!
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Merry Christmas!
1951

Your Favorite Neighbor
WHB

10,000 watts in Kansas City

710 on your RADIO dial

DON DAVIS, Presi 

JOHN T. SCHILLING 
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MUTUAL BROADCAST SYSTEM

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ED DENNIS  ED BIRR 
WIN JOHNSTON  JACK SAMPS