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April 1975
FEBRUARY, 1952

**swinging the dial**

**FEBRUARY, 1952**

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A revealing account of the causes for gray hair among housewives

... and some poignant advice for husbands

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1. SENATOR JAMES P. KEM visits WHB on a swing through Missouri. Senator Kem addressed 150 clubs and civic groups.

2. THE DOWNTOWN Business District League held a recent meeting at the Muehlebach Brewery. Left to right: Judge Henry Bundschu, Thomas J. Gavin, Vice President of Muehlebach; Walter H. Negbaur, President of the League; Otis Bryan, President of Muehlebach; Ernest E. Howard, of the engineering firm of Howard, Needles, Tammen and Bergeoff, and Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director.

3. OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS clash in Big Seven competition at Lawrence. Dean Kelley, K. U. spark plug, controls the ball, and is contested by Norton and McEachern of O. U. Clyde Lovellette, K. U. All-American, looks on from the charity line. Larry Ray's broadcast point is in the balcony.


5. AUDIE MURPHY, hero of World War II, led an appeal for blood donors, and presided at the opening of his latest picture, The Cimarron Kid, Fox Midwest Theaters.
Swing®

January, 1952 • Vol. 8 • No. 1

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Swing is published bi-monthly at Kansas City, Missouri, in February, April, June, August, October and December. Address communications to Publication Office, 1121 11th Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $1.50 a year; everywhere else $2. Copyright 1952 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

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Your Favorite Neighbor

foreword

The Carlsen saga is now a matter of record. What was there about the courageous captain’s adventure that held the fascination of the people? It was the drama of a man alone against the raging sea. It was speculation as to whether the Flying Enterprise would sink or float. It was applause for pluck. But more than these, people were eagerly awaiting a closer look at a man who, with every material thing to live for, was willing to be swallowed up in the waves rather than turn his back on his ideals.

Captain Carlsen seems almost a pure anachronism. In a mighty era of cynicism and indulgence, his demonstration of faith and selflessness came as a stream of refreshing air into a musty vacuum; a ray of light into an abyss; a bucket of water to the roots of a wilting vine—a stunningly clear show of morality in a civilization a lot of folks think is in full flight along the road to ruin.

Yet, the masses stopped in mid-passage to breathe, to see, to drink, to harken! For two generations, bludgeoned by lust and international wickedness, we had all but forgotten that idealism was left open to us as a way of life. Confronted with an epic illustration of it, we were enthralled. We stood up and cheered for the man! Captain Carlsen lost his ship; but we will save our world if we will let the inspiration he engendered set a pattern for the future.

The men and women who send you Swing in confidence, raise our hats to Captain Carlsen for showing the way.

DE
How to Keep Your Wife Young

A wife's age is not computed years, rather what the man in life does about them.

by LYNNE SVEC MARTIN

LET'S face it! Finally, after a history fraught with hardships, mankind is rolling head towards its Armageddon. Spearheading the drive and leading with her is the American wife. The rest following like cattle stampeded a canyon wall, and there is only possible check — men! Husband that is.

The symptoms are clear and unmistakable. Pharmaceutical research show that housewives make up the majority of the 6,000,000 purchase of sleeping pills, ear stoppers, shades, and other defenses against insomnia, in which field they also

A Gallup poll reveals that 28,000 people have not seen a doctor in two years; 30,000,000 have availed the dentist for four years. By most of the delinquents are wives!

A recent Pennsylvania State College survey proves the wife to be the most poorly nourished member of the family. Her typical breakfast is a cup of black coffee, a slice of
Perhaps a cigarette. Nine out of ten wives admit they often skip meals, except to nibble a candy bar whenever fresh fruit happens to be lying about the house to stave off pangs of hunger. At supper, many women demand bring about an overabundance of starch and fats.

Intelligent dieting is the other half of the food habit story. 10,000 women, mostly wives, go haywire over such weird combinations bananas and milk, watermelon and ins, chopped liver and rye, peanut butter and lettuce. Where do these women wind up? They go to bed with ting spells.

Another survey by an Eastern women's college discloses that 72 percent of its alumnae, married five to 10 years, described the state of their health as "much worse" than when they were on the campus.

What is the cause of these unhealthy symptoms? What do wives do at home? Let's face it again! They indulge in pernicious, around-the-clock monotony.

In the kitchen alone there are 300 utensils which require unrelenting attention. During the course of a month the homemaker will handle some 300 objects. Next week she will add them again, and the week after that.

The wife spends 90 percent of the family income. She visits the grocery store every three days; cruises through the dime store twice a week; pushes her way through crowded department stores thrice a month, and carries home most of her purchases—roughly 1850 pounds a year. While so engaged, she takes 20,000 steps a day; either worries about the children, or takes them along and gets into real trouble. When the children are not on her mind, she worries about money problems, her husband's work, their personal relationships—all alone and introspectively. No five o'clock whistle brings surcease to her duties; they are continuous. The common complaint of the American homemaker is chronic fatigue.

Doctors are quite sympathetic of wives, and have come to their succor with constructive programs of exercise, diet and rest.

The eminent nutrition expert, author and lecturer, Dr. Gayelord Hauser, contends there is but one exercise a woman need do for the rest of her life. Here it is:

Draw the stomach in and up at the count of one. Draw it up further at the count of two. On three, draw the stomach in close to the spine. Try to hold this position to the count of ten. This is called the stomach lift, and can be practiced wherever she happens to be: in the bathtub; at the ironing board; standing in line or under the hair drier. With daily practice, Dr. Hauser guarantees high morale and a flat, firm abdomen in 30 to 60 days.

Svec Martin is a New York housewife away from home, and clearly can not have herself as model for the monotony-shackled homemaker. When her husband was called back into armed service, Mrs. Martin packed up and went with him. You'd never have known she had Lynne to have a wide range of interests, and she has. She works in copper, wire and raffia crafts; rides horseback, skis, and is a devotee of the ballet. Her rite subjects are children's, babies' and women's health.
A woman’s daily food allowance should properly include a pint of milk, one egg, citrus fruit or tomato juice, one other fruit, a raw salad, another green or yellow vegetable, some butter or margarine, a small serving of potato, at least one serving of meat or fish and six to eight glasses of water.

Annual medical and dental check-ups should be a matter of form.

Notwithstanding the best intentions of the medical profession, married women have, in the last analysis, but one savior, their husbands.

Every husband wants his wife to have the appliances which lighten the load of housekeeping, but once he’s bought them, he’s done enough; he proceeds to take her and her work for granted. The average husband does not choose to consider his wife a domestic slave, so he entombs himself behind a newspaper rather than observe the evidence or help relieve it.

Husbands are heard to complain, somewhat as follows: “My wife goes to bed soon after dinner. She sleeps nine or ten hours a night and still is so exhausted in the morning she can hardly get out of bed.” Dr. C. Ward Crampton, geriatric specialist, has a name for this common phenomenon, “Brain-beat.” It is a physical reaction to mental weariness. The deaden result of bucket-and-skillet routine yields only to a lifting of interest and a change of pace. The husband’s is clearly cut out for him.

It takes a little cooperation from a husband to keep that ginger in wife’s actions and a twinkle in eye. Wives get plenty of exercise but without enjoyment, it is muscle strain. A wife ought to be able to alternate swimming with singing, golf with grocery buying, skate with scraping dishes, and husband should take the lead in seeing that is done.

When a wife gives evidence of lagging intellectually, it doesn’t matter much for him to bring her a stack of books for her to read until he follows through with shared interest. Occasional evenings of the going also will help preserve mental tone.

Married love must retain the impulse. A surprise corsage dinner and dancing date, a bunch of strawberries on a rainy day will work wonderful alchemy in the hearts of any wife. Give her that shot in the arm as often as possible. Only the man in her life can stop the American wife at the canyon’s brink—and himself a happier husband in bargain.

“How was the applause after your speech?” asked the fond wife, when her husband returned from a speaking engagement.

“Terrible,” he moaned. “It sounded like a caterpillar in sneakers tiptoeing across a Persian rug.”

“I’ve a job at last, Dad,” the actor reported. “It’s a new play, play the part of a man who has been married for twenty years.”

“Splendid!” said Father. “That’s anyway, my boy. Maybe one of these they’ll give you a speaking part.”
In spite of evidence to the contrary, three billion Valentines being sent this month the world over show that love is indeed the reigning emotion!

by HELEN GRAY ORMAN

Rock of love pitched by a caveman may have been the first Valentine.” Perhaps it was a lover’s bow twanged by an Indian brave, seizing his maiden by the forelock of a sycamore tree. This year, around February 14, roughly three billion token valentines will ride the crest of the world’s postal system; will be exchanged in school corridors, classrooms and parties; slipped on office desks; will warm the hearts of soldiers of many nations no matter desolate and remote their quarters. This count is exclusive of the sentiments expressed by candy, verses, diamonds... and mink coats. Yet, no one can say for sure why it is on this particular day we do such business saying “I love you.”

From the records, it would seem any of the three St. Valentines might be aghast to find himself dubbed the saint of all lovers. One St. Valentine, a Roman bishop, stood steadfast to the faith during the Claudian persecutions. For his courage he was thrown into prison where he restored the sight of his keeper’s daughter. This act of mercy, discovered by his persecutors, cost him his head.

Another St. Valentine choked to death on a fish bone. In Italy and Germany, prayers are said to him for the cure of epilepsy. The third St. Valentine leaves little record except that he was one of the early martyrs who suffered his solemn fate with a group of companions.

The etymologist tells us that V and G were frequently interchangeable; that the Norman word galatin, a lover, was often written and pronounced valatin or valentin. So, through natu-
rael confusion of names, Valentine might have become established as the patron saint of sweethearts.

Another theory comes from the Roman feast of Lupercalia occurring in February in honor of Pan and Juno, who spent a lot of time in amorous pursuits on Mount Olympus. Names of young women were drawn from a box and each young man became the swain of the girl whose name he had hazarded. The clergy tried to stop the pagan practice of raffling off boys and girls by giving it a religious aspect and substituting the names of saints. The youth was to emulate for the next year the saint whose name he had drawn. The substitution was never popular, and the girls and boys emerged triumphant, playing the game by their own rules.

Bailey's, in 1721 the first of the great English dictionaries, gives another theory. It suggests that about this time of year, birds choose the mates, and probably thence came the custom of choosing valentines or special loving friends on a day midway through the month.

Chaucer, in his Parliament Foules, makes this reference:

«For this was Seynt Valentine's Day,
When every foul cometh ther
to choose his mate.»

English literature following Chaucer contains frequent references to the day. In the Paston letters, 1491-1509, Elizabeth Brews wrote to John Paston with whom she hoped to range a match for her daughter: "A cousin mine, upon Monday is Valentine's Day and every boy chooseth himself a mate, and if it be you to come on Thursday night: make provision that you may be there until then, I trust God that ye shall speak to my husband and I shall please us, and we may bring the matter to a conclusion."

In Samuel Pepys' time, it was St. Valentine custom for a girl to declare her choice of sweethearts morning in the expectation of receiving a gift. Churlish Pepys wrote in 1666, "By and by comes Mrs. Pit with my name in her bosom for a valentine, which will cost me mon..."
Charles Lamb, 150 years later, wrote “This is the day on which those charming little missives, sylphed Valentines, cross and inter-cross each other at every street turning.”

It is evident in Shakespeare’s time Valentine’s custom had begun. In Helia’s song we find:

*tis St. Valentine’s Day
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

The earliest known Valentine is now preserved in the British Museum. It is written by the Duke of Orleans the fifteenth century while he was shut in prison.

My sweetheart art thou,  
Thy skin is, I vow,  
As white as most delicate veal.  
Or a fisherman might plume to his love:  

You are the girl I take delight in,  
Much more than haddock, smelts or whiting.

Kemmish’s Annual and Universal Valentine Writer printed in London in 1797 had this verse for sailors which has a current slant:

Dear Miss, I’m a tar, just arrived from afar,  
But now cruising about for a wife:  
Your’re young . . . I’m able  
let’s instant cut cable,  
And sail through the ocean of life.

In the early 1800’s some cupid’s helper began printing decorated sheets. A border of engraved lace often edged these early valentines, until one enterprising merchant discovered that good imitation lace could be cut out from paper.

Now, there are about 200 firms making valentines. And each year brings new and ingenious variations. We may expect atom bombs bursting with love, or supersonic flights to a heart shaped moon.

During World War II, service men bought quantities of V-Mail valentines. Instead of prewar lacy remembrances, they were decorated with ships, planes, tanks and parachutes. Dan Cupid appeared in Uncle Sam’s top hat, and army, navy and marine emblems snuggled in lacy corners.

Early in Post Office history, high postage rates made mailed valentines a luxury. Envelopes had not yet come into use, and distant lovers used for correspondence gilt-edged paper
adorned with gilt cupids. The favorite verse was the best known of all valentine jingles:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

America’s earliest valentines were imported from England and France. The first home products were credited to a New England stationer who began distributing them in the early 1840’s. By 1857, three million were being sold each year. And by 1904, valentines had become so elaborate that a love smitten young man might pay as high as $25 for a lacy effusion.

One enamored Frenchman built a valentine as tall as himself. At this time, mechanical valentines were the vogue. They were called “cobwebs,” “rose-cages,” and “mousetraps.” By pulling a small tassel, an amorous scene was revealed.

CRUDE comic valentines appeared in the 1860’s, lithographed on such cheap paper they crumbled quickly. One year, in the early 1900’s, the Chicago Post Office rejected 25,000 comic valentines as not being fit to carry in the mail. A milder comic form for a braggart read:

You are the most conceited ass
That ever fed on hay or grass,
Go take a tumble, soak your head,
You won’t be missed when you are dead.

Comic valentines dealing with human frailties have practically disappeared now, and the typical comedy is expressed in puns and animate drawings.

The pull-out valentine originated in Europe. This three dimensional creation gave the ardent lover much for his money, turtling doves, waisted gentlemen, simpering ladies, golden bouchers, rose trellises, pouting cupids, and a great profusion of coyness.

Now, however, the greeting card industry reports a preference for simplicity. The cards say “I Love You without any coyness. Instead of flowery verse being declaimed from leafy arbor, the modern miss may read, “Hey, I really go for you! Let’s get with it!”

During World War II, the U. S. Government advertised for an economist. A bank manager applied for the post. At the same time, the Government asked the Union of American Bankers to recommend somebody for the position. The Union, not knowing that the manager in question had already applied, put his name forward, whereupon he was appointed.

A few months later he received a letter from his own department which read: “Dear Sir, We are very sorry we cannot entertain your application as the post has been filled by an economist of the first rank.”

The consternation of the former bank manager was even greater when he realized that he had signed the letter himself.
¿Gusta Ballar?

FROM diplomats to cane strippers; school girls to fishermen—every Latin American can dance! The twenty republics, the colonies and islands all have characteristic dances. Some of them are pure Spanish; many are a combination of Spanish melody and African or Indian rhythms; others are nothing more than African drumbeat, unmingled and provocative. The rumba, the tango, conga and samba are pretty much ballroom standards across our own northern latitudes. But certain Caribbean, Central and South American dances can only excite Yankee wonder.

The rumba developed among the Cuban country people, who, in the intricate movements of the dance often imitate a man riding horseback or shoeing a mule, while the dry rattle of the maracas and the clicking claves maintain the enchanting rumba beat.

The conga, too, is Cuban. The long, swaying, gaily costumed street carnival conga can involve hundreds of people moving in bizarre unity, so that the line itself seems to be doing the dance.

Another important contribution from the queen of the Antilles is the Bolero in such songs as “Besame” and “Quiereme Mucho,” both now a part of our own popular music tradition.

In the Dominican Republic, the merengue is not the frothy white topping of a lemon pie, but the national dance form. With little melody, it depends mainly on the sensitive and amazingly fast fingers of the drummer who scorns the use of sticks as he controls both pitch and rhythm to an ecstasy with his hands.

The beguine, which lent its pulsations to the American hit tune, “Begin the Beguine,” is the dance of French Martinique. Up the curving island chain in Haiti, an Afro-French mixture hotly colors the native music, and demonic voodoo drums inspire the humble folk to physical exhaustion.

Dances dating prior to the landing of Columbus may still be seen in isolated regions of Mexico. Indians perform the Yaqui Deer Dance with dried cocoons rattling around painted ankles. Tribesmen erect a consecrated pole, and with great ceremony salute the four winds from its top. Then to the music of the flying pole dance, and lifted by ropes circling their waists, they fly around and around the pole—thirteen times before reaching the ground. Another ritual, the Jarabe Tapatio has become the national folk dance, its gay melodies and bright foot pattern revolving about a wide brimmed sombrero tossed onto the floor.

Every South American country has its traditional dances. Chileans dance the zamacueca, familiarly known as the cueca. It capered across the border into Peru where, during a war with Chile, it was renamed the marinera. The waltz-like bambuco is a favorite with Colombians. In rural Argentina, it’s the gato (cat) that is danced most frequently. In the cities, the tango is favored. “La Cumparsita” first danced to in Buenos Aires, made the tango a world rage.

And in languard Brazil, Portugal and Africa have met to give birth to the samba. The Brazilian melting pot has equal passion for the maxixe, the congada, the batuque and the marcha.

A drum throbs out its eruptive rhythms for West Indians celebrating the harvest of the sugar cane; for fun-loving Brazilians in a carnival parade; for ritual dances in primitive Central America; and in the cooler clime of Patagonia stateliness prevails. Wherever the place, the romantic lands below our southern shores express every mood and trait in rhythm, melody and step, in an ever creative folk art.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb.
Although excitement is expected on the turf, they still talk down in Texas, about the race between the Long Shot and the fleetest thorobred along the Rio Grande.

by ROSS PHARES

If you think there were no tricks in the racing business before the advent of leased wires and professional bookies, you haven't heard the story of Sham Hays and the race he pulled off near Brownsville, Texas, nearly a hundred years ago.

The managers of the course, on the Monongahela, announced a race of one mile heats, purse of $100, for anything "with four legs and hair."

In the settlement there lived a man named Hays, whose custom it was to ride a bull to mill, carrying sacks of corn. Hays determined to enter his bull in the race. So, on several moonlight nights, he took the ponderous animal to the grounds, and, in secret sessions, rode him around the track to show him the lay of the course, and to practice running in on direction.

On the day of the race, Hays rode his bull onto the grounds. Instead of a saddle he used a dried oxhide. To the head, with horns still on, jogged anxiously atop the bull's rump. Hays rode with spurs, and carried a horn in his hand.

When he appeared at the judge stand to enter his mount, the horse owners objected. Hays cited the terms of the announcement, pointed out that his bull had four legs and hair, and insisted that he had a right to enter the competition. The argument soon reached the "cussin" stage. The horsemen, of course, knew there was no hazard to their chances at the prize money; but "What a dang nuisance, having a bull run amuck on a race track!"
Hays stood firm, and judges ruled that according to the announcements, the bull had the right to run. The riders lined their mounts up at the starting post, the equestrians considering the bull phase of the race just a gag that would be over as soon as the horses broke and shot clear of the ignoble creature. Understandably the horses on either side of the bull were shy; but no matter.

The starting signal sounded, and the animals were off. Hays blew a fast on his tin horn, and sank his ears into the bull's sides. The bull bounded forward with a terrifying yell, at no trifling speed; the dried hide flapped up and down, rattling every bound. Altogether there was frightful combination of sight and sound never before experienced on a race course. The horses dashed frantically in every direction except down the track, and not one of them could bring under control in time to beat the bull to the finish line.

The horse owners, hopping with rage, cried “Swindle,” that Hays was not entitled to the purse! But the spectators, ever on the side of the underdog, and enjoying one of the greatest shows ever seen at a race track, were loudly insistent that their favorite should get the money. The judges, in a dilemma, finally put the prize on the horn of the bull.

Then the owners contended that had it not been for Hay’s horn and the oxhide, which should never have been permitted on a decent track, he would not have won.

To the surprise of everyone, Hays coolly announced his bull could beat them anyway. If they would put up another $100 against the purse he had just won, he would run again with neither horn nor hide.

The racers jumped at this fool’s bet. Anybody who would ride a bull for a saddle animal about the community, and have the audacity to challenge horses of the blood to a race on even terms, was entitled to a good cleaning! To a man, they called his play.

And so the racers lined up for the second heat. At the signal, Hays ripped his rowels across the bull’s ribs, and the brute issued a bellow that all but jumped the horses through their girts. They were nervous already from the first race, and doubtless expected a repeat performance. No pulling on the bits would line the horses down the track with the bull. From that first roaring bellow, the way was all his.

Nobody would have believed that a man could have won one race — to say nothing of two — in a day, riding a bull against the fastest horses along the Rio Grande. But Hays did! And from that day on he was known as Sham.

Phares is Professor of English at East Texas Baptist College, Marshall, Texas—east Texas, where oil, cattle and tall stories mix to make mighty interesting reading. Mr. Phares has done a stint in vaudeville, been a bandmaster, athletic coach, and school principal. In World War II, he was an Air Corps photographer, and an historical officer. Mr. Phares has two books, “Reverend Devil” and “Cavalier in the Wilderness,” the latter to appear in March. His syndicated column “Texas Parade” appears in several Texas newspapers.
Knock, Knock Come In

MY wife is a pushover for door-to-door salesmen. She can successfully resist the blandishments of department store salespeople. But comes a vendor to our door and before he has quite finished his opening remarks, Ida, with a mesmerized gaz in her eye, says, “I’ll take six of them.”

Fortunately for me, yachts are not being sold door-to-door. We have practically everything else peddled in this manner.

Brushes? Friend, you never saw so many brushes. We have brushes to brush our backs, teeth, potatoes, walls, shoes, screens, draperies, rugs and a large dog named Desdemona. Mr. Fuller would trade his inventory for mine, sight unseen, any day.

Our shelves are stacked to the ceiling with bottles. We’ve enough Quick-Dry polish to brighten every stick of furniture in the Waldorf-Astoria, enough Cristal Clere window cleaner to keep the UN Building that way forever, and enough Sure Shot spot remover to make a panther of every leopard in Africa.

Our magazine subscriptions are financing the education of the entire freshman class at State University. Our knives have been honed at least twenty-five times by an itinerant knife grinder who, I’ll bet, is lounging in the back seat of his Cadillac right now, clipping coupons and blessing the name Stocker.

I think it’s because Ida is fundamentally such a sympathetic and soft-hearted person that salesmen make mince meat of her. She has a way of projecting herself into the shoes of other people, as when we go to the movies, for instance. The villain creeps up on the unsuspecting hero and Ida shatters the stillness of the theater with a shrill “Watch out!” Somebody on the screen gets a bullet in the belly and she emits an anguished “Ooomph!” Great little projector, that girl.

Well, I think it’s the same with her and the door-to-door salesman. She puts herself in their shoes and imagines how she’d feel being turned away without sale, facing the prospect of returning empty-handed to a cold home, frail wife and seven hungry kids—of being strung up by the thumbs by a sneering sales manager. It is at about this point, I think, that the glaze comes into her eyes and the fateful words are uttered, “I’ll take six.”

I suspect that a little bit of deft flattery plays its part, too. A lady selling nylon hose needs only to tell Ida what pretty legs she has. My purring wife, a Trilby, in the hands of this female Svengali, buys enough hose for the huxtress to knock off for a winter in Florida. The brush salesman remarks, in a studiously offhand way, that Ida has the most nicely furnished house in the neighborhood and goes out with his order back bulging. I sometimes think I can hear him chuckling softly as I strides up to the porch of the people next door and clears his throat preparatory to telling Mrs. Stevenson that she has the nicest-furnished house in the neighborhood.

I frankly haven’t made up my mind just how to cope with this thing. I thought of posting “Bubonic Plague” signs, but I suppose that all home offices have their men vaccinated. I’ve considered lashing Ida to the bed when I leave, but that seems somehow inhumane. I’ve debated whether, instead of leaving at all, I shouldn’t just stay home and, whenever there’s a knock at the door, race her for it.

Right now, for want of a better idea, I’m trying to teach my wife how to enunciate, clearly and distinctly, seven simple words, “No, thank you; we don’t want any.”

We rehearse every evening, for an hour. It isn’t easy. Ida often chokes on and cries piteously, imploring mercy—to thrust red-hot needles under her fingernails instead, or throw away her favorite lipstick.

It wrenches my heart to watch that girl suffer. But this thing has to be whipped and now. Otherwise I’m going to arrive home some evening to find that somebody finally came around selling yachts, and Ida, bless her mesmerized soul, bought s—Joseph Stock
ow might drift through the school roof, or the kids might not get
marshmallows in their hot-lunch cocoa. Whatever the problem, the
P.-T. A. will not let it go unconquered.

by ROBERT STEIN

O N THE tiny Pacific island of Saipan recently, a group of Ameri-
can mothers gathered in a ram-
ble meeting house. Wives of
my officers stationed on the island,
ey had decided to build and furnish
school for the native children—
one of whom had ever learned to
read or write.

Recalling their activities back home
the States, they immediately form-
a parent-teacher association—the
Saipan P.-T. A. Then, they attacked
the biggest obstacle to their plans:
erasing money for the school. After
furs of fruitless discussion, a young
tenant’s wife stood up and shyly
offered a suggestion.

“This may sound silly,” she began
ologetically, “but why don’t we
collect the empty pop bottles lying
around the island? There must be
thousands. They’ve been piling up
ever since our soldiers landed here
during the war. If we turned them
in for refund, we might get enough
money to start building the school.”

Next month, the Saipan P.-T. A.
gent to work. In a few weeks, the
women and children had hauled in
more than 700,000 pop bottles from
every corner of the island. Then,
the cashed them in for $15,000—
ough to build the school, buy books
and hire teachers!

In the South Pacific or South
Dakota, such ingenuity and determi-
nation are trademarks of more than
6,160,000 American men and women
who belong to parent-teacher associa-
tions. They are members of 40,000
local P.-T. A.’s scattered throughout
large cities and small towns in each of the 48 states, Hawaii, Alaska and every remote corner of the world where an American flag is raised. Each year, they plan and often succeed in carrying out spirited campaigns for better and cleaner schools, more playground space, health clinics, child guidance, school lunches, highway safety and hundreds of other community improvements. Yet, all of these diverse drives have the same underlying goal: to insure the happiness and well-being of America’s children.

No problem is too big for these determined parents to tackle. But unfortunately, not all P.-T. A.’s have learned to direct their energies into constructive channels. In many schools, parents and teachers complain that their chapters are little more than long-winded debating societies. Other units are wracked by local politics and petty bickering. Still others rush into whirlwind drives to raise money—and then discover that they can’t agree on how to use it!

These shortcomings were underscored in a recent survey of 101 school superintendents and principals. Although most of the officials had high praise for their local chapters, 14 of them branded the P.-T. A. as “undesirable.” One irate superintendent put his dissatisfaction into these blunt terms:

“There are very few P.-T. A.’s worth a plugged nickel. Most of them lack leadership, worthy aims or objects. They are really trouble bureaus of the schools, dealing in personalities rather than worthy principles. Theoretically, a P.-T. A. is a wonderful organization. In practice, it just doesn’t work.”

But there are even more school officials who have nothing but praise for the P.-T. A. Edwin A. Willard, high school principal in Chappaqua, New York, describes the parent-teacher group there as “a vital and effective force.” And he adds: “Not merely does the community support the P.-T. A.; the community is the P.-T. A. The members reap rich benefits from sharing in the administration of the school, and the school in turn is enriched by their cooperation.”

Such is the sharp disagreement of many educators on the value of P.-T. A. But even the severest critics do not minimize the brilliant record of many chapters throughout the country. And the supporters of P.-T. A. continually hold up the achievements of such units as shining examples for others to follow.

Like parents everywhere, P.-T. A. members want the best of everything for their children. In many chapters, they are willing to roll up their sleeves and work to get it for them.

What are the broad and deep aims of the P.-T. A.? Mrs. Anna H. Hayes, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in Chicago—central headquarters

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for all P.-T. A.’s in the United States—explains them this way:

“Physically sound and mentally healthy children are not reared in unwholesome surroundings. Therefore, we campaign for good housing.

“Education isn’t dispensed without financial resources. Accordingly; we do our part in working for federal aid.

“Spiritual strength and emotional security cannot be applied to our children from the outside. As a result, we work from within—through parent education, home and school cooperation, consultation with the clergy and the force of good example.”

Fittingly enough, the P.-T. A. was started back in 1895 by an American mother—Mrs. Alice Birney of Washington, D. C. After the birth of her third daughter, Mrs. Birney was inspired by the idea of a national organization to promote the welfare of children. Together with the wealthy widow of a United States senator, Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, she contacted thousands of women’s clubs all over the country. Like a powerful magnet, Mrs. Birney’s “National Congress of Mothers” began to draw the sympathies and support of women everywhere—including the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Two years later, however, when Mrs. Birney called the first convention in Washington, the Congress’ future was still in doubt. “I’d be satisfied,” she told co-workers, “if only fifty mothers come—or even twenty-five.”

On February 15, 1897, the convention began in the ballroom of the Arlington Hotel. But instead of 25 or even 50 mothers, there were women crowded into every corner of the ballroom, sitting on window ledges, overflowing the aisles and standing in the doorways—more than 2,000 eager converts to Mrs. Birney’s crusade for children.

After that, state branches of the Mothers’ Congress began to mushroom in all parts of the country. First New York, then Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa and New Jersey joined the parade. Within a few years, every state was in the field.

It was not long before the mothers rediscovered an important point: The School and the Home are partners in shaping the lives of children. As a result, they invited teachers
to join their ranks. And in increasing numbers, fathers—among them, President Theodore Roosevelt—began to shoulder their share of the work for children’s welfare. Thus, the National Congress of Mothers soon became the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Over the years, P.-T. A. activity has faithfully reflected the deepest-rooted anxieties of American parents. Recently, they have become more and more concerned about the “comic-book craze” among their youngsters. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, the P.-T. A. voted an all-out attack on the problem. Angry parents stormed into the city attorney’s office and demanded an ordinance banning the comic books from the stands. At the next P.-T. A. meeting, however, a soft-spoken teacher suggested an entirely different offensive.

“Why not,” she asked, “show the children that real adventure and humor aren’t limited to the cheap pictures and jokes in the comics?”

One member of the chapter, a children’s librarian, drew up a list of suitable books for every age. Another member, a school supervisor, organized a “good books” program for the classroom. In each grade, children were asked to read and “review” books and then recommend five “best sellers” every week. The editor of the Grand Rapids evening newspaper joined the drive by publishing book lists and feature stories about children’s reading.

Gratifying results came quickly. One group of enthusiastic youngsters began to stage performances of their favorite books for other classes. When a children’s author delivered a talk, more than 6,000 youngsters jammed the auditorium—and demanded a repeat performance. And in a radio broadcast, sixth-graders reported to other children on their startling discovery: Good books are actually more fun than comics!

Week after week, the Grand Rapids library has been reporting the heaviest circulation of juvenile books in the city’s history. And the proposed ordinance banning the sale of comic books? Reverend Duane Vore, one of the leaders of the parents campaign, explains why it was never passed:

“Our good books program began working so well that we felt the ordinance was no longer necessary. The children themselves were already banning the worst comics!”

Although such community projects are the backbone of the P.-T. A., the national and state congresses also keep a lively hand in politics. Using high-pressure and propaganda techniques that closely resemble those of lobbying groups, the P.-T. A.’s wage a continuing legislative battle for more school land, better equipment, higher teacher salaries, anti-child labor laws,
better housing and child health measures. In Georgia, for example, the P.T.A. recently helped push through a state law for the addition of a twelfth grade in public schools. And under P.T.A. pressure, state after state has been raising its minimum wage scale for teachers in the past five years. Although strictly non-partisan, P.T.A. politicos apparently exercise as much influence over legislators as any of the widely-touted "vested interests."

In their campaigns for children, well-organized P.T.A.'s offer such a perfect example of democracy at work, that P.T.A. has been playing a vital role in the postwar rehabilitation of Japan. With the guidance of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Japanese have organized 31,000 P.T.A. chapters with more than 15,000,000 members. According to occupation officials, the P.T.A. is proving to be "one of the greatest forces for building democracy in Japan."

Here on the home front, after 57 years studded with remarkable achievements, the P.T.A. is as young and vigorous an institution as ever, and the majority of P.T.A.'s are moving forward. Even now, members are busy planning hundreds of new drives for increased school appropriations and better facilities. For above all, the P.T.A. is constantly aware of its tremendous responsibility as the champion of America's most treasured possessions—our children.

Continued page 92

An atomic scientist went away on vacation. In his absence, a sign was hung on his office door reading: "Gone fission!"

All through the game, the excited fan had been yelling his home team to victory. Suddenly he became silent, turned to his neighbor and whispered, "I've lost my voice."

"Don't worry," was the reply. "You'll find it here in my left ear."

Ever stop to think what a wonderful thing the brain is? It never ceases functioning from the time you're born until the moment you stand up to make a speech.

The judge looked at the man who was seeking to obtain a divorce. "You claim false pretense?" he asked. "Misrepresentation. Isn't that a rather curious reason to want a divorce? You'll have to explain more fully."

"Oh, I can do that, Your Honor," said the man readily. "When I asked this woman to marry me she said she was agreeable. Well, she wasn't."
YOURS
By the Month

Dates, lingerie, gold fish, free dinners, vacations, roses or a Rembrandt—anything can be yours for the price of joining a club!

by JAMES L. HARTE

BURDENED by bills that make household bookkeeping a headache? Your worries are over. The swan song of the housewife CPA is impending; no more avalanches of checks. Just join the Bill-of-the-Month Club. It pays your bills and loves it. You write only one check, payable to the club which sends you one overall bill a month.

The Bill-of-the-Month Club began in New York City early in 1951, it's fee $6 annually. Like other of-the-month club ideas, this concept has grown, and if there is not yet a bill-paying club in your vicinity, there soon may be.
By-the-month shenanigans had their start in 1926, with the founding, by Bookman Scherman, of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Scherman, who had been selling the then popular Little Leather Library classics by mail, reasoned that millions of Americans far from bookstores really wanted to read. He felt they could be reached by mail, subscribing for books as they did for magazines. The club, its title a registered trade-mark, embarked with a system of book “dividends” and a monthly magazine of New York reviews as the gimmicks that assured its success.

Today, there are more than 60 book clubs for adults, and seven for juveniles. They appeal to every conceivable literary taste.

The early success of the Scherman plan brought a rash of others to the field. As the book groups prospered, the idea spread to so many other commodities, that at last count almost 200 of these dedicated organizations were doing business in this nation of eager joiners. The Bill-of-the-Month Club is one of the more recent arrivals on the scene, but, it is safe to say, not the last.

As a matter of fact, a later organization, born of human yearning in woefully man-short Washington, D. C. is the Date-of-the-Month Club. A group of smart, but lonely young ladies, many of whom have their own mink coats, pooled their resources and invited men to join, at no fee except to promise to telephone the club secretary at least once a month for dates with the smart young ladies. The club is burgeoning.

One of the most popular across the nation is the Gadget-of-the-Month Club, which sends its members “new, never before on the market,” labor saving devices, guaranteed to be worth more than the subscription price. Like the literary experts who choose the volumes for book clubs, the gadget club has a jury to select gadgets, laboratory-tested before distribution.

Gadgeteers pay from one buck to $100, depending upon the number and value of the gadgets they take. Some weird but workable contraptions, such as the non-blobbing catsup dispenser, have found their ways into thousands of homes by this method of salesmanship.

For gourmets, and food-lovers whose means prevent their living as gourmets, there are a number of organizations offering succulent edibles on the monthly plan. From Kenosha, Wisconsin, in the heart of America’s dairy-land, varieties of American cheese go to the members of the Businessmen’s Cheese-of-the-Month Club. A rival Hollywood club has a lureline of rare and exotic, foreign and domestic cheeses with information on where to buy them. Covering several Eastern states, and operating out of the Empire City, is a third cheese club, offering a selection of cheeses to imparadise any connoisseur.

Then there is an Epicures’ Club which promotes $100-a-year membership to an “Inner Circle.” The Circle subscribers receive monthly packages of rare soups, especially prepared pate de foie gras, smoked turkey, and
other fare from far beyond the rainbow.

In the food line, there are the candy clubs, with at least five major ones catering to the nation’s sweet tooth. There is a Fruit-of-the-Month Club and an Apple-of-the-Month Club. And in at least a dozen cities, there are Restaurant-of-the-Month Clubs. The New York society is typical. For $5 a year, its members receive menus from a dozen elite bistros. With each menu is a certificate good for two meals for the price of one.

Nor has the stomach of man’s best friend been forgotten; one club sends a variety of dog food along with other needs of the family pet.

White Plains, New York, is headquarters for the Tropical Fish-of-the-Month Club, and Maryland, where most of the gold fish sold in this country are bred, has spawned a Gold Fish Club. Like other mail order clubs, the fish clubs make a strong appeal to one unique facet of human nature. Almost anyone is delighted to get a package in the mail. A surprise package once a month with valuable and secret content is well nigh an irresistible inducement to club membership.

CLOTHIERS have enlisted in the club corps with two necktie clubs, a shirt and a suit club. The latter is not quite a true type, for in the several cities where it operates, a suit a month is not forthcoming. Doubtless, many males would not afford such an extensive wardrobe, at that. The suit club works on the principle of a nominal monthly payment by each member, and, at the end of a year, he is rewarded with a new suit of his choice.

For the distaff side, there’s a Hosiery Club and a Nylons Club, both of which distribute monthly packages of stockings, the shade changing with the season. One advantage to milady is that she is able to appear in public sporting the latest in hosiery hues well ahead of over-the-counter sales in stores. A Lingerie-of-the-Month Club provides other pretties.

One of the most popular merchandising organizations is the Bargain-of-the-Month Club which promises a “terrific bargain in established merchandise” twelve times a year.

Des Moines boasts the Plant-of-the-Month Club, offering its members a selection of plants and bulbs chosen by a board of professional horticulturists. An adjunct to the amateur gardener, at least, is the Garden Tool-of-the-Month Club.

It is almost a certainty that anything you want can be secured this monthly way. A hobby club provides games for adults and toys for children. Music lovers can join a
Club-of-the-Month which mails newly published songs and records. A Magic Club sends out prestidigial tricks for parlor entertainment. A Charm Club offers little "replicas of famous art objects" to be worn on charm bracelets. And, if you are art minded, you can have famous paintings to grace your home, per month, on loan.

A Magazine-of-the-Month Club carefully selects the "best monthly issues" from a long list of newsstand periodicals for busy members who wouldn't have time to read every regular issue.

The total membership in the almost 200 monthly mail-order clubs is in the millions. An actual count is impossible as the clubs continue to expand, new ones appear, and others fail. Perfumes, cigars, cold meats, stamps and Navy surplus items monthly to boat owners and marine enthusiasts, are new clubs which add to the astronomical overall membership.

The clubs have swelled to such proportion in recent years that a trade association has been formed within the ranks. It is known as The National Merchandise-by-Mail Institute, with 26 member clubs joined to "maintain fair practices." Other clubs are entering the fold for protection and to assure their memberships honest values and merchandise.

In Brooklyn, where anything can begin or end, a Weekend-of-the-Month Club has lately formed. For the man or woman who must get away from it all once in a while, it is a candle in the night. This idea is sure to spread, and what comes next is anybody's guess. There's one thing sure, however; practically anything and everything can be yours — by the month!

What'll you have?

One of the First Grade teachers was looking over the shoulder of a little six-year-old who had drawn a picture of a church. The steeple was very tall and up above it was a horrible black mass.

"What is that above the church steeple?" asked the teacher.

"The cost," answered the child.

"The cost?" queried the teacher.

"Yes," said the boy, "that's the cost my dad keeps saying is higher than the church steeple."

A man on vacation had been told he would find good hunting on the lower end of a creek. Gun in hand, he wandered for miles without getting a shot. On his way back in the afternoon, 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 SECRET OF HAPPY LIVING

When upon life’s billows you are tempest tossed... count your many blessings... and it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

by DR. CLEM E. BININGER

"I HAVE learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." Philippians 4:11.

St. Paul was in prison, awaiting his trial—a trial which would probably end in death! Yet he was like a bird that has learned to sing when its cage is darkened. He had found the secret of happy living.

1 He refused to let the evil in any given situation blind him to the good that was there. He looked for the silver lining. To be sure, his health was poor; he had no regular income; he was homeless, unappreciated, and imprisoned; but he could not let all that blind him to his blessings. After all, the little Philippian church, out of its deep poverty, had sent to him in his hour of need a gift. That made up for a lot; things might be bad and the future uncertain; but he still had a few friends! That was enough for the moment. Listen:

"I am full, having received the things which were sent from you."

What an example! We read that a major crime is committed every twenty-two seconds of the day and forget the millions who are law-abiding. We hear of homes which dash themselves into divorce and forget the four hundred homes founded on a rock. A little child is born crippled and we lose sight of seventy who are sound. A minister’s son goes astray and we overlook the long list who have won recog-
nition in “Who’s Who in America.” The church cradles a handful of hypocrites and they nullify in our imaginations the ninety and nine who need no repentance. Over our teacups we de-cry the servant problem and forget to be thankful our income permits such a problem. A mean man goes out of his way despitely to use us and we remember him long after we have forgotten the majority of men who do us good. How easy to become obsessed with the Roman prison bars and fail to rejoice in the Philippian gift!

Happiness is a state of mind. And what is a state of mind but the sum total of our habitual thinking? Think habitually of the false, the dishonest, the unjust, the impure, and the unlovely, and, alas, your soul will shrivel in discontent. Paul had the reverse formula:

“... whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things...”

No matter what “state” some of you are in at the moment, it could be worse! Moreover, you are not so bad off that there is not something for which to be thankful. In sickness, it may be only the consolation of a good doctor or a kindly nurse. In heartache, it may be only the promise of a future resurrection morn. The old gospel song sums it up,

“When upon life’s billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.”

Paul refused to let life’s awful mysteries blind him to the creative task close at hand. When he landed in prison, he wasted no time asking “why” God had singled him out for trouble. His creative spirit was too busy asking “what,” with God’s help, he could do about the situation as it was. Prison bars separated him from his churches; but he could still write —write the joyous letters which have come down to us as the epistles of the New Testament. A pagan Roman guard was chained to Paul’s wrist night and day, but to these guards Paul spoke of Christ; and tradition has it that it was these Roman soldiers who, during their off-hours, carried the gospel to the Imperial Court of the Emperor Nero. At any rate, in Philippians we read this from Paul:

“The things that have happened to me have fallen out... to the furtherance of the gospel; so that through my bonds Christ is talked of in all the palace and throughout the whole Praetorian guard.”

Dean Wicks of Princeton used to tell of a cynical novelist, isolated from the world, who sought to “explain” life without seeking to “participate” in it. He lived and died in discontent, saying on his deathbed,

Clem E. Bininger is pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, “a parson with a wife and three teen-agers.” Reprinted here is his digest of a sermon “The Secret of Thanksgiving,” presented as a talk before the Kansas City Mercury Club.
"I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass, quite as I came, confused and dismayed."

Contrast this "explaining" attitude of the unhappy cynics with the "participating" spirit of the radiant Jesus. Take a long look at His Cross. For one awful moment the mystery of it all pressed down upon Him and He cried in agony,

"My God, my God, why . . .?"

But he refused to let the "explaining" attitude have the last word.

"For the Christ the cross was heavy,
For his hands the nails were sharp,

In the sun His thirst was exceeding great,
While the mob did rail and carp."

But, somehow, He must explain it tomorrow; today there was work to be done.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

"Today, (thou thief) thou shalt be with me in paradise."

"(John) take care of my mother; mother, behold thy (new) son."

His not to reason why; His just to do—just to do and to die. Happy is he who thus faces life in the spirit of the Christ!

American Girl—1952

She doesn't have to stop and think how to handle men . . . she knows how naturally . . . she and her sisters are the world's prettiest, and they have the figures to prove it . . . No man ever understands the real comfort she gets from a good bawl . . . If she throws herself at a man, she's pretty sure he's wearing a catcher's mitt . . . And when she comes across a man who's learned all about women, she proceeds to unlearn him . . . She may make a fool of him, but never without some cooperation . . . Sometimes she gets in trouble by thinking with her heart instead of her head . . . And falls in love with a million dollars worth of wavy hair—which covers a ten-cent head . . . But she won't marry a short man, because she wants to look up to her husband . . . After marriage, she's satisfied with love, honor and her say.

—Roscoe Poland

He arrived when there were other guests, and his hostess had to arrange for him to sleep on the couch in the living room. The next morning at breakfast she wanted to know if he had enjoyed a good night.

"Fairly good," he told her. "I got up from time to time and rested."

"To encourage thrift, each time the child inserts a penny, a token drops out which you redeem for a nickel."
THE INDUSTRY BEHIND INDUSTRY

The industrialist can go to the Midwest Research Institute with nothing in mind but a problem and the impetus for progress. The result may be a perfected design which will revolutionize his industry.

by MARVIN HAMMER

THOSE prolific mystics of old who predicted the future with a questionable degree of accuracy couldn't make the "first team" today. A far cry from tents and temples, Svengali and seance, and the hodgepodge of the crystal ball is the modern scientific researcher who daily weaves a pattern for the future from the threads of past and present reality.

Basing his discoveries on fact, not fiction, he has amazed believers and skeptics alike as he poured the miracle fiber nylon, and later orlon, from the test tube. He has silenced those who thought coast-to-coast television an impossibility. The same individuals who were so certain that radar could never be used for anything but defensive warfare are benefitting today from its applications in aeronautics and marine operations. These are representative of the accomplishments which not only have indicated expanding sales horizons for industry, but have guaranteed that products and manufacturing techniques will not fall by the crusty competitive wayside.

And where do these "Modern Merlins" make their headquarters? Is it in some secluded garret where they can throw a few chemicals together or is it in an ivory-tower-type mausoleum where you can hear your blood pressure drop?

Neither of these is the case. The modern research institution of today is typified by Midwest Research Institute, Kansas City, located in six sprawling buildings and utilizing three-quarters of a million dollars worth of scientific equipment in modern, up-to-date laboratories.
Born in the minds of progressive industrialists who raised over a million and a half dollars from 430 public-spirited contributors as initial operating capital, Midwest appeared on the middle western scene in late 1948, as a non-profit scientific research organization designed to develop and encourage industry and agriculture through technology. While the Institute was conceived as an insurance to maintain the economic stability of the mid-central states, its scope of operations has increased so materially in the past seven years that it is currently serving clients from coast to coast and in Latin America.

The growth of this organization illustrates the ever-broadening sweep of industrial research in the past 25 years. In 1920, there were 300 industrial research laboratories in the United States, with nearly 7,000 scientists, spending about $30,000,000 a year. Thirty years later, there are 3,000 laboratories with 20 times as many technicians, utilizing over a billion dollars annually in quest of the unknown.

Government matches this expenditure with a billion dollars of its own in the interests of national defense and public welfare. These figures not only attest to the growing stature of science in industry, but verify the importance of this activity which has become a generally recognized and accepted function of effervescently progressive management.

How does the independent industrial research organization fit into the picture? These institutions which have, strangely enough, grown up to fill a need created by the expansion of industrial technology, play a dual role in modern business. For the smaller companies with no research departments of their own, there is provided a fully staffed and equipped laboratory with no initial capital expenditure. In the case of the larger industrial firms, many of whom have their own research departments, these research institutes provide an able assistant for overworked technical facilities and a remedy for stalemated programs. Heads-up companies often adopt a parallel approach to a problem, with work assigned not only to their own staffs, but also delegated to an independent research group.

And if they are anything like Midwest Research Institute, they are also contributing substantially to the industrial and agricultural health and welfare of their region. As a result of programs processed by Midwest within the last year or so, there have been five new industrial plants constructed. Plant equipment and construction, purchased or on order as a result of improved processing and new industrial plants, has topped the million dollar mark.

At the same time, Midwest has not neglected the "little guy." Its projects have ranged from a $25 test for radioactivity in ore, to a quarter-million

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dollar long-range fundamental program for development of new processes and manufacturing methods in the glass fiber industry. In many instances, the Institute's technical contribution is the sole reason for increased sales for smaller companies engaged in manufacture of such varied products as plastic starch, engine cleaning solvents, and oral antiseptics.

Youthful, serious-minded president Dr. Charles N. Kimball puts it this way: To the Institute there is no such thing as a small business or a large industrial outfit, since we operate as the extension of our clients' facilities in either case. The only things we are interested in are satisfactory service, development of new and profitable ideas for our clients, improvement of existing processes and products, and strengthening the nation's future industrial and agricultural economy through planned research."

If that doesn't quite sound like the scientist's long-haired approach to the situation, that's fine. It isn't meant to be.

One of the continuing functions of the highly-specialized staff of 150 is brushing away the cobwebs of the garret inventor with a bright new shiny broom from the world of plastics, atomic energy, supersonics, and futuristic, but practical, electronic devices.

Four major divisions at Midwest—chemistry, engineering, physics, and chemical engineering—have divided some 350 clients among them, including such diversified companies as the Corn Products Refining Company, Olin Industries, Maytag Company, Upjohn, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Of the more than 600 projects for 350 clients, Institute books indicate a 70% repeat business. They also show gains in dollar volume ranging as high as 40% during the past year. As a matter of fact, Midwest has just wrapped up its most successful year in terms of income, and at the same time, was involved in its greatest breadth of research projects, with respect both to variety of technical fields covered and to the geographical location of sponsoring organizations.

Among its extensively-planned laboratories in chemistry and allied fields, the Institute provides for research and development in wood technology, milling, cereal chemistry, petroleum, ceramics, biology, foods, fats and oils, fermentation and pharmaceuticals.

The physics division, with eight completely-equipped sections, has processed research and development work in design and application of precision optical instruments, microwave radar techniques, special instrument
designs, methods of printing plate manufacture, and industrial applications of radioactive isotopes.

Midwest's engineering division covers the fields of mechanical and electrical engineering, and has been active in the areas of machine design, thermodynamics, ballistics, advanced engineering mechanics and aircraft dynamics.

The chemical engineering division conducts research and development work, both theoretical and applied, in chemical and related process industries. This group has carried to successful completion such programs as the development of a process for production of soluble concentrates, and a design for processing equipment for drying granular materials by fluidization. In addition, chemical engineers have conducted industrial, resources and market surveys for a variety of clients.

Aside from its work for industry, the Institute is active in the fields of public health and national defense. Synthesis and testing of organic compounds for treatment of cancer are under way in two laboratories for the Federal Security Agency.

Programs in aerodynamics, electronics and ordnance for national defense agencies are being carried forward as part of Midwest's commitment to the nation's security program. The Institute maintains and operates several field stations in order to facilitate the work on this vital phase of national welfare.

Midwest Research Institute also serves as editorial headquarters for the internationally known engineering publication, Applied Mechanics Reviews. Selection of the Institute by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers to edit this magazine has made it a center of applied mechanics and engineering literature.

Projects at the Institute follow a general plan, which begins with a program of research intentions and procedures. This plan is quite similar to the approach of an architect who prepares for a building with cost estimates and expected results.

All programs are under the guidance of a steering committee consisting of client and MRI representatives. These groups meet monthly just after the client receives his regular monthly report.

In some cases, advanced work on a project requires equipment of special or unique design. This equipment is constructed efficiently, rapidly, and economically in the well-prepared shops at the Institute.
Upon completion of the project, all results are formulated, checked and delivered to the firm which financed the investigation.

While Midwest has participated in many patent-planned developments, the Institute itself does not hold any claim to discoveries made for its clients. The entire summation of results of any experimental study becomes the sole property of the sponsoring organization, and the researchers waive any right to claim patent affiliation.

Now in its eighth successful year, the Institute is still looking for new fields to conquer. The middle west has become nationally-recognized as a center of applied science, and it is certain that as the business of research becomes a multi-billion dollar enterprise, institutions such as Midwest will become the “industry behind the industry” in stimulating economic progress throughout the nation.

An employment office of a large aircraft factory in Dallas recently had this amazing question from a job applicant. “I’m fillin’ out this heah fohm, you all sent me,” drawled the voice. “Now, down heah wheah it says ‘telephone,’ does that mean I phones you, or you phones me?”

The colonel had been promoted and to celebrate was giving a lavish banquet. He addressed his soldiers: “Fall upon the food without mercy, men—treat it as you would any enemy.” Later, as the feast was ending, he saw a sergeant trying to hide a couple of bottles of wine under his blouse.

“What are you doing, sergeant?” asked the colonel.

“Obeying orders sir,” was the reply. “What we don’t kill of the enemy we’re supposed to take prisoners.”

A horse thief had been arrested and released on bail. His lawyer, after a thorough investigation both of the evidence and the public sentiment, was convinced not only that the man was guilty but that any jury in the county would find him so. So he returned to his client and said, “You haven’t got the chance of a snowball in hell. All the evidence is against you. No jury on earth would acquit you. The best thing for you to do is skip out of here.” The man was bewildered and asked, “You mean I ought to go somewhere else?”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.”

“But,” asked the horse thief, “where can I go? Ain’t I already in Texas?”
When you take ten minutes at 10:00 and 3:00 for that cup of java, you're indulging the number one habit of the nation!

by JAMES L. HARTE

LEGEND has it that an Arabian goat-herd, Kaldi, by name, in the year 850 A.D., plucked a few berries from a strange hillside bush and chewed on them experimentally. The flavor so exhilarated him that he rushed to tell his friends of his discovery, leaving the goats to scatter over the hills.

The twice-a-day respite of millions of American workers descends directly from Kaldi's chance find. The pause in the day's occupation for a cup of coffee has its foundation in the lowly goat-herd's intoxication with the taste of the coffee berry. And the coffee break today in America is fast approaching what tea time has long been in England.

For years, across the nation, coffee time had been forming and growing despite the fuming and fussing of employers against workers in mills, factories, offices and stores slipping out for the mid-morning and mid-afternoon pickups. Then World War II brought the practice to full flower, and promoted it into a national habit.

Steaming coffee urns were always full in mess halls and wardrooms; there was always coffee for the serviceman wherever he was stationed. When he returned to civilian life he refused to give up the hot umber drink. Meanwhile, the great army of workers behind the serviceman came into the act. Sociologists and labor experts, working with management to
increase both morale and efficiency in war plants, made studies that showed increased worker efficiency after a short break twice during a shift. So, with the added boost of scientific sanction, the 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. coffee breaks became an accepted and approved part of the country's work day.

The Navy Department had the temerity, at the end of the war, to ban the coffee break in its Washington, D.C., headquarters and other of its establishments, only to learn the futility of fighting the habit. In Navy offices everywhere filing cabinets became hiding places for hot-plates, dripolators and cans of drip-grind coffee. Where filing space did not permit this subterfuge, clerks, stenographers, executives and big brass came to work with thermos bottles—coffee filled—under their arms. The Navy found it best to rescind the ban.

The Nation's Capital, as it does with nearly everything else in these times, leads in the great coffee impulsion. The Department of Defense, in the Pentagon Building, reports the consumption of 32,000 cups of coffee daily, during the approved coffee breaks, in the enclosed city’s snack bars and cafeterias. This adds up to more than 8,000,000 cups a year for approximately 30,000 Pentagon employees.

Snack bars are found in most government buildings and the twice-daily breaks are permitted by every branch of the government with the exception of the Post Office Department and the Census Bureau. Excluding these exceptions, government workers in Washington consume a staggering 40,000,000 cups of coffee yearly.

Uncle Sam's personnel watchdog, the Civil Service Commission, worried lest the coffee break get out of hand, conducted a survey of the situation early in 1951. The Commission happily reported that the longest time any worker spent on the coffee period was eleven minutes, and that the average was slightly less than ten.

The Adjutant General's Office, concerned with military personnel and civilian employees of the War Department, made its own secret investigation, and concluded that the coffee privilege was not abused.

PRIVATE industry in Washington does as Uncle Sam does. Most large department and other stores allow employees to stop for coffee twice a day. A check of banks and financial institutions in the city shows a standard practice of permitting one employee to go out and bring in coffee for all fellow-workers. The majority of private businesses have adopted the practice. The Washington Post provided snack bars in its new, completely modern building into
which it moved early in 1951, where all gentlemen of the press can get coffee during breaks in the daily schedule.

From Boston to San Diego, from Duluth to Del Rio, whether the order is for "black" or with "cream and sugar", the coffee habit persists. During the mid-morning and mid-afternoon recesses, traffic in Philadelphia almost approximates the early morning and evening rushes, and the police blame it on coffee. In Chicago, police say that Loop traffic is almost stalled at coffee time by the crowds of office workers pouring into the streets.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., among the nationwide chains, took the lead in establishing the two-a-day coffee breaks for all employees. In Allen-town, Pennsylvania, Max Hess, Jr., youthful department store executive whose innovations in merchandising have won him fame, credits the coffee klatches with an assist in the $15,000,000 annual business done by the Hess Brothers Department Store in a city of 100,000—a volume regarded as the highest per capita of any U. S. department store area. Store personnel, executives and customers meet as friends over cups of the steaming, aromatic brew in the store's cafeteria.

Official statistics for 1950, these many centuries since Kaldi's legendary discovery, show that 16.1 pounds of green coffee beans were used that year for every man, woman and child in the United States. The 1951 figure is expected to run higher. So, it appears that the coffee break, the number-one habit of the nation, is here to stay, and—

Whoops! It's time for my afternoon cup!

A CORKING TIP

An eastern hotel posts the following instructions for guests who might smoke in bed:

1. Call the office and notify the management where you wish your remains sent. A very high percentage of hotel fires are caused by this careless practice.

2. Notify guests in adjoining rooms of your intention of endangering their lives. They can then make necessary precautions to protect themselves.

3. Locate the nearest fire escape, so that if you are fortunate enough to escape from your room, you may reach safety.

4. Now sit down and think how foolish it is for you to take this risk—you may enjoy your smoke while thinking it over.

5. Business may be good, but we do not have guests to burn, so please—HELP US to Protect YOU and THEM.
MARION A. RENO is a great believer in the follow-through and the follow-up. As general chairman of the first United Funds Campaign held in Kansas City, Missouri, North Kansas City, Independence, rural Jackson County and northeast Johnson County, he led a mighty army last fall in a successful charity drive for $3,115,912—or 102.9 per cent of the campaign goal.

"I liked the job because it presented a challenge", he says. "The community had never before conducted one united campaign for such a big goal. The idea was new and untried here—the idea of one campaign for the 67 agencies of the Community Chest, as well as Cancer, Heart, Arthritis and Rheumatism, Cerebral Palsy, plus the U.S.O. and Red Cross in chapter firms only. I knew that if we succeeded it would greatly broaden the base from which contributions are obtained. The formation of a United Fund chapter in every business and industrial firm throughout the community appealed to me as a task requiring careful planning, intensive organization, hard-hitting solicitation and relentless perseverance. And, during the very early stages, the odds seemed against our success. Many leading citizens and civic leaders thought that, because of the disastrous July flood, the campaign had small chance of succeeding."

That it did succeed is a tribute to Reno: to his capacity for organization, to his qualities as an executive, to his caliber as a fighter. On the United Funds Board he recruited the services (not just the names) of twenty-two top Kansas City executives—heads of major business organizations. (It is no coincidence that nine of them are members of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity). He inspired his Board to work for the success of the campaign. He encouraged them to enlist effective assistants. As committee heads in the campaign organization, he appointed men he felt would get their respective jobs done. And they did!

Then came the Reno follow-through—the follow-up! Official Charter Plaques were presented to each firm which had organized its own United Fund Chapter. A plaque which recognized and commended the firm's record of giving. The plaques were
awarded at each place of business in special ceremonies to the employees—with commendation to each chapter chairman and his committee for their work.

But was Reno through? Indeed not. He pointed out the necessity of giving all new employees the opportunity to sign United Fund pledge cards at the time of their employment. The campaign itself might be over—but the work of fund-raising continues—all year! As a mail-order man, trained in the mail-order school of merchandising, Reno sent each firm a postal order blank for use in requesting additional pledge cards to be given each new employee. The new employees get a choice of pledge cards, too: they can pay in a lump sum, quarterly, weekly, or semi-monthly.

It's the Reno follow-through—the follow-up!

TRIUMPHANT execution of campaigns such as the United Funds drive is no new experience for the 52-year-old general manager of Sears, Roebuck and Company's Kansas City organization. In his 26-year business career with Sears he has repeatedly tackled projects that had never been undertaken before—and he succeeded with them! That's why General R. E. Wood, chairman of the Sears board, says of Reno: "I consider him one of the best executives in this vast company. He entered our service when the Kansas City plant was founded in 1926, at a small salary and at a very humble job. His progress has been steady because he showed the qualities of imagination, resourcefulness, initiative and great administrative ability. He came to my attention at a relatively early age and I have watched his progress closely. He has that rare quality—a truly creative mind. He deserves all the honors that have been given to him."

Reno's creativeness has been exemplified in two major achievements at Sears... one, an achievement in salesmanship; the other, a revolutionary improvement in the method of handling mail orders. Both plans, as conceived and first tested by Reno here in the Kansas City plant, proved to be of such great value that Sears adopted them all for plants.

First comes salesmanship: the frequency with which Sears "calls" on its mail-order customers. Tradition in the mail-order business (as developed by Sears, Ward's, Bellas-Hess and other mail-order houses), had evolved the publication of two big general catalogs each year—one for spring and summer, one for fall and winter. Plus a mid-winter "flyer" (a smaller catalog) for a January-February sale; and a mid-summer flyer for mid-season selling.

Reno felt that calling on his mail order customers four times a year was not enough. Therefore, he began experiments with locally produced circular booklets—to achieve faster "pace" in merchandising; to level peaks and valleys in sales; to make the mail order house as mobile, as flexible, as a retail store. He knew Sears' customers are bargain hunters, and felt they would respond to special sale appeals. And they do! Now the Sears' pattern nationally is to mail seven catalogs a year to all regular, proved, mail order customers—with
special emphasis at Easter and at Christmas. Reno goes further. From Kansas City he continues to mail additional sales circulars to selected lists, to move seasonal merchandise and excess stocks. And each mailing pays its way in sales!

His other major contribution to Sears' operations was in the method of handling orders. In the pre-Reno era, when Sears paid on a weekly basis, business was highly seasonal by virtue of two big catalogs and two sale catalogs each year. Jobs were functionalized so that each person performed a simple operation which could be easily learned in a short time. One group of workers would open the letter, another count the money, while another would read the letter and so on. Similarly in order filling operations, pricing, filling, checking, and wrapping were performed by separate workers. The whole system was geared to seasonal fluctuations, frequent hiring and firing and unstable incomes. Reno believed that by combining mental and manual skills, the jobs would become more interesting and promote efficiency and enable the company to pay better wages and hire a high type of worker.

Combining operations performed many outstanding results. New equipment was required, new conveyors, new desks, mobile work carts, were designed and installed. Operations were simplified to reduce effort and fatigue. Employees liked the variety of their new jobs. Gone were the monotonous and tiring manual operations, they were now required to think, remember and to make decisions and they liked it. Quality improved, errors decreased, and service improved. Formerly an average order filler walked 12 miles a day, now walks only one mile a day. Where it had once required three hours for an order to pass through a process it now required only one hour and forty minutes.

So outstanding were these innovations that Reno was called into the Parent Office in Chicago where he engineered these changes on a national basis in stores located in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Memphis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Seattle from 1934 until 1940, when he returned to Kansas City as Mail Order General Manager. (While in the Parent Organization Reno standardized many changes.) Hourly wages supplanted weekly rates and wage incentive plans rewarding workers for high production and quality were installed. In addition Reno felt that something could be done about the "peaks" and "valleys" in business. First he developed the constant wage plan which guarantees work and pays for 40 hours work each week—regardless of how slow or rushed business may be;

Don Davis, WHB president who put this article together, acknowledges the generous assistance of J. B. Hann, Sears regional credit manager, and G. E. Converse, Sears' advertising manager in Kansas City. With Davis the job was a labor of love, recalling memories of his years 1919-20 in Chicago, when he worked for the late Henry Schott in Ward's advertising department, at the time General R. E. Wood, now of Sears', was Ward's chief executive officer.
Swing

February, 1952

each regular employee whether he works twenty, thirty or forty hours is paid for forty hours every week. The company advances the pay for the shortage of hours less than forty, the employee makes this up at time and one-half.

Working hand in hand, these operating changes and the Seven Catalog Program vastly increased the volume of business and produced a level of efficiency unheard of in the early 1920's.

Concurrently with these improvements in operating procedure, Sears developed its own electronic machine for maintenance of its mailing list—a machine that handles its millions of mailing stencils bearing customer names and addresses. Each stencil is punched for volume of purchase, frequency of purchase, and "recency". Webster's dictionary has no such word as "recency"—but Sears has it, and it means: "How recently has a customer made a mail-order purchase?" Unless you are a consistent customer, making purchases at frequent intervals in volume profitable to Sears, your name disappears electronically from the list of people to whom they send their beautiful catalogs!

Because of these catalogs, no business executive is more widely known throughout the Kansas City trade territory than Marion Reno. More than a million mail-order customers receive one of the Sears catalogs from him several times a year. Quite often the opening page of the catalog is a personal letter from Reno to his customers. His picture many times appears on the fly-leaf of catalogs and on the heading of letters. Daily, hundreds of personal letters reach his desk from customers who have special needs, who want a catalog, who want special service, who have a complaint to make. They send him birthday cards and cakes—even ask advice about their personal problems. "The Customer is our Boss," says Reno, "and I feel flattered when they write me about their personal problems, or ask help in finding a doctor or dentist for their community.

"I suppose more of my time and thinking is given to our customers than to any other single phase of our business," continues Reno. "Our competition is very keen and we must know our customers—what they buy, when they buy, how they buy, how much they will pay. In today's market the customer is free to spend his money where and when he wishes; and he is a shrewd buyer! We will get our share of his business only when we give him better values and better service."

Selling by catalog to a million customers each year is a big and complex job, ranging from buying the millions of dollars of consumer goods

"Sh-h! He thinks it's some sort of a game!"
—Russ Nelson
required, to the highly specialized job of warehousing and filling the thousands of orders which reach the Kansas City mail-order plant each day. These orders come from the states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and parts of Iowa, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah and South Dakota. On Sears' big map, that's the Kansas City mail-order territory.

A TRIP through the big Sears plant is a fascinating experience which displays Reno's amazing grasp of the myriad functions of the business. "I really grew up with the Kansas City mail-order plant," he says, "and you can't spend 26 years in a business like this without learning a great deal about it. Here you see a business which is truly American in its character. Sears started in a small way and as the national economy expanded, the company expanded its marketing facilities. Today there is back of the Sears catalog a large, highly specialized marketing organization which literally ships the markets of the world to supply the needs of our catalog customers."

Reno's engineering background shows up as he discusses the various phases of marketing by mail. "Actually," he explains, "we operate on a cycle which begins with buying the merchandise and ends when the customer receives his order."

FIRST in this cycle of mail order marketing is the all-important job of buying the merchandise. The parent merchandise buyer for the mail order store faces a difficult assignment. In the early fall he is buying goods for next year's spring and summer catalog. He must know what customers will want and what they will pay; he must buy in right quantities at a price which will permit a profit at the time the merchandise is sold. He must judge style and material trends correctly. He must anticipate market prices; he must sense the constantly changing customer demand for merchandise. Five basic principles guide the mail order merchandise buyer:

1—The merchandise must have proved customer acceptance. Basically, mail-order walks carefully or not at all into untired fields. It wisely allows others to pioneer, cataloging an item only when and after it has made a dent in the nation's buying consciousness.

2—The merchandise must have a volume potential. Competition for space in the catalog is keen—the item must pay its way in dollar sales if it is to justify its place in the book.

3—The merchandise must be priced to fit the pocketbook of the mail-order customer—nominally a person in the middle or lower income group. He is basically price conscious.

4—Production facilities must be adequate for anticipated demand. Unless production is assured, the item cannot be cataloged.

5—The merchandise must pay a profit. But this alone is not sufficient. A number of rigid specifications must be met: good quality, simple upkeep, low repair costs, reasonable shipping and packing cost.

The actual job of buying follows the normal pattern of merchandising—selecting the sources, placing the orders, providing for time and place of deliveries. Constant and exact accounting of customer demand is maintained as the basis for measuring and correcting the accuracy of the buyers' estimates.

Wherever practicable, contracts with the manufacturer provide year-round, stable production which is a dominant factor in the lower production costs from which the mail order buyer profits. The constant
search for better values at lower prices at times sends Sears production engineers to a factory with ideas and suggestions for improving quality and production.

At the disposal of the parent buying organization is one of the largest and most complete laboratory facilities in industry. There the catalog specifications of every item are tested and established. Rigid and exacting tests determine wear, color, shrinkage and washability. New processes and new materials are researched and developed. There is tomorrow's refrigerator, electric blanket and work shirt. Naturally, a great many nationally-advertised brands find their way into the mail-order catalog; and on such goods the reputation of the manufacturer replaces laboratory-tested specifications.

Next in the cycle of mail order marketing comes the job of catalog presentation. The first function of the catalog is to produce sales at a satisfactory advertising ratio. Cost of cataloging is measured in exact dollar terms for every section and every page. Anticipated sales determine the size of the catalog, the number of pages allotted to each line of goods, the space allocated to any one item on a page. Against the anticipated sales are thrown the advertising cost per section, page or portion of a page.

If the catalog is to produce sales it must make the customer see more value in the merchandise it displays. Accordingly the catalog presentation must show the merchandise—highlight the features which sell, and in which customers are interested. It must describe the merchandise in simple, clear, factual language. It must price the merchandise—stressing unit or quantity price as customer demand recommends.

Illustrations are dominant in the catalog. The reason is self-evident—pictures sell merchandise. Certain merchandise sells better in color and pays for the added cost of color work. Fashion selling today requires live-model photographs. Hammers and saws sell as well in black and white.

All catalog copy must be selling copy. Catalog copy must say all that a good salesman says, and say it better. Yet the catalog must not oversell, lest it incur customer complaints and the return of merchandise.

And then the catalog must be geared to the customer it sells. The catalog is in reality a big store—with its show windows, its departments, its counters and its displays. Because experience shows that women do most of the shopping, the show window space in the front of the big catalog is devoted to children's and women's wear. Then follows men's wear, home furnishings, etc. Illustration and copy run the gamut from smart Hollywood fashions to the cold facts and figures on automotive parts. The display and the copy must not only make the customer want this particular item in preference to any other; it must prompt the customer to get a pencil and write out his order!

The catalog must build for the future. Catalog buying is a habit; the catalog must establish that habit and project it into the future. It must establish the mail-order trade marks and a preference for them. It must build a reputation for quality and price which becomes the customer's standard of good value.

Third in the cycle of mail order marketing is catalog circulation. The mail order merchant sends his store to his customer. He knows from experience that his business depends on getting to the right customer at the right time. Years of study, research and statistics are in his files. His is a constant study of population trends, of economic and industrial changes.

If the editorial task of putting together the catalog is laborious, the mechanical job of printing is staggering. And it requires a swimming pool of ink. A big swimming pool. The general catalog, which weighs four and one-half pounds, has almost 10 million circulation. An edition fills 600 freight cars. Stacked in a single pile, one
THE MAN OF THE MONTH

editions would reach 270 miles high. With the seasonal catalogs and "flyers," Sears circulates some 70 million books annually. Kansas City's territory distributes about 10% of the total. More than twenty different printing companies print the various sections, which are then shipped to a central point for the mechanical job of binding, wrapping and labeling.

THERE remains one more step in the mail order marketing cycle — the all-important job of filling the customer's order. Into the mail chute of the mail order house pour literally thousands of orders daily. There they are sorted, scheduled, filled and shipped the same day. Only a highly specialized and systematized operation could do the job. From the weighing-in of the mail, which accurately replaces the laborious task of counting orders, to the multiple tabulating machines which record gross sales figures by departments and lines, every possible time and labor saving device is employed. There are acres of warehouse space, divided into hundreds of stock rooms, each housing a separate line of merchandise with rows of bins and racks and files, each designed for the merchandise it warehouses.

Into this carefully synchronized system drops a customer's order. The cash is registered; order tickets are created for each item; the amount of the purchase is entered on the customer's record card; each ticket keyed and time-scheduled for the moment when the merchandise must reach the shipping room; and then the ticket goes by pneumatic tube to the stock room. Up and down the aisles of the stock rooms travel hundreds of clerks, using specially designed trucks, selecting, pricing, wrapping, and labeling the merchandise. Then, on to the mechanical conveyors goes the customer's package, down the long chutes to the packing and shipping room, which is the focal point of every order. Here hundreds of packers, weighers and billers process each order for postage and for any change in the order amount; after which the package goes by conveyor belt into the mail sacks of the branch post office located in the building.

THE SEARS CREED
ON EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

TREAT people fairly, honestly and generously and their response will be fair, honest and generous.

"Most employees are interested in job security, job satisfaction, fair pay and an opportunity to advance. Knowing this, Sears tries:
1—To individualize our relations with each employee, to know him, to talk with him, to let him know honestly where he stands.
2—To study his talents and help him develop them, to utilize his skill and experience to the maximum.
3—To handle his grievances fairly.
4—To make sure he receives recognition for the good job he does.

"We find the most effective operation comes from a horizontal-type organization which provides direct communication between top management and the Department Manager. Each employee, in turn, is directly responsible to his manager. We largely eliminate intermediate layers of authority. The result is closer contact with the employee and a better job interest and performance."

—Julius Rosenwald

The year 1925 brought expansion of a new era in mail order marketing, an innovation tentatively begun in 1920 when General Wood was chief executive of Montgomery Ward's. It began with retail outlet stores located in the mail order plants,
offering to the counter shopper the same merchandise listed in the catalog. So successful were these outlet stores that others were opened in outlying cities in rapid succession. Today the larger mail order companies own and operate hundreds of retail stores in almost all major cities and in hundreds of smaller towns. Utilizing the already developed buying sources of mail order, these retail outlets have successfully continued the mail order policy of better merchandise at lower price.

Inherent in the success of the retail outlets are the warehousing and jobbing functions performed by the mail order units. There is no middle man in the mail order business. Utilizing the mail order plant for the triple function of selling, jobbing and warehousing allows the mail order merchant to pass along a substantial saving to his customer.

This hand-in-hand coordination of mail order and retail serves many practical and profitable purposes. The catalog serves to bring the rural customer into the retail outlet store. In turn the retail store has introduced the urban customer to the catalog.

In addition to retail shopping, the mail order companies also provide other shopping conveniences in the way of catalog sales departments in their retail stores, telephone shopping service, catalog sales offices in outlying smaller towns—a constant effort to answer customer demand for wider selections and better values.

OF RENO it could be said that “all of this I saw, and part of this I was—and am.” At 52, he arrives for work daily at 8 a.m., and is usually the last to depart at 5:15 p.m. He likes to leave “a clean desk”—no matter how rigorous the day’s work—no matter how high his personal mail and memos stack up, crowding for attention. He has the knack of scheduling his affairs in such a manner that he never seems rushed.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

These are the things which count:
1—Ability to learn.
2—Initiative to take hold.
3—Desire to get ahead.
4—Preparation for greater responsibilities.

In any large business, the tendency is to become part of the system. Too many men are content merely to do their job. They fail to prepare themselves for the job ahead. It takes courage and initiative to rise above the ranks—yet, because of this very fact, the opportunities are tremendous for the man who can and will!

We try to teach Sears’ young executives that the success of the company depends upon their success. Their effort, their ideas, their contributions to company operating procedure will make Sears a better company in the years to come.

And create better jobs for the young men who “take hold.”

—Marion A. Reno

Here his ability as an executive is proved. His skill in delegating work and authority gives him “space.” He knows how to choose capable assistants—and reward them according to performance.

“Our company has a policy of promotion from within which fortunately is not just a theory,” says Reno. “It has been the basis for selecting our
top executives and six years ago placed at the head of Sears as president a man who years ago started work as an order filler. More important, it operates at the lower levels—with work heads, foremen and managers—as evidenced by the fact that 65 per cent of the employees of the Kansas City plant with fifteen years' service or more are employed in some executive capacity.

"Employees who seek advancement may study the mail-order business by mail through Sears Extension Institute, in a free home-study course available to any regular full-time or 'regular-extra' employee of Sears, Roebuck & Co., or of a wholly-owned factory or source. This plan enables employees, by using some of their spare time for study, to keep learning while still holding down a full-time job. Employee-students can go as fast or as slow as they wish with the lessons; they are strictly on their own. This helps strengthen their initiative. And, if a student fails, or drops a course, there is no black mark against him. The employee's performance is a strict secret between himself and the Extension Institute. His grade goes on his personal record only if he asks that it be entered there. Usually, successful completion of the course through an investment of time and effort by the student pays him dividends in the form of increased opportunities for a better job, with attendant raises in pay.

"SUPPLEMENTING these employee relations policies are a number of employee benefit plans which in sum total make long service attractive and worthwhile.

"The best known is, of course, the Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Fund, which is owned entirely by the employees. 1951 figures on employees' investments in the Fund are not yet available. However, at the end of our last fiscal year, January 31, 1951, the employees of the Kansas City mail order plant owned 103,000 shares of the company stock, which together with cash holdings in the Fund gives them a total investment of $6,543,000. All employees are eligible to invest in the Fund after one year's service. To the employees' dollars Sears adds a portion of each year's profits and the total is invested in the capital stock of the company. Once a year each employee receives a statement showing the amount of cash and number of shares of stock owned. Upon retirement, the employee's investment is available to him, either in company stock or in cash at the market value of his holdings.

"There are, of course, other benefits. A discount on all employee purchases is allowed. Illness allowance and a non-profit hospitalization plan provide financial help in the event of illness or accident. Group life insurance, paid in part by the company, provides low cost protection. Annual paid vacations start after one year's service and provide a maximum of four weeks for employees who have completed 25 years service.

"Culminating the employee's service, retirement at age 60 or 65 brings its reward of profit sharing, a service allowance, free group life insurance and lifetime employee discount privileges."

Reno points out that the value of
the company program of employee benefits goes farther than the building of a loyal and capable organization. "It is my sincere conviction," he says, "that a good employee creates good will for his company. If he likes his job, if he feels it pays him what he is worth and that it offers reasonable security and opportunity, it follows that he will feel a pride in and a loyalty to the firm which employs him. As executives, it is our concern that he express this pride and loyalty first at work, then at home and then among his circle of friends and acquaintances. In an effort to develop these natural interests the company conducts a continuous program to create employee understanding of what the company does and why; that our real boss is our customer; that our livelihood depends on serving customers well—that each employee has a necessary and important part; that because we do the job well we share in the benefits which accrue to a good employee.

"Also," says Reno, "I believe we must go one step further in our employee relations. We must encourage active employee participation in community activities—in those things which make our communities a better place to live. In this I feel management has a very real and very important responsibility of leading the way. Our company believes that good citizenship is an integral part of good business. As General R. E. Wood, Chairman of our Board of Directors, so aptly puts it: 'Neither we nor any other firm has a moral right to take profits out of a community which have been created by the efforts of others, and not put back some effort and some of those profits into that community.'

"We at Sears feel a duty and a responsibility as good citizens to support worthwhile civic and charitable organizations. Our stores hold active memberships in the Chambers of Commerce. The company and the employees give support in time and money to the Community Chest, the Red Cross and other civic activities. I am proud that our employees are widely represented in school, church and club activities.

"Nationally our company has recognized its responsibility to the rural communities in pioneering sponsored projects for better livestock and agriculture production. We are able to provide scholarships for deserving young men and women. Through the 4-H clubs and the Extension Services of the agricultural colleges we have been able to help in sponsoring projects which are improving poultry flocks, helping to build up better dairy breeding stock and establishing grape-growing in certain areas of the Ozark Region."

AND Marion Reno has more than an agricultural interest in the Ozarks. Years ago, the man who was then general manager of Sears' Kansas City plant, Ralph DeMotte, took young Reno with him on Reno's first fishing trip other than those, as a kid in Kansas, when he used to fish with trot-lines and throw lines. DeMotte and Reno drove down to Gravois Mills in the Ozarks to fish for bass. DeMotte showed the younger man the intricacies of bait casting; and on his
very first attempt, DeMotte landed a whopper—the only fish, as it turned out, that they caught all day!

But the urge to fish was firmly planted; and fishing has since become Reno’s principal relaxation. He and Mrs. Reno make frequent week-end fishing trips to the Lake of the Ozarks and to Norfolk Lake in Arkansas; they fish together for trout and bass; they go on vacations to the west coast for salmon; they fly to the interior lakes and streams of Canada for trout and pike; and they deep-sea-fish in the Gulf, the Atlantic and the Pacific for marlin and sailfish.

With Mrs. Reno, learning to fish was a defensive mechanism. In the Ozarks, she used to row the boat while Marion fished; she thus became an expert guide; then learned to handle rod and reel as skillfully as any man. The Renos like Guaymas, in Mexico, as well as any fishing spot. It’s a true desert resort (like Arizona’s finest, but on the seacoast)—on the pearl-rimmed shore of the Gulf of California. Sun. Dry desert air. Nerves soothed, untangled. Soft warm sea. Soft evenings. Grateful sleep. More marlin than anywhere else in the world. Lush sea life. Fifty-foot sharks. Giant rays that weigh 4,000 pounds. Mako sharks, beautiful dolphins sporting offshore, schools of Spanish mackerel, and rare and exciting rooster fish, tuna, yellow tail, giant white sea bass, albacore and bonita.

As a catalog man, Reno fishes through the entire catalog!

He likes all sports. He gave up hunting in favor of fishing and he doesn’t play much golf; but you’ll usually see him at the fights, particularly amateur boxing. He doesn’t read much at home. “I have to read too many things at the office,” he says.

Born in Scammon, Kansas, Dec. 7, 1899, Reno is one of five brothers, two of whom work for Sears. Brother James is assistant to the operating superintendent of mail order in Seattle; Brother Henry is a buyer for mail order in Memphis. The two other brothers, Harold and Maurice, operate Kansas City’s well-known Reno Construction Company.

Scammon is in the coal, lead and zinc mining region of southeastern Kansas, eight miles from Columbus—a region of man-made white mountains of “chat,” residue from the mines, topped occasionally with gaunt black hills and separated by dusty roads, railroad tracks and patches of rock and cinder-covered wasteland. Here Marion’s father Henry operated a general store and meat market, a business descended from Marion’s grandfather’s trade of selling fresh meat to the Welsh, French, Italian and Belgian miners of the area on a route he traversed by wagon.

Young Marion worked in his
father’s store; but his mother refused to let him enter the mines. A deeply religious Roman Catholic, Rose O’Malley Reno prayed that her boys would acquire an education and find a better life than that of a mining community. Marion attended high school in Columbus—walking the eight miles there and back when he didn’t have the 10-cent interurban fare. He was an “E” student, played first base on the baseball team, and on hot summer days enjoyed swimming in the strip pits with the neighborhood kids. This was in an era before the invention of swimming trunks.

At sixteen, Marion got a vacation job when the MKT Railroad was building its YMCA building at Parsons. His employer was a young engineer named H. H. Johntz, whom Reno says taught him how to use the “rule of thumb” instruments of practical engineering—and encouraged him at night to work on computations for the job. The next summer, Marion was able to work as a rodman and chainman with Johntz. Then, instead of attending engineering school, as he would have preferred to do, Marion entered Pittsburg Teachers’ College in the military training period following World War I, when college students received pay for military service in the R. O. T. C.

During vacations, he “grew up” in the MKT engineering department; and in January, 1919, left college to construct grade revisions and bridges in Oklahoma and Texas, working out of Parsons, Kansas, for five years.

His Texas travels led him to Denison, where he met, wooed and won the petite, beautiful and black-haired Gladys, daughter of George McDonald, proprietor of the Hotel Ourand. He and Gladys were married in December, 1923; went to Detroit on their honeymoon; and there he took a job building streets and sewers for a new Detroit subdivision. A brief experience later as a real estate salesman proved disappointing; and the couple returned to Texas.

RENO ON “AMERICA”

“I HAVE a sincere faith in the future of Kansas City, and the resources of our great Mid-West...in the people who live here...in the courage and initiative which characterized the growth and expansion of this vast and rich agricultural territory.

“The American Customer today enjoys a freedom found nowhere else in the world—freedom to shop where he pleases—to spend his money how, when and where he alone decides. That is what has built our great American System of Free Enterprise. It is our American Way of Life. It gives to any merchant, large or small, the right to go into business for himself, to competc with other merchants for the customer’s dollar, to prosper in the measure that he gives fair value in goods and services.

“It seems to me vitally important that we folks in America understand how valuable our American Way of Life is to us. We as individuals, as citizens, as employees, as employers, must realize that this American Way of Life is the way we live—that we are part of it, and it is a part of us. That America is me, my family, my home, my job, my business, my government. If each of us should bear our share of these responsibilities, we can continue to live and to work as we in America do.”
Then a friend of the family, James McDonald (no relation), who operated a chain of small-town banks in southeastern Kansas, introduced Reno to the late E. F. Swinney of Kansas City's First National Bank. Swinney got Marion a construction job on the building project for Sears' great plant at 15th and Cleveland. (That's the 15th Street that is now Truman Road.) When a group of Sears' Chicago executives were here to set up the Kansas City Sears organization, they were attracted to Reno; selected him for the Kansas City staff; and sent him to Chicago for six months' training in mail order methods. He has been a Sears man ever since.

The Renos have a 15-year-old son, now a student at Rockhurst College; and their daughter, Alice, is married to Jack Pieschl who is Sears' credit manager at Coffeyville, Kansas. The Pieschls have two sons—Marion's grandchildren—Jack, age 4 and Stephen, age 3.

Probably they will work for Sears one of these days, too! The Reno follow-through and follow-up!

"Bobby," asked the teacher, "in what battle did General Wolfe say 'I die happy' when he heard that the enemy was running?"

Happily and with logic, Bobby replied. "His last one."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom; youth is the season of credulity.

One of life's greatest blessings is that you are not compelled to believe everything you are compelled to listen to.

Until a man is 40 he needs to build a strong foundation. After that he usually needs a strong foundation to hold up his build.
M-G-M Stars Move to Mutual

WINTER is Wonderful on WHB! Don't step out into the cold, the best entertainment in town is as near as 710 on your Radio Dial!

Beginning the first of the year, Mutual's tie-in with Metro Goldwyn-Mayer became a listener reality, with the launching of the biggest program-sequence in the history of radio. The M-G-M people are staging ten top shows a week aired over Mutual and WHB. The average family in our area is again becoming accustomed to the sound of radio as the dishes are washed and dried in the kitchen—and Sonny hasn't asked for the car since New Year's. Nowadays, they don't even put out the kitty in Kansas City!

Bette Davis stars as a newspaper reporter in Woman of The Year at seven o'clock each Monday evening. This is the first regular radio series for the celebrated Academy Award winner. Immediately following at seven-thirty, the WHB audience hears sizzling Crime Does Not Pay, crack stories with a moral twist dramatized by a parade of screen personalities.

Tuesday evenings at seven, jeckyllish Orson Welles narrates hair-raising and authentic Scotland Yard cases in The Black Museum. You are pulled back to mirthful sanity the next half-hour with the ever popular Adventures of Dr. Kildare, starring Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres.

At seven Wednesday evenings, in the hour-long M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, sparkling music and rollicking humor are compacted into a dazzling package and dumped right into the laps of the WHB audience. These great musicals feature an All-Star Hollywood cast, with music by David Rose, his orchestra and chorus.

Thursday, at the same hour, Errol Flynn shares his valuable nocturnal time with us in The Modern Adventures of Casanova. Then hear the beloved Hardy Family during the next half-hour, with Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Fay Holden re-enacting their original movie roles.

For heart warming humor stay tuned Friday at seven for Ann Sothern and The Adventures of Masie. Next comes the slangy humor of The Damon Runyon Theater.

WHB brings you The M-G-M Theater of the Air Sunday at six. This program combines the talent of...
Hollywood’s top actors, writers and producers to give you the best in dramatic radio entertainment. The esteemed Chicago Theater of the Air follows at 8:00.

**Whodunits**

**INTRIGUE** and death stalk the air lanes each weekday evening on WHB. Mondays at 8:05, *Crime Fighters* gives you lucid insight to the mechanics and activities of our various law enforcement agencies. At 8:30 you board your train for a rendezvous with the dark-cloaked *Mysterious Traveler* and another of his yarns—calculated to unravel your nerves. Tuesday at 8:05, Mutual presents that long-time favorite, *Official Detective* with an actual criminal brought to justice. *Out of the Thunder*, based on great achievements of man since his creation, is a recent addition to the Mutual-WHB roster. Hear it at 8:05 Wednesdays. *Harvey Desmond*, Attorney unscrews the inscrutables of crime and confounds the guilty every Thursday at 8:05. The sound of the gong ushers in *The Sealed Book* whose pages yield tales of unabashed horror Friday evenings at 8:30. Radio’s musketeers of adventure, Jack, Doc and Reggie, are heard Monday through Friday at 9:00, in the *I Love A Mystery* serial.

Mutual’s famed Sunday afternoon “Mystery Block” keeps WHB listeners glued to their seats with the following programs:

- 2:00 *Peter Salem*
- 2:30 *Danger Dr. Danfield*
- 3:00 *Box 13, with Alan Ladd*
- 3:30 *Under Arrest*
- 4:00 *The Shadow*
- 4:30 *True Detective Mysteries*

**Sports**

The only difference between Larry Ray, Bill Stern and Ted Husing is that Larry is both at the same time—plus himself! Tune in the WHB Sports Director any of the following nights and you’ll visualize more Big Seven basketball than you would from your auditorium or field house seat!

- Sat., Jan. 26 *Kansas vs K-State*.
- Sat., Feb. 2 *Colorado vs K-State or Iowa St. vs Kansas*.
- Mon., Feb. 4 *Colorado vs Kansas*.
- Sat., Feb. 9 *K-State vs Missouri*.
- Mon., Feb. 11 *Kansas vs Iowa St. or Oklahoma vs Missouri*.
- Sat., Feb. 16 *Missouri vs K-State or Nebraska vs Kansas*.
- Mon., Feb. 25 *Missouri vs Kansas*.
- Sat., Mar. 1 *K-State vs Nebraska or Kansas vs Oklahoma*.
- Mon., Mar. 3 *K-State vs Iowa St. or Nebraska vs Missouri*.
- Fri., Mar. 7 *K-State vs Kansas*.
- Mon., Mar. 10 *Oklahoma vs K-State or Kansas vs Colorado*.

The March 10 game will be carried only in case the championship rides on either game. Otherwise Larry will head right into the N.A.I.B. Tournament which also begins the evening of March 10, and continues for six nights. March 21 come the N.C.A.A. Western Play-offs.

Monday through Friday at 6:15, Larry Ray talks sport for fifteen high-g geared minutes, capped by a fresh, memorable sport story. Come March, Larry will daily be scooping the world’s press from spring baseball practice in sunny Florida. For the best in sports stay put on 710, WHB and Larry Ray! —Continued page 61
General Custer and five companies rode up the valley of the Little Big Horn to their deaths. The one survivor lives today to tell about it.

by IRVING WALLACE

JACOB HORNER is one of the luckiest men on earth. He has been living on borrowed time for over seventy years—ever since the Custer Massacre.

"I'm alive today," the old sergeant said, "because I was a cavalryman without a horse."

In 1876 the United States Government ordered the Sioux Indian tribe to move from their ancient hunting grounds in Montana. The entire Sioux tribe rose under the leadership of Sitting Bull. On June 25th, General George A. Custer courageously tried to surprise Sitting Bull's warriors at Little Big Horn River, although he had a force of only 262 men with him. An historian writes, "The United States troops were wiped out to the last man."

Col. Irving "Speed" Wallace's writings have been published in over 100 different magazines including The Post, Collier's, Cosmopolitan, Liberty, American Legion, True, Argosy, Pageant and The Country Gentleman. He has three best-sellers to his credit, "Mexico-Today," "Wing of Scarlet," and "Mystery in the Tropics."
Jacob Horner was a member of the Custer outfit and barely escaped being massacred along with his comrades. He is now ninety-five years old, and exceptionally spry, spending his summers in Western North Dakota and the winter months in California. He is the only man living who served under General George A. Custer.

The hard-boiled recruiting officer looked up from his desk in the St. Louis Army recruiting office to see a mild-looking youth dressed in button shoes and fashionably tailored European clothes. Young Jacob Horner had just returned from Alsace-Lorraine, where he had been attending school.

"I want to fight Indians," Horner announced. He gestured toward a large poster depicting the adventurous life in the Army. "I want to go out West where there's some action."

The officer looked him over. "That's a man's job," he countered.

A little argument convinced the Army officer that Horner was of age and was determined to enlist. He was soon in the Army and on a steamboat heading up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling.

The cultured young man was already learning that the Army was much different from his expectations. There was nothing in those days at Fort Snelling but a cluster of log shacks. The recruits were placed in an old barn, which served as a barracks. The diet of hardtack, sowbelly and beans was primitive for a former student of Eastern and European schools.

Horner and the other recruits did not stay long at Fort Snelling. The Government was preparing an expedition which was to start out after the Sioux tribe from Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Missouri River near Bismarck, Dakota Territory. They were elated when it was learned their group was being sent to join the Seventh Cavalry at Fort Lincoln. Here they would be under the command of George Custer, one of the most colorful cavalry officers the Civil War had produced.

At that time the railroad was built only as far west as the Missouri River at Bismarck. It took Horner and the other seventy-seven replacements ten days to make the five-hundred-mile train trip from Fort Snelling at Minneapolis to the frontier town of Bismarck. They reached there May first. Fort Lincoln was across the river, and they had to go without rations until a steamboat arrived to ferry the command across. None of them had money. The replacement recruits had been in service long enough to know how to gripe—they spent their time until the boat arrived cussing the
country, Army, Indians, and especially the commissary. Horner sold a plug of Government issue chewing tobacco for enough to buy a couple of beers in a local saloon. He stretched them out as long as he could while he raided the free lunch counter.

Horner recalls that his first days at Fort Lincoln were so full of excitement over the coming campaign that he forgot his troubles.

**GENERAL CUSTER** set May 17th as the day to leave Fort Lincoln in pursuit of the Sioux Indians, who were under the leadership of Chief Gall and Crazy Horse. Chief Gall later proved to be the most fearsome of all Sioux warriors. He led the Indian horsemen in the battle which annihilated Custer. Sitting Bull was the most fanatic white man hater in the West. He was the master mind of the Sioux warriors, cunning and as sly as a prairie fox.

The Government had signed treaties with the Indians which allowed them to keep the Black Hills territory for their own hunting grounds. White men were forbidden to enter the area. Nevertheless, gold was discovered in the Black Hills and prospectors flocked in by the thousands. Soon the Sioux hunting grounds were ruined and the Indians driven out. The Indians went on the war path, and many of the military men disliked the job of going out and rounding them up. Besides the breaking of the treaty, there were other things that were equally irritating. Government supplies for the Sioux were sent to Indian agents for distribution; some agents stole the goods and sold them to trading posts up the river.

When General Custer learned of this he reported it to Washington. The scandal implicated President Grant’s Secretary of War, Mr. Belknap, who was impeached. President Grant refused to believe the charges, and never forgave General Custer. Just before the expedition left Fort Lincoln, the President took the command away from Custer and gave it to General Terry. Custer was ordered not to accompany the expedition in any capacity, but General Terry interceded for him, and he was allowed to command his own regiment, with Terry as his superior officer.

“I’ll never forget our departure,” Horner said. “It was a colorful sight as our command moved out of the Fort on that bright May morning in 1876. Our heavy wagon trains made a column more than two miles long. I remember how proud General Custer was when he took his place and rode at the head of our Seventh Cavalry with its beautifully matched companies of grays and browns. He looked every inch the great leader he was.”

“Do you remember Mrs. Custer?” I asked.

The old Indian fighter’s eyes beamed. “Indeed, I do. She was both charming and beautiful. She accompanied us on that first day, and returned to the Fort that evening in the company of the paymaster—never to see her husband alive again.”

“I guess there wouldn’t be much use of a paymaster going along on such an expedition,” I joked.
Mr. Horner cocked his Western hat over his right eye and smiled. "You know," he said, "soldiers were pretty much the same as they are now. General Custer was an old campaigner and knew all the answers. He had the paymaster ride out and give us our pay on the prairie—far from the saloons and gambling halls that infested the frontier town of Bismarck." The old soldier's voice lowered, "It might have been better if the boys could have had one last party, for most of them never came back, and the Indians rifled their pockets after the massacre."

The Custer cavalryman said he would never forget how sore his feet got on that fatal 325 mile trek across the plains of Dakota and Montana.

"I thought cavalrymen rode horses," I said.

"They do," he answered. "But this was one time I was the exception. When we were shipped in as replacements, mounts were ordered for us. Somehow, the Army supply service slipped up and there were not enough horses for all of us, and I was among that group.

"Custer wanted to take as many men as possible and we wanted to accompany him, so we cavalrymen—without horses—walked like the infantry, but in clumsy cavalry boots that weighed six or seven pounds apiece. We were expected to walk ahead and throw the rocks out of the way so the horses could find footing. Night after night we would come straggling into camp hours after the rest, so footsore we didn't care whether we lived or not. Our scouts warned us constantly of the danger of lagging behind. We would have been easy pickings for the Sioux. Their favorite trick was to skulk closely behind an expedition and kill off the stragglers.

"CAMPAIGNING in those days was no picnic," Mr. Horner continued. "We didn't have an Engineer Corps to go ahead and lay out roads and bridges. When we came to a river, we all pitched in and cut down cottonwood trees until we had a bridge that could carry the weight of our heavy wagons. I still remember how General Custer waded out to his belly in the Heart River to show us recruits how to build a bridge. When I see our well equipped soldiers now, with their jeeps that whisk them along at sixty miles an hour, I can't help thinking how they'd have laughed at us. In all the five years I spent out in the frontier country fighting the Indians, I never saw a pillow. On one campaign, lasting eight months, I didn't see a vegetable."

The expedition from Fort Lincoln was to meet General Crook and his men coming from the south, at Powder River. Neither General Crook nor his scouts showed up. Later—but too late—it was learned why. He had already met the Sioux in such force that he was thrown back in disorder.

The other generals completed their plans: Custer was to take his men southwest toward the source of the Little Big Horn River and then follow the stream north; Terry and Gibbon were to go to the mouth of the river and follow it southward. They expected to meet in the Little Big Horn
Valley on June 27th and trap the Sioux. On June 25th General Custer met the horde of Sioux warriors and found he was greatly outnumbered.

Everybody today knows the history of what happened at Little Big Horn. General Custer and his entire command of five companies were wiped out to the last man. Major Reno and the remainder of the Seventh suffered heavily and were barely able to hold off the charge of the Sioux redskins until Terry and Gibbon arrived two days later to rescue them.

“How did you escape?” I asked.

“By the time the walking cavalrymen reached Powder River,” Mr. Horner answered, “we were unfit to accompany our outfits any farther on foot. It was decided to leave us to guard the newly established base camp on Powder River while Custer, Terry and Gibbon continued on toward the Little Big Horn. There were several lame mules left with us. When the boys pulled out, we were the laughing stock of the whole outfit. They called us the Jackass Battery. We didn’t mind, because even a mule looked good to us after our long trek over the prairie.”

“You surely were a lucky man,” I said.

“Luck does play an important role in one’s life,” the old veteran said. “Just before our outfit pulled away from Powder River, my buddy, Charlie Schmidt, and I learned about there being one horse available. Both of us wanted desperately to go along. We matched coins for the horse. Charlie won. I was left behind in charge of the mules while he rode away with Custer. I never saw him again.”

**WANTED:**

A man for hard work and rapid promotion; a man who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and three assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be the first out of the office at night.

A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to and asks only enough questions to insure the accurate carrying out of instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having to work.

A man who is neat in appearance.

A man who does not sulk for an hour’s overtime in emergencies.

A man who is cheerful, courteous to everyone, and determined to make good.

This man is wanted everywhere. Age or lack of experience does not count. There isn’t any limit except his own ambition, to the number or size of the jobs he can get. He is wanted in every business.

—*Industrial Management Bulletin*.
Why do we have so little time? Were does it go? Why isn't 24 hours enough? Here are some suggestions about how to gain more leisure.

by JOHN ISE

EVERY Thursday I have to write a check for the laundryman. Two or three days later Thursday comes around again and I have to write another check; and I am always puzzled as to what has happened to the other days that are supposed to be in the weekly calendar. I seem to have slept over most of them. These weeks are my life, for life is made up of weeks; and I seem to find little in them—except my classes, which are a great joy—that I can remember as worth-while or significant. This adds up to the conclusion that, aside from my classes, my life is pretty dull, meaningless, for the most part, and that some day I will find that I have used up my allotment of time and won't be able to figure out what I have got out of it.

The years slip by in the same way. A year looks like a lot of days, a stretch of time long enough to get some real kick out of life, and perhaps do something worth while. Yet I find that I just about finish dismantling the Christmas tree when I have to go poking around in the closets to find the decorations again. How many years can pass in a little while, pass almost unnoticed and unsung!

A few years ago I had two little boys, dear little boys. (The neighbors called them onery brats; but the neighbors didn't understand them.) I enjoyed my little boys more than most men do, I believe, because I had a presentiment that they would grow up and be gone some day—some day far in the future. Twenty years ought to be a long time, a time
full of good fun with the boys. But I awoke a year or so later to find the boys grown up, graduated, gone out into the big world, to repeat the mistakes I had made.

Twenty years! What had I done with them? What did I get out of them? They went so fast that I had time only to blink at each one, no time to sample the golden hours as they passed. No time for anything but work and trivialities; that seems to be my trouble, and it is a common complaint of busy men, those who can sit still long enough to think enough to complain.

Why have we so little time? Where does it go? Or, rather, why isn't 24 hours enough? I never had more than that, but I can remember when I had time—long Sunday afternoons when I could read books, undisturbed, and with no feeling that there were a dozen other things I should be doing; evenings that seemed like whole evenings, to play the piano or sing or read, or in winter study my lessons. It was an unhurried life we led, more than a generation ago. We had only a few good friends, and when we visited them we stayed much of the day—a leisurely day that did not fly past like a tumble weed in an April wind.

When we came from Downs to Lawrence to college we did not expect to make the trip in four hours; but rode the slow Central Branch, changed trains a time or two, making connections if we were lucky; if not, lounging around the depot for some hours or perhaps all night. I remember well the evening my sister and I missed connections at Beloit, and sat out be-

hind the depot most of the night, reciting poetry and talking of our plans and ambitions, and theories of the good life. It was full moon, and there was a mist on the field of ripening wheat across the fence, and the frogs were croaking from the creek nearby. Sister has been gone these many years, but I can close my eyes and see that lovely, peaceful scene as if I had been there only yesterday. An interruption of our journey, at which I no doubt cursed with vigor, had enriched my life with an unforgetable experience. It was an enforced leisure, but how rich and enduring!

SOME classes of people probably have more leisure than they used to have. The vast productivity of modern industry has made it possible to reduce the work day of laborers, and they doubtless have more leisure. In the home, the washing and ironing machines, dishwashers, dis-
posals, electric toasters, mixers, per-
colators, sweepers, waxes—a score of
machines of various kinds—have pro-
vided leisure for the housewife, no
doubt; and if we could just invent a
machine for raising the children, she
would have more freedom than the
constitution guarantees. But even the
housewife may and sometimes does
take up bridge or culture and uplift
clubs until she has no time. Most of
the housewives I see complain that
they have only one pair of hands and
so can’t get their necessary work
done. In dreams I sometimes see that
one pair of hands, scarred and rough-
ened from its myriad tasks, one of
which may be shuffling the deck.

It is, I think, the middle and upper
classes, business and professional men,
who find the stress of life growing.
The machines have brought them no
free time, no leisure. The automobile
could be used to cut down our time
needed to go places, and so provide
more leisure; but it appears merely
to make us think of more places to
go. Measured in miles, or in the speed
with which we cover them, we live
a rich life; measured in significant
things done, we verge on pauperism.

On fine spring or fall days, for in-
stance, we start out on a round of
calling, with a suit case full of calling
cards, and two hours later return
home to find an equal number of
cards piled up around the front door.
A philosopher friend of mine says
that his hardest problem is to avoid
most of the social contacts that mod-
ern transportation and communica-
tion make possible.

So the machines haven’t provided
leisure. On the contrary they produce
so much of so many things that we
feel impelled to hurry to get the
money to buy and the time to enjoy
as much as possible. There are too
many things that we can do, too many
things to want, too many kinds of
entertainment, too many ways of
spending time; but why should this
not be the happiest situation imagin-
able? Too many things, too many
ways of enjoying ourselves, that’s an
odd complaint to make. The trouble
is that so many of the goods are
shoddy, so much of the entertainment
we should be ashamed of. Over the
doors to the Twentieth Century should
be inscribed in flaming letters: “Too
Much And Too Poor.”

So great is the pressure to take in
as many sorts of entertainment as
possible that we often try to enjoy
several at the same time. So, at break-
fast, I turn on the radio to get the
news, read the newspaper, eat what
I assume is my breakfast, and rub the
dog with my foot, under the table,
on the theory that the dog must be
entertained too, perhaps also carrying
on a desultory conversation with my
wife, who is reading the Ladies Home
Journal and pedaling the other side
of the dog. So we have to listen to
the car radio while driving, talk or
read or do both while listening to
the radio concert, and, on the other
side, perhaps try to figure out
whether we can afford a new rug.

Professor of Economics at the University of Kansas and author of a standard text
on the subject published by Harper’s, John Ise isn’t always as pessimistic as this article
would have you believe. Statistics show that he has his tongue in his cheek a good per-
centage of the time, particularly when writing or making speeches.
I seldom go to the movies, but last week a certain famous movie was being shown in Lawrence, second showing, and my wife and I argued and cudgelled our brains trying to remember whether we had seen it or not. We never did decide. If we had seen it, it must have made a very strong impression! Try remembering the titles and plots of a score of movies, and you will realize what a dent they make on your consciousness. Too many movies, even if they were good, and there's no way of making so many movies good. So I commonly hear, "No, I don't care about seeing that. I'm pretty sure I saw it once."

When Macbeth comes to the city, do we say, "Oh, no, I saw that once?" Yet I think we would if Shakespeare had promoted a drama corporation and had turned out 20,000 plays in 20 years. When I hear Brahms's First Symphony I really do not turn the radio off, saying, "I've heard that before," because Brahms wrote only four symphonies, all supremely good, and not a thousand, all supremely bad. "Too much and too poor" describes too much of our cultural and recreational provender, but the stuff takes our precious time. Indulging in it, the people remind me of cattle eating straw in a hard winter, working full time, but losing weight steadily.

The emulative spirit is of course a destroyer of leisure. We must keep up with the Jones's; and here they are, flaunting their new cars and fur coats and nylons before us, cheapening everything we have, sowing in our hearts the seeds of envy and malice where Christian brotherhood ought to reign. Modern cars, radios, movies and advertising make us more conscious of what they have.

I wish the Jones's would move to New Caledonia or Borneo, for they are a worse nuisance than the Kallikaks, worse even than the bureaucrats—or do I go too far? The Jones's have destroyed more wealth than all the tornadoes, cyclones, floods, Japanese beetles and grasshoppers in America, have caused more unhappiness than love, divorce, influenza and communism. We see this numerous, ubiquitous outfit wherever we go, and they always make us unhappy, and force us to work when we don't want to. Why doesn't the F. B. I. rid us of this family, so that we won't need to keep up with anyone?

According to capitalist standards of morality, leisure is a sin anyhow. We must succeed, and we don't succeed by enjoying leisure. I can imagine a typical ambitious father saying goodbye to his son who after graduation is going out to seek his fortune. "My dear son, you are on your own now, but I hope you will hold fast to the traditions of your father. Remember that life is real, life is earnest, and success is its goal. Don't ever do anything merely because you want to, for that won't lead you anywhere. It is true that you might enjoy it, but forget about that."

"If you are to succeed you must do mostly hard work, the things that you don't want to do; and if you do such things for fifty years you may be a very famous man, perhaps a millionaire or a congressman or a diplomat or a writer of books; or at any rate you may pile up enough of
a fortune to endow your widow for her second husband, after heart disease has taken you off, and you have become the richest man in the cemetery. Life is for work, and not vice versa. Early to bed and early to rise, as Benjamin Franklin said; and they’re good for you, my son, because you don’t like either one. At any rate I hope, my dear boy, that you’ll be a success, whether you enjoy your life or not.”

Many years ago my first boy started to school, and as I saw him trudging away down the street, turning to wave at us, I thought sadly: “He’s stepping into the tread mill, poor boy, and he’ll never get out of it until the glass wagon carries him off.”

THE American habit of joining organizations must bear a major share of the responsibility for our busyness; our lack of leisure. Organization often seems necessary, indeed, to accomplish certain ends. We seem to have to have a separate organization for the protection of share croppers, racial minorities, children, wild life, Redwood trees — about everything. But most of our organizations have no purpose but to “get together” and waste time.

Well, what can we do about it? Is there any way of simplifying life to a point where we can have a little time? In a profit-motivated society, we can hardly expect a shift from quantity to quality in the flood of goods, newspapers, magazines, music, drama and books. Profit must be served; and there is profit in the shoddy stuff. The best we can do is to pick and choose, on the theory that it takes less time to choose the little really good than try to digest the entire output. I can’t brag about my success, but I am making progress. Of course I usually buy little, and that the best I can afford.

In the newspapers I have narrowed my interests to the significant national and international news. I have managed to cut my magazine list somewhat; but I still receive some 20 publications, and a few of them will have to go.

Books are one of my hardest problems. I have been buying the books that I should read, then putting them up on the shelves to be read in a future which never came. There on my shelves they stand, glaring at me reproachfully, reminding me that I shall have no leisure until they are read. I often wonder if a fire wouldn’t afford me a better conscience and

"Uh, Tommy, do you want some cake? Candy? Ice cream?—Martha, he’s ready."
more leisure. As to new books, I find that I can save time by going through the book catalogues and marking the books that I want, then throwing the catalogues in the waste basket.

There are a few ways of utilizing time that would otherwise be wasted. At the family dinner table, a really good book, read aloud to the family, will raise the tone of the dinner; but it is difficult to manage with a full mouth. I have read some Shakespeare, and a lot of Mark Twain in this way, discussing them with the family. A book would not need to be very good to run somewhat above the ordinary dinner table patter.

And I am no longer a joiner. I want to do what I want to, when I want to. I think we must be individualists, stubborn individualists, if we are to have any time. We must learn to enjoy being thought a bit crazy, perhaps even somewhat impolite. For instance, it has become a fashion to send out Christmas cards to all our relatives, friends, acquaintances, and some strangers in various parts of the world from Siberia to Guadalcanal. In my timid youth I fell in with the fashion, until I had to fix up a card index to keep track of my friends et cetera, and was on the point of engaging a secretary to manage the business.

Then a great light fell upon me, and I sent a notice to several hundred thousand people that I was their very dear friend, loved them and would treasure their love and friendship till purgatory froze over or until further notice; that in the meantime they please put my name down as a friend and think of me at Christmas time or as soon thereafter as convenient and practicable, as I would also vice versa and reciprocally; but I would not spend two weeks before the birthday of the Prince of Peace getting out enough Woolworth cards to give the mailman arthritis for his Christmas. Oh, I do care for my friends, and I reply to all such cards if I can, but not in Christmas vacation, and I don't just send the printed lines about the joys of the non-existent peace; but tell them how I am, and my wife, and the boys and the dog —something intimate and confidential. Similarly I long ago dropped the custom of giving anyone but the children presents. If it's the custom, I'm against it, particularly since by being so I can save money and time.

I have discovered, finally, that to a considerable extent we must choose between leisure and personal importance. I had much more leisure when I held a less important job than the one I now hold — there is a less important job than that of professor. As assistant professor, I let the deans make the speeches, and let the older professors serve on the committees to guard student morals. I had no car, belonged to no clubs, owned no radio, of course, had few responsibilities of any kind, and could often take a long, leisurely walk on Sundays, or could read books that I wanted to read.

Like most men, I find that as I grow older I take on some new functions and new responsibilities; but I am learning to choose. And I'm learning that most of what I do is of little importance. I'm making progress, and perhaps I may solve my problem. If
I can't do it in some way, I suspect that heart disease and hardened arteries and high blood pressure will do it for me.

(Continued from page 49)

Sandra Lea

Sandra Lea, WHB's home making authority, has a new name and a new format for her mid-morning program. Sandra Lea Chats is the new title, and each day at 9:30 a.m., Sandra gives charmingly feminine treatment to a different subject. Mondays, Sandra offers taste-tested recipes and other cooking and kitchen hints. Tuesday is fashion morning, with interviews with leading figures of the fashion field. Wednesday, Sandra takes up child care, giving sound and interesting information on this modern science. Thursday, Sandra goes into home decorating, interviewing leading area decorators, and giving valuable pointers on home beautifying. Friday is club day, and Sandra suggests ideas for club programs; interviews club leaders, and reads club notes.

Western Music

WHB runs the chuck wagon when it comes to western flavor! A solid breakfast consists of WHB's own Cowtown Wranglers, who open the day for thousands of folks with their 6:45 a.m. show. Then Hoby, Harold and Jimmy team up with WHB's perennial favorite, Don Sullivan, to make the real meat and potatoes of Kansas City's noon hour radio fare. Another generous helping is the recently acquired Haden Family, who can get everything out of a guitar but milk, and do, every weekday at 1:30. Dessert, Western style, is the Cowtown Jubilee each Saturday evening from the stage of Ivanhoe Temple. The WHB regulars are billed with popular guest stars and especially talented amateurs for forty-five minutes of smash, fast-moving old-time hoedown! Saturday mornings, there's the 10:00 to 11:45 "Cowtown Carnival", on which Don Sullivan is heard as a Western music disc jockey.

The News

For news still burning from the AP wire, the telephone and the local constabulary, not to mention on-the-spot coverage, WHB remains unexcelled. Excluding news of bulletin importance, there are more than twenty periods a day devoted to news broadcasts, commentary or analysis. Beginning with the 6:00 a.m. news and weather forecasts, popular WHB news periods are:

- 6:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 7:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
- 8:05 a.m. Weather Man
- 10:25 a.m. Les Nichols
- 11:15 a.m. Baukhage Talking
- 12:00 noon Dick Smith
- 1:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 1:25 p.m. Sam Hayes
- 3:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 4:00 p.m. Dick Smith
- 4:45 p.m. Dick Smith (news and sports)
- 5:55 p.m. Cecil Brown
- 6:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr.
6:15 p.m. Larry Ray (sports)
6:30 p.m. Gabriel Heatter
6:45 p.m. Roch Ulmer, The Weather and You
6:50 p.m. Dick Smith, Good News
8:00 p.m. Bill Henry
9:15 p.m. John Thornberry
9:30 p.m. Frank Edwards
9:45 p.m. Mutual Newsreel
10:15 p.m. Weather Forecast
10:55 p.m. Mutual Reports the News

11:00 is the bewitching hour on WHB. For a cozy quarter hour it's an intimate chat between Bea Jay and you, her boy,couched in sentimental music. From 11:15 p.m. until sign-off time at 1:00 a.m., comes Roch Ulmer Show. Roch spins all the popular discs, interesting novelty songs, and new music predicted to make the hit parade. Roch welds the show together with quick wit and spontaneous phrasemaking . . . in any one of his many dialects.

1952 has opened a bright new vista for the WHB audience. The program schedule glitters with the names of showdom's great, and WHB's own talented performers. There's a roster of shows to keep the whole family home listening, as we Swing into Spring on 710.

The county agricultural agent dropped in to see old Moss Smith. The old hill-billy came out of his cabin and said, "howdy."

"Howdy, Moss," replied the agent. "Seems to me the Russian thistles are bothering you a lot in your grain field."

"Them thorny things ain't botherin' me near as much this year as they did last," Moss replied.

"No?" said the agent, incredulously.

"Nope," Moss said. "I got me some shoes to wear this year."

**CURRENT EVENING**

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<th>TIME</th>
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<td>M-G-M Theater</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>M-G-M Theater</td>
<td>Larry Roy, Sports</td>
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<td>Good News, Dick Smith</td>
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<td>News, Robert Heatter</td>
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<td>Womom of the Year</td>
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<td>This Is Free Europe</td>
<td>Crime Does Not Pay</td>
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<td>The Enchanted Hour</td>
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<td>Chicago Theater of Air</td>
<td>News, Bill Hank</td>
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<td>John J. Anthony</td>
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<td>John J. Anthony</td>
<td>News, John Thornberry</td>
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<td>News, Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>Mutual Reports News</td>
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<td>The Jack Loyton Show</td>
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"Here," announced the engineer, displaying the latest novelty dreamed up by his staff, "we have combined: an inkwell, a small clock, a pencil sharpener, a memo pad, an interest table and a calendar. On top is a miniature elephant with a cask on his back for holding postage stamps, matches and buttons, while on top of the cask is a pin cushion. Don't you think that's a dandy combination?"

The prospective manufacturer stared at the weird contraption, a frown on his brow. "There's something lacking," he finally announced. Then he smiled: "I know what it needs! From somewhere should come music."

Never borrow from a friend what you can buy from a stranger.
The young matron listened attentively while her doctor prescribed a remedy for her nervous condition. "Madame," he said, "you require frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, also you should dress in warm clothes."

That evening she told her husband all about it: "The doctor says I'm in a highly distraught condition and that it is essential for me to go to Palm Beach, then to a dude ranch out West, and buy myself an ermine wrap."

Men who are familiar with mules know too much to be familiar with them.

During a rehearsal of Beethoven’s Wellington’s Victory, the orchestra brass and drum sections were divided into groups representing French and English armies, for the purpose of creating battle effects. After the French Army drummer constantly miscounted his "booms" and added a few at the end of the number, conductor Monteux shouted at him:

"You have lost your measure. Besides you cannot change history. You know England must win!"
# Current Programs on

## Morning

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<th>Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
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<td>News, F. Van Deventer Magic of Believing Operation Drama Serenade In Blue</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers Cowtown Wranglers</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
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<td>Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler Top Tunes with Trendler</td>
<td>Missouri &amp; Kansas News Eddy Arnold Show Don Sullivan</td>
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<td>Box 13, Alan Ladd</td>
<td>News, Sam Hayes The Haden Family</td>
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<td>Bobby Benson</td>
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Notes:
- **Silent** indicates a silent program.
- Programs in **red** are special features.
- Programs in **blue** are sponsored by local businesses.
- **Town & Country Time** indicate programs that are broadcasted locally.
- **Weather Forecast** provides hourly weather updates.
- **Fruit & Veg. Report** includes fresh produce news.
- **Musical Clock** features hourly musical performances.
- **Serenade** includes musical performances.
- **Boogie Woogie Cowboys** feature country music.
- **Magic of Believing** includes a special religious segment.
- **Operation Drama** includes children's dramas.
- **Serenade In Blue** features classical music.
- **News, F. Van Deventer** includes a local news segment.
- **Top Tunes with Trendler** includes popular music.
- **News, Sam Hayes** includes a local news segment.
- **The Haden Family** includes a local music segment.
- **Boogie Woogie Cowboys** includes country music.
- **Magic of Believing** includes a religious segment.
- **Operation Drama** includes a children's program.
- **Serenade In Blue** includes classical music.
- **News, F. Van Deventer** includes a local news segment.
- **Top Tunes with Trendler** includes popular music.
- **News, Sam Hayes** includes a local news segment.
- **The Haden Family** includes a local music segment.
- **Boogie Woogie Cowboys** includes country music.
## MORNING

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Is Everybody Happy?

Our word Happiness comes from an old word Hap which meant chance or luck. From the first sense of the word come such present day forms as happen—to occur by chance—and perhaps—through or by chance. The luck sense of hap had a connotation of good luck. Thus a man who had hap—or was hap(py)—enjoyed good luck in health, economic prosperity, or both. By the same token, a man who had no hap—or was hap(less)—was chronically unlucky and without fortune.

Today, and, in fact, for as long as a man's destiny has been in his own hands, we have stopped thinking of happiness in terms of luck. Happiness now is a quality which every man has a right to go out and find for himself, with luck only an incidental factor.

There are two schools of thought on the search for happiness, and accordingly, two definitions for the word in modern usage. First is the tenet that happiness is material success, that the search for happiness has gone as far as it can when wealth, health and family have been joined together in the same person. Extremists of this school maintain that happiness comes only when a person has everything he wants. These things are what luck brought in the archaic hap.

Second is the now prevalent belief that happiness is peace of mind. Thus, a man disease-ridden and lying in the street is happy if he is content to be in that condition. One who has no hap at all, then, is happy if his mind is at ease.

The chief difference between the two meanings seems to be that one deals with the physical conditions that logically should inspire a certain state of mind, while the other is concerned only with the state of mind wherever it is found.

It is a relief to know, however, that a man can be happy by having done a good piece of work; by looking forward to future pleasures; by walking abroad on a sunny spring morning, or merely by feeling nothing much at all. This allows most of us to be happy every day of our lives, and spares us the unhappiness of trying to be happy.


Happiness sometimes sneaks in through a door you didn't know you'd left open.

In our youth sin was a word describing something which nowadays is termed experience.

The thinnest thing in the world is flattery, yet it is the hardest to see through.

Gold is tested by fire; man by gold.

You can never trust the innocence of a woman. She asks a question like a child, straining ears for information; and behind the uplifted eyebrows lies knowledge greater than your own.

Goodness is more important than knowledge. A clever man may devastate the whole world; only good men can save it.

Truth, like iodine, helps when it hurts.

At the right: June Haver, pert and lovely star of motion pictures, is one lass who isn’t putting her faith in Cupid. With her own bow-string drawn, she typifies the true spirit of Valentine's Day, this Leap Year, 1952.
M-G-M Stars Move to Mutual

...and to WHB

Reading clockwise from the upper left are: BETTE DAVIS in Woman of the Year, Mondays at 7:00 p.m.; CHARLES LAUGHTON in M-G-M Theater of the Air, Sundays at 6:00 p.m.; MIMI BENZELL in M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.; ORSON WELLES in The Black Museum, Tuesdays at 7:00 p.m.; FAY HOLDEN, MICKEY ROONEY and LEWIS STONE in The Hardy Family, Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.; KATHRYN GRAYSON in M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air.
Hard Cash Counts

MONEY may or may not be everything—depending on how you look at it. But almost anything can serve as money if it's hard enough to obtain.

Wampum, strings of colored corn, was the Indian cash when white men first met him. Redmen of the Pacific Northwest of 100 years ago used the scalps of red headed woodpeckers for currency. There was good reason. A scarce item was needed, and shooting a woodpecker with bow and arrow wasn't easy. As the Indians saw it, the scalps would never become commonplace, and a man's wealth would depend on his skill.

But when the white men arrived with firearms, it became a comparatively easy task to go out and lie in wait for the little birds to settle in trees, then shoot them down. The Indian who learned to use a gun came home with his belt full of money. Wise heads in Indian councils saw the evil in this situation, and outlawed the currency before the woodpeckers were all killed.

In West Africa, natives still use elephant tail money. A good tail will buy two slaves on the open market. A bristle pulled from an elephant tail makes acceptable small change, being worth about three American pennies.

In like manner, rhinoceros horns, tiger tusks, claws of rare birds all serve as money in various parts of the world.

The largest chunk of cash on record is a 1,000 pound stone “donut” on the Island of Yap in the far Pacific. At current prices, it will buy one wife, one canoe, and 10,000 coconuts. This coin isn't for anybody's purse. It is twelve feet across, and although difficult to move, it does get around—serving its purpose well.

Of course, after its bartering days, America had many types of legal tender. The most unique was the currency designed for Tubac, Arizona, in the 1860's. Etchings of barnyard animals designated the worth of each bill.

A pig was "one bit," or 12½ cents. A calf was "two bits," or 25 cents. Fifty cents was represented by a rooster, and a horse meant a dollar. Big money was the five dollar bull.

Because few of the settlers could read, picture money was used to avoid confusion and swindling.

The Tubac paper money, now reposing in the safes of the treasury department, marked the only time the United States government has deviated from its policy of portraying presidents on its folding currency.

—Barney Schwartz

THE AMERICAN CAR

It's a vehicle which the average man pampers far more than he does his family . . . When it's new, its proud owner shoos away butterflies lest they trample the paintwork . . . But when it's old, the blast of a flame-thrower would just slightly annoy him . . . It's usually two inches longer than old-style garages . . . When the weatherman sees it being washed, he confidently predicts "Heavy Showers" . . . Most Americans can drive it—and some who can't, try . . . For although it's now almost fool-proof, it's not yet fool-driver proof . . . There are now about 44 million of them in use . . . And they all seem to be on the street when you start to work in the morning . . . New seat covers improve its appearance immensely—but they do make your own clothes look so worn out . . . Mechanics say the most common fault of motorists is "riding" the clutch—but some husbands complain their wives "ride" the driver too much . . . A last thought: those who reach 80 on the speedometer aren't too likely to reach that age.

—Roscoe Poland

Prices are rising so fast that a dollar saved is 50 cents lost.
KUWAIT is a country that literally has too much money. Its government is positively embarrassed with revenues which flood its treasury. There is no poverty; and the country's rulers, practically at their wits' end to discover bona fide public projects that could be financed out of government funds, recently sent a delegation to the United States to seek new ways of making the people happier.

This strange mission was headed by Ezzat Gaafar, who has the title of Bey. He is aide-de-camp to Shiek Ahmed Ibn Jabira Subah, Kuwait's ruler. Arriving in America, the delegation took a quick look around New York, then headed for Hollywood in the hope of picking up some new ideas on ways to spend money—evidently impressed with the stories of fabulous financial dealings in the cinema capital.

The Cinderella-like rise of Kuwait from rags to fantastic riches since the war is the result of the country's single product—oil! Situated on the northwestern shore of the Persian Gulf, the midget nation adjoins Saudi Arabia, largest of the Arabian peninsula states. It is a sheikdom of about 250,000 persons and has but one city of considerable size. Al Kuwait, the capital, boasts a population of 150,000. Saudi Arabia, also a country of many oil fields, has a population of more than 4,000,000.

American oil companies, chiefly a group of California and Oklahoma firms formed into an amalgamation called the American Independent Oil Company, is developing the oil resources of Kuwait. The tiny sheikdom has proven oil reserves of 11,000,000,000 barrels. One field, recently opened, is now running 150,000 barrels of black gold a day—from only 18 wells.

Gaafar Bey, a polished gentleman who speaks perfect English with only a slight accent, created a stir in Hollywood. Strikingly handsome in his native Arabian dress and wearing a short pointed beard and mustache, he attracted several film offers from producers who offered sizeable sums if he would consent to turn actor. The Bey graciously refused. He pointed out that it was his mission to find ways to spend money, not to acquire more. "We are all rich in Kuwait, and happy, too," he said. "I am here to learn how to use our wealth to make our people even happier."

Free hospitals and clinics have been established all over Kuwait. With no taxes the people are free to make money for themselves and they even receive dividends from the government for the oil concessions. Pious Moslems, they have formed the habit of going oftener than the traditional once-in-a-lifetime journey to Mecca, across the desert to the south. In fact, most of them are so well off that they can make the trek in style whenever they wish. Diversions at home, too, are enticing. There are oases and beautiful women which, unlike wine, are not forbidden to the faithful.

A very few years ago, however, Kuwait was a moth-eaten, poverty-stricken little sheikdom in debt to its more prosperous neighbors and with small prospects of ever paying off its obligations. In prewar Kuwait a citizen who owned a couple of camels and a few mangy goats was considered a rich man. Now the jeep has replaced the camel and railroads will soon criss-cross the desert. Passenger cars are being imported and the need for real highways across the wasteland is becoming imperative.

Like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait has no forests nor rivers. Its greatest handicap is lack of water. The government is keenly aware to the need of a better water supply and keeps crews constantly at work searching for the precious fluid. "Every time we drill for water," complains Gaafar Bey, "we strike oil!"

Plans are now being considered which may ultimately alleviate this critical situation. It has been suggested that a fleet of tankers be purchased and put into service to bring water to Kuwait and the government is eyeing the practicability of such a project, an expensive one even for a rich little nation.

"Wouldn't it be ironic," Gaafar Bey muses, "if we had to spend the wealth we are being showered with from oil discoveries—just to bring in water so that we may live?"

—Douglas Nelson Rhodes
The CREAM of CROSBY

With the keen blade of wit, but modestly withal, John Crosby first pierces then lifts the veil of enchantment surrounding television, then with taste and discernment proceeds to prune the great industry, until we wonder will anything but the skeleton remain!

by JOHN CROSBY

Year End Report

1952 is with us. In retrospect, let’s examine 1951. I have during the year jotted down on the head of a pin a few of the more profound happenings of the year, a disconnected diary. Let’s see now. I suppose the most important of these jottings came from “Variety” which lamented that television had run through material in eighteen months that it took radio twenty-five years to exhaust and asked: “Where do we go from here?”

There were signs of an approaching shortage of marimba players, indicating that Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts and Horace Heidt might have a hard time finding winners next year and might have to settle for losers. In Detroit a husband charged that television had ruined his marriage. Said his wife stayed up so late looking at it she wouldn’t get out of bed in the morning and cook his breakfast. She wasn’t alone, either. A survey indicated that many, many people who used to be in bed by 11 were staying up till all hours with their TV sets, a deplorable trend.

There were some grievous losses. Sam Levenson, a fine gentle humorist, disappeared from TV though he’s still on the CBS payroll and will be back eventually. So did Jack Haley, Dave Garroway’s evening show and the Goldbergs. “Kukla, Fran and Ollie” were cut to fifteen minutes, causing sincere mourning from the Atlantic to the Pacific. “Mr. I. Magination,” one of the best of the children’s shows, was cancelled, breaking the hearts of thousands of small fry.

There were some pretty fine things, too. Toward the end of the year, Edward R. Murrow unveiled “See It Now,” conceivably the most literate and intelligent and moving news show ever to come along on television; earlier he had given us another fine radio show of the same ilk called “Hear It Now.” Both shows were greeted with enthusiasm by all critics. Lilli Palmer, a beautiful vixen with pointed

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eyes, inspired the most exclamatory prose of the year and possibly the least objective criticism for her intelligence and charm.

Faye Emerson, the pioneer in the female her “Wonderful Town” show which endeavored to be informative, entertaining and pretty to look at and, surprisingly enough, was all three. 1951 was a year in which formula took an increasingly harder grip on a formula-ridden industry and Miss Emerson’s break from formula which had served her well was one of the conspicuous examples of courage of the year. Another man to defy formula and try something new was Ed Sullivan who on “Toast of the Town” did some fine biographies on Oscar Hammerstein and Robert E. Sherwood.

1951 will go down in history as the year Margaret Truman made her debut as a comedienne and a pretty darned good one on Jimmy Durante’s show; as the year in which the world’s first underwater interview with an underwater stripteaser was conducted by a disk jockey (or anyone else): as the year a girl took the first televised bubble bath (on the Vaughn Monroe show). More serious students may pinpoint 1951 as the year television may have started to price itself out of existence. Mohawk Carpets, one of the first TV sponsors, quit, declaring TV had got too rich for its blood. J. H. S. Ellis, president of the Kudner agency, warned that television was getting out of hand, pointing out that the Milton Berle show had risen in cost from $10,000 to $100,000 an hour.

The older comedians began to sound a little frayed and worn out and it looked as if NBC was beginning to scrape the bottom of the barrel. Among the new comedians, Herb Shriner, after a brilliant interval as a substitute for Arthur Godfrey, found his own show and formula which was stolen substantially from “Our Town.” Steve Allen came out of the West and looked like a very promising addition to the field. Garry Moore set a high standard for afternoon television. Bob Hope set a new low for evening television.

Television embraced Kate Smith (or Kate Smith embraced television, take your choice) and millions of housewives wept with joy. Frank Sinatra, who got the press on his neck for his eccentricities, was thrust by CBS up against Milton Berle and knocked off just enough audience to drop Berle into second on the rating list, an historic occurrence.

CBS color became the law of the land but NBC color won the approval of most critics, largely because of its compatibility. Color seemed years away anyway after the government closed it up to conserve production facilities for defense needs. “The Big Show” went to London and Paris and laid an egg, and Talullah went to court where she did everything but.

Quite a year, 1951.

1951, to resume this ominous reckoning, was a year in which television fell increasingly under the grip of formula. Panel shows sprouted like mushrooms; celebrities of all kinds vied strenuously to guess the man’s occupation or his name or his atomic weight; all emcees began to resemble John Daly and frequently they were John Daly.

The reliance on previously successful formula is essentially a sign of timidity. There was plenty of evidence that timidity reigned. For one thing, sponsors and agencies, while refusing to endorse “Red Channels,” continued to refuse to hire the writers and actors named in it simply to stay out of trouble. This lamentable desire to stay out of trouble was manifest in the shape that television programming was beginning to assume, the sort of rigidity and sameness that overtook radio.
Along with the glut of panel shows, there were far too many private eyes, suspense or horror series and whodunits. If they didn't have Ilka Chase or a private eye, the new shows were—like "Amos 'n Andy" and "Break the Bank"—simply picture versions of successful radio shows. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with any of the formulas except there are too many of them and too few shows which broke new ground, which challenged any of the old precepts.

Day-time television, last year a whisper, became thunderous. The Kate Smith show, a sort of grab bag operation, spent as much as $12,000 on sets and costumes alone. ABC-TV blew $37,000 a week on the Don Ameche-Frances Langford show. The emergence of these expensive day-time shows is significant in light of what happened in radio. It wasn't the much-publicized evening shows—the Jack Bennys and so on—which made network radio rich; it was afternoon radio which poured an unending stream of gold into the NBC and CBS vaults. This year we may expect network television to move boldly into the morning field, starting with Dave Garroway's early show "Today."

What shape day-time TV will finally take is hard to say. There are now half a dozen television soap operas, but it's too early to predict whether soap opera will preempt the field as it did in radio. In radio, soap opera's great virtue was not its popularity—actually, soap opera never grabbed even half the available audience—but its cheapness. And televised soap opera is not cheap.

Network television became big business, very big business, indeed, this year, but its economic structure was still in a ferment. NBC-TV outstripped NBC radio in gross income and proudly proclaimed itself the leading advertising medium in the world. (It was grossing at the rate of $126,000,000 a year.) However, NBC's parent, RCA, was still very much in the manufacturing business, and the vast amount of NBC-TV red ink has been absorbed by the much vaster black ink from RCA television set sales.

Could advertising continue to pay the expanding TV bills and provide the set owner with something besides John Daly? There was a lot of talk about subscription television and theater television. In Chicago subscription television was tried out in an extremely limited experiment and was very successful. The Joe Louis-Lee Savold fight was piped into a handful of theaters and attracted crowds beyond anyone's dreams. Alarmed by dwindling revenues, promoters continue to black out sports events to the great distress of the fans. The National Collegiate Athletic Association attempted a rather miserable experiment in which football games were telecast only outside their immediate areas in order to bring the local populace in at the pay window. It infuriated a lot of football fans and apparently didn't prove very much.

The two most spectacular broadcasts of the year were in the field of public affairs—the Kefauver hearings and the return of General MacArthur. The Kefauver hearings succeeded in making a national figure out of a previously obscure lawyer, Rudolph Halley. Television can claim most of the credit for electing him to the presidency of New York's City Council against the opposition of both Republican and Democratic candidates.

Of all the potentialities demonstrated by television in 1951, its potency as a political force, its ability to stir and challenge the people on public issues, was perhaps the most important. It has made at least one candidate; it can break a lot of others. And 1952 is an election year. The candidates had better look and sound convincing.

Two Oceans at Once

"This is an old team starting a new trade," remarked Edward R. Murrow at the outset of "See It Now," C.B.S.'s
enormously impressive new television news show. He was seated in the control room of Studio 41—a logical spot, he explained, to start out from—and presently he called on Camera 1 to bring in the Atlantic Ocean.

The Atlantic Ocean, a small wet segment of it, swam into view on one monitor screen. Then Murrow called on the crew in San Francisco to show us the Pacific. The Pacific, overhung with San Francisco’s customary fog, was a less telegenic body of water, but we did catch a glimpse of it. Then Murrow, more or less acting as quarterback, called on his crews to show us first the San Francisco Bay Bridge, then the Brooklyn Bridge, the New York skyline, then San Francisco’s skyline—all on live television.

“We are impressed,” said Murrow, “by a medium in which a man sitting in his living room has been able for the first time to look at two oceans at once.”

I am too. I am also impressed by the intelligence of the men—chiefly Murrow and his producer, Fred W. Friendly—who dreamed up this simple trick to bring home to the viewers the wonder of this electronic miracle. “See It Now,” which has been in preparation for six months, is the logical extension to the highly successful album of records, “I Can Hear It Now,” and to its radio counterpart, the Peabody-award winning “Hear It Now.” It is not—and is not intended to be—a complete review of the week’s news; it is instead an almost entirely new form of journalism, “told in the voices and faces” of the people who made the news, a technique that offers a deeper insight into the headlines and the people who make them—who they are and what sort of people they are.

There was, for example, a film of Winston Churchill during his London Guildhall speech, an aged, aged Churchill, the great voice dimmed by time, the prose style—though a great improvement on Clement Attlee’s—subdued into just a whisper of its former thunder. A deeply revelatory picture it was. There were other pictures—of Eden in Paris telling Vishinsky to stop laughing and read the disarmament proposal, of Senator Taft purring with a cat-like contentment while Senator Dirksen told an assemblage what a great candidate he was.

Murrow—handsome, relaxed, urbane—sewed the pictures together with a running commentary which, I should say, neither over-played nor under-played the significance of the events, and also conducted interviews with some of the C.B.S. news staff members—Eric Severeid, in Washington, Howard K. Smith, in Paris. Smith remarked good naturedly of the relations between Russia and the West that “the mutual ill-will is entirely unimpaired.”

Then Mr. Murrow shifted us to Korea for one of the most intimate and instructive glimpses into that battleground that I have yet seen. This bit was especially remarkable in its avoidance of all the newsreel cliches. There wasn’t a single shot of a soldier yanking a lanyard on a 105-mm. cannon, no shots of bombers tearing great holes in the Korean real estate. Instead, the cameras concentrated on the soldiers of Fox Company of an infantry regiment, catching them as they ate and slept and gambled and groused and joked, catching the tedium of warfare, the waiting, the humor of an essentially unhumorous occupation, the humanity of an essentially inhuman profession.

We followed Fox Company, as it took position in the front line on a mountain top and left them there, anticipating trouble that had not yet come. Evening had fallen; the rocket flares were out; a few shells sounded their cricket calls in the distance; the Chinese were astir; but nothing had happened yet. It was a dramatic close. “We wanted,” said Mr. Murrow, “to narrow the distance between those of us sitting comfortably at home and those in the line.” The news of the week from Korea was the murder of 5,500 captive
American soldiers. This was the other side, more dramatic in its sheer uneventfulness.

I think they have the feel of the thing already, but I expect it'll get better as it goes along, that Mr. Murrow and Mr. Friendly have the simplicity of mind and the sweep of imagination to understand what television can do best in the news field and what television cannot do and should not attempt.

**Songwriters in the Dark.**

I DON'T, as usual, know what the public is up to these days but "Sin," according to the Hit Parade people, is still the nation's favorite tune for the fourth week in a row. This deplorable state of affairs has led me to conduct a partial, completely unscientific survey to find out what the songwriters were thinking about. I like to keep a finger on the pulse of the songwriters, feeling that these minnesingers pretty accurately reflect the state of mind of the rest of us.

I don't know whether it means anything or not but most of the songsmiths are all limning the virtues of lumber, of night, of dreams. "And So to Sleep Again," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," "My Dream Christmas," "We Kiss in a Shadow," "Deep Night," "In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening," "Loveliest Night of the Year"—those are just a few of the titles among the most popular network favorites. Frankly, I think this preoccupation with darkness is an unhealthy thing for Tin Pan Alley. Come on, lads—get out of bed. The world is waiting for the sunrise.

**Operation Chaos.**

"GRAND OLE OPRY," a noisy, mad, disjointed operation that has been on NBC for a quarter of a century, has driven a succession of producers nutty, including its current one, Jack Stapp. One of those New York fellows, Stapp was appalled when he got to Nashville where the show originates to discover that the performers were accustomed to walk around backstage, smoke, talk, play and sing and pay absolutely no attention to cues.

A man on stage will say into the mike: "Where's Jim? Saw him around a minute ago. Well, he'll be along." Somebody else fills in until Jim in his own good time wanders in. The performers—Roy Acuff, Red Foley, Hank Williams, all great hillbilly stars—have successfully resisted any attempt to bring order out of this chaos and Stapp now thinks it would probably wreck the show if he did. Still he occasionally gets a little irritated and not long ago, when things got a little out of hand, he screeched: "There's too goddam much talking on the hymn."

The performers kid Stapp unmercifully, one device being to talk about him as if he weren't there. "Shall we give him notice?" one man will drawl. "Why?" says another. "We ain't paid him no mind for five years." New performers on the show also take quite a razzing from the old hands. The first time Minnie Pearl, Grand Ole Opry's hillbilly comedienne and monologist, did her act she was greeted by thunderous applause. Going backstage, feeling quite pleased with herself, she encountered one of the old hands who inquired: "Bin on yet?"

Minnie (real name: Sarah Ophelia Colley) spent three years travelling through remote rural areas in the south to pick up material for her acts, and her conversation is studded with odd hillbilly phrases. As a measure of distance, she's likely to remark: "Oh, it's about six-wagon greaseings away"—an expression that stems back to the time when folks had to grease the wheels at regular intervals. When she first met her husband, Henry Cannon, she said: "We backed off about four axe handles."

The hillbilly stars—Acuff, in particular—have all been made wealthy by their recordings of hillbilly songs, drive Cadillacs and live well but, according to Minnie,
they could go back to their hillbilly ways without a murmur if the money ran out. They're not far removed from the old life, anyway. Eighty-seven year old Dave Macon, who has been on the show for all of its twenty-five years, playing the banjo and singing, once motored to California with Roy Acuff. In the back of the Cadillac was a big wooden box, containing a Tennessee ham. At every restaurant they stopped, Uncle Dave would lug in his ham and explain. "I'm Uncle Dave Macon from Grand Ole Opry. Will you cut me off a piece of ham? I can't eat nothing but home food."

"He wore his big bib the widder woman gave him," remarked Minnie. (Uncle Dave has since given up the widder woman, fearing a breach of promise suit.)

The popular hillbilly and cowboy songs on "Grand Old Opry," admits Minnie, are not authentic folk songs or even very close to them. Real folk songs, she points out, have about twenty-eight verses apiece and they haven't that much time on the show. However, one of their singers, Hank Williams—and a songwriter—sings songs whose mood is authentic in that they all deal with heartache and trouble. ("I'm the same old trouble you done bin through," is a line from one of them.)

The fiddle tunes, though, are real old-time fiddle tunes; there hasn't been a new one on the show in eleven years. The local folk who turn out in droves for the "Grand Ole Opry" broadcast love fiddle tunes and the show always opens with one. Though the network carries only half an hour of it now, "Grand Ole Opry" actually goes on for four-and-a-half hours and WSM in Nashville carries all of it.

It is broadcast from Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, a former Opry house which seats 5,000 people. The sixty-cent tickets are as hard to get as tickets for "Guys and Dolls" and people arrive three hours early for the privilege of sitting on the hard wooden benches inside. The whole family comes—grandpaw, pop, mama and nursing babies, some of whom are nursed right there. Even after the auditorium is filled, throngs stay outside, hoping somebody will leave. Few do. During the broadcast, the younger children play games in the aisles; vendors hawk soda pop, candy and song books in the aisle. There's nothing else like it in radio.

_emotional DP's_

I DON'T know about the future of women in television or, for that matter, anywhere else. "Time" magazine in a recent article on the younger generation, referred to modern American women as "emotional DP's," a fine phrase for them. Just now an awful lot of these displaced persons are being displayed on television.

_Formula for Mr. Shriner_

THE problem of what to do with Herb Shriner, one of the more serious dilemmas of our generation, has occupied the faculties of some of the deeper thinkers in television for some time now. It's a terrible problem. Shriner is at his best when he walks out in front of a curtain and tells his gentle stories about home life in Indiana—unassisted by Milton Berle, singing dogs or dancing girls.

And that ain't television, Mannie. It's got to have Milton Berle, singing dogs or dancing girls, preferably all three. Yet these ingredients are so essentially foreign to Mr. Shriner's personality that other avenues had to be explored. The man simply couldn't stand out there and be funny or people might die laughing and besides how would the audience get a chance to slip out to the icebox and get a beer?

It had to have a formula and I'm happy to report that someone has come up with a pretty good one. The Shriner formula, now encased in a new show called "Herb Shriner Time" reminds me a good deal of a crack made by the late Ernie Byfield, proprietor of the Pump Room which rather
specializes in flaming foods. Byfield was once sitting in the Pump Room with Lucius Beebe who was a little perplexed by the abundance of small fires leaping up from samovars all over the room. "Why all the flames?" he inquired.

"Well," said Byfield, "the customers like it and it doesn't hurt the food very much."

Similarly, the Shriner formula satisfies the requirements of this game called television and it doesn't hurt Shriner very much. The comedian strolls out in front of the cameras and starts talking about, say, the local postmaster. "We didn't mind when he read all the mail but when he got to answering it . . ." Presently, this leads into a story about a local lady who is long on genealogy but short on cash. "She'd be in the 400 if we had that many people here," says Shriner. Her daughter is in love with the son of a man who is in the reverse position, awash with money but unlimned in the social register.

That, of course, is a story that has been told before. You might say it's the basic story of all time which isn't to be held against it. Presently the characters appear and the task of getting these gene-crossed lovers together assumes dramatic shape. While they're acting out their problems, Shriner wanders in and out of the proceedings, using the "Our Town" technique as narrator. That is, he's sometimes invisible and unheard, sometimes part of the plot.

The plots are likely to lead you all over town—into the local barber shop, the library, the city council, and a lot of front porches—and you meet a good many of the townsfolk on the way. The stories themselves are, I'm afraid, rather sticky with sentiment but they are relieved and enlivened by Shriner's comments about his town—"Our town got a college, too. Sort of made up for not having a high school."

—and about its people. "Being dumb like that he almost had to get rich or he couldn't make a living."

In anyone else's hands this assignment would be either pretentious or silly but Mr. Shriner is heavily endowed with good looks, charm, a wonderful sense of timing, and a grin that would melt an iceberg at fifty paces. Sentimentality that might ordinarily be a little trying becomes instead touching and, at the same time, amusing.

My enthusiasm for Mr. S.'s comments are not entirely untempered, though. Lately, conceivably because he burns up an awful lot of material, Mr. Shriner has been uttering jokes which are not unlike those of any other comedian, jokes on which the fingerprints of gagwriters are clearly visible. I suppose it was inevitable that the writers would gather around Mr. Shriner but I hope he keeps them decently in hand.

Incidentally, the comedian does his own commercials which are as deft and funny as any you'll find on the air. The sponsor is Arrow shirts and Mr. Shriner likes to ramble through the factory where the shirts are being made, talking away about the materials and the women employees: "These girls have been here a long time. Well, they lose one now and then. Girls go on making shirts for men this way—they get so they want to meet one." I don't know if it sells any shirts but it's certainly nice on the audience and the sponsor deserves a nice little kiss for permitting it.

What Uncle Miltie Needs

THE Milton Berle show has been pretty dreadful this year. Uncle Miltie is not entirely to blame either. He is an enormously energetic and gifted fellow; several times he has done wonders of improvisation with terribly tired material; he has worn at least as many wigs, baggy pants and funny jackets as last year—perhaps a few more. Still, some sort of spark is missing.

What the Berle show needs, I think—and what occasionally it seems to be grop-
ing for—is a shred of dignity and a general elevation of taste. All the other proprietors of big variety shows—Ed Sullivan, Jimmy Durante, Sid Caesar, Ken Murray, Sinatra—have introduced moments of reasonable seriousness or charm; at any rate, moments when the clowning stopped and some elements of humanity crept in. The Berle show needs not only some fresh gags, it needs a heart.

Profile of Robert E. Sherwood

BACK when I was a boy, the ambition was to be profiled in "The New Yorker" or, if you couldn't manage that, to wangle some sort of success story in "The American" magazine, which at the time was in love with anyone who had earned $3,000,000, especially if he had started out as a shoe clerk.

That's all over now. The new thing, the latest word, is to be profiled on television by Ed Sullivan, the Boswell of Helen Hayes, Oscar Hammerstein, and most recently Robert E. Sherwood. They're all estimable people—offhand, I can't think of three people more worthy of biography—but I keep thinking that they are doing more for Mr. Sullivan than Mr. Sullivan is doing for them. Miss Hayes brought along her charm and her talent; Mr. Hammerstein brought his lyrics; Mr. Sherwood, excerpts from his plays—all pearls of great price. In return Mr. Sullivan fell all over himself with awe at their great accomplishments—not, however, getting so thunderstruck as to forget to advise us to go buy a Mercury.

Whether the biographees are being had or not is the concern of their business managers. In any case, the Sullivan biographical shows are darned good shows, bringing us not only some wonderful songs and playwriting but also an extraordinary roster of talent. The Sherwood story was enacted variously by Alfred Lunt, who was making his first television appearance; Helen Hayes, and Mr. and Mrs. James Mason. If things had worked out, Humphrey Bogart would have been around, too, playing his old role in "The Petrified Forest."

But things didn't work out. Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Sullivan would have liked to have presented excerpts from "The Petrified Forest," "Reunion in Vienna," "Idiot's Delight" and "Waterloo Bridge," but the motion picture companies, which own these properties, were farsighted enough to insert television clauses in their contracts as far back as 1927 and they wouldn't release even an excerpt from them for television.

That took out of action four of Sherwood's best plays but quite a lot was left. Miss Hayes opened the proceedings with a long speech from "Acropolis," a play that has never been produced in this country. The Masons, playing the roles originally played by Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale, followed with a substantial portion of the second act of "The Road to Rome," Mr. Sherwood's first play. This bit, in which the wife of a Roman consul talks Hannibal out of capturing a defenseless Rome partly by the exercise of her brains and partly by the exercise of the rest of her, is historically preposterous but is so entertainingly written that you don't really give a damn.

Mr. Massey delivered the farewell-to-Springfield speech from "Abe Lincoln of Illinois," which is hardly typical of Mr. Sherwood since it was about 90 per cent authored by Abraham Lincoln. (This about evens up Sherwood and the White House. Sherwood wrote a lot of President Roosevelt's speeches. Mr. Lincoln wrote a lot of "Abe Lincoln of Illinois.")

Easily the most moving passage came at the end in a scene from "There Shall
Be No Night,” when Alfred Lunt, looking every inch the Nobel-Prize winning scientist he was playing, stated the theme which has run consistently through a lot of Mr. Sherwood’s work. Simply stated, this thesis, a debatable one, is that warfare is a psychological disease which will eventually be conquered like any other disease.

Even the playwright admitted later that there was a little too much of “Sherwood on the soap box,” and while I didn’t mind this, I think there was far too little display of Mr. Sherwood’s great gifts at comedy writing. At the end, Mr. Sherwood, all six feet seven inches of him, appeared, and, in his jerky, diffident, altogether charming way, said a few words about his association with President Roosevelt. He is a man of imposing sincerity and monstrous integrity, and all of it was clearly visible on the screen. Come to think of it, all three of the people profiled by Mr. Sullivan—Miss Hayes, Mr. Hammerstein, Mr. Sherwood—have possessed a simplicity and dignity and sincerity of mien that left you with the feeling you had seen something of importance, something that would stick to your ribs a lot longer than a comedy skit in a hotel bedroom.

I was a little annoyed when they brought on the half-naked dancing girls for the usual close. Seems to me that in this case, they could have eliminated the dancing girls or, at very least, clothed them. Incidentally, Mr. Sullivan plans to do about one of these profiles or—as he calls them—salutes, about once a month.

**TV’s Most Endearing Show**

UKLA and Ollie could lay claim very easily to the title—oldest television stars on the air, having made their debut in department store experimental television fourteen years ago. Vast changes have been wrought in the four years they have been on network television. **The Eddie Cantors and Bob Hopes and Jack Bennys have invaded the place. Ginger Rogers has been signed for $1,000,000 for five years. NBC-TV with $125,-000,000 in annual billings now preens itself as the largest single advertising outlet in the world. Milton Berle was invented.**

Yes, television has come a long way. The only thing television lacks—what with the big name stars and the dancing girls and all the scenery—is material. And that’s the one thing “Kukla, Fran and Ollie” has; an unfailing stream of dry, human, satiric material that has delighted millions of people for years. Even at fifteen minutes it’s still a grand show and certainly the most endearing one on the air.

**Harold Ross of “The New Yorker”**

HAROLD ROSS’S contributions to modern journalism are so far-reaching and pervasive that they are as hard to explain as the air around you. We take them for granted. To understand properly the impact Ross had on all of us, you have to go back a bit and examine the journalism of the pre-New Yorker era.

I should like to reprint one reporter’s lead on one of the greatest of news stories, the end of the fighting in World War I.

“They stopped the fighting at 11 o’clock this morning. In a twinkling of the eye four years’ killing and massacre stopped, as if God had swept His omnipotent finger across the scene of world carnage and cried, ‘Enough!’”

Such a sentence would hardly be tolerated today; the reporters have got God out of their prose and got down to the facts. Not only has the style of journal-
Journalism—pre-Ross journalism—didn't reflect very accurately the people who were being written about or the people who were doing the writing, generally a hard-bitten crew whose conversation bore no resemblance at all to its prose style. Ross's stable of very talented writers introduced a style that was far more colloquial and—since style is largely determined and conditioned by content—they got a lot closer to the essential facts.

"The New Yorker," said Ross, "was founded to make sense and to make money." It made a lot of both but, much more importantly, it shamed practically every American who writes into making—or trying to make—sense, too. It's rather odd that a man whose own rather untidy life was hardly dictated by common sense should have imprinted common sense into the journalism and a large part of the fiction of the nation.

But then Ross was full of contradictions. Robert Benchley swore that Ross once said to him: "Don't think I'm not incoherent." And he was. Yet, he expected and demanded of his writers a degree of coherence that has rarely been equalled. "The New Yorker" is surrounded by an aura of elegance but Ross's great preoccupation was not elegance; it was clarity. He drove his writers crazy with a host of explosive, frequently profane and often hilarious marginal notes—"Who he?", "What mean?", sometimes just a wild curlicue indicative of hopeless desperation. A. J. Liebling once got back a manuscript containing 160 of Ross's peppery, petulant marginal notes, the world's record at "The New Yorker." This immense thirst for clarification, amplification and accuracy spread far beyond the covers of "The New Yorker"; it touched and deeply influenced everyone who read "The New Yorker"; ultimately, it influenced writers who hadn't read the magazine but who were under the spell of writers who had.

Ross, of course, had much more in him as editor than a simple thirst for accuracy; he was an intuitive genius who knew when writing was right and when it was wrong (though frequently he didn't know why it was wrong). But the intuition died with the man; it could hardly be imitated. The hatred of bunk, of which "The New Yorker" and especially Ross was a personification, left its mark on everyone who writes or edits or publishes. An awful lot of malarkey disappeared from journalism in the 25-year history of "The New Yorker."

Rumple Their Hair a Little

The weakness of most interview programs: everyone is just too damned polite to everyone else. You can't ask really searching questions because searching questions are likely to be embarrassing questions. And you mustn't embarrass a celebrity or he won't play. I hasten to add that this desire to rumple the hair of the famous folk is not sadism on my part—not entirely, anyway—but a simple healthy desire to put a little ginger into these programs.

This I Believe

In his opening broadcast Edward R. Murrow stated the general principles and objectives of "This I Believe" much more succinctly than I could so I repeat them here. "This I Believe. By that name we bring you a new series of radio broadcasts presenting the personal philosophies of thoughtful men and women in all walks of life. In this brief time each night, a banker or a butcher, a painter
or a social worker, people of all kinds who have nothing more in common than integrity, a real honesty will talk out loud about the rules they live by, the things they have found to be the basic values in their lives."

And that's what they do on the five minute program (heard only in five cities on C.B.S. stations)—people like C. Jared Ingersoll, a member of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Eleanor Roosevelt, General Lucius D. Clay, Helen Keller, Quentin Reynolds, Prof. Harry A. Overstreet, the philosopher, and a lot of other oddly assorted people. The program grew out of a conversation held in 1949 by four businessmen who felt that spiritual values were being drowned in a sea of material values.

A year was spent in planning the series and six months in setting an editorial policy. It wasn't, Mr. Murrow explained in his opening broadcast, entirely easy. "Except for those who think in terms of pious platitudes or dogma or narrow prejudice . . . people don't speak their beliefs easily or publicly. In a way, our project has been an invasion of privacy, like demanding a man to let a stranger read his mail. Gen. Lucius Clay remarked it would hardly be less embarrassing for

an individual to be forced to disrobe in public than to unveil his private philosophy."

Nevertheless, more than 150 men and women have disrobed their philosophies publicly for this program. Naturally, any program which is interested in searching into spiritual values has a certain religious tone to it. But "This I Believe" is not essentially a religious program and, while reverence for God is expressed by some (but not all) speakers, the thread that runs consistently through all of them is a rather more difficult article of faith—faith in that cussed, often misled, frequently cruel mankind, faith in his enormous creative powers and spiritual growth, faith in his abilities to cope with the most hopeless tasks, and a sort of astonished wonder at his infinite capacity for survival.

Mr. Murrow, who avoids cliche skillfully in his own utterances, has not entirely succeeded in eliminating it in his guests but the program does succeed in keeping it to the irreducible minimum. These articles of faith, these creeds of hope in man, are expressed in different ways. I like Gen. Clay's: "I think the troubled world we live in should not dismay us. I believe the world today is a historically better world than the world of the past. Though ruthless men still maintain power through force and would extend it through conquest, people everywhere are becoming more tolerant and understanding than ever before." I think that statement indisputable and it's well to be reminded of it.

Professor Overstreet, who wrote that remarkable book "The Mature Mind," said that his mission was to expand the areas of his awareness. "The great principle of love depends on this. He who loves another tries truly to understand the other . . . Socrates gave no finished catalogue of the truths of the world. He gave, rather, the impulse to search. This is far better I feel than dogmatic certainty. When we are aware that there are glories of life still hidden from us, we walk humbly before the great unknown."

Here Prof. Overstreet states two themes that run constantly through these little talks, namely that man's mission is twofold—to love his fellow man by under-
standing him, to develop his own powers to the fullest degree. Mrs. Roosevelt is almost fatalist in her pursuit of these truths. "I came to the conclusion that you had to use this life to develop the very best that you could develop. I don't know whether I believe in a future life. I believe that all you go through here must have some value, therefore there must be some reason."

Each speaker, whatever his credo, leaves you feeling that there is some hope for battered mankind, that being a man in this troubled world is not such a bad thing after all. I can think of no higher praise for a program. Incidentally, booklets of talks will be printed from time to time.

**The Name Is Beecham...**

TONY BEAUCHAMP, Miss Sarah Churchill's husband, is also on her program, usually shakes hands with the visiting celebrity, and then vanishes discreetly. I consider this an improper or at least insufficient use of a husband, but then I expect it's none of my business. Beauchamp, incidentally, is pronounced Beecham. Don't know how they pronounce Beecham in England. Worcestershire, probably.

All of which brings us back to the future of women in television. Women, as Ed Wynn has sagely remarked, are prettier than men—except on kinescope. But, if they're just going to stand around being decorative, it's going to give the sex a bad name.

**Confusion in the Afternoon**

IF you ever had any doubts about the abundance of life in this country, all you have to do is turn on day-time television where life is not only abundant but extraordinarily complicated. Day-time television is the refuge of astonishing gadgetry whose existence I never suspected. I'm not yet sure these things do exist, that Kathi Norris isn't just making them up as she goes along.

A baby carriage, for example, that can be transformed—after Junior learns how to get around by himself—into a rolling cocktail bar. It was demonstrated on one of the day-time programs the other day; I was so transfixed by this transformation I forgot to write down which program.

All these gadgets seem to have four or five purposes. Chairs unfold and become tables. Tables unfold and become chairs. Just push a button and the cocktail fork becomes a cigarette lighter or just possibly a fountain pen. And you can get it in chrome steel or blonde wood, $37.50, all this paraphernalia which I have succeeded in getting along without all these years.

I'm not sure the pitchman will survive forever on television, but he has up to now demonstrated with alarming success that the American people will buy anything, especially if it writes under water and is earthquake-resistant.

When not dazzled by the profusion and complexity of goods on day-time TV, you will find a great variety of other things. On the Buddy Rogers show I saw a scientific hand analyst analyze Mr. Rogers. Mr. R., said the analyst, had very good will power in his thumb. His third finger, "the finger of Apollo," had a spatula which indicated an original and flexible mind. The hand analyst then went away and a girl singer appeared and sang, "I Got a Feeling You're Fooling," a deliberate affront to scientific hand analysis.

At various other times, I have been instructed by day-time TV in flower arrangements, Chinese tea-drinking ceremonials, basket-weaving and every form of cookery known to man. On Susan Adams Kitchen you could not only watch the food being prepared but also watch the celebrated folk eat it—if that sort of thing appeals to you. On that daytimer, Ruth St. Denis chomped her way through a salad. Thirty members of the Dumont crew ate twenty-four fried chickens. Gene Cavallero, of the Colony Restaurant, ate breast of chicken and strawberry shortcake. Another restaurateur, Mr. Bruno, ate boiled shrimp with Remoulade sauce. Robert Straus, publisher of Omnibook, ate asparagus soup. It's a rather specialized and delicate form of amusement, watching other people eat, but there are those of us who love it.

The fact is that day-time TV is a vast open space and the broadcasters have not yet made up their minds what the housewife wants to look at all day. So he's giving her everything—the gadgets, the cookery, the scientific hand analysis,
jokes, soap opera, tap dancers, and Bert Parks. Some of the programs attempt to be all things to all women. An excellent example is ABC’s expensive hour-long Frances Langford-Don Ameche show, as untidy an operation as has come along in some time.

When it first opened, the Ameche-Langford show was an exercise in hopeless confusion. The confusion has abated but I can’t help wondering just what the producers are trying to prove, exactly. During a typical hour, you’ll see—let’s see now—Mr. Ameche demonstrating polka dot paint, a man explaining how to make things, a trio of Oriental precision dancers, Duke Ellington (a guest) playing the piano, a little bit of culture (a woman from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for example, showing off replicas of Egyptian art), quite a few songs from Miss Langford and Mr. Ameche, a few hints to the housewives and a sort of running sketch called “The Couple Next Door,” which consists of fairly harmless, non-habit-forming comedy.

None of it is very bad; some of it is very good, especially the dancing and Miss Langford’s velvety voice, but no single part of it seems to bear any relation to any other part of it. Mr. Ameche and Miss Langford wander through this multiplicity of proceedings, exclaiming much, much too often that the dancers are wonderful, the household hints are wonderful, the audience is wonderful and that daytime television is completely wonderful. It isn’t that wonderful, kids.

Want Some Aspirin?

COME to think of it, all of the comedians have been in a doctor’s office at some time or other this season, looking for surcease and getting nothing but trouble. If they want aspirin, they wind up filled with miracle drugs and explode. It’s been a tough season on the medics, all around, and it reminds me strongly of Bill Mauldin’s wartime cartoon of a bearded veteran telling an Army medic: “I already got a Purple Heart. Just give me the aspirin.”

Sing a Song of Ballantine’s

THE other day on television, a lovely young woman was discovered writing a love letter—no, not to Cary Grant, Junior—to her refrigerator. Men, I’m fully aware, are being eliminated in every other line of work, but in this one I thought we’d hang on a few more years. But no. This lady’s heart had been won by the stainless, sixty cubic inch, lifetime guaranteed contrivance with the extra large freezing compartment. Next year, I expect, the refrigerator people will add a new wrinkle—a letter-writing gadget so that the darned thing can answer its mail.

It’s not entirely surprising either, this amorous feeling toward mechanical objects. Our lust for them is being cultivated on television in some wonderfully ingenious ways. I’m not one of those people, you understand, who gets upset by commercials. In fact, I rather like them. What, I keep asking myself when the pitchman comes on, are they going to do to me now? Just how are they going to frame this appeal to my pocketbook?

Next thing I know, Frankie Laine appears driving a mule train through the wilderness. Presently, he comes on a pair of starving mountaineers, whips back the canvas of his wagon and what do you think? It’s stuffed with Kellogg’s Corn Flakes whose nutritive qualities he sings about to the tune of the song he’s most closely associated with—and if you don’t know what that is, you oughtn’t to be reading radio columns.

They creep up on you, these modern commercials. No matter who the guy (or girl) is, no matter how he’s dressed or what he’s doing—sooner or later the pack-
That last rhyme, incidentally, is high among my all-time favorite bits of poesy. I'm also partial toward another bit of historic verse from the Ballantine collection.

"In a royal barge upon the Nile so green
Sat Cleopatra the Egyptian queen
Her slaves brought nectar from the vine
"But she clapped her hands for
Ballantine."

Suds in your eye, Cleo. And that brings to mind another unlikely toast, Miss Faye Emerson toasting her trip to Paris on her recent "Wonderful Town" show in, of all things, Pepsi-Cola. There are three people I'd like to get together in a sort of general all-purpose beverage commercial — Cleopatra and her Ballantine, Faye and her Parisian Pepsi-Cola, and Arthur Godfrey lifting a glass of Lipton's while advising us—as he always does around this time of year—to stick to tea and lay off that other stuff.

I'm indebted to Miss Emerson for another of my favorite television commercials. She was dressed as a cowboy and was shooting Pepsi-Cola bottles off a bar,

"Your husband made the perfect after dinner speech," a club member told a wife.
"What did he say?"
"He said, 'Give me the check'."

A young man in evening dress came dashing into the police station early on New Year's eve and handed a suitcase to the property room clerk.
"Here are my pajamas, shaving equipment and a change of clothes," he explained. "I'm off to a party and I'm pretty certain to be along here before the night is over."

When Dorothy Parker visited Harvard, a Latin instructor greeted her with the remark, "I always like to meet an author before I read his or her book."
The witty Miss Parker flashed back, "That's interesting. But tell me, how did you work it with Homer?"

Every little American boy has a chance to be president when he grows up and it's just one of the risks he must take.

Inflation is getting to the point where the things that most of us would be better off without are costing too much.

Life is like Christmas. You are more likely to get what you expect than what you want.

A great many people are beginning to worry that the certainties of death and taxes may merge—that taxes will be the death of us yet.

Selective Service: Weed the people.

Some self-made men should be patented to prevent there ever being any more made like them.

Yes Man: One who stoops to concur.

Time was when men lost their shirts in the stock markets. Now it's in the super markets.

One way for a man to keep his head above water is to stay out of expensive dives.
suggesting—as I see it—that if you didn't want to drink the stuff you could always use it for target practice.

Then there's the weather commercial. Whenever a man starts telling you about weather—it's going to be a nice day, it's going to rain, everyone out for a typhoon—watch out. He's got a product up his sleeve. It's sort of a game around our house to figure out what the product is. I remember one weather commercial which showed a toothsome young lady on a street corner, the wind blowing her skirts up to her neck. I thought we were in for a pitch about seamless nylons. But no. A guy drives up in a Chevrolet, doffs his hat and, well, she climbed right in. I went right out and bought a Chevrolet but the wind hasn't blown very hard in our neighborhood ever since.

Even the Comedians Are Surfeited

I'm pretty well surfeited by comedy and sometimes, especially this year, I think the comedians are, too. "I had no confidence in that joke from the beginning," said Jerry Lester on "Sound Off Time" the other night. Several other times during the same show, he was forced to express grave doubts about his own jokes and I must admit some of the doubts were justified.

Over on Milton Berle's show, Mr. Television has engaged in this practice for years. But it seems to me that this year he's been at it more extensively than in the past. "That's a joke, folks," he informs his studio audience which wasn't paying the proper attention. "I've lost you," he'll say sadly when a joke sails off into space unaccompanied by laughter. Sometimes, Mr. Berle even goes so far—a dirty trick—as to lay the blame on somebody else. "We get all our material from Henny Youngman," he'll say after a particularly bad egg.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," was what the professor wanted to say. Instead he phrased it this way: "A nomadic portion of the metamorphosed igneous or sedimentary deposit of the Proterozoic era accumulates no bryophytic plant life."

If some people preached what they practiced, it would have to be censored.

Some of our college girls pursue learning. Others learn pursuing.

If you make your job important it's quite likely to return the favor.

As a rule a fellow who prides himself on being frank and truthful is regarded as rude and disagreeable to others.

A drunkard's life has two chapters: 1st, he could have stopped if he would; 2nd, he would have stopped if he could.

Gossip is a cancerous disease of character. Unless a person checks up on himself frequently, the illness may reach an almost fatal stage before he knows he has it.

Grandpa was so backward that he thought Korea was a disease of the mouth, and I doubt that the world gained a whole lot when it found it wasn't.
I can't remember any time in the prior history of comedy when jokes were so persistently followed by a formal apology from the comedian for uttering them. Buck up, men. The jokes aren't that bad. It's just that too many people are giving vent to jokes over too many broadcast hours and, well, surfeit has set in.

Zanies From Boston

THE special essence of Bob and Ray, whose last names (Elliott and Goulding, respectively) were apparently left up in Boston, is pretty hard to explain. From their radio program, for example, will occasionally spurt such cryptic messages as "Portions of this program were on microfilm."

On their opening television program, they appeared as a couple of disembodied heads floating over a candle. "Will the man or very large lady who has been making that ring of right-footed tracks in the snow, kindly call the Museum of Natural History?" said one of them. Probably scared the hell out of the children and certainly baffled a great many of the adult members of the television audience who had not received prior training on Bob and Ray on the radio.

They take you unawares, this pair of deadpan New Englanders, and they take some getting used to, especially on television. Come right down to it, Bob and Ray will have to get a little used to television which doesn't afford the flexibility of radio and which slows them down a little.

You find them sitting at a desk, exchanging non-sequiturs at which they're past masters, when a news ticker starts to tick away. Bob leaps up, grabs the tape, and exclaims: "Will the mother who left the little boy in a blue suit in the laundromat, please take him out? The colors are running and ruining the other tenants' clothes."

From there they go immediately into a commercial for Sturdley's anchovies, "the only anchovies which smell like anchovies, feel like anchovies and, I understand, taste like anchovies." Or they'll conduct one of their impartial surveys on subjects which are no dizzier than those the ad people conduct their impartial surveys on. One of the recent impartial surveys was concerned with whether one barrel of monkeys was having more fun than another barrel of monkeys. I forget who won.

From there they plunge into a sort of continuing soap opera "The Lives and

The chronic knocker gets more discomfort from his continual criticism than do all of the people that he is raving against.

A bride becomes a wife, full blown, when she can resign herself to the accumulation of things that need fixing carried over from one year to another.

In Africa a man can't hold office until he has shot a rhinoceros. Over here voters consider a man qualified if he can shoot the bull.

Why bother about breakfast foods sponsored by athletes? Find out what the beetle eats. He can lift five hundred times his weight.

A house empty of children and friends is as useless and lonely as a railroad station on an abandoned line.

"Yoo boo, Honey! Look who I ran across on the way home."
loves of Linda Lovely" which contains my favorite television actress, an empty-
aced young lady who for no reason at all bursts into song or the Charleston but never, never utters a word of dialogue. Bob and Ray play all the parts in this soap opera—an explorer who has just re-
turned from eight years in Africa where he was searching for a Dr. Murchison (he didn't find him), kindly old Dr. John who has been just a little too kindly to the explorer's wife, an idiot cousin who inescapantly makes peanut butter sandwiches and currently owns a collection of 75 of them. The dialogue: "Sit down. John Wingate, private eye and good friend."

And, so it goes, at a dizzy pace, with Ray finally signing off with some such words as: "Friends, have I that dis-
gnified gray look? If I have will you write Distinguished Gray Look, care of NBC." The format has not ripened alto-
tgether for television and, as I say, you better look at them four or five times before making up your mind.

Since Boston released them into the protective custody of NBC only a few months ago, this zany pair has come along

awfully fast. They're now on air—radio or television—a total of fifteen hours and forty-five minutes a week. Heaven knows where it will all end, conceivably in the total collapse of Bob and Ray.

Or possibly the collapse of radio and television whose pomposities are their spe-
cial target. They've spoofed about every-
ting in the industry. Arthur Sturdley and his No Talent Scouts, for example. Bob plays Arthur who has twenty Hawaiian shirts and a change of ukelele for each one and Ray plays the No Talent, including basso profundos and bird imi-
tators. Or Uncle Eugene who answers all questions whether you ask any or not. Or Mary McGoon (Ray again) who passes along wonderfully useless tips on homemaking. Or Bosco, the sports an-
nouncer who has all the details but the score.

They have apparently absorbed all the clichés of radio and advertising and twist them out of shape just enough to make exquisite parodies of them. It's a very adult, unusual and Charles Adams-like style about them and ordinarily I'd pre-
dict that they would go far—except that they already have.

A schoolboy making a speech about the national debt said with more truth than realized: "It is too bad that future generations cannot be here now to see the wonderful things we are buying with their money."

Your share right now, if all the gold in the world were distributed equally, would be $21.39.

A vagrant was arrested, but reluctant to tell the police when he had had a bath. You need it," an officer told him. "How long has it been since you had a bath?"
Evasively the other replied: "Well, I haven't never been arrested before."

Any friendship you can buy costs more than it's worth.

Overheard at a football game: "Try these field glasses. It makes it almost as good as television."

No TV or radio program ever was so good that somebody in the room didn't think his two cents worth of chatter was better.

A man looking at some ties tossed one or two aside contemptuously. Lingering after having made his purchase, he noticed that the clerk put those he had so positively rejected in a separate box. "What becomes of those?" he asked.

"We sell them to the women who come in to buy ties for men."

A bridegroom-to-be was depressed because he could not find a place to live and the wedding day was drawing near. "Why," suggested a friend, "don't you live with her parents?"

"That's no good," shrugged the prospec-
tive husband. "You see, they're still living with their parents."
Jefferson's Words on Government

IT WAS George III whom Thomas Jefferson had in mind when he wrote:

“He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.”

Here, from the vivid pen of Thomas Jefferson, are other sentences that illuminate the American way in 1951 as they did in Jefferson’s day.

A little rebellion now and then . . . is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government.

If we can prevent the Government from wasting the labors of the people, under the pretense of taking care of them, they must become happy.

What a cruel reflection that a rich country cannot long be a free one.

We should look forward to a time, and that not a distant one, when a corruption . . . will have seized the heads of government, and be spread by them through the body of the people; when they will purchase the voices of the people and make them pay the price.

Wretched, indeed, is the nation in whose affairs foreign powers are ever permitted to intermeddle.

We are able to preserve our self-government if we will but think so . . . An honest man can feel no pleasure in the exercise of power over his fellow citizens.

What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance?

The policy of the American Government is to leave their citizens free, neither restraining nor aiding them in their pursuits.

Taxation follows public debt, and in its train wretchedness and oppression.

We must make our election between economy and liberty, or profusion and servitude.

Whenever the people are well-informed they can be trusted with their own government.

I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of mankind.

I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences attending too much liberty than to those attending too small a degree of it.

The flames kindled on the Fourth of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume these engines and all who work them.

Such were Thomas Jefferson’s words on government.

—Wheeler McMillen in The Pathfinder.

A captain said to a newly appointed sergeant: “Look here, there are men coming into camp night after night after ‘Lights out’ has been sounded and it’s got to stop.”

A few days later he asked the sergeant if the situation were improved. “Oh, yes, sir. The last man in blows the bugle, now.”

A new dad was boasting about his baby and as he stood at the bar he scribbled the newcomer as weighing 9 pounds and measuring 22 1/4 inches long.

A fellow elbow bender, tuning in on conversation a little late, inquired, “is he or pike?”
Football attendance was down across the nation, and the schools tried many ways to determine the causes. The N.C.A.A. had attempted a controlled TV plan, but little was learned from it. Writers like John Crosby panned the N.C.A.A. Here is an excerpt from his radio and television column.

"It seemed to me at the time the N.C.A.A. . . . imposed its controlled football telecasts on a nation which is becoming increasingly apathetic toward football, that it was trying to put a genie back into the bottle, a very difficult business . . .

"The television public was accustomed to televised football, uncontrolled and unrestrained. Its reaction to an experiment which limited them to the games the N.C.A.A. prescribed
(and frequently blacked out football in some areas altogether) was anger—uncontrolled and unrestrained. And scant wonder. A good many of the N.C.A.A. actions have made very little sense.

"The Michigan State-Notre Dame game was as good an example of no sense as any. The Mid-West is one of the few remaining citadels of the old-time football mania; yet this game, an automatic sellout, was to be telecast only to the East. Washington was also blacked out for this game, though it didn't have a local football game to attend. The Michigan-Illinois game, which had been sold out for months, also was not telecast in the Mid-West. Yet this scheme was hatched primarily to protect the box-office.

"The purpose of the experiment, in the words of the N.C.A.A., is to see 'if Collegiate football and TV can live together.' The overwhelming vote in favor of the plan by the colleges can be pretty well ascribed to the smaller schools who were panicked at the prospect of millions of people sitting home watching Notre Dame while Old Gooseberry was playing its little heart out against Little Bramble-patch, unwept, unsung, and above all, unattended."

**THE BIG SEVEN TOURNAMENT** in Kansas City once again woke the roundball addicts out of their winter slumber, and some great games were written into the records. As the regular season gets under way it looks like Kansas University or Kansas State for the conference title. Judging from tourney play, Missouri and Oklahoma will have a say in the final standings.

It won't be long until March and the play-offs which will decide college championships, and to a great extent the makeup of the U. S. Olympic basketball team. It looks now as though K. U., K-State, St. Louis, Kentucky, New York U., Washington U., and U.C.L.A. will be furnishing the material for the Helsinki trip.

**THREE** of the area basketball coaches who are prominent in the national hoop picture are Sparky Stalcup of Missouri, Jack Gardner of Kansas State, and Dr. Phog Allen of Kansas.

In his sixth season at Missouri WILBUR N. "SPARKY" STALCUP belongs to the select set who teach possession basketball. And, 16 years of coaching, the colorful and popular Sparky has done right with the deliberate, controlled offense which, with rugged defense, is the trade mark of his teams. The 40-year-old mentor has driven a hard bargain with rival coaches. His over-all record now stands at 272 games won, 103 lost. Over a five-year span Mizzou, his Tigers have won 70 games against 51 setbacks.

Stalcup played at Maryville (Missouri State Teachers College under Herk Iba, now basketball mastermind at Oklahoma A & M. Sparky was all around athlete, winning 11 letters, all-conference recognition in basketball, football and track, and was dubbed basketball's second-team All-America guard in 1932.

Iba went to the University of Colorado in 1933, and just a year out
School, Sparky was made head basketball, track coach and football coach at Maryville. In 11 years basketball teams were never out of the first division in their conference, and made six trips to the I.A.I.B. Tournament in Kansas City.

Jack Gardner is in his 19th year of coaching and his 8th as head coach at Kansas State. During this time he has risen from the tutelage of the Los Angeles Athletic Club team to a secure position as one of America's top coaches. Last season Gardner missed by one game reaching the highest achievement in college basketball. His boys finished second behind Kentucky in the N.C.A.A. finals. Before going to the National Collegiate finals in Minneapolis, Kansas State had stopped the Big Seven Conference in their second Big Seven Pre-season Tournament championship, and had Waltzed through the Western C.A.A. play-offs.

Before the advent of Gardner at State, the Manhattan five had not on a conference championship since 1919 (that would be back in Missouri Valley days). Now, with splendid coaching and material, the Wildcats are automatic top contenders every year.

Gardner's teams are fast-breaking, not shooting, beautifully conditioned. Perhaps the keynote of the modern Wildcats is teamwork and poise; the kids don't know what it is to get rattled, and you'll see five men score 12 points apiece before you'll see one.

Dr. F. C. "Phog" Allen is knee deep in his 35th season on the banks of the Kaw. At an age when he could be absorbing basketball in front of a radio, the 65-year-old dean of coaches is enjoying one of the best years of his career. His Jayhawks are, at writing, cruising along on a 13-game victory skein, and are at the pinnacle in national team ratings.

Although the Jays have taken 21 conference titles under Allen, they have yet to nail down an undisputed championship in the recently formed Big Seven. This may well be their year.

Phog hasn't limited himself to building title winners. He was one of the founders of the National Basketball Coaches Association. For many years he served as a member of the National Rules Committee. He was instrumental in founding the N.C.A.A. Tournament. One of his prime accomplishments was an almost single-handed effort in putting basketball in the Olympics, a goal made in Berlin, 1936.

The Dr. is also an author thrice over, his books being "My Basketball Bible," "Better Basketball," and "Phog Allen's Sports Stories."

In 1950, Phog Allen was voted Basketball's "Man of the Year" by his fellow coaches at the National Basketball Coaches' Association meeting in New York—"For unselfish effort and contribution to the game over a long span of years."

In February the baseball teams move into spring training once more. In the National League the Brooklyn Dodgers will get a lot of attention as will the New York Giants—that rivalry this year should fill the stands...
for each of the 22 games of the season.

In the American League, who is
going to go against the Yankees—even
without Joe DiMaggio. Cleveland, you
say? Boston with Boudreau? You
might be right, but slowly the realiza-
tion prevails—the Yankees are PROS.

THE KANSAS CITY BLUES
open at home this year against St.

Paul under the same strong leadership
as last year. George Selkirk will man-
age the club and hopes for even
better year than last when he brought
the Blues in third. WHB will broad-
cast all of the Blues baseball game
this summer and the Muehlebach
Brewing Company will be the spo-
sor for the third straight season.

Continued from Page 16

To keep their young-
sters off the streets
at night, members of
the Butte, Montana
PTA purchased eight
adjoining city lots.
Then they persuaded
the mayor to give them
a large aban-
doned WPA shack at
the edge of town.
Moving the dilapi-
dated structure onto
their new property,
more than 100 fathers
and mothers went to
work. They repaired
and painted the build-
ing, installed stoves,
built cabinets and
clothes racks, and set
up two giant flood-
lights. The result is a
home-made skating
rink for the children
—and for family skat-
ing parties.

In New York City,
the United Parents
Association fought an
unsuccessful running
batttle with school of-
icials for more than
10 years. Their objec-
tive: to get school
wash rooms equipped
with soap and towels.
When the polio epi-
demic hit New York
two summers ago, the
parents swooped down
on City Hall. They
pointed to a Health
Department edict for
frequent hand-wash-
ing to forestall the
disease. They got the
soap and towels.

When the Taos,
New Mexico school-
house needed expan-
sion, the town's PTA
bought several sur-
plus barracks from
the Army at Las Ve-
gas, 75 miles away.
One weekend, the men
of the town drove
their trucks to Las
Vegas, dismantled the
barracks and hauled
back the lumber. A few
weeks later, the
school annex was
completed.

Many chapters are
justly proud of suc-
cessful projects they
have been operating
for years. The Flint,
Michigan association
collects children's out-
grown clothes, mends
and cleans the gar-
ments, and distributes
them to needy young-
sters. In Fort Wayne,
Indiana, the PTA has
founded and helps run
a school for the hand-
icsapped. And the
Bronxville, New York
chapter provides
scholarships that keep
four young people in
colleges and trade
schools.

Parent-teacher
groups serve hot
lunches in 3,600
schools throughout
the country and help
support hundreds of
other such units—
with much of the food
grown and canned by
PTA members. Not
long ago the Helena,
Montana PTA re-
ceived a rush call
from the railroad de-
pot. Could they use a
carload of surplus
peaches that were on
the verge of turning
overripe? In a race
against time, the PTA
women organized five
daily shifts for can-
nning their sudden
windfall. Working 14
hours a day, they put
up 4,060 cans of fruit
for school lunches—
without losing a sin-
gle peach!

Each year, PTA's
in hundreds of towns
conduct a "Summer
Round-Up of Chil-
dren." This unique
project, now 25 years
old, starts each spring
with a search for
children who will be
entering school in the
fall. PTA members
visit their parents and
persuade them to send
the youngsters for
a medical and dental
check-up. In many
cases, they set up
health stations for the
examinations. In al-
most every town, the
Round-Up has in-
creased school attend-
ance and sharply re-
duced medical prob-
lems.

Time and again,
PTA's discover that
even the youngest
children can solve
their own problems—
with a little adult
guidance and under-
standing. In South
Bend, Indiana, the
first-grade and kin-
dergarten classes
wanted a rug for the
reading corner
their classroom. He
were they going
to get the money for it?
Very simple. All they
had to do, the chil-
dren decided, was
raise vegetables in
the school garden, ma-
soup and sell it
the other students!

Their parents' ini-
tial reaction was to snir-
er at this ambitious
project. But they
saw their amusement
pitches in to help
When the vegeta-
tables were ripe, the
PTA wheeled 17 pound
soup bones from
local market. The
mothers chopped
soup stock, while
the children cleaned
up their vegeta-
tables. A local merci-
donated small pag-
ages of crackers, the
youngsters set
shop in a school corri-
don between classes.

When the day was
over, parents loot
at the cash box
amazement. The four
six-year-old boys
had sold more than
400 cups of soup.
Reaping a profit of
$19.62, they bought
rug for $19.25.

To the school fun.

At a PTA meet-
in Wilmington, they
were last year, exas-
perated teachers
stood up to register
complaint.

"For years,"


aid wearily, "we've been trying to set up rest room where children in the lower rades could take a nap during the day. But every time we ask for help we get the same answer: No money. No equipment. To labor."

While the teacher spoke, Harold Welch, business man, father and president of the PTA chapter, strolled thoughtfully. Then she'd finished, he turned to her and promised: "You'll get your est room—and soon."

Next day, Mr. Welch and another father went out and bought a truckload of hardware and lumber. On the way home, they talked on the president of the Board of Education. They left ith the president's promise to donate all the canvas and muslin they would need. While their wives sewed the canvas, Mr. Welch and other fathers hammered together several dozen cots. Then, they painted and decorated an empty storeroom in the school and moved in the homemade cots. In the meantime, teachers trained a squad of older students to make up the cots, scrub the room and keep the linen closet in order. A few days later, the children began taking rest periods.

Characteristic of many PTA's is the concern of members for all children, not just their own. Two years ago, the San Francisco PTA received a shocking report from Mrs. Dorothy Holley, an ex-member of the chapter who, with her husband, had become a government teacher on the Navajo Indian Reservation at Toadlena, New Mexico. None of the 60 children in her school, Mrs. Holley wrote, had ever owned a toy. Few possessed comb or toothbrush. Not one of them had ever seen a desk or bed before coming to school. And they were happy to sleep two and three on a worn-out mattress—because none of them had even known the luxury of sheets or pillows before.

Aroused by the teacher's letter, the San Francisco PTA went into action during Thanksgiving week. Dozens of them sent packages directly to the reservation. Mrs. J. P. Henthorne, the mother of a four-year-old little girl, organized a door-to-door campaign for funds. And instead of asking for "Trick or Treat," a flock of costumed youngsters collected clothes and toys for the Navajo children. By the end of the week, more than 1,000 pounds of supplies were on the way to New Mexico.

The Holleys immediately distributed warm underwear, socks, sweaters, sheets, dresses and shoes. And at a Christmas party, Navajo youngsters and their parents received candy, toys, combs, soap, mirrors and handkerchiefs. From the flood of gift packages, there was enough overflow to hold parties for children of three other Navajo schools.

But the San Franciscans haven't settled back to husk in the glow of this humanitarian gesture. Instead, they are now working to keep regular contributions flowing to the New Mexico reservation. In addition, they have been campaigning to get permanent relief agencies set up for the Navajos. One San Francisco mother explains it this way: "We won't be able to rest until we know that the Navajo children are getting as decent a start in life as our own."

In much the same way, other PTA's work tirelessly to combat juvenile delinquency. In the town of Nanakuli in the Hawaiian Islands recently, PTA members appointed themselves special truant officers. They visited the homes of juvenile delinquents and dispensed some scathing, straight-from-the-shoulder talk to parents who were shirking their responsibilities. Within three months, the school's truancy rate fell from 25 to 5 per cent.

On a larger scale, Chicago mothers have formed a "foster-PTA" for young offenders—most of them from broken homes. With patience and understanding, the PTA women from other sections of the city attempt to give street-hardened youngsters motherly guidance.

"After a few weeks," explains one of these "foster" mothers, "I found that the boys weren't really much different from my own children. Through no fault of their own, they had simply missed out on something—love and understanding. When I'm with them, I realize that there but for the grace of God—and a good home—go my own sons."

According to Chicago officials, the project is paying off in two important ways: Many potential young criminals are being steered back to honest paths—and valuable information on how to curb juvenile crime is being circulated to PTA's throughout the nation.

"We'd love to have you visit us. Wouldn't we George? George!"
QUIZ SECTION

LIGHT ON THE GLOBE

Mrs. Isabel Williams

As big brother for much of the world, we owe it to ourselves to possess at least a surface acquaintance with the family. To get the ball rolling, select in each group of three, below, the country or state having the greatest area in square miles. Double the score if you put all three in proper order. When finished, check your answers with an atlas as well as with our answer page.

WHICH IS THE LARGEST?

1. a—Korea  
   b—Greece  
   c—Utah

2. a—Japan  
   b—Finland  
   c—New Mexico

3. a—Formosa  
   b—Belgium  
   c—Maryland

4. a—Philippine Islands  
   b—Norway  
   c—Colorado

5. a—Egypt  
   b—Turkey  
   c—Texas

6. a—Burma  
   b—Sweden  
   c—California

7. a—Peru  
   b—Manchuria  
   c—Alaska

8. a—Australia  
   b—Canada  
   c—U. S. A.

9. a—The Netherland  
   b—Switzerland  
   c—Indiana

10. a—Poland  
    b—France  
    c—Montana

TRUE CRIME QUIZ

By Joseph C. Stacey

Come gather around all you “arm-chair” detectives, and let’s see what you really know about crime, criminals, and crime-fighters. Below are questions. Try “snooping” your way through at least 7 of them for a passing grade.

1. Thomas Byrns, who originated and instituted the “Third Degree,” was a member of what police force?
   (a) Chicago  (b) New York City  (c) Philadelphia

2. Who is known as the “Father of Modern Detectives?”
   (a) Bertillon  (b) Gross  (c) Vidocq

3. True or false? An arsonist usually uses explosives setting fires?

4. How many crimes were punished by death in 17th century England?
   (a) 100  (b) 200  (c) 300

5. The first use of the “wireless” the detection of crime was made by Fra...
roest, late Superintendent of Scotland
ard, and resulted in the arrest of what
famous criminal?
(a) William Burke (b) Jack the Ripper
(c) Dr. Crippen
6. The examination of hairs in crim-
al investigation was made for the first
me in what European city in 1847?
(a) Paris (b) London (c) Berlin
7. How many of our 48 states use the
electric chair as a mode of execution?
(a) one-third (b) one-half
(c) two-thirds
8. According to the National Associa-
tion of Women Lawyers, how many fe-
male judges are there in the United States?
(a) 44 (b) 76 (c) 108
9. True or false?
Confucius was a Chinese Magistrate and
Minister of Crime in 500 B. C.
10. In what year was the first murder
committed in the United States?
(a) 1630 (b) 1690 (c) 1711

CLYDE BEATTY'S CIRCUS LINES
If you’re greener on gillies than a first of May, just match Clyde Beatty’s
lossary of circus terms with their definitions and you’ll know that brass isn’t
or gazoonies to use in mitt camps, and you can make a pitch to any canvasman
nder the big top.

1. Bally girl 1. Large, barred cage for wild animal acts.
2. Blow the date 2. Payment to authorities for privilege to operate.
3. Brass 3. Member of show who loudly buys first ticket.
5. Ding 5. Tickets resold to cheat owner of show.
5. Gazoony 10. Engagement sponsored by local group.
2. Grab joint 12. Main circus tent.
3. Grifter 13. Put up markers to indicate where tents go.
4. Load the flats 14. Front constructed of canvas.
5. First of May 15. Poles wagons on and off train flatcars.
6. Mitt camp 16. One who is on his first circus tour.
7. Mugg joint 17. Put up the tents and shows.
8. Pie car 18. Girl who performs only on outside platform,
19. Used for money when salaries are not paid.
22. A persuasive speech.
23. One who sets up and tears down tents.
24. Hot dog stand with stools.
25. Money earned.
26. Circus location during off season.
27. A worthless character.
28. Not open the show.
29. A sharper.
30. A plea for money.
31. A small, cheap circus.
32. Reflectors on top of light towers.
33. Police.
34. Photographer’s booth.
35. Entrance of show, including pictures and
bally signs.
MUSICAL THEMES
By Lawrence R. Barney

Early in the development of popular dance bands, it became customary for band leaders to use favorite or appropriate tunes as “Theme songs.” Now as a band grows in popularity its theme song becomes its trade mark with the public. Many of the themes listed below you will readily identify, others may not be so easy. 15—13 is Excellent.

1. GUY LOMBARDO’S THEME SONG IS:
   (a) Auld Lang Syne, (b) Kaye’s Melody, (c) Because of You.

2. WOODY HERMAN’S IS:
   (a) Cold, Cold Heart, (b) Jersey Bounce, (c) Blue Flame.

3. BENNY GOODMAN’S IS:
   (a) Blue Skies, (b) Let’s Dance, (c) Does Your Heart Beat for Me?

4. HARRY JAMES’ IS:
   (a) Flying Home, (b) Ciribiribin, (c) Singing Winds.

5. PAUL WHITEMAN’S IS:
   (a) Rhapsody in Blue, (b) Summertime, (c) April Showers.

6. KAY KYSER’S IS:
   (a) Snowfall, (b) Nola, (c) Thinking of You.

7. RAY ANTHONY’S IS:
   (a) Young Man With a Horn, (b) Memphis Blues, (c) Sometime.

8. LOUIE ARMSTRONG’S IS:
   (a) Sleepy Time Down South, (b) Minnie the Moocher, (c) Star Dreams.

9. TEX BENEKE’S IS:
   (a) Sunrise Serenade, (b) Moonlight Serenade, (c) Serenade in Blue.

10. TOMMY DORSEY’S IS:
    (a) Always, (b) I’m Getting Sentimental Over You, (c) Star Dust.

11. WAYNE KING’S IS:
    (a) The Waltz You Saved for Me, (b) Anniversary Waltz, (c) Blue Danube Waltz.

12. ARTIE SHAW’S IS:
    (a) 1 O’Clock Jump, (b) Nightmare, (c) La Cucaracha.

13. FREDDIE MARTIN’S IS:
    (a) If I Loved You, (b) 4 O’Clock Jump, (c) Tonight We Love.

14. VAUGHN MONROE’S IS:
    (a) The Desert Song, (b) Racing With the Moon, (c) Candy.

15. COUNT BASIE’S IS:
    (a) 1 O’Clock Jump, (b) Lover, (c) St. Louis Blues.

BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT
by Norman Daly

Most anyone would recognize a detailed portrait of George Washington, but silhouette might prove difficult. Could be Adams, Lafayette, Monroe, etc. The illustrations at right are faithful silhouettes of six popular breeds of dog and six well known species of deep sea fish. If you are half the sportsman we think you are you will not find this quiz too rugged.

Answers—Page
The Sage of Swing Says—

There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies and statistics.

Economy is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it.—Chain Gang.

Good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgement.

Inflation—In 1941 you went broke so you ate hamburger for a week. Now you eat hamburger for a week and go broke.

A soft answer will prevent a lot of hard feeling.

If you're wondering what happened to the old-fashioned girl, you'll probably find her at home with her husband.

Few daughters nowadays get to use mother's wedding gown. Mom is still using it.

There's a battle going on in every woman's purse. When her billfold says she can have dessert, her mirror says she can't.

The baggage stickers of a Naples hotel read, "The almost in comfort and convenience."—The New Yorker.

Beware when she starts stroking your hair. She's probably after your scalp.

A paratrooper is a guy who has to pull strings to hold his job.

A wise husband buys his wife such fine china that she won't trust him to wash dishes.

The silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool.—Kipling.

Prohibition—A time when America was dried and found wanting.

I know a lady who loves talking incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play.

Protect the birds: the dove brings peace and the stork brings exemptions.

Do not resent growing old. Many denied the privilege.

A man could retire nicely in his old age if he could but sell his experience for what it cost him.

Habit is either the best of servants the worst of masters.

All work and no plagiarism makes dull speech.

It isn't necessary for a man to have a face lifted. If he waits patiently it will grow up through his face.

A small girl wrote in an essay on Parent: "The trouble with parents is that when we get them they are so old, it's very hard to change their habits."

All things come to the other fellow you only sit and wait.

A man who keeps his feet on the ground never gets hopping mad.

The mink may be the only American animal to lose an election since the elephant.

Not all the teeth put into laws the days are wisdom teeth.

Bacteria: Rear end of a cafeteria.
**LIGHT ON THE GLOBE**

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(Source—Information Please Almanac)

**TRUE CRIME QUIZ**

1. New York City (b).
2. Francois Eugene Vidocq (c).
3. (False) Arsonists seldom use explosives in setting fires.
4. 300 (c).
5. Dr. Hawley H. Crippen (c).
7. One-half (b).
8. 44 (a).
10. (a) In 1630, by John Billington, who climaxed a quarrel with a John Newcomer by waylaying him and killing him with a blunderbuss.

**BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT**

1. Boston Terrier
2. Sunfish (Salt water)
3. Boxer
4. Swordfish
5. Sailfish
6. Fox Terrier
7. Sting Ray
8. Dachshund
9. Dolphin
10. Marlin
11. Pekinese
12. Cocker Spaniel

**CLYDE BEATTY’S CIRCUS LINES**

1. 18
2. 28
3. 19
4. 23
5. 30
6. 32
7. 20
8. 35
9. 33
10. 27
11. 31
12. 21

**MUSICAL THEMES**

1. Auld Lang Syne (A)
2. Blue Flame (C)
3. Let’s Dance (B)
4. Ciribiribin (B)
5. Rhapsody in Blue (A)
6. Thinking of You (C)
7. Young Man With a Horn (A)
8. Sleepy Time Down South (A)
9. Moonlight Serenade (B)
10. I’m Getting sentimental Over You (B)
11. The Waltz You Saved for Me (A)
12. Nightmare (B)
13. Tonight We Love (C)
14. Racing With the Moon (B)
15. 1 O’Clock Jump (A)

**Russian Work:** Labor slaving device.

**Dear World Peace:** Having a bum time. Wish you were here.

The woman’s work that is never done is most likely what she asked her husband to do.

The cold gal never gets the fur coat.

The man who always says what he thinks is courageous and friendless.

A woman’s guess is much more accurate than a man’s certainty.—Kipling.
It's A Lollapalooza!

Poker players have a language all their own. Such poker slang, however, is not to be confused with some of the more serious, but far more rare, terms of the game as applied in certain locales. These terms are for special hands recognized in various parts of the country, but which are illegitimate as far as Hoyle and the majority of poker players are concerned. Since Hoyle does not list such added hands, the rules of the house or host where the game is played must be taken as the final authority.

One inveterate poker player found the meaning of such a rule to his everlasting chagrin. The clubman, visiting in the South, sat down for a game in the back room of a neighborhood saloon.

The game progressed for several hands without incident, with poor hands and little betting. Then, with an exceptionally large pot at stake in which the visitor, holding a straight flush, had deposited much coin, the lightning struck. Called, the clubman spread out his straight flush and began to rake in the chips. “Hold on,” barked the caller, “that’s my pot.” He displayed a sequence of 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 which he called a “Lollapalooza.” The visitor objected until his attention was directed to a sign on the wall of the room. It read:

LOLLAPALOOZA — 2·4·6·8·10 — BEATS ANYTHING

The poker player gave up the hand but kept it in mind. Much later he drew the Lollapalooza sequence and, as fortune would have it, the man who had previously beaten his straight flush was the final man in the pot with him. Raised and re-raised he finally called. The townsman laid down a full house. Then the visitor triumphantly exhibited his Lollapalooza and started to rake in the chips. Again he was stopped.

“Friend,” his opponent said, “I guess you didn’t read that sign very carefully.”

The clubman examined the sign more carefully and learned something else about house rules and odd poker hands. Beneath the huge bold letters of the sign was a smaller line of very fine type:

(Only one a night)

—James L. Harte

The Average Man

He secretly feels quite different from everyone else—that’s why he’s an average man ... When he’s young, the height of his ambition is often five feet two or so, but very blonde ... He thinks scientists really eager to help mankind would perfect a painless way of getting up early ... For he gets up to go to work after being awakened by an alarm clock on which he paid a “luxury” tax ... He may have just $2 in his pockets, but he can still tell you just how to beat the stock market ... He’s so human—hollers so loudly about things that annoy him, and keeps so quiet about those that please him ... He will readily admit he’s not handsome, yet his head swells when he’s told his son looks just like him ... He’d never be in an accident if he always drove as he does when passing a police station ... He immediately loses control of his car when his boy gets a driver’s license ... The three hardest words for him to say are: “I was wrong” ... But all in all, he’s a good fellow, on the average.

—Roscoe A. Poland
Clockwise from upper left, the stars are: AVA GARDNER in M-G-M Theater of the Air, Sundays at 6:00 p.m.; WALTER PIDGEON in M-G-M Theater of the Air; MONICA LEWIS in M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m.; ERROL FLYNN in The Modern Adventures of Casanova, Thursdays at 7:00 p.m.; IAN KEITH in Crime Does Not Pay, Mondays at 7:30 p.m.; ANN SOTHERN in The Adventures of Masie, Fridays at 7:00 p.m.; LIONEL BARRYMORE and LEW AYRES in The Adventures of Dr. Kildare, Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m.
During all the glamour and excitement of this budding Television era, remember one fact: Radio, The Old Reliable, is infallibly the mass medium that reaches the most people for the least money. At WHB, our stepped-up sports schedules attract thousands of listeners who are interested in nothing else at the time they are hearing their favorite sports broadcaster, Larry Ray, or their favorite subject, sports. In news broadcasting—with Ken Hartley, Dick Smith and John Thornberry—WHB reaches large and loyal audiences who will respond TO YOUR ADVERTISING!

In service features, such as Bruce Grant’s “Musical Clock,” The Weatherman-in-Person, The Fruit-and-Vegetable Reporter and Sandra Lea’s shopping programs, WHB leads, as always! You can sell ’em if you tell ’em, on these programs. Our “Western music,” by the Cowtown Wranglers, Don Sullivan, the “WHB Boogie Woogie Cowboys,” “Cowtown Carnival” and “Cowtown Jubilee,” reaches a mass audience you can cultivate in no other way at such low cost.

Then there are the Mutual Mysteries—the Mutual news corps—the great new shows starring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s top talent—and WHB’s ace disc jockeys . . . appealing to big audiences who will buy your product or service.

Apply the old yardstick of cost-per-listener to your new selling problems . . . and the answer is WHB.

Ask Your
JOHN BLAIR MAN
New York—22 E. 40th St.
Murry Hill 9-6084
Chicago—520 N. Michigan Ave.
Superior 7-5659
Detroit—1115 Book Bldg.
Woodward 5-3230
St. Louis—434 Paul Brown Bldg.
Chesnut 5685
Dallas—767 Rio Grande Bldg.
Central 7955
Los Angeles—6331 Hollywood Blvd.
Granite 6103
San Francisco—608 Russ Bldg.
Douglas 2-3139

WHB
Your Favorite Neighbor
10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial

DON DAVIS, Pres.
JOHN T. SCHILLI
General Manager
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas...
The Easter Urge
By Calvin T. Ryan
The sap rises, the blood quickens—it is Eastertide and life is reborn!..............................Page 102

Imaritan of the Sea
By Stanley Jacobs
A doctor sitting in an office in Rome conducts surgery at sea around the globe........................Page 106

The Bride Saw Red
By Florence Pedigo Jansson
How far can an ambitious wife push her young husband before the danger signals flash?..................Page 142

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John Crosby’s Criticisms • Radio & TV • Page 113
ONCE upon a time in Kansas City, a man named Emory J. Sweeney wanted a radio broadcasting station. He hired young John T. Schilling, Sam Adair and Henry Goldenberg to build it for him. ON MAY 10, 1922, a license to broadcast was issued to pioneering, 250 watt WHB. John Schilling was the manager, and today he has been manager of one radio station longer than any other man in the world. Henry Goldenberg, a mere youngster, was taken on as chief engineer. Today “Goldie” has been chief engineer of one radio station longer than any other man.

Other Kansas City stations came on—WOQ, now extinct; WDAF; KMBC, which was originally WPE and later KLDS. In 1922!

Now 10,000 watts and 30 years old, owned by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, WHB looks at its history with deep pride, not in the mellowness of age, but with the venturesome spirit of youth—plus an abiding energy and eagerness to serve Kansas City and the Midwest . . . and serve well!
I wish I didn’t live in the United States. It’s springtime and we get snow, cold and tornados. Last year it was the same. I resent the way the government takes a third of my money, seen and unseen, and gives it away in other countries. They built a string of airfields—in Africa—that cost $3,000,000,000 and now they can’t use them; the runways are too soft for the big ones to land. My hard earned money! Do you know what three billion is? If a family spent $3,000 a day from the first day of our Lord, it would pass the three billion mark some 780 years from now. And to top it off, the country’s in debt—up to here! It’s upsetting to think about. Sometimes I don’t feel well at all.

Prices are another dreadful thing. Prices are higher in the United States than anywhere else in the World, I’ll bet. The government isn’t run right. It is way too big to suit me, and I’m not even sure of losing my freedom honestly. Look at the way we’re ripping our natural resources out of the ground. Tomorrow when they’re all gone, what will become of our factories? They’ll close down, that’s what—everybody will be out of a job. I don’t want to be here when that happens. I’m clearing out—for Trinidad.

Is all this true? In a sense, possibly, but SWING does not subscribe. Never have we seen so many radiant faces in a spring snow. We’re prosperous enough that we can give up that third of what we make and still be better off than ever before. As any rich man who has held his wealth a long time will tell you: wealth is of little benefit if it is not put to good use among people less fortunate. So it is with nations. We may be extravagant; we may be in the red, but we’re deeper into the black in health, happiness and hope than any other people in history. Sure there are wrinkles in our way of life, but they are wrinkles to be ironed out; the fabric is strong! We may have a real Utopia some day. Certainly the opportunity is here. When it develops, we’ll write you all about it, care of general delivery, Trinidad.

—D. E.
The Easter Urge

In the cycle of all growing things, Easter marks the Resurrection.

by CALVIN T. RYAN

We stand at the threshold of a dangerous period. The warm light of the vernal equinox is fast thawing out winter-hardened hearts. In a matter of days strangely pleasant tinglings will start coursing through our frames. Youth will entertain ideas far beyond its years, and conversely, childish gleams will replace winter's gloom in older eyes. Everyone will surrender at least a little of himself to the blandishments of spring. Yet, as much as we can, we place the cold steel of reserve against this rebirth, awakening that nature obviously intended for us to enjoy. Under the pretext of being too busy, we try to ignore our inner surgings, but even the most resolute must summon up resistance.
to the call of the ballpark, the smiling brunette, the budding countryside, azure skies and the mid-week afternoon off in the garden.

Not so, every other living thing! The quickening of the blood, the rising of the sap are triggers of explosive springtime growth — freshness — strength.

We, although fighting to stifle the essence of spring in ourselves, have made quite a thing of observing it in nature. New spring clothes typically are colored after the crocus, jonquil and violet. The idea of buying clothes in the spring at all is an imitation of the new green and varicolored hues in which nature clads itself. And it is appropriate for the ladies to display their new spencer jackets and textured fabrics on the holiday that is symbolic of the renewal of all life, Easter! Celebrating the renaissance in nature’s life cycle, as well as the Resurrection, Easter is without doubt the most meaningful holiday of the year.

And it is easy to believe that it is the oldest, probably dating from about the time we began setting aside special days for ceremony and rejoicing. Primitive peoples saw the sun rise; the seasons come and go; noticed their own temperatures climb when the snow melted and green shoots speared up and warm days brought flowers. They saw the birds return and nest in trees that were turning green after being dead all winter. They saw the tender young plants grow to become taller than their beholders; they saw little birds fluttering in the nests; they saw the trees grow big enough to build homes in.

The coming of spring was indeed a time of celebration!

In the pre-Christian age when people were influenced by magic and controlled by superstition, what was cause and what was effect was not always clear. To explain the happy mysteries of nature, legend developed and these became wrapped up in ceremony. Among many peoples the egg had considerable stature in the early spring festivals. It was the symbol of immortality. The Egyptians referred to their chief god as “Father of beginnings, and creator of the egg, the sun and the moon.” The phoenix, the embodiment of the sun god, was born from a mysterious egg; grew for five-hundred years; set fire to its nest and burnt itself up. In the ashes would be another egg from which another phoenix would rise in the freshness of youth. In Hindu mythology is the story of the World-Egg, from which comes our own use of colored and decorated eggs.

Our Easter egg laid by the Easter Rabbit on Easter Eve is a parallel of the ancient egg stories made over in a more enlightened era for the children. From the modern egg may emerge chicks, ducklings or bunnies in chocolate or in person. Much, if not all the original meaning has been
lost in eagerness to eat the candy eggs, and take the bunnies to school in shoe boxes.

It was not until Easter became a Christian festival that flowers became symbolic in the celebration. The first holy-makers were more concerned with their physical needs than with their souls. They wanted to appease their gods so that there would be good hunting, fish aplenty, and bountiful crops. The early Christians who established the pattern for our celebration of Easter were martyred to physical hardship, and found needed spiritual comfort in banks of flowers in their places of worship.

Nearly the whole world is in accord with the spiritual beauty of Easter, and as though to evidence what people feel in their hearts, the dogwood blossoms forth, and tulips, daffodils, lilies and violets brighten the garden walks, the woods and the churches so that life seems to start anew at the coming of spring. Many of the springtime flowers have legendary significance, and it is interesting to correlate events of the Resurrection with the flowers of Easter. Lilies are emblematic of purity and light, and it is legendary in Judea that wherever the risen Saviour walked lilies sprang up in his footsteps. In medieval Europe, the tulip, wherever it grew, was the symbol of the Resurrection.

The dogwood blossoms with the season in America, and lends credence to the promise of renewed life. The early flowering daffodil was likened in olden times to the trumpet, the musical harbinger of spring, and the instrument most often mentioned in the Bible.

Violets are a symbol of steadfastness. Early Christians added them to their drawings of crosses on the walls of the catacombs trying to lighten the memory of the crucifixion.

Nowadays, no one is more concerned with Easter than the florist. No matter whether Easter comes early or late, he must have brought his Easter flowers to bloom so that they will be ready when people throng their churches to proclaim the Resurrection, and choir boys in their festive robes move down the aisles singing the age-old Easter anthems.

EVEN after Easter became a Christian holiday, it retained many of the pagan rituals carried on right in the church. For example, clergy and bishops would engage in a game of catch played with eggs. Later this activity was moved out to the village green, and evolved into the egg roll.

Calvin Ryan, head of the Language Department of Kearney State Teachers College, Kearney, Nebraska, is a graduate of Harvard and Wyoming Universities. He finds Nebraska a land of blizzards, sand storms, hot suns and good neighbors; and a soil that will grow anything—if it rains. Mr. Ryan has one daughter, studying in England on a Fulbright Scholarship. He limits his writing chiefly to professional English and to religious publications.
ing and throwing games we know today.

In the middle ages the church in England was in the dark about many of the customs and traditions of the church in Rome. One king had a bishop of the Celtic church, while his queen was devoted to a Catholic priest. This predicament led to the confusion of celebrating Easter twice a year in the royal household. While the king broke his Lenten fast with Christ’s Paschal feast, the queen and her followers stayed upstairs and observed Palm Sunday.

While Easter was known to be a movable holiday, it was not always understood how to determine it. The old idea of its coming on the first Sunday after the full of the new moon in March is not quite accurate. In the year 325 A.D., the Nicene Council decreed that Easter should be observed on the first Sunday following the Paschal Full Moon next upon the vernal equinox. This rule is still followed, making March 22 the earliest possible date for Easter, and April 25 the latest.

Easter has become a fact in the Christian’s life. It leaves no place for the mythical or the magic. Science has explained the dormant trees and the grass and flowers coming to life. It has explained the changing seasons and the egg becoming the chick. We now agree that, the gift of Easter is not mortal life, but eternal life, spiritual life.

The modern American has gotten away from nature except on Saturdays and Sundays when he may get out into the yard or ride through the country in his automobile. Hence he no longer feels the acute stimulation that warm earth, balmy skies and burgeoning vegetation might otherwise arouse in him. Though he has lost touch with nature, the American has not lost his religion, and he finds that instead of consuming passion he feels only genteel elation as spring gets under way. Easter morning he quietly puts on his best suit, drives the family to church and sits in the family pew scarcely aware of the sartorial finery surrounding him, content in the knowledge that Christ is risen, and that his own immortality is assured.

A grumpy looking man boarded a train in Knoxville, called for a pillow, made himself comfortable and, just before closing his eyes for a nap, extracted a sizeable sign from his briefcase and propped it on his lap. It read:

“I don’t trust Stalin. I hope we won’t have another war. I think prices will start to go down in about a year, but that we won’t have another depression. Wake me up in Atlanta.”

Jr., a high-school student, was getting ready to go to a dance and his mother noticed that he got dressed in record time.

“Son,” she asked, “did you take a bath?”

“No, mom,” came the reply.

“Now listen, son,” she remonstrated.

“You wouldn’t go to a dance without taking a bath, would you?”

“Sure,” he replied. “It isn’t formal.”

A man walked into a restaurant and handed the waiter two vitamin pills and asked him to dissolve them in his bowl of chowder. After a long interval he asked why he hadn’t been served yet. “You’ll get your soup, sir,” said the waiter, “as soon as we can get the clams to lie down.”
Samaritan of the Sea

A kindly little doctor in Rome has a pipeline to the heart of every sailor who was ever stricken at sea.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

THE little American freighter, *Emily Howe*, was cleaving her way homeward through calm equatorial Atlantic water, running low under a heavy cargo. The quiet on board was broken only by the swish of sea past her salt roughened hull, and by sporadic sounds of human misery emanating from below. The thoughts of all hands were directed toward a narrow, grey bunk and the anguished man who lay there.

In a soft carpeted medical office in Rome, the dignified silence is abruptly disrupted by the raucous crackle of a high-powered short wave radio receiver. Pleasant, bald little Dr. Guido Guida excuses himself, adjusts some earphones over his ears, makes a few short, nimble dial turns, and soon is talking calmly with the captain of the freighter in the South Atlantic.

“Dr. Guida, it is good to have you on the radio!” the strained voice of the skipper comes in across thousands of miles of space. “Five Days ago our Engineer’s mate cut his heel. It didn’t seem to amount to anything. Now his leg is swollen to the hip, and he is in terrible pain, especially around the knee. I have given him penicillin, but it has not done much good. His fever is going up. What do you want me to do?”

“How far from port are you?” asks Dr. Guida.

“Three days out of Bahia.”

“The man can’t wait,” exclaims the physician. “I’m sure he faces a general and probably fatal sepsis if you don’t operate. Steady now, and I’ll get a good man to direct the operation.”

Within fifteen minutes, one of Rome’s leading surgeons is on the radio broadcasting concise, simple directions to the sweating ship captain — exactly what sterilization measures are required — how to hold the lancet. He guides the direction of the instrument, is emphatic and crystal-clear in every detail of the operation.
Within hours, the patient's temperature drops and the grateful captain radios thanks to the specialist he has never seen, thousands of miles away in Rome.

This 24-hour-a-day service to sick and injured seamen is the world-girdling hobby of Dr. Guida, with the cooperation of other physicians, the Italian Navy, and Radio Rome. Hundreds of skippers at sea know that when they desperately need on-the-minute medical advice, they can flash MEDRAD—CIRM and get an immediate radio response from top Rome medical men. Day and night, the Rome receiver is manned and some forty physicians, surgeons, and specialists are available to go on the air at once with directions for emergency treatments and operations.

Dr. Guida and his colleagues will not accept a penny for their services. Dubbing themselves the "International Radio-Medical Center," they serve principally ships whose passenger and crew lists are too small to warrant carrying a doctor aboard.

Thanks to the ultra-powerful receiving and sending apparatus presented to him by the Italian Navy, Dr. Guida accepts every MEDRAD—CIRM call — often a frantic distress signal asking medical advice, and taking precedence over all messages, with the exception of an SOS.

Back in Trapani, Sicily, some forty years ago, little Guido Guida listened to the yarns his seafaring father and older brother would spin on their short stays home from the sea.

Always, the most harrowing stories were those of seamen, lying gravely ill or injured, perhaps weeks from port, with of course, no doctor aboard and no radio in those days to give emergency directions for saving human life.

Little Guido grew up; dedicated himself to medicine; and after long financial struggle became a prominent physician and a professor in medical school by 1935. But always, the terrifying tales he had heard of men who died at sea stayed in his mind.

Explaining his concern for these men to his colleagues, he proposed:

"Why not set up a voluntary network of physicians and surgeons who will broadcast free counsel to ships needing emergency medical service? It isn't the same now as when I was a boy — all ships are linked to land by radio, and an intelligent ship's officer who can follow our instructions faithfully may work wonders!"

The idea caught on at once. Letters offering this valuable free service were sent to shipping firms throughout the world. The Italian Navy donated the services of an expert radio operator plus equipment. Radio Rome, Italy's top station, readily agreed to relay messages when necessary.

"Guess who!"
As news of this unusual service spread from ship to ship, Dr. Guida’s air clinic was bombarded with requests for advice. In 1949, for example, the Institute handled more than 1500 communications necessary in saving the lives of 200 seamen. That remote-control diagnosis and advice proved sound is borne out by the fact that only one patient died—a stoker who suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. Even a doctor aboard probably could not have saved him.

The requests radioed to Dr. Guida and his friends are of many kinds. Messages relating to sprains, stomach ache, hangovers and ordinary complaints get short shrift from the busy doctor. To keep minor league complainers out of his thinning hair, he has prepared a radio medical manual distributed to all skippers. In many cases, merely consulting the manual enables ships’ captains to give relief without calling Dr. Guida.

When cases are serious, and some medical terminology is inescapable, Dr. Guida or his associates will ask the skipper to consult the manual and pay special attention to the anatomical charts — an invaluable aid when operations must be performed by untrained hands.

Time means everything in cases handled by radio. Typical was the engineer on an Italian ship who received a shard of iron through his neck when a boiler exploded. Though the man was bleeding to death, Dr. Guida hustled a surgeon to the radio and the operator clicked out the surgeon’s specific instructions on preventing further bleeding, applying bandages, and injecting penicillin and anti-tetanus serum. The man was saved and reached port in time for a successful operation.

Appendicitis accounts for many of the urgent calls tapped out over Dr. Guida’s receiver. When one ship’s captain proved too shaky to operate, a physician of the Institute dictated proper operating procedure to a first mate with steady nerves and hands.

Once, when a cloud of millions of brilliantly-colored butterflies overwhelmed the tanker Saguaro in the Caribbean, the crew became almost frantic trying to brush off the crawling things which filtered into shirt sleeves, dungarees and shoes. The next morning, every person aboard ship complained of a pestiferous rash and unbearable itching. Alarmed, the captain radioed Dr. Guida who himself was puzzled by the sudden butterfly-inspired ailment.

But Dr. Alessandro Van Eyck, a tropical medicine authority, and a member of the Institute immediately contributed his knowledge. In a soothing message to the distracted skipper, he said:

“The rash and itching are nothing serious and your own ship’s supplies will provide the remedy. Apply oil, alcohol and talc to all affected parts. Relief should be quick.”

Within two days, the butterfly scare was over and every man was

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well and jesting about the sudden plague which had necessitated a radio call for help to doctors 4000 miles away.

ALTHOUGH the Institute’s unpaid staff of clerks, physicians and surgeons cannot understand or speak all languages, they find that their pooled knowledge of Italian, English and French suffices in most cases. They recall the case of an oiler suffering severe internal pains who spoke only Polish. A shipmate translated his complaint into English, it was re-translated for the French skipper, who had his radio operator give the final symptoms in Italian to Dr. Guida’s operator. Prompt treatment was given and the man was made comfortable until he could be transferred to a port hospital three days later.

In addition to providing emergency advice, Dr. Guida and his associates conduct a nightly radio health clinic for mariners. For two hours, either Dr. Guida or a fellow member of the Institute will lecture on hygiene, new medicines, toxins, and first aid hints. Listeners thousands of miles at sea are asked to take out their manuals and consult the pages relating to the night’s discussion.

On many ships, the captain and all available ship’s officers gather in the radio shack to listen to Rome and make notes on what Dr. Guida or one of his colleagues is saying. Over the years, such nightly tuning in on the medical school of the air has given many skippers a quasi-professional knowledge of therapeutics and first aid.

As you might expect, seafaring men are profuse in their gratitude for the free medical service and show their affection for the Institute in many ways. Seamen who have been aided send Dr. Guida and his staff fancy cigarette boxes, pipes and other trinkets whittled out of odds-and-ends. Silks from Japan and novelties from African bazaars arrive at Christmas time from grateful skippers.

To Dr. Guida, who over the years has gradually wiped out the memory of boyhood tales of suffering on the ocean, the radio and now television offer even more hope for the future.

He is developing a method whereby a cardiograph may be transmitted great distances over the ocean to Rome for diagnosis. With the rapid rise of television, he sees in the decades ahead a world-wide link of men and doctors by radio and video screen, so that no seaman on any ocean may suffer helplessly for lack of trained medical skill.

Curious friend: “Why do you want married men to work for you instead of bachelors?”
Manager: “The married men don’t get upset when I yell at them.”

An 87-year-old Texan attributes his longevity to the fact that he never stole a horse and never called a man a liar to his face.

Description of a missing bank cashier: “Five feet seven inches tall and $57,000 short.”

Wife: “I’ll meet you half way, I’ll admit I’m wrong if you’ll admit I’m right.”

Best advice when the brakes of your car give way—hit something cheap.
Homecoming of a Hero
— the private thoughts of a business man on rendering a service to his country.

by BILL VAUGHAN

RIDING home on the crowded bus the man felt just a little bit tired. It had been a pretty full day, and with this other business coming at the end of it—well, he was tired. But it was a good tiredness, and certainly the pleasant frame of mind he was in was worth it.

He felt at peace. He smiled to himself as he thought of how he would tell the family what he had done. Or maybe he would wait until Helen and Ed came over tonight, and tell them.

Of course, he wouldn’t want to be ostentatious about it. After all, it wasn’t anything that a lot of other people hadn’t done. Still, by golly, it was something for a busy man like himself—desk piled high, taxes in a snarl, chairman of the social committee at the club and so on; lots of responsibilities—it was something for him to have done.

But, still, it wasn’t the kind of thing you ought to boast about. The idea was to work it into the conversation. Let’s see now.

Why, sure, when they had all talked a while, his wife would probably say, “Why don’t you fix us a drink, dear? See what Helen and Ed want.”

Then he would bring out the three glasses—none for himself. And after they had marveled at that, he would say, “Don’t think I had better for a while yet. They said down at the blood bank to wait for a few hours before drinking anything alcoholic.”

So they would draw the story out of him, and he would tell it reluctantly, about how he had dropped by the Red Cross that day and given a pint of blood.

“There’s really nothing to it,” he would say. And, that was true, there wasn’t. It had taken him forty-five minutes altogether, and that had included a 10-minute delay while he waited for another doctor to O. K. him because of the atabrine he had taken in Italy in 1944.

He wanted to stress to them the cheerfulness and the courtesy of the women at the Blood Center.

The trouble was, he would point out, that so many of us don’t realize the need. Too many people take the war so casually. He found the phrase, “our boys in Korea,” forming in his mind, and for the first time he felt a doubt. He was beginning to sound like a pompous bore, even to himself.

This was his stop. He got off and began the 4-block walk home through the rainy dusk.

As he walked, he liked himself less. He had given a pint of blood, a basic

Bill Vaughan is known in the Kansas City area as the author of Star Beams, a daily column appearing in The Kansas City Star. Homecoming of a Hero is an example of his delightful touch, imparting new life to an usually somber subject.
duty of citizenship these days, like sending your children to school and paying your taxes, and apparently he thought that entitled him to pat himself on the back and to speak patronizingly of "our boys in Korea."

Not, he told himself defensively, that there wasn't some justification in his case. He was a busy man, and he had intended to do this thing for months, ever since the war in Korea had begun. And he told his family as much. Every time he read in the paper about the blood campaign lagging behind he had expressed himself indignantly, and had promised himself that he would make an appointment—sometime in the next week or so.

The first summer of the war the club had sponsored that big golf tournament, and he was carrying the entire load—arrangements and publicity and all sorts of things, and it had just been impossible, flatly impossible, or anyhow, it would have been inconvenient. Ever since then it had been one thing after another.

All important things, of course, but there was no getting around it—the blood he hadn't given would have filled a lot more bottles than the blood he had.

By the time he reached his front door, his mood was one of humility. There would be no posturing before Helen and Ed... not until he had been to the blood bank two or three more times anyway.

When his wife greeted him, he told her where he had been.

"That's nice," she said.

"What's for dinner?" he asked.

A British Embassy official in Washington, preparing to receive Winston Churchill for a visit, told the story of an Embassy aide who was asked about Mr. Churchill's preference for food and drink. "Mr. Churchill's tastes are very simple," replied the aide. "He is easily pleased with the best of everything."

Sign on a table of Bibles in a Hollywood book store:

"David and Bathsheba—you've seen the movie. Now read the book."

Samuel Raphaelson, dramatist, bought a trim little yacht. One of his first visitors aboard was his grandmother, a sweet, clear thinking little philosopher.

"See these crossed anchors on my cap, Grandma?" asked Rafe, proudly. "That shows I'm a captain."

"Hmmm-mmm," mused the old lady.

"You don't seem much impressed," said Rafe, a trifle crestfallen.

"All right, Rafe," said the grandmother, calmly. "I'm impressed. By you, you're a captain. By me, you're a captain." Then, shaking an admonishing finger under the dramatist's nose, she added, "But, by the captains, you ain't no captain."

One afternoon in the school library a little boy who had spent quite a bit of time wandering from the posted reading lists to the book shelves, came to the librarian with the question, "Will my mother like this book?"

"Your mother?" questioned the librarian, in surprise.

"Yeah," replied the lad. "She's going to read it for my book report and I want her to enjoy it."

The perfect pessimist was the farmer who remarked, when told that his chicks looked sturdy, "Yes, but the old hen hatched out six and all but five of 'em died on me."
YOU realize it's really here when you learn that barber college haircuts are now fifty cents . . . and that doctors make new babies cry by simply telling them how much of the national debt they owe . . . It's no longer possible to make anything but spending money . . . One Congressman wants to provide free aspirins with each income tax payment . . . For as he says, "Everybody needs 'em then, but nobody has a dime left to buy an aspirin." . . . Guess he realizes it's getting harder all the time for us to support the government in the style to which it's grown accustomed . . . The law of averages is about the only one left that doesn't have a highly-paid "board" to administer it . . . It's tough, but remember this: the dictator countries have guards to keep the people in . . . here we have guards to keep 'em out . . . Prices are nudging the moon, but we have more cars in New York than all of Europe . . . Food is expensive all right . . . yet our national sin is over-eating . . . Present day Americans are taller, healthier, and living longer than any past generation . . . Our dollar may be worth only 50c now . . . but that buck still buys the world's biggest bargain in secure and comfortable living.

—Roscoe Poland

Gladstone used to tell his friends about a neighbor's little girl who really believed in prayer. Her brother made a trap that caught the sparrows and she prayed that it might fail.

Suddenly her face became radiant and for three days she prayed hard and her faith was absolute. Her mother asked her one day: "Julia, why are you so sure your prayers will be answered?"

Julia smiled. "I know my prayers will be answered because I went out three days ago and kicked the trap to pieces."

As Grandma Mapes approached the century mark her friends made plans for a gala celebration. They asked Grandma what she wanted and she had no desires. Finally someone suggested an airplane ride.

"I ain't ag'in' to ride in no flyin' machine," replied Grandma with conviction. "I'll just sit here and watch my television, like the Lord intended me to do."

"Well, son, what sort of a time did you have at the picnic?"

Slowly the lad replied: "I'm so glad to get back, I'm glad I went."

"What funny names these Korean towns in the news have," remarked a man from Schenectady as he read a Poughkeepsie newspaper on his way to meet a friend from Hackensack.

"We're not in such bad shape, J. B."
The CREAM of CROSBY

John Crosby, of the cool and penetrating eye, looks at his foster children Radio and Television Broadcasting, and doles out warming praise or bead-smarting raps according to the merits of each.

by JOHN CROSBY

The Revolt in Gary

I AM allergic to talk—especially talk about democracy—that does not carry with it responsible action," writes Elmore McKee, of the Ford Foundation, in the current issue of "The Survey." McKee, a member of the Friends Service Committee, had considerable experience in Germany with the futility of talk about democracy.

In Frankfurt, for example, he tried to appoint a committee of three—a professional laundry operative, a social worker, and a neighborhood mother—to discuss plans for a proposed laundry in a new neighborhood center. His proposal was rejected after a local priest declared: "In Germany, we leave these matters to the experts."

This provoked from McKee the observation: "In America we would not leave the laundry to the experts but to the people—to all groups concerned, including the mothers who would use it. Your method seems to be a vertical trusting of the specialists, ours to be a horizontal faith in all concerned." Said a German: "Is that what you mean by democracy, that all people concerned should have something to say?"

"Yes," answered McKee, "and be responsible."

Said the German: "I have waited a year to find out what your government meant by democracy. Now I see."

McKee got his committee. Later, returning to this country, McKee fell to wondering whether America was quite so horizontally operated as he
had said, whether Americans had not forgotten that democracy consisted not only of the privilege of participation but of the responsibility for it, about whether Americans didn’t need a Voice to America as well as a Voice from it.

This led him to originate a radio series called “The People Act” which ran for some time on NBC and which, improved and revised, is now on CBS as a co-operative undertaking between the Ford Foundation and the CBS Radio-Television workshops. “The People Act” is a series of tape-recorded, documented stories about genuinely horizontal democracy, a phenomenon much rarer in this country—which is so fond of prating about democracy but not of practicing it—than we like to think about.

FROM Gary, Ind., a tough steel town with once the second highest incidence of crime, the third highest incidence of vice in the country, came the tape-recorded voices of the steel workers, the housewives, the District Attorney, explaining the predicament Gary was in. The city was in the grip of two national crime syndicates. The syndicates had financed the elections and had set up a super-government which allowed them the protection to operate.

One night a popular school teacher, Mary Cheever, was murdered on her way home, the eighth murder in a year. A long-suppressed murmur of outrage swept through Gary’s women-folk. Telephones began to ring. Questions flew. The upshot was a march on City Hall of 2,000 angry women who demanded and were promised law enforcement.

They didn’t get it. The gambling houses flourished. Crime abated not at all. The more active members of the Women’s Citizens Committee received threatening phone calls. The husband of one, who was told to shut his wife up or suffer dire consequence, replied mildly: “You shut her up. I’ve been trying to for eleven years.”

The women set up their own spy system, keeping watch on the gambling houses and writing down the names of the patrons. They sat accusingly in the idle courts, visited the idle police stations. They called in a private detective. He got a job as janitor in the D. A.’s office which he instantly wired for sound. Recordings of the conversations in the D. A.’s office, a convenient and damning record of bribery and corruption—one of them played on the broadcast—were kept under cover until the 1950 elections when they blew the administration clear out of office. The alliance between crime and politics was destroyed in Gary.

They underplay nicely, these amateur actors who simply re-enact the roles they played in the Gary revolt, and Bob Trout, the narrator, refrains entirely from editorializing. He doesn’t have to, Mr. McKee’s moral is sufficiently plain.

Certain Weird Minds

Leonard Mackenzie is generally introduced with the words: “Here is the fellow you’ve always wanted to get your hands on.” He’s a little tired of it but also rather proud of the fact that so many people would like to lay violent hands on him. “It’s my small claim to fame,” he says modestly.

The fact is, Mr. Mackenzie writes
singing commercials which have been dinned into the aching ears of millions of people the world over. He is the author of, among other jingles, “Chiquita Banana,” now seven years old and still going strong, “Tide gets clothes cleaner than any soap,” now in its second year (very unusual because jingles rarely last longer than one year), and the shortest-lived of all singing commercials, “I’m Talullah, the tube of Prell.” That last one brought an instant lawsuit from Talullah Bankhead who claimed the name Talullah belonged to her exclusively. To Mackenzie’s chagrin, it was played on the air only seven times and then was hurriedly yanked. (Chiquita used to be played 5,000 times a week.)

When last heard from, seventeen clients were clamoring for singing commercials from Mr. Mackenzie who writes both words and lyrics. Each client expected to get them within six days. They won’t, though, the composition of singing commercials being harder than you think. Even popular songwriters have a terrible time with jingles. Songwriters, Mackenzie points out, are used to spreading one small idea—I love you, for example—over thirty-two bars. A singing commercial composer’s problems are far more complex. In twelve bars, he has to ram home the idea that Sudso cleans floors, removes paint, smells heavenly, is kind to your hands and comes in three sizes, including the big family size. “Chiquita Banana” is rather an exception to all rules in that it contained only one idea—never, never put bananas in the refrigerator—rather than a dozen.

Mackenzie, who works for Benton & Bowles and thinks he is the only full-time singing commercial man in the ad agency racket, usually writes a jingle on the commuter train from South Norwalk, polishes it on the piano in his office, gets a singer to record it, and then starts it on its agonized way. At least six people at Benton & Bowles have to approve it. Then it goes to the client and heaven knows how many relatives and friends he calls in. No one ever goes into raptures over a jingle the first time around, Mackenzie reports sadly. They have to be pounded into the client just like they’re pounded into the rest of us. If the jingle doesn’t please the ad people, they have an expression for it: “But is it memorable?” (Rough translation: “It stinks.”)

In most cases, Mackenzie is inclined to agree. He has a fairly low opinion of most of his output but he has just finished one he’s very fond of. We’ll all be hearing it soon—a chicken singing that there are real eggs in Hellman’s mayonnaise. He harbors a certain affection for his Post bran jingle, too. “Maisie the Raisin was fairly popular with certain weird minds,” he says.

Just the same he’s pretty happy with his work. Prior to settling into
this line of endeavor he had composed a stack of songs which had not been published, played the piano with a number of bands and, like a lot of musicians, always dreamed of making a living out of music, staying in one place and working civilized hours. Singing commercials give him all that.

Mackenzie works on salary, but there are lots of free lance jingle writers including a number of husband and wife teams. When he has more work than he can handle, Mackenzie farms out jobs to the free lancers. He gives a lot of work to a young lawyer and his wife who are now doing so well in the jingle business that he has little time to devote to law.

There’s a lot of money in it, in case you’re interested. An established jingle writer can get $3,500 for one. Jingles are also sold on a royalty basis where they can bring in $750 every three months. First, though, you have to get them accepted—not by the home audience which has no choice in the matter—but by the agency and the client. It’s not easy. Mackenzie submits five or six from which one may be chosen. Sometimes none are chosen. Once he had to submit 160 jingles before a client was satisfied.

Once in a blue moon, a singing commercial catches the people’s fancy and becomes a popular song. Rosemary Clooney has recorded one of Mackenzie’s about the three Sugar Crisp bears which has sold 25,000 copies. Another called “Timetable Mabel,” written for the Boston & Maine Railroad, had quite a popular fling, too.

Metamorphosis of the Disk Jockey

The disk jockey has taken some strange forms in recent years. Benny Goodman is a long-haired disk jockey, prattling on knowledgeably about all types of music from bebop to Brahms; even Sam Goldwyn tried disk-jockeying for a while. And now Jane Ace is in the game, assisted by the resigned voice of her husband, Goodman. For your real connoisseur of disk jockeys this rates two and a half bells, an absolute “must” if you haven’t anything better to do. For one thing, Jane breaks precedent by playing records—“Walking My Baby Back Home,” “Dardanella,” “At Sundown,” “Valencia” and a lot of other old tunes which arouse what Jane describes as “neuralgia.” In between records she and Goodie talk.

“Disk jockey,” she’ll say. “That’s a man’s word. There ought to be a girl word for it.”

“You mean discus jockey?” Jane, Goodie explains, was always dissatisfied with her billing even when she was a housekeeper or dust jockey. “And now for a word from my sponsor—if I had one,” interrupts Jane.

“The Crother Company—for fifty years dispensers of quality. Yes, sir, fifty years ago the Crother Company dispensed with quality and today—just like fifty years ago—it’s February 9.”

It’s nice to have the Aces back, anyway, even in such dilute form.

Speaking of disk jockeys, I’d like to pass on a few details on another one gleaned from Art Buchwald’s column, “Mostly About People,” in the Euro-
pean edition of the New York Herald Tribune. Buchwald, I ought to explain, drifts about Paris, interviewing celebrities and strays with which Paris is fraught. The other day he flushed an ex-New York disk jockey named Janet Wolfe who spake as follows:

"One night I'm making the rounds of the New York clubs and some people dragged me into one of the more famous ones. They had a radio disk jockey there who plays records all night and talks to people who come into the bar. I talked to him for a half hour. He asked me what I thought of New York and I told him it reminded me of Paris because everybody spoke English. Then he asked me what my ambition was. I told him I wanted to win a Fulbright scholarship so I could go over to Europe and study Orson Welles.

"A few more cracks like that and they hired me to work on the same program as the disk jockey. At first I was hotter'n a firecracker. I started a new political party called the Golden Rule party. The idea was that people would get along with each other or the party would kill them. Then I advocated a march on Washington by all women to protest putting their right ages on passports. This also became a popular issue.

"Once a man came up and asked me what I thought of vivisection. I told him I wasn't prepared to talk on the subject but next week I'd arrange a debate with two people who knew more about it than anybody else—a doctor and a dog. The man walked out of the bar without paying his check.

"The most fun I ever had, though, was one night when they let me read the commercials. I had three sponsors, a beer company, a coffee company and an airplane company. The commercials were pretty dull to read so I decided to tie them all together. I told a story about a pilot who loved to drink—Beer and used to get so soused that the only thing that would sober him up was—Coffee. Two cups before every flight he could fly a plane as good as anybody in the air-line business."

That did it. Miss Wolfe was fired.

New Kind of Journalism

Radio has perfected a new type of journalism—tape reporting—and invented a new kind of journalist, the tape reporter. A tape reporter deals in speech and sound the way the other kind of reporter deals in the written word. His job is to get the story in the words and inflections of the participants.

It's not easy. A radio documentary like "The People Act," which is under the supervision of producer Irving Gitlin, has a staff of thirteen people, two of them full-time field reporters. Aim of the show is to show a com-
munity taking some great civic stride forward—the aforementioned Gary, Ind., throwing off civic corruption; Blairsville, Ga., absorbing 100 years of progress in ten years—and to make the story come out of the mouths of the people who were there.

To accomplish this the tape reporter must be a psychologist. His task is to make the people forget they are being recorded so that they talk naturally. He mustn’t ask questions that can be answered yes or no. He must be self-effacing. In fact, a good tape reporter asks questions that can be edited out of the show without being missed. He must be patient. Sometimes the interviewees stumble along for half an hour or more, all of it recorded, before he starts making sense.

Equally important are the tape engineers, who are also a new breed of technician, men with great ears for the nuances of sound. Four years ago, Gitlin says, the present type of tape editing couldn’t be done with the equipment that was then in existence. Sixty hours of tape editing now go into one show of “The People Act.”

To make a good program, Gitlin selects stories that he feels are exciting, “tape wise”—that is, a community’s progress cannot have been made, say, by legislation confined within four walls of the legislature. Also, the story must not be old and some part of it must be currently happening so that Gitlin’s staff can find fresh live tapes.

Once a place is selected, a researcher—if possible a man from a similar region—goes there and “opens up the community,” which means winning the confidence of its people. Then he returns to New York for a story conference and later goes back to the town with a tape reporter and an engineer. The three of them spend a week, digging and recording. Back in New York the tape reporter cuts down fifteen or twenty hours of the recorded tape to the four best hours. Then the rest of the staff takes over and pares it down to twenty minutes.

All tape editors and reporters feel real physical pain at the wonderful material that has to be thrown out. “A lot of stuff we get is sheer poetry,” says Gitlin. “It’s the most exciting stuff. We have a crisis every show over the stuff we have to throw out.”

As an example of some of the “poetry” that had to be thrown out, Gitlin will show you the extemporaneous statement of a Gary, Ind., lawyer on how Gary men are made:

“Gary is the melting pot of the world. You have the witty Irishman and the sturdy Englishman and the alert Scotchman and the emotional Frenchman and the hardworking Slav and Swede and the musical Italian and you have all these crushed in here together and in this element we are molding an American that really—when you really get him molded right—is a real outstanding man. But there’s a lot of—well, over there in the mill when you make steel, you have a lot of sludge that gathers all around, and we have a lot of sludge, more sludge probably than you would get anywhere else in the country, because you get steel by heating, pounding, cooling—and that’s the way you make men—and we’re making men here. Don’t get the idea Gary is all bad. Gary is good but she’s got a lot
of sludge that we've got to get out of the way."

That's a pretty fair sample of tape journalism, too — raw, musical, authentic.

No Business Like Show Business

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN has been the scene of some pretty tall political nonsense, so I guess it can survive the Eisenhower bandwagon meeting a week ago. Whether Eisenhower can survive it is another matter. A Presidential candidate is allowed to withdraw his name from the New Hampshire primaries if he feels like it. He ought also to be allowed to keep his good name out of Madison Square Garden where his friends can do him endless harm.

Even the celebrities rounded up by Tex McCrary and his co-chairman, Jacqueline Cochrane for display in the center ring were pretty disgruntled when it was all over. "It was a great rally for Tex McCrary," muttered one of them. I'm not even willing to concede that. Mr. McCrary and his co-workers managed to get 18,000 people in Madison Square Garden after midnight, an impressive demonstration of Eisenhower's pulling power, but before they got out of the place a good many of them may have decided to vote the straight Democratic ticket.

The fact is, McCrary didn't have very much on his mind once he got them in there. Again and again, to the 18,000 in the Garden, to the uncounted millions who saw it on television or heard it on the radio, McCrary declared exultantly: "They said we couldn't do it. They said we couldn't fill the Garden. But look around — and there are thousands more outside."

There were indeed. Bill Stern was interviewing them. Mrs. Jimmy Doolittle, for example. "How are you?" said Mr. Stern. "I take it you're an Eisenhower lady. Any reason?" "He's a great man," said Mrs. Doolittle. "Thank you," said Stern. Some Conover models were even more cryptic. They gave their names, pledged their allegiance and smiled prettily. Inside, McCrary, for lack of anything else to do, was crying, "Who likes Ike?" The multitude responded with "I like Ike," a wan, dutiful shout.

"Will the New Hampshire delegation be seated?" implored Mr. McCrary. "Will the drum and bugle corps hit it up. Please, let's hit it up." The drum and bugle corps hit it up for awhile, then stopped. For a long while nothing at all happened. The crowd milled. "Who likes Ike?" carolled Mr. McCrary. "Let him hear you now — let him hear it." (There was considerable talk that General Eisenhower was listening to the rally by radio. It developed later he was asleep.)

Presently, Jinx Falkenburg clambered through the ropes and belted autographed tennis balls around the arena. Bill Stern, who had moved inside the Garden, voiced unstinted admiration for her form and especially her power.

Fred Waring and his Glee Club got into the prize ring which had been vacated only a few hours earlier by a couple of welterweights. Mr. Waring tried a couple of "Who likes Ike?" and demonstrated he was a better
cheer leader than McCrary. Then he led the choir and as much of the crowd as he could get into the game in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." For a moment, it looked as if the rally might shape up into something—if not enlightenment, at least entertainment. But no. A moment later a small covey of celebrities, including Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, were flushed from their seats and displayed in the ring like prize birds. They seemed terribly ill at ease.

As entertainment it wasn’t bad but it was just a little embarrassing, rather juvenile and more than a little pointless. I suppose it’s too much to ask to get all the hoopla out of politics. But no political rally should be all hoopla, even after the candidate is elected. This rally had no bones in it at all, no message of any sort either from the General or his supporters, no foundation all along the line.

Not in the Script

W e have a couple of small boy stories here. One youngster, according to his mother, came down recently with a bad case of space fever, an affliction he picked up from “Tom Corbett, Space Cadet,” one of whose characters had it. The script writer obligingly inserted a message in the next program that earthlings couldn’t get space fever. Boy got well right away.

From Frank Sullivan, my Saratoga correspondent, comes the story of a little girl in full cowboy outfit watching Hopalong Cassidy. Hoppy was in bad trouble. Some varmints had him backed against a wall and, when he reached for his shootin’ iron, it wasn’t there. “Whar’s my gun?” he cried. “Take mine,” said the young lady and pitched it right through the screen.

Then—this is an unborn child story—there’s the lady on “The People Act” program who had helped the valiant and successful fight of Arlington housewives to procure good schools in that swollen Washington suburb. When the fight was won, she suddenly became aware she didn’t have any children to enjoy the educational blessing. “I’m going home right now and have a baby so my child can go to the new kindergarten,” she exclaimed. She’s having one, too.

Task Force To New Hampshire

O n MY screen, the New Hampshire lady looked nonplussed and even a little hostile when accosted by Senator and Mrs. Estes Kefauver right out on the Main Street. New Hampshire folk are not noted for loquacity to strangers, which leads me to suggest that, for the next Presidential primary, the cameraman take along a platoon of actors to shake hands with the candidates.

Actors are the only thing missing up in New Hampshire, as this is written. Never in my memory have fourteen delegates been fought over so strenuously. The natives are being
jostled by candidates, reporters, newsreel boys, radio commentators, tape reporters and television cameramen all over the state. The particular lady mentioned above was buttonholed by the Kefauvers on a snowy street in the presence of a movie camera. Before she fought loose she had confessed that the weather was pretty cold. That's all the opinion the Kefauvers could extract from her.

Not all the New Hampshire people have been that reticent. Seems to me, pretty near all of them have been seated at one time or another around a pot-bellied stove and (while the cameras purred) divested themselves of their opinions on Taft or Eisenhower or MacArthur. It was a homey little scene—the pot-bellied stove, symbol of New England freedom of thought; the citizenry gathered around, warming their hands and their convictions; the cameras recording the whole thing for posterity and for John Cameron Swayze and for Doug Edwards and for the nation's TV screens.

No one thinks the New Hampshire primary is really that significant, but before the reporters and W. W. Chaplin and George Hicks and the rest of them get through with New Hampshire, the local residents are likely to think it is. It must be terribly unsettling to find Estes Kefauver thwart the route to the Main Street grocery, to encounter Stewart Alsop when you just wanted to trot down to the corner for a beer. It's likely to set a voter thinking some rather uppity thoughts, this getting interviewed every time he sets foot out the front door.

The importance of it all has crept into NBC's prose which is as sensitive as litmus paper to affairs of this sort. "Yesterday," says a dispatch from NBC press in the language of the communiqué, "an NBC radio and television task force left for Concord, N. H., spearheaded by a trio of top-flight commentators—George Hicks, Leon Pearson, and W. W. Chaplin."

Much has been written about the effect of television on the candidates. No one has thought very much of the effect of television coverage on the voter encountering a television task force for the first time. The down easters have been noted up to now for the stability of their political judgment. But this is the first year they have been hamming it up around a pot-bellied stove, the first time a TV director has been around asking them to assume picturesque poses around the general store, the first time the tape machines have so assiduously recorded their political utterances.

Heaven knows what this will do to the electorate. At the 1948 conventions, the candidates first began to demand makeup. The minute the pancake got on his face, it began to infiltrate his thinking. Well, the voter will be demanding the makeup next—complaining about the camera position, rehearsing his inflexions, worrying about himself rather than the candidate's foreign policy.

Show business, in short, has begun to absorb the attention of the voter as well as the man he is to vote for. This'll keep both their minds off such distractions as Korea, taxes, and the shape of SHAPE.
The Issue Is Political

Speaker Sam Rayburn's sudden decision to ban television at House committee hearings may be the greatest boost the TV broadcasters, who instantly protested it, ever had. Actually, there are some fairly cogent non-political arguments against the televising of Congressional hearings. In fact the house of delegates of the American Bar Association just condemned the televising of judicial or investigative Congressional hearings on the grounds that it was an infringement of individual rights.

Speaker Rayburn made no such claim. Originally, he ruled that television violated House rules; later he shifted his ground to say that House rules didn't authorize television. In other words, House rules don't say you can't televise, but, on the other hand, they don't say you can either. The Speaker, whose decisions are rarely challenged, can issue his own interpretation and in this case ruled that the absence of a specific ruling constituted a prohibition.

It's rather odd. For Rayburn banned, not only television, which is fairly new, but also newsreels, tape recorders and radio; and these things have been around Congressional hearings for years. Why? The political interpretations are fairly obvious. First committee to be blacked out by the ruling was the House Un-American Activities Committee meeting in Detroit. One of its members is Rep. Charles E. Potter, R. of Michigan, who has been mentioned as a possible opponent of Sen. Blair Moody, a Democrat. Potter, a legless veteran of World War II, is almost unknown in Detroit and is conceded little chance, but television could have built him into a potent candidate as it did Rudolph Halley in New York City.

There are, of course, far larger political issues at stake in this election year. Most of the Congressional hearings—all the newsworthy ones—involves charges of favoritism or crookedness on the part of the Administration, and the Democrats, naturally, would like to minimize the publicity as much as possible. It puts the Republicans in an awkward spot. Some of them called the ruling censorship. Others, mindful that they might be in office next year when the positions might be reversed, refused to take a stand one way or another. That makes the ban essentially a political issue when it should be above politics. My own view has always been that the cameras and the microphones should be allowed wherever the press is allowed (or wherever practicable since there are some news spots where it simply isn't possible). The cameras are journalistic instruments considerably more complex but legally no different from a pencil. It's up to the committees whether the hearings should be open or closed. But if they are open, they ought to be all the way open—to cameras and microphones as well as to reporters.

Great issue has been made as to the discomfort caused by TV's lights (an unfair charge, since the bright lights are there because of the newsreels, not because of TV), of the invasion of privacy implicit in spreading a man's face over the nation's television screens. Both seem to me to be matters of degree. Let's take the dis-
comfort first. There’s great discomfort, I expect, in just being called before a Congressional committee, in being investigated in the first place. The lights, the cameras, the microphones may heighten the discomfort; they hardly cause it. Getting used to lights and cameras and the rest of it, I think, are going to be part of the price of civilization, like getting used to the noise of a subway train. As for the invasion of privacy, here, too, the individual is subjected to a certain amount of this the moment he is summoned, the moment he gets his picture in the paper. Television just increases it.

The charge that television makes a circus of a hearing is simply not borne out by the facts. The effect of television is to impose higher standards of decorum and fair play on the investigators who are under the scrutiny of millions of voters.

Those, at least, seem to me the basic issues at the heart of the question to
televise or not to televise and I recognize there are grounds for argument on each side. There are, however, no grounds for argument that politics has no place in the debate at all. In imposing the ban when a Presidential campaign is already in high gear, Speaker Rayburn seems to be dropping a curtain around the misdeeds of the Administration. He’s making out a strong case for those in favor of televised hearings by making it appear that the only reason for not televising them is to hush up the Administration’s mistakes.

Operation Frontal Lobes

OPERATION Frontal Lobes, a designation that has not won universal approval, is the NBC television network’s somewhat starry-eyed attempt to con the public into absorbing a certain amount of culture along with the jokes. It is a broad, many-faceted program and, while much of it rests on the deprecatory assumption that the average man will shy away from enlightenment unless it is slipped to him painlessly, the plan has some notable achievements to its credit.

Most notable, probably, was the presentation Christmas Eve of “Amahl and the Night Visitors,” Gian-Carlo Menotti’s original opera. It was sponsored by Hallmark Greeting Cards. The idea of commercial sponsorship of so elevated a show is a fairly revolutionary one and probably the most important single aspect of Operation Frontal Lobes (otherwise known as the Enlightenment Plan and the Horizons Plan). Five years ago, in radio, the opera would have been billed as

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The Radio Station That Regulates Your Life

WWV, the radio station of the National Bureau of Standards, holds the Western World in thrall merely by giving the time of day.

By JAMES L. HARTE

IT BOASTS no program director, no corps of announcers, no parade of talent. Situated in the little community of Beltsville, Md., a suburb of Washington, D. C., it began in 1923 to broadcast time and tone signals periodically. In 1939, it went on the air on a 24-hour basis, thus beginning the only continuous service of its kind in the world. It can be heard anywhere in the world today as it broadcasts simultaneously on frequencies of 2.5, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and 35 megacycles.

It is WWV, the radio station of the National Bureau of Standards and, if WWV ever went off the air, there would be some hectic confusion in your life. Your electric clock would fail to operate correctly. The orchestra you enjoy would sound off pitch. The pilot of the airliner speeding you across the continent would radio for help. The ship transporting you overseas would miss its port. You would soon run short of gas and oil for car and furnace.

If your radio can pick up short-wave broadcasts, you may have frequently heard WWV without being aware of it. It may have sounded to you as some minor interference, a continuous tone signal and, over it, a pulse ticking off the seconds. But it is this broadcasting of time and of tone signals that is so important in the regulation of your life.

In our highly integrated society, the need for accuracy in time is fundamental, and the WWV time signals set the standard for all the nation and for much of the world. WWV ticks off the first 59 seconds of each minute, then skips the sixtieth, to indicate that the pulse heard after the skipped second is the start of a new minute. It announces every fifth minute; first, in Universal Time (Greenwich Mean) in International Code; then, by voice, Eastern Standard Time.
Approximately 80 per cent of the country’s watch and clock manufacturers and repair men, by official estimate, use the WWV signals to keep America running on correct time. An even greater percentage of navigators use the broadcasts, for their calculations must be accurate to at least one-tenth of a second, and WWV is their only promise of accuracy. And, for network broadcasting, all U.S. radio stations keep their clocks accurate to a fraction of a second via tuning in to WWV.

Actually, WWV is too accurate and the station’s engineers must make corrections occasionally in the time-keeping apparatus to insure authoritative broadcasts. The time signals are accurate to one part in 50,000,000, or to one second of time in every 38 years! Old Mother Earth is less accurate, however, rotating on her axis at changing rates of speed. So, every now and then, to insure that WWV’s time signals are not off a few seconds yearly, the time-keeping mechanism must be corrected to the earth’s changing rate.

The second WWV service so important to your life is the broadcasting of a continuous tone during the first four minutes of any five-minute period. These tones are actually frequencies, alternately being 600 cycles a second and 440 cycles a second. These signals set the nation’s frequency standards and, as with the time signals, they are accurate to one part in 50,000,000.

How do they fit in your everyday life? Well, the 440 cycles a second is the musical “A” above middle “C”. Instrument manufacturers use this pitch standard to keep their products uniform, and musicians, teachers and technicians use the standard to check, adjust, and retune instruments. And the 600-cycle standard, for example, is the base upon which the country’s power companies keep their alternating current at exactly 60 cycles a second. If your electric company, for instance, started sending you current of 59 cycles, your electric clock would begin to lose one second every hour, and other of your equipment designed for use of standard alternating current would suffer.

WWV also broadcasts two further services, standard radio frequencies and radio propagation notices, which, while they have a definite effect upon your life, are highly technical. However, of utmost importance is the use of WWV’s frequency standards in the field of electronics in which fantastic degrees of accuracy must be maintained.
Modern geologists, to use an example, do their prospecting electronically. Without the accuracy of the WWV standards, the discovery of oil reserves, so vitally needed in our present-day economy, would be hit-or-miss and we might face a shortage. And it is these reserves that fuel your car and your furnace in addition to keeping the wheels of industry in motion.

At the other extreme is our radar program, based entirely on electronics. In the use of high precision radar and navigation systems, one part in several millions may mean the difference between success and failure. It is well to remember that the missiles we may find it necessary to track and follow will be traveling at fantastic speeds. So, if there is a war in the near, or distant, future, our ability to intercept and destroy such attacking devices as supersonic planes and guided missiles will be due largely to the frequency accuracy of WWV.

Due to atmospheric conditions the WWV signals are sometimes unable to be heard in a given section, not only in the United States but in other of the countries that have come to accept WWV’s signals as their standards. The reports and complaints, on such occasions, to the National Bureau of Standards indicate the extent of the confusion that could be yours if the broadcasts ceased. Once a Coast Guard station on the Great Lakes sent out erroneous time signals, resulting in disrupted traffic. A ship captain protested to the Bureau that he nearly ran aground in the Caribbean. A scientific laboratory in Germany cabled indignantly. Domestic-airline pilots have called for mid-flight guidance. And a Northeast power company shut down, leaving a community in three hours of darkness until the atmospheric disturbance had passed and the company could again return to the WWV standard.

The secret of this amazing accuracy is a crystal clock that errs but a few parts in 10,000,000,000. But even this isn’t good enough for the Bureau’s scientists! With the coming of the atomic age, they have developed an atomic clock. When it is put into service, it is expected to be accurate to one part in a hundred billion—or one second every three centuries!

Meanwhile, the time and tone signals of WWV go on, the most relied upon and the most accurate in the world. Your plane stays on its course; your ship reaches port; your clocks run on time; your clarinet is true in pitch; there’s oil for your furnace and gas for your car, and there’ll be much less need to fear any enemy that would dare attack our shores. For these, and more, you can thank WWV, the radio station that regulates your life.
The World's Steepest Railroad

In the Swiss Bernese Alps, up lofty Mount Pilatus runs the World's steepest railroad not operated by cables. Rising from the western shore of Lake Lucerne the track ascends the precipitous granite of the mountain 7,000 feet to the summit.

Over one stretch the line climbs more than a mile in a distance of less than three miles, with a grade of 36 degrees at the way station at Alpnachatad. When the road was being constructed iron spikes had to be driven into the rock to afford footing for the labor gangs.

The railroad is built of solid masonry throughout, capped with granite flagstones. The ties are steel channel bars, anchored to the masonry with U-bolts every three feet. The gauge is 2.52 feet; the rails, as in other rack railways, merely support the weight of the train. The rack bars are set on edge, so that the cog wheels are vertical; the cogs would climb out of any horizontal rack.

Engine and cars are built on a single frame. The cylindrical boiler, six feet long, is placed crosswise of the frame so that the water level will not be disturbed. Engine speed is a little more than three feet per second, or about two miles an hour—carrying thirty-two passengers.

Parts of the Mount Pilatus line, particularly on the Eselwand, an immense, nearly vertical escarpment, are the most sensational bits of railroading to be found anywhere. The train creeps along the face of this rock and through four short tunnels on a shelf tilted skyward at a grade of 48 per cent.

Torturous and difficult though the little line is, it is completely safe and functional, and was constructed in only four hundred days.

—H. E. Zimmerman

A passerby stopped to watch an old man in his garden weeding.

"Which weeds do you consider the easiest to kill?" he asked.

"Widow’s weeds," the old man answered. "You only have to say, 'wilt thou?' and they wilt."

The young man’s sweetheart told him that the next day was her birthday. He smilingly said that he would send her a bouquet of roses, one for each year of her life.

He ordered two dozen roses to be delivered the next morning. The florist, knowing the young man’s father was one of his best customers, kindly put in an extra dozen. And the young man never knew why his girl was sore at him.

Recruiting for national services passed a crisis recently in London when a young man who had been summoned by the medical board was pushed into the establishment in a wheelchair. The chief medical officer glanced up quickly. "Oil his wheels," he ordered, "and pass him fit."

The late Archbishop Trench of Dublin spent his old age in constant fear of paralysis. One story tells of the time he took an old friend to dinner. His companion heard him muttering to himself: "It's come at last; total insensibility of the right limb."

"It may comfort you to learn," said the friend, "that it is my leg you have been pinching all this time."
Good Advice

VICKI still looked as though she belonged in a chorus line instead of back of a ten seat hamburger counter, but it was good to meet her again anywhere.

"You're the first one I've seen from the old class in years," she said, inspecting my face for new wrinkles. "Brings back memories better'n good beer."

"Sure does," I said between mouthfuls of bun. "Like the night Johnny Barton bought the drinks to celebrate my exit from town. Whatever happened to him. Thought you kids were headed for the altar."

"Yeah, only Johnny got lazy," she sighed. "Just wanted to buy a gas station, settle down and get gray hair."

"He never struck me that way."

"You met him after I started working on him," she said. "I kept plug-ging. Talked him into going to night school and got him a job in an accounting firm. I put off marriage until I could finish the job ... improving his social life.

"I wangled invitations to the society in this burg. Remember Gloria Gaylord ... old man's the banker. She pitched in to help me out.

"We worked like a couple of mad dogs to make a big future for Johnny and then, poof ... he's had enough."

"Just didn't want to get ahead, huh?" I asked?

"Oh, no, he finally saw it my way. Eloped with Gloria and is vice-president of the bank now."

Vicki swept the counter clean and tossed the rag underneath. "Drop over some night," she said. "My husband and I have an apartment upstairs."

—Daniel Streib

A Lancashire woman, wishing to lose weight, had been put on a diet by her doctor. One day a friend dropped in and was amazed to behold her tackling with great appetite a large potato pie.

"I thought you were on a diet!" she exclaimed.

"Aye, so I am," was the answer. "But I've had me diet and now I'm having me dinner."

"I never said I didn't like her," a woman defended herself. "I merely remarked that all the polish she had was on her finger nails."

The sporting gentleman asked his friend: "What do you think would go well with my purple green golf socks?"

Came the answer: "Hip boots."

"The Coal Retailers' dinner is next week," said Mrs. Jones. "What color dress are you going to wear?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Smith, "we are supposed to wear something to match our husbands' hair, so I'm going to wear black. What will you wear?"

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "I don't think I'll go."
KING
of the
Underwater
Lumberjacks

The sailor jumped overboard into the harbor. He later returned to make a profitable career from what he had seen on the bottom.

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

COAST Guardsman Robert Forrest finished his engine room watch and went topside to the cutter’s desk for a breath of fresh air without the slightest inkling that Old Man Opportunity was about to single him out as a favored son.

The cutter was moving at half speed through the Port Angeles, Washington, Harbor enroute to its dock and Bob Forrest morosely contemplated an uncertain future. His term of enlistment was completed and tomorrow he’d be just another ex-sailor out of a job. As he stood by the rail absentmindedly wiping engine grease from his hands, he felt something slip off his finger and he looked down just in time to see a cherished ring, a gift from his wife, fall into the harbor.

Forrest is a man of action, and hardly had the ring hit the water when he had hurled himself over the side in pursuit of it. He was a shimmering white patch below the surface when the deck watch cried “Man
overboard!”, and the cutter’s propellers began churning up a froth as the engines were reversed to brake the ship.

A few minutes later Forrest was hauled aboard splaying harbor water and grinning from ear to ear.

“You must have found your ring,” observed a mate who had witnessed the incident.

“No, I didn’t,” he sputtered. “But I found something else—I found a new career! And it’s going to make me rich! That harbor floor’s plumb covered with good hemlock logs, and I’m going to salvage 'em!”

NOW, nearly seven years later, Bob Forrest has made his prediction come true. He is already well to do and is top man in a strange new industry—underwater lumbering.

Young Forrest and his crew recover thousands of feet of prime lumber every month from the watery depths off Port Angeles. Most of the salvage is in hemlock logs which had been floated downstream from the cutting areas where hemlock abounds. Hemlock is more subject to water-logging than are fir, spruce and other Northwest woods, for it averages a pound more per square foot in weight. After five weeks in the water, two per cent of the heavy wood sinks, a complete loss too costly to salvage—until Forrest came along with his unique idea.

As soon as Forrest was mustered out of the Coast Guard he drew out his savings and bought diving gear and a motor scow with winch and cables. Then he hired a small crew and experimented with ways to bring up the logs. Finally he offered his services to logging firms on a fee arrangement whereby he would be paid so much a square foot for all timber recovered.

Winter and summer Forrest plunges below the surface in depths up to 180 feet. His personal equipment consists of a regulation diving outfit and a peavy, the stout pike-pole that is the hallmark of lumbermen.

Forrest does his timber cruising by strolling along the river and bay floors, keeping a sharp lookout, poling into the mud with his peavy. When he sights or feels a log he rolls it up and out of the muck; signals for a cable to be lowered from the scow; secures the sodden timber, and has it drawn up on the winch out of its grave and stowed on board. As soon as the log is on its way to the surface he resumes his search. In this way Forrest has routed from oblivion several million feet of sound, salable lumber.

ALONG with the rewards of his work come great occupational hazards. Not the least of them involves frequent encounters with giant octopi which set up housekeeping in submarine cavities, and seem to have a peculiar fondness for hemlock lodgings. One of the creepy leviathans nearly cut Forrest’s career short on his third dive. A partially buried trunk was giving the diver trouble in his efforts to pry one end up so that the raising cable could be attached. Intent on his work, Forrest was startled to feel a sharp tap on his shoulder. “I looked around and didn’t see a thing,” he recalls. “I began to wonder if I wasn’t getting the
shakes from being under water too long. Then I felt something like a monstrous arm slide gently around my waist. I looked down—and really got the shivers! It was a huge octopus tenacle! I jabbed at it with the only weapon I had—my peavey—and the octopus loosened its hold long enough for me to turn around and get set for battle."

The next ten minutes seemed like ten hours as man and octopus sparred for advantage. Finally, Forrest landed a lucky blow on its soft underbody, and the octopus, staggered, hesitated a moment then emitted a cloud of inky fluid that enveloped the diver. When the water cleared Forrest was alone. He called up to the scow, and was lifted to the surface. He climbed out of his rubber suit, and called it a day.

All the adventure of the job is not confined to danger. There's always the chance of stumbling on to sunken treasure, since the Port Angeles area was a sanctuary for 18th century pirates. Forrest once thought he'd struck a jackpot when he came upon a rusty iron chest. Envisioning a trove of doubloons and pieces-of-eight he broke open the chest and threw back the mouldering lid.

"Biggest disappointment I ever had," grins the king of the underwater lumberjacks. "The darn'd thing was loaded with empty beer bottles!"

A woman's face is her fortune. And sometimes it runs into a nice little figure.

An English youngster was playing in Liverpool when a tourist approached him. "Little boy," she asked, "can you direct me to the bank?"
"Yes, ma'am," he answered, "for two bob."
The woman asked if that wasn't a little expensive.
"No, ma'am," he answered, "not for a bank director."

"Your eyes fascinate me, they're so beautiful. I can see the dew in them," said the young man.
"Take it easy, bub," she retorted. "That ain't do . . . that's don't."

An old fellow down from the hills for a few days visited the rodeo in Cheyenne. He was standing over a coal grating on a downtown street, muttering: "These things may be all right for warmin' up a hotel room, but when it comes to heatin' up a whole town they ain't worth a hoot."
The first United States Railway Post Office was Inaugurated July 28, 1862, by the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. William A. Davis, Assistant Postmaster at St. Joseph, conceived the idea that if mail could be assorted in transit it could be transferred to the Pony Express immediately upon arrival, thus permitting an earlier start on the long overland trip to California. Fred Harvey, the famous railway restaurateur, was one of the two mail clerks on the initial run.

Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, was named by Lewis Washington, elder brother of great first president, in honor of Admiral Edward Vernon of the British Navy, whom he greatly esteemed. His admiration for Vernon and his naval successes caused Lewis to secure a midshipman’s appointment for his brother George. If his mother had not so strenuously objected, and Washington had gone to sea, it might have caused an entirely different outcome in the fight of the colonies for freedom.

The “Hi Lewis” Run was the name applied to the round-trip passenger train operated by the Missouri Pacific Railroad between Kansas City and Sedalia, Missouri, for over 35 years prior to its discontinuance in June, 1929. Listed on the time tables as No. 47-48, the train was better known as “Hi Lewis” in tribute to the popularity of Hiram Lewis, who served as its conductor for over 35 years. Capable and efficient, a man of splendid character, Hi Lewis made many lasting friends among his passengers. He was pensioned July 22, 1921, after 49 years of service. It is said that he ran his train so close to schedule that housewives set their clocks by him. He died November 9, 1924.

Embedded in crumbling lava rock and the soil in the hills near the Columbia River a short distance from Ellenburg, Washington, have been unearthed skeletons of a number of mammoth trees, which geologists claim were swept along in a Columbia Basin lava flow, possibly ten to thirty million years ago. Close to the surface may be seen marvelous opal logs, showing the exact structure of the wood—rings and grain—cast in a medium more beautiful than agate. Principally among the trees found were the “Gingko”, a native of China for centuries.

—from It Happened In America, by Louis Honig.
KANSAS CITY nourishes a special breed of men who deal in grain . . . oil . . . or cattle. They are venturesome businessmen whose daily transactions involve the hazards of speculation—big speculation. They are trained almost from boyhood to get and to weigh the facts to make quick decisions, and to deal only with people they trust . . . people whose spoken word is literally "as good as gold," the only "contract" in transactions often involving thousands of dollars.

Such a man is the 1952 president of the Chamber of Commerce, Clifton John Kaney, a cattleman who for seven years has been president of the Kansas City Livestock Exchange, is the first livestock man ever to serve "uptown" as Chamber of Commerce president. His tenure of office is proving a refreshing and stimulating experience to businessmen who may have forgotten that Kansas City is a "cow town."

Cliff points with pride to the fact that this great terminal livestock market, so much a part of Kansas City's economic life, does a volume of business that has run into half a billion dollars in cash sales per year. In 1951 with the disastrous flood deadening the market for three weeks during the busy marketing season, and slowing it down for several weeks thereafter, dollar volume was some four hundred million.

Straightforward, outspoken, friendly Cliff Kaney looks you right in the eye and smiles as he says it. That's his way. He learned it from his boyhood idol, Charles N. Bird. At sixteen, when Cliff went to work for the Nelson Morris Packing Company as office boy at the Kansas City yards, Bird, who was head cattle-buyer for Morris, noticed young Kaney's eagerness and sincerity. Bird gave Cliff a job running errands, weighing cattle and tabulating purchases. Taught him a memorable rule: "Look folks in the eye, and smile." Cliff has found a lot of things to smile about during his 61 years of life. He says "I have had more ups and downs than an elevator boy, but the downs have taught me to be appreciative and thankful for
the ups. You are bound to lose part of the time but a decent average is about all the average man need expect."

**Cliff** has won many times but he's very modest about it. "Nothing is out of your reach if you're physically and mentally alive," he says. "I've made a practice of studying people who know more than I know. And I've always been helped by someone who was kind and generous—which makes me want to help other young people. It's our mission in life to set an example for young folks whose character, habits and thinking are unformed—and thus, to help them. We've got to show them the advantages of a free economy! Make them realize that a regulated socialistic life leads to dictatorship and ruin."

You come to expect such positive, plainspoken statements from Cliff. They roll out with uncorked suddenness—punctuated by pungent, earthy expressions current in livestock pen and farmyard. Kaney has the amazing ability to speak as two persons at once: in polished, literate, almost oratorical phrases (at times he sounds like a philosopher or a statesman)—and in blunt, earthy nouns, verbs and adjectives that leave no doubt as to his meaning. His platform manner, presiding at Chamber or committee meetings, is something by Will Rogers out of Mark Twain.

Cliff learned early in life to take care of himself. Born on a 300-acre farm south of Lee’s Summit in 1890, he was nine years old when his family moved to Kansas City in order that Cliff might attend City School. His father, J. B. Kaney, had been a cattleman in Texas. His mother, Ellen Quinlan, was the daughter of Michael Quinlan, a cattleman in Western Kansas. They were well-off, well-educated, and discussed sending Cliff to college. But when Cliff reached High School age times were hard. He wanted to get into the world of business, and make his own “stake,” and he had family obligations he wanted to fulfill.

At eighteen, he was a cattle-buyer for Morris; at twenty, assistant to the head buyer. After about five years of buying many thousand head of cattle each year he joined the Evans, Snider, Buel company as one of their two head cattle salesmen.

About this time Cliff met a young lady who had just moved to Kansas City from Virginia. Beautiful, blue-eyed, black-haired Marguerite Brady. In 1913 they were married. In Cliff’s words that was a “good deal,” paying high dividends in happiness these many years.

D **OING** business at the Yards teaches a fellow to know and appreciate the country people and
ranchers who love the soil, love their farm animals and rely upon and trust each other. Cliff has great praise for those pioneers who made their living by developing the livestock and agricultural resources of the corn belt and the range states. "They never struck nor threatened to strike," he says. "They worked until the day's work was done, according to the season—paying no attention to the number of hours of labor involved. When they needed help, the wife and kids pitched in—or neighbors came over to lend a hand. Overtime and double-time pay were unheard of. Your real American is the kind of man who gets the job done, and to hell with how many hours it takes!

"Those pioneers fed the nation a balanced diet," continues Cliff, "without the aid of electricity, without tractors and the automobile, or any of the other labor-saving devices we have today. They not only fed the United States, but fed it well.

"In these days of social security, unemployment compensation that is badly abused, the Federal agencies that force people to take subsidies and gifts, we are taxing the nation to death, killing the germ of free enterprise and destroying the very thing that made our nation great—the necessity for survival of the fittest. If this sort of thing is long continued, it will fester as a sore that will destroy the nation."

At sixty-one, Cliff Kaney has seen what has happened to the U.S.A. through two World Wars—and he predicts that our self-created inflation will be fatal, unless the strong, sober, clear-thinking, clear-living, decent people stop it in time to avoid disaster. "I think the country people will come up with some of the answers" is his optimistic conclusion.

"And don't forget that agriculture is on the threshold of a new era in the production of grains, vegetables, fruit, meat and everything we eat," he says. "The research laboratories are achieving miracles in the production of fertilizers and the use of chemicals in farming. Modern farm machinery enables one man to do the work that a big family of sons couldn't handle two or three decades ago." Cliff believes that tomorrow's man-on-the-farm... the "hired hand" of the future... will be powered by gasoline and electricity. Who knows, maybe even by the Atom!

CLIFF KANEY'S CREED
1. Do the best you know how.
2. Love your family and your fellow man.
3. Help others, and particularly the young people—tomorrow's citizens.
4. Adopt the Golden Rule as your way of life.
5. Look to that particular Boss upstairs for guidance.
6. Do the best you can with what God gave you.

FORWARD-THINKING of this nature has always been a Kaney characteristic. In 1919, when Cliff was twenty-nine and the Evans-Snider-Buel firm liquidated, J. C. Swift and Charles D. Henry of the firm of Swift & Henry offered Cliff a position as their head salesman. For the succeeding twenty years, his "office" at the Yards was his saddle, as he rode out among the live-
stock in the pens. He served ranchers with feeder-cattle to sell and corn belt farmers who wanted stock to feed, thus marketing their corn "on the hoof." He sold their fat cattle to the packers. Throughout all those years, Cliff made hundreds of trips out to the ranches and to the farms, visiting with the firm's customers, advising them on market conditions and trends, looking over their cattle and discussing their problems. In the "open spaces where men are men," Cliff found that you have to be a judge of people before you are a judge of livestock. In this unique business of livestock marketing, he learned "how to tell the kind of man you can trust—and how to tell when you smell a rat."

All these experiences make him a bitter enemy of controls—particularly, price control in the livestock industry. "The political people administering the controls simply don't know," he says. "They're a bunch of economists running on pure theory, and their theories won't work. No controls can ever possibly work unless the people administering them are business men with a world of experience, who know more than the people they're trying to control. Even then, in the free economy which built our democracy, there's no place for one group to control another."

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's," Cliff believes—and he would rather trust to the Lord and his industry's established trade practices for their orderly marketing, than place reliance upon a man-made system of artificial controls. Incidentally, Cliff is something of a novelty in a business where it used to be said that the cattlemen, ranchers, cowboys and farmers came to the "Big City" for a rip-roaring good time. He is a teetotaler, and he gave up smoking sixteen years ago. He disagrees with anyone who argues that a "wide open town" would improve Kansas City's position in the livestock world by making lurid attractions of a city the magnet to draw livestock business here. "Everything's up to date in Kansas City"... from the standpoint of morals, "they've gone about as far as they can go," insofar as Cliff is concerned.

"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 seven 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.

As Chamber of Commerce president, he is proud of a statement made in November by Captain James H. Flatley of the Olathe Naval Air Station, who announced that "Kansas City is the only city of its size in the nation declared a clean city, with no part of it considered off-limits to service personnel." His pride in this civic accomplishment is typical of Kaney's belief in clean, decent living... in moderation... in developing the kind of clean, intelligent young boys
and girls exemplified by Four-H Club members, the Future Farmers of America, Scout groups and such. “Give me those wonderful kids who love livestock and the outdoors!” he says.

Cliff’s own love of the outdoors is expressed by his 1300 acre farm in Jackson County, Missouri, on Route 2 south of Lee’s Summit. His progress with Swift & Henry—plus income from his own cattle operations—long ago earned him the substance with which to acquire more and more good Jackson County land. His father’s original 300 acres are part of the present day farm.

In 1938 upon the death of J. C. Swift, Cliff bought Swift’s majority interest in the firm; and with Charles D. Henry redistributed the stock ownership to include their leading buyers and salesmen as firm members. The result is a well-knit, smooth-functioning organization—biggest of its kind at the Yards—doing about $75,000,000 worth of livestock business a year.

Actually, there are two companies: the Swift & Henry Livestock Commission Company and the Swift & Henry Order Buying Company. They have separate offices and separate telephone switchboards—and Cliff has a private office, as president, in each group of offices. The commission company sells livestock on commission (at about $1 per head). The order buying company buys feeder cattle and other livestock for farmers; and purchases fat cattle, hogs and sheep for eastern and middle-western packers who do not have their own “order buyers” at the Yards.

As president of the Exchange, Cliff also has a third office in the Livestock Exchange Building where he attends to industry matters. Now that an “uptown” office at Kansas City’s Chamber of Commerce has been added, you’d think he would be pressed for time. The active market days—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—are occasionally hectic. But during the balance of the week he has opportunity to be leisurely in his activities and to attend the hundreds of functions and meetings where the chamber president’s presence is expected or necessary. In bad weather, when the hour’s drive to and from his farm might be hazardous, he just stays in town, at one of the hotels.

CLIFF KANEY’S ACTIVITIES

President
Kansas City Chamber of Commerce
Kansas City Livestock Exchange
Swift & Henry Livestock Commission Company
Swift & Henry Order Buying Company
Director
American Royal
Kansas State Chamber of Commerce
Member
Saddle & Sirloin Club

Another oddity: when this outdoors man goes on a vacation, he likes to go to the cities of the east, where he studies people, markets and the effect of urban living on our population. “Those people need meat to stand the strain of living there,” he says.

Cliff takes his relaxation on his farm, admiring the rolling green pastures where in season he grasses about
800 whiteface steers. He loves to view the landscape in every direction for 35 miles, with Kansas City’s skyline on the horizon to the northwest. Or loll at ease in the comfortable ranch-house home designed for him by a city architect, Edward H. Tanner. His daughter, Sally, Mrs. George Tourtellot III, and her husband live in their own ranch-house one-half mile south—with two children, Mike, aged three, and Dinah, born last November just a few days before Cliff was inducted as president of the Chamber of Commerce.

"KANSAS CITY is busting at the seams," says Cliff. "As our industries expand, we must seek to preserve a balanced living, with agriculture playing its always-prominent role. Remember that America’s grass lands are all in use. Our nation has 90 million cattle to feed 155 million people—with a predicted population of 200 million people within thirty years. Without food, we could lose the ‘cold war’ on our farms and ranches; because food scarcities bring riots and revolution. Therefore, we must continually develop our agricultural and livestock resources."

As for Kansas City, Cliff endorses the entire Chamber of Commerce program: For flood control, through the construction of upstream flood reservoirs to assist local levees. For reasonable and practical flood insurance rates. For continued industrial progress; for a new Missouri River bridge at Lydia Avenue; for another well-located commercial airport (he loves to fly); for development of new and old industrial areas; for the underground garage project opposite Municipal Auditorium; for the clearance of blighted areas and the redevelopment of such areas for industrial use or as low-rent housing; for construction of the Municipal Stadium and an Exposition Center; for a solution to our traffic problems through construction of more expressways and crosstown traffic arteries, as well as the creation of off-street parking; for maintenance of public utilities in a healthy condition. He wants to see more bridges across the Missouri, opening up the undeveloped territory north of the downtown district, in Platte, Clay and Jackson counties. As a livestock man, he says we need more viaducts into the Central Industrial
District to provide access to the Yards, and better highways into the city and the Yards area for the guidance of livestock truckers. "Life is so short, and there's so much to be done!"

Whatever Cliff Kaney tries to do—as a stockman or as a citizen—it's a cinch he will get it done—with a level look and with a smile.

A man from a remote part of the country was making his first visit to a theater in New York. At the intermission he turned to the occupant of a neighboring seat:

"Mister, I'm wondering about the actors. Were they brought here special, or do they live here?"

The neighbor replied that most of them probably lived in New York.

"Well," mused the visitor, "they do pretty well for home talent."

Announcements of the chemistry prof's new book and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously. The prof, when he was congratulated by a friend on "that proud event in your family," naturally thought of the event which had cost him the most labor and said: "Well, I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."

"I knew these danged scientists would keep a-foolin' around until they did something they hadn't orter," stormed the old man from the hills. "Now look what they've gone and done."

"What's that, Pa?" asked his wife. "You mean the atom bomb?"

"Heck, no," exploded the old man. "They fooled around and now they've discovered something besides liquor that will cure a cold."

A young army recruit, appalled at the contrast between barracks life and his own comfortable, cultured home, was feeling homesick. He wandered behind the barracks and slumped down on the steps. A top-sergeant came around the corner and barked, "What are you doing there?"

"I'm procrastinating," blurted the educated culprit.

The sergeant looked dubious and said, "Well, just so you keep busy."

The village idler was approached by a curious observer. "Must be pretty dull to sit there all day and do nothing but whittle?"

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "I think, mostly."

"Do you mean you can sit and do nothing but think and not get bored?"

The old man spat a brown stream. "That's right. Thinking is a lot like sin. Them that don't is scared of it. Them that do it enough finally get so they like it."

Courage is the art of being frightened without letting it show.

If common courtesy has been lost in America, it can be found where it was lost—in the American home.

Dictatorship comes to a nation in which the people once had freedom and didn't use it.
If a clever girl can outsmart even herself, has an interloper a chance when the stakes are husband and happiness?

by FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Gil and Joan had been married a little more than a year — long enough that he had muffed their first anniversary by giving her a dozen red roses. She had daydreamed of a cute fur jacket, something that would arouse envy among the girls in her crowd.

It wasn’t just the anniversary bungle. There was an accumulation of many things — like postponing a new car. The old one was — well, it wasn’t a bit better than the husbands of the other girls had. And he had decided against a television set in favor of an advanced course in building construction. Of course, she wanted him to get ahead in his business. Naturally. But what was the use of success if you couldn’t show off a little?

Maybe it was a reaction from the first, almost unreal year of marriage. But, somehow, Gil and Joan were pulling in different directions. He had taken on a responsible married-man air, and was digging in to establish himself financially. That ought to show her that I love her, he reasoned. But Joan wanted his love proved in spontaneous flourishes of luxury.

And so they had reached a stage of being polite to each other, rather dangerously polite.

Marital fencing found Gil at a disadvantage because he didn’t know any way to be polite except to be polite.

Joan was cleverer. She could be polite with a vengeance. She knew how to do the kind thing with a subtle
unkindness, and the unkind with liquefying gentility — like the time she gave up going with the gang to the beach.

The trip was planned for a week end. It was the first real outing of their crowd in two years, an ideal occasion for the gorgeous beach clothes she had bought for her honeymoon. Wouldn't the girls' eyes bulge with envy? And Gil, the handsomest man of the lot would be all hers. Pete and Laura Mason would open their cottage and everyone would squeeze in. It would be wonderful!

"I can't go," Gil said simply. "Turner Watkins will be in town. He promised to go over the Harper construction plans."

"That can wait," Joan answered with thinly concealed impatience.

Gil stared in amazement. "One talks to Turner Watkins when he says. I'm lucky to have a chance to talk to him at all. Double lucky to have the Harper contract."

Joan's face showed keen disappointment, but she said with consummate politeness, "Why, yes, of course. We won't go."

Contritely he pleaded, "You go Joan. Go with Laura and Pete, and I'll come down Sunday."

But when he came home on Saturday, there was Joan — and a dinner with self sacrifice that rose in its steam and clung on its flavor. It was magnificent, and Joan showed not a trace of reproach. But Gil was stabbed by the unmistakable accusation that he was a heartless tyrant — that Joan was the noble victim of his foolish whims.

Other of the young wife's social projects ended similarly. Gil loved Joan deeply even though he could find little time to go to the parties that meant so much to her. He expressed himself by work and ambitious planning for a home, a family. He believed that these were, indeed, the ends of true love that Joan would appreciate if she could only see them in their real meaning. He must make her see them that way. But how? It seemed to him that they had not yet found each other's pace. There must be some way.

In their fumbling they had reached a stage of awful politeness that threatened to crystallize into a permanent marital pattern. And that is how Joan's mother, Mrs. Payne,
found them when she arrived unexpectedly for a visit.

"Why, mother!" Joan exclaimed in happy surprise. She kissed her, and cried a little in her childish delight.

Mrs. Payne was not an unusually large woman, but she seemed powerful. Her quick glance appraised the living room and the dining room beyond. Gil had a feeling that the whole place had started to shrink the moment she arrived.

"Well!" she ejaculated, turning to follow Joan upstairs. "Bring my bags up, Gil. He might as well make himself useful around the house," she continued to Joan. "Don't ever let him get the idea—."

She closed her door vigorously, but Gil could still hear the sound of her voice unreeeling mother-in-law dictums.

He squared himself to the task ahead. The set of her chin abetted by three suit cases on the stoop cast a dark foreboding over the weeks — or months — to come.

Gil accepted the situation with stoicism. Evening after evening, with his blue prints spread on the dining room table, he worked doggedly against the background of her querulous monologue. Once in a while he could hear Joan’s voice edging in half defensively only to be drowned out by the older woman’s harangue.

"Mother, you never used to be like this—."

"You never used to have a husband on your hands to get straightened out. There are a lot of things I’ll have to show you. I’ve lived a good deal longer than you; just listen to me."

So Joan listened. And Gil listened, too. There was no choice, Mrs. Payne had come to say her piece, and she was going to say it if it took all summer. It began to look as though it might take that long! There was an incredible lot of kibitzing to be done, and she wasn’t one to shirk a plain duty.

She monopolized Joan for hours on end and coached her on how to tame a husband. "Keep him under your thumb. Make him feel guilty. Learn how to get your own way."

Joan and Gil now rarely saw each other alone. When they did find a moment together there was a sort of awkwardness about them. Joan took on a strained look, and yet there was a hint of tenderness in her eyes reaching out to offer him hurried, furtive comfort.

But it was not until her mother’s last morning with them that she dared to defend him openly.

Mrs. Payne had seated herself comfortably at breakfast and had started her tirade at the point where it had been discontinued by sleep the night before. This final morning, a new subject was introduced, and Joan and Gil suddenly found themselves snapped out of their protective indifference with startled interest.

"You know, Joan," she was saying pointedly, "Your room at home is just the way you left it. I haven’t changed a thing. Don’t intend to. You never know—. If you should ever want to come back—."

Joan rose from the table. Her eyes were blazing and her voice had a choked, angry sound. "Stop!" She cried sharply. "I don’t want to hear
another word. You've done nothing since you've been here but find fault with Gil. But I don't care what you say, he's wonderful! You'll never make me think anything else!"

Mrs. Payne got up, looking hurt and surprised. "I only wanted to help."

"Well, you haven't helped anybody," Joan shouted.

"If that's the way you feel, maybe I'd better go home." Mrs. Payne's voice was subdued now, for the first time, and it shook a little. She turned and went quietly upstairs.

For a moment Joan and Gil faced each other silently. It was a deep, sweet, confiding silence that held a pledge of understanding. Then they were in each other's arms.

"Gil, darling!"

"Joan!"

How long they held their hungry embrace they did not know. At the sound of steps, they turned to face Mrs. Payne. Her hat was askew, and she held tightly to a little ball of handkerchief. "Goodby," she said brokenly.

"Goodby, mother," Joan added kindly. "Gil will drive you to the station." She turned to him. "Won't you darling?"

"Be glad to!" Gil answered with unflattering heartiness.

He helped her into the car, climbed in beside her, and started the motor. For some distance neither spoke. Then simultaneously the chuckles they had suppressed welled up into peals of shameless laughter.

"You were wonderful," Gil said. "Simply wonderful. You have that mother-in-law act down to an art."

"And you were all right as a suffering husband," she laughed.

"It really worked didn't it?"

"Like a charm," she agreed. I could see it working almost from the first. It's funny. Sometimes a woman will say or hint mean things about her own husband, but just let anybody else try it! That's all it takes to make her see she has the finest man in the world."

"That's the way I figured when I sent for you to come and be nasty," Gil replied.

"What a lot of your congregation have bad coughs," remarked a visiting parson.

"Bless you," said the verger, "Them's not coughs. Them's time signals."

The teacher in elementary arithmetic looked hopefully around the room. "Now, children," she said, "which would you rather have, 3 bags with 2 apples in each or 2 bags with 3 apples in each?"

While the class thought it over, one lad yelled his answer, "I'd rather have 3 bags with 2 apples each."

When the teacher demanded to know the reason for his choice, his logical reply was, "One more bag to bust."

Some animals, we are told, see all colors only as monotonous gray. Similarly there are too many overeducated people trying to paint word pictures to people who haven't the comprehension. Such was the travelling college professor who observed large clouds of smoke in the distance. He summoned a native lad and said:

"I say, my boy, is that a conflagration raging on the horizon?"

"Naw, suh," said the somewhat puzzled youth. "That's just the woods burnin' up."

"You've done nothing since you've been here but find fault with Gil. But I don't care what you say, he's wonderful! You'll never make me think anything else!"

Mrs. Payne got up, looking hurt and surprised. "I only wanted to help."

"Well, you haven't helped anybody," Joan shouted.

"If that's the way you feel, maybe I'd better go home." Mrs. Payne's voice was subdued now, for the first time, and it shook a little. She turned and went quietly upstairs.

For a moment Joan and Gil faced each other silently. It was a deep, sweet, confiding silence that held a pledge of understanding. Then they were in each other's arms.

"Gil, darling!"

"Joan!"

How long they held their hungry embrace they did not know. At the sound of steps, they turned to face Mrs. Payne. Her hat was askew, and she held tightly to a little ball of handkerchief. "Goodby," she said brokenly.

"What a lot of your congregation have bad coughs," remarked a visiting parson.

"Bless you," said the verger, "Them's not coughs. Them's time signals."

The teacher in elementary arithmetic looked hopefully around the room. "Now, children," she said, "which would you rather have, 3 bags with 2 apples in each or 2 bags with 3 apples in each?"

While the class thought it over, one lad yelled his answer, "I'd rather have 3 bags with 2 apples each."

When the teacher demanded to know the reason for his choice, his logical reply was, "One more bag to bust."

Some animals, we are told, see all colors only as monotonous gray. Similarly there are too many overeducated people trying to paint word pictures to people who haven't the comprehension. Such was the travelling college professor who observed large clouds of smoke in the distance. He summoned a native lad and said:

"I say, my boy, is that a conflagration raging on the horizon?"

"Naw, suh," said the somewhat puzzled youth. "That's just the woods burnin' up."
Moses recommended it; French Kings called it "lait de la vie éternelle"; Eastern Europeans raised on it live to be 100. Why don’t you give it a try?

__by JEAN TURLOV__

PRIMITIVE people have long believed in the health-giving qualities of a cultured milk known as Yogurt, but it was the Russian microbiologist, Ilya Metchnikoff, who discovered the scientific reason. Why, he wondered, did the peasants of the Balkans, the Russian Caucasus and the Near East enjoy such vigor and reach such ripe old age? Why was their average life span 87 and why did so many live to be 100?

Metchnikoff discovered that an important part of their daily diet was the cultured milk food, yogurt. This contained a great amount of lactic acid organisms which were “friendly” to the gastro-intestinal tract. Metchnikoff reasoned that if he could use yogurt to prevent the growth of harmful, putrefactive bacteria in the intestines, he could avoid the breakdown of vital tissues that caused premature old age and shortened life.

Only in recent years have Americans heard of yogurt, much less tasted the drink. Within the past few years, however, yogurt has become a favorite with many gourmets and has appeared on the menus of the most exclusive hotels.

Modern yogurt is a descendant of soured-milk preparations that have wound through the pages of history for 4,000 years. There are repeated references in the Bible to milk-foods of this type and it is related that Abraham offered it as a dish to his guests. Moses recommended it in the Biblical list of permitted foods. Pious Arabs referred to it with reverence as the “Milk of the Prophet.” The
records of ancient India, Persia and Egypt abound with references to yogurt, where it was used extensively as a preventive against disease and for curative purposes. It was made from the milk of a variety of animals—sheep, buffalo, goat, mare, cow, llama, etc.

YOGURT was first introduced to France during the reign of Emperor Francis I. The king, ailing in health and aging rapidly, sent for a physician from the court of Constantinople, famous for his cures. The physician brought a culture with him and prepared yogurt daily for the monarch. Francis I not only regained his health, but improved in vitality to such an extent that he named the milk food “lait de la vie eternelle,” or milk of life eternal.

Yogurt reached America slowly because it was a poor traveler. Attempts to bring it by ship failed when the culture became contaminated by foreign bacteria. But Trappist monks in France, who had prepared yogurt for centuries, were eager to bring it to the new world. Establishing an agricultural college and the Rosell Bacteriological Institute on the grounds of their monastery at La Trappe, Quebec, Canada, they affiliated with the University of Montreal and called Dr. Jose Maria Rosell from the University of Barcelona in Spain to head the work of obtaining a domestic yogurt culture. Dr. Rosell and his collaborator, Dr. E. Brochu, were the first to show that three bacteria were necessary for the production of this milk food: thermophilus lacticus, bacterium bulgaricum and bacterium yoghouri. The Rosell Institute thus became the first to prepare these milk-fermenting bacteria under precise scientific control, absolutely free from other organisms and combined in the right proportions.

Today, laboratories all over the country produce the yogurt culture, which in turn, is sold to dairies for processing and making yogurt. Two dairies in Kansas City carry yogurt, Aines and Country Club. Both sell the finished product in jars to stores and direct to customers.

Yogurt’s main claim to fame lies in its easy digestibility. A highly nutritious food that can be digested when other foods are rejected, it is helpful in treating certain dietary conditions. Those who cannot drink milk or who are allergic to it, find they can digest yogurt easily. Many doctors have praised yogurt and recommended it for treating stomach and duodenal ulcers, gastritis, enteritis, colitis and dysentery in infants, children and adults. But there is no authoritative proof that it will cure any disease or lengthen life in any individual, as has
been claimed. It has been shown, however, that the yogurt bacteria do replace undesirable organisms in the intestinal tract.

UNDIGESTED food in the intestines promotes the growth of millions of harmful organisms. The protein part of the food, although undigested, is needed for health. Yogurt bacteria thrive in the body, convert milk sugar into lactic acid and produce protein-splitting enzymes. This acid supplements the hydrochloric acid of the stomach and aids, as do the enzymes, in the absorption of alkaline minerals and calcium.

Yogurt is a coagulated milk, much like buttermilk, but more acid in content. Snow-white in color, with the consistency of custard and an acid taste, it is cool and refreshing with a characteristically fruit-like aroma. It has a piquant and rather refreshing flavor, too odd for some palates, that can be completely changed by adding sugar, honey, jam, fresh fruits or berries.

Americans enjoy it as a topping for fresh fruit, or sweetened with honey, jam, jelly or molasses. It can be made into a sundae with maple syrup and it is gaining popularity as a dressing for fruit and vegetable salads because of its taste and low calorie content.

Making yogurt at home has become a simple matter. The culture obtained from the laboratory is stirred into a glass of milk and left at room temperature to incubate from two to four hours. After being thoroughly chilled, it is ready to eat. It is a process similar to that of the commercial yogurt prepared by dairies. Since many people would rather make their own yogurt, information on how to obtain the culture can be obtained from your favorite dairy or the Rosell Institute in La Trappe, Quebec, Canada.

Many rash claims have been written about the ability of yogurt to lengthen life, but there is little medical backing. Yogurt research, however, is continuing with the medical profession hoping to find a springboard to longer, healthier lives, or as a factor in the control of diseases. Meanwhile, longer life or not, it is pleasant, palatable, interesting eating; a year-round delicious food.

“I was born at 7 o’clock in the morning,” said one small boy. “I was born at 2 o’clock in the morning,” the other replied. The first exclaimed, “What’s the use of getting born before it’s time to get up?”

For 30 years two old bachelors, one of them illiterate, had been partners on a little farm in Vermont. Today Nathaniel, returning from the village with the usual supply of groceries, said, “I had to spend an extra nickel, Abner, to buy me a new lead pencil.”

“Always expenses,” Abner replied, annoyed. Taking a grimy stub of a pencil from his pocket, he said:

“I’ve carried this one for 25 years.”

“I know,” his partner answered, “but it makes a heap of difference having to write out Nathaniel J. Allenbaugh or just making a little X mark, like you do.”

It isn’t tying himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marriage, it’s the separating himself from all the others.
TV and the Presidency—1952

"T"WENTY years ago radio took the Republicans out of the White House and whether television brings them back will depend on how intelligently they use it. For television will be instrumental in deciding the 1952 Presidential campaign."

This prediction was made in an address in Los Angeles recently by H. Leslie Hoffman, President of Hoffman Television Co., and a member of the board of the Radio-Television Manufacturers’ Association. Television, he said, can be used for good or evil.

"We saw radio used in Germany to sell Fascism in the Hitler regime; we saw it used in Italy by Mussolini. We are watching radio being used in places like Argentina where a dictatorship has moved in on a powerful means of mass communication.

"The impact of television is something that we Americans must recognize and see used for good rather than evil.

"For the world today is divided into two camps. One contends that a small group should plan for all the rest of us. The other camp believes in making men and women themselves competent to order their own affairs and disposed to do the right thing.

"We have unconsciously allowed the basic thinking of the first camp to dictate much of the thinking today in our own country in its anxiety to change the word ‘opportunity’ to ‘gimmie’.

Going far beyond the field of entertainment, television has the unerring ability to sift insincerity and demagoguery. Television can bring back to America and into every home the old-fashioned town hall meeting and give us an opportunity to see and hear our candidates as they really are sans press agents and ghost writers, and we can cast our votes accordingly.

Thus it is that television will serve the nation and mankind in this period of uncertainty and confusion.

—From The California Bureau, Julius Klein, Newsletter.
When it's springtime in Leap Year, gals, pick a night with shining amour.

The vast spinster army — 3,000,000 unwed girls over 25 — are waiting only for warm weather and dry ground before launching the greatest spring offensive of its kind in history. Preliminary engagements under adverse conditions have been waged throughout most of the winter with only a few captive bachelors reported. It's no secret among male prisoners of previous wars, however, that the smaller and more poorly organized bachelor army will have all the worst of it once action flares out into the open, for it is admitted bachelors have a strong tendency to lay down their arms in surrender on a battlefield bathed in moonlight and honeysuckle. Veterans are expecting a short war, not lasting more than three or four months, with the bachelor army being scattered like — rice at a wedding. Come autumn when the remaining spinster army retrenches for the winter, there will be only handfuls of diehard bachelors hiding out in the hills resisting capture, and coming down for occasional raids. Each side has published a handbook of tactics for the coming fray, and excerpts from each are presented on the opposite page.
Under the Moon

For the Boys—
Defensive Tactics
by HAL BOYLE

1. Don’t try to be repulsive. The more repulsive you act to some women, the more determined they are to land you . . . even if you grease your hair and use a toothpick in public.

2. Never borrow money from a single woman. She loves money second only to men, and if she has a financial as well as emotional investment in you she will track you down though you den with polar bears.

3. When she asks you to her apartment to look at her etchings, bring along a couple of crocheting needles and start knitting yourself some socks. Women are leery of men who crochet for a hobby. But if she still tries to force her attentions on you, well —
OFFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

with what a cook you are, even if you have to hire a caterer to do it.

5. Baby him. Act concerned over his job and his problem. Take his health particularly seriously and make a production of worrying about such things as head colds — but stop short of acting proprietary.

6. Surprise him. Find out some of his favorite dishes, and then have a dinner party with his favorite pie. But don’t get into this routine too often, or he’ll just come to your house to eat and never get around to proposing marriage.

7. Don’t talk about yourself, particularly your past. If he gets inquisitive, say something like, “Oh, you’re so much more interesting. Let’s talk about you!”

8. Show a violent interest in domesticity. Talk a lot about loving children. Be fond, but not too fond, of pets. Indicate that you think there’s nothing so wonderful and stimulating as making beds and dusting.

9. Agree with everything he says about his mother and her cooking.

10. Be demure with his parents. Listen to them, agree with them, keep quiet, smile a lot and try to help his mother with her chores.

11. Drag a proposal out of him subtly. Bring the subject around frequently to things you can do together — even if you loathe them — and be so helpless that he’ll feel that he has to be around permanently to protect you.

DEFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

stab her firmly with the needle. Make her keep her distance.

4. Better yet, never go alone to a bachelor woman’s apartment in the first place.

5. Don’t tell a girl you don’t want to marry her. Just say to your mother: “Mom, that girl is after me, but I just don’t feel she’s the type I want to bring home to you.” Mama will handle the situation from there on out.

6. Ask your own father how he got caught. He’ll be glad to point out his own mistakes — he’s probably been mulling them over for years. Then avoid his errors.

7. Be romantic. Plant a century plant with the girl who has chosen you and tell her, “Dearest when it blooms a second time we’ll wed.” She’ll wait and spend her spare time trying to cross-breed the century plant with morning glories.

8. Propose to all the girls you know, and give them each a dime store engagement ring. After they’ve had their rings appraised, whenever they see you they’ll say, “Hello, poison ivy.”

9. Wear a wedding ring yourself. Say you were secretly married to a young lady you met on a South Sea Island during the war, and that your far-away bride wears her wedding ring in her nose.

10. Finally, if you are just so darned irresistible that nothing else works, go to Athos for a year’s vacation. Athos is a mountainous peninsula in Greece where no female is allowed. Legend has it that one woman managed to sneak ashore in
OFFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

Handle yourself cautiously in bringing a man to the point of a proposal.

Don’t be dismayed if he shows signs of losing his hair. Over 67 per cent of men get bald.

The main thing, girls, is to convince your pidgeon that he’s just wonderful. If you have to . . . pretend . . . pretend . . . pretend.

DEFENSIVE TACTICS (Continued)

men’s clothing. But one of the monks in the twenty-two monasteries there quickly spotted her and she was sent away. The outraged and frightened monks then cut off the point of land where she had come ashore and built a stone wall around it.

If an American bachelor wants a peaceful leap year, he can’t do better than to hibernate on Mt. Athos.

From the Associated Press

The Bomber That Was Never Built

REPOSING mournfully in the Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institution is a strange little model. Neglected by the tens of thousands of visitors to the Nation’s Capital who annually take in the historical exhibits of the Institution, it looks like something out of a fantasy yarn or a Buck Rogers strip. It was, in fact, buried among the blighted dreams of a bygone day until it came to light in 1940, and was then turned over to the museum. It is the model of an aircraft that might have changed history, of a bomber that was never built—one that might have won the Civil War for the South.

The odd-looking little model is of a craft based on the helicopter principle. It consists of a hull, with two vertical screws to raise it and two horizontal screws to propel it. It has a rudder to guide it, and the indication that there would be a steam engine in the hull to rotate the overhead shafts, with gears connected to the shafting of the screws.

The framework of the hull, as noted on the 16 sheets of the inventor’s drawings which came to the Smithsonian along with the model, was to be a crisscross slatting very much like that used in the latter-day British-made Blenheim bombers. It was to be 68 feet long.

This queer contraption was the work of William C. Powers, an architectural engineer, living in Mobile, Alabama. As it never got beyond the model stage, it was known only to a very few men high in the Confederate hierarchy. Looking back, it can be said that it was one of the best kept secrets of the War Between the States.

In 1862, the Confederacy was being strangled by the sea blockade. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues realized the desperate plight of the South and offered a reward of $100,000, Confederate money, to anyone who devised a
means of breaking the grip of the Northern ships. The reward set Powers to thinking, and his thinking settled upon air power.

Warfare from the air was not new, in a sense. Both North and South had taken to the ozone with observation balloons. But the balloon was not the answer Powers sought. He dreamed of a stable aircraft that could carry a load of explosives, move under its own power, and be steered with precision. He communicated his ideas to the Confederate leaders who had made the reward offer and they were enthusiastic. The plan was for “an airship from which to hurl explosives down on the blockading naval vessels.” Backed by this enthusiasm, Powers sat down at his drafting table and came up with the plan for the bomber, the model for which Paul Garber, curator of the Smithsonian Air Museum, says reveals considerable genius in the then unchartered field of aeronautics.

Curator Garber doubts if the bomber would have flown. “The basic idea was fine,” he explains, “that an aircraft could be lifted by helical screws; but it is doubtful whether the power generated by the steam engine would have been sufficient to propel the airship.”

Powers, however, never doubted that his brainchild would fly. Actually, he was so certain it would, and that it would become too deadly a weapon, that after completing his working model he refused to do anymore. He hid both model and plans, explaining to those whose interest he had whetted the danger of the craft being brought down in enemy territory, the design copied and the craft duplicated in great numbers by the superior industrial force of the North.

His fears were shared. The South had no wish to invite greater destruction upon itself through power of its own devising—the project was forgotten. The 16 sheets of plans and drawings, and the little model lay undisturbed for more than 75 years until they came to light in Mobile in 1940.

Powers passed on, unsung, with never another hint of the latent genius that was his. And now, scarcely noticed in the shadows of the ship the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, Lindbergh’s Spirit of St. Louis, and other milestones of the air age, stands the model of the bomber that might have won a war and changed the course of history, the bomber that was never built.

—J. L. Hartman

Few ministers buy second-hand automobiles. They don’t have the vocabulary to run them.

One bassoon player confessed that through an entire series of the classics he played nothing but “Home on the Range,” transposed in the proper key. He said it went perfectly with Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven or anybody else.

During a wedding dinner a small girl, after listening to the remarks of the many weight-conscious women guests, commented wearily: “I guess all women do is either to put on fat, take it off, or rearrange it.”

Oddly enough the world’s shortest sermon is preached by a traffic sign: “Keep right.”
Radio Fights for Peace

The role of Radio Free Europe in the cold struggle to turn back the inroads of Communism.

by BRUCE B. BREWER

MRS. BREWER and I had the good fortune to accompany executives of Radio Free Europe on a trip to European headquarters in Munich, and were able to talk to people who knew life behind the Iron Curtain intimately, for in Munich there were important refugees who had escaped in packing boxes; under the hoods of automobiles, and through barbwire fences to escape communism. They had been drawn by the welcoming voice of Radio Free Europe.

My interest in using the medium of Radio for the dissemination of American ideas and ideals abroad had started some years before, when in conversation with Frank Altschul, the man who was to become the “father” of Radio Free Europe, we had concluded that potentially radio was more diabolical to the peace and safety of mankind than the atom bomb. Could the Kremlin have so dominated the Russian people, kept them steeped in serfdom if it had not monopolized radio broadcasting and dictated radio listening? Could Hitler have aroused a thoroughly whipped Germany to the war lust that brought on World War II without radio’s ability to spread his inflammatory speeches to the German millions? Could Mussolini have lashed agrarian and pacific Italy to war’s fever pitch?

If these leaders could make lies so persuasive over the radio, why could not we Americans employing our acknowledged advertising skill make the light of truth more persuasive using the same instrument of promotion?

Bruce B. Brewer is Managing Partner of Bruce B. Brewer & Co., Kansas City advertising agency. Radio Fights for Peace was written following a trip by Mr. Brewer to Europe to study the facilities and effectiveness of Radio Free Europe.
Our talks were not wholly beside the point, for Mr. Altschul, then the vice president of the National Committee for a Free Europe, disclosed that he was already considering how his organization might employ radio to counterattack communism over the width and breadth of the Iron Curtain countries.

Out of the work of the National Committee for a Free Europe, Radio Free Europe emerged—to become established as a useful tool for building peace in the world.

The test for Radio Free Europe has been Czechoslovakia. Into that nation for nineteen hours a day since May 4, 1951, radio entertainment and fighting propaganda have been beamed from an 135,000 watt transmitter with the directional power of 700,000 watts. Compare this with the 50,000 watt stations, the most powerful in the United States. Compare its lively programming with the dull stuff of Radio Prague and other communist stations, and you can readily understand why Radio Munich is the top listener station in Czechoslovakia.

Observing the cascade of programs broadcast to the victimized little nation, Czechs in exile predicted confidently that a turn had come in their country, and that heads would roll. Shortly afterward came the Slansky-Gottwald break. It was evidence that the job of communizing was meeting resistance. Before Radio Free Europe sent in its thick blanket from the outside, Czechoslovakia was being shoved down the trail to communism, and freedom-minded people were losing hope. The threat of terror hung over them; blared continuously from their radios; dramatized itself in the obliteration of practically all who could be considered leaders of any freedom movement.

Readers of Swing and of the myriad other publications, in America have freedom of thought; each is a leader unto himself. Practically all of us who read what we please, who listen to the radio would be working the mines of slavery today were we living behind the iron curtain, for to exercise freedom of selection of information and entertainment is un-
pardonable. Our children or grandchildren would remain, for the first means of Communism is to persuade youth. Iron Curtain children know little else than Communism. In their schools they repeat over and over communist dogma until it permeates their minds to the point where the lie becomes the truth, and the truth a lie.

Mr. and Mrs. Iron Curtain lie to live. Also they teach their children to lie so that father and mother might live, so that the children will have a home. Every child at school each morning must tell what one parent said to the other the evening before; to whom they talked; to what radio station they listened; what they had to eat. That families might survive this test, each child must be coached in the same lies. Should one child be independent, off goes Mr. Iron Curtain to the mines, perhaps never to be heard from again. If one child is weak and knows of the privileges given youthful informers, he tells on his parents and becomes heroic in the eyes of his teacher.

But now, where the counterpane of Radio Free Europe falls, we are on the march. We are winning back the minds, leaving Stalin the refractory legs, backs and arms. We are supplying spiritual, economic and emotional guidance. We are slowing down production. We are making the communist leadership subject to ridicule and to eventual loss of influence.

If war should come to Western Europe, military leaders are trusting Radio Free Europe to have done its work well. The enemy’s army cannot advance without an ever increasing line of supplies. About the first of May, Radio Free Europe will have spread the fan of its signal to include Poland, and then there will be a continuous and deep frontier separating Russia and Western Europe. If we look at the map, we see how important Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary are in military logistics. They stand astride Russia’s line of communications and supply to the probable battle front. 100,000,000 potential fighters for freedom will surround
the arteries through which the life blood of the communist war machine must flow.

As the Kremlin looks at the alternative of war or peace it finds a delicate balance. Weighing heavily on the scale of decision is the problem of communication through resistance areas. Inside the iron curtain, excepting in mountainous areas, there is no freedom leadership worth counting on. But there are millions of minds reserving, cloaking sympathies, and over the air-waves from the outside is coming the kind of leadership these people want, and it is the leadership the people will look to should a major war again come to our world.

Stalin cannot abolish radio, for communistic dominion needs this instantaneous mass medium for its own purposes. Jamming has been proved ineffectual, for the tremendous power of Radio Free Europe gets the programs through.

Most of us have children or grandchildren who face the possibility of dismal futures. There may be a war or a continuing cold war that may last for decades. We of the present generation have badly fumbled the peace and are in danger of losing it. Peace over the earth in our children's time or even in our own is not a vain hope, however, so long as there is a channel of communication from the people of the free world to the people of the enslaved. We have that channel now working full time for peace. It is Radio Free Europe.

Origin of "Uncle Sam"

WHEN a mid-west newspaper recently offered two thousand dollars for the best portrait of a more modern "Uncle Sam", the people of Troy, New York, protested vigorously. They even adopted a resolution opposing the contest on the grounds that the traditional white-whiskered figure so familiar to every one as the symbol of the United States should remain the same for generations of Americans yet to come.

Coming from Troy, this protest was only natural for the original "Uncle Sam" lived in Troy for more than sixty years and his grave in Oakwood Cemetery is visited by scores of people from all parts of the country. For there was a real "Uncle Sam", from whose name the nickname of the United States was derived.

SAMUEL WILSON—that was his real name—was born in Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 16, 1766, the sixth child in a family of eleven children. When he was a small boy his parents loaded their big family and household belongings in an ox wagon and migrated to southern New Hampshire.

On a hilltop, near the present village of Mason, the Wilsons built their home. The story and a half building, with its huge chimney and many-paned windows, remained in the family for well over one hundred years and still
stands in a good state of preservation. A sign in front tells the stranger that this is the Uncle Sam House.

When he was twenty-one, young Sam and his brother, Eben, set out to walk to Troy, New York, where the two youths hoped to make their fortunes. They found Troy a growing settlement on the banks of the Hudson River and soon the Wilson brothers were engaged in the town's chief industry at the time—brick making. Sam saved his money and invested it in farm lands near the settlement. He built a home for himself on Ferry Street, and went back to Mason, New Hampshire, for his bride—Betsy Mann, whom he married in 1797.

As the years went on, Sam Wilson engaged in various enterprises, but the most extensive was his slaughtering business. Scores of men were employed by him, and though only in his forties, every one called him Uncle Sam as a mark of respect, for he was a very popular, genial and kindly man.

It was during the War of 1812 that the incident occurred by which his name was given to the United States. Samuel Wilson had a contract to supply the army cantonment at Greenbush, New York, with beef and pork from his slaughter yards. The brand which he stamped upon his barrels of meat were the initials of the nation—"U. S."

One day when a large shipment was on the Ferry Street wharf, awaiting shipment to Greenbush, a party of passengers landed at the dock. They showed much curious interest in the great quantity of provisions, and one of them asked the watchman in charge what the "U. S." on the casks meant.

"I dunno, unless it stands for Uncle Sam Wilson," he replied. "He feeds the army". Since the abbreviation was almost entirely new at the time, many people would not have known that the "U. S." stood for the United States.

The joke was soon passed around and the friendly nickname by which our government is known was ultimately adopted by the entire country. Files of old newspapers show that the term "Uncle Sam" as applied to the United States appeared in print as early as 1813. Samuel Wilson died in Troy July 31, 1854 at the age of 88.

—Maude Gardner

A dusty old gentleman who ran a dusty old curio shop was being interviewed by a reporter who planned a feature story on the many strange things the old man had collected in a lifetime of trading.

"And what," the reporter asked, gazing at the deer heads, walrus tusks, stuffed alligators and shrunken heads, "would you say is the strangest thing you have in your shop?"

The old man thought a moment and contemplated his strange stock and said sadly, "I am."

There is always room at the top—just under a man's hat.

For a change, let's blame the Indians for the shape this country is in. They should have been more careful about the class of aliens they let come into the country.

Old Uncle Tom, always known as cheerful in spite of adversity, gave as his formula, "I just learned to cooperate with the inevitable."
THE bats are already booming for the Kansas City Blues down in Lake Wales, Florida, and yours truly is champing at the bit for a dose of sea-shore, sunshine and spring baseball. We'll be broadcasting all the Blues games over WHB again this season—sponsored by Muehlebach Beer. The Yankee apprentices begin their season at home April 16, tangling with St. Paul. Kansas City seems headed for a high spot in the American Association Standings again, after finishing third in 1951. The kids will be once more under the leadership of George Selkirk, the great Twinkletoes of the Yankee outfield a few years back (but not too many).

The Blues seem to have every position sewed up tight except short stop, the weak link in the team's defense since 1947 when they lost Odie Strain. Pitching will be strong with Rex Jones, Al Cicotte, Ed Cereghino and Wally Hood. If they find a cork for that key short stop position, the Blues look like the team to beat in the American Association!

IN basketball, the K. U. Jayhawks staged a mighty campaign to win Big Seven, N.C.A.A. and Olympic championships—and kept the entire area in a high state of "basketball fever" right up to the Olympic finals in Madison Square Garden March 31 and April 1.

The University of Kansas swept aside its opposition at Kansas City and Seattle to take the N.C.A.A. Basketball Championship. Thus K.U. became the first National Champ in Big Seven
annals. The Jayhawks had been to the tournament once before; Oklahoma University reached the finals in 1947 to be defeated by Holy Cross; and Kansas State went down before Kentucky in the big game last year.

The championship was the biggest sparkler in the K.U. crown, but there were some jewels of individual and team performance that will shine for a long time. Eight tournament records fell to the Jays, one by the team, which racked up an all-time high of 80 points for the championship game. All-American Clyde Lovelette bagged the other honors for himself. He scored 141 points in the four games, 44 of them in the game against St. Louis U.; set a new record for field goals and free throws both for single-game and overall tournament play; and established a new tournament rebound record. Lovelette, the largest man in the tournament, though by no means the biggest in basketball, was reverently placed by Eddie Hickey, St. Louis U. coach, on his All-Universe team. Lovelette was voted the most valuable player in the cross-country tournament, and as far as we are concerned the entire K.U. team can go to Helsinki.

PRECEDING the N.C.A.A. finale was the exciting Big Seven Conference race. K.U. won the title after a neck and neck struggle with the Kansas State Wildcats. All other conference teams were pretty well out of the running by mid-season. The twilight of the season saw Dr. F. C. "Phog" Allen win his 700th coaching victory, a number no other coach can even approach.

WHB broadcast 30 Big Seven games and saw every team in action at least four times. The conference was very strong, and we feel that our All-Star team could go against any All-America team selected from the other loops around the nation. Here it is:

BIG SEVEN ALL-STARS
Clyde Lovellette—Kansas
Bill Stauffer—Missouri
Dick Knostman—Kansas State
Jim Buchanan—Nebraska
Bob Kenny—Kansas
Jim Iverson—Kansas State
Jim Stange—Iowa State
Sherman Norton—Oklahoma
Randy Gumpert—Colorado
Bill Hougland—Kansas

THE small college teams moved into Kansas City 32 strong from every section of the country. Both on paper and on the floor it was the strongest assemblage in N.A.I.B. Tournament history. The play was red hot from the opening tip off, and the tournament took added luster when won by an underdog, eighth seeded Southwest Missouri State, the Springfield Bears. In second place was a scrappy team from Murray State, Kentucky; third was the highly regarded San Marcos State, Texas, five; and fourth came the crowd-pleasing Portland U. team.
Andy Johnson, 6 ft. 4 inch Negro sophomore from Portland stole the show in every game he played—with his Harlem Globetrotter proclivities. In a tournament studded with great individual performers, little Bennie Purcell of Murray State was voted the most outstanding player. The week’s attendance was right at 55,000.

N.A.I.B. ALL-STAR TEAM

Forrest Hamilton—Springfield State
Jim Julian—Springfield State
J. G. Maze—San Marcos State
Benny Purcell—Murray State
Garrett Besheer—Murray State
Andy Johnson—Portland U.
Jim Winters—Portland U.
Jim Fritche—Hamline U.
Jerry Anderson—Springfield State
Don Pollson—Whitworth

In the final eleven days of the season, WHB carried play-by-play broadcasts direct from four games at the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, March 22nd and 29th; four games from Seattle, March 25th and 26th; and the Olympic Finals from Madison Square Garden in New York, March 31st and April 1st.

And now to Florida for a brief vacation and to watch the Blues getting ready for their baseball opening in Kansas City, April 16th.

See you at Blues Stadium Opening Day!

What every woman wants is security and a chance to play with insecurity.

A New York traffic expert estimated that the old New Yorker sped 11½ miles an hour via horse and buggy. Today’s motor traffic in midtown is an average of 6 miles an hour.
# Swing Programs on WHB – 710

## Morning

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>TUESDAY</strong></td>
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<td><strong>WEDNESDAY</strong></td>
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<td>Mrs. W'ther, Livestock Songs by Don Sullivan Cowtown Wranglers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary Featured Five</td>
<td>Sandra Lea Chats Our Favorite Neighbors</td>
<td>Sandra Lea Chats Our Favorite Neighbors</td>
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<td>Sisters of Greater Five</td>
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## Afternoon

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<tr>
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<td><strong>WEDNESDAY</strong></td>
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<td><strong>SATURDAY</strong></td>
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<td><strong>TIME</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Man On The Farm</td>
<td>Cowtown Wranglers</td>
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Baseball

Spring has zing at WHB, and the zing is a whistling line drive deep into center field. April 16, the "Blues" will bounce into Kansas City from their spring training quarters at Lake Wales, Florida, to launch their assault on the American Association Flag, against St. Paul. The "Blues" (Yankee farm team) will play the pre-season burden of being considered the "team to beat" in the pennant race. All "Blues" games, both at home and on the road, will be broadcast exclusively by WHB—play-by-play by Larry Ray. The sponsor is Muehlbach Beer.

THE "BLUES" SCHEDULE
Games "Away" appear in italics
(2) indicates doubleheader

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Kansas City, as always, is alive with "spirit" for Opening Day, and for a successful "Blues" season. This year there are more "Blues Fan Clubs," in and out of town, than ever before—and even the local high schools have organized fan clubs. The Chamber of Commerce had scheduled a special "Baseball Luncheon" for April 16, with Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees, the parent club, as guest speaker. The Kansas City Club is organizing an "Opening Day Luncheon," with members having lunch at the Club, taking special busses to the game and sitting in a special section.
HUNDREDS OF OTHER CLUBS AND LOCAL BUSINESS FIRMS ARE ALSO ORGANIZING GROUP ATTENDANCE FOR OPENING DAY.

**BLUES FAN CLUB OFFICIALS**

President: Leo Barry  
Special Events: Ray Edlund, A. J. Stephens  
It Happened In America

IN every instance in the history of our Presidential elections, where the candidates for President and Vice-President on the same ticket possessed surnames ending with the letter “n”, these candidates were elected. These included Jefferson and Clinton; Madison and Clinton; Jackson and Calhoun; Jackson and Van Buren; Van Buren and Johnson; Lincoln and Hamlin; Lincoln and Johnson, and Benjamin Harrison and Morton. No president has been defeated for re-election to a second consecutive term, if he had served in the American armed services, or the election occurred during a war period or a crisis.

RANKING their popularity as great Americans according to the number of counties in the various states which have been named in their honor, George Washington is in first place with counties named for him in 30 states. Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson are tied for second place with 21. James Madison and Andrew Jackson are next with 18 each, with James Monroe sixth with 17, and Abraham Lincoln seventh with 15.

WHEN the Republic of Czechoslovakia, now under Soviet domination, was formed out of the dual empire of Austria-Hungary after the first World War, the duly elected President Masaryk, now deceased, and members of his government assembled in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and signed the Declaration of Independence for the people of this then new nation.

ELIAS Howe, Jr., invented the sewing machine while employed on his father’s farm, in a small mill the elder Howe operated in 1819. In 1835 young Howe went to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he was employed for a time in the manufacture of machinery. Here, with the aid of George Fisher, an old schoolmate, in May, 1845, he turned out his first sewing machine. It was not a financial success, so he went to England. While he was there this machine was imitated and placed on the market without any regard for his previous patent rights. After much litigation and the help of some of his friends, in 1854, he successfully defended his claim to this invention. When his patent expired September 10, 1867, he had amassed a fortune of over $2,000,000. He also received a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He died in Brooklyn, October 3, 1867.

—From It Happened In America, by Louis Honig.
SWINGSHOTS

Reading clockwise from the top of the page: DR. F. C. "PHOG" ALLEN (right), University of Kansas basketball mastermind, is congratulated by Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, on his 700th coaching victory. The Championship K. U. team had just presented Dr. Allen with his greatest season in 35 years of coaching.

The portico of the proposed $1,575,000 building for the MIDWEST RESEARCH INSTITUTE of Kansas City.

MARTHA SCOTT and JOHN LODER tell WHB's Roch Ulmer about their Kansas City—pre-Broadway—opening of Second Threshold. Miss Scott is the daughter of "Scottie" Scott, Director of Maintenance at the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, Kansas City.

R. T. MIRCHANDANI, Minister of Food and Agriculture for India, visited WHB with REUBEN CORBIN, Govt. Market Specialist, while on a tour of American markets.
The Midwest Research Institute

Indicative of the growing interdependence of science, agriculture and industry is Kansas City’s rapidly expanding Midwest Research Institute. Organized just six years ago, the Institute has developed into one of the foremost research facilities in the nation, contributing not only to private enterprise but public health and national defense.

The proposed new building for the Midwest Research Institute, depicted in the drawing at left, will contain 64,800 square feet of floor space and will enable consolidation of operations now conducted in six separate buildings. An extensive campaign will be inaugurated on March 22 to construct the $1,575,000 building.

The Institute has grown to fill a need created by the expansion of industrial technology. For the smaller companies with no research departments of their own, there is provided a fully staffed and equipped laboratory with no initial capital expenditure. In the case of larger industrial firms, many of whom have their own research departments, the institute provides an able assistant for overworked technical facilities and a remedy for stalemated programs.

Here is science, industry and agriculture in a cooperative venture that benefits the public and contributes to the welfare of the entire nation.

A cross-sectional cut showing arrangement of rooms and laboratories in proposed new Midwest Research Institute building.
"Breaking In"

Your Home

When your new house starts cracking at the seams, maintain a decorous manner—use your head to set it right, not your saw and hammer.

By FRANK ROSE

When cracks suddenly appear in the sidewalks and plaster walls of your new home, take it easy! When the baseboards, moldings, and trim begin to work out of their original positions, when the boards in your floors separate and leave gaps, don’t grab for a gun and go hunting for the contractor. When your doors begin to bind and the windows stick in their frames, when the joints of your woodwork commence to pull open, don’t tell your lawyer to file suit.

All of these minor catastrophes to the new home owner are natural and inevitable. Your only concern should be to make the necessary adjustments quickly and sensibly, for, like a car, every home must go through a “breaking in” period, and the same principle applies in dealing with both.

The moisture content of the wood materials in your home must adjust itself to that usually present in your locality, and shrinking or swelling of the wood always accompanies any change in moisture content. The degree of shrinkage cannot be predetermined, but it is known that the joists usually shrink more than other structural members. As they do, they pull other materials that are fastened to them out of position, causing baseboards and moldings to shift position, joints to open, doors and windows to bind, and cracks to appear.
It is a waste of time to rush about repairing this damage while the house is suffering from its growing pains. When the moisture content of the lumber has fully adjusted itself, and when the house has settled firmly on its foundation, then is the time to go to work.

There is one outstanding exception. Binding doors and casement windows should be relieved at once by the use of a small plane; otherwise they will be ruined beyond repair by the continual strain of being forced into openings that have grown too small to accommodate them. You must be careful, however, not to make them fit too loosely in their openings, especially during conditions of extreme humidity. If you do so, it is almost certain that the dry season will find them so shrunk from their jambs that weatherstripping cannot make them weatherproof.

After the "breaking in" period—usually a year or two—the moldings need to be reset. To do it any sooner will only entail another job later. Gaps in the floorboards can easily be overcome by using a wood filler just before you refinish the floors.

You will notice that the shrinking of wood in your bathroom will often cause an unsightly separation between the tub and the floor and wall tile. This is easily remedied by filling the cracks with white cement.

As for the cracks that appear in your plaster walls, the wise home owner will anticipate them and avoid doing any expensive wall decoration until the house is thoroughly broken in. Then, when you are ready to re-decorate, your painter can easily fill the cracks and there is little possibility of their reappearance.

It is impossible for the builder to avoid the cracking of concrete. Such cracks are due to a number of factors, such as the natural shrinkage which occurs in the final setting of the concrete, various changes in temperature, and an excess of fine materials brought to the surface in the process of troweling.

Cracks do not indicate poor concrete. Quite to the contrary. Poor mixes of concrete will show less cracks than the richer mixes, but they will lack strength and durability. None of the cracks that ordinarily occur in concrete will prove sufficiently damaging to shorten its useful life.

Cracks in stucco, like those in concrete, are unavoidable. No method has yet been discovered that will entirely eliminate them from the early period of a house. Fortunately, they usually are so small that they are no detriment, and, after the "breaking in" period has ended and the house has been repainted, they become completely unnoticeable. Seldom will any more cracks appear.

By exercising care and common sense during the "growing-up pains" of your home, you will find that you have both saved considerable money and provided your loved ones with the dream castle you saw on the drawing board's.

What a country needs is not New Deals, Fair Deals or Square Deals, but Ideals.
Those seat-of-the-pants days when pilots hedge hopped with the United States mails are remembered, but not with longing—the quarter-century story of Mid-Continent Air Lines, of Kansas City.

By NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

On a summer night in 1935 a man in a mechanic's coveralls went to work at Kansas City's municipal air terminal at a series of jobs that would keep six men busy today.

The man was Leo Cullen, early-day aircraft mechanic, cargo handler, dispatcher, radio operator, station agent, and co-pilot for Hanford's Tri-State Airlines. Cullen worked for one of the pioneer airlines of the middle west, which was organized in Sioux City in 1928 and in 1934 activated air mail routes between Kansas City, Omaha, Winnipeg, Minneapolis, and Chicago.

Under the hangar lights, Cullen—the one-man gang—began servicing the airplane, checking and double-checking all vital parts. That task finished, he refueled the gas tanks and went to work loading mail and cargo. With that job completed, he changed to a pilot's uniform and disappeared into the office to sign the mechanical release and dispatch the flight before climbing into the co-pilot's seat.

Today Leo Cullen is Assistant Chief Pilot for Mid-Continent Airlines, and is one of the company's thirty-nine pilots who have flown a million miles or more, backed by more than eleven hundred fellow employees. But in those early Hanford days it wasn't unusual for the same man to service, load, and dispatch an airplane—then help fly it to Omaha and Minneapolis. If he had a little spare time on his hands, there were always planes to be cleaned. They
were tri-motored Fords and Lockheed Vegas, and they took off from Kansas City from a single cinder runway.

In 1936 Cullen was “promoted” to station manager for Hanford in Sioux City. Inside the radio room one day a message brought the news that a Hanford plane had been forced down in a farmer’s field near the town of Vermilion, South Dakota.

Cullen, the station manager, called his company’s office to report the accident and promised to fix the plane himself. Then he picked up his tool kit and drove to the scene of the accident. Cullen the mechanic repaired the plane quickly and the pilot took off from the plowed field to resume his flight with the mail to Minneapolis. Only four hours had elapsed from the time the message reached Cullen in Sioux City to the resumption of the interrupted flight. It was all in a day’s work, according to Cullen.

Leo Cullen is one of five of the original group of Hanford pilots now flying commercial airliners for Mid-Continent. The name was changed in August, 1938, in the belief that it better identified the airline with the midwest. The number one man on the seniority list is Captain Al Jaster, whose service goes back to July 1, 1934, and whose record lists 3,500,000 miles. Jaster’s list of “firsts” includes many pioneer air mail flights. He also was the captain on Mid-Continent’s first Convair flight between Kansas City and the Twin Cities in June of 1950—a long step from flying early-day Bellancas and Boeing 40-B’s, both open cockpit aircraft, in winter months when the temperature often went as low as forty degrees below zero.

Jaster recalls the 40-B’s with a grim smile. “Four passengers rode in a cramped, boxlike cabin. The cabin had two seats and windows which—luxury of luxuries—allegedly could be opened for better ventilation! The pilot flew the plane from an open cockpit just behind the passenger compartment. In the winter time he wore, in addition to his helmet, goggles and thick flying suit, a face mask to protect him from sub-zero temperature. He looked like a man from Mars.”

According to Jaster, the first transcontinental scheduled plane travel became possible in the fall of 1927, when connections at Chicago were made between Boeing Air Transport and National Air Transport—two of the predecessor companies of United Air Lines. From New York to Chicago, the hardy souls who ventured cross-country by air traveled in open cockpit planes, sitting with the mail bags, or on them. West of Chicago they flew in the comparatively comfortable 40-B’s. The trans-

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Norton Hughes Jonathan is Assistant to the Director of Publicity of Mid-Continent Airlines. He is a veteran contributor to SWING, and acted as Chicago editor from the first issue until January, 1951. His new book, "The High Horizon", will be published by the John C. Winston Company this summer.

Mid-Continent Airlines is celebrating its 15th Anniversary. In that time it has grown from a 7-plane airline to a major north-south carrier with 4,000 route miles and 27 modern aircraft.
continental trip took a total of 32 hours with 14 fueling stops. The fare was $400. Today its $157, and the air-coach fare is $99.

In 1929 Southwest Air Express—known as Safeway and a predecessor company of American Airlines—formed part of another transcontinental airline pattern. Passengers boarding planes on the west coast would fly all day until they reached Albuquerque. There they would transfer to a train, ride all night, then board a Safeway plane at Sweetwater, Texas, the next morning. At the end of the second day of flying, the harried travelers found themselves in St. Louis, where they would return to a train for the overnight trip to Columbus, Ohio. The final portion of the journey—from Columbus to New York—was made by air, with the harried pioneer reaching New York on the third day. The trip took a considerable amount of stamina.

Dean of Mid-Continent’s pilots mileage-wise is Captain D. S. “Barney” Zimmerley, who has just passed the four-million miles aloft mark. Zimmerley flew in World War I and then barnstormed through the middle-west. That meant playing the carnival and state fair circuit, flying ancient planes and taking anyone up for a ten minute ride who had the necessary confidence and $2.00. There were few airports worthy of the name. In those days, an airfield really was a field—any field large enough to land in with a reasonable amount of safety.

Zimmerley established two flight records which are still in the record book. On July 1, 1929, he flew a three-place, 85-horse-power Barling plane non-stop from Brownsville, Texas, to Winnipeg, Canada—a record non-stop flight for light planes. Then on February 16, 1930, after taking off from St. Louis, he flew the same type ship to an altitude of 27,000 feet—another record for light planes.

Another veteran of mid-western aviation is Jack Seay, present-day station superintendent for Mid-Continent. He recalls that he was hired because of his considerable experience with plywood, of which there was an abundance in Lockheed Vega aircraft. Seay used to call them “pickle barrels”.

When Hanford needed a mechanic at Tulsa, Seay was asked to get a radio operators license. Back in the pioneer days of 1936 Tulsa was a one-man station, so Seay automatically became mechanic, cargo handler, plane cleaner, and radio operator as well as station manager.

Today a modern teletype network speeds airline operations, but in 1936...
all contacts between stations were made by voice radio. In the fall of 1937 a radio telegraphy system was installed, but it was not until 1944 that the first company teletype circuit went into service.

Seay seldom had time on his hands. Station managers worked a seven-day week and were expected to be on the job most of the day and night. He usually put in a solid month at his assorted tasks—then got all his time off when the relief man appeared—if he did appear.

Chief Dispatcher A. A. MacDonald of Mid-Continent is another Hanford veteran who remembers the high plywood content of the Vegas. "It was very easy to stick an arm or a leg through the plane's skin," he recalls. "I helped install the first two-way radios in Hanford planes back in January of 1936. Putting radio equipment in a Vega was hard work, requiring an extremely cramped position in the plywood tail of the aircraft. I once made the mistake of moving my foot too far and made the discovery that I had shoved it through the side of the plane."

MacDonald also recalls that in the severe winter of 1936, Bismarck, North Dakota, was isolated from the rest of the airline for twenty-one days. "That was hard on the local station manager," he says. "His pay check didn't reach him for almost three weeks."

Today a thick manual governs every phase of airline operations, but in the days of the old Hanford company a single sheet of paper governed all flight operations. This was long before instrument flying and centralized flight control. Either the dispatcher or the pilot could "clear" a plane if a 500-foot ceiling existed with one-mile visibility. Pilots often flew just above the tree-tops. The change-over to a centralized flight control came in 1936 with the installation of a two-way radio in all aircraft.

That highly decorative symbol of commercial aviation—the airline hostess—first appeared in 1930, when Boeing hired eight nurses to serve passengers on its Chicago-San Francisco flights. The young nurse who recruited and trained these pioneer flight attendants was Ellen Church, who is now studying for her Doctor's degree in nursing administration at the University of Chicago. Miss Church has not been associated with aviation since the beginning of World War II when she joined the Army Nurse Corps. She is also an exception to the popular notion that airline hostesses marry soon after going to work. The first hostess has never married.

Transcontinental and Western Air began assigning Kansas City and
California young women to its flights as a third member of the crew in 1934. The first TWA hostess was Thelma Jean Hiatt. She flew from 1934 through 1939, and was co-founder of a "Clipped Wings Club"—made up exclusively of ex-hostesses who lost their wings at the altar—when she became Mrs. Hylton Harman of Kansas City, Kansas.

A year later, in 1934, Hanford Airlines employed three young women to work as hostesses aboard its trimotored Fords. However, the period of service for the pioneer trio was a brief one. When the company became Mid-Continent Airlines and purchased Lockheed Electra equipment, the new planes were too small to permit the carrying of a third crew member. First officers took over the hostess' duties, from reminding passengers to fasten their seat belts to serving food. Flight crews reputedly ate very well during this period, particularly during rough weather.

However, few co-pilots cared much for their additional cabin duties. One 225-pounder reputedly had all the grace of an elephant as he toted trays up and down an Electra's narrow aisle.

Hanford, like other early-day airline companies, sold advertising space on its ticket envelopes. The envelope used by Hanford in 1934 advertised several places to visit in New York and hotel accommodations. Single room "apartments" were offered at well-known hotels at $3.00 per day, and the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway was offering Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. Dinner was $1.50—with no cover charge.

A rough map showing the principal airline routes of the United States was reproduced on the flap of the envelope. Airlines listed included names still famous in American aviation, as well as several that have been forgotten. Among the present-day companies were TWA—known in 1934 as Transcontinental and Western Air Express—Braniff, American, Eastern, Northwest, and Pennsylvania Airlines and Transport Company, which later became Capital Airlines. Also listed were such long-forgotten air transport companies as Albert Frank Airlines, Bowen, and Pacific Seaboard Airlines, which became Chicago and Southern.

Although veteran airline operating personnel like to talk about the past there's no longing among them for the days when a pilot sometimes flew by the seat of his pants and often expected to end up along with his mail sacks in some farmer's field. The airline people are too busy building a greater future.
Curare—Ancient New Drug

It has taken centuries to change a deadly poison into a medical and surgical aid.

By WILLIAM D. JENKINS

The man who first brought tobacco to Europe, Sir Walter Raleigh, also brought back tales of poisoned arrows so lethal, a mere scratch brought certain death. Today, you may very likely thank this ancient discovery of Indians in the jungles of the Amazon for your prompt recovery from your next operation.

How American scientists saw in the black, pungent syrup with which these Indians poisoned their arrow tips a drug of benefit to mankind, how they isolated the active ingredient, purified it, standardized it, is a story of interest to everyone likely to need the services of a surgeon and, for that matter, to an increasing number of other people suffering from a wide variety of afflictions.

Until recent years, one of the great hazards of surgery was the frequent effect of anesthesia. The administration of deep anesthesia often caused post-operative complications, nausea, shock, depression, heart-strain. Convalescence was seriously delayed, even if no significant harm was done. Surgeons thus have always preferred to avoid deep anesthesia. Unfortunately, it was necessary for one simple reason: although unconscious under lighter anesthesia, the patient remained rigid, so tense that surgeons could scarcely pass the barrier of rigid muscles into the abdominal cavity until deep anesthesia had relaxed those muscles.

Now, thanks to a recent discovery based upon the Indian jungle brew, deep anesthesia is far less frequently necessary. That development is a purified and standardized preparation of curare, a drug which has been known for centuries, but whose action medical

Information supplied by E. R. Squibb & Sons.
Science has only recently been able to apply.

Today, curare, used in conjunction with cyclopropane, ether or other anesthetics, is found in operating rooms around the world. Injected immediately after the patient loses consciousness, a proper dosage of curare completely relaxes muscles except those controlling respiration and heart action. The patient sleeps peacefully but lightly while his relaxed body permits the surgeon to make an incision of minimum size and manipulate muscles without resistance. Many surgeons believe that cyclopropane with curare approaches the ideal in anesthesia.

Chief use of curare is therefore as an aid in surgery, but it is proving useful in a growing number of other fields as well.

Psychiatrists, for example, welcome curare in the application of shock therapy. One method for treating schizoids and certain other mental cases is to rouse them from lethargy by shocking them with convulsive-action drugs or with electricity. The shock produces not only the desired effect on the brain, but a violent nervous convolution in which the patient's body thrashes about, possibly resulting in injury. Curare, administered a few minutes before the shock, helps to make the convolution less severe.

Many doctors find curare of use in the management of poliomyelitis. Curare does not cure poliomyelitis, or fight the virus which causes it. But during the early stages of the disease, while the body itself is building resistance, permanent crippling can often be prevented by means of physical therapy—the massaging and exercising of afflicted limbs and muscles. Curare may be used to relax the spasm in the affected muscles and thus make possible their manipulation without causing unbearable pain.

Other uses for curare include:

- Lessening the severity of convulsions resulting from tetanus or lockjaw. As the latter name indicates, this form of infection causes muscles to contract tightly.
- The diagnosis of myasthenia gravis, a disorder characterized by muscle weakness. The injection of a minute amount of curare aggravates the basic condition and exaggerates its symptoms, making accurate diagnosis of the disease possible.
- The treatment of certain nervous diseases of which muscle spasm is a feature.
The relaxation of muscles to facilitate the insertion of instruments for examination of body cavities.

The everyday use by physicians and surgeons of the various curariform products now available marks curare as no longer an experimental curiosity. Only a few years ago, however, when the American public first became aware of it, curare was a thing of romance as well as a "miracle drug." In its crude form curare had been used by South American Indians on their blowgun darts to kill small animals and birds. It simply relaxed their breathing muscles to the point where these small creatures suffocated. Popular science writers seized upon the subject eagerly and wrote of "Indian arrow poisons" and "jungle drugs." Their melodramatic writings may well have had some effect in delaying the drug's acceptance by the medical profession which is noted for its insistence that a drug be understood completely, that it be tried and proved, and tried and proved again, before it is administered to patients.

The first explorers of South America made the acquaintance of curare in a somewhat disagreeable manner. They were exposed to its effects on the tips of darts and arrows aimed at them by inhospitable Indians. However, the explorers were fascinated by what they saw of the substance and took considerable pains to find out about it. The earliest book on America, Pietro Martyr's De Orbo Novo (Of the New World), published in the year 1516, contains numerous references to arrow poison, presumably curare. Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought tobacco to Europe, is also credited with bringing back the first specimen of curare in 1595. The substance aroused considerable interest among contemporary men of science, but they had little of it and were unable to learn much about its composition and action.

It was not until the late eighteen hundreds that anything of any importance was known about curare. The difficulties facing investigators were not primarily scientific. They just couldn't get hold of the drug or its basic ingredients. Most of the South American Indians themselves didn't know what they were using. The ingredients and the methods of preparation were closely guarded secrets of a few selected natives. Hundreds of years went by before a white man succeeded even in watching a batch prepared. In 1812, however, it was established that curare killed by relaxing breathing muscles to the point where they ceased acting. Shortly thereafter botanists began to identify and classify various curare-yielding plants.

The great French physiologist, Claude Bernard, studied the effect of the drug and localized its action at the point of junction between nerve and muscle, in the microscopic areas known as the motor end-plates. Bernard, whose work was confirmed by later investigators, demonstrated that curare by some unknown process temporarily interrupted nerve-muscle impulses so that a state of complete relaxation resulted.

Claude Bernard's findings were made known in 1859, and the potential value of curare in medicine
became evident through his work and that of others.

Largely because of the short supply, however, another 75 years went by before progress was made with the drug. In 1935, Dr. Harold King of the National Institute for Medical Research in London, obtained from the British Museum a specimen of curare which had been in the museum's possession for many years. From this specimen he succeeded in isolating the active chemical ingredient, a crystalline substance which he named d-tubocurarine chloride. The botanical origin of the museum specimen was unknown, but certain evidence suggested that it had been obtained from some member of the plant species known as *Chondodendron*.

Meanwhile an American, Richard C. Gill, became interested in the potentialities of curare. While in South America, he had actually tried the Indian curare on himself and been impressed with its action. He came to the United States with various specimens of curare syrup and dried plants.

Chiefly responsible for the development of the first purified, standardized extract of curare available to the medical profession—Intocostrin—is H. A. Holaday, a biochemist on the staff of E. R. Squibb & Sons. Holaday worked out the method for purifying crude curare and devised the biological assay which is used in adjusting each production run of Intocostrin to a standard strength. Thus, physicians and anesthetists may count within reason on a uniform response in their patients. Without such a test, the use of Intocostrin in medicine would not have been possible. The test has been made an official assay method of the United States Pharmacopeia.

While the development of Intocostrin, the purified standardized extract from plants, was still going on, two other Squibb scientists, Doctors Oskar Wintersteiner and James D. Dutcher, began to work on the problem of isolating the active principle of curare syrup derived from the single plant species, *Chondodendron tomentosum*. The successfully-isolated substance proved to be identical with that obtained by Dr. King in 1935 in London.

Squibb d-Tubocurarine chloride was made available to the medical profession in 1943. The drug is now official USP.

But the story of curare is not yet ended. Scientists are continuing to work on it. New compounds have been discovered. One of them, Meocostrin, has already been made available to doctors; it has several times the paralyzing powers of d-tubocurarine chloride, but it has lesser effects on respiratory functions. Another compound, known as d-chondocurarine chloride is being investigated. It appears to be many times more active than the substances now being used but it occurs in the plant extract in such small amounts that as yet science does not know what to do with it. Still further substances, new formulas, more derivatives are constantly being investigated.

In this one field alone lie significant promises for further conquest of pain and disease, for a longer and happier life for mankind.
OUR OLD MOTHER

SCIENTISTS now believe the earth is about 2,000 million years old. While you read this paragraph, the sun will send as much heat to the earth as en million tons of coal could provide.

If you could get high enough to see the entire earth at once, it would parkle like a gem from the 2,000 thunderstorms that are flashing away at all times. This means rain is always falling somewhere—about sixteen millions of water every second.

Astronomers estimate that fifteen million meteorites enter our atmosphere very day. All but a very few burn to dust immediately by friction.

There are many tornadoes and cyclones going on much of the time. Most of the former occur in the United States, which Middle-Westerners can easily believe.

Humanity doesn’t take up much room on this globe. Someone has figured out the whole human race could go swimming in Lake Erie at one time, and each person would have sixty square feet of water to splash round in.

—Roscoe Poland

She entered the office of a noted divorce lawyer. “I—I want to know if I have rounds for divorce?” she asked.

“Are you married?” asked the lawyer.

“Of course,” was the reply.

“Then you have grounds.”

“I suppose,” said the teller, “that you and your wife have a joint checking ac-

count?”

“No,” said the customer. “I’ve been married twice.”

A tourist crossing the plains met a great file of prairie caravans, men, women and children. “We are going to found a town,” the caravan leader explained. “We are going to found a town in a scientific manner. We have everything with us and nothing is unnecessary. The man with the red hair is a baker. I’m a doctor. That fellow is a blacksmith. There isn’t a person in our party that won’t have some important duty in our new town.”

The tourist pointed to an old and feeble man with a long white beard. “That old man there—” he began.

“Oh, yes,” said the leader, “he’s important too. We’re going to start our new cemetery with him.”

At a village store in the Blue Ridge country the old proprietor was trying to sell a wastebasket to a hillbilly. Sales resistance was set in the chin of the bearded customer. “How come I need a basket? It’ll just need emptying every month or so.”

“Not this one,” said the proprietor. “Ain’t no bottom in it. All you have to do when it’s full is just move it a jot.”

A New Englander and his wife had taken up a little homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly and their thrift great and they prospered. At last when the wife lay ill and fearing death, she called her husband and said, “John, I want you to send me back to Vermont when I’ve passed away.”

“It would cost a lot, May,” replied her husband. “I could buy that windmill for what it would cost.”

“But I couldn’t lie still in my grave so far away from the home folks of Vermont,” the wife protested.

“Well, now, don’t fret,” compromised the old man. “I’ll tell you what I’ll do. Suppose we try it here and I promise you, if you don’t lie still, I’ll ship you back to Vermont.”
THE CREAM OF CROSBY
Continued from Page 123

a public service; NBC would have done a certain amount of breast-beating for having produced it; the operation would be designed toward winning awards at the expense of costing it a large slice of its audience.

FIVE years ago the network thought:
(a) no advertiser could be persuaded to produce anything so commercial; (2) even if he wanted to, no advertiser should be permitted to put his dirty money hands on culture. This view has been sensibly modified. Now NBC feels that the responsibility for spreading culture around should not be that of the network alone, that the advertiser has a certain amount of responsibility, too. The advertisers have been remarkably cooperative. So far, every advertiser NBC has approached—it hasn’t hit them all yet—has agreed.

Under this philosophy, NBC has managed, for example, to slip a factual and accurate recital of the Robert Vogeler story into the framework of its regular Goodyear Playhouse program. Five years ago it probably would have been done as a sustaining documentary. By making a commercial program of it, the Vogeler story inherited a large regular audience and also was assured of a much larger network coverage than it could have commanded as a sustaining program.

NBC has done fourteen similar shows, sneaking some form of culture and enlightenment on to the customers in prime broadcast time under commercial sponsorship. It has many more on the drawing board. One of the more ambitious projects is a series of six programs on Man prepared in association with the American Museum of Natural History—the physical nature of man, man as a social and psychological animal, communications among men, the crust of the earth, the sea, and the nature of the universe. (Some of these may be a little beyond the present resources of television, it is admitted.)

ANOTHER major undertaking due to start in September will be a series on the United States Navy which will be both a naval and work history. It will be written by C. S. Forrester with an original score by Richard Rodgers and narration by Robert Montgomery, an impressive roster of talent.

Operation Frontal Lobes is actually a three-pronged attack on our deeper sensibilities of which the sneaking of full programs into sponsored time is only one. Along with these sneaky attacks NBC is engaged in an ever more underhanded method of instilling culture or enlightenment into us by slipping snippets of rarefied air into its regular entertainment programs, bits of opera on “The Show of Shows,” bits of uplift on the Kat Smith show. For example, Howd Doody has begun a campaign fo
CARE packages. The idea here is not so much to get kids to kick in with a CARE package—though that’s not a bad idea either—as to educate them that life abroad is not as rosy as it is here.

The third aspect of O.F.L. is, I’m afraid, straight undistilled culture, something Sylvester L. Weaver, vice-president in charge of television at NBC, refers to rather disparagingly as “the orthodoxy of shows frankly labelled enlightening.” These include such shows as “Zoo Parade,” “Meet the Press,” “The Nature of Things” and “Mr. Wizard” where you have to take your zoology, politics, physics and chemistry more or less straight.

**Television Is People**

My friend Jim Mainwaring, who lives in Scarsdale, whose opinions have been tested in a dozen country club locker rooms and have been found sound, has been spending more time than is quite good for him with the ad agency folk lately. This has seriously affected not only his thinking but his prose style. He has mastered not only the clichés of the industry but also its inflexions.

“Television,” he is likely to tell you, “is people. Television comes right into your living room.”

“You’re just talking off the top of your head, I presume,” I said.

“I’m just throwing it on the table for what it’s worth,” he corrected me. “Television comes right into your living room,” he repeated. “And when I invite a guy into my living room, he’s got to be a real guy. I mean you can like him or dislike him but he’s got to be real. Television will detect a phony every time. Television looks right through a politician’s chest at his heart.”

“Let’s start from the top,” I suggested, which is ad agency parlance for “Where were we?” “Television, you say, is people? You’re just thinking out loud, I assume.”

“Television is people,” said Mainwaring firmly. “Television is 14,000,000 truckdrivers and bank clerks and little guys and their wives and their children. And when you criticize television, you’re criticizing the American people.”

That was the philosophical defense of radio for a great many years and one with which I violently disagree. But, of course, you can’t say you disagree. Not in that league, you can’t. I put it into English. “I can’t go along with you there.”

“You mean you won’t buy it, don’t you?”

“I won’t buy it. Or any part of it. It’s for the birds.”

“Well,” said Mainwaring defensively, “it was just an idea.” He underscored the just heavily, putting the proper disparagement on ideas, especially his own. To take pure ad agency with real skill, one must deprecate an idea before it is hatched. One must never get into too exposed a position. Wholehearted endorsement is foolhardy.

Most ideas are prefaced with a thick screen of hedging. “I don’t know where this will take you but . . .” Then, suitably hedged, out comes the idea. “This is probably wrong but . . .” That particular gambit divorces the author from all responsibility before even stating whatever he has in mind.
In this half light, an idea—any idea at all—appears shamefaced from the outset. It is, as it were, a sustaining idea; it hasn’t got a sponsor. When you throw an idea on the table for what it’s worth, you’re divesting it of a good deal of its value. Most ad agency cliches are a form of timidity. “Let’s pool our brains,” for example, can be roughly translated as: “Don’t forget we’re in this mess together.”

There are a good many gambits for climbing out from under responsibility for a suggestion. A man will be—shall we say—talking out loud, just talking off the top of his skull, and he suddenly perceives they’re not buying it or any part of it. Right there, he says: “Seriously, though.” He means that everything he has said up to that point is arrant nonsense and that he knows it as well as the rest of them.

Seriously, though, let’s pool our brains. (Or, in English, “Why the hell doesn’t someone else make a suggestion?”) Let’s start from the top. (“Why don’t I learn to keep my big mouth shut?”) The way I look at it, we want a show with a track record. (“Let’s buy ‘The Aldrich Family.’ After all these years, how can it go wrong?”)

Television Comes to the Bishop

When the police finally caught up with Willie “The Actor” Sutton, they found in his room a rather pathetic pile of self help books, including Bishop Fulton J. Sheen’s “Peace of Soul,” which apparently hadn’t done Willie much good. It goes to show, though, how Sheen gets his message into the oddest places.

Latest place is television where Bishop Sheen, a veteran of twenty-two years of radio, has inaugurated a half hour show called “Life Is Worth Living.” That throws him up against some formidable competition—Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra—a situation that hasn’t bothered the Bishop very much. His first show drew 4,000 letters and is still drawing mail, an impressive figure in any league.

“Apparently,” said the Bishop, “people are looking for something else besides distraction.” Apparently, at any rate, they are looking for something besides Milton Berle. Apart from the fact that they both tell jokes (the Bishop’s being no older than Berle’s) the two shows are studies in opposites.

Veteran TV men, including those who have had prior experience with religious programs, would almost certainly argue that “Life Is Worth Living” is not television at all, that it violates all the tenets of show business, that it needs a gimmick. Sheen, resplendent in his bishop’s robes, simply walks out in front of the cameras in a book-lined study (designed by Jo Mielziner) and starts to talk. There is no script, he explains, and he begs people not to write in for one. (They do anyway, refusing to believe he’s suave and polished an address could be unprepared.)

He stands very erect throughout (“If you can stand for me, I can stand for you,” he says, a pun which I have an idea, saw long service at Catholic University.) His props are his cavernous, luminous eyes, his superb vocal equipment and his eloquent hands, which are among the most expressive in television. The effect i
hypnotic—only partly because of the personal magnetism of the man himself.

The fact is, that Bishop Sheen is dealing in ideas; by eschewing showmanship, nothing comes between the ideas and the audience. Essentially he is a great teacher and he demonstrates that a great teacher doesn’t need film clips, dramatization, panels by experts, diagrams, charts, or fancy lighting. He needs only himself. A great teacher is fundamentally a great personality different only in outlook from any great show business personalities like Bing Crosby.

There is a lesson here for all broadcasters, commercial or non-commercial, who plan to get into educational broadcasting. There must be pellbinders on subjects other than Christianity—physics, chemistry, history or some such—and they had best be let alone to talk, unencumbered by showmanship.

Sheen started this series from the very bottom, assuming that his listeners had no faith and almost no knowledge, an assumption that a good many people may find irritating. His first broadcast argued the existence of God on the ground that there could not be a God. On his second one, he demolished a good many of the standard arguments against the existence of God, including evolution and the atom bomb.

The Protestants and Jews, who generally share equally whenever a religious program is started on a network, are not going to be especially happy about Bishop Sheen’s which is not counterbalanced by the views of the other denominations. However, Sheen proposes to keep the program strictly non-denominational and Dumont plans to start another religious program in which Catholic, Protestant and Jew will share equally.

Minority Report

“Don’t worry about television,” Red Skelton advised us in a recent interview. “It’s the greatest thing since sliced bread.” The trouble with this advice is that I’m paid to worry about television, Red, and I’m especially worried about the Red Skelton Show (NBC-TV 10 p.m. EST Sundays) which my friends tell me is phenomenally funny, which enjoys the third highest TV rating in the land and which nevertheless leaves me feeling only tired and depressed.

Tired, especially. Red Skelton is without question the hardest working comic around; he is an engaging fellow with a rubber face which can stretch into an infinite number of shapes for what seems like miles; and he makes almost everyone laugh except me. I don’t know what this is, since he’s dealing in the most tested material anywhere around.

Last Sunday, for example, he did a pantomime of a girl dressing in the
morning—a bit, he assured us, his father did in Hagenbeck’s Circus fifty years earlier. This was illuminating information since the ensuing pantomime was, almost to a gesture, an exact replica of Sid Caesar’s famous burlesque on the same subject. I suppose this lays Caesar open to the charge of stealing Skelton’s father’s material fifty years ago which seems hardly likely. Caesar wasn’t around that long ago.

Actually all these travesties have been kicking around the vaudeville circuits for decades. They are in the open market for all comedians. However, this particular one has been perpetrated so ably and so often by Caesar that Skelton, I think, was ill-advised to try and follow him. Caesar has not only made this bit his very own, at least as far as television is concerned, but he’s also infinitely funnier and subtler at it, and Skelton was rash to risk a comparison.

The same criticism can be levelled at a lot of his other material. His opening, for example: “A lot of things happened in Los Angeles this week. I won’t say it rained out here but a lot of sunshine went down the drain.” It didn’t go very well, this Hollywood weather joke which belongs to Bob Hope, so Mr. Skelton added: “Right there two writers bit the dust”—a gag apology that belongs to Mr. Berle.

On the most positive side, Skelton has appropriated a lot of comedy routines as his very own. His is conceivably the finest and most finished drunk act on the boards. He can fall down with more authority than anyone since Buster Keaton. Both of these are low comedy achievements of distinction and I would be the last to belittle them.

Skelton is also unique among comedians in that he is his own cast of characters—Clem Caddidlehopper, a rustic of rococo design not seen in these parts since the ’80’s; Cauliflower McPugg, a punchdrunk pugilist; San Fernando Red, a politician who kisses babies over eighteen years of age; and the best known and most obnoxious of his radio characters, the Mean Widdle Kid.

He has also at various times been Hopalong Cassidy and Willie Lump-Lump, Private Eye—all of them resembling Mr. Skelton to a great degree. It gives him great scope to don a thousand costumes, to twist his face into endless contortions, to employ a dozen accents, and to do pratfalls—both verbal and physical—in hundreds of interesting variants.

In that way it’s very much a one-man show, a dazzling exercise in virtuosity, a technical triumph which
leaves the other comedians in the field breathless. But it doesn’t leave me breathless. Some defect in my character, I expect, since it is relished by the public to such extent that Mr. Skelton now enjoys a 44 Nielsen rating which is very high indeed.

So much for Mr. Skelton’s physical exertions. As to the verbal level of the comedy, it is pretty well summed up by the following exchange:

“How stupid can you get?”
“I don’t know. I’m still pretty young.”

**Nice Comedians**

The shenanigans of Martin and Lewis are not much different from any of the other comedians that came out of the borscht circuit, but they are nicer people and there seems to be a good deal more to both of them. Martin, for instance, is more than an ordinary straight man—a linger, a comedian in his own right, and very much a person, Lewis has more bounce and more tricks, it seems to me, than a half dozen Abbott and Costellos, and in addition is considerably more sophisticated. I’m the unhappiest person that ever was a mortal!”

The team has been widely admired for their timing, but I set little store by this. Frankly, they don’t seem to bother with timing exactly; they just know when enough is enough and pass on to other things.

**Appealing, Beguiling, Gallant**

No doubt about it. The Westminster Kennel Club show is the best television show of them all, not barring even the Zoo Parade. This sweeping claim is not made lightly. It is the custom here whenever possible to avoid review of any TV program until it has been witnessed three times. It was rather difficult to stick to this rule in regards the Westminster Kennel Club show because it comes only once a year.

This meant three years of silence, a long time to think things over. Of course, there are them as says it wasn’t long enough, that my reviews would be infinitely improved if I thought things over indefinitely, preferably forever. To get back to the dog show, it proves once more that animals are the most telegenic of all actors and infinitely the best behaved. Among the swarms of cairns, basset hounds, Norwegian elkhounds, Welsh corgis, Irish setters and Alaskan malamutes, there was not a single case of upstaging; no pooch tried to swipe the camera from any other; no bark trod on another’s laugh line.

Each dog was a study in politeness that ought to be required study for all comedians. At the microphone as usual this year—and, as always, conspicuously invisible—was Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, one of dogdom’s great ladies (she was named canine woman of the year, as dubious a title as ever I heard), the most unabashed dog enthusiast in the Western Hemisphere, conceivably the world’s leading authority on poodles, and the possessor of one of the most impeccable accents anywhere on TV.

Mrs. Hoyt’s pronunciation of “dog” alone is worth the price of admission.

Continued on Page 190
(Continued from page 165)

North Kansas City.............Norman Catts
Olathe................................Al Hyer
Paseo..................................Ed Chimeti
Redemptorist..........................Joe Kelley
Rockhurst..........................Dick Hill
Rosedale.............................Morris Kelley
Shawnee-Mission...D. Sater, Bill Rockwood
Southeast.........................Dick Petty
Southwest........John Handley, Joe McNay
St. Agnes..........................Tom Scofield
Ward................................Omer Zeller
Westport........Ben Gardner, Max Moxley
Wm. Christman......................
Wyandotte.....Jim Logisdon, Ralph Wallace

Mystery and Adventure
Sunday

WHB and Mutual continue to dominate the mystery field with the great Sunday afternoon block of detective stories, moved to late afternoon and evening during the baseball season. A recent addition to the select group is The Private Files of Matthew Bell, at 9 p.m. Sundays—in which Joseph Cotton, as Dr. Bell, police surgeon, leads us through some of the most fascinating and least-known aspects of the police and crime detection fields. And while preserving a courtly bedside manner, Dr. Bell bests the brainiest and brawniest of criminals at wits and fisticuffs, and occasionally rescues a lady from the iron jaws of sin.

The old actives in the WHB Sunday Mystery Fraternity are topped off by the "Chicago Theatre of the Air" on the following spring and summer schedule:

1:00—Danger, Dr. Danfield
1:30—Baseball—Doubleheader

5:30—The Shadow
6:00—True Detective Mysteries
6:30—Nick Carter
7:00—Mysterious Traveler
7:30—Family Theater
8:00—M-G-M Theatre
9:00—Private Files of Matthew Bell
9:30—Chicago Theatre of the Air

"I Love a Mystery"

New time for "I Love a Mystery," the serial adventures of Jack, Doc, Reggie is 6:45 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Other Mutual mysteries "blanked out" by the baseball games will be recorded by WHB from the network and saved for rainy days—literally! On rainy Sunday afternoons, and a "rain-out" at the ball park, the usual Mutual mysteries will be heard at their usual time. Mid-week "rain-outs" will cause the scheduling of such old favorites as "Crime Fighters," "Official Detective" and "Out of the Thunder." The schedule will be announced on WHB whenever baseball games are postponed because of rain.

M-G-M Shows—"Made for Mutual"

Every evening except Saturday, WHB, via Mutual, presents an hour of highest caliber entertainment ladled out generously by M-G-M's greatest stars in stories tailor-made to set off the talents that have brought them fame. The affiliated M-G-M-Mutual shows are now swinging into their fourth banner month.

The first "natural" is Woman of the Year, Monday evenings at seven o'clock, co-starring Bette Davis and George Brent in stories revolving around the cosmopolitan affairs of the newspaper game. Following at seven-

Tuesday evenings at seven, Orson Welles delves into the somber collection of Scotland Yard's Black Museum, and weaves around some chosen item its authentic and chilling tale of murder. The next half-hour gives you an intimate look into hospital staff life as Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore gambol through the heart-warming Adventures of Dr. Kildare.

Seven o'clock Wednesday evenings brings The M-G-M Musical Comedy of the Air, a full hour of musical comedy in the masterful hands of an All-Star Hollywood cast beautifully backed by David Rose, his orchestra and chorus.

Thursday evenings at seven, Errol Flynn dramatizes the escapades of another classic lover in The Modern Adventures of Casanova, stories that might well have originated in the pages of Errol's own little black book. Then hear the Hardy Family during the next half-hour with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and Fay Holden in the roles they immortalized on the screen—roles which set the pattern for the "family programs" since brought to radio.

To know how a pretty girl should take care of herself in the world of wolves and nice guys, listen to The Adventures of Maisie, Fridays at seven, cutesy wrapped up for you by that arch-type for cuddlesome spinsters, Ann Sothern. Next, at sevendirty, comes The Damon Runyon Theater, stories based on the works of that late genius. cast in the pure argot of Brooklyn and Broadway.

For a Sunday evening treat, WHB airs The M-G-M Theater of the Air. The curtain goes up at eight o'clock; and when it is rung down at nine, you'll get up from your chair realizing you have just heard the best combination of anger, writing and producing Hollywood can put together.

The News

WHB transmits all local, national and international news with unexcelled rapidity and accuracy. "Stay ahead of the headlines with WHB." There are nineteen newscasts and commentaries daily, a blanket of coverage that permits no news event to become more than a few minutes old before reaching you.

6:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
7:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
8:00 a.m. Ken Hartley
8:05 a.m. The Weatherman in Person
8:10 a.m. Fruit and Vegetable Report
10:25 a.m. Les Nichols*
11:15 a.m. Capital Commentary*
12:00 noon Dick Smith
3:00 p.m. Dick Smith
4:00 p.m. Les Higbie*
4:45 p.m. Dick Smith, news & sports
5:55 p.m. Cecil Brown*
6:00 p.m. Fulton Lewis, Jr.*
6:15 p.m. Larry Ray, sports
6:30 p.m. Gabriel Heatter*
8:00 p.m. Bill Henry*
10:00 p.m. The weatherman in person, followed by Frank Edwards*
10:55 p.m. Mutual Reports the News*
Continued from Page 187

It defies phonetics, that pronunciation. It isn’t dog, or dawg or daug; it is more dog with a long o—an incredibly elegant sound. Mrs. Hoyt’s untempered enthusiasm for the canine world is reflected in her bubbling prose. “I find them (a brace of poodles) enchanting. They’re quite beguiling.”

Of a four-dog team of short-legged little beasts, she exclaimed: “There they go, twinkling down the line.” “Twinkling” was the perfectly descriptive word for the sparkling gait of the little dogs. Her unsparing adjectives fall like gentle rain all over Madison Square Garden. “Appealing”, “gallant”, “beautifully mannered”, “delightful”—that is some of the more restrained language employed by Mrs. Hoyt who has never been known to say anything derogatory about a dog.

“Look at that dog pose! Isn’t he wonderful!” The exclamation points in her delivery ring like silver bells. “He’s a neighbor of mine. He’s the pet of two small children. He’s a champion but he’s a housedog. Sleeps on the sofa. Everyone loves him up in Greenwich.” She was talking at the time of Storm, a Doberman pinscher, which went on to win the best in show award, top honor in the dog kingdom. I’m happy that one of Mrs. Hoyt’s neighbors won the big prize and even happier that the championship should go to a housedog who sleeps on the sofa and doesn’t go putting on airs.

Storm—Mrs. Hoyt knows him well enough to call him Stormy—refutes the canard show dogs are stuck-up little monsters. (Declared one Broadway character: “These show dogs— they’re inhuman.”) In addition to her charm and enthusiasm, Mrs. Hoyt seems to know everything there is to know about dogs of all breeds, seems personally acquainted with every dog in the show and knows an awful lot about their handlers, owners and kennels. Practically no sporting event is so thoroughly and accurately covered as the dog show. Unhappily, for a whole year now, we have nothing to look forward to except humans—people like Milton Berle.

The Farmers Hotel

The central figures of Johr O’Hara’s short novel “The Farmers Hotel” were a pair of star-crossed lovers, married, but not to each other who were stranded by a snowstorm in a newly opened inn, a circumstance that led to their destruction. I suppose even Mr. O’Hara might quarrel with that thesis, arguing that the central figure of his book was the inn itself. Nevertheless, without the lovers, he wouldn’t have had much of a book.

Somewhere, in translation to television on Robert Montgomery’s theater, the emphasis, originally place-
on the lovers, was distributed rather
rankly among all Mr. O'Hara's pic-
turesque characters—a tough,
swarted truck driver, the innkeeper,
his Negro assistant and friend, a
couple of brightly painted and hope-
lessly bemused showgirls, a fast-talk-
ing Broadway type who managed the
girls, the aged local doctor—each one
getting a little more attention than
he deserved. This took much of the
hate and much of the point out of
Mr. O'Hara's novel and also, I think,
lered its mood almost beyond recog-
nition.

On the credit side of the ledger,
his particular production broke new
ground in a number of interesting
stractions. For one thing, it forced
Mr. O'Hara, a non-set owner, to
vitness a television drama. He's never
seen one before. He was very pleased
with the production, though he ad-
mitted he had no basis for compari-
son. One thing he discovered was
that television was a medium of its
own, that his book—short as it was—
was too long to compress easily into
an hour without losing a lot of values.
He and Mr. Montgomery are now dis-
cussing the possibilities of dramatizing
some of his short stories.

Here he's likely to run into the
reverse problem. The short stories are
probably too short for an hour, would
fit more readily into half an hour.
Television time limits are awfully
arbitrary. No one has yet figured out
a way to handle a story that takes
twenty minutes—no more, no less—
to tell. What do you do with the
other ten minutes?

The program was unusual in
another respect. It's uncommon
though not unique to have novels
dramatized on television while still
on the best seller list. Generally, the
authors keep them off the home
screen while they explore more profit-
able avenues such as the movies.
There were some interesting reasons
why O'Hara broke this rule. "The
Farmers Hotel" was written six years
ago as a play which it still strongly
resembles. O'Hara then let it lie fall-
low while he wrote "A Rage To Live"
and then rewrote the play into a novel.

The book reviewers instantly de-
cided "The Farmers Hotel" would
make a fine play. O'Hara was not
entirely convinced. The television pro-
duction was in the nature of a try-
out and, insofar as persuading the
author, a successful one. It will be
reconverted into a play. This is a
new and challenging use for television
and a reversal of its usual role as a
borrower from the stage.
Apart from Thomas Phipps’ adaption about which I have grave reservations, Mr. Montgomery did well by O’Hara, the cosy cluttered settings especially capturing the particular atmosphere of a farmer’s hotel. The camera work, direction and casting all looked as if a lot of meticulous thought had gone into them.

The only complaint I have against this show is that it is still opposite CBS’s “Studio One”. Both appeal to the same type of audience and this competition among two networks for one audience is a sort of public-badged attitude which doesn’t do them much credit.

**Today in Capsule Form**

SOMEWHERE in the second hour of NBC-TV’s over-touted early morning television program “Today”, NBC’s Washington man nabbed Admiral William M. Fechteler, chief of Naval Operations, on the steps of the Pentagon.

“Can you give us a pronouncement on the state of the Navy?” inquired the NBC man.

“Well, I don’t know,” said the Admiral. “When I left it yesterday, it was in great shape.”

“Thank you, Admiral Fechteler,” said the NBC man heartily.

It wasn’t much but it may easily have been the meatiest bit of news on this incredible two-hour comedy of errors perpetrated as a “new kind of television”. The fact is, Admiral Fechteler hadn’t opened his mail yet. For all he knew, the Navy might quietly have sunk during the night.

Right there lies the weakness of this show, a weakness which should have been obvious to somebody in the six months it was in preparation. Dave Garroway, a combination of commentator, master of ceremonies, host and entertainer—or, as NBC calls him “communicator”—never tired of telling us that he was surrounded by the most magnificent array of communications equipment ever put into one room. And he was too. Teletypes. Telephones. Television monitors. Telephone machines. Intercoms. Wireless. Everything was all set in case anything was happening anywhere. Nothing was.

“Hello, Ed Haaker in Frankfurt,” said Garroway into a phone. “Tell me the news in your part of the world.”

“The big news is the weather,” said Haaker, his voice ranging clear as a bell, a triumph of communication over content. “We had our first big storm of the year. We’re really chilly.”

“You’re not alone,” said Garroway briskly. “Goodbye, Ed.”

What hath God and NBC wrought? I kept thinking, and what for? Haaker, our jockey, found out a few minutes later. Garroway got on the phone with Rome Wheeler, the NBC man in London.

“All we want you to do is start our next record,” said Garroway. (This is a disc jockey show along with everything else.) “I hope it’s ‘Domino’, spake the distant voice of Mr. Wheeler. “It’s very popular over here.” The next record was “Domino. It’s a familiar enough tune, but that is probably the first time it has been set in motion by a voice 3,000 miles away. Big deal.
Mr. Garroway wandered from machine to machine, trying hard to make them fulfill their functions. "This is the telephoto machine," he pointed out and asked the operator. "Anything coming in?" "Yes, the 25th Division," said the operator. Garroway tarried a bit, waiting for the 25th Division to spill out. It didn’t and he moved away.

Washington swam into view again, a view from the Wardman Park Hotel of cars scurrying along parkways delivering their drivers to work. "We’re still waiting for Secretary of the Army Frank Pace—expected any minute," said an offstage voice. He never showed either. So we returned to Garroway seated at his huge horseshoe desk, surrounded by clocks showing what time it was in, say, Tokyo. (Who the hell wants to know what time it is in Tokyo?)

Ends and Means

At one point, on the opening broadcast of NBC-TV’s "Today" the cameras caught a glimpse of a passerby, owl-eyed, his nose pressed to the plate glass window on 49th Street, clearly bewildered by the scurry of activity in the RCA Exhibition Hall where the telecast emanates. Inside, the participants seemed even more bewildered, like passengers in a space ship which has lost its pilot, passengers surrounded by a lot of gleaming dials and instruments whose purpose they didn’t comprehend.

"Never before," declared Dave Garroway, the master of ceremonies, "have the facilities to tell people about what is going on in the world been organized as we have them here . . . This is a program with a big idea, a big purpose." Later he said: "You’re in the NBC communications center where the news is made in front of you. News is coming in every minute." Said an announcer: "We are in touch with the world." We were promised, in addition to the usual news, time, and weather reports—reviews of books, plays, movies and the latest scientific information.

This is indeed a big idea, a big purpose and for that very reason, the customers have more reason for complaint than they would against a program of smaller ambition. But there is no point at all in having a London correspondent on the phone if he has nothing to say. And these foreign correspondents had very little on their minds. The second day the correspondents were on film. The live Garroway asked questions and got previously transcribed answers.

It seems clear to me that Mr. Garroway, the overseas and national NBC correspondents and James Fleming, who four times in the two hours gives a resume of Page 1 news, are
relying much too heavily on the newspapers and news services, much too little on their own imaginations. Newspapers and news services are geared for the printed page, not for this new and challenging medium whose demands are so different. The same news story—let’s say the explosive situation in the Near East—should not be handled entirely on a spot news basis, as it is in the press—waiting, that is, for the riots, the assassination or whatever comes—because when the spot news breaks television will be in no position to cover it. The cameras should be out there now—probing, sifting, analyzing and explaining what might come and, above all, why.

Actually, in spite of this morass of communications equipment, the home audience gets less news and fewer weather reports than it would get in the average early morning radio program. The weather is presented, not locally but nationally, Mr. Garroway talking to a man in the Weather Bureau in Washington and printing the word “Mild” over two-thirds of the country. You could get a more satisfactory report on local conditions by putting your hand out the window.

As for the “reviews of books, plays and movies,” it was, on the first show, confined to a highly inadequate interview with Fleur Cowles, author of “Bloody Precedent,” a book about the Perons and two bloody predecessors who “ruled and ruined” Argentina 100 years ago. “Tell us about this woman, Evita; is she woman or machine?” asked Mr. Garroway. “She’s a steel trap, a power, a machine,” said Mrs. Cowles, looking mighty spry for so early an hour. “I’m glad she’s 4,000 miles away.” “Thank you for coming down,” said Mr. Garroway and introduced her to Bill Stern.

Mr. Fleming showed us a bunch of out-of-town newspapers flown in from distant spots. “We don’t quite know what we’re going to do with them,” said Mr. Fleming helplessly. “But we’ll probe them and see. The publishers think we should.” He seemed chiefly impressed by the fact the papers were there rather than what was in them. Several times, he invited our admiration to a facsimile copy of “The San Francisco Chronicle,” pointing out that the newsboy who would deliver it were still in bed. Nothing was said about what was in “The Chronicle.”

Mr. Garroway apologized profusely for “the bugs” in the show—technically it was an atrocity—and I have no doubt they’ll work them out. But that won’t help much. It seems to me there is a basic lack of understanding of the purpose of communications which is, after all, just a conveyor, not an end in itself. NBC was showing off big television, demonstrating how much money it was prepared to spend, how much hoopla could generate. If one-fifth the money spent on cameras and technical crew and long distance phone calls and telephoto machines, had been spent instead on writing, research and editing, NBC might have something of value to say between 7 and 9 every morning.

I ought to add that Mr. Garroway is a very winning, personable and intelligent “communicator”—a tit
NBC had best just forget—and it seems a shame he has nothing to get his teeth into. If he wants a place to sink his teeth, I suggest Sylvester "Pat" Weaver who dealt this mess, who is largely responsible for "the big television" theory with which NBC is now obsessed and which may wind up squeezing all the common sense and humanity out of NBC television.

We reproduce below a sharp-eared satire on the bromidic speech of the New York advertising gentry. It is the work of Dick Coffee of Time, and was inspired by radio and TV critic, John Crosby, of the New York Herald Tribune, who had previously treated the same subject. See Page 183.

Dear Cros:

Copy-wise, we were kicking your column around our shop and while all precincts haven't been heard from, early returns indicate that the brass thinks it comes off.

Theme-wise though, don't you think you were a little blue sky for KC, Mo? If television is people, then newspapers is more so. And you can't expect to hit me where I live if you're sitting around ad alley thinking that outside New York it's all Jersey. You gotta check the trade and get out in the field. Or else you're talking to yourself. You're not tuned in on my antenna.

You don't have to buy this, of course, but, I was talking to a guy on the plane from Cincinnati—I realize this is a one man survey—but he says that TV is pricing itself out of the market and money-wise the Big Act is gonna have to go co-op. So TV is not only people, but its give and take.

Why don't you give him a blast on the horn and have him fill you in. He's got some new wrinkles on his pitch—to the surprise of nobody—and just y.i.—Bolton has had it with us. Couldn't cope. Not at least with the third martini at lunch. Took to falling down too many elevator shafts. Incidentally, his isn't official yet, so I hope you are soundproof.

 Didn't mean to fill up the white space like this, but when I caught your piece this morning, I thought I would run off at the mouth a bit. Let's get together for lunch. I may be tied up for the next few months (I'm practically living with the client heading up a task force which is trying to get "Operation Windfall" off the ground out in Denver. Plans haven't been finalized as yet, but am needling the client to firm up, especially since this is the E.P.T. (ollar-wise to spend cheap money). I should be free about Labor Day. I'll have my little girl check your little girl.

Think I've covered all the bases, but before putting the wrap-up on this, I'd like to say like Phil Pillsbury:  

Best

Richard E (Cof) Coffey
COLOR BLIND?

By Norman Daly

The first word in each of the following statements is a COLOR and you are expected to paint in that color. Get out the old paintbox and brush up on your colors. Score yourself 4 points for each correct hue. 52 is average. 80 indicates an artistic flair, and a score of 100—brother, Rembrandt himself couldn't blend these colors that well.

1. ___________ HERRING is a subject intended to divert attention from the main question.
2. ___________ ELEPHANTS usually present themselves to people suffering from delirium tremens.
3. ___________ JOURNALISM refers to cheap, inelegant editorial policies.
4. ___________ GRASS State is a nickname for the State of Kentucky.
5. ___________ MOUNTAIN BOYS were a group of Vermont soldiers in the Revolution, organized in 1775 under Ethan Allen to oppose the claims of New York.
6. ___________ MARIA is a police wagon in which prisoners are carried to or from jail.
7. ___________ JACK is the quarantine flag flown.
8. ___________ PAPER of 1939 is a British law prohibiting new Jewish immigration into Palestine.
9. ___________ HEART is a decoration received for wounds inflicted during a battle.
10. ___________ HEN STATE, a popular nickname for Delaware is said to have been suggested by a Revolutionary captain who insisted that no fighting cock could be truly game unless the mother was of this color.
11. MEN is a secret society organized in the North of Ireland in 1795 to “defend the reigning sovereign of England and to support the Protestant religion.”

12. BOMBER is a nickname given to the former heavyweight champion, Joe Louis.

13. HAired BOY is another appellation given to a “favorite son.” Usually political.

14. BOWL football classics are played annually at Miami, Florida.

15. CROWNS were wreaths of leaves used to crown the victorious gladiators of ancient times.

16. JACK was Gen. John J. Pershing’s pet pseudonym during the First World War.

17. LAWS were certain laws of extreme rigor enacted in the early days of Connecticut.

18. KNIGHT OF GERMANY was none other than Manifred von Richthofen, the celebrated German ace of World War I.

19. SOX is as good a name as any to identify the Chicago American baseball team.

20. ERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY is a well known American sleuth shoppe.

21. AND OLD LACE is a term synonymous with the Victorian period.

22. DEM BICYCLES are built for two cyclists, one sitting behind the other.

23. BOWL football classics are played annually at Pasadena, California.

24. BEARD, hero of the story of the same name, is the wolf who married Fatima.

25. MATTER is nerve tissue of the brain and spinal cord and comes in handy solving quizzes such as this.

DO INVENTORS REGISTER WITH YOU?  
By Hildegarde Walls Johnson

Most of the changes in our way of life from that of our ancestors, are due to the ingenuity of a few inventors. Below are listed the names of fifteen and the inventions with which they are credited. How many can you identify correctly?

You should recognize at least ten instantly, recall two more after a few minutes’ thought, and if you know them all, you are qualified to open a patent office of your own.

Continued Next Page
| 1. Benjamin Franklin | a. Telephone |
| 2. Elias Howe | b. Cotton gin |
| 3. Robert Fulton | c. Typewriter |
| 4. Charles Goodyear | d. First gasoline automobile to run on a road |
| 5. Ottman Mergenthaler | e. Reaping machine |
| 6. John Stevens | f. Method of vulcanizing rubber |
| 7. Alexander Graham Bell | g. Rocking chair |
| 8. Thomas Blanchard | h. Steamboat |
| 9. Benjamin Chew Tilghman | i. Incandescent light bulb |
| 10. Cyrus McCormick | j. Screw propeller |
| 11. Charles E. Duryea | k. Telegraph |
| 12. Christopher L. Sholes | l. Linotype |
| 13. Eli Whitney | m. Copying lathe |
| 14. Thomas A. Edison | n. Sewing machine |
| 15. Samuel F. B. Morse | o. Process of making paper from wood pulp |

**AROUND THE WORLD FOR A SONG**

By Maymie R. Krythe

Complete each song title in the right-hand column with the appropriate name from the left. It may surprise you what facility with geographical names you have developed merely by lingering within ear-shot of your favorite disc jockey.

| 1. ___________ BLUES | A. SANTA FE |
| 2. ROSE OF _______ | B. DOVER |
| 3. ___________ WALTZ | C. KENTUCKY |
| 4. ALONG THE_________ TRAIL | D. ERIN |
| 5. ARE YOU FROM __________? | E. ROCKIES |
| 6. ___________ POLKA | F. CAPISTRANO |
| 7. MY OLD ___________ HOME | G. RED RIVER |
| 8. I LOVE YOU, ___________ | H. DIXIE |
| 9. WHEN IT’S SPRINGTIME IN THE | I. SCOTLAND |
| | J. GREENLAND’S |
| 10. THERE’LL ALWAYS BE AN ___________ | K. ST. LOUIS |
| 11. WHEN THE SWALLOWS COME BACK TO ___________ | L. PARIS |
| 12. WHITE CLIFFS OF ___________ | M. PENNSYLVANIA |
| 13. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD ___________ | N. GEORGIA |
| 14. ___________ VALLEY | O. SAN ANTONIO |
| 15. BLUE BELLS OF ___________ | P. MADRID |
| 16. COME BACK TO ___________ | Q. CALIFORNIA |
| 17. ___________ IN APRIL | R. VIRGINIA |
| 18. FROM ___________ ICY MOUNTAINS | S. ENGLAND |
| 19. IN OLD ___________ | T. MISSOURI |
| 20. MARCHING THROUGH ___________ | |

Answers on Page 10
YOU POUR IT
By Norman Daly

You don’t have to be a tippler to take this test, and earning a perfect score need not cast any reflections on your sobriety; it merely indicates you’re a knowing host or hostess, with a gift for gracious living.

The ingredients of ten popular party beverages are listed below. Into which glass would you pour each concoction?

A ... Champagne. (Glass No. ___)
B ... Scotch. Ice cube. Soda. (Glass No. ___)
C ... Vermouth. Gin. Olive. (Glass No. ___)
D ... Brandy. (Glass No. ___)
F ... Port. (Glass No. ___)

G ... ½ lump sugar. Bitters. Ice cube. Rye. Lemon rind. Slice of orange, lemon and a cherry. (Glass No. ___)
H ... Rye. (Glass No. ___)
J ... Benedictine. (Glass No. ___)
###解答：SWING QUIZ节

| 1. 红 | 10. 珊瑚 | 20. 珊瑚 | 30. 珊瑚 | 40. 珊瑚 | 50. 珊瑚 | 60. 珊瑚 | 70. 珊瑚 | 80. 珊瑚 | 90. 珊瑚 | 100. 珊瑚 |
| 3. 黄 | 12. 黄 | 22. 黄 | 32. 黄 | 42. 黄 | 52. 黄 | 62. 黄 | 72. 黄 | 82. 黄 | 92. 黄 | 102. 黄 |
| 4. 蓝 | 13. 蓝 | 23. 蓝 | 33. 蓝 | 43. 蓝 | 53. 蓝 | 63. 蓝 | 73. 蓝 | 83. 蓝 | 93. 蓝 | 103. 蓝 |
| 5. 蓝 | 14. 蓝 | 24. 蓝 | 34. 蓝 | 44. 蓝 | 54. 蓝 | 64. 蓝 | 74. 蓝 | 84. 蓝 | 94. 蓝 | 104. 蓝 |
| 6. 黑 | 15. 黑 | 25. 黑 | 35. 黑 | 45. 黑 | 55. 黑 | 65. 黑 | 75. 黑 | 85. 黑 | 95. 黑 | 105. 黑 |
| 7. 黑 | 16. 黑 | 26. 黑 | 36. 黑 | 46. 黑 | 56. 黑 | 66. 黑 | 76. 黑 | 86. 黑 | 96. 黑 | 106. 黑 |
| 8. 白 | 17. 白 | 27. 白 | 37. 白 | 47. 白 | 57. 白 | 67. 白 | 77. 白 | 87. 白 | 97. 白 | 107. 白 |
| 9. 紫 | 18. 紫 | 28. 紫 | 38. 紫 | 48. 紫 | 58. 紫 | 68. 紫 | 78. 紫 | 88. 紫 | 98. 紫 | 108. 紫 |

###提示

1. ** COLOR BLIND**  DO INVENTORS REGISTER WITH YOU?  AROUND THE WORLD FOR A SONG  YOU POUR IT
2. **RED**  1 — g  1. K  A...Glass No.1
3. **PINK**  2 — n  2. O  B...Glass No.3
4. **YELLOW**  3 — h  3. T  C...Glass No.5
5. **BLUE**  4 — f  4. A  D...Glass No.2
6. **GREEN**  5 — l  5. H  E...Glass No.7
7. **BLACK**  6 — j  6. M  F...Glass No.8
8. **WHITE**  7 — a  7. C  G...Glass No.6
9. **PURPLE**  8 — m  8. Q  H...Glass No.9
10. **BLUE**  9 — o  9. E  I...Glass No.4
11. **ORANGE**  10 — e  10. S  J...Glass No.10
12. **BROWN**  11 — d  11. F  Champagne
14. **ORANGE**  13 — b  13. R  Martini cocktail
15. **OLIVE**  14 — i  14. G  Brandy inhaler
16. **BLACK**  15 — I  15. I  Tom & Jerry
17. **BLUE**  16 — D  16. D  Port wine
18. **RED**  17 — L  17. L  Old Fashioned

###注

1. 记住—火车都不在铁路路口鸣笛，以保持他们的勇气。

2. 真正的有教养的人能够从少数中找到政策。

3. 他说电视：电视的声音越小越好，它越不适合。这使得儿童保持安静。

4. 一位行政官员说，他们还不担心大钢。看起来他们应该更担心糟糕的拼写。

5. 一个乐观主义者相信他的妻子可以驾驶一辆6英尺的车穿过10英尺的车库。

6. 打破天花板是错误的，不是向上。

7. 平均孩子的抱怨：母亲在过度用药。

8. 耐心仅仅是因为没有勇气做决定。

9. 半真半假通常是最糟糕的谎言。

10. 一个男人揭露了他的性格，他开玩笑比他在公共场合祈祷时大声。

11. 一个芯片放在肩膀上是可能的最重的负荷，可以被携带。

12. 一个普通的父亲今天穿着一双鞋，他的家庭穿着一整套轮胎。

13. K 1952年，战争中的食物配给品。任何前G.I.都会想知道他们能告诉我们。

14. 两个场合，当一个人必须保持他的嘴闭上。他游泳和当他生气时。
WHB ... LARRY RAY
Kansas City's Top Sports Combination
Will Broadcast All 1952 Kansas City Blues Baseball Games
Sponsored by Muehlebach Beer

Catch
Larry Ray's Nightly Sports Round-Up
Monday through Friday 6:15 p.m.
LIKE AN ICEBERG, most of Radio's use by national and regional advertisers is not visible to the observer. The hidden part is SPOT RADIO. Advertisers this year will spend more than $135,000,000 on Radio Spot Announcements. In terms both of dollars and volume of advertising, Spot Radio is probably the country's largest advertising medium. Using 1935-39 as the base period of 100, in 1951, Spot Radio had an index of 591, compared with Newspapers 263, Magazines 356, Outdoor 269. In one week in February of this year more than 100 new Spot Campaigns were put into the works.

Minute announcements are in constant demand, with Newscasts still the hottest programs in the National Spot Market. With its famed "Musical Clock" program of sparkling wake-up music, time-signals, news, market and weather reports, WHB traditionally holds the lion's share of the Kansas City Market-land audience.

WHEN advertising in the Kansas City area, remember that Radio, the Old Reliable, is infallibly the mass medium that reaches the most people for the least money. And WHB—the listener's best bet, is the advertisers' best buy.

WHB
Your Favorite Neighbor
10,000 watts in Kansas City
710 on your dial

DON DAVIS, President
JOHN T. SCHILLING,
General Manager
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Client Service Representatives
ED DENNIS
ED BIRR
WIN JOHNSTON
JACK SAMPSON
In Sports-minded Kansas City
When People Think of Sports They Think of WHB and Larry Ray

When the American Association Baseball season opened April 16, there were 15,279 fans packed into Blues Stadium to launch the home team on its drive for the Pennant. Kansas City won the American Association trophy awarded the league city having the highest opening day attendance.

The strong Big Seven Conference radiates from Kansas City like wheel spokes from a hub. From the prairie farms and towns; from the campuses; from the roar of sellout crowds have emerged ten young men of the Big Seven to participate in the 1952 summer Olympics at Helsinki.

Kansas City is one of the great basketball centers of America. The week-long NAIB Tournament in March, with colleges representing thirty-two districts across the nation competing, is of a scope unequalled elsewhere in amateur athletics. It is but one of several fine annual basketball tournaments that fill big Municipal Auditorium.

Yes, in Kansas City, interest in sports runs high. But no matter how high the interest among the 800,000 people in the Metropolitan area, and the more than 3,000,000 within the WHB range, only a tiny fraction of them can attend any specific athletic event. The rest, the thousands who stay at home, listen to the broadcasts by Larry Ray over WHB.

In his rapid-fire play-by-play—his intelligent and accurate narration—his enthusiasm for and knowledge of the game, Larry Ray is peerless in the Mid-west as an announcer of major sports. For much of his vast audience, Larry Ray is the chief source of sporting information, his voice their link with the athletic world, both in his play-by-play and in his evening sports chat. Those who cut their teeth on The Sporting News, who have been smeared with gridiron lime, who find comfort in bleacher seats, know Larry Ray as an authority and colleague. Small wonder then that in sports-minded Kansas City when people think of sports, they think of WHB and Larry Ray.

Smart advertisers, alert to this preference, reach the vast sports-minded audience with Radio campaigns on WHB. For availabilities, see your John Blair Man . . . or phone WHB at Harrison 1161.
WHB 30th ANNIVERSARY

So WHB is Thirty!     by Jetta Carlton
Swing's first, and only lady editor, scans her hectic and happy years at WHB.

Starlight Theater
A pictorial preview of the 1952 summer music season at Kansas City's great outdoor theater in Swope Park.

Through 30 Years With WHB
The camera records Kansas City's Pioneer Radio Station in fun, at work, and in making history.

WHB Newsreel

Swinging the Dial to 710

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS, Editor
DAVID ETHERIDGE, Assistant Editor
JOHN T. SCHILLING, Circulation Manager
Associate Editors
Fred Timberlake, Barbara Thurlow, Marcia Young
Photography
Hahn-Millard

Swing is published bi-monthly at Kansas City, Missouri, in February, April, June, August, October and December. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1121 Searritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $1.50 a year; everywhere else $2. Copyright 1952 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

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So WHB is thirty! Interesting age. I've been it myself for some time now. I like it. And I like WHB. I always have. And when I try to say why, it always comes out something like, "Well, we had fun!" But how to translate precisely what you mean by "fun". At WHB it was so many things — camaraderie, hard work, deadlines, new accounts, rehearsals, copy changes, company picnics, and microphones open when you didn't know they were.

I knew WHB during its war years . . . when Dick Smith was broadcasting the grim news several times a day, and emceeing the daily show from the Canteen . . . when Reese Wade was selling War Bonds from the Jones Store window, and Mr. Reuben Corbin was helping me tell the people of Kansas City how to grow Victory gardens! I was there when General Eisenhower came to town, and we fought off the pigeons as we covered his arrival from the roof of the Scarritt Building. I was there on V-J Day, that fine, cold day in August when everyone in the United States, I suppose stopped to listen as the President broadcast the news that the war was over. I remember how still we were knowing that this was history, and how the craziest, gayest big he-man in the group stood with his head bowed and wept . . . and afterwards, how we rode around on WHB's "Magic Carpet", watching a city go wild.

I remember other things, too. Lik
the afternoon when nobody told the Men of Music (circa 1942) that something else was being broadcast at their regular time and they were not on the air. Everyone knew it except the Men, who dutifully went through their theme and into the first number. In the midst of it, some playful salesman (probably Al Stine) barged into the studio shouting unprogrammable notes; the announcer made some rude remark about the quality of the music; someone opened the door and hollered, "Hey, have you heard the one about—" By which time, the Men of Music had begun to suspect foul play—a suspicion quickly confirmed by one glance at the studio windows, where most of the personnel were knocking themselves out. The pianist banged a discord, the xylophone player picked up his keys and slammed them around, and all bedlam broke loose. And nobody was so confused as somebody's mother, who had chosen that day to sit in on the broadcast.

And there was the time when Lindsay Riddle, one of our most skilled and meticulous engineers, sat down on half of an ad lib interview. Dick Powell (movie star) and Jetta (Girl on Aisle Three) had just transcribed it on a glass record. Just try ad libbing the same interview twice in a row!

There was also the day when we had as a guest on "Show Time" a certain beautiful blonde actress from Hollywood. In honor of the big news event of that day, I had written a line or two into the script concerning atomic bombs. Our guest could not pronounce "atomic". But it was excusable; that was the first day of the Atomic Age.

I REMEMBER the draft from the door to the Penthouse roof . . . and Bob McGrew's jazz seven or eight, playing long-hair for a noonday inspirational program, under the baton of "Robert Fletcher McGrew" . . . And how, when Station Break first became, and the glass table arrived, Don Davis announced that "The first guy that breaks this is the guy that doesn't work here any more!" . . . And how the auto horn that identified those famous spots ("Beep-beep! It pays to cross the bridge to Gorman's") became standard equipment in the studio . . . I remember the old days when disc jockeys spun their own discs . . . and the time I stayed up all night, and till seven the next night, pasting up the first issue of Swing.

I remember Don Davis storming in and out, crackling with new ideas, more ideas than any of us knew what to do with—except John Schilling, who always knew what to do about everything. They are WHB—Don and John, and their happy fusion of personality, temperament, and abilities. And I like it.

I suppose this is as good a place as any to go on record that I shall never like any place else quite as much, no matter how good it is. I'm glad I was there during part of its thirty years. Vive! Bravo! Congratulations! And love.
Brig. Gen. Donald Shingler and Col. Lawrence Lincoln, U. S. Corps of Army Engineers, told WHB listeners of steps being taken to meet the late spring flood threat north of Kansas City.

Kansas Citian Hall Bartlett and Lottie Butler (Mrs. Bartlett) visit WHB while in Kansas City to promote their new movie, Navajo.

The Magic Carpet on Wheels—containing museum pieces from the J. P. Morgan Library of the history of bookmaking. Shown are Richard B. Sealock, Kansas City Public Librarian, who holds the jeweled binding of a 14th century missal; Frank Glenn, Kansas City Publisher, and John Thornberry.
DIE CANTOR came to Kansas City to attend the Mid-West Theater Owner's Convention; found time to attend a Blues baseball game, and to strike an immortal pose before the WHB mike.

EMUND SPAETH, "The Tune Detective," hops up to WHB ferreting clues while Kansas City to appear with his movie "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie," featuring Barber Shop Quartet singing.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, erstwhile movie star, who currently conducts his own radio news commentary program and produces TV plays, accepted an award for outstanding service in fighting organized crime. Montgomery had just addressed the Kansas City Crime Commission, and was presented the plaque by E. M. Dodds, commission chairman.

JOANNE DRU, JOHN IRELAND and CONSTANCE SMITH came to WHB to help publicize The Pride of Saint Louis, a movie about "Dizzy" Dean and the St. Louis Cardinals.
Republican and Democratic Conventions

In one of the most exciting and perhaps most important presidential election years in the memories of people now living, Mutual in Chicago is ready, and WHB in Kansas City is ready to broadcast history-in-the-making from the Republican and Democratic Nominating Conventions. Four successive Sunday special broadcasts over the Mutual network will preview and review activities at the Republican and Democratic Conventions. The July 6 broadcast will preview, and the July 13 broadcast will review the Republican Convention. The Democratic Convention will be covered similarly on July 20 and 27. These Sunday convention features will be from 7:30 to 8:00 pm, CST.

Daily, July 7 through 12, WHB will air half-hour stretches direct from the convention floor at 10:30 am CST and at 11:25 am, with a ten minute floor summary at 7:05 pm. A full hour of convention listening begins at 9:30 each evening of the convention week. The same schedule will be followed for the Democratic conclave beginning July 21. Monday evening at 7:30 WHB will broadcast the Republican Convention Keynote address by General Douglas MacArthur, while on Tuesday, former President Herbert Hoover addresses the delegates.

Twenty-two MBS news personalities, including Fulton Lewis, Jr., Robert Hurleigh, Cecil Brown, H. R. Bakhage, Cedric Foster, Les Nichols, Bill Henry and Frank Singiser, plus syndicated columnist Hedda Hopper are scheduled to cover both presidential nominating conventions for Mutual and WHB listeners. Most of these are to be heard on the preview and review programs, in addition to other special events that will be logged as convention agenda is formulated.

WHB Radio Night

In the young American Association baseball season, the Kansas City Blues, pre-season dark horses, were off to a shaky start. For nearly a month the Blues fumbled along under the 500 mark. But then the team began to fulfill its high potential; the hitters, led by the youthful trio—Bill Skowron, Vic Power and Don Bollweg, began bombarding parked cars and roof-tops outside the park with their long smashes. Now, by mid-season, six Blues have clubbed ten or more home runs. Where the pitching staff couldn't find the plate early in the season, it was fogging the ball past enemy batters with alacrity by June. In Erautt and Cereghino the Blues have the league's two leading pitchers. With the Blues developing peak performance as a team, it becomes increasingly evident that not only are they going to be mighty tough to beat out in the pennant race, but may well be the greatest slugging team in American Association history.

Radio broadcasts of the Blues games are a WHB exclusive. Sponsored by the Muehlebach Brewing Company, Larry Ray for the third year over WHB is bringing all the Blues games.

(Continued page 219)
With this 12-page photo section, Swing salutes the second season of Kansas City's magnificent municipally-owned, citizen-operated Starlight Theatre, opening June 23 for eleven weeks of exciting entertainment under the stars. A company of more than 100 singers, dancers, musicians and technicians ... with stars from Hollywood and Broadway ... will present ten great musical productions. With 76 play dates, the total audience, playing to capacity, could total 577,600. Last season's attendance was 421,449. Production costs amount to $525,000.00. Special buses, plus regular bus service via Swope Park car line and 63rd St. motor bus make it easy to reach the Theatre from all parts of the city. By motor car, follow Meyer Boulevard east into the Park and heed special signs directing you to the Theatre. Free parking space for 1,500 cars. Curtain nightly at 8:30.
The Cast

GRETA, assistant at Ebesder’s pastry shop - - - - MARTHA BURNETT
EBESEDER, owner of pastry shop - - - - JACK COLLINS
LEOPOLD (POLDI) Greta’s nephew - - - - JIM HATHORNE
THERESE (RESI) Ebesder’s daughter - - - - LILLIAN MURPHY
JOHANN STRAUSS, JR. (SCHANI) - - - - GLENN BURRIS
COUNTESS OLGA BARANSKAJA, his patroness - - BRENDA LEWIS
KARL HIRSCH, inventor of fireworks - - - - ROBERT BERNARD
JOHANN STRAUSS, SR. - - - - - - - - JOSPEH MACAULAY
KATHI LANNER, ballerina - - - - - - MARY ELLEN MOYLAN

The GREAT WALTZ

June 23 through June 29

This modernized version of the lives of the original "Waltz Kings," Johann Strauss, father and son, has setting in Vienna of 1847. Music by Johann Strauss (father and son). Book by Moss Hart. Lyrics by Desmond Carter. First produced: Center Theatre, Rockefeller Center, New York, September 22, 1934.

HIT SONGS

Morning
You Are My Songs
Love Will Find You
On Love Alone
Star in the Sky
With All My Heart
Love's Never Lost
We Love You Still
While You Love Me
Love and War
Blue Danube
The Cast

TOM MARLOWE, captain of the football team - RONALD ROGERS
“Beef” SAUNDERS, a player - - - - - HARRY FLEER
BOBBIE RANDALL, a substitute - - - - - JACK GOODE
“Big Bill” JOHNSON, the coach - - - - - JACK RUTHERFORD
“Pooch” KEARNEY, the trainer - - - - - JACK COLLINS
PROFESSOR CHARLES KENYON, professor of astronomy -
- - - - - - - - - JOSPEH MACAULAY
PATRICIA BINGHAM, the college belle - MARTHA ROSENQUIST
CONSTANCE LANE, Patricia’s cousin - - EVELYN WYCKOFF
BABE O’DAY, a sophomore - - - - - - BIBI OSTERWALD
SYLVESTER, a freshman - - - - - - LOU WILLS, JR.

GOOD NEWS

June 30 through July 6


HIT SONGS

He’s a Ladies’ Man
Flaming Youth
Happy Days
Just Imagine
The Best Things in Life Are Free
On The Campus
The Varsity Drag
Baby!... What?
Lucky In Love
Today’s The Day
After Commencement
In The Meantime
Good News
The VAGABOND KING

July 7 through July 13

The Cast

MARGOT, tavern keeper - MARTHA BURNETT
HUGETTE DE HAHEL, tavern girl in love
with Francois - - - ROSALIND NADELL
GUY TABARIE, friend of Francois FREDD HARPER
LOUIS XI, King of France - JOSEPH MACAULAY
FRANCOIS VILLON, a prince of thieves - - - - - - EDWARD ROECKER
KATHERINE DE VAUCELLES, The King's
tinswoman - - - VICTORIA SHERRY
THIBAULT D'AUSIGNY, Grand Marshall -
- - - - - - Jack Rutherford
LADY MARY, friend of Katherine - - - -
- - - - - - MARILYN DELANEY
OLIVER LE DAIN, master of the royal bath
- - - - - - Jack Collins

François Villon, an outlaw in old Paris, is made king for a
day on a whim of the real king, Louis XI. Villon's love
verses win the fair Lady Katherine, who has the power to save
him from the gallows. Music by Rudolf Frimi. Book and
lyrics by Brian Hooker, W. H. Post and Russell Janney. Based
on McCarthy's play, "If I Were King." First produced:
Casino Theatre, New York, September 21, 1925.

HIT SONGS

Love For Sale
Drinking Song
Song of The Vagabonds
Some Day
Archer Song

Only a Rose
Tomorrow
Nocturne
Love Me Tonight
Victory March
WHERE’S CHARLEY?
July 14 through July 20

This song-and-dance version of the sixty-year-old farce, “Charley’s Aunt,” is full of shenanigans about an Oxford University student who dresses as his millionaire aunt to chaperone his girl friends. Based on Brandon Thomas’s play, “Charley’s Aunt.” Book by George Abbott. Words and music by Frank Loesser. First produced: St. James Theatre, New York, October 11, 1948.

HIT SONGS

Better Get Out of Here
Ashmolean
My Darling, My Darling
Make a Miracle
Lovelier Than Ever
The Woman In His Room
Pernambuco
Where’s Charley?
Once In Love
With Amy
Red Rose
Cotillion

The Cast

BRASSETT, Jack’s valet - - - VAN HAWLEY
JACK CHESNEY, an Oxford University student - - - - - - - - - - RONALD ROGERS
CHARLEY WYKEHAM, Jack’s friend - - HAL LEROY
KITTY VERDUN, Jack’s girl friend MARILYN DELANEY
AMY SPETTIGUE, Charley’s girl friend MARIE FOSTER
SIR FRANCIS CHESNEY, Jack’s father - - - - - -
MR. SPETTIGUE, Amy’s father and Kitty’s guardian - - - - - - - FRED HARPER
DONNA LUCIA D’ALVADOREZ, Charley’s aunt - - - - - - - - - PATRICIA RUHL
THE FIREFLY

The Cast

SUZETTE, maid to Geraldine | Nanci Crompton
PIETRO, valet to Mr. Thurston | Larry Griswold
MRS. OGLESBY VAN DARE, Sybil’s mother | -
- - - - - - - HELEN RAYMOND
JENKINS, confidential clerk | Leonard Elliott
GERALDINE VAN DARE, Mrs. Van Dare’s niece | - - - - - Patricia Ruhl
JACK TRAVERS, her sweetheart | Donald Clarke
JOHN THURSTON, his uncle | Ferdinand Hilt
HERR FRANZ, a choir master | Joseph Macaulay
NINA, a street singer | Rosemarie Brancato

NARCIS CROMPTON

ROSEMARIE BRANCATO and DONALD CLARKE

Nina, a street singer, disguised as a boy, goes as a stowaway to Bermuda, on the same boat with a group of society folk; finally wins her hero, Jack Travers. Photo below is from the 1925 New York stage production. Book by Otto Harbach. Music by Rudolf Friml. First produced: Lyric Theatre, New York, December 2, 1912.

HIT SONGS

He Says Laugh,
She Says Smile
Love Is Like a Firefly
Giannina Mia
Donkey Serenade
Tommy Atkins
Sympathy Song
We’re Going To Make a Man of You
Beautiful Ship From Toyland
When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart

PATRICIA RUHL
CAROUSEL


The Cast

CARRIE PIPPERIDGE, a worker in cotton mills - - - - - - - DOROTHEA MACFARLAND
JULIE JORDAN, another mill girl - - - - - - - GLORIA HAMILTON
MRS. MULLIN, proprietress of the carousel - - - GRACE DORRIAN
BILLY BIGelow, barker for the carousel - - EDWARD ROECKER
DAVID BASCOMBE, owner of the cotton mills - JOSEPH MACAULAY
NETTIE FOWLER, owner of ocean front spa - MARTHA BURNETT
ENOCH SNOW, Carrie's fisherman fiance - - DONALD CLARKE
JIGGER CRAIGIN, Billy's jailbird friend - - VAN HAWLEY
FIRST HEAVENLY FRIEND of Billy - - - - - - LEONARD ELLIOTT
LOUISE, daughter of Julie and Billy - - - - - - PEARL LANG

HIT SONGS

You're a Queer One, Julie Jordan
When I Marry Mister Snow
If I Loved You
June Is Bustin' Out All Over

This Was A Real Nice Clambake
There's Nothing So Bad For a Woman
What's The Use of Wond'rin?
You'll Never Walk Alone

**HIT SONGS**

'Tis The Morning of
The Fair
Come the Bowmen in
Lincoln Green
Though It Was Within
This Hour
Oh Cheerily Soundeth The Hunter's Horn
Brown October Ale
Tinkers Song
Oh See The Lambkins Play
Forest Sing
A Troubadour Song
To His Love
Armorer's Song
The Bells of St. Swithin's
Oh Promise Me

**The Cast**

SIR TRISTAN TESTY, Sheriff of Nottingham
ROBERT, Earl of Huntington, afterwards Robin Hood
LITTLE JOHN, an outlaw
FRIAR TUCK, a mountain of good faith
ALAN-A-DALE, an outlaw
WILL SCARLETT, an outlaw
SIR GUY OF GISBORNE, claimant to Huntington earldom
MARIAN, daughter of Lord Fitzwalter
DAME DURDEN, keeper of inn near Sherwood Forest
ANNABELLE, her daughter

JOSEPH MACAULAY
DONALD CLARKE
EDWARDroecker
RICHARD WENTWORTH
ROSALIND NADELL
VAN HAWLEY
LEONARD ELLIOTT
ELAINE MALBIN
MARSHA BUNNET
BETTY ANN BUSCH

The Cast
CLAUDETTE FORTIER, Pierre's daughter
- - - - - VICTORIA SHERRY
RENE BEAUVAIS, her husband - -
- - - - - ROBERT FEYTI
MARIE MARTEL, Claudette's friend - -
- - - - - MARIE FOSTER
PAUL BEAUVAIS, Rene's brother - -
- - - - - EDWARD ROECKER
PIERRE FORTIER, Claudette's father - -
- - - - - JOSEPH MACAULAY
VICTOR CLIQUOT, a dealer in elephants - -
- - - - - PAUL GILBERT
TSOI SING, an Indo-China dancer - -
- - - - - MURIEL BENTLEY

HIT SONGS
East Wind
These Tropics
Parlando
It's a Wonderful World
Are You Love

Muriel Bentley
Paul Gilbert

Robert Feyti

EAST WIND
August 11 through August 17

Minnie, There's Nothing Like Love
The Americans Are Coming
I'd Fall in Love Again
You Are My Woman
The RED MILL
August 18 through August 24


The Cast

CON KIDDER, a fast-talking American tourist
HAL LERO

KID CONNER, his pal, a little slow on the uptake
PAUL GILBER

BURGOMASTER, pompous ruler of the village
RICHARD WENTWORT

GRETCHEK, his charming young daughter
BETTY ANN BUSC

WILLEM, harassed owner of the Red Mill Inn
ROBERT BERNAR

TINA, his dreamy, stage-struck daughter
RONNIE CUNNINGHAM

FRANZ, a babbling, ineffectual sheriff
PHIL SEE

MADAME LA FLEUR, a forceful lady touring Europe with her daughter
MARIE FOSTE

GOVERNOR OF ZEELAND, an insolvent aristocrat
ROBERT FEY

HIT SONGS

The Legend of the Mill
Whistle It
The Isle of Our Dreams
When You’re Pretty and
The World Is Fair

I Want to Marry You
Streets of New York
Because You’re You
Wedding Bells
In Old New York

Ronnie Cunningham
SHOW BOAT
August 25 through September 6

The Cast
QUEENIE, the cook - BERTHA POWELL
PARTHY ANN HAWKS, Andy's wife -
- - - - - - HELEN RAYMOND
CAPTAIN ANDY, owner of the "Cotton Blossom" - RICHARD WENTWORTH
ELLIE, actress in boat play - - -
- - - - RONNIE CUNNINGHAM
FRANK, villain in boat play - - -
- - - - - - SAMMY WHITE
JULIE, leading lady of boat play - -
- - - - - - JULIE WILSON
GAYLORD RAVENAL, a river boat gambler - - - - DONALD CLARKE
VALLON, a representative of the law -
- - - - - - JOSEPH MACAULAY
MAGNOLIA, daughter of Capt. Andy and Parthy - - - - GLORIA HAMILTON
JOE, a river worker - - - -
- - - - - - LA VERN HUTCHERSON

HIT SONGS
Only Make Believe Life Upon The
Ol' Man River Wicked Stage
Can't Help Lovin' Why Do I Love You?
Dat Man My Bill
Misery You Are Love


A Scene from "RED MILL"

RICHARD H. BERGER
Producer
Television and motion picture producer and former production manager of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, comes to Starlight Theatre for his second year as production boss.

RICHARD WENTWORTH
Theodore Adolphus
Choreographer
York City Center ballet, television, St. Louis Municipal Opera, and the Opera Comique in Paris.

Roland Fiore
Musical Director
His second season at Starlight Theatre. Conducted Theatre-in-the-Round, St. Petersburg, Florida, last winter.

Edward Reveaux
Stage Director
From professorship in drama department at Yale he went to Broadway where he directed Paul and Grace Hartman in "All For Love."

Sherman Frank
Associate Music Director
Loist National Symphony, Watergate Series, Washington, D.C. Assistant conductor, last summer, at Newport Music Circus.

Clem Ecolf
Stage Manager
Production co-ordinator for NBC Television shows. Toured with "Glass Menagerie;" and with USO Camp shows through Japan and Korea.

Philippe De Rosier
Scenic Designer
Worked with the late Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in creating sets for twelve operas, including three world premieres.

Morgan James
Associate Stage Manager
Stage manager on Broadway for "Carmen" with Lili and Cedric Hardwicke, after managing "Good-Bye" at Westport Country Theatre.

Anthony Ferrara
Associate Stage Manager
Sang for two seasons with the St. Louis Municipal Opera, appeared on Broadway in "Knights of Song," and has been heard in concerts not only many times in Kansas City, but as far away as Sydney, Australia.

Warren Boudinot
Ensemble Director
With the Detroit Civic Light Opera Association prior to joining the Starlight staff last year.
SWINGING THE DIAL TO 710
(Continued from page 206)

to the vast baseball fandom of the Kansas City area. For the third year WHB and Larry Ray will be sponsoring "Radio Night" at Blues Stadium . . . and July 18th is the night! "Radio Night" is the mid-season celebration of appreciation given by WHB for its radio audience. "Radio Night" is a barrel of fun for everybody. The players, many of whom appear destined for major league stardom, give their best performances before filled and cheering stands. The fans are entertained not only by the game, but with such extras as a home run hitting contest, egg catching contest, catchers' peg-to-second contest, and a wheelbarrow contest. The "Radio Night" baseball game will be with the third-place Louisville Colonels; it begins at 7:30 pm, Friday, July 18. Be there if you can!

Music at 7:00 Across the Board

FIVE musical shows have been set for Mutual's Monday through Friday 7:00 to 7:30 pm CST schedule as summer replacements for vacationing MGM-produced shows.

The musicals, ranging from popular jazz concerts to string and symphonic presentations of semi-classic and operetta music, are to be heard in time periods normally occupied by Woman of the Year, which stars Bette Davis and George Brent; The Black Museum, featuring Orson Welles; The MGM Musical Comedy Theater; Modern Adventures of Casanova, starring Errol Flynn, and Adventures of Maisie, with Ann Sothern.

The top flight musical fare will include Jazz Nocturne, Monday evenings at 7:00, highlighting the Sylvan Levin orchestra; the song stylings of Jean Tighe, and the Mac and Jack quartet. Tuesday at 7:00 pm, MBS tenor Jimmy Carroll will star in the Jimmy Carroll Show, along with a guest femme vocalist. The first guest will be Kay Armen.

Two programs will fill the Wednesday evening hour, 7:00 to 8:00. Effective July 2, Mutual presents Music for a Half-hour, devoted to operetta and musical comedy melodies. At 7:30 comes the Great Day Show, the participation quiz staged in armed service camps and currently heard on the Sunday schedule.

Emerson Buckley will conduct the Mutual string orchestra in Symphonic Strings starting Thursdays at 7:00 pm. This program will bring to the air string classics of the 17th to 20th centuries.

The Mutual Symphonic Orchestra, with Sylvan Levin directing guest piano soloists, gives life and sparkle to the Concerto Festival Friday evenings at 7:00. Seymour Lipkin, Rachmaninoff and Michaels Awards winner, is to be the first guest.

The Deb Dyer Show

YOU might have met him years ago warming his hands before the old stove down at the store . . . or did he drive the buggy at the Sunday school picnic? Uncle Deb Dyer is a lovable mixture of salt, ginger, charity and understanding. On The Deb Dyer Show, Uncle Deb disarms you with an opening roundelay accompanied by himself on the parlor organ, then he proceeds
CURRENT PROGRAMS ON

EVENING

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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Whodunit?</td>
<td>Songs of the Services</td>
<td>Songs of the Services</td>
<td>Songs of the Services</td>
<td>Songs of the Services</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Starlight Air</td>
<td>Music by Service</td>
<td>Bond-—Army, Navy, Air</td>
<td>Bond—Army, Navy, Air</td>
<td>Bond—Army, Navy, Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>ABC News</td>
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<td>Force and Marine</td>
<td>Force and Marine</td>
<td>Force and Marine</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Sylvin Levin</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Dramatic—Full Hour</td>
<td>Tunes Till Game Time</td>
<td>Tunes Till Game Time</td>
<td>Tunes Till Game Time</td>
<td>Tunes Till Game Time</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Timely topics</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Chi. Theatre of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>MutualReports News</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Jack Loyton Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Ulmer says</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Jack Loyton Show</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Two full hours of “Pop”</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Music on request.</td>
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</table>

1:00 PM

WHB Signs Off

TIME

SUNDAY

MONDAY

WHB Signs Off

WEDNESDAY

WHB Signs Off

THURSDAY

WHB Signs Off

To tune up your heartstrings and make staunch your outlook for the remainder of the day. Hear him Monday through Friday at 1:00 pm. The Deb Dyer Show, sponsored by John G. Gaines & Co., is a recent addition to the popular WHB “Noon Hour”.

Starlight Theater Preview

A SECOND year of Kansas City’s wonderful Starlight Theater productions means another series of the Starlight Theater Preview over WHB at 12:30 in the afternoon on summer Sundays. The show, as its name suggests, gives the WHB audience a preview of the coming week’s Starlight Theater extravaganza—a half hour of the music; a bit of the story and color, and interviews with the Starlight Theater production staff or members of the casts.

There is nothing noble in being superior to somebody else. The true nobility comes in being superior to what you once were.
## EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Land's Best Bands</td>
<td>00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
<td>Twin Views of News</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriel Heather Songs of the Services</td>
<td>Downtown You Go</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hergen Evans</td>
<td>45</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>News, Cecil Brown</td>
<td>55</td>
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<tr>
<td>Concerts Festival</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td>00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spotlight of Piano</td>
<td>An old parlour game</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Damon Runyan Theatre</td>
<td>Dance Music</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stories of Bway.</td>
<td>Name Band</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**MORNING**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>News, W'ther, Livestock</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Light Classics</td>
<td>Songs by Don Sullivan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>with time &amp; temp.</td>
<td>Ray Rogers' Songs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sons of the Pioneers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- News, Lou Kemper
- Weather Forecast
- Wings Over K. C.
- Sun Dial Serenade
- Bible Study Hour
- Dr. Barnhouse
- Old Sunday School
- Hymns, Serenades
- Land of the Free
- Kasher Kammets
- News, Lou Kemper
- Barber Shop Harmonies
- The Best Quartet
- Vacation Time
- Music & Tips
- Heath Quiz
- Guy Lombardo Hour
- The Sweetest
- Music This Side
- of Heaven

**AFTERNOON**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>News, F. Van Deventer</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Health Quiz</td>
<td>Dan Sullivan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Starlight Theater</td>
<td>Roundup Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Music &amp; Story</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Bill Cunningham
- Tunes Till Game Time
- K. C. Blues Baseball
- Play-by-play by Larry Ray

- K. C. Blues Baseball
- Mutual Mysteries
- in case of rain

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- K. C. Blues Baseball

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Club 710</td>
<td>Club 710</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith</td>
<td>Kasher Kammets</td>
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<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Club 710</td>
<td>The Showcase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>News, Dick Smith</td>
<td>News &amp; Sports, Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Poale's Paradise</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Half Past Five Time</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>News, Cecil Brown</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Listen, Mamma!—WHB!"
### MORNING

**TUESDAY**
- **Town & Country Time**: News, W’ther, Livestock Songs by Don Sullivan
- **Weather Forecast**: Melody of the West
- **Fruit & Veg. Report**: Don Sullivan on the Farm
- **Musical Clock**: Guys and Dolls
- **Unity Viewpoint**: Unity of the People
- **Tunes Till Game Time**: Roy Rogers’ Songs
- **Cowtown Carnival**: New Songs of the West

**WEDNESDAY**
- **Town & Country Time**: Songs by Don Sullivan
- **Weather Forecast**: The Weather of the West
- **Fruit & Veg. Report**: Don Sullivan on the Farm
- **Musical Clock**: Guys and Dolls
- **Unity Viewpoint**: Unity of the People
- **Tunes Till Game Time**: Roy Rogers’ Songs
- **Cowtown Carnival**: New Songs of the West

**THURSDAY**
- **Town & Country Time**: Songs by Don Sullivan
- **Weather Forecast**: The Weather of the West
- **Fruit & Veg. Report**: Don Sullivan on the Farm
- **Musical Clock**: Guys and Dolls
- **Unity Viewpoint**: Unity of the People
- **Tunes Till Game Time**: Roy Rogers’ Songs
- **Cowtown Carnival**: New Songs of the West

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- **Musical Clock**: Guys and Dolls
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- **Tunes Till Game Time**: Roy Rogers’ Songs
- **Cowtown Carnival**: New Songs of the West

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**105 minutes of cheerful “wake up” music with the time and temperature every five minutes**

### AFTERNOON

**TUESDAY**
- **News, Dick Smith**: Dick Smith on the Farm
- **Don Sullivan**: Don Sullivan on the Farm
- **Roundup Time**: Roundup Time
- **Cowboy Stars with Western Music**: Western Music
- **Deb Dyer Show**: Deb Dyer on the Farm
- **Homespun Philosophy and Folk Music**: Deb Dyer on the Farm
- **Don Sullivan Sings**: Don Sullivan Sings

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- **News, Dick Smith**: Dick Smith on the Farm
- **Don Sullivan**: Don Sullivan on the Farm
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- **Homespun Philosophy and Folk Music**: Deb Dyer on the Farm
- **Don Sullivan Sings**: Don Sullivan Sings

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**The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City**
WITH WHB
THROUGH 30 YEARS

The Story in Pictures

KANSAS CITY'S OLDEST
30th Anniversary
1922-1952
AUGUST 15, 1922 this full-page advertisement in the Kansas City Star heralded WHB's new 500-watt Western Electric set (its second transmitter) as "equal to any in the United States, expected to go from coast to coast." The program above was given "as an educational demonstration of what can be heard by radio."
JOHN T. SCHILLING
who has managed a single radio station longer than any other man in the world.

THE SWEENEY ORCHESTRA. First "staff orchestra" heard on any radio station! "Real music by best artists obtainable—all professionals. Finest in America . . . these men are paid straight salaries so that they can devote all their time to practice." Led by Louis Forbstein, "formerly musical director of the Royal Theater", now known in Hollywood as "Lou Forbes."
Pianist and vocalist her career at WHB.

L TREMAINE (right) his Columbia Recording;stra (below) of the '30s.

ARARAT SHRINE SERENADERS — 1926. First "string band" in radio. Fred Kammer at upper right; Alex Adkins with accordion. They're still together in 1952 (with Pookey Lucas) as "The Strolling Troubadors."

AT WHB IN "THE OLD

WHB became known by the '30s as the station "Where Headliners Begin." Pictured here are names familiar to every early-day crystal-set owner. Ramona graduated from WHB to Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Paul Tremaine, saxophonist in Th Sweeney Orchestra, became a CBS conductor. Leath Stevens composes in Hollywood; wrote music played by Artur Rubenstein and New York Philharmonic in "Counterpoint."
WENDELL HALL
Red-Headed Music Maker

WOLFE & TOLLINGER
“Monometer Oil Twins”

SWEENEY DAYS”

“GOLDIE” (right) is nickname for Henry E. Goldenberg. As a lad he helped build first WHB transmitter. Has been WHB chief engineer ever since graduation in engineering from University of Illinois.

LEATH STEVENS (upper right) was a pianist at WHB; now writes music for Hollywood films.

“ARKANSAS WOODCHOPPER” (far right). Henry Ossinbrink was pioneer “hill billy” singer-guitarist.

MARTIN & TAYLOR, popular “harmony team” of the ’20s. Sam Martin, today a dairy products magnate, still strums a rhythmic uke; enjoys entertaining friends with songs and card tricks.

RUTH YOUNGE was featured in her own piano program; later led staff orchestra on studio programs and the “Jones Radio Revue.”
AROUND THE K. C. ATHLETIC CLUB, back in the 1920s, a young and sarcastic player of "Down-and-Out Rummy" named Goodman Ace was distinguished by three things: (1) A "literary" look sharpened by an immense pair of tortoise-shell glasses. (2) An intense dissatisfaction with the status quo of anything. (3) A habit, late in the week, of carrying around the current issue of Variety, trade paper and "bible" of show business.

Published in New York City Wednesdays, Variety never reached Kansas City before Fridays. There exists a feeling among Ace's intimates of those days that one reason he wanted to make the eastern "Big Time" was to read Variety on its publication date.

He made the "big time", all right!—as creator, writer, producer and director of "Easy Aces" in which he played "Ace". His first Chicago sponsor was Lavoris. Later the program originated in Manhattan for a succession of big moola advertisers. While in Chicago Ace hired a school teacher to act one of the supporting roles, "Marge." This was Mary Hunter, now a successful stage director of Broadway plays. "Easy Aces" ran for years. Goodie, more of a calculating business man than old Athletic Club pals might suppose, was wily enough to keep perfect recordings of all his live broadcasts, while also retaining the copyrights. Later he packaged these "Aces" in re-issue form, as transcribed shows; and collected an additional $75,000 a year on his files.

With the demise of "Easy Aces", Goodie showed up at CBS as a high-priced executive in the program department. Seldom has there been such an executive. Typically he presided over a motley circle of strange characters known as gag men—many of them semi literate but possessed of a wild genius for twisting normal comments into crazy jokes. Ace was the boss genius. More recently he has been the man behind Tallulah on NBC's "Big Show"—chief wag and gag washer. On the side, he's the erudite TV-Radio critic for The Saturday Review of Literature.

An enthusiastic horse player quick to pursue those fast bucks, he turned out a filmed version of "Easy Aces" used as movie shorts and
on TV. His newest radio show, "Jane Ace, Disc Jockey," stars his wife Jane, a Kansas City girl whom he married in 1922.

At that time Ace was a columnist, movie and theatrical critic for The Kansas City Post, the newspaper described by Gene Fowler as "the Bonfils and Tammen shimbun which since 1909 has daily startled Kansas Citians (circulation 190,000) with its crime news and blood-red headlines." In 1922, multi-millionaire Walter S. Dickey bought the Post for $1,250,000, and merged it with his Kansas City Journal. Ace developed as a member of the Journal-Post editorial "stable" which included Ed Cochrane, Eddie Meisburger, Earle Smith, Tom Collins and John Cameron Swayze.

Ace did his first broadcasting on WHB as "The Movie Man", talking about movies and answering questions. Then he created "Easy Aces", which Don Davis (at that time an advertising agency partner in the firm of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen) sold to Arthur Bird for Bird's Drugs, Inc., retail drug chain.

Blackett-Sample-Hummert took the act to Chicago; and Ace began reading Variety Thursdays.

Ace writes: "Congratulations, Don Davis on the 30th Anniversary of enterprise WHB! The first time I ever knew a microphone well enough to speak to was at WHB in the old Sweeney Building. My roommate Jane, who used to help me out at WHB, and now that I dragged her up there when she was a child of two. But she does remember you fondly as the man who got us our first sponsor when we started 'Easy Aces' in Kansas City. However, I personally remember you most fondly for those delicious girls on the WHB swing. All our love and continuing prosperity."

GOODMAN AND JANE ACE

P.S.—Ace now reads Variety on Wednesdays.
NORVELL SLATER  
"The Cook Painter Boy"

NORVELL RECALLS the '30s when his duties as staff announcer included sweeping out, filing phonograph records, running the control board and selling time. He also did a one-man show as "The Cook Painter Boy," at 10 o'clock every morning — beating the piano, singing a few ditties and giving commercials for Cook's Paints. One morning he received a call from the Foreman & Clark store; rushed over with rate card and contract; and to his surprise signed the advertiser for a schedule of spot announcements. Suddenly he realized that in his excitement he had completely forgotten about his radio program. But he was glad to get the advertising order!

Slater (above) now live in Dallas, Texas, where he is on the staff of WFA/ and has regular program on WFAA-TV.

IN THE "HOTEL BALTIMORE" STUDIOS

DARK DAYS and silent nights descended upon WHB in 1929, when the station lost its full-time license coincident with the decline in the fortunes of Emory J. Sweeney, its founder. With 500-watts power, WHB was assigned a daytime license on 860 kilocycles. When Mr. Sweeney sold the Sweeney Building, studios were moved to the Hotel Baltimore (which formerly occupied the block on Baltimore Avenue between 11th and 12th Streets.) Here, working selflessly, John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg kept the station on the air and struggled to save its license; while the courts negotiated a sale. But the station remained popular with listeners! Every Saturday afternoon 800 of them would crowd into the "Pompeian Room" of the hotel to witness the "WHB Staff Frolic."

THE BALTIMORE STUDIOS were in one large room of the hotel. Behind a glass partition was the layout shown above. Control panel and record turntable occupied closet.

BUSINESS OFFICE was at other end of the same room. At desks: Lou O'Conner Wilche John Schilling and Jack Glover; Al Stone; Norvell Slater; and Margaret Barnum Co.
LOUISE WILCHER
Organist—"Staff Frolic" Pianist

LOU'S MEMORIES INCLUDE: An age-long silence when a remote-control bell from the Baltimore Studios failed to ring in the Jenkins Organ Studios, three blocks away, as her signal to begin her program... The day a repairman, stranded in the organ pipes when a ladder fell, was forced to remain there during 30 minutes of music. He was deaf for hours afterward!... And the time Lou was arrested for speeding en route to the studios, then marooned in an elevator which got stuck. Lifted out over the operator's shoulders, she arrived with five seconds to spare. The program: "Daydreaming At The Piano—An Interlude for Relaxation."

COOK'S PAINTS ACQUIRE WHB

THE LATE Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, was a music-lover to whom the idea of owning a broadcasting station appealed greatly. He was encouraged by one of his young executives, John F. Cash, later to become a vice-president of the Cook organization. Although radio was not yet "commercial" (it was taboo in those days to mention the price of an advertised article over the air), Mr. Cash envisioned broadcasting as a great advertising medium, as well as a combination of theatre, concert stage, public forum, schoolhouse and town crier. Mr. Cook was persuaded to purchase the old Sweeney equipment, and advance funds for the erection of a new broadcasting plant in North Kansas City. The WHB license was transferred to Cook's April 15, 1930.

NEW TRANSMITTER was erected near Cook Paint factory in North Kansas City, in 1930. A 1,000-watt Western Electric set; licensed to operate daytime only with 500 watts.

ORGAN STUDIOS were in the Jenkins Music Company Building. Here Lou O'Connor Wilcher and S. F. Rendina played organ-piano concerts still remembered by listeners.
**1932 • “WHB GREETS YOU FROM PENTHOUSE GRILL”**

In May, 1931, Cook’s decided to enlarge the WHB Staff by employing an advertising executive. Don Davis, who was then a partner in the advertising agency of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen, had in 1927 plunged with both feet into radio. As an agency man, he was writing European travelogues given on WMAQ in Chicago for The Travel Guild by Bill Hay, the Amos & Andy announcer. He had sold “Easy Aces”, at that time just becoming known in Kansas City, to Arthur Bird for Bird’s Drugs. For Loose-Wiles Candy he produced in Hollywood one of the earliest dance band transcription programs, by Earl Burtnett’s Orchestra from the Hotel Biltmore featuring the Burtnett Trio and Jess Kilpatrick. For Cook’s, Davis had launched “The Cook Painter Boys” orchestra.

**OUTDOOR STUDIO (right) on Scarritt Building Roof.** The K. U. Band plays a concert.

**PENTHOUSE GRILL** had a soda fountain, tables for twenty, and did a thriving business with studio visitors. This room now houses WHB Newsbureau.
STUDIO “B” (right) was the “big” studio, home of the “Staff Frolic” (Below) DON DAVIS in ’32.

HOUSE STUDIOS” in the Scarritt Building

COOK'S INVITED Davis to become president of WHB—and he began by employing Ed Dennis, just out of K. U., as a salesman; and by negotiating a lease for new studios. James Free, of the firm of Free & Sleiningher (now Free & Peters), a Scarritt son-in-law and a pioneer radio station representative, found WHB its Penthouse in the Scarritt Building. Remodeling began; alternating current was brought in from the new Fidelity Building; and WHB occupied its “new” studios in June, 1932. Space on the floor below was added as the staff grew in numbers and the complexities of programming and station operation increased. “Penthouse Serenade” became WHB’s theme song, played at sign-on and sign-off . . . with special WHB lyrics by Jack Wilcher.

JENKINS AUDITORIUM (left) was home of the “Kansas City Kiddie Revue.” Saturday mornings two complete performances were often given, to accommodate crowds. First performance was broadcast.

PRESIDENT’S OFFICE was also used as studio.
July 12, 1931, WHB brought the "original Musical Clock" to Kansas City. Halloween Martin of KYW (then located in Chicago) trained GEORGE HOGAN (above) to broadcast program.

GEORGIE PORGIE BOYS • CHORUS GIRLS

Sensationally popular on WHB in the early '30s were Cranberry Bill, Jack Savage and Doc Hopkins, shown above with their "fiddler", Shep. They advertised "Georgie Porgie Breakfast Food" in 30-minute programs twice a day—with such success that rival cereal makers wondered what had happened to their market in Kansas City!

Because of its daytime license, WHB was unattractive to the networks as an outlet. (This condition continued until Mutual accepted WHB as a daytime outlet in 1936.) Prior to that date, WHB could carry no network dance-band "remotes". Hence, "Day Work In A Night Club"—an ingenious broadcast of rehearsals from the Avalon Supper Club floor show.

DAY WORK IN A NIGHT CLUB
CAPT. W. G. MOORE

Another "pioneer" of the '30s was the late "Bill" Moore, ex-pilot in the RCAF of World War I, who began his radio career on WHB as a hockey reporter. While a captain in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, he and Bob Burtt originated "Jimmie Allen"; and Moore wrote "Howie Wing" sponsored by Kellogg's on CBS. Don Davis was Moore's personal manager.

THE "COOK TENOR"

Shortly after WHB occupied its Penthouse Studios, John Wahlstedt joined staff, singing as "The Cook Tenor" and serving as a salesman, then as program director. He was featured with Lou O'Connor at the organ (and later Alberta), in a half-hour daily program.

JOHN WAHLSTEDT

"WEATHERMAN-IN-PERSON"

Kansas City offices of the Weather Bureau at this time were located in the Scarritt Building. June 24, 1932, A. M. Hamrick, official government weather forecaster, made his first broadcast over WHB—believed to be the first weather man ever to broadcast official weather forecasts.

A. M. HAMRICK
CHARLES LEE
with RICHARD McGEHEE
his "Stooge"

THE KANSAS CITY
KIDDIES' REVUE" Produced by CHARLES LEE
A half-hour weekly stage-show and broadcast that ran for 520 performances over a period of ten years was the result of a friendship between Lathrop Backstrom, now president of Cook Paint & Varnish Company, and Charles Lee Adams. Backstrom and Adams were members of the 356th Infantry, 89th Division in World War I.

Adams turned up in Kansas City in 1932, thinking perhaps his years of stage experience might be useful in radio. Backstrom sent him to WHB. There was no "job" open—but as usual, when promising talent appeared, Don and John set out to create an opportunity for the applicant. They persuaded John W. Jenkins III and Frank Howard of the Jenkins Music Company to sponsor a weekly program which Adams created and titled the *Kiddies Revue*.

Adams auditioned hundreds of small fry, built an orchestra of child performers, enlisted the aid of Kansas City's dancing schools, planned routines, suggested costumes, wrote a theme song and each week's scripts—and for eight years produced a weekly show which he emceed as "Charles Lee." It carried on for two years after Adams left WHB... but no other producer could quite make it "click" as Adams had done. He was a marvel of ingenuity, patience, kindness and diplomacy—dealing with jealous mothers and child performers who often displayed unexpected twists of temperament. Each week, out of chaos and bedlam, Adams turned in a smooth performance and a finished "production." An entire generation of young Kansas City performers learned stage technique from "Charles Lee."

Outstanding among them is Vera Claire McNary, of the Kansas City Philharmonic, whose "Marimba Co-Eds" are a flashy new sensation in the entertainment world, touring the United States, Canada and the Caribbean.
JACK TODD (above) announced, sang hymns, was program director. He now manages KAKE in Wichita, Kansas.

"MOUSE" STRAIGHT (above) was first WHB Continuity Editor, wrote famous 1935 Year Book. Is now Advertising Manager, Spencer Chemical Co.

KATZ' First "Million Dollar Sale" RADIO SHOW

The scene below is in Kansas City's "Convention Hall", now razed to make way for its $6,000,000 Municipal Auditorium. The occasion was the climax of Katz 'Drugs' first "Million Dollar Sale" in 1930. Attractions were an auction sale of Katz merchandise and "WHB Radio Show". Les Jarvies was master of ceremonies. The crowd was almost too big for police to handle. Evolution of this idea is annual "Katz Concert" in Municipal Auditorium, presenting Kansas City's Philharmonic Orchestra and world-famous guest artists.
LENN STEBBINS (above) as Secretary of K. C. Livestock Exchange; broadcast market reports.

TOMMY WRAY (above) succeeded Stebbins; was popular livestock market reporter for several years.

THE NORTH SIDE MUNICIPAL COURT

To provide a morning half-hour of "public service" programming designed to reduce traffic accidents, WHB conceived the idea of broadcasting court proceedings against persons arrested for speeding and other traffic violations, by remote control, direct from the courtroom. With Judge Tom Holland on the bench and Prosecutor Tom Gershon the broadcasts proved sensational; cut traffic death rate 44%; and were imitated in 26 American cities.

EDDIE AND JIMMIE DEAN (above) shown here with Mel & John presented half-hour programs for Crazy Crystals. Duo later scored success in Hollywood.

THE "JONES RADIO REVUE"

Sales promotion manager of The Jones Store, J. V. Hopkins, had idea for a daily noon hour of free broadcast entertainment for store's customers—presenting the "WHB Farmers' Hour" and a variety show titled the "Jones Radio Revue." For almost two years, an average of 1400 people daily attended broadcast in store auditorium.
FROM NEW YORK CITY, where he is program manager of NBC's flagship stations WNBC and WNBC-FM, John M. Grogan writes on WHB's 30th birthday:

"Six of WHB's 30 years—from 1934 to 1939—represent some of my happiest and most productive. The twelve years, 48 states and eight countries I've gone through since haven't dimmed my memories of wonderful people and experiences I knew while on the staff at the old Alma Mater.

with DIXIE'S LUMBERJACKS

"Every day was a new experience—some startling, some screwball, some tragic, some hilarious—but most of them unforgettable. I remember a March day in 1939 when I was the first male ever to broadcast from the swimming pool of the Y.W.C.A... Y-double-yuh, that is!

"And the characters who crowded into our 'Man-on-the-Street' mikes at the Midland Theatre—the merchants, housewives, judges and bums who all wanted to get their two-cents-worth said! Like the kindly, sweet-faced, white-haired old lady who latched onto the mike and flailed a local politician in language qualifying her for membership in the Truck Drivers' Local.

"I remember the WHB Christmas Cupboard programs where we pulled in carloads of canned foods for needy families. And broadcasts from the 'glass bowl studios'—window remotes from John Maguire's store on Grand Avenue, with crazy, wonderful Les Jarvies! I remember

Charles Lee and the Kiddies' Revue... the 3,971st Staff Frolic... and the incomparable Virge Bingham. First-timers to the Frolic were hard to convince of Virge's blindness because he was so uncannily at home on the 12th floor, and never fumbled or stumbled... And the American Royals we covered!—the parades—the sports—and special events of every hue and color!

"But I remember best the spring day in 1934 when my home telephone rang, with Jack Todd calling to tell me I was to start at WHB next week, on the staff! It didn't matter that it was for $10 a week... or that I was to make my air debut as 'Melody Mike and His Mountaineers'... or that the sponsor was Feenamint. At last I was a radio man and my future lay brightly ahead of me! Thanks for everything, and an even happier sixtieth anniversary!"

and the STYLE AND SMILE LEADERS

Andy Anderson    Les Jarvies
Jack Grogan      Lou Kemper
THE HARL SMITH ORCHESTRA

PERENNIAL favorites in Kansas City and on WHB, Harl’s orchestra has been at Sun Valley, Idaho, since the world-famous Union Pacific resort opened in 1936—was “staff band” at WHB in 1931-34. Photo above shows the original group at The Kansas City Club in 1933—photo at right, in 1952. In Ketchum, Idaho, Harl (photo at left) operates the Chrysler agency; “Brute” Hurley sells Chrysler cars; Paul Bragg is Utoco gasoline distributor; Hap Miller has an appliance and record store.

POSTER below heralded Harl’s appearance at Hotel Bellerive and over WHB in 1944.

“I’M LIVING MY LIFE FOR YOU”
Band’s theme was written by Harl and Nick. A Hal Kemp recording is now a collector’s item.
Harl's memories of "the old days" at WHB recall when the band broadcast by remote control from Hap Miller's apartment at the Coronado—"Studio Z of WHB"—to save the boys the trouble of making a trip to WHB each afternoon! Of the time they offered to give away six-week-old kittens found by Peg Smith—and had 407 telephoned requests. Harl had announced that Nick McCarrick would deliver the kittens in person! Fan letters suggested the band should have a girl singer. The boys built it up—said they had selected one—and that she would appear on a certain date. The day arrived and Nick's little girl, aged three, sang a chorus of their theme. "And I never heard it done better," writes Harl. Photo below shows the orchestra in 1944 on outdoor terrace at Sun Valley Lodge. In the background is the skating rink. At Sun Valley, they skate all summer.
From the Muehlebach Grill in 1933, Red Nichols and His Orchestra began a dance-band parade which for many months included Isham Jones, Henry King, Freddy Martin, George Hamilton, Gus Arnehim, Ben Pollack, Barney Rapp, Nye Mayhew, Paul Pendarvis, Dell Coon, Benny Meroff, Carl "Deacon" Moore, Earl Burtnett, Boyd Raeburn, Carlos Molina, Herbie Kay (with Dorothy Lamour as vocalist), Art Jarrett and Eleanor Holm, Henry Halstead (Clarence Rand, vocalist), and many others.

The Songcopators

Vocal trio organized at WHB, who later joined "Red" Nichols and were on Kellogg's NBC show from New York.

JACK WILCHER

who wrote lyrics for WHB's Theme Song. Now a New York agency executive, he writes commercial jingles and popular songs; is a Radio and TV producer.

SS CROWELL  GEORGE BACON  JACK WILCHER
"Pete" Swayze recalls a muffed remote control signal, when he blew his nose just as his WHB mike was cut in. "Listeners heard what sounded like a tremendous Bronx cheer," he says. "It was one of my most embarrassing moments." This photo is of Swayze, the Camel News Caravan TV newscaster of today.
JIMMIE ATKINS
A "crooner" who plays his own guitar. At WHB two years, leaving to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul. Was later with Fred Waring; is now on his own ABC-TV show.

COUNT BASIE
Featured on WHB for three years. "WHB is just wonderful," the Count writes. "I will always remember that you started me. Any time I needed cash, John would send me to Jenkins and that wonderful organ. At times when there wasn't a spot open, Don would still give me the good cash . . . One day Don played with an idea for a piano spot in the afternoon for me, and I sang "Sunny Side of the Street." After the show, Don said "Count, everything is O.K. —but would you care if the vocal were cut?"

DICK SMITH
Joined WHB staff in 1933 as announcer. Produced hundreds of commercial shows; became newscaster, War Program Manager, Chief of Newsbureau, Program Director.

LES JARVIES
ALLEN FRANKLIN
NORVELL SLATER
JACK TODD
SOL BOBROV

and the
KANSAS CITY CLUB ORCHESTRA

On his first "job," Bobrov, a violinist, became WHB Musical Director after graduation from K. U. In his memorable orchestra pictured below are three to-be members of the K. C. Philharmonic; Lois Kraft, harpist; Ralph Stevens, cello (bass); Herb Johnston, drums. Connie Morris played piano; George Morris, trumpet; Frank Wagner, saxophone. Jimmie Atkins played guitar. He and Zerlina Nash were vocalists.
BOB CALDWELL, JR.
Bob came to WHB from the University of Missouri in 1933; established the Newsbureau when WHB's exchange news arrangement with Kansas City Journal-Post was dissolved in 1937. Broadcast news and special events.

LINDSEY G. RIDDLE
Lindsey was a resourceful member of WHB's engineering staff; left to join WDSU, New Orleans, where he is now chief engineer of AM, FM and TV operations.

VIC DAMON
Vic installed and operated the WHB recording laboratory, Kansas City radio's first, at the Penthouse Studios in 1935. Night-time Mutual programs were transcribed for daytime broadcast until WHB secured full-time license.

"BUBS" BOYLE
Harold A. Boyle, from Northwestern University, joined WHB as a salesman. He is best remembered for his K.U.-O, Notre Dame-Radio football play-by-play broadcast from South Bend; and as "The Irish Reporter", WHB's first "Man-On-The-Street."

SUMMERTIME ON WHB's "MARINE DECK"
THAT TIME-WORN old cliche, one big happy family, isn’t a cliche at all when I think about those old days at WHB. And I’m lucky enough to relive them often here in New York when I run into Jack “Sonny” Grogan and Kay Storm and Jack Wilcher and Lou O’Connor Wilcher and a lot of other ex-WHB-ers.

The first thing I always think of is my first show, “The Gadabout.” I was scared simple. Bingham and Wells, the two blind pianists-singers, were on the show with me and the boys knew I was in the throes of a terrible case of mike-fright. Just before airtime, Virge turned around and “looked” at me and said, “Honey, if you get scared, just look at me and I’ll wink at you.” That shocked me back to normal and, I think and hope, the program went over. At least it stayed on the air all the time I was in Kansas City.

Virge always fascinated me. He knew every one of us by our steps. He’d call out the phone number you had just dialed. He could remember everybody’s key—even on “Staff Frolic.” I used to tag around after him to watch him amaze others as he did me.

As a matter of fact, it’s a wonder I ever wrote all those thousands upon thousands of programs and announcements. I don’t see how I ever had the time because I was so busy watching and listening to Harl Smith’s band and begging Loru Bailey to sing “I Didn’t Know What Time It Was” and asking Sol Bobrov to play “African Lament” and shooting the breeze with Vera Cottingham at the switchboard and playing “battleship” with Mouse Straight and Ann Campbell and listening to Dick Smith’s newest stories and dreaming up tricks to play on Russell Pratt.

But write ’em I did—and was on most of the programs I wrote. I well remember the night at the Muehlebach Plantation Grill that Don Davis introduced me to a Major Glueck. “You’re our new home economist,” said Don, “and this is your sponsor.” In no time at all, I was wearing a longer dress and a hair net and lecturing to three hundred women on how to boil water! “Mrs. Bliss and Her Magic Kitchen” was the program’s legit title, but nobody but nobody at WHB ever called it anything but “Mrs. Blitch and Her Magic Kissin’”! And I learned to cook, by gum!

The memories come in flashes . . . one of the “Girls of the Golden West” who always wore gold sandals to the studio . . . the day I was making an announcement and proclaimed that “WHB broadcast from sun-up to dawn every day” . . . Norvell Slater’s wedding with the kids in the studio (Ruth Lyons at the piano) broadcasting the nuptial music . . . the name and character of “Betty Gay” I created for a hosiery shop chain—now their “trade mark” . . . Herb Cook, “The Oklahoma Joy Boy” and the Three Little Words . . . Russ Pratt and I, both unable to carry a tune, joining serious Jess Kirkpatrick, to his surprise, as he sang “For You” . . . WHB’s Ad Club show at the Kansas City Club when De Wolf Hopper did his wonderful “Casey at the Bat” and Russ Pratt, in the guise of an English radio man, preceded Ed Kobak’s fine speech with the most sensational half-hour I ever heard . . . that hillbilly woman singer who put on complete stage make-up including beaded eyelashes for every performance . . . Cec Widdifield’s wonderful French accent on a Lucky Tiger hair tonic program . . . Jack Todd’s fan who wrote him passionate love letters every day and signed them, after pouring out her undying love in every line, “Yours Truly.” . . . Blanche La Bow and her songs . . . ethereal Belle Nevins . . . the Northside

DOROTHY LAMOUR AND HERBIE KAY at the MUEHLEBACH GRILL
Old Days at WHB

Municipal Court broadcasts and the laughs we had over the characters—including all the "John Does" who were pinched in a Chesterfield Club raid.

"The Story Behind the Song" was a brainchild of mine and, I understand, went on for years. And "Kitty Kelly" and "Montgomery Ward's Christmas Lady" and all those others I used to write and announce. I should probably be proudest of a slogan I coined for the Gorman Furniture Company—"B. Gorman-wise, Economize." Yipe!

DOROTHY ★ WAUHILLAU

There weren't singing commercials then, but we sang 'em! Any of us—including salesmen—pinch hit when an announcer didn't get to the microphone on time. Even Goldie and

WAUHILLAU LAHAY

"THE GADABOUT"

John T. Schilling used to be heard occasionally.

And those parties Charlie Cook used to give for us! WHAT food! John Wahlstedt always sang and Lou O'Connor played and the whole gang entertained.

Doggone it, Don and John, can I come back

THE "JUBILESTA" OPENING ★ 1936

BRYCE B. SMITH
DICK SMITH
DAVE RUBINOFF
GEORGE GOLDMAN
BEN BERNIE
HENRY F. McELROY
BOB BURNS
RUSSELL LUCER
JOHN CAMERON
SWAYZE
PERSONALITIES, programs, push and promotion led to Variety's award in 1936. Among the "personalities" were Eduardo Hellmund, WHB Travel Man, now living in Caracas, Venezuela, who with Don Davis staged Kansas City's first amateur "Skating Carnival" and its first "International Travel Show"... Jess Kirkpatrick, now a radio, TV and motion picture actor in Hollywood... "Chuck" Gussman, now of Bucks County, Pa., radio writer... Dr. Russell Pratt, now an advertising agent in Pittsburgh... the late Virgil Bingham, sensational blind pianist, vocalist and arranger... Herb Cook, composer and pianist who organized and trained the "Three Little Words" appearing with Phil Spitalney.
STAGE ATTRACTION at Travel Show, produced by Charles Lee, and presented twice daily for a week, featured numbers by “Red” Nichols and His Five Pennies, the “Songco-patators” and Jess Kirkpatrick . . . specialties by members of the WHB staff . . . and dancers from the “Kiddies’ Revue.” A bathing beauty contest, won by Dorothy Quackenbush, provided a “line” of show girls. Script for the production was written by Arnold Isenburg and Al Stine.

From Hollywood, Jess Kirkpatrick writes: “My first and fondest memory of WHB is that it is the station of opportunity. Many of us in the radio and TV field here in Hollywood got our start at WHB. Everyone was so wonderful that I shall always treasure the friendships I made there.”

Vernon Hoyt, Variety’s Kansas City correspondent, presents “Showmanship Plaque” to Don Davis for WHB.

“INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SHOW” AT AUDITORIUM
...and America's Third Major Network Brings Superlative New Program Thrills To Kansas City's Pioneer Radio Station!

ON December 29, 1936, Kansas City's oldest radio station called "WHB" became affiliated with America's newest major network, the Mutual Broadcasting System, thus becoming the first to be affiliated with a major network and was in its second year of operation. The Mutual Broadcasting System has been expanding westward to the Pacific Coast as the most successful network in the shortest time.

WHB, a great pioneer, founded in May, 1921, by the Savannah Automobile School and built by the man who is still its general manager, John T. Schilling. Purchased in 1930 by the Cook Point & Varnish Company after it had lost its nighttime franchise, WNB began a sensational climb upward to resume its pioneer position of leadership in business favor. By 1934, although not a "network station," it had become known as Kansas City's Domino Daytime Station, with a staff of nearly 100 employees and programs which attracted to it a steadily increasing percentage from the advertising market.

When WHB joined Mutual, a new chapter began in the history of Kansas City's pioneer station. You're invited to tune in and hear the great programs of day-time programs heard from any station in America.

WHB's Bandwagon—The Greatest Dance Band Names On The Air!

WHB was a great pioneer, founded in May, 1921, by the Savannah Automobile School and built by the man who is still its general manager, John T. Schilling. Purchased in 1930 by the Cook Point & Varnish Company after it had lost its nighttime franchise, WNB began a sensational climb upward to resume its pioneer position of leadership in business favor. By 1934, although not a "network station," it had become known as Kansas City's Domino Daytime Station, with a staff of nearly 100 employees and programs which attracted to it a steadily increasing percentage from the advertising market.

When WHB joined Mutual, a new chapter began in the history of Kansas City's pioneer station. You're invited to tune in and hear the great programs of day-time programs heard from any station in America.
Pictured, left, is the incomparable Kate, "Songbird of the South", with her manager Ted Collins and accompanist Jack Miller, on a visit to WHB. Friendly, informal and a seasoned showman, it is WHB's guess that Kate will always be there whenever "the moon comes over the mountain."
THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

SWEETHEARTS ON PARAV

SAM LEICHTER BETTY ANN PAINTER TOBY NEVIUS ZERLINA NA

BEN BERNIE

PART OF THE FUN of working at WHB—then, now and tomorrow — stems from visits to the studios by actors, actresses, singers and composers; producers, directors and writers; names famous in phonograph recording; band leaders, beauties and dancers; explorers, lecturers and "men with a message." When they arrive, the word goes out and work stops. The staff gathers in the studio or huddles at studio windows. The late Ben Bernie kept WHB in gleeful turmoil for a solid week, as m.c. of the "Staff Frolic" every afternoon. "Yowsah," said he, "WHB is the Besta."
IB “CHRISTMAS CUPBOARD PARTY” at Music Hall of Municipal Auditorium. Mission: a jar of canned fruit or packages of canned foods for needy families. Charles Lee produced the stage show, which WHB broadcast. In photo above may be seen Les Jarvies and Grogan at left; Charles Lee, Norvell Slater and Dick Smith at right.

FRED WARING  POLEY MCCLINTOCK  MILDRED BAILEY  and “RED” NORVO
This photo of Sally Rand and the irrepressible Grogan was made in 1938—five years after Sally had startled the nation with her "fan dance" at the Chicago "Century of Progress" Exposition in 1933.

Jack Wilcher recalls the story of blind Virge Bingham "seeing" Sally at the Chicago fair's "Streets of Paris." Virge was in a front row seat, two feet from the runway, as Sally paraded by—clad in moonlight, a fan and perfume. Bingham inhaled a long sigh. "Boy, she is beautiful, isn't she?" was his comment.
THREE LITTLE WORDS

Coincident with the success of "The Songcapers", WHB busted out all over in the mid-thirties with vocal trios. Outstanding was a feminine group organized and trained by Herb Cook; booked by him with Phil Spitalney's "Hour of Charm." Frances (Mrs.) Cook, Fern Griggs and Opal Swalley were the trio—with Mrs. Cook replacing Marguerite Clark, who had sung on WHB with the other two girls as "The Missouri Maids." Photos above and at left show what happens when satins and high heels replace a simple cowgirl costume!

THE MISSOURI MAIDS

Opal Swalley      Marguerite Clark
and Fern Griggs in their WHB days

Randolph Scott

Rhonda Fleming

Blackstone The Magician
ON DECEMBER 8, 1941, WHB proclaimed: "From this day forward... until Victory is won... WHB can best serve the public interest, convenience and necessity by doing everything within our power to help win the war. We should do this not by the dedication of mere radio facilities to the War Effort, but by devoting our hearts, our minds and our especial skills as radio showmen to the War needs of our Community and our Nation. Specifically, it is our job to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the many-sided problem of winning the War."

Tense months followed... with visitors refused admittance to studios, guards on constant duty at the transmitter, voluntary censorship, discontinuance of weather report broadcasts and man-on-the-street interviews. Rehearsals for black-outs and air raids. Enlistment campaigns for the armed services, for WACS, WAVES, SPARS, nurses, war-workers... Civilian De-

fense. Rationing and ration points explained... group-riding clubs organized... people urged to save fats and waste paper... to buy bonds and war savings stamps.

The Kiddies Revue became a War Bond Show—the Staff Frolic with orchestra, singers and interviews was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. WHB presented series after series of war programs over the Kansas State Network (organized by WHB), linking Emporia, Salina, Wichita and Great Bend.
August 14, 1945 • WORLD WAR II

These were hectic years—made no less easy by frequent staff changes. In the armed services lots of WHB folks won deserved promotions. Here at home we constantly adapted old formats to wartime needs and conditions.

And what a schedule of broadcasts! ... the skill and speed and realism of war reporting by radio . . . morale building, selective service information, gas rationing, save old rags, support the U.S.O., share the meat, save tin cans, don’t spread rumors, rubber conservation, war industry training, benefits for servicemen’s recreational funds, rent ceilings, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, first aid instruction, coast guard recruiting, fats salvage, conserve household equipment, price control, air raid blackouts, manpower announcements, women in war work, foods for victory, save electric power, buy coal early, doctors and nurses needed, merchant marine recruiting, understand our allies—Britain, China, Russia! Army-Navy "E" and "A" awards . . . To stimulate blood donor recruiting at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that day’s quotas—and made the quotas!

WHB listeners still recall the doom-laden voice of William Lang describing the Atom Bomb on the morning of August 6. V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August were occasions for world-wide celebration—and radio never performed a better "coverage" job.
GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER faces a battery of microphones and a crowd of thousands at Liberty Memorial, following Kansas City’s great parade in his honor upon his return from Europe.

GENERAL ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD, commander of the Fifth force on Okinawa, is greeted Kansas City by his wife and daughter.

GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY at the Leavenworth Command and General Staff College graduation.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL. His arrival here was planned with the utmost secrecy; but there was Dick Smith and the WHB Magic Carpet!

ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. HALSEY

GENERAL NATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT AT LEAVENWORTH
The death of President Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, was doubly significant in Kansas City because of the elevation of Harry S. Truman to the Presidency. The following day, April 13, WHB originated to Mutual a special Truman

THE BIG HOMECOMING, June, 1945. President Harry S. Truman stands before old friends and new, in a new role. Behind him are Mrs. Truman, Margaret and Mrs. Roger T. Sermon, of Independence.

WITH WHB'S "GOLDIE." This was at Hotel Muehlebach, on the night of Truman's election as Vice-President. But when F. D. R. didn't broadcast, Truman didn't either; although everything was ready!

1934—JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE DEDICATION. Here, with Margaret, Judge Truman participates in dedication ceremonies with Colonel (now General) E. M. Stayton and Frank C. Marqua.
"home town program", interviewing his old neighbors, associates and friends. When the President returns home for visits, Kansas City becomes a hot news spot frequented by radio commentators, newsmen and photographers.

AS A SENATOR, WITH SAM GUARD
Occasion was a livestock and agricultural meeting in Kansas City. Mr. Guard is publisher of the Breeders' Gazette; interviewed Senator Truman on farm problems.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY
Harry Truman relates informally how he managed two years of law school in a busy career as soldier, farmer, retailer and politician.

LISTENING TO WHB-MUTUAL. Even a President has to relax once in a while. In the home of Mayor Sermon of Independence, Harry Truman listens to WHB's broadcast emanating from the next room and going out over Mutual.

MARGARET TRUMAN AND BOB KENNEDY
in a studio interview by WHB's popular disc jockey regarding her career as a singer, and her new phonograph record album.
THIRTY thousand women
listeners to "Queen For A
Day" made the dates April 11
and 12, 1946, memorable in
Kansas City by mobbing the
Municipal Auditorium Arena
for "personal appearance"
broadcasts by Jack Bailey and
his Hollywood troupe.

A week’s announcements of
the event deluged WHB with
40,000 advance requests for
tickets. On broadcast days,
crowds began assembling out-
side the Arena for hours be-
fore the scheduled broadcast
time. Seventeen motor buses
chartered by Mutual stations
brought "fans" from Emporia,
Salina, Wichita and Great
Bend in Kansas—from St.
Joseph, Sedalia, Joplin and
Springfield in Missouri. The
party from Great Bend had
left there at 4:00 a.m. in
order to reach Kansas City in
time for the broadcast. A near
riot ensued the first day when
these special groups were ushered to front-row seats reserved in advance.

But masterful Jack Bailey quelled the "boos", won the audience with his sincerity and his comedy—and turned in two spectacular broadcasts on each day of the two-day Kansas City appearance. Chosen as Queens were Mrs. Esther Turner and Mrs. Mayme Deacey.

Then followed the usual hair stylings and beauty treatments ... the elaborate suites in leading hotels ... meals at such swank spots as Fred Harvey's "Westport Room" ... transportation by limousine—and, in the case of one Queen, her request for a ride on a special street car to the Plaza-Mor Ballroom! One Queen was given her request of a new bathroom for her home; the other, a trip for herself and husband to the Grand Canyon.
PAINTED BULLETINS like that shown above, 24-sheet posters, coast-to-coast broadcasts, newspaper and trade paper ads, direct-mailings and civic club celebrations heralded WHB's full-time operation begun May 30, 1948 "at 710 on your Radio dial."

ADVERTISING & SALES EXECUTIVES CLUB, o-operators' (Sertoma) Club, Mercury Club and other vic organizations congratulated WHB at luncheons like ne pictured above, showing speakers' table at Ad-Sales.

“NIGHT-TIME”

MAN-OF-THE-MONTH FRA-TERNITY presented station officials with plaque shown below, now displayed in Studio lobby.

WHB "SWING GIRLS" held a reunion at party for advertisers and agencies. In the Swing with Schilling and Davis (at right) are Pauline Phillips, Lenna Alexander Gilbert, Mary Gibbs Karosen.

COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST from "Cowtown, U.S.A." was originated by WHB to Mutual; staged in Atkins Hall of Nelson Gallery, with orchestra and chorus directed by Graham Hamrick.

ROY ROBERTS, ARTHUR WAHLSTEDT AND DEAN FITZER of "The Star" and WDAF entertained Kansas City broadcasting executives at dinner in honor of WHB's "full time."
FORMAL CEREMONIES of WHB's 10,000-watt Transmitter Dedication were broadcast. Frank H. Backstrom, mayor pro tem of Kansas City, the Right Reverend Claude W. Sprouse, Sidney Lawrence of the Jewish Community Center and the Right Reverend Monsignor James N. V. McKay participated to re-affirm the station's duty and responsibility to the community. Shown in photo above receiving the Charge from Reverend Sprouse are Don Davis, John F. Cash, John T. Schilling and Henry Goldenberg. John Thornberry was master of ceremonies.

THE CHARGE: "You officials of WHB (naming them) are hereby charged with a grave responsibility. Into your hands is committed a tool calculated to minister to the mental and spiritual needs of countless persons. You will need prudence, justice and charity. Will you undertake to be faithful, zealous, sincere and humble in fulfilling this responsibility?" . . . REPLY: "I will."

PRAYER OF DEDICATION: (By Reverend Sprouse) Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose eyes are ever toward the righteous, and whose ears are ever open to their cry; graciously accept, we pray thee, this instrument of service which we now dedicate to the public good and to the welfare of all Thy children. Grant that here love, wisdom and charity may unite to make bright the pathway of truth and justice. And we beseech thee, O Lord, to strengthen these thy servants who here dedicate themselves to those offices of fellowship and good will in which Thou art well pleased. Grant that those who are ministered to over this airway may attain pure minds, upright purpose, and steadfast endeavor to learn and to do Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BANQUET TENDERED BY FRIENDS OF WHB

The station had broadcast for eighteen long years, from 1930 to 1948, with all the handicaps of daytime operation, signing off at sunset—after its initial eight full-time ears, 1922 to 1930. Now WHB was "full-time" once more, its pioneer heritage at last happily restored! The occasion called for celebration—and the banquet was a good one! At speakers' table were John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg, E. W. Phelps, Robert D. Swezey, A. D. Eubank, Don Davis, L. Perry Cookingham, and John F. Cash.
A broadcasting station consists of technical mechanical equipment—PLUS PEOPLE, in action! Here are some of the lively personalities whose appearances before WHB microphones have given WHB programs color, life and sparkle. They are part of that vibrant surge which is WHB's flying forward progress.

In June, 1935, Fortune magazine described radio thus: "Nothing like the broadcasting business ever happened before. To the uninitiated it seems to be the craziest business in the world. Falling down the rabbit hole of
the broadcasting studio one is in a land of Mad Hatters and White Knights, who sell time, an invisible commodity, to fictitious beings called corporations for the purpose of influencing an audience that no one can see."

And that is exactly what a radio station does! Of course, to sell time, a broadcaster must first attract audience—and the appearance of "personalities" on WHB is one way of doing it.

These folks are stimulatingly interesting people!
SENATOR
JAMES P. KEM
addresses civic clubs on a swing through Missouri, February, 1952.

“MR. REPUBLICAN”
addresses a party rally at the American Legion World War II Memorial Building, November, 1951.

JACK HORNER
President of United craft, operators of great Pratt & Whi aircraft plant in K

CHANCELLOR
FRANKLIN D. MURPHY
of the University of Kansas

“OUR TOWN FORUM” is one of WHB’s public interest programs, conducted by John Thornberry as moderator, designed to present discussions and to encourage listeners to think about problems of community, state, nation and the world. This broadcast was from the University Women’s Club.

“IT PAYS TO BE SMART” is series of quiz shows, presented by WHB in co-operation with the school boards and the University of Kansas City. Honor students in high schools answer questions prepared by the University and asked by Dick Smith. Savings bonds are awarded by
THE DAMMED MISSOURI VALLEY" (published by Alfred A. Knopf) is a book all mid-westerners will find fascinating. It is by Richard G. Baumhoff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Millions of dollars and millions of man-hours have been expended in local, state and federal effort to pin down topsoil, prevent floods and drought, raise the standard of living and allow the Missouri Valley to fulfill its great potentialities. Some leaders in this effort are shown in photo right, interviewed by WHB on the Missouri River during an inspection trip: Gov. Andrew Schoeppelel, Kansas; Gov. M. Q. Sharpe, So. Dak.; Maj. Gen. Lewis A. Pick; former Mayor John B. Gage.

W. AVERELL HARRIMAN addressed the graduating class and the radio audience at University of Kansas City June, 1951.

DEANE W. MALOTT former Chancellor of the University of Kansas. Now President of Cornell

MAYOR W. E. KEMP of Kansas City, Missouri

WJB as prizes. Programs are transcribed in the high school auditoriums of both Kansas Cities; and broadcast when students and parents may hear them. Photos at Wyandotte High (left), and Washington High.
THE STORY OF SWING MAGAZINE

MIX MUSIC, paint and magazines—and you get this Issue No. 3, Volume 8 of a dual-purpose, pocket-size magazine that is bigger than Quick. Not in circulation, of course. Quick prints 1,178,837 copies each issue. Swing only 15,000. (We'll be honest! We're printing a few extra copies of this WHB 30th Anniversary Number).

Swing magazine was launched as direct-mail follow-through on a WHB trade-paper advertising campaign begun in 1943 which has as its theme: "The Swing Is To WHB in Kansas City."

WHB makes music. And WHB is owned, as you know, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company. Cook's make paint. Together, Cook's and WHB have made a magazine. This is it. WHB swings the editorial typewriter and Cook's swing the censor's pencil. See where the name "Swing" comes in, again?

The original idea for the publication as a WHB "house organ" was to preserve in print some of the many fine things WHB broadcasts. Send the little magazine to advertising executives, sales managers, time buyers and account men in advertising agencies. WHB does that.

The first monthly issue was published in January, 1945, edited by Jetta Carleton and with Donald Dwight Davis listed as "Publisher."

One day at the paint factory, Charles Stoner, Cook's executive vice-president, was reading Swing. "Hey!" he said. "Why not put a Cook ad on the back cover—and send Swing to architects, painting contractors, owners of large properties which require painting, industrial users of paint, Cook Paint dealers and Cook stockholders?" Just like that he said it. So we did. Charlie must have liked the magazine.

You can tell whether you're listed as a Cook customer (or prospect) or a WHB customer (or prospect) by the ad on the back cover of the issue you receive. Of course, if you're a Cook Paint customer and want to buy some WHB radio time, that's dandy! Probably help your business. And if you're a WHB customer and want to buy some Cook's paint, let us give you editorial assurance that "Cook's Paints Are Best For Beauty, Wear and Weather."

Come to think of it, that's the safest thing for you to do anyway—paint with Cook's and advertise on WHB.

To resume, Jetta Carleton was our first editor—and a dandy! Used to pin reminders on herself to herself with her Phi Beta Kappa key. Most of them said: "Get Swing out on time this month." To resume, Jetta was our first editor. Then she married a chap named Gene Lyon; and when he got out of the Army they decided Gene should use that good G.I. money to take his degree at the University of New Mexico. So they moved to Albuquerque, where they built a house.
on a sand dune. It was so small they called one room a demijohn . . . But that's another story—

David W. Hodgins then became Managing Editor of Swing; but we persuaded Jetta to continue as "Editor" and write at least the "Foreword" every month. (She writes the best Forewords in the business). And she did, too—until she got buried writing a novel. Dave, meanwhile, up and moved to Shawano, Wisconsin, where he runs the Leader and Radio Station WTCR.

But along came Mori Greiner, just out of the Navy, a facile writer eager to win his editorial spurs—and with an extraordinary sense of organization. He encouraged our writers and artists (two of whom have since been published in The Saturday Evening Post)—he harried the engraver and printer—and brought each issue out on time.

Then came an economy wave.

MORI GREINER

DAVID ETHERIDGE

Let's publish six issues a year instead of twelve" was the word. So we do. And have, since July-August, 1949. This was discouraging to Mori. When the Rogers & Smith advertising agency offered him a job he liked, mid-year in 1950, he took it.

That's three editors in 59 issues. So they said at the paint factory: "Don Davis, you do it." The 60th issue was the Kansas City Centennial number (now a rare collector's item—a few copies still available at 50c each). But for awhile we thought it would take another 100 years to get that Centennial issue in the mails!

Then along came Charles "Chuck" Rosenfeldt, to be Assistant Editor in 1950-51. When he left us early in 1952, David Etheridge, fortunately, had been assisting long enough to swing a real hand! Dave is the lad whose fine drawings you have been seeing in Swing since the Centennial issue. Writes well, too! Now it's his turn to worry with Swing's deadlines. Over at the paint factory Fred Timberlake gives him understanding cooperation—so all of us are optimistic about Swing's future! This year, you will probably receive the December issue before Christmas!

"Meanwhile," says Don Davis, "this whole thing has been quite a chore for me—and a bit of a comedown. Listed as 'Publisher Donald Dwight Davis' I would feel pretty important when I called on Oliver Gramling at the Associated Press in New York City. Was ushered in to see him right away, too! Now that I'm merely 'Editor', things will probably be different there. But of course, I don't get to New York very often any more, anyway . . . since The John Blair Company began to sell so much time on WHB to national advertisers."

So that, ladies and gentlemen, is the Story of Swing and How It Grew!
PAULINE PHILLIPS, of Kansas City, WHB's first Swing girl, was featured in the WHB trade journal campaign begun in 1943—and as Swing cover girl in 1945-46. Current photo of Mrs. Phillips shows her with sons Robert, Jr., 11; William, 6, and daughter, Paula, aged 5.

WHB SWING GIRLS ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEIR LOVELY CHILDREN

LENNAALEXANDER GILBERT, of Kansas City, was second Swing girl, appearing in WHB advertising and as Swing cover girl in 1946-47. She is shown with her two children, Stephen, aged 1 yr. 4 mo., and Joseph Wm III.
MARY GIBBS KAROSEN, of Kansas City, became Swing girl in 1948. Current photo, at left, shows her with daughter Valerie, 2 1/2 years old.

VERA RALSTON was the fourth Swing girl, in 1949 and 1950. We were unable to secure a current photo for this picture-summary. From Wichita, Kansas, she was "Miss Kansas" in the 1949 Atlantic City "Miss America" Pageant.

SIBBY DURANT, formerly of Wichita, now living in San Diego, was Swing girl in 1950-51-52. As Joan Durant, she was "Miss California" in 1951 "Miss America" Pageant; and is unmarried. Photo shows her with Governor Earl Warren of California.
The "Man-of-the-Month"

Unique among civic clubs or groups anywhere in the world is this Kansas City organization. It has no membership fee, no initiation fee, no dues. Sponsored by Swing and WHB, its new members are chosen by the present members after nomination in writing — as recognition of outstanding service to the community. Six new members are elected annually. The Fraternity has become a "civic honor society", similar in significance to the senior honor society at a University — on a community basis.

There is an impressive initiation ritual; and the Fraternity meets for luncheon when new members are admitted. Speeches follow, with "off the record" reports by members or guests on topics of current interest — affairs of community, state or nation.

The organization stemmed from Swing's series of articles on "The Man-of-the-Month." Former president of Kansas City's Saddle & Sirloin Club E. W. Phelps suggested the idea of the Fraternity at a dinner held in honor of Albert F. Hillix, who in 1947-48 served as President of the Chamber of Commerce. Prior to that date, Swing had selected the men to be profiled in the magazine. Now, the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity elects the man — and Swing publishes his life story.

Three former members are deceased: Lee Marshall, a one-time bat boy for the Kansas City Blues, was board chairman of Continental Baking. J. C. Nichols built Kansas City's world-famed Country Club district, and was internationally known as a city planner. Robert L. Mehornay was a prominent civic figure for three decades. With Mr. Nichols, he helped establish the Midwest Research Institute.

In Memoriam

EE Marshall  ROBERT MEHORNAY  J. C. NICHOLS
H. F. MURPHY of Sears, Roebuck, Chicago, was made Honorary Member following initiation of Marion A. Reno. Murphy gave illuminating talk on economic situation.

THE MEMBERS

H. Roe Bartle
David Beals
W. E. Bixby
R. B. Caldwell
L. Perry Cookingham
Harry Darby
Donald Dwight Davis
Clarence R. Decker
William N. Deramus
E. M. Dodds
George Fiske
John B. Gage
Harry Gambrel
R. J. Gardner
W. T. Grant
Henry J. Haskell
J. C. Higdon
Albert F. Hillix
Lou Holland
Ernest E. Howard
Herold C. Hunt
Clifton J. Kaney
L. Russell Kelce
James P. Kem
William E. Kemp
James M. Kemper
R. Crosby Kemper
Milton McGreevy
Harry B. Munsell
Franklin D. Murphy
E. W. Phelps
Elmer F. Pierson
Marion A. Reno
Elmer C. Rhoden
James J. Rick
Roy A. Roberts
Louis Rothschild
John T. Schilling
Kenneth A. Spencer
Edward W. Tanner
Frank Theis
N. T. Veatch
A. R. Waters
Frank E. Whalen
Joseph C. Williams
Herbert H. Wilson
Kearney Wornall

DINNER IN HONOR OF ALBERT F. HILLIX sparked the idea of a formal organization, in March, 1948. In photo are R. Crosby Kemper of City National Bank; Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City; and Mr. Hillix.

Sustaining Members
Lathrop G. Backstrom
John F. Cash

"Working Press"
John Thornberry

GEORGE FISKE, President, 1951-52
John W. Gage, President, 1949-50
Clarence R. Decker, President, 1950-51
E. W. Phelps, President, 1948-49
"LUNCHEON ON THE PLAZA"
run for almost two years as mid-morning audience participation show, at Plaza Cafeteria and later at Sears' Plaza Store. Lou Kemper was m.c.; zany Frank Wizarde was "Keeper of the Crazy Hats."
Old Bill Hickok
played by Guy Madison (l) welcomed at WHB
Roch Ulmer, Andy Detis, Hoby Shep, Uncle
Don Sullivan and 
ace Grant—all wearing
"Irving" neckties.

THE ARBOGAST SHOW
Wackiest troupe ever to batter WHB’s wave length,
for twelve memorable months, was this trio of
lads Don Davis "discovered" in Tucson, where
they were GI students at
University of Arizona. Bob
Arbogast was featured
comedian, with script by
Paul Sully; production and
sound by Pete Robinson.
From WHB they gradu-
ated, sans Sully, to WMAQ
in Chicago.

ARBO with Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. Inter-
terviews frequently sparked their "Club 710" and
"Arbogast Show" disc jockey sessions.
DOWN IN Kansas City" wrote Radio-TV Mirror of August, 1950, "there's a sportscaster gifted with the qualifications of three big sports personalities in radio: the rapic fire of Bill Stern, the suaveness of Ted Husing and the knowledge of Red Barber. Yet he is completely himself and he is setting mid-western sports fans by their ears. WHB's Larry Ray is so good that television fans, when witnessing a game that is televised and broadcast simultaneously by rival stations, turn off their TV audio and tune in Larry on WHB."

New York has another boy in sports broadcasting, too—Mel Allen. Mel's specialty is "bleeding"—he groans, writhes, grimaces and contorts himself in mortal agony when his team (the New York Yankees) falls behind. Larry Ray can't do that. For one thing, Kansas City is "the biggest Kansas town in Missouri"—with thousands of loyal Missouri U. and loyal Kansas U. fans in the WHB audience. Particularly when reporting contests between these two schools, Larry must view the plays with impartiality and describe them with detached objectiveness. It's not so bad in baseball with the Kansas City "Blues", our Yankee farm team. Everyone in the area is "for" the Blues—hence Larry properly can be sympathetic to the home team when things go wrong.

Ray broadcasts a continuous schedule: 154 regular-season baseball games of the "Blues" each summer, plus play-offs and the American Association championship series when...
PLAY-BY-PLAY
by Larry Ray

DIS BRYAN, president of George Ashlebach Brewing Co., baseball spon-
and Larry.

NAMITE" ALEXANDER, Kan-
City general agent for the Union
ic, participating co-sponsor of
v's 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up.

LARRY RAY CONGRATU-
TES DR. FORREST C.
OG" ALLEN OF K. U.

the Blues get "in." And the "Little World's Series", we
hope! (Looks as though the Blues might make it this year).
. . . Then follows football—ten games in ten weeks in the
Big Seven Conference. Then Big Seven basketball, 57 game
last season, which took K. U. all the way to the Olympic
Play-offs, and WHB mikes from Kansas City to Seattle to
Madison Square Garden within ten days. Larry got a few
brief days of vacation then—in Florida, at the Blues spring
training camp, from whence he "'phoned in" his nightly
6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up. Last year he traveled 80,371
miles covering sports for WHB.

Always sports-minded in its coverage of special events
WHB made the swing to play-by-play sports in 1950, when
opportunity arose to buy broadcasting rights to the Blues
baseball games and secure Larry Ray's services as sportscaster. Now WHB is "Your Mutual friend and Sports
Station in the Mid-west."

11,355 BASEBALL FANS IN BLUES STADIUM ON "RADIO NIGHT", 1951
Broadcasts on WHB covered all facets of the Centennial—as prairie schooners, saddle horses, buggies, ancient trains, bicycles, automobiles and the airplanes of today depicted a saga of transportation.

Clara Belle Smith was acclaimed Queen of the Centennial by John Hilburn; and Gloria Swanson with Mayor W. E. Kemp and his goatee opened the Industrial Exposition.

There were bicycles built for two, motor cars powered by steam, gas and electricity—and everybody grew a beard, wore pioneer clothes and a smile!
CENTENNIAL SUMMER of 1950 meant parades, pageantry and the re-enactment of the "Thrills of a Century." 350,000 people watched the day and night-illuminated parades on downtown streets. Four thousand men, women and children gave their time, effort and talent to presentation of a nightly historical pageant in Swope Park, from June 3 through July 10. Indians danced among the downtown skyscrapers.

KANSAS CITY'S CENTENNIAL THE "STARLIGHT THEATRE"

Out of it all came the magnificent "Starlight Theatre" in Swope Park, formally opened in summer, 1951. A $1,593,000 plant, it seats 7,600 people nightly; produces ten attractions each summer at a cost of $550,000 for the ten shows pictured on pages 208 to 217.
FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE WHB VOICES

KEN HARTLEY  ROCH ULMER  DEB DYER

DON SULLIVAN  Hoby, Harold and Jimmy  POKEY RED
YOU HEAR AT 710 ON YOUR DIAL

LOU KEMPER  EARL WELLS  JACK LAYTON

SANDRA LEA  CARL FRANCKISER  CHARLES GRAY

J. R. LLOYD  B. JAY  JIM HAVERLIN  REUBEN CORB
Traditional at WHB is the annual picnic— for staff members, alumni and their families—held at "Kilicycle Acres", the lovely suburban home of general manager John T. Schilling. This collection of snapshots records scenes at various gatherings through the years. The background is always the same: tree-shaded slopes of the magnificent lawn; the barbecue oven sending up savory aromas; the shouts of participants in darts, table tennis, croquet, badminton, horseshoes and bingo; the hopeful application of chigger repellent; the noise and chatter and happy laughter. Through the years, the people change—and the kids grow up. But "The WHB Family Spirit" never changes—and it is a spirit! A group friendliness, a station esprit de corps, people tell us, that is refreshingly different. Photo at right evidences this spirit: a welcome by the staff to the K. U. basketball team, returning in triumph through Kansas City to Lawrence after winning the Olympic playoffs at Madison Square Garden in New York. Left to right in this photo: Jackie Farris, Ann Thornberry, Ednalee Crouch, Barbara Thurlow, Georgia Prapas, Liz Henderson, Marcia Young, Betty Orendorff, and Lorraine Learnard.
PICNICS AND PARADES—THE STAFF AT PLAY

K. U. OLYMPIC BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS ARE WELCOMED IN DOWNTOWN PARADE

WHB WELCOMES KU
SPEAKERS’ TABLE AT BANQUET HONORING SCHILLING AND GOLDENBERG, held May 10 at Saddle & Sirloin Club. City Manager Perry Cookingham makes notes for his usual fine WHB speech; Goldie (before portrait of American Royal Queen) eyes the

WHB CELEBRATES ITS 30th ANNIVERSARY

May 10, 1922, is the date upon which WHB was assigned its formal license and call letters—the oldest call letters in Kansas City. Actually, the station had been on the air, testing, several weeks previously. John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg (along with Sam Adair) were employed by E. J. Sweeney to build it. A banquet May 10, 1952, honored Schilling (still general manager, after thirty years) and "Goldie", chief engineer.

Speeches traced the history of WHB through its original ownership by the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School; and its operation, since 1930, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Com-
pany. In the audience were personal friends of John and Goldie; friends of WHB; and officials of Cook’s. The honor guests were presented with identical desk clocks and engraved silver tea services.

A “warm-up” for this banquet was a staff party, April 24, at which the staff presented John and Goldie with identical fishing rods and tackle boxes. Photo at right, below, was made at staff dinner.

“Public” celebration of the 30th Anniversary was at an Electrical Association luncheon, Hotel President, May 20. Photo at right.

BASEBALL was the topic discussed by this foursome: John Owell of Swift & Co.; Leo Barry, resident of the Blues Fan Club; Arke Carroll, business manager of the Kansas City Baseball Club; and George Selkirk, manager of the Kansas City “Blues”, farm-team of the New York Yankees.

E. J. SWEENEY AND JOHN SCHILLING reminisce about the beginnings of WHB, 30 years ago. Schilling was a pioneer radio engineer, trained by “the Father of Radio” Dr. Lee de Forest.

GROUP AT STAFF PARTY includes (left to right): Don Davis, Henry Goldenberg, John F. Cash, John Schilling. Fishing tackle was gift of WHB staff to “Goldie” and John.
E. J. Sweeney listens to Toastmaster Wells Macdonald who does a "double take" in conversation with John Schilling. Mayor Kemp of Kansas City talks with Dave Kelley, banquet chairman. Paintings in background were unexpected but welcome loan from Kansas City Art Institute.

ELECTRICAL ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON May 20 at Hotel President was "public" celebration of WHB 30th Anniversary. Featured in the entertainment presented by WHB were Harl Smith and the Sun Valley Orchestra; the "Strolling Troubadors" singing songs popular in 1925, when they were the first string orchestra ever heard on the air; Don Sullivan, the International Singing Cowboy; and Hoby, Harold and Jimmy, the "Cowtown Wranglers." Larry Ray was master of ceremonies. At speakers' table (not shown) were two of WHB's Swing girls, Mary Gibbs Karsen and Pauline Phillips.
The WHB client service department is composed of the four salesmen pictured above, assisted by John Schilling and Don Davis; supported nationally by The John Blair Company. The Continuity Department, organized like an advertising agency, services local accounts. Betty Orendorff supervises Traffic; and Ray Lollar, Accounting.

THIRTY YEARS OF FAITH
"THE WHB TRADITION"

Thirty years ago last November, radio broadcasting was born. Thirty years ago this May, WHB was formally licensed in Kansas City—a pioneer station, with the community's oldest call letters.

In thirty memorable, dazzling years, radio has become one of the most potent agencies of mass communication to have been developed since the printing press, and Radio Broadcasting has become the "Fifth Estate." Anning S. Prall, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, described radio as "an ultra-modern combination of journalism, the theatre, the public rostrum and the school house."

To WHB staff members, these instructions are paramount: "The listener is your boss. Your efforts to please him make you a part of the WHB Tradition for friendly public service. Live up to that tradition by making sure that you do your best—always!"

WHB's "Corps of Engineers" at Sunday dinner at "Goldie's". Left to right: T. A. TINSLEY, consulting engineer from Shreveport, La.; PAUL TODD, BOB EARSOM, LEW BAIRD, WARREN MCFADDEN, RAY BROPHY, ED HALL, and HENRY GOLDENBERG. Four engineers at left missed the party.
Yesterday is past—today is the only day that counts, and right now is the time for you to give the best you have!"

It is by giving of our best—persistently, through thirty years—yesterday, today, and again tomorrow—that WHB goes forward with flying Father Time.

Flawless physical transmission is part of it. Programming is the heart of it. Sales are the mart of it. To be successful, a broadcaster must sell much of his time. To sell time, he must first attract audience. Upon his success in audience-building depends his success in selling advertising; and advertising is the foundation of the American system of broadcasting.

WHB pioneered as a station serving local merchant advertisers. Proved its worth, day after day, year after year, by ringing advertisers' cash registers. Attracted important national and regional advertisers because of the station's ability to deliver results. The latest technical equipment, and skilled engineering personnel, transmit a flawless signal heard clearly in parts of five states. Alert programming attracts a responsive audience.

Intelligent, dependable sales-service to sponsors and advertisers yields the revenue needed for constant expansion and growth.

Now we're beginning again! Before us lie the uncharted paths of Television. And we look forward, eagerly and confidently, to the excellent TV service WHB hopes soon to bring its TV audience.

.... AND BRING US, EAGERLY, TO THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW SERVICE TELEVISION
February 9, 1948, WHB made application to the FCC for a license to construct a TV station in Kansas City—and was caught in the subsequent "freeze" of TV construction. Sometime in the future, along with other applicants from Kansas City for TV Channels, WHB's case will be heard by the FCC, and a decision rendered.

As, if and when a license is granted us, WHB will erect the most modern and efficient television plant yet devised by the industry's leading engineers. Our site is ideal; our plans, provocative and practical. In Television as in Radio, WHB will set new patterns and new standards. Its service to the TV audience will bring new delights . . . and stimulating new experiences in education. On Television, WHB will "hold the mirror up to nature" with varied, instructive service and entertainment programs—planned and produced with professional skill to suit the time of day and night at which they are broadcast, and to fit the living and viewing habits of the people in the Kansas City area.

. . . And when? That, ladies and gentlemen, is up to the FCC. WHB has everything ready—is willing, eager and able to begin!

SUZANNE GRAVES
photo at left, is first Broadway TV actress among WHB alumni.
JIM ATKINS

Star of WJZ-TV’s
"Saddle Pal Club"

Joined the WHB staff in 1934 “just out of my cowboy boots and off the ranch in Nebraska. Naturally,” (he writes) “I’d never dined in a place as elegant as the Savoy Grill, where Dick Smith took me for my first meal in Kansas City. Couldn’t read a thing on the menu—thought ‘a la carte’ meant the food was going to be brought in on a two-wheeled sulky. Everything went fine, though—I used each fork and spoon Dick did—until they brought in brass finger bowls. Forgot myself, and started drinking from mine! . . . Another time,” (Jimmy continues), “Don decided his Nebraska crooner should sing with Paul Pendarvis’ band at the Muehlbach Grill. Atkins shows up with tux and brown shoes. So we run out, and buy some new black shoes—but I just couldn’t get to feeling comfortable in them, and a fried shirt! So I told Don if I had to get dressed up fancy like that every day, I didn’t want to sing with any band.” . . . But Jimmy did! He left WHB to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul; later joined Fred Waring for several years.

JESSE ROGERS

is now “RANGER JOE” for the Ranger Joe Cereal Company, with his own CBS-TV show and radio show on WJMJ in Philadelphia.

His days at WHB, Jesse writes: “I remember announcing I intended to build Jesse’s Barn (square dancing); and wanted to get it up in fifteen days. I plugged carpenters; and so many men were wanted to help build the Barn that place was up and we were ready to roll in less than 10 days. Leave to WHB for the best and fastest hits! Opening night we had to call State Troopers to help with the crowd. Cars were lined up all the way down to the main highway. For another quarter-mile all you could see was cars parked everywhere, and people walking to get to Jesse’s Barn . . . I still get lonesome for old Kansas City. I married one of her fair daughters: Sally Starr, who has her own 3-hour Hillbilly DJ Show. I have been in all the 48 states; but have never found friendship and hospitality such as I enjoyed in Kansas City. Here’s wishing WHB the continued success it so richly deserves.”
What is the significance in WHB’s thirty years that makes it an anniversary to celebrate? There is no magic in “thirty” as a number. Certainly other successful businesses outside the radio field are old enough to regard three decades with impunity. But thirty years of Radio Broadcasting is comparatively the same as sixty years of automobile making; forty-five years of airplane manufacture, or two centuries of magazine publishing in America. A radio station that has served the public for thirty years is implicitly a patriarch and a pioneer in its industry, and among the bed-rock of its community.

WHB has paused at thirty as a convenient time to honor the men who have brought the station down through the years—to enjoy a refreshing look at an active past—to share the high points of its history with its many friends and the world at large — and, by reflecting the past upon the mirror of the present, to foreshadow the future’s high promise.

As in a man of thirty, so in WHB, past performance is a measure of future performance. All its life WHB has had the heart and fire and mirth of youth; the professional knowledge and ability to serve that come with experience and maturity; and the judgment of age and wisdom.

These things, the heart, the fire, the humor, the knowledge, the ability to serve, and the judgment in service are the measure of WHB, and the promise of the future—in radio and in television.

WHB invites the advertisers of the Kansas City area and of America, who want to put these qualities to work for them, to share in and profit from the great future of WHB.

WHB

Kansas City’s Oldest Call Letters
Friends of the Drunk  
page 308

My Bout with the Budget  
page 298

Are Pretty Models the Prey of Wolves?  
page 373

John Crosby’s Radio & Television Notes  
page 342

WHAT MAKES A GOOD BOSS?  
page 377

25c
Listeners Swing to WHB

BIG-SEVEN FOOTBALL - PLAY-BY-PLAY BY LARRY RAY

Sat., Sept. 20 — T.C.U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Sept. 27 — Santa Clara vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 4 — Colo. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 11 — S.M.U. vs. M.U. at Columbia
Sat., Oct. 18 — Okla. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Oct. 25 — K.U. vs. S.M.U. at Dallas
Sat., Nov. 1 — K.U. vs. K. State at Manhattan
Sat., Nov. 8 — Nebr. U. vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Sat., Nov. 15 — M.U. vs. Okla. U. at Norman
Sat., Nov. 22 — K.U. vs. M.U. at Columbia

BIG-SEVEN BASKETBALL - 1948

Pre-Season Tournament—Kansas City
Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, December 26, 27, 29 and 30, 1948
Dec. 18 — Texas Christian vs. M.U. at Columbia
Dec. 19 — Southern Methodist vs. K.U. at Lawrence
Dec. 20 — NAIB Holiday Finals

Regular Season — Big-Seven Conf.
(Games to be chosen from this schedule)
Mon., Jan. 5, Kansas at Norman, Iowa State at Columbia, Nebraska at Boulder.
Sat., Jan. 10, Missouri at Norman, Kansas State at Lawrence.
Mon., Jan. 12, Colorado at Norman, Kansas vs. K. State.
Sat., Jan. 17, Iowa State at Lincoln, Miss. State at Boulder, Kansas State at Lawrence.
Mon., Jan. 19, Missouri at Lincoln.
Tues., Jan. 20, Kansas at Boulder.
Sat., Jan. 24, Kansas State at Columbia.
Sat., Jan. 31, Iowa State at Manhattan.
Mon., Feb. 2, Iowa State at Norman.
Mon., Feb. 9, Kansas State at Ames, Colorado at Lincoln.
Tues., Feb. 10, Oklahoma at Lawrence.
Sat., Feb. 14, Oklahoma at Manhattan, M.U. at Lawrence, Colorado at Columbia.
Mon., Feb. 16, Missouri at Ames, Nebraska at Norman.
Tues., Feb. 17, Kansas at Manhattan.
(Continued on Inside Back Cover)
My Bout with the Budget
Pioneer Doctor
Friends of the Drunk
Thoughts of a Tree
Dear Mr. Conway
Diplomatic Couriers
Alaska's Baby Airlift
Man-of-the-Month: Nathan Rieger
WHB Program Schedules
The Cream of Crosby
Our Political Zoo
Ye Olde Time Pug
There's Money in the Air
Modeling Myths
What Makes a Good Boss?
The World Is Their Campus
They Died But Once
Luck of the Irish
IT'S sweet of them to be so helpful, I thought, when married friends and relatives covered me over with the saccharine syrup of guidance and advice. I was, at that time, in the last month of financial irresponsibility as a single woman, vaguely aware of being immersed in a whirlpool of confusion, but too happy to protect myself. "We all operate our homes on a budget," they told me. "It is very essential, my dear—budget."

"Money dribbles away so easily if one doesn't plug up the leaks. A budget will pin-point the leaks."
I listened and agreed; it was all so straight, so simple. They were experts giving me the benefit of their wisdom.

"What's that?" my husband, Joe, asked when I came home from town hurriedly after we were married lugging a giant ledger.

"All married couples nowadays operate their homes on a budget," I replied loftily. "We have to use a ledger so the figures will balance."

"But we're not running a corporation," Joe protested. "We have only one pay-check to cover the expenses or the month. You have enough paper there to take over the bookkeeping or General Motors."

"Well, we want to go about this in a business-like way," I retaliated with quiet authority. I lifted my pen thoughtfully and began inscribing a heading on the first page.

Beside ordinary expenses such as groceries, recreation and medical, Joe and "Myself" were allotted pin money. It wasn't satisfactory to let Miscellaneous stand alone. It had to be split five different ways. It was the same with "Repairs." There were funds for house repairs, auto repairs, furniture repairs, electric appliance repairs and sundry. Thirty different funds in all! One thing was certain, I would reap much praise from my counsellors.

The next day I began rapturously to label fruit jars. Joe came in as I was emptying some strawberries into a bowl. He looked about him in consternation, searching for the key to what was going on before exposing himself with a question. "Don't we have two boxes of fresh strawberries in the refrigerator?" he finally asked in a most casual manner.

I nodded. "But we have to start some time eating the things Mother canned. And today is a very advantageous time," I replied seizing a jar of pickles.

At last I had all my jars ready. My husband watched while I stripped the bottom cupboard of its contents. "Isn't it going to be rather unhandy having all your dishes and glassware on the top shelf?" Still casually.

"It's more important that we have the money handy. We'll be using it oftener than the dishes."

"It seems to me," said Joe, finally rising to peevishness, "that this budget is taking up an awful lot of space. I hope there will be room enough for all of us in the house by the time you're through."

"You should be glad I'm so efficient." It was all right not to take Joe's objections seriously, and it was clear he had several, because I knew that the system would win his approval as soon as I had it working smoothly. However, after two months had passed I began to wonder if the time would ever come.

I SOON enough discovered that shopping was going to be a problem. I didn't, of course, want any of the funds to become mixed.

Groceries, as any housewife will agree, are the top-ranking expenditure. Grocery money, therefore, took possession of my billfold. When downtown, though, on a general shopping tour it would be necessary to carry a half-dozen other funds along.

The only solution, it seemed, was to buy some little coin purses—each
of a different color. Pin money could be blue; gifts, red; household, green, and so on.

The first purchase happened to be a pair of scissors. I found some nice ones on the display counter and handed them to the sales girl with a crisp, business-like air, and then delved into the black abyss of my old black suede bag for the little black purse which contained "Sewing." I couldn’t find it. The clerk came to attention slipping on her money-taking posture, as my hand flailed inside the bag, finally emerging with a little green purse.

I dumped it into my coat pocket grinning, and went to work again among the contents of the suede bag. "If at first you don’t succeed . . . ," I blurted, reddening in self-consciousness. The clerk showed not the slightest crinkle of a smile. She stared stonily; but I could see understanding in her face; she had reached an understanding with herself.

"I have other customers waiting for service," she said with all the charm of a water moccasin. I rummaged now in a cold frenzy, and luck was with me—out came the black purse. I withdrew a dollar bill and held it out.

Then suddenly I was overcome with doubt. I hesitated. A scissors would be used for other purposes than sewing. The clerk sniffed. "Really, madame, I can’t wait all day. Are you going to part with that dollar or not?"

"No!" I decided. I pulled the bill away from her outstretched fingers, and she nearly lost her balance. A scissors would have a great many uses.

The money should really be taken out of "Household."

I started fumbling in my purse again, and the cluster of waiting customers started to emit sounds of annoyance. They cleared their throat; they clinked money against the glass case; they dropped merchandise on the floor. It had the ominous effect of an approaching storm. At last I poured the innards of the bag on the counter. When I placed a dollar triumphantly in the clerk’s hand, a spontaneous cry of relief went up around me and echoed from the structure walls.

There were other embarrassing moments. Many times, on the verge of a purchase, I would realize with a start that I had no appropriation fund to cover such an expenditure. Every month, in fact, saw the addition of new funds to those already in existence. I opened more strawberry and pickle jars, and we soon had for jars sitting on the bottom shelves our cupboard.

Each day my funds got more and more out of control. Indeed, they were soon multiplying so rapidly that I was quite helpless—like the optimist who buys one rabbit for a pet, on to find himself in the business.

The cokes I sometimes have as an afternoon refresher are just one example of this. I didn’t know exactly which fund should supply these nickels and dimes. For a time I took the change out of groceries. However, my conscience was never satisfied, so I started taking cokes out of recreation. Being still ill at ease with the matter, I established a "Coke" fund.
Of course, the establishment of these new funds constituted a drain on those already going. It cut the distribution of money rather thin. Some of the jars accumulated quite a tidy sum, while others were empty all of the time.

Aunt Hildegarde’s birthday present, I remember, was two months overdue by the time I got it off the mail. Her birthday falls in December unfortunately, and Christmas shopping had sorely depleted “Gifts.” We just had to wait until the fund built up again to squeeze out a handkerchief. Then there was the time I had to attend my cousin’s baby shower empty-handed. The invitation came unexpectedly, and I’d already bought no shower presents that month.

I tended my funds with all the care the budget was bestowed on a new-born baby. But quite apart from this, the budget would be hopelessly balled up by the end of each month. It often happened, right in the middle of a shopping tour, that he or more of my funds would escape. And this caused the trouble. For it necessitated borrowing from some other purse. Well, by the time I’d made very many purchases, my mind would be panting like a race horse, and I tried to keep pace with the exchange of money. And it was quite evident, from the chaotic state of the monthly budget, and the sea of added paper that covered the library for most of the time, that I was losing the race.

Then fate pitched me a mean curve. And since it caught me in a weakened brain condition, I could do nothing but stand helplessly by while the whole budget went down under a gigantic landslide.

When my husband returned from work that Saturday afternoon, I was curled up on the davenport reading a murder mystery. Moreover, I detected no portent of impending disaster in Joe’s hurried kiss, his rapid strides toward the kitchen. However, when he failed to reappear after two chapters, I did experience a vague stirring of uneasiness. I read on for another half-hour, but Joe’s absence was beginning to get on my nerves. Finally the suspense became so great that, even as murder was about to strike, I cast the book aside and hastened to the kitchen.

I thought I would faint at the sight which met my eyes. Horrified, I stared at the empty fruit jars and mounds of coins scattered the length of the drain board. And right on the spot, with his hands buried in the loot, stood the man I had taken for better or worse.

“Wha—what is the meaning of this?” I stammered.

But my husband had turned into a grim-eyed, tight-lipped stranger. Without glancing around, he continued sifting money through his fingers.

“The transmission on the car has gone out,” he said evenly.

“But look what you’re doing!” I cried. “You’re mixing up all my funds.”

“The car needs a new transmission. It will cost in the neighborhood of $150.00. Maybe you don’t realize it but the prices of car repairs are pretty
well set. They don’t adapt themselves to family budgets.”

I knew the odds were against me. When Joe disappeared through the door, I stared bleakly at the scatter of empty fruit jars. It hardly seemed worth the effort to start again. I might get my system working smoothly in a year or two. But it would be a pretty risky undertaking when there were such menaces as broken-down transmissions lurking around the corner.

Well, the fruit jars could always be used for strawberries and pickles. Other fruits and vegetables too. Why, when you stopped to think about it, the possibilities were unlimited. And extensive canning was a splendid way, I’d been told by friends and relatives of saving money. My mind began buzz like a rocket ship. My hand scrambled in a drawer for a pen. Let’s see, there were corn, beans, carrots . . .

I wasn’t quite sure how much more could be saved by a large canning program, but at the end of an hour I invested $200.00 in fruit jars, fruit cupboards and a complete sprinkling system for our enlarged garden. I hadn’t really expected my calculations to swell to $200.00. Still, I could spend $150.00 for a mere automobile part, $200.00 seemed a normal enough sum to put into such a vast, money-saving project. I began happily to wash fruit jars.

Agnes Kempton is a secretary for a small steamship company in her native Portland, Oregon. Business is slow and she has time to write, mostly for denominational and juvenile magazines. Her work has appeared in the Christian Science Monitor, Child Life, Family Digest, Children’s Playmate, St. Joseph, Magnificat and the Canadian Home Journal. Mrs. Kempton is the mother of two children, a boy 9, and a baby girl. She likes to bowl, play golf and canasta; she is former secretary of the Portland Manuscript Club.

One month not long ago my wife made a real effort to balance her checkbook. Instead of throwing away her canceled checks as she usually does, she matched them with her stubs. After one whole Sunday morning she handed me four sheets of typewritten figures with items and costs sitting neatly in their respective columns. I checked her total with the bank statement—and it balanced! Then out of curiosity, I went over her list of items: Milkman—$11.25; Cleaner’s—$4.60; and so forth. Everything was clear except for one item reading E. S. P.—$24.56.

“What does E. S. P. mean?” I asked warily.

“Error Some Place,” she answered.

“And now, gentlemen,” continued congressman, “I want to tax your memory . . .”

“Good heavens,” muttered his colleague, “why didn’t we think of that before!”

A building must be 36 stories or higher to qualify as a skyscraper. New York is over 40, while there are only 20 scattered through other cities of the nation.

The handset telephone is really “tailored to fit your face”. Bell Telephone Laboratories measured the faces of 4,000 people to get the correct “average” distance between the mouthpiece and the receiver.
A faith and a steady hand opened the way for the multitudinous
rns of modern abdominal surgery from appendectomies to Caesarean
births.

N the state capitol building of Ken-
tucky there are only three statues.
ue of these is the statue of Andrew
ickson. A second statue honors
enry Clay, orator, senator and per-
nial Presidential candidate. The
ird is of Ephraim McDowell.
It would be heart-warming to be
le to say that Ephraim McDowell
rned the right to such distinguished
mpany because the neighbors to
om he devoted his life—whom he
nded and healed—loved and appre-
ited him. Actually, the honor was
esented with a sense of shame for
reatment accorded his great work
ting his lifetime.
There is no doubt that Ephraim
 McDowell was worthy of this distinc-
on. Countless lives have been saved
as a result of the very action that
ed many of his contemporaries to
ate and fear him. Though the name
f Ephraim McDowell is practically
nown outside the medical field, a
man’s success must be measured not
ly by the heights he reaches, but
by the obstacles he must overcome to
chieve his goal. Ephraim McDowell
ad more than his share of obstacles.
He had to contend with ignorance,
supidity and fear.
The events leading to McDowell’s
ordeal for fame began simply enough.
In 1809, in the semi-wilderness that
as then Kentucky, a farmer’s wife
ieved herself pregnant.
It had happened five times before
and she knew the symptoms. As the
ths passed and she found herself
growing larger than was normal, she was assured by her doctor that the problem was nothing more than that of bearing twins. But as the allotted time drew near, arrived and passed with no delivery, it was finally apparent that something was seriously wrong. As was customary when a problem was beyond the knowledge of the local doctor, a summons went to the only available expert, Dr. Ephraim McDowell, who, true to the tradition of country doctors everywhere, traveled sixty miles on horseback to examine the patient.

Dr. McDowell was at that time 38 years old and a pillar of conventional society. He had the advantage of an education in Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, and although he had not completed the course, his training so far surpassed that of his contemporaries that he was by far the best known and most respected doctor west of the Appalachians. McDowell had married well, the daughter of the governor of the state, and she helped him emerge from his rustic background to become a distinguished and important member of Kentucky society. He was one of the founders of the Episcopal Church in his city, and contributed generously to charity and to the poor. As was customary, the money was obtained by charging stiff fees where they could be well afforded.

The practice of medicine, however, was not a business to Ephraim McDowell, but a high and holy office. His mission was to heal; his goal, a useful life. He was a good, practical doctor; but to his friends and colleagues, there was nothing in methodical, rustic McDowell which suggested fame. Surely this trip in December 1809 was just another routine visit into the backwoods of Kentucky.

But this was no routine trip. It took Dr. McDowell only a few minutes to discover that the farmer was carrying not a foetus but a tumour. It took him only slightly longer to make a most important decision.

Medical opinion of that day was unanimous in the belief that any attempt to pierce the stomach wall would lead to certain death of the patient by peritonitis. This belief was so strong that no physician would risk his reputation by attempting such an operation. None would even risk conflicting opinion! Nevertheless, since it was certain that the patient would die if the operation were not performed, Dr. McDowell decided to stake his reputation in an attempt to save this woman's life. He told her that she had a tumor and could, best, look forward to about two years of lingering life. With her permission he would operate; but she must know that the best doctors in the world were sure that the operation would end in her death. This brave woman, Jane Todd Crawford, preferred a chance at life, or at least a quiet death, to months of torture. And in the middle of winter, she rode horseback the sixty miles to the doctor's house in Danville.

It was a rough ride in more ways than one, and for the doctor as well as the patient. The indignant local doctor saw to that. The story spread like wildfire throughout the countryside, and soon practically everyone
gred that McDowell was a potential murderer. Everywhere his party stopped Mrs. Crawford was received with kindness and sympathy, but McDowell was greeted with aggressive suspicion. Only his great prestige prevented the populace from ending the endeavor before it began.

The operation was to be performed on a Sunday in late December, and preparation for the event the Doctor pored over all the inadequate medical books then available, fixing in his mind the position of every muscle in the abdomen. For this difficult operation he expected the skilled help of his nephew, Dr. James McDowell. However, the increasingly ugly mood of the townspeople was too much for the young man. It was obvious that the slightest excuse would push the crowd beyond the talking stage, and plenty of impetus was being provided by rival doctors and the town minister. The young man, by no means certain that his uncle was right and all other doctors wrong, became frightened at the possible consequences and withdrew, leaving Ephraim McDowell with only a poorly trained assistant.

There was no hospital in the area; so that it was necessary to use the doctor's home for the operation. For an operating table, a long, wooden table was used. The surgeon had no spotless white gown but wore street clothes, coat off, vest snugly buttoned, shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbow. Knowledge of infection lay in the future, hence there was no gleaming sterilizer spouting steam into the room. Only a clean dinner napkin on which to lay the relatively primitive instruments! Most terrible of all, since this occurred long before the discovery of anesthetics, Mrs. Crawford was obliged to grit her teeth, bite her lips and sing hymns or recite psalms to dull the pain.

Shortly before the operation was to begin, Dr. James McDowell appeared, having conquered his fears enough to want to assist in the dangerous work. He was welcomed gratefully, as his training made him invaluable for the task at hand.

Unfortunately, the time chosen for the operation was not a favorable one. The minister that morning had chosen this operation as the subject of his sermon. In condemning the "murder" that was to take place, he fired the townspeople into action. They surged from church determined to prevent the slaughter, and reached the house just as the operation was to begin.
Some of them tried to smash down the door of the house, but the sheriff and some of the doctor's friends fought them off. That did not end the threat, however, as a rope was swung over the limb of a nearby tree so that Dr. McDowell could be properly rewarded should the operation fail.

This must have been indeed a moment of decision for Dr. McDowell. He had so little to gain and so much to lose. The operation could still be cancelled. After all, even if he were successful, what did it matter to all but a few people if this obscure farm woman lived or died? Yet if he failed, as there seemed every likelihood he would, it would cost him more than his reputation. It was certain that even if he were not lynched, he would be found guilty of murder by a coroner's jury. He had a wife and children to consider.

Dr. McDowell made his decision by handing his nephew the knife and indicating where the incision should be made.

The operation proceeded smoothly. A large pedunculated cystic tumor of one ovary was found. The tube was tied off, the cyst opened and evacuated and completely removed. The incision was sealed, and Mrs. Crawford, forty-seven years old at the time, was given thirty-two additional years of life. The way was opened for the multidinous forms of modern abdominal surgery from appendectomies to Cesarean births.

Although the operation was successful, the world was not yet ready to hail the work of Ephraim McDowell. The townspeople never completely forgave him. The ignorant ran to the road in fear when they saw he was coming. Many closed their doors against him. His practice fell off, and only the patronage of a few friends prevented his reduction to poverty.

A man's success is not measured in dollars and cents. There was no profession; surely the medical field would recognize the value of his work and honor him properly. Not that Dr. McDowell was seeking honors. He wrote a brief report, full of grammatical errors, not to obtain credit for his work but to provide a basis on which other lives could be saved.

McDowell's report was received with laughter and scorn. The medical men in the world had "proved," in theory, that the operation was impossible. And if it could be done at all, it certainly could not be performed by a backwoods doctor who couldn't even report it properly. It was all a huge joke.

They regretted their words eventually, but it took a long time. Though the first operation was performed in 1809, it was not un
827, after the operation had been successfully completed on several patients, that Ephraim McDowell was finally vindicated.

It was even later before the people of Kentucky decided that a great wrong had been done to one of the most worthy of her native sons. They decided to do what they could to set it right by erecting his statue—the first statue of a medical man to be dedicated in the United States.

Just home from his first train ride a small boy was telling a friend about his new life's ambition. He wanted to grow to be a railroad conductor. "But couldn't you rather be an engineer and drive the train?" his friend asked.

"No, siree," he said in a positive tone. "The conductor gets to carry home all the comic books kids leave on the train."

In the heart of the Ozarks a man who had lost his way inquired of a native, "Am I on the road for Kansas City?"

"Well," the native answered, "not exactly. That road just moseys along for a piece, then it turns into a hog trail, then a squirrel track and finally runs up a scrub pine and ends in a knothole."

**Buffaloes Delighted**

IN THE 1860's, maintenance men of the overland telegraph line were kept irksome and almost daily labor re-ereciting telegraph poles toppled over in their march across the treeless expanse of western prairie. Early it had been discovered that the vandals were bison coming from great distances to use the poles for scratching posts. The ponderous, lurching animals would rub their shaggy hides until the poles snapped and the lines dragged the prairie. Mile upon mile of wire was thus laid low every week, and the continuity of communication became a major problem.

On one occasion the company sent to St. Louis, the nearest hardware enter, for all the bradawls that could be purchased. The poles were to be bedded with the long chisel edges, and it was hoped, the assaults on company property would be repelled. Never was a greater mistake made. The buffaloes were delighted.

For thereafter, they came to the scratch sure of a sensation thrilling from horn to tail. The earth shook and the dust swirled from battles fought for position next to the metal. The victors would rub themselves into bliss until the bradawls broke and the poles came down.

There was no further demand for bradawls after the first invoice, and the certainty of telegraphic communication in the west was assured only when the bison was wiped from the face of the free range.

Matthew Cawthorne
He is his most urbane self as with the familiarity born of long acquaintance he reaches into the cupboard and pulla down the bottle. You are indeed among the—

Friends of the Drunk

by ELEANOR MEYER

It is considered lamentable taste to refer to the drunk as the drunk. “Alcoholic” is in current usage and it sounds far better. But there comes a time when only the old and naked word really covers the situation. Consequently I am talking about the drunk.

I feel sorry for his wife. I feel sorry for his children, and he usually has some, and for all the other relatives whose lives he shadows. I feel sorry for the employers whom he encounters along the way, or the employees who fall in his path. But recently I’ve come to feel most sorry for those who are the friends of the drunk.

There is an infinite variety of grief in store for those of us who cannot find it in our hearts to cast off the old friend who has become such a problem. It is one thing to become embroiled in difficult situations because of people met casually along the way, people whose charm and abilities cannot compensate for the chaotic confusion they create. It is quite another to teeter on social tight wires because of old and below friends who gained access to our de affection in happier days.

So let it be understood at the outset that one cannot solve the problem by closing his door or by looking in the other direction.

If you number among your friends someone who cannot drink without becoming a social nightmare, y
know the endless maneuvering and plotting that is demanded to keep even the simplest situation under control. There cannot be a second's relaxation. Unless your efforts are concentrated on keeping him happy without too many refills, he'll find a thousand astonishingly clever ways to ferret out the bottle for a series of jolts.

Over and over again the same sorry pattern is repeated. Now this time, we'll offer everyone sherry or a highball before dinner, and with dinner served promptly there simply won't be time for more than two drinks before the meal is on the table.

Good hot food works miracles. Everyone will get up from the table in no mood for further drinks until much later in the evening. If we linger long enough over coffee and liqueur (and who ever heard of anyone getting drunk on liqueur?) there won't be time for more than two stiff drinks in the hour before departure.

With most people this is a schedule so overwhelmingly reasonable and foolproof that the entire evening does fall into the preconceived outline. But not when the drunk is among your invited guests. Not then.

In the forepart of the evening he behaves very well indeed. His two sherries or two highballs are consumed slowly and appreciatively. You breathe a sigh of relief. Dinner is coming up and everything is fine.

Everything remains fine until the second cup of coffee and the second glass of liqueur are downed. Then he drunk finds it necessary to go to the kitchen for a glass of water.

No, not a living soul can wait on him—he'll just go by himself.

You tag along apprehensively. You stand and smile helplessly while he opens the cupboard door with the familiarity born of long friendship and takes down the bottle. He becomes his most urbane and socially responsible self as he unscrews the cap and pours himself a stiff one. He defies you by the very suavity of his manner to make one hesitant gesture. All of the tactful words, all of the severe words die on your tongue. You stand frozen as the evening's ruin begins.

There are other trips to the kitchen. After the third, there is no explanation involving a drink of water. No one offers to go with him as a watchdog, for everyone is dedicated henceforth to the proposition that he get out of your house without starting a fight or breaking any of your furniture, and that he not be allowed to drive his own car home.

At what moment the wife of a drunk realizes that her husband is a drunk is something that no one can answer, not even the woman in question. But his friends know, and in no uncertain terms.

They debate for a long time as to whether they should "take it up" with Sally or just keep still. Eventually keeping still leads to such complications that they decide to take it up. For their interest, their genuine desire to help, they are regarded with outraged emotion and noticeable coolness thereafter. Things are never again quite the same.

Your relations with the drunk himself haven't changed, however, not one iota; and how could they when
he doesn’t even admit that a problem exists? In some melancholy moment he may concede that he shouldn’t drink quite so much, and it’s to you, his friend, he turns when Sally gets tiresome and nags about it. These confidences leave you sitting in an excruciatingly uncomfortable spot.

If you pluck up your courage and tackle him with the reality of his behavior, he will accuse you of taking away his last refuge. Furthermore, he will even act upon his conviction and disappear from your ken for weeks or even months. During those weeks you get reports of incidents so grievous that you regret ever having said a word that would drive him from the comparative safety of your company.

For a long, long time my husband and I have battled with the problem of Mac, an immensely competent architect who has been a truly good friend to us for many years. We can remember when Mac didn’t drink to excess, when the happiest times we had were pot-luck suppers with him, his wife and children; gay, carefree picnics; occasional trips to the nearest city to do something special; and good long winter evenings of bridge when we kept a season’s score and the losers paid with some extraordinary junket. That’s the way it used to be—and it meant a great deal to us.

These days we spend a lot of time plotting complex paths around the most trivial situations. Shall we hide our one bottle of whiskey under a box in the storeroom or under the laundry tubs in the basement? He’s located it when we hid it in the linen drawers, the vegetable bin and, the single most unlikely place in the world, the children’s cooky jar. It’s a hot afternoon and we’d enjoy some beer, but do we dare get more than six cans? Or shall we invite him to meet two old friends, a decorator and an architect, when they arrive for a brief visit from the West Coast? He’ll be mortally hurt if we don’t for he is the one logical person to ask.

But how can we once again sit in agonized verbosity as he returns from one last fatal trip to the kitchen and smashes over the coffee table? How are we to find new words to explain his incredibly insulting belligerence to these unsuspecting guests who have no way of reconciling such behavior with the stimulating personality whom they met earlier in the evening?

These problems, and a dozen more like them, are the problems we have come to know so well. There are many people who still believe strongly that birds of a feather flock together. If one consorts with a drunk, the inevitable conclusion is that he has found his level. Water seeks its own level, too, you know! Such cliches translate into attitudes give rise to difficulties that are virtually impossible to explain.

It doesn’t help matters that accidents do happen with such appalling frequency to drunks. Sooner or later one is bound to find himself impaled on a situation that simply cannot be clarified satisfactorily.

It has never enhanced our reputation, for instance, that Mac drove his car into a telephone pole one night after he left our home in a wild fury because we had pleaded with him not to drive. We were terrifyingly sober but we might as well have been roa
There is another penalty those of us pay who are friends of the drunk.

Never again for us, in his presence, will it be possible to relax with a drink. We can’t afford to sit back and enjoy ourselves quietly and discreetly. Nor can we even sit down for an innocent glass of beer without first drawing the drapery and locking the doors, for at any moment he may drop in and make his amiable way to the refrigerator to begin another debacle.

The happy picnics we once knew are all a thing of the past. Every encounter is fraught with tension for we must keep a sharp eye out always for the potential trouble that is brewing, must try frantically to think of some new way to circumvent the pitfalls that are lying in wait.

The Macs of this world are legion, and I feel sorry for all who are their friends. But memory is persistent, and it summons up a veritable cloud of recollections. The Macs have loaned us money when times were tough. They’ve brought us the perfect, beyond-our-own-pocket gifts when they returned from trips. They’ve entertained our murderously boring relatives far beyond the call of duty. They’ve said the good word when it mattered. In short . . . they’ve been friends, in the Biblical sense of the word.

I think I’ll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as people, is neither intemperance nor grafting, but plain pretense . . . We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other . . . The disposition to cheapen and adulterate and get the start of our fellows by Number six Bluff and Guff is the universal habit of Church and State . . . We are copper cents trying to pass for half-dollars.

My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, resign all public work in the Personal Purity League, and declare a vacation in the W.C.T.U. . . . Then let each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be greater than he who taketh a city . . . In other words, just do our work and practise the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty, doing unto others as we would be one by . . . By this method we should not have to talk so much and do so much and could think and rest, and dream and love . . . Stop this violent running to and fro, and be simple and honest—only for a year! And then possibly at the end of that time we could sit in the presence of each other and be silent without being uncomfortable.

Let us try being gentle in our judgments—just kind—and see if we can’t reform more wrongs than by going after folks who have made mistakes, with come-alongs and the loud ballyhoo and a brass-plated bazoo. Let us be kind—something the world has ever really tried.

—Elbert Hubbard
The Spirit of Freedom

An average American community is North Mankato, Minnesota, a town of 4,792 inhabitants. Its residents work in the stores and small factories across the Minnesota River at Mankato.

In 1951, muddy flood waters of the river spilled into the streets and level lawns of North Mankato. The damage was reckoned at $1.5 million.

The residents knew that such a flood would come again. Something had to be done. The big questions were: how should it be done, and who should do it?

The easiest way out would be to get help from Washington. Thus the cost of providing flood protection for North Mankato would be distributed over the nation.

Another way was for the community to pay the cost itself. It could be done quicker locally handled, but the financial burden would be great. This course was decided upon.

A $60,000 bond issue was floated, and a 25 foot flood wall was built along the river bank—no federal help; no state help; only the backing of the people of North Mankato.

Came the spring thaw and the rains of April, 1952. The Minnesota River rose again. Across the river, the muddy waters once more coursed the streets of Mankato.

The people of North Mankato kept a close watch on their wall. Was it high enough? Was it strong enough? The river rose faster than it had the year before. Mayor Howard Wollam took no chances. He ordered workers to build up the wall one more foot. It would cost another $40,000, but there was no time to ponder the problem.

The river crested at 24.6 feet this year, and North Mankato remained dry. But it had a bill for $40,000 on its hands.

Another bond issue? A citizens committee was told that the interest would come to $9,000. How else could the money be obtained?

Then the community went into action.

One Monday night it was decided that the residents of North Mankato would be tapped for $40,000 the next evening between 7 p.m. and 11 p.m. Everyone was asked to stay at home. Each family’s share would be $20.

On the night of the collection, the streets were virtually deserted save for the volunteer solicitors. The first contributions were turned in shortly after 7 p.m. By 9:30, the people of North Mankato had chipped in more than $43,000. Only 12 families out of more than 1,700 failed to contribute.

North Mankato has its flood wall. It is no longer worried about the Minnesota River. Some of the extra money collected is being used to install pumps and to surface the wall. Across the river, Mankato residents are a little sheepish about the panic of sandbagging they underwent in a vain effort to keep the flood out of their city.

Too few of us stop to realize that no government can give anything. What is a “gift” to one section is a tax burden on another. When we begin to expect someone else to pay our bills and to cushion the shocks of adversity, then we have taken a long step toward the loss of our independence.

From the Washington Report—bulletin of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce
Thoughts of a TREE

Trees, too, have defective eyesight, heart trouble and nervous breakdowns.

by IOLA KIMBALL SMITH

ONLY GOD can make a tree. Did He grant more than life to those superior creations? Did He give them the power to think, to feel friendship and to know the greatness of love? There have been and are many famous trees and among them is the majestic Hooker Oak of California. Those who go to see it may disbelieve that it could be a thousand years old; could cover eight thousand people beneath its mighty shade; or that just a oak tree trunk would have a circumference of twenty-eight feet. But only a moment under its huge boughs and a strange awe steals over one, the cathedral feeling of being in a "presence." This patriarch seems withdrawn and circumspect, as if it had drawn its thoughts from this mundane world, sublimating them to the higher and more spiritual things of life. One can almost feel the thoughts of this tree.

Science has found that even the lowliest plant can "think," can have emotions. These men of learning have in their cool laboratory experiments often come across such manifestations.

How can one look at the famous Hooker Oak, knowing it has lived over ten centuries, and not feel a deep love for it; not feel that here is something that lives; an entity that thinks—that it has lived through the centuries by the will of God and the gift He gave it in a beating heart—perhaps rudimentary but still a heart?

That it has this vital force, was proved by the late Professor J. C. Bose, physicist and plant psycholo-
gist of Calcutta, India. Many theories had been advanced as to how the sap of a tree is drawn upward from its roots. Some thought the respiration of water from the leaves caused a vacuum that drew up the sap, others that it was due to osmosis, while others inclined to the capillary action theory where the sap is drawn up like water or oil in a wick. But these hypotheses weren’t quite satisfactory, particularly where the taller trees were concerned, yet science ignored the possibility that a tree might have a heart. Then Professor Bose, in his experiments with electric probes, found that trees do have hearts along with circulatory systems. That located in the slimy layer between the bark and the hard wood which is the tree’s skeleton, are steadily pulsating cells that do the work of the heart, driving the sap upward. He showed that rough handling of the tree could cause the heart to beat faster, could even cause the tree’s collapse.

This great educator discovered also that plants have nerves and show a supersensitiveness to light. The mimosa will droop at a touch. Some acacia leaves will fold in sleep even though the sun be obscured by clouds only a few moments. A house plant registered the passing of a wisp of cloud on the professor’s apparatus. He had not noticed the difference and had to go outside to see what was affecting the plant.

For proof that a tree can see, one has only to consider the research of Gottlieb Haberlandt, Austrian botanist, and a pioneer in plant psychology and anatomy. He worked on the sensitivity of plants to external stimuli. He showed that many cells of the leaves are lens-shaped. They focus the light as in the human eye. They know night from day, and sleep the dark hours. They can move their own volition independent of the wind. Some leaves are violently agitated by too strong or cold a wind and become too aroused to sleep and often do not settle down until two or three nights later.

Trees can be rendered as responsive under ether as a person. A tree is equally muddled under alcoholic fumes. Too much and the plant dies. Actual records have been made of their death spasms. Professor Bose made the plants keep a record. They remained straight. Then he gave the plant chloroform, enough to bring it to a condition where no amount of violence showed any nerve reaction. The line on the smoked glass plates remained straight. Then suddenly there was a violent discharge and the line shot up high and then straight again. The plant was dead and could not be revived.

If a tree can be so responsive, can we doubt that it can experience the exquisite tender emotions, even differentiate between those it loves and those to whom it is indifferent?
WE find trees of all ages as individual as man and we respond to them in the same way. It is easy to be the old pepper tree with its squat comfortable trunk and its lacy foliage that hangs down like a veil from heaven. Most of us in the Southwest are interested in the madrono and the mazanita, whose colorful tones in rances from terra cotta to chocolate is amazing. One of the largest trees of this species is the Alma Madrona. Probably a seedling at the time of Christ, its trunk measures over 32 ft. around, a measurement unprecedented in this slow-growing tree type. His love for this tree is akin to a row, for it is obvious that the tree is dying. It was old in the days of early California explorers and mission fathers. General Fremont and a motley array of trappers, Indians and soldiers rested under its beautiful shade. But its huge limbs look tired, though it wished the bees hadn’t honeycombed its lower branches, but if it had no objection to the wild peons that nest in its top boughs. It is crippled by fire that has left a great wound in its trunk. The tree is known love, but because its roots take up all the moisture that its grandchildren cannot grow very close, it is lonely, with no further will to live.

Fame comes to some trees as it does to man, having it thrust upon them, as with the Hooker Oak and the Alma Madrona, while others make their own fame. And as man must overcome his handicaps, often reaching stellar heights in life because of, or in spite of his disabilities, so these arboreals do the same.

The McCubbin manna gum, a eucalyptus growing in Southern California, is a living example of this. It was planted in 1889 after having been left in a barn overnight in a box with a hundred other seedlings among which a hen decided to make her nest. She laid an egg in the box, but not before she had scratched out nearly all of the seedlings and threshed the tops off the rest. The McCubbin gum was among the latter. Despite its decapitation, it grew to be a large and beautiful tree.

In the Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia is an old Sago Palm dating from 1776. The tree is said to have belonged to Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution. The plant is really a cycad and no palm at all, and has grown to the height of only a little more than seven feet, taking more than a century and a half to do it. During the middle of the eighteenth century, France and England were at War. The English East Indian on which the cycad happened to be was overtaken by a French ship which sent a
shot over her, lopping the top off. Robert Morris later planted the tree, and it finally grew two heads where only one had been before. In its old age it is to be admired for its steadfastness and persistence.

Most trees have this tenacity for life, and most go it alone, unlike flowers, many of which need support. If a tree finds it is veering too far from the perpendicular, it sends out huge buttresses, though often just a thickening of the bark gives it the balance it needs. The sacred fig of India, known as the banyan tree, sends out aerial roots which finally become multiple trunks. In Calcutta there is a banyan tree whose central trunk is over fifty feet around, with about two hundred progressive trunks. In an Indian river sets an island on which is a banyan with 350 primary trunks and 3,000 smaller ones.

The cypress is another that stands alone, and even though the wind slants it oftentimes to angles almost horizontal with the earth, it keeps a good grip with its strong roots. The Greeks carved their statues out of cypress, and laws were graven on tablets of cypress because it was considered as enduring as brass. Michaelangelo planted two cypresses that are still living in Rome. In Lombardy is another that is thought to have been planted about the time of Christ.

Ancient trees are the only living connections between ourselves and our descendants, and peoples who lived many centuries ago. If we could read their thoughts, even as we have come to learn that they have held and great sensitivity, what a wealth of information would be ours!

Politics

POLITICS is something we deplore even more than we do the weather. And we do even less about it... For science is making intensive study of weather... Some day we may really be able to line the clouds with silver... Or with tin foil, at least... But we’ve never consistently tried to control the storms of racketeering, or disperse the fogs of deceit that spoil political climate... It’s up to you and me... A country does get the kind of politics and politicians that its citizens will tolerate... All of us should try to be the kind of American that Abe Lincoln was: fair, square, tole and just—all the time, with no exceptions for petty personal advantage. The foregoing sentence may sound trite—but the trouble is, it’s never tried... For when all citizens insist and practice complete honesty, decency and fair play, then politics will reflect those qualities.

—Roscoe Pat
Writing a letter of sympathy came hard to a young flier who had learned to express himself by action.

by JOE BELL

OLSON stirred restlessly in his stateroom. The stateroom was dark, and the faint ray of light that seeped in beneath the closed door made him blink. He wondered vaguely if he had been asleep. The steady pitch of the carrier as it nosed its way through Korean waters, a motion which had again become an integral part of his life these past few months, suddenly irritated him.

He got up on one elbow, peered out the darkened room, then said softly, “Dan?” There was no answer. Olson rolled to his stomach and tumbled over the edge of his bed into the bunk beneath him. It was empty.

Dan wasn’t back yet. Probably in the wardroom playing cards.

Olson’s glance wandered about the small, compact room and focused on a clipping and letter which lay open on his desk. He jumped down, switched on a tiny lamp, and sat down at the desk. He stared at the clipping. It was a good likeness of Ed. The same carefree, almost cocky, smile, the army hat pushed to the back of his head. Olson picked up the clipping and read it slowly to himself, pronouncing each word.

“Local Officer Killed,” said the caption. “Mrs. Jean Conway today received word from the War Depart-
ment that her husband, Capt. Edward Conway, Jr., has been killed in action in Korea. Capt. Conway, attached to the 25th Infantry Division, was . . .”

Olson dropped the clipping and picked up his mother’s letter which had accompanied it. He read it again, as if seeking some assurance that might mitigate the finality of the newspaper clipping.

“Dear Ray,

This is terrible news to be sending you, but I knew you would find out, and thought you would rather have it from me. The clipping tells all that we know. We’ve been with Eddie’s parents this evening, and they’re taking it as well as could be expected. I haven’t seen Jean, and won’t try to intrude on her grief.

“In the midst of his bereavement, Mr. Conway asked about you, Ray. He loves you, you know, almost as much as he did his own son. Write him, Ray, please write him, as soon as you are able . . .”

Olson toyed with the envelope, sliding it back and forth through his fingers as his mind bridged the months and years. It seemed only yesterday that Ed had laughed at Olson’s recall to active duty, to find his own orders awaiting him a few days later. It had never been funny to Olson. Things were different now from those days ten years ago when he left college to join the Navy. There were new responsibilities, a new family of his own making. Ed had a family, too . . .

Olson sighed, opened his desk drawer, and picked out his pen and a sheet of paper. He wrote slowly,

“April 15, 1952,” and paused to survey his work. He started to write “Dear Mr. Conway,” but hesitated, pen in air, seeing the greeting in his mind’s eye as he sought for words to express himself further. But his inspiration had left him completely.

Then suddenly, wonderfully, light came streaming into the room. Dan stood framed in the doorway.

“What’s happening, Ray?” he asked. “We’ve got a poker game started in the wardroom. We need you.”

Olson looked his roommate over soberly. He hesitated so long that Dan impatiently said, “Well?”

“I don’t think so,” said Olson reflectively. “I don’t think I feel like playing poker.”

Dan hesitated in the doorway. “Come on,” he pleaded, “it’s early and we need one more player. Eat, drink, and be merry, you know.”

Olson shuddered. “No,” he said decisively, “not tonight.”

“Okay,” replied Dan, disappearing.

“if that’s the way you want it . . .”

Once again silence pervaded the room. Resolutely Olson forced his attention back to the letter before him “Dear Mr. Conway.” He must get that down. But how could he put into words the thoughts that raced through his mind? The sense of loss he felt.

DIMLY he heard the clink of china in the wardroom. Almost unconsciously he pushed some coins that lay on his desk into the center of the table as if he were feeding a poker pot. Angrily he kicked back his chair. He was conscious of a deep sense of hurt. He wanted companionship. He stalked from his room, felt his way down the narrow corridor, lurchi
with the roll of the ship, and burst into the wardroom. He approached the poker table and watched the play. Someone said, "Pull up a chair, Olson, there's a seat open."

Silently Olson found a chair and sought a handful of chips. But he found it difficult to concentrate on the cards. Something was distracting him. His attention centered on a layer across the table who was methodically, continuously rolling chips between his fingers as he played. Ed had always rolled his chips the same way.

"Do you have to do that, Callahan?" Olson was startled at the harshness in his own voice, and felt immediately abashed. He pushed his chips at the front of Dan and got up.

"I think I'll check out, if you don't mind," he said. "I don't feel so good."

As he left the table, he was dimly conscious of Callahan saying, "What the hell's eating him tonight?"

He wandered aimlessly about the wardroom, becoming increasingly irritated with himself and with the occupants. He tried to read, gave it up, and finally decided to return to his room. Without realizing it, he hoped that somehow that blank sheet of paper which he had left on his desk would be gone when he returned. It wasn't. It was just as white, just as barren, and it still said, "April 15, 1952." Nothing more.

Olson wasn't sleepy, but he made a conscious effort to go to sleep. He tried to crowd from his mind the troubled thoughts that swept over him. Ed, Jean, their baby, his own wife and son, the morning's mission, his Panther which waited silently on the hangar deck to be pushed aloft in the morning.

At last Olson fell into a restless slumber. The sliver of light still seeped in beneath the door, moving up and down with the gentle roll of the ship.

Olson was awakened by a hand, prodding gently at him.

"It's time, sir," said a voice.

Olson sat up in his bunk, stretched, said, "Okay, I'm awake," and dangled his feet over the side.

Apologetically, the voice said, "I haven't been able to wake Mr. Korman."

"All right," yawned Olson, "I'll get him up."

The shadowy figure opened the door, stepped into the passageway, and closed the door behind him. Olson jumped down to the floor. He kicked Dan, hard, several times on the rump. Experience had taught him that gentleness would never awaken Dan Korman.

Dan struggled to wakefulness, yawned lugubriously, said, "Not already?" and dropped his feet to the floor.

They dressed in silence. Even Dan was sobered before these early morning take-offs. Olson was dressed and ready for breakfast while Dan was still rummaging through his locker in search of his flight gear. Olson
opened the door and said over his shoulder, "I'll see you at breakfast." Faintly, from the depths of the locker, he heard Dan say, "Roger."

Overhead, airplane engines began to roar into life.

DAN KORMAN pushed open the door of his room, trudged slowly inside. His face showed an intense, almost terrible fatigue. He shuffled across the floor and slumped wearily down on his bunk. There he tugged at his helmet, pulled it off, and threw it over to his desk where it fell with a loud clatter as the goggles struck the metal table.

Dan stared across the room as Olson had the night before. His glance stopped at Olson's desk, paused over the picture of Olson's wife and son which was enshrined there, and went hurriedly on. For several moments he didn't move, then he got painfully to his feet, walked to Olson's locker, and opened it. He removed all the remaining flight gear, stuffed it into his own locker, shut the door, and locked it. Then he began, aimlessly, to wander about the room. Once he stopped at the bunks, touched the worn crease in Olson's mattress gingerly, almost caressingly.

He went to Olson's desk, and surveyed the contents. His eye was drawn to the sheet of writing paper which lay there. It said, "April 1, 1952."

Dan stared, fascinated, at the writing, then slowly he sat down at the desk and removed a pen from the drawer. Laboriously he began writing: "Dear Mr. Olson . . ."

Overhead the last plane had landed and the only sound was the trundling of the elevator as it plied its course to the hangar deck.

The advertising director of a big department store in New York City was talking with one of her young girl copywriters, a recently graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

"I'll never marry," the girl confided, "unless I can marry another Phi Beta Kappa."

The director, no Phi Beta herself, intimated that such a course seemed just a trace snobbish.

"Oh, it isn't that at all," said the younger woman, "I want two keys in the family so I can wear them as earrings."

Psychologists say an hysterical girl is most effectively quieted by a firm kiss, but they don't say how to get them hysterical.

"You'd better take the vibrator back Harold, I can't feel a thing."
By air, over mountains, underground; through civil wars, famines and epidemics the diplomatic mail must reach its goal.

By JAMES L. HARTE

NO MATA HARI attempts to waylay and seduce them. No sinister Fu Manchu characters lurk in the shadows plotting to steal their pouches. Such are but the inventions of fiction writers who deal in suspense. Nevertheless, the small band of diplomatic couriers, less than 100, who carry Uncle Sam's official, top secret mail to our approximately 300 diplomatic outposts scattered around the world are the unsung heroes of the Department of State, and of the nation.

The average courier looks like a young college man, tired, perhaps, and unexciting, not at all in the image of the cloak-and-dagger courier of film or novel. He is a young man just out of college and the courier job is the threshold to a diplomatic career. Tired and travel-weary he frequently is, for he averages between 200,000 and 250,000 miles a year, mostly by air. His hours are uncertain, and he may be on the go for days with but intermittent rest.

Take the case of Horton Telford, one of the more unusual in State Department annals. Telford left Berne, Switzerland, in 1940, with pouches of diplomatic mail for delivery to the American Embassy in Istanbul. He flew to Rome, first leg of a scheduled flight that would take him next to Athens, thence to Istanbul. But he landed in Rome just as Italy had declared war on Greece, automatically ending air travel to Athens.

Telford managed to get from Rome to Venice by train, and by further
rail travel to Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Another train got him as far as the Yugoslav-Greece frontier, but rail travel over the border had been halted. American dollars helped him hire several porters to assist in transporting the five 60-pound pouches in his charge. Leading this safari, the courier walked 20 miles over mountainous, guerrilla-infested Greek territory to the town of Quevali. Italian planes strafed them on the way, and at Quevali the porters deserted.

The courier finally managed to board a Greek train that was daring the trip from Quevali to Athens, and temporarily unburdened himself of his mailbags. Along the way, the train was frequently strafed by Italian airmen, and the hysterical passengers denounced Telford as being responsible. Greek guards arrested him as a spy, but he proved his identity and reached Athens without further incident.

There Telford hired a car to take him to the Turkish frontier. The car bogged down on a muddy road and an ox-cart was commandeered for the slow journey to the border. He reached a border rail station at long last and flagged down the Sofia-Istanbul express, taking him to the Turkish metropolis. Telford was near complete exhaustion when he reached Istanbul, but the mail got through.

The story of Horton Telford shows typically the great sense of loyalty and devotion to duty inspired by the courier service. But the incident is the exception rather than the rule. Yet, as the 90-odd diplomatic couriers travel about 11,000,000 miles yearly, even the ordinary runs can become hazardous. Of the total yearly mileage, almost 10,000,000 is by air, using American commercial and military airline and foreign lines. The balance is by rail, with odd miles here and there by whatever transportation the courier finds available to complete his appointed rounds.

Technically, the courier’s task is to carry the pouches with their secret content between stations. He is met on arrival by a representative of the local U. S. Embassy who, after a mandatory exchange of credentials even though each may be well known to the other, takes charge of the bags. The courier then waits for an assignment back in the direction from whence he came. It may be immediate or, if he is lucky, it may be in a day or two and he can relax for a change.

An ordinary run, like the South American schedule on which John Powell flew, can erupt into the unexpected and dangerous at any time. Powell, in April, 1948, landed at the Bogota, Colombia, airport expecting to be met by the Embassy official assigned to receive his mailbags. But a revolution had gotten under way and instead of being met by officials, Powell was met by gunfire from snipers secreted about the deserted air field.

The pouches had to be delivered to the American Embassy, several miles distant in downtown Bogota. Powell began to walk, the snipers still throwing lead at him. Burdened by the weight of his pouches, gasping for breath in the thin air of the Andes, he staggered on. Rioting raged all around him and, as he neared the protection
of the Embassy, three of the revolutionists attacked him with knives and machetes. He kept on, falling finally through the doors of the Embassy, unhit by the snipers but bleeding from a dozens stab wounds in arms, neck and stomach. He dumped his sacks to the floor before the Ambassador and his attaches and, as he fell atop the pouches, gasped, "May I have a receipt, Sir?"

Powell was hospitalized and recovered.

CLIMATE, weather, and foreign food are sometimes more hazardous than wars and revolutions. Dave McMurray, now a U. S. Infantry Captain, recalls that as a courier he was laid low in Brazil with a siege of dysentery that had him hospitalized for weeks. Some runs offer freezing weather and others the opposite extreme of enervating heat. Storms wreak their havoc, but, although a score or more couriers have suffered injury in accident, only three have lost their lives in plane crashes in the past ten years. Considering the total amount of air travel over the period, the record is remarkable. "Still," avers Captain McMurray, "when you look back on your service, you wonder where the glamor was."

Perhaps the movies and the fiction thrillers, romanticizing as they do, provide the influence. For the State Department reports that its Diplomatic Courier Service receives from four to five hundred job applications yearly. Through promotion or loss, less than a dozen vacancies occur on a year's average, and so the waiting list remains long. Recently, applications have shown an increase and Department officials believe it is because applicants expect to enter a field where derring-do and intrigue against the Communist threat is rampant.

Actually, Uncle Sam's couriers make regular trips to Russia and other of the Iron Curtain countries, unmolested, unthreatened, and unspied upon, just as the Soviet couriers who make regular trips to Washington, D. C., and other democratic capitals. There has never been an untoward incident in this exchange; no incidents have ever been recorded in all the Service annals of spies and thefts of top secret mail. Each country respects the other, knowing full well that to commit any crime upon a courier of another nation would bring retaliation in kind.

Jim Harte admits he has only one real hobby—his twelve-year-old son, who leaves him time for no other. Young James LeRoy wants to grow up to be "a newspaper man like my daddy." We hope Swing will be as good a market for him as it is for his daddy too. Jim Harte, of Washington, D. C., is one of the oldest and most consistent contributors on the Swing roster of fine authors. Jim has a half dozen books to his credit, and his writing runs the gamut of poetry, through the pulps, biography and mystery, to ghost writing medical articles for physicians. Jim's first job, at 8 years, was as editor of a children's page in a Sunday paper. He still maintains his newspaper connection—through the Washington Post.
Alaska's Baby Airlift

The U. S. Air Force in Alaska packs a surprising one-two punch. It can deliver either bombs or babies.

by K. G. HAMPTON

THE TENTH AIR Rescue Squadron of the Alaskan Air Command is an Air Force unit devoted to the search and rescue of military personnel in Alaska. But as no American would hesitate to help a human being in need, the 10th has come to the aid of hundreds of civilians who live in the roadless expanse of Alaska's remote regions. These true accounts of civilian rescue missions are but a small part of their 24-hour vigil, a never-ceasing operation in the Arctic.

A CROWD of pilots and airmen waited quietly on the icy ramp of the 10th Air Rescue hangar, heads tilted back, staring at the heavy fog that hung a few hundred feet above the runway. The still, frozen air was broken only by the drone of a C-47 as it circled slowly over the field.

A crew chief walked over to a block of wood used to brace the wheels of parked aircraft, sat down, and shook his head.

"I sure wouldn't want to be in Combs' shoes about now."

"He's been through worse things than this," a radio operator replied, "remember that crack-up out on Point Possession?"

"Yeah. But that isn't like delivering a baby!" the crew chief said.

It was hot in the rear compartment of the C-47. Sergeant Combs' hands trembled as he tore open a first aid kit and handed it to the nurse. A lot of rescue missions in Alaska, but none quite like watching little Sally Easau, an Alaskan native girl, as she brought a son into the world.

The rescue plane that had picked
up Sally at Nenana, Alaska, had almost reached civilization when the baby decided to be born. Gladys Coghill, Nenana nurse, had been carefully watching Sally when the first grimace of pain distorted her face. She whispered to Sgt. Combs. Racing up to the pilot's compartment, he shouted.

"Stay in the air—we're havin' a baby back here!"

Major Gordon Bradburn, the pilot, turned to the co-pilot.

"Lieutenant, you'd better go and see if you can help."

Lt. Schliep grasped the wheel tighter and said, "Not me, Brad, I'll fly—you go on back." Both of them turned to Sgt. Combs and he paled a little.

"Okay, okay," Combs yelled, as he whirled and ran back to the nurse, grabbing a first aid kit as he left.

Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes the plane circled slowly and steadily while the miracle of birth took place.

Finally, Major Bradburn heard an excited yell from Sgt. Combs coupled with the faint coughing cry of a baby.

"Take her down, Major, and add one man to the crew list!"

Smiles came slowly over the faces of Sally, the nurse, and the three-man crew of the C-47. One more mission accomplished, and one brand-new Alaskan—airborne, if you please.

LONG experience has made the 10th ingenious at improvising emergency equipment.

Not long ago a call came in from a tiny railroad station at Birchwood, Alaska, that a premature baby had been born to a sergeant and his wife vacationing in a trailer nearby. Within twenty minutes a familiar little red-winged mercy plane had landed on a tiny sod strip nearly overgrown with brush. When the pilot and flight surgeon entered the trailer, they found distraught parents watching their tiny new-born daughter fight for life, the infant already turning blue with cold.

Immediately the flight surgeon, Captain Alexander Peat, applied oxygen, while the pilot constructed a makeshift crib from a clean cardboard box, soft blankets, and hot water bottles from the flight surgeon's kit. As the little girl slowly began to breathe easily, the doctor looked to the needs of the mother. Then the baby was carried in the box to the aircraft and flown to safety by Lt. Stanley Kliir. Turning the baby over to a nurse at the hospital, the doctor breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was a close one," he said, "that baby wouldn't have lived 24 hours."

Tipping the scales at a mere 3 lbs. 2 ozs., the baby had set a new record for the 10th as the smallest patient to owe its life to the rescue flyers.

BUT the baby rescue that occurred on Christmas, 1948, still has the old-timers remembering it as the one to top them all.

Enroute to Anchorage, Alaska, a civilian airliner was slowly battling driving snow and winds of 70 knots when it was forced down on a small frozen lake on Point Possession, about 20 miles from its destination.

The SOS that came to 10th Air Rescue operations stated that a landing had been successful, but a woman
Swing

passenger was an expectant mother and needed a doctor’s care.

In spite of the weather, a rescue helicopter with a flight surgeon aboard started for the scene. High winds tearing at the small craft blew the nose glass out of the 'copter during the flight. Finally the craft reached the stricken airliner, but once on the ground, the pilot saw the return trip would be too perilous to attempt—with the desperate woman and a damaged plane.

Once again the 10th sent out a crew, this time in a small ski-equipped Norseman, which too made a successful landing on the lake.

After the patient was loaded aboard, the Norseman took off into the storm, headed for Anchorage. Barely out, the Norseman was forced by weather to return to the shelter of the lake.

Since no further attempts could be made that night, the young woman was bedded down in the airliner.

The next morning the storm was still raging too severely for the Norseman to take off with the patient for Anchorage. Another attempt by a rescue helicopter to reach the tiny lake was thwarted by weather.

Time clearly was growing short for the woman to reach a hospital. The 'copter pilot decided to attempt the flight with his damaged plane. Patient aboard, the helicopter took off. Slowly, flying ten feet above the ground, the little plane carried its precious cargo to safety.

A few hours later, the tired rescue crews received word that a little girl had been born. By the men of the 10th, she was christened "Stormy" and the child's mother was given a written account of the mission that resulted in her rescue.

BABIES aren't new to Alaska's famous 10th Air Rescue Squadron. Since 1946, when the squadron was organized, they have gone far beyond their assignment of military search and rescue in the Territory. Under the command of a veteran Alaskan flyer, Colonel Pat Arnold, they have often brought the means of life and survival to tiny isolated communities where air transportation is the only link with civilization.

Unlike the other Air Rescue Service units in the States, the 10th is called upon for rescues which would be done by civilian land rescue teams in the U. S. A hunter with a broken leg, a sick child in a remote fishing village, or an old sourdough trapper with a frozen foot—all are emergencies that bring rescue planes out into the sub-zero winters of the Arctic.

Day or night, the work of the 10th goes on, doing the job of search and rescue of military personnel, but ever ready and willing to assist the stork. The pilots and crews whose routine work is saving lives have endeared themselves to all Alaskans but the times they are blessed by Alaskan women is when their red-winged rescue planes fly as Uncle Sam's baby airlift.

Some foreign countries are considering levying a tax on American tourists—possibly another way of trying to make them feel at home.
My Neighbor

by ELLA TURPIN

(A tribute to the working girl)

She wears a plaid coat with a gay swing from the square shoulders, and her step as she trips from the car to the house is quick and firm. Just seeing her gives my spirit a lift and makes me young again.

From my sunny breakfast nook where most of my daylight meals are taken, I catch these brief glimpses. She rents rooms upstairs over the garage next door, and while I'm nibbling at my toast, I'm aware of the swing of her coat with the strong surging of youth inside as she rounds the corner. In a minute the car is backing out and disappears from view.

When the news comes on at five-thirty, I'm back in my nook with a bowl of soup this time, and here comes the light car. I can't see her, but I stretch out a bit—and, yes, there she is at the top of her outside stairway; the door closes behind the pert swing of her coat. If I have my solitary dinner in the nook, I often get another glimpse of her slender figure looking for mail, hanging a towel on the line, tripping up the stairs.

Once I was close enough to speak. I was in the alley picking the lilacs that had pushed through the fence when she came 'round the building to the stairs and I stopped her with "Wouldn't you like these?" holding out an armful. Her face grew even brighter with smiles.

"Oh, thank you so much! I love them!"

"Pick all you want as long as they last," I told her, and she thanked me again as she turned, her face buried in the blooms, to climb the stairs.

Who is she? Where does she go each morning? What makes her so happy? Many questions come to me but I seek no answer. I know.

She is one of the multitude of the city's working girls. She makes enough to have her own little home, though it's only a couple of low rooms upstairs on an alley—hot in summer, none too warm in winter, but a home of her own, nevertheless, where she lives and does as she likes. I've never seen a guest climb those stairs, but they're only within my view while I'm in my nook and there's plenty of time for that when I'm not looking. But somehow I feel that after a busy day in the world outside, she loves a little solitude and has it.

I know she's the kind of girl who loves her home and keeps it well. I'm sure she loves her job and does it well. I know she sheds happiness in her daily work; and I know there's a very lucky young man somewhere in the world who will one day find his way to her, and then, I fear, my daily vision in the gayly swinging plaid coat will be lost to me forever.
My Wife — Alice Hubbard

My wife is my helpmeet, and I am hers. I do not support her; rather, she supports me. All I have is hers—not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocketbook.

I know the great women of history. I know the qualities that go to make up, not only the superior person but the one sublimely great. Humanity is the raw stock with which I work.

I know how Sappho loved and sung, and Aspasia inspired Pericles to think and act, and Cleopatra was wooed by two Emperors of Rome, and how Theodora suggested the Justinian Code and had the last word in its compilation. I know Madame De Stael, Sarah Wedgwood, George Eliot, Susanna Wesley, Elizabeth Barrett. I know them all, for I can read, and I have lived, and I have imagination.

And knowing the great women of the world, and having analyzed their characteristics, I still believe that Alice Hubbard, in way of mental reach, sanity, sympathy and all-round ability, outclasses any woman of history, ancient or modern, mentally, morally or spiritually.

To make a better woman than Alice Hubbard one would have to take the talents and graces of many great women and omit their faults. If she is a departure in some minor respects from a perfect standard, it is in all probability because she lives in a faulty world, with a faulty man, and deals with faulty folks.

I have never fully analyzed the mind of the woman I love, for there is always and forever an undissolved residuum of wit, reason, logic, invention and comparison bubbling forth that makes association with her a continual delight. I have no more sounded the depths of her soul than I have my own.

What she will say and what she will do are delightful problems; only this, that what she says and what she does will be regal, right, gracious, kindly—tempered with a leniency that has come from suffering, and charged with a sanity that has enjoyed, and which knows because through it plays unvexed the Divine Intelligence that rules the world and carries the planets in safety on their accustomed way—this I know.

Perhaps the principal reason my wife and I get along so well together is because we have similar ideas as to what constitutes wit. She laughs at all of my jokes, and I do as much for her. All of our quarrels are papier-mache made, played and performed for the gallery of our psychic selves. Having such a wife as this, I do not chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of my dreams.

In my wife’s mind I see my thoughts enlarged and reflected, just as in a telescope we behold the stars. She is the magic mirror in which I see the divine. Her mind acts on mine, and mine reacts upon hers. Most certainly I am aware that no one else can see the same in her which I behold, because no one else can call forth her qualities, any more than any other woman can call forth mine. Our minds, separate and apart, act together as one, forming a complete binocular, making plain that which to one alone is invisible.

She keeps out of cliques, invites no secrets and has none herself. respects the mood of those she is with, and when she does not know what to say, says nothing, and in times of doubt minds her own business.

I married a rich woman—one rich in love, loyalty, gentleness, insight, gratitude, appreciation.  
—Elbert Hubbard
THE WOMEN ON WHB

YAMS WITH HAM (Right)
Margaret Ann Roberts, Louisiana Yam Queen, tells Roch Ulmer about the harvest festival at Opelousas. They are surrounded by Yam Princesses, from left, Billy Sovet, Ivy Lou Hidalgo, Betty Emonet and Juanita Brinkman.

RUTH ST. DENIS VISITS UNITY
(Below)
Ruth St. Denis, interpretative dancer and poet, discusses with Mrs. Alice Fillmore of Unity School a program of reading and dancing given in Kansas City by Miss St. Denis in behalf of the Unity Temple Fund.

GENE'S "BABY AND ME"
(Lower Right)
Charlotte Austin visited WHB to tell of the movie "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder." Miss Austin is the daughter of Gene Austin, who made famous the song "My Blue Heaven."

KANSAS CITY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS (Lower Left)
Belong to Mardell Williamson of Independence, Mo., Kansas City winner of the "Rita Hayworth Beautiful Legs Contest."
PUT him all together—or take Nate Rieger all apart—and you have at least six Nate Riegers! First, and very much foremost, there is the family man—the Nate Rieger who is husband of Dottie; father of Mitzi, Jane and Jim; grandfather of Fred III, Ann, Randy and Rex.

Second, you have the business man, the banker—president of the Mercantile Bank and Trust Company, and the trusted confidant and advisor to hundreds of Kansas City businessmen, customers of his bank.

Third is the civic figure—a man active, and effective, in civic, fraternal, church and charitable affairs, almost to exhaustion.

Fourth is the hobbyist—an amateur movie cameraman; a stamp collector; a lover of opera, symphony and the theatre; a bamboo-pole fisherman; an ex-hunter and “business man’s golfer”; and a gin rummy player, any time, any place possible!

Fifth (and not many people know about this) is the traveler: To New Mexico, with close friends, the Irving Meinraths. To Colorado, California and New Mexico. To Europe, where Nate is known and greeted by name at Claridge’s in London, the Royal Monceau in Paris, the Hassler in Rome and the Excelsior in Florence.

Sixth—and next to family and business, most important of all—is Nate Rieger, the Boy Scout!

SCOUTING began for young Nathan Rieger as Scout Master of Troop 40 at B’nai Jehudah Temple, when he was eighteen years old. Here he learned, believed passionately and taught that a Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent. “Be Prepared” . . . “Do A Good Turn Daily” . . . Duty to God . . . Duty to Self . . . Duty to Country! . . . “On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my Country; to obey the scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.”
Many of us took that oath as children—lived it, broke it a hundred different ways, forgot it. We now read it again in later years with nostalgic pleasure, or with sadness and regret—as postscript to a yesterday in which dreams and ambitions and resolutions were sure to come true!

Nate Rieger lived the Boy Scout oath—and his boyhood dreams did come true! He has been a fervent Boy Scout from the day he joined—and his prescription for the world’s ills is more Scouting. “If we have more Scouting, we’ll have better American boys—and if the world has more Scouting, we’ll have a better world.”

Nate Rieger is sold on that idea. He’ll sell you, too, if you talk Scouting with him.

Nate has been talking Scouting, and selling Scouting, and working at Scouting ever since he became a Scoutmaster at the age of eighteen. Inasmuch as he was born September 1, 1896, that makes thirty-eight consecutive years of service to Scouting.

“He didn’t quit,” says an admirer, “like so many of us, when his own son grew up.” During those thirty-eight years, Nate has been successively a board member, executive committee member, many years treasurer and (in 1947-48) president of the Kansas City Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America. This is the 8th Region in Scoutingdom, including the six states of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. In 1942 he was given the Silver Beaver Award by the National Council for “Distinguished Service to Boyhood”; in 1942 he was made a Chief-tain of the Tribe of Mic-O-Say; in 1952 he was Sponsor of the Eagle Scout Class in Kansas City and was presented the Silver Antelope National Award for “Distinguished Service to Boyhood,” on a regional basis. In 1932 Roe Bartle presented Nate with a diamond-studded Boy Scout fleur-de-lis lapel pin which Nate wears always. Throughout Europe, wherever Nate travelled, and often several times daily, some man or boy would notice this pin and ask Nate about Scouting in the United States.

FROM his Scout training and family background come the characteristics which typify Nate Rieger—his generosity, his thoughtfulness, his love of people, his broad views, his complete sincerity, his strong sense of family and civic responsibility. And most of all, his manner of being distinctively “himself.” His wife Dottie describes it thus: “Nate isn’t a public speaker, you know. When he talks, he just talks like Nate.”

Nate’s wife was Dottie Ludwig, daughter of Leo H. and Fannye Ludwig. Her father Leo was for many years the Ludwig of Edwards-Ludwig-Fuller, well-known Kansas City wholesale jewelers. Born and raised in Kansas City, she attended Westport High School, and was a friend of Nate’s sister, Minnie, now deceased. Dottie and Nate met for the first time, not in Kansas City, but in Manitou, Colorado, at the old Cliff House—when Dottie had ridden over horseback from Colorado Springs during the summer vacation of 1914.

Nate, a Native Son of Kansas City, attended Westport High School, also. After a year at the University of Missouri during which he became
ill, he spent the years 1914 to 1921 looking after his father’s real estate holdings. Alexander Rieger, his father, had originally been in the liquor business and had invested extensively in real estate and the Home Trust Company. During the boom-depression period from 1929 through 1933, when “slow paper” threatened the solvency of the bank, Alexander Rieger conscientiously put a healthy portion of his personal fortune into the institution to protect his depositors.

Nate’s mother was Mollie Weinbeger Rieger, who died when he was four. His stepmother, Flora, raised him and his two brothers, Jack and Oscar; and his sister, the late Mrs. Butler Disman.

At Westport High, Dottie Ludwig was forward and captain of the girls’ basketball team. Nate used to accompany her parents to all the games in the school gym, where they would watch her—in bloomers and midway blouse—pile up points for Old Westport! They were married January 21, 1920.

There are three children: Mary, known as “Mitzi,” is now Mrs. Fred Goldman, Jr. (Goldman Jewelry Co.) and mother of Fred III, aged six, and Ann, aged three. Jane is married to Kenneth Krakauer (of Adler’s), and is the mother of Randy, aged five, and Rex, aged two. The Riegars’ third child is son James Ludwig, whom they call Jim—now 23, treasurer of the family bank, a young business man very much like his father, a chap who loves people and is interested in civic affairs. A current activity of Jim’s has been the recent “Ask the Candidates” series of broadcasts over WHB—presenting local candidates for public office in the 1952 elections, interviewed by members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The Riegars have lived for the past fifteen years in a Georgian Colonial home designed by Jess Lauck at 1240 West 57th Terrace in the Mission Hills section of Kansas City’s famed Country Club District. Set well back from the street, their lovely house crowns a small hill and is approached by a wide, curving drive. “Nate wanted room out front to park,” says Mrs. Rieger modestly. The neighbors have room to park, too, inasmuch as this part of Kansas City is not exactly a low-rent district. Around them live Ernest Benson of Benson Manufacturing Co., in the old John Henry Smith house; Bert Reid of Woolf Brothers; Robert Caldwell, attorney and governor of the Federal Reserve Bank; and James M. Kemper, board chairman of the Commerce Trust Company.

Inside, the Rieger house is Georgian Colonial for three rooms only: the large center hall, the dining room, the living room. The rest is neo-modern, except for the basement recreation room, which is Mexican. When they built some years ago, Mrs. Rieger’s father sent her four tin candle sconces from Old Mexico. With the
sconces for a starter, and the help of Mrs. Walter Pritz of Cincinnati, a lifelong friend (the former Lucille Meinrath Bloch), they decorated the recreation room in the Mexican motif—built a real Mexican fireplace, installed wall niches, assembled a collection of Mexican art and pottery—and even hacked into the timbers, moldings and stair rail to achieve the look of proper age. This is typical of the thoroughness with which the Riegers embark upon any enterprise.

NATE’S business and banking career has been continuous and successful since 1921, when he joined the old Home Trust Company as Assistant Treasurer. One of his first jobs was to supervise the architecture and construction of the bank’s “new” building at 1119 Walnut Street. Its deposits at that time were $1,424,734.17.

In 1933 four Kansas City banks were merged and brought into a new bank structure, renamed the Mercantile Home Bank and Trust Company:

Home Trust Company—1119 Walnut
Mercantile Trust Company—14th and Grand
Main Street State Bank—18th and Main
Sterling Bank—1125 McGee

The combined deposits on the date of organization, February 27, 1933, were $4,755,412.01—and on that date, Nate became vice-president of the Mercantile. In December, 1945, he was elected president—by which date deposits had grown to $27,663,383.26. On June 27, 1949, the name was changed to its present form: the Mercantile Bank and Trust Company. Deposits at the last call, September 5, 1952, were $34,235,026.24. The growth in deposits through the years, from one-and-a-half million to thirty-four million, is evidence in itself of Nate’s success as a banker. He modestly attributes the bank’s growth to the co-operation of his loyal associates. Among them is his brother Jack, vice-president of the Mercantile Bank and president of the Community State Bank, 3131 Troost, which he and Jack own.

Nate belongs, of course, to the Missouri Bankers’ Association, the American Bankers’ Association and the American Institute of Banking; and is a director of the Southeast State Bank as well as a director of the Mercantile. How his fellow Kansas City bankers feel about him is shown by the fact that on April 12, 1950, he was elected president of the Kansas City Clearing House Association for two years.

As a banker, Nate naturally finds himself elected Treasurer in quite a few organizations, among them the Country Club Community Center, the Student Nurses’ Loan Fund, the Optimist Club and the Boy Scouts. He also serves as a member of the Chamber of Commerce finance committee and chairman of the finance committee on the Citizens’ Committee for Municipal Services. Also, as a member of the Board of
Advisory Trustees for the Citizens Bond Committee.

He is a board member of the United Jewish Social Services, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Community Chest, and the Catholic Community Services. He is a past president and board member of the Jewish Federation and Council; and co-chairman of the American Brotherhood-National Conference of Christians and Jews. Add to this a term, in 1947-48, as president and chairman of the Club Presidents’ Round Table; membership as a 32nd degree Mason in the Scottish Rite, Ivanhoe Temple and Ararat Shrine; membership in the Civil Defense Advisory Council — and you wonder where he gets time to serve on the Board of Appeals for Film Censorship. But he does!

“If you want a job done well, give it to a busy man,” runs the old adage — and Kansas City did! That’s how Nate was chosen for his current civic job as general chairman of the 1952-53 United Fund campaign. Yet with all this, he finds time to visit friends who are ill, attend hundreds of civic and social affairs — and almost every Saturday, take one or more of his grandchildren to lunch at the airport restaurant. The grandchildren are flight-minded, like their grandparents.

And at the age of forty, he learned to swim. Once on a White River float trip, a boat in which he was riding overturned. Embarrassed over the consequences, and because at country club swimming pools he was forced to sun himself as a spectator or indulge in shallow water splashing, Nate betook himself secretly to the old Pla-Mor pool. There he completed a course of swimming lessons, later to astonish his family and acquaintances with his privately-acquired aquatic skill.

Out hunting once with C. O. Jones, their automobile crowded with dogs, a gun was accidentally discharged and the bullet narrowly missed Nate’s shoulder. He hasn’t been hunting since. But twice a year he goes fishing — down at Spavinaw, Oklahoma, where George Goldman, daughter Mitzi’s uncle by marriage, has a fishing camp. George, merchandiser of the “George L. Goldman Complete Fishing Outfit” — (rod, rod handle, reel, fish scaler, plastic rod cover, hunting knife and case, 2 nylon leaders, 5 wooden plugs, 5 spinners, line, 6 sinkers, plastic storage box, 3 hooks with leaders, 6 swivels, case, 6 sinkers and case, 10 large and 10 small hooks, 1 stringer, extra line and a floater — 64 pieces complete, $40 worth of fishing tackle for $19.95) — George could provide any sort of fishing equipment required — but Nate fishes with a bamboo pole.

He is a stamp collector, too — of first covers, first blocks of commemorative issues. “Filled an album or two,” he says, “and have a lot more saved in shirt boxes. Must get around to pasting them in albums some day.”

His greatest hobby, however, is as an amateur movie cameraman. He has photographed the birthday parties of his three children from the age of one until the most recent birthday — and now he’s started on the grandchildren. With Jim, he makes titles, splices film, and turns out a semi-professional product. His film library,
naturally, includes reel after reel photographed during his family’s travels in this country and abroad.

**TRAVEL** includes three trips to Europe within the last four years. In 1949, the Riegers traveled abroad with the Lou Rothschilds to celebrate the latter’s 20th wedding anniversary, crossing both ways on the *Nieu Amsterdam* and visiting England, Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland. Art galleries, museums, castles, cathedrals and government buildings were their standard daytime sightseeing fare—combined with the theatre and night clubs every evening. Some time you should ask Nate what happened to Louie at the *Boeuf sur le Toit* in Brussels.

In 1951 the Riegers flew to Europe on the TWA *Ambassador*, a luxurious sleeper plane carrying a crew of ten, and only nineteen passengers. Ladies’ silk hose being scarce items in Europe, the TWA hostess carried a supply for sale to the passengers—to be distributed by them as gifts to their European friends. Some of Nate’s dignified boards of directors would have been astonished had they watched him conduct an auction of ladies’ hosiery aboard the plane. In Europe, they visited the Chateau Country of France, the Riviera, Italy and Spain, adding more material to Nate’s film library. After seeing Florence, Capri and Sorrento, they visited with Admiral Carney of the U. S. Fleet, then at Naples. Only trouble with flying, Nate reports, is the weight of movie camera and film equipment. They returned that year on the *Liberte*.

But in 1952 they flew both ways, heard the symphony in Rome, the opera in Paris, and the violins at Ciro’s! Ciro’s is Dottie and Nate’s favorite spot. They were amazed and impressed with the modern architecture in Italy; pleased to note the presence of many American farmers among the tourists; had a lively experience while locked in the elevator of an apartment building in Rome. In London, within five nights, they saw five plays: “Deep Blue Sea,” “Relative Values,” “The Innocents,” “The Young Elizabeth” and “Waters of the Moon.” You think Nate Rieger doesn’t love his theatre? However, his only appearance as an actor on any stage was when he was about thirty, at the Fortnightly Club. He dressed in cowboy clothes and sang “Get Along Little Dogies,” off-key.

That just about sums up my notes on Nate Rieger. But I asked Mrs. Rieger two of the usual questions: Does Nate read much? Yes, all the banking journals, *Time*, *Life* and a few banking stories, like “Point of No Return.”

“How about his disposition?”

“Wonderful!” she replied, “except that he’s so horribly bright, chipper and cheerful early in the morning before I have had my coffee!”
Better Radio is undoubtedly one of the reasons. Every Radio network, every Radio station, is broadcasting its finest programs ever—now, this minute! There’s more variety . . . there are greater names, bigger stars, finer music . . . better writing, better direction . . . in programs that delight the ear, stir the imagination. If you’ve become a living room “captive” of your TV set, break loose for an hour—or a night—and listen to your Radio once more. You’ll be glad you did!

ON WHB, Sunday evenings for example, you’ll hear a line-up of programs that spell sheer delight: fine drama, superb music, inspiring history, stimulating discussion, and the news. At 6 p.m. the Chicago Theatre of the Air presents operetta and famous musical shows. Seven o’clock brings a full hour of drama presenting outstanding stars from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film studios. This is followed by the Ford Foundation series for adult education, “Jeffersonian Heritage.” At 9 o’clock is the Northwestern University Reviewing Stand—scheduled by WHB at nine because many listeners were unable to hear its informative panel discussions at an earlier hour Sunday when the feature is “live” on Mutual.

At 9:30 p.m. Sundays, Dr. Everett Hendricks of the University of Kansas City presents “Sixth Row Center” on WHB—a preview of the coming week’s cultural and entertainment events in Kansas City at the University and University Playhouse, Town Hall, Music Hall, Orpheum Theatre, the Fritschy and the Seufert Concerts, the Thursday Morning Series, the Philharmonic, Resident Theatre, Junior College, Conservatory of Music, Nelson Gallery and the Kansas City Museum. Fine music and sparkling interviews feature this weekly half-hour.

After the 10 o’clock news, sports and weather (seven nights a week) comes that
favorite WHB feature “Serenade in the Night”—instrumental music to read by, for forty minutes nightly. Then, for two solid hours, the WHB Night Club of the Air with popular recordings—emceed by Roch Ulmer Mondays through Fridays, and guest disc jockeys on Saturdays and Sundays. WHB’s “Guest D. J. Club” is Kansas City’s newest and liveliest musical organization—well-known citizens whose hobby is record collecting. They build their own programs, play rare items from their personal record libraries, and announce their own numbers. Saturday nights the music is popular—Sundays, it tends to a mixture of popular and “long hair.”

OTHER nights on WHB are just as stimulating and entertaining, beginning with Fulton Lewis, Jr., at 6 p.m.—followed by Larry Ray with his sports round-up—then Gabriel Heatter with his “good news tonight”—and at 6:45 p.m. a series of three five-minute featurettes: Roch Ulmer with “The Weather and You”. . . John Thornberry, well-known civic figure, in his nightly “editorial,” John Thornberry Says—. . . and Titus Moody, Fred Allen’s fellow humorist, in a breezy, chuckle-filled review of the news.

Seven o’clock, Mondays through Fridays, brings an hour of star-studded Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramatic entertainment—see the schedule on these pages. Bette Davis, Orson Welles, Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Errol Flynn, Mickey Rooney and Ann Sothern are featured “names” in this nightly series.

Variety is the keynote of the newly-scheduled “WHB Varieties” for a full-hour, Mondays through Fridays, at 8:30 p.m. Newest records by leading recording artists (no jump)—plus fine albums in their entirety, plus entire musical comedy selections! Observance of special musical events, composers’ birthdays, movie preview music, special “days” and special “weeks.” The judgment in musical selection of Ednalee Crouch (WHB’s musical librarian), plus the superb showmanship of Roch Ulmer, with his ready wit and glib tongue. And here’s a tip to advertisers: Dignified sponsors with a dignified message are welcomed on this show—on a participating schedule which allows only five commercials within the full-hour format. A premium spot for superior products! “Radio’s best night-time buy!”

MONDAY through Friday, from 2 p.m. to 4:45 p.m., “Oil” Wells presents the latest popular records—and the old standard tunes. Two solid hours and 45 minutes of wonderful listening, with short, cryptic introductions make Club 710 “mostly music.” Each show features the “Top Twenty” tunes of the week, as reported by Billboard, Variety, Cash Box, a poll of local record shops, and the WHB Consensus. A wonderful time-segment for participating announce-

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Operetta</td>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
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<td>Guest Star</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>MGM Theatre of the Air</td>
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<td>Full Hour</td>
<td>Titus Moody</td>
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<td>Drama</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Jeffersonian Heritage History in the Making</td>
<td>Bill Henry, News</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>John J. Anthony</td>
<td>Reporters Roundup</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>“Mr. Agony”</td>
<td>News Panel</td>
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<td>N. W. University Reviewing Stand Panel Discussion</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>“Sixth Row Center”</td>
<td>Musical Comedy Selections</td>
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<td>Everett Hendricks</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>Songs of the Services</td>
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<td>News—Sports</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB Signs Off</td>
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ments—"live" or minutes, transcribed. On one afternoon a week representatives of the leading phonograph record companies bring "Oil" their newest records (never before heard on the air in Kansas City) —and present them personally on the air.

What's new in the World of Women? in clothes, home decoration, household helps and appliances, food, drugs, entertainment and entertaining. child care, feminine achievement? Sandra Lea knows!—and against a background of Guy Lombardo music every morning, Monday through Friday, she tells, and sells! If you have a product, store or service women buy—schedule your spots on this show! Minute transcribed spots may be used, with an appropriate lead-in by Sandra Lea and her Announcer. Or, "live" copy, adapted by Sandra Lea to her pleasant style!

The noon-hour is western music round-up time on the WHB range. Popularity of this noon-hour bloc of western music (with the news at noon) has caused its extension from 11:30 a.m. until 2 p.m., Monday through Friday (already practically sold out). Music by the best-known western music recording stars, plus Don Sullivan, WHB's "International Singing Cowboy" in person—with Bruce Grant, Pokey Red, Deb Dyer and other WHB favorites. If you sell to the masses, this time segment and this type of programming are for you! A listener contest will determine the new title of this show, formerly billed as "The WHB Boogie Woogie Cowboys."

### PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P.M. to 1 A.M.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
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<tr>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>&quot;Take To The Air&quot;</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
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<td>&quot;Down You Go&quot;</td>
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<td>News, Cecil Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>Titus Moody</td>
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<td>News, Cecil Brown</td>
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<tr>
<td>MGM Musical</td>
<td>MGM Musical</td>
<td>Modern Casanova</td>
<td>Adventures of Maisie</td>
<td>&quot;20 Questions Game&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Orson Welles</td>
<td>Orson Welles</td>
<td>Comedy</td>
<td>Ann Southern</td>
<td>&quot;Parlor Game&quot;</td>
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<td>Dr. Kildare</td>
<td>Dr. Kildare</td>
<td>Full Hour</td>
<td>It Pays to be Smart</td>
<td>&quot;Country Music&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lew Ayres</td>
<td>Lew Ayres</td>
<td>Musical</td>
<td>High School Quiz</td>
<td>Tidwell Jamboree</td>
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<td>Lionel Barrymore</td>
<td>Lionel Barrymore</td>
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<td>Tidwell Jamboree</td>
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<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Our Town Forum</td>
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<td>Drama</td>
<td>Panel</td>
<td>World War II</td>
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<td>WHB Varieties</td>
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<td>Pop Records</td>
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<td>Hit Songs</td>
<td>Hit Songs</td>
<td>&quot;Your Date With Dixie</td>
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<td>WHB Varieties</td>
<td>Dixieland</td>
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<td>Fine Albums, Complete</td>
<td>Special</td>
<td>Special</td>
<td>With Rock</td>
<td>Jazz—Full Hour</td>
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<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Musical Events</td>
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<td>Ulmer as M. C.</td>
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<td>Songs of the Services</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
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<td>Weather Forecast</td>
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<tr>
<td>Music to Read By</td>
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<td>Music to Read By</td>
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AND don’t forget that WHB’s famous “Musical Clock” is still on the job every morning—to get you to work, to school or to play on time—with tuneful wake-up music and the correct time and temperature announcement every five minutes. Listeners throughout the great Kansas City trading area have made it a daily habit to tune in this fine program ever since it began, July 12, 1931. Bruce Grant is your time-keeper.

Then there are all of Mutual’s headliners, too: the Paula Stone Show, “Ladies Fair” with Tom Moore, “Queen for a Day” with Jack Bailey, “Curt Massey Time” with delightful songs and Country Washburn’s fine little orchestra—plus news many times a day. Charles Gray, WHB’s own morning newscaster, brings you Associated Press and local news at 6 a.m., 7 a.m., and noon—followed by Dick Smith at 4:45 p.m.

Saturday is a great day on WHB, too!—with “Cowtown Carnival” added to such old favorites at “Unity Viewpoint” (heard daily at 9 a.m.)—“The Man on the Farm” at noon—and Big Seven Football or “Swing Session” Saturday afternoons. Deb Dyer has a new Talent Show at 1 p.m. Nort Jonathan brings a new feature for the high school crowd at 4:30 p.m., the “Hi Club.” From the stage of World War II Memorial comes the 90-minute “Tidwell Jamboree” every Saturday night—followed by a solid hour of Dixieland Jazz, “Your Date With Dixie.”

Yes, “this fall is the greatest of all on WHB”—and we hope you’ll be with us, at 710 on your Radio dial!

A pretty coed was tripping across the campus when she noticed the handsome athlete approaching with an interested look in his eye.

“Look here,” he said, “you don’t know me, but I’ve seen you around a lot.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed you, too,” she replied with palpitating heart.

“Well, are you doing anything special tonight?” faltered the youth.

“No,” she replied excitedly. “What did you have in mind?”

“I thought maybe you’d be free to sit with our baby while my wife and I go to a movie.”

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
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<th>MONDAY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Sun-Dial Serenade.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Music</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>and Time Signals</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>News</td>
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<td>6:05</td>
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<td>Wings over K. C.</td>
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<td>Sun Dial Serenade.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Bible Study Hour.</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Old Sunday School.</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>How’s Your Health?</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Land of the Free</td>
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The WHB DAYTIME
### PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 5:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
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<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
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<td>News-Weather-Weather-Weather-Weather-Weather</td>
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<td>CLUB 710 The &quot;Top Twenty Tunes&quot;</td>
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**WESTERN MUSIC ROUNDD-UP TIME ON THE WHB RANGE (Listener Contest for Program Title Now in Progress)**

- **Two-and-a-half hours daily—**
- **Big Seven Football**
  - 00:00
  - 00:15
  - 00:30
  - 00:45
- **Big Seven Football with Larry Ray**
  - 05:00
  - 05:15
  - 05:30
  - 05:45
- **Big Seven Football with Larry Ray**
  - 05:00
  - 05:15
  - 05:30
  - 05:45
- **Big Seven Football with Larry Ray**
  - 05:00
  - 05:15
  - 05:30
  - 05:45
- **Hi Club—Swing Session**
  - 00:00
  - 00:15
  - 00:30
  - 00:45
- **Football Finals**
  - 04:00
  - 04:15
  - 04:30
  - 04:45
- **News, Baukbage**
  - 05:00
  - 05:15
  - 05:30
  - 05:45
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!

Out of the Blue

by JOHN CROSBY

UST published by Simon and Schuster is a 300-page edited and selected result of what has one on in John Crosby's mind in the six years during which he has been reviewing radio and television as a daily columnist. The book is called Out of the Blue.

As his readers know, Crosby's is one of the most lively and provocative minds you can find round these days. His book is a virtual biography of American radio and television over the past decade. Many bad programs are described in loving detail because, as Crosby points out, it's much more fun to write about bad programs than good ones. It's also more fun to read about them.

Crosby was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated (and copyrighted) by the New York Herald-Tribune, from which Swing secures Crosby's manuscripts. If you enjoy Crosby in Swing, you'll certainly want his book. "House Without Television" and "One Station City" appearing in this issue were written last summer while Crosby visited his parents in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, "home town" of WHB's Ed Birr.
House Without Television

"LADIES, do you get the jitters when you make pie crusts? Well, new Crisco ends pie crust failure."

"Mothers, to help build strong bodies . . ."

"Now, friends, if you want to enjoy kindly extra flavor coffee, the coffee with the extra flavor . . ."

I'm in a house without a television set, one of the last remaining strongholds of sightless broadcasting. The babble that comes out of the radio is not exactly new or unfamiliar; it's just that I haven't been exposed to it so insistently for quite a while—all those free trial offers, all that hurry, hurry, hurry, do-it-today in those dulcet voices. I've been out of touch with our advertising pitch men and it's nice to get back and listen to all the things I've been missing.

One product, for instance, that's going to give me "radiant new tone," something I could use; another that will make nature work rather than substitute for nature. "Friends, Bisodol quickly relieves . . ." "Friends, here's your opportunity to . . ." "Friends, you can win $10,000 in tax-free prizes . . ." "A wonderful good will offer . . ." "Contains no harsh chemicals . . ." "Friends, prove to yourself . . ." "A brand new pleasing fragrance . . ."

I'm happy to note that the advertiser is still as concerned as ever over my body odors, something he hasn't managed to improve much in all these years. One of the newer advertising wrinkles—new to me, at least, probably old stuff to the rest of you—is an "exciting shampoo test," a form of competition I was unaware of. In this one, a couple of women are asked to examine a babe who has been shampooed on one side by one soap, on the other by an inferior brand, and to decide which side of the girl's noggin looks "more radiantly alive." There was thunderous applause when both girls named the Prell side as infinitely more radiant.

In the middle of all the deodorants, the floor waxes, the soap powders, comes the entertainment, rich, full-bodied and unconditionally guaranteed: "Although her panic increases every day, Helen is determined not to let Aunt Agatha know how frightened she really is." Helen Trent, soap opera heroine, was being shot at by persons unknown. Meanwhile, a couple of witches straight out of Macbeth were plotting her undoing. Things have never been more magnificently horrible for Helen in her long, battle-scarred existence.

On another station was that old veteran of day-time radio—the telephone. "And now for our second telephone call of the day with thirty-five silver dollars in our jackpot. Here's our question. You have thirty seconds to come up with the right answer. In what state did Arbor Day originate . . . What? Oh, that's a shame! But here's a chance to win five silver dollars." This was a new twist. The lady had to know the name of the sponsor's local salesman to win five clams. She knew it, too. The salesman will deliver the five bucks in person and probably sell her twenty-five dollars worth of stuff.

A few kilocycles away a woman with an overwhelmingly refined voice was spouting poesy of the sort I haven't heard much of on radio since the days of Tony Wons:

"There's no feeling in the world that I like so much
As to shake the hand of one who has the friendly touch."

Down the dial a bit an entertainer named Uncle Freddy was shouting: "Happy birthday, youngsters!" to an audience full of moppets. Later he sang a song called: "Oh, No, Little Billy Goat."

"The color and texture of a cold platter are important. Arrange alternate slices of boiled ham and salami for eye appeal," declared a home-making expert vigorously.

In the Ma Perkins household a few stations away, the Pendleton versus Pendleton divorce case finally came to trial with Gladys named as corespondent, and everyone pretty blue about it all. And over on CBS Wendy Warren was telling all the housewives about a device to make life easier for them. It was a grocery store consisting of a gigantic revolving wheel. The shopper stood in one spot and sooner or later everything passed right in front of her. Cuts shopping time in half.

What, I considered, are women going to do with all the time they save? Listen to the radio, I expect. I switched over to Walter O'Keefe, of "Double or Nothing,"
Swing

whose jokes are a never-failing source of wonder. "So you're specializing in mathematics," Mr. O'Keefe was saying. "Is that where you learn to play the angles?"

"Friends, for safe, sure relief no other product can compare . . ."

As I say, it's sure restful to get away from television for a while.

One Man's America

A LISTAIR COOKE, a transplanted Englishman who is now an American citizen, won a Peabody Award, radio's highest prize, for his BBC broadcasts from America, some of which are now available in a book called "One Man's America." They are immensely readable, these little essays on us; they are also a little disheartening because no one in this country is doing anything remotely comparable to these polished, literate, sensible talks.

Mr. Cooke is quite frankly mad for America and writes of his adopted land with an affection more unrestrained than would be possible in a man born here. Because he is English he knows us better than we know ourselves. As he explains it: "If you are a goldfish or if you swim among them long enough, it is impossible to say what are the characteristics of a goldfish. But if somebody claps a mackerel into a goldfish bowl, you can see at once all sorts of things goldfish have and the other things they lack."

That observation is fairly characteristic of his style, which is lucid, dry and urbane, and of the special quality of his mind, which is relaxed and greatly sensible. While he is quite definitely an American apologist, he does not blink at all our little faults. He will admit, for example, that we are a little too obsessed with bathtubs—but he points out that Americans did not complain when they crawled through Japanese jungles or invaded Okinawa. On the celebrated formality of the British he merely comments that no Briton would spend ten minutes with a man and call it being "in conference."

In examining America and writing about it, he has travelled a lot farther than most native Americans. The West, Florida, New England have all been under his feet at various times and have crept into his prose. His piece on Florida would, I imagine, be a revelation even to a Floridian. It is by all odds one of the most thoughtful and penetrating studies of that sun-drenched state I ever read. I'm also immensely fond of his description of Yosemite, "where geography is a combination of Switzerland, Persia and the Day of Judgment."

The book is studded with immensely quotable phrases of that nature. "A field of speculation I should like to graze around in" is the way Mr. Cooke expresses a simple desire to express an opinion. Of the traveller in strange lands, he expresses that universal feeling, "the sudden recognition that it is you, not they, who are foreign." And his summary of his own feeling when he met his first Indian: "I was as tense as High C."

The British who listen to him acquire an education not only about us but also about themselves. For Cooke is not above needling his fellow countrymen about their own peculiarities, sometimes by indirectness. Americans, he will say, "don't believe that whatever is uncomfortable is good for the character"—a clear implication that the British do believe it. He fails to understand British passion for Damon Runyan and scolds them rather severely for it. However, he admits that the British have been right about American authors before, notably about Mark Twain who was taken seriously in Britain long before he was recognized in his own country.

"I always did want to see a television broadcast."
He tells some wonderful stories about us. I particularly like one tale about Hartford, Conn., in 1780 when the skies turned from blue to gray to black, causing a panic. Many folks thought the Day of Judgment was at hand and fell to their knees. The House of Representatives was in session and there were some panicky demands for adjournment. The Speaker of the House, a Colonel Davenport, declared: “The Day of Judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish therefore that candles may be brought.”

Bringing candles is what Mr. Cooke is doing, lighting up our American face so the British can get a good clear look at us. We’re mighty lucky to have so witty and persuasive an apologist telling the British about us. I only wish someone would put Mr. Cooke’s little talks on the air over here. Americans would find them just as illuminating as the British.

**British Thoroughness**

The highest honor was paid by British television to a mythical animal—good old Mickey Mouse. A few hours before the outbreak of World War II, September 1, 1939, British television then serving 23,000 homes, went blank for the duration of the war. Service stopped right in the middle of a Mickey Mouse cartoon. Six and a half years later, in 1946, the British resumed television service right where it left off—in the middle of the Disney cartoon.

**Interview With a Moose Stalker**

Bob and Ray, whose last names are immaterial, irrelevant and probably false, were selling their home taxidermy course the other day on their morning radio show.

“You can be a home bird stuffer, too.”

“Just write STUFFY, NBC.”

“And say . . .”

“I’m strictly for the birds.”

That’s fairly typical of Bob and Ray’s sensational free trial offers which attract a hell of a lot of mail from hopeful listeners who wish they were true. Mostly the boys ask for the mail to be sent to NBC. Sometimes they have it shipped elsewhere, usually with disastrous results. For the Handy Bob and Ray Home Wrecking Kit, we were advised to write the Smithsonian Institute, which got 1,000 letters asking for it. The Smithsonian has requested, boys, for heaven’s sake, don’t do it again. (The home wrecking kit, if you still want one, contains house-wrecking tools, 200 termites, a trained live mouse, a “condemned” sign to hang outside it and a guarantee to make your ugly new house over into a smart antiquated barn within two weeks.)

At various other times the two zanies have offered to give away any state (except Rhode Island) to the winner of the contest “I’d like to own a state because . . .” Then there was the time they offered sweaters with “O” on them.

“If your name doesn’t begin with ‘O’ we can have it legally changed for you.

“Sweaters come in two styles—turtle neck or V-neck. State what kind of neck you have.”

Always there are these two deadpan voices, expounding on these great free trial offers in the language of pure radio cliche. Few people have so keen an ear for the most tired phrase, and no one can make such complete nonsense out of the messages that assault us on radio every day.

Once they were giving away a ranch home,

“Box hedges made of real boxes.”

“Breezeways—complete with breezes.”

“Deep freeze lockers deep enough to accommodate a family of four.”

They have cheerfully offered to give away a twenty-five foot shelf of fake books (with room for tennis rackets under Tennyson), a ten-day course in how to become a ninety-seven-pound weakling, untinted sun glasses for cloudy days, and—oh yes—a get-away car (“a must for anyone who’s ever had to make a fast get-away”).

The windows on the get-away car were made of glass six inches thick and, since you couldn’t see through them, you drove by radar. It had a number of other features—a 20-millimeter cannon mounted right below the Kleenex dispenser, a complete set of hot tires and a back seat divided into neat compartments for cash. Plenty of room to stack tens, twenties, fifties and

(Continued on page 348)
OUR POLITICS
From what fertile brain did the boy

by
PAUL V. R. HOYRSADT

ALONG with the excitement and tumult of a Presidential election, there is one thing Americans can always count on. Once again the Republican elephant and Democratic donkey are parading through the newspapers! As everybody is aware, cartoonists do not miss a chance to represent these party symbols in either the most favorable or absurd light, appealing to the voter’s pride, or tickling his sense of humor.

Out of whose clever brain did the elephant and the donkey spring in the first place? Both emblems, along with the Tammany Tiger, were the inspiration of one man—Thomas Nast—the father of American political cartooning. For years his drawings in Harper’s Weekly influenced public political thought, even decided the futures of men in public life. Since his day, satirical artists have never been allowed, nor seemed to wish to drop his two most famous animals.

Nast was brought to this country from Germany in 1846, when he was but six years old. His father was a musician, and played in orchestras and bands in and around New York City. But a present of some crayons took away any notion the boy might have nurtured of learning to play the big tuba; even grammar school subjects became boring in the intensity of the desire to draw. All young Tom wanted to do was draw. He did it by the hour.

When he was only fifteen, Nast had progressed so well that he caught the attention of magazine publisher, Frank Leslie, and was put to work drawing for his Illustrated Newspaper at four dollars a week. And so began a long and absorbing career. Nast was still under twenty when he was given orders to go up into the Adirondacks to make sketches of the burial of John Brown, the Abolitionist, whose body had been brought back from Harper’s Ferry.

Reportorial art came so easily to Thomas Nast that this first endeavor won him an assignment to England with the New York Illustrated News, and from there as artist correspondent in Garibaldi’s civil war campaign in Italy, from where the young draftsman contributed to American, English and French publications, and won particular acclaim for his work in Harper’s Weekly.

Once back in the United States, Nast threw himself, heart and soul, into the Union cause in our own Civil War. His brilliant pen had never been so active. There was a steady stream of Lincoln pictures and fighting scenes, drawn on the battlefields. His new connection with Harper’s gave his drawings a nation-wide
ITICAL ZOO

Did the party symbols spring?

showing, and since he lashed out savagely at the South and the slaveholders, it is no wonder Lincoln referred to Nast as “... our best recruiting sergeant.”

It was in the angry Reconstruction period that the donkey was introduced as a symbol of “Copperhead” Democrats. It certainly was not used in any complimentary sense. The G.O.P. elephant did not appear until several years later. By its very size, it was meant to show how massive and overwhelming was the Republican vote.

If Lincoln had been Nast’s early idol, Grant was equally so in later years. When the Union leader won the Presidency twice at the polls, he declared that Sheridan’s sword and Nast’s pencil had made victory possible. The cartoonist was so devoted to his soldier-hero that he put all his savings in the investment firm which the ex-President later headed, and lost everything when it collapsed.

Probably Nast’s greatest triumph was over the corrupt ring, headed by “Boss Tweed” in New York City. The tiger which has stood as a symbol of Tammany to this day was copied off Tweed’s big red fire engine. Week after week the caustic drawings came out, stirring up indignation against the grafters. Tweed was finally convicted and sent to prison.

The savage humor that Nast sometimes utilized might have led some readers to think of him as a hard and gruff man. They could have had no greater misconception. In his pleasant home at Morristown, New Jersey, with his family, no kinder, more devoted father and husband ever existed.

It is pleasant to remember that there was one young man who had closely followed Nast’s battles against dishonesty with hearty approval, a young man who had himself fought a hard battle in early life, and who was to attain the highest office in the land. The two became good friends, and as the years passed, and the magazine editors demanded more delicate and subtle humor than Nast seemed capable of turning out—as his following and his employment fell off, the cartoonist found his friend’s benevolence a cure for his empty purse. Nast was appointed Consul General to Guayaquil, Equador, and, although he was to die there, of yellow fever in his sixty-second year of life, he valued as his greatest possession the friendship of Theodore Roosevelt.
(Continued from page 345)

C-notes and still have lots of space for the baby.
When they're not giving things away, they're satirizing about every other type of voice you will ever hear on the air. There is Mary McGoan, for example, who gives tips on—I believe the phrase is—home-making.

"No, friends, beer should not be served in fingerbowls. For quiet elegance serve it in demi-tasse cups."

Their interviews are classics which should give pause to everyone in the interview racket—uh—profession. They have a nice one with a real stupid ballplayer named Dazzy Very. "I'd like to fire away."

—"Well, fire away."—"The real lowdown from behind the scenes. Well, you've caught about every pitcher in the major leagues. Who would you say was the best, Dazzy."—"I'd say they were all good. I couldn't single one out. If they're pitchers in the major leagues, they've got it."—

"Make a note of that, sports fans." Sounds like all the sports figures I ever heard interviewed.

Once they—well, one of them—interviewed a moose-stalker. "What do you do exactly?"

"I stalk moose. I follow 'em and take notes."

"Why?"

"I do it for the S.P.C.M. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Meese."—"Isn't it dangerous?"

"Oh, no-o-o-o! I wouldn't hurt a moose! I'm gentle."

"I mean for you—isn't it dangerous."

"Well, it's funny you're asking me that. Just the other day a moose started to stalk me!"

"What happened?"

"We mixed it up a bit. I got moose-handled."

Mostly, it's what you call switch humor—take a cliche and turn it upside down—but it has more genuine observation and imagination and wicked speed than anyone in the business just now.

Two for the Money

Had lunch one June day with Fred Allen at the usual spot in the Hotel Plaza, a hotel whose architecture and mood are terribly appropriate to Mr. Allen's baroque point of view. He ordered watermelon. "You've changed," I said. "It used to be a lettuce leaf."

"I used to have the chef's salad but I no longer trust the chef," declared Allen, whose diet would starve a canary. "He started sneaking in cheese and ham."

Allen has recently returned from Hollywood, where he made two pictures. Or rather, he made episodes from two pictures. The episodic picture, which is three or four separate plots rather than just one, is a big thing in Hollywood just now. Allen was in a picture with Marilyn Monroe and he never met her. In fact, he never met anyone except Ginger Rogers who plays opposite him. The pair play a husband and wife radio team, who get married only because that's the only way they can get the job. They have loathed each other ever since.

"I was in another episodic picture with a lot of people. I met Oscar Levant and a bear." This was a collection of five O. Henry stories. "There was a cat in one of the pictures. He was a big star in another picture. In our picture he had a bit part, just sleeping. It shows that failure in Hollywood is not confined to humans."

Mr. Allen has been felled several times by television but will try again in the fall with a quiz show called "Two For the Money" in which he will, it is devoutly hoped, be as successful as Groucho Marx, who is in pretty much the same line of work. "That's an apt title, 'Two For the Money,' for a Goodson-Todman production," I suggested. "They've got all the money in the world."

"This will be their tenth show on television," Allen remarked gloomily. "But of course they're all inexpensive shows. I asked them if 'The Name's the Same' was going off for the summer and they said no, the summer replacement would cost more."

He brooded a bit, masticating watermelon. "This (television) is not an instrument of wit. It's all physical. Jackie Gleason, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar. The man who is doing more for the spoken word than anyone else is Monsignor Sheen. He's the first man to stand up and simply talk."

"Some of the jokes he tells," said another man. "The laughs!"
"Well," said Allen, "you tell a joke differently from the pulpit than you do from on stage. I'd like to put him in the Copacabana with that routine. He'd die." I sat there, trying to contemplate Monsignor Sheen in the Copa. Reason tottered.

"This is your first picture in seven years?" I inquired. "How did you get into pictures? You've been in some awfully bad pictures."

"Nunnally Johnson first took me to Hollywood," said that celebrated nasal, enormously descriptive voice. "He was tired of looking at Ned Sparks. He heard me on radio and thought I had the proper inflections. But no one had seen me, so Twentieth Century-Fox sent people east. Their mission was to look at me. They looked at me."

Allen was asked to go to Chicago to do commentary on the Republican and Democratic Conventions. He said no. "I've had a heart attack. All that heat and noise and confusion. It'd be an awful strain. I'm not taking chances like that. For what?"

For some reason I disremember, we fell to discussing the old days. "Things never get back to normal," said Mr. Allen sardonically. "Prosperity was just around the corner. It never turned the corner. Lucky Strike green went to war. It never came back. Taxes were put on Pullman car reservations as an emergency measure. They were never repealed."

The conversation drifted here and there a moment or two. Then someone—not me—brought up Arthur Godfrey, a personality who is not overwhelmingly popular with Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen rumbled ominously. "I defy anyone to quote anything Godfrey ever said—including what he said ten minutes ago."

**Terrible Shock**

Mr. DAVE GARROWAY is still a man entranced with odd facts which he likes to pass on to you and me. "Girls learn to tell lies earlier than boys do," he revealed the other day. Two years earlier. It's a useful bit of information to have on you. Lots of men never learn that girls tell lies at all, and this revelation that they do it awfully young will come as a terrible shock to them.

**Mr. Crosby Makes His Bow**

BING CROSBY, that very relaxed man, took his time, plenty of time. For the last three or four years he has been asking questions about television of everyone who knew anything about it. His own opinions on the subject remained strictly his own. So far as I know he wasn't passing them around. Meantime, he stayed away. While everyone from Shakespeare to Helen Hayes was getting into the act, Crosby stayed out.

Until last June. Then, teamed up with Bob Hope, he made his debut on the fourteen-and-a-half-hour telethon for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. I thought he was terrific. It's difficult to assess the Crosby charm with any degree of coherence but I'll try. For one thing there is a large measure of intelligence mixed up in it. In talking to athletes or to Avery Brundage or to Bill Corum or to Walter Pidgeon, Crosby always seemed to know the score a little better than they did.

This lad never makes a wrong move. When Mr. Hope expressed dissatisfaction with the way the money was coming in (a bit of querulousness that didn't sit too well with just all the listeners), Mr. Crosby made it clear that it was Mr. Hope not himself who was irked. And when Martin & Lewis, a couple of real rough customers, tore in, Mr. Crosby very quickly and quietly got lost. His own casual style can cope with anything except those zanies so he just didn't try. When the noise abated and the two perpetrators had disappeared, he strolled out: "Is Operation Pandemonium all over? I sat it out in the bomb shelter." That disposed of them.

Mostly Crosby and Mr. Hope, who was being much funnier than usual, just read the names of contributors off sheets of paper. It doesn't sound like much and it wasn't; still, to have held so great an audience with so simple a routine for so extended a period is a type of genius of some sort. Crosby wandered on and off camera unexpectedly, and while the other entertainers had to be shooed away, he gave the customers less rather than more than they expected—which is a good trick if you can do it. Considering the fact that he was on for all that time, he sang almost
nothing—which is another good trick if a singer can get away with it.

The telethon form of entertainment is a bit wearing for my personal taste and I'm ashamed to say I neglected Mr. Berle's last one entirely. I did catch quite a lot of Martin & Lewis's long distance derby and enjoyed it. But none of them, I thought, quite came up to this one—simply because Mr. Crosby and Mr. Hope had a whale of a lot of talent on their hands. The oldest routines were the best. I'm very partial to Abbott and Costello's "Who's on first" which never fails to kill me; I'm very fond of Gracie Allen's and George Burns's little bit: "He's my brother by marriage."—"Your brother isn't married."—"No, but my mother and father are." I'll even forgive Mr. Hope's time-honored "When the blue of the night meets the gold of his pot." All these—and many more—were in there.

In addition there were some rich shots of Mr. Sinatra doing rather badly in face of the competition, of Cass Dailey, who was wonderful, and of Bill Corum, who held his own, no easy thing. A trio with Crosby, Hope and Ezio Pinza singing "Doodle-De-Doo" was pretty dreadful. And Mr. Hope's ad libs—to Crosby, "Who made you up—Madame Tussaud?" to a bearded Jackie Coogan, "Hello, Orson," and in helpless exasperation to everyone in general when the tote board kept the same figure for about twenty minutes, "Is someone going in business for himself?"—were all very funny. Even Bing blowing the lines on one of his old classics "Million Dollar Baby" had an antique charm all its own.

The two old pros did very, very well, leading to the suspicion that they ought just to wander out and talk rather than submit to the ministrations of gagwriters. There were about a million others on the telethon and I have a jotting or two on all of them. Zsa Zsa Gabor, I thought, may easily be the most beautiful woman in the land. Walter Pidgeon had best consult the makeup department before going on TV the next time; he came as an awful shock. Phil Harris looked and sounded just like someone impersonating Phil Harris and doing it very well. Production and what must have seemed like direction to somebody were perfectly dreadful. Considering that the show hit sixty-four cities and had millions of listeners, it seems a shame. If they get half of the $1,000,000 pledged, they'll be lucky but that's still something to shout about.

**Here's Prunes in Your Teeth**

My Madison Avenue etymologist, who has been assigned the task of keeping abreast of the English language employed by the ad people, blew in the other day, his brief case bulging.

"Let's pressure-cook it," he announced cheerily.

He had me there for a moment. I haven't been around the Madison Avenue crowd for awhile. "I'm soft as a grape," I murmured. "Throw me the spell-out. In short—what the hell do you mean: 'Let's pressure-cook it'?

"I mean let's play house with it," he said, opening his brief case, which spilled metaphors in all directions. "The prose situation on the Avenue has firmed up since last we met. Let's try it on for size, shall we?"

"Let's what?"

"You are soft. Word-wise, you're not tuned in on my antenna. Get with it, lad! Get the egg off your face, or you'll be caught off first base without a paddle."

"Update me, big boy," I murmured. "Give me the new wrinkle on the pitch. I'm way down wind."

"Okay, crowd in," he said, picking up a sheaf of papers from the brief case. "I'll pitch up a few soft mashie shots to see if you're anywhere near the green." He pulled out a document. "This is an actual letter that went out from an ad agency the other day. See what you can make of it:

"You are absolutely right about how it figures—TV is pricing itself right out of the market. What frosts us is that this is happening just when it is positively sensational, client-wise, especially with the top brass.

"Price-wise trouble isn't the only grief either. The only way you can go home with your skin on is to buy the stuff packaged and then if you get it from the webs, you may have clearance trouble and the thing may turn out to be a turkey. It isn't just the kines are washed out but all those..."
D.B.'s mean that you are in lousy slots. So what chance is there to explode the market?"

I took a deep breath. After all, you mustn't concede easily. "It doesn't quite jell with me," I said. "When you glimpse the over-all picture, you must realize there are certain rock-bottom slants which have to be considered before the final wrap-up." I paused for station identification. "How am I doing?"

"Just fair! Just fair," he said. "The trouble with you is that you are still too definite. You wouldn't last an hour on Madison Avenue even if they took the busses off it. If you're going to talk even reasonably respectable ad agency English, you have to ride with the punches; you got to housebreak it for the top brass; you have to hit 'em where they live."

"I'll buy that," I exclaimed. "Housebreak it? That's a new one—and a very good one. How do you housebreak an idea?"

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world. You kick it around. You take a reading of the general situation to be sure that the whole picture hasn't changed. You gather the gang and spitball until the wrinkles are ironed out. You motherhen it. You talk off the top of your head and the bottom of your pants. In short, you finalize it. By that time it's so thoroughly housebroken its mother wouldn't recognize it."

He picked out another paper. "Oh, one other thing—protein. That's the new word. The format has to have enough protein to stand by itself. If you've got enough protein, if you've figured the angles, and checked the trade, you're in the clear. Otherwise, you're in left field with prunes in your teeth."

My friend Jim Mainwaring and I were kicking it around the other day, just seeing how far we could make it go. "Television," said Jim, "is pricing itself out of the market." That's as good as any to start with, an ad agency truism that has seen good service and yet is as up to date as "Variety" where it has been kicked around pretty thoroughly.

"You mean, money-wise, the whole picture has changed?" I inquired.

"You're tuned in on my antenna," said Jim who knows every agency cliche in the book. "Only it's not money-wise this season. It's dollar-wise."

"Dollar-wise, then, the whole picture has changed."

"Dollar-wise and agency-wise and copy-wise and talent-wise," said Jim, warming to his task, "television is pricing itself out of the market."

"How do you know?" I asked him. "The precincts aren't all in. You're sitting around Ad Alley thinking that outside New York it's all Jersey. You gotta check the trade and get out in the field. Or else you're talking to yourself. You're not tuned in on my antenna."

"You mean, it doesn't jell with you?" asked Jim.

"I mean I won't buy it."

"Well then," said Jim, who is an expert at the Machiavellian maneuver. "Well then, let's spin the compass and see where we're at."

Right away, I saw what he was up to. And he was.

"The ball's in your court now," said Jim firmly.

I toyed with it awhile, not knowing whether to run with it or kick.

"Let's start from the top," I said cautiously. "If television is pricing itself out of the market, then the big play goes back to radio."

"It figures."

"It figures?" This was high praise from Jim. "You mean I'm tuned in on your antenna?"

"Well," said Jim cautiously, "not quite. Let's take this ball of wax and motherhen it. Let's woodshed it. Let's iron the bugs out of it."

The ball was back in his court now. "Okay," I said, "let's do all of those things. Let's think on our feet, shall we? Let's put wheels on it."

"Well," said Jim, venting a new expression that doesn't quite know its way around yet, "I'm allowed one crazy idea a month and this is it. If you'll just let me run off at the mouth a bit."

"Go ahead, big boy, fill me in."

"Well, I was talking to a guy on a plane from Cincinnati—I realize this is..."
just a one-man survey—and he updated me on a couple of gimmicks he’s got on the hopper.

“New wrinkles on his pitch, eh?”
“Yeah, but he hasn’t quite cleared it with the top brass. So I hope you’re soundproof.”
“I’m deaf and dumb. Update me, big boy.”

Jim lowered his voice to a whisper. “He says dollar-wise the Big Act has got to go co-op. That’s straight from the upper echelons. Of course, plans haven’t been finalized yet.”

“You mean they haven’t covered all the bases?”
“No, but he’s trying to get the client to firm up. It’s just possible he may put the wrap-up on it next week. You think it figures?”

“Well, I can only call ‘em as I see ‘em and I’d like to have the research department dig out the facts and take a good look at the numbers before I make a firm commitment but—just thinking on my feet here—I’d say it comes off, though not perhaps from every angle or when the overall picture is considered.”

“Good boy,” said Jim with admiration. “That’s one of the most beautifully qualified statements I ever heard. You really hit me where I live.”

Through the Enchanted Gate

One of the boldest experiments in progressive education on television is WNBT’s “Through the Enchanted Gate.” This was a series of art programs for children produced by WNBT with the cooperation of the Museum of Modern Art in which children from three to ten years old were allowed and encouraged to express themselves in paint and clay and also in such odd and unorthodox materials as paper and bits of yarn and cardboard.

“Children need to say what they think and feel in their own way,” explained Victor d’Amico, producer of the program, who is director of the department of education at the Museum. “If adults impose their own ideas on the child, he will lose confidence in himself. Copying, color books and other devices that encourage imitation destroy the child’s power to create. Your child’s work may seem crude and imma-
ture, yet it is highly expressive and personal because it is an interpretation of what he feels and knows rather than an exact representation of the way things look.”

That’s the philosophy of the show and in support of it, the children—some awful cute youngsters—are told to make feelie pictures (pictures which appeal to the tactile sense out of papers and textile), to paint how they feel inside, or to paint, let us say, what noises sound like. Because they are children, they tackle these unlikely chores with a complete absence of self-consciousness. It’s only the adults on the show who lapse occasionally into self-consciousness while trying to get through the enchanted gate with the children.

You never know how deep a child has ventured into the world of fantasy and it’s best not to try to guess. One of the adult assistants on the program, for example, picked up a lion that one of the children had moulded in clay. “Should I be afraid of this lion?” she asked—and was promptly rebuked by the child who said: “It’s not a real lion. It’s only a pretend lion.”

Children, as even Milton Berle long ago discovered, are the most photogenic things on television (with the possible exception of racehorses) and they are at their best when they are doing something fairly reasonable for their age group. In other words, they should be doing something besides an imitation of Eddie Cantor. And while the busy fingers were painting the sound of a loud noise, Ben Grauer, who was narrator and general handyman on the program, told us something about them—about Peter who wanted to be a clown, about Ellie Ann who liked to cook and play ball with the gang.

The program was designed for the edification both of children and of parents. The children at home were encouraged by Mr. d’Amico to make their own feelie pictures or clay statues. WNBT even put out a little booklet showing what materials would be needed each week so the kids could have the proper ones on hand. And at the end Mr. Grauer advised them gently to wash their hands, to put away the clay paints and restore order to the living room.

For the adults, there was a good deal
of advice from Mr. d'Amico. On the subject of talent, for example: "I wish we'd forget about talented children. Talent does them no good. It just isolates them from other children."

Or on the subject of clay: "It is really significant what happens to children who play with clay. They're expressing their feeling for form and space. We've known for generations children had these feelings but we didn't know how important it was. For generations children have played with blocks—developing an over-all sense, an organic sense. The children are also developing their tastes."

Meanwhile, the children are doing all this development in front of your eyes and presumably your own small fry are, too. This is what I would like to think of as genuine television in two senses. In the first, the children are doing something rather than pretending to be something which is the nature of most television. In the second place, it asks for participation by the home audience rather than passive acceptance. How many children take them up on it I have no way of knowing—but at least the offer is there.

There should be more of this kind of television which makes demands on us and especially makes demands on the children whose imaginations are in danger of being throttled rather than stimulated by TV.

The Hollywood Drift

If television is to wind up 70 per cent on film (as the ad agencies devoutly hope it will), if Hollywood is to dominate the production of these films (as it rather looks that it will), it might be wise to examine the nature of the product that is going to be inflicted on us.

There are about a dozen different types of TV filmed series, ranging in quality from "Boston Blackie" which is fairly close to the nadir if ever I saw a nadir to "I Love Lucy" which is about the most popular TV show on the air and is a very funny comedy show. Between the two, though, there is not only a world of difference in quality but a world of difference in technique.

"Boston Blackie," a Ziv Television production, is a straight movie as we generally understand the term. Shot at Ziv's Hollywood studio which has flexible sets, revolving stages, trained crews standing around to remodel a set the minute work is finished on it, a "Boston Blackie" drama is shot in bits and pieces like any movie. Unlike any good movie, though, the Ziv dramatic films are triumphs of cost accounting over art. The Ziv lot is on a mass production basis, which is the only way movie techniques can be made to fit into the relatively small television budgets.

"I Love Lucy," on the other hand, is not a movie in the ordinary sense at all. It is a combination of radio, movie, television and the stage all rolled into one. It is a film of a live comedy rather than a motion picture. The difference is that it has an audience and a beginning, a middle, and an end. The cast rehearses on permanent sets. On shooting day, it rehearses all day long. At 7 p.m. an audience files in and sees the show—not shot as is a movie in short takes—but in three or four long takes (on three cameras simultaneously) like long scenes of a play.

By using an audience and by keeping a coherent story line, the cast of "I Love Lucy" knows where it is going. The show has spontaneity and it has, in a very real sense, acting. The other type of filmed show like "The Unexpected," "Boston Blackie" and about a score of other filmed series now belting around the TV circuits, seem to be lifeless affairs with no emotional content at all. Why? My theory is that these are movie-trained actors who are employing techniques that simply won't work on a mass production basis.

The know-how of which Hollywood is so proud is a perfectionist technique. It works fine for "A" pictures where, if you can get two minutes of completed picture in the can, you've done a good day's work. The system requires fine direction and endless time and money for retakes. But the TV film producers haven't the fine directors or the time and the money. Consequently, the very techniques which contributed so much to the polish and perfection of major movies are turning out appalling television shows.

In contrast to the deadness of the filmed shows, any live show—"Suspense," "Danger," "Martin Kane," "Lights Out" all have vitality and an air of intelligence. A
recent "Martin Kane" show, which God
knows, could hardly be confused with
great art, contained, at least, a lot of
flavorsome characters who were compe-
tently written and pungently acted, some
ing interesting camera shots and an air of
authority. Again it is my theory that at
least part of the reason lies in the fact that
the cast is "acting," in the true sense of
the word, a coherent story in front of what
it very well knows is a large audience. Live
television has (for lack of a better word)
immediacy which communicates itself to the
cast and to those of us at home.

If you can’t have this immediacy, the
next best thing is to simulate it as is done
with "I Love Lucy." That doesn’t mean
all Hollywood or filmed operations are
bad. "Dragnet" and "Foreign Intrigue"
are both films and both are, in different
ways, excellent. Also—and this seems
to make a big difference—both are almost
one-man operations. "Foreign Intrigue" is
written, directed and produced by Sheldon
Reynolds in Europe—far away from the
pressures of the ad agency folk or the
mediocrities of Hollywood. "Dragnet" is
filmed in Los Angeles but it is under the
direction and production of Jack Webb
(who is also its leading player) and Webb,
by applying a documentary approach of
strict realism both to the writing and film-
ing of the show, avoids the stereotyped
acting and vulgarity of story line prevalent
in the other filmed TV shows.

The drift to Hollywood is continuing
and can hardly be halted. So far its effect
has been disheartening. In spite of the
very great reservoir of real talent that
exists out there, Hollywood’s general effect
has been toward the mediocrization of
everything it has got its hands on.

Example

The Dennis Day jokes are assuming the
immutable, unchanging outlines of the
Jack Benny jokes. "That’s my mother over
there—Mrs. Day. She was named after my
father." I think the best Dennis Day joke
I ever heard came on Mr. Benny’s radio
show and went like this.

Day: (Running into his house) Mother!
Mother!
Man’s voice: Your mother isn’t here.
Day: Who are you?
Man’s voice: Your father.

It Needs Editing

The Republican Convention revealed
television’s basic strength and also its
basic and fundamental weaknesses. As
journalism, television is stenographic; it’s
altogether too complete; it lacks editing.

This is a great asset in certain instances,
notably the Puerto Rico insurrection
which brought down the tense, over-
wrought house on Wednesday night. The
same story in print in the papers the next
day seemed flat and lifeless; you had to
watch it happen to appreciate it. On the
other hand, the prose of some of the
malevolent lady Republicans who occupied
the screens from time to time—oratory
which any sane newspaper man would toss
out—made you wonder if all this technical
accomplishment was worth the effort.

Television has acquired the facilities and
the know-how for concise and intelligent
editing. But it lacks the courage. It feels
that it shouldn’t leave the speaker or the
floor or the official proceedings in favor
of its own interpretations. It still lacks
complete confidence in its own judgment.
And this is a mistake. The network which talked the most, which did the most editing, was CBS, and the early Hooper ratings indicate that it got the biggest audience in those cities where it had competition from the other networks.

There has been a lot of malarkey written—some of it by me—to the effect that the searching eye of the camera would drastically revise convention procedures, that it would shorten the speeches, restrict the amount of oratory, and modify the demonstrations. Well, it hasn't. A good many of the speeches were just as dull as they were in 1948, conceivably dumber, and they certainly weren't any shorter. The fact is that conventions are traditional affairs as resistant to change as human nature.

Those of us who clustered around the cameras during the 1948 conventions when television was theoretically in its swaddling clothes have noticed very little difference in the end product—which is to say, what you actually see on the screen. The difference in physical plant is vast. There are more cameras, more commentators, more everything; but you can use only so much of it on the air. CBS once set up five different shows in five different parts of town, each with its own camera and crew, and didn't use any of it. All the people here are obsessed with their own technical opulence at the expense of editorial significance.

Television's great gift is the ability to transmit, not only pictures and information, but also the passions of the moment—the humor, the anger, the exasperations. Sometimes it does this a little too well. One night the cameras dwelt on a lady Taft enthusiast, beating her palms together remorselessly, inflexibly, endlessly, and—it appeared—hopelessly. It was a great shot and the director kept coming back to it. This was fine television, but I'm sure the lady had no idea she was on screen and wouldn't have behaved just like that if she had. A great many other close-ups maligned the participants so thoroughly that you wondered if the Democrats weren't running the cameras. This is an invasion of privacy which is carefully avoided at, say, a ball game but is hard to avoid at a convention where a lot of over-eager and very skillful cameramen can make monkeys out of you at 100 paces.

This was television's convention all right, but radio was still here and did a wonderful job. In fact, CBS's Bob Trout was deluged with wires from people who said they were looking at the picture on television but following the audio on radio. Radio seemed to be able to stick with the story longer, to follow it more coherently. Radio (and TV, too) stuck with the convention where in previous years they would, during dull stretches, have cut back to studio programs.

This is largely because the conventions are sponsored anyhow. Despite sponsorship, the networks probably all lost money. They had to cancel far more commercial shows than they thought necessary, paid hundreds of technicians vast quantities of overtime and spent money like water. "Variety" estimated the Republican convention, sponsorship included, still cost the networks $3,000,000, a figure which seems a little high.

The Democrats went to Chicago more television-conscious by far than the Republicans. After all, they'd spent a week watching the Republicans on their home screens and they were full of overweening confidence that they could do it better. But they didn't. At each seat was a little sign admonishing the delegate that 140,000,000 eyes were on him—an incredibly overblown statement—and for God's sake be careful. But they weren't. The Democrats were infinitely ruder in public to their own speakers than the Republicans.

They visited around, kept up a steady hum of chatter and pretty well ignored their speakers to such degree that India Edwards and Sam Rayburn had to plead for some semblance of attention. This lack of interest in the delegates was pretty well matched by those of us at home. For most of their convention, the Democrats laid an egg. They had no such dramatic division as the two-chariot race between Eisenhower and Taft, no such gripping issue as the stolen delegates.

"I'm sure you're all sitting on the edges of your chairs at home," said Lowell Thomas, giving a little televised essay on CBS's magnificent coverage. He then
showed us around the CBS sector and did a fine job of explaining how it was all done. But I doubt that anyone was sitting on the edge of his chair. Fact is, the interest in television was pretty disappointing. The Republican convention, which was more consistently interesting because more fraught with controversy, attracted a night-time rating of only 36 in New York. That's terrible. Milton Berle, "I Love Lucy" and a lot of other things do much better than that on a single network.

You can hardly blame the networks for this (apart from an excessive timidity about breaking into long speeches with comment which was generally infinitely more interesting and informative). The convention procedures themselves ought to be sharply modified, the speeches ought to be shorter, there should be fewer of them. Old-line politicians, I suppose, will scream bloody murder at such amputation. When they do, I suggest someone remind them that the endless, meaningless demonstrations, the long swatches of oratory succeeded in driving 64 of every 100 set owners in New York to turning off their sets during prime evening time against no competition on other TV stations. Nothing will dry up these stagestruck windbags faster than to tell them they're losing their audience.

**Not Yet—And Never?**

Television is a four-way, all-weather electronic miracle, all right, but it hasn't reformed or to any degree elevated the standards of any politicians yet. It may help defeat some. It sure hasn't changed them. It's my bet that it won't.

**Moon Over Abe Burrows**

The popular song dodge is certainly being exploited in all directions. Every time you turn around, there is a movie at your elbow celebrating the life and hard times of some obscure character who wrote—they're scraping the bottom of the barrel now—"Put a Candle in the Window, Mother. We're Riding Late Tonight."

I've been waiting for them to get around to Abe Burrows, the celebrated author of "If You Were the Only Girl in the World, All Right, But Right Now Leave Me Alone." That one I'm waiting to see. I was sitting in a little sidewalk café on the Champs Elysees when Burrows wrote—on the back of the menu—his masterpiece "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes" which contains those immortal lines "What makes her different? It's the way she walks, the way she talks." His heart was breaking, as is customary in these matters. The girl with the three blue eyes had just left him for a four-toed sloth who drew sidewalk pictures in Montmartre. Lousy pictures, too.

Gads, the drama of Burrows' life! I recall vividly another great occasion in his career. We were at another sidewalk café farther north where our credit was better—me one side taking notes, Toulouse-Lautrec on the other sketching the great scene—when Burrows reached for another menu and penned that song that went around the world—"I'm Dancing With Tears in My Eyes Cause the Girl in My Arms Stole My Watch." You can imagine what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will do with that one. The way they'll do it, technicolor and all, it'll be the watch his mother gave him. Actually, he won it from her legitimately in a crap game.

We'll just have to wait for Burrows' life and it can't be much longer. Hollywood has done Mozart and Cole Porter. Ed Sullivan has done Rodgers and Hammerstein. Who else is left?

Just how bare the cupboard is was illustrated by Ed Sullivan who is doing the story of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers or, as it is known, ASCAP. That gives Sullivan a whole grab-bag of composers—thousands of them—and about a million songs to play with. It was a fine sentimental show last week, and I for one had a tear in one eye throughout. No, just one eye. The other one was working.

Sullivan's short history of ASCAP, comprising virtually every composer since Victor Herbert, in which he limned the greatness of the organization took me back to the mid '30s. Then CBS (which broadcast the Sullivan show) was leading the fight against ASCAP which wanted a little more money for its songs. Ah me! How well I remember! Then ASCAP was depicted by some very skillful CBS publicists as a dirty capitalistic monopoly preying on the poor little networks who were
barely eking out an existence on their miserable four or five hundred million dollar a year income. And here was Sullivan lavishing large praise over CBS for ASCAP's great public service. Well, times change.

It was a fine show. Sullivan started by displaying the wallet found on Stephen Foster when he died. The wallet contained Foster's fortune—thirty-eight cents. No, they didn't have the original thirty-eight cents. Someone slipped up there. The bulk of the show consisted of composers—a good many of whom you thought were dead—singing their own songs. There was Jack Norworth, who now looks a little like Harry Truman, singing those great old songs he wrote, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Shine On, Harvest Moon."

Harry Tierney sang "Alice Blue Gown"; Maude Jerome, who is getting on in years, sang "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and did a soft shoe dance, too; Geoffrey O'Hara, the white-thatched composer of "K-K-K-Katy," who claims to be the only man alive who knows the verse to that song, sang both verse and chorus; Ernie Burnett sang "Melancholy Baby" and so on. All of them confirmed an old theory of mine—that composers shouldn't sing except privately—a conclusion I reached watching Irving Berlin wrestle with "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

The only composer I ever heard who could sing passably was Harold Arlen. Well, Arlen was one of the feature attractions and he ran through bits of his great hits, "I've Got the World By a String," "I Love a Parade," "Let's Fall in Love," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," "My Mamma Done Tole Me," "Stormy Weather," "Over the Rainbow" and "Old Black Magic." But even Arlen wasn't in good voice that night.

Still, they're all great songs and fun to hear even in the cracked tones of their ancient composers. CBS unveiled some pretty fancy camera tricks—showing dancers about the size of dolls dancing on the grand pianos while the composers played and sang. But it was the composers' show, and I'm especially happy that CBS has got around to saying nice things about them. At least, until the next ASCAP contract comes up for renewal. Then the composers again will be referred to as thieves, swindlers and robbers of orphans.

The Smartest Horse

W H A T E V E R else you may think about Roy Rogers—and I'm sure you all harbor opinions—you can't accuse him of false modesty. He bills himself as "king of the cowboys," a sweeping claim which, I imagine, would be seriously contested by the Hopalong crowd. His wife, Dale Evans, who co-stars with him, is listed simply as "queen of the westerns," his horse Trigger is billed as "the smartest horse in the movies" and his German shepherd is labeled "the wonder dog."

Against a combination like that no outlaw has a chance, though they keep trying. Nothing stimulates me quite so much as watching a bad man try to match wits with "the smartest horse in the movies." Or, for that matter with "the wonder dog," who may, for all I know, be the smartest dog in the movies. Of course, outwitting Roy Rogers is not especially difficult. Mr. Rogers is constantly stumbling into one ambush after another. I'm doubtful that he'd have lasted a week in the cow country without Trigger and Bullet. They—the animals—supply the brains in this operation. Mr. Rogers is strictly for muscles.

The Rogers show differs from Hopalong in that these half hour films are made especially for television. (Hopalong's are usually old movie films.) This means Mr. Rogers deals more intimately with the gentlemen of the advertising industry, which has a corruptive effect even on cowpokes who had hitherto been considered too stupid to be corruptible. Mr. Rogers, when not being rescued by his horse from the consequences of his own dumbness, is not above advising our whelps to gorge themselves on Post Toasties which by some freakish coincidence, sponsors the man. Perhaps, I'm just old fashioned, but there's something demeaning about cowboy heroes going so unabashedly commercial. Good old Bill Hart, the idol of my formative years, never stooped to such practices.

In any case, the commercials of the Rogers show are among the most hilarious on all television. They're fond of Indians. One Indian will say to another Indian
"We need um heap plenty food tonight." This cues the second Indian (hereinafter referred to as the straight Indian) to inquire: "Catch um venison?" "No," says the first Indian, "something heap better. Post Toasties."

The middle commercial features the misadventures of a cartoon cowpoke named Rawhide. Rawhide stumbles into situations which require great feats of strength, gobbles up a box of Post Toasties and instantly his muscles swell to about twice their normal size. To me it's wonderfully funny. My sense of humor is notoriously depraved.

As cowboy adventure stuff goes, Roy and his brainy animals hew closely to the classic formula. The villains are after title to old Granny's land and will stop at nothing to get it. "Failing in his attempt to kill her and steal her land, Bill Mason, grandnephew of landowner Granny Hobbs, tries to have her declared legally insane," reads a press release which shows how the wind blows on this show. On another one, the villain kidnapped the poor girl and tried to force her to sign her ranch away. Though Mr. Rogers blundered into an ambush even more stupidly than is his normal wont, the girl was rescued, largely by Bullet who was cooking on all burners that day.

I'm also fond of the Rogers show for its acting, which is among the most atrocious to be found anywhere. It's so terrible that it's kind of fun to watch, simply to speculate on the motives which drove these people into a profession they're so clearly unfitted for. Among others, there is a comedy character, name of Magnolia, whose dialogue is pure enchantment. "Lands sake, Mr. Rogers," she drawls. "I like to ventilated you." I can't think of a more preposterous combination of idioms than those of the cow country and the deep south and that's exactly what Magnolia talks.

Let's see. What else? Oh, yes. Mr. Rogers and his wife sing those numbing cowboy songs, in case that sort of thing attracts you. Mr. Rogers also talks to his intelligent horse. "Hey, those shots sound like they came from Jim Barton's ranch," he'll exclaim to Trigger. Trigger doesn't talk back but I can see the thoughts running through his head. "Quiet, Stupid," you can hear him thinking, "while I figure this thing out. If I let you handle it, we'll be up to our necks in trouble again."

Note of Good Cheer

J ust what is television doing to our habits? How much is it reducing our reading, our movie attendance, our sports attendance? The Radio-Television Manufacturers Association has just released another report which seems to indicate that television is not competing with sports, movies or magazines but actually promoting them.

In the light of the NCAA-controlled televising of football games, the report on football attendance is mighty interesting. In 1947, before there was any television, $91,000,000 was spent on admissions for college football. The last three years with millions of TV sets in the country, the figures were respectively $106,000,000, $103,000,000 and $98,000,000. That last figure, the worst of the three, is especially interesting because that is the year televising of games was controlled in an attempt to boost attendance. Yet it fell off $5,000,000 that year. In any case, colleges in TV areas did better than those in non-TV areas, which indicates that television actually stimulates attendance rather than the other way around.

"Sometimes the best answer to the controversy over television is to see what happens when it is banned," says the report. "Professional hockey and professional basketball eliminated television in many areas—and attendance has continued to level off." Receipts in 1948 when TV wasn't banned from professional hockey were $8,000,000. Last year when TV was banned from most pro hockey clubs, attendance was down $2,000,000 worth. "Spectator sports had a huge increase of nearly 200 per cent right after the war and before TV became general," continues the report. "Few experienced men believed sports could hold these huge gains after people started buying homes, durable goods and paying big taxes, regardless of television. But the amazing record is that spectator sports are holding their big 1946-47 increases and are only slightly below
the biggest year in their history in both numbers and dollars. No other major form of spectator entertainment has done so well.

"Predictions that video would empty our great parks and stadia have proved as groundless as the earlier fears that once threatened to ban sports writers from the parks and did ban radio twenty years ago. Sports casting is paying its way with $6,000,000 to $7,000,000 in fees; educating millions to the thrills of sports and opening enormous possibilities as network and theater TV expand. Million dollar gates for big events are coming back, with television fees leading the way to greater stability."

How about newspapers, magazines, movies, radio? Well, total newspaper circulation is up 27 per cent in the period from 1940 to 1951. The percentage is exactly the same for newspapers in TV markets as those in non-TV markets. Magazine circulation is up 32 per cent in the same period. Again television helps rather than hinders. TV families buy more magazines than non-TV families, spend just as much time reading them.

The Hollywood attitude has changed drastically. "Good pictures are drawing well," says the report. "Good shows are sold out. Only the mediocre productions are taking it on the chin—and you can't blame television for that. Maybe TV has helped make people more demanding in entertainment—but is that bad? The critics tell you about the 2,000 moving picture theaters that have closed. They seldom mention more than 3,000 new drive-in theaters that have opened—or that about 80,000,000 people a week paid half a billion more for movies in 1951 than in 1941. 'The Wall Street Journal' reports more than 30,000,000 people attended symphony, ballet and opera performances in 1951—just double the number ten years ago. Here in the only nation with widespread television, we have three times the number of concerts given in all other countries combined."

**Comedy Still Eludes the Cameras**

ITERATE dramatic comedy—as opposed to the "I Love Lucy" type of domestic farce—has so far resisted television fairly successfully. This is no very serious charge against the TV producers. After all, the movie folk, with their wealth of resources, don't pull it off very often either.

Comedy is just damned difficult, and I'm grateful for the few moments of pleasure I get when someone manages even a single successful scene. Of the regular producers, Robert Montgomery has sought most earnestly after the comic formula and, I think, has come closest to achieving it. As the inaugural play of his summer series he turned out one of his most successful efforts in this line, a dramatization of James Thurber's delightful and trenchant short story, "The Catbird Seat."

"The Catbird Seat" is a tale of a little fuss-budget of a man who has never been late to work in thirty years. In reward for this small, pathetic accomplishment, the president of the advertising agency gives him a watch, declaiming that Irwin has been really hitting the line, and has touched all the bases and that a team that stays on its toes will win. That's the way this ad man talks—as if he swallowed a sports page.

Into Irwin's ordered, rather stuffy life, drives a lady efficiency expert who has been exposed a little too thoroughly to Red Barber, the announcer for the Brooklyn Dodgers. This formidable female tears into the established procedures at the ad agency—throwing out old Mr. Dittendorfer's waste basket, belittling Irwin's cherished filing system and meanwhile emitting such expressions as "sitting on the old cat-bird seat," "tearing up the pea patch," "eating high on the hog," and "hollering down the rain barrel." These weird noises Mr. Barber brought up from the southland some twenty years back and turned loose on a hapless Brooklyn in an attempt to describe the Dodger baseball games.

Ultimately, the little worm of a filing clerk revolts and vanquishes the lady tigress. It's hardly a new idea, but it's one Mr. Thurber handles with more authority than anyone else, having been in this line of work a great many years. The story is full of delicate, satiric touches of dialogue and possesses some fine character comedy, all of which Mr. Montgomery reproduced with suitable rever-
ence. Like most stories which originally occupied only four or five written pages, this one got stretched a little thin when blown up to a full hour, but otherwise was fairly satisfactory.

The Montgomery summer series is a sort of mild essay at a television stock company. There are three permanent members of the cast—Vaughn Taylor, who played Irwin and who is virtually the original TV actor; Margaret Hayes and John Knowland. All three faces are so familiar to anyone with a television set that you may sometimes wonder if they're not relatives. They'll be stars one week, bit players the next. It'll be a little rough on the actors but, on the whole, good for them. Maybe, television will restore some of the versatility and genuine professionalism—which what with the movies and the long-run hits in the theaters—has been so long missing from the acting dodge.

Mr. Montgomery is essentially a movie man and his productions are studded with the comedy tricks of that industry—the dead pan looks, the silences, the shrugs, the under-playing. Another Montgomery production called “King of the Castle” was the story of a Scottish noble family living under an ancient curse which struck down each succeeding head of the family on the eve of his fiftieth birthday. Bulk of the story was the effort to keep the current title-holder alive through the night before his fiftieth birthday. They almost made it. Like “The Catbird Seat,” this one was a little bit attenuated and at the end it got rather silly and cluttered. But it contained some fine scenes, notably one where the staff of the castle filed in, one by one, and lugubriously wished the doomed laird luck.

Mr. Montgomery's less fortunate attempts have included a dramatization of Penny, the comic strip heroine. Teen- aged girls of Penny's Machiavellian, rather sinister charm—especially her dialogue which belongs to the too-too-utterly pluperfect school—eluded both the adapters and actors so completely that the results were pretty painful. Mr. M. also came a cropper on a little item called “Till Next We Meet,” a romantic yarn of a poor young newspaper man in love with a rich young heiress. I thought they'd retired that one from the lists long ago.

Anyhow, in the comedy field, Mr. Montgomery is in there pitching hard—generally in the right direction.

**Bear-Baiting Contests**

**DISCUSSION** programs just now are pearls of great price. For years “Meet the Press” billowed forth from the Mutual Broadcasting System, attracting great praise but no great audience. Then along came television and the show began getting a rating, which is to say an audience, that even a comedian would respect.

Controversy, that yeasty but unstable substance, is now as salable as jokes. The air is alive with reporters (or people who pass as such) who fix a beady eye on the victim and remark: “Senator, isn’t it true that in 1902 you voted in favor of slavery?” and the Senator mops his brow and answers that, well, slavery was not nearly so reprehensible in 1902 as it is now.

That is the nature of the discussion program. If you have a Southern Senator on, you ask him about civil rights; if you have a New Dealer on, you ask him about Secretary of State Acheson and when will the State Department get rid of the Reds. The idea is to cause the most acute embarrassment, to ask the hardest questions. Well, of course, all good journalistic questions cause a certain amount of soul-searching. This, though, takes matters a little to extremes.

The idea is not to enlighten so much as to needle; it’s a sort of bear-baiting contest and is the secret of its great popularity. It’d probably be even more popular if you could throw the dissenters to the lions in Madison Square Garden. Such a program would combine the most popular current anti-philosophy with sadism. A man could morally be uplifted while being at the same time basely entertained—a tough combination to beat.

**Still the Best of All**

THE greatest thing about “See It Now,” easily the best show on the air, is that it assumes its audience is intelligent. There is no writing down, no elaborate explanation of the obvious, no shrinking from the complicated.
Its producers Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly (who deserves more public attention than he gets for the success of this operation) do not hesitate to tackle subjects which ordinarily might be considered a little esoteric for mass consumption on the laudable assumption that if it interested them it would interest the rest of us. That clears away a lot of underbrush and gives the show a simplicity and candor missing from most other news shows.

On politics alone, Messrs. Murrow and Friendly have afforded us some fascinating glimpses of the inner workings which are enlightening and occasionally a little sickening. Recently Murrow pointed out drily that political campaigns required a lot of preparation, even audience preparation. There ensued the sort of filmed shot of the sort you rarely see. A cheer leader was warming up an audience, getting them to clear their throats, then rehearsing them in that well known refrain: “We like Ike.”

Presently a man with a headset on came on the stage, shaking his head. The cheer leader had jumped the gun. So he quieted the audience down. A moment later Mr. Headset signaled him to go ahead and the cheer leader produced a frenzy of “We like Ikes” from the audience—just before Ike himself appeared. Rarely has the phoniness of a campaign been so nakedly revealed. By 1956, I expect the politicos will be holding up cards with “Applause,” “Laughter,” “Wolf whistle” and the like written on them, just like the comedy shows in Hollywood.

By skillful cutting, Murrow has shown the two candidates talking on the same subject—say, taxes—and appearing almost to contradict one another as if debating from the same rostrum. There have been telling and revealing shots of Eisenhower stumbling over the election date—December 4 instead of November 4—and of Stevenson muffing the name of the city he was in (Waterburg instead of Waterbury).

The portraits of public men—and essentially that’s what they are—have given an insight into them you can’t find anywhere else. Murrow once interviewed Senator Taft in his living room in Ohio, not about politics, simply about how nice it was to be home and how lovely the hills of Ohio were in the fall. It was the most endearing glimpse of Taft on record. I’m happy that Murrow also gave the folks a good look at a really great man, Cyrus Ching, the seventy-six year old mediator who has probably settled more labor disputes than any man alive, the great shaggy head, the wise wonderful eyes, the charm and humanity which contributed so much to cooling so many hotheaded industrialists and labor leaders.

“I started in with an idea,” Ching explained, “that I owed a great debt to this country and I tried to pay a little bit of this debt, just a little installment.”

The weekly film features are always just a little off the beaten track. Probably the best one was a magnificently exciting and thoroughly alarming film of the simulated attack on New York City by a couple of B-29s flying from England. The film jumped back and forth from the planes to the fighter bases and the radar network which was supposed to detect and intercept the bombers—but never did. Another time, the Messrs. Murrow and Friendly gave us all a perfectly delightful ride on one of the world’s most glamorous trains, the Orient Express, which leaves Paris every evening and winds through Milan, Trieste, Belgrade, Salonika and finally, into Istanbul.

On still another occasion, the cameras invaded the peaceful farm of a Yugoslav peasant and followed him through his chores, his meals, his daily life. Most recently, the CBS cameras visited the little island off Wonsan, seventy-five miles behind enemy lines off Korea, where twenty Marines in imminent peril from enemy guns on the mainland still sing under the makeshift showers, play horse-shoes and tell the Navy how to zero in on enemy installations on shore.

Murrow has reserved for himself the right to editorialize, but the editors are usually implicit, not explicit. Of the foregoing, he said simply: “The politicians are busy arguing over the responsibility for the Korean war. We feel it our responsibility to tell you it’s continuing.”
One Station City

The television audience in the Milwaukee area is the captive of a lone station, WTMJ-TV, the property of that massive pillar of midwest respectability, "The Milwaukee Journal." That means Milwaukee and environs is more or less subject to the whims of WTMJ's extremely capable but very capricious general manager, Walter Damm.

Damm may select most anything he likes from the four networks. But he is an opinionated and formidable thinker and in drawing up his schedule he pays only scant heed to popular tastes, infinitely preferring his own. The extent of Mr. Damm's whimsicality may be measured by the fact that he decided Arthur Godfrey was too salty for midwest consumption and tossed him off the local air for a year-and-a-half. Godfrey's Wednesday evening program, the lesser of his two shows, is now back, but Godfrey's Talent Scouts, which is far more popular, isn't.

Godfrey addicts, a fanatic breed, have to content themselves on Monday night with Thomas L. Thomas and the Firestone Orchestra. It's doubtful that Firestone fans and Godfrey fans have a blessed thing in common, but in a single station town they have to conform to one another's tastes or go bowling. It is difficult for a New Yorker, accustomed to the dubious opulence of six stations, to comprehend the limitations of one. Even two stations give a man a little elbow room upon which to vent his exasperation. With one station, brother, you're stuck.

Milwaukeeans are not likely to complain so much over what they see on television — after all, they have the choice of the very best — as to what they don't see. They've never, for example, seen Bishop Sheen. The Catholics have heard a good deal about him and would like to catch a glimpse of him, but Tuesday evenings are still sacred to Milton Berle in this area.

Another thing the local viewers have to get along without is baseball. This has caused widespread suffering in this baseball happy neighborhood. WTMJ-TV is much too busy sending out Uncle Norm, Woman's World and the other staples of daytime television to bother with baseball, which always suffers first when there's a shortage of frequencies. Only the World Series and the All-Star games manage to break through the audience participation and the household hints and the kid shows.

One thing that strikes you forcibly in this area are the hours which are hard to adjust to. Milwaukee is two hours behind New York, a good long time. That means the kids are getting their daily dose of Howdy-Doody at 3:30 in the afternoon, which is pretty early. Groucho Marx heaves into view at 6 p.m. or around the second martini, probably causing endless heartburns. The network shows are pretty well washed up by 9 p.m. local time. After that you get Kineoscope or film.

While Kineoscope has improved a bit, the loss of quality is grievously conspicuous to those of us who are accustomed to the live shows. Two CBS shows, Perry Como, and "The Web," both noted for the subtlety of their lighting, arrive here in a seriously damaged state — the contour is flattened out, the shadows obliterated. Also I imagine Mr. Como would be seriously distressed if he heard the sound of his own voice on Kineoscope. The audio on Kineoscope seems unexpectedly dreadful.

Sometimes I rather question Mr. Damm's scheduling. Como's program, for example, is designed as a supper show — light, tuneful and demanding no very serious attention. It gets here at 9:15 following a heavy dramatic show, such as Montgomery Theater, which does demand attention. The choice of the program I don't fully understand either. "The Web" is available. "Suspense" and "Danger," two similar but infinitely better shows, aren't.

On the whole, though, I say Milwaukee doesn't do badly. It is spared some of the worst of television (apart from local programming, which is another story) and it gets most of the best of it. The greatest disadvantage is the psychological one. No American likes to have everything laid out for him. We are accustomed to the luxury of choice. Here you take what you get or you turn it off. Even Mr. Damm, I imagine, gets a little restive at so narrow a range.
GOV. ADLAI STEVENSON (Above) swung through Kansas City on his presidential campaign tour and broadcast from the World War II Memorial. His Kansas City crowd was one of his biggest.

GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER (Above) who made an important speech in Kansas City at Municipal Auditorium, is shown facing a battery of microphones at the Union Station. Kansas’ ex-Senator Harry Darby and Senator Frank Carlson accompany him.

COLONEL SYDNEY H. BINGHAM (Right). Chairman, New York City Board of Transportation, spoke to the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce on the occasion of public transportation’s bicentennial.

AT DEDICATION (Lower Right) of Kansas City’s new veterans’ hospital, Carl Gray (right) presents dedicatory plaque to Dr. J. B. McHugh, Hospital Manager.

G.O.P. TRUTH SQUAD (Below—Center) meets at President Hotel. From left, Senators Eugene Milliken, Bourke Hickenlooper, Homer Ferguson.

MISSION FROM INDIA (Below, at Bottom) to study U. S. agricultural methods included Mr. S. C. Rory, Agricultural Extension Director (left), and K. R. Damle, Secretary of Agriculture (right). They are accompanied by John F. Hull, Ford Foundation Counselor for the Mission.

BILL HENRY (Lower Left), newsman heard over WHB, flew into Kansas City for the telecast of the K.U.-T.C.U. football game at Lawrence, and originated his MBS program from WHB.
SWING'S SPORTS SHOTS

BIG SEVEN FOOTBALL (Above)—Celebrating Halli- crafters' second year as sponsor of the Big-7 Football broadcasts on WHB are (left to right) John T. Schilling, WHB general manager; John G. Gaines, Halli- crafters distributor; Jack Sampson, WHB sales represent- tative; Bob White, treasurer, John G. Gaines Co.; Ed Dennis, WHB sales manager; Jack Gaines, John G. Gaines Co. sales manager; Bill Burriss, John G. Gaines Co. sales representative; Ray Smith, John G. Gaines Co. technician; Bill Icenogle, John G. Gaines Co. attorney; and Larry Ray, WHB sports director, who does the play-by-play broadcasts.

K. C. OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT (Right)—Perspiring Dr. Gary Middlecoff steps victorious off the final green of the Kansas City Open Golf Tournament at Milburn Country Club, for an interview with Larry Ray. Scene below them shows part of the large gallery at the Kansas City Open before the tournament score- board.

BASEBALL (Below)—Otis Bryan, president of the Muehlebach Brewing Company, sponsor of WHB base- ball broadcasts, holds the $250 Longines watch pre- sented to Larry Ray as the announcer whose American Association city turned out the best attendance for Radio Night. Blues players are (left to right) Art Mazmanian, Bill Skowron, Kal Segrist.

After the Kansas City Blues had won the American Association playoff, Parke Carroll, general manager, and George Selkirk, team manager of the Blues, gather for a bit of merriment with Larry Ray before the WHB mike.
Ye Olde Time Pug

A peek into the life of James Figg, the undisputed father of modern fistiana.

By NORMAN DALY

IN THE January issue of The Protestant Mercury, 1861, a news item read:

"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before his Grace, the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath many times before, being account, though but a small man, the best at that exercise in England."

This description is accepted as the first newspaper account of a prize fight, but in the light of the present day reportorial sports copy it was a sad affair. In omitting the "Butcher's" name completely the reporter of the Mercury left nothing of that gallant victor to posterity. Today, in the annals of pugilism, he is unknown, so we must therefore turn and worship at the shrine of James Figg, the undisputed Father of Fistiana.

Although popularly believed to have been solely a pugilist, Figg was more distinguished as a cudgel and backsword player. In 1719 he opened
an academy known as Figg’s Amphitheatre, in Tottenham Court Road, and here declared himself “the champion of England.” He taught and practiced the art of self-defense and issued an engraved card bearing the inscription:

**JAMES FIGG**  
Master of the Noble Science of Self-Defense on the right hand in Oxford Road near Adam and Eve Court, teaches Gentlemen the use of the small backsword and the Quarterstaff at home and abroad.

The cudgel was a short, heavy stick with a rounded knob at one end used as a weapon. The quarterstaff was the same type of bludgeon but considerably longer, and the backsword is the same fencing weapon we know today as the broadsword. Only one edge is sharpened.

The science of boxing in that bygone day of the illustrious Figg was as crude and cruel a sport, and as profitless, as the cudgel contests. It was a savage game of give-and-take, few if any rules, and utterly a question of survival of the fittest, in its broadest terms, for then the bout terminated only when one or the other contestant was completely and hopelessly beaten. It was a relentless and brutal pastime, and Figg, with his scowling, battred features and small, generating eyes harmonized in appearance with the nature of his profession.

The records of the fights of this man are lost, but his three battles with Ned Sutton, a pipemaker of Gravesend, are known. Sutton was furious on learning of Figg’s declaration of himself as the champion of England, and promptly took him to issue. Of the first two battles Figg won one and lost one, and not until the third encounter was Figg acclaimed, without reservation, the champion. However, these contests, though chronicled as “fights” were really cudgel matches.

Figg, enterprising business man that he was, cultivated a clientele of the better class, including Hogarth, the great artist, and Captain Godfrey, the foremost sporting writer of the times. It was Godfrey who later said of Figg:

“I have purchased my knowledge with many a broken head, and bruises in every part of me. I chose mostly to go to Figg and exercise with him; partly, as I knew him to be the ablest master, and partly, as he was of rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him. I bore his rough treatment with determined patience, and followed him so long, that Figg, at last, finding he could not have the beating of me at so cheap a rate as usual, did not show such fondness for my company. This is well known by gentlemen of distinguished rank, who used to be pleased in setting us together.”

Figg’s business cards professed to teach “defense scientifically”, and his fame for “stops and parries” was so great that he was often mentioned in the “Tatler”, “Guardian” and “Craftsman”, three better magazines of the times.

Not unlike the modern ballyhoo promoters and showmen, Figg added “big names” to the attractions in his amphitheatre. Ned Sutton,
the Pipemaker of Gravesend, Timothy Buck, Thomas Stokes, and others. They were the Dempseys, Tunneys and Louises of that day.

The bouts, or “fairs” as they were called, usually gathered at Smithfield, Moorfield, St. George’s Fields or Southwark. Hyde Park, not to be confused with the present day English drive of the same name, was found in 1723, by “order of his Majesty”, and encircled by a fence. It was the scene of many impromptu conflicts. The ring was finally obliterated in 1820.

Figg toured the countryside with his show, challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him for “money, love or a bellyful.”

One of the lists relating to his fair at Southwark is herewith presented:

At
FIGG’S GREAT TIL’D BOOTH
on the Bowling Green, Southwark
(Which begins SATURDAY, the
18th of SEPTEMBER)
The TOWN will be entertained
with the
MANLY ART OF
Foil-play, Backsword, Cudgelling,
and Boxing, in which
The noted PARKS, from Coventry,
and the celebrated gentleman prize-fighter, Mr. MILLAR,
will display their skill in a tilting-bout, showing the advantages of
Time and Measure:

Also
Mr. JOHNSON, the great swordsman, superior to any man
in the world for his unrivalled display of the hanging-guard, in
a grand attack of SELF-DEFENSE, against the all-powerful
arm of the renowned SUTTON.

DELFORCE, the finished Cudgeller, will likewise exhibit his
uncommon feats with the single-stick; and challenges any man in
the Kingdom to enter the lists with him for a broken head or a
bellyful!

To conclude
With a GRANDE PARADE by
the Valiant FIGG, who will ex-
hibit his knowledge in various
combats—with the Foil, Back-
sword, Cudgel and Fist.
To begin each day at Twelve
o’clock, and close at Ten.

Vivat Rex.
N.B. The Booth is fitted up in
a most commodious manner, for
the better reception of Gentle-
men, etc., etc.

IN THE year 1733, a giant Italian
came to England. He created the
same sensation that the present day
wrestler and former heavyweight
boxing champion, Primo Carnera,
made on his arrival in the United
States. He was a tremendous fellow,
hailing from Venice, and was known
as “The Gondolier”. He was capable
of totally disabling a man with a
single blow. The man’s physical pro-
portions and the tales of jaw-
breaking and body-maiming struck
terror to the hearts of many of the
local pugilists. Here indeed was a
menace to the supremacy of the Eng-
lish fighters.

However, a nobleman was found
who was willing to wager a sum of
money that a man would be produced
to whip the colossus. Of course Figg
was approached, and readily guaran-
teed to promote the bout and have
the man-mountain from Italy whipped.
Figg selected one of his pupils, Bob Whitaker, and pitted him against “The Gondolier”. The amphitheatre, of course, was the scene of battle, and the contest was witnessed by a fashionable assemblage, among whom, Captain Godfrey informs us, “There were no common people.” (Boo)

When the men appeared stripped for action, poor Whitaker, well-proportioned as he was, seemed a sorry sight beside the titanic Italian. From all appearances there would be little choice in the matter . . . the brave Briton was doomed to destruction.

The men parried and the first blow, a right to Bob’s head, sent the Englishman spinning across the ring and out through the ropes into the audience. Undaunted, and still game, Whitaker pulled himself together and re-entered the ring. Rushing the giant Venetian, and shooting a terrific blow to the stomach, Bob brought the Italian down gasping. His jaw sagged, his knees buckled, and the fight was over. The “Monster” quit cold.

Though Whitaker won in the sense of victory, Figg reaped the financial rewards, and not quite satisfied with them he immediately set about to show his fellow countrymen that he did not have to pit his best pupil against the giant. His next move was to match Whitaker with one Nathaniel Peartree, another of his proteges.

Peartree proved a sensation. He directed all of his blows to Bob’s eyes, blinding him, and then pummelled him about the ring. Within six minutes Peartree was declared the winner, and Whitaker exclaiming: “Damme, I’m not beat, but what signifies my fighting when I can’t see my man?”

Undefeated, James Figg died on the 8th of December, 1734, quite wealthy, beloved and admired by all. Captain Godfrey says of the olde tyme fist-fighter:

“In Figg, strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master.”

Those were the days.

Norman Daly is one fellow who took the admonition “Make use of your Public Library” to heart. You wouldn’t believe that Norm, living in the thick of New York City, 295 Madison Ave. to be exact, could be an expert on outdoor life, but that’s just what he is. He spent years reading every volume in the New York Public Library relating to fishing, sports, wrestling and boxing. Now he’s a successful contributor to “Hunting & Fishing,” “Sports Afield,” “Outdoor Life” and “The Ring.” An expert in one field usually has substantial knowledge in others, and true to form, Norman Daly, with his 25th wedding anniversary coming up, has shown himself to be a sage in the field of wedded bliss. He’s the home loving type, leaning to such hobbies as collecting rare pipes, exotic herbs and spices.

As You Will

Youth is the pursuit of the unattainable and middle age is the realization of its unattainability.
Got a worthy cause? Chances are, the Smart-Money-Raiser can get you $100,000.00 to put it over.

By STANLEY S. JACOBS

In a single postwar year Americans generously wrote out checks totalling more than two and one-half billion dollars for everything from the cancer drive to building shelters for aged sailors.

To get cold cash to pay the butcher, the baker and the landlord, most of us have to work hard—but to a select little fraternity of specialists getting money by asking for it is not only a cinch but a very big business, indeed!

They don’t tell the world how much money they get by asking for it, but behind the accomplishments of these fund-raising counselors are impressive stories of schools rescued from bankruptcy, small charities expanded into nationwide benefactions, struggling hospitals transformed into renowned clinics.

No longer does the up-against-it college president have to go from office to office passing the hat so that his school may stay open. If he’s “hep,” he calls in a professional fund-raiser, lays all cards on the table, makes the best deal he can—and lets the professional take over from there.

A small school in Dixie had $75,000 in debts and no prospect of paying off the tabs. On the verge of closing, a New York fund-raising specialist heard of the school’s plight, hopped a South-bound plane, and told the flabbergasted board of trustees:

“You men are thinking in terms of peanuts! I can raise $300,000 for you in two months, if you cooperate. Just
give me the names of prominent alumni, let my company use your names in phone calls and letters, and the money will walk in by itself.

There followed a whirlwind campaign in which every old grad received a telegram informing him that he was invited to become a "Big Brother" of College, for the modest sum of $200. Big Brothers would have their names etched in stone used in a new administration building to be constructed in the near future. The telegrams, plus some urgent phone calls and flattering letters, brought in more than $300,000. For his services in organizing and running the campaign, the specialist received a flat 10 per cent, or $30,000—not unreasonable when you recall that the school otherwise would have gone bankrupt.

TOP BRASS of the closely-guarded fund-raising fraternity is John Price Jones, an ex-newsmen who forsook journalism for the greener pastures of asking well-heeled men and women to part with the green stuff. Jones' most valuable asset is a priceless card file of 100,000 Americans who are sure-fire contributors to a good cause which is sold to them the right way.

Such a listing of well-heeled benefactors takes decades to assemble and could not be bought for any price. Scattered through the card file are not a few blue cards. The color blue signifies that the name on the card is worth a cool $5,000,000. Jones and his staff of 90-odd money hunters would be downcast, indeed, if a blue card holder came through with any-thing less than $5,000 for any charity, school, hospital or church needing the money.

More numerous are the pink card people. Don't be sad if you're only a pink—that color in the Jones organization means that you are known to give $1,000 and up to worthy philanthropies. Following the pink cards are thousands of "general" names who are good for $500, or maybe $750 if the squeeze is applied by somebody important like a bishop, general, or U. S. Senator.

The smart fund-raiser will not accept all clients. Long experience has taught him that some projects, however worthy, simply cannot be sold, while others—maybe less humanitarian—have such sure-fire human appeal that they attract whopping checks as a magnet draws steel filings.

One group of do-gooders came to a prominent Chicago fund-raising
firm and wanted to promote half-a-million dollars for a home for aged spinsters. The cause was good, there were plenty of needy ladies, but as the specialist frankly told the committee:

"You don’t stand a chance. Spinsters, to the general public, are old maids—and old maids are a sorry, pathetic lot, judging from the movies, radio and comic papers. Sure, they are worthy of real support—but how can you dramatize old maids? The heart appeal just isn’t there!"

But a week later this same fund-raising expert took on a Pennsylvania animal shelter, blandly promised to raise $100,000 in a two week campaign, and topped his promise by $50,000.

"It was simple," he said, "because helpless animals are sure-fire items to sell to charity-dispensers. The very people who wouldn’t give a thin dime to help unmarried old ladies gladly shelled out hundred-dollar bills to save the cats and dogs. Don’t ask me to explain it—in some ways, a dog is luckier than a human being down on his luck!"

Nature’s own disasters set the stage for the greatest spurt of open-hearted giving. Flood relief, famine drives, and aid-to-hurricane-victims are magic keys which open thousands of purses, wallets, and checkbooks. But Jones and his colleagues have a tough time conducting drives for museums, cathedrals and scholarly societies, deserving though they may be. The heart-pull just isn’t there.

The big money seekers avoid campaigns with under-$100,000 goals. That’s because a smoothly-operated campaign has expenses for office, stationery, postage, travel, phone and salaries. Besides, big goals attract big money; set your sights too low and a big business man may offer a check for $25 instead of the $500 a truly important campaign might elicit.

YOU can’t always tell who will give money and who will not. In a small midwestern town a crew of California fund-raisers were soliciting in surrounding counties for gifts with which to build a community hospital. The campaign was short by $10,000 on the last day—and that night the boys talked of a supplementary drive to snare the $10,000 required to get the hospital launched.

They were about to leave the office when a town character known as Uncle John—a recluse—strolled in, chewing his tobacco vigorously.

"Heard you boys need some
money,” he said curtly. “Here’s the ten thousand.” And he brought forth a tobacco tin filled with large denomination bills.

After the fund-raisers were revived, they asked the old man why he had never given to any charities before. “Nobody ever asked me, dang it,” he said.

Many people still are not asked, but gradually America’s elite corps of dollar-hunters are closing the gap between the givers and the non-givers. Uncle Sam, with his generous income tax deductions for big charity gifts, has made possible staggering campaigns unthinkable a decade or two ago.

The top fund-raisers work on a flat fee basis, though percentage deals are not uncommon. Many individuals who conduct short campaigns for assorted causes net themselves $10,000 to $25,000 a year. For a top firm, a net income of $75,000 to $200,000 is far from rare.

“The secret of fund-raising lies in involving other people,” says a San Francisco expert. “The smart money-raiser never does the asking himself; all he would get would be cold stares and rebuffs. But if he can get Banker Jones to ask Banker Smith for a generous check for a favorite charity, the results are much better. Potential givers to any cause—whether rich or of moderate means—tend to give when they know prominent individuals are supporting the cause. And if the big shots themselves make the calls or sign the letters, or empower us to do so, the results are usually predictable.”

The money-hunting specialists know every foundation and charitable trust in the country. They have their own “Who’s Who” and can produce lists of affluent doctors, lawyers, dentists, manufacturers, retailers and jobbers. They break down various business fields into subdivisions, and can estimate closely, say, how much the beaded bag manufacturers in New York City would contribute to a worthy cause if asked by the right people.

Lawyers are a source of much surprise money. That’s because they have clients—many of them rich people with few or no relatives or friends—who seek their advice in making out wills.

A lawyer who is well-disposed to a particular charity or philanthropy can make certain that thousands of dollars flow into the coffers from people whose wills he draws up. In Ohio, one lawyer who had been stage-struck as a youth was interested in a home for aged and out-of-luck Thespians. He interested scores of clients in the enterprise. Over the years, the home for indigent actors has received more than $75,000 from individuals who had no connection with the stage. The bequests were made at the suggestion of the attorney whose first love had been grease paint!
EVER since the day Eve tucked together some fig leaves and staged the first fashion parade for her one-man audience, Adam, women have been modeling.

The only difference today is that what Eve and her many daughters have done through the years, as amateurs, many girls are now finding a fascinating and lucrative profession.

A good deal of sensational material has appeared recently debunking the modeling profession. These stories picture modeling as a grim business which breaks the hearts of 1,000 girls for every one it provides with a living.

A survey made in New York showed modeling surprisingly easier to break into, and bringing better financial return sooner than do most other jobs open to girls.

Comparatively few American girls make any serious attempt to enter modeling. The top estimate of the largest and most successful agency is that 60 to 75 girls a week come in or write to inquire about modeling. This is a small number compared to the more than 8,000,000 girls between 18 and 25 years old who, the United States Census Bureau reports, are living in the U. S.

NEW YORK is the Mecca for models. The greatest demand is there, the greatest variety of models. Most models use New York as their springboard to success. There is concrete reason for this. New York is the nerve center of the advertising world—the hub of the graphic and photographic arts, and through these media, models reach the public. In addition, all major fashion magazines have their editorial and illustrative departments in New York. Within a radius of one mile, are the most valuable contacts in America for the professional model. There are approximately 10,000 fashion models employed in the United States, and 90 per cent of them work in New York. It is
advances from men than any other attractive girls, and what girl doesn’t like to have plenty of attention if she is normal?” Paulette Hendrix puts it.

“Most of us try to encourage our sisters or friends to get into modeling,” Paulette says. All of the charming models agree.

Modeling is not only lucrative. It is also fun. So say those who should know—the models themselves! Take June Kirby, for example, typical of scores of models and their views on modeling.

“The average model, in my experience,” she says, “works no harder than the average successful stenographer. Yet the compensations are far greater, and the work is glamorous and exciting to say the least.

“Every stenographer is expected to keep herself as attractively groomed as any model. But the model probably spends less on beauty treatments because she has learned to manage her own hair, give herself facials, and has allotted time to take care of herself. Further, she has more time for recreation.”

But what are the other advantages? Again, the models themselves speak:

“Constantly I meet new faces and personalities,” says sparkling cover girl Marian Snyder. “That elusive world of fascinating people of the arts is open to me—writers, artists,

Phil Glanzer is Managing Editor of the prospering Glanzer News Service in Toronto, the publishing center of Canada. An Ohio State graduate, Mr. Glanzer specializes in scientific writing, business administration articles and promotion and merchandising copy for trade journals. He has been published in Coronet, American Mercury, The Rotarian, Esquire and the Kiwanis Magazine. You may sometimes read him under the pen name, Larry Phillips.
publishers, and theatrical celebrities."

"The pace and vibrant change of scene thrills me," chimes in lovely Bobbie Snow. "One day I might be modeling the latest gown at the Plaza. The next day I might be photographed at the Stork Club one hour and find myself an hour later rushing to La Guardia Field to catch a plane to Arizona for another assignment—I never know what excitement will come next!"

While the photographic model's earnings are usually at a higher hourly rate, her earnings over the period of a year are much less than that of the fashion model. The income of the fashion models ranges from $50 to $125 weekly, and has the advantage of consistency. Most girls are not temperamentally suited to gyrations of pay and are happier in a career which offers a regular weekly salary. The work of the fashion model is leisurely in tempo and has an intrinsic glamour of its own. Her environment is one of distinction in the retail field and creative in atmosphere in the wholesale field where America's fashion "firsts" originate.

"A model's wardrobe is too costly," some critics of modeling cry. The models interviewed said this was poppycock. A fashion model requires no special wardrobe at all. Her clothes are supplied by the store or manufacturer by whom she is employed. The photographic model can easily build up her wardrobe as she develops her career.

The discriminating girl of today, seeking a career of distinction, will find modeling as smart and flattering as the style of the moment.

"It's a model life!" the models say.

TODAY'S best-dressed golfer cannot hope to compare with some of the sartorial displays sported by an earlier and much more fashionable generation of golfing enthusiasts.

The venerable Thistle Golf Club was founded at Edinburgh in 1815. Its Scottish founders promptly decided upon a uniform garb to be worn by playing and non-playing members alike. Old Club records went into considerable detail in describing this uniform.

It consisted, according to the Thistle Club annals, of "a scarlet single-breasted coat, with a green collar, and plain gilt buttons, a badge on the left breast, with the device of the thistle embroidered with gold upon green cloth, the trousers white."

There was an outfit calculated to arouse the envy of any of today's most sartorially minded golfers. It even dispels the popular notion of the conservative, undemonstrative Scotsman. But there is no evidence at hand that it improved the scores of the members of the Thistle Golf Club in their daily assaults on Old Man Par.

Jasper Sinclair
To get a job **DONE**
ask yourself

3 **QUESTIONS:**

1. **WHAT**
   am I to do?

2. **HOW**
   am I to do it?

3. **HAVE**
   I done it?

HENRY SCHOTT
He may sit above you; he may sit below you. You may be him. Whatever the case, you owe it to yourself to discover—

What Makes A Good Boss?

What Makes A Good Boss?

What Makes A Good Boss?

Mr. McBurney: How should you look at this question of what makes a good boss? Should we look at it from the standpoint of the people who work for the boss, Worthy, or from the standpoint of the corporation or the business that employs this executive?

Mr. Worthy: I think you have got to look at it from both standpoints; from the standpoint of the people to whom the boss reports, because they expect him to be responsible for carrying out certain assignments; and you have got to look at it from the standpoint of those who report to the boss also. They see the boss and what he does in quite a different role, quite a different perspective than the boss’s boss.

Mr. McBurney: Can a man be a good boss from the standpoint of management, Henderson, and a poor

Hear the Northwestern Reviewing Stand on WHB every Sunday at 9 p.m.—followed by "Sixth Row Center," a preview of the week's cultural events in Kansas City, with Everett Hendricks of the music department at the University of Kansas City as narrator and interviewer.
one from the standpoint of the employees?

"Same Characteristics"

Mr. Henderson: I think, ideally, when we ask ourselves the question of what makes a good boss, the employee looks for the same characteristics that the employer looks for in the boss man.

Mr. Van Dusen: For a limited period of time, the employee may be looking for something different than the employer is looking for in a given boss, but over any period of time, I think both groups would be looking for essentially the same types of qualities in the man.

Mr. McBurney: What would they be looking for? What makes a good boss?

Mr. Van Dusen: For me, a good boss is one that knows what ought to be done, a fellow who can communicate fairly effectively with his employees, so they understand what is supposed to be done; and a boss is a good one when he can help his employees taste personal satisfactions as they together try to accomplish the goals of their organization.

Mr. Worthy: I would like to emphasize one of the points Van Dusen made: the importance of the boss knowing his job. In the management literature the last few years, there has been a great deal of discussion, a great deal of emphasis on the importance of what is commonly termed, good human relations skills. Those skills are certainly important. I hope in our discussion today we will have a great deal more to say about them, but I think we must never lose sight of the fact, first and foremost, the boss has to know his job. He has to know how to accomplish the task that he has set up to accomplish, whether it is running a store or running a factory, or running a department, whatever it may be. He must have the technical skills, and the technical know-how to accomplish that job.

Mr. McBurney: Why are you inclined to emphasize that, Worthy?

"Respect of Employees"

Mr. Worthy: For one thing, in so much of the literature that point has been de-emphasized in favor of the human relations side of the manager's job; but the other reason is that the first requirement of a boss is that he must have the respect of the people reporting to him; he must have the confidence of those people, and unless he knows his job, unless he knows how to accomplish what he is responsible for accomplishing, he simply can't have the necessary respect of his people.

Mr. Henderson: I should like to raise this question, Worthy: Does he gain this respect and this confidence through his technical know-how?

Mr. Worthy: Not entirely through it. Other things are necessary in addition to technical know-how, but unless he has the technical know-how, no matter what his so-called human relations abilities are, he is not going to be able to get the confidence of his people.

Mr. Henderson: Isn't it possible for a person who has the technical
know-how to lose the respect and confidence of his people?

Mr. Worthy: That is certainly true, particularly if he doesn't have these social skills that we have been talking about.

"Sensitive to Needs"

Mr. Van Dusen: I think the technical know-how is frequently overlooked. For me, an individual who is in a supervisory capacity, by definition, supervises people as well as things. That implies he must be flexible enough to be sensitive to the variety of needs and desires of a lot of different people as well as having the technical understanding of a given job.

Mr. McBurney: Do you think there is danger, Henderson, that too much specialized technical knowledge might make a person less effective as an executive?

Mr. Henderson: That is a real possibility. The man who has a high technical skill and relies upon that for his supervision is a person who can very well lose the confidence and respect of his people. I would settle more for the person who has a minimum amount of technical skill, but a superior amount of leadership skill.

Mr. Worthy: I would say that the important factor there is not whether the supervisor has too much technical knowledge or too little technical knowledge. The important thing is the way in which he uses it. Conceivably, a very technically skilled supervisor, in part because of his high technical skill, will involve himself too much in things which he should be delegating to his subordinates. He may try to do too much of the job himself. Where that happens, I think it happens not so much because of any technical ability the man has, but temperamental factors which make it difficult for him to delegate matters to others.

Importance of Attitudes

Mr. Henderson: It is how the man utilizes not only his technical knowledge, but his attitudes toward people. I also feel that it is quite possible for a person who does not have much technical knowledge to provide real leadership to a group of technicians.

Mr. Van Dusen: I would say that the higher the level of supervision, the broader the flexibility and the boss' attitudes should be. It seems to me that the higher you go in the echelon of supervision, the more it implies that the boss has to know a greater variety of things. It is impossible for him to be an ex-
pert in all phases of many businesses, and he has to depend upon the effectiveness of his relationships with many people.

Mr. Henderson: In other words, you are saying, Van Dusen, the conductor of the orchestra cannot always play first fiddle?

Mr. Van Dusen: I don't think he can.

Mr. McBurney: Worthy, you made the point that technical skill is important. Does it follow from that in your opinion that the boss ought to come up through the ranks? Ought he to be a man who has experienced these different jobs over which he is going to preside?

Mr. Worthy: It is difficult to generalize on that. Coming up through the ranks has a number of advantages in this respect. For one thing, if a man starts at the bottom and moves up through a series of levels, he is likely to have a much better knowledge of the technical processes of the department or the organization. He will have a much better appreciation of where his work and his department fits into the general scheme of things. He will have a background that will make it much easier for him to exercise the responsibilities of the boss. On the other hand, I don't think you can say that that is the only way to get to be a boss, because we have many examples in industry of people who come up by other means.

Mr. Henderson: Haven't we many examples of a person who has come through the ranks and has sampled all of the various jobs in the department, and is therefore quite technically familiar with all the aspects of the technical workings, but who fails when he is placed in a position of leadership?

Mr. Worthy: You have many examples of that.

Mr. Henderson: Why is it? That is the real question.

Difference in Temperament

Mr. Van Dusen: I think it is due, Henderson, to the difference in the temperamental makeups of people, how they have learned to respond to different situations. They may be quite adequate supervisors at a lower level, and when they find they are having to face many different departments, they are no longer competent. The job skill for a high-level supervisor is not the same as that of a lower level.

Mr. Henderson: It seems to me what we need to settle for here is the right kind of a person, rather than his technical knowledge, because the right kind of a person will provide the coherent type of leadership which will bring the group along. I think any time we try to generalize on this thing, we drift into exceptions. We can cite examples of people who have been placed in positions of leadership in sales who have had no previous experience in sales and who have been successful.

Mr. Worthy: It is difficult to generalize. To a large extent, success depends on an individual situation, the individual company, the individual department, the traditions, the policies, organization, and so on. In my own particular company, we have a long, established tradition of promo-
tion from within. Under those circumstances if we should try to bring in a man for an important position from outside the organization, he would have real difficulty in establishing himself.

Mr. McBurney: Henderson and Van Dusen appear to be making the point that there is such a thing as managerial skill or executive ability apart from technical knowledge of the job and apart from general personal competence. Am I right in that? Is there such a thing as managerial skill?

Managerial Skill

Mr. Henderson: You are right as far as I am concerned. Before we leave this question of promotion within the ranks, I do not want to leave the impression that people within the ranks should not have consideration for promotion into leadership positions. That is the place we should look if they are the right kind of persons in terms of skills needed or management. They should be given preference, but the first consideration ought to be the skills of management, and I think they can be rather quickly and easily identified.

Mr. Worthy: I might say here, Henderson, that it seems to me one of the important qualifications for a good boss is knowing who in his organization has possibilities for being developed for higher responsibilities, either for his own position or some other position of responsibility in the organization.

Capable Subordinates

Mr. Van Dusen: That is one of the managerial skills. A good manager has to recognize the necessity of building up an organization with him so that there are responsible subordinates who are capable of moving up in the organization.

Mr. McBurney: How does a boss go about doing that?

Mr. Van Dusen: One thing is he should arrive at the stage where he is not afraid of having capable men serving with him. As a matter of fact, the bosses who seem to get ahead are those that are comfortable having bright young men and women around them, who in some respects are much better than they in some aspects of their work.

Mr. McBurney: Personally, I would underline that. One of the first marks of administrative skill is the capacity and the desire to associate yourself with really competent people, and some of them may be better than you are. You shouldn’t be afraid of them. Also, once you’ve got those people you ought to be willing to delegate responsibilities to them.

Mr. Henderson: That is true, but we don’t get those people unless the man in charge recognizes the need for such people. He has to make up his mind what his department needs, and one of his needs is to have capable people who can go beyond the positions they are in.

Mr. McBurney: I might add that the boss has to have a company willing to provide the salaries that will bring in these capable people. That is not unimportant.

Mr. Henderson: You have already pointed out the very peculiar role the boss is in. He has responsibility to his
subordinates, responsibility to his superiors, and responsibility to people on the same level with him. That places him in a three-way role which is not an easy one.

Mr. McBurney: What about this business, Henderson, of delegating jobs to subordinates?

**Job Delegation**

Mr. Henderson: In my mind, skillful delegation is one of the very important characteristics of a successful boss, one who doesn’t cling to responsibility which rightfully belongs to subordinates. Recognition that a subordinate can carry a load is an expression of confidence and trust. That has to be done, even though we recognize that the subordinate will make mistakes.

Mr. McBurney: Why wouldn’t a boss delegate? What would motivate him to keep these things on his own desk?

Mr. Van Dusen: You are looking at me, McBurney. I would guess as a generalization, and I think it is always tough to generalize about these things, I would say that the fellow doesn’t feel too secure. If he is afraid that he may make an error in his judgment about the qualifications of those individuals to whom he might delegate, the chances are good he will do all the job himself.

Mr. McBurney: There is another factor. I think some executives and administrators are extremely conscientious people who feel keenly the responsibility placed on their desk and they are afraid to turn it over to somebody else. They want to keep everything in their hands. Don’t you think it works out that way sometimes?

Mr. Worthy: I am sure that is what Van Dusen had in mind when he emphasized the importance of the boss always being a man with considerable self-reliance and self-confidence. If the boss is insecure, if he is not sure of himself, of his position, and if at the same time he is being held responsible by his superiors for the accomplishment of certain things, it is going to be difficult for him to turn over a portion of that responsibility to members of his own organization.

"*Give Responsibility*"

But I would like to get back to a point made previously, the importance of developing good people within the organization itself. You simply can’t develop good people unless you give those people responsibility. There has been a great deal written and said about this matter of delegation, and all executives will agree that delegation is an important part of an executive’s job because the executive can’t do the whole job. However, there is much misunderstanding as to what delegation consists of. Many executives conceive of their job as that of working out all of the processes in the greatest detail, working out all of the instructions down to the minutest point, and then simply calling in their subordinates and turning over those instructions for them to carry out. That is not true delegation. True delegation consists of giving people a responsibility for working out within whatever limits may be necessary in the
particular organization, the job to be done, and the way it is to be done.

Mr. Van Dusen: What you have emphasized, Worthy, is another one of these managerial skills. The successful boss is one who not only allows participation on the part of the employees, but encourages their participation in working out solutions to problems that they are eventually going to carry out themselves.

Mr. McBurney: What kind of a person should this boss be? Should he be a friendly, cordial individual? The stereotype of a boss often is a rough, gruff sort of a person.

Mr. Henderson: Very often he is stereotyped as a hail-fellow-well-met. It seems to me that neither one is the essential requirement. I think, in my judgment, a certain amount of friendliness is necessary, but to me what is more important is how accessible he is to his people, and what kind of consideration does he give them, when he is with them.

Mingle With People?

Mr. McBurney: He ought to keep his door open so people can come in? He ought to mingle with the people who work for him?

Mr. Henderson: I feel he should have his door open. That word, "open door" leads us to misconceptions. A lot of executives tell their people that the door is open . . .

Mr. McBurney: But nobody goes in!

Mr. Henderson: Nobody goes in because of the treatment they get when they arrive. It has to be more than verbal expression to the people that his door is open.

Mr. Van Dusen: When we look into some of these examples of where the door is physically open, but no one cares to go in, sometimes we find that a characteristic behavior of the boss is that when he has a visitor from among the employees, the boss does all the talking and very little listening. It doesn't take many such experiences to discourage the employee.

Mr. Henderson: Another essential quality of a good boss is one who has a skill in listening.

Mr. Van Dusen: I would say that is one of the hardest skills to develop too, because it takes some work to listen effectively.

Mr. Henderson: Especially for a person who enjoys talking.

Mr. McBurney: You still haven't answered my question. Do you want a rough, gruff kind of boss?

Interpretation of Behavior

Mr. Worthy: I think the important thing is what kind of an individual the boss is. Certain bosses may have a rough, gruff kind of exterior, and other bosses may have a hail-fellow-well-met exterior. The important thing is the interpretation which the employees in the organization put on that kind of behavior. We have seen, particularly in studies we have made, bosses who on the surface are pretty strong, rough sorts of characters and at the same time, those people have a very high degree of loyalty from the members of their organization. On the other hand, we have seen the hail-fellow-well-met person, all sweetness and light, that the people don't have confidence in. The important
thing is the experience of the people with the boss and what they have learned to expect from him in terms of fair treatment, in terms of consideration, and how they have learned to interpret his behavior.

Mr. McBurney: Don't you think the boss' secretary is a pretty important individual in accomplishing these relations we are talking about?

Mr. Van Dusen: I would like to speak on that. I take my hat off to the good secretary. I go beyond that. I would say that any boss who has been a success who doesn't give a lot of credit to the people he surrounds himself with is a dope!

Mr. McBurney: I would agree with that completely.

Mr. Henderson: Are you recommending then that each boss have a secretary?

Mr. Van Dusen: Of course it depends on the situation, but I also wish to emphasize the important contribution of a good secretary.

Mr. Henderson: There are many bosses without secretaries, even though a secretary could be of great assistance in tipping off the boss to a variety of situations.

Mr. Worthy: The secretary can be a very useful person in keeping the boss informed as to the way people are reacting, problems that may be occurring in the organization, and so on. Usually the secretary is in closer touch with the rank and file, particularly of the white collar and stenographic workers.

"Members of the Team"

Mr. Van Dusen: It is important to give the secretary, as well as other members of the organization the idea that they are members of the total team.

Mr. McBurney: Quite apart from the team relationship we have been discussing here, wouldn't you agree that real executive ability consists very largely in the capacity to analyze a situation, to put your finger on the problem, to have an over-all view of the entire operation? It would seem to me that would rank very high in selecting a man for an administrative position.

Mr. Henderson: I would agree with that completely with one possible exception. Many people have the notion that the IQ is the determining factor there.

Mr. McBurney: You mean the intelligence quotient?

Mr. Henderson: The intelligence level of the person.

Mr. McBurney: I should think it would be very important.

Mr. Henderson: I don't think it is an important factor after a certain point. I have observed many very skillful leaders in high positions who have knowledge, no more than what we might technically think of as average intelligence, but they have a creativity about them, and a skill in assembling the attitudes of the people, the judgments of the people, and together working out a solution that is more satisfactory than one man himself can do.

Mr. Worthy: It depends on what you mean by intelligence. In the studies we have made, we find a definite tendency for the average level intelligence to move up, to become higher, as you move to higher levels in the
organization. Of course, you find a certain range, sometimes a fairly wide range at one level, but nevertheless, there is a clear tendency for people at the higher levels to register higher on the IQ tests. But I think there are kinds of intelligence that aren't measured by the ordinary IQ test. If you can conceive of intelligence as ability to adjust, as ability to cut and fit to a situation, as ability to create, if you will, then I think that you have to admit that the boss, particularly as you move to higher and higher levels has to be a more intelligent person.

Self-Critical Attitude

Mr. Van Dusen: Isn't part of this skill we are talking about the boss' sensitivity to the impact that he has on others? This is part of the planning of the organization. It is part of solving problems when they arise. It seems to me a successful execution of those requires that the boss have some insight into his own personality in this arrangement.

Mr. Henderson: I am glad you mentioned that, because I feel that the self-critical attitude of the boss is highly important. I mean a self-critical attitude of the sort which enables him to detect the differences in abilities around him and then how to utilize those abilities in terms of the good of the group.

Mr. Worthy: Well, in other words, what you are saying is that the boss must know the situation in which he is operating, he must know all of the factors that are at work in that situation. He himself is one of the most important factors at work in the working situation. Therefore, unless he has some degree of ability to size up himself in what he is doing in the organization, how the organization is reacting to him, he is going to miss a very necessary piece of information in order to accomplish a job.

Consistent Behavior

Mr. McBurney: You men have been emphasizing the importance of ability and flexibility, but as an employee, I like a boss that is reasonably decisive and reasonably consistent in his behavior, a man who can make up his mind, who doesn't vacillate too much, and a person who takes a position so you know where he stands, and who is reasonably consistent in that stand.

Mr. Henderson: I should like to point out that tractability does not
imply lack of decisiveness. We are looking for a highly adaptable person or flexible person who at the same time can make judgments with the discretion to know when to make a judgment and when not to make a judgment promptly.

Mr. McBurney: Often, those two things don’t go together.

Mr. Henderson: That’s right.

Mr. McBurney: You have a comment, Van Dusen?

Mr. Van Dusen: I was thinking that certainly you can’t dilly-dally too long in an organization, or otherwise the employees are going to lose confidence in the boss man. I would agree with Henderson, snap judgments are of no particular virtue.

Mr. McBurney: Is there a standard formula for being a good boss, Van Dusen?

Mr. Van Dusen: I don’t think so. As a matter of fact, we see examples around us every day that they don’t come out of the same mold.

Mr. McBurney: Can different people achieve success as executives in different ways? Does our discussion add up to that?

Mr. Worthy: Very definitely. You see people with different characteristics becoming equally successful, but there are certain basic factors comprising managerial skill. We have discussed many of these.

Mr. Henderson: One thing that accounts for that is the fact we have a different line-up of personal assets and skills as individuals. A good boss learns to use his strong points and to minimize what deficiencies he may have. There are personal differences but there are also essential skills common to most good bosses.

Mr. McBurney: How should people get to be bosses, Worthy? Do you think seniority rights are an important factor? Age an important factor?

Mr. Worthy: Both of those are factors in the situation. I don’t think either of them however, can be controlling.

Announcer: I am sorry to interrupt but our time is up.

Troubles

Everyone has some—and every man thinks his own are the worst on earth... They’re like mosquito bites, we never get used to having them... A shrewd old lady once said, “The trouble with troubles is that there’s never a handy time to have ’em!”... But troubles do have their values... They erase small worries as the rain washes away chalk-marks from sidewalks... People with elephant-sized troubles usually bear up better than those with small ones... Big or little, few of us would really trade our troubles for those of others... Like our children, they vex and hurt us, but they’re our own—they’ve grown up with us... The eternal problem is how to withstand our troubles... The solution is to compare personal troubles with those of someone worse off... Then pitch in and help that person... Those who do will find their own troubles withering away for lack of attention.—Roscoe Poland.
The World Is Their Campus

American soldiers and sailors all over the world are eagerly awaiting tomorrow, for the mail may bring another lesson by correspondence.

By GEORGE L. CREEL, JR.

The Armed forces have the largest adult school system in the world.

The heart of this world-wide program is located in Madison, Wisconsin. Here some 350 civilians operate what is popularly know as USAFI. Officially called the United States Armed Forces Institute, it has furnished more than 3,000,000 men and women with correspondence courses since 1942.

Director of the Institute is Glenn L. McConagha, a former Ohio State University faculty member, affectionately called "Dr. Mac." He says, "At first, we were not sure that men would study of their own free will on their own time but the enthusiasm of servicemen soon removed all doubt.

"Every morning's mail at USAFI is heavy, with new enrollments, lessons being submitted, questions about points of interest, letters of inquiry, and applications for tests.

"A sailor writes from his ship at sea that he's been stuck on problem six, page 237; will USAFI please help him? USAFI does.

"One soldier writes that he has not submitted any lessons recently because he's been on maneuvers, but he now expects to have plenty of time in the evenings to study his algebra.

"A colonel preparing for a business position after he retires from service enrolls for a course in accounting."

This reaction caused USAFI to grow rapidly. Ten years ago it offered only 64 subjects for high school and junior college credits. Now it has
more than 352 elementary, high school and college courses.

What Courses Should He Take?

A SERVICEMAN can make things a lot easier for himself if he goes to his local school and asks advice about the subjects he should take while he's away.

He will probably be too tired during basic training to even think about studying but after he reaches his outfit, he can go to his Information and Education officer and enroll in the courses he needs.

If he's on a small post or in an isolated detachment where an I & E officer is not available, he can write directly to USAFI.

Actually, he can choose any one of four plans of study. He can enroll in a correspondence course and receive texts and study guides from USAFI. A typical course is Elementary Photography which, for studying purposes, is broken down into 14 units. Each unit requires about eight to ten hours to study the text, answer the self-examination questions, and prepare the written assignment. When all assignments have been submitted to USAFI, then he takes an end-of-course test.

A prospective student may apply for a self-teaching course. If he has odd hours and can only work at infrequent intervals, perhaps this is the best method. This way he can study at his leisure and apply for an examination whenever he's ready.

If he has the time and facilities are available, he can attend group-study classes. More than 95,000 men and women enrolled in this type of course in 1951. Available at larger posts, over 1500 civilian and 1000 military instructors are used in this program. It is here that he can exchange ideas with other students and make friends with people that he would otherwise never know.

USAFI also has over 6,000 extension courses for which he can apply. These are made available through forty-four colleges and universities throughout the country. They are regular university extension studies and include everything from applied art to welding.

As in any school, certificates and diplomas are awarded for passing courses. Last year, about 25,000 received fifth grade certificates for completing elementary courses. Some 30,000 were rewarded with high school certificates.

Teachers Help Students

FOREMOST among the universities cooperating with USAFI is the University of Wisconsin. Many of UW's faculty have contributed their time to the preparation of study

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

**Joseph Farris**

"Never thought I'd see the day Slugger was reading a book!"
guides, instructor’s guides, and other course materials.

All of USAFI’s lesson plans are graded by university personnel. Alvin C. Gillette, a UW sociology instructor, says many students gain needed confidence from instructor’s remarks on their papers. A chief petty officer in the navy encouraged by Gillette to continue his studies went on to receive his high school diploma.

One soldier writes: “Many thanks for the encouraging notes you have appended to my lessons. Seldom, if ever, has a teacher given me such reason for studying more earnestly, and I am deeply grateful to you.”

Another was so worried about keeping up with his lessons that he said: “I am very sorry for the delay on this lesson but my wife just presented me with a daughter, and I was unable to keep up with my work for a while. This will not happen in the future if I can help it.”

**Only Up-to-Date Materials Furnished**

DIRECTOR McCONAGHA expends every effort to give his students the best instruction available. He and his staff keep abreast of new developments not only in the educational field but also in the changing interests of uniformed personnel.

The effectiveness of the program is checked by visits to installations.

Textbooks are reviewed on a regular schedule.

Selection procedure for textbooks is so thorough that it often takes as long as 18 months for one to be approved. They are judged not only to the educational needs of the armed forces but are screened carefully for distorted views, passages that promote prejudices, anti-democratic attitudes, and statements that tend to develop a closed-mind in the student.

**Program Still Growing**

THE WORLD-WIDE campus of the armed forces educational system is still expanding. Three major universities now conduct classes overseas. The University of Maryland operates at 57 points in Europe. Instructors from the University of California teach at 21 locations in the Far East. Louisiana State University is establishing facilities in the Caribbean area.

Mobile units travel to remote areas to promote registrations.

Textbooks are microfilmed for patients in hospitals.

Throughout the world, military leaders encourage uniformed personnel to take advantage of these educational opportunities while Uncle Sam is paying part of their tuition.

They have found that informed servicemen not only make better soldiers, sailors, and airmen—they make better citizens.

---

Greater love hath no teen age son than that he let his old man use the car on Father’s Day.

Jury: Twelve men chosen to decide which side has the better lawyer.

There’s one nice thing about babies. They don’t go around telling bright things their fathers and mothers have said.

There is just as much horse sense as ever, but it seems like the horses have it.
THEY DIED BUT ONCE

By JULES ARCHER

"IN THE face of death all men are cowards," a wit once observed, "but only cowards show it." The difference between those who steel themselves against fear, and those who don’t, may be counted today in the psychoneurotic wards of our big city hospitals. If enemy planes should ever fly through American skies, undisciplined fear may lead to panic, and panic to disaster. How can we keep our natural fear of death in check? We can find inspiration for courage in the last words of famous men who knew the same fear but mastered it:

GEORGE DANTON, victim of the French revolution, to his executioner: "You will show my head to the people. It will be worth the display."

TOM APPLETON, one-time social leader of Boston, to the doctor who told him he was near death: "How interesting!"

BILLY THE KID, sentenced to be hanged "until you are dead, dead, dead," to the judge: "And you can go to hell, hell, hell!"

THOREAU: "I leave this world without a regret."

FREDERICK THE GREAT, on the battlefield as his army was hacked to pieces: "Is there no damned shot for me?"

CHARLES DARWIN, asked to recant his theory of evolution on his deathbed: "I am not in the least afraid to die."

RABELAIS: "Let down the curtain—the farce is over. I am going to the great perhaps."

SOCRATES, to the judges who condemned him: "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, 18th century English physician, to the doctor bustling around his sick-bed: "Dear gentlemen, please let me die a natural death."
JAMES SMITHSON, founder of the Smithsonian Institute, to the five doctors who couldn’t diagnose his fatal ailment: “Perform an autopsy to discover what is the matter with me, for I am dying to know what my ailment is myself!”

CHARLES I of England, putting on two shirts the morning of his execution: “If I tremble with cold, enemies will say it was fear. I will not expose myself to such reproaches.”

CLEMENCEAU, asking as his last wish to be buried with his coffin upright: “Even in death I wish to remain standing.”

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, mounting the scaffold to be beheaded: “This is a sharp medicine but a sure remedy for all evils.”

THOMAS HOBBES, English philosopher: “I should be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at.”

LORD BYRON, pondering last-moment appeals to repent his sins against convention, to his friends: “Shall I sue for mercy? . . . Come, no weakness. Let me be a man to the last!”

JEROME OF PRAGUE, being burned at the stake for his religious views, to his persecutors: “Bring thy torch hither. Do thine office before my face. Had I feared death, I might have avoided it.”

BILL LONGLEY, western outlaw, as he tripped on shaky steps of the platform where he was to be hung: “Look out, boys—I don’t want to get crippled!”
Kansas Fisticuffs

A PROMINENT citizen of the small Kansas prairie town entered the improvised boxing ring and motioned for silence. The crowd, eager for the exciting event, gave him their attention.

"Friends," he announced, "This fight has been inevitable. A professional boxer against a local amateur we think is better. Tonight, it will be settled. Introducing the contestants—The professional," he said and gestured to the stocky man at his left. "Frankie Brown!"

A roar greeted the professional fighter's handshake.

"The amateur," the announcer continued, and indicated a towheaded youth at his left. "I don't have to introduce him."

The young Kansan rose, smiled and waved a gloved hand.

The referee hurried the preliminary instructions and the fighters returned to their corners to await the first round. The bell sounded and as the youth faced his opponent, he heard friends shouting for him to show the skill that had made him the pride of the little town.

His opponent was good and he realized his only chance to win over Brown would be to out-general him. The youth was fast with excellent footwork dancing back and rolling his body under Brown's hard hitting punches. Brown would concentrate on the Kansan's body, then suddenly shift his attention to the head, throwing fast and powerful punches.

Both fighters kept the other from winning too many points and both attacked with equal skill. It was a hard bout between a professional and a small town boy who enjoyed boxing. Though the youth failed to overshadow Brown's skill and training, his opponent also failed to beat the natural ability of the Kansan. Few fighters could have been more evenly matched and even the crowd cheered the "draw" decision.

The youth quietly dressed and started for home but he hadn't gone far when Frankie Brown caught up with him.

"I wanted to tell you," Brown said. "You could go to the top as a fighter the way you think on your feet."

Brown praised the youth's ability, painting a fanciful picture of a ring career.

"Boxing is a great sport and conditioner I like it," the youth replied thoughtfully "but, not professionally. It's a short career even for a champion and when it's over man's prepared for little else."

"Where could you do better?" Brown challenged. "You might become a champion."

"Oh, I don't know. I want to go to college and get an education so I can carve my own career to my ideas of living."

The discussion went on. Brown's argument fell apart and the youth won him over. Convinced, he decided to give up his boxing career and enter college too though he would have to work his way.

"Thank's for straightening me out," Brown said and started to say goodnight.

"You won't regret it, Frankie."

"Forget the Frankie. It's only a ron monicker. My real name's Rockne—Knut Rockne. And say, after all this talking, don't know your name either."

The lanky Kansan chuckled and held out his hand.

"The name's Dwight Eisenhower."

"Where have you been? Daddy and have been looking high and low for you!"
OFFICER HOOLAHAN touched the brim of his cap with his ght stick, a formal salute which is reserved solely for commissioners,ermen and personal friends.

"'Tis a fine afternoon, Doctor Crowley," he said. "Sure, you're looking twenty years younger, every one I see ye'."

"An' 'tis a liar you are, Tim Hoolahan, if you ever did tell the truth in our life. I'm an old man that remembers well the day you came on the race, a fresh lad with a strong back and an honest face. But—for once you're right on the weather. 'Tis a beautiful day to be out in the open."

Officer Hoolahan had something on his mind. "Which brings up the subject, now ye mention it," he said. "It's about the kids playin' on the vacant lot next door. Your housekeeper has instructed the sergeant and the sergeant has instructed me, that the boys must be run off of the place. They make too much disturbance, she says."

"Mrs. Mahoney'd run the angels out of Heaven, if she ever gets there which I doubt. Pay her no mind, Hoolahan. It is my lot an'—. Let the boys play football there all they want to—."

"You're a good man, Doctor Crowley, despite the fact you're a wealthy one. You're good to kids—."

"Away with your blarney—But if you run any of those kids it's myself
that will tell the commissioners to suspend you."

Once more, Officer Hoolahan rendered the proper salute and sauntered on, chuckling. And wouldn't Mrs. Mahoney be mad!

**Doctor Crowley,** now that he was in front of his own house, in plain sight of his own door, straightened his shoulders and with feigned briskness mounted the step. The housekeeper, ever on the alert, opened the door and tried to offer her arm as she glared balefully at the departing uniform.

"Are you all right, Doctor?" she inquired anxiously, as the old man shook her off.

"I am, if you'll mind your own business and leave me alone, Mrs. Mahoney," came the usual reply. "It's busybodies like you—"

But plump motherly Mrs. Mahoney ignoring his protests was smoothing a pillow in the old Morris Chair by the big window in the conservatory. The doctor gruffly stumped in beside her, and eased back in the chair. His walk had tired him—a bit. The autumn air—was a trifle cool. Here he liked to sit—where he and Nora Crowley, many years ago had sat together—watching the horsecars crawl down Westport Avenue—watching Kansas City grow.

The housekeeper lit an old fashioned gas log burner at his feet and then—discreetly retired.

The school children seemed to be late today. The old man missed them. Impatiently he crooked his cane around the leg of a small table and pulled it towards him, for the evening paper. But the print blurred in the dimming light. He felt drowsy—he nodded.

Doctor Crowley hadn't noticed—that the ancient rubber hose that connected the gas burner, had parted. His aging ears missed the almost imperceptible hiss—

A brisk football game got under way on the lot next door. The old doctor never heard the jubilant shout and laughter. Twilight gathered.

Suddenly the door bell jangled Mrs. Mahoney, irate, waddled to the door. Officer Hoolahan, with a brac of sniffling urchins stood on the step.

"'Tis you, Hoolahan, that should know better than to awake the doctor," she exclaimed. "With a couple of brats, at this time of the day, and at the front door."

"It's an officer of the law, you're addressing, me good woman," said Hoolahan. "And it's the head of the house, he's after wantin' to speak to."

"And what important piece of business makes a Hoolahan think he can disturb the doctor?" she demanded tartly.

"These kids," began the cop resignedly, "was a playin' ball on the lot next door an'—"

"It's meself, Bridget Mahoney that ordered the sergeant to keep the little devils off—"

"Aye, an' twas the owner of the lot himself, Doctor Crowley, with his own lips, saving your pardon, that invoked your orders."

"Well—"

"So—I permitted the boys to play—"

"An' what, ye falterin'—?"
They just kicked the ball thru the window—the big one in the conservatory, Ma’am—. It’s smashed into a thousand pieces.”

Mrs. Mahoney, hands to high heaven in grim ire led the way. She knocked gently on the closed door. Suddenly Officer Hoolahan, sniffing to air, pushed her aside and plunged into the room.

Dr. Crowley, head turned to the fleeting sunset, quietly slumbered. The football rested in the ruins of a rubber plant at his feet—the lace curtains fluttered briskly out the open window pane.

The officer shook him—the dimmed old eyes slowly opened in wonderment—then flashed in belligerent inquiry.

“Praise God,” said Hoolahan, soberly. “The Almighty watches over His own. With the room full o’ gas an’ he sleeps like a babe in his mother’s arms! The broken window saved his life!”

John K. Walsh is a man of action, a Major of Field Artillery in the first World War; later a mining engineer in Peru, and presently Director of Personnel at the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. From 1933 to ’37, Mr. Walsh was a member of the Board of Curators of Missouri University. His home is in the St. Louis suburb, Webster Groves. He is the father of four children, three of whom served overseas in last war. Mr. Walsh’s favorite writing subjects are hunting and fishing, adventure and the technical aspects of explosives. Many of his stories have an Ozark setting with strong vein of rural humor.

Several years ago the word “gobbledegook” was hailed as an inspired invention. More recently, a gentleman received an award for coining “bafflegab.” For part, I prefer the word a five year old used when she described an adult conversation: “I can’t understand them; they are talking scribble.”

In writing of the new Queen Elizabeth one student declared: “Her son Charles will be heir to the throng.” Another said: “Elizabeth is the mother of two children and the wife of the Duke of Ellington.”

A Chicago man, visiting in London, attended a ball where everyone except himself spoke with the usual British broad “a.” The accent puzzled him but he did his best.

He danced with the wife of his host. The lady spoke with an especially broad accent; also she was somewhat hefty. When they had finished the dance, she was panting.

“Shall we try another whirl?” asked the Chicagoan.

“Not now,” she said. “I’m dahnnced out.”

“Oh, no,” he said gallantly. “Not darn stout—just nice and plump.”
Editor to Readers—

How do you like Swing’s front cover this issue? For the first time in eight years of publication, the WHB “trademark”—the Swing Girl—is missing. Instead, we have used another bit of advertising art, Gotham Gold Stripe’s “Cheesecake ’52” hosiery girl in a costume by Adele Simpson—reprinted through the courtesy of Gotham’s sales promotion manager, Stanley Goodman, who furnished us the plates.

Stanley tells us that people always comment about one of the features of these Gotham ads: the use of dogs in the photographs. Any other comment?

A. A. Sterling, Inc., of New York City is the Gotham Gold Stripe advertising agency—Leona Bowman the account executive. These plates, which appeared in a number of national magazines, were made by Aetna of New York.

If you agency people or advertisers who read Swing have art work of your own you think would be nice for our covers, send along a proof for us to see. We thought maybe in future issues we might devote more covers to outstanding advertising art.

Any suggestions?

Readers to Editor—

The WHB 30th Anniversary Issue of Swing, published last summer, brought us hundreds of nice letters from good friends. Reprinted below are excerpts from a few of them, published here to conclude this issue with a “Pat On The Back” department.

Please write to tell us what you like—and don’t like—in Swing.

Let me add a rose to the thousands you must have been showered with on Swing’s WHB 30th Anniversary edition. It was truly a professional job, no less.

All of you at WHB are to be congratulated on the high type of enterprise for which you have become known. I see you even took care of the Indians, Bob Burns and Sally Rand. WHB has come a long way since the old Hotel Baltimore days and all of you have a right to be justly proud!

With best personal regards,
Al Dopking
The Associated Press
St. Louis, Missouri

It’s 5:00 p.m. and thanks to WHB 30th Anniversary number of SWING, have accomplished not one thing on my desk today!

Usually I can at least wait until I get home to read SWING, but not this issue. And even though I’ve gone through several times, it’s one of the copies I shall keep.

You’ve done a marvelous job of taking us back 30 years.
Mrs. Kathryn Knappenberge
City Bond & Mortgage Co.
Kansas City, Mo.

Let me extend felicitations upon your anniversary issue of “Swing” which just reached my desk. I like the “little go on the cover and, despite my age, the very sight of her raises my blood pressure about 10 points.

The material following the cover is indeed a vivid word and pictorial history of radio activities in Kansas City during the past 30 years, and of the multitudinous activities dealt with through that medium.

More power to you over the next years.
Powell C. Groner
Kansas City Public Service Compa
Kansas City, Missouri

The purpose of this note is to tell you what a wonderful job I think WHB did in connection with the WHB 30th Anniversary issue of Swing.

It shows the splendid job WHB has done for the public for the past thirty years.

I hope the next thirty years will be great as the past.
Earl M. Johnson, Vice-President
Mutual Broadcasting System
New York City
Big-Seven Basketball
(Continued from Inside Front Cover)
Sat., Feb. 21, Oklahoma at Ames, Nebraska at Columbia, Kansas State at Boulder.
Mon., Feb. 23, Oklahoma at Boulder.
Wed., Feb. 25, Missouri at Manhattan.
Sat., Feb. 28, Oklahoma at Lincoln, Colorado at Manhattan.
Mon., Mar. 2, Nebraska at Ames, Oklahoma at Columbia, Colorado at Lawrence.
Sat., Mar. 7, Iowa State at Boulder, Kansas State at Norman, Kansas at Columbia.
Mon., Mar. 9, Iowa State at Lawrence.
Tues., Mar. 10, Nebraska at Manhattan.

Listeners Swing to WHB for . . .
"WHB VARIETIES"—Radio’s Answer to TV
The finest popular and "standard" music. Late releases by leading recording artists, fine albums in their entirety, complete musical comedy scores! Nightly Monday through Friday, for a full-hour, 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. Roch Ulmer, of the glib tongue and pleasant voice, as master of ceremonies.

NAIB NATIONAL TOURNAMENT — KANSAS CITY, MO.
   March 9-14

NCAA WESTERN PLAY-OFFS — MANHATTAN, KANSAS
   March 13-14

NCAA NATIONAL FINALS — KANSAS CITY, MO.
   March 17-18

AND DAILY —
19½ HOURS of
MUSIC
NEWS
SPORTS
DRAMA

Advertisers
Swing to WHB for . . .
• INCREASED SALES
• FIVE-STATE COVERAGE
• LOWER RATES PER THOUSAND LISTENERS

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY
DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT
JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER
Represented by JOHN BLAIR & CO.
MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT
For SPORTS EVENTS
Play-by-Play
by LARRY RAY
and.....

For friendly, understandably
news of nations across the sea
or neighbors across the street,
it's WHB. For drama, for
laughs, for music — WHB
And for advertising impact
WHB, of course, because nearly
three and a half million listeners
have learned to swing their
radio dials to 710.

Ask Your
JOHN BLAIR
New York—Chrysler Bldg.
150 East 43rd St.
Murry Hill 2-6900
Chicago—520 N. Michigan Ave.
Superior 7-8659
Detroit—1115 Book Bldg.
Woodward 5-3230
St. Louis—134 Paul Brown Bldg.
Chestnut 5688
Dallas—767 Rio Grande Bldg.
Central 7955
Los Angeles—6331 Hollywood Bldg.
Granite 6103
San Francisco—3012 Russ Bldg.
Douglas 2-31889

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS
DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT
JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER
Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.
How to Make Your Auto Last Years Longer  page 403

Paging Dorothy Shay  page 412

Rediscovery of Radio  page 419

Pathway of Presidents  page 398

Joyce Hall, Man Who Makes Hallmark Cards  page 430

John Crosby’s Radio & Television Notes  page 448

25c
for

**WHB Neighborin' Time**

Advertisers who sell to the masses have been quick to ride herd with this dinner winner—2 1/2 hours of noon-time Saddle Soap Opera from "Triangle D Ranch", the Cow Country Club... with music by Don Sullivan and his Western Band, and the country philosophy of Deb Dyer. Bruce Grant is master of ceremonies, assisted by his side-kick, Pokey Red. Al, Bud and Pete enliven the proceedings with their musical novelties and wisecracks. Charles Gray gives the AP and local news report at noon. Broadcast from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. daily, **WHB Neighborin' Time** carries participating spots ("live" or minute transcriptions) and sponsored quarter-hours. Ask for availabilities quickly, before the "S.R.O." sign goes up!

**10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY**

**DON DAVIS**  
**PRESIDENT**

**JOHN T. SCHILLING**  
**GENERAL MANAGER**

Represented by  
**JOHN BLAIR & CO.**

**MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT**
Penn B. Hardy 398  "Path of the Presidents"
Joseph Stocker 403  You’d Better Start Babying Betsy
Charles Hogan 409  Hogan on Dogs
Floetta Walker 412  Paging Miss Dorothy Shay!
John J. Karol 419  The Rediscovery of Radio
Ann Tegtmeier 422  "The Farmer’s Doin’ Swell!"
Alan W. Farrant 426  Money for Your Child
Don Davis 431  Man-of-the-Month
John Crosby 442  WHB Program Schedules
James L. Harte 448  The Cream of Crosby
Joseph Papara 465  It All Goes Up In Smoke
Harry E. Rieseberg 469  Danger Is Their Business
Eleanor M. Marshall 472  City Beneath the Sea
Francis Dickie 475  Furs for a Princess
Irving Wallace 479  Moon Path’s End
M. Jeanne Baker 482  The Man Who Licked Carbon Monoxide
B. L. Busch 487  Saucers Are Old Stuff

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FRONT COVER PLATES
Courtesy
Rose Marie Reid
Swim Suits

SWING is published bi-monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1121 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25¢ in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States $1.50 a year; everywhere else $2. Copyright 1952 by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction for use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Printed in U.S.A.
"PATH OF THE PRESIDENTS"

When President Dwight D. Eisenhower parades down "Pennsylvania" Inaugural Day, January 20, it will not be his first trip along America’s Most Famous Avenue. Herewith a brief history of the best-known street in Washington, D.C.

By PENN B. HARDY

ONE of the first acts of Major Charles Pierre L’Enfant, the French engineer appointed by President George Washington to plan the site for the Federal Government in 1791, was to map a boulevard 160 feet wide, extending from a spot called Jenkins Hill to a rise of ground approximately one mile to the northwest. Jenkins Hill was the place chosen for the Capitol buildings. The rise at the other end of the boulevard was selected as the setting for the presidential “palace”. For a number of years this was the only street the infant city of Washington.

Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, promptly named the thoroughfare “Pennsylvania Avenue” to appease the Commonwealth of th name, then host to the Congress, sitting in Philadelphia. Pennsylvania hoped to keep the seat of government in New York State also envisioned embracing the national capital. Later another street branching off from the White House was accordingly named “New York Avenue”.

General Washington was pleased and in August of 1791, he reported to the Congress that “The grand avenue connecting both the palace and the federal house will be most magnificent and convenient.” The convenience more than its magnificence has since made it the most famous avenue in America, particularly as a Pennsylvania Avenue parade has been a ritual throughout the history of our nation. Of greatest import is the ceremonial march down that historic mile between Capitol and White House completing every presidential inauguration ceremony—the march which has given this stretch the familiar title, “Path of the Presidents”.
Dwight D. Eisenhower will ride his famed path for a second time on January 20. The first time he made the journey, waving to cheering throngs, was as a returning hero whose armies had been victorious in World War II. He was one of the last to make such a trip. A newer, broader avenue, named "Constitution," has superseded old "Pennsylvania" for parades of tribute and celebration. The historic street will continue on Inauguration Day, however, to serve as the "Path of the Presidents".

The first procession to tramp the young avenue, then ankle-deep with dust, was led by President George Washington. This was a Masonic parade, in full regalia, moving from the spot where the White House cornerstone had been laid the year before, to Capitol Hill—in the midsomer of 1793, for the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol.

The first inaugural procession was that of Thomas Jefferson when he began his second term in office. Jefferson had taken a great interest in the development of the street which, prior to his election, had been a dusty rail in summer and a swampy, mired road in winter, covered in spots with dogs to make stretches of old-fashioned corduroy road.

During his first term of office Jefferson needed Congress into making an appropriation for the improvement of the avenue, which resulted in its being partly graveled for his inaugural ride in 1805. This Jefferson procession was a small one, composed of only the President, his secretary, and his groom, riding horseback from the White House to the Capitol, with the President taking the oath of office on the lawn of the Capitol, then riding back.

James Madison, in 1809, had the first formal inaugural parade. Five years later, a warring enemy marched along the avenue, as the invading British, having set fire to the White House and to the U. S. Treasury building which had been erected adjacent to the Executive Mansion in 1798, moved on with intent to raze the Capitol buildings.

The ceremonial marches were small and undistinguished until that of Jackson in 1829. The Democrats across the infant country went wild with their victory, pouring into Washington and celebrating in great fervor. Frontiersmen, veterans of the War of 1812, added to the riotous occasion. Hundreds of them, in full Western garb, rode into the city on horseback to honor the hero of New Orleans. For several days they gal-
veloped up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, wreaths of hickory leaves hanging over their shoulders, singing and shouting wartime slogans.

These happy invaders, along with the equally boisterous mob of delighted Democrats, followed Jackson as, after his inauguration, he rode on horseback from Capitol to White House. The cheering throng followed the President into the mansion and, in gala party spirit, overran the place. They muddied furniture with their boots as they clambered about, tossed food and drink in recklessly gay abandon, rubbing and grinding it into the silk damask upholstery and the rich rugs of the White House rooms.

The next inaugural parade to turn into a circus was that of William Henry Harrison in 1841. He campaigned on a "log cabin and hard cider" slogan; and, with his victory, his happy followers stormed the city and joined in to swell the ceremonial march—wearing coonskin caps and pulling wagons on which were erected replicas of log cabins, with cider barrels stocked alongside.

That 4th of March, which was the day of inauguration until the change to January 20 effected by Franklin D. Roosevelt, was a cold, blustery, windy day. President Harrison, susceptible to colds, was advised by his doctors to protect himself from the weather by riding in a closed carriage. He refused, however, to disappoint the crowds in such a manner; and chose to ride horseback along the path. Harrison caught pneumonia and, a month later, he rode the avenue again. This time, however, he could not raise his hat gallantly the many ladies who lined the way for this was his funeral cortège.

Some of the solemnity of funeral real quiet accompanied the final inaugural of Abraham Lincoln, 1861. The city was brooding as silent in those troubled times. Lincoln rode in an enclosed carriage—the carriage itself hidden from lookers along the way as it was surrounded by mounted troops. Expert riflemen, alert for any threat to the Great Emancipator, lined the rooftops of buildings along the line of march.

Lincoln rode a part of the avenue to Ford’s Theatre on the night April 14, 1865. Two days later muffled drums sounded a soft tap accompanying the beating hearts of hushed mourners, as his bier moved slowly over the "Path of the Presidents" from White House to the Capitol.

Silence hovered over the avenue for the month of mourning that followed the assassination of Abe, to be abruptly broken by the biggest parade the avenue had seen, and one which ranks as the best remembered historically. That was the grand review of the Union armies, which took two full days, May 23 and 24, 1865. More than 200,000 men moved in to march—swelling for that short time the population of the city, then just topping 100,000. The Union veterans bore banners from 2,000 Civil War battlefields, lifting them high as the first day, they marched behind General Grant; and, on the secon-
led by General Sherman. Grant was later to parade once more along the avenue on the day of his own inauguration as Chief Executive.

Strangely, Grant and Sherman, still on horseback, still ride Pennsylvania Avenue. Their horses are now stationary, as are they, for they stand in bronze, Grant at the east end of the avenue and Sherman at the west.

President Garfield, shot by an assassin, made his second journey over the famed street in 1881. Now the thoroughfare was covered with tanbark so that the ambulance which carried the wounded President would ride easily, without jolting the man inside, as it moved to the Union Station where Garfield was placed on a train to take him to New Jersey for treatment.

The wild celebration for Jackson in 1829 was eclipsed, according to all historians, by the celebration in 1885, this time for Grover Cleveland. Again it was a Democratic affair, as party members mobbed the capital to join in the excitement of celebrating their first presidential victory since before the Civil War. Parties were many, and the inaugural parade, oldtimers insist, was not only the noisiest but the biggest of all, not excluding more recent parades.

Heroes, of course, had always received the acclaim of the nation with a parade along Pennsylvania Avenue. The first of great account was a two-day affair honoring Admiral Dewey and the returning Spanish-American War servicemen. General John J. Pershing had his great day after World War I. Lindbergh, for his momentous Lone Eagle flight over the Atlantic, was honored in 1927. And, following World War II, Admiral Nimitz and Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur had their moments of triumph. There was one other parade in honor of a special hero of World War I, although this brave lad heard no cheers and saw none of the crowd that, barely whispering, lined the hallowed avenue to do him honor. This was the funeral cortège of America's Unknown Soldier, moving to its final resting place in Arlington National Cemetery.

The procession honoring all our dead in this symbolic manner was perhaps the most impressive ever to move over the avenue. President Warren G. Harding and ex-President William H. Taft walked with measured tread behind the flag-draped caisson bearing the Unknown Soldier. Former President Woodrow Wilson rode immediately behind, riding because he was too ill to walk. And, walking solemnly and slowly behind the car that transported Wilson, came General Pershing—accompanied by another great hero, France's famed Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

Burial processions since have been routed by way of Constitution Avenue, as are, and will be from now on, all other parades except the inaugural parade. And it is fitting that the last great procession of such stirring though solemn tribute should have been that of the Unknown Soldier, that hero known but to God.
"He wants we should lend him two gallons of gas."
LOOK at what has happened to the Smith-Joneses.

They were putting money in the sock, a little at a time, to trade the old car in on a new '52 with hydra-flow transmission. Then came the post-Korean inflation. Now the Smith-Joneses are taking the same money out of the same sock to pay for buck-pound meat and shoes for little Charlie at $7.50 a pair. And along with inflation comes a new excise tax adding appreciably to the price of a new car.

So Betsy, the family bus, will have to remain in the service of the Smith-Joneses a good while longer. And if global war comes, with its familiar pattern of gasoline and tire rationing and no new cars on the market, all the Smith-Joneses' neighbors will be in the same boat.

It points a lesson for these difficult days of inflation, war and threats of more war: If you have to keep Betsy, and you want to keep her out of the boneyard, you'd better start babying her now.

True, the modern-day car is better than ever before—far better, surely, than the car we were driving when World War II broke out. It contains stronger alloys, perfected during the war, and a multitude of mechanical refinements. It is better equipped to ast out a long automobile drouth.

But, by the same token, it is getting far more strenuous use than the car we had 10 years ago. The average highway speed nowadays is 60, where it used to be 50. And a broad, straight stretch of road invites a leveling off at 70 (with an eye on the rear view mirror for a trailing traffic cop).

YOU'D BETTER START Babying BETSY!

If you want to keep your automobile out of the boneyard, start babying her now.

By JOSEPH STOCKER

In the cities the wear-and-tear on Betsy is even greater. With about 15,000,000 more vehicles in use now than 10 years ago, downtown streets resemble a Yankee Stadium parking lot during the World Series. Stop-and-go driving involves infinitely more stopping and going.

Still another straw loaded on the back of the family camel is the fact that we Americans are simply driving more than ever before. The average owner puts 12,000 miles a year on his car, compared to 10,000 before the war.

GARAGEMEN know that the motoring public, after six or seven blithe postwar years of automobile plenty (and automobile abuse), is far from being maintenance-conscious. One of them put it this way:

"People begrudge spending any money on their cars. It used to be not
How to Make Your Car Last for Years—

AUTOMOTIVE experts have a simple three-point rule-of-thumb for assuring Betsy a long, useful and economical life:

1—Use care and common sense in the every-day operation of your car.
2—Frequent lubrication.
3—Get the car into a shop at reasonable and regular intervals for a check-up, to catch things going wrong before they go wrong. It will cost a little bit—and save a heck of a lot more.

uncommon for a man to come in and say, 'Well, my car is two years old. I want you to go through her and fix her all up.' And he'd spend $200 on preventive maintenance. Since the war, preventive maintenance has been the hardest thing in the world to put over. Customers think we're trying to sell 'em a bill of goods. Because cars are built better today, people expect them to be trouble-free. It just isn't so."

In the operation of their car, Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones, although they don’t realize it, are probably hammering a nail a day into poor Betsy's coffin.

They shouldn't be blamed too much. Modern-day traffic takes its toll in time and temper. The ordeal of merely driving through the heart of a big city at 5 p.m. is enough to strain the patience of a burro. Since the Smith-Joneses are no burros, they can be counted on to start driving before the engine is warm, brake up to a stop light with a screech, gun away when the light turns green and absently ride the clutch all the way across town.

Unfortunately they don't gain much time. But they do accomplish the rapid deterioration of the family bus.

What the Smith-Joneses—and you—should be doing is this:

IF THE car is starting up after being parked all night, warm the engine before driving away. Safest thing is to let it idle—don't race it—until the needle on the temperature gauge starts moving from its pin. Then hold the speed to 35 until the engine reaches normal operating temperature.

Bear in mind that, while the car has been sitting unused, all the oil has drained down out of the working parts into the crankcase. Warming the car before starting off gives that oil a chance to get back up where it belongs and go to work again lubricating pistons and rings and generally preserving the engine. If you shove off with a "cold" engine, there's going to be undue friction on the moving parts—and on your pocketbook.

When you see a traffic light turning against you a block ahead, let up on the gas and ease to a halt.
Avoid hot-rod starts when the light goes green. It uses excess fuel and results in excess wear.

If you don’t have automatic transmission, leave the gears in neutral at stop lights rather than keeping the clutch pedal down. Don’t touch the clutch at all except to shift gears.

On the open road, don’t travel over 60. It’s best for Betsy’s long life—and yours, too.

Shift into higher gears at lower speeds to prevent unnecessary engine strain.

Have the oil, water, battery and tires checked at every fill-up. Keep the tires inflated two or three pounds above the manufacturer’s specifications. Riding may not be quite so soft, but the tires will last much longer.

Watch your instruments. They’ll tell you when trouble is brewing somewhere in the great mechanical complex which is your automobile. I heard of a driver recently who spent $125 for the dubious privilege of not watching his dash board. He had hit a rock in the road which knocked a hole in his oil pan and drained all the oil out, “freezing” his bearings. A glance at his rising temperature gauge or dropping oil pressure would have sent him scattering for a garage in time to save everything but the cost of a new oil pan.

If you’re breaking in a new car, follow the manufacturer’s recommendations scrupulously. A bad job of breaking-in can cut the life of your car by one-third. “If you cheat your car at this end,” a serviceman once told me, “it will cost you four times as much at the other end.”

Be especially indulgent to your automobile in winter. Before starting up, press the accelerator down twice to provide an extra charge of gasoline for the first firing. Shove the clutch pedal in so the starter won’t have to turn over heavily greased transmission gears. If there is no automatic choke, pull the manual choke out all the way. Push the starter button, then ease the choke back in.

If you can get the engine started on the first try rather than the third, your starting mechanism will live that much longer.

Short runs in wintertime, without proper warm-up in between, are death
Give Your Car the Care a Fleet-Operator Gives—

HERE is the servicing schedule of a big and successful fleet-operator. The average motorist could do far worse than to adopt this schedule, with appropriate latitude for oil changes and possibly a little greater interval between engine tune-ups:

**A-Service (1,000 miles)**
Check all driving controls and instruments; check brakes, lights, front wheel bearings and clutch pedal clearance; clean air cleaner; complete lubrication; change oil.

**B-Service (5,000 miles)**
All of A-Service plus engine tune-up and rotating tires.

**C-Service (10,000 miles)**
All of A-Service and B-Service plus front wheel pack, check brake linings and drums and drain, flush and refill transmission and differential.

...on Betsy. In fact, short runs without warm-up are bad for her any time. Here's what goes on underneath that pretty, streamlined hood of hers:

Parts of the engine get warm, others remain cold. This causes condensation. Water seeps into the crankcase oil, dilutes it and produces sludge, which results in extra wear the next time the engine is started. Raw gasoline also washes down past the pistons into the crankcase, swishing oil off the polished surfaces and leaving them defenseless against pitting. The gasoline brings with it abrasive bits of metal, carbon and road dust, scoring pistons and bearings.

And that's not the whole of it. The water formed by condensation is dissipated into the exhaust system, mixes with the exhaust gases and forms carbonic acid, which eats away the muffler.

ALL of which means frequent and expensive repair jobs. Yet it is interesting to observe that test cars operated by automobile and tire manufacturers run 300,000 miles without having the cylinder head off. That's because they never stop. Engines are constantly at operating temperature.

A note of warning about that first long jaunt in the spring: If the car has been used only for short trips in the winter, and you haven't been as careful as you should, watch your oil level. The crankcase oil will have become diluted with gasoline. The oil stick may show "Full", but the gasoline vaporizes as the engine gets warm, leaving dangerously little lubricant. You can burn out a bearing unless you have your oil checked every 50 miles the first time out.

If there is a single factor more important than any other in car maintenance, it's lubrication—every 1,000 miles or every 60 days, whichever comes first—and without fail. Even though your car may be getting little use, grease dries up and accumulates dirt. If you have driven through water, snow or heavy dust, get a lube job immediately, whether or not a thousand miles or 60 days have elapsed.

Besides being the cheapest kind of protection you can buy, regular lub-
Lubrication brings to light any unexpected malfunction. A competent serviceman gives your automobile’s entire “in-nards” a quick inspection while he has it on the grease rack. A leak or a loose part detected there can be remedied before it leads to serious—and costly—trouble.

**CONSIDER** the sad experience of a motorist who decided to wait until he returned from a 2,200-mile journey before he had his car lubed. En route home the rear end went out. He spent $23 for a tow, another $87 for repairs and was stranded for a day and a half in a desolate little town. If he had stopped for a 1,000-mile lubrication, the serviceman quickly would have discovered the leaking grease seal before it caused the breakdown.

What about oil change? Service stations, of course, like to keep alive the old-fashioned habit of changing every 1,000 miles. It’s good for business.

Well, it’s probably best for Betsy, too, if you live in dry, dusty country or most of your driving is of the start-and-stop variety. In the latter case, moisture produced by condensation dilutes the oil and reduces its effectiveness. But the traveling salesman who is on the road a great deal can run 3,000 miles between changes. By keeping his engine almost constantly at operating temperature, he is burning out the oil’s impurities.

It’s a paradox, the truth of which few motorists realize: The less driving you do, the more often you need oil changes.

What weight oil to use? The lighter the better, commensurate with the age of your car. Light oil flows faster and circulates more readily to important parts of the engine. When Betsy is new, start with SAE 10. Go up to SAE 20 at 5,000 miles, then, when you start using more than two quarts per 1,000 miles, shift to SAE 30.

And get yourself into the habit of regular, periodic servicing and inspection. This is a fetish with commercial operators of large fleets of vehicles, who often run their trucks and taxis 300,000 to 500,000 miles before consigning them to valhalla.

**IT’S** possible, of course, to baby Betsy too much. This is a curious sort of mechanical hypochondria that afflicts a few car owners. One example is the motorist who had his battery and tires checked every day, until the threads were worn off battery caps and tire valves. Another is the woman driver who had her precious vehicle greased three times a week, regardless of use or weather.

But most of us err to the other extreme. We endow Betsy with a quality she simply doesn’t have—that of immortality. We neglect her, drive the wheels off her and then damn her to perdition when she breaks down and leaves us fretting at the nearest
bus stop. We might remember that 6,000,000 cars went to the junkheap during World War II, severely hampering civilian transport and jeopardizing the war effort, since many were needed by war workers. In case of World War III, the same thing will happen — only more so — unless we learn how to take care of our automobiles.

If inflation and/or war interferes with your pleasant habit of "trading

A ND here are a few miscellaneous pointers under the general heading of preserving your automobile through whatever exigencies may lie ahead:

Undercoating. An important post-war development in the field of preventive maintenance. A mixture containing latex is sprayed on the underside of the car and the underside of fenders and hood — to seal out dust, rocks and water, prevent corrosion and keep bolts from working loose. Undercoating is especially useful in wet climate. Costs between $25 and $40, depending on the quality of material used.

25,000-mile warranty. Another new wrinkle, just now catching hold around the country. For a price usually in the neighborhood of $15, your dealer's service department puts a warranty on your new car guaranteeing parts and labor on any defects that turn up within 25,000 miles. (Fair wear and tear excepted.) Your end of the agreement is to take your car to him for service and lubrication. That way, he spots trouble before it becomes serious and, at the same time, holds on to your business. I bought such a warranty with my car and got more than my money back on it.

Radiator care. Drain, flush and fill with clean, soft water twice a year — before and after using anti-freeze. At the same time pour in a can of anti-rust. Watch the hoses. If they are soft, spongy or cracked, or if they swell and suck in when the engine revs up, replace them. If the fan belt is loose (a "give" of more than an inch), tighten it. If it's frayed, replace it.

Battery. Have it checked every two weeks. Use only distilled water. Fill no higher than 3/8 of an inch above the plates. If corrosion sets in (usually caused by too much water in the cells), have it cleaned off with a solution of bicarbonate of soda before it obstructs the current and eats away the cables. Watch your ammeter. If it starts indicating consistent "discharge," something is wrong with battery or generator.

Air cleaner. Service every 5,000 miles — more often if you drive in sand, dust or dry climate. A clogged air cleaner impedes the flow of air to the carburetor, causes overheating and reduces gasoline mileage.

Oil filter. Service every 5,000 miles. Change the filter every fourth or fifth oil drain.

Spark plugs. Replace every 10,000 miles. You'll use less gasoline.

Finish. Wash frequently. Dust and dirt act as abrasives. Keep a coat of wax on the car.
HOGAN on DOGS

Hogan dogs could outrace a comet. They were citified coyotes that ate whatever Hogan ate. And not even the cops could chase 'em away!

By CHARLES HOGAN

A BOXER dog of my acquaintance has opened up a new and wonderful world for me. This lumbering animal pal of mine insists he is the Earl of Fogginton III; but I call him Snarls the Butler, and make him like it. Snarls snarled at me the other night, "You claim to be a writin’ fellah. Question is, can you read?"

"Well, it’s this way—"

"No evasions, please. Can you read?"

"Big print—if I fudge a little with my finger."

"Well, have you ever taken a gander at this?"

Thus did Snarls call my attention to a magazine called "Your Dog" and I learned for the first time that there is more to the world of dogdom than meets the eye.

While I have known a whole gaggle of dogs during the weary years and even owned several from time to time, I had never realized the entanglements and complications connected with raising a canine. The dogs I have owned and known in my life have unanimously viewed me with suspicion at best, and more often with downright loathing.

The ones I have owned have stumbled up the alley, lank, bedraggled and in such depths of misery they were even willing to let me adopt them. It didn’t take any time at all, hardly, until they learned to despise me.

From the magazine which Snarls hurled at me I learn that today’s dog requires more special treatment than a chorus girl. They’ve got a “creme” shampoo just for dogs. This goo contains lanolin, some stuff my dogs never heard of.

Whenever I backed my pooches into a corner and tried to give them a bath they did nothing but register a diplomatic protest—by trying to gnaw my arm off. They’d have done that anyway, lanolin or no lanolin.

My dogs, to a mutt, were allergic to me and to bathing on the same anti-social principles.

Same goes for the matter of food. Here’re some folks, modestly styling themselves as “famous for food research,” whooping in an ad that a hound is practically hovering over the grave without dog fodder containing “life-saving, life-guarding Esbilac.” They go on to remind “you’ve used Esbilac for years. Think of the added advantage of having it in dog food.”

Since I don’t know what Esbilac is I can’t go along with the claim that
I’ve been using it for years. But if I’ve been using it my dogs have been using it, too.

Because a Hogan dog ate whatever Hogan ate. If we had wienies and sauerkraut, Phineas T. Barnum III, a kind of brown and yellow spotted varmint with a spavined ear, had wienies and sauerkraut.

Our dogs have lived from childhood to ripe old age on everything from chocolate eclairs to clam chowder. Maybe they lacked a certain amount of “drive” as the magazine puts it, but they had drive enough to suit them and more than enough to suit us.

Another purveyor of provender for pampered pets says his delicacy, “Vitality Dog Food” is dandy for the racer “needing the reserve of power to stay in the race longer, put on that extra burst of speed and not tire quickly.”

P. T. Barnum could outtrace a comet—and then come back and chew it into sparks.

There are numerous other items in the sissified dog’s life of today. For instance, for $3.39 I could “surprise him with a real dog diner.” A Mr. Larson of Detroit will send me the “Dog Diner” when I send him the Geetus.

The “Dog Diner” seems to be a set of matched dishes, more or less. The Hogan menagerie was strictly from across the tracks. If I’d have surprised any one of my procession with a “Dog Diner” he’d have no doubt reared up on his hind legs and bopped me over the sconce with it.

When I pointed this out to Snars he sneered: “Exactly! Like master, like dog, you know. How could you expect your puppies to be cuddlesome, as it says in the book, when they grew up in an atmosphere of utter depravity?”

I never expected my puppies to be “cuddlesome” and they never disappointed me. To a dog, they were nothing but citified coyotes. I’d just as soon dare to start smooching one as to start playing footsie with an atom bomb. Sooner!

A writer in the magazine syrups off with a gem of whimsy. This fellow, name of Mack Haun, gurgles “From the moment old Janie presented us with her canine ‘blessed events’ our household was never the same again. Those manifold bundles from ‘puppy Heaven’ encroached themselves upon our lives to the point that I personally was aware of them by day, and alas, BY NIGHT!”

Well, Haun and I agree on only one point. From the moment Old
Lizzie presented us with her bundles from He — — (Oh, well, maybe I can stretch a point and go along with Haun on the rest of the word) our household was ever the same again.

Only seven times worse—bedlam "encroached" and reigned supreme by day and night.

Old Lizzie began early to train her little bundles from puppy Heaven. Taught 'em every trick in her diabolical system.

The bundles from Heaven, under the touch that only a mother like Old Lizzie could give, were apt pupils. It was no time at all until the Chinese rug made an ideal diet supplement. Maybe it contained Esbilac. For dessert they learned to chomp on the legs of the Steinway. They learned to swipe anything edible before they had lost their puppy teeth, if they ever had any. I always felt Old Lizzie's brood was born with poisonous fangs suitable for gnashing off human limbs.

They learned to chase cats not because they had anything personal against them, but out of sheer cussedness. Old Lizzie coached them in the fine points of gnashing at one's bare legs while one was shaving. As they grew she taught them to lollop around the battered house like seven blood-thirsty mustangs, fresh off'n the range, podnuh!

She gave singing lessons to her tiny bundles, Old Lizzie did. This made the neighbors aware of them by night when they howled vile curses at the inoffensive moon. It made me go hunting for the trusty Sharps rifle grandpa brought back from the days when he was one of the terriers helping to build the Union Pacific. And the yowling brought a steady stream of visitors.

Our guests were from Number Seven's, "The Friendly Hoosegow." Whether their name was Mulcahey or Flanagan the visitors all brought the same message.

"Cap Daugherty says you either get rid o' them demons outa the Black Pit itself or he's personally gonna come over and shoot Old Lizzie, them seven hounds o' Hell and especially even you."

When I pointed all this out to Snarls he merely jeered.

"Precisely, old boy. As I have long suspected you never did know your derrière from third base. If you will consult the treatise entitled 'The Law Has Teeth, Too' you will see, and I quote: 'In most states the dog is still entitled to first bite'."

"What about the second, third and all subsequent bites? My hounds never stopped at first. They ran the full route."

"Shaddap! If you read further the book says 'An officer of the law cannot enter the property of a dog owner to seize a dog unless he has a warrant for the owner's arrest.' Why, Cap Daugherty didn't have a leg to stand on!"

Cap Daugherty had a leg to stand on. But just because he always sent Flanagan or somebody, the big panty-waist. If he'd ever showed his flamboyant Irish puss around our place trying to confiscate Old Lizzie and her seven fiends, Cap Daugherty wouldn't have had a leg, period!
The Ozark Mountain man or woman is a picturesque individual—a peculiar blending of American pioneer and Elizabethan culture that is rapidly disappearing.

The Mountain Man, as he plows and chops wood, sings the tragic folk songs of the Elizabethan era, such as Barbara Allen, or songs of early America.

His wife sings as she does her housework and the chores. But not before breakfast. To sing before breakfast means she will weep before night. These folk songs have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, but to get the mountaineer to sing them for you, you must first gain his confidence.

The old hillsman is impressed "not a whit" by the fine clothes and big cars of the tourists, as he knows he is a "landed gentleman," despite his rags. He "don't take orders from nobody." He thinks all cities are cesspools of iniquity, and that all city dwellers are grossly immoral.

Here's a report on those Ozark hillmen who "take orders from nobody." Their "wimmin" walk behind 'em. A summary of quaint customs and superstitions in the mountains of Missouri and Arkansas—a culture that is rapidly disappearing. Now the natives say: "We got the Electric."

By FLOETTA WALKER

The Ozark Mountain woman frequently supports her family by her vegetable garden, cows, and chickens; while the husband, if a good provider, invests in more land and livestock. She rises first, builds the fire, and "totes" in the water and wood. Mountain men always eat first, and if there is only one chair in the house, the Lord and Master occupies it.

The man of the house walks a few steps ahead of his wife. This custom is probably a survival of the old days when people walked the narrow trails, the man ahead with his rifle, the women folk behind, carrying bundles, leaving the man's hands free to use his weapon.

A mountain boy does not accompany his gal to meetin' but stands just outside the door, where he may ask to see her home. For a boy and girl to go to church together in some localities is regarded by everyone as equal to announcing their engagement. The mountaineer is often insanely jealous. When a mountain girl is "talkin'," (contemplating matrimony) to a young man, she must not accept attentions from another.
EARLY marriages are the rule in the hill country, and many mountain girls are wives and mothers at 15 or 16. At 20 the mountain girl is well past her bloom. There are no church weddings in the hills. The ceremony takes place in the home of the bride. The wedding is followed by a charivari, where the mountain boy treats his friends. If he refuses, his cronies ride him on a rail to the nearest pond and dump him in.

Divorce is most unusual. There are separations, usually the woman goes to visit her kinsfolk and puts off returning until everyone is accustomed to the situation. But it is only in her old age that the hill-woman is treated with any marked consideration. “Granny” is frequently regarded as a chimney-corner oracle, an authority on superstitions and a judge of human character.

LIVING conditions are primitive. A typical cabin may have from one to four rooms with a front and a back door, and a window on each side of the front door that may or may not be plumb. One window may slant in sharply at the top or bottom, giving the house a cross-eyed look. The woman of the house may complain, “but Paw is boss” and “he don’t give a dang how the house looks.”

The walls are sometimes papered with old newspapers, or possibly with brightly colored wallpaper that does not match or was not trimmed. If the family is progressive, there may be an eighth grade diploma framed and hanging on the wall. Ozark homes are rarely painted, either inside or out. Occasionally, one sees a flower garden beside the house, or perhaps a profusion of roses, bachelor buttons, hollyhocks, or larkspur. Possibly, there are vines over the cabin or porch, if there is a porch. Porches are rare.

It is a good idea to “holler out” before approaching an Ozark cabin. The true hillbilly doesn’t like “fur-riners,” and will probably come out shotgun in hand to look you over, his hound dogs trailing behind. After passing inspection, you may be invited to “sit a spell.” He might even ask you to come in, “and eat a dirty bite.” His wife may be an excellent
Swing

The Play Party is native to the Ozarks, and is common where people object to dancing on religious grounds. There is no music—spectators and participants clap their hands and stamp their feet, while they sing. The girls dress elaborately, sometimes changing clothes several times during the evening. The men wear heavy boots, hickory shirts, and overalls or jeans. Sometimes, the boys of one family may wear ribbon wound around their necks as a distinguishing band—or they may wear bells on their spurs.

An Ozark Square Dance is similar to an Ozark Play Party, except that there is fiddlin' music and plenty of corn-likker, an' some "Tom-Cattin" in the shadows. If you got it in for some feller, an ol' time hoe-down is a mighty good place to get it out. Mountain men and women do not drink together in public. Every respectable woman in the hill country is assumed to be a teetotaler. At social functions she makes an elaborate pretense of not knowing that her escort has liquor, although the whole place may be reeking of it.
No story of the Ozarks would be complete without mention of the Water Mills. In the early days, the water mill was a community center. People sometimes rode 50 miles to mill and camped two to three days, while waiting their turn to grind their grain. Sometimes a section of the mill was used for a dance when the day’s work was done. If no fiddler was present, the young folk sang and danced. One of the best known of the party games comes from the mill:

"Happy is the Miller Boy, Who lives by the Mill,
The Mill turns around with a right good will
One hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies step forward and the gents step back."

The men carried their rifles with them in order to provide meat for the camp, to compete in tests of marksmanship, and for protection. The women knitted and gossiped around the camp fire. The boys played marbles, went swimming, and fished from the windows of the mill. Sometimes, distilling was combined with milling—grain was ground or liquefied, as desired, and the little-brown jug was much in evidence.

Debating Societies were, in the past, a popular pastime in the Ozarks, and are still found in some localities. The questions submitted for debate are unique, such as "Which Is Worse, a Smoking Chimney or a Scolding Wife?" or "Which Is Better, a Married or a Single Life?" These debating societies may have been the original source of much Arkansas humor.

The hillsman may sometimes be heard practicing his oration while plowing or doing other work.

Husking bees are another pioneer custom still found in some portions of the Ozarks. The farmers come for miles around to husk corn. It gets the work done in a hurry, and finding a red ear gives the bashful country lad an opportunity to kiss the girl of his choice with social approval.

Medicine Shows make the side roads and villages, present entertainment and peddle their wares—never failing to get a crowd. Entertainment is provided by a black face comedian, who cracks jokes and sings with guitar or banjo accompaniment.

The true Ozarkian seldom leaves his beloved hills, and may have little knowledge of the world outside them. At a circus, an old woman asked her son, "Ezra, what is that big varmint over thar?"

"Hit’s a Elefant," replied Ezra.

"A Elefant?" asked the old lady.

"Yes—hit’s the biggest varmint in the world."

"Wal," the old lady said, "if God-ammighty made that, he orter make one more an’ quit."
A Candy Break is another popular pastime with Ozark youth. Sorghum is boiled down and pulled into strands. A boy and girl bite down on opposite ends of the taffy stick, their hands clasped behind their backs. The one who bites off the end of the taffy stick is free to choose a new partner for the next “chawin’.”

Sorghum-making time is a period of festivity, and the native Ozarkian is a true artist at making sorghum from the juice of sugar cane that has been stripped. The stalks are hauled to the mill where they are crushed in a sorghum press. The crushed cane is then boiled over a slow fire. While the sorghum is cooking, the children love to dip cane sticks into the boiling syrup and make suckers. When the syrup cooks down to the right consistency it is then cooled. It must be very thick for pulling. Sorghum is sometimes called “Long Sweetnin.”

Corn whiskey was once so cheap that a jug of free whiskey was kept beside the free water bucket in country stores. At this time, corn whiskey sold for as little as 25¢ a gallon. The U.S. Government began taxing whiskey about 1791, but it was 1872 before the “Revenuers” moved into the Ozark area and attempted to enforce the tax. The “Revenuer” was a most unpopular man and is responsible for the Ozarkian’s distrust of “furriners.” Many of the stills were moved back further into the hills and their owners continued to make whiskey as their fathers and grandfathers had before them. They felt that a man who raises his corn has a right to use it in any manner he wishes.

Cash money in the Ozarks is scarce, and mountaineers have always been “swappers.” Tobacco chewing and whittling are an important part of the swapping negotiations. The country store is the popular place. In the winter the men gather around the pot-bellied stove and warm their backsides, or sit on barrels and chew and spit. Whittling and loafing go together, and the hillsman is proficient in both. He loves to haggle and horse-trade.

The pattern of life in the Ozarks is full of signs and superstitions. Peculiar beliefs color the personalities of those who live there.

Many considerations are to be taken into account when marrying. It is considered extremely unlucky if the girl marries a man whose surname has the same initial as her own.

“Change the name and not the letter.”
“Marry for worse, and not for better.”
“Marry in red, and wish yourself dead.”
“Marry in black, you’ll wish yourself back.”
“Marry in yellow, you’ll be ashamed of your fellow.”
“Marry in green, you’ll be ashamed to be seen.”
“Marry in brown—you’ll live in town.”
“Marry in blue, you’ll always be true.”
“Marry in white, you’ll always do right.”

To insure a happy marriage, the bride and groom should stand with feet pointing the way the boards run. An unhappy marriage may result from standing with feet at right angles to the boards.
Water witching is a form of witchcraft that is practical and seems really to work. A Water Witch is an important man in the country. The man takes a forked stick firmly in both hands—fork upward, and starts walking in search of a well. When the stick turns down it means water below. To determine the distance to the vein, the “Witch” walks away from the spot, counting the steps, until the stick regains its upright position. Six steps means 18 feet to water. To make sure of the location the water witch approaches the spot from all directions, testing with his witching stick.

The changes of the moon and the sign of the zodiac are important in determining the best dates for planting. Vegetables for growth underground, such as potatoes, onions and beets, are best planted in the dark of the moon. Plants that bear their edible portions above ground should be planted in the light of the moon. Good Friday is an excellent time for planting garden truck. Lettuce should be planted on Valentine’s Day, potatoes the 17th of March—and in the light of the moon.

Many of these superstitions are English in origin, others are purely American; all have been handed down from generation to generation.

To drop a dishrag is bad luck. Throw salt over the left shoulder to dispel ill luck.

Headaches may be caused by birds making their nests from the combings of your hair.

Rail fences split and laid in the light of the moon curl and twist.

Eggs set on Sunday hatch roosters. Eggs set in the dark of the moon will not hatch. Eggs carried in a woman’s bonnet hatch pullets.

If the fire a girl kindles burns brightly, her man for whom it is named is faithful. If it smolders and goes out, he is unfaithful.

A visitor leaves by the same door he enters, to do otherwise might invoke a quarrel.

To dream of muddy water means trouble.

If a girl puts salt on the fire for seven consecutive mornings, it will bring her absent lover home, whether he wants to come or not. Or, she may place her shoes together at right angles so that the toe of one touches the middle of the other and recite: “When I my true love want to see, I put my shoes in the shape of a T.” This is considered particularly effective if the couple is married, and the man is entangled with another woman.

A girl who sings while cooking or doing any sort of work around the stove is doomed to wed with a “widder man.”

If a mountain maid wishes to learn of her future husband she may ask the new moon: “New Moon, New Moon tell to me, Who my True Love is to be?” Then she sleeps, hoping the new moon will bring her desired answer in a dream.

MODERN transportation, improved roads, Radios, and the creation of the man-made Lake of the Ozarks have made great changes in the Ozark region within the last ten years. It is not unusual to hear a native say, “We got the Electric.” Many of the old customs and habits are disappearing; small industries are springing up, some of them like rug-making, the revival of an old art. Rags are sewed, washed, and cut into
narrow strips called carpet rags. These are sewed or "tacked" together and woven into colorful rag carpets. Sometimes, they are "colored" or dyed with homemade dyes made from pokeberries, copperas, Indigo (which is "store bought"), walnut hulls and sumac.

With the coming of tourists, the weaving art has been revived in the Ozarks and carried on as an important fireside industry. Attention is now given to rugs, coverlets, and counterpanes. Some Ozark women create their own designs, others have become experts in copying.

The manufacture of homemade dolls is a new industry in the Ozarks. The name of Naomi Clark, who started making dolls as a hobby, is well known. She carves her dolls from native cedar and dresses them hillbilly fashion in "Mother Hubbards" or jeans. Flour sacking is used for undergarments. The women dolls wear sunbonnets. Other popular dolls are the "Bob Burns Kinfolk" doll by Anne Park of Van Buren; and "Uncle Matt" and "Aunt Mollie" dolls of "Shepherd of the Hills" fame, by Lulu Scott. The Kewpie doll of the 20's was designed by Rose O'Neill, also of the Ozark Country.

Baskets are made from hickory, willow, and buck brush. Cedar is a popular wood for carvers, and for all types of small novelty items made for sale to the tourist trade.

**BEFORE** the old ballads are lost forever, an attempt is being made to revive the art of ballad singing. Folk songs are songs of tragedy in both words and melody. They are poignant and long drawn out, and always tell a story.

It is interesting that these hill folk, many of them illiterate, still sing about English and Scottish Lords and Ladies of high degree, after having lived in the American wilderness for many generations.

An American ballad in a light vein is:

GRANMAW’S ADVICE

My granmaw lives on yonder little green,
Fine ol' lady as ever I seen,
She often cautioned me with care
Of all false young men to beware.

The first come a-courtin' was little Johnny Greene,
Finest young feller, I ever did see,
But Granmaw's words run through my head,
I wouldn't hear nothin' that poor feller said.

The next come a-courtin' was Young Ellis Grove,
An' then I knowned a joyous love,
With a joyous love, I couldn't be afraid,
An' better go wrong, than die an' ol' maid.

Say I to myself, "There's some mistake,
An' oh what a fuss the ol' folks make!
If the fellers an' gals was all afraid,
Granmaw herself would a died a' ol' maid!"
THE great majority of people never had to rediscover Radio, they never lost it.

As examples of just how tenaciously people have stayed with Radio, here are a few truly fabulous figures. Since January of 1946—just after the end of the war—until this fall, the people of America bought over 96 million Radios. In other words about 90% of the 110 million Radio sets in the nation are postwar models. The rate of purchase of Radio sets continues, this year as last year, to outstrip the purchase of Television sets by two to one. People have bought—and are buying—Radio sets not just for the many different rooms in their homes, they’ve bought them for their cars. Over 90% of all postwar autos are equipped with Radios. Or to take a bedroom look at the medium, about 10 million people wake up in the morning to clock Radios!

Not only have people bought this astounding number of postwar Radios, they have spent an equally astounding amount of money in so doing. If we figure the average Radio costs $40, the public has invested, since the war, almost four billion dollars in Radio sets.

90% of America’s 110 million Radio sets are post war models. People spend more time each average day with Radio than with magazines, newspapers and Television combined. The vice-president of network sales, CBS Radio, tells why Radio is a more effective and efficient advertising medium than people had believed.

By JOHN J. KAROL

They did not buy them for ornaments. They bought them to use... to listen to. And survey after survey shows that people spend more time listening to Radio than they spend with any other advertising medium. In fact, most research data show that people spend more time each average day with Radio than with magazines, newspapers and Television combined.

IN Television areas, it is now an accepted fact that daytime Radio is by far the most widely used and efficient advertising medium. So advertiser faith in daytime Radio has continued. If anything, it has increased. However, this same faith has not been displayed by all advertisers
in nighttime Radio. These advertisers are a part of the group that is now busily engaged in the rediscovery of Radio.

The other members of the group include many agency executives and many Radio people.

Yes, the Radio people—many of them—were swept away by the glamour of Television. In many cases, salesmen were selling both media. TV being new and shining, sold quicker and more easily. Many of us put Radio in the background.

My own organization, CBS, met the problem by establishing CBS Radio as a separate unit. We rediscovered our medium. We examined it. We have checked it against the delivery of other media. We are continuing to examine it with very gratifying results.

The rest of this small group, the advertisers and the agencies, have also begun to re-appraise Radio. Very cautiously at first. It hasn't been socially correct until quite recently to talk much about Radio. But they have continued to seek out the facts, to look for the deliverance ability of all media against their costs. And the more they have done this the more they are discovering that Radio gives the greatest dollar value in all advertising.

I CANNOT tell you in detail what the agencies and advertisers have found out, but I presume their findings have paralleled our own. From our search after facts we now know that Television has not depressed Radio listening nearly so much as it has changed the pattern of listening. It has increased tremendously the use of secondary sets. In fact, in TV homes less than a quarter of the listening is done to the “big” set. But the current nationwide measurement of Radio listening pays comparatively scant attention to these secondary sets. So we have turned to other research organizations to find out what happens to Radio in Television homes.

What happens to Radio is this: it continues to be used but its use takes place largely outside the living room and this usage is largely unmeasured.

We have also discovered two other facts that run contrary to general conjecture. First, evening Radio usage in Television homes is highest between 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. and, second, the most popular programs are not news and music but the same big shows of the type that are most popular nationally.

We know that the people in Television areas are spending a large and increasing share of their evening hours listening to Radio. I am not referring here to the nearly 9 million Radio only homes in Television areas. I am talking about Radio listening right in the Television homes. In the last October-April season, in the Television homes of the top 10 Television cities, radio listening increased 28%. And that increase occurred during the evening hours!

In New York City, which has seven TV stations competing with Radio for the available audience, Nielsen recently noted that between September, 1951 and September, 1952, Radio listening in Television homes was up and Television viewing was down.
In this same crowded city, Pulse finds that Radio sets-in-use is just under 20 for the evening hours Sunday through Saturday. Again, in Television homes! Another very recent survey of the Boston area shows that in homes equipped with both Radio and Television, simultaneous use of the two broadcast media gives Radio a nightly average sets-in-use figure of about 10.

We have also discovered—or perhaps I should say re-learned—some other facts about nighttime Radio which are causing many advertisers to re-appraise it from another point of view. It’s been the custom of many advertisers to use Monday-Friday daytime Radio to reach the housewife. And in the daytime the advertiser does just that. However, he does not reach the 19 million women who work and who are certainly just as good potential customers as the housewife. He doesn’t reach the high school group, which makes itself felt both through its direct purchases of products and through its influence on purchases. And, of course, he doesn’t reach the millions of working men who also buy things and have at least a little influence in the spending of the family income. As a result of these facts, many advertisers are moving into nighttime Radio where they can reach not only the housewife, but other extremely important groups they cannot reach with Monday-Friday daytime Radio.

The combination of all these facts has resulted in a great deal of new interest in evening Radio. Where just a year ago the mere mention of nighttime availabilities was good for a laugh in any agency, I’m now getting phone calls asking what we have open at night. And we have increasingly few availabilities. We have been sold out daytime for some years and our CBS Radio evening schedule this fall is substantially ahead of last year’s in the number of hours of commercial time sold. And even though by November we usually consider our schedules pretty well established for the rest of the winter, this season will see more sales made later this year.

Not only is our evening schedule commercially stronger now than a year ago, but our entire schedule is made up of more sponsored time periods. We have more commercial time sold this fall than last—Monday-Friday daytime, Saturday daytime and Sunday daytime.

Now why is this true? It’s true because right through the years, the people of our country have elected Radio as their favorite advertising medium. They have supported it by buying an enormous number of new sets. They have supported Radio by spending more time with it than with any other advertising medium.

With the advent of Television, a small group of us lost sight of these facts. Now, though, we’re getting back on the track. We’re looking for facts and the facts we find strengthen the Radio story. And as our Rediscovery of Radio continues, as we learn more about the usage of secondary sets, of portables and of auto radios, we will, I am certain, find out that Radio has been and is now an even more effective and efficient medium than we had believed.
THERE'S a new version of the old familiar song going 'round these days: It goes like this:

"The farmer's in the dell,
The farmer's in the dell,
Corn, oats, or dairy-o,
The farmer's doin' swell!"

In Grandpa's day farmers didn't have what it takes to hold their own among the more aggressive types in the market place. No matter if they got up early and worked late nights, they weren't doin' well—not unless they had a farm with oil on it!

A dog's life it was—getting up ahead of the chickens and doing half a day's work before breakfast. The kids had to roll out, too, because Grandma's stove required a fresh supply of cobs, cow chips or wood. Grandma was busy cooking up a breakfast that would stick to Grandpa's ribs—biscuits, meat, eggs, gravy, fried spuds and dried fruit.

Meanwhile, Grandpa was sloshing around in the barnyard mess feeding and watering the livestock, coaxing milk from reluctant cows who balked at the impress of icy fingers. A weather eye cocked at the chimney timed his entrance into the steamy kitchen at the exact moment Grandma slid the golden brown biscuits out of the oven.

The rest of the day was much like its beginning except that they now had a belly full of food. Besides working in the fields in season, there were the endless chores about the farmstead; tending to livestock; repairing harness and machinery; sewing, canning and cleaning. They fell into bed at night more dead than alive.

BUT the oldtime version of the farmer bringing his apple-cheeked wife and younguns to town once a year at County Fair-time has changed in recent years. For one thing, the farmer's wife now buys her rosy checks at the village drug store. Gone, too, is the old farmstead of three rooms and path. In its place has risen a home as modern as tomorrow.

The farmer's wife now has more comfort, convenience and security than her city cousins. The butchering has been taken over by the locker plants, and children no longer choke on chops from their pet pig. Locker-wrapped meat has such an anonymous flavor. There is no marketing problem, and there are few preserving chores.
DOIN' SWELL!

Gone is the old-fashioned farmstead of three rooms and a path. Largely responsible is the fact that the Old Gray Mare isn't where she used to be—and that 95.5% of the farms in some states are electrified. And, of course, the kids go to college!

Mrs. Farmer simply selects her meal of home grown locker-processed meat, fruit and vegetables and maybe some baked goods out of a deep freeze the size of her city sister's kitchen. Then, like as not, she will flick a switch that not only cooks the meal, but turns itself off again. Another flip or two and she can wash her clothes and dishes and dispose of the garbage all at the same time.

All this, while she steps into the new Chrysler and whisks away over the black top to a Home Demonstration Club meeting at the Consolidated School.

Of course, her city cousin could do the same thing if she had money enough to buy all of these appliances—or anything to put in them if she had them. For the city cousin there is no yearling to butcher nor another to truck off to market.

When city cousin buys a new stove, a washer or a Television set, the entire family income is mortgaged for months. And in the city there is the more frequent appearance of candles on the dinner table. Not only do candles cut down on the light bill—they add a more festive touch to those enforced meals of meat balls and spaghetti!

WHAT has brought about this reversal of standards? One analyst attributes it to the farmers' finally cashing in on all their hard work. But what of their fathers and mothers, their grandparents, and all of the generations before them? Who could have worked any harder than they?

By the time Grandpa and Grandma were fifty they were gray, snaggletoothed and round-shouldered. They had little to show beyond the mortgage for their abiding trust in Mother Nature—except a houseful of kids of all ages.

Today's farm-owner has a tractor that rides like a Pullman car. It will do everything but cook a meal and spank the kids. The old gray mare not being where she used to be is largely responsible for this new state of affairs. The farmer can trace the beginning of his emancipation to the day he kicked her out and bought a gasoline-powered work horse.

He soon learned he could feed a wife and three kids off the eight acres of land it had taken to maintain the old hay-burner. The tractor didn't have to be fed on stormy days, either. He found out he could produce 10 bushels of wheat with four hours'
work, instead of the 60 it had taken Grandpa.

For the first time in history the farmer had enough time to think about his niche in this shadow-box called life. Time to get out a bit in the world and begin wanting for his own wife and kids something of what he saw.

Carbide lights appeared in place of smoky coal-oil lamps; a hand pump replaced the community-cup dipper and old wooden bucket in the kitchen. The kids now had the unheard-of advantage of attending high school, going to college—and they brought home such ideas as wind-chargers and farm-lighting plants.

It was a short step to rural electrification at a minimum charge of $10 a month—more money than Grandpa had ever seen in four weeks. Connecticut and Rhode Island are tied for top honors in electrified farms, with 99.9% each. The East has no corner on kilowats, though. Iowa ranks nineteenth on the electrification program with electric service reaching 95.5% of Iowa farms!

**Swing**

Farm youth who have a yearning for the bright lights after graduation from ag college are now becoming our scientists and captains of industry, too. The farm kid soon learns that the more efficiently he can perform the chores assigned him, the sooner he can be done with them and play cowboy, Indian, or engage in other games. He needs no planned program to develop his creative abilities, such as must be furnished his city cousin to keep him out of the hands of the police.

Today's dullard has no place on a modern farm. Therefore, he crowds into city tenements or housing projects. When he is old enough to work he takes his place on an assembly line producing something that makes no sense to him. He has small ability to think for himself. The city, the Government and the social agencies have done it for him. The thinking nowadays is done by the transplanted farmer who is straining every nerve to make his pile in industry; so he can retire to an acreage!
A TYPICAL example of the life of a farmer compared to that of his city cousin is portrayed by two families we will call the Martins and the Nolans.

The prospect of life in the city looked enticing to Rose Farley when she became engaged to Lee Nolan, who was visiting his uncle, Charley Martin, at Martin’s prairie farm. But, transplanted to the city, Rose met none of the glamorous cafe society she read about in the gossip column of her daily paper.

Instead, the Nolans acquired three children and a small house very much in the suburbs. Lee’s salary provided them with life’s necessities; but there wasn’t much left over for the luxuries. Rose didn’t know how much she would miss the full larder on the farm, until she tried buying everything at city stores!

Came the war and the bonanza of a bomber-plant pay check. But there was no high living, no mink coats, no black market steaks, for the Nolans. When the end of hostilities coincided with the death of Rose’s mother, she and Lee disposed of their painfully-acquired equity in the city house, and made a down-payment on the old Farley farmstead.

Rose was looking forward to living “neighbors” with Lee’s cousin, Max Martin, and his wife, Pauline, who had taken over the Martin farm at the beginning of the war. But Pauline had other ideas. The farm had served its purpose well, for hadn’t it kept Max out of the draft? Now that the shooting war was over, she had no intention of stagnating on the farm any longer. She wanted the advantages of city schools for their children.

Max rented the Martin farm to Lee, and went into a real estate office in the city. By working all day, seven days a week, and often far into the night, he manages to keep their standard of living something like it was on the farm.

THERE is no place for sluggishness in Pauline’s life, either. Her life is one endless round of bridge parties, canasta clubs, Kensington and garden groups. Not because she particularly wants it that way, but because she has to do it. She contacts half of Max’s prospective customers while clubbing over a coffee cup.

And how about Lee and Rose? Have they missed the good city life by their move to the sticks? Not by a jugful! Their spacious farm home has been modernized to a far greater degree than the little house they left behind in the city. Not only have they paid off their own mortgage, but they are now setting up Lee, Jr., and his new wife in business on a neighboring farm.

Two other sons, Dean and Bob, still at home, are establishing their own bank accounts against the day when they, too, will want to launch out for themselves as farmers. Rose no longer has to wonder where the next week’s groceries are coming from—she already knows, because they are waiting to be taken out of the deep freeze. The new Chrysler is waiting to take her wherever she may want to spend her leisure time. She has money in her pocket for shopping sprees in Kansas City, Denver or Omaha.
YES, this is the Golden Age for Agriculture; and three leading agricultural economists declare the mid-century farmer to be living in it. The Dean of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, W. I. Myers, and Drs. F. A. Pearson and Herrell DeGraf have designated the past five years without parallel in the history of American agriculture.

Maybe Dr. Pearson hit the jackpot with his three reasons why this is so: moderately rising prices; a rise in farm property values without a proportional increase in the total debt; and increasing amounts of crops, livestock and livestock products per unit of labor.

Or, maybe it can be laid to the present-day trend toward the cowboy jeans that have replaced Grandpa's bib overalls and Grandma's gray calico. Maybe the reason farmers have so much is because they just can't get a fist out of their Levi pockets when it's doubled up and full of kale seed!

"Heigh-ho, the merry-oh, the farmer's doin' swell!"

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MONEY
for your
CHILD

By ALAN W. FARRANT

Everyone has pet ideas of how and when to begin the financial training of his child. Most sound ideas adhere to the proverb: "Experience is the best teacher."

YOU cannot expect a child to handle money wisely if he has never been given any idea of its value. No definite age can be set as the starting point for such training, because it varies with the individual. But as soon as a child wants something he does not possess, the time has arrived.

With something definite in mind to buy, the child's incentive to save for it is established. The method of securing the needed money is of prime importance—work. Yes, working is the old, old way; and no worthy substitute for it has ever been found. If a child grows up without an appreciation of the connection between work and money, he frequently catches that deadly fever, the desire for quick returns.

The parents, of course, will determine the first work. It is a mistake to lead a child to believe he should be paid for everything he does at home. Homemaking is a cooperative...
business, and he should realize this. There are, however, certain errands for which the child can be paid. The delivery of a note, or an extra trip to the store, are examples.

CHILDREN over the age of ten can be expected to find occasional or part-time employment without the aid of parents. This is excellent supplementary training in the assumption and discharge of responsibility.

Not all work is constructive, and parents should keep close check on the types of things the child is doing. Work may prove physically harmful if it is too strenuous, or of too long duration.

The weekly allowance is an approved way of providing a child with money, providing it does not eliminate work from the plan of financial education. Start the allowance small. Then as it is increased, more duties and responsibilities are to be expected—particularly in the thoroughness and alertness with which the assigned task is performed. The child may even save for items of clothing—and if he does, he is apt to give such hard-won clothing much better care!

Pay the weekly allowance in a businesslike manner, always at the same time each week, and never subtract anything for punishment. If five cents is taken off when Junior is late for dinner, he draws the conclusion that conduct is on a cash basis. He will get the impression he is being paid to be agreeable.

Children often get money in unsatisfactory ways. Frequently they tease for it, which is annoying. Many a wife has found herself in the divorce court as a result of eternal begging to gratify immediate wishes—a habit started when she was a small girl. Sometimes the youngsters borrow from some member of the family and then fail to pay the money back. This should be corrected, but quickly! Others go to a store and then do not return all the change. This, too, must be corrected immediately, as must the taking of coins from mother’s purse.

ONCE the child has saved up a little money he faces the famous three s’s, all of them clamoring for attention: spending, saving, and sharing. At the start the child will be most interested in spending—as aren’t we all? The other kind of spending—that which requires saving for larger purchases in the future—has to be encouraged. Constant reminders will be necessary until the thought is thoroughly grounded in the young mind.

The problems of saving are numerous. Where will he keep his money? How will he know where it is? How will he keep track of what is spent—and how will he determine how much is left?

The first step is to have the child keep a record of money he receives and spends. If this practice is made into a game, he will enjoy it more and learn quicker, easier, and better. Before he can write and solve on paper simple problems in addition and subtraction, a carefully worded explanation must be made to him. For very young children it is expedient to use one coin only at first—giving him not a dime, say, but always two nickels.
Success in saving is difficult if a child is asked to save for something he does not want, but which his parents want him to have. Let him, in the earlier of these formative years, save for skates, a pet, a bright sweater, or some other item of his own choice.

If the child is inclined to spend his money foolishly on the way home from school—as many do—take him to a large toy shop. When he finds something he would especially like, have the salesman tell of its many good features. This will help cement the desire for ownership, and increase the child’s will power to save up for this particular toy.

No parent wishes to rear his child to be a miser. Much of the happiness in life comes from sharing with others. A part of every child’s earnings or allowance should go into the Sunday school fund and into a saving fund for birthdays and Christmas.

The motives for saving and sharing have much to do with the success parents have in training their children to handle money intelligently. These motives must appeal to a child’s fancy as well as to his reason.

One of the most important parts of the training in financial matters is praise. A word of praise for money well spent accomplishes wonders. In this connection the words of George Bernard Shaw are applicable: “To withhold deserved praise lest it should make its object conceited, is as dishonest as to withhold payment of a just debt lest your creditor should spend the money badly.”

No

"Junior, help your mother! It's time the boy was helpful . . . Junior!"

Stopping for gas in an Iowa town I found a line of cars at one filling station that displayed a sign, “Your tank full free if you can guess how much it takes.”

I asked the busy proprietor how his scheme had worked out and he told me it had worked fine.

“Fellow guessed right about a year ago,” he said. “Cost me $1.30. But that’s all right. We don’t get ‘dollar’s worth’ customers any more. All we get is ‘fill ‘em up’ customers.”

The young bride announced to the grocer that she wanted to buy some oysters. “Large or small oysters, Ma’am?” inquired the grocer.

Faced with an unexpected decision, she studied a moment and said, “Well, they’re for a man who wears a size 15 collar.”

Socialists are like a bunch of bananas. They come in green, turn yellow and have not one straight one among them.
FULTON LEWIS, JR. spoke in Kansas City Oct. 27, and originated his Mutual network broadcast from WHB. He is shown (above, left) in our studios with D. L. Barnes, president of Nash Central Motors, a Kansas City sponsor.

MARY MAYO, petite songstress and Capitol recording artist (above, center) is a new member of WHB's Guest Disc Jockey Club. Guest D.J.'s preside over WHB's "Night Club of the Air" Saturday and Sunday nights, from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.

EVERETT HENDRICKS, head of the music department at Kansas City University (above, right) conducts "Sixth Row Center" on WHB Sundays at 9:30 p.m.—a pre-view of upcoming cultural events in Kansas City during the week to follow.

OPENING NIGHT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SEASON finds Sandra Lea of WHB (in formal gown, right) interviewing from the Music Hall lobby Mrs. O. K. Wuertz, orchestra department chairman of the K. C. Musical Club.

LIBERACE (right) guest artist at the annual Katz Concerts, took time out to greet WHB listeners while visiting Kansas City.

"YOUNG IDEAS", the Sunday WHB discussion panel broadcast by young people at 12:30 p.m., had as guests recently Lt. Colonel Howard Cook, Sgt. Richard R. Duncan, Sgt. John E. Vassar and Sgt. Davey L. Davis. With them (lower right) at microphone is Rosemary Fillmore Grace, moderator of the program.

HI CLUB, WHB's Saturday 4:30 p.m. broadcast of, by and for teen-agers presents high school students in news of high school activities; discussions of teen-age fashions and etiquette; music for the saddle-shoe-set. At extreme left, below, with students, is Diane Brewster, Hi Club femme commentator.
For many months in Kansas City, Missouri, there were signs throughout the great Hall Brothers plant reading:

| We are making Hallmark Cards  |
| Let’s all be careful         |
| Very Careful                 |

But though no signs were posted about it, there was another message imprinted deep in the heart and brain of every Hall Brothers executive, department head, foreman and supervisor: “We are training and developing men and women. Let’s be doubly careful.”

Father of these sentiments was Joyce C. Hall, founder and president of the firm, who has almost a religiously zealous feeling of friendship for the company’s 3,000 employees. Three-fourths of them are young women and girls. Hundreds are young boys, holding their first jobs since high school graduation. Many more—the junior supervisors and young foremen, newer salesmen and office employees—are young men and women “on their way up,” to whom Joyce Hall feels his company offers a solid, lifetime career. For them he feels a deep, fatherly concern—as to their health, character, well-being, mental growth, resourcefulness, right-thinking, right-living and economic progress.

Take for example, the matter of the food they eat. Many of the boys and girls working in the plant are fresh from high school, where they gained the idea that the perfect meal consists of a hot dog, a soda and a candy bar. The Hall Brothers cafeteria attempts, instead, to sell them (at cost, or less) the company’s tested version of the right kind of food. It finds that young people have to be educated to eat, as well as to spell.

Take another example, the development, growth and progress of young workers in the organization: Joyce Hall knows that much good comes from group discussion of mutual problems. That’s why meetings of employees were, and are, held constantly; but particularly in the early years of the business when it was first “finding itself”—and when the department—
head organization was energetically expanding.

The topics for discussion were items such as these: "The 10 Demandments of Business Success," "The Appreciation of Time," "Point of Contact," "Procrastination," "Supervision," "Spoilage of Material," "Spoilage of Time," "Are You Serious Minded?" "Rules," "Hurrying Up the Christmas Line," "What Is Meant by Thinking?" "J. C." himself spoke for as long as 45 minutes on many of these topics, plus hundreds of talks along similar lines—to the department head conferences and to the employees. He seeks always to implant in his co-workers ideas and ambitions which will make them more efficient and more productive; hence worth more to the company—and to themselves and their families.

There are meetings for men, meetings for women supervisors, meetings for boys, meetings for girls. Often as not, the occasion is a company dinner "on the house" in the plant cafeteria.

A LOT of things had their beginning in that plant cafeteria! Fellowship, and company esprit de corps or "employee morale," as well as a hundred or more romances leading to marriages of Hall Brothers employees—

And, above everything else, development of the merchandise display idea which has been one of the important ingredients in the world-wide expansion of Hall Brothers’ sales.

You’ve probably thought of it before: the familiar displays of Hallmark greeting cards on neat display racks in thousands of stores across the nation. They represent an application of the cafeteria principle applied to the display, merchandising and sale of greeting cards.

Those cards—arranged scientifically with carefully-researched skill with in the rack for "Eye Vision"—are easy to reach, ready for instant inspection, self-service and selection—are plainly priced, and displayed in "classifications" according to the way people look for them. And the classification seems infinite—whether in the greeting card department of a big department store or a small book store: Christmas, Valentine’s Day, Easter, Mother’s Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Birthday, "Get Well," "Thank You," wedding congratulations, anniversaries, baby congratulations, "Why Not Write?," graduation, friendship, Jewish New Year, and Father’s Day. To name a few.

That cafeteria!

No one in the Hall Brothers organization makes more suggestions to insure a variety of seasonable menu items than Joyce Hall himself. And everybody in the organization gets the same service. The boss stands in line with the others for his food. When new employees report for work, they are given a free meal on their first day, to introduce them to the cafeteria. Joyce Hall’s appreciation of good food leads him to Luchow’s in New York—and the Oak Room of the Plaza. He disclaims being an epicure or a gourmet—but if he has any hobbies other than work, one of them is good food!

CONSIDERATION of employee welfare has led to many other things at Hall Brothers’ plant. Com-
fortable desks, chairs and work tables; good "working conditions"; adequate lighting; Frigidaire-cooled drinking water; a hospital room with nurse on duty and a doctor who is available to all employees three mornings a week—these are usual in thousands of plants. But where else other than Hall Brothers do you find free cold milk or "coke" served on hot summer afternoons?... or a "Personal Service Department" with a cheerful young woman on duty, ready to accept payment for your personal gas, light and phone bills?... or to get your auto license plates for you!

In 1942, when pay-as-you-go federal income taxes were first collected, J. C. realized that many employees were going to find it difficult to get "squared away" on last year's taxes while paying the new. Hall Brothers therefore paid to each employee of a year's service or more a full week's salary as an extra bonus—with graduated payments down to ¼ of a week's pay for those who had begun working at Hall's in October, November or December of the previous year. With each check was this fatherly note: "If this check enables you to pay all of your tax at one time, we hope you will do so, since we believe in so doing you will help the government to reduce clerical expense and provide money now for war financing. If all or part of this extra bonus is not needed to cover your taxes, we urge you to invest it in Defense Bonds or stamps and thereby aid our government in the war effort."

Such ideas, of thoughtfulness for his employees, of helping others, come to J. C. naturally and instinctively. And he got others from visits to plants such as the great Hershey chocolate factory and the model city of Hershey, Pa.—with its stadium, park, theatre, restaurant, hotel and orphan boys' school—all gifts to the community by the late Milton S. Hershey, founder of the business. And a visit to Newton, Iowa, where J. C. saw what the Maytag Company and the Maytag family do for its employees.

In 1921, J. C. did a revolutionary thing when it was necessary to find a new location for the growing business. Four sites were under consideration—and he asked the employees to vote for their favorite, based upon their own personal preference because of convenience of transportation, distance from home, suitability and beauty of the site, etc.

Fifty-four employees voting, out of a total of 120 at that time, decided in favor of the site J. C. then leased in January, 1922—a location on a wide avenue not more than a quarter-mile from Kansas City's Union Station (where nearly all transit lines in the city pass), and only two blocks from the magnificent site of the city's Liberty Memorial tower with its green-carpeted mall. Few industrial plants have a big city park practically at their "front yard"!

Frequent contact by voice, even with such a large organization as the present body of Hallmark employees, is made possible throughout the plant by use of a company-operated "broadcasting station"—a public-address system with loud-speakers in every department, and microphones located where they can be used conveniently by various company officials. At the beginning of each year, J. C. himself
announces the company's plans and hopes for the year ahead, outlining in detail the methods by which its objectives are to be accomplished. Such a policy makes every worker feel that he is on the "inside" of things.

The "family spirit" thus engendered evidenced itself during the war by employee campaigns to send candy to servicemen; adopt needy families at Christmas; recruit enlistments in the WACs; sell war bonds; solicit donors to the Red Cross Blood Bank; organize car pools; and quiz themselves with a company-edited and printed "Victory Quiz" booklet: "What's Your War Effort?"

When it was necessary to sort Kansas City's sugar rationing cards, 60 Hallmark employees, expert at this sort of work, pitched in on their own and did it—at night! They also worked spiritedly in behalf of British War Relief. In the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marines, from the Kansas City plant alone, 435 Hallmark employees were in the nation's service during wartime.

FAMILY spirit translated in terms of efficiency led a visitor to remark "this is the neatest, most orderly factory I have ever seen." Such a condition is brought about by a continuous series of "Inspection Awards" for cleanliness, orderliness and "consideration of the condition" of every one of the many departments.

Almost every technological method of engraving, printing and lithographing is utilized somewhere in the plant—each in its own department, manned by highly skilled employees. But the work really begins with the creative department—writers and artists who conceive, write, design, and execute the items in the "line." This planning and creative work is all done on schedule, months ahead of each season. In January, samples of the 1953 Christmas line will be available. The new lines are shown to retail dealers by men who live in the territory. Such representatives are not considered as doing a selling job but are called "merchandisers" as they service the dealers and show them modern merchandising methods. Consider the complications inherent in maintaining a "line" of some 5,000 different items, all new at least once a year, ready for shipment the moment an order is received from a small store in Wapalulu, Idaho... and you'll understand how J. C. managed to lose a little of his hair!

Oh what fun at those Hall Brothers picnics in the early years of the business! This line of motor cars, bearing employees to a picnic at the Ivanhoe Country Club, paraded the downtown district en route.
JOYCE HALL'S outstanding characteristic is his self-taught ability to think ahead—making plans for the growth and advancement of the business—translated this growth into opportunities for the advancement of his associates who do their work well. Yet he works longer hours than any of them, from 8:30 in the morning when he is in Kansas City, until 6 o'clock in the evening, at which time he is seen lugging out a loaded briefcase of papers for quiet, thoughtful perusal that night at home.

On the road—in Chicago, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, London, wherever—he maintains an equally strenuous schedule. He was in New York recently at a dinner conference with associates when a telephone call was received that the barn at Hallmark Farm had burned. "I wonder if anyone was hurt?" was his first comment. In New York he enjoys the theatre, but seldom gets to one unless it is with business contacts. When he dines in a New York restaurant, it is not only to enjoy the food, but frequently to talk business.

FEW people think of him in such a light, probably; but as a real estate operator, Joyce Hall deserves to be acclaimed by the Real Estate Board. Factory space requirements and storage warehouse needs have created for Hallmark all through the years a never-ending problem—the problem of constant expansion, of always needing more room. Hall's first "big" move, in 1923 was to a 5-story and basement building at 26th and Grand Avenue.

Within five years, this building had to be supplemented by a lease of 30,000 square feet on three floors of the E. Shukert Building adjoining. Hall's did it a floor at a time: one floor in 1926, another in 1927, the third in 1928. Here you have the accurate, precise, meticulous Joyce Hall at work as a real estate operator! But wait—

By 1936, in a spurt of growth following the depression, J. C. was ready for his biggest real estate venture to date, when he bought from Willys-Overland the former Overland Building now occupied by the Hallmark plant—a 6-acre, 6-story, block-long behemoth of a building that cost more than a million dollars to build in 1916. The site had been purchased by Willys-Overland from the Scarritt Estate in 1916. (That's the same Scarritt Estate which formerly owned the Scarritt Building in which WHB's studios are located.)

In 1937, J. C. acquired 24,000 more square feet of land adjoining the site, now used as a parking lot, and in 1939 (at which time the company had 950 employees) he terminated a lease occupied by the Chrysler Corporation in the Overland Building—to gain 30,000 more square feet for Hall Brothers.

Came March, 1942, and Hall's added a lease of two more buildings—the Mayflower Building, and the second floor of the Ralph Knight Building. These were Buildings No. 7 and No. 8. Meanwhile, to accommodate the War Department, they were in and out of the Carnie-Goudy Building (No. 4) within a period of months—but stayed put in a 10,000 sq. ft. warehouse building at 29th and Genessee.
During the war, too, they decided to take the work nearer the workers for handwork on greeting cards, by locating branch plants in neighborhoods where the employees live. This led to leases on Troost and on Forest Avenue; on Broadway; and in Mission, Kansas—and to the establishment of branch plants in five other Kansas towns: Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Parsons and Leavenworth.

About this time, Hallmark bought the Motto Division of the Buzza Company of Minneapolis—folks who make wall mottoes from verses and epigrams. To be in this business you need to have copyright use of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," the poems of Rudyard Kipling, the verses of Edgar A. Guest and the writings of J. P. McEvoy. Joyce Hall negotiated all that, too—along with expanding the Forest Avenue location to hold the consolidated Motto and Artcraft departments. The motto business was eventually discontinued as changing times resulted in a decreased demand.

Meanwhile, the company had moved its New York quarters from the Empire State Building to a 10,000 sq. ft. showroom and office at 417 Fifth Avenue—and had established (many years ago) branches in Boston and Los Angeles. After the war, it moved its two-story Kansas City retail store from Petticoat Lane to the handsomely modern four-story Hall Building on Grand Avenue, when Hall Brothers acquired the T. M. James China Co. retail store.

In 1953, as an expansion of the present plant, Hallmark will begin construction of a 6-million-dollar building on a sloping 7 1/2 acre tract across the street from the present Hallmark (Overland) Building. With 25 acres of floor space, this new building will be the largest structure in floor area yet erected in the business district which surrounds the Union Station. A bridge across busy McGee Trafficway at the fourth and fifth-story levels will unite the present building with the new one. And the new building, of contemporary design, will take advantage of the sloping site, facing on 25th Street, McGee and Locust, to make every floor a ground floor! Employees can drive right off Locust Street onto the roof of the seventh floor, park their cars, and go downstairs to work! There'll be roof parking space for 450 cars!

The creative writing, art staff and office staff will occupy the top-story, "north lighted" 25th Street side—with access to an open roof garden overlooking downtown Kansas City to the north. Executive offices will surround a glass-covered patio. Manufacturing processes will start on the top floors, with work-in-progress descending by gravity work-flow toward the completion stages, to the warehouse-storage and shipping docks on the street level! They may add an eighth floor for offices—which would limit the parking space to 348 cars.

If you visit the tall, lean, soft-spoken, balding gentleman who dreams all these dreams and makes them come true, you'll be graciously received in his Hallmark (Overland) Building office—a fine Georgian room done by Louis de Martelly, with a wood-burning fireplace. You'll see photos of the Honorable Winston Churchill,
Grandma Moses, Norman Rockwell and other distinguished artists—all of whom have for a number of years designed exclusive cards for a Hallmark Gallery Artists Series. You’ll see newer photos of Jane Wyman, Groucho Marks, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray—Hollywood “Sunday painters” who are truly talented amateurs. This year they have created another Hallmark innovation by designing Christmas cards for the Hallmark line.

One of the most colorful things undertaken lately by J. C. is the revival of the old American May Basket custom. When he was only a lad in Nebraska, it was the custom and tradition to hang May baskets on the doors of friends.

To revive this custom, J. C. created a series of May Baskets and in one season has returned to a great degree all over America the May Basket custom. The project was so successful that thousands of teachers wrote in for ideas for May Day dances, games, poles and similar celebrations. J. C. also thought something should be done to negate the idea that May Day is a time only for communists. This was his effort.

And all of Hall Brothers’ growth has come about since Joyce Hall in 1922 paid $500 for an eight-line verse by Edgar A. Guest—thus bringing writing talent that “clicked” to the then infant greeting card business! At Hall’s you’ll see photos of Edgar A. Guest, too!

Joyce Hall has been courageous in other ways. Radio advertising, for instance. Doubting Thomases thought J. C. was just a bit daft, in 1939, when he put Tony Wons on WMAQ in Chicago, reading sentimental poetry to advertise greeting cards. Then, even more daft, the next year, when Hall’s expanded the program to a coast-to-coast NBC network.

One lonely old lady wrote Tony Wons suggesting that maybe his listeners might like to add Grandma McDonnell to their greeting card list. Tony read her letter on the air—and listeners sent her fruit, candy, cash and 18,000 greeting cards! You can be sure that Hall Brothers researchers analyzed every one of those cards to determine what percentage were Hallmark!

From the days of those programs by Tony Wons, Hallmark Radio advertising has continued on an ex-
panded basis every year since, with "Meet Your Navy," the "Charlotte Greenwood Show," "Readers' Digest," and "Hallmark Playhouse"—to include the "Hallmark Playhouse" heard today on CBS Radio, and after a season of Sarah Churchill interviews, the Hallmark "Hall of Fame Television Theatre" on NBC Television. Last Christmas, Hallmark pioneered once more with the premiere of "Amahl and the Night Visitors." This was a brand new venture in television and received many accolades. The New Yorker magazine called it "the best television show to date" and Life magazine featured it later in colored pictures. It was another Hallmark first for Joyce Hall. It was repeated last Easter and will be featured again this Christmas Day. 

*Swing* points no moral—but Hallmark's greatest period of growth began with the continuous, consistent use of Radio advertising!

**BACK** to the man, Joyce Hall. He and his elder brothers, Rollie and William, grew up in David City, Nebraska (population 2,300) where they were raised by their widowed mother, Mrs. Nancy D. Hall.

Joyce learned his readin', 'ritin' and arithmetic at the old red brick school in David City. Rollie and William had by this time embarked in business for themselves. The family moved to Norfolk, Nebraska, where William opened a stationery shop. J. C., while working in the store after school in the afternoons, nights, Saturdays and Sundays, conceived the idea of selling picture post cards. His brother, Rollie, who put money into the venture with William but sold candy on the road as a regular occupation, also sold the post cards. Joyce, from the time he was 14, caught with the "post card fever," sold cards during summer vacations and long holiday seasons. At one time J. C. branched off on a personal venture, that of selling sawdust sweeping compound. He gave this up when he moved to Kansas City to expand his post card business.

Young Joyce decided he ought to attend business college—and debated whether to go to Omaha or Kansas City. At this point he received some fateful advice from a cigar salesman he had met—a friend who told him that Kansas City was a bustling, growing community, and that the town and the folks in it had a spirit that was not evident anywhere else. Hall's decision to attend school in Kansas City brought to this community a business that has developed from nothing into the largest greeting card company in the world.

Discovering that business college didn't keep him busy, Joyce took his courses at night and jobbed a line of postcards by day. Then he began handling engraved Christmas cards and Valentines. Soon the business was going so well that Rollie joined him, bringing to the partnership the advantages of his sales experience and wide acquaintance from traveling through Nebraska and South Dakota. Their combined capital at this time was less than $10,000.

About this time, Joyce met a shy, genteel, gracious Irish lass named Elizabeth Dilday, who lived in Kansas City. Attracted by the sparkle in her eye—her droll, dry humor and her
Irish wit—he alternated business with a bit of courtin'. They were married March 25, 1922.

But the postcards (sometimes called a second cousin to greeting cards) were a forgotten craze within three years. Greeting cards became increasingly popular—with customers preferring engraved Christmas cards for their sincerity and dignity, and ornate Valentines for their beauty. Elabo-
rately-boxed Valentines, for example, sold retail for as much as $12 each.

Joyce wanted to bring cards and Valentines of quality within the pur-
chasing range of the average person, thus enabling buyers to express their thoughts and sentiments in good taste for a modest expenditure. At 10th and Oak the brothers began their business in a 12 x 14 foot room, in 1910—later moving to 915 Broadway.

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**HALLMARK BROADCASTING SINCE 1939—THIRTEEN YEARS!**

**On Radio**

**TONY WONS**—The "Are you listenin'?" reader of sentimental po-
etry . . . sponsored by Hall Brothers locally on WMAQ, Chicago, in a
test series to advertise Hallmark Cards. The next two seasons, the
program was expanded coast-to-coast on the NBC network, continuing
until 1942.

"MEET YOUR NAVY" was
-sponsored by Hall Brothers on the
Blue Network of NBC for two years
during the war. The Great Lakes
Naval Station chorus, orchestra, band
and soloists supplied the music—and
the message to friends and relatives
of servicemen was "keep 'em happy
with mail."

**THE CHARLOTTE GREEN-
WOOD SHOW**—ABC network.
The famous comedienne in a weekly
series of situation comedy shows, be-
inning fall, 1944.

"READER'S DIGEST OF THE
AIR"—On the CBS network, with
dramatizations of articles, books and
stories from the Reader's Digest.

"HALLMARK PLAYHOUSE"—
Lionel Barrymore currently as nar-
rator, with production supervised
by Foote, Cone, Belding, the Hall
Brothers advertising agency. The
show is on CBS and started origi-
nally with James Hilton as pro-
ducer and narrator.

**On Television**

"HALLMARK CARDS PRE-
SENTS SARAH CHURCHILL"—
Winston Churchill's daughter, from
New York, in an NBC-TV series of
programs during which Miss Sarah
interviewed famous guests. This
show first went on in the fall of
1951.

**HALLMARK HALL OF FAME**
—This is an NBC series of dra-
matic programs presided over by
Sarah Churchill who takes dramatic
parts occasionally. It is directed by
Albert McCleery. The show first
went on the air in early 1952. A
new type of presentation known as
cameo photography is being used,
with every indication it is going to
be another successful "first" for
Joyce C. Hall.

"AMAHL AND THE NIGHT
VISITORS"—Christmas, 1951, pre-
miere of the Menotti opera written
especially for Television—a moving
performance starring little Chet Al-
len, then 12 years old. This music
is now available on RCA recordings.
On TV, the opera is to be repeated
Christmas Day, as it was last Easter.
Established as jobbers of greeting cards, they branched out as "Hall Brothers," starting with four employees. In 1913, they moved to the Corn Belt Building at 1017 Grand Avenue, with a gift shop and store in addition to the jobbing business. Operating on the barest of margin, the brothers were able to stay in business only because importers and manufacturers, impressed by their integrity and ambition, were willing to carry their notes.

Then disaster struck. Shortly after a shipment of imported Valentines had arrived, fire swept the building and destroyed equipment, furniture and inventory. But the orders and company books were dry—locked in a safe in the water-filled basement. Importers were able to duplicate the Valentine order, and extended additional credit. The Hall Brothers—back in business, but $17,000 "in the red" on top of an already heavy debt as a result of their fire loss—moved in, by invitation, with the Starr Piano Company on the second floor at Eleventh and Grand.

Then came another blow. At the beginning of the Christmas selling season in 1915, their largest supplier notified them that he was sending his own salesmen into the territory; and that he no longer needed a Kansas City jobber! The Hall Brothers' answer was a determination to produce their own line of Christmas cards—for which purpose they purchased a small engraving shop. There, alongside the pianos, they began turning out greeting cards of their own manufacture.

What had seemed to be catastrophe developed into their greatest opportunity. The business at this period was known as "Hall Brothers Paper Craft"—and the letterhead bore the proud words: "Publishers — Importers." By 1917, it was "Hall Brothers—Steel and Copperplate Engravers—Publishers and Importers of Paper Art Goods." During the first World War, the demand for greeting cards skyrocketed; and in 1919 Hall Brothers started pushing for national distribution of their product, with a line of greeting cards far ahead of competitive standards of the times.

In 1921, brother William joined the company as office manager; and Hall Brothers established their Kansas City retail store on Petticoat Lane. By 1922, with 120 employees, they were ready for a major expansion. The present Hall Brothers Company was incorporated in Missouri, June 11, 1923—with J. C., R. B. (Rollie) and W. F. (William) as the stockholders. The nation-wide reputation of Hallmark cards had been gained by 1924.

This expansion effort was spearheaded by J. C., who created the "line" and then spent weeks on the road selling it. He has continued ever since personally to approve every design in the line. His associates who know him best consider him not only a skilled editor with an unerringly eye for cards that will catch popular fancy; but think of him as a "business statesman"—a practical idealist and perfectionist—whose vision, courage, hard work and decision made possible the present Hall Brothers business.

Brother Rollie (who spent about seven months a year on the road)
came up with a terrific idea about this time, early in the twenties—probably 1922. He noticed that women buyers in retail stores complained plain tissue paper made an unimpressive wrapping for gift packages, particularly Christmas packages. As envelope liners, the Halls were using gaily printed sheets—with holly and other designs in color. Rollie conceived the idea of selling this paper for gift wrappings. This was the start of the use of fancy wrappings for Christmas and gift packages—a universally accepted custom now. For Christmas seals the Halls also brought out a line of embossed metallic “radiant” seals—stars, poinsettia, holly, dogs, kittens. They were exclusive with the Hall line that first year—and only one competitor had imitated it by the second year. This new line enabled the Halls to gain entree to many new and important accounts with big department stores.

Such growth brought its rewards—in personal satisfaction, in business friendships, and financially.

J.C.’s interest in young people, and his ability to select co-workers, is shown by the fact that his top people, with the exception of Raymond W. Hall (no relation), fiscal vice president, are all men from the ranks:

Charles S. Stevenson, vice president in charge of production, joined the company in 1919, fresh from the Army. He became acquainted with J.C. as an opponent in a basketball game. J.C. used to play a flashy center and specialized in a one-handed push shot with the Battery B team at 17th and Highland, while Charlie was a member of the Lowe and Campbell team. Stevenson joined Hall Brothers to help create some advertising signs. When they were done, he went into the stock room, cleaned out the basement and then was an order filler and shipping clerk. From those departments he moved into his present position.

C. Ed Goodman, vice president in charge of sales, started in 1929, working evenings as a clerk while attending junior college. Later, for four or five years, he was assistant to Stevenson, then transferred to detail work in the newly-formed dealers’ service department. He acquired his knowledge of sales in the front lines.

Joe C. Kipp, now head of the planning department and a member of the board of directors, came in as an embryonic salesman in 1931. Then he shifted to the editorial department, beginning as a clerk.

William P. Harsh, secretary and member of the board of directors, came fresh from the University of Missouri and its football team as an assistant to Stevenson, working on up through maintenance, warehousing, shipping and production.

JOYCE HALL always had an eye for beauty—and when he wanted to buy a home in 1927, he happened upon “Chinquapin Lodge,” the country estate of the former treasurer of Peet Brothers, Cameron Rathbone, who moved to Chicago when his company became Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. It was a 41-acre tract on Indian Creek with a Colonial home. In all the wonderful country around Kansas City, there is no more beautiful combination of wooded slopes, tree-framed vistas and sparkle of water.
From this site, the following year, J. C. removed the original home and reproduced in its place a bit of the Old South—a plantation mansion with a splendid portico across the facade, six tall pillars supporting the roof. They endowed the house with a supreme dignity characteristic of its type. Boillot & Lauck were the architects, and they were modern enough to include a swimming pool and a handball court.

Meanwhile, J. C. had begun taking his growing family to Colorado for vacations. There was daughter Barbara, now Mrs. Robert Marshall who has two young daughters, Libby, 2 years, and Peggy, 2 months.

There was Elizabeth Ann, whom they call "Jimmie," now married to Dr. Richard Schaffer, chief pathologist at the Veterans Hospital in Kansas City. They have three children: Ricky, 5 years, Kenny, 4 years, and Joyce, 3 years.

And then there is the Halls' son, Donald Joyce, unmarried, who has grown up to graduate from Dartmouth and join the Army, serving now in Japan.

For the children the Halls established a summer home called Echo Lodge, at Grand Lake in Colorado—a location known to boating enthusiasts as the "highest yacht club in the world," elevation 8,153 feet.

Succeeding years saw J. C. expand his farm home from 40 acres to 300, after which he added another 160 acres—assembling nearly a section of land in all. Here he built an elaborate dairy barn at 110th Street (designed, with a Colonial portico, by Boillot & Lauck) — and installed therein the famous Longview Farm prize-winning Jersey herd to which he added more purebreds from time to time.

This "cattle fever" lasted for several years, during which time Borden’s distributed "Hallmark Jersey Milk" to a market for rich milk, at that time a diet problem—and J. C. began his custom of serving cold milk or iced tea to his employees in mid-afternoon on hot days. Based upon a philosophy he expressed: "there must be an easier way to lose your money," he dispersed the herd and leased the barn to an interesting busi-

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<th>TIME</th>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Operetta</td>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
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<td>Guest Star</td>
<td>Weather &amp; News</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>Little Symphonies</td>
<td>John Thornberry</td>
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<td>John W. Anthony &quot;Mr. Agony&quot;</td>
<td>Adventure, or Big 7 Basketball</td>
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<td>N. W. University Reviewing Stand</td>
<td>Hour of Fantasies</td>
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ness, the American Breeders Service. They keep a herd of purebred bulls used for artificial insemination of purebred cows. This product is sold throughout the country and shipped by air to South America. The venture is headed by J. Rockefeller Prentice, grandson of the famous John D.

J. C. also has a town apartment in Kansas City at The Walnuts.

It's fortunate that the Hall Brothers business requires lots of traveling, because J. C. really 

likes to travel. He is “on the road” frequently; spends two months a year in Colorado; and

gets away occasionally to Canada, Hawaii, and to Europe. During the summer, when he is presumed to be

relaxing at Echo Lodge, he spends much time with big express packages flown out from Kansas City—

containing designs for the next year's line.

**H**is civic contributions are many and noteworthy. Greatly interested in the Kansas City Art Institute, the company maintains 38 scholarships there—and employs many Institute graduates. In his civic activity, J. C.

serves on the boards of the Univer-

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### PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P.M. to 1 A.M.

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<td>That Hammer Guy</td>
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<td>Micky Spillane</td>
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<td>Search Never Ends</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Murder Will Out</td>
<td>Our Town Forum</td>
<td>Play-by-play by Larry Ray</td>
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<td>Fine Albums Complete</td>
<td>Musical Events Frank Edwards Songs of the Services</td>
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<td>Larry Ray Your Date With Dixie Dixieland Jazz</td>
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ussity of Kansas City, Pembroke Country-Day School, the Helping Hand Institute, Drake University, the Midwest Research Institute and the Eisenhower Foundation. He is a past-president of the Kansas City Rotary Club.

The annual Hallmark International competition for professional and amateur artists, providing $25,000 in prizes for paintings on the subject of Christmas, was established in 1950. An exhibit of the 100 prize-winning water colors for the 2nd Hallmark Art Award is being held at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York this month.

"Hallmark" was originally the term for the official stamp of the Goldsmith's Guild, London, placed on gold and silver articles to attest their excellence. Figuratively, it has come to mean a distinctive mark or token of genuineness, good breeding or excellence.

As the mark of the man, Joyce Hall, it attests all three qualities. The mark is on the man, as well as his product.

WANT TO BE a Disc Jockey? If you do, plan a program from thirty of your favorite records—send the list to "WHB Disc Jockey Club"—and make application to appear on the "Night Club of the Air," Saturdays or Sundays from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. If selected, you may do the show "live" if you wish—or, you can tape-record it in advance at WHB's studios.
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**WHB Neighbin' Time**—Deb Dyer, Don Sullivan, Pokey Red, Bruce Grant, Deb Dyer and Al, Bud and Pete (Don Sullivan's Western Band) in Saddle soap Opera from "Triangle D Ranch"—the Cow Country Club
"Well, uncle or aunt?"

"We'd better stop drinking to our success—there's not much left!"

"This mobilization is really costing me money—three of my sister's boy friends have already been drafted!"

"Pop, how long does it take for the second set of teeth to grow in?"

"Well, am I an uncle or aunt?"
"What a coincidence—the teacher wants to see you too."

"Of course I like you, grandma. Why you've been in the family for generations."

"I have a vocabulary of 1,000 words—990 of which I can use around the house."

"... and he said, 'I'll black your eye' and I said, 'Oh, no you won't'. But he did. Then we got in another argument and he said, 'I'll black your other eye' and I said..."
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: Birth of a Baby, Ezio Pinza, Marie Wilson, Vivian Blaine, Martha Raye, Marilyn Monroe, Television in Hollywood . . . and some wonderfully weird Hollywood characters.

By JOHN CROSBY

Birth Of A Baby

The American Medical Association, which used to be as shy as a new bride about telling what was on its mind, has got bold as brass lately. Flexes its muscles right out in front of a television camera and everything. Last June, the A.M.A. demonstrated a duodenal ulcer operation, which was conceivably the bloodiest television program of all time.

The latest of the A.M.A. shows (if show is quite the word for it) was widely advertised in advance as the first Caesarian birth to be recorded in front of a TV camera. Naturally, this brought out a horde of spectators, including this one. The birth of a baby has always been a great circulation builder as "Life" magazine demonstrated a decade or so ago when that magazine decided its readers ought to be privy to the facts of—well—life.

But, while "Life" came through with all the gory details, the A.M.A. didn’t. The broadcast which emanated from the A.M.A. annual clinical session in Denver, opened with a picture of a lot of white-robed medics huddled around and completely concealing a young expectant mother. There was no sound, the sound track having got lost somewhere between here and Denver. Next we had an edifying glimpse of Ben Grauer speaking soundlessly about something or other.

Presently the sound came on and we got a little, halting talk from a doctor about the progress made by the medical profession in curbing the death rate of prematurely born babies. There was a shot or two of a two pound infant being patted on the rear by a nurse. Then Mr. Grauer broke in, pleased as if he were the father, to announce that “our newest citizen has arrived.”

And there he was, the new citizen. The process of his arrival was mercifully omitted. Frankly, I couldn’t have been happier. There are some things that the lay citizenry shouldn’t be exposed to and I feel strongly that the birth of a baby is one of them. Too graphic a picturization of so intimate
a business could easily drive a lot of young women into concluding that childbirth is not for them.

As it was we got an instructive, rather bloodcurdling glimpse of what happens in the first few minutes after a child is born. They certainly treat him rough, swabbing out his mouth, tying up the cord, splashing silver nitrate in his eyes—all as matter of factly as a man wrapping a bundle. "The baby's doing very well," murmured a doctor who was explaining all this. "It's objecting a little to what's going on."

"I don't blame him," said Mr. Grauer. I didn't either.

"From now on it's just a question of keeping him warm, healthy and happy," added the doctor. It's quite a large order—keeping warm, healthy and happy—one that has defied a good many adults.

While I am in general sympathy with the aims of the A.M.A. in trying to spread medical enlightenment as far as possible, I feel that the organization has not yet found anything like the right answer for a television show. The program ranged from the downright dull to sensational to the plain incomprehensible (largely due to the stiffish monotones affected by the doctors when talking about their accomplishments).

There must be some way to humanize doctors so that they can talk to laymen in language which is both warm and understandable. The emphasis not only of this series of two programs but also of the June broadcasts, both of which were sponsored by the Smith, Kline and French medical supply outfit, has been on the cure of disease. I think it might be interesting and certainly instructive if the A.M.A. devoted some of its future programs to disease prevention where you and I could absorb some presumably useful advice on how to stay out of the hands of doctors.

Incidentally, Mr. Grauer, in heralding the birth of a newborn baby, chalked up another "first" for his distinguished collection. Grauer, you'll be enchanted to learn, was also the first man to give away money by telephone on a radio show (the Pot O'Gold program); first man to do a plane-to-ground television show (1949); and first to emcee a broadcast of a sixteen-man orchestra from a plane in flight (1933). There's not much left for Grauer to live for.

Pinza Was Never More Ezio

The Ezio Pinza show opens almost invariably in what we are led to believe is the singer's library. It's a comfortable spot, pine-panelled, a fire in the grate, Mr. Pinza in a smoking jacket. There is a butler, a picturesque character, mixing drinks and spouting below-stairs philosophy. The curtains are drawn.

It's what you might call the escapist gimmick. Baby, it's cold outside. Baby, it's warm inside. The harsh world is locked out; Mr. Pinza, all very relaxed in that smoking jacket, is inside. The men will envy his privacy and comfort. The women will try to break into it. It can hardly miss with either sex. This is Pinza, personalized like one of those whiskey bottles they put your name on at Christmas.

And whatever happened to Dagmar?
The translation of "My Friend Irma", a highly successful radio show, to television has been done with meticulous care. Marie Wilson, the extravagantly modelled blonde, still plays Irma. Cathy Lewis is still her level-headed, suffering roommate. Both are so entirely appropriate to the roles that it’s hard to imagine anyone else replacing them. This will lead to quite a casting problem in 1975 when Miss Wilson may just possibly want to step down and when, I’m sure, the show will just be getting its second wind.

"My Friend Irma" is frankly a very funny and thoroughly professional show. Its writers, Cy Howard who originated the radio show, and Frank Galen, appear to have scrutinized carefully all the other comedy shows around and to have incorporated the very best features and eliminated the worst. Like George Burns, Miss Lewis acts as narrator, talking straight to the camera and more or less setting the scene for whatever little disaster Miss Wilson is cooking up.

In short, the Shakespearean aside is coming back, and not a bad idea either. For one thing, it saves time—Miss Lewis being able to compress a situation into less space than it would take to dramatize it. For another, it adds an air of informality, as if someone were just telling us a story in our living rooms, an atmosphere highly suitable to television.

"My Friend Irma" is an excellent illustration of the difference in thinking between CBS and NBC. It is an intimate operation, reasonably priced, and largely dependent on slick writing, excellent casting and the knowledgeable direction of Richard Whorf rather than—as is generally the case at NBC—on Milton Berle, fourteen guest stars, a thirty-piece orchestra and a lot of dancing girls. Its story line, largely borrowed from "My Sister Eileen", namely that of one bright and one dumb girl trying to make their way in the big city, is susceptible of infinite variation. Its stars, Miss Wilson and Miss Lewis, are appealing enough to be welcome once a week without being so overpoweringly possessed of personality that you tire of them. In the long run they may outlast the dazzling big money operations at NBC.

The new entrant into the dumb girl field is Vivian Blaine who is teamed up with Pinky Lee on a three-times-a-week show on NBC-TV which is on the whole a pretty sorry melange of just about everything. Miss Blaine, a really gifted girl, is cast here as a young lady trying to get a job as a singer; Mr. Lee—the relationship between them is rather misty—as a young man helping out and from time to time expressing sympathy and admiration. He is dressed in a comic hat and a checked coat like a burlesque comedian. She is usually enwrapped in low cut gowns. He plays the xylophone. She sings. In between there are intervals of incredibly silly comedy. The whole thing is an awful waste of good air time and also of Miss Blaine’s talents.

This leads us to Martha Raye, a girl whose mouth can just barely be encompassed by the coaxial cable, who, I think, is a very good comedienne indeed and who, properly
handled, could be a great one. She has been on All-Star Revue twice now. The first time, Ezio Pinza’s dignity and urbanity were a magnificent foil for her clowning, a sort of reverse twist on the Jimmy Durante-Helen Traubel monkeyshines.

The second time, teamed up with Robert Cummings, everyone clowned. It became a competition in pratfalls, an art form for which I have the highest respect when used with some degree of moderation. Miss Raye, a magnificent competitor, won this decathlon going away but I couldn’t help thinking the event belonged in Madison Square Garden rather than on a stage. She ought to be surrounded by people who throw her clowning into bold relief, not by people who are trying to outdo her at her own game.

Still, she’s a very talented and multi-faceted performer. No girl of my acquaintance can get a telephone stuck in her mouth so plausibly (though many of them should). At double takes, another art form that should not be disparaged, she has few equals, none of them women. She can (and did) sing “I’ve Got My Love To Keep Me Warm”, approaching the melody only occasionally, or she can (and did) sing “Stormy Weather” as torchily as the next girl.

Her face is susceptible to infinite variation and her larynx can emit some of the strangest noises I ever heard. And, in spite of it all, she has a very endearing and warm personality. My only complaint is that the writers and director rely a little too heavily on her gifts and don’t do enough work of their own.

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JOHN CROSBY IN HOLLYWOOD

I HAVEN’T been here in three years, which gives a man perspective. Three years ago, there was something pretty close to a panic here. Warner Brothers was closed tight without a camera stirring. Contract players who had been extracting several hundred dollars a week for sitting around movie studios could be found selling cars on Wilshire Boulevard or real estate in Palm Springs.

There was widespread unemployment, especially among technicians—the cameramen, lighting experts, stagehands and the like. The picture folk were publicly talking tough and privately scared blue about television. Well, things have certainly changed.

Today the movie folk have learned to live with television to the extent where they don’t talk about it or even think about it very much. Three years ago, if you asked a movie star about television, you’d get a half-hour talk about how people would always go out nights because married folk couldn’t stand the sight of each other every night. They can’t hurt us, he’d tell you, because we have the stars, the know-how and the money. Then you’d get a lecture on economics, proving TV couldn’t conceivably fill all that time and that the home folks would eventually be driven out of their homes in despair and probably take up residence in movie theaters. It was all very entertaining.

Today, you ask a movie executive about TV and he says, well, I don’t look at it much any more, and passes on to more fruitful discourse like sex and politics. The mood has changed. The physical structure here has changed mightily, too. The networks are both building huge, menacing structures to house their live shows. NBC’s is a lime green, thoroughly ugly structure which, its architect boasts, was never
meant to be luxurious and isn’t. It’s a TV factory, stuffed with whirring wheels, paint shops and cables. CBS’s is twice as big and expensive. Neither is yet finished and the word around Hollywood is that both are already obsolete.

Meanwhile, every available lot is bustling with television activity. Pathe, RKO, Roach are swarming with actors and writers and technicians, all shooting film for television—heaven knows how much. The General Service Studio, an old structure, probably boasts more television stars than any place in town. Three years ago, the owner was considering renting the space as an automobile parking lot. It was built for independent movie production and when the bottom fell out it became a ghost town. Today, you can’t get space on it.

On its antiquated sound stages are shot such TV shows as “I Love Lucy,” “The Burns and Allen Show,” the interior shots of “The Lone Ranger,” “Ozzie and Harriet,” “I Married Joan,” “Our Miss Brooks.” Here “I Love Lucy” pioneered a technique which is spreading all over the place—the filmed show in front of an audience, a sort of mixture of movies, radio and television which has been enormously successful.

On the domestic shows, the settings are remarkably alike. Lined up, so the actors can pass from one to another, are permanent sets—a kitchen, living room and bedroom—the basic framework of domestic comedy. (If they need another set, they build it in front of one of the permanent sets and then tear it down.) In front of these—at least, on those shows that shoot in front of an audience—behind the cameras and the sound booms, are rows of bleachers, just plain boards, which resemble the stands at a backwoods football stadium. It’s all wonderfully primitive and it works fine.

The few seats at, say, “I Love Lucy,” are among the most coveted in town. Viewing conditions are far from ideal, but everyone wants to see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz do their pratfalls—even though the most they can frequently see is the back of a cameraman’s neck.

I walked down the street at General Service with an actor. Every time he passed anyone, he’d smile, hold his fingers in an “O” sign and say: “Great! Very funny!” The others would beam at him and nod back. “What’s very funny?” I asked. “You’re the first one who’s asked,” he said. “Everyone here is shooting comedy shows. You can say: ‘Great! Very funny!’ to anyone here and he thinks you’re talking about his show. Actually, we’re all so busy shooting for television here none of us has time to look at it very much.”

"He’s been that way ever since he heard someone say the world is going to the dogs."

**Some Temperamental Difference**

ONE of my favorite indoor pastimes is listening to actors complain. Like a soldier, an actor isn’t really content unless he’s griping about something. Lately the networks, NBC and CBS, have given the entertainers a marvelous new avenue for
outcry—namely, their two huge new television studios here in Hollywood.

The CBS structure, which cost $12,000,000, is three times the size of the NBC edifice, and therefore subject to lamentations three times as loud. It was designed by Charles Luckman and his partner, William L. Pereira. Mr. Luckman was the former chief brain-truster of Lever Brothers, the soap empire.

His Television City, which is what CBS calls this thing, is a wondrously impressive lump of masonry, the corridors stretching into what seems like infinity. It covers eight acres and somehow it manages to house only four studios, all of them tremendous. Among its many technical wonders are lighting switchboards which memorize—so help me Hannah—all the lighting instructions and then go ahead and perform them without further ado. The technicians view this monster with undisguised loathing, fearing that it may some day cost all of them their jobs.

The actors also take a dim view. The first actor I saw was lounging in the front row of one of the audience studios before the 107-foot stage. “Reminds you of a Soviet tire factory, doesn’t it?” he remarked pleasantly. Actually, it does—but it won’t when they get the carpets down and when the smell of paint dries.

Later, I encountered Marie Wilson, otherwise known as My Friend Irma, who—along with the new Freeway and Forest Lawn Cemetery—is one of the scenic wonders of southern California. (An absolute must for all tourists.) She was drifting down one of the endless corridors in search of the rest of her cast. Quite sensibly she was wearing sneakers, which helped some, but not much, to bridge the distances. “Next week, no legs!” she muttered. She trotted away and was soon lost to view, concealed by the curvature of the earth.

Far more voluble in his dissatisfaction is Richard Whorf, the enormously capable director of “My Friend Irma.” “You and I could design something better than this with both arms broken,” he observed.

The CBS operative who was showing me around took these protests lightly. “The talent was consulted about everything, even the closets. Still, they beef. You can’t satisfy actors.”

There is some truth but not the whole truth in this statement. Actually, there are irreconcilable differences in temperament and outlook between the actors who populate the TV stages and the engineers who design them. Gordon Strang, who designed the NBC Burbank studios, where the audience is all—as it were—in the balcony and there is nothing equivalent to the orchestra seat, says: “This is what we should have done ten years ago. We never could because the actors wanted the audience where they could kiss them.” He paused a moment and then added a thought which typifies the difference between engineers and actors: “Of course, the audience is an awful nuisance to engineers. We spend too much money on them.”

The first thought that occurred to me looking at this balcony-type auditorium is that the comedian would have a hell of a time playing to an audience over his head without getting a crick in his neck. This suspicion was confirmed by Bob Hope who was one of the first entertainers to do a show from the new NBC studio.

“You have to tell a joke like this,” he said, craning his neck way backwards. “The cameras are here and the people are up there. Whom do you look at? You get right in the middle of a joke and the man with the headphones walks right in front of you, making with the signs. How can a man tell a joke under conditions like that? These theaters were built for the comedians and the comedians hate them.” (Not all of them. Jimmy Durante, who has an angelic disposition anyhow, told me he likes the new setup fine. But then, Durante plays straight to the cameras, not to the audience. He’s for the guy at home.)

Another of Hope’s complaints—and a valid one—is the large screen in the studio which reproduces the picture we see at home. “The people look first at the comedian on the stage for the first half of the joke. Then they look up at the screen for the punch line. Their eyes are constantly jumping from one place to another. The comedian is competing with himself for their attention.” For his next show Hope is going to take the darn thing out.
Even Queen Elizabeth

I READ in the Los Angeles papers that Queen Elizabeth’s coronation will be filmed for television. No live television. Her Majesty might be discovered picking her teeth or something. This is the end. Everything else is going on film. Now that Queen Elizabeth has joined the lists, there’s practically nothing live remaining except the animals on “Zoo Parade” who have no special compunctions about their best or worst camera angles.

The advantages of film are manifold to everyone except you and I who have to look at it. The other day on the set of “I Married Joan,” the Joan Davis show, a motley collection of forty radio and TV editors—conceivably the greatest assemblage of these ink-smeared wretches ever brought under one roof—peppered a brilliant and extraordinarily articulate assortment of technicians with questions about it. The nub of our complaint was that while Hollywood was stuffed with brains and experience, the end product as seen in our living rooms was pretty bad. It was generally agreed among us that the most exciting moments we had ever seen on television were on live, not on film. Why, then, this passion for film which is always $3,000 or $4,000 more expensive than live television?

Al Simon, the associate producer, who took the brunt of these churlish remarks, explained that television was going on film largely because it was less of a strain on the actor, just as it’s less of a strain on Her Majesty. “The actors brought it about. The actors forced us into film and will continue to insist on it.”

Also, the actor likes to live in Hollywood. Jim Backus, who plays Miss Davis’ husband on the show, remarked to me: “Of course, there’s a short interval while they get the malarkey out of their system. All this guff about how they miss the concerts and the museums in New York—actors who never got out of Toots Shor’s—then they find they like the sunshine.”

For a long time, the movie technicians scorned TV. But not any more. Some of the best in the business are now moving in, spurned in about equal quantities by the pinch of hunger and a vague feeling that that way destiny lies. The Joan Davis show boasts a director, Hal Walker, who just finished a picture “Road to Bali” with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope and an Academy Award-winning cameraman, Al Jilks. The cream of the motion picture industry is getting into the act.

Not all of them will succeed in it. “Some directors, including some of the best ones in the business, should never get into television,” according to Walker. “Some of these guys require four days before they even start to think. In four days, we have to have two pictures in the can.” Walker is a sort of non-directing director, which is not meant as disparagement. He has generally directed such people as Bob Hope and Martin and Lewis. With stars of that nature, it’s best just to keep them in camera range and let them go their own way.

There is another kind of director who dictates every twitch of the facial muscles. Some of them are pretty good at movies, but they probably won’t do too well in television—a) because they’re too slow, b) because they’re restricting the actors. Right now actors and actresses are having more fun and feeling more worthwhile than at almost any time in the history of their profession.
"I haven't missed movies one day," Lucille Ball will tell you stoutly. "Everyone envies us our working hours. In the movies, I got up at 5 a.m. for ten years."

On the set where they shoot "I Love Lucy" the hours are more civilized and the camaraderie of cast and crew is something you rarely encounter outside the Army. Everyone—actors, electricians, director, stagehands—is close friends. Living together as they do, they are almost a family. They have their private jokes, their small vexations of daily living.

Occasionally, they have their private spats, too. I walked onto the "I Married Joan" set once, after a wee quick one with Jim Backus who plays Miss Davis' husband. Words were flying. "Oh, we're having the unpleasant hour," murmured Backus. "You're not supposed to see this." It sounded like almost any domestic wrangle.

Backus leaned an elbow on the top of a double-decker prop bed and watched the scene. "You know," he said, "this is like being married to this woman. We live on the set together, eat together, work together. I see much more of Joan than of my own wife." This is a new type of television matrimony—the domestic comedy. A few sound stages away are Ozzie and Harriet and a step away from that is "I Love Lucy." There is no problem there, though. The Arnazes and the Nelsons are married. They may have to make it compulsory for this sort of show.

"Well, Bully for You"

I HAVE in the past discoursed on the vagaries of the language used in advertising circles. Today, kiddies, the subject is Hollywood English, about which a whole lexicography could be issued. In fact, if you're not reasonably hep, you could stay here for weeks and not understand a single word anyone said.

Let's start the lesson with the proper expressions to use to an actor or producer just after you've seen his picture. We'll assume that it's a real stinker. One way to handle this diplomatically is: "This picture needs special handling." Or: "The kids will love it." For soothing an actor who's just committed a horrible clinker: "You looked great in the rushes." For soothing a producer whose latest picture has got terrible notices: "Nobody likes it but the people."

One of the best ways to handle the situation at a preview, is to rush up to the producer, grab his hand and ejaculate: "Bob, you've done it again." This can mean anything. If you want to give it the real kiss of death, call it a "prestige-type" picture. Of course, it's just possible you might like the picture, in which case you say: "It's a great little picture." The use of the word "little" is very curious out here. Even "Quo Vadis" is referred to as a "great little picture." If you're talking about a bad picture among yourselves when no one involved is around, the proper expression is: "Don't miss it if you can."

Hollywood abounds in real weird characters and, naturally, expressions have sprung up to cope with these people. One line, guaranteed to wither the stoutest hide, is to turn to your companion and remark: "Get a stick and I'll help you kill it." Another one: "Follow him and see what he eats"—which is one of my favorites.

Not all of these things are confined to Hollywood, of course. Some have seeped through to Broadway. One, which is common on both coasts, is the "nothing but" gambit. "He's got nothing but talent." "That picture will make nothing but money." Or: "He's got nothing but money." Money is on everyone's lips and the proper line for a tight-fisted actor—
Swing

hardly a new one but one you hear in Hollywood more often than anywhere else—"He's got the first dollar he ever earned."

Hollywood has always had a number of interesting words to call its women. Current at the moment to designate a doll who has passed through quite a few hands: "passion lips." For a girl, just any girl, the cats now say Mabel. Every girl is Mabel or a Mabel or, if plural, some Mabels.

One expression that has overflowed Hollywood but probably originated here and is still in wide usage: "Be my guest." This can be used almost anywhere. If you want to use a man's phone or sit down at his table at a nightclub or just hitch a lift in his car, it's "Be my guest"—usually with a faintly exasperated inflection. Everyone has heard the brush-off line: "Don't call us. We'll call you." Out here, though, it's "Call you tomorrow." Tomorrow never comes.

Table hopping is practiced everywhere. But in Hollywood there's a practice referred to as "people-hopping." A man who at a party or a bar jumps from person to person, always in quest of, never finding, the perfect companion is a "people-hopper." Then there's a two-line ploy you hear quite a lot of. An agent, let us say, is trying to peddle a client to a producer. The dialogue goes like this:

AGENT: I think he's a great actor.
PRODUCER: When will you know definitely?

An expression for the star who has blossomed into the big time overnight: "Two years ago, she couldn't get arrested." One catch phrase which you hear all over now but especially here is the girl or boy gambit. "Jane Doe, girl idiot," you say. Or "John Doe, boy slob." Frequently, these insults are meant as rough terms of endearment. Another expression which, through Martin and Lewis, has gone coast to coast is: "That's my boy!" or "That's my girl!", usually meaning that you'll go along all the way with him or her.

The two most overworked words in the Hollywood lexicon are "this" and "great." "This" prefaces almost every sentence. "This—I've got to see." Or "This has got to go." Or "This, I refuse to believe"—with the emphasis always on "this." As for the "great," the proper usage is the deprecatory "great" or "just great," a contradiction that disturbs nobody.

Then there's the situation when an actor tells you he's just been signed for another twelve pictures—or maybe for just one more. "Well, bully for you!"—with faintly mocking overtones. That'll cut him down to size.

"Would you help a poor blind man across the street?"

Portrait of Marilyn

SHE is, at the moment, the nation's number one sex thrill. And she's a very likable—is that the word I want exactly?—girl. One thing that rather astonished me about Marilyn Monroe is that the wives—those, at least, who have met the girl—like her just as much as their husbands, though in a somewhat different way.

"Everyone loves Marilyn," said Dinah Shore. "How can you help it. She's so honest."

But Marilyn doesn't think so. "I've had friends tell me: 'I had to defend you last night against the women.' So I say: 'What did the men say?' Then my friends tell me: 'The men just sit there, grinning a little.' That makes up for it—a little."

And she smiled. When Marilyn smiles, she smiles all over. Her lips part, her eyes
narrow, her eyebrows shoot up, and the
whole vastly publicized body moves around
a little bit. I suppose that would be the
definition of a lot of other smiles, but
Marilyn does it more expertly than anyone
else. Watching her I remembered what
Joseph Cotton told me just after he'd
finished a picture with her:

"Everything that girl does is sexy. She
can't even light a cigarette without being
sexy. A lot of people—the ones who
haven't met Marilyn—will tell you it's all
just publicity. That's malarkey. They've
tried to give the same publicity build-up to
a hundred girls out here. None of them
took. This girl's really got it."

I thought I'd better test Mr. Cotten's
cigarette theory and I offered her one.
She's only recently learned to smoke, hav-
ing been required to do it in "Don't Bother
to Knock." She does it as if she had been
at it for years and after watching her
for a while, I decided the Cotten theory
was sound, very sound.

"I haven't heard anything but the kind-
est things about you since I've been here," I
said.

"Oh, you are very nice to say so. But
I know what they say, the women. I get
letters from the women. 'What are you
trying to do,' they say, 'put the country
in a worse state than it is in.' Now it's
my fault—the state the country's in. They
accuse me of starting all the rapes. Rapes
went on long before I came."

This girl, I thought, is a very interesting
said. "Everyone gets them. What the hell
do you care what a few cranks say? You're
the hottest thing in pictures. You've got
the country at your feet. Why worry about
a few cranks?"

But she does worry. Some of the Holly-
wood hatchet girls—and the place abounds
in them—have given her the full treat-
ment at parties. This has cut deep. And
the critics, who have had a field day with
her acting, have wounded her to the mar-
row. "They are so cruel, the critics. Some-
times I think they just take out their
frustrations on other people."

She speaks in a low throaty murmur,
the sound coming from far back in her
throat. Both her inflections and the struc-
ture of her sentences are more European
than American, which is odd because
Marilyn has lived in Los Angeles all her
life. "My wardrobe mistress says that, too.
She is a Hungarian and she is my closest
friend. She says I am more like a European
girl because I enjoy being a woman."

She thought a moment, the lips moving
a little. The face is never quite still. "I
don't know where I picked it up. I was
born on the wrong side of the tracks, you
know, and I used to play with a lot of
little Mexican boys. Perhaps there."

"When did it start, the sex appeal?" I
was beginning to use the same sentence
structure, the delayed object.

"I think I was about twelve when things
changed—radically. The boys didn't have
cars. They had bicycles. They'd come by
the house and whistle or they'd honk their
little horns. Some of them had paper
routes. I'd always get a free paper."

Marilyn's childhood is shrouded in con-
tradictions. She says she was moved from
household to household, that she saw her
parents but rarely. This has been disputed
and it's hard to know what is true. But it
wasn't a happy childhood.

"Ever since I can remember, I've wanted
to be a movie star. I loved the movies.
When I was a little girl, it seemed like
the only time I was alive was when I was
at the movies. The movies were much
more real to me than my life."

Well, she'd got there, all right. How was
it, being a star?

"Well—it's exciting. The first time I
saw my name in lights, I just stopped the
car and stared at it for twenty minutes.
I thought this is some kind of ultimate.
But, of course, you never quite get every-
thing, do you? I want to be a great stage
actress. No, honestly, I do."

But then there were the unkind critics.
One critic, in particular, said all she could
do was "wiggle my fanny," the unkindest
cut of all.

"I know what I'm doing," she said
fiercely. "I know I can act. I can play
Gretchen in 'Faust' or Therese in 'Cradle
Song.' I know I can." She probably can,
too, and will. She's come a long way.

Somehow, I never bothered her to ask
what, if anything, she wore under her
dress.
**Who Is Swallowing Whom?**

**T**HERE are two schools of thought here in Hollywood. The first holds that the movies will take over television. The second contends that television will take over the movies. The truth, I think, lies somewhere in between. Predictions run to large scale here and you will find plenty of people, who are up to their hips in TV, predicting that television in five years will be three or four times as big as the motion picture industry. Big, that is, in terms of the money spent on it, the people employed, and the film footage shot.

If this is true, it's hard to see how the movies are going to swallow an industry three or four times its size. Movie know-how is being rapidly absorbed by television. But movie know-how is not entirely the answer. On the set the other day, I watched Jackie Cooper rehearsing for a Ford Theater TV film. Cooper, who at thirty has had twenty-seven years of theatrical experience, had just finished a live show in New York.

"If this was live," he pointed out, "those cameras would be constantly moving—mov-

ing in for closeups, back for long shots. Here they're fixed. We have to stop the scene to change them."

This has always puzzled me about movie-making. "Why," I asked, "after fifty years of film-making aren't the cameras just as flexible as live television cameras?"

Cooper shrugged: "Because they're always done it that way. It's a habit."

A lot of these habits are being broken down by television. One habit, which is being forced into discard to economize both on time and money, are the endless retakes. Desi Arnaz has decreed that no scenes of "I Love Lucy" be reshot until the originals are printed and found to be defective. "Ninety per cent of the time, the retakes are necessary," he'll tell you. Yet for years, movie cameramen have reshot and reshot until they're satisfied they have something in the can they like. TV can't afford this prodigal waste. And doesn't need it.

Another television innovation to movie-making is rehearsal. Picture producers (except a few like Stanley Kramer) don't employ rehearsal in the stage sense at all. Television producers find rehearsal saves time (which is synonymous with money out here) and expensive film footage. Actors, who have been in pictures for years and have lately tried television, will tell you that the picture people should rehearse like TV actors. In other words, pictures may learn something from TV just as TV is learning from the movies.

For your actor, spoiled by years of movies or radio, television is the hardest work in the world. Still, it's the most enjoyable. "I love television," Jack Benny will tell you. "I love it better than anything. It takes me back to the stage. When I do a television show, I haven't got a nerve in my body. I've been in radio twenty-one years and I'm still a tiny bit nervous when I do a radio show."

An actor has to act and television gives him more opportunities in a year to do more different types of role than he might get ordinarily in a lifetime. Louis Hayward, for example, was overjoyed to be given a part in which he could wear an ordinary business suit. For years he'd been swaggering around in costume parts with a sword in one hand. Television has given lots of
actors the opportunity to get away from the type that pictures have struck him with. Also, TV gives the performer a chance to be a lot more creative, to be more of an individual than movies ever did and for this the actor is profoundly grateful.

Live television and its counterpart, filmed television before an audience, is the greatest challenge the actors ever had. They have responded miraculously. Actors who could never master a single page of dialogue without a half dozen fluffs now memorize fifteen pages—and never make a mistake. “Every night is opening night” is a line you’ll hear again and again. And this opening night is a shot of adrenalin which keeps the actor going, which makes the long hours and hard work worthwhile.

The big stars, whom the movie people have tried to keep out of television, are getting in fast. Name players like Kathryn Grayson and Betty Hutton have refused to sign movie contracts because they forbid their appearance on television. Dick Powell, Ronald Coleman and Joan Crawford are either in television or about to get in. Donald O’Connor, whose TV success has made him one of the hottest properties in pictures, is one of the first actors to insist on a clause in his picture contract giving him time to take off for television shows.

Four years ago, the movie folk boasted: “We have the stars. Television will have to come to us.” But it hasn’t worked out that way. The stars are flocking to TV where the audience is. Nothing the movie studios can do will stop it.

The Little People

We had got about five minutes away from my Hollywood hotel, the driver and I, when he handed me a script, his own. What did I think? It was, he admitted, rough. He wasn’t really a writer. He just liked to play around with it, he said, but he thought this might be of interest to “Suspense.” I read it and I said that, well, it needed work, quite a lot of work.

“That’s what they all tell me,” he said somberly and fell back to driving the car which is his primary but not chosen occupation.

A good many of the people in Hollywood are not in their chosen occupations.
The chauffeurs, the waitresses, the stenographers all have their dreams and, while waiting, they drive the cars and wait on table and type. In the meantime, they feel a great need for explanation and apology.

The second driver who piloted me barely got the car out of second before he announced belligerently: "This is just an in-between job." He drove a moment and then asked if I knew of the Benbow in San Francisco. No, I said, I didn't. "It's one of the best nightclubs up there. I just finished a two week engagement—emceeing and singing."

And so it goes. There is as much drudgery around Hollywood as anywhere else, but the people who perform it have their minds on the higher glories of show business. They are actors or writers or composers—or they like to be. Ticker Freeman, Dinah Shore's arranger, once walked into an office building; the doorman handed him a song he'd just written, the elevator operator handed him his latest song. Two songs in twenty feet. Joseph Cotten once had a cook who was in all respects an excellent cook except that she took off from time to time to play in an all-girl band.

They are a very knowing crew, these chauffeurs and cooks and stenos who are not really chauffeurs and cooks and stenos. The third chauffeur to drive me out here—I'm not making this up either—had barely got the car in motion when he asked me if I knew Danny Dare. I said no, I didn't. "He directed me in my first picture. Great guy!"

"Are you still acting?" I asked.

"I just finished a picture—'The Sniper'—for Stanley Kramer." He could hardly have just finished it. "'The Sniper' has been around for some time. He fell to discussing Johnny Ray with the sort of assurance and authority that a New York cabbie uses in talking about politics or economics. "His voice is going but he's become a vocal actor. That's what he is, a vocal actor. I had all that, the emotion, I just couldn't get it out."

He brooded a moment, then added the thought he'd been building up to all along: "I saw him just the other day at the Mocambo and he recognized me. He sat right down at the table with me and said: 'How ya, Ray?' Great guy!"

Therein lies the satisfaction. They are not going anywhere especially but they have brushed against greatness, if you can refer to Johnny Ray in those terms, and they have been on the inside just long enough to pick up the lingo. It isn't much but they seem to derive an awful lot of gratification out of it.

If you collect people as I enjoy doing, you haven't really rounded out your library until you encounter a movie starlet. I still don't know what a movie starlet does exactly. In these days of shrinking overhead budgets, there aren't so many of them as there once were and in a few years the flock may shrink to almost nothing like that of the whooping crane. If you're interested in this branch of ornithology you better study it right now, while there's yet time.

The particular starlet I had under observation was blonde as paper, saucer-eyed, momentarily (and perhaps permanently) unemployed in pictures and full of talk. Brother, you haven't lived until you've heard a starlet talk.

"Hollywood men," she was saying, "are the way they are because of the sun. They're all over-sexed. Because of the sunshine, you know. I'll show you what I mean. Feel my skin." I felt her cheek. "It's cool. Because the sun has gone down. But inside, I'm warm, terribly warm. Because of the sun. I'm just stored up sunshine inside."

She moved away from Hollywood men to her one other topic of conversation—Hollywood women. "A girl has a difficult time out here," she observed. "She can go out with an older man. But that's not very satisfactory because he is older. Or she can go out with a married man but that's not very satisfactory. Because he's married. Or she can go out with a young man. And that's not very satisfactory either. Because they haven't any money. They may drive up in a Cadillac but they really haven't got any money. They live by their wits, the young ones. And that's terribly unsatisfactory."

Swing
MRS. W. B. OWEN, 543 Tullis, Kansas City 25, Missouri, is the winner of the contest among WHB listeners to suggest a title for our noon-hour show. Her suggestion was chosen by a committee of seven judges from among the many titles submitted to Bruce Grant and Pokey Red. Her title:

"WHB Neighborin' Time"

For several years, WHB has used the slogan: “Your Favorite Neighbor” — indicating the friendly, “family” relationship between its staff members and WHB listeners. Don Sullivan, a star of the noon-time program, known as the “International Singing Cowboy” because of his appearances in Europe, uses a favorite expression: “Let’s do a bit of neighborin’” — or, “just want to drop in for some neighborin’.” Bruce Grant and Pokey Red are as folksy and neighborly as anyone you know. And Deb Dyer, the “country philosopher” who conducts the show from 1 to 1:30 p.m., is as home-spun, soft-spoken and “neighborly” as any man you’ll ever meet! For these reasons, the judging committee chose the title “WHB Neighborin’ Time.”

You can hear this re-styled program daily, Monday through Friday, from 11 a.m. until 2 p.m.—with the News at Noon by Charles Gray. Two-and-a-half hours of western and country music, news, fun and philosophy . . . from “Triangle D Ranch,” the cow country club. It’s “saddle soap opera” with Don Sullivan, Bruce Grant, Pokey Red, Deb Dyer, Charles Gray and Al, Bud and Pete, of Don Sullivan’s Western Band. “Boogie Woogie Cowboy” is still the program’s theme song.

* * *

LOUIS BROMFIELD, farmer, novelist, playwright and Pulitzer prize winner—whose Malabar Farm in Ohio has become a symbol of ideal management to farmers everywhere—began
a program series on Mutual and WHB in December: "Bromfield Reporting." Heard on WHB at 12:30 p.m. Saturdays, the program is of interest alike to "city" farmers and farmers-by-occupation. Mr. Bromfield is an old friend of a Kansas City "gentleman farmer," former Mayor John B. Gage. He was attorney Gage's guest at the American Royal Live Stock and Horse Show.

* * *

JOHN THORNBERRY, well-known Kansas City civic figure, is winning new plaudits with his Monday through Friday WHB broadcast at 6:50 p.m.

"John Thornberry says—." In a five-minute nightly editorial, Mr. Thornberry "speaks his piece," usually to express a well-considered opinion on current local events. As an active Rotarian, manager of the Boys' Club, manager of the Trinity Lutheran Hospital finance campaign and participant in Art Institute and Philharmonic affairs, his knowledge of Kansas City and Kansas Citians is unique—as is his manner of expressing himself.

If you haven't "rediscovered Radio," may we suggest you try it a few nights, listening to John Thornberry?

* * *

LATEST way to entertain in Kansas City—and we do mean "latest"—is to get to be an amateur WHB guest Disc Jockey, record the program in advance, and then throw a party for your friends the night your program is broadcast, and hear yourself on the Radio in your own living room!—from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. Saturday or Sunday night.

Prominent Kansas Citians who have already appeared on this new WHB program include Alonzo Gentry, architect; Sam Martin, dairy products distributor; Leo Berry, petroleum company official; Morris Shlensky, general manager of Katz Drug Company; Richard Wangerin, former business manager of the Kansas City Philharmonic, now of Louisville; John Quinn, Kansas City's Variety correspondent; Mark Stone, author; and James McQueeny, of the K. C. Philharmonic and the Starlight Theatre production organizations. On the distaff side, Rosemary Fillmore Grace of Unity; Mrs. "Chuck" Kelley, well-known record-collector; and Ruth Daugherty, senior TWA hostess.

From the entertainment field have appeared Ralph Flanagan, band leader; Frank Trumbauer, well-known musician, and his son, Bill, who has his own orchestra; Mary Mayo, songstress; and Monte Blue, actor.

Guest Disc Jockeys are presented a membership card in the "WHB Disc Jockey Club" and an official disc jockey cap. "Long hair" music devotees are usually scheduled for Sunday nights—the "pop" and swing music fans have their kicks Saturday nights.

"Boy, did I just get what may be a good break—my violin teacher is raising his rate fifty cents a lesson."

[Image of children]
IT'S FOOTBALL BOWL TIME

AND THE RANGERETTES ARE READY! Shown above, climbing a corral fence somewhere in Texas, are the Kilgore College Rangerettes, whose precision drill exhibition and musi-comedy performance is an annual feature of the Cotton Bowl game in Dallas. Below, at left, is the same group of girls (you guessed it!) grouped around a bale of cotton.

THE 1953 ORANGE BOWL QUEEN (left) is lovely Marion Etie of Coconut Grove, Florida, a junior at the University of Miami. The hazel-eyed beauty hopes to become a musical comedy star. She has appeared in several college productions.

THE COTTON BOWL—DALLAS. Weather permitting, this is how it will look on New Year's Day. The famous bowl is located on the Texas State Fair grounds.
CHOOSING THE “ROSE BOWL” BEAUTIES is a pleasant task preceding the annual Tournament of Roses festival, parade and Rose Bowl game in Pasadena. The lovely roses of Pasadena are basic in the decoration of the sixty breath-taking floats for the magnificent parade. The New Year’s Day Rose Bowl football game follows. Hundreds participate; thousands contribute; hundreds of thousands of blooms are used in decoration; a million and a half people see the spectacle in person; many millions see it on Television and movie screens; and billions hear about it through Radio, newspapers and magazines.

BUT TEXAS IS NOT FORGOTTEN! Way down yonder in the land of cotton-headed gals, shapely Sharron Henry (left) shows some of the form which has made famous the troup of fifty dazzling Kilgore College Rangcrettes. At each Cotton Bowl classic in Dallas, they present between halves an elaborate musi-comedy show.

ONE OF THESE GIRLS IS “ROSE BOWL” QUEEN FOR 1953, six are Rose Princesses. (Photo at left). But you won’t know who’s who until New Year’s Day, when the secret is announced in Pasadena. Members of “The Court” for the Tournament of Roses are selected from hundreds of aspirants among students in Pasadena’s two junior colleges.

AND LET’S NOT FORGET WHB! Some weeks ago, Jacqueline Farris of Kansas City, Kansas, was chosen to reign as “Miss Kansas Industry” at the Kansas Industrial Fair in Topeka. “Jackie” (photo below) is one of the ornamental (and hard-working) secretaries at WHB, where she presides as secretary of the Client Service Department and as secretary to WHB’s sportscaster, Larry Ray.
IT ALL goes up in SMOKE!

Americans are smoking 430 billion cigarettes this year. 10 a day for every male and female over 15. 30 billion, to American troops overseas. King-size or short, whatever your preference in size or flavor, advertising is responsible.

By JAMES L. HARTE

AMERICANS smoked 430 billion cigarettes in 1952. Our authority for this figure is the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the United States Department of Agriculture. It is an increase of 40 billion over the 1951 consumption.

It means that, on a per capita breakdown, every American, male and female, 15 years of age and older, averaged ten smokes a day for the year!

And, states the Bureau, as if it had counted sales in advance, this record will be broken in 1953, as consumption continues to increase.

Six billion cigars likewise went up in smoke this past year, an increase of four percent over 1951. Sales of fine-cut tobacco, scrap, twist, and plug, however, have been dropping gradually since 1945. On the whole, tobacco users spent 5.1 billion dollars for tobacco products in 1952 as compared with 4.7 billion dollars the previous year. And Uncle Sam is pleased, for out of every five dollars spent by the consumer, two dollars lands in the Government's tax coffers!

The extraordinary part of this is that the figures are, frankly, a distinct tribute to the art of advertising. All tobaccos are basically the same. This is true now and has always been. Advertising is responsible for the keen competition and skyrocketing sales within the tobacco industry. One of the big three among the cigarette manufacturers discovered this fact the hard way a few years ago. It cut 4 million dollars from its advertising budget for the year, believing its cigarette would sell itself. The result was a sales loss of 20 million dollars.

The industry as a whole took heed of the lesson and today, as a group, tobacco manufacturers are the largest, biggest-spending advertisers in the country. For example, more money has been spent pushing Lucky Strikes than any other single product sold in the nation. And the expenditure has paid
dividends. In the years from 1925, when America first became cigarette conscious, through 1950, Luckies were Number 1 on the smoke parade 14 times. Camels took first place an even dozen times in this 26-year period. Chesterfield, the other contender among the big three, never took top money but placed second 7 times and third 19 times.

CIGARETTES as we know them came into being in 1913. In that year, R. J. Reynolds Company introduced its Camel, the first modern, blended cigarette. To comprise its blend Reynolds introduced burley tobacco, hitherto confined to pipe smoking, sweetened with flavoring and mixed with Turkish and yellow leaf. This product proved an immediate success, almost pushing the reigning favorite of the day, Fatima, from the market. Liggett & Myers, makers of Fatima, to recoup their loses, entered the cigarette sweepstakes three years later with Chesterfield. In 1917, Lucky Strikes joined the fray.

George Washington Hill, presiding over the fortunes of the American Tobacco Company, almost at once showed the genius which was to earn him, before his demise, the reputation as one of America’s masters of advertising and certainly the greatest tobacco salesman of them all. Before Hill would permit Lucky Strikes to be marketed, he insisted upon an advertising slogan. He found it himself in the preparation of the cigarette. A part of the process is the drying, or baking, of the tobacco in ovens. All cigarettes, no matter by whom made, go through the same process. But to Hill, Luckies would be superior to other brands because they were “toasted.” And the statement that “It’s Toasted” still sells billions of this brand.

The industry, which sold about 25 billion cigarettes in 1916, moved slowly until 1925. The total in that year hit an unprecedented 82 billion. Some so-called sales experts believed this to be the peak. They failed to reckon with the rising birth-rate and increase of population, and with the fact that, gradually, women were taking to the use of these tubes of white paper wrapped around chopped-up tobacco.

Hill recognized the market potentialities in the female of the species in the 1925-1930 period; and he burned to exploit the fact. The industry was aware that women were puffing away in the privacy of their boudoirs and parlors, but the reformers were also aware of the matter. Ladies who smoked would sprout heavy mustaches or would otherwise turn masculine, the reformers insisted, labeling the habit as unladylike. Finally, in 1927, Hill broke the ice with a cigarette ad that showed a lady smoking. He followed this with purchased endorsements from women who smoked and attested that smoking had not interfered with their social and artistic success, nor had it made them any less womanly. Public acceptance of the idea was general, with very little indignation, much to the chagrin of the reform element.

It is impossible today to break down the smoking public into male and fe-
male, but responsible authorities within the industry believe that about one-third of all women smoke and approximately two-thirds of all men smoke. And, it is reasonable to believe, the percentage of women smokers is increasing annually, accounting in sizeable degree for the continued growth of cigarette sales.

Hahn, now the president of the American Tobacco Company, decided to do something about Pall Mall, an old and reputable name in the business, but one that was going nowhere. Hahn began to plan a campaign, taking it slowly. Then, in 1946, shortly after the death of George Washington Hill, Hahn opened up. Within three years, he had Pall Mall sales booming, leaping ahead of such standard brands as Old Gold. Today, all the major companies are backing long cigarettes, actually in competition with themselves. The manufacturers of Luckies, Camel, Chesterfield, Philip Morris and Old Gold are pushing king-sized brands, some of them backing more than one. And Chesterfield is offering its name brand in both the average and the larger size.

According to manufacturers, a pound of tobacco yields 450 short cigarettes and only 350 king-size. In amount of tobacco, therefore, the purchaser of the longer type gets four more cigarettes per pack, which points up the economy value cited by the Department of Agriculture, a value that will remain static at least until April 30, 1953, when the Defense Production Act, which sets ceiling prices on cigarettes, expires.

Meanwhile, fears of any tobacco shortage have been allayed. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics certifies that there are enough cigarettes available now, and will continue to be, for all who have both the appetite to smoke and the money to spend. In fact, crop reports indicate that there will be an abundance above the predicted increase of
all tobacco sales for 1953. This, despite the increased export market and the increasing use of cigarettes by American troops overseas which, last year, went well above 30 billion cigarettes.

Those who sell tobacco best still have to face the threats of the die-hard blue noses, the reformers who on occasion still rise to rant about the evils of the weed. In recent years, however, diatribes against tobacco itself have subsided to blasts against the manner in which the product is advertised. No one has ever proved that cigarettes are as poisonous as the anti-smokers would have you believe. An analysis of all findings in the matter indicates flatly that cigarettes are not as harmful as some suggest, nor as beneficial as others at times avow.

Advertising methods are likewise undeserving of censure, although the industry has made occasional mistakes. Generally, cigarette advertising, by periodical, Radio or Television, is in good taste. The present pitch geared to the "medical story" may have reached its saturation point, but it is based on the sound premise that, while tobacco smoking may not be of any particular benefit, it is not physically harmful. With so many Americans smoking a per capita daily average of 10 cigarettes, it has been both wise and in good taste to point up the absence of ill effects through smoking, to give the lie to the bugaboos of Grandma's day which, though falsely based, may cause the consumer an occasional twinge of conscience when he smokes.

The industry attempts, always, to appeal to the public, not to offend. And, in the long run, it has improved the effectiveness of all advertising. Usually, when one cigarette-maker hits upon a bright idea, the others climb aboard the bandwagon. Once in a while, however, the campaigns offer amusing little inconsistencies. When one of the popular brands advised diet-conscious citizens to puff its product in order to keep from eating, a rival popular cigarette promptly stated that nothing whetted the appetite so much as its product. And Camels, in a switch, offer a "fresh" cigarette in opposition to the "toasted" Lucky Strike.

So the battle goes on, with each manufacturer aiming to keep his product foremost in the mind of the consumer. It isn't the tobacco he must sell, it's that little point of difference which makes you prefer a Lucky, a Camel, a Chesterfield, or whatever the brand.

It's time to light up!

Speaking of Talking

This sign was recently placed in the front of a grocery store: "We know it's hard to get meat, butter, sugar and shoes—but it would be a lot harder to learn to speak Russian."

"This is my car," shouted the angry motorist to the garageman. "What I say goes—see."

Just then the mechanic crawled out from under the car and pleadingly said, "Say 'engine,' mister."
DANGER
is their
BUSINESS

Want an exciting job? Join the Border Patrol—an elite force of 1,800 men who guard 8,000 miles of coastal and land boundaries to prevent the unlawful entry of aliens.

By JOSEPH PAPARA

YOUNG American citizens with a thirst for the hardy outdoor life, movie-style adventure and moments of danger can satisfy all three desires as members of the U. S. Border Patrol.

This thoroughly-trained force of 1,800 men stands guard across the nation’s 8,000 miles of coastal and land boundaries, their primary aim being to detect and prevent the smuggling and unlawful entry of aliens into the country. By jeep and plane, America’s toughest troopers keep a vigilant lookout 24 hours a day at strategic border points.

The main problem at the moment is offered by Mexican workers who swarm across the Rio Grande for jobs on farms and ranches. During the past 12 months, the Border Patrol rounded up a quarter-million “wetbacks”—and the influx continues at the same high rate.

Getting into the Border Patrol isn’t easy; but staying in is even more difficult. The job demands a high degree of intelligence, resourcefulness and courage. The patrol, which is under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice, wants men over 21 years of age and under 35, who weigh at least 145 pounds and stand five-eight or over.

To fill vacancies and keep the patrol at full strength, a class of 100 men is accepted each month for training at the Border Patrol school in El Paso, Texas. It’s a “college” without the usual campus capers but with a curriculum that would make most collegians shudder.

NEW appointees serve a one-year probationary period, divided between classroom studies and the field. In one month, the rookies learn the equivalent of two years of college Spanish. They also are instructed in the use of firearms, fingerprinting, radio telegraphy, jujutsu and first aid, besides studying immigration and citizenship laws, court procedure and methods of investigation.

After intensive instruction in class, the young recruit is assigned to a sector in the field to complete his test period. His conduct while working with seasoned officers on actual cases will disclose whether he has the stuff to be retained in the service.

Since 90 per cent of the patrol’s contacts on the southern border are
with Spanish-speaking persons, the study of that language has a high priority in the training program and two hours a day are set aside for it.

A working knowledge of immigration law is important because the patrolman must be in the right when making an arrest, and in getting convictions later on. Knowing how to shoot fast and straight is a "must" requirement because danger springs up unexpectedly.

The patrolmen—43 have been killed in the line of duty since 1920—seldom get the luxury of a second mistake and their training is aimed at making sure they don't commit the first.

FIELD demonstrations in "sign cutting" rate considerable attention for trainees. A well-developed skill which catches thousands of aliens each year, "sign cutting" is merely the art used for generations by Indians, rangers and frontiersmen—scanning the countryside for signs and tracks of animals or humans and ascertaining who made them and why.

Every track or sign in the desert, mountain or swamp carries a meaning. The patrolmen's task is putting two and two together to get the answer.

In tracking down aliens, the men of the Border Patrol have speed boats, jeeps and planes at their command; but they frequently have to call on leg power when the pursued takes off into hilly, rugged territory. There have been cases of amazing walking performances by fugitives before their capture.

Once, a group of four, after leaving a border farm near Fabens, Texas, was trailed by two jeeps and a plane for five days before they were finally overtaken 75 miles north of their starting point.

The four "wetbacks" were old hands at the game and pulled every trick to elude the Border Patrol. They walked in wide circles, traveled long distances over rocky ground and scaled the highest peak in the Hueco Mountains. While the jeeps prowled about, the plane circled over open country and succeeded in "cutting the sign" of the group about 30 miles away. From this point, the trail was followed to a large thicket where the Mexicans were found huddled over a tiny camp fire.

THE alien often tries to throw the patrolmen off his trail by walking backwards. This works in a few cases; but the officers know a man cannot walk backward for any great distance. They follow the track a short way to discover the true direction the alien is walking. Some "wetbacks" also drag a bush or branch behind them to obliterate tracks, or make it a point to walk on hard, rocky ground or in shallow water so as to leave no trail. But the Border Patrol is wise to most of the tricks.

The "wetback" problem provides a Grade A headache for the patrolmen. The fact that Mexicans will work in this country for less pay brings heated protests from American workers along the southern border. Complaining they cannot live on similar wages, the Americans demand the service take drastic action—that is, an all-out drive to deport every "wetback."
At the same time, American employers in the south prefer the cheaper labor and are unwilling to give them up to Uncle Sam. They shout in anger when the aliens are taken away by the patrol, which is thus caught between two fires.

Another case involved the smuggling of aliens on the Canadian border. Officers of the patrol for days had been on the lookout for an airplane suspected of running aliens into the country. One afternoon, they came upon the craft—but were too late to keep it from taking off, although the patrol did catch two aliens who had alighted.

On the chance the plane would return, the officers waited in their car near the field. In a relatively short time, they heard the plane, saw it circle the field and land. Now, they faced a thorny problem, for, since there was no cover on the landing strip, the patrol could not approach without being seen. It would be an easy matter for the pilot to get his plane quickly into the air.

Nevertheless, the Border Patrol men drove for the plane at top speed. And the pilot, alert to his danger, opened his motor full-throttle, headed his craft into the wind and started his run for the takeoff. But the Border Patrol car driver took a desperate chance by swinging the car directly into the path of the oncoming plane. The crash that followed would have made a great movie sequence, though, miraculously, no one was seriously hurt. The daring patrolmen gambled with life and won, capturing the pilot and a third alien in the plane.

For day-to-day thrills and excitement, perhaps no branch of the federal service can match the Border Patrol, whose men (most of them look like football All-Americans) serve in the hot deserts of the southwest, the swamps of Florida and the snow-swept lands of the Canadian border.
"CITY BENEATH"

A world-famous diver, walking 180 feet beneath the sea, discovers fabulously rich Port Royal—destroyed by deluge and earthquake, now a breathtaking fairyland encrusted with coral. Can he dig up the loot?

It was like an incredible dream when I came upon Port Royal, 180 feet under the surface ripples of Kingston Harbor, off Jamaica. I was the first in nearly 250 years to walk the streets of a city that had been deservedly named “Pirate’s Babylon,” swallowed by an earthquake, and now lying coral-encrusted on the bottom of the sea!

In the seventeenth century, Port Royal was sanctuary for every outlawed man, ship and cause on the Spanish Main. It was a fold for black sheep—pirates who had fled the justice of the outside world and the injustices of one another. Built upon the sandy point of the palisades that today form the outer rim of Kingston Harbor, it was a city of several thousand houses and many thousands of inhabitants.

Fortress of infamy, it was also a town of tremendous wealth. It was the only place to which buccaneers and pirates could safely bring their ill-gotten treasures. Shipload after shipload of plundered gold and silver bars, ornaments, jewels, coins and statues arrived to pack the great storerooms.

No power nor weapon of man was capable of penetrating the fortress of Port Royal to dispute the blackguards’ right to their loot. But there is strength beyond that of puny man. This the men and women of Port Royal were to learn on June 7, 1692.

June 7, 1692!

There was no hint of the catastrophe to come.

Suddenly, the sky was robbed of color. Blackness engulfed the city. Thunder drummed, lightning flashed and the rain fell like a great mountain reservoir suddenly undammed. Wind tore through the town, ripping, twisting, uprooting. Then the sea hunched its shoulders and moved wrathfully against the land.

Port Royal quivered. For a few seconds it hung between oblivion and survival. Then the waters rose and the land fell away. Gradually, the wind and the rain, the thunder and the lightning ceased—slinking away as though sickened at the violence of their own anger. Where Port Royal had been, there were only a few struggling figures in a sea of countless bodies. Guilty and innocent alike had gone down in the deluge and earthquake; but a few half-crazed persons managed to survive. Somehow they struggled across to the far side of the bay, and there, after many hardships, they founded a new city, Kingston, which stands today.

ONE day while searching in these waters for the sunken treasure-laden hulk of a Spanish galleon, I
The Sea

By Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg

slid over the side of the salvage schooner down my weighted rope until I stood on the sandy bottom of the seaway. I found myself in the midst of elaborate coral formations, and the sheer beauty of the scene stopped me in my tracks.

From where I stood, the smooth sea bed sloped gradually off into distant depths beyond my vision. Surrounding me on all sides was a fantastic fairytale. Branching coral sculpturings of myriad hues seemed alive in the quivering water; they were hard and solid to the touch. As I began to move, the colors of the corals about me changed with chameleonlike ease, so that I walked in a land of liquid-flowing rainbows. The fascination of the place made me determined to explore farther. I started out boldly.

Slowly treading the seaway, I was brought up short by a sight that almost took my breath away. There before me, rising out of the watery void, was what appeared to be a city—a ghost city under the sea!

I could have sworn that there was a great Gothic cathedral ahead, and beyond it other dim stately edifices, sloping away into farther shadowy regions. Spires and pinnacles lifted majestically; tall columns supported overhanging roofs; windows stood open in walls and towers. The dim light of the sun, reflected from the surface waters above, sifted down and passed through the openings, gleaming dully through the open spaces between the columns.

I felt as though I had been suddenly thrust on some strange and distant planet; as though I had come to a peaceful town where quiet buildings waited the return of a recently departed populace.

I paused for a while, sitting on a projecting shelf of coral to consider this phenomenon. Then I left my seat and moved slowly forward again toward the nearest of the structures, the "cathedral-like" edifice. The sea floor continued to slope downward and outward toward the open ocean.

CAREFULLY, I placed one weighted boot after the other. The formation was perhaps forty feet in length and twenty feet high. The crowning coral pinnacles that extended upward from the basic hulk of the structure were about six to eight feet in height. It was obvious to one familiar with coral that this design was not a natural growth, but was cased over some original buildings that had allowed for windows and doors. And through these openings the magical light softly filtered.

Directly in front of me there was a large doorway. Carefully guarding my airline from the rough casing of the chamber, I went in. Inside was a sort of chamber space with several passages leading off from it. I stood entranced.
At first, I hardly noticed the grotesque shapes of the formation within the chamber and along the walls. The amazing color was all I could perceive—not just an ordinary shade, but an incredibly alive blue that seemed to embrace all the various conceivable shadings of that one color. Wherever I looked my eyes met gradations of blue, ranging from azure to hues merging almost into black. The water was blue; the walls were blue; even my hands, as I held them before my goggle-eyed diving helmet, were blue.

I moved carefully about the chamber, peering into some of the openings that led off from the room in which I stood. From one dark hole I drew back sharply, as my quick glance revealed a mass of huge crawling creatures.

They were great spider crabs with arms nearly nine feet in length, and huge octopi with their quivering tentacles writhing about frenziedly—and the cold feeling of menace that emanated from them sent a shudder along my spine. Hurriedly, I backed away and didn’t stop until I was completely out of the structure.

I had stayed too long. The feeling of pressure was like being pinched between the thumb and forefinger of some huge giant. I jerked my signal cord, and soon I was being gently raised up—up out of the city of the dead.

By this time, I had come to the realization that I had actually discovered the remains of what was once the richest and wickedest city on the entire Spanish Main. There could be no doubt but that I had seen what no other living man had gazed upon—sunken Port Royal!

Here was an undiscovered and unexplored realm—a marvelous world, strange yet beautiful, touched with mystery. Here was a find of scientific import, and I had come upon it by mere chance.

As I rose slowly to the surface my mind was afire with the possibilities I had uncovered. If I could go to deeper depths; if I could follow that sloping sandy seaway, what strange sights might I see! And don’t overlook the possible recovery of some of the vast riches which the sea had claimed when the great deluge of 1692, followed by the earthquake, had driven the “Pirate’s Babylon” from the world of living men!

Since that time, I have dreamed of what a man might find on the floor of the Caribbean in outer Kingston Harbor—if he could devise some means of penetrating into the pressure-packed depths. Such means require improved diving gear to lessen the hazards that are constant companions of a man in regulation diving dress at such depths.

The ways and means of this achievement have now been found, for a new-type diving robot has actually been devised, and is in course of construction.

Soon I shall return to the Caribbean, and the “city beneath the sea”—Port Royal. I shall prod into its secrets, disturb the spider crabs, the giant octopi and other strange and weird denizens which alone inhabit it, seeking to wrest away some of its vast riches which were sent to the bottom on that ill fated night in 1692.

Adventure calls!
Chinchillas are so lovely—and so rare—that their pelts bring the highest prices of any fur, although the cost of raising them varies at present between only $2 and $3 a year. Since these lovely pets are successfully bred in captivity, they will not become extinct. But they might have—had it not been for the courage and foresight of M. F. Chapman of Los Angeles.

As an engineer in the employ of the Anaconda Copper Company in Chile, Chapman’s first meeting with one of these lovely pets was when an Indian called to show him a live chinchilla the Indian had captured and was keeping in a box. Mr. Chapman took an instant liking to the little captive because chinchillas are gentle, inquisitive and too willing to be friends for their own good. That is why they have been hunted relentlessly since the discovery that even a queen preferred a present of their fur to one of gold and gems.

There is a legend about how a Spanish queen was tricked by a thiev-
all but destroyed the species. In 1880 the skins sold for only $18 a dozen, and nine years later, there were 435,000 pelts going to commercial buyers. It didn’t take hunters long to locate the richest fur-bearers of all time. Yet so many of the animals were killed that even to see a chinchilla has become an event.

To save those gentle creatures by breeding them in captivity became an obsession with Chapman, although everyone with whom he talked warned him it could not be done. His own doubts arose not from climate and environment—but as to whether the chinchillas would cooperate. From the Chilean government he received sanction for his project, along with more warnings that he might expect only trouble as his reward.

Undeterred by such gloomy predictions, he sent 20 Indians into the mountains to get as many of the animals as they could capture alive. After working three years, they brought back three females and eight males. In order to get the animals accustomed to lower temperatures, the trip down to sea level was very slow. The animals all survived; but Chapman faced another obstacle; the captain of the ship to Los Angeles would not permit the animals to travel unless they went with the rest of the cargo in the hold, where the furnace-like temperature might kill them in a matter of minutes.

Mr. Chapman outwitted the captain by getting a cage smuggled into his stateroom as a trunk, and asking friends who came aboard to wish him “bon voyage” each to bring one of his pets in their pockets. When the cage and animals were where he wanted them, Chapman sent the captain word that he valued his pets at one million dollars and would hold the boat in San Pedro harbor until such a sum was paid, if anything delayed the safe arrival of the chinchillas in Los Angeles. As a result, there were fans blowing on the chinchillas throughout the voyage, and they had ice near their cage, to provide the cold weather they love and to which they were accustomed.

Although none of them died, there was to be a fight for four years before that cargo made up its mind to cooperate and multiply. All the little foreigners had been born south of the equator where the seasons are just the opposite of Los Angeles. In June, July and August when the chinchillas were growing their warmest pelts, the thermometer was hitting over a hundred degrees in the shade. When they began shedding as they had always done in December, January and February, the temperature was fairly screaming, “Don’t!”

So all year around the poor little things were in such acute distress that they refused to breed, had to be forced to eat, and required constant attention just to make them survive. Every Gloomy Gus kept repeating, “I told you so,” but Chapman still would not listen.

During the fourth year when the animals and the calendar finally got into agreement, there came the biggest loss of all. A syndicate formed in Switzerland called about buying some breeding stock. Chapman had only 70 animals, which he refused to sell. The syndicate representative stole half the
stock and got to Germany before detectives caught up with him. That was the last ever seen of those animals, for, although the courts decided in favor of Chapman, he studied pictures of the stolen animals and decided they could not be permitted to mingle with his stock. They had received such poor care that they had become worthless for breeding purposes.

In appearance, chinchillas somewhat resemble a squirrel. They are small, about the size of a man's hand, and have dense fur that looks bluish gray and keeps changing color with every motion and play of light. At birth they weigh 1½ ounces; and are only between 18 and 22 ounces when mature. The female is the larger and is the boss of the family. They have round, shoe-button eyes which lack pupils. Their back legs resemble those of a kangaroo in miniature, but the front legs are only about two inches long. Their whiskers spread four to five inches, like a cat's. They have a bushy tail nearly as long as the body; and instead of claws, they have fingers equipped with nails. They pick up their food and eat it much as a squirrel does. Their hind legs have rows of bristles to serve as combs for their gorgeous coat.

Unlike other animals, chinchillas are monogamous. Before they are mated, the female must be taken to the male's home. If he is brought to her cage, she will fight him off as a trespasser. The babies are born with their eyes open, have their fur and also their teeth. They are the only species which are so fortunate. The babies are kept with their parents for two months and are mated sometime between six months and their first birthday. They have two or three litters each year, with an average of one to three offspring in each. If a mate dies, the survivor has to be coaxed to mate again. Their life span is about eight years, although some live to be ten.

Their food is cheap, even though their pelts bring fancy prices. A year's supply of food for a chinchilla can be bought in today's market for between $2 and $3. They eat scientifically prepared pellets which are supplemented by dehydrated alfalfa, dried orchard grass, dandelion leaves, other greens, bark and various grains.

To care for them properly is a constant task because they are very fastidious. Their cages must be kept clean. They seem to find the odor of human beings offensive, and scurry to take a sand bath whenever they are stroked. Each pen must have such a bath, usually fuller's earth and fine sand. Some breeders include pulverized mineral rock or talcum.

Because they lack claws, chinchillas are unable to climb smooth surfaces,
but they will jump as high as 25 feet and will scamper about to exercise with the speed of racing midget autos. Treadmills help them get enough activity. Their teeth require special treatment, too, because they would grow so long the animal would be unable to eat unless an electric emery wheel were used to shorten teeth—or a small cement stone provided for them to gnaw as a puppy gnaws an old slipper.

Chinchillas are not noisy. When frightened they either squeal or bark: and when happy, which is by far the greatest part of their lives, they emit clucking sounds similar to those of a baby who has just been fed.

A T PRESENT breeders are selling only pelts from animals who die or must be killed because of accidental injuries. To do otherwise would be rather like killing a goose laying golden eggs.

Pelts bring about fifty dollars each, while a live pair costs around $1,650. It takes up to 125 skins to complete a coat or wrap, depending upon the length required. Only a few skins are yet to be had. Prior to Chapman's attempt to domesticate these animals, their pelts brought from $25 to $350.

Their fur is the warmest and densest yet discovered. Where other fur has but a single hair to each root, a chinchilla sprouts about 80. This is so delicate that you cannot feel a single strand with your fingers, although it will be long enough to tie into several knots. It is ten times finer than the web of a spider!

Because of the rarity of the fur, only about 25 women own chinchilla wraps. All such owners have the right to belong to the Chinchilla Club. Some of the members are: Mary Pickford, Hedy Lamarr, Lily Pons, Queen Elizabeth of England, Mrs. William Lehman, Mrs. Randolph Hearst, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Jay O'Brien, Mrs. Frank Himber, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. James W. Corrigan.

Besides these, there are three coats often used in films and for display owned by I. J. Fox of New York City, Willard George of Los Angeles and Esther Dorothy, Inc., of Boston, all furriers willing to invest in an article of such attractiveness to women.

Today's chinchilla industry has been estimated at over $20,000,000—with the biggest ranch belonging to the Chapman family, of course. The number of progeny can only be estimated—yet they all have as ancestors those less-than-a-dozen animals Chapman transplanted with such difficulty from their native Andes mountains to warmer quarters in Los Angeles. Because they took kindly to this change, they are now scattered in 313 ranches which dot the United States and Canada. Although all the chinchillas now go on multiplying with gratifying regularity, it will be years before their owners will be willing to sell pelts instead of live pairs. That's why fur dealers all but tear their hair if you ask them for a chinchilla garment. They know that they cannot promise delivery; and it never is any fun to lose an order costing a fortune.

We owe the survival of these loveliest furbearers to domestic breeding. Without it, they would have disappeared like so many other valuable species wiped out by greedy hunters.
The fantastic truth: How a ship traveled 9,752 miles and granted a man's great wish.

By FRANCIS DICKIE

“AT THE moon path’s end you’ll find your heart’s desire.”

Many never heard that old saying: to most of those who have, it is meaningless. I, for one, never believed it—until one evening, October 24, 1943.

I live on Quadra Island, British Columbia, a jumble of low mountains covered with fir trees rising from the North Pacific, a hundred miles from Vancouver.

My house stands just above the storm high tide mark on a rock sharply sloping down into the water. Here the water is so deep that even a motor vessel of ten feet draught can nose to the shoreline when the tide is high.

It was about nine in the evening when I walked out upon the front veranda almost overhanging the water. A southeasterly storm had blown throughout the day. As the afternoon waned, the storm died with the suddenness peculiar sometimes in these regions. As evening neared, the cloud masses dispersed. Above the jagged peaks of the coast range a big yellow moon came up abruptly, more a stage setting than reality.

Across the level empty sea the moon laid a long golden path, narrowing almost to a point below my feet. Suddenly around the end of a small island just beyond my door a big motor ship swung straight into the moon path and bore down straight toward me. I shook my head to clear it of this impossible phantom. I passed my hands across my eyes. The ship refused to vanish. My head strained forward still not accepting this vision rising out of a heart’s long longing never granted.
Yet it was a reality. There rested the motor ship Syrene, now against a background of high snowy peaks! How very different a setting from that in which I had first looked upon her 13 years before!

In the year 1930 the Syrene’s home port was Cannes, France. Many fine pleasure craft lay alongside the short cement wharf at Cannes known as “Millionaires’ Row.” On a given day the ships berthed there, bows and sterns lined so close their buffers touched, represented financially the might of Europe.

The Syrene, in my eyes at least, was the finest of them all. She was small compared to most of them. Her lines were those of a smart schooner. She was a swift, staunch medium of far greater general use, if the need arose, than the others built solely for pleasure. For the Syrene was no mere pleasure ship. She was what a sailor would have called a grand work boat, though at that moment she was the toy of a Greek millionaire who had made a fortune from tobacco.

A famous English lord once wittily remarked that: “yachts were designed for sinning”. It was rumored that her Greek owner made the Syrene live up to the saying.

The Syrene’s fine lines drew me like a magnet. Her figurehead was that of an alluring woman. Whenever she was in harbor I would go down and gaze wistfully at her. In 1930 I was a foreign newspaper correspondent. The vicinity of Cannes, Antibes, Monte Carlo was good ground for feature stories about the great, near great and the sensational and odd characters from all over the world who gathered there.

I loved ships with an emotion that stirs strongly the hearts of many people. As I gazed often upon the Syrene, I was filled always with a wistful desire to walk her decks, to journey even briefly upon her, a desire the more saddening from knowing my wish would never be granted. That longing to have voyaged even once upon her remained with me long after I had said goodbye to the Syrene and France. Even years after, the Syrene lurked in my memory, as will the wanting of something unfulfilled.

I CROSSED the Atlantic and the North American continent to dwell on the shore of rocky Quadra Island in the North Pacific.

In the year 1933, the British Columbia and Yukon Aid Society of England wished to show their approval of the work being done by the Columbia Coast Mission of British Columbia. Along the rugged, deeply indented coast of British Columbia, where there are twelve miles of shoreline for every mile of distance, men and women live widely scattered in a fir-clad rocky wilderness. Medical aid by swift ship to injured loggers, fishermen, homesteaders, expectant mothers, and help to those made destitute by forest fire is the work of the Coast Mission’s motor ships.

The Church Aid Society of the English Church in England decided the best method of helping the British Columbia Mission was to buy an additional ship and send it. At the old reliable and world-famous shipping firm of Thornycroft, London, the Society’s representative was told of
the Motor Ship Syrene, lying at Cannes, a now discarded plaything. The Society, learning the ship was sound overall, bought it.

The late Reverend John Antle, pioneer missionary in Columbia Coast Mission work, and a rattling fine sailor though then aged 70, undertook to go to Cannes from British Columbia and captain the Motor Ship from Cannes to London for a dedication ceremony.

He little dreamed the toil lying before him. The Syrene’s engines were in terrible condition. For weeks the new master and his crew of four chipped rust, cleaned, oiled and repaired. By a miracle they succeeded in making the decrepit engines carry as far as Gibraltar. Here at the Naval Dockyard it was necessary to install two new Widdop diesel engines.

With new spring in her wake the Syrene came to London. She was dedicated beneath the shadow of Big Ben on Friday, June 16, 1933 by the Bishop of London, Winnington Ingram.

In CHARGE of her aged skipper and crew of four she then crossed the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific to Vancouver, and onward to northern waters. For three years she served as a Mission boat in the difficult island-dotted network known as “The Inside Passage.” Then, the Mission requiring a different type of craft, the Syrene again changed hands. She became the pleasure craft of an American. Six years later, his death again put the ship on the market.

She was in better shape than ever. Her last owner had re-outfitted her with two new 110 Ruston diesels, giving instant starting and pilot house control. She was valued by marine appraisers at $100,000. But no buyers came forward.

At this particular moment the British Columbia Forestry Department needed a new vessel to replace their best ship, the Caverhill, sunk in a collision during a fog. And they were in luck: they got the ship for a mere fraction of her value. She was fitted to meet all Forestry Department requirements. Her magnificent hull was warranted to outlast the youngest forester.

In the winter of 1943 the Syrene was on an inspection trip in northern waters. The then Assistant Chief Forester (today Deputy Minister of Lands for British Columbia) George P. Melrose, was making the inspection. He was an old friend of mine. Being in my vicinity, and as there was good anchorage for the night’s stop, he sailed to my door to spend the evening.

And thus it was that, after being separated by the Mediterranean Sea, two oceans, and more than ten years of time, the Syrene and I were once more brought together. The Syrene had come 9,752 miles to anchor at my very feet!

No one in the world knew of my secret longing. George P. Melrose had no knowledge I had ever seen the Syrene. Sitting before my fire I told him, for the first time to anyone, my story, this story. And because he has a warm sympathy and a sense of the dramatic, my secret longing did come true: he took me on a two week cruise aboard the Syrene.
IT TOOK Bill Darby twenty-five years to even the score with a killer which nearly took his life. He has invented a device that will save thousands of lives annually by revealing the presence of one of man's most deadly enemies — carbon monoxide gas. This invisible killer gives no warning, being colorless, odorless and tasteless.

Bill Darby was almost killed by carbon monoxide while working on his automobile in his garage. When he recovered, he resolved to perfect a machine which would detect the deadly gas and give an alarm.

There were heart breaking failures — but Darby never gave up. Now, at last, he has received protective patents on a machine which is so sensitive that it will register the carbon monoxide from a burning cigarette!

Since 1945, Darby has lived in Santa Maria, California, devoting full time to his invention. Strangers are seen visiting at his garage-size laboratory located on a back street. Top brass from the Army and Navy frequently landed at the local airport and headed directly for the Darby laboratory, to depart later without comment. The government’s interest in the Darby invention still remains a secret.

THE Darby carbon monoxide detecting machine is about the size of a kitchen radio. It operates from electricity, either on power line or batteries. The device will immediately register any carbon monoxide gas in the area on a meter which is as easily read as a pocket watch. It is equipped with audible and visible signals which can be set to alarm at any desired concentration of the deadly gas. The inventor ran ten thousand tests in his laboratory, and the machine did not fail once.

Although carbon monoxide is an invisible killer, comparatively little is known about it. Unlike most other gases, which usually attack the lungs and can be dissipated by a few whiffs of fresh air, carbon monoxide is absorbed in the bloodstream and stays there, building up as the victim continues to inhale it. Therefore, small
LICKED CARBON MONOXIDE

quantities of the poison breathed over a period of time are as dangerous as a heavy dose taken into the system all at once.

Carbon monoxide is three hundred times more soluble in the blood than oxygen. Thus, it is easy to understand why all organs of the body are affected by its lethal poison. Swimming through the veins, it is quickly carried to the brain, the heart and every area of the body.

The biggest secret of Darby's detector is a chemical substance which, when processed on film, discolors from exposure to varying concentrations of carbon monoxide gas. The detecting machine is made up of standard parts and can be manufactured in almost any factory. Darby's twenty-five years were chiefly spent on the chemical formulas which make up the compound. Once he had discovered a compound that would detect and register the poison gas, he had to develop a method whereby the accumulative effect of the carbon monoxide on the compound would be equal to the speed of absorption of carbon monoxide in the blood stream of the human body.

The Darby machine continuously samples air at the same rate of cubic feet per minute that the average person breathes. Thus, anyone in an affected area can tell by glancing at the meter the amount of carbon monoxide concentration to which he has been subjected over a given period of time.

When an accumulation of the deadly gas reaches the danger point, a squealer alarm sounds.

Darby also had to perfect the chemical compound to prevent false alarms from other gases. The air is pulled into the machine through a filter that removes all dust, dampness and impurities. It passes over the chemically-treated film that bisects a beam of light from a photo-electric eye. The compound which is impregnated into the film resembles a thin coating of brown sugar. The amber-colored substance will discolor only when exposed to carbon monoxide fumes; nothing else. The discoloration then breaks the light beam and registers on the meter, the amount of carbon monoxide present.

In demonstrations, Darby showed that climatic conditions had no effect upon the compound. Samples were placed in an electric oven for one hour at 250 degrees Fahrenheit; and then packed in dry ice, below zero. Then the compound was exposed to steam vapor of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and put into the machine where it performed accurately when exposed to known concentrations of carbon monoxide.

This new invention is adaptable to mines, deep wells, industrial plants, ships, airplanes, cars, truck cabs, coke-heated box cars, tunnels, diesel train cabs, homes—in fact, any place where there might be danger from carbon monoxide gas.
For normal use the machine is set to start picking up a concentration of carbon monoxide at a point where it starts to enter the blood stream—.01 per cent, or one part of carbon monoxide to ten thousand parts of air. The United States Bureau of Mines says that twenty parts of carbon monoxide in that amount of air will bring unconsciousness, and knock you out for good provided you whiff it for thirty minutes or longer.

Darby has not only developed a great life-saver against carbon monoxide gas poisoning—there is also the possibility that his machine will be the world’s greatest fire alarm. Since most fires are preceded by a concentration of carbon monoxide prior to the blaze, there is an even chance that the Darby machine will alarm before the fire starts. At least it will warn when it breaks into a blaze, thus giving time to locate and fight the fire before it is out of control.

Carbon monoxide gas takes a hideous toll of lives every year. It can strike without warning, lulling its victims into unsuspecting sleep from which there is often no awakening; or it may cause partial sleep during which the victim—perhaps driving a car, piloting an airplane or handling a powerful diesel locomotive—is fully conscious, unaware of his drowsiness but as unable to control his reflexes as if he were intoxicated.

WILLIAM C. DARBY was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, moving as a youngster with his family to Minot, North Dakota, where he attended school. In high school Bill was a football star but before graduating he enlisted in World War I. Later he returned to get his diploma and to continue his education at the University of Minnesota, specializing in electrical engineering.

Bill returned to North Dakota where he married Evelyn Nichols, a school teacher. They have four sons, Kelly, Duane, Donald and Larry. Three served in World War II and the youngest expects to enter service as soon as he receives his college degree. All four attended college, taking such subjects as electronics, chemistry and electrical engineering. The Darby household is a bee hive of technical terms and problems when the four engineer-minded sons start a bull session with their dad. Ideas arose in these sessions to play an important part in the Darby invention. Kelly, the oldest son, has worked with his dad for several years at the laboratory.

Life hasn’t been easy for Bill and Evelyn Darby. Bill’s own life was in constant peril from his experiments.
with a poison gas having no taste, odor nor color. His wife was never far from his laboratory while he was at work, and several times she found him on the floor, unconscious. But Evelyn Darby continued to encourage her husband on his experiments. When it was essential to get regular deliveries of blood from the South St. Paul stockyards for Bill’s tests she arranged to save the money from the grocery budget.

About the only encouragement Bill Darby received during those lean years was from his wife. Whenever he would consult the people who were considered experts on the subject of carbon monoxide gas they’d everlastingly tell him that his theory was all wrong, impossible, and that he was wasting his time.

Six years ago Bill Darby discovered the right combination of chemicals to do the trick. It was his first step to success. He decided to take the plunge—quit his job and move to a warmer climate where he’d devote his full time to developing the compound and the machine. The time during which he thought he could complete the project dragged on from one year to another. In the meantime his reserve capital dwindled away.

Fifty-three-year-old Bill Darby, with twenty-five years experimenting behind him, now has the answer to the carbon monoxide menace. His machine, soon to be announced on the market, is simple, inexpensive, foolproof, and can be operated by a layman.

If “Oscars” were being handed out to inventors it’s quite likely that Bill Darby would be chosen the inventor of the year. However, Bill isn’t looking for glory. He credits his success to faith. He says simply, “There wasn’t a night we didn’t pray for guidance and the strength to continue our work. I guess the Lord was on our side.”

Mrs. Darby agrees with her husband, and adds staunchly, “I knew Bill could do it.”
C. R. E. WULFF.

MEANS AND APPARATUS FOR PROPELLING AND GUIDING BALLOONS.
No. 363,037

Patented May 17, 1887.

FIG. 3.
SAUCERS are OLD STUFF

"One for the birds" was the eagle-powered device patented in 1887 by C. R. E. Wulff as a "means and apparatus for propelling and guiding balloons."

By M. JEANNE BAKER

THE debate over "flying saucers" continues to rage. Scientists disagree as to what they may be: Visitors from other worlds, from the unchartered realms of space. Hallucinations. Phenomena produced by light and heat and other tricky aspects of Nature's handiwork. All agree, however, that, real or imagined, the objects are the product of the age of yet propulsion and cracked atoms. All, that is, except Custodian Elton H. Brown of the United States Patent Office.

"We've been seeing 'flying saucers' here for years," he states, "even before my time", and he indicates stacks of musty files, some dating back fifty years. The files contain patent applications on hundreds of plans for weird contrivances designed to lift man into the air. Some put the most weird writers of science-fiction to shame. Others inspire awe. And many, of course, cause a snicker and a sneer. And yet . . . flying saucer? Who can tell?

TAKE the contraption patented by one John H. Wilson, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1909. Today's reported "saucers" are generally of disc shape. Wilson's invention consisted of not one, but four discs. These were mounted on a shaft, horizontally, above the motor, and would revolve at 125 r.p.m. At such speed, a set of blades attached to the discs would open and, whirling in conjunction with the discs, lift the machine into the air. So the inventor hopefully predicted, claiming also great maneuverability for the craft.

A Californian, Samuel Montgomery, in 1911 patented a craft that (if it could get into the air) would resemble a saucer. This was in the shape of a huge umbrella, the umbrella to revolve, much on the order of the canvas top of a circus merry-go-round. Suspended from the umbrella was a wire-mesh basket which contained a steam boiler, the engine to move the contrivance, and the operator.

Montgomery thoughtfully provided a parachute for emergency landings, and for air bags in case of a landing in water. The papers of patent-application guaranteed, in the words of the inventor, this to be "a simple and inexpensive device, and one which can readily be constructed for the use of every class of people, and one which can well be used for transporting freight as well as persons with ease and accuracy."

Cigar-shaped "saucers"? An Ohioan, of 1910 vintage, patented a contraption of that type, consisting of a gondola suspended from a set of blades which, controlled by motor
from a central shaft, was designed to enable the craft to "rise gently from the ground."

NOT all the strange brain-children of the air-minded inventors relied upon motor-power. In 1919, Vincente Rodriguez, of Arizona, patented a device that was to fly by means of the legs of man! His contrivance was an immense propellor attached to a rotating shaft secured to a standard bicycle frame. By pedaling fast enough, the cyclist turned the blade, lifting the machine into the air. Continued pedal-power carried the "flying bicycle" in flight, height and distance subject only to the stamina of the operator.

Another device propelled by similar power was proposed by a Georgia man, in 1909. This one consisted of a set of large blades rotating on a shaft above a crate-like suspension in which the operator sat, pedals at his feet. The operating gear resembled the helicopter principle, the vertical-screw drive, with the action assured by the pedals that, underfoot, were made to go 'round and 'round.

The year 1909 apparently was an air-minded one throughout the land. In that same year, a Sheboygan, Wisconsin, inventor, named Frederick R. Kummer, patented a "flying bottle." The device was constructed in the shape of a gigantic beer bottle, powered by a motor within the bottle. A shaft, turning the propellor, protruded from the neck of the bottle. Below this was suspended a parachute which opened, in emergency, to slowly waft the whole contraption back to earth.

MUCH earlier, Charles Richard Edouard Wulff, an air-minded inventor of Paris, France, secured an American Letters Patent on a specific means of propelling and guiding balloons. Wulff explained, in his patent application which was granted in May of 1887, that "attempts to guide and steer aircraft by mechanical, electric, or other motors have (generally) been unsuccessful by reason of the weight of the motor and its accessories." He proposed a "living motor", comprised of "one or more eagles, vultures, or condors", caught and strapped to a parachute-type device suspended above the structure of the craft. In this way the Frenchman claimed, "the qualities and powers given by nature to these most perfect kinds of birds may be completely utilized."

Air Force officials say that some of these weird old machines, if built and flown, could cause the blips on radar screens that have accompanied some of the flying saucer reports. However, none could attain the incredible rates of speed attributed to the saucers. Actually, these examples of the hundreds of similar objects contained in Patent Office Search Room files provoke only laughter now
See next page for the Answers

Maybe you can’t remember all the presidential platforms. Your mind may run more to the little personal things connected with the office. In that case, this quiz is just for you. Identify each president for ten points and then count up your score.

1. Harding........... A. He was the youngest ever to be inaugurated
2. Hoover............ B. This victorious Civil War General became President
3. T. Roosevelt...... C. He was the first to speak on radio
4. Truman........... D. He moved out of the White House during his administration
5. Tyler............. E. He was first to be born a citizen of the United States
6. Van Buren........ F. He was the first president of all 48 states
7. Grant............. G. He was a Quaker
8. Jackson........... H. He was first to be inaugurated in Washington
9. Jefferson......... I. He had the most children (14)
10. Taft.............. J. His picture is on the twenty dollar bill.

VET-PROPULSION By BORIS RANDOLPH

Fill in the missing letters of each VET-propelled word below according to the definition on the left. If you’re a VETERAN when it comes to word games, of course, that’s so much velVET.

1. Metal bolt         V E T
2. Another name for Switzerland V E T
3. Habitual          V E T
4. The quality of being simple V E T
5. Catlike creature  V E T
6. Animal doctor     V E T
7. Crave             V E T
8. Fit nicely together ... ... ...
9. Military commission conferring rank ... ... ...
10. War vessel       V E T
11. Kind of shrub    V E T
12. Second lieutenant... V E T
13. Fodder plant     V E T
14. An authoritative prohibition V E T
15. Three-legged stand V E T
INSIDE-OUTS

By FRED A. GREEN

Here are a dozen pairs of definitions of two-syllable words which bear each other a pronunciatory relationship. For example, question No. 1 defines a word meaning to "postpone" (DELAY) and a second word signifying "a woman of social position" (LADY). By reversing the pronunciation of the first word: DE-LAY, we get LAY-DE (LADY) and of course, vice versa.

1. To postpone. A woman of social position.
2. Impudent. A teeter-board.
4. To chase or follow. In theatrical parlance, an extra.
5. An oriental headdress. To make fun of.
7. To print from a prepared plate. Carved.
8. Fog or steam. To supply.

THE ANSWERS

VET-PROPULSION

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DEEP IN THE DEEP SOUTH

By B. L. BUSCH

Along the arch and instep of the Louisiana “boot” is a 59-mile stretch that typifies the exotic flavor of the whole state. Along this route—often missed by travelers heading for better known New Orleans and Baton Rouge—you’ll find everything from shrimp boats and sugarcane to stately plantations and the Evangeline country made famous by Longfellow.

Let’s start with a shrimp boat town: Morgan City is on Berwick Bay, a widening of the Atchafalaya River, called the deepest river in the world. Our starting-point town is on U. S. Highway 90, about 85 miles west of New Orleans. It’s been nicknamed “Shrimp Town” since most of the population are fishermen. Crab meat packing is another important Morgan City industry.

Plan, if possible, to visit here in August, when the colorful ceremonies are held to bless the shrimp fleets. The day the shrimping season opens, devout fishermen receive the church’s blessing on boats, nets and crews before they leave the harbor.

From Morgan City, cross the huge-piered bridge to Berwick and travel seven miles west to the little town of Patterson. For almost all the route, U. S. 90 parallels historic Bayou Teche, path of the sternwheelers and setting for houseboats and classic plantations as well. It was along Bayou Teche that the deported Acadians of Longfellow’s “Evangeline” settled. Patterson’s main street follows Bayou Teche for more than a mile.
THIS part of Louisiana is sugar-cane country, and in the harvest season, you can see laborers in the fields using both the age-old machete and modern machines.

Nineteen miles northwest of Patterson is Franklin, noted for its picturesque neatness and lovely overhanging oaks. Settled in 1790, the town was named for Benjamin Franklin, by his friend and former Pennsylvanian, Ginny Lewis.

Just above Franklin, is “Oaklawn Manor”, the first of many old colonial homes open to the public. You approach the brick and stone mansion by an oak-lined drive. Built in 1827 by United States Senator Alexander Porter, the building and estate are now owned by Captain Clyde Barbour, a former steamboat captain on the Teche. “Oaklawn Manor” is open year-round and you may be taken through it for $1.00.

North of Franklin, at Baldwin, you have a choice of turning off U. S. 90 for a leisurely eight-mile loop along Bayou Teche, or continuing on the more direct highway. Both routes bring you to Adeline and the town of Jeanerette, five miles further northwest.

Jeanerette, like its name, is a typical Louisiana-French town, with wooden cottages and large, flourishing gardens. A short side trip from here across Bayou Teche, will reward you with a visit to “Bayside”, another handsome colonial mansion. “Bayside” was built in 1850 by Francis D. Richardson, classmate of Edgar Allan Poe.

Next stop is 12 miles westward at New Iberia, “Queen City of the Teche”, named by early Spanish settlers for the Iberian Peninsula of Spain. One of New Iberia’s claims to fame is the fact that it is the only locality in the world producing all three condiments: salt, pepper and sugar.

A favorite point of interest here is “The Shadows”, at Main and Weeks Streets. Built of pinkish brick, in 1830, by David Weeks, “The Shadows” has masonry columns and unusual dormer attic windows. This imposing, much-photographed, plantation home, is now owned by Weeks Hall, a descendant of the original builder. The rear of the mansion looks out over Bayou Teche, and the formal gardens are enclosed by bamboo.

AT NEW Iberia, turn off U. S. 90 and follow State Highway 25, nine miles to the quiet town of St. Martinville. So many French and Acadian exiles settled here, the city was once called “Le Petit Paris”.

Back of the St. Martinville Church is moss-festooned “Evangeline Oak”. The oak has been dubbed, “America’s most photographed tree”. This is the tree, “a towering oak”, described in Longfellow’s poem.

Set aside in 1934 as Louisiana State Park, Longfellow-Evangeline State Park is one mile north of St. Martinville. The entrance is marked by simple, white stone pillars. The oak-filled area, the principal landmark is the restored home of Lou Arcenaux, the “Gabriel” of Longfellow’s poem. The building has been turned into the Acadian House Museum and is worth seeing not only for its countless exhibits, but also for its interesting architecture. Typical of its period, the Acadian House was built of hand-hewn cypress timber.
fastened with wooden pegs instead of nails.

A favorite legend of this section concerns Oak and Pine Alley, a lane overhung with beautiful old trees near St. Martinville (reached by State Highway 86). More than 100 years ago, slaves planted these trees along the road leading to the spectacular plantation home of Charles Durand.

Although the house is no longer standing, the legend persists that a splendid celebration was held when Durand's daughters were married. To provide part of the lavish decorations, a carload of spiders was imported to spin webs over the tree-arched lane, and the webs were then sprinkled with gold and silver dust.

Perhaps this story is true, perhaps not. It is, however, indicative of the Deep South's golden age and of Louisiana's flamboyant and fabulous past.

A Maine farmer spent the winter making wooden back scratchers. He took a wagonload to Boston in the Spring, but dealers laughed at him and told him to go back to the farm where he belonged.

The most scornful and insulting of the dealers was visited later by an Egyptian, wathed in native clothes. He said his government had authorized him to purchase 10,000 back scratchers. He assured the dealer that there was a great demand for them in Cairo.

"I'll have them for you by tomorrow," promised the dealer.

He found the farmer just as he was driving out of the city to go back to his arm and bought all the back scratchers at a higher price than first offered.

That evening the farmer returned the Arab outfit he had rented from a theatrical costumer and had a satisfied look on his face. The odd part of the story is that while waiting for the Arab to come buy the lot, the dealer sold all the back scratchers at a profit to the residents of Boston.

A woman went to the dentist for the fifth time to ask him to grind down her false teeth, "because they didn't fit."

"Well," said the dentist, "I'll do it again, but this is the last time. By every test I know these teeth fit your mouth perfectly."

"Who said anything about my mouth?" said the woman. "They don't fit in the glass."

To prove his understanding of the Einstein theory of relativity, a man explained it thus:

"The Einstein theory has to do with time. You are on your honeymoon for two weeks. Later on, your mother-in-law comes to visit you for two weeks. They are the same lengths of time, but they seem different, relativitly."

Two friends were reminiscing, "Poor old Jonsey. He was ruined by untold wealth."

"Yeah," replied the other. "He should have told about it on his income tax report."

Probably the last word on falsehood was said by the speaker who was criticizing an opponent whose word he did not wholly believe. "That man is such a liar," he said, "that I would hesitate to believe the exact opposite of what he said was the truth."

In his history class at Baylor University, the professor was discussing the penalty for stealing a chicken before the Revolution. "For the first offense one would lose a hand," said the professor, "and for the second he would lose his other hand. And if he committed a third offense, he would lose his head."

Just then a hand popped up in the back of the room. "Professor," asked the student, "there's one thing that puzzles me. How could a person steal a chicken if he had no hands?"
Sometimes a man permits his good points to get dull.

Without risk, faith is an impossibility.

The trouble with some people is that they say what other people only think.

It doesn’t depend on size. If it did a cow could outrun a rabbit.

There can be an era too, when you hear of a man who began life with a million dollars and ran it into a shoestring.

The man who claims he can understand women either is a psychologist or is in need of one.

Gloria Swanson says every man should have one suit that makes him look like the chairman of the board.

Next to being young and pretty the best bet is to be old and rich.

Woman to grocer—"Do you have any cheap substitutes for food?"

Conversation is an exercise of the mind, while gossip is only an exercise of the tongue.

Many a fellow now wishes he had saved money during the depression so he could afford to live through prosperity.

Politeness is better than logic. You can often persuade when you cannot convince.

All people smile in the same language.

Work is one of the fixed prices of achievement.

How history changes. Once upon a time we were too proud to fight. Now we’re too proud to win.

These days singers not only show off their best arias but their best areas.

The SAGE of SWING Says—

There was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted. Now it happen to everybody.

Intuition: A woman’s ability to read between a man’s lyings.

Public relations is the art of concealing the private motives of public bodies.

We build our ideals and they in turn build us.

One does evil enough by doing nothing good.

Never was it so easy to stick to a diet before. You just eat what you can afford and there it is.

Every man must do his own growing matter who his grandfather was.

Best thing you can spend on your children isn’t money—it’s time.

A gentleman is a wolf with the lights on.

There is no breath of scandal without halitosis.
Every man seems to fall into two classifications. He’s either old and bent or young and broke.

A man can’t always tell when he is getting into trouble, but he can be pretty sure he is when he agrees to serve on a committee.

When an apple a day costs more than keeping the doctor away, brother, that’s inflation.

Weak coffee has probably caused more divorces than strong drink.

There are mighty few people who think that they think they think.

We call loudly for a man of vision and when we get him we call him visionary.

New definition of the Big Dipper—Uncle Sam.

Monumental liar: One who carves that stuff on tombstones.

An infant prodigy is a small child with highly imaginative parents.

There are no dangerous weapons. There are just dangerous people. Who ever heard a weapon that stalked and killed?

An Old Timer is one who remembers when a baby sitter was called “Mother.”

A diplomat is a chap, who, when asked his favorite color, replied “plaid.”

An American is the only chap in the world who pays 50 cents to park a car while he eats a 25 cent sandwich.

He who takes but never gives, may last ten years, but never lives.

There is nothing noble in being superior to somebody else. The true nobility comes being superior to what you once were.

There seems to be one easy way to live a ripe old age. Be somebody’s rich uncle.

An evangelist announced that there were a total of 726 sins. He has been swamped with inquiries from people who think they are missing something.

We must get rid of the fallacious idea that politics is no life for a lady or gentleman and put more ladies and gentlemen in it.

If you pat yourself on the back regularly, people will soon give you plenty of elbow room.

The advantage of a classical education is that it helps you to despise the wealth it prevents you from earning.

Income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf or fishing have.
JOSEPH STOCKER, of Phoenix, Arizona, is a regular contributor to the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Coronet, Pageant, Nation's Business, Popular Science—and, of course, Swing. "You'd Better Start Babying Betsy" on page 405 is his current contribution.

CHARLES HOGAN, who wrote "Hogan on Dogs", page 409, is a Kansas Citan. He has worked for the North Kansas City News, the Journal-Post, and International News Service.

FLOETTA WALKER, whose interesting article on life in the Ozarks begins on page 412, is also from Kansas City—which is close enough to the Ozarks to qualify her for writing authoritatively of hillbilly customs and superstitions.

JOHN J. CAROL is the personable sales manager of CBS Radio, New York. His article, "The Rediscovery of Radio", page 419, is adapted from a speech delivered to the Indianapolis Advertising Club. Carol is no man to sell Radio short.

ANN TEGTMEIER, author of "The Farmer's Doin' Swell!" beginning on page 422, is a housewife writer now living in suburban Omaha. She has a farm background, having been born on one at Stith, Texas; and lived in and around Guymon, Oklahoma, until shortly before her marriage.

ALAN W. FARRANT, who wrote "Money for Your Child", page 426, is a trade journal writer who has spent much of his writing career doing non-fiction articles about children whom he loves. Born in England, he came to the U. S. A. at the age of seven; and lives in South Pasadena.

JOHN CROSBY, whose Radio and Television critical reviews are a regular feature of Swing, was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated by the New York Herald-Tribune. Simon and Schuster have just published a 300-page book of his collected and selected columns, "Out of the Blue."

JAMES L. HARTE, who wrote "It All Goes Up In Smoke!", page 465, is a Pennsylvania-born former Washington Post newspaperman who gave it up to become a free-lance writer. He has appeared in more than 300 various magazines (including America, Nation's Business, Readers' Digest); is a heavy contributor to pulp fiction magazines; and has published eight books.

JOSEPH, PAPARA, author of "Danger Is Their Business", page 469, lives in Wausau, Wisconsin, is a member of the Wausau Record-Herald sports staff; married; and father of three children. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, he served with the Army in World War II 42 months with ground forces, 25 of them in the South Pacific.

LIEUTENANT HARRY E. RIESEBERG, who wrote "City Beneath The Sea", page 472, is a veteran deep-sea master diver and world-record holder for depth in a diving robot. Universal-International Studios have just produced a million-dollar technicolor picture of "City Beneath The Sea", to be released in January, with Robert Ryan, Mala Powers and Susan Ball co-starring.

ELEANOR M. MARSHALL, author of "Furs for a Princess", page 475, lives in Hamden, Connecticut. She was a grade school teacher; became an accountant; plays piano; and has been writing for twenty-six years.

FRANCIS DICKIE, of "The First", Heriot Bay, B. C., wrote "Moon Path's End", page 479—
a personal experience. He writes in English and French; has published six books; and hundreds of magazine articles in leading British, Canadian and American magazines.

IRVING WALLACE, author of "The Man Who Licked Carbon Monoxide", page 482, is from Mason City, Iowa. His articles have appeared in many leading American publications—one of his latest being "Who Is Madman Muntz?" in last August's Liberty.

M. JEANNE BAKER, of Arlington, Virginia, dug up the material for "Saucers Are Old Stuff", page 487, at the Patent Office in Washington, D. C. She is administrative secretary for a firm of architects and builders; an accomplished pianist prominent in women's duckpin bowling circles; and plays poker like a man.

B. L. BUSCH, author of "Deep In the Deep South", page 491, is two people—Lorraine V. Buckman and Barbara Schindler, of Boulder, Colorado. The gals have combined their backgrounds in advertising and social work to take a flying at free-lance writing.

OUR COVER GIRL is Rosemary Bowe, photographed by Rene Williams for an advertisement behalf of Rose Marie Reid "sculptured swimsuits" made in Los Angeles. This illustration appeared in national magazines—probably you saw it in Esquire Engravings are by Conde Nast. Carson Roberts Inc. is the advertising agency. Alicia Kay Smith is the company's advertising manager.

Swing will continue to print examples of America advertising art on its covers. Any suggestion to the editor from your firm's artwork?

All of us are here at Radio Station WHB (and Swing hope yours is the merriest Christmas ever—at least that the New Year will hold nothing but good things for you!}

Don Davis
Just returned

from Phoenix, Arizona, where he covered the winter baseball meetings for WHB, Larry Ray, our ace play-by-play sportscaster, swings into his busy winter schedule with the pre-season basketball tournaments and the regular Big Seven Conference schedule. Forty-seven basketball games, play-by-play, between December and March! Two games a week, usually Monday and Saturday nights. And nightly, Monday through Friday, Larry presents his 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up, sponsored by Union Pacific and Broadway Motors (Ford). Alumni of Missouri U, Kansas State and Kansas University—thousands of them!—are tuned to WHB during basketball season, and for Larry's nightly sports report. A few availabilities are still open—so get off the bench now if you want to team up with Larry to sell your product or service during basketball season! Call your WHB service representative or see your John Blair man!
Winter is Wonderful on WHB

for Listeners

BASKETBALL Play-by-play by Larry Ray from the Pre-Season and Post-Season Tournaments, and from regularly scheduled Conference Games of the Big Seven. Two games weekly—47 games in all.

MYSTERIES Mutual’s great Sunday afternoon line-up is now supplemented by a full-hour nightly, 7 to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday. If you like “who-done-its”, be our guest!

MUSIC The famous WHB Musical Clock, Club 710, WHB Varieties, Sera­made in the Night, Night Club of the Air—and our new noon-hour feature, “WHB Neighborin’ Time” with Don Sullivan’s Western Band.

NEWS Fifteen times daily, including commentaries by Fulton Lewis, Jr., Gabriel Heatter, Bill Henry, Titus Moody, Frank Edwards, Holland Engle, Sam Hayes, Cecil Brown, Fred VanDeventer, Ed Pettit, Bill Cunningham, Les Nichols and Baukhage.

SPORTS Larry Ray nightly at 6:15 p.m. Roch Ulmer at 10 p.m. Dick Smith at 4:50 p.m.

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