From the library of DONALD D. DAVIS
GIFT OF
Donald Dwight Davis
TO THE
Broadcast Pioneers Library
1771 N STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036
April 1975
Television Comes to Stay
A personal prediction by the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission forecasts a spectacular future for television

Where to Go • What to See and Do
The High Spots for Food and Entertainment in New York, Chicago, Kansas City

Full-Length Articles
Cures That Mean Death • Jean Cameron 9
Soldier on Wheels • William J. Murdoch 13
Do You Know Your Real Age? • Alex Vernon 17
America's Divorce Dilemma • William McLaren Stephens, Jr. 21
Double-Talk Sid • Betty and William Waller 25
Eat Rice and Live • John Benson 27
King of the Collies • Beatrice Tresselt 29
Dat Ole Debbil Lightning • Stanley S. Jacobs 33
Longest Day of the Year • Richard E. Glendinning 37
Toll Bridge: Pawnshop Style • James L. Harte 49
Magic at the White House • Walter Gibson and Paul Green 51

Special Features
Heavy Dates in Kansas City 2
Man of the Month 45
January Programs on WHB 58
Swing Session 63
Swing in World Affairs 65
Chicago Letter 67
Chicago Ports of Call 69
New York Theatre 71
New York Ports of Call 74
New York Letter 76
Kansas City Ports of Call 77
Index to Swing Articles (1945-1948) 79
1. Richard Mowrer, foreign correspondent recently returned from eight years in the Middle East, scans the latest flashes on the teletype in the WHB newsroom.

2. Charming skater Gloria Nord and singing master of ceremonies Dick Finney take time out from "Skating Vonities" for a WHB interview.


4. Lyall T. Beggs, Commander-in-Chief of Veterans of Foreign Wars, points to the invisible Iron Curtain on the globe, as he advocates greater military preparedness.
foreword

In The Golden Bough, that exhaustive study of men and gods, Sir James Frazer tells of an ancient kingship whose domain was the space beneath a tree in the sacred grove of Diana. The king held office by virtue of murder and his only duty was self-protection. Day and night around the tree he must howl with drawn sword, for he was king only until another man killed him. Before history began and until the decline of Rome this tyrannical pattern of murder and vigil continued.

In spite of what we know as civilization, much of that barbaric simplicity has obtained into our own times. Succession by the sword is not yet obsolete. Still, there have been changes. The business of kings longer is confined to self-protection and the title itself is no longer always adequate. Premiers and presidents now rank with kings; leaders are more in demand than kings; and their object has evolved from self-preservation to the preservation of their people.

But there is still a further step, precedent and imperative, that leadership must take. It is not enough that the leader protect himself alone, or even his country and people. His custody must be kind. As a head of state he contributes to the welfare of the world. This is the responsibility incumbent in the president of the world's greatest powerful country and committed to the task he has, the vigil of the sacred grove might be more ple. In this inaugural month we send greetings to the man who takes office not by virtue of the sword of the title of his fellow citizens he placed in him, hoping that in his help all countries may be year nearer one world.

Jetta
JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Water Colors from the National Association of Women Artists.
Masterpiece of the Month: Two Leaves from Jahangir Album, Mughal, early 17th Century.
Concerts: (Sundays, 3:30 p.m., Fridays, 8:15 p.m.)
Jan. 14, Julianne McClean, pianist.
Jan. 16, Dale Reubart, pianist.
Jan. 28, Mu Phi Epsilon concert.
Jan. 30, Piano concert, pupils of Amy Winning.
Motion Pictures: (No admission charge.)
Jan. 7, The Covered Wagon, 7:30 p.m.
Jan. 9, Repeat performance of The Covered Wagon, 3:00 p.m.
Jan. 21, The Big Parade, 7:30 p.m.
Jan. 23, Repeat performance of The Big Parade, 3:00 p.m.

Music . . .
Jan. 4-5, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Isaac Stern, viola.
Jan. 9, Paganini Quartet, Kansas City University Playhouse, 4:00 p.m.
Jan. 9, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
Jan. 11, Hardin Van Deursen, baritone, Kansas City University Playhouse.
Jan. 18-19, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Benno Moisewitsch, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Jan. 20, Howard S. Wilson, pianist, Kansas City University Playhouse.
Jan. 21, Conservatory of Music Annual Concert, Edison Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Jan. 23, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
Jan. 23, Helen Larson, voice recital, All Souls Unitarian Church, 3:30 p.m.
Jan. 24, Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Jan. 25, Lubochutz and Nemenoff, Duo-pianists, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Jan. 26, Bel Canto Trio, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Jan. 31, Kansas City Philharmonic Young People's concert, Music Hall, 1:30 p.m.

Conventions . . .
Jan. 3-5, Western Association of Nurserymen, Hotel Muehlebach.
Jan. 9-12, Central States Salesmen, Municipal Auditorium.
Jan. 9-12, National Restaurant Association, Hotel Muehlebach.
Jan. 13-14, Kansas Contractors Association, Hotel President.
Jan. 14, Chevrolet Motors, Municipal Auditorium.
Jan. 17-20, Western Retail Implement & Hardware Association & Show, Municipal Auditorium.
Jan. 23-25, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1, Associated General Contractors of Missouri, Hotel President.

Lectures . . .
Jan. 10, Richard Lloyd George, The Outlook in Europe, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Jan. 12, Cyril M. MacBryde, M.D., Modern Trends in Diabetic Treatment, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
Jan. 17, Deane Dickson, motion picture in color, The Coveted East Indies, Music Hall, 4:00 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.

Musical . . .
Jan. 20-22, Allegro, Music Hall.

Drama . . .
Jan. 6-8, Born Yesterday, Music Hall.

Special Events . . .
Jan. 5, Catholic Youth Council boxing show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Jan. 19, Pontiac Motors Display, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Basketball . . .
Missouri Valley v. Ottawa Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Hockey . . .
(United States Hockey League: All games at Play-Mor Arena.
Jan. 2, Tulsa.
Jan. 5, Houston.
Jan. 9, Minneapolis.
Jan. 16, Omaha.
Jan. 19, St. Paul.
Jan. 23, Fort Worth.
Jan. 30, Omaha.

Wrestling . . .
(Wrestling every Thursday Memorial Hall, Kansas City.
Jan. 11, Four professional wrestlers, Municipal Auditorium Arena.)
Television Comes to Stay

The miracle of visual broadcasting is with us, and is growing day by day.

by WAYNE COY

WHAT do the American people think of television? Well, the est indication is the avidity with which they are buying receiving sets. They are buying them as fast as they roll off the assembly lines.

As 1949 dawns, more than one mil- lion American homes, clubs and public places will have television sets, and some industry leaders predict that by 1955 there will be 17 million in use.

Until there are a lot more sets in the hands of the public, however, the builders of television stations are going to have to operate in the red. That is one of the phenomena of this infant industry. It's about the only business there is in which the enter- prisers brag about the amount of money they are losing.

In the first place, it costs from a quarter to a half million dollars to build a station, and it is not unusual at this stage of the game to find stations losing from $10,000 to $25,000 a month. Most of the larger stations are losing a lot more. One network has publicly admitted that it expected to lose $3 million dollars in 1948. Another concern makes quite a point of the fact that it has already sunk 40 million dollars in television.

We know that these men are daring, venturesome trail-blazers in the old American tradition of free enterprise. But we also can assume that they are not philanthropists, not in this matter at least. They are convinced that the potentialities of television far overshadow every other medium of communication. They are convinced that it will be an unrivalled instrument not only for the dissemination of information, education and entertainment, but also for the display and the demonstration of goods and services.

We can start with the fact that nine-tenths of everything we learn comes through our eyes. Television enables us to reach the minds of men via electronics at the speed of light. It is costly to build and to operate a television station. But the advertisers will find it the most powerful, most effective and the most profitable medium for mass merchandising yet devised.

Television does better than set up a show window for the advertiser in each home throughout his area, because a show window is, after all,
static. On the television screen, under ideal circumstances, with the customer relaxed and concentrating in his own living room, the advertiser does not merely show his product or his service. He also demonstrates it. He can get over his point with a wider variety of visual aids than he has ever had at his command before—the presentation of the actual subject, motion pictures, still pictures, paintings, graphs, maps, animated charts, animated cartoons. To this he can add speech, drama, music, sound effects.

Looking to the future we can see that the utilization of this newest means of communication will stimulate informational, educational, entertainment and commercial activities beyond anything that has been experienced before.

We must remember that television is able to present news, information, instruction and entertainment just as efficiently as it does an advertising message.

Every city, no matter how large, will be magically compressed by this electronic marvel. The personalities, the institutions, the mercantile establishments, the industrial enterprises of every community will become familiar sights in homes within a 40 to 50 mile radius of the local television stations.

In our present system of television, 13 channels were originally available for allocation over the nation. After lengthy public hearings and consultation with the industry, the Federal Communications Commission arrived at an allocation table calculated to distribute these channels fairly over the nation. Later it became necessary to reduce the total number from 13 to 12.

Today, in the entire United States, 45 stations are in actual operation. Seventy-seven other applicants have permits to construct stations. In addition, there are 311 applications pending. I estimate that in another two years there will be 400 stations on the air.

Meanwhile, the Commission is studying the possibilities of adding more channels, employing those in a higher part of the radio spectrum. It is now holding conferences with industry leaders to determine if equipment can be developed to operate in this upper region. I predict that higher channels soon will be added. My opinion is that there will be a thousand stations on the air in seven or eight years.

Several manufacturers have assure the F. C. C. that when addition channels are added, they will be able to produce adaptors at reasonable prices that will enable the present set to tune in the new stations.

At present, the demand for radio frequencies is at an all-time high. far exceeds anything like the available

Four television channels have been allocated to Kansas City. The F. C. has granted in Kansas City one television construction permit to the Kansas City Star Company (WDA TV). Other applications pending in this area are: WHB Broadcasting Company, KCKN Broadcasting Company, KCMO Broadcasting Company, New England Television Company, Midland Broadcasting Company (KMBC), and 20th Century Fox, Missouri, Incorporated.—Editor.
TELEVISION COMES TO STAY

supply. The Commission has the responsibility of rationing the available
frequencies.
In this postwar era, radio is being used on an unprecedented scale. The
Commission is under heavy pressure or frequencies from the railroads,
taxicabs, police and fire departments, radio heating, public utilities, doctors,
trucks, streetcars, newspapers, motion picture producers, telephone com-
panies, forestry, shipping and aviation interests.
Meanwhile, television network facilities continue to forge ahead. Al-
eday Chicago is the hub of a Midwest television distribution system that
connects St. Louis, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo.
On January 12, this Midwest system will connect with the television
stations on the Eastern seaboard. Hose facilities are now serving televi-
sion stations in Boston, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore,
Washington, Richmond, Schenectady, and New Haven. On January 12, the
T & T coaxial cable will complete a section between Philadelphia and
Cleveland, via Pittsburgh, thereby tying Chicago and the other Mid-
western cities into the Eastern hookup. January 12, when East meets Mid-
west, therefore, becomes a mighty milestone in the history of television
this nation.
These electronic highways will transport exciting cargoes of news-
ten, educational programs, dramatic performances, variety shows,
orts, and other entertainment in un-
precedented volume.
The hope is for coast-to-coast tele-
vision networking within another two
years. Eventually, of course, network
facilities will blanket the nation. A
city will be able to project itself
from coast to coast and from border to
border. And similarly, the sights and
sounds, the picturesque and historic
places, the news and history in the
making will come to the living rooms
of that city from every corner of
our land.
Some day, and I do not think it will
be too long, American cities will ride
the television waves around the globe
with the speed of light.
The phenomenal growth which tele-
vision has had and the predictions for
its future development have been ac-
companied by all sorts of dire pre-
dictions as to the future of other
media of information, entertainment
and education. I think it is certain
enough that television itself has a very
bright future and that within a few
years it will grow to be a tremendous
industry. I think it is likewise equally
certain that the growth of television
is destined to have far reaching effects
on other means of information, enter-
tainment and education. But it seems
to me to be a serious mistake to sup-
pose that television must inevitably
grow as an incubus, by sucking out
the life blood of other media.
Contrariwise, it
would be most
unfortunate for
the economic
well-being of our
country if other
media should
stick their heads
in the sands and
assume that this new development may
not affect them adversely. In the
first place, television is going to get its audience from someone. In fact, it may get its audience from a composite of places—from radio, from the movie houses, from the legitimate theatres and from sports events—and it may attract listeners who now devote their time to reading the newspapers and the magazines. It’s a cinch that no one can listen to a regular radio broadcast and watch television at the same time. It’s a sure bet that no one can attend a prize fight and see a televised vaudeville show at the same time. There will be competition between these events and the different media. But the indications are that television is going to be the most dynamic medium of all in terms of attracting audience—that is, if the programming of this new service is of high quality.

Where the advertising will come from to support this new medium is a matter of conjecture. Many people in the industry believe that television will not necessarily get its advertising revenue by depriving other media of their present advertising customers. For the fact remains that with the advent of radio it was believed that we had already reached the saturation point in advertising expenditures. Actually, it was only the beginning.

Those expenditures in 1927 were less than 500 million dollars. In 1947 the advertising volume on radio alone was in excess of the total of all advertising expenditures in 1927. And the total expenditure for the major media was in excess of two billions of dollars.

Sound broadcasting has not been particularly successful in securing any substantial portions of the advertising budgets of department stores and similar retail services. Television, as a demonstration sales medium, may be able to tap this source without adverse effects on radio advertising. But it may have serious consequences in terms of newspapers and magazines.

As television grows, there may be a temporary loss of advertising volume by one medium or another to television, but in the long run, television will serve to create larger advertising expenditures. Perhaps the most significant thing of all in terms of the competition of the various media for the advertising dollar will be the kinds of adjustments which the various media will make.

The great industry of sound broadcasting, with its 3,000 stations in operation or under construction, is for major readjustments. When television comes into a home, the inter-swings sharply away from the soul broadcasting set. A recent check indicates that people who own television sets use those sets twice as much s
people in non-television homes use their radio sets. As television progresses, persons conducting both television and sound radio stations probably will abandon the latter to concentrate on the former because of the incompatibility of the two services under one management.

Sound broadcasting in the metropolitan areas will always be necessary to supplement television. In the rural areas it will be expanded.

Newspapers will need to readjust to new competitive conditions when thousands of their subscribers see and hear the big news events of the day just as they happen.

The motion picture industry seems to be in for a period of great changes. This new electronic medium, television, becomes a competitor to the motion picture exhibitor in more ways than one. Surveys show that when families acquire television sets their attendance at theatres dwindles seriously. Theatres may meet this challenge by improving their programming, and it is altogether possible that they may use the very art of television to bring their theatres outstanding public events simultaneously with television. Until there is a saturation of television receivers in this country there will certainly be a large audience for such events in theatres.

Television techniques may be utilized to revise the programs of theatres beyond the presentation of outstanding public events. For example, feature films may be supplemented with symphony concerts and popular entertainers by means of the coaxial cable. Theatres may take a leaf out of the book of television operators who now have their own newsreel staffs, and build up their own local newsreel programs for showing in their theatres. Or, the half dozen or so newsreel companies now in the business of supplying theatres may find it advantageous to combine in whole or in part and build up a newsreel service for American theatres on the basis of international, national, state, regional and local coverage of news events in the manner of our great wire news services.

But television holds another threat to the motion picture theatre. Television becomes a competitor for the production of the motion picture producer. Television broadcasters will bid against the exhibitor for the feature films and for short subjects. Television operators face an almost superhuman task in programming their stations 12 to 18 hours a day. Film, of necessity, will be one of their essential requirements. Either they will get the film from the present producers in competition with motion picture exhibitors or the producers will make film tailor-made for television or new producers will make them or the television broadcasters will make them.

What we are witnessing is a great spectacular eruption in the communications world — competition between various forms of communication. It seems to me that America cannot help but be benefited from this kind of competition if it means more and better education, more and better information, more and better entertainment. American industries certain to be affected by television may fall before this new communications medium or, as the phonograph record did in
 partnership with radio, may rise phoenix-like with this new industry.

Some businesses do get wiped out. We no longer travel by ox cart or stagecoach or canal boat. Railroads and automobiles have replaced them, and since that replacement, we have seen the airplane come along and provide even a swifter means of transport. Movie houses replaced the legitimate theatre and the vaudeville theatre, but television is bringing back vaudeville and surely will bring the legitimate theatre to millions of our people who have never had an opportunity to enjoy it.

Television is still so young that none of us can foresee its fullest potentialities. Perhaps we are building better than we know; perhaps year by year visual broadcasting will discover many new ways to serve mankind that occur to none of us today.

When we Americans devote our time, energy and money to the building up of this system of television, it is our fond hope and dream that the facilities may be forever dedicated to the pursuits of peace—the enrichment of our daily lives, the promotion of our general welfare, the instruction and entertainment of our families.

However, in the present precarious state of world affairs, we are forced to consider other eventualities, and we are looking to our defenses. In that consideration we can envision television not only as a tool of peace but as a powerful weapon to protect our national security.

Television made its debut as an instrument of national defense in the second World War. The half dozen stations then on the air proved the unique value of television in training large groups for civilian defense activities.

Should our nation be the victim of another aggression and subject to the destruction of atomic bombing, our television stations may well serve as our most effective means for the mass mobilization of our people in the large population centers for protective measures. By means of the television screen they can be shown instantaneously and accurately how to carry out the instructions of civil and military authorities.

The evacuation of cities, fire fighting, demolition work, first-aid treatment to the wounded, emergency feeding, housing and sanitary measures could be expedited beyond anything possible in any previous war.

Let us hope, however, that this marvelous product of man’s genius may be permitted to continue to serve our nation in the ways of peace—by expanding our opportunities for free speech and the presentation of all sides of controversial issues, by the promotion of understanding of domestic and international problems, by spreading the spirit of tolerance, by constructive programming designed to inspire and strengthen our people.

An onlooker at a New York parade, shoved by a policeman, got angry about it. "Don't push me," he said. "I'm an anti-communist."

The cop eyed him icily, "I don't care what kind of a communist you are —move on!"
Six months ago Helen was a healthy, happy young woman. Today she is dead, another victim of the demon cure-all.

This young girl is a typical case history of health racket history. She depended upon a “miraculous machine that cures all ailments” instead of sound, professional treatment.

The Spectro-Chrome, this particular cure-all was called. According to directions and the high price, it was supposed to cure everything from baldness, cancer, or tuberculosis to simple toothache or arthritis.

Certainly, this new pain killer looked impressive, mounted on a stand with its many-colored glass slides and light projector. It was claimed to be the new wonder of scientific treatment, but because of it Helen died of cancer.

Every year thousands like her ignore doctors’ advice and medical treatment for “magic” home remedies—gadgets and pills. They want to get better the quick, easy way because they’re tired of doctoring. And every year gadget racketeers and pill peddlers take ruthless advantage of these people to the sum of billions of dollars.

Instead of consulting a physician, countless people turn to the Spectro-Chromes, the electrical shockers, the magnetizers, or to the numerous other belts, bandages, pumps, massagers, coils, and baths that are peddled by quacks.

Besides parting with badly-needed money, these victims jeopardize their health, sometimes to a point where it’s too late for cure.

In 20 years, the Spectro-Chrome inventor sold more than 9,000 of his gadgets to people who didn’t realize their danger. Of course, this cure-all peddler was clever. He combined a blue metal box with a heavy front lens and some colored glass slides. Inside was a 1,000-watt bulb and an electric fan.

With a whirr and a buzz the machine poured forth colored rays, depending upon the glass slides you put in front of the lens. Certain colors or color combinations cured certain ailments, as you were told in the detailed book of instructions.

All this was supposed to “re-arrange all body unbalances,” said the inventor. Thousands joined his “club,” donated $90 each, and received in the mail a cure-all for their ailments.

When federal authorities investigated this gadget, witnesses came by crutch, wheel chair, or bed to testify. Originally these sufferers had expected to be rid of all pains, but in
many cases disease had only advanced in degree. Many victims were already dead.

Another gimmick which should have fooled no one, but which actually sold by the hundreds, was seized in Michigan. It was the Catalytic Barium Chloride, priced at $300 and guaranteed to cure any ill, ache or ailment.

This fake was simply a metal tube of white powder, a barium chloride mixture. The buyer wore it around his neck for a few days, or, better yet, taped it to the sore spot, and was assured quick, permanent relief. Supposedly pain was relieved by mysterious radio-active properties which even the manufacturer couldn't explain or prove were there.

The Food and Drug Administration investigates all rackets as soon as they suspect queer goings-on, but they are hampered not only by the clever quacks, but by the buyers themselves. Such faith do the victims put in the magic formula for quick health that they fail to see their errors until too late.

For instance, one woman in Ohio invested $2,000 in a Vapor-Bath—a barium chloride mixture. The buyer wore it around his neck for a few days, or, better yet, taped it to the sore spot, and was assured quick, permanent relief. Supposedly pain was relieved by mysterious radio-active properties which even the manufacturer couldn't explain or prove were there.

For instance, one woman in Ohio invested $2,000 in a Vapor-Bath—an another magic cure for arthritis, poor elimination, gout, piles, and lumbago.

This particular fake was a furnace-like generator filled with lime, salt and other minerals. The bather was to be healed of all ills by these vapors. Only the Ohio woman, like so many others, didn't know that salt and lime don't vaporize. By the time authorities found one of these quack gadgets, the woman was dead.

Federal courts did find and condemn the Sinuothermic, which was claimed to be a cure for arthritis, heart disease, deafness, blindness, and abscess of the liver. But not before countless victims fell. Sold for $1,500, the Sinuothermic looked like a radio, complete with wires and electrode pads. The object was to plug the set into a socket, place the pads on the aching spot, and be cured.

Food and Drug investigators sent the Sinuothermic to the University of Cincinnati for testing and proved it a fake. The manufacturer, himself a cripple from arthritis, was brought to court. But how many sick people died or became incurably ill before the contraption was demolished?

Gadget racketeers aren't the only health quacks, though. Right next to them are the amazing pill peddlers.

These men have a cure for the same aches and ailments, but in the easy-to-take tablet with the double-your-money-back guarantee. Or else it's a cream, or a beauty soap that the quack peddles. Whatever it is, it's dangerous and expensive.

One of the most famous beauty aids appeals to women. It is the well-known reducing pill. Lose ugly fat in just a few weeks, the advertisements tell us. Just take these safe, scientific tablets and be enticingly slender.

An Indiana woman tried the pills and died of pernicious anemia. Her pills, like most of the quick-method reducers, contained Benzedrine, the dangerous drug that only a physician should prescribe.

Also marketed are "marvel" creams that sometimes are advertised as dissolving fat tissues or sometimes, on the other hand, as building up certain "beauty spots."

There are bath salts and steam re-
ducers, massagers and slenderizing belts to "firm fatty tissues." No matter what form they take, they're mostly fakes, yet thousands of women donate thousands of dollars every month in an effort to get slim quickly, instead of consulting a doctor, the only person who should recommend a diet or reducing pill. These women often see their mistakes only after their money is gone or their health is injured.

More than 97 million dollars is spent each year on laxatives. All but a very small portion of this is sheer waste. The real need could be measured in thousands of dollars, says the secretary of the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry. Yet American people have somehow taken to the notion that a weekly dose is necessary to good health, and they freely support the advertisers.

Of an equal proportion, but of much deadlier effect, are the sleeping potions sold to millions of unsuspecting buyers. Despite the extensive publicity and warnings against these pills, New York recorded one death every two days from barbiturates. Of the 40 million pounds of medicine prepared in the United States each year, sleeping pills constitute more than a half a million pounds. They should be used with extreme care, say the doctors, because they easily become habit-forming. Then the danger appears.

Rivalling any other money-making scheme is the rage for vitamins. Advertisers offer "quick, glowing energy" or "that youthful complexion of beauty" with every bottle, and eager buyers flock to the corner drug stores. They don't realize that they can get the same thing from three balanced meals a day, but instead readily give millions of dollars every year.

Certainly, a vitamin deficiency should be treated by a doctor, but even physicians question the rows of brown bottles in the drug stores.

Many other preparations are advertised and sold for exorbitant profits. Food and Drug authorities cannot stop the sales, because most of the articles are harmless. The point is, you pay for something you don't get.

For example, popular "antiseptics" do nothing but give you a cool, fresh taste. If they were strong enough to kill bacteria they would also be strong enough to hurt the delicate tissues of your mouth.

In about 99 per cent of all cases, alkalizers are pure humbug. In certain cases they may even be harmful. Skin remedies, too, are mostly fakes, sometimes making the "cure" worse than the ailment.

Along with the expensive fads are tonics, blood purifiers, and "health foods" which do nothing but provide a mild laxative.

Why do millions of unfortunates fall for these remedies every day? Mainly because Americans still like magic instead of medicine. The annual toll in deaths from unprescribed drugs and gadgets is appalling, yet it's
much easier to sell the fake than to convince the victims that they actually are fakes.

Federal authorities ask that you protect yourself from health racketeers. Avoid all quick miracle methods. If you need treatment, never try to prescribe for yourself. See a competent physician. You will save both discomfort and expense.

Don't be a victim of the demon cure-all!

**Statues on Guard**

It was 1793 and France and Spain were at war. A Spanish army under the command of General Ricardo moved toward Catalonia. French troops camped at the Pyrenees. The Spanish general stationed his army near the border at Fort Figueras. Among his soldiers were two young men, Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer.

One night Castells and Ferrer were on guard duty. No one knows just what happened when the two sentinels found themselves face to face that night while the army slept. There were no witnesses. That they were both in love with the same Spanish senorita and that her name was Olalya is generally known. That the two young men were hot blooded and that their enmity flared that night as they patrolled Fort Figueras, is proved beyond doubt by the fact that the dead bodies of both were found in the early hours of the following morning. Ferrer's bayonet had pierced the heart of Jaime Castells. Castell's bayonet was buried deep in the body of Francisco Ferrer.

Perhaps somewhere in Spain a girl named Olalya mourned. But military authorities were not interested in the love affairs of soldiers. Castells and Ferrer were guilty of a military crime. They had abandoned their post before the enemy. Fort Figueras with Ricardo's army had been endangered by those whose duty it was to guard it. True, they were both dead, but their very deaths were crimes which must be punished. So the two dead soldiers were ordered court-martialed.

Court-martial proceedings were carried on, although the places reserved for the accused remained vacant. The court passed sentence. Infantry soldiers Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer were sentenced to perpetual exile, and to guard as eternal sentinels some fort in New Spain.

Months later a ship from the mother country sailed for Mexico bringing two life-sized statues to Vera Cruz. Each had a name chiselled at its base.

Ever since then, the images of Castells and Ferrer, as per order of the Spanish Military Court, have been performing sentinel duty at the entrance to the Castle of Perote, a hundred miles inland from Vera Cruz.

The statues witnessed the War of Independence, when the soldiers of Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain. They stood guard when the famed troops of France were routed by Porfirio Diaz and his Mexican volunteers. They remained through the Revolution of 1910 and were untouched by the American invasion of Vera Cruz in 1914. Now, the fortress guarded by Castells and Ferrer is a deserted building in a country at peace.

For over 150 years these two stone statues have been lonely sentinels in a strange land, because once, being young, passionate, and in love, Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer forgot their soldiers' duty and fought to death on a terrace of a Catalanian fortress near the Pyrenees.—Ralph E. Ogden.
The issues at stake between the Jews and the Arabs bring to mind the most romantic figures of his or any century, who might have been able to effect a speedy settlement of the territorial strife had he not, on May 13th, at noon, crashed into oblivion a lonely road near Dorset, a victim of his motorcycle mania.

He was Thomas Edward Lawrence, known then as T. E. Shaw and familiar to millions as "Lawrence of Arabia."

In his young manhood, Lawrence raced across the glittering hot sands of Arabia on a camel, leading the emidacs in a successful revolt against their Turk oppressors during World War I. He was a pioneer in modern guerrilla warfare, with its emphasis on mobility.

With this passion for speed it is not surprising that in the postwar years Lawrence took to the motorcycle. Although he had used an armored Rolls-Royce in the closing stages of the Arabian campaign—the celebrated Blue Mist which he hurtled across the hard-packed sandy wastes like a thunderbolt—he was rather contemptuous of automobiles for their luxuriousness. He was a hard, tough man when he had to be; and for him the motorcycle, which offered daring speed at low cost to anyone who had the nerve to climb on and go, seemed the ideal vehicle.

Lawrence was not exactly a stranger to cycles when he called it quits after the end of World War I and entered the Royal Air Corps under an assumed name to escape further publicity. Before the war he had taken his pedal-bike through France, studying castles. He was a dyed-in-the-wool cyclist, in fact, long before he was a soldier and celebrity. And he remained one until the end—when he was catapulted from the saddle of his famous black speeder which crashed along the British roadside and lay there with its front wheel lazily spinning in the silence.

Lawrence spent 13 years in the service as an enlisted man after he saw the affairs of Arabia settled to his satisfaction. He could have had his choice of dozens of big-paying jobs and important political offices in England. He could have had wealth, fame, and position. Instead, he wanted a night watchman's job in a bank. He never got it, because of two boys on bicycles who appeared suddenly on the crest of a hill. It sounds like a puzzle, but then he was a puzzling man.
The Arabs didn’t ask for Lawrence. He simply happened to be on the scene, as a British intelligence officer, when the Arabs decided to strike against Turkey while that nation was busy helping Germany against the Allies.

Lawrence was figuratively set afire by the idea of helping these so-called “children of the desert” wrest their freedom from the Turks who had held them in cruel subjection for so many years. So he won their confidence, and he went forth into the heat and sand of the desert and won them their freedom.

For this daring exploit, fame hit Lawrence like a dazzling light. He was one of the most romantic personalities of the war, and the newspapers of the Allied world plastered him all over their front pages. Turkey gave his picture wide circulation, too—on posters offering huge rewards for his capture. He was an insignificant-looking little chap, but he had the courage of a lion, the strength of an ox, and the inspiring leadership of a messiah. Dressed in the white turban and flowing white robes of the Arab, and carrying a curved dagger at his belt, he led his small army of fierce tribesmen to historic triumph in Damascus.

When the war was over, Lawrence wanted peace and quiet. He was tired of the headlines, the constant pester-
SOLDIER ON WHEELS

He knew how to share it, too. He had a side-car model at that time, and Lawrence used to take soldier friends on breathtaking excursions. Many's the man who has ridden in the side-car with Lawrence to take a swim at an ocean resort six or seven miles from the camp where they were stationed. Instead of resenting this small, light, quiet-spoken man who was trying to hide from fame in their midst, they liked and respected him. They used to tip him off when newspaper reporters came to call, and he would jump on his motorcycle and race away to sanctuary.

In 1925, Lawrence met George Brough, the renowned English rider and racer who at one time held more motorcycle cups and medals than any other man. Brough was naturally attracted by Lawrence's intense interest in motorcycling, and a cordial friendship developed between them. Lawrence suggested many cycle improvements that Brough found helpful in designing his own machines.

During their ten years of friendship Brough built eight motorcycles for Lawrence. T.E. affectionately dubbed them all George, and numbered them I through VIII. The eighth he never rode.

We have Brough's word for it that Lawrence was one of the best riders — no small compliment coming from an expert. T.E. was never reckless on the road, nor did he violate the road rights of any other motorcyclist or autoist. But when the road was clear — vroooooooommm!

Released from service in the spring of 1935, Lawrence planned a quiet life centered in his cottage at Dorset. He would rest, and read, and ride. Once he informed friends that he would like a job as a night watchman in a bank. There, behind the heavy, bolted, locked and double-locked doors in the middle of the night, he would surely be safe from snooping visitors.

But if he really wanted it, Lawrence waited too long to find such a job. Came the day in May when he rode to a telegraph office to send off a wire to one of his thousands of friends. On the way home, hunched low to the handlebars of his rocketing motorcycle, he saw the figures of two young bicyclists suddenly loom up before him on the crest of a hill. So he swerved to avoid them.

Today's Child

A small boy walked into a drugstore, laid a nickel down on the counter, and asked for an ice cream cone.

"Cones are eight cents, sonny," explained the druggist.

"Gimmie a package of gum, then," said the boy.

"Gum is six cents," informed the druggist.

"How about a popsicle?"

"Popsicles are six cents, too."

Shaking his head, the boy turned abruptly and headed for the door—leaving his money behind.

"Hey, sonny," called the druggist. "You forgot your nickel."

"Aw, keep it," was the disgusted reply. "I can't buy anything with it nowadays, anyhow."
"Trouble is, these little bundles from heaven come C. O. D."
Years are not the yardstick by which to measure men.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR REAL AGE?

by ALEX VERNOR

There is an advertising executive in New York City who is listed as OPC-42 on a small blue card in the files of a great psychological testing laboratory.

This cryptic figure means the executive has the stamina, alertness, and imagination of a healthy man 42 years of age. But measured in terms of calendar years, the advertising man is 63 years old—well past the retirement age in many so-called “progressive” companies and corporations!

He is one of the fortunate few Americans whose age is measured in terms other than months and years. But their numbers are growing, thanks to the work of such men as Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York City, who are insisting that the number of years a person has lived is not an accurate index of that individual’s owers and physical condition.

To Dr. Benjamin, “old age,” as we now it, is a malady. He believes this disease is preventable to a large extent, and that precautions can be taken which will stave off physiological old age indefinitely.

“We call the treatment of old age gerontherapy,” he says. “It not only adds years to life but adds life to years. Our objective is to extend the platform of efficiency well into later life.”

It was World War II, with its sudden shortage of manpower, which focussed the nation’s attention on how well “oldsters” can do things. Grandmothers operated riveting machines; grandfathers worked eight- and ten-hour days in aircraft factories. Countless men of 65 and 70, whose children had relegated them to the fireside and a comfy pair of slippers, found themselves well-paying jobs.

True, you didn’t find any 60-year-old becoming a steeple jack or a deep-sea diver. But there were tens of thousands of posts to be filled, which called for alacrity, ingenuity, and the readiness to make important decisions.

Today, although many of the elder workers have been retired by their companies, you’ll still find many thousands of them happily earning their own livings and beholden to nobody for their support.

Dr. Benjamin points to these post-war workers—some as old as 80—as proof of his contention that adherence to a fixed age, in terms of years, for purposes of compulsorily retiring individuals, is fair neither to the individual nor to society.

Indeed, this authority points out,
many men and women who are “young” in calendar terminology are actually old and played-out at 35 and 40.

Don H., a Chicago commercial artist, is a case in point. Don has been turning out clever magazine illustrations and calendar art since he was 20 years old. He is a heavy drinker, has had three wives, and is perpetually in debt and up to his ears in all kinds of petty troubles.

A year ago, he landed a coveted post as art director of a large printing firm—simply because the company president had said, “This is a job which calls for a young man!” Don was 37, so he landed the plum.

Another artist, who had been with the firm for 20 years, had been passed up for promotion because he was “too old” for the job at 55.

Within six months, Don’s erratic personal habits, his temper and his frequent bouts with the bottle, had resulted in complete confusion within his department. Quietly, the older man pitched in, expedited things, assumed many of Don’s responsibilities.

When Don was fired, as was inevitable, the older man landed the job he should have had in the first place, for he had proved that his real age in terms of usefulness, productivity and ability to get along with people was young enough to make him a successful department head.

If you would keep young mentally and physiologically, pay attention to what you eat! Dr. Benjamin states that the right foods in the right quantities are vital if the human organism is to be kept in “young” working condition. He adds:

“Hormone as well as vitamin deficiencies are the inevitable companions of the aging process. Preventive measures must precede and accompany therapeutic efforts. Proper nutrition is an outstanding factor in the management of the aged.”

Utilizing the brain-power and physical abilities of our senior citizens is especially important today, because of the increased life expectancy of all Americans. Within the last 100 years, our population has doubled its average life span. In George Washington’s day, a man was “old” at 30 or 35; disease usually carried him off before then. Today, thanks to the scientific conquest of disease and pain, who can say when a man or woman really is old?

As science plunges forward, we can expect that within the next 50 years the human life expectancy may well be 85 to 100. If this be true, then what is to become of a person’s late years—would the retired worker of 55 have to spend 40 years or more marking time until death?

Dr. Benjamin and his colleague say that we must find a way to utilize our senior citizens if our national economic structure is to be secure. For the percentage and number c
DO YOU KNOW YOUR REAL AGE?

younger people is decreasing, while that of older individuals is constantly increasing.

This means, inevitably, that older men—who in the 1930s would have been tossed on the human slag heap—will be at the controls of our national economy in the next 25 to 50 years.

Today we have 13,000,000 people over 60 and 9,000,000 over 65. Perhaps half of them are—within limitations—as “young” as they were 25 years ago, if one considers primarily their mental abilities, coordination, and powers of judgment.

Every family physician is familiar with the retired business man who suddenly develops vague aches, pains, and mental lassitude after he is turned out to graze. Your doctor knows that enforced idleness takes a greater toll than disease.

Therefore, the proper question to ask of yourself is not, “How old am I?” but, “Am I able to handle a job to the satisfaction of an employer and myself?”

In Chicago, a unique job-finding organization called “The Men-Over-50 Club” has recorded some amazing successes in putting “old” men back to work. The club, started during the depression, has convinced hundreds of employers that the man of 55 may be a better bet job-wise than the youngster of 27.

The earning records of the “alumni” prove it: the club lists scores of men past 50 who are holding down executive posts paying $7,000 a year and more.

And many “human discards” past 60 have landed profitable jobs, thanks to the club, which uses each member to spread the gospel among employers that the older man may be the best apple in the barrel from the viewpoint of productivity and judgment.

That ancient bromide, “you are as old as you feel,” has real scientific validity, in the opinion of Dr. Benjamin and other researchers. Untold thousands of men young in years are turning in sub-standard work because they lack enthusiasm, confidence, and interest in what they are doing.

And many oldsters—if one considers the calendar in so dubbing them—are capable of doing everything from running a streamlined train to writing the Great American Novel. How to get them to do both these things—plus many more—will be the job of the “gerontherapists” for years to come.

The piano teacher was expected any minute, and Tommy was preparing to take his lesson.

“Did you wash your hands?” inquired his mother.

“Yes.”

“And your face?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“And did you wash behind your ears?”

“On her side, I did, Mother.”

It takes an awful lot of people to run this country, and some of them are really useful.
UNSUSPECTING patrons of Mad Michael’s restaurant in San Antonio, Texas, are more than a trifle shocked when they start to inspect the menu which a straight-faced headwaiter hands them. For the following attractive, expensive, and thoroughly indigestible items are listed in an authentic manner beside the usual dinner selections.

Appetizers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Turnip Juice</td>
<td>$0.45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Torpedo Juice</td>
<td>$0.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Au Jus</td>
<td>$0.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stuffed Schumeel with Triffles</td>
<td>$13.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matched Black Pearl Cocktail, Vinaigrette</td>
<td>$1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plus tax</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imitation Black Pearl Cocktail</td>
<td>$0.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genuine Imitation Black Pearl Cocktail</td>
<td>$0.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother of Pearl-in-Law</td>
<td>10 centimes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sea Foods

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Octopus au Gratin—with apple in mouth (for 20)</td>
<td>$350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgin Mermaid on Half Shell (for one)</td>
<td>$565.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Whale Stuffed with New Buick</td>
<td>$3500.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shrimp a la Gimp (crippled)</td>
<td>$11.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armored Lobster</td>
<td>$325.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobster, hors de combat</td>
<td>$33.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobster, en garde</td>
<td>$16.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Steaks . . . Chops . . . Foul

Unless specified, all steaks will be served raw — Gr-r-r

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Broiled African Leopard Steak (order in advance 2 years)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Quentin Quail</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breast of Boiled Peasant (Very Hard to Catch)</td>
<td>$1000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hippopotamus Jowls with Black Eyed Peas</td>
<td>$0.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sirloin Snake</td>
<td>$15.00 per foot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbecued Pig — on spit</td>
<td>$1 buck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbecued Pig — without spit</td>
<td>$0.5 buck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whole Chick Hen</td>
<td>$2 dollars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Meat</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neck</td>
<td>After 10 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duck in Oven</td>
<td>Order in Advance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hog on Ice</td>
<td>$35.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saddle of Mule (with or without stirrups)</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tripe!</td>
<td>$1.98</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cheeses

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Swish Cheese (Whoops!)</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rat Trap Cheese</td>
<td>$0.15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Desserts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Banana, split</td>
<td>$1.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banana, WHOLE</td>
<td>$1.39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mousse Moore</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moose Mousse</td>
<td>$2.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crape Suzette (Please do not order; the cook is a pyromaniac)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mezzanine Box</td>
<td>$1.80</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

... and, sir, will you have your virgin mermaid rare, medium, or well done?
MARY JONES wanted a divorce. But she and John lived in New York, where divorces are given on only one ground, adultery. Mary didn’t want to get a divorce for adultery. In the first place she had no reason to think that John had been unfaithful. Besides, she didn’t want to take a charge of that type into court. Mary wanted a divorce on some simple ground, such as mental cruelty. So she went to Reno.

John didn’t want his wife to divorce him; so he followed her to Reno and defended the suit by arguing that the Nevada court had no power to grant a divorce to Mary, since she lived in New York. The court, however, overruled John’s objections and granted the divorce.

Some time later John wanted to marry again. But, just to make sure about the Reno decree, he saw a lawyer, who informed him that the divorce was absolutely void. Mary, however, had already re-married, so John, wanting to get things straightened out, sued Mary for divorce in New York.

The result? John can’t get a divorce. He is not permitted to prove that the Nevada court was wrong in holding that Mary was a resident of Nevada. He is barred by the doctrine of res judicata, which means that once a person has had an opportunity to litigate a question, he will have no second chance. Since John had in Nevada argued the jurisdiction of that court, and had lost, he is denied the right to bring it up again. So he is legally married, yet he cannot obtain a divorce, even though his wife is living with another man. And if John, relying on the Nevada decree, marries again, his children will be illegitimate. He can do one of two things: prosecute Mary under criminal statutes for adultery or bigamy, neither of which would help his situation; or he can move to Nevada or another state which recognizes the Reno divorce.

John’s predicament isn’t at all unique. Since a Supreme Court ruling in 1944, no one who has left his state to get a divorce can be sure that the decree is any good. His state can at any time declare such divorces void. Literally thousands of people today are in danger of being charged with bigamy, and having their children of second marriages declared illegitimate.

In Williams v. North Carolina, a man and woman had gone to Nevada, obtained divorces from their respective spouses, married each other and returned to North Carolina. They had done nothing extraordinary—nothing that hadn’t been done many times before—but unexpected results came about. Upon their return, the state immediately prosecuted and convicted

1Davis v. Davis, 105 U.S. 32.
both parties of bigamous cohabitation, asserting that the Nevada divorce was of no effect in North Carolina. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the conviction, declaring that any state can pronounce a divorce invalid if it is satisfied that the parties were not lawfully domiciled in the state where the divorce was granted.

Now, domicile means more than residence. In the eyes of the law a man may have dozens of residences, but he can have only one domicile. His domicile is the place he intends to remain permanently, or at least for an indefinite period. One can go anywhere, step off a train and say, “I am now domiciled in this state,” and if he intends at that moment to remain in that state, then he is domiciled there. Obviously, however, when Mary Jones flies to Reno, stays in a hotel for six weeks, gets a divorce and returns to the New York apartment she has kept in the meantime, the New York courts will take with a grain of salt her assertion that she went to Nevada with the intention of establishing domicile there.

Nevada’s six weeks requirement of domicile is the shortest of any state, though Wyoming requires only 60 days, and Florida and Idaho only 90 days. Thirty-four states require a year, seven states two years, while Connecticut and Massachusetts require three years.

The strict requirements of some states, however, are offset in part by laxity in applying, and liberality in interpreting, the grounds for divorce. In South Carolina, where no divorces are given, and in New York, where there is only one ground, the courts have been disposed to leniency in annulling marriages for fraud—declaring the marriage void from the beginning. New York has given annulments because the wife was induced to marry by false statements concerning the bank account or social standing of her prospective husband.

Cruelty, too, can mean anything. Tennessee has 13 grounds for divorce, yet about 70 per cent of divorces in that state are given for cruel and inhuman treatment. One Tennessee woman not yet out of her twenties has obtained 16 divorces, all for cruel and inhuman treatment.

Most states recognize adultery, cruelty and desertion as causes for divorce. A number of states recognize pregnancy by another man at the time of marriage, if the fact is unknown to the husband. More than half the states allow divorce to one whose spouse has been convicted of a felony. Except for these grounds, however, there is little uniformity. The others run the gamut from mistaken identity to joining a society forbidding cohabitation. Maryland dissolves marriages for unchastity ex-

---

6Shonfeld v. Shonfeld, 260 N.Y. 477, 184 N.E. 60.
8Ibid. p. 952.
9Louisiana Revised Civil Code, Articles 91 and 110.
10Kentucky Revised Statutes 1946, 403.020 (f).
isting at the time of marriage. 8

It is easy to see that divorce laws are an exception to the rule that law is just about the same anywhere. There is good reason for this. The first colonies in America adopted the common law of England. But divorce, instead of being a part of the common law, was regulated in England by the ecclesiastical courts. The colonies, rebelling from all church authority, accepted none of the church laws. Each state or territory made its own laws of marriage and divorce, depending upon its particular needs. In some sections, where preachers were scarce, marriages by mutual consent were permitted. Other sections demanded a religious ceremony. Nearly every state later gave each of its counties power to regulate divorce. So today, while only one court in England can grant divorces, nearly 3,000 courts in the United States can do so.

In an effort to avert conflicts between states, a “full faith and credit clause” was incorporated into the Constitution, 9 by which each state is required to recognize and accept judicial decrees and judgments of all other states. The only catch is that no state can be required to recognize something which is against the public policy of its people. Of course public policy can, and does, mean anything the courts want it to mean. In the Southern states, inter-racial marriages are taboo as against public policy; and parties to such marriages who come into some Southern states are not only considered unmarried, but can be put in prison for living together in violation of miscegenation statutes. The same is true of marriages between cousins. Such unions are valid in some jurisdictions and punishable as incest in others.

Most Americans agree that divorce is regulated poorly, and that something should be done about it. Judges and sociologists frequently advance plans, none of which seems to be noticed by the only persons who can do anything about it—the legislators. It has been suggested that uniform divorce laws in all states be enacted. This would of course be a solution, or at least a step toward the solution, if care were taken in drawing up the laws. However, plans of this type receive a common reception—long cold stares from 48 directions.

Success Story

The manager of a neighborhood movie house no longer has a certain problem on his hands. Children who came to see the show on Saturday or Sunday had acquired the habit of seeing the feature picture over and over again at one sitting—creating, thereby, a “standing room only” situation for adults during the evenings. One day, however, the manager flashed the following slide on the screen after the first showing of the feature:

CHILDREN WHO LEAVE THIS THEATRE NOW WILL RECEIVE A BAR OF CANDY AT THE DOOR.

In five minutes, he had over 800 empty seats.—Joseph C. Stacey.
ONE evening not long ago, General Dwight Eisenhower was the guest of honor at a party where a young entertainer did a Russian-English double-talk sketch that brought down the house. Afterwards, he general graciously complimented the comic on his Russian. When the affer confessed he didn’t really know a word of that language, Eisenhower lashed his characteristic grin. “Son,” he said, “you certainly fooled this old man that time!”

The comedian was Sid Caesar, and this double-talk has fooled many people, high and low. Although he does not speak any language except English, he can give a perfect imitation of almost any tongue, even though what he says makes no sense whatsoever. Once, for example, a teacher of French heard him and remarked, “It’s a bit difficult to understand you. You’re speaking a provincial dialect, aren’t you?”

Actually, of course, Sid Caesar was talking pure double-talk but making it come out sounding like French.

The same is true, in a degree, when he imitates inanimate objects. Although better judgment tells you otherwise, for a moment you’re almost convinced that it’s the real thing when he imitates an airplane, a taxicab, or a slot machine. His famous airplane routine in the film Tars and Spars went over so big that practically every American kid was trying his hand and tongue at the same thing for weeks after Sid’s first movie was shown at local theaters. And now his amazingly realistic saga of a chewing-gum slot machine nightly stops the show Make Mine Manhattan, which is his first venture on the Broadway boards.

This hit musical revue, however, is by no means Sid Caesar’s first appearance on the Great White Way. He made that eight years ago, when he was 17, and it was a rather less auspicious occasion. One day he walked into the Capitol Theatre and asked for the manager. Immediately, he was ushered into that gentleman’s office.

“What’s the complaint?” asked the manager.

“I’ve got no complaint,” said the young Caesar. “I just want a job here.”

The manager took a long second look at the husky, good-looking youth. “You’re hired,” he said. “Ushers get paid 15 bucks a week.”

Husky and handsome, he got the job, which was a lifesaver to the lad from Yonkers. It paid him enough to continue his musical studies and go on with his dream of studying in Paris. Within a few months Sid’s
salary was raised two dollars, and he became doorman at the theatre. Thereafter, he opened taxi doors for many of the celebrities who applaud his performances today. Once an actor tipped him a dollar, and Sid began wondering what it would be like to be a star, with his name in lights over Broadway.

That seemed like an impossible dream, of course, and Sid stuck to music for the time being. One summer he played saxophone at a Borscht Circuit resort. By the end of the season he was in love with the proprietor's daughter. Sid was 19 then, and a year later he married the girl and went into the United States Coast Guard.

It was while he was in training that he first began playing around with comedy in an attempt to break the monotony of barracks life. He was a big hit with his mates at the training station, so Sid proceeded to write a musical show which played many camps. About this time, Vernon Duke and Howard Dietz were writing a show called Tars and Spars, and were looking for a comedian serving in the Coast Guard. The boy who could imitate an airplane to perfection and could spout double-talk so that it sounded like the real thing, was the answer to their prayers.

The show toured the United States and Canada, then went on to Hollywood for a stint before the cameras. The war ended, and Sid was released from the service. But after appearing in another picture, which he'd just as soon forget, Hollywood stagnation set in. There were plenty of parties, but no roles in the offing, so Sid headed back to Broadway, determined to go to work before he got gray hair waiting for a job to turn up.

After his sensational success in the Tars and Spars picture, that was easily arranged. He went into the Copacabana at $3,500 a week, although he had never played a night club before. That was followed by an engagement at the Roxy Theatre, and word about Caesar soon got around to the producer of Make Mine Manhattan. He offered Sid a two-week contract, and because he was eager to appear in a Broadway show, Sid accepted.

In collaboration with writer Max Lieberman, who had directed the Coast Guard show, Sid wrote the sketches he uses in the revue. His choice of a collaborator was wise, for Liebman is one of the writers responsible for the success of Danny Kaye, a comedian whom Caesar somewhat resembles. Caesar's routines were so successful in the show's out-of-town try-outs that the producer tore up the contract, replacing it with a far more substantial one.

Sid's 'penny chewing gum machine' episode in the show has been called a "modern classic," and his other satirical specialties have drawn rave notices. Hollywood, which a year ago could find no further use for Caesar's talents, now is clamoring for his services. Sid, however, is cold-shouldering all celluloid offers for the time being. He's working on a musical comedy scheduled to be produced next season and expects great things of it. "At the time I was a theatre doorman," he says, "I wanted to be inside. Now that I'm inside, I'm going to stay for awhile."
Eat RICE and LIVE!

Here’s hope for high blood-pressure and heart sufferers!

Don’t look now, but if you’re 45 or over there’s a killer around the corner who stands a better than even-Stephen chance of doing away with you. His name is hypertension, and his henchman is arteriosclerosis. Together, these assassins are responsible for 500,000 deaths each year in the United States—a greater number than the combined deaths caused by tuberculosis, syphilis, infantile paralysis, cancer, pneumonia and rheumatic heart disease.

Happily, there’s a better chance now for the hypertension victim to live a long and fruitful life. That this is so may be attributed to a stubborn physician named Dr. Walter Kempner, of Duke University, who for years has been pleading with the medical profession to listen to his theories about the eating of rice and the effect of this diet on high blood pressure patients.

Dr. Kempner and a handful of other researchers had noted a curious fact: that in oriental countries such as China, where rice is the main staple of diet, high blood pressure was a rarity. Some years ago, Dr. Kempner cautiously tried the rice diet on his own patients—and it seemed to work, when taken in combination with certain other foods.

Before he besieged the medical citadel with his pleas that rice be studied as a hypertension preventive, Dr. Kempner worked with many patients, keeping careful tab on the progress of each.

At last, when he was ready to make limited claims for the rice diet and to stick by them, he persuaded the Duke University Medical School to provide laboratory and hospital facilities which would enable him to conduct his experiments on a large scale under strictly controlled conditions.

Now here is what he reports to the New York Academy of Medicine:

“In 203 out of 322 patients, on most of whom other forms of therapy had previously been tried, the rice diet led to objective improvement.”

Out of 222 untreated sufferers from high blood pressure, 62 per cent showed marked improvement under the rice regimen.

Actually, the rice diet did more than merely relieve the symptoms of high blood pressure. In 77 of 87 other patients having hypertension, the heart actually became smaller in size following a regular period of rice eating.

Typical was the business man of 45—nervous, high-strung, worried—who had suffered from high blood pressure for ten years. His wife, children and friends watched him anxiously, fearing he might keel over
any day after a severe heart spell.

This man, without the knowledge of his friends and business associates, went down to Durham, North Carolina, and placed himself in Dr. Kempner's hands for six weeks. When he returned to the office, the patient felt good, his blood pressure was remarkably lower, and his own physician was nonplussed when the patient confessed that the Kempner rice diet had succeeded where all other forms of therapy had failed.

The diet itself does not consist solely of rice. Nobody could live very well on one food. The patient is permitted to eat fruit, except dates and figs, and eventually an egg each day. Lean meat such as beef, veal and chicken may be taken with rice in limited amounts. But pork and lamb are avoided because of their high fat content. So are foods rich in minerals. However, sugar is permissible, as are desserts, so the patient undergoes no deprivation.

Doctor Kempner warns that the rice diet should not be tried by the patient alone, without the counsel of his physician. A doctor's close supervision and frequent check-ups during the diet are essential to the eventual success of this new therapy for high blood pressure.

It is not known just why the rice, added to the daily food supply, acts as well as it does on the heart and blood pressure. Dr. Kempner himself seeks to explain it in terms of cellular metabolism. Another New York expert on hypertension who has successfully used the Kempner diet candidly says:

"None of us really can tell why it works. We only know that many cases are helped."

Some other authorities offer explanations involving the kidney function. Because they believe that the kidneys usually are involved to some extent in cases of high blood pressure, they reason that the rice diet does away with harmful substances which adversely affect the kidneys.

One of Dr. Kempner's prize exhibits is a 37-year-old man who took constant sedatives to relieve his dangerously high blood pressure. At New York Hospital, he was told that he had hypertensive vascular disease. Next year, the Neurological Institute of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center reported that his heart had become seriously involved.

At Rockefeller Hospital, the patient tried a new drug, tyrosinase, and finally had such a bad reaction to the drug after ten months of injections that the treatment was halted.

Later, he had an operation at Massachusetts General Hospital, in which the nerves supplying the blood vessels of the abdomen were blocked off. Though some patients experience relief after this type of operation, the young man was in as much discomfort as before.

He finally wound up at Duke University, and for 20 days endured a reducing diet, but this did not affect his blood pressure to any real extent. Next he was placed on the rice diet. In a matter of weeks, his blood pressure descended to normal, and now his reading is 128 over 90 as compared with the dangerous previous reading of 220 over 132.

(Continued on Page 70)
Some actors land in the movies for odd reasons, and "Lassie" is a prize example. This lucky dog, instead of being 42nd cousin of a director, having a smart press agent, or using any of the usual stratagems for launching a film career, became a star through the good graces of an unpaid board bill.

The beginning was dull and unspectacular. At that time Lassie was merely part of a blessed event; the very smallest part, in fact, and inelegantly known as the runt of the litter. He was undersized, and his head was much too wide for show standards—but it was exactly this physical peculiarity that later proved perfect for Technicolor motion picture cameras.

For the first year or two, while his four pedigreed brothers and sisters were being groomed for a life of medals and blue ribbons, the ugly duckling enjoyed himself in his own way, which was chiefly motorcycle chasing. To stop this, his owner took him to the Weatherwax Dog Training School.

Before a week had passed, his owner called to say that the peace and quiet of his home "without that yapping dog," was so pleasant that he didn't want him back, trained or otherwise. He suggested that the Weatherwax boys keep the collie in settlement of the account he owned for the dog's training, which up to that moment was a rifle over ten dollars.

The default came at a propitious time. Rudd Weatherwax had for years been training dogs for film work, as assistant to Rennie Renfro and Henry East, and had just decided to launch a business for himself, aided by his brothers, Frank and Jack. Lassie was the first dog in his kennel.

Lassie was not yet a female impersonator. He was frankly male and known by the unglamorous name of "Pal." Forty other dogs were added to the kennels and, as soon as they were able, began their screen careers. But not Pal. Collies are brushed aside by directors and trainers because they are nearly always too high strung for film work. However, Weatherwax continued training him.

The first phase was basic training: teaching him to sit, lie down, speak only when spoken to, retrieve, and, above all, to be obedient. When the course was concluded, Weatherwax left it at that. He liked the dog, but no one else saw any future in him, so for the next few months Pal was allowed to roam the countryside, chasing squirrels and having a splendid, unproductive time.

As a result of this freedom, his beautiful coat was soon worn thin by underbrush. It was then, as luck would have it, that M-G-M sent out a call
for a collie to play the title role in Eric Knight's famous dog tale, *Lassie Comes Home*.

When Weatherwax presented the bedraggled but nonchalant Pal to the judges, explaining that it was only the dog's exterior that needed a New Look, and that on the inside Pal was smarter than smart, they sneered, "Are you kidding?" and motioned to the door.

“But don't you want to see what Pal can do?” pleaded Weatherwax. To that he got a one-word, two-letter answer.

But a man that can get the results from dumb animals that Weatherwax can is rarely stymied by dumb human beings. He went to work on Pal in earnest. He taught him his famous crawl, his attack, how to open doors, and even how to yawn. Lessons in tricks and stunts alternated with beauty treatments, with several brushings and combings every day, week in, week out. Meanwhile the studio's search for a "Lassie dog" continued from one end of the continent to the other.

Months later, when the studio scouts returned empty-handed to Hollywood, Pal was waiting for them. They took one incredulous look at the handsome creature and almost swooned. This was surely an answer to prayer, if... A quick screen test before the Technicolor cameras settled all the "ifs." Lassie was found!

Yes, Lassie was in, and he has been in ever since, for one starring film followed another from that day forth.

Rudd Weatherwax says Lassie's contract with MGM is an inch thick and so involved that he has never had time to read all of it himself. "All I know," complains Rudd, "is that whenever I plan to do anything with Lassie anywhere away from the studio, I usually find out the contract won't permit it."

Other details from Lassie's contract inform us that his work day is limited to eight hours, but that only four can be spent in actual shooting under the hot studio lights. Neither can he work more than 20 minutes at one time.

At the studio and on location trips he travels in a Pullman compartment, a plane, or his own station wagon. He drinks only bottled spring water, and he naps at regular intervals in his private dressing room. Like two-legged stars, he has a stand-in who takes his place while technicians adjust the lights and prepare the scene; but unlike the human players, he does not have to give autographs or be mauled by over-enthusiastic fans. He does, however, endorse a canine food, and he barks on a radio program every week.

When Lassie's seventh birthday was being celebrated recently, the studio announced that it had secured for him the most comprehensive insurance policy ever written for an actor or actress. The policy covers everything
from possible injury and old age to falling and graying hair, and insures the dog a comfortable living should any sort of accident befall him. Rudd Weatherwax has set up a trust fund for him, assuring Lassie lifelong care no matter what happens to any of the Weatherwaxes or to M-G-M.

According to present indications, Lassie can work for the rest of his life, insofar as his fans are concerned. He heads the canine popularity parade, leading "Daisy," Rennie Renfro's star of the Blondie films and Henry East’s "Asta," featured in the Thin Man series.

Just recently Lassie has had a film story written expressly for him by the distinguished authoress, Marjorie Kin-nan Rawlings. Although written for Lassie, it has already appeared in the Saturday Evening Post under the title of Mountain Prelude. Hollywood being what it is, the screen title will be Sun In The Morning. But by any other title it will be as good, and so—it is safe to say—will Lassie.

Next Question

Young Annie, who was an enthusiastic novice in art, had returned from a trip in the country, bringing many rural canvases. Examining these, a friend made an interesting discovery. Whenever Annie painted cows, she showed them standing in water. She asked the young artist to explain her fondness for this arrangement.

At first Annie sought to evade the question, but when pressed for an answer, wryly explained, "Well, if you must know, I've never learned to paint hooves."

Around midnight the absent-minded professor left his berth for a drink of water, and upon his return, found that he was lost. He appealed to the porter for help.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" the porter asked.
"I'm afraid not," replied the professor.
"Haven't you any idea where it was?" asked the porter.
"Why, yes," the professor brightened, "to be sure. I did notice one time this afternoon that the berth looked out on a little lake."

A house-hunting veteran got off the train at a suburban station, and said to a boy standing near, "Say, I'm looking for Mr. Smith's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"
"Twenty minutes' walk," replied the boy.
"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the veteran. "The ad said five."
"Well," replied the boy, "you kin believe me or you kin believe the ad, whichever you want. But I ain't trying to make no sale."

Two fishing tackle salesmen were comparing notes. The first reached into his sample case and drew forth a gaudy plug, striped, spotted and resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow. The other man eyed it dubiously and said, "Do you sell many of these? I wouldn't think that a bass would go for such a gosh-awful contraption."

"Best plug in the line," said the first man with a grin. "You see, I don't sell 'em to the bass—just to the suckers."
WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR DINNER THIS EVENING?
The frightening fireworks are an evil, but a necessary one.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

It was a sultry summer day in a Massachusetts CCC camp. Suddenly, the skies darkened and lightning played in the heavens. As the boys watched in fascination, a 30,000-ampere bolt struck suddenly at an apple tree, went underground, snaked along the tree roots to a barracks building 30 feet away.

There, the bolt shot along the structure and located an iron bed. It hopped across to another bed, shot to the head, and encountered a camp worker sitting at the window gazing at the storm. The lightning bolt—its energy undiminished—entered the man’s right leg, passed upward through his body, killing him, and jumped from his chest to a metal mess kit on a nearby table.

Leaving the mess kit, the lethal bolt entered a nail, proceeded to a copper window screen and mounted a radio aerial. Finally, the bolt raced along the aerial wire to the captain’s quarters, entered the telephone circuit and played hob with the camp administration building.

One part of the killer from the skies was discharged into the ground. Another part shot out harmlessly through a lightning arrester, and the dazed watchers collapsed in relief.

Yet, if the proper kind of lightning rod system had been installed in the camp, this malignant visitation would have been dissipated harmlessly in the first place.

Today, we’re learning many things about lightning, trapping it with special instruments which record the important characteristics of the bolts. Modern builders can make almost any structure impervious to this electrifying death.

Lightning is the guinea pig at an experimental station on top of the 535-foot high Cathedral of Learning in Pittsburgh, where Westinghouse engineers constantly are learning new facts about this dangerous force.

The most potent stroke ever recorded by the lightning detectives was estimated by engineers to be of 345,000 ampere strength—enough “juice” to light a city of 300,000 homes!

There are two kinds of lightning bolts. One is “cold” lightning, which splits trees and makes an Independence Day sound—furious and short. The other is “hot” lightning. This starts fire, but makes comparatively little noise. Also, scientists at Pittsburgh have discovered that some lightning strikes from the ground upward instead of descending from the sky.
Farmers now protect their lives and their livestock by grounding wire fences. Sad experience has taught the knowing farmer to ground isolated trees, too, for such trees—used as shelters by cattle during a storm—in-vite destruction from the skies.

If an electrical storm whips up, you’ll find greater safety if you forego sitting on a radiator, monkeying with the stove, or taking your bath. And if you have a fireplace, avoid it like the plague. For lightning likes to sneak down a chimney and the resultant “sideflashming” when it emerges in your fireplace can kill you if you’re nearby.

One woman was cooking supper when lightning paid a surprise visit to her kitchen. Luckily, in her yard was a pipe which a power crew had driven into the ground. The gruesome visitor danced along the window ledge, hopped onto a maze of tree roots between the house and the pipe, wiggled along the roots to the metal pipe 155 feet away. After the bolt had discharged itself harmlessly into the ground, awed neighbors investigated and discovered that the bolt had plowed a ditch 4 feet deep and 18 inches wide in its hurry to reach the pipe!

If you think that lightning doesn’t strike twice in the same place, you’re wrong. The Empire State Building in New York City, for example, is hit by lightning around 20 times yearly. In one year, more than 40 direct hits were counted. But people inside the nation’s tallest building don’t mind these frequent visits. The huge mound of stone, plus the framework of steel, actually is a gigantic lightning rod which also protects all other structures in the vicinity.

A golfer recently was electrocuted by a bolt on the fairway of a New Jersey golf course. His friends were griefed—and amazed. For 25 years before, the same man had narrowly missed being killed by a bolt on the same fairway, three feet from where he finally met death!

And in Newman, Georgia, lightning tore loose a plank from the house of one Ralph Potts. Five years later, a second bolt snatched the same plank completely off the Potts home.

Your chance of being struck by lightning is three times greater than normal if you live in New Mexico, Arizona, Georgia or Mississippi, according to insurance companies which keep a record of such violent deaths. Ten out of every million persons may expect to die from lightning in those states each year.

In the United States as a whole, around 2,000 individuals are killed or injured by lightning each year. July and August are the worst lightning months: the majority of deaths always are recorded in their 62-day span.

Many old wives’ tales are based on the subject of lightning. Rumor to the contrary, you can use your phone during an electrical storm, for the telephone utilities now use protective
gimmicks which virtually insure safety from shock during a storm.

You can also keep your radio blaring during a storm—if your aerial is properly grounded. And you can keep your windows open, too, according to Dr. Gilbert McCann, nationally known lightning expert.

For generations, farmers have believed it necessary to remove their cattle from barns during an electric storm because of an erroneous notion that the animals' warm bodies attract the lightning shafts. That's all wrong, say the experts. So is the rural belief that milking a cow during an electric storm will turn the milk sour.

But don't curse lightning as an unmitigated evil. Actually, it performs a useful service, and life on this earth couldn't survive without the terrible but beneficial bolts.

The bolt leaping through space at 60 million miles an hour releases nitrogen from the air. In the form of nitric acid, the nitrogen enters raindrops and nourishes the farm lands of the world. Experts say that more than 100 million tons of nitric acid are produced by lightning each year. The world's factories couldn't produce a fraction of that amount.

So, the next time blinding bolts flash in the sky, keep your distance, be respectful, and keep your fingers crossed. Lightning is necessary, but not in the parlor!

**Slow Down for Death!**

ABOUT the grimmest joke that was ever played on a country's joy-riders sprang from the brain of a Venezuelan dictator not many years ago.

Flush with huge oil profits, President Juan Gomez started a great road-building program for his country. The leading Venezuelan engineers were sent to Europe and the United States to learn the most modern methods of highway construction.

Once the big project got under way, even American consultants had to marvel at the way the Andean dictator pushed his plan through. Mile after mile of fine concrete pavement was laid after the foundation had been blasted from the face of the cliffs.

Then there was a serious awakening. When the new roads were finished, slap-happy motorists remembered too late that, on a mountainous curve, there was nothing to prevent a car from going off the road in a sheer plunge of hundreds of feet.

Accidents became so common that something had to be done to bring drivers to their senses. At first a mild hint was tried. At the scene of the latest fatalities, little wooden crosses were planted beside the highway.

However, even this reminder did not seem to strike home. Then President Gomez had an inspiration. Acting promptly, he put an army of masons to work on the most dangerous turns. The traveling public, growing curious, soon noticed that all those men were making oblong concrete forms to replace the old wooden barriers.

Came the day at last when the wooden frameworks were torn away. What the drivers saw then made them exclaim in horror—and slow down.

_Every one of those new concrete barriers was the veritable replica of a coffin, even to the decorative fringe around the lid!_—JAMES ALDREDGE.
THE apes on the Rock of Gibraltar are living the life of Riley again—much to the pleasure of sight-seers traveling through the historical strait, and to the complete satisfaction of the British soldiers stationed there.

The apes are looked upon as symbols of steadfastness on a stronghold which itself has become synonymous with solidity.

Even slightly annoy one of these apes and you'll find yourself facing serious charges. They're looked after in a devoted, almost worshipful, manner by the soldiers.

Closely related to baboons, the yellowish-brown apes are the size of medium-sized dogs. They have long square snouts and no tails. Terrestrial animals, they are natives of the Barbary Coast. Their original home was on the rocky mountain, Jebel Musa, on the African side of the Strait of Gibraltar. Nobody seems to know for sure when they came to the rock, but apparently it was centuries ago—and they came in droves.

The Spanish say, "The British will leave when the apes do." It's an old saying, and while there's no military basis for it, no chances have been taken. Twice the ape population has been increased secretly by the British. The first importation was in 1740, the second in 1930. Both times, the number of animals was dwindling to the point of extinction.

The British have good reasons for perpetuating the apes.

One reason dates back almost two centuries, when the Spanish attempted to take the Rock of Gibraltar. A sentinel had fallen asleep at his post. Spanish troops were moving stealthily toward him. Suddenly, while foraging for food, one of the apes upset a pot of beans. The sentinel was instantly aroused, saw the danger, sounded the alarm, and the invaders were beaten off.

Then there was a later occasion when the Spanish attempted to lay siege to Gibraltar by digging underground passages into the stronghold, planning to blow up the British headquarters. For weeks they carried on this tedious work, and military records show they were well on the way to success. Their plan was upset by an ape.

This particular ape held his ear close to a drum one night and listened intently. The soldiers were puzzled by the action, and it became a case of "monkey see, monkey do" in reverse, because then the soldiers put their ears to drums and listened. What they heard in the sensitive drumheads were the vibrations of digging.

Immediate investigation revealed the Spanish encroachment, and counter-mines were set off, blasting out the invaders again.

With those two incidences still being recounted by the soldiers who guard Gibraltar, it's not difficult to understand why the military sent up a howl in 1941 when all animals on the rock were ordered killed as an emergency war measure. Consequently, the order was altered. All animals—except the apes of Gibraltar—were destroyed.

So, the apes survived the war—and they've got the run of the place again.—Barney Schwartz.

"Have you put the cat out?" she asked.
"No," was the sleepy reply, "I didn't even know it was on fire."

"I dearly love veterans," said the first old maid.
"That's what you say after every war," answered the second.

"Well, I never!" blurted out a mother entering a dark room unexpectedly.
"But, mother, you must have," came daughter's voice from the shadows.
LONGEST Day of the Year

by RICHARD E. GLENDINNING

There is a tide in the affairs of man, as Hunter was forced to confess.

"WELL, it's working into spring again," Hunter said, turning from the window which overlooked the avenue, "and I'm a little sorry to see it. It means I'll have to be doing something about my height."

Hunter was one of the club's dullest conversationalists but there was no one else to talk to in the reading room and I had grown weary of watching the pretty girls who passed the window. "Your height, you were saying?"

"Yes, Smithfield, my height." He sank into the leather chair next to mine. "It has something to do with spring and summer. As the days grow longer, I grow shorter."

"Same thing happens every year, suppose?"

"I never paid much attention to it until about five years ago."

"Stand up and let's have a look at you." He stood in front of me and I studied him carefully. He looked the same as always to me. Hunter never had worn a cutaway with any particular flair and it always seemed a bit baggy. "I don't notice anything."

He sat down again. "It's too early in the season. In any case, it's a rather subtle thing. Even my best friends don't see it. My wife doesn't, either."

I remained silent for a moment, listening to the scrape of a checker moved slowly across a board in the game room. "How does this thing affect you?"

"I don't feel anything, if that's what you mean, but it's a bother. Suits and shirts, you know. They get a little floppy."

"And during the fall and winter?"

"Nothing to worry about then," Hunter assured me. "I'm the same height as I would expect. But spring and summer are unnerving. I tell you, Smithfield, I don't know which way to turn!"

"How much do you lose, generally speaking?"

"Only the smallest part of an inch each day. I suppose that on the longest day of the year I haven't lost more than an inch all told. But that's something to reckon with, let me tell you."

"At our age," I said, knowing full well that Hunter was at least three years my senior, "a man can ill afford to lose an inch."

"The first time it came to my attention, it was too late to do anything about it."

"Too late?"

"Rather. The days had reached their turning point and were already growing shorter. By the time I got around to seeing my doctor—you know how a man of 65 keeps putting it off—I was practically my normal height."

"I gather he prescribed something. I mean, doctors usually do."
"Platform shoes," Hunter said. "That was five years ago. I've been to several doctors since then. All of them prescribed the same thing."

"Have you engaged the services of a competent psychiatrist?"

"Last year—at my wife's suggestion. I must say, his diagnosis made a good deal of sense."

"Something in your youth?" I murmured. "A complex, perhaps?"

"Really, Smithfield!" Hunter said with more curtness than one usually hears in the club. "Let's not be snide. I attach considerable importance to this loss of height."

Rebuked thoroughly, I colored somewhat. Still, I managed to say, "Forgive me. But the psychiatrist—?"

"He said I was geared to the moon. Like the tide, you know. A certain seasonal rise and fall. I don't profess to understand it, but the evidence is conclusive."

The explanation was so ridiculously simple that I lost all interest in the conversation. I found an excuse to leave Hunter. At the door, I glanced back. He was standing somberly at the window, his face a mask of deep melancholy. It seemed to me that he was taking this much too hard. It wasn't as if his loss of height were permanent. I made up my mind to keep a watchful eye on him. To the best of my knowledge, no one in the club had ever had quite the same complaint as his, and I was afraid he would bother the others with his troubles. As Chairman of the House Committee, I couldn't permit that.

A few weeks passed before Hunter made another appearance at the club. Then, one sunny afternoon, he stopped at my chair. The date was the twenty-first of June.

"Do you have a few moments, Smithfield?" he asked.

I looked him over carefully. He seemed as always. "Of course," I said. "How is your height?"

"Do you notice anything?"

"I can't say that I do."

"But it's gone," he said. "An inch is gone. I tell you, I'll be glad when this day is over! It's the longest day of the year, you know. Today, I'm at my shortest. Tomorrow, I hope to start back to where I belong."

"Who's to say where you belong? Perhaps you have no normal height."

"Don't tell me that!" he cried, gripping my arm.

"Steady, Hunter. Steady does it."

"But suppose something went wrong?"

"What could go wrong? Tomorrow will see you through it."

He shook his head ruefully. "Take 1947, for example. That year, I got through the twenty-first, all right, and I counted on growing the next day—but if anything, I got a little shorter. You see, I had forgotten that in the year preceding a leap year, the longest day is the twenty-second, not the twenty-first. I had to wait a day."

"But," I reminded him, "you're safe this year."

"Let's hope so, Smithfield, but I'm like the tide. All kinds of things affect the tide. Severe storms are an influence—and, Smithfield, storm warnings went up all along the coast today!"

"It won't last long. A few days at most."
He laughed bitterly. "How will those few days affect me? How much height can I afford to lose while waiting for the turning point before I become—I might as well face it—ridiculous?"

"Hunter," I said tartly, "you're making a mountain of a molehill."

"It's easy enough for you to say that!" he exclaimed. "This thing isn't happening to you!"

"No need to be boorish about it," I snapped. I got up and left him.

The more I thought about Hunter, the more convinced I was that he was not the kind of man we wanted in the club. Our members were mature men of some substance; but Hunter, despite his success in the financial world, was a baby who whined continually about a problem which was, after all, only temporary.

Consequently, I went to the Chairman of the Membership Committee. "This man Hunter," I said, "isn't quite up to snuff. He lacks backbone."

"I've had other reports," he said. "I intend to bring it up at our next meeting."

"Splendid," I said. "I don't mean to rush you but—"

As it turned out, no action by the Membership Committee was needed. Hunter resigned of his own accord three days later, during a raging storm which was lashing the coast and showed no promise of letting up. Actually, however, he tendered his resignation because of an unpleasant incident in the game room.

The incident began when the Oldest Member demanded to know why Hunter had removed his shoes, despite a strict rule against removing shoes on the lower floors of the club. Hunter denied that he had removed his shoes. The Oldest Member insisted that Hunter had removed his shoes and that, in fact, his shoes were still off. Hunter protested vehemently.

"How, then," the Oldest Member asked, "do you account for the fact that you are much shorter than usual?"

"It's this damned storm," Hunter replied gruffly.

"Come now," said the Oldest Member. "That's a bit thick!"

"But look," Hunter pleaded. "If you will only look, you'll see that my shoes are on my feet!"

The Oldest Member looked. Hunter was indeed wearing his shoes. But an amicable settlement of the dispute was out of the question, and Hunter tendered a resignation which was accepted immediately. Hunter then plunged out into the howling, furious storm. The wild winds and rains continued for six days and Hunter has not been heard from since. I assume he must have regained his height by fall, or I would have read something about him in the Times.

Though Hunter was never a particular friend of mine, I think of him frequently, especially at this season of the year. Spring is coming around once again and the days are growing longer. I find myself curious to know the name of Hunter's psychiatrist. My cutaway doesn't fit me nearly as well as it did last month.

A theory is a hunch with a college education.
Tom Collins Says . . .

The average citizen frowns upon profanity in public places, but loves it in a best-selling novel.

Give a woman enough rope and she’ll want the pearls on it to be perfectly matched.

The average man: 42 around the chest, 42 around the waist, 96 around the course, and a nuisance around the house.

A radical is a man who wants $10 more a week. A conservative is a man who wants $100,000 more a year.

It’s only natural for older people to be quiet. They have a lot more to be quiet about.

Money still talks, but with the dollar so devaluated, it no longer talks common cents.

Women may not always keep their agreements, but they always keep their compacts.

Motorist: A person who, after seeing a wreck, drives carefully for several blocks.

A man with a wonderful vocabulary is one who can describe a shapely girl without using his hands.

A committee is a group that keeps minutes but wastes hours.

Firmness is an admirable quality in ourselves and pure stubbornness in other people.

A hobby is something you go goofy over to keep from going nuts over things in general.

An infant prodigy is a small child with highly imaginative parents.

Golf is about the only thing that depreciates above par.

A man’s horse sense always flees him when he is feeling his oats.

Beauty on the Sands of Time

What better way to start any year than with Swing’s center-lovely for January? The lady is Esther Williams, as she appeared in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s On An Island With You.
1. Plans for the 1949 baseball season are discussed by Bill Skiff, new manager of the Kansas City Blues, in a WHB sports interview.

2. Sparkling Terry Moore, Paramount movie starlet, poses before a picture of the new 10,000-watt WHB transmitter, following a broadcast on which she presented dramatic excerpts from several movies.

3. Temporarily angelic, members of the Kansas City Boys' Club carol Silent Night, Holy Night for a special Christmas broadcast.
...presenting HERBERT H. WILSON
Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

IN this season of good resolutions, as dreams are built and graphs projected for the new year, the busiest planner in Kansas City is Herbert Wilson, a graying, bespectacled and immaculately groomed merchandising expert recently selected to guide the destinies of the Chamber of Commerce throughout 1949.

At 56, Wilson is a wiry fishing enthusiast who loves the out-of-doors but lives in a penthouse atop a cooperatively owned apartment, spending 48 to 50 weeks of every year in the purely urban activities which accompany directors' meetings, charity campaigns, and the operation of a large retail business.

His retail career has been self-made and successful. It began 44 years ago in a St. Louis grocery store and butcher shop where Herb worked after school and on Saturdays. Chickens were the first items he ever prepared for the consumer public. Each Friday evening he killed, plucked and cleaned them, readying them for the Saturday rush and the Sunday dinner. Even now, he instinctively remembers Friday as “chicken killing night.”

Wilson was born in Hillsboro, Missouri, the son of a newspaper editor. His family moved to St. Louis and later, in 1906, to Los Angeles. On the West Coast, all of the Wilson boys became newspapermen or printers. All but Herb. He enrolled in night school and got a daytime job delivering packages for a department store called Ville de Paris. He soon was promoted to stock boy, and in succession became receiving clerk, shipping clerk, salesman, window trimmer. He was advertising manager, then a buyer, then merchandising manager, and, finally, general merchandising manager and executive vice president of the Dyas Company. In this capacity he supervised the operation of two large retail stores and an apparel factory producing outer garments for both men and women. His rise from deliveryman to vice president took exactly 16 years.

Clothes design claimed much of Wilson’s attention at the Dyas Company. The divided skirt worn by horsewomen before the advent of riding breeches was his creation, and he fathered the boxer style undershort now worn by men. The shorts began as elastic-topped gym trunks, but their popularity eventually merited adaptation to more general wear.

Although Mr. Wilson has a slight New York accent, he has lived half his life in Missouri, the other half being divided among California, Washington and seven trips to Europe.

In the sunshine state, where he lived and worked for 25 years, Wilson found much to admire. He occasion-
ally drove all night to reach Lake Arrowhead in time for morning fishing, and sometimes traveled by horse and pack mule to more remote angling meccas. He belonged to the Sierra Club, a hiking group which conducted frequent excursions up Mt. Wilson and Old Baldy. Appropriately, the club headquartered at a lodge accessible only to foot travelers hardy enough to walk seven miles from the nearest transportation.

It was the tendency of Californians to brag, however, which most impressed Herbert Wilson. “The people of California are less inhibited than other Americans,” he says, “except maybe for Texans, and I think we can learn a lesson from them.

“They’re promoters, talking constantly about the virtues of California products, California climate—everything that is California.

“Here in Kansas City, we have a great deal of which to be proud. Personally, I think we had better start talking Kansas City. We’d better start right now!”

From his merchandising experience, Wilson has evolved a program designed to “sell” Kansas City; first, to itself, then to the nation. He calls it “Kansas City on Parade.”

It is Mr. Wilson’s theory that the industries are the economic backbone of the community. He plans to have a competent speaker discuss one basic Kansas City industry at each weekly Chamber of Commerce luncheon during 1949. The speech will be supplemented by a booklet setting forth salient facts and statistics.

“Do you know,” Wilson asked the Chamber last month, “that we have more than 35 paint manufacturers here in Kansas City? That we have more than 100 separate dealers in live stock? That we have more than 20 meat packing plants? That there are 40 or more store fixture manufacturers here? That we have a women's apparel industry that ranks among the top ten in volume in the United States? That we have an industry making men’s and boys’ work clothing, underwear, ties and shirts that does a volume in the millions each year? These are just a few, because we also have our steel industry, the metal working industry, the railroads, chemicals, coal, automotive and lumber dealers, insurance, real estate and many, many more.”

Mr. Wilson hopes the “Kansas City on Parade” program will accomplish two things: that it will serve to build a spirit of community pride by spotlighting valuable industries and the numerous advantages of the Kansas City area; and that it will rally local industries to the support of the Chamber.

Attainment of these objectives will provide not only the information but the money necessary to advertise Kansas City to the nation.

“It’s a matter of pay rolls,” Wilson says. “The more new industries we
can attract, the more prosperous our trade territory will become."

The venture isn't a new one to Wilson. On a slightly smaller scale, he has conducted similar campaigns in both Los Angeles and Kansas City, although he has always been reticent in accepting credit for them.

"To hell with credit," he says. "On something like this, we all benefit. The important thing is getting the job done. I find I can usually accomplish more by letting someone else get the glory."

Herbert Wilson came to Kansas City in 1935 from Seattle, where he was president and general manager of the McDougall-Southwick Company, president of the Washington State Retailers Association, vice president of the Seattle Credit Bureau, and vice president of the Seattle Shopping News.

He has been called by Jim Jackson, featured columnist for the Kansas City Star, a "clean-desk executive," because his office is simple to the point of severity, and completely uncluttered. No papers litter the workspace, yet every report, letter, file or breakdown is miraculously and immediately available.

In this almost austere setting, Mr. Wilson performs with quiet efficiency his role as president of Emery, Bird, Thayer's, Kansas City's oldest department store. It is his aim to preserve the reputation for integrity which the firm has built up over the past 85 years, and to that end he recently conducted a whirlwind campaign against the practice of using comparative prices in retail advertising. EBT is doing nicely, maintaining a sales record higher than that of a year ago and consistently higher than the area average. Since Mr. Wilson's assumption of the presidency, six of the store's seven floors have been remodeled completely.

Employee-relations are a point of particular pride with Wilson. EBT has a bonus system and the usual employee benefits, but Wilson urges his store executives to take an interest in the employees as individuals. He sets an example, and it is not uncommon to see him playing cards with salespeople in the company cafeteria or rooting for the deliverymen's bowling team.

Not long ago, a store roster was submitted for his approval. "What's my name doing at the top?" he asked. "Put the executives at the bottom of this thing and get the salespeople at the top where they belong. They make it possible for the rest of us to be here."

Wilson crowds an incredible number of civic activities into every day, and has devoted much time to community affairs in the past 13 years.

He was one of the earliest and hardest-working promoters of the Kansas City Merchandise Mart, which was established in 1945. He served two terms as its president, and is now chairman of the board.
In 1946 and 1947, Wilson was president of the Merchant's Association of Kansas City. He is now a director of the Merchant’s Association, Philharmonic Association, Community Chest, Red Cross, and Kansas City Conservatory of Music.

Last year, civic leaders asked Wilson if he would act as general chairman of the American Red Cross fund-raising campaign in Jackson County, with a quota set at $413,000. He said yes, and a few weeks later turned over contributions totaling $508,000.

Wilson is a member of the board of governors of the Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design, and holds a similar position in the American Royal Association. He has been a tireless worker on almost all phases of the annual American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

To his other activities, Wilson has added Boy Scouting. Upon his election as vice president of the Kansas City Council of the Boy Scouts of America, someone remarked to him, “You have no sons, how come you’re interested in boys?”


Mrs. Wilson is nearly as busy as her husband. She is an enthusiastic patron of the Philharmonic, and serves as chairman of the art committee and a director of the Woman’s City Club. Her project for 1949 is to coax her husband onto a horse, a feat which has stumped experts these past few years.

The Wilsons share a love of sports. Last summer they golfed for one solid week and fished for two. Every year they spend at least two weeks in Minnesota.

“Rozine’s trouble,” says Mr. Wilson, “is that she is too enthusiastic. When we fish, we’re out in the boat before sun-up and back after dark. She just won’t quit.”

Mr. Wilson has one daughter, Mrs. Gladys Heerhold, a graduate of Kansas City’s Westport High School and the University of Missouri. He has two granddaughters.

Because of the press of their self-assigned civic duties, the Wilsons have little leisure time, but Herbert Wilson likes to spend what slack moments he does have with friends at the Kansas City Club or the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch. No one special, just friends. “I don’t have any particular friends,” he says. “When I go out, I’m not with anybody. I’m with everybody.”

That same attitude, applied to nationwide Kansas City promotion, may bring interesting results in 1949.

The Reason Why

SENIOR and Junior both patronized the same restaurant. Junior was a big tipper; Senior wasn’t.

“Why is it,” inquired a waiter, after receiving the customary dime from Senior one evening, “that your son always gives me a tip 50 times larger than you do?”

“He can afford to,” snapped Senior. “He has a wealthy father. I haven’t.”
The auto of ancient vintage, bearing Georgia license plates, moved over the bridge that spans the Potomac River between Dahlgren, Virginia, and Newburg, Maryland. It came to a halt at the toll gate on the Maryland side. A smartly uniformed young woman stepped out of the box-like booth at the gate and extended a hand toward the driver of the car.

"Gee, Sister," said the motorist, after a fruitless search of his pockets, "I've used up all my cash. But I can write a check." The last hopefully.

"Sorry," said the attendant, and her manner indicated the story was not new.

"What am I going to do?" asked the nonplussed driver.

Patiently the toll-collector explained. "Since you have no money, you have a choice. You can turn around and go back, or you can let us have something as collateral for your toll. The State of Maryland insists upon being paid for each crossing here, and my job is to collect, one way or another. There isn't anything else I can do about it."

The autoist searched his pockets. He found nothing. He opened the glove compartment of the car and drew out a long, three-celled flashlight. "Will this do?" he asked.

"If it works," replied the polite lady attendant.

It did. The flashlight changed hands. The woman wrote the name and address of the motorist on a tag and tied the tag to the flashlight. "You can come back and redeem this in person," she advised, "or you can mail us the amount of your toll and we'll ship the light to you." She pencilled a receipt, gave it to the Georgian, and he went happily on his way.

The comely toll-collector, one of three women who work the job in shifts, turned the searchlight over to Bridge Superintendent Elwood Schafer. He opened his office safe to deposit it along with a goodly store of other flashlights, fountain pens, rings, watches, and other bits of jewelry left by motorists who had reached the toll gate as unprepared as the driver of the Georgia-tagged Ford.

"It happens with surprising frequency," says the bridge superintendent. "You should see the storage room behind my office."

The storage room looks like a cross between an old-fashioned country store and a big-city pawnshop. Its
shelves are stocked with jacks, hand-pumps, tire chains, spare tires and other automobile accessories. There are several radios, and there's a heater left by a desperate motorist who had nothing else to offer. "But," he'd said, "I'm going South, so I'll have no use for this."

There are a pair of ice skates and a good plaid overcoat and, says Schafer, "Back in the office safe I have a wedding ring left by a woman driver. Apparently she prized the accessories on her car more than she did the ring."

All the articles are of the past year's accumulation. At the end of each year the material that has not been redeemed by the impecunious motorists who have deposited it, is offered for sale either privately or at public auction. Meanwhile, any of the motorists may redeem his property by forwarding toll charges to Mr. Schafer, who then ships the collateral back to the claimant.

"We manage to get our money out of the collateral all right," states the superintendent. "Sometimes we make a profit, which goes to the State, of course."

"It all began some years ago," he relates, "when we were unable to change a large bill for a motorist, and we accepted his spare tire to be held until he could return with the change to pay his toll." This situation still exists, for by regulation the toll-collectors can neither change any bill larger than $20 nor cash a check of any kind. If a driver proffers a bill above the $20, or offers to write a check, he is invited to leave his collateral just as is the unfortunate who hasn't the money to pay. However, if such autoist is not traveling alone, he is permitted to leave a traveling companion behind to wait while he drives on to the nearest inn or store to get change. Many times, wives have remained at the toll station in order to assure the return of husband-drivers who have gone ahead for cash. It is on record that such collateral has never gone unredeemed.

Superintendent Schafer doesn't know what course he would take if left with such a live pledge. He doesn't even want to think about it. "There are enough problems as it is," he says, "without borrowing trouble. I guess, though, that we've been lucky up until now. So far, we've never had a piece of collateral that had to be fed."

It's a Nutty Problem

The Navajo and Hopi Indians of Arizona are experiencing a nutty supply-and-demand situation.

They're receiving 25 cents a pound for the nuts of the pinon pine, and that's 250 per cent higher than the pre-war price. But even so, they're earning less take-home money. The new price would be enjoyed if some condition in the spring of 1947 hadn't affected the 1948 nut crop and made it the lightest on record.

The Indians are compelled to take six times as long to gather up a pound, all of which prompts them to explode with a word just as famous in Arizona as it was at Bastogne—"Nuts."
C. RAY TERRELL, a debonair professional magician, was performing a card vanishing routine before a group of government officials in Washington. A card picked by a spectator disappeared from the pack after having been returned to it. Terrell approached an amused, dapper-looking gentleman standing a dozen feet away from him and quickly reached inside his coat and extracted the evanescent pasteboard. The audience applauded generously as Terrell bowed away and backed into the arms of a perspiring stalwart who muttered:

"Say, that was the closest anyone ever got to the president without our moving in! Suppose there was an assassin in your place?"

For Ray Terrell had plucked the missing card from the pocket of Harry Truman, and the worried bodyguard assigned by the Secret Service to protect the Chief Executive had his gun ready every moment from behind the stage curtains.

Which demonstrates the chances presidents sometimes take when they invite mystifying characters to the White House. Nevertheless, since George Washington’s day a long line of magicians has been welcomed to the presidential headquarters.

A typical reaction was expressed in Franklin D. Roosevelt’s day. The late president loved professional entertainment and regularly amused his friends at the White House with Broadway talent. Among his favorites were Orson Welles and Chester Morris, both well known for their histrionic accomplishments but slightly less known, outside of magic circles, as accomplished amateur magicians.

During one Easter celebration in the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, during the unhappy period of the Blue Eagle and halting recovery, Milbourne Christopher was stopped at the White House gate by a guard who requested his credentials. Christopher plucked a silver dollar from behind the stern fellow’s ear and announced, “I am Christopher—the magician!”

“At last,” said the attendant. Then he whispered to Christopher, “At this moment, what Washington needs most is a magician!”

There have been many times before and since when it seemed that only a magician could guide the presidential hand out of the morass of political and economic strife. Surely Mr. Truman must have considered a Merlin or two during the recent rash of reconversion-crippling strikes.

There is something about the deceptive art of magic that relieves the tension of pressing state affairs to a
greater extent than music, dancing or other live entertainment. The psychology has its roots centuries back, when rulers of ancient and war-torn empires regularly employed conjurors in their courts, many of them assuming the importance of prime ministers. Presidents and kings are apparently in tune with the common herd in believing that it is fun to be fooled, which accounts for the string of professional misleaders who have amused presidents.

The practice of magic has even invaded Congress. The Honorable Fritz Lanham of Texas is a dyed-in-the-wool-over-your-eyes necromancer who is a big light in the Society of American Magicians, which recently convened in the shadow of the White House. Mr. Lanham habitually amazes his Congressional cohorts with well-planned trickery, and was the star of the last Washington Press Correspondents Dinner at the National Press Club, attended by government bigwigs and all degrees of brass from the military units.

Mr. Lanham says his most appreciative critic was the late, taciturn Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge invited Lanham on a cruise on the yacht "Mayflower." The first evening out, Lanham whipped out a trio of rubber rabbits in the salon and made them multiply before the dead-panned president’s eyes. Slowly, like cement cracking from a house-wrecker’s wedge, a smile broke out on the Coolidge face and stayed put while Lanham went through his entire repertoire.

Seeking the origin of magicians who have amused presidential timber, we go back to 1756, two decades before the Declaration of Independence was conceived. New York City was astir over a strange exhibit—the "Microcosm," a tinny ancestor of the robot which moved about and behaved in a somewhat human manner.

"Automata," as such exhibits were called, represented the highest development of magician’s ingenuity at that time. One of the spectators at the exhibit was a Virginian named George Washington, whose personal diary reveals that he took time out from a trip to Boston to treat a party of six friends to Ye Microcosm.

In 1767, before he became our first president and before the White House was built, Washington summoned an itinerant conjuror to Mount Vernon to entertain his guests for a fee of one pound, thirteen shillings and ninepence, or approximately eight dollars in today’s currency. Now, an ace performer like Cardini, Russell Swann, Bert Allerton or Jimmy Grippo demands $250 to $1000 for a one-night stand.

Joseph Decker was the first mystifier to be identified by name as the "Purveyor of Prestidigitation to the President." He actually billed himself as the "Proprietor of the Speaking Figure," a combination of Charlie McCarthy and mind reader Joe Dun-
It was a lifelike bust suspended between a pair of slanted ribbons in a sort of half-domed temple, and it answered questions put to it by spectators.

This illusion, which remained unsolved for a long time, depended upon a hollow tube that ran inside one of the ribbons. In another room, an assistant who could hear the questions gave the proper answers through a mouthpiece connected to the tube, and the audience was deluded into thinking the image itself spoke.

Decker's exhibit had a five-year heyday in New York, where Congress met, and it was attended by many notables of the era, including two future presidents — John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

For a half-dozen administrations after Jefferson, apparently there was a dearth of magicians worthy of appearance in Washington. In that period, too, presidents were beset by the overpowering problems of shaping our country into a workable union, and had little time for deceptive diversions. Perhaps a little hokum applied at the right moment might have saved many an administrative headache in those days.

Wizards of sorts, however, roamed the land, selling their wares to a beguiled populace. The public became very much acquainted with the ways of wizards, and when Martin Van Buren won the presidential chair, he was dubbed "The Little Magician," because of his diminutive size and political astuteness.

At a general gathering before Van Buren, one Captain Cobb had the occasion to introduce a very dignified stranger to the tiny president. After they had shaken hands, Cobb turned to Van Buren and said, "I wanted the Little Magician to meet the Great Magician."

The Great Magician was Signor Antonio Blitz, who imported his big magic show from Italy, giving Americans their first view of staged witchery. Accustomed to appearing before the crowned heads of Europe and building his business by advertising that fact, Blitz capitalized on his casual meeting with Van Buren. The president thereafter attended Blitz's performances regularly, enhancing his prestige considerably.

Then a rival to Blitz sprang up, a young American named John Wyman, Jr., who billed himself as Wyman the Wizard. He claimed that as a boy magician he had antedated Blitz's introduction to Van Buren by many years. A hot race for White House favoritism between the two magicians livened the period of heavy presidential turnover during which we had eight incumbents during sixteen years.

Blitz solidified his position in Washington during the term of John Tyler, and ingratiated himself among cabinet members as well. Figuring the Tyler administration would be short-lived, he curried the favor of other aspirants to his seat, among them Henry Clay. At one time Clay proposed to Blitz that the Signor come to the Senate gallery and by means of ventriloquism cause certain Democrats to vote against their own measures when their names were called. Can you imagine the consternation today if a secreted Charlie McCarthy caused Senator
Rankin to vote against the poll-tax or Senator Wagner from New York to champion an anti-labor bill?

Blitz, of course, never staged the gag suggested by Clay. He fraternized regularly with senators and cabinet members, however, and eventually had a peculiar interview with Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State.

As he entered Webster’s office, the great orator spread his arm across the state documents on his desk, with the admonition, “No hocus-pocus, Signor.”

To which Blitz responded that he had actually tricked himself, because he had entered Webster’s office by mistake while seeking the Secretary of the Treasury.


“I’d like to count the treasury notes,” replied Blitz. “You might give me 100,000 dollars to count, and watch closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them.”

“There is no chance, Signor,” Webster declared. “There are better magicians here than you, for there would not be 50,000 left after they counted them!”

In his memoirs, Blitz commented on this incident.

“Learning from such an authentic source,” he wrote, “that there were more capable conjurers in the employ of the government, I retired, without further urging my claim.”

The cabinet went out, including Webster, when James Polk was elected president, and Signor Blitz faded temporarily from the national scene. A newcomer from Germany captured the limelight, one Alexander Heimburger, who called himself Herr Alexander. He intrigued Polk so much that he was commanded to give a series of performances sponsored by the president.

Alexander became so friendly with Polk that when he left the country in 1847, with letters from Polk to the King of Brazil and other South American rulers, he was thought to be a secret international ambassador of good will. His trip took on added significance because he made it during the Mexican War, when Latin America was concerned about the United States’ attitude toward imperialism. There was strong talk in diplomatic circles that Polk had chosen a magician for the mission because no one could keep a secret or conceal documents better than a magician.

Alexander received further acclaim when he deceived Samuel B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph and the great thinker of the day. Alexander showed Morse a remarkable “Spirit Bell” which rang at command, while resting on an ornamental box. Morse was sure that only an electrical hook-up could accomplish this, but he failed to locate it. The secret was a trained bird inside the box which would jump from its perch at the proper word from Alexander, and spring a secret catch that made the bell strike.

When the Polk administration ended in 1848, Signor Blitz reappeared in Washington at the inaugural of General Taylor. It happened that Blitz, during one of his slow tours by canal boat, had become friendly with Millard Fillmore, Taylor’s vice president. Fillmore inherited the pres-
idency when Taylor died after a year in office. The headquarters of the president then became a veritable open house for magicians.

Blitz was always welcome, but his pet illusions, "The Learned Canary Birds," "Incomprehensible Snuff Box," and "Dance of Six Dinner Plates," appealed more to juvenile minds than to austere governmental audiences. Other magicians were invited, and the ubiquitous Professor Wyman came to the White House to deliver his topper. Wyman cornered Fillmore and his cabinet in the East Room of the Presidential Mansion and showed them the sensational "Inexhaustible Bottle" from which he poured any liquor called for by the audience. A popular print of the period depicts the cabinet members gayly refilling from Wyman's wonderful bottomless bottle, the progenitor of the "Magic Bar" shown by magicians today.

This type of sorcery may have injured magic's popularity at the White House for a while, because it waned for the remainder of Fillmore's term. Wyman came back again during Lincoln's term, and became the wartime wizard of the White House, making four appearances during the Civil War. Wyman whimsically advertised that he was the only magician using no Confederates. To borrow a phrase
from Senator Claghorn, that’s a joke, son.

The most renowned magician to appear in White House circles in the ensuing four decades was Herrmann the Great, the standout of all time. Herrmann, notably deft at skilful sleights-of-hand, scored an appropriate triumph by producing a succession of cigars from President Grant’s whiskers.

Magic hit its heyday when Teddy Roosevelt took over the helm. It had graduated to full-size stage productions, and for an illusionist like the Great Kellar to set up such magnificent presentations as his “Blue Room,” and the “Floating Lady,” in the White House would have required greater powers than even a magician possesses. Teddy Roosevelt had to take his family to the theatre instead, and Kellar used to invite the boys up on the stage to assist in his tricks.

Quentin Roosevelt enjoyed the contact with hocus-pocus immensely, and when Thurston succeeded Kellar, Quentin offered to help out in his act. Once Quentin pulled a typical Rooseveltian gag which left the great Thurston nonplussed.

A favorite comedy stunt of Thurston’s was to take a dozen or so eggs from a derby hat, pass them to a little girl who in turn handed them to a boy from the audience. The boy’s arms soon became loaded with hen-fruit and he was unable to hold more. The eggs plopped messily on the stage at an increasing pace, to the hilarity of the audience.

The second time Quentin Roosevelt attended the show, he offered to be the goat. Hardly had Thurston begun to take the eggs from the bowler when Quentin brought out a big bag from beneath his coat and cried:

“There, Mr. Thurston. Put them in that!”

President Taft also attended Thurston’s show in Washington, but when Coolidge became president, a White House show was arranged involving a sectionally-built stage on which Thurston could perform some of his sizable magic. Seeking some unusual trick for the occasion, Thurston obtained a description of a watch that had been given Coolidge by the Massachusetts Legislature and ordered a duplicate that closely resembled it, except that the works were merely a collection of odd parts.

Thurston intended to switch watches after borrowing the president’s own. He accomplished the exchange and indulged in some diversionary by-play with a hammer while an assistant rushed out to the kitchen and hid the real watch in a loaf of bread. The loaf was brought on stage, and Thurston was to smash the dummy watch he still held and load the pieces into an old-fashioned revolver. The gun was to be shot at the bread, and the watch would be found, mysteriously restored, inside the loaf when it was broken open.

Seeing the assistant return, Thurston took it as his cue to begin, and began counting “One-two-three” as he lifted the hammer. The assistant clutched Thurston’s arm just in time to halt the final smash.

“You’ve got the wrong watch!” he buzzed into Thurston’s ear.

So he had. During the preliminaries, both he and the assistant had
made the switch, bringing Coolidge's timepiece under the hammer. Thurston calmly dismissed the assistant, took the watch to Coolidge so he could assure himself that it was the president's own, and secretly substituted it for the dummy which was under the bread. From then on the trick proceeded to its planned conclusion.

Houdini, the great escape king, met Teddy Roosevelt in 1914, returning to America on the "Imperator." Houdini offered to produce a "spirit" slate answer to any question Teddy wrote and sealed in an envelope. Roosevelt's question was: "Where was I last Christmas?" There suddenly appeared on the slate a drawing of a map showing part of South America, with an arrow pointing to the River of Doubt, near the Andes.

What amazed Teddy more than the message was how Houdini could have learned the question; and especially, how he knew the answer, since the ex-president had not yet published the itinerary of his exploration tour.

Houdini later explained the whole trick, to prove that spirits had nothing to do with it. He had fixed a carbon and a sheet of white paper under the cloth of a book cover. When Roosevelt wrote the question, Houdini handed him the book so he could place his paper on it. This gave Houdini a carbon impression which he secretly noted, later.

Of course, this was the usual slate trick, but the mystery of how Houdini knew the answer was something quite special. When he learned that T. R. was sailing on the "Imperator," Houdini went to the London Telegraph and asked to see advance instalments of Roosevelt's South American exploits, which that newspaper was just about to publish in serial form. Not realizing that Houdini could have had access to that material, Teddy was completely baffled by the result.

Ironically, Houdini visited the White House during the Coolidge administration to present first-hand evidence about charlatans who posed as spirit-mediums. He thereby lent his weight to the defeat of a Congressional bill that would have legalized such fraudulent operators. Congress had already demonstrated respect for Houdini at an earlier appearance, during Wilson's tenure.

Woodrow Wilson attended a Keith vaudeville show in 1916 in Washington, to see Houdini escape from a tank of water in which he was imprisoned upside down. Houdini referred to that day, April 24th, as the "proudest day in my life." Earlier in the day he had entered the Senate gallery, where he was greeted from the floor by Vice President Marshall, and loudly acclaimed by the senators. Later in the afternoon Houdini gave an impromptu demonstration of legerdemain for Marshall and a group of Congressmen.

The history of magic at the White
House continues with Harry Blackstone, rated as America's number one magician today. Blackstone's introduction came through Warren Harding, whom he met in his hometown of Marion, Ohio. Blackstone was probably the only magician who visited the White House during Harding's brief career as president. Afterward, Blackstone appeared there during Coolidge's administration.

Franklin D. Roosevelt once gave his protectors an unhappy moment during a party when he was entertained by suave Russell Swann, a contemporary prestidigitator. Sophisticated Swann usually leans heavily on comic relief to liven his ordinary magic routines. He decided to create a little diversion by whipping out a revolver and blasting away to awaken his audience. He checked with the Secret Service men to see if there would be any objections.

"None," the head man answered. "But if you hadn't told us in advance and had started shooting, you'd have been a dead duck before the second shot was fired."

Great precautions had to be used to perform the act. All bodyguards throughout the room were advised Swann was going to use a gun at a certain time during his act, but only one which he would remove from behind a curtain where an SS man would hand it to him, loaded with blanks. If he tried to use any other weapon, they had orders to shoot.

But it is obvious by now that killing a magician in the White House is a waste of time, since another will spring up in his place.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lannie</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Weather</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>K. C. Council of Churches</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Chamber Mus. Ensemble</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Cham. Mus. Ensemble</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Martha Logon's Kitch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Dave Dennis' Orch.</td>
<td>Pizza Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Dave Dennis' Orch.</td>
<td>Vaughn Monroe's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Cauvalcade of Music</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Cauvalcade of Music</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>H.W. Univ. Review Stand</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindlohr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>H.W. Univ. Review Stand</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather's M'bg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Halland-Engle Show</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Wm. L. Shirer</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sunday Music</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Radio Warblers</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Marriage for Millions</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Army Air Force</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Bill Cunningham—News</td>
<td>Bing Stage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Vet. Wants to Know</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Michael O'Duffy, Tenor</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Michael O'Duffy, Tenor</td>
<td>Men In the Book Store</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>True Detective Mys.</td>
<td>Songs—John Wohlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td>Swingin' on A Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td>Club Capocabana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Ray Rogers</td>
<td>AP News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Ray Rogers</td>
<td>Let's Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB-FM on 102.1 megacycles now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.
# Programs on WHB

## Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
<td>Harrington Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crosby Croons</td>
<td>Crosby Croons</td>
<td>Crosby Croons</td>
<td>Crosby Croons</td>
<td>Crosby Croons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriel Haettner’s Mbg</td>
<td>Gabriel Haettner’s Mbg</td>
<td>Gabriel Haettner’s Mbg</td>
<td>Gabriel Haettner’s Mbg</td>
<td>Gabriel Haettner’s Mbg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memory Time</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Afternoon

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Sings</td>
<td>King Sings</td>
<td>King Sings</td>
<td>King Sings</td>
<td>King Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;88 Keys&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swingin’ on a Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on a Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on a Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on a Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on a Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Evening schedule on next page
## JANUARY PROGRAMS

### EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Mutual Drome</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mutual Drome</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Geo. O’Hanlon Show</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Geo. O’Hanlon Show</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>High Adventure</td>
<td>The Hollywood Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>High Adventure</td>
<td>The Hollywood Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>High Adventure</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>What’s Name of Song?</td>
<td>The Lone Wolf</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Twin Views of News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Korn’s A-Krackin’</td>
<td>Korn’s A-Krackin’</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>News—John Thornberry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>Eddy Howard’s Orch.</td>
<td>Xavier Cugat’s Orch.</td>
<td>Boyd Roeburn’s Orch.</td>
<td>Boyd Roeburn’s Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
<td>SWING SESSION</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

*Wilson*
### Evening Performances on WHB

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Guest Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Mel Allen Sportscast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mel Allen Sportscast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Six Scenes from Gt Plays</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Leave It to the Girls</td>
<td>Life Begins at 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Leave It to the Girls</td>
<td>Life Begins at 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Life Begins at 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Radio Newsread</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Yours for a Song</td>
<td>Meet the Boss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Meet the Boss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Meet the Press</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meet the Press</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Passing Parade News</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>Network Dance Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Richard Himber's Orch. News</td>
<td>Network Dance Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ted Lewis' Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Don Roth Trio</td>
<td>George Winslow's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gay Claridge's Orch.</td>
<td>George Winslow's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Barclay Allen's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THE DIAL**

The dynamic piano technique of Benno Moiseiwitsch belies his professional wrestling career, yet an early decision to abandon hammerlocks in favor of roulades has made him England's leading pianist. Moiseiwitsch will be featured with the Kansas City Philharmonic on January 18, following by two weeks the January 4 appearance of Isaac Stern, who has been ranked by admiring critics as the outstanding young violinist in America. Both artists will be heard during the regular full-length broadcasts of the Kansas City Philharmonic subscription concerts on WHB at 8:30 p.m.

Performances turned in by Henry Fonda, Gertrude Lawrence, Gene Tierney, Celeste Holm and other outstanding stars would make it seem that "Great Actors" should somehow be included in the title Great Scenes from Great Plays, which is broadcast over the Mutual network each Friday evening at 7 p.m., CST. The program, sponsored by the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, maintains consistently high dramatic standards. Walter Hampton acts as master of ceremonies for the series.

John Nesbitt loathes modern male dress, and seldom appears in anything but sneakers, white ducks, and a casual jacket zippered up the front. Yet his delivery is precise as he spins the fascinating stories of romance, adventure, mystery, and science which have made him a radio favorite. Nesbitt reviews the Passing Parade on WHB each weekday evening at 9:30.
“Please, Miss Ladonna — you moved!”
Platter Chatter . . .

If you received a Christmas gift bond from your neighborhood book store and you're a popular music fan—here's just the ticket for you! Pick up a copy of Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography*. It's a fine directory which promises to become the bible of recorded jazz . . . You may wonder what happened to Ina Ray Hutton. It's rumored that she's been organizing a new band composed strictly of males. She's scheduled to welcome the new year by opening at The Last Frontier in Las Vegas. Sarah Vaughn is enjoying a steadily increasing following, as indicated by the crowds she draws to the Clique Club on Broadway . . . Count Basie's jump rhythms will be aired over Mutual from the "Click" in Philadelphia, so be listening. His band is bigger and jumpier than ever . . . Tony Pastor and orchestra will play at a number of big college proms throughout the nation. Incidentally, latch on to his latest recording, *You Started Something* . . . It's expected that Ted Veems' Mercury platter of the oldie, "Mickey," will go over the million mark. This is the second time it's been ranked as best seller . . . Somebody says Frank Sinatra will promote a two billion dollar resort in Southern California . . . Eddy Howard and band will desert the Windy City area for sunny California this spring . . . La Verne of the Andrew Sisters fame is now Mrs. Lou Rogers, wife of the big record executive . . . Ella Fitzgerald, who recently returned from a sensational appearance at the London Palladium, is now singing to crowds in East Coast night clubs; and Nellie Lutcher, Capitol find, will play West Coast dates following her excursion home for the Christmas holidays . . . Earl Hines' new 13-piece band will hit the road any day now . . . Red Ingle and his Natural Seven will open at the New York Village Barn on January 6 for noisy six weeks . . . All Kansas City is watching for a new night club to be opened by the Decca recording star, Jeannie Leitl . . . Johnny Mercer is now writing lyrics for a Broadway musical entitled *Free and Easy* . . . Dick Haymes, Decca's smooth-voiced crooner, has transcribed National Safety Council jingles to be played over 50 United States radio stations . . . Frankie Laine, Mercury star, will appear with Peggy Lee on her nightly radio show . . . The talk about Guy Lombardo giving up speedboat racing because of an injury received in his last race is not true. In fact, he's already working on a $100,000 craft for the races next season . . . Artie Shaw is now dabbling in producing a Broadway show . . . Hal Derwin has decided to fold up his band, but will continue as a crooner . . . Cab Calloway is writing his autobiography. It should be quite a jazz history when it's finished.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Eden Ahbez, who penned *Nature Boy*, is now a commentator on health subjects at a West Coast radio station . . . Freddy Martin never has used a girl vocalist with his band . . . Russ Morgan was a coal miner before he earned enough money to study music . . . Japan has begun importing records from the United States, and Western tunes seem to be the outstanding favorites.

Highly Recommended . . .

CORAL 60005—Geri Galian and his Caribbean Rhythm Boys. Chopsticks Rumba and Oh, *Hear My Heart*. Along with the new year appears a new record label. Coral is actually a subsidiary of Decca Records, and will have the duty of presenting new and unknown talent. Whether you're a rumba fan or not, this twosome will entertain you when Geri exhibits his talent on the piano.

VICTOR 20-3133—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. *The Chocolate Choo Choo*
plus In My Dreams. It’s Vaughn again, with the Moon Maids lending their vocal talents to a fine pair of tunes. The first side is a lullaby to please all ages. The flip is a dreamy ballad that’s perfect for smooth dancing. Vaughn gets wonderful backing by the boys in the band plus the crooning of the Moon Maids.

COLUMBIA 38355—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. It’s Like Taking Candy From a Baby and The Chowder Social. The first side of this double feature finds winsome Rosemary Clooney exchanging romantic pleasantries with Tony in a duet version. The reverse is really something. It seems that Local 1064 of the National Brotherhood of Progressive Pots, Pans, and Boilermakers is throwing a big chowder social. Tony, the Clooney sisters and the boys in the band all join in to describe the rowdy celebration. The Pastor crew has a lot of fun—and so do the listeners.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*

MERCURY 5174—Frankie Laine with Carl Fischer’s orchestra. Singing the Blues plus Thanks for You. Here’s a neat coupling by the gent who’s grabbing more followers every day. The “blues” side is right for Laine’s crooning, with a special rhythm emphasis by the band. The flip is a slow ballad with a mellow interpretation of the sentimental lyrics by Frankie. This twosome should make you an ardent Laine fan for sure!

COLUMBIA 38354—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. Little Jack Frost Get Lost plus I Couldn’t Stay Away From You. The master of the 88 presents a couplet that should please everyone. On the first side, Marjorie Hughes presents a novel rhythmic complaint about the rigors of winter weather, while Frankie provides sparkling background effects. I Couldn’t Stay Away From You features vocalist Jack Lawrence. It’s another ideal tune for the Carle keyboard style.

VICTOR 20-3063—Sammy Kaye and orchestra. Here I’ll Stay and Green-Up Time. The Swing and Sway aggregation presents two new hits from the Broadway show, Love Life. Don Cornell does a fine bit of balladeering with the lyrics on the first side, and Green-Up Time is a lilting three minutes with just the right bounce. Laura Leslie and the Three Kaydets tell the story. A Sammy Kaye must!

DECCA 24506—Dick Haymes with the Troubadours. Any Time plus Bouquet of Roses. This should go fast from the record shop shelves, so you’ll have to hurry if you want to snap a pressing. Any Time is a familiar old melody that seems to mellow with age. Dick Haymes sings it with harmonious blendings by the Troubadours. The reverse is the Western style tune that’s going great guns these days. Dick gives it the sage-brush and saddle touch that will demand playing over and over again. It’s top croonin’ with Haymes!

COLUMBIA 38352—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. It’s Like Taking Candy From a Baby and The Chowder Social. The first side of this double feature finds winsome Rosemary Clooney exchanging romantic pleasantries with Tony in a duet version. The reverse is really something. It seems that Local 1064 of the National Brotherhood of Progressive Pots, Pans, and Boilermakers is throwing a big chowder social. Tony, the Clooney sisters and the boys in the band all join in to describe the rowdy celebration. The Pastor crew has a lot of fun—and so do the listeners.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*

MERCURY 5174—Frankie Laine with Carl Fischer’s orchestra. Singing the Blues plus Thanks for You. Here’s a neat coupling by the gent who’s grabbing more followers every day. The “blues” side is right for Laine’s crooning, with a special rhythm emphasis by the band. The flip is a slow ballad with a mellow interpretation of the sentimental lyrics by Frankie. This twosome should make you an ardent Laine fan for sure!

VICTOR 20-3063—Sammy Kaye and orchestra. Here I’ll Stay and Green-Up Time. The Swing and Sway aggregation presents two new hits from the Broadway show, Love Life. Don Cornell does a fine bit of balladeering with the lyrics on the first side, and Green-Up Time is a lilting three minutes with just the right bounce. Laura Leslie and the Three Kaydets tell the story. A Sammy Kaye must!

DECCA 24506—Dick Haymes with the Troubadours. Any Time plus Bouquet of Roses. This should go fast from the record shop shelves, so you’ll have to hurry if you want to snap a pressing. Any Time is a familiar old melody that seems to mellow with age. Dick Haymes sings it with harmonious blendings by the Troubadours. The reverse is the Western style tune that’s going great guns these days. Dick gives it the sage-brush and saddle touch that will demand playing over and over again. It’s top croonin’ with Haymes!
Swing in World Affairs

by FRED ALEXANDER

Dominating the world today is the shadow of a giant Russian octopus, its many tentacles slowly ensnaring nation after nation.

In the face of this frightening spectre, we see the smug lethargy of the American people being replaced by a calculated, rapidly growing mistrust of the Russians and everything they stand for. Most Americans, as demonstrated by public opinion samplings, believe that Russia is attempting to make war in the world in order to achieve her ends. This pessimistic attitude is the reaction of a generation that has known war intimately.

The facts are alarming. Russia continues to grow in power and to make further inroads, militarily or by means of espionage, into all the nations of the world. Our own house is not in order. This is not to say that there are necessarily traitors in our government, but that in many instances traitors have made dupes of our high-level government officials.

It would seem that espionage agents have found unfaithful Americans in nearly every walk of life. Even in this land where so many have so much, there are those who are willing to sell out to foreign interests at the drop of a handkerchief—a red one.

There is reason to suspect, certainly, that propagandists have an effective voice in many of our most vital informational media. It cannot be said, of course, that all newsmen report inaccurately. That is far from true. Neither can it be said that all news is distorted. That is preposterous. But it is a fact that much of what we see and hear is untrue; or, more important and far more dangerous, is partly untrue. This subtle blending of truth and untruth is the propagandists' most effective weapon. It takes time and much thought to win-

now the chaff from the grain. Most Americans are loathe to make the effort.

The military authorities of Great Britain and the United States feel an increasing anxiety about the disparity of strength between the Western powers and Russia. Although the West now holds an appreciable edge, Russia is fast gaining ground in the race for superior military technology. The Russians are not slouches as scientists, and their progress in research and development of lethal weapons has been considerably expedited by the work of captive German scientists. We must suppose that progress is being made at a rapid pace.

The theory of Western power strategy is simple and direct. It is to build Europe into a tough, sinewy military unit—a buffer—then tie down Russia's strength in all other theatres of operation. This program is difficult to execute, however, because it is no longer a question of what Russia is going to do. The question is, "What are the Western powers able to do?" They claim that they must see a complete change in Russian policy, or else any aggressive act on the part of the Soviets will bring full and complete retaliation. Such measures are indeed in the minds of top-level authorities in both Britain and the United States, but decisions of this type are of little use in democracies unless the people understand the situation well enough to authorize action. Democratic peoples must be conditioned for war over a period of time. It is this conditioning period which is often fatal to adequate defense.

The Indian situation is becoming more complex. To Indians, freedom from British rule is still a miracle in every sense of the word, even though it is apparent to
the rest of the world that Britain wanted to unload India. This is proved by the fact that opposition to the British was confined to a little more than four per cent of the total Indian population.

Indians, however, feel that they are the obvious leaders to throw the yoke of white leadership off from all the other races of the earth. Russia has stepped in to capitalize on this hatred of the West. As a result of work by Russian agents, India probably would be pro-Russian in any war. The attitude of Britain and the United States toward Palestine has helped to mould this decision.

In March of 1948, a very significant conference was held in Calcutta. The Communist Parties of India, French Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, China, Indonesia and Burma were represented. Most dele-

gates traveled on diplomatic passports, indicating that they were officials of the nations in attendance. A review of the countries which were present reveals the fact that the Far East was well represented.

It is reported through underground channels that the conference agreed Russia is to keep India and Pakistan neutral during the first phase of war, should one develop. The Soviets are then to drive offensives down through the Middle East and southeast Asia, while guerrilla fighting is carried on in the extreme Far East by Burmese fighters who are in the process of training at the present time.

If this report is only partly true, we face a new year with more than its share of oppressive military and political problems.

Beale Street Blue Laws

These rules are posted in a rooming house on Beale Street (of "Beale Street Blues" fame) in Memphis, Tennessee:

THE LOBBY is strictly a sitting room. No lying down on the davenport. No two or more persons allowed to sit in one chair at the same time or on the center table. No drunk person is allowed in the lobby. Take them to your room. No kissing, hugging or loving of any kind allowed in the lobby. Go to your room for that. No receiving stolen goods or anything of that sort. This may seem funny but it is good business. So please read this sign and understand it good before you rent a room here. All roomers are responsible for the disorderly conduct of their visiting friends.

NO ONE IS ALLOWED in the kitchen except the ones that are cooking. Everyone who comes to cook must bring some wood and as soon as they put a cooking vessel on the stove they must put some wood in the stove and that will make cooking lovely. Remember that the kitchen is for cooking and eating. No washing. No hair straightening, no hair cutting or shaving.

NO LOUD NOISE or going to and fro in the hall singing, dancing or popping the fingers at anytime day or night. So please don’t be frightened after you read this sign for it is mighty fine to live in a nice quiet place while so many people are living among robbers and murderers and all kinds of evil-hearted people who are walking in the darkness of life and do not care for the better things of life. We do not want their money but all good people are as welcome as the wind that blows.

"I caught my boyfriend necking!" one girl said.
"I caught mine that way, too!"

She: "Would you come to my aid in distress?"
He: "I wouldn’t care what you were wearing."
BUSINESS may be a man's world, but
the girls are doing all right in it, too.
Some of them, unaware that they aren't
supposed to be around from nine to five,
successfully tackle hard jobs without asking
either favors or advice from the males they
encounter in the daily battle to make a
buck and keep ten cents.

An extremely photogenic example of
Chicago Career Girl, 1949 model, is Mary
Rose Noel, who works in American Airlines'
publicity department in Chicago. Mary Rose is the gal who about a year
ago made a present of Alexis, her pet
alligator, to the Lincoln Park zoo. It is
typical of her casualness that she thought
having a 'gator around the house was not
at all remarkable.

A personable girl with a host of friends,
Mary Rose probably creates more good will
for American Airlines in these parts than
any of the stunts or stories she works so
hard to get onto the radio or into the
papers. Press and radio people like and
respect her, both for the quality of her
work and the fact that she doesn't swing
sex around to get favors.

Being a press agent for an airline calls
for a considerable amount of patience with
in the morning, with the nearest cup of
coffee three blocks away.

While we're talking about sharp gal
press agents, let's also make a deep bow
in the direction of Helen Gambrill over at
the Chicago chapter of the Red Cross, and
Gertrude Bromberg, who gets praise for A
Streetcar Called Desire in the local papers.
Helen manages to surmount all the diffi-
culties which beset the public relations
chairman working for a volunteer organi-
zation of part-time prima donnas, and Ger-
trude Bromberg is that extreme rarity—
the theatrical press agent who gets up be-
fore noon and sometimes can be reached
by telephone as early as ten o'clock in the
morning. She is also entirely cooperative—
a complete change from the members of
the old guard, all of whom can think of
nine good reasons why something can't be
done, unless that "something" is suggested
by Claudia Cassidy of the Tribune or Ash-
ton Stevens over on Hearst Square. Ger-
trude has even been known to make talks
before club groups—a practice looked
upon with exceeding disfavor by her male
contemporaries, many of whom regard the
playgoing public as a necessary evil to be
dealt with only at arm's length.

Something new on the radio, and some-
thing, incidentally, for our town to be
proud of, is an unusual series of sponsored
public service programs on WMAQ. Five
mornings a week a program called It's
Your Life effectively dramatizes the vital
importance of public health.

It's Your Life is different in a number
of ways. In the first place, it packs more
listener interest into a single broadcast
than the soap operas achieve in a week.
Also, it proves that a public service pro-
gram on health doesn't have to be dull,
nor weighted down by eminent medical
authorities—many of whom seem to be
trying to sound like Paul Muni playing the
role of Louis Pasteur.

The drama on the series is real. The
first broadcast, tape-recorded behind the
scenes in a maternity hospital, featured
the birth of a baby. Produced by the Chicago Industrial Health Association and sponsored by Johnson and Johnson, the medical supply house, the series is under the supervision of Ben Park, who wrote and produced the much lauded Report Uncensored on another local station last year.

Don Herbert, once of the Community Fund radio staff, capably handles the tape-recorded interviews, most of which feature true stories of Chicagoleans and their health problems. Herbert visits social agencies, homes, hospitals, and neighborhood houses to record his human interest stories—any place where there are people.

So far, Park and Herbert have licked one of the hardest problems in radio—making a public service program alive and interesting. To do so they’re on the job from 12 to 15 hours a day, contacting, researching and recording. An average quarter-hour program requires from two to three hours of actual recording. The completed reels of magnetized tape are then edited down to 14 minutes of dramatic listening. The rest goes into the ashcan.

While we’re talking about radio, it should be reported here that Mr. Ernie Simon, the unpredictable disc jockey, is in disfavor with Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians. Mr. Simon was hauled before the local Petrillos and stuck firmly on the AFM Unfair list.

The trouble started when Simon, as is his generous habit, contributed his services to a benefit show for a suburban Community Chest fund. So did a lot of other well-known radio stars from Chicago stations. Of all the entertainers who participated, only Mr. Pettrillo’s musicians had to be paid for their work.

Ernie Simon’s crime was horrible. During the show he repeatedly referred to the members of the union band as “a bunch of crumb-heads.”

Accidental Geography

INDIANAPOLIS—A man lit a match to see if there was any alcohol in the radiator of his car. There was—and he was treated for face burns.

STAMPS, ARKANSAS—A farm wife went out to feed her livestock one frosty morn, slipped on the ice covered ground, fell—and sprained her ankle. Her sister went to her aid, slipped and fell, too, fracturing her wrist. The sister’s son went to the aid of both women, slipped and fell—and broke his leg.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA—A man opened the door of his moving car to toss away a cigarette butt. Ten minutes later he was seeking medical aid for cuts, bruises and lacerations. He’d neglected to let go of the butt—and had followed it out of the car to the ground.

NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA—A man coughed so hard he ended up in the hospital with a dislocated shoulder.

AUSTRALIA—It was roundup time. A cowpoke sat down upon a log to rest his weary bones—and jumped up branded. A white-hot branding iron had been resting on the log, too.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA—A man (while trimming a tree) sawed the limb he was sitting on and fell 20 feet to the ground.

In the beginning we make our own habits; but in the end our own habits make us.—News Letter.

Our own definition of a small town is a place where a man is respected not for how much money he makes but for how early he rises in the morning.—Winneconne News.
CHICAGO Ports of Call
by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life . . .
★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAbash 2-4400). They’re still pulling in the customers with an ice show here, which means that the skaters and Benny Strong’s orchestra will continue indefinitely.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUperior 7-7200). Just across the street from the more famous Pump Room, this intimate room is a delightful rendezvous for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, etc., etc. There’s a small band and girl singer, currently Sue Stanley.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). Ron Perry, an old favorite here, is back playing the kind of dinner and dance music that the regular trade likes. We’re told he’ll be around until Bob McGrew takes over sometime in February.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State at Monroe Street (RAndolph 6-7500). The lavish green and gold of this famous room provide just the right background for Griff Williams’ slick dance music. The show doesn’t feature any well-known names, nevertheless it is strong on entertainment values. Merriel Abbott is probably incapable of putting together a poor show.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress Street (HAarrison 7-3800). Jerry Glidden is back in this sleek, modernistic room for a return appearance that really and truly is by popular demand. Fine spot for cocktails or a few dances after the curtain falls.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAarrison 7-4300). Myrus the mystic is playing a return engagement, which pleases a lot of the Mayfair Room’s patrons who like to peek into the future. A south of the border gal named Delora Bueno sings differently and pleasantly with Dick Lasalle’s band.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUperior 7-7200).

You can usually count on finding lots of glamour around the Pump Room most of the time, if that’s what you like to have for lunch or dinner. A favorite oasis for visiting celebrities and those people who like to look like visiting celebrities. People who just have money are very welcome, too.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEntral 6-0123). That old Chicago favorite, Bernie Cumin, is just as suave as ever and plays his usual excellent brand of dance music. The Tavern Room upstairs will reopen soon, after extensive alterations.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DElaware 7-9300). Elsewhere in the world the Russian influence may not be very soothing, but in this famous restaurant in the Lake Shore Drive Hotel it’s completely relaxing and wonderful for the digestion. Gourmets rave about the food. Lovers like George Scherban’s gypsy music.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LOng Beach 1-6000). Sharing honors now with Del Courtney and his orchestra is a magician named Val Vultane. The festive holiday crowds seem to like this combination of music and magic very much.

★ SHERATON LOUNGE, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan Avenue (WHitehall 4-4400). One of the smartest of the informal entertainment spots. Currently pleasing the customers are Don Gomez and Lee Baron, an organ-piano duo.
Swing January, 1949

The Show’s the Thing...

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). Harvey Stone, who was well-liked in these parts last year, headlines a show that is long on both quantity and quality. Cee Davidson’s orchestra and a rumba band alternate on the stand.

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DElaware 7-3700). If you go for that Latin beat, this is the spot for you.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph at Clark (FRanklin 2-2100). Skitch Henderson is sharing honors with Jim Ameche in the floor show. Right now they’re giving the customers a little musical pageant called “Salute to Gershwin.” Bob Eberle is rumored to be headed this way.

★ VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North Avenue (MiChigan 2-5106). The new Mirror Terrace Room continues to feature an entertaining show headlined by Joey Bishop and Harry Cool.

★ JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. Late spot for the jazz-lovers. Strictly from Dixie.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Randolph at Wabash (RAndolph 6-2822). Sherman Hayes and his lovely wife, Dell Welcome, are back here, playing and singing their sweet tunes. It’s quite a change from Al Trace, but the customers don’t seem to mind.

Strictly for Stripping...

The town’s finest flesh (feminine) parades on a practically endless schedule in these night spots on the north and west sides of Chicago. If you wish to study figures that have nothing to do with the income tax try the FRENCH CASINO, 641 North Clark Street... EL MOCAMBO, 1519 West Madison Street... PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street... L AND L CAFE, 1315 West Madison Street... 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash Avenue... the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 South State Street—or ask any cab driver. Be sure to take along a few friends (male) and a substantial sum of money.

Gourmet’s Delight...

★ MIKE FRITZEL’S RESTAURANT, State at Lake Street. A fine place to dine in the tradition of the famous eating houses of the gay nineties. What’s more, the prices won’t shock you.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT, 410 N. Michigan. Lou Harrington still mixes the best martini in town. The food rates with the martinis. You can have luncheon or dinner in either the smart restaurant proper, or in the Huckster Bar in the rear, where the conversation is bright but deafening.

★ BARNEY’S MARKET CLUB, 741 Randolph. This spot could never be called smart, but it has a warmth and feeling of good cheer, plus good food, that has made it popular with thousands of Chicagoans and visitors.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place. Original rum beverages and fine Cantonese food. Its national reputation is well-deserved.

★ CIRO’S, 816 N. Wabash. A stay-open-late spot where the food is good. Hangout for the Randolph Street crowd after the other places close.

Other Top Choices...

BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street... SHANGRI LA, 222 N. State... SINGAPORE PIT, 1011 Rush Street... OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street... RED STAR INN, 1528 N. Clark Street... ST. HUBERT’S GRILL, 316 S. Federal Street... IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton.

Eat Rice—and Live!

(Continued from Page 28)

His heart had swollen in size because of the extra work thrust upon it, and the patient had been in real danger. But now, with the load taken off the heart, that abused organ is normal size and the patient has exchanged his life of semi-invalidism for a full-time career in business.
NEW YORK Theatre

Current Plays . . .

★ BRAVO. (Nov. 11, 1948). Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman collaborated on this highly entertaining comedy which tells of a group of middle-European refugees aristocrats facing life in New York City. Luckily, the former princelings and duchesses all manage to run into money or success by the end of Act III—and everybody lives happily ever after. Oscar Homolka and Lili Darvas are superb in the leads, but everyone in the large cast deserves high praise for delightful comedy characterization. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ EDWARD, MY SON. (Sept. 30, 1948). Two English actors, Robert Morley and Peggy Ashcroft, give brilliant performances as they chronicle the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who commits arson, blackmail, murder and drives his wife to alcoholism. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:25.

★ GOODBYE, MY FANCY. (Nov. 17, 1948). Playwright Fay Kanin presents a timely message about the world situation in her play which concerns a beautiful Congresswoman, a college professor and a hard-boiled Life photographer involved in a three-way love affair. Skillful performances by Madeline Carroll, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, Sam Wanamaker and Bethel Leslie. Sam Wanamaker, who steals most of the scenes, also directed. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH MOTHER. (Oct. 20, 1948). An incident about an engagement which Mother never received brings a new upheaval to the familiar and lovable Day family. This sequel to Life With Father welcomes back Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney and several others from the old household. Attractive period sets by Donald Oenslager and Stewart Chaney. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


★ PRIVATE LIVES. (Oct. 4, 1948). Tallulah Bankhead dominates the show with her blustering, boisterous performance. The result is a far cry from Noel Coward’s comedy of 1931, but for admirers of Miss Bankhead, it is a turbulent success. Donald Cook has the male lead in this tale of divorced mates who meet again on their second honeymoons. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ RED GLOVES. (Dec. 4, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre’s gripping drama, set in a middle European country during the last war, tells of the conflicting philosophies of an old line Communist leader, powerfully portrayed by Charles Boyer, and a fiery, idealistic, young convert, played by John Dall. Joan Tetzel gives a fine performance as the Party leader’s attractive wife. It’s not light entertainment, by any means, but it’s good intellectual theatre. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.
THE SILVER WHISTLE. (Nov. 24, 1948.) Jose Ferrer is charming as a capering impostor who peddles a fake aphrodisiac and has an amazing facility for inventing exaggerated yarns about his romantic, make-believe adventures. It's a pleasantly unusual story with a Saroyan touch. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

SUMMER AND SMOKE. (Oct. 6, 1948). Tennessee Williams' dramatic story about a Southern minister's repressed daughter who is passionately in love with the reckless youth next door. The play seems to lack coherence, but has moments of great intensity. The performance of Margaret Phillips, a young Welsh actress, is a dramatic triumph. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits...

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-choreine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30... HARRY (Nov. 1, 1944). A captivating fantasy about an imaginary six-foot white rabbit and some slightly crazy people. Joe E. Brown is escorting the rabbit in the comedy's fourth successful year. 48th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35... MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about the restless crew of a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts, and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30... THE PLAY'S THE THING. (April 25, 1948). This Molnar revival, set on the Riviera, is highly amusing in spite of its superficiality. Fine acting by Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson and Faye Emerson. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40... THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE. (Feb. 9, 1948). Ann Dvorak and a magnificent cast offer a piercing interpretation of the race-hatred message in Jean-Paul Sartre's drama which moves relentlessly toward a lynching in the deep South. Hope Is the Thing with Feathers, by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45... A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Musicals...

AS THE GIRLS GO. (Nov. 13, 1948). Boisterous, brassy and full of beautiful girls—a hilarious musical in the grand old leg-show manner, with comic Bobby Clark merrily bouncing in and out of funny disguises. The plot, which is merely a sideline, deals with the difficulties facing the husband of the first woman President. The sets done by Howard Bay are as handsome as the cast, which includes Irene Rich, Kathryn Lee, Betty Jane Watson and versatile dancing and singing Bill Callahan. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.
LOVE LIFE. (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette abray, playing with irresistible sparkle, is enchanting opposite Ray Middleton. A vaudeville combination of a trapeze act, a magician, a Punch and Judy travesty and a minstrel show is interpolated in the story about a couple who watch their 150-year-old marriage slowly disintegrate from 7:30 to the present. Lively tunes by Kurt Weill and stylish dances by Michael Kidd. 5th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

MY ROMANCE. (Oct. 9, 1948). The romantic songs typical of Sigmund Romberg are sung by a fine cast. Luckily, the story about the love affair of a young Manhattan clergyman and an Italian prima donna in Victorian New York is subordinate to the charming music. Anne Jeffreys, opposite Lawrence Brooks, with Lula Gear pleasantly refreshing in the comic roles. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

SMALL WONDER. (Sept. 15, 1948). His unpretentious, pleasant musical makes use of lively satire and light songs by Albert Selden and Billings Brown. Attractive Iary McCarty pep up the show with her lugubrious singing and antics. Others in the revue are Tom Ewell, Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day and Hayes Gordon. Orontes, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948). Ray Bolger puts new life into this 35-year-old farce as he bounds in and out of petticoats, artificial curls and ribboned bonnets. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt on Brazil, he's hilarious—and when he kicks off the skirts to tap, soft-shoe and slumber dance, he's magnificent! Pretty lynn McLerie matches his skill in dancing. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .


Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ LEND AN EAR. National, Dec. 16.
NEW YORK THEATRES
(“W” or “E” denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.......CI 6-5097
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd........CI 5-6868
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th......CI 6-0390
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.........BR 9-2067
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.......CI 6-9353
Booth, 222 W. 45th.........CI 6-5969
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th.....CI 6-6699
Century, 932 7th Ave.......CI 7-3121
Coronet, 230 W. 49th........CI 6-8870
Cort, 138 W. 48th...........BR 9-0046
Empire, Broadway at 40th...PE 6-9540
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th...CI 6-6075
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th...BR 9-4566
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.........CI 6-6380
Hudson, 141 W. 44th........BR 9-5641
Imperial, 249 W. 45th......CO 5-2412

International,
5 Columbus Circle.......CO 5-1173
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.......CH 4-4256
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.......CI 6-0730
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th...CI 6-6363
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd............BR 9-3970
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.......CI 6-6230
Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636
National, 208 W. 41st.......PE 6-8220
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....BR 9-2200
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156
Royale, 242 W. 45th.........CI 5-5760
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....LA 4-4664
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.......CI 6-5990
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th...CI 5-5200

NEW YORK Ports of Call

Eating . . .

★ ALGONQUIN. Everyone is in town the first of the year, and the intelligentsia usually gather here. Be sure to leave your table reservation with the headwaiter while you chat over cocktails in the lobby. The buffet supper is a favorite with the after-theatre crowd. 59 W. 44. MU 7-4400.

★ ARMANDO’S. This is a cozy, intimate spot, popular with the younger set. With Jacques Thaler at the piano and Harry Harden squeezing ditties from his accordion, it’s a pleasant hideaway for a quiet evening. And the food is excellent! 54 E. 55. PL 3-0760.

★ AU CANARI D’OR. An authentic touch of Paris night life can be found in this petite, friendly club. The decor, the waiters, and the fine food are all very French. A special delicacy are the piping hot canapes which slide down easily with a cool drink. 134 E. 61. TE 8-7987.

★ BRUSSELS. An atmosphere of old world dignity lends a quiet charm to this luxurious room. Here the epicure may feast on specialties ordered a la carte from the fine French and Belgian cuisine. It’s elegant dining at expensive prices, and reservations are a must. 111 E. 56. PL 8-0457.
CAVANAGH’S. Fashionable New York is been dining here in traditional propriety since 1876. A few modern changes have not altered the quiet Edwardian atmosphere and the fine menu, featuring seafood, roast beef and steaks at luncheon, dinner and supper. 260 W. 23. CH 1938.

DIVAN PARISIEN. This restaurant off Fifth Avenue is famous for its special dish, Chicken Divan—a sumptuous concoction of broccoli and breast of chicken blended with melted cheese. Attentive waiters urge large portions, so be sure to take a second helping of the endive lad. For dessert, try the “Oriental”—ice cream topped by a crackly bird’s nest of un sugar and big black bing cherries. mm! Delicious! 17 E. 45. MU 2-8795.

HARVEY’S SEAFOOD HOUSE. This Avenue has its share of the best town seafood restaurants. An established enteble of fish-fanciers enjoy steamy clam chowder, mussels, broiled live lobster, swordfish and other daily specials in season. A fine selection of wines to accompany your seafood choice. 509 3rd Avenue. MU 4-9442.

HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE. Unusual and authentic Dutch cuisine served in a pleasant Netherlands atmosphere. Just leave your wooden shoes outside. On Monday night, the special is a staggering entree, the Rijsttafel, a Javanese meal of 30 items. Chances are you won’t recognize what you’re eating, but you’ll like it. 10 Rockefeller Plaza. CI 6-5800.

HOUSE OF CHAN. The Chinese waiters handle chopsticks with an enviable ease and grace in an Oriental setting. But chopsticks or no—the Chinese delicacies are enjoyed by many famous personalities from the theatre, radio and art worlds. There’s always a late after-the-show gathering. 52 and 7th Avenue. CI 7-5785.

PALM. How informal can a place be? Itm makes its bid with sawdust on the floor, cartoons scrawled on the walls, and god old-fashioned hash-browned spuds on the menu. You’ll like it if you like crowds and clatter—and delicious steaks. 837 2nd Avenue. MU 2-9515.

Entertainment . . .

★ AMBASSADOR. You’ll mingle with mink and Chanel No. 5 in the elegant Trianon Room. William Scotti’s orchestra provides music for dancing, and the sophisticated set finds it smart to sway to Ennio’s rumba selections. No music on Sundays. Park Avenue at 51. PL 5-1000.

★ BLUE ANGEL. A distinctive supper club with original, polished entertainment. But don’t venture in unless you possess an ample pocketbook! Imogene Coca is teamed with Fletcher and Sheidy in some clever sketches. The show also includes songs of the Cole Porter era by Kitty Crawford and jazz numbers by the Striders. It’s very popular in spite of the prices. 152 E. 55. PL 3-5998.

★ CAFE TIKAY. If you’re looking for a place with “atmosphere,” here is the spot. Unusual Hungarian dishes make the menu a gourmet’s delight. The buoyant music of the gypsy fiddles soon infects the crowd with laughter and gaiety, and there’s dancing for everyone after nine. 2nd Avenue at 82. RE 4-9441.

★ LATIN QUARTER. A big, flashy night club with two orchestras for dancing. The shows are blaring and beautiful with Sophie Tucker and an eyeeful of pretty girls in scanty costumes. That’s a lot of entertainment for one evening, so don’t be cooled by the $4 minimum. 48th and Broadway. CI 6-1737.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Everybody has a roaring good time. Even the most staid customers lose their inhibitions by participating in the hilarious games and rowdy square-dancing. When the paid performers can get the audience to quiet down, there’s a floor show with music by Shorty Warren and Captain Stubby and his Bucaneers. It’s a refreshing escape from Manhattan sophistication and a chance to discover that people are funny! 52 W. 8. GR 3-8841.

MODERN FABLE

“Darling, I’ve missed you,” said the wife
In tones betraying strain;
And as she gazed upon his form,
Fired the gun again.

—F. G. Kernan
MANHATTAN still falls back on the election as a topic of conversation, and apparently will continue to do so for a long time. There are hundreds of stories, jokes and wisecracks making the rounds, but most of the Republicans here have taken defeat nobly and are able to laugh at themselves. The Democrats are laughing too, but with an air of dignity and admirable restraint, although the temptation to rub it in must be tremendous. All take off their hats to President Truman, who won a battle against overwhelming odds.

Of all the messages to the President that were made public, the one from Bob Hope leads in popularity. It consisted of just one word, "Unpack!"

The Christmas holidays were dotted with lavish debuts. Seldom these days, however, is a lovely young girl introduced singly. It is mostly group glamour. For one thing, Papa's purse can't stand the strain of a big party; and, besides, the girls have more fun working on such a project together. Although the guest lists are completely invitational, various charities benefit from the debuts. Tables for the event are sold to patrons, along with other attractions designed to inspire donations, and a nice round sum lands in the pocket of a favored institution. It's a nice idea and the parties are wondrous! Each year, Manhattan is dated up for more and more group debuts.

Headwaiters in such restaurants at the Colony, Henri Soule and Twenty-One have a growing problem: how to place all patrons at a "spot" table. Everyone has caught on to the plan of putting the unknowns in the unglamorous places while the best locations are held for celebrities. Consequently, there are objections by the hundred. If celebrities would move to the back rooms, it might help. Anyway, headwaiters have a hard row to hoe.

A woman we talked to the other day had just signed a two-year lease on a small apartment, the type she had wanted for long, long time, but which is so hard to find in Manhattan. Her elation was considerably dimmed, however, when she discovered that the apartment had no telephone; and what's more, the Telephone Company wouldn't promise to put one in until late spring. It looks as though telephone service may be the last to leave the ranks of rationed items.

Shows open and close on Broadway faster than one can read the reviews. Nevertheless, there are now more hits than ever before, and seats are more readily available than they have been for the past five years. You can select a show to suit your mood, and most restaurants have special quick service for theatre-goers. To be in at the curtain-raising, you should allow at least 15 minutes to get from the dinning table to the theatre, and that's cutting it close in view of Manhattan's terrific traffic. On a rainy night, it's catch as catch can.

Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues is currently being referred to as "Stripety-second Street" because of the many floor-show joints that feature the strip tease. The liquor is so questionable in these places and the food so unpalatable that they have to do something to distract the customer from the total on his check. Don't argue if you go there you will have brought it on yourself.

Manhattan doctors are joining together in a great movement to prevent socialized medicine. They point to England as an example of the disastrous results of government-controlled medicine. With all the charity work doctors do without mention and all the charity hospitals and clinics supported by public funds and donations, one wonders just how much need there is for a change. The medicos are becoming very intense on this subject, and when the matter comes up in Washington, no doubt sparks will fly.
KANSAS CITY

Magnificent Meal . . .

NANCES CAFE. Over 45 years, appreciative Kansas Cityans have been enjoying the excellent food at Nance's, located in the Union Station Plaza. Of course, it's always a favorite with out-of-towners who look forward to a delicious Kansas City sirloin or a juicy roast beef dinner during train stopovers. The Biscuit Girl wanders among the tables with piping hot biscuits that melt in your mouth. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. That lovely new 85-room hotel and restaurant in Baltimore is the new home of the Pusateri brothers, two lads who possess a rare knack for exceptional service. Fine cuts of beef, crisp French fried onion rings and comparable salads are the highlights of an excellent cuisine. If you like an atmosphere that has the color and dash of Times Square—you'll like Pusateri's New Yorker. 114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

SAVOY GRILL. One of the newest and most lovely—dining spots in Kansas City is the Imperial Room, recently opened by the Savoy. Old-timers will find it difficult to recognize the Gold Room, which has been magically transformed by rose walls, scroll mirrors, ivy wall boxes and a loved lighting effect. Of course, the ep, dark mahogany and green tile walls of the Grill proper have been preserved for those who like to remember the quiet dignity of the past. The kindly, old, loved waiters and the fine dinners of steaks, chicken and seafood are a combination of a long-established Savoy tradition for excellent food and service. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

WEISS'S CAFE. Careful, courteous service and a distinguished menu—featuring capon, broiled live lobster, steaks and roast young duckling—combine for elegant dining in the Continental manner. It's located in the old Coates House, which is booming in the gas light and buggy days of early Kansas City, but the modern cocktail lounge with its stylish bar is a pleasant reminder that the present can be just as enjoyable. Coates House. VI 6904.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. Chalk up a perfect score for a well-rounded evening here! Between strikes and spares you'll want to relax with a cocktail in the attractive sound-proofed lounge. Or if bowling on one of the 32 highly polished alleys has sharpened your appetite, just step into the convenient Bowl restaurant with its tempting menu of triple-decker sandwiches, big salad bowls, and steaks. Businessmen and socialites hold private gatherings in the Green Room upstairs. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

Something Different . . .

★ KING JOY LO. To enjoy the most delicious Chinese food this side of Shanghai, simply step up a flight of stairs to King Joy Lo's on the corner or 12th and Main. All sorts of Oriental delicacies—chop suey, chow mein, egg foo young, almond cookies and steamed dry rice—are served in a courteous manner. For a quiet conversation you can slip into one of the enclosed private booths and sip tea from quaint, handleless cups. There are fine steaks, lobster and chicken for those partial to American food. 8 West 12 (Second Floor). HA 8113.

★ SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES. "Hail, hail, the gang's all—" at Sharp's Broadway Nineties having a wonderful time! You'll grow nostalgic when the quartet croons Home on the Range, and you'll join in lustily as everybody sings Little Brown Jug, The Man on the Flying Trapeze and other traditional old favorites. Of course, singing makes you hungry—and what could taste better than spaghetti and meatballs, spicy jumbo shrimp, grilled beef tenderloin or de-e-licious Hickory smoked barbecued ribs? Eating, singing and making merry at Sharp's all add up to a gay evening! Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.
UNITY INN. An attractive latticed room done in a relaxing shade of green. You might even consider turning vegetarian after an excellent meatless meal in this bright little restaurant run by the Unity School of Christianity. You'll have to be careful not to overload your tray as you slide it along past the leafy salads, colorful vegetable dishes and rich pastries. The cafeteria style is planned especially for busy people during the noon hour rush. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. For gourmet or glutton, there's nothing more enticing than the smorgasbord table piled high with unusual delicacies. A weary wait between trains is brightened by a visit to Adrian's modern cocktail lounge, for it's only a step across the square east of the Union Station; and the lucky traveler who can pause for one of the delicious steak or fried chicken dinners mingles with a large throng of Kansas Citians. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. Here's a versatile restaurant planned to fulfill anyone's dining preference. There's a cafeteria for hurried Plaza shoppers, a restaurant-bar for a complete meal or leisurely cocktail chatter, and a spotless soda fountain for soft drinks and sandwich snacks. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

UPTOWN INTERLUDE. The jazz-lover will be found tapping the bar in time to Joshua Johnson's hot piano boogie every evening in the Interlude. And the food-lover knows that Dale Overfelt's sizzling fried chicken and steaks are mighty good! The tall, strong drinks and Johnson's piano are a matchless combination for chasing away blue moods. The bar's open after midnight Sunday—a good place to quench that week-end thirst. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

Class With a Glass . . .

OMAR ROOM. A brightly decorated and gay room with a circular bar for men only and plushy leather seats for the fairer sex. Entertainment for January features the Keyaires, a sparkling piano and Hammond organ duo. If Christmas bills have devastated your expense account, take advantage of two cocktails for the price of one in the Alcove. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

TROCADERO. You'll like the friendly management of this spot, newly redecorated in beachcomber decor. It's as informal and lazy as a South Sea breeze. No food is served, but the bartenders are quite adroit at supplying a variety of mixed drinks. At present, Cliff Goforth is fingerling the piano keys for background listening. If you're in the neighborhood, drop in. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

To See and Be Seen . . .

PUTSCH'S 210. This attractive dining room with wrought-iron grillwork, glass lanterns and a wall with a rose-covered white brick effect suggests the picturesque charm of New Orleans. Theatre-goers are sure to find gaiety at Putsch's after the show, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. Many people of good taste choose the Victorian lounge, splendid with large brass candelabra and distinctive wall paintings, as the perfect place for luncheons and private parties. Smartly-attired waiters serve cocktails in the dining room or at comfortable wall seats in the adjoining barroom. 210 West 47 Street. LO 2000.

PENGUIN ROOM. A fashionable clientele against a suave background of dim lighting and Oriental wall design. The Don Roth Trio, famous for WHB broadcasts, provides some of the town's smoothest music, and a consistently fine bill of fare is served by efficient waiters. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.
INDEX—CONTINUED

January, 19

This Is Peace, Feb. '46
What Was That Name You Called Me? June '45
White House Wishing Well, Jan. '45

• HISTORY
America's Main Street, Sept. '43
A Century of Greetings, Dec. '43
Columbus—The Mystery Man, Oct. '43
The Fabulous Forty-niners, Dec. '43
Handmade Miracles, Feb. '44
The Kid's a Card, May '44
The Mystery Papers of A. Lince, June '44
Paul Revere's Church, Dec. '43
Return of the Exiles, March '47
There's No Disputin'—It Aint R
putin, Feb. '47
2000 Miles of Funeral, April '46
Vanity the Victor, Aug. '46
Westport's No. 1 Romance, Nov. '45

• HOBBIES
Arabians on Bluegrass, Sept. '45
En Garde, Ladies! March '47
Hams Are Back on the Air, Dec. '46
Speedsters in the Spotlight, July '46
They're Still Rolling, April '48
You Can Be a Sunday Painter, Sept. '48
You Can Play for Pay, Feb. '47

• HOLLYWOOD
Crash Bang Marriage, Feb. '45
Pencil Packin' Mamas, Aug. '46
Wind Blows Hard in Hollywood, Jan. '46

• HUMOR
Adductors I Have Met, Jan. '45
After Tomorrow, Dec. '45
Beauty for the Boys, Dec. '45
By Land and by Sea — But Nev
by Air. Jan. '47
Careful Who You Kiss, Nov. '46
A Day at the Office, Jan. '46
The Eclectic Series of Readers, Sep. '45
The Final Barh, Nov. '47
Gesundheit! Feb. '46
The Grass Is Greener, March '46
Guess I Won't Go Down Today, Nov. '45
How to Be an Old Maid, Feb. '46
How to Live in a Trailer, Oct. '44
It's Smart to Be Seen at Antarctica, Feb. '47
It Takes Vision, Soldier, Jan. '46
Mighty Paul Bunyan, Dec. '46
Okay Then, Flounder, June '46
Paradise Ew! Sept. '45
Piscatorial Spouse, June '47
Please, Mr. Quartermaster! Dec. '46
Preface to the Handy Housebook Manual, July '45
Pretty Looks at Pretty People, Dec. '46
So You Want to Be a Funnyman, Sept. '46
Ten Point Program for Some Others, Year, Jan. '47

Gyp Hunters at Your Service, July '48
Mr. Keely and the Atom, May '47
Muscovite Jokers, April '48
No Cure for Baldness, May '48
Schemes to Take Your Money, April '45
Stop, Store Thieves! March '47
Vultures at Your Mailbox, Feb. '48
You'll Never Get Rich, Aug. '47

• EDUCATION
Ask Your Librarian, July '45
Benefactor Barnard, Sept. '46
Bright Eyes Don't Mean Bright Brains, Oct. '45
Broadcasters of Tomorrow, Nov. '47
Columbia's Camera College, Oct. '47
Cowtown Gets Culture, June '47
Fake Schools, April '48
Let the Priest, Feb. '47
Narrow Gauge Popularity, Nov. '46
Planned Education, Jan. '45
Schooled for the Sky, Jan. '48
That Little Red Schoolhouse, Nov. '48

• EMPLOYMENT
An Expert Looks at Employment, Jan. '47
What's the Future? Nov. '47

• ENTERTAINMENT
Clown Prince of Comedy, Dec. '48
Club Date Champs, Nov. '46
40 Beautiful Girls, 40, April '45
Gentlemen, Be Seated, Nov. '45
The Grind and Bump, April '46
He Danced a Million Steps to the Top, Dec. '47
Hypnotism Grows Up, Dec. '46
Magician in Manhattan, Oct. '48
Opera for Dessert, Sept. '45
Oscar Hammerstein II, March '46
The Singing Reed, Feb. '46
Tsk, Tsk, Mr. Fieke, May '46

• FICTION
Aggie Had a Telephone, Sept. '47
Ain't, Aren't or Isn't? Nov. '45
The Best Things, July '47
The Black Fox, Dec. '47
The Challenge, Dec. '48
Diamond Cut Diamond, May '46
Funeral of a Friend, Oct. '48
A Garden for Mrs. Nelson, April '48
Good Old Joe, June '47
Holiday in Taxco, Dec. '46
How Was I to Know? March '48
In the Money, July '48
It Was So Easy, July '46
Last Curtain Call, May '46
Letter from Milwaukee, May '47
The Master, May '48
Mighty Paul Bunyan, Dec. '46
My Friend Carlos, July '48
The Night My Father Died, Feb '48
Nothing Can Stop Us, Oct. '47
The Overland, Aug. '48
Stubborn Man, Nov. '47
We, Meaning Me, Sept. '48
Westchester Wassail, July '48

• FISH
Fishing Is Their Business, Mar. '48
Okay Then, Flounder, June '46
Piscatorial Spouse, June '47
Shake Hands With the Shark, July '48

• FOOD
At War With the Grocer, Sept. '48
Duncan Hines: Your Tummy's Best Friend, Sept. '48
Everyman's Meat, June '45
Get Rid of Those Food Notions, May '48
How Was Here, Nov. '46
Puerto de Arribada, Jan. '47
Salat Time in the Ozarks, Apr. '45
Shake Hands with the Shark, July '48

• FOREIGN CUSTOMS
Europe's Happy Tom Thumb, May '48
Muscovite Jokers, April '48
Paradise Ew! Sept. '45
Radio Tokyo—American Style, Aug. '47
Those Indestructible Swiss, Sept. '46
Weddings for Sale, June '47

• GAMBLING
It Happened in Las Vegas, July '47
Roll ’Em Bones, Sept. '47
Win That World Series Pool! Sept. '48

• GERMANY
Get the Record Straight! July '45
Hit the Everywhere, Dec. '45
Hitler's Final Secret Weapon, Feb. '45
What Happened to Hitler, July '45

• GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS
Americanism, Jan. '45
And For the People, Aug. '48
And Leaves a Lonely Place, June '48
Birth and Growth of Communism, Nov. '48
Dead Letter Jackpot, Dec. '48
Deadlock, Dec. '47
Declaration of Independence, Feb. '46
Democracy: A Definition, Nov. '48
Everyman's Meat, June '45
The Heritage and the Inheritor, June '45
Hold High the Torch, Jan. '46
John Bull Sounds a Warning, April '45
Jumping Joe McCarthy, Dec. '46
Piracy in the War Program, Aug. '45
Senators for the Nation, Jan. '45

This Is Peace, Feb. '46
What Was That Name You Called Me? June '45
White House Wishing Well, Jan. '45
OCCUPATIONS

Ask Your Librarian, July '45
Contesting for Keeps, Sept. '47
Courage, Faith and $5, Nov. '45
Date Exchanges Grow Up, Feb. '46
Duncan Hines: Your Tummy's Best Friend, Sept. '48
Eddie Guest's Pot of Gold, Aug. '48
Fishing Is Their Business, March '48
A Fortune With Dolls, Feb. '48
Generation of Pipers, June '48
Gentlemen, Be Seated, Nov. '45
Gypsies Are His Business, Oct. '48
Hines Was Here, Nov. '46
Impresario of the Impossible, July '46

It's in the Cards! Oct. '46
Kansas City Kitty, May '46
A Lot of Bones, March '48
Magician with Flowers, July '47
The Man Behind the Mushroom, Jan. '48
Modern Paul Bunyan, Jan. '48
The New Aristocracy, Aug. '45
The Old Skin Game, May '48
One Man Atom Bomb, Sept. '48
O Pioneers! May '48
Queen Lydia, Feb. '48
Queens of the Dance, Feb. '47
Salesmen Are Back, Aug. '46
Salt Mine in the Sky, Sept. '48
Schooled for the Sky, Jan. '48
Smoke Sign in the Sky, April '46
Talk Isn't Cheap! Oct. '48
Tall Clubs, Nov. '47
They Dress Mothers to Be, Oct. '47
Two Men on a Swing, June '48
With the Greatest of Ease, Oct. '48
Your Pals, the Jocys, July '48

ORGANIZATIONS

Fraternity in Cowtown, Aug. '46
Operation Santa Fe, Sept. '47
Pencil Packin' Mamas, Aug. '46
Sons of the Templar, Oct. '47
War Dads Don't Forget, Aug. '46

PERSONALITIES

And Every Woman a Queen, April '46
And Leaves a Lonely Place, June '45
Angel's Flight, Dec. '47
At War With the Grocer, Sept. '45
Benefactor Barnard, Sept. '46
Bless You, My Bobby Soxers, Feb. '48
Blight of the Bluebloods, Nov. '47
Boy Soprano, July '45
The Champion Columnist, Aug. '45
Clown Prince of Comedy, Dec. '48
The Coach, the Man, the Prophet, Dec. '45
Composer Laureate, Sept. '46
Courage, Faith and $5, Nov. '45
Disc Jockey Champ, July '47
Duncan Hines: Your Tummy's Best Friend, Sept. '48
Eddie Guest's Pot of Gold, Aug. '48
Everybody's Mr. Chips, July '48
Famous Last Words, Feb. '48
First Lady of the Theatre, Nov. '46
A Fortune With Dolls, Feb. '48
Gentlemen Be Seated, Nov. '45
Gilbert and Sullivan of the Air, June '47
The Glickstein Tonic, June '46
The Gold Kid, Sept. '47
The Heritage and the Inheritor, June '45
He Danced a Million Steps to the Top, Dec. '47
Human—That's Truman! Jan. '45
The Joke's on Joe, Dec. '48
Jun Jung Joe McCarthy, Dec. '46
Keeper of the Wayside Inn, Oct. '45
The Kid From Kansas City, Oct. '46
The Kid Next Door, Jan. '45
King of Corn, Oct. '47
The Last Ride of Pocelat Collins, March '47
Long Run Lady, March '47
Lucky Tabor, They Called Him, March '46
Magician in Manhattan, Oct. '48
The Magicians Words of Elmer Wheeler, April '48
The Man Behind the Mike Behind the Footlights, June '48
The Man Behind the Mushroom, Jan. '48
Meet Miss Radio, June '48
Mighty Paul Bunyan, Dec. '46
Million Dollar Cowboy, May '48
Million Dollar Plane Ticket, July '48
Modern Troubadour, April '48
Novelty Song King, May '46
O Pioneers! May '48
Oscar Hammerstein II, March '46
A Padre Comes Home, Oct. '45
A Pioneer Suffragette, Dec. '45
Pistol Packin' Dilettante, July '48
Ponca City's Plain Man, Aug. '47
Private Life of a Public Gossip, June '48
Queen Lydia, Feb. '48
She Learned the Hard Way, March '46
The Singing Reed, Feb. '46
Stars Shine Twice, March '46
Three Men on a Ladder, Feb. '47
There's No Disputation—It Ain't Rasputin, Feb. '47
Tiny Mite O' Dynamite, Oct. '45
Traveling Man, Sept. '48
The Truth About Henry, April '47
Tsk, Tsk, Mr. Piske, May '46
Two Men on a Swing, June '48
The Unknown Soldier, Nov. '45
The Unseen Hand, Jan. '48
Washington's Inner Sanctum, Feb. '45
Westport's No. 1 Romance, Nov. '45
What Happened to Hitler, July '45
Whistlin' Fred, March '48
You Can't Win an Argument, Nov. '45
You'll Never Get Rich, Aug. '47

POLITICS (See GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS)

PSYCHOLOGY

Ain't Love Gland? March '46
Bright Eyes Don't Mean Brains, Oct. '45
Farewell to Square Pegs, March '46
Hypnotism Grows Up, Dec. '46
Is America Going Feminine? May '46
The Magic Words of Elmer Wheeler, April '48
Put Your Worst Foot Forward, May '47
Why Some Men Remain Sinful, June '47

RACE RELATIONS

Land of Promise, July '45
Not Alone a Plot of Ghetto Ground, Aug. '45

RADIO

The Aim is Mutual, June '48
And Every Woman a Queen, April '46
Beyond the New Horizon, June '48
Bless You, My Bobby Soxers, Feb. '48
Blood and Thunder, July '46
Boy Soprano, July '45
Broadcasters of Tomorrow, Nov. '48
The Children's Hour, June '48
The Cinderella Sisters, June '48
Come In, Philadelphia, June '48
Disc Jockey Champ, July '47
Doubling Back, Jan., April '45
Enter Durr, Swingin', Feb. '46
Everything to Everybody, Nov. '46
First and Foremost, April '47
Football in Your Parlour, June '48
Generation of Pipers, June '48
Genius Hummock William, Aug. '45
Gilbert and Sullivan of the Air, June '47
Hams Are Back on the Air, D. '45
Handspring Down Main Street, June '48
The Handy Household Man, July '45
How's Your E. O. Q.? Jan. '48
How to Slam Like a Door, Feb. '48
Hypnotism Grows Up, Dec. '46
It All Came True, June '48
It Pays to Be Smart, April '47
John Blair and Company, April '45
Making Paint—And Music, Apr. '47
Man Behind the Mike Behind the Footlights, June '48
Meet Miss Radio, June '48
Portrait of a Pioneer, June '48
Private Life of a Public Gossip, June '48
Radio Advertisers Need to Grow Up, April '46
Radio Must Grow Up, Nov. '45
INDEX—CONTINUED

The Dimes March On, April '48
The Elusive Planet, June '47
Exploring the Aerial Arctic, Feb. '45
The Frog Test for Pregnancy, July '48
Goodbye, Sky! May '47
Handmade Miracles, Feb. '48
Just Rocks, Mister! Dec. '47
Life in Your Veins, Sept. '45
Mr. Watson, Come Here, Sept. '45
New Hope for May Fever Sufferers, Nov. '45
No More Weeds, June '46
The Nose Knows, July '48
Old Sol Will Heat Your Home, Dec. '45
Our Plastic AAF, March '48
The Paper Age, Nov. '47
Peacetime Employment for Electronics, July '47
Roll 'Em Bones, Sept. '47
The Shocking Truth, Sept. '46
This Is the Human Adventure, Feb. '45
Three Dimensional Pictures, Sept. '45
Totalitarian Arts and Sciences, Nov. '48
Tung-Yu-Shu—Oil from Trees, Dec. '45
The War Within Us, March '47
What Color Is Sex? July '48
When the Atom Is Smashed, Jan. '46
Wright or Wrong? Nov. '46
WWV—the Dull Spot on Your Dial, Sept. '47

SEX AND MARRIAGE

Ain't Love Gland? March '48
Applying the Golden Rule to Courtship, April '45
Behind the Iron Curtain, Nov. '48
Care and Feeding of Husband's, Aug. '46
Careful Who You Kiss, Nov. '46
Crash Bang Marriage, Feb. '45
Don't Get a Divorce, Jan. '46
Frog Test for Pregnancy, July '48
Germany's Abortion Madness, May '48
How to Be an Old Maid, Feb. '46
Is the Ring Really Yours? Aug. '48
Marriage and the Man from Mars, Dec. '45
Marriage in the Postwar World, July '45
Marriage—Its Problems and Their Solutions, Aug. '45
Now is the Time for All Good Girls, Sept. '45
Spare the Rod, Jan. '47
Sterilized Heartbreak! July '46
There's Danger Over Forty, July '45
Wanted: Motherhood, Not Martyrdom! Jan. '47
Watts With Marriage, June '48
Watt's Weddings for Sale, June '47
Why Some Men Remain Single, June '47
Your Problem, Please, April '45

SPORTS

Baseball's Little Helpers, June '46
Basketball Baby, Jan. '47
Basket Bowl, March '46
Broadsliding Time, Oct. '48
The Coach, the Man, the Prophet, Dec. '45
En Garde, Ladies! March '47
Footing in Your Parlor, June '48
Fox Hunt in the Ozarks, Oct. '45
Hail the Hawk, May '47
The Kid from Kansas City, Oct. '46
Let's Go Fishing, June '46
Midgets Are Big Business, Oct. '46
Nothing Can Stop Us, Oct. '47
Our Boy Sam Picks Mizzou and Oklahoma, Oct. '46
Pheasant Country, U.S.A., Oct. '46
Queen of the Traps, March '46
Speedsters in the Spotlight, July '47
Strictly Cricket, June '45
Win That World Series Pool! Sept. '48

SUPERSTITION

Fun With Weegee, July '47
It Worked for Grandmother, March '46
The Seedless Herb, July '46
There's a Black Cat, March '46

TELEVISION

Beyond the New Horizon! June '48
Doubling Back, April '45

THEATRE

Duet in Manhattan, Feb. '47
First Lady of the Theatre, Nov. '46
The Gold Kid, Sept. '47
Hi-Jinks and Lo-Jacks, Feb. '46
Hitch Your Theatre to a Star, Jan. '45
Long Run Lady, March '47
Oscar Hammerstein II, March '46

TRAVEL

America, Here We Come! Sept. '45
And Steam Heat! June '47
Beautifully Conspicuous, April '47
By Land and by Sea—But Never by Air! Jan. '47
Colorado Vacation, Sept. 46
End of the Trail, Sept. '47
Glad Hand in the Hills, Jan. '48
Gopher Hole, Oct. '47
Great Big Teaspoon, Feb. '47
Guainas—Tomorrow's Playground, Sept. '45
Gypsies Are His Business, Oct. '48
Heavenly City, Nov. '49
He Moves Presidents, Dec. '46
He Was Here, Nov. '46
How About Honduras? May '47
Let's Go Fishing! June '46
Mountains of My Own, Aug. '47
Minnesota Vacation, July '46
Oh, Mr. Greeley, What You Said! July '47
Operation Santa Fe, Sept. '47

RELIGION

Kansas City Churches, June '45
Patron Comes Home, Oct. '45
Ril Revere's Church, Dec. '45
Rigion in Russia, Nov. '48
They Call It Unity, Sept. '47
Tiers of the Soul, June '47
Weyo Churches, Sept. '45

RUSSIA

Mind the Iron Curtain, Nov. '48
First and Growth of Communism, Nov. '48
Mr. Krelin, June '45
Ode... But We Have No Peace, Dec. '45
Rigion in Russia, Nov. '48
Jewish Labor Pains, Nov. '48
Lin Means Business, April '46
At Little Red Schoolhouse, Nov. '48
Totalitarian Arts and Sciences, Nov. '48
Visit to Moscow, Dec. '46
What's the Matter with Russia? Feb. '45

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

Another Larva Bites the Dust, Aug. '47
Honest Built Carats, Aug. '48

EDUCATION

The Report on San Francisco and World Peace, April '45
Radio, the Press, and the Public, Dec. '47
Radio Tokyo—American Style, Aug. '47
That Pass in the Mike, April '45
You Wanna Start a Network? June '48
Television Broadcasts, May '46
Take a Swing at My News, Aug. '45
Tues Gunshot for Hire, June '48
This Is the Human Adventure, Feb. '45
Ty Mite O' Dynamite, Oct. '45
Troubles I've Seen, June '48
Truth About Henry, April '47
To Men on a Swing, June '48
With Marriage? June '46
Went 'Em When, April '47
Wherever Men Make News, July '45
Will News Do You Believe In? Jan. '45
Wind Blows Hard in Hollywood, Jan. '46
World Freedom of Press and Radio, April '45
Write Back at You, Aug. '45
WVV—The Dull Spot on Your Dial, Sept. '47
Your Favorite Neighbor, April '47

REHABILITATION AND RELIEF

$500,000,000 Program, Jan. '45
Is It Peace, Feb. '46
Is a Cow by Radio, July '46
Is It Peace, Feb. '46
They're Dieselizing Casey Jones, May '47
They're Still Rolling, April '48

WAR
Abolish War! Oct. '46
America, Here We Come! Sept. '45
Get the Record Straight, July '45
Hitler's Final Secret Weapon, Feb. '45
Hold High the Torch, Jan. '46
The Human Nature of the Enemy, April '45
The Japs Came Back to Manila Today, Sept. '45
The Kid Next Door, Jan. '45
Let's Hear From the Folks Back Home, Aug. '45
Movies for the Theatres of War, April '45

One Sparrow Does Not Make Summer, Jan. '45
The People and the War, June '45
Piracy in the War Program, At '45
The Unknown Soldier, Nov. '45
What About War Films? Dec. '45
What Happened to Hitler? July '45
When Will the War With Germany End? Jan. '45

WESTERN
America's Main Street, Sept. '45
The Fabulous Forty-niners, Dec. '45
The Last Ride of Pecos Bill, March '47
Law of the Lone Star, Feb. '47
A Lot of Bones, March '48
Pistol Packin' Dilettante, July '47
2,000 Miles of Funeral, April '48

"I thought your wife's name was Susan," remarked a visitor. "How come you call her Peggy?"
"Oh," said the host, "Peggy is just a little pet name I have for her." Then he added in a confidential whisper, "You see, Peggy is short for Pegasus, the immortal steed. An immortal steed is an everlasting nag."

Last summer a high school boy was earnestly filling out an application for employment. Several questions seemed to puzzle him. The personnel manager, noticing the boy's trouble, went over to help him. The first thing that caught his eye was the blank marked, "Salary Desired?"
Next to it was written, "Yes."

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said, "Don't those papers make you tired, my lad?"
"Naw," replied the lad, "I don't read 'em."

Overheard at the bridge club, "My husband told me this morning that Madame Butterfly was coming here this season."
"Well, I hope she's as good as that last foreign speaker we had."

"I wonder," said the fond mama, "if my little boy knows how many seconds make up a minute?"
"Do you mean a real minute, Mama, or one of those great big 'wait-a-minutes'?"

Figures don't lie—which is one reason why tailoring is so difficult.

Patience is a kind of word some men use to describe their inability to make a decision.

She was only a trainman's daughter—plain loco and no motive.

America has the best-yessed women in the world.

Patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to clap as the United States cavalry gallops across the screen.
Ten thousand boys, representing every state in the Union, recently gathered in Kansas City for the annual Future Farmers of America Convention. Their band and chorus proved that music of the soil can make truly beautiful music originating a broadcast from the stage of Music Hall.

2. The Secretary of Agriculture, Charles Brannan, was one of many important guests to address the convention.

3. Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, crooned some Western ballads in a special appearance. The Roy Rogers show is heard over WHB each Sunday at 5 p.m.
For friendly, understandable news of nations across the seas 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.
Death Falls Gently
A terrifying glimpse of what another war may bring—silent, invisible death for which there is no defense

You’re Being Gypped!
Here is the surprising expose of crafty racketeers who fake injuries to swindle your insurance money

THE BEST CARTOONS

full-Length Articles

Star Teacher
Mass Murder in Massachusetts
Watchbirds of the Weather
The Midgets Fly Low
The Sultan of Swap
Your Claustrophobia Can Be Cured!
The Captain Was Kidding
Long Way From Saint Louie
Postmen on Ponyback
Safety in Pigtails
Underdog Bites Man

Helen Colton 7
William J. Murdoch 11
J. A. Chapman 15
George Statler 17
James Y. Otis 23
Alvin K. Holmes 27
Ted Peterson 31
Don Marshall 35
Maurice E. Cotton 51
Fletcher Payne 55
Jules France 57

WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO SEE IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY

special Features

Heavy Dates in Kansas City 2
Tom Collins Says 40
Man of the Month 45
February Programs on WHB 62
Swing in World Affairs 67
Swing Session 69
Chicago Letter 71
Chicago Ports of Call 73
New York Letter 75
New York Ports of Call 76
New York Theatre 78
Kansas City Ports of Call 82

THE MAGAZINE OF TOMORROW—TODAY!
GRAND PRIZES AWARDED
IN WHB
FAVORITE PROGRAM CONTEST

Three 1949 Fords have just been awarded the grand prize winners of the WHB “Favorite Program” contest.

1. John T. Schilling, vice president and general manager of WHB, smiles approvingly as Mrs. Hal C. Hardin, Miss Ruth Payne, and Mrs. George F. Turner receive keys to their new autos from Benny Benthrap, Kansas City Ford dealer and owner of Broadway Motors.

2. Mrs. George F. Turner of Kansas City, first place winner, chose Kate Smith Speaks as her favorite program.


4. The ladies are happy as they pose with their shining prizes. (For picture of third place winner, see Page 41.)
HE state of the world and the state of the weather, we have learned, have more in common than thought. Both of them are the result of mysterious goings-on from way back, and only the most scientific observers can make forests of any accuracy at all. The weather you're having this February, whether it's damp and gray as old or rushing spring, is the logical, direct result of occurrences in the upper atmosphere months and months ago. The weather pressures in the upper air, and even the brash winds of March and fine June night are in the making overhead. Considerably overhead—a hundred miles or so. Likewise, current global events. They have been in the making for months, derivative from Potsdam and Yalta, happenings in Palestine, China, and Berlin.

As the past has determined our present, so the present is shaping our future. Today's act reaches fruition in a somewhere distant me. Peace, for instance, depends in whole or part on the decision of this hour.

We must work now to insure not only peace, but our kind of peace, guaranteeing dignity to the human individual. If we fail, there will not be left in all the world enough love to justify one Valentine.
FEBRUARY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

**Art . . .**
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

*Loan Exhibitions: Paintings by* Cady Wells and contemporary New England painting.

*Masterpiece of the Month:* "Pari-

able of the Pearl of Great Price" by Domenico Fetti (1589-1626), Italian.

*Lecture Series: Wednesday even-
ings at 8 p.m. Laurence Sick-

man, Far Eastern Art.*

*Concerts: (Sundays 3:30 p.m.,

Fridays, 8:15 p.m.)*

- Feb. 4, Martha Callan, pianist.
- Feb. 6, Sigma Alpha Iota con-

cert.

*Motion Pictures: (No admission charge.)*

- Feb. 11, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 13,

3 p.m., Don Q, Son of Zorro

with Douglas Fairbanks.
- Feb. 18, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 20,

3 p.m., Beau Geste with Ronald

Coleman.
- Feb. 25, 7:30 p.m., Feb. 27,

3 p.m., All Quiet on the West-

er Front with Lew Ayres.

**Drama . . .**

- Feb. 9-13, The Heiress, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
- Feb. 14-20, The Enchanted Cot-

tage, starring Margo. Resident

Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

**Lectures . . .**

- Feb. 7, Dr. Abram Leon Sachar,

The Tapestry of American Life,

Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
- Feb. 14, Paul Wickman, Scandinavian the Beautiful, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 4 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.
- Feb. 16, Willard O. Thompson

and M. Edward Davis, Change

of Life Problems in Men and

Women, Jackson County Health

Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
- Feb. 28, Colonel John D. Craig,

Isles of the Spanish Main, mo-

tion picture in color, Music

Hall, 4 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.

**Opera . . .**

- Feb. 4, La Traviata, San Carlo

Opera Company, Music Hall,

8:30 p.m.
- Feb. 5, Carmen at 2:30 p.m. and

Il Trovatore at 8:30 p.m.,

Music Hall.
- Feb. 6, Aida, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

**Music . . .**

- Feb. 1-2, Kansas City Philhar-

monic concert, Seymour Lipkin,

pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
- Feb. 6, Kansas City Philharmonic

Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
- Feb. 7, Bartelson and Hoff, du-

pianists, University of Kansas

City Playhouse, 4 p.m.
- Feb. 8, William Primrose, violin,

and Dorothy Kirsten, pianist,

Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
- Feb. 9, Robert Sink, voice recital,

All Souls Church, 11 a.m.
- Feb. 11, Elmer Dresslar, voice recital, All Souls Church, 8:15 p.m.
- Feb. 15-16, Kansas City Philhar-

monic concert, Zino Frances-

catti, violinist, Music Hall,

8:30 p.m.
- Feb. 20, Kansas City Philharmonic

Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.
- Feb. 20, Wolff, LeRoy, Britt

Trio, University of Kansas City

Playhouse, 4 p.m.
- Feb. 21, Bidu Sayao, lyric soprano,

Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
- Feb. 23, Debuts & Encore Associa-

tion concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

**Special Events . . .**

- Feb. 1, Bob Hope, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.
- Feb. 6, Public Dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 9-11 p.m.
- Feb. 7-9, 12, Golden Gloves Box-

ing Show, Municipal Auditorium

Arena, 8 p.m.
- Feb. 13, Count Basie, dance,

Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Feb. 17-19, Style Show, Merchants

Association of Kansas City,

Music Hall.
- Feb. 20, Lionel Hampton, dance,

Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Feb. 25-26, Big Seven track meet,

Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Feb. 26, Heart of America Cocker

Club Dog Show, Municipal Aud-

itorium Annex.
- Feb. 27, Heart of America Kennel

Club Dog Show, Exhibition Hall.

**Dancing . . .**

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday and Wednesday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.

- Feb. 3-6, 11-13, Jack Everett.
- Feb. 17-20, 24-27, Jules Herman.

**Conventions . . .**

- Feb. 2-4, Missouri Ice Manufac-

turers Association, Hotel Pre-

dent.
- Feb. 3-4, Ralston-Purina Com-

pany, Hotel Continental.
- Feb. 6-8, Fact Finding Confer-

ence, Institute of American

Poultry Industries, Municipal

Auditorium.
- Feb. 10-12, Central States Safety

Congress, Municipal Auditori-

um.
- Feb. 11-12, American College of

Surgeons, Hotel President.
- Feb. 13-14, National Federation

of Temple Brotherhoods, Hotel

President.
- Feb. 15-17, Kansas City Gift

Show, Municipal Auditorium.
- Feb. 14-15, Missouri-Kansas-Okla-

boma Chapter International As-

sociation of Electrical Inspectors,

Hotel President.
- Feb. 17-18, Midwest Feed Manu-

facturers, Hotel President.
- Feb. 18-19, Monument Builders of

Missouri, Hotel Phillips.
- Feb. 20, Midwest Advertising

Executives, Hotel President.
- Feb. 21-26, Certified Property

Managers School Regional,

Hotel Continental.
- Feb. 24-25, Eagle Picher Sales

Company, Hotel Phillips.
- Feb. 26-28, Midwest Circulation

Managers, Hotel Muehlebach.
- Feb. 27-March 1, Missouri Egg &
Poultry Shippers Association,

Hotel President.

**Wrestling . . .**

(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)

- Feb. 22, Professional wrestling

exhibition, Municipal Auditori-

um.

**Basketball . . .**

- Feb. 4-5, 11, 18, High school

basketball, Municipal Auditori-

um Arena.

**Hockey . . .**

(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)

- Feb. 6, Fort Worth.
- Feb. 9, Omaha.
- Feb. 13, St. Paul.
- Feb. 16, Tulsa.
- Feb. 20, Minneapolis.
- Feb. 27, Omaha.
The insurance company will stand the loss? Oh, no — you will!

YOU'RE BEING GYPPED!

by FREDERICK FREE

NOW resident in a women's prison for a long stay is a forlorn-looking little grandmother who once bore the monicker of "Insurance Annie." She earned the appellation through years of hard work lacerating her skin with combs, swallowing laundry soap, piercing her gums and doing other unpleasant things to herself in order to collect handsome awards from insurance companies.

As was inevitable, Insurance Annie ried her racket once too often and private detectives caught her in the act of injecting hydrochloric acid into her arm in order to induce a gangrenous appearance when examined by insurance doctors. That plus other evidence salted Annie away for five years, but there still are an estimated 2,000 sly souls who spend their waking hours thinking up ways to defraud the insurance companies.

When fraud is perpetrated successfully, it costs not the insurance companies but the policy-holders. That's because increased claim settlements or fraudulent injuries are soon reflected in hiked-up premium rates. And we, the policy-holders, pay for the cunning gyps of unscrupulous windlers.

In 1947, our nation's 217 major casualty-insurance companies paid claimants a staggering $695,000,000. The companies expended an additional $130,000,000 merely in verifying or rejecting more than 4,000,000 claims for everything from lost false teeth to swollen toes.

Adjusters assert that at least 817,000 doubtful claims were paid solely because fraud could not be proved, although it was suspected. Insurance statisticians—a cautious breed—estimate that around $20,000,000 was awarded to outright phonies who were skillful enough to confound all doubts as to their honesty.

This bill, in the long run, is paid by you, me, all of us who carry insurance covering personal injury, public liability, property damage or workmen's compensation. How to curtail this gigantic fraud practice is everybody's concern.

Fortunately, more than 65 major accident insurance companies are taking vigorous steps to fight the wave of fraudulent claims threatening to cause increased premiums for the long-suffering but honest John Q. Public.

These firms have created the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, with headquarters in New York and branches in many other cities. A keen former FBI man, Wayne Merrick, captures the bureau and has broken open 13 organized rings of insurance fakers in the past eight years.

Merrick, who once was chief investigator for Governor Thomas E.
Dewey, has a crack staff recruited chiefly from the FBI ranks. His main armament is a huge index system which probably has your name in it if you've made an insurance claim in the past ten years. These 12,000,000 names are listed alphabetically and phonetically. The case histories unfolded in Merrick's super filing system would provide bizarre plots for every mystery story writer in the world.

A typical entry might read as follows:

“Smythe, Martin, also known as Schmidt, Smith, and Smitt;

“This claimant asserted he was hit by a northbound Clark Street trolley in Chicago on November 3, 1945, causing dislocation of his knee. The street car company's physician verified claimant’s injury.

“Our field office in St. Louis has identified Martin Smythe as the same person who received $300 from a bus company in Cleveland in 1939 for a similar injury. Prior to that time, he had made approximately 20 personal injury claims in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

“Confronted with the record, claimant admitted to the ability to dislocate his own knee at will, a capability acquired through a high school football accident. On January 4, 1947, Smythe pleaded guilty to obtaining money under false pretenses and was sentenced to four months in the Cook County jail.”

The file on Smythe contains all biographical items investigators were able to uncover. His photograph is attached. Thus, if he makes another claim at some future time, by an in-
cricate cross-reference system Merrick's bureau very likely will expose him as a chronic fraud artist, and he will face another jail term.

"Actually," says Merrick, "fake accident specialists tend to repeat the same type of accident which once netted them money. They also favor aliases remarkably similar to their own. These failings help us spot them because all cases are classified by groups in our files."

The noteworthy thing about most successful insurance gyppers is their superb acting ability. They can scream, sob, moan, groan, faint, slobber, weep and roar with horrific anguish.

Typical is Mary B., a Philadelphia woman of refined appearance, whose specialty is falling in public buildings. Mary knows that even old fractures show up in X-rays, and a 20-year-old skull fracture has netted her tens of thousands of dollars in the years since his only real accident befell her.

When Mary takes a tumble in an office building lobby, she covertly dabs blood from a tiny bottle into her ears and nostrils. This type of bleeding is associated with skull fracture. She made a fancy living from the practice until the Claims Bureau proved her a "repeater" and wangled a prison sentence for her. Now that she is out of the clink, Merrick's men expect a report of her renewed phony falls any day now.

One of the most ingenious insurance frauds uncovered by the Bureau was that practiced by a man who had twin sons—a normal child and a helpless sobbing idiot. This man, whom we will call Joe Norman, would take the normal boy for a walk through a department store. During the walk, Norman would manage to knock a heavy object from a shelf onto the lad's head.

After the crying child was taken home, Norman would retain a shyster lawyer and file a damage suit against the store. When insurance adjusters called at the Norman home, the sad father would exhibit the idiot twin and assert that his pitiful condition was caused by the store's negligence. A generous award usually was made on the spot in the face of such seeming tragedy.

Norman saw an easy path to riches and worked the diabolical plan eight times in as many cities under assumed names. But he was tripped up one day when an insurance sleuth paid a surprise visit when Papa Norman was away from home. The normal twin opened the door and showed him the mentally-deficient brother. The simplicity of the scheme dismayed insurance firms which had paid out large amounts to Norman, but a stiff penal sentence cut short this exploitation of an unfortunate child.

Restaurants are frequent victims of the insurance-cheating fraternity. One man in a Dallas restaurant ordered an expensive dinner. After the soup arrived, he turned livid and choked into his napkin. To the horrified waiter he exhibited a large insect and obtained the names of sympathetic witnesses.

A doctor, who was in on the conspiracy, swore that the man had suffered violent stomach pains for weeks after the incident, and the restaurant's insurers paid off to the tune of $800. Emboldened, the man tried to work
the scheme in a San Francisco restaurant some months later. But the report of the Dallas incident and claim settlement was in the hands of the San Francisco insurance detectives who had combed the files for similar cases. Confronted with photostatic copies of his claim and his own signature on the settlement check, the insect-carrier—who toted his pets in tiny vials—confessed to attempted fraud and was dispatched to the pokey for six months.

Many insurance gyppers obtain the collaboration of friends and relatives by saying, "I'm not hurting anybody in making this claim. The insurance companies are big businesses; they've got plenty of money to throw around!"

If you ever hear this spurious assertion, think a moment and reflect that fakers who get awards literally are taking money out of your own wallet. Then notify the nearest insurance sleuth and help speed the rascal to the cell he merits. Remember, he's gypping you!

**Whose Legs Are Where?**

**BRACE** yourself. Here goes another illusion!

Some of those naked and scantily dressed girls you see on some calendars are painted partly from male models!

"Because," reports Zoe Mozert, a Hollywood artist who would qualify for modelling herself, "men have prettier legs than women, and men's figures provide the kind of lines calendar companies want." Thus, men models are often used for the basic lines of the paintings.

Some women, Miss Mozert states, are all right from the knees down, but above the knees are lines which can't be put on any calendar, regardless of the year.

Men have thinner ankles, better shapes at the calf muscles, and trimmer thighs which are "musts," the artist declared, and she cited the legs of Errol Flynn, Jack Benny and Tyrone Power as good examples. She just completed painting Flynn in tights for posters publicizing a new picture.

Miss Mozert is the artist who did Jane Russell in that haystack scene for _The Outlaw_, and just to prove her point she revealed that it was necessary to use another model for certain parts of Miss Russell.

What can a man believe in?—Barney Schwartz.

Several years ago, the well-known novelist, Louis Bromfield, was hired by Samuel Goldwyn. He was given a sumptuous office, a gorgeous secretary, and was paid a fabulous salary, but he received no specific assignment.

For weeks he sat in the office doing absolutely nothing but drawing his pay. Finally he became bored with this life of luxurious idleness. Determined to have a showdown, he barged into Goldwyn's office.

"See here, Mr. Goldwyn," he complained. "I want to break our contract. I realize you're paying me handsomely, but I'm not really earning it. I can't stand doing nothing."

"Now, now, you shouldn't feel that way," consoled Goldwyn, putting a fatherly arm around the writer's shoulder. "After all, we hired you for your name, Mr. Bromberg."—Milwaukee Journal.
Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.

**STAR TEACHER**

by HELEN COLTON

If you should ask many Hollywood stars, "Parlez-vous français?" nine out of ten who can answer you at all are apt to say, "Yes, thanks to Mrs. Salemson."

They refer to Mrs. Mary Salemson, a sweet-faced grandma who is Hollywood’s foremost teacher, not of A B C’s, but of "Oui, oui." She teaches French to American stars and English to foreign stars.

Among those she has taught to "parlez" in French or English have been Norma Shearer, her husband, Martin Arrouge, and her two children; Burgess Meredith and his wife, Paulette Goddard; Mrs. Gary Cooper; Tallulah Bankhead; Daniele Darrieux; Annabella and her mother, Madame Charpentier; Katina Paxinoux and her husband, Alexis Minotis; Jean Gabin; Philip Dorn; Barbara Whiting; Lon McAllister; Fernand Gravet; Aurora Miranda; as well as many directors, writers, producers and their wives and children; newspapermen; and society people.

Mrs. Salemson finds her famous pupils are no different from any others. Some love "school," others would just as soon throw spitballs or gossip with the teacher if it weren't costing them money for her time.

Teacher’s pet is Burgess Meredith. Mary says she’s prejudiced because of his first modest phone call to her, asking her to take him on as a student. "Hello," he said, "this is Burgess Meredith."

She didn’t quite get the name. "Who?" she asked.

"Burgess Meredith. You know, Paulette Goddard’s husband."

She worked with him every day on the set of G. I. Joe. Between takes he never rested, but rushed eagerly to "school." At the end of six weeks he was chatting fluently with Jean Renoir, the movie director, who is a native Frenchman. "Ah, Burgess has the true scholar’s love of learning," Mary sighs, remembering pupils who don’t.

Jean Gabin, the Clark Gable of France, was one pupil who preferred to chat. Each lesson he would avoid work by acting out for his teacher another heart-rending chapter in his life story.

Every day Mary arrived at his house, telling herself that today she would not say one word more than was necessary in French, so that Gabin would be forced to speak English. But every day Gabin was so charming and funny, and so bursting with good stories, that soon they'd be conversing wholly in French, having a wonderful time but not getting any work done.

When his film, Moontide, began,
Gabin hadn’t gotten very far with his American A. B. C.’s. To make matters worse, instead of practicing English between takes, Gabin would phone Marlene Dietrich and jabber away in his native tongue. In desperation, studio bosses cut off his phone calls and barred from the set anyone who could even say “Oui,” including Mrs. Salemson. Gabin had to talk English.

Despite his dislike of school, Mrs. Salemson has a very soft spot for Gabin, who paid her what she considers her greatest compliment when he said in her hearing one day: “Mrs. Salemson speaks such impeccable French. If only I could speak my native tongue the way this American lady does.”

Daniele Darrieux, the pert French actress, was somewhat more anxious to learn English than her compatriot was — about $5,000 a week more anxious, in fact.

Universal Studios hired Daniele at $5,000 a week when the studio was going through financial reorganization and didn’t have the money to pay her. They kept her off the payroll by saying they couldn’t use her yet because she didn’t know English.

Mrs. Ad Schulberg, the star’s agent, who had a 10 per cent interest in that $5,000, called in Mrs. Salemson. In a week of hard drill, Miss Darrieux memorized a three-page screen test, syllable by syllable, not even knowing what the words meant. She made the test and astonished her bosses with her “knowledge” of English. Her pay checks began at once.

By the time she went into Rage of Paris seven months later, Universal was about $150,000 poorer and Daniele was too good at her new tongue. She played a Parisian, and the writer had to insert a mistake, “I can took it,” into her lines so she’d sound realistically foreign.

Life among the talented and temperamental can be hectic. Several years ago, Mrs. Salemson was teaching the top actresses of four countries at one time—Tallulah Bankhead of the United States, Daniele Darrieux of France, Katina Paxinou of Greece, and Dulcina de Morais of Brazil.

Even in such exotic company, the terrific Tallulah kept her crown as First Lady of Excitement. Two minutes after the teacher came to Tallulah’s apartment for an interview,
recommended by the actress’ doctor, she was told, “You won’t do.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you’re not talking French. Can you? Go on, say something. Talk to me in French.”

Feeling rather silly, Mrs. Salemson spouted “Roses are red, violets are blue” in French. She was mercifully interrupted by the arrival of Claudette Colbert, who had come to have tea with Tallulah.

The hostess put her French-born guest to work testing Mrs. Salemson’s French. They chatted and Claudette exclaimed, “Good heavens, Tallulah, this lady is French.”

After studying with Mrs. Salemson for a half year, Tallulah was so pleased she insisted on paying more for her lessons than the price they’d agreed upon.

Like Claudette Colbert, many people think the gray-haired teacher is French. That’s because she speaks the language exactly as a native does, with his idioms and inflections.

Actually she’s a native of Chicago who lived in France with her two children, Harold and Paula, now Hollywood correspondents for French and Australian newspapers.

The wife of a Chicago physician, Mrs. Salemson had never been a teacher. To occupy herself while her children went to the lycee, she studied French at the University of Grenoble. She loved the language but didn’t know many Frenchmen with whom she could practice it. So she would go to the markets and haggle with the merchants, “just to get the music of their language, the flavor of their disgust and annoyance. I’d fight about fish or tripe, stuff I didn’t even want, just to see what they’d say, and learn their expressions. I felt awfully cheap doing it, but I learned a lot.”

In May, 1931, Mrs. Salemson, now widowed, settled in Los Angeles. If anyone had urged her to become a French teacher, she probably would have exclaimed, “Good heavens, what do I know about teaching?”

Her career began purely on a social basis. Her son, Harold, went to visit Robert Florey, a movie director whom he’d known in Paris. Florey, newly married to an American girl, was anxious to have her learn his native language. He asked Harold if his mother would visit Mrs. Florey and chat with her in French. Mary did so, and was soon coming back with lessons prepared in advance. She knew nothing about teaching, but she had become a very good teacher.

When Jean Renoir, the noted French director, and his son, Alan, came to the United States and wanted someone to help them perfect their English, Florey recommended Mary Salemson. The Renoirs, in turn, recommended others. In her fifties, Mary suddenly found herself a career girl.

Today the Renoirs are still two of Mary’s most ardent “salesmen.” She gets new clients entirely through word-of-mouth recommendations like theirs. She teaches her pupils only to speak French, not to read or write it. She gives lessons either at her students’ homes or her own. She never gives written homework. “They’re all too busy with their careers to do it anyway,” she says, realistically. She uses no textbooks. Her teaching
methods she has devised herself, with each student getting personalized lessons according to his needs and the amount of time he has. Most of them study for a few months, wanting to know just enough to get by comfortably as tourists in France.

Sometimes when Mary has a pupil in for a lesson, she combines teaching with baby-sitting. She shares a house near the Hollywood Bowl with her son Harold, his wife Dorothy, and their little boy and girl.

The partnership extends to the family car, which Mary drives to her appointments. And if she’s ever stuck when Harold has the car, she walks a dozen doors up the hill and borrows a car from her daughter, Paula, and son-in-law, Darr Smith, a columnist for the Los Angeles News.

With her charm and sense of humor, Mrs. Salemson has become not only a teacher but a dear friend to many of her pupils, particularly the foreign ones, who cling to her as they wallow in a sea of Americanese.

She once spent several weeks at Palm Springs with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Part of the time Meredith had to go back to Hollywood. Plette (as the actor calls his wife) was afraid to sleep alone, and she asked Mary to sleep in her room. As they were dozing off one night, Mrs. Salemson broke the quiet with a giggle. “Paulette, I wonder what someone would pay me to take my place here tonight?”

She has also become fast friends with Madame Charpentier, Annabella’s mother. Whenever Madame has American friends in to lunch, Mrs. Salemson translates for her.

When Annabella and Tyrone Power separated, it was on a friendly basis. Their mothers remained friends, too. One Sunday not long after the splitup of their children, Madame Charpentier had Mrs. Power to lunch. She had made a resolution earlier not to discuss their children at all, and she kept it during the meal. As Mrs. Power was leaving, however, she gave in, not because she wanted to talk about the separation but because she was so proud of the new English expression she had learned from Mary to describe her feelings about it — “I shall get over it.”

Mrs. Salemson’s biggest problem (and the one she gets the most laughs out of), is to keep actors from using French words that have entirely different meanings in English.

She was on the set once when one of her pupils, a director, was testing a big star for a part. The director left the stage for a moment. “Wet for me a little, please,” he said to the star. She looked startled. How far did these French directors go for realism? “Wet for me a little, I’ll be right back,” he went on. “Oh,” the star said, relieved, “you mean wait.” Mrs. Salemson promptly made a note to spend a little more time with her pupil on the pronunciation of the ai diphthong.

Another time she was teaching a French character actor and his young wife at the same time. The Frenchman, feeling that his wife was far ahead of him in learning ability said unhappily, “I am a big behind my wife.”

Mary assured him that if he worked hard, he would quickly make his wife “a big behind him.”
Our American version of the Inquisition began as a hoax, ended in tragedy historians would like to forget.

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

"WITCH hunt!"

Nowadays that cry means someone is looking for a fall guy—a patsy on whom he can pin a bum rap.

But the phrase has grisly echoes, and they come ringing down the halls of history from a seething little Massachusetts village tucked in just off the coast.

Danvers it’s known as today, but 150-odd years ago it was called Salem village. It was the scene of the infamous witchcraft trials which smeared American colonial history with a dark blot of horror and disgrace.

It all started in the winter of 1691-92, at the home of the Reverend Samuel Parris, pastor of the Salem village church. Parris had taken charge of the congregation two years before, after a parade of pastors, including the Reverend George Burroughs, had failed to make a hit with church members.

Burroughs, a strapping big man of God, gave up the Salem village pulpit as a bad deal after trying to badger his salary from church board members for three full years. Among other unpleasantries, he had been arrested on charges of failing to pay for two gallons of wine quaffed at his wife’s funeral. No wonder he took himself off to Maine, glad to be out of the quarrelsome air of Salem village.

But he was not gone for good. There was trouble brewing back in the little town—a veritable witch’s brew into which he was to be plunged by the scruff of his shaggy neck.

Parris took over the church and soon proved himself a person not to be trifled with. When his salary was not forthcoming from the church, he grabbed village land as payment. According to history he pulled a few other shenanigans which did not make his flock like him any better.

Whether the events that followed were plotted by him to attract the attention of the disgruntled church members away from himself, or whether they just happened, no one seems to know for sure. Anyway, Parris’ nine-year-old youngster and a group of other girls began meeting at his home of a winter’s night to listen to the spooky witch tales told by Tituba, slave of the Parris household.

The girls became so obsessed with the slave’s mystifying hocus-pocus that they literally thrilled themselves into fits. They fainted; they rolled their eyes; they babbled gibberish; they groveled on the floor and screamed.

The Reverend Samuel Parris called in the village doctor. This learned
Another child told of being visited by Burroughs' ghost in the dead of night. He cruelly tortured her in his mad efforts to get her name on Old Nick's roster. She was also visited by the ghosts of two women who revealed themselves as Burroughs' murdered wives.

The constables who brought Burroughs back to Salem for trial had a story to tell, too. While they were escorting the prisoner through the forest, a terrific thunderstorm cracked overhead—an ominous sign of league with the Horned Monster down under. Other witnesses in the court told of Burroughs' tremendous strength—which was proof he was possessed by demons.

On this evidence, not a whit more outrageous than that leveled against many others on trial, the Reverend George Burroughs was convicted of witchcraft and hanged. As he stood on the gallows he forgave his persecutors, which moved many of those present to weep—until a preacher in the crowd grimly reminded them that the Devil always was an oily old orator.

Another victim was poor old Giles Corey, whose wife had been arrested on witchcraft charges. When Corey was brought in for hearing, he refused to plead either guilty or innocent of witchcraft. But his tormentors got their man anyway. To make him talk they subjected him to a rare punishment, entirely legal then. They laid him out and placed heavy weights on his chest, keeping him on a diet of bread and water. Corey, 80 years old and filled not with witchcraft but with good old colonial spunk, kept a
stiff upper lip for three agonizing days, then died. Four days later his widow climbed the steps of the scaffold on Gallows Hill and on the end of a tight rope swung out in space to meet him.

Arrests, imprisonments and persecutions continued throughout that bleak winter. In all, 20 persons were executed, hundreds thrown into prison. Even the governor's wife was suspected for sympathizing with a prisoner. Virtually no man or woman in the village was safe.

With the spring of 1693, sanity returned. The governor ordered a halt. He opened the jail doors and 150 prisoners, most of them women, breathed free air once more. The hounds of the witch hunt had been muzzled. Parris was denounced as the active agent of the terror. He admitted he had been in error—a slight mistake! He was dismissed from his church and left Salem village—20 lives too late.

Logic

SIX-YEAR-OLD Billy had always disliked going to Sunday school. Each Sunday morning there was a small struggle as his mother scrubbed his face, stuffed him into his best suit, handed him the money for the collection plate and sent him trudging off.

Then one morning he rebelled completely. "I'm not gonna go to Sunday school anymore, Mother," he announced.

Slightly disturbed, his mother tried to use psychology. "Of course you are, dear," she replied sweetly. "Why, they'll miss you if you don't come."

"Oh no, they won't miss me anymore," he explained. "You see, they've got a new little girl now who comes and brings a dime."

An exacting district railroad superintendent always made a special point of insisting that stationmasters send in an immediate report of any accident, however small. One morning he received the following alarming message: "Man fell from platform in front of moving train. Will send further details later."

After sweating out what seemed like an eternity, the harried superintendent received the second message: "Everything O.K. Nobody injured. Engine was going backwards."

The late William Knudsen once was approached by a slick-tongued Washington senator who was trying to reap the fruits of some war contracts. The senator remarked that although his clients did not have any experience in making airplanes, they had plenty of money.

"Well," said Bill in an even tone, "I have noticed that when a man with money meets a man with experience, the man with experience gets the money and the man with money gets the experience.—Bell Syndicate."
“Look, Joe, I’ve traced my family tree all the way back to the Bastille!”
Watchbirds of the Weather

by J. A. CHAPMAN

We're going to have weather, whether or not.

A FUR trapper in northern Canada, far above the Arctic Circle, taps out cryptic numbers on his radio transmitter. Three hundred miles off Cape Elizabeth, the radio operator of the storm-tossed freighter S. S. Bayless sends similar numbers into the ocean night. The lighthouse keeper at Point Vincente reads his numbers into the telephone, and so does a forest ranger high in the Rockies.

From all these numbers, and countless others sent from all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, comes the short note in your morning paper: "Rain; continued cool and cloudy." So you decide to take your umbrella when you go out this morning. And there's no point now in washing the car. And something must be arranged to amuse the children if they must stay inside all afternoon.

You may not give a hang about weather conditions in the Yukon or off the New England coast or in southern California. You may not be worried, as you read this, about a blizzard sweeping northern Alberta or about the 94-degree temperature in Mexico City.

But the Canadian blizzard or the Mexican heat wave may change your life. Cold air from Canada, drifting south, might stir up a tornado that could whisk away your home and property. Or, for another possibility, the warm air mass might move north, bringing a beautiful day; your golf date with an important client is consequently a success, and you get a bonus.

No matter what you do, your decisions are almost always influenced by the weather. It is one of the most common topics of your conversation. Everybody talks about the weather, but there are several hundred people who actually do something about it—members of the United States Weather Bureau.

The Weather Bureau people cannot actually control weather, and at present it seems doubtful that they ever will. Instead, they treat weather as a huge, uncontrollable giant whose actions they can chart and even predict, but whom they cannot govern. Watching this giant is a complex task, one that cannot be put aside for even a few hours. Weather is a 24-hour business, a world-wide business. The only way to be sure of tomorrow's weather is to keep constant watch everywhere today.

For this purpose, the United States Weather Bureau has set up one of the world's largest organizations to watch today's weather and predict tomorrow's. More than 400 local weather
stations and 12 regional forecasting centers in the United States, together with countless stations in other countries, constantly keep watch on the irrepressible giant which is the world’s weather.

Most important of the members of this great family of watchers are the forecasters, all highly skilled technicians. They are responsible for the accuracy of tomorrow’s weather forecast. But it is impossible to place all the weather factors in a formula and come up with a forecast, and for this reason the weatherman occasionally is wrong. What sometimes bothers the forecasters, however, is that people seem to remember only their mistakes, not the more frequent “on-the-head” forecasts. But most weathermen accept this philosophically. They accept without protest, too, the innumerable jokes about weathermen, their predictions that go wrong, and their “crystal ball” forecasting.

Actually, weather prediction is becoming less and less a matter of guesswork. The wet-finger-in-the-wind method has been replaced by scientific gadgets that never need rest and that can pluck weather information out of places in the atmosphere that men cannot reach.

For example, forecasters know that most of our weather is “manufactured” in the upper air, high above the normal range of airplanes. Information from these upper regions is necessary for more accurate forecasts, and the weatherman’s most useful tool in this case is the radiosonde. This is an uncanny little radio transmitter attached to a balloon which sails high into the sub-stratosphere, sending back temperature, air pressure, and humidity data as it goes. Another device follows the path of a small balloon as it soars aloft, recording its position as the winds at different levels blow it about.

In addition to these aids, the forecaster also has information gathered on the ground 24 hours a day by automatic mechanisms which record temperature, humidity, wind velocity and direction, and air pressure. Then too, pilots bring in reports of weather conditions along their routes, and sometimes special planes are sent out to investigate potentially dangerous storms. During the autumn months, squadrons of weather planes are kept ready in the southeastern states to fly out over the Caribbean and keep track of any hurricanes that may threaten the East Coast.

But these mechanical aids are secondary to the information from ground observers. Their reports clatter into the central offices every hour on the automatic typewriters. Forecasters use these local reports to check on changing weather conditions all over North America.

Today’s weather in the Yukon or Mexico may be in your back yard tomorrow, but don’t worry about it. The weathermen have their eyes on it. Maybe they can’t postpone tomorrow’s thunderstorm, but they can warn you in time to take your umbrella.

The driver is safer when the roads are dry; the roads are safer when the driver is dry.
THE MIDGETS FLY LOW!

by GEORGE STATLER

"HERE they come — oops! — there they go."

That was an airplane race.

If you ever tried to watch one, you probably found the swift passage of blurs which you guessed to be planes, together with hours of sitting in the hot sun, straining your red-raw neck for just one quick glimpse of the contest, added up to a most unsatisfactory afternoon. Up to now, that is.

Because now you can buy a ticket for a plane race and be sure you'll not only see what the planes look like, but will enjoy the whole affair from start to finish. You will hear the thin mad snarl of six tiny ships racing for the checkered pylon, see them seem to stand on one wingtip and, just when you and the other thousands of gasping spectators are certain all six will tangle in a heap, straighten out and streak down the back stretch in full view of the grandstand. Every whip-turn, every full-throttle dash — you will see them all.

With midget speedboats and Lilliputian autos buzzing the land and water for prizes, sooner or later had to come the pint-size racing planes. And a good thing, too. For this "backyard racing" presents for the first time the kind of daring competition in the air which a crowd of fans can follow all the way, instead of only the start and the finish, as in the days just passed. Up until the very recent advent of the buzz-kite, airplane racing consisted of custom-built jobs or surplus war models trying for distance-speed records or circling the pylons in so-called closed course events like the Thompson Trophy race at the Cleveland Air Show.

The latter fracas was so spread out the pylons had to be marked with smoke columns before the pilots could find them. If the stiff-necked fan was alert, he would see the contestants zoom past at about 400 miles an hour and disappear again, hell-bent-for-joystick beyond the blue horizon. Few cities could accommodate the large courses needed for these planes anyway; consequently, their spectator value was almost nil.

The midgets, however, can turn on a wingtip after a quarter-mile or half-mile dash and streak away again. Though only a third as fast as their big brothers, they give an illusion of greater speed because of their size and maneuverability. Which is okay by John A. Thrillseeker. In this new
kind of race, long legs of the four-sided course are about 4,000 feet and short ones are about a thousand. Pilots belly down to 50 feet above the ground, but must stay at least 600 feet from the stands. This puts the whole spectacle approximately a thousand feet away from the onlookers—much closer than the fight fan in Madison Square Garden ever seems to get. Speed, therefore, is not as important as in the Thompson Trophy meet. Swift straightaway dashes, steep turns, the whine of the motors—all are more exciting close up. And that’s the key word—closeup.

Like the midget autos, these small planes are piloted by old hands who at one time raced larger machines and then realized the midjets were the coming thing. There’s lanky H. R. “Fish” Salmon, veteran speedster and test pilot who once flew in a second-hand Mustang and a battered fedora. There’s “Hot-shot” Charlie Tucker, believed to be the original inspiration for Hotshot Charlie of the comics because he looks the part and because he flew with the Flying Tigers. Steve Wittman, who designed the slab landing gear now used by other racing pilots and the Cessna Company, is another. And there is Tony Levier, Lockheed test pilot who copped fourth place at Cleveland one year even though he had a ship conceded by one and all to be the slowest in the air that day. Hours before the race he memorized every inch of the course, and later when the fast strangers roared by him, he waved good-naturedly and meshed along right on the beam while his confused competitors wandered all over Ohio searching for the turns. Art Chester, quiet, sandy-haired old-timer, won a race one time because he carefully chalked off each lap as he completed it, figuring somebody else might lose count. His hunch was right. The lad in front throttled down one lap too soon, and Art putt-putted in ahead of him.

These are a few of the flyers who are pioneering a new sport in the air. Before the second World War they had taken part in mad scrambles involving expensive made-to-order planes. Later, when the surplus combat types went on sale cheap, these racing pilots were able to buy them at greatly reduced prices. Everybody seemed as happy as oysters in a bed. But at a meeting of the Professional Race Pilots Association a couple of years ago, President Art Chester had a worried look.

“Boys, I think we’re hanging ourselves,” he announced. “How long can we hope to fly these tired old 38’s, 39’s, and 51’s? When they fold up, we will each have to pay maybe 100,000 dollars to build a racing plane, or we will have to get out of the business. And of the 25,000 or so put up for prizes, the most a pilot can win in one race is about ten grand. Right?”

Interested, the boys did some fast mental arithmetic, and then as one man they nodded: Right!

“We’ve got to start a new light class of racing plane,” Chester said, aglow with the Big Idea. “A little something that might cost no more than $5,000 to build and still leave race winners a profit.”

The club members saw thechal-
lenge and the problems it entailed and immediately began planning to meet them. Thus was born this new kind of airplane race.

Despite the fact that the supply of left-over fighter craft gave air racing the boost it very much needed for a postwar comeback by temporarily removing the high-price spectre that threatened to end the sport, the 1947 Thompson Trophy Race clearly demonstrated that this fastest closed-course event is too hard on pilots for the fun and money derived. It turned out to be the roughest international speed classic ever seen. Out of the 13 starting, only 6 finished. Cook Cleland set a new world's record of 396.1 miles per hour in 20 laps over the 15-mile rectangular course, but not before four crackups and one death had taken place.

In direct and pleasing contrast was the Goodyear Trophy Race of the midgets. Of the 19 that qualified, Steve Wittman's red Wittman Special won the trophy and $8,500. Paul Penrose flew Art Chester's green-and-yellow Swea' Pea; Salmon and Tony Levier piloted the latter's two Cosmic Winds. Mike Argander, Dwight Dempster and Bill Brennand flew other new small planes. All of them were so interesting and so air-worthy that one observer concluded, "In this set-to there was more originality in each little plane than in all the big ones together."

The Goodyear race was run on the rules doped out in 1946 by Chester, Levier, Benny Howard and others of the PRPA. Their aim was to put air racing on a safer basis, increase spectator appeal, and stimulate designers' ingenuity. The midgets came through this, their first big trial, with no spills and nobody hurt. And the fans got kicks for their tickets.

Somewhat relieved, the pilots and designers who had put time and money into the project with no guarantee of success went back to work. And in their second big triumph they proved again that plane racing can be given back to the spectators. Ten planes competed in the Continental Trophy Race in last winter's All-American Air Maneuvers at Miami. Twelve thousand fans watched the ten-lap roundabout over the two-mile course. Art Chester clocked the 20 miles in a very nice 7 minutes, 43.5 seconds, for an average of 155 miles an hour in his butterfly-tail Swea' Pea. Winner of the event was 20-year-old Bill Brennand from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who hurtled Wittman's tiny red ship around the pylons at 170.33 m.p.h. "Fish" Salmon took a second. Pressing close behind were W. L. Lefevers,
Jr., of Reidsville, N. C., and ex-RCAF ace Earl Ortman from Tulsa. With this second hurdle cleared, the sport had decidedly proved itself.

The products of home-workshop designers and pilots of somewhat limited means, the midgets are restricted to engines having 190 cubic inches of piston displacement. Propellers must have a fixed pitch. Wing loading (gross weight per square foot of wing area) may not exceed 12 pounds—about the same as that of the average two-place sport plane. Thus, a ship's performance depends almost entirely on aeronautical design and skillful handling. Landing gear is rigid. Planes must be tough enough to stand stresses six times the force of gravity in prerace dives, and must successfully test-run three laps of the course at full throttle, turns included. To conform with all these "musts," the midget planes look dainty, are tough, fly fast.

When you see one for the first time, the impulse is to crack, "Does the guy ride this thing with or without a saddle?" Swea' Pea has a cockpit only 19 inches wide at the shoulders, while backrest and instrument panel are only 26 inches apart. Though her pilot isn't a midget, too, it's a tight squeeze for him, sitting three inches above the floor on a little rubber doughnut. The ship weighs only 590 pounds, and her owner hopes to knock off 50 by substituting fabric for plywood on the wings.

Wittman rebuilt his $8,500 prize-winner from a higher powered model that set national and international 100-kilometer records in 1937.

Rules say that one pilot cannot cut in front of another until he leads by 150 feet. This means the leader has to accumulate sufficient interval plus 25 to 50 feet of altitude in order to dive for pole position on a turn.

Superchargers and lift flaps are forbidden. Because of these rules, the pleased customer has been given a full-blown contest to enjoy.

"The midgets," Tony Levier said about a year ago, "should create a new form of competitive sport."

And they have. Before the end of this year it is expected that at least a hundred such races will be held around the United States. Promoters are getting interested in the "speedway in the sky" that puts the planes under the onlooker's nose, never out of sight. On the West Coast, the racing pilots are planning a race every week. Purses will be small at first, they expect, but should increase as the public catches on. Air-minded folk remember how California made the midget cars pay off, and they believe the quarter-ton airplanes can get to be just as much or more of a big thing. Besides the Los Angeles get-togethers, races are planned for Cleveland, Miami and Tulsa. Since the California fly-boys find it cheaper to stay around home, they will race for small
erecting

Horse monument

planes and their pilots, these 85-horsepower conco-
tions are adding to engineering knowledge. Already improvements have been made on light planes as a result of experience with midget ones.

So when the mighty mites roar, audiences who never before shook to the thrills of an airplane race will pack the stands. Thousands will flock to Cleveland on Labor Day to see the midgets in action. Everybody’ll be in the act, and there’ll be fun for all. Each tiny plane may represent the work of an engineer, a draftsman, and a mechanic—in the hands of a pilot. Financing the project may be an oil executive, fascinated by the novelty as well as the advertising. Donating the prizes will be tire or engine makers. And thoroughly enjoying the thrills and the color in the performance of this new and different kind of three-ring air circus will be the people in the vast new airplane racing public—maybe you.

It's a Horse on the Duke!

O VER in Spain, the Duke of Alba is erecting a monument to Babieca, the noble horse which carried Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar to so many victories over the Moors. The Duke proudly announces it will be one of the world’s outstanding monuments.

It doesn’t, however, hold a cornerstone to the one in Enterprise, Alabama, which was erected to the boll weevil. This monument to the worst pest of the cotton fields was erected in 1919, “in profound appreciation of the Boll Weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity.”

The structure, in the center of the town, came after farmers of the area realized the weevil’s destructive habits prompted them to diversify their crops. The result was that income skyrocketed to three times that of the best cotton years. Out of the evil of the weevil, they gained a new security!

History is the record of how other nations have always been wrong.

Speeder: One who plays the hearse. —Magazine Digest.
Dooley Noted...

The World's Champion Human Pin-Cushion is a gypsy king who won the honors at one of the annual pin-sticking contests in Old Bohemia. He won this title by thrusting an all-time high record of 3,000 pins through the flesh of his own left arm and holding them there for 31 hours before a single one popped out.

A Chinese wrote the World's First Dictionary. Pa Out She was his name. In his works he listed 40,000 Chinese characters and their definitions. His work was the inspiration for dictionaries in other tongues. Ambrose Caleppini compiled the first dictionary of words, which he produced in Venice in the year 1500. In 1755 Samuel Johnson compiled the first English dictionary, omitting words beginning with "X," and Noah Webster's dictionary appeared in 1828.

The Lucky Four Leaf Clover is held to be lucky because it is believed that Eve, being expelled from the Garden of Eden, reached down and plucked one to carry with her. Because it was believed a living bit of the Garden, to find such a clover in one's own garden grew to be considered good luck. To find one while walking was even luckier. As far back as 1648, Herrick wrote in his Hesperides: "Oh, lucky four leaf grasse; the while the crowd of younglings sing and drown ye with a flowerie Spring."

The Scotch Bagpipe is not Scotch at all. It originated in ancient Egypt and was the favorite instrument of the earliest Greeks. It was the official musical instrument of the Roman Legions, who later carried it into the British Isles. Monks of old sang their hymns to its squeaky strains. It is a first cousin to the old Swiss Dudlestep. The Scotch simply liked it well enough to learn to play it, and it is now identified with them almost exclusively.

The Police Car "Black Maria" was named for Black Maria, a Negro Amazon of the old Boston water front. Her strength was that of many men, and when sailors became too unruly for handling by the constables, they yelled for Black Maria—who simply picked up the culprits and carried them off to the village bastille. She was a highly respected person, so when four-wheeled wagons finally were outfitted to cart away belligerent bums, they were dubbed "Black Marias" in her honor.

Preservation of Meat with Ice is recorded in Chinese poems dating 1100 years B.C. The method of cutting, as well as proper dimensions, are described along with rules for lasting storage. The idea was to preserve slaughtered lambs for sacrificial services.

Hedgehogs came from England with the Pilgrims on the Mayflower. In those days no English home was without a few of these little fellows who slept all day but sauntered about at night, seeking their favorite food. There was no Flit, D.D.T., or insect powder, and, what's more, no need for them, for the hedgehog made their use unnecessary. So the Pilgrims brought hedgehogs along to kill off roaches, ants, water bugs and flies.

Yours Truly, Mr. Dooley
It's a roundabout way to make a living, but this impresario of odds-and-ends does handsomely at it.

THE SULTAN OF SWAP!

by JAMES Y. OTIS

In this inflationary era, the prices of stuffed penguins, ostrich feathers, moustache cups, African war spears and riveting machines have gone up, too.

This hard economic fact saddens Savino Morizzo of Chicago, the "Sultan of Swap," who sells and trades incredible bric-a-brac with the same aplomb that your corner grocer hands out canned goods and bread.

"Still, business is good," Morizzo philosophizes, "for somewhere there is always a person who wants to buy or swap something valuable for a copper bathtub, a box of skulls, oil paintings or gold-encrusted cuskidors."

Savino isn't kidding. Daily, the mailman staggers into his five-story junk house on Chicago's Lake Street, carrying pleas for the strangest merchandise in the world—most of which is carried in stock.

Those letters—plus a personal following which ranges from Cairo, Egypt, to Nome, Alaska—enables the dark, wiry little Morizzo to arrange 10,000 trades and 5,000 cash sales a year. His business is stimulated by his own magazine, The Traders Journal, which is a startling compendium of the weird gadgets and seemingly useless junk he has on his shelves. Five thousand people the world over buy his journal each month.

Some sample ads:

"Have lithograph of Custer's Last Stand. Will trade for hair clipper."

"Need Lord's Prayer written on pin-head in exchange for tattooed ear."

"Can you use miniature steam locomotive suitable for kiddie park? Will swap it for early Edison phonograph."

"The Journal is one of the world's best advertising media, if results are an indication," Morizzo boasts, flicking some dust from a mounted wild boar which he'll probably swap for a Model-T Ford.

"Our readers include retired sea captains, aviators, old maids, business leaders, entomologists, soldiers, explorers, curio shop owners, college students, teachers and clergymen. What they unearth in their attics and basements is amazing but true."

And Morizzo proudly displays his wares—gallons of hair dye, old coins by the hundreds, pictures of every United States President, stereopticons,
a tree-bark tablecloth, ancient type-writers, silverware from kings' palaces, tattooing kits, swords, Borgia poison cups, and Civil War uniforms, to name but a few of his "staples."

Once, Morizzo bought a toboggan and friends crowed that he would regret his hasty purchase. Unruffled, he put the toboggan in front of his store. Snow began to fall immediately, and he made a quick profit in five minutes.

Another time, this peerless trader accepted $50,000 worth of oil paintings on consignment from an Oklahoma oil king. The magnate wanted an apartment house in exchange for his treasures.

It took Savino several weeks of scurrying around to museums, art dealers, real estate agents and private collectors, but he swung the deal and made $5,000 commission on this, the biggest swap of his career.

Morizzo was a penniless, eight-year-old immigrant boy from Italy who started selling newspapers in Chicago to support his family. He soon achieved stature among fellow newsies as a sharp swapper.

"Before long, I had a corner on jackknives, marbles, tops, balls and bats; and boys all over the city were asking me to be a middleman in arranging exchanges of boyhood treasures," says Savino.

But it was inevitable that the shrewd, fast-talking lad should become a salesman in his teens. Later, he dabbled in graphology, public speaking, economics, and psychology—but he was unhappy.

"My first love was swapping," he says, "and I was successfully operating ten cosmetics stores in Chicago and St. Louis when I decided to chuck my profitable business and become a modern horse trader."

Around this time, the depression closed down on the land and Savino's small shop in Chicago became a mecca for barter hounds, intent on staving off poverty by trading odds-and-ends for the necessities of life.

A typical customer was Tom, a barber, who had a cellarful of fine red wine although he was busted financially. Tom had a perpetual toothache and needed the services of a dentist. Savino knew a dentist who was desperate for patients, and quickly arranged a barter deal: ten gallons of wine for four fillings and an extraction.

Morizzo's cut was two gallons of wine. Everybody was happy. He exchanged his wine for three alarm clocks, then traded the clocks for an electric stove. Later, the stove sold for $10 and Savino concluded that the swap business was a good money-maker, bad times or prosperity.

Last year, he sold or exchanged more than $1,000,000 worth of bizarre products and services. As his usual commission is ten per cent, it's easy to see that swapping is better than an oil well for a fellow like Savino!

Savino is a philosopher as well as a trader. A bachelor, he likes to aid young lovers, and once he accepted an engagement ring in exchange for a car. But on a hunch, he held the ring in his safe.

Several weeks later, the ring's orig-
inual owner returned, highly excited, and told Savino he had made up his quarrel with his girl and wanted the ring back. Did Savino know who had it?

"I have," said Savino. "I thought you'd come back. Sweethearts always do." And he gave the boy the ring, took the car back, and muttered gloomily about the ways of love which keep a smart swapper from making a quick buck.

As the "housewives' pal," Savino became famous during the war. Women turned to him by the hundreds for such hard-to-get items as nylon stockings, electric toasters, clocks, and other scarce things.

Now, with merchandise becoming plentiful, Savino is getting rid of such items.

"What I need are Indian head-dresses, Roman coins, clothing for midgets, deep sea diving equipment, and other out-of-the-way products," he explains. "To a swapper, such things bring a glow of excitement. Anybody can make a profit out of autos and houses now. The trick is to make a little fortune on 3,000 Chinese jade backscratchers—which I can get for you, bub."

**Typing the Mountain Unclimbers**

CLIMBING a mountain is tough enough, but unclimbing one is tougher. You can take that from a group of 100 volunteer rescuers at Boulder, Colorado.

This rescue group, headed by Professor Charles Hutchinson of Colorado University, has plucked many a human being off the rocks high up, people who made it up there but stalled and couldn't come down.

Naturally, such rescuing leads to typing, and the group has designated three major classifications.

Type One is the profusely thanking kind. He's usually so scared sitting on the heights that all he can see is a red or a green shirt, not the rescuer himself, coming to save him. Once the treacherous descent has been accomplished, the thanks begin to pour out. But, the next day on the street, Type One doesn't even recognize the persons who saved him.

Type Two is too cooperative. He's the specimen who listens to all instructions and plans and then tries to start down the rope before the rope is anchored. The rescuers have learned to whisper around this fellow.

Type Three is the emotional type. Once saved, this one rolls all over the ground, kisses it, rubs his face in it. Then, suddenly, he gets up on his feet and runs like—well, like he never wants to see a mountain again.—Barney Schwartz.

An American tourist, smugly assured that his high school knowledge of French was excellent, swept into a Paris restaurant, seated himself with a flourish and began to order his luncheon in French.

"Garson," he began in a loud voice, "je desire consoome royal, et un piece of pang et burre, er, hang it, une piece de burre . . ."

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the waiter tactfully. "I don't speak French."

"Well, don't just stand there," snapped the tourist, "get me someone who does!"
“Like this, Reverend Whitehead?”
A CHICAGO business man, who was healthy and well-balanced for years, moved to a skyscraper office building and engaged sumptuous offices on the 42nd floor.

Immediately, he became a changed person. In the morning at his desk, he was pale, irritable, nervous. At home, he complained of loss of appetite and snapped resentfully at his wife and children.

Finally, in a talk with his physician, he said:

“This sounds so silly that I can’t believe it, but I think those elevators in the new building have caused this change in me. When I enter the elevator, I grit my teeth, my stomach seems to cave in, and my heart pounds like mad until the operator lets me out at my floor. After that, my business day never seems to go right. What do you make of it?”

The physician questioned him and learned that for 15 years he had occupied a second-floor office in a building two blocks away. He had always walked up and down. During that period, the business man had never noticed these distressing symptoms.

“You’ve got one of the commonest fears in the world—claustrophobia,” the doctor said. “It’s the fear of closed, confined spaces. Some people experience it in automobiles, airplanes and Pullman berths; others experience violent fright in a dark theater or in a closet at home. Probably 10,000,000 Americans have claustrophobia, some in small degree, others to an incapacitating extent. The sad thing is that people don’t realize this fear can be uprooted and banished, once the cause is brought to light.”

Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have several reasons to advance for claustrophobia. Frequently, a violent shock in adult life will cause it. One Pittsburgh woman opened a bedroom closet and found the body of her husband, a suicide, dangling at the end of a rope. For ten years thereafter, she was unable to open a closet door unless a friend or member of the family was at her side. But once she had told a psychiatrist how the fear developed, she started to lose it—for the very act of talking about the irrational dread was beneficial.

Some authorities believe that guilt feelings play a large part in this common neurosis. Declares Dr. Donald Gregg, former president of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene: “Parents are frequently responsible for the development of claustrophobic fears in their children. The worst thing a mother or father can do is to thrust a young child into a closet or tiny room for disciplinary purposes.”

A 30-year-old secretary came to a municipal psychiatric clinic in Chi-
chicago with a strange tale. She lived in dread of entering an auto, and for 11 years had never been in a car. All that time, she had used busses, street cars, and elevated trains. When public transport wasn’t available, she would walk for miles rather than step into an auto.

Patient dredging of her early years, and relentless probing of her earliest memories, finally uncovered the key to her problem: At the age of four, she had broken an expensive doll in a moment of anger. As punishment, her mother locked her in the family sedan parked in front of the house. For two hours, the terrified little girl had screamed as nightfall approached and nobody came to her rescue. When her father finally took the exhausted child out of the car, a deep-seated neurosis had been planted within her mind, to flower years later into a fearful aversion to entering an auto.

Once this patient remembered the buried incident, she was able to talk about it with the psychiatrist. She was able to see for herself how the repressed experience had burgeoned dangerously in her subconscious. Within ten days, the old fear had been dissipated, and she was able to ride cars and taxis with complete mental ease.

Dr. Albert C. Buckley of the graduate school of medicine, University of Pennsylvania, thinks claustrophobia affects everybody to some extent. He says:

“The fear of being confined and closed in is the most common and widespread of fears. Every man, woman and child carries a little of this fear around with him. Some of us control it so that it doesn’t bother us; for others, it makes life miserable.”

Actually, extreme claustrophobia is a pathological, or abnormal, fear, as distinguished from the prudent fears which keep us alive, such as the dread of a poisonous snake, the fear of an onrushing truck, or the aversion to sharp and dangerous knives or blades.

Claustrophobia, which at first may be merely a nuisance, usually becomes aggravated and more distressing as the years go on and its underlying cause is undetected. Indeed, numerous cases of “heart trouble” are not that at all; they are the associated symptoms of claustrophobia.

Doctors explain that the person with an abnormal fear of being closed in—once he thinks he is trapped in a small room or space—finds that his heart pounds furiously and he grows dizzy and fearful. Before long, he gets a heart fixation, and concentrates on the alleged heart condition instead of the mental attitude which causes the heart to act violently and distressingly.

Other victims of the most common fear in the world report that they have stomach upsets, asthma, headaches and excessive fatigue. In almost all cases, true claustrophobes who complain of these troubles don’t have them at all; their symptoms of ailments and disorders are sparked into life whenever their old fear of being hemmed in is awakened.

A 50-year-old woman, who was forced to take a job in a small shop when her husband died and left her penniless, suddenly found that she had
an erratic and sensitive stomach. At home, she was all right, but as soon as she reported for work her digestion became upset, she suffered cramps and diarrhea, and complained of acute headache.

The tiny store in which she worked barely accommodated a sales person and several customers. But on a busy day, as many as 12 people would crowd in—and her stomach distress always became worse on such days.

She quit her job and went to work for a department store. The stomach distress didn’t reappear. Her physician, to whom she told her story, said:

“You have mild claustrophobia and never knew it until you went to work in that small shop. The feeling of being hemmed in, of suffocating, was aggravated by the many people in a small space. That accounted for your stomach’s sensitive reaction to your environment. But when you changed jobs and found yourself in a large department store with a wide open space around you, the phobic fear lessened and so did your associated stomach pains!”

Few people can afford long and expensive psychoanalysis in order to get at the bottom of their unreasoning fear of being shut in. Actually, it seldom is necessary to go to this trouble and expense. Psychiatrists are busy enough with thousands of serious neuroses and psychoses, without having to treat at length every case of claustrophobia which might be solved by honest self-examination on the part of the patient.

A new technique, that of the so-called “truth drug,” is highly effective, costs little, and takes a fraction of the time in getting to the seat of a claustrophobe’s trouble. A Texas man, who was fine as long as he was on his ranch in the wide open spaces, confessed that he felt panicky and wanted to scream every time he came to Fort Worth on a cattle deal.

“The little stores and offices make me feel like I were buried alive,” he said with a sheepish grin. “I know it’s screwy, but I can’t spend the rest of my life out on the plains. Can you help me?”

The psychiatrist could and did. He administered one of the new relaxing drugs, and under its influence the cattle man from the plains told his story:

As a boy on his father’s ranch, he had disobeyed his parents and gone
hunting with another boy. They returned home at midnight. The irate father, to punish the lad, locked him in a woodshed and kept him there until daybreak.

The boy fainted when he was released, but seemingly forgot the harrowing experience in a short time. He bore his father no grudge for the incident.

Yet, in later life, when he went into the large Texas cities, the inexplicable fear of being "buried alive," as he termed it, would seize him. He couldn’t account for the fear—until the truth drug and the psychiatrist’s friendly presence enabled him to fish the forgotten adventure out of his buried experiences.

If you have such a fear, sit down and patiently go over your life, seeking to remember what may have precipitated it. Don’t be discouraged if several hours’ trudge over Memory Lane fails to unearth the buried trouble spot. Keep at the job, and usually you’ll be able to strike the root of your own unreasonable fear. The release from dread is well worth the effort to track down old bogey.

**It’s A Fact...**

THAT ONE MINUTE ago in this country:

15,220 gallons of coffee were consumed; 38,220 cups of tea were emptied; 13,320 gallons of milk were drunk; and 5,700 quarts of ice cream were finished off.

654,488 cigarettes were smoked; 600,000 matches were struck; 112,920 telephone calls were made; 71 automobiles stalled (due to battery, ignition, and/or carburetor trouble).

20 persons were injured (3 in traffic accidents); 3 serious crimes were committed; 1 criminal was jailed; 9 persons were caught breaking traffic laws; 6 babies were born; 3 persons died; and 5 couples were married. —Joseph C. Stacey.

The inspector of tenement houses was surprised to find four families living in one barren room. Chalk marks traced on the floor quartered the room for each family.

"But how do you manage to live with so many people crowded into such a small space?" asked the worried inspector.

"Well, we was gettin’ along pretty good," said one of the men, "until the old lady in the north corner started taking in boarders."

There’s nothing very unusual about a movie in California. That’s why the manager of a local movie house stopped the show one evening during the freakish cold spell which hit California in January.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced from the stage. "It is snowing outside. There will be a short intermission so that everybody can see the snow."

The audience filed out in a body, gaped at the snow for several minutes, and then returned to their seats to see the remainder of the movie.

Two little city boys who had never been to the country before were wandering about on their first visit to the farm. Suddenly, one spotted a trash pile of empty condensed milk cans. "Hey, Joe, come here quick!" he called excitedly, "I’ve found a cow’s nest!"
Fifteen men on a Dead End kid,  
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of milk!

THE CAPTAIN WAS KIDDING

by TED PETERSON

THINK of pirates today, and the mind turns to Captain Kidd. One sees him, cutlass in hand, shooing captives off the plank, plundering gold-heavy galleons and burying iron-ribbed chests of treasure on desolate beaches.

The picture, alas, is strictly phony. As a pirate, Captain Kidd was a complete flop. No swashbuckling scourge of the high seas, he was a timid amateur with one shabby murder and four arsons as his worst record in an age when professional plunderers sacked entire towns for provisions and at least one was so wicked that legend said he had the Devil for a sailing-mate.

Captain Kidd prudently avoided the bloody waters where the tough pirates hung out and high-tailed it when the going looked rough. No captives walked the plank of his Adventure Galley. No towns were sacked at his command. No men fell beneath his cutlass. The weapon in his only murder was a wooden bucket with which he conked one of his own gunners because the man had become disgruntled at the skipper’s timidity. And the treasure that Kidd is supposed to have buried would scarcely be worth the trouble of outfitting a party to search for it.

On a May day in 1701, the law led Captain Kidd to the gallows at Execution Dock in London. It hanged him there, just across the Thames from the spot where he had embarked on his indifferent fling at piracy five years earlier. Even as the river lapped his dangling body, ballad-writers were busy writing songs about the buccaneer, whose name is now surrounded with romance that has little basis in fact.

Captain Kidd turned to piracy in a scheme that had the blessing of the king himself. Kidd had served his king faithfully and courageously against the French. For his good work in driving off privateers, the Provincial Council of New York had authorized him a reward of 150 pounds. Before weighing anchor on the cruises that were his downfall, Kidd was a respected family man of property in New York.

He lived in an age of piracy. In his day—and for more than a century afterward—waves of piracy invariably tagged the heels of wars. One reason was that the privateers who got a taste of freebooting during the war seldom lost it with the coming of peace. Another was that nations could not spare vessels to police the seas. In the late 17th Century, a series of
The plague of piracy left England in a ticklish spot. Subjects with investments in the East yelled for suppression of the freebooters. But subjects in the American colonies, a spawning ground for buccaneers, welcomed pirates because they kept the cost of living down. In insisting that Americans trade exclusively with the mother country, Britain was charging higher prices for goods than pirates charged for their illicit wares.

Crafty King William III thought he saw a chance to stuff the royal wallet. He agreed that a ship should be outfitted to stamp out piracy. However, he proposed that this ship should be sent out as a private undertaking, since the government couldn’t spare one. The king himself offered to kick in with 3,000 pounds toward the venture. Although he later weasled out of the promise, a couple of bigwigs with an eye on an easy buck promoted the scheme. Among them were Lord Bellomont, governor of New England, and Colonel Robert Livingston, a wealthy New York landowner, who suggested that William Kidd was just the man to head the pirate-hunting expedition. He was to capture buccaneers—“the King’s enemies”—and to impound their merchandise and treasure, which would be divided among the promoters, Kidd and his crew.

And so Kidd set sail in February, 1693, from Deptford in his 287-ton Adventure Galley, with 34 guns and a crew of a hundred. He had at least one strike against him from the start. Neither he nor his crew was to collect any pay unless they took a prize. Further, Kidd had to repay Bellomont if he failed to bring in enough prizes to pay off the cost of the expedition. The second strike against him came in New York, where he anchored to replace a fifth of his crew that had been impressed into British naval service. Newcomers, who brought his strength to 150, had a hankering for unlawful plunder.

Logically, Kidd should have struck a course for Madagascar, where pirates were as numerous as fish. Instead, he carefully avoided that coast for 15 months. He cruised about for more than 12 months without taking any prizes except a small French vessel, which he had picked up en route to America. It helped buy groceries but didn’t line the pockets of the crew.

In one week, 50 of the crewmen died of cholera. The unhappy, payless sailors who remained began muttering about doing a bit of piracy. Far from striking terror into the hearts of fellow skippers, Kidd couldn’t even keep his own men under control.

His first act of piracy came in September, 1697, when he met with a Moorish ketch captained by an Englishman. From the ketch, Kidd got several bales of pepper and coffee and some myrrh. But he couldn’t find any money. A more serious-minded pirate would perhaps have beheaded a few of the crew to loosen the tongues of the others, but not Kidd. He had some of the sailors drubbed with cutlasses. Still they wouldn’t talk, so Kidd helplessly let them go off in their ship. He kept the captain and a Portuguese, the latter apparently for future use as interpreter.
His voyage was spiced with a bit more action. He was attacked by a Portuguese frigate, which he successfully fought off, and some of his crew were beset by natives when they went ashore for water.

In reprisal, Kidd ordered one of the natives shot and some huts set afire, then again set sail. Before long he came upon a Dutch ship, the Loyal Captain, which his men were all for plundering. The crew grumbled about Kidd’s refusal to attack the vessel. A gunner named William Moore, while grinding a chisel, did some grumbling within earshot of Kidd himself.

Kidd and Moore exchanged words. The captain called the gunner a lousy dog. Retorted Moore, “If I am a lousy dog, you have made me so.” Kidd paced the deck a few moments, then bashed the upstart over the head with an iron-bound bucket. Next day the gunner died.

Thereafter, Kidd turned to piracy in earnest. In quick succession he captured a French, a Dutch and an Armenian ship. None of these successes amounted to much. Best of the lot was the Armenian vessel, the Quedagh Merchant. And her capture gave Kidd cold feet because of “the great noise” it would make in England. If his crew had let him, he would have returned the ship to her captain.

As Kidd feared, the owners of the Quedagh Merchant raised a fuss in England. Political enemies of the backers of the pirate-hunting expedition began hinting that Kidd had been sent out with orders to do a little piracy on the side. Even the king wasn’t above suspicion. The government acted fast. Kidd was posted as a pirate, and a squadron went in search of him.

Meanwhile, Kidd had put in at Anguilla in the West Indies, where he learned that he had been proclaimed a pirate. Insisting on his innocence, Kidd turned to Bellomont for protection. That gentleman informed Kidd that if he were as innocent as he said, he would indeed be protected. Reassured, Kidd set sail for Boston, pausing at Gardiner’s Island off Long Island to dispose of part of his loot from the Quedagh Merchant. In Boston, Kidd was thrown into jail. He and his men were sent as prisoners to London for trial.

In May of 1701 Kidd was tried in the Old Bailey for the murder of William Moore and, with some of his crew, for three acts of piracy. The jury gave him the death sentence.

The hangman who carried it out bungled the job on his first attempt. The rope broke and Kidd fell to the ground. A second time Kidd mounted the scaffold. This time the rope held, and Kidd plunged to his death—and into legend as a scoundrel of the seas.
Sauteed Marcus a la Old Mother Gallico

(Since the following correspondence was sent us by a friend who suggested we publish a magazine, SWING cannot vouch for its authenticity.—The Editors.)

Mr. Paul Gallico
New York City
Dear Mr. Gallico:

Several months ago one of our customers asked at our Epicure Bar why Neiman-Marcus did not publish a cook book. We wrote a few people and asked them what they thought of the idea. They liked it, sent us some wonderful recipes and fascinating stories about the origins of the recipes and incidents relating to them.

The book is now beginning to take some form, and we hope to have it ready for publication by fall. In addition to the recipes, the book is going to make good reading. It will include recipes from interesting people all over the world, but will have a strong regional flavor.

We would like very much to have one of your favorite or most successful recipes. We would prefer it to be one with a story attached—pertaining to the origin of the recipe, how you obtained it, or perhaps some humorous or unusual situation in which you have served it.

Particularly we are interested in recipes for canapes, and hors d’oeuvres, soups, salads, vegetables, sauces, fish, meat and eggs.

To meet our publication date it is essential that we have these recipes at the earliest possible date, and we are looking forward to receiving one or several of your most interesting ones.

Cordially yours, Stanley Marcus.

Mr. Stanley Marcus
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas, Texas.
Dear Mr. Marcus:

Your letter requesting that I send you a recipe for the book you contemplate publishing, with a story attached, humorous or otherwise pertaining to its origin, received, and it delighted me.

By an odd coincidence, one of my editors who has just paid me $1,500 for exactly such an article was asking me the other day why I did not start a store instead of beating my brains out at a typewriter. I wrote a few people and asked them what they thought of the idea and they replied—great, particularly if I could get the merchandise contributed gratis.

My store is now beginning to take some form. I hope to have it open by summer. I would like very much to have one of your favorite or most successful pieces of merchandise. I would prefer it to be one with a receipted bill and guarantee attached.

Particularly I am interested in a fur evening wrap for a small blond woman, about size 14, solid gold cuff links, a fine rod and reel for deep sea fishing, a pair of diamond and sapphire clips, with earrings to match, a hunting rifle with telescopic sights, a 16 mm. moving picture sound projector, a set of Paris negligees, lingerie and nightgowns for a small blond woman, about size 14, a television set with large screen, a fine silver service, a fitted alligator traveling bag (woman’s) and a complete set of Sevres or Copeland china to serve 12.

To meet my opening date, it is essential that I have this merchandise at the earliest possible date, and I am looking forward to receiving one or several of your most interesting items.

Cordially yours, Paul Gallico.
THE wooden chest was addressed to Tom Farr in Saint Louis. It rested on the wagon bed and was partially covered by a red and brown Indian blanket. Jed Collins couldn’t see the chest from his position on the driver’s seat of the Jersey wagon, but knowledge of its presence weighed heavily upon him. The chest was empty now. Later, it was to hold a body.

The presence of Julius P. Pfrimmer, self-styled doctor and professor of physiognomy, bothered Jed even more than the chest. He had wished a hundred times in the past half hour that he and the sinister doctor had never met, that he was still doing small chores for the Reverend Worcester. Jed sighed as the phrenologist’s incisive voice prodded him:

“The dilapidated cabin on your right was once the home of Sequoyah, English name—George Guess. Folks called him lazy and shiftless because he allowed his place to become run-down. And all the time what was Sequoyah really doing?”

“What was who doing?” Jed asked dully. He was still thinking about the chest and the gruesome cargo it was to hold. According to Pfrimmer, a Dutchman by the name of Voorman had been taken in adultery and hanged by a frontier mob. The phrenologist hoped to reach the body ahead of a detail of soldiers from Fort Gibson. He desired the body for research purposes, especially the head.

“What was Sequoyah doing, addle brain? What was the Indian doing, whom people termed shiftless and lazy?”

Jed didn’t know what Sequoyah was doing. He had once viewed a portrait that the Cherokee was supposed to have done of himself. In the picture, Sequoyah wore a turban of roses and posies, and a long blue robe over a checkered calico tunic. He recalled vaguely that the Indian also wore buckskin leggings and was smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

“Smoking his pipe,” Jed suggested hopefully.

His companion snorted his disgust. “If you had any bulge to your forehead you would know that Sequoyah was working on the Cherokee alphabet. George Guess was the only man in history to conceive and perfect in its entirety an alphabet or syllabary.”

Jed’s mouth was sulky as he wound the rein ends about his big, freckled, red hands. He might not have any bulge to his forehead, but he was the
only man on Beattie’s Prairie who could throw Sherd’s bull just by twisting its neck. That took muscle bulge.

“If folks had taken the time to examine Sequoyah’s head they wouldn’t have made that mistake,” Pfrimmer continued. “The head is the only infallible index to character and achievement.” He turned the full power of his blue eyes upon Jed. “There are two types of fools, Jed. One is the harmless variety, the people with too much bulge to their foreheads. The other is the dangerous type without any bulge. That’s where you come in, Jed. That’s the type who usually end up dangling from a rope. We wouldn’t want that to happen to you, would we, Jed?”

Jed squirmed under the hypnotic power of Julius P. Pfrimmer’s bright eyes and his sulkiness increased. He could throw Sherd’s bull, just by twisting its neck, but he could never amount to anything because his forehead wasn’t the right shape. His forehead was shaped like that of an Osage, slanting back from a ruffle of brows and ending in a peak at the back of his head. The main difference was that an Osage mother strapped a board to her baby’s forehead to produce the phenomenon, and Jed’s was natural.

He stole a resentful look at the small man seated upright beside him and was instantly conscious of a peculiar illusion. It seemed as if the phrenologist’s head was independent of body, floating along a few inches above the narrow shoulders that were wrapped tightly in a green blanket coat. The illusion persisted until an extra hard jolt seemed to join head and body once again.

Jed admitted grudgingly that Pfrimmer had a finely proportioned head. He had removed his broad beaver and the bristling red hairs failed to conceal the perfect half circle of his arching skull. His noble ears were located so that one-third of the skull was behind the ears, two-thirds before. Jed’s own ears looked as if they had been pulled too often in childhood and the elastic bands that held them to his head had become overly stretched. Pfrimmer’s nose was harmonious, his eyes well centered, forehead both broad and full. The pointed red beard was a tag of dignity.

“Whip it up, Jed,” the phrenologist commanded. “I wouldn’t want anybody to beat me to the Dutchman.”

Jed touched up the raw-boned mare, not because he was in any hurry to reach the body but because, although the mare and the wagon were his, his time belonged to the man beside him. He had accepted Pfrimmer’s employment because a dollar a day was more than he could make working for the Reverend Worcester, and searching for specimens had sounded like more exciting work than cutting wood and doing small chores around the mission. But that was before he had learned...
about the Dutchman. Afterwards he had been afraid to back out. There was some quality in the phrenologist's eyes that rendered him spineless. Maybe it was his great knowledge. Maybe it was because he had promised to keep Jed from being hanged.

The Jersey wagon bumped across a field of dried sunflowers. On the far side of the field stood a shanty, and directly behind it a beard-like fringe of hickories and oaks. Jed turned his head and questioned the other man with a brief look.

"Don't stop at the house," the phrenologist instructed, "drive straight back to the grove."

A young woman came to the open door of the shanty. She wore a faded pink kimono and her hair looked like strands of coarse rope. But she had a pretty face. She gave Jed a smile and let her kimono gape in a suggestive fashion. Instinctively the youth pulled on the reins.

"Get on!" the phrenologist commanded sourly. But Jed noted that Pfrimmer was looking backward over his shoulder.

"Is she the one who got the Dutchman hung?" Jed asked. There was a strange tingle playing up and down his spinal column.

Julius P. Pfrimmer revolved and fixed the frontier youth with his burning blue eyes.

"Such women are an abomination. Nothing spells surer trouble--unless it's having no bulge to your forehead."

"Why didn't the person who discovered the Dutchman's body cut it down and take it to the fort?" Jed asked, voicing a thing which had puzzled him.

"Because he had bulge to his forehead," Pfrimmer said curtly. "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble cutting down bodies without the proper authority."

"You got the proper authority?" Jed demanded bluntly. They had reached the fringe of timber and Jed halted the wagon.

Instead of answering Jed's question, the phrenologist sprang agilley to the ground and pointed his beard at the youth.

"You stay here till I return. I want to talk with that woman. If her husband is home, he should be able to lead us straight to the Dutchman's body. It will help him out of an awkward situation and it will save us time."

Jed inclined his head sullenly. He wasn't certain about Pfrimmer's true motive for returning to the house. He remembered how friendly and pretty the young woman had appeared.

While the other man was gone, Jed looked around. He didn't see any trees that looked stout enough to support the Dutchman's body. The thicket was mostly composed of scrub oak and second growth hickory. He hoped that the soldiers from the fort had already found the Dutchman.

When Pfrimmer returned he climbed back into the wagon and told Jed to turn around.

"Looks as if we had our trip for naught, Jed," the phrenologist said. "The woman tells me that a detail was through here late yesterday and recovered the body."

Jed was glad, but surprised that Pfrimmer took his loss so calmly.
There was an almost sinister quality to his calm, as if he had never actually expected to find the Dutchman, as if he might have had an entirely different mission. Adding to Jed's uneasiness, the doctor had seated himself in the rear of the wagon, atop the empty chest, where it was impossible to keep him under observation.

Across the field of dried sunflowers the Jersey wagon jolted on its return trip. Jed squirmed on the driver's seat. He could almost feel the phrenologist's burning eyes boring into the base of his skull.

"I deeply regret the empty chest," Julius P. Pfrimmer said. "My partner in Saint Louis will be greatly disappointed. I promised him a specimen of the degenerate frontier type. Jed, if you should finish up at the end of a rope, I should like your skull."

Jed attempted to locate the speaker from the corner of his eye, but apparently Pfrimmer had shifted his position. Beads of perspiration formed on the youth's sloping brow.

The wagon rattled on. They were approaching the cabin that had once been inhabited by the Indian Sequoyah.

"A vast pity I haven't been able to locate the skull of Sequoyah," Pfrimmer soliloquized. "The skull of a genius and the skull of a degenerate. What a wonderful study in opposites."

Jed checked the mare suddenly and faced about. It wasn't intuition, his nerves just couldn't take any more. Pfrimmer had risen from his seat upon the chest and was creeping forward, a naked hunting knife gripped in his right hand. As Jed turned he lunged.

There wasn't time for Jed to avoid the blow, but he managed to hunch his left shoulder as Pfrimmer struck, taking the sharp steel in the fleshy part of his arm.

The knife penetrated to the bone, and the shock and pain seemed to release Jed from the hypnotic spell cast upon him by the man's burning, fanatic eyes. He circled the phrenologist's neck with his powerful right arm and bent the man backward relentlessly until there was a snap and the frail body went limp.

He must locate the Reverend Worcester. Jed's slow mind settled on that one important fact. No one else would believe his story. Gradually he made a second decision. He would hide the body until he had had an opportunity to talk with the minister. His eyes rested upon the wooden chest. It was fastened by a padlock hooked through an iron hasp, but Jed located the key in Pfrimmer's pocket.

Jed placed the limp body in the chest, relocked it, and threw away the key. It was an effort to climb back into the driver's seat because he was losing blood rapidly.

Sometime later Jed reached the fort and drove his Jersey wagon through the gateway in the palisades that was flanked by the rude block houses.

A group of soldiers watched curiously as Jed attempted to dismount from the wagon and fell on his hands and knees in the dust.

"Reverend Worcester," Jed gasped faintly, and then lost consciousness.

When Jed opened his eyes, the hazy
countenance of Reverend Worcester floated before him.

Jed felt a strong surge of relief. The minister's skull wasn't nearly as well proportioned as the phrenologist's. It looked a little as if it had been squeezed in a vise, but it was beautiful as far as Jed was concerned. He didn't feel like talking, just yet, but he had to know about the chest.

"Don't worry, Jed," the Reverend Worcester said soothingly. "There was a river packet leaving for Saint Louis about an hour ago and some of the men saw the chest safely aboard. It was addressed to Tom Farr of that city, and while you were delirious you kept mumbling that Pfrimmer had promised Farr some specimens and he mustn't be disappointed. From your words I gathered it was important that the chest be dispatched at once."

Jed closed his eyes. He thought maybe he could afford to rest a while before he told his story.

A young student was greatly annoyed by the slovenliness of his landlady, who never bothered to clean the boarding house. Dust was thick on the furniture, cobwebs gathered in the corners, and the floor was always littered. One day when he returned from class, he was amazed to discover a card tacked on the front door by his landlady. "CLEAN YOUR FEET," it said in big letters.

The exasperated student took out a pencil and on the same card, immediately underneath, wrote, "ON GOING OUT."—American Legion Magazine.

The guest at dinner was obviously unused to formal dining and seemed very ill at ease. He overdid himself in his attempt to be polite, nervously passing things and fumbling at the array of silverware.

The others succeeded in ignoring this until dessert was served. When the maid placed the sherbet in front of him, he immediately offered it to the person on his left. The maid returned and seeing he had none, put another sherbet at his place. This he handed to the person on his right. Slightly exasperated, the maid gave him a third dish. "Look, mister," she said, "you might as well keep this one. They're all alike."

"Were you the person who broke this window?" said the policeman sternly.

"Well, yes, I guess so, sir, but it was an unavoidable accident," stammered the little boy. "You see, I was cleaning my slingshot and it went off."

The man anxious to catch his train on time was worried. The clock in the station office said quarter till four, and the one in the waiting room said five after four. Finally, the man questioned a porter.

The porter looked at both clocks and shook his head doubtfully. Then suddenly he grinned, "Well, it don't make a bit of difference 'bout them clocks. De train goes out at fo' ten, no matter what."

A man who had learned to share taxis in crowded Washington, D. C., went to Boston on business. At Boston's South Station, he jumped into a cab with another passenger, having heard the first fare give a destination close to his. He sat back with a cheery smile, turned to the other passenger and said, pleasantly, "My name's Johnson."

"Mine," retorted the Bostonian frigidly, "is not."
A totalitarian state is one where everything is compulsory that is not forbidden.

Some girls would look more spic if they had less span.

Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members, one of whom happens to be sick and another absent.

Instead of footprints in the sands of time, some people leave only the marks of a heel.

A big game hunter has been missing for weeks. It is feared that something he disagreed with ate him.

Many wise words are spoken in jest, but they don't compare with the foolish words spoken in earnest.

Stenographer: A girl you pay to learn to spell while she's looking for a husband.

He was as uneasy as a baseball umpire being shown through a bottle factory.

A chiropractor is a man who works behind other people's backs.

The slogan of the modern girl is, "If at first you don't succeed, try a little ardor."

Press agent: A man who hitched his braggin' to a star.

When a woman lowers her voice, it's a sign she wants something; when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.

Night baseball is increasing the life expectancy of office boys' grandmas.

Her mind was like a bachelor's bed—never made up.

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world because you can't stop and rest.

---

Centerpiece

A Miss February 14th, Swing suggests Ann Miller, dark-haired Texas beauty occupying the center pages of this issue. Miss Miller, regarded by many critics as Hollywood's top feminine dancing star, played opposite Fred Astaire in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Easter Parade.
1. MRS. HAL. C. HARDIN beams as she chats with HANS SCHWIEGER, conductor of the Kansas City Philharmonic, during a special backstage interview during intermission at the Kansas City Music Hall. Mrs. Hardin selected the Philharmonic broadcasts as her favorite WHB program. Her entry on the subject (see below, right) won third place and a 1949 Ford.

2. SOLVIEG LUNDE, who flew at last minute’s notice from her native California to appear with the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra as guest pianist, was enthusiastically acclaimed for her brilliant rendering of Grieg’s Concerto in A Minor. In a WHB interview after the concert, Miss Lunde recalls a previous appearance with the Kansas City Philharmonic in 1947.

“My favorite program on WHB is the semi-monthly Tuesday night broadcast of the Kansas City Philharmonic concert. Having listened to this, attending the concert on Wednesday night becomes a double pleasure, for we find that the ‘preview’ has sharpened our appreciation and understanding of the great music played, and its early repetition brings that satisfying sense of familiarity that makes music become truly a part of one’s self . . . We feel that these broadcasts have increased the value of our season tickets a hundredfold, and if, by any chance, we are unable to attend on Wednesday night, we still don’t have to miss the concert—thanks to WHB!”—Excerpts from the prize-winning letter of Alice E. Hardin.
ED BIXBY, currently the number one man of American life insurance, is a quiet, delicately-proportioned executive of vast personal charm. To smile, he squints a little, letting the rest of his face follow at a distance. He is retiring, extremely modest, almost shy. Yet this year he will travel approximately 50,000 miles, visiting in Canada and every state of the United States the 221 member companies of the American Life Convention, which he serves as president. When his term ends, in early October, it is estimated that he will have made ten major addresses and numerous speeches, having been exposed to something more than three dozen Rotary, Kiwanis, and Chamber of Commerce luncheons.

February is a heavy month, but on all his trips, Bixby works an exceedingly tight schedule. Conferences begin at breakfast and continue throughout the afternoon and evening, usually breaking up just before midnight. The discussions are devoted largely to legislative proposals which will affect policyholders, investments, or corporate structure.

The American Life Convention was founded in 1906 by 14 small companies located west of the Mississippi. Its purpose was to evolve a general code of ethics, and to promote the growth of the life insurance business. There was, at that time, a similar association in the East to which none of the Western companies belonged. Both organizations are still in existence, but all of the large Eastern companies are now members of the American Life Convention. ALC companies have written 93 per cent of all life insurance now in force in America.

Three Kansas Citians preceded Ed Bixby at the national helm. One of them was Mrs. Bixby's father, J. B. Reynolds, who helped found the Convention and served two terms as its president.

In origin and enthusiasms, Bixby is thoroughly Midwestern. His father, who died when Ed was quite young, was a public utilities official. Ed was born in Champaign, Illinois; attended grade school in Springfield, Missouri; and was educated further at Culver, Drury College, and the University of Missouri.

World War I interrupted his formal schooling. He served in the Transportation Corps in England and France, then returned to the United States to take a job with a traction and light company in New York.

Still, Ed had a yen for the Midwest. He found work with the Liquefied Petroleum Gas Company of Tulsa, and went out to the oil fields, where he was a timekeeper, then field boss in charge of capping the wells, then a field tester.
In 1923 he moved to Kansas City. He has been a resident of Missouri ever since, but just barely, since the Bixby house is on State Line Road, and it is difficult to turn out of the driveway without putting two wheels into Kansas. Especially if you're turning a Cadillac, as Mr. Bixby is.

For the dozen years since its completion, the Bixby house has been a gold mine of material for the editors of ladies' picture magazines, and has served as inspiration for Hollywood set designers.

It was the first large modern residence built in Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby spent a long time in its planning, and actually had rough sketches for nearly two years before calling in an architect. Another year and a half went into technical work before the ground was broken. The result is 20 spacious rooms plus basement “play space”—all air conditioned, spotlighted, functional and utterly livable.

The house has been a perfect backdrop for the Bixbys, including Walter, Jr., and Joseph, the two sons. Walter is a high school senior, and Joseph, an Air Corps veteran, is now married and in a home of his own.

Community duties, as well as responsibilities in the life insurance field, often call Ed Bixby away from his black marble hearth on State Line. A leader in many civic activities, he is a director of the Salvation Army, a trustee of the Midwest Research Institute, and a director of the Kansas City Council, Boy Scouts of America. For 12 years he has worked on the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, and he is a governor of the American Royal Association. From 1945 through 1947 he served as a police commissioner, devoting one afternoon and evening every week to local police matters.

The Red Cross, too, has claimed a great deal of Bixby’s time and talent. He has recently completed his second busy term as chairman of the Jackson County Chapter, American Red Cross. In the course of it, he completed negotiations for the sale of the old Red Cross building, and the purchase of new headquarters. Workers agree that the transaction resulted in the acquisition of a more efficiently designed and conveniently located building.

ANGELINE BIXBY shares her husband’s interest in the Red Cross. She has served on nurses’ aid, and keeps posted on the problems and progress of the chapter.

Mrs. Bixby plays and enjoys what she describes as a “horrible” game of golf, and Mr. Bixby is an amateur photographer. But these are the only hobbies in which they do not have mutual enthusiasm, since they embark on most recreational pursuits as a team.

Long ago, Mrs. B. determined that she would not become a hunting widow. So she purchased all necessary clothing and equipment, and began going along on shooting forays. Now she endures freezing duck blinds with as much stoicism as any one of the gun-totin’ Bixbys—which include the two boys and Joe’s wife, who has taken up hunting on the advice of her mother-in-law. Guests at
Joe's wedding were taken aback to hear the groom's mother confiding to the bride that, by all means, she should get a shotgun immediately.

For Ed and Angeline Bixby, fishing occupies a recreational niche no less important than hunting. They spent a hilarious week, recently, on a "fish and float" expedition down the Ozarks' White River, and are looking forward to Canadian trout this June, when the bulk of Mr. Bixby's traveling assignments will be behind him.

Deep sea fishing is a phase of the sport which they haven't neglected, either, and their recreation room features a tremendous marlin which Ed hooked, lassoed, and eventually landed. The marlin shares honors with a large blonde piano, a custom blonde-and-chrome pool table, and a built-in display case which houses a collection of several hundred miniature liquor bottles.

"Esquire Hall," just off the game room, is papered with Esquire cartoons, clipped in the day when that publication was having difficulties with United States postal authorities. The popular series of "Mr. Bixby" gags drawn by Sims Campbell predominate, of course.

Photo murals serve as wall treatment in the chrome and blue leather bar adjoining the recreation room. The jumbo blow-ups picture the Bixbys hunting, fishing and roughing it. One very excellent shot shows Ed in a beat-up sombrero, well worn chaps and an open-throated shirt, standing in a rakish hell-throated shirt, beside a cow horse. The horse, Mrs. Bixby likes to point out with a chuckle, is securely tied to a fence.

But Bixby is no box-top cowboy. He runs a thousand head of Hereford cattle, including a registered herd of 400, on his 15,000 acre ranch in Wyoming. The ranch is in Converse County, 35 miles east of Casper, 155 miles north of Cheyenne, and 5400 feet above sea level. Called the Bar-BX, it was originally the property of Joseph M. Carey, first governor of Wyoming and first United States Senator from that state. The tract purchased by the Bixbys includes the large, three-story Carey home.

Ed is completely captivated by the ranch. He spends as long as two months there in the summer, time permitting, and whenever possible gets out for the two or three weeks required for branding in the spring. He occasionally handles a rope in the corral, although he figures it will be some time before he graduates to lariat-swinging on the open range.

It does him good, Bixby claims, to get completely away from city life. "It clears the cobwebs," he says, "because the atmosphere is entirely different."

He smiles, first with his eyes, then with all of his face, and adds, "I suspect there's a good bit of the farmer in all of us—and an extra dose in every Midwesterner."

In the eight years he's had the ranch, Bixby has done everything possible to mechanize it. Labor costs being what they are, every power mower or baler spells large-sized savings.

Even so, the payroll exceeds 20 persons (including two cooks) during
the winter months, and hits 35 with
the addition of a haying crew in sum-
mer. Four thousand tons of hay were
put up last year.

Ed Bixby is genuinely interested in
the improvement of American cattle,
not only because of his own ranch,
but because—like many Kansas Citians—he is keenly aware of the
importance of livestock to the eco-

nomic structure of the Middle West.

“When we stage the American
Royal,” he says, “sometimes we’re
prone to over-emphasize the horse
show. That’s spectacular, sure, but
horses are mostly a hobby for wealthy
people. One way or another, most of
us make our living from cattle, sheep
and swine. We can’t afford to forget
that Kansas City is a cowtown.”

Although the proudest moment of
Bixby’s boyhood was the one in which
he was assigned to the Black Horse
Troop at Culver, a mark of accom-
plishment, his active interest in horses
has waned over the years. At the
Bar-BX, he keeps only working
horses. He rides now and again, but
finds a jeep is far more efficient as
regular transportation, even if no
more comfortable.

Mrs. Bixby has a fear of horses,
which she strives at least once or
twice each summer to overcome. “I
hope I’ll lick it some day,” she says,
“but I never really expect to.”

The Bixbys spend two or three
hours in the stands at the University
of Missouri stadium every fall after-
noon when the Tigers are playing a
home game. With the Francis Wor-
nalls, they drive the 125 miles to

Columbia on Saturday morning,
spending the night in hotel rooms
reserved by the season, to return home
after a late, leisurely Sunday breakfast.

Ed Bixby is president of the Kan-
sas City Life Insurance Company,
America’s largest non-participating
company writing only ordinary life
policies. The 54-year-old company has
425 employees in the home office,
and 2,100 representatives in the field.
There are 42 Kansas City Life Insur-
ance agencies in 39 states and the
District of Columbia.

Proof of Ed Bixby’s modesty is the
fact that in the first 14 years of his
association with Kansas City Life (13
of those years as an officer), he did
not allow his name to appear in the
company’s house organ. He made an
exception in 1937, when he became
executive vice president, and another
in 1939, when he was elected to the
presidency. Both the assets of the
Kansas City Life Insurance Company
and the amount of insurance in force
have doubled in the 11 years Bixby
has headed the business.

This June, in Quebec, the agents
of Kansas City Life are holding a con-
vention in commemoration of Ed
Bixby’s silver anniversary. Wives are
invited. To qualify for attendance, an
agent must produce a quarter million
dollars worth of business, but many
of them have already met this re-

requirement.

“I thoroughly enjoy life insurance,”
Bixby says. “It’s wonderful. Any
business is wonderful that gives a
man a chance to have so many fine
friends.”
What will the next war bring?
Death, of course, but silent and terrible death.

by F. D. FLEMING

GIANT capsules of sudden death and utter destruction hurtling down from the skies upon the cities of men—that is the picture of the next war which has been drawn for us.

But will it be like that when it comes? Not necessarily, say the experts.

There is another picture, less dramatic, but just as horrifying, which rises like a nightmare in the minds of scientists and other thoughtful people all over the world. It looks something like this:

High up in the sky, unheard and unseen from the ground, and far beyond the range of effective anti-aircraft fire, fly the planes of the enemy. They are over the target area only a few minutes, spreading their loads of bacteria-laden dust; then they return to their base.

Slowly, silently, the invisible, lethal dust descends unnoticed upon crowded city streets. Later, perhaps days, even weeks, the calls begin to come in to the hospitals; slowly at first, gradually increasing in volume and urgency until the staffs are virtually buried under them. Perhaps the victims can breathe only in labored gasps. Perhaps their symptoms are similar to those of pneumonia in an advanced stage. Or they may be seized with killing cramps, or any one of a dozen or more other symptoms.

A deadly epidemic has broken out in the area. It may be yellow fever, Tularemia (rabbit fever), undulant fever, typhus, or Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Or it may be the result of super-virulent microbe strains as yet undiscovered and unnamed.

That is a picture of bacterial warfare, a grim assortment of nightmarish horrors fully as destructive as the atomic bomb, and for which no mechanical control can be devised. It is the diabolical side of bacteriology. Its major weapons are pathogenic; i.e., disease-producing bacteria or other agents of infectious diseases.

The idea is not new, although it has never yet been used on a large scale. Back in 1346, the year when the Black Death first smote Europe, the Tartars were laying siege to Caffa. The plague broke out among the invading Tartars. The besiegers are said to have infected their foe by throwing over the walls corpses of persons who had died of the plague. And, only a few years ago, at the very moment of Japan’s surrender,
we were ready to spray Japanese fields with a chemical agent that would have withered the enemy's rice crop before the harvest.

Global bacterial warfare was first discussed in French medical literature about ten years before World War II began. It was a secret military project of all combatant nations during the war—and it still is. The largest biological laboratory in the world, operated by the army at Camp Detrick, Maryland, has been working unceasingly upon biological weapons. So have laboratories in Canada, Great Britain, and you may be sure, Soviet Russia.

The prospect of bacterial warfare is grim because such warfare seems impossible to control, and equally impossible to prevent. Atomic warfare is complicated, costly, and elaborate. Bacterial warfare, on the other hand, can be developed cheaply by any nation to which the methods of bacteriology are available. For bacterial warfare is, so to speak, biology turned inside out. The same data which enables medicine to minimize the damage and halt the spread of disease epidemics shows biological warfare researchers how to make epidemics virulent and widespread.

No elaborate and costly laboratories are needed to produce the weapons of bacteriological warfare. The necessary equipment may be found in any brewery. For that matter, the necessary cultures and containers can be produced in any back room. Hundreds of liters of the most powerful bacilli or virus suspensions are easily prepared. One single drop of the dangerous psittacosis virus, which produces a very serious, pneumonia-like disease, contains a million deadly human doses. Bacterial energy can be very easily transported. A whole cargo can be carried in a suitcase; or in the pockets of spies and agents behind the enemy's lines.

Biological warfare may not be just around the corner. But, certainly, it has moved from the realm of imaginative fiction to the practical domain of reality. We like to believe that any responsible government would refrain from using some of the possible bacterial weapons. But might not some future dictator, in the desperation born of imminent defeat, launch a pandemic of psittacosis or plague against his conquerors—or even his associates? And should we be his conquerors, we might also be his victims.

Bacterial warfare may be carried on in more ways than one. Enemy agents can contaminate food and water with deadly germs from vials concealed in their pockets. Enemy airplanes can spread an invisible cloud of some poisonous chemical agent over crop areas.

It is not a pleasant subject—this creeping, insidious warfare fought by an enemy whose ally is gently-descending death. But it is a reality, a practical possibility of vital concern to each of us, and we may be up against it—some day.

"Hopkins," remarked the nouveau riche, as the butler swung open the front door for his exit, "I've just had a tiff with the mistress. You may slam the door after me."
Financially, the Pony Express was a flop. But there is more to the story.

**POSTMEN ON PONYBACK**

by MAURICE E. COTTON

ONE day, nearly 90 years ago, the Pony Express offices closed their doors for the last time—$400,000 in the hole! But the company and its backers didn’t consider the enterprise a total loss. They had just written the final chapter in one of the most thrilling stories of the early West, and had been instrumental in opening a path for commerce across the breadth of the country.

Russell, Majors and Waddell, the freight carriers who instituted the horseback letter service, didn’t intend to make money on their mail contract. All they wanted was a chance to show the feasibility of establishing a regular railroad route to the West Coast. They were successful.

The Pony Express set some phenomenal records in its time. Its riders, galloping over 650,000 miles of wilderness, carried some 30,000 pieces of mail with the loss of only one mail pouch. The service also gave the West some of its most colorful characters.

Aided by Senator Gwinn of California and promised government aid, the freighting firm began organizing the Pony Express in 1860. Those men had to prove to the country that a central route over the Rocky Mountains, in any kind of weather, could be established and maintained.

Military outposts, hundreds of miles apart, had to be included in the new route plotted to the West Coast. And the schedule demanded fast riding. The first main station, 12 hours out of St. Joseph, was Marysville, Kansas. Other stops were Fort Kearney, Nebraska, 34 hours; Fort Laramie, Wyoming, 80 hours; Bridger, Colorado, 108 hours; Salt Lake City, Utah, 124 hours; Carson City, Nevada, 188 hours; Placerville, California, 206 hours; and Sacramento, 240 hours.

Men were hired. Horses were bought. Four hundred employees, including riders, went on the payroll to man the 190 relay stations. The firm’s experts, who really knew horses, often paid 200 dollars for animals with stamina and speed.

No chances were taken in hiring men. They had to be wiry and in their early twenties. They were chosen for their honor, ability to ride and weight. No rider could weigh more than 135 pounds.

Being God-fearing men, Russell,
Majors and Waddell expected their employees to be the same. Every man was required to take an oath that he would not swear, fight with other members of the service, nor use liquor. Each rider was given a Bible which he carried at all times. But the men weren’t sissies.

For protection they carried two Colts and a bowie knife, but these were for emergencies only. Rampaging Indians and bandits were to be dodged by the riders’ skill and the speed of their horses.

Then, in 1860, as the last rays of an April sun glowed faintly over St. Joseph, Missouri, hundreds of people stomped nervously. Men cussed and women shrielled. All were impatient for the start of the Pony Express.

A clatter of hoofs silenced the milling crowd. Old-timers checked their watches. “ Yep, seven o’clock,” someone muttered. “The boys are starting on time.” Straining, pushing and shoving their way forward, spectators tried to catch a glimpse of the rider.

“ There he is!” some shouted. Riding low in the saddle, Johnny Frey or Bill Richardson—even old-timers can’t agree which—galloped through the streets of St. Joseph, cheered by the crowd. The first leg of the history-making ride had begun!

Over Indian-infested prairies and treacherous mountain trails, Pony Expressmen raced through the westward trip in 9 days and 23 hours. But on the trip back the men were less fortunate.

Riding a spirited white bronco, Harry Roff thundered out of Sacramento. He made the first 20 miles in 50 minutes. A strange, gimlet-eyed man, known only as “ Boston,” took over the mail at Placerville. Fighting time, Boston pushed his horse unmercifully into the mountain trails of the Sierra Nevadas.

Heavy snows had blocked the trails. But the express company was ready. Pack mules were kept clogging over the trails. Men cursed and mules balked, but the way was cleared. The eastward mail was several hours late when the tired rider dumped it in St. Joseph.

For two months the service kept a tight schedule. Then came the greatest setback in the entire 18 months of its life—Indian trouble.

Savage bands of Indians stalked the riders in the lonely Nevada hills. Kill-crazed redskins swooped down on the outposts, scalping men, stampeding horses, burning buildings. Hard-pressed riders had no relief. Finally they had to admit defeat, and the company hired Indian fighters. In less than a month the service was resumed.

The express began a new semi-weekly schedule. Soon the country was amazed when a six-day record was made in carrying Lincoln’s inaugural address to the coast. Although the message was carried only from Fort Kearney to Fort Churchill, the run was made with astonishing speed.

These saddle kings did not ride in vain. Some of them became toasts of the West. Even today some few oldsters can still recall their fabulous deeds. They especially remember a slim, clean-cut, hard-riding youngster of 14 who walked into the office of the saddle boss in the summer of 1861.
“I want to ride for the Pony Express,” the young man stated.

“We want riders—not kids,” the boss said to himself. But he was impressed by the youth’s self-assurance. So William F. Cody—Buffalo Bill—became a Pony Express rider.

Determined and confident after his first few rides, Cody asked for a “man-sized job.” He got it. Picking up the mail at Red Buttes, Montana, Bill streaked across western Nebraska, toward Three Feathers. There he found smoldering buildings and the body of the relief rider, mutilated by Indians. Without hesitating, young Bill prodded his tired horse 116 miles eastward to the next station. Grabbing a quick bite to eat, he saddled a fresh horse and made the return trip in time for his next relief. His complete ride totaled 384 miles.

This phenomenal dash was nearly equalled by “Pony Bob” Haslam. Pony Bob, one of the original riders, stayed with the service until it disbanded, setting two all-time records.

Exchanging horses five times, Pony Bob covered 120 miles in 8 hours and 10 minutes. He scored a second record by whipping 380 miles through the High Sierra Nevada mountains. Wrecked stations, mangled bodies and scalps of his comrades greeted him in three successive stops. In the distance he could hear occasional yelps of the Indians. Keeping an eye open for ambushes, Haslam pushed his horse on to the next station. Battered and tired, the horse and rider pulled into the fourth station only three hours behind schedule.

The courage and bravery of these pioneers of the mail soon became unnecessary, however, as the march of science began to establish bigger and better records. Fast horses and tough men could not win the battle against electricity. Telegraph lines had been stringing steadily westward. In 1861 a line had been completed to the West Coast. The same day that the first message was sent over the wire, the Pony Express was disbanded.

The service had been a costly enterprise. Russell, Majors and Waddell had plunked down an initial investment of 100,000 dollars, and 30,000 each month following. They later estimated their total loss at 400,000 dollars. But they had proved their point.

An overland route direct from St. Joseph to California was feasible. In July, 1861, an overland stage was begun. Years later, the first transcontinental railroad trains chugged over the same route. The Pony Express had proved its worth.

The Facts of Life

In answer to five-year-old Bobby’s questions about his new brother or sister soon to arrive, his mother finally gave him a rudimentary explanation of birth, using the chicken and the egg as an example.

It must have made quite an impression. On a family picnic a few weeks later, his mother was leaning over the fire toasting marshmallows. Bobby watched anxiously for a minute, then came up and tugged at her arm. “Mother,” he whispered. “You better not stand so close to the fire. You might hatch!”
“Remember to include members of the opposition, gentlemen. We’ve got to have someone on whom we can blame our mistakes.”
VIOLET tongues of lambent flame leap from the propeller tips as the aircraft plunges through the storm. The passengers inside the plane are in no direct danger from this discharge; but the crying, squealing sound by which the disturbance makes itself known wipes out the radio range and radio compass signals upon which the pilot must depend when he flies by instruments alone. If a pilot is ten degrees off course, this static interference may prevent him from perceiving the difference in signal strength which is his only guide.

In days of old, before men sailed the air, those who sailed the sea often gazed in wonder at the lurid lights which played around the masts under the murky skies of a tropical storm. Landlubbers, too, noticed these circles of light dancing about the tops of church spires and trees, the manes of horses, and even human heads. Pliny records such flames on the spears of Roman sentinels pacing their rounds at night; and Cossacks riding wildly across the steppes on stormy evenings tell of seeing such flickerings on their lance-heads.

This phenomenon, which takes place in an atmosphere charged with electricity, is often called St. Elmo's fire. How it came to be so designated, no one seems to know. It could be a contraction of St. Erasmus, the name of a bishop whom Mediterranean sailors regarded as their patron saint.

St. Elmo's fire was a source of awe, even of veneration, to those ancient mariners. But to modern mariners of the sky, it is a very real danger. More than one airplane disaster can be traced to the blurring of the signals that are so necessary for blind flying. And it is this particular form of static which causes the blurring. Naturally, a great deal of time and study has been given to the matter.

The cause now has a new name. It is referred to, not as St. Elmo's fire, but as precipitation static. This is not the same as "atmospherics," the usual crackling noise we hear on our radios.

Precipitation static has been the subject of a long series of investigations in the attempt to do away with this serious menace to aerial navigation. It was not until 1939, however, that losses in pilots and planes had mounted to such proportions that large-scale research was organized. With the rapid expansion of aviation
which resulted from World War II, these investigations were coordinated under military auspices.

A central laboratory for both flight and ground testing was set up at World-Chamberlain Field, Minneapolis. Pilots and observers went out looking for trouble in all sorts of weather.

As the result of these experiments, there has been developed what is known as the “pigtail.” It is a small, flexible, plastic tube through which run cotton cords which have been sufficiently mineralized to become mildly conducting. A plane equipped with “pigtails,” three each on the outer trailing edges of the wings, can maintain radio communication through interference conditions several times worse than those which would place an unprotected plane in serious danger.

In the discovery of this singular remedy, it would seem that the mountain labored and brought forth, not a mouse, but a pigtail. For literally dozens of engineers and physicists combined their knowledge and skill; and thousands of dollars were spent to bring into existence this small, black, fuzzy-tipped gadget which has contributed so much to the safety of blind flying.

Sign on a college lawn: “Don’t ruin the gay young blades.”

Two tourists were driving through the maple syrup district of Vermont. Noticing the shiny tin buckets hung low on the trunks of the trees, one exclaimed in astonishment, “My goodness, they certainly must have a sanitary bunch of dogs around here!”

Two very English Englishmen were the sole survivors of a shipwreck. They floundered in the water near each other for several minutes in silence. Finally one turned to the other, coughed, and said politely, “Pardon me, old chap, for addressing you without an introduction, but—could you tell me the nearest way to Southampton?”

After the visitor had talked the greater part of the evening about the size and ferocity of the mosquitoes, the old Southerner was becoming slightly annoyed.

“Just look at them swarm,” the guest complained. “Why don’t you screen this porch?”

“That, sir,” replied the old man, “would be unsportsmanlike. We use mousetraps.”

A college prof was being rowed across the stream in a boat. He said to the boatsman, “Do you understand philosophy?”

“No, I never heard of it.”

“Then one-fourth of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?”

“No.”

“Then three-fourths of your life is gone.”

Just then the boat tipped over and the professor and the boatsman were dumped into the river. The boatsman cried: “Professor, can you swim?”

“No.”

“Then all of your life is gone.”
Underdog Bites MAN!

A new conception of news value is responsible for Australia's most powerful newspaper.

by JULES FRANCE

"MAN bites dog" is the traditional gauge of news for most of the world's Fourth Estate. The exceptional, the outstanding, the bizarre, the berserk—every freak and freakish event of the world's sideshow—these furnish the headlines for most of the news read from Nome to Cape Horn, Calcutta to New York.

The Christian Science Monitor has won well-deserved fame by ignoring some of these sacred journalistic tenets, and barring from its columns certain types of "sensational" news. But across the Pacific is an influential newspaper even more unusual than the Monitor, the amazing and powerful Smith's Weekly of Australia.

Although its first issue didn't appear until 1919, Smith's was born on the day a youthful Australian cub reporter named Claude McKay was fired from the Melbourne Age, back in 1896. McKay, it seemed, had acquired the quaint notion that crime was not news.

Called on the carpet for a flagrant disinterest in murders, robberies and rapes on his beat, the young newsman advised his astounded editor, "News is what affects the average man, who doesn't expect to be robbed or assaulted. But he might lose his home or job unjustly. Or he might get pushed around by a government bureau or business firm. Since that could easily happen to anybody, that's real news!"

The editor didn't think so. He emphatically did not think so. Claude McKay got a job on another paper. It turned out that his new editor didn't think so, either. Just as emphatically.

Since the hardboiled Fourth Estate and the idealistic young reporter apparently could not see eye to eye, McKay threw up reporting in disgust. He became a theatrical publicity man, soon earning the fabulous (for Australia) salary of $6,500 a year. But for 23 years he nursed a secret ambition. He wanted to prove to the unimaginative editors who had fired him that he was right.

His chance came unexpectedly after World War I. Too old for a uniform, McKay had offered his services free to the then Lord Mayor of Sydney, Sir Joynton Smith, to ballyhoo war loans. He had talked so many citizens out of their money that Sir Smith, a millionaire who had emigrated from England as a cabin boy, handed him a personal check for $1,500 in appreciation.

To the Lord Mayor's astonishment, McKay spurned it.

"Nobody ever refused to take
money from me before!" Sir Smith gasped. "Tell you what I'll do, then. You're always talking about starting a real newspaper to show up all the others. If you mean it, I'll back you for $70,000."

McKay named the paper after its angel—Smith's Weekly. It was to have national circulation. Ignoring the daily newspapers, it would print only McKay's kind of news. And if it wasn't news yet, he would make it news. The masthead bore the threatening slogan, "The Paper That Makes You Think."

It made advertisers think—twice. They boycotted the paper for almost two years. With a good-natured groan, Sir Smith dug deeper in his ample pockets, for a total of $325,000.

But from its birthday issue in 1919, Smith's Weekly was a bombshell. Vol. I No. 1 featured a slashing attack on slum-owning landlords who jacked rents, made no improvements. Treading brashly where angels feared, it actually named names—one in particular. The day after its debut, Smith's had a libel suit for $32,500 on its fisted hands.

McKay won the case. To this day he disclaims responsibility for the inspired act of his chauffeur. The jury and principals in the trial had gone out to inspect the landlord's properties, to determine whether he had
really been libeled. Returning to their cars for the ride back to court, they began to scratch themselves furiously. In their absence, McKay’s chauffeur had quietly emptied cans of bedbugs into their cars!

Immediately after his court victory, Claude McKay turned the next issue of Smith’s over to another, even more scorching roast of the fuming landlord. That worthy snarled back by slapping a new suit for $32,500 on McKay. And lost again.

McKay promptly loosed a third blast against him. Goaded to desperation, the landlord appealed the previous decision, won a new trial, and finally was awarded a verdict of one farthing. But it was more than merely a pyrrhic victory, since Smith’s was ordered to pay all costs. These came to $50,000, or $17,500 more than the original amount of damages claimed by the landlord!

Since then, McKay considers it a boring morning when he arrives at the office to find no summons server waiting. Smith’s has thrived on law suits throughout its defiant career. McKay estimates that if all the libel claims on Smith’s were totaled, they would easily surpass several million dollars.

He’s won most of the court battles. And learned almost all there is to know about libel and slander—the hard way. The hard way still costs Smith’s about $30,000 a year in legal fees. One of McKay’s high-priced battery of lawyers, until he rose high in government circles and at the United Nations, was Dr. Herbert Evatt.

“I never lose a case these days with my eyes open,” says McKay. “Happens only when something slips into Smith’s that I don’t catch. If I get a very hot potato of a story, I make the writer go out and get affidavits from the people making the charges. Then I don’t care whose toes get stepped on, if my facts are right, and I can prove in court that the public benefits from knowing them.”

One of McKay’s hottest tilts with big business occurred when he allowed his star writer, Brian Fitzpatrick, to accuse the J. Walter Thompson advertising office in Sydney of attempting to corrupt the editorial opinion of certain leftwing newspapers by placing big ads with them. Since, challenged crusader Fitzpatrick, the readers of these papers were obviously not logical purchasers of heavy industrial equipment—the products advertised—the Thompson agency’s action could only be interpreted as an indirect attempt to stifle criticism of their powerful clients.

McKay was not bored the next morning. He was served with a $32,500 writ for libel. Writer Fitzpatrick received another. And the publisher received a third. J. Walter Thompson insisted that Smith’s produce black-and-white evidence of all the ads which they were supposed to have placed in leftwing newspapers on behalf of their clients.

That was a first-class headache. But McKay had a bright idea. He phoned a friend in the agency business who gave him a list of all the Thompson accounts. Then he persuaded a court to issue subpoenas to all these companies, ordering them to
produce their books so that a list of all their advertising could be compiled. Indignant phone calls burned the wires of the Thompson agency the next morning. Red-cheeked and nervous, the agency’s executives hastily phoned McKay to tell him they were ready to drop the suits. But McKay, who had expected this, wasn’t. Not until the agency agreed to pay Smith’s costs in the matter. They did. Then he did.

Being a crusader on behalf of the little man is not without its physical dangers. McKay has been threatened many times. When he was running an expose of Australia’s business underworld, he received a police permit to carry a gun. There was an almost daily phone call to the effect that if he didn’t lay off, Smith’s would be minus an editor. But McKay continued to invite an abrupt funeral until the racketeers and crooks were finally cleaned out.

As spokesman and fighter for the little guy who is pushed around, Smith’s has become the nation’s most widely-read newspaper. To the man in the street it is synonymous with John Smith, the nobody who is everybody. The indignant threat, “I’ll write to Smith’s about this!” is feared by bureaucrats and tycoons alike.

Pick up any issue and you find bold headlines over news, McKay’s kind of news, which is conspicuous by its absence in the daily press of Australia. Page one of a typical issue featured as its big front-page story an article demanding justice for an Australian ex-serviceman. He had returned from overseas to find that his divorced wife had left for America, taking their child, to join her second husband, an American ex-G.I. The government, Smith’s thundered, had erred in granting the “kidnapped” child a passport, and should take immediate steps to return the child to her father.

The same issue went to bat for the average Aussie who was bewildered at being unable to buy woolen clothing in the world’s largest wool-producing country. This paradox, snarled Smith’s, resulted from manufacturers being allowed to export woolens to United States buyers at a higher price—$12 a yard—than they legally could be sold for at retail in the Commonwealth.

A third article spotlighted government ministers in the act of trying to vote themselves lifetime retirement pensions. A fourth poured hot typewriter lead over the heads of Aussie rehabilitation officials for ham-stringing veterans.

Smith’s wields more influence in the Australian Parliament than any paper in the Commonwealth. The daily press, being anti-labor, stands in bad repute with Canberra. But Smith’s, no friend of the dailies, and no enemy of anyone except enemies of the public, has an enviable record of successes in getting wrongs righted—and with remarkable alacrity.

McKay’s biggest crisis as an editor occurred one day before England’s fateful reply to Germany’s invasion of Poland. Until the Sunday following, the world had no way of knowing whether the answer would be peace or war. But Smith’s, un-
happily, had an inflexible Saturday deadline. And the issue was too momentous—too important to the average man—to ignore.

McKay made a tremendous decision. He would have to prophesy peace or war—and he couldn’t be wrong. If Smith's headlines roared war for a solid week, and it was peace, McKay’s weekly would be laughed out of business. But McKay guessed war, and the presses rolled on schedule. Astonished editors of the daily press wondered afterwards what inside track McKay had at 10 Downing Street.

Each issue of Smith’s, planned at a Tuesday morning conference of editors and reporters, is a purely creative effort. Unlike the dailies, whose columns are easily filled with overseas cables and skimmings from police blotters, Smith’s has stuck tenaciously to McKay’s concept of news.

The editorial conference is primarily a review of current injustices, to decide which deserve to be made news by Smith’s. Although the crusading weekly carries advertising, no one hesitates to suggest exploding an injustice perpetrated by one of Smith’s big advertisers. McKay explains casually:

“To hell with the ads. We practically ran without them during the war, when paper was short, and we still paid 15 per cent dividends. So any advertiser who doesn’t like what we print about him knows what he can do.”

And he means it. Smith’s has even run blasts against industries owned by W. J. Smith, Australia’s wealthiest man. This is all the more surprising since, when Sir Joynton Smith sold out his interest in the weekly, W. J. Smith—no relation—became the principal stockholder. And he, like two other unrelated Smiths who are stockholders, Charlie and Bowman, respect the integrity of the weekly by letting the chips fly where McKay pleases.

Most of Australia’s top-notch black-and-white artists owe their careers to Smith’s, which goes in heavily for art work and satirical cartoons. When Alex Ladd, an Australian who had been abroad drawing for the old New York World, returned home, McKay put him in charge of a school for illustrators. Then he paid Aussie artists to go to the school!

Smith’s fourth issue, back in 1919, featured a cartoon sent in by a contributor named Hallet. The cartoon was a blast at Australia’s shipping monopoly. A few days later a rejected young man walked into McKay’s office. “I’m Hallet,” he told the editor. “That cartoon I did for you lost me my job.”

McKay was astonished. “How did that happen?”

“Well, you see—I’m a clerk with the shipping company!”

McKay promptly offered him double the salary he had been making to attend Smith’s art school. Today the ex-clerk earns one of Australia’s highest salaries as an editorial cartoonist.

Many Australian papers and magazines buy syndicated art work, stories and articles from America, but McKay doesn’t. “It’s not that we’re in-
sular,” he explains, “but we believe our main job is to keep our focus on Australia. And that means using Australian artists and writers, not starving them out by buying syndicated American pieces because they’re offered cheaply.”

A seven-time visitor to America, McKay considers Uncle Sam’s international perspective “cockeyed.” “You persist in regarding San Francisco as your back door,” he scolds Americans. “It’s your front door. You ought to be watching the Pacific, not Europe. The 18th Century belonged to Europe; the 19th, to America; and the 20th is Australia’s opportunity.”

McKay’s favorite story about Smith’s deals with the libel case he lost when, shortly after the first World War, the paper labeled a public malefactor a “German.” It turned out the man was all Smith’s said he was, and worse—but he wasn’t a German. Smith’s had to pay off for that mistake.

As McKay left the courtroom with his chauffeur—the same one who had dumped cans of bedbugs into jurists’ cars—the chauffeur sighed heavily. “You made a mistake, chief,” he reproached McKay sadly. “You should have done something with the jury. It’s the only proper way of getting British justice.”

However, the average Australian wouldn’t agree with that. There’s a much better way, which has worked like a charm for the last 29 years.

Just write a letter to Smith’s Weekly.
## PROGRAMS ON WHB – 710

### MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
<td>Roy &amp; Lonnie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sight Logan’s Kitchen</td>
<td>Sight Logan’s Kitchen</td>
<td>Sight Logan’s Kitchen</td>
<td>Sight Logan’s Kitchen</td>
<td>Sight Logan’s Kitchen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
<td>Weather in Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
<td>Croby Croons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
<td>Kate Smith Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
<td>“88” Keys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
<td>Embassy Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
<td>Italian Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
<td>Swingin’ on A Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
<td>Club Copacabana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Evening schedule on next page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Geo. O'Hanlon Show</td>
<td>Can You Tap This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Geo. O'Hanlon Show</td>
<td>Can You Tap This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mamas for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Hames</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Bains</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Mamas for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Hames</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Bains</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>Network Dance Bond</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krockin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krockin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Don Wright Chorus</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The New Listen&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>Dan Roth Trio</td>
<td>Dan Roth Trio</td>
<td>Dan Roth Trio</td>
<td>Dan Roth Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WILLIAM W.**
FRIDAY       SATURDAY       TIME

Fulton Lewis, Jr.  Hawaii Calls  6:00
Falstaff Serenade  Hawaii Calls  6:15
Evening Serenade  Robert Siegrist News  6:30
Evening Serenade  Guest Star  6:45
Edwin C. Hill  Guest Star  7:00

50 Scenes from 50 Plays  Life Begins at 80  7:00
50 Scenes from 50 Plays  Life Begins at 80  7:15
Yours for a Song  Guy Lombardo  7:30
Hy Gardner Says  Guy Lombardo  7:45

Gabriel Heather  Chicago Theatre of Air  8:00
Radio Newsreel  Chicago Theatre of Air  8:15
The Enchanted Hour  Chicago Theatre of Air  8:30
Bill Henry News  Chicago Theatre of Air  8:45

Meet the Press  Network Dance Orch.  9:00
Meet the Press  Network Dance Orch.  9:15
Passing Parade  Ted Lewis’ Orch.  9:30
News—John Thornberry  Ted Lewis’ Orch.  9:45

“The New Listen”  Chicago Theatre of Air  10:00
“The New Listen”  Chicago Theatre of Air  10:15
Richard Himber’s Orch. News  Chicago Theatre of Air  10:30

Dan Rath Trio  George Winslow’s Orch.  11:00
Gay Claridge’s Orch.  George Winslow’s Orch.  11:15
Dee Peterson’s Orch.  Barclay Allen’s Orch.  11:30
Dee Peterson’s Orch.  Midnight News  11:45

Swing Session  Swing Session  12:00
WHB SIGNS OFF  WHB SIGNS OFF  1:00

JAMES MELTON, Kitty Carlisle, Dorothy Maynor, Jan Peerce and Eleanor Steber are among the artists whose extensive talents already have contributed to the success of radio’s brightest new musical program, Songs by Great Singers. The series is heard over WHB each Sunday at 12:45, CST.

The Midwest’s January 18th blizzard stranded members of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra, assembled for pre-concert rehearsal, at Music Hall in business suits, slacks, plaid shirts and sports jackets. At 8:30, Hans Schwieger mounted the podium in a brown turtle-neck sweater, determined to prove that great music need not be played in white tie. A hardy handful of spectators applauded the casual appearance of the orchestra, and the huge WHB audience which hears every regular Tuesday evening broadcast of the subscription series safe by radio and fireside, found the performance to be one of the richest musical experiences of the current season. The eighth concert, featuring Seymour Lipkin, pianist, will be presented over WHB on February 1.

Important figures in the news appear each week on The American Forum of the Air, radio’s pioneer public discussion program, to present at least two sides of a currently controversial question. The program is now broadcast on Monday evening at 9 o’clock. Theodore Granik, founder of the Forum, serves as moderator.

Clarence Buddington Kelland’s famous fictional character, Scattergood Baines, will be brought to life in a new series of Wednesday evening dramatic presentations over the Mutual network and WHB at 7:30 p.m. Wendell Holmes, versatile radio actor, has been chosen to portray the lovable citizen of Cold River. The first Scattergood story will be presented on February 2.
Some Things I Learned on the
WOW Farmers’ Trip to Europe

by BILL WISEMAN

That solid, substantial, sincere, respectable Midwest American farmers are the finest traveling companions anywhere!

That these men, in the so-called “isolationist Midwest,” have a most sincere and genuine interest in their fellow soil-tillers across the seas.

That the people of Europe—in all countries and without exception—are far more polite than we Americans.

That the people of England are courageous, patriotic, proud. They are certain “there will always be an England.”

That the Danes are wonderful. Jolly, fun-loving, hard-working, highly respectable. Danish food and beer are tremendous.

That there should be more people in the world like the Dutch—particularly here in America. They, too, are fun-loving, industrious, intelligent. There’s more truth than fiction in their saying that “God made the world but the Dutch made Holland” (by reclaiming land from the seas).

That the Belgians are prosperous, wise economists, hospitable, and that their country is more like the United States than any country in Europe (except possibly nearby, tiny Luxembourg and Switzerland).

That His Holiness Pope Pius XII is a wise and gracious person, cordial to members of all faiths (there was only one Catholic in our group).

That there are more bicycles than people in Europe.

That most every family in Europe loves flowers and plants.

That “Nature Boy” is a “new hit tune” in the fashionable Club Champs Elysees, and as yct they haven’t heard of “Buttons and Bows.”

That European boys and girls work a zillion times as hard as our own.

That if you dislike cabbage, Brussel sprouts, juggled rabbits and three kinds of potatoes at a single meal—better stay away from England.

That English who have heard the American system of radio generally prefer it to the British state-operated programming.

That the next generation throughout Europe will nearly all speak English.

That the Germans were never licked. When the next world blowup comes they’ll go whichever way the wind blows. That I felt real pity for the younger Germans who had nothing to do with the war. They deserve a chance, and aren’t under present conditions getting it.

That the airlift is one of the great miracles of all military history. It’s a most amazing project that makes you mighty proud to be an American.

That Switzerland is the only country in the world which has better money than the Great American Dollar! That what some call their “selfishness” is understandable after you visit there.

That the Italians have (to me) the most beautiful language of all. They are soft-spoken, human, hospitable, easy-going, and thoroughly likable folks.

That Paris and all France is lovely, but their money system is cockeyed.

That crossing the Atlantic by air is wonderful.

That there isn’t much difference in Europeans and Americans. We’re all human beings, all with pretty much the same goals and objectives in life.

—Reprinted from The WOW News Tower.

△

Have you ever noticed that a knocker is always on the outside of the door?
Harry S. Truman has placed himself in a situation rare in United States presidential history. He has all the power and prestige belonging to a newly elected president. In addition, he has few political debts to pay off, since few political promises were made. Although there was a large amount of money thrown into the campaign, most of the funds came from regular party channels and very little of it from the powerful, personal donors who so often demand political rewards.

At present, Mr. Truman is entering into the “honeymoon” period with Congress. But this period, when Congress and President work smoothly together, promises to be of fairly short duration. Congress, by no means, will vote for all the liberal measures Truman asks. The 81st Congress is a Democratic Congress, but it is divided into many factions. There will be violent explosions of controversy, especially when discussion turns to the civil rights program and the Taft-Hartley Act.

The new Congress is harboring a fear that the expected downward trend in business during 1949 will be attributed to the 81st Congress. Because of this apprehension, legislation against business will not be as harsh as we have been led to believe. Threats of the excess profits tax and price controls may be only bombastic talk, a sort of psychological appeasement for labor and wage demands.

An internationalist outlook will pervade the new Congress. The 1948 election reduced the extreme isolationist bloc in the Senate by one-half and in the House by one-third. The resultant internationalist majority in the House should cause important repercussions in the functioning of United States foreign policy. In recent times, our foreign relations have been tied up closely with fiscal appropriations granted by the House. This legislative influence on foreign policy has been further strengthened by the founding of the Economic Cooperation Administration. The former efforts of isolationist Congressmen to deny appropriations in order to block certain laws already approved by both House and Senate probably will not recur in the 81st Congress. Isolationists have been so depleted as to make their voice almost ineffective. Consequently, the bipartisan foreign policy should have easier sledding in the future.

Since the new Secretary of State Acheson is one of the formulators of the present United States foreign policy, it is unlikely that he will advocate any extreme changes. No doubt, Truman will assume more authority in directing foreign relations than he did with Secretary Marshall.

In the 1949 session, Congress will approximate demands that ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman deems necessary to carry out the second year of the Marshall Plan. It is possible that the ECA will attempt to extend aid to the Middle and Far East trouble areas.

The military will not lack support. Truman’s budget request for 15 billions probably will be granted, depending on the situation abroad. Part of this amount will be used to begin the arming of Europe. Six hundred millions will go for stock piling of essential materials. A new weapons evaluation organization has been put into effect to study the types and quantities of weapons actually needed. This should be some assurance to the people that the money is being spent effectively. A greater consolidation of armed services will be
enacted. But universal military training will not occur in 1949.

* * *

The Taft-Hartley question is salient in domestic policy. Sweeping repeal is unlikely, although labor leaders are fighting hard with the faint hope that they can restore the Wagner Act in full. Many of the Senate and House members are not in favor of such drastic action. It is probable that the course adopted will be more deliberate, with extensive revision in place of outright repeal. It is practically certain under the revised legislation that unions will not be liable for unauthorized strikes. The ban on closed shops will be removed, and the secondary boycott will become legal again. It is expected, too, that the minimum wage floor will be raised. Thus, Congress will attempt to reward unions for their election campaigning by granting much of what union leaders ask. But the legislation will not satisfy labor demands completely. The requirement that unions must submit financial reports will remain in effect. And the efficiency of government methods for handling business-labor disputes will be increased.

* * *

Social legislation will consume much of the national spending. The social insurance system will be expanded, and benefits increased. Servants, employees of non-profit institutions and the self-employed will be brought under the old age and survivor's insurance system. An attempt to raise the scale of benefits under this system and the establishment of long term benefits is expected.

Expenditures on public health, hospitals and clinics, aid to dependent children, lunches for school children and other forms of public assistance will be increased.

Federal aid to education, which was successfully shelved last session by its opponents, will be revived with the probability of passage this year. Senator Taft, who fathered the education bill last year, has promised also that this session will see some action on slum clearance legislation. The Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill to this effect was defeated by its opponents in the last session. But Democratic resurgence assures that the slum question will be brought up for reconsideration.

By enacting such social legislation, Congress will live up to its title of "liberal." However, its actions will seem far less "liberal" when dealing with business.

The controversial civil rights program will receive its share of attention later in the session. Northern Democrats will seek to run through the entire civil rights program, including anti-segregation and the federal FEPC, as Truman asks. But the battle will be hard-fought and bitter. There is almost no hope that the program as a whole will pass. However, the anti-lynching and anti-poll tax provisions have strong support.

* * *

The first hint of the business dip is the excess of stock in stores and warehouses over the nation. Slashed-price sales to get rid of the overload of merchandise are taking place everywhere. There is an over-supply of such items as women's and men's apparel, electric and household appliances, furniture and leather goods.

Some manufacturing firms have been dismissing employees, and the hours of the work week have been cut. The result will be increased unemployment, but not in overwhelming numbers. Although pessimists will be quick to label this as the beginning of a serious recession, it is probably only a temporary downward slip.

"Go on, ask him," eight-year-old Tommy said to his little brother Billy, aged seven.

"Daddy," said Billy hesitantly, "suppose a man has promised a girl a swimming pool, a convertible, a penthouse and marriage. Can she sue him for breach of promise?"

"No, son, breach of promise cases are no longer legal in this state."

Tommy nudged Billy. "There, you see," he whispered. "I told you there was nothing to worry about."
Platter Chatter...

Well, gleeful record companies across the nation are scurrying to get new releases off the presses now that the record ban is over. Wonder what Pettrillo will do to the boys that made those bootleg records during the ban? Probably there'll be some new insurance salesmen pounding the pavements after realizing the sad truth in the old chant, "You can't enjoy the show without a program," or in more familiar terms, "You can't play the show without a card, boys." Three up-and-coming Kansas City musicians who compose the Don Roth Trio have several new releases forthcoming on the Damon label. Watch for their first coupling, Marguerite and Don't Come Back Cryin' to Me. With tears in our eyes, we report that Stan Kenton has announced that he is retiring as a band leader in order to study medicine. Evidently, the rapid tempo was too stiff for Stan in his shaky physical condition, and after long deliberation, he's finally decided to change occupations. We wonder if med school will be less strenuous? One bright spot—the Kenton band will continue intact under another director. Paul Weston has cancelled plans for a nationwide tour with his orchestra, because Capitol wants to take advantage of the ending of the recording ban by waxing new Weston discs in Hollywood. The Deep River Boys, Victor recording stars, are mixing business with sight-seeing abroad. They'll headline an important music festival at Cannes, France, on February 27, followed by a four week engagement at the famed Palladium in London, beginning March 1. Disc jockey Peter Potter and his English bride, singer Beryl Davis, have purchased a $35,000 home in Los Angeles. Jesse Rogers, former WHB cowboy singing star, has recently signed a new RCA Victor contract. Rogers rose to fame by plucking a unique kind of guitar in which the tones pass through a specially designed amplifier that gives the resonant effect of organ music. Imagine—all that from one little guitar! Victor also has snatched singer Anita O'Day for a 1949 recording session. Sax Dynamo and his high-flying sextette will boast of new suntans after their one-nighter tour of the South and Southwest this month. The Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, Washington, has adopted a new official song for their city. Believe it or not, it was penned by Ted Weems and saxman Glenn Martin. You'll hear it on the new Mercury recording, Go See Seattle. Count Basie is now on a hop, skip and jump one-nighter tour of the country. The jumping-off place was the Eastern seaboard, and the destination is California—to be reached sometime this spring. Rotund James Rushing, vocalist with the Count, has decided to stay safe within the fold instead of going out on his own. Sarah Vaughn, top sepia star, is expected to win a release from her Musicraft contract and start recording for one of the major labels soon.

Betcha Didn't Know...

...Ted Weems will celebrate his 25th anniversary as a bandleader this month... Al Jolson's new recording, Down Among the Sheltering Palms, is really 34 years old. It was introduced by Al himself, way back in 1915...Bing's recording of White Christmas passed the five million mark in sales this past holiday season, a new all-time sales record for recordings.

Highly Recommended...

DECCA 25423—Gordon Jenkins and orchestra with chorus. My Funny Valentine and Temptation. Here's another one of Mr. Jenkins' fine orchestral arrangements. The first tune will be familiar as a hit in the MGM pic, Words...
and Music. You'll like the vocal by Charles La Vere (the lad who won applause for Maybe You'll Be There) and the smooth background styling by the orchestra. The flip is that old standard sharpened to new brilliance by the Jenkins crew and a sensational mixed chorus.

VICTOR 20-3288 — Perry Como with orchestra and the Fontaine Sisters. N'Yot N'Yow (The Pussycat Song) plus Roses of Picardy. Perry is back with another fine coupling. You'll particularly enjoy the novelty tune, The Pussycat Song, when Perry ad libs. The Fontaine Sisters join in the purring over the backfence, and everybody has a meowing good time. The reverse is a nostalgic oldie with fine interpretation by Perry, backed by Russ Case and the boys.

COLUMBIA 38371 — Elliot Lawrence and his orchestra. These Will Be the Best Years of Our Lives and Left in the Corner. The first is a promising new ballad that's sure to edge its way into the top ten. Jack Hunter aptly handles the vocal assignment while Elliot and the boys set up the smooth instrumental background. Incidentally, there's a pleasurable emphasis on that fine Lawrence piano styling. Left in the Corner features Jack Hunter and Roz Patton teamed for a fine vocal duet. It's an unusual up-tempo tune that drums a solid dancing beat.

CAPITOL 15312 — Jo Stafford with Red Ingle and his Natural Seven, The Prisoner of Love's Song; plus Jo Stafford with Tex Williams, The Traveling Salesman Polka. Well, if you like your music long on comedy, this is the disc for you. The label reads that "Cinderella's back and Ingle's got her," a hint that anything can happen, and most of it does on this disc. The reverse finds Jo teamed with Tex Williams to spin a hilarious three minute tale about an unpredictable traveling salesman. No wonder it's a riot everytime you whirl it!

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, MO 5200.

VICTOR 20-3237 — Tex Beneke and his orchestra. Bye, Bye Blues and Congratulations. That mellow Beneke band is back with a fine new coupling that's bound to please the entire family. The Blues side is a smooth instrumental that reminds you of the beloved old Glenn Miller platters. The flip is a new tune written by Paul Weston and Sid Robin. Punning the title, we say "congratulations" are in order for the fine vocal job by Garry Stevens, the Moonlight Serenaders and the Beneke crew.

CAPITOL 15300 — Julia Lee and her boy friends. Cold Hearted Daddy plus Living Back Street for You. Here's Kansas City's own jazz singer with an all-star line-up of musicians. Appearing with Julia Lee on this disc are a host of jazz names, including Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Dave Cavanaugh, Baby Lovett, Red Callender. Of course, Julia is right at home with these two blue mood tunes, and you'll recognize her own distinctive beat on the 88. If you like solid jazz, this is real gone.

COLUMBIA 38370 — Buddy Clark with orchestra under the direction of Mitchell Ayres. It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World and The Song of Long Ago. If you're a fan of Buddy's, you'll rush down to grab this new waxing. The first side is a big, wide, wonderful waltz tune with lilting background effects by the orchestra. The Song of Long Ago is a haunting old folk tune with new lyrics by comedian Milton Berle. You'll agree that Milton's venture into songwriting has produced good results.

DECCA 24530 — Evelyn Knight with orchestra and chorus. Powder Your Face with Sunshine plus One Sunday Afternoon. Evelyn does it again with a follow-up hit to A Little Bird Told Me. Lyrics for this first tune were written by a hospitalized war veteran. Luckily, they were brought out of obscurity by the musical Lombardo family, and Carmen set the words to music. The steady beat sets you drumming your fingers or tapping your toes. The reverse starts in slow tempo and winds up in bouncy style.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.
THE word has gone out to the police captains around town that the lid is on in Chicago. However, the Men Who Count—the precinct committeemen and ward bosses—seem to have missed the signals from the City Hall entirely, or else they have got them slightly scrambled.

The truth is that during the recent furniture show—our town's biggest semi-annual convention—any lad with a leaning toward a little action could find same with no difficulty whatsoever. If he wanted to place a bet, the bookies awaited him with open purses. If he wanted an after-hours drink, anything from beer to a boiler-maker was available in the joints which specialize in staying open all night long, or at least until the last customer has spent his last buck. If he wanted to yell, "Take it off!" there were at least a hundred spots ready to accommodate him with a bar stool or a ringside table.

This situation is still reputed to prevail, in spite of the protestations from the pious in the City Hall that "the lid is on." The truth of the matter is that the boys who operate the night clubs and just plain "joints" are so far in the hole that the ward politicians will overlook almost anything to help them clamber out. New Year's Eve helped somewhat. So did the furniture convention. Now a wide-open town will be maintained as long as possible—to help the saloon operators get back some of the money they contributed to aid Jake Arvey in carrying Chicago for Mr. Truman. This, of course, helps make the Windy City the favorite "unconventional" gathering place for the boys who wear the cooky-shaped badges and suffer through hours of tired oratory, just so they can make a fast break for the Rio Cabana or the French Casino the moment convention business is finished for the day. Some don't even wait for the closing gavel to bang.

The girls in the night clubs and joints will do their part to make sure that no convention visitor goes away disappointed or dispirited. If necessary they will peel down to their last G-string to satisfy the boys and, incidentally, to help pay off the creditors. Anything goes—and everything goes.

The zipper artists work their trade all over town, but roughly there are three geographical sections of the city which give sanctuary to the sisterhood of the break-away bra. First, there are the plushy cafes of the near north side, employing only the more curvaceous and exotic sirens. Here, in what might be called the Major League of Strip, the girls sometimes do manage to get a little imagination into their uncovering, using such props as gardenias that glow in the dark, snakes, birds, or dummies realistically constructed as part of their costume to resemble Satan, a gorilla, or a two-legged wolf in evening clothes.

In the minor leagues of stripping—on North Clark Street, Howard Street, South State Street, and West Madison Street—none of the girls bothers to be imaginative. They just stride and strip. The idea is to shed all, but in as long a time as possible. This stretches the show and makes it look like a big production.

There are no longer any burlesque theaters worthy of the name in Chicago. The old burlesque houses, which once featured such peeresses of peeling as Margie Hart, June St. Clair, and Lois De Fee, plus a red-nosed comic with a long tie and baggy pants, a ragged line of tired chorines, and a Victor Herbert baritone, couldn't stand the competition from the strip joints. They converted to double features several years ago—and the boys
who used to gape from the balcony moved to the bars. The visibility is better there anyhow.

• • •

Busier than a West Madison Street stripper working a schedule of ten shows on Saturday night is a young man in radio named Jim Ameche. In addition to several network announcing stints a day on programs originating from Chicago, young Mr. Ameche (who has an older brother named Don) also finds time to star in several programs on local stations every day, transcribe a few dozen spot announcements every week, and star as the narrator in the Salute to Gershwin show at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman twice every night.

Mr. Ameche, who started out in radio as Jack Armstrong, the all-American boy, faces a daily broadcasting schedule that calls for considerable stamina, steady nerves, and a good memory. Dashing from studio to studio requires precision timing and a way with cab drivers and elevator starters.

In spite of his backbreaking daily schedule, Jim usually finds the time to emcee most of the benefit shows around town and cook a little spaghetti at his home out in Oak Park. Since leaving the Jack Armstrong show a number of years back, he has somehow managed to appear in more than 12,000 broadcasts from Hollywood, New York and Chicago, get married, and start raising two sons.

One evening shortly before Christmas a small group was having “one for the road” in the Mich-Boul bar on Michigan Avenue. An ambulance whizzed by the door, screaming northward toward the Tribune Tower, siren wide open, red lights flashing. Somebody cracked, “That must be Jim Ameche, on his way to WGN to make a quick Bulova time announcement.”

• • •

Over in the Lotus Room of the La Salle Hotel, a fellow named Carl Lind is proving to a growing number of customers that a band doesn’t have to depend on Tin Pan Alley for hit tunes. Carl manufactures his own, among them Dreamy Serenade, My Secrets, Just An Old Family Tradition, and Where Was the Moon? The customers like the tunes. They also like Carl’s band, billed as The Northmen, and his vocalist, Ann Estes. Miss Estes is one of the gal band singers believing that a girl vocalist need not be artificial or affected to make a hit. Her natural charm and easy style make her numbers with the band extremely pleasing.

• • •

Mr. Roberts apparently has a profound influence on practically everybody who sees the stage hit at the Erlanger Theater. Jimmy Savage, who is the Tribune’s brand-new “around the town” columnist, tells the story of the sweet young thing of 19 or 20 who was apparently still under the spell of the play and its extremely salty “men among men” dialogue when she left the theater on the arm of her escort.

“Where would you like to go now, darling?” inquired her escort.

“Oh, any blankety blank blank place you wish, Mister,” she replied dreamily.

The Military Life

A very meticulous British officer was in command of a company of soldiers who had pushed deep into the steaming, wild jungle country. Disgusted with the increasing slovenliness of the men as they moved farther and farther from civilization, the officer summoned his first sergeant and asked how long it had been since the men had changed shirts.

“It’s been over a month, sir,” was the reply.

“But the regulations state that the men must change their shirts once a week, at least,” insisted the officer.

“Yes, sir, but supplies have been cut off and there aren’t any fresh shirts to change into,” returned the sergeant.

After a slight hesitation came the crisp command. “Then let them change shirts with each other.”
Beatrice Kay, the famous gay nineties girl, teams with Dick La Salle, his piano, and his society orchestra to make up the new show at this favorite room.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEntral 6-0123). Jimmy Featherstone has broken away from Art Kassel to form his own band and offer a fine evening’s entertainment here in the paneled elegance of the Bismarck. Upstairs, the brand new Swiss Chalet offers a unique setting of old world charm and some mighty tasty Swiss dishes.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (SUperior 7-8500). George Scherban and his orchestra provide the background for the graciousness that is distinctively the Yar’s. Here the Russian influence is far from agitating, offering a wonderful evening for relaxation and fine food.

The Show’s the Thing . . .

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). The ole happy boy, Ted Lewis, leads the entertainment, with both Cee Davidson’s orchestra and the Jack Rodriguez Rumba Band playing for dancing.

★ VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue (MIchigan 2-5106). Joey Bishop is still holding forth in this excellent dine and dance spot. He gets ready assistance from Mel Cole and his band, alternating with Pancho’s rumba music.

★ BLACKHAWK, Wabash and Randolph (RAndolph 6-2822). Art Kassel waves the baton for a very gala wintertime revue featuring Gloria Hart. The food is good and the atmosphere more casual than most of Chi-Town’s supper spots.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE, 715 W. North Avenue (MIchigan 2-6947). Emphasis is on the South American touch in this dimly lit room. Frankie Ray and Don Nordo do most of the honors with two rumba bands and a special jam ses-

Very High Life . . .

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAndolph 6-7500). The green and gold decor provides a beautiful background for the fine music of Barclay Allen, with a brand new show sparked by Evelyn Knight and Landre and Verna. The constant popularity of this room is well deserved.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HArrison 7-3800). Jerry Glidden is back with Lona Stevens and an always popular show, in this favorite afternoon and evening meeting place.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th & Michigan (WAbash 2-4400). A lovely room all dressed up with a terrific new ice show, featuring the Three Rookies, and that ever popular and always entertaining maestro, Frankie Masters.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUperior 7-7200). Our town’s glamour spot. There are always a lot of celebrities on hand. Sunday morning brunch is a specially fine way to continue a good week end. The food and drink is always the best, but a little steep financially.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). A beautiful room, decorated to match its name. Ron Perry is still on the bandstand.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 636 South Michigan (HArrison 7-4300).
sion every Monday night that's worth sitting in on.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

Despite the cold winter drafts, the most curvaceous feminine pulchritude strips right on down here in the Windy City. If you find need of raising the temperature several degrees, try one of these all-girl spots . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street . . . L AND L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . or the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark. In fact, you'll probably think you're sitting on a Florida beach before some of these shows are halfway through.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph. This is hardly what you'd call a dignified place, but it has a wonderful feeling of warmth and good cheer, plus probably the finest steak in the city.

★ KUNGSHOLM, 631 N. Rush. Located in the gracious old Potter Palmer home. The smorgasbord is proof that the preparation of food is an art.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place. Unexcelled in producing Cantonese delicacies and exotic rum-based drinks. Highly atmospheric, with a South Sea background.

★ FRITZEL'S, State and Lake. Especially good for before or after the theatre dining. The food and drink are exceptional, and you'll likely see many show business celebrities.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan. A place of charm as well as good food, it's a reminder of the New Orleans French Quarter.

Other Top Choices . . .

IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton . . . NORMANDY HOUSE, 800 N. Tower Court . . . LONDON HOUSE, 364 N. Michigan . . . GENE'S AND GEORGETTE'S, 500 N. Franklin . . . HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph.

A tourist was lost in the Ozark Hills. After wandering helplessly for over an hour, he finally stopped and called to a man in overalls resting in the shade of a big oak tree. “Say, could you tell me how to get back to the highway?”

The man glanced up, squinted, and slowly shifted his wad of tobacco to the other cheek. “Yup, I reckon,” he drawled. “Let’s see, you foller this here road a piece till you come to a fork. Take the left fork until you reach the schoolhouse. Turn left there and keep on that same road for ’bout three miles.”

The tourist nodded. “That’s clear enough. And does that bring me to the highway?”

The man smiled. “Naw, thet brings you right back where you are now.” The tourist gasped. “Back here! But I don’t understand!”

The man bit a fresh hunk from his wad of tobacco before he answered. “That’s so you can git the rest of the directions,” he explained. “If I told ’em to you all at once, you might git confused.”

The sudden entrance of a wife has caused many a secretary to change her position.—Scripts 'n Pranks.

Three women coming out of a lecture hall were discussing the speaker they had just heard.

“I tell you,” said one woman enthusiastically, “Dr. Lindquist can dive deeper into the truth than any lecturer I've ever heard.”

“Yeah,” said the second woman, “and he can stay under longer.”

“And,” echoed the third, “come up drier.”
NEW YORK Letter
by LUCIE BRION

ARE we in a mild depression, recession, or whatever you want to call it? That is the current topic of conversation in Manhattan. Department stores are looking at their orders and inventories with a jaundiced eye, and real estate in the suburbs is uncomfortably slow, with Manhattan "To Lets" growing by the week. All of a sudden everyone seems to be going conservative. There isn't any apparent scare about anything, just a general slowing down. Many Manhattanites say that it is a relief after being pushed around for so long. But if it goes too far, we'll hear a different story.

And wouldn't you know, after several years of fighting to get theatre tickets for any one of the few Broadway hits, the list of fine shows is now so long that the critics are worn out trying to compose new paeans of praise, and the public is overwhelmed with the problem of which show to pick. There is an offering for every mood, serious to gay, so take your choice. All are exceptionally good. If a play or musical isn't good, it won't last long enough these days for you to get a ticket.

Light Up The Sky is a comedy which is causing a lot of talk. One of the most amusing things about the play is the manner in which show people (the audience is always packed with them) accept it. It's a sometimes obtuse and sometimes penetrating satire of well-known actors and producers. Some of the victims can take it, others can't. Intermission comments are priceless, "It shouldn't be allowed" . . . "It's wonderful" . . . "They should drop dead."

We observed Louis B. Mayer and his wife chuckling discreetly, and stared at Marlene Dietrich, the world's most glamorous grandma, in an unusual gold headress . . . whether or not she approved, she was all smiles. Billy Rose, who took his Eleanor to the opening night performance and joined in the applause at that time, decided later that he didn't like the characterization of himself and wife. So in his column he proceeded not only to

pan the show generally but to rename it Louse Up The Sky. Other columnists took exception to that attitude, and the battle was quite heated for a time. Altogether, the enjoyment of Light Up The Sky has been more fun and lasted far longer than the price of the ticket.

On the list of recent hits are: Anne of the Thousand Days, As The Girls Go, Edward, My Son, Goodbye, My Fancy, Kiss Me, Kate, Lend An Ear, Life With Mother, Love Life, Red Gloves, The Madwoman of Chaillot, The Silver Whistle, Where's Charley? . . . and well, there are more to be mentioned but this will give you an idea.

Dogs have worn out, or spotted out, their welcome in Manhattan hotels. By general agreement the doors have been closed to their canine majesties due to the difficulty of getting reparations for damage done to rugs and furniture—to say nothing of untimely barking. Dogs that were residents when the O.P.A. was established, however, cannot be evicted, which gives them no end of a chance to lord it over the poor newcomers who must put up with kennels. Being as how dogs are people in Manhattan, this situation is the source of many arguments, but to no avail. Up to date the rule stands unshaken and unbreakable.

Story from an ex-Navy commander: On an observation cruise to Greenland,
this commander took with him a professional photographer. Shortly after sailing, a Naval intelligence officer warned the commander that the photographer was a known Communist. The commander paid little attention to the information, as the cruise was of no vital importance and the photographer was one of the best he had ever found. Later, however, when warned again, he decided to have the man transferred. This accomplished, he thought no more about the incident.

Over a year later he met the photographer again. The Communist cameraplayer was still working for the Navy, and when asked what he had been doing, replied, "Oh, I've just covered the Yalta Conference."

Apparently the United States delegation at Yalta contained more Communists than Democrats.

To visitors who are theatre-bound in Manhattan: Don't go to any restaurant with an orchestra. You'll get hooked for four or five dollars extra, which is added to your check as entertainment tax. Besides, the music starts so late there is scarcely time to get one foot on the dance floor before time to dash for a taxi. It is much more fun to dance after the theatre anyway, and our good shows these days put one in a dancing mood.

Milton Berle is taking a bow as the outstanding video personality of 1948. His show on Tuesday nights is a riot from beginning to end, and the Texaco commercial is as funny as the acts. Laurels for 1949 will be much more difficult to win, however, because television programs and their stars are improving rapidly, and competition is getting very keen. Arthur Godfrey has a new video show and is proving himself to be a tremendous hit. His lazy manner and droll humor come right out of the screen with a bang. The television network already extends as far west as Chicago and St. Louis, we're told. It will soon stretch across the nation and, one day, around the world.

NEW YORK Ports of Call

**Eating . . .**

**ARMANDO'S.** The younger set and the college crowd like the cozy and intimate atmosphere here. They know, too, that the dinners are excellent and within reach of a student allowance. Soft piano music after nine-thirty. Closed on Sundays. 54 E. 55. PL 3-0760.

**ENGLISH GRILL.** Here's a perfect ringside seat for the free skating show on the rink at Rockefeller Center. It's warmer inside away from cutting February winds! Fine food (try the thick cuts of beef) at average prices. It's a pleasant way for visitors to get acquainted with the heart of New York—Rockefeller Center. Downstairs right. 610 Fifth Avenue. CI 6-5800.

**ENRICO & PAGLIERI.** A famous old restaurant in the Village serving inexpensive, well-prepared Italian foods. The ravioli is wonderful, and the spaghetti is the long kind you have to wind up on a fork. It's a favorite with Village "natives," so out-of-towners may find that Bohemian atmosphere they're seeking. 66 W. 11. AL 4-4658.

**MECCA.** The lure of the Near East is here. It's exciting to try to solve the mystery of Syrian cooking, which employs all sorts of unusual ingredients, including an ample supply of garlic. The waiter will be glad to advise the proper technique of eating with your fingers. The rich pastries and thick, sweet coffee make a sumptuous dessert. 6 E. 30. MU 4-8586
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL

★ PALM. Don't let the sawdust floors and cartoons on the walls fool you. This isn't an inexpensive place to dine. But you'll agree that one of those famous Palm steaks is worth the small fortune it costs. You'll have to elbow your way in because there's always a crowd. 837 Second Avenue. MU 2-9515.

★ REUBEN'S. Important people of the literary and art worlds can be spotted here in the wee hours of the morning. If you're not celebrity-hunting, but mainly interested in good food, focus your attention on the scrambled eggs with sausage, the pastrami, or the delectable cheesecake. 6 E. 58. PL 9-5650.

★ RUBY Foo. Amateur critics in the after-theatre crowd may be found discussing the latest Broadway shows at Ruby Foo's. But there's also an enchanting air of the Far East, especially when the Oriental waiters bring forth those authentic Chinese dishes, notably chop suey, egg foo young and the delicious chow mein made with finely cut, crisp noodles. Try your hand at the chopsticks. 240 W. 52. CO 5-0705.

★ SEAFARE. A favorite haunt of seafood lovers on the east side. It's full of sea atmosphere and the tantalizing fragrance of hot, steaming oyster stew. The menu lists soft shell crabs, red snapper, clams on the half shell, broiled lobster—everything from the briny deep. 1033 First Avenue. PL 9-4176.

★ THREE CROWNS. An attractive Scandinavian setting with a dazzling array of delicacies on the revolving smorgasbord table. The Swedish dishes are fascinatingly unusual. You'll enjoy things you never thought edible—such as pickled eel! The prices, however, are surprisingly modest. 12 E. 54. PL 8-1031.

★ VOISIN. An intriguing Continental atmosphere distinguishes this French restaurant on Park Avenue. The connoisseur will be enthusiastic about the fine selection of vintage wines and the excellent Provincial dishes. You don't have to know French, but it helps when you're trying to understand the menu. 375 Park Avenue. PL 3-8074.

Entertainment . . .

★ COPACABANA. The gaudy show at present features Carl Ravazza and Mitzi Green, backed by those luscious Copa choruses. In between shows, there's music for dancing by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. Don't forget to eat—the food is excellent! 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ COQ ROUGE. This is still one of the landmarks of Manhattan night life. The atmosphere is sophisticated and gay, ideal for a late supper and dancing. Music with a Latin touch by Ralph Rotger's rumba trio. 65 E. 56. PL 3-8887.

★ ROYAL ROOST. This jazz stronghold boasts a changing supply of bands which claim fame in the bebop world, such as Charlie Ventura, Flip Phillips, Charlie Parker and others. The music includes a lot of frenzied experimentation in the bebop beat which only the initiated can comprehend. 1580 Broadway. CI 6-9559.

★ VILLAGE BARN. It's a merry free-for-all here, with the customers and paid entertainers sharing the limelight. The loud, noisy square-dancing usually ends in a few minor riots and a lot of uninhibited hilarity. The people at the next table probably will be as funny as the floor show. 52 W. 8. GR 3-8841.

★ WEDGEWOOD ROOM. Best to make reservations for dining in the stylish Wedgewood Room, especially now that Dorothy Shay is crooning her hillbilly ballads to the delight of the supper crowd. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras take turns making music. The atmosphere is glittery, the prices high. Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue at 49. EL 5-3000.
· ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS. (Dec. 8, 1948). Maxwell Anderson presents a splendid historical spectacle which recreates the Tudor Court during a turbulent period in Henry VIII's reign. The complex characters are brought vividly to life by Rex Harrison as the lusty monarch and Joyce Redman as wilful, sensitive Anne Boleyn. It is impressive theatre, although certainly not the masterpiece that some admirers have acclaimed it. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:35.

· GOODBYE, MY FANCY. (Nov. 17, 1948). The return of a beautiful Congresswoman to her alma mater for an honorary degree results in a triangular love affair with a dignified college professor and a caustic Life photographer. Playwright Fay Kanin skilfully and unobtrusively has woven a message about the world situation into her gay comedy. Starring Madeleine Carroll, who proves she can act, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, and scene-stealer Sam Wanamaker. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

· LIFE WITH MOTHER. (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. This time it's a domestic crisis caused by Mother's determination to get an engagement ring which suddenly turns up in the hands of Father's old flame. The sequel matches the charm of Life with Father because it's simply a continuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

· LIGHT UP THE SKY. (Nov. 18, 1948). Moss Hart's rib-tickler deals with the ups and downs of a group of show people intensely concerned with the pre-Broadway opening of their new play. It's very funny comedy, especially since several among the rich gallery of characters can be identified with real celebrities. Def performances by Sam Levene as the producer, Audrey Christie as his sarcastic wife, Glenn Anders as the director and Virginia Field as the temperamental leading lady. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

· THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT. (Dec. 27, 1948). A charming, witty fantasy adapted from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Maurice Valency. In this ironic fairy tale, an insane, imperious countess lures several wicked, parasitic members of Paris society to her tawdry street cellar, where she neatly does away with them. There is a bit of touching sadness in the wonderfully funny comedy, especially the scene with the four lunatic women. The English actress, Martita Hunt, gives a superbly brilliant performance in the difficult title role and is ably supported by Estelle Winwood, John Carradine and others. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

· OH, MR. MEADOWBROOK! (Dec. 26, 1948). A wobbly little comedy about a shy, elderly English taxidermist who follows his psychiatrist's advice to come to Connecticut in search of sex. Ernest Truex, Vicki Cummings and Sylvia Field do their best to bolster the meager material, but the result is pretty weak. Golden, evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

· PRIVATE LIVES. (Oct. 4, 1948). This boisterous revival of Noel Coward's
1931 comedy seems to have sacrificed much of its dash and sophistication for mere vulgarity. Tallulah Bankhead is her rowdy self as she mauls her leading man, Donald Cook, in this tale about divorced mates who meet again on their respective second honeymoons. It's noisy fun for Tallulah's admirers. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ RED GLOVES. (Dec. 4, 1948). Author Jean-Paul Sartre feels that the Broadway production has done his play an injustice, but audiences have found it to be gripping theatre. The story tells of conflicting philosophies within the Communist party in a small European country before the war. The success of the play rests greatly on the powerful performance by Charles Boyer as the old-line party leader who must cope with the dissension of a young idealist, played by John Dall. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ THE SILVER WHISTLE. (Nov. 24, 1948). Posing as an old codger of 77, a wandering hobo brings a bit of light to the drabness of an old people's home with his youthful capers and specious yarns. Although the story is uneven at times, it is pleasantly unconventional. Above all, it boasts of a captivating performance by Jose Ferrer. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .


Musicals . . .

★ AS THE GIRLS GO. (Nov. 13, 1948). With broad gags and brassy songs, it's a peppy show filled with a lot of good old-fashioned hilarity. Funnyman Bobby Clark, as the husband of the first woman President (Irene Rich), spends his time leering at beautiful women and making gay nonsense out of the affairs of state. It's not a political satire, simply a lot of fun. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ KISS ME, KATE. (Dec. 30, 1948). After a long absence, Cole Porter has brought another smash hit to Broadway with his bright, lilting tunes. The book by Bella and Samuel Spewack is about a
production of Shakespere's Taming of the Shrew, and is full of gay, saucy comedy. With brisk dances, gorgeous sets and costumes, and a host of talented people, this fast-moving show can easily be ranked as the most entertaining musical to open in 1948. Just under the wire, too. Heading the splendid cast are Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, dancer Harold Lang and singer Lisa Kirk. Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

*LEND AN EAR. (Dec. 16, 1948)*. From the West Coast comes this sparkling review bubbling over with fresh new talent, notably Yvonne Adair, George Hall, and a new deadpan blonde comedienne, Carol Channing. Of the several wonderfully youthful and sassy sketches, the best is "The Gladiola Girl," a riotous satire on a 1925 musical. Charles Gaynor achieved a triple triumph by writing the sketches, lyrics and music. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

*LOVE LIFE. (Oct. 7, 1948).* A musical extravaganza which includes a little bit of everything from a trapeze act to a Punch and Judy show. Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd's dances and Kurt Weill's score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

*MY ROMANCE. (Oct. 9, 1948).* The matinee trade is largely responsible for the survival of this typical Sigmund Romberg operetta. The story is unfortunate—something about an Italian diva and a stuffy New York clergyman. Luckily, there are the charming Romberg tunes and a fine comic performance by Luella Gear. Anne Jeffreys sings opposite Lawrence Brooks. Adelphi, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

*WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948).* This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's frantically funny in curls and petticoats. It's amazing and amusing as he defies gravity in his magnificent dancing. Allyn McLerie is his pretty — and talented — partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

*Established Hits . . .

**Openings Not Reviewed . . .**

**THE SMILE OF THE WORLD.** Lyceum, Jan. 12.

**NEW YORK THEATRES**

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>152 W. 54th</td>
<td>CI 6-5097 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alvin</td>
<td>250 W. 52nd</td>
<td>CI 5-6868 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrymore</td>
<td>243 W. 47th</td>
<td>CI 6-0390 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belasco</td>
<td>115 W. 44th</td>
<td>BR 9-2067 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biltmore</td>
<td>261 W. 47th</td>
<td>CI 6-9353 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Booth</td>
<td>222 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-5969 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadhurst</td>
<td>235 W. 44th</td>
<td>CI 6-6699 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Century</td>
<td>932 7th Ave</td>
<td>CI 7-3121 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coronet</td>
<td>230 W. 49th</td>
<td>CI 6-8870 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cort</td>
<td>138 W. 48th</td>
<td>BR 9-0046 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empire</td>
<td>Broadway at 40th</td>
<td>PE 6-9540 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-Sixth</td>
<td>226 W. 46th</td>
<td>CI 6-6075 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-Eighth</td>
<td>157 W. 48th</td>
<td>BR 9-4566 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulton</td>
<td>210 W. 46th</td>
<td>CI 6-6380 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson</td>
<td>141 W. 44th</td>
<td>BR 9-5641 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperial</td>
<td>249 W. 45th</td>
<td>CO 5-2412 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>International</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyceum</td>
<td>149 W. 45th</td>
<td>CH 4-4256 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Majestic</td>
<td>245 W. 44th</td>
<td>CI 6-0730 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>256 W. 47th</td>
<td>CI 6-9076 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin Beck</td>
<td>302 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-6363 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Miller</td>
<td>124 W. 43rd</td>
<td>BR 9-3970 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morosco</td>
<td>217 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-6230 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music Box</td>
<td>239 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-4636 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National</td>
<td>208 W. 41st</td>
<td>PE 6-8220 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playhouse</td>
<td>137 W. 48th</td>
<td>BR 9-2200 E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>236 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-9156 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royale</td>
<td>242 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 5-5760 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. James</td>
<td>246 W. 44th</td>
<td>LA 4-4664 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shubert</td>
<td>225 W. 44th</td>
<td>CI 6-5900 W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ziegfeld</td>
<td>6th Ave. &amp; 54th</td>
<td>CI 5-5200 W</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The teacher was making a list of holidays during the school year. "Johnny," she said, "look at the calendar and tell me what the date of Thanksgiving will be. Remember, it's the last Thursday in November." Johnny appeared puzzled.

"Well?" said the teacher impatiently.

Johnny looked at the calendar again. "But there isn't any last Thursday in November," he explained. "It ends on a Wednesday."

Three workmen were engaged in an excavation task involving shovels, hand operated. Two of the men were quite playful, and at noon they drew a picture of a donkey's head with chalk on the back of the more somber workmen's coat. But as they left for home that evening he asked, "Which one of you wiped his face on my coat?"

"I will not start today's lecture until the room settles down," said the professor.

"Why don't you go home and sleep it off, sir?" asked a student.

Some people are like rivers; whatever is in them comes out at the mouth.
Magnificent Meal . . .

★ NANCE'S CAFE. There are three large, lovely dining rooms here—but all three are usually crowded. That's because Nance's has been popular with out-of-towners, as well as Kansas Citians, for over 45 years. Thick Kansas City sirloins and juicy roast beef dinners are the favorites of the clientele, but the menu assures a wide selection of other fine foods, too. If you have a passion for hot biscuits the way mother used to make them, get acquainted with the "Biscuit Girl" who wanders among the tables. A hint to train travelers: Nance's is located on the Union Station Plaza. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Pusateri's New Yorker begins outside, where an incredibly uniformed doorman assists patrons from their cars. Inside, whether you sip a dry martini at the bar under Daniel MacMorris' Manhattan skyline mural or feast on a thick filet chosen from a tempting menu, you'll enjoy the distinctive air of this modern restaurant and hotel. Of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be table-hopping to chat with their many friends and to see that everyone is having a good time. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A venerable old retainer named Brown welcomes patrons into a dark green-tiled, mahogany-paneled room which remains unchanged since 1903. Some prefer to dine here in the Grill proper, where the solid dignity of tradition permeates the atmosphere. Others choose the bright, modern surroundings of the new Imperial room, splendid with wide mirrors, ivy wall boxes and a soft colored lighting effect. In both rooms the food is superior, especially the seafood dishes. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS'S CAFE. At the turn of the century, fashionable Kansas City dined in the Coates House up on Quality Hill. Today, Weiss's Cafe carries on this long-established tradition for distinguished food and service. Modern decor has been added, including a sleek glass bar, but a large open stone fireplace remains untouched as a reminder of the old days. The excellent menu offers a choice of lobster, capon, steaks, roast duckling and a wide variety of fine wines. Coates House. VI 6904.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. This should strike you as a perfect spot to while away a whole evening because it's a place for eating, drinking and playing—all wrapped up in one. Thirty-two mirror-smooth alleys invite several hours of pleasurable exercise. Then it's easy to forget the noisy pins by stepping into the sound-proofed cocktail lounge for a quiet drink below the artistic pioneer murals. The Bowl restaurant next door features crisp salads, triple-decker sandwiches and amazingly inexpensive dinners. Business men and socialites have found the stylish Green Room upstairs to be just right for private parties. Music by Muzak. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ PUTSCH'S 210. The winter resort season fills everyone with a longing for the sunny gaiety of the South. But anyone can discover the warmth and charm of New Orleans by simply stepping across the threshold of No. 210 on the Plaza and into one of America's loveliest dining rooms. Here, the wrought-iron grillwork, roses, and deep green walls recreate the quaint atmosphere of the French Quarter. The chatter and merriment continues all evening, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. For leisurely dining in the gracious manner of the Old South, there is the Victorian lounge, softly lighted by large brass candelabra. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ PENGUIN ROOM. A sleek, sophisticated atmosphere that’s the perfect setting for mink and orchids. Dim lighting and an Oriental touch in design mark this attractive room. The chef has a well-deserved reputation for an excellent cuisine. Beginning February 14, there will be music for dancing by Dink Welsh and his Coppy Cats plus a clever pantomime floor show at 9 and 12 p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin’ and Drinkin’...

★ ADRIAN’S MART RESTAURANT. Be careful—the tempting smorgasbord invites over-eating! But that’s only one of the reasons Adrian’s is so popular. Everybody knows about that famous, delectable 16-ounce sirloin steak which is featured on the attractive menu. Another house special is a tasty seafood dish—shrimp Creole with rice. There’s always a crowd, but the modern cocktail lounge makes pleasant waiting. Travelers find it only a short walk across the square east of the Union Station. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. Another point in favor of the Country Club Plaza as an ideal shopping and business center is this three-in-one restaurant. There’s a cafeteria for those busy people always in a hurry, a restaurant-bar offering full table service for dinner or cocktails, and a spic and span soda fountain for snacks. A full line of pastries is prepared daily in the bakery for carry-home purchases. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ UPTOWN INTERLUDE. Clustered about the piano is the usual crowd of jazz lovers watching with admiration as recording artist Joshua Johnson drums out a boogie beat on the 88. And at the bar is another group which knows that Interlude barmen turn out strong, tall drinks. Of course, everybody likes the crispy brown fried chicken and sizzling steaks. If you’re in the Uptown area at noon, take a tip from the business men who have found that luncheons are delicious and inexpensive here. Incidentally, the bar’s open after midnight Sunday. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

Class With a Glass...

★ OMAR ROOM. There’s always an air of carefree gaiety in this attractive room, a perennial favorite with the cocktail crowd. The bar is strictly taboo for women, so the fairer sex sink into the cushiony davenport seats around the wall to enjoy the fine liquors. A featured pianist, Eddie Oyer, the “Keyboard Atom Splitter,” plays everything from Bach to boogie. Many wise people, including college students trying to stretch father’s allowance, frequent the Alcove off the main lobby where drinks are two for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ TROCADERO. Something new in Kansas City—the unique piano styling of Cliff Goforth now drawing crowds to the Trocadero. It’s delightful music for dancing or cocktail sipping. The wide variety of mixed drinks proves that the bartenders here really know their business. Bob Ledtermnan, the genial manager, meets guests at the door with a friendly smile. The decor is in a South Sea motif which adds to the gaily informal atmosphere. No food is served—but who cares! 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

Something Different...

★ SHARP’S BROADWAY NINETIES. If you grow nostalgic when the oldsters rave about the “good old days,” you’ll enjoy a mellow evening at Sharp’s, where everybody has fun the way Grandpa used to. A real old-fashioned quartet in gay plaid vests croons the way-back favorites, and everybody joins in lustily on the choruses. There’s a pretty little pianist who tries to keep the singing partially on tune. The food has a tasty home-cooked flavor, so be sure to try the spicy jumbo shrimp, spaghetti and meatballs, beef tenderloin, or the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs. Just park your
tandem bicycle outside the swinging doors. Broadway & Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★ UNITY INN. This bright little restaurant offers meatless meals that are surprisingly attractive and delicious. There are big leafy salads, colorful vegetable plates, and rich pastries for that comfortably-full feeling. The managers, the Unity School of Christianity, planned the cafeteria style service for busy people during the noon hour rush. It’s a haven for hurried business men! Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ KING JOY LO. You don’t have to take a slow boat to China to find delicious, authentic Chinese foods. On the busy corner of 12th & Main, King Joy Lo’s offers a wide selection of Oriental delicacies—chop suey, dry rice, chow mein, egg foo young, almond cookies and sweet tea. Tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl, high private booths, and attentive Chinese waiters complete an atmosphere for unusual dining. Incidentally, there’s also a large variety of American foods on the menu, including fine broiled lobster. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his son in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, “Son, after you’ve fitted the glasses to the customer and he asks, ‘What’s the charge?’ you say, ‘The charge is ten dollars.’

‘Then you should pause and watch for the flinch. If the customer doesn’t flinch, you say, ‘That’s for the frames; the lenses will be another ten dollars.’

‘Then you pause again, but this time only slightly—and again you watch for the flinch.

‘If the customer doesn’t flinch, you say, ‘Each’.”—Sundial.

Father (to daughter coming in at 4 a.m.): “Good morning, child of Satan.”

Daughter (sweetly): “Good morning, father.”—Scripts ’n Pranks.

There was a little boy sitting on the curb with a cigarette in one hand and the neck of a flask protruding from his rear pocket. A little old lady came up to him and said, “Sonny, why aren’t you in school?”

“Hell, lady,” he replied, “I’m only three!”—The Scarlet Saint.

“It must have been thrilling to dine with such an intellectual man as Dr. Smithfield,” gushed an envious friend. “You know, he’s an accomplished linguist!”

“Yes,” was the dubious reply, “during the dinner he was silent in seven languages.”

“What is your age?” asked the magistrate. “Remember, you are under oath.”

The woman blushed slightly, then replied, “Twenty-one and some months.”

“How many months?” prompted the magistrate.

“One hundred and eight.”

“And what is the child’s name?” asked the minister benignly.

“Shirley,” the father replied. “You know, after the famous Shirley Temple.”

“Yes, yes, of course,” the minister beamed. “Let me see, who’s the preacher there now?”
1. Aboard a mock streetcar at the annual Kansas City Public Service Company party (rear seats, left to right) are Ed Birr, Dick Smith, Ed Dennis and John T. Schilling, all of radio station WHB. On the front seat are Dan Davis, WHB president and a governor of the Kansas City Safety Council; and Dan L. Fennell, Safety Council past president, and executive vice president of the Kansas City Public Service Co.

2. The WHB hourly broadcasts of progress towards the goal of “100 deathless days” is shown graphically in the Kansas City Star. There were no traffic deaths for the first 22 days of 1949.

3. Safe drivers receive orchids from John Thornberry, “Your Neighbor with the News.” On his 9:45 p.m. WHB newscast, Thornberry honored Art Bryant and Mrs. Ola L. Brown, each commended by the police for care and courtesy while driving.

4. Kansas City’s worst winter in two decades finds WHB Newsbureau facilities working overtime to serve the area. During the mid-January blizzard, WHB presented hourly newscasts, made special announcements to school children and industrial workers, surveyed traffic conditions, broadcast cancellations of meetings and work schedules. Full facilities of the station were made available to the public at no cost.
In 133 counties of 6 states, swinging to WHB at 710 on the dial is the everyday habit of folks who know what they want—and have found from experience that they can hear it on WHB. So if you would reach 3½ million pairs of ears—immediately, inexpensively—WHB is the perfect medium for your sales message.
**Needle in the Paystack**

Here is a frank account of a hushed-up phase of American athletics — the dangerous use of narcotics.  

**Will There Always Be an Ad Man?**

An American college president discusses the necessity of advertising in our democratic system of free enterprise.

**THE BEST CARTOONS**

- Boston's Shabby Angel
- Beat Toothaches With the Mind
- The Pastor and the Perfect Murder
- Wire Tapper: An Ear for the Private Eye
- Platinum, the Miracle Metal
- Lee Harbor
- The Echo of Old Drum
- Little Wonder
- Fightin' Words
- They Look to the Stars
- Operation Capital
- Exit Famine
- Winnetka's Wonderful Whiz Kids

**THE BRIGHTEST LAUGHS**

- Stanley S. Jacobs
- Tim Moore
- Ted Peterson
- Kenyon Hart
- C. E. Newell
- John Trowbridge
- Joel Longacre
- Betty and William Waller
- Jules France
- Pete Tyler
- James L. Harte
- Ted Jenkins
- Will Mallory

**WHERE TO GO, WHAT TO SEE IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY**

**Special Features**

- Heavy Dates in Kansas City
- Tom Collins Says
- Man of the Month
- Chicago Letter
- Chicago Ports of Call
- March Programs on WHB
- Swing Session
- Swing in World Affairs
- New York Letter
- New York Theatre
- New York Ports of Call
- Kansas City Ports of Call
FRESH, friendly, philosophical and sparked with high good humor are the nightly newscasts over WHB by John Thornberry—as he presents ten minutes of the latest news from across the world, the nation and, of course, from across the street.

Associated Press supplies world, national and regional news—the WHB Newsbureau (and John Thornberry) dig up the local items. Thornberry alone is responsible for his unique delivery. He is a graduate of Yale University and the Yale School of Law. He practiced law in Joplin, Missouri; served as chief probation officer of Jasper County, Missouri; and was the first superintendent of Algoa Farms, Missouri’s Intermediate Reformatory for Young Men. His interest in youth and wide experience in dealing with the problems of young people led to his selection as executive director of the Kansas City Boys’ Club in 1935. He is an active leader in community affairs. He set up the Kansas City Canteen for service men in 1942, and supervised it throughout the war. Thornberry is married; has two daughters, 16 and 18. He is a dog enthusiast and an expert hunter and fisherman. His unpretentious humor and deep understanding of people make him an excellent pithy speaker. Each Thornberry broadcast concludes with the tagline: “Here, as Mr. T. would put it, is a note to quote.” The follows a wise saying, a gentle bit of humorous philosophy or homely advice.

If you live in the WHB area of 13 counties in 6 states, get the habit of listening to Thornberry nightly at 9:45 p.m. you’re an advertiser who’d like to sponsor the sales-making Thornberry radio personality, ask WHB or your John Blair for availabilities.
O
F course they won't, but this is the month when the following headlines might conceivably appear in Pravda: "United States on verge of collapse; signs of exhaustion everywhere. Populace demoralized. Common man suffers. Hardship and deprivation under capitalist system. High taxes bleeding people dry!"

The funny thing is, around the middle of March several thousand loyal Americans are probably saying the same thing.

It makes a difference, though, who says it. It's like a boy and his old jalopy. He'll kick it and curse it and be loud in his abuse. He'll tell you the old wreck is a wreck; her gears are as stripped as Gypsy Rose Lee, and she's due to fall apart just any minute now. But let anyone else say the very same things and he'll rise up in defense. Sure he's a wreck! Sure she's falling apart! And so what? She still runs, doesn't she? Till he can find something better, he'll settle for this, and if you don't like it, you can get out and walk.

Like the boy's jalopy, our system of government gets run down at the wheels. It stands in constant need of repair and new parts. And there's always a bill to pay. But if anybody kicks about it, let it be us and nobody else. Can anyone show one better? Over our tax blanks we sweat and we swear—but we pay the bill, and it hasn't killed us yet. We've got to keep the old thing running. So we'll patch it up here, legislate a new part there, and maybe it'll hold together for another year. It costs like hell to operate, but considering everything, it's worth it. She still runs, doesn't she?

foreword for March

Swing

March, 1949 • Vol. 5 • No. 3

Editor
MORI GREINER
Assistant Editor
BETSEY SHEIDLEY
Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
Circulation Manager
JOHN T. SCHILLING
Art Editor
DON FITZGERALD
Contributing Editor
JETTA CARLETON

Chicago Editor
NORTON H. JONATHAN
New York Editor
LUCIE BRION

Humor Editor
TOM COLLINS
Music Editor
BOB KENNEDY

Associate Editors
VERNA DEAN FERRIL
DOROTHY PHILLIPS
JEANE MILLANE


Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1125 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscription, United States, $3 a year; everywhere else, $4. Copyright 1948 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and 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.
MARCH'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Drawings by Archipenko. Photographs by the Kansas City Camera Club.
Lecture Series: (All lectures by Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.)
Mar. 2, Chinese Architecture and Gardens.
Mar. 9, The Early Art of India.
Mar. 16, Medieval Indian Art.
Mar. 23, Indian Painting.
Mar. 30, Pre-Islamic Art of Persia.
Concerts:
Mar. 4, Phi Mu Alpha concert, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 6, Jeanne and Joanne Netleton, two piano recital, Atkins Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 12, Mu Phi Epsilon scholarship benefit concert, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 27, Sigma Alpha Iota concert, Atkins Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
Motion Picture: (No admission charge.)
Mar. 18, Duck Soup, with the Marx Brothers, Atkins Auditorium, 7:30 p.m.
Mar. 20, Repeat performance of Duck Soup, 3:30 p.m.

Drama . . .
Mar. 28-Apr. 2, Faust, University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.

Opera . . .
Mar. 9, Barber of Seville, Charles Wagner Company, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Basketball . . .
(Municipal Auditorium Arena.)
Mar. 7-12, N.A.I.B. tournament.
Mar. 18-19, N.C.A.A. basketball.
Mar. 23, Harlem Globe Trotters.

Hockey . . .
(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)
Mar. 6, Minneapolis.
Mar. 13, Omaha.
Mar. 20, St. Paul.

Wrestling . . .
(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
Mar. 22, Five Girl Battle Royal, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.

Music . . .
Mar. 1-2, Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra with University of Kansas City chorus, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 8, Mary Dawson, pianist, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 8, Kansas City Conservatory string quartet, Whitney Tustin, soloist, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 11, John Wynn, piano recital, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 15, Claudio Arrau, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 18, First Allied Arts Orchestra concert, Community Church, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 18, Mary Weaver Composition, concert, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 20, Pasquier Trio, University Playhouse, 4 p.m.
Mar. 21, Martial Singer, baritone, and Florence Quartararo, lyric soprano, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Mar. 25, Virginia French, piano recital, Atkins Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 25, University of Kansas City Orchestra concert, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 29, Myra Hess, pianist, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Mar. 30, Debut and Encore Association concert, Music Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 31, University of Kansas Band and Orchestra concert, Music Hall, 8 p.m.

Special Events . . .
Mar. 1-6, Police Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Mar. 2, Exposition of Electrical Progress, Exhibition Hall.
Mar. 18, Martha Graham and dance company, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Mar. 25-27, Flower Show, Greater Kansas City Florists Association, Exhibition Hall.

Lectures . . .
Mar. 7, Kermit Roosevelt, Palestine, Problems of the Near East, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Mar. 14, Austin West, Scotland, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.
Mar. 16, O. S Purcell, English, What is Psychosomatic Medicine?, Jackson County Health Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
Mar. 23, Dr. John H. Furbay, Colombia, Gateway to South America, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Conventions . . .
Mar. 3-5, Missouri Laundry Owners, Hotel President.
Mar. 6-8, Missouri Photographers Association, Hotel Continental.
Mar. 9-10, Missouri Petroleum Association, Hotel President.
Mar. 13-15, National Retail Credit Association, 7th District Hotel Muehlebach.
Mar. 15-16, Farmers Union Jobbing Association, Hotel President.
Mar. 20-21, Boy Scouts Regions Conference, Hotel Muehlebach.
Mar. 21-22, University of Kansas City Dentists' Alumni Association, Hotel President.
Mar. 22-24, Air Transport Association of America Engineers and Maintenance Conference Hotel Continental.
Mar. 25-26, Missouri Tuberculosis Association, Hotel President.
Mar. 27-30, Missouri State Medical Association and Auxiliary Municipal Auditorium.

Dancing . . .
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd & Main.) Dancing every night Monday and Wednesday. "Ol' 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.
Feb. 3-4, 6, Jack Cole.
Feb. 5, Tex Beneke.
Feb. 8, 10, 12-13, Mal Dunn.
Feb. 15, 17-20, Bob Calame.
Feb. 24-25, 27, 31, Bob Astor.
Feb. 26, Claude Thornhill.
The wrestler, a squat mountain of a man with a huge peaked head and formidable biceps, was well-known to the crowd. "That guy oughtta be an actor!" was the usual comment when the Pasha, as he called himself, started howling and grimacing in seeming pain.

But tonight his bellows and facial contortions seemed really authentic to many discerning fans. The referee, too, finally sensed that something was miss—and the Pasha, doubled over with pain, was helped to his feet and to his corner.

"It's that Novocain!" the suffering Turk gasped between clenched teeth. I got a bad bruise on my arm last week, but my doc stuck some Novo- cain in it so I could go on tonight. Now I'm dyin'!"

He wasn't dying, as an examination at a hospital proved, but the Turk had been bowled over when the drug seeped into his blood stream and thence to his large, protuberant stomach. He recovered, and thereafter shunned the Novocain needle as if it were rank poison.

The doping of human athletes is odious morality, but it is not illegal. Usually, we associate the needle and drugs with horse racing, and in states where racing commissioners are alert, "nameit" or "needling" a horse is a grave offense which carries a stiff penalty for trainers, owners or jockeys.

But no rules protect the human being. The Pasha was just one more American athlete resorting to dope in an effort to force his body to perform beyond the ordinary limits of physical endurance. Unfortunately, his is not an isolated case. Several years ago, the sports pages erupted into headlines when a Harvard football captain received a shot of Novocain to deaden the pain of a swollen ankle.

Actually, doctors for the Harvard football squad and the teams of many other respected schools have used Novocain for years. West Point and Annapolis athletes also know the surcease from pain which the needle filled with Novocain can bring.

Remember when Max Baer fought his great battle with Joe Louis? Max was nursing a knuckle swollen to immense proportions when the day of the big fight arrived. But doctors squirted procaine hydrochloride (Novocain) into the throbbing knuckle, which had been broken in a former fight and battered in subsequent training.

Max lost the fight with Louis, but he credited the injection of Novocain with the fact that he could walk into the ring for the scheduled bout without fainting from pain.

Pain deadeners are one thing, but far more dangerous is the stimulant

Try refreshing eagle soup for that seventh inning droop!

by BurnS KELLER
known as “eagle soup” in the cauliflower ear trade. Here is the formula, as given by one broken-down boxer who never faces a younger antagonist in the ring without a snort of the potent soup, “Take a pop bottle filled with water, add a dash of spirits of ammonia, and add a little digitalis. It’ll work wonders for a tired man!”

He isn’t kidding. Many a tired fighter, who long since should have been turned out to pasture, has acquired strength for the final unbecarable round from a quick gulp of “eagle soup.”

If a fighter has a strong constitution, he may imbibe a blend of strychnin, ammonia and nitroglycerine in minute quantities. This potion, mixed with tea or coffee, gives phenomenal spurts of energy to rodeo stars, six-day bike riders, marathon dancers, and tired “pugs” who normally couldn’t punch their way out of a wet paper bag.

Of course, there is always the risk of popping off from a heart attack after taking one swig too many. At one fight in New York, a boxer past 35 years of age was given a bottle filled with “eagle soup” when it appeared to his manager that he was about to go down permanently in the next round.

The heady drink, instead of clearing his noggin and adding strength to weary muscles, made the fighter go berserk. He jumped from the ring, attacked a policeman, and ran for the exit door screaming that he was a Comanche Indian getting ready to scalp any kibitzers. It took a flying tackle by a detective to bring him down, and a clout on the chin to render him unconscious.

At many championship golf matches, famous golfers have been known to drink water mixed with spirits of ammonia. For years, one world-famed golfer has taken ephedrine and Benzedrine in capsule form just before crucial matches. Doctors say that these drugs, though harmful, usually wear off within two hours. Many a fat golfing purse meanwhile has been snared by a player who would have lost had it not been for the sudden release of energy and self-confidence imparted by the drug.

Although the doping, or hopping-up, of athletes is strictly verboten in the Olympic Games, sports writers suspect that the coaches of certain nations administer narcotics to their athletes prior to the big events.

Some credence was lent to this belief in 1932 at the Los Angeles Olympics. Janitors who cleaned up the athletes’ village discovered dozens of tiny phials in the cottages where the Jap aquatic stars had lived. A residue at the bottom of the little bottles was analyzed by chemists and found to be the remains of an energy releasing drug akin to the “eagle soup” so well-known to boxers and wrestlers in the United States. That year the Nips had made a superb showing in water events.

Pro hockey teams take caffeine made palatable by sugar just before their big matches, and a world-famed aerialist with the Ringling Brother Circus, who suffered greatly from rope burns and bruises during his daring act, would numb the pain each performance brought by taking caffeine in hypodermic form.
Why do athletes submit to unbearable pain? Why do they subject themselves to harmful narcotics and stimulants? Money. They want to be in the winners' circle when the glory is passed around and the cash awards are made.

The administration of drugs in any form to horses or greyhounds is considered reprehensible, because the animals do not know what is happening to them. But until now, sports writers have tacitly condoned the use of narcotics by human athletes, presumably on the theory that men realize the dangers implicit in exaggerated or too frequent dosages, and have sense enough to avoid them.

Public opinion can change this situation. Unless it does, indiscriminate use of the needle in the future will mean that victory will go not to the superior athlete, but to the individual best equipped to survive massive shots of stimulants.

**Famous People**

In an old silent movie role, Douglas Fairbanks enacted a male Pollyanna who went about teaching people to be happy. In one scene he was supposed to bring cheer to the inmates of a Bowery flophouse. Actual Bowery bums took part in the scene, but they had suffered so much trouble and misfortune that they were disgusted with Fairbanks' happiness-laden pep talk. Their expressions mirrored cynicism rather than hope.

As a last resort, Fairbanks told them an off-color story. They responded with laughter. Hastily the film crew dug up every racy story it could find. The Bowery characters guffawed lustily.

Everybody was happy until the picture was released. Then the storm broke. A flood of letters descended from movie fans who could read lips. They raged over the sizzlers Fairbanks had told instead of the sweet, inoffensive words printed in the subtitles. Thousands of dollars were lost when all the prints had to be recalled so a lip-reading expert could delete the objectionable sequences.—*Wall Street Journal*.

**△**

Novelist Kathleen Norris is one of the many tourists who consider the passport photo to be the most depressing of travel aids. Entering the harbor of Rio de Janeiro during a South American tour, the authoress glanced in disgust at the unflattering picture. "You know," she said, "if the port authorities don't recognize me from this atrocious photograph, I can't get ashore; but if they do recognize me, I'll jump overboard!"

**△**

On a wall at Mory's (of the Whiffenpoof Song) in New Haven, Connecticut, hangs a very unusual photograph of temperance crusader Carrie A. Nation. When Carrie, plus her inseparable hatchet, descended on New Haven in 1903, a group of Yale students called on her, after announcing themselves as the Yale Temperance Society. They asked her to pose with them drinking a glass of water.

As the lights were extinguished so that the photographer could use the old-fashioned powder flash, the boys swiftly removed beer steins from under their coats and struck a pose of drunken merriment. Later, before printing the picture, the glass of water in Carrie's hand was painted out and a cigarette painted in. The result was an amazing portrait of Carrie smoking with a group of wassailing Yale men. For once, Carrie Nation was daunted, and had to beat a hasty retreat from the city.
Reputation is a bubble which others can blow up or burst by what they say behind your back.

The marvels of television make some people stop and think, which is another wonderful thing about video.

A bald-headed man is one who wears his hair departed in the middle.

What this country needs is a fortune teller who can not only tell if there's a man in a girl's future, but also if there is any future in the man.

A good test of blood pressure is to watch a man being liberal with the money he owes you.

What becomes of furniture that is too old even for poor people and not yet old enough for rich people?

An X-ray specialist has announced he will marry a certain very homely girl, and now people are wondering what he sees in her.

Nothing will break up an ordinary conversation quicker than for someone to drop an intelligent remark into it.

Mothers are wonderful people who can get up in the morning before they smell the bacon burning.

Confetti: the stuff used to honor today's heroes, made from newspaper stories about yesterday's heroes.

In order to save money these days, you must be perfectly content to let the rest of the world go buy.

It may be true that the early bird gets the worm, but most people prefer toast and coffee in bed.

Publicity is easy to get. All you have to do is be so successful that you don't need it and then you'll get it.

The straight and narrow path would probably not be so narrow if more people walked on it.

To one who knows, advice is superfluous; to one who knows not, it is useless.

Thank goodness, we live in a free country where a man dares say what he thinks—if his wife, the neighbors, the reporters, the police, and his boss are not listening.
Little John Deferrari is befriending the city in which he amassed his amazing fortune.

fortune and wanted to bestow a $3,000,000 trust fund on the Boston Public Library.

“I was a poor boy and I learned many things from the books I borrowed from the library,” he explained. “Now I am old and I can’t take it with me. But I want my money to help the poor boys of this generation. That’s why I want to give my money to the library.”

Before banker Booth’s unbelieving eyes, little Mr. Deferrari—who never rode a nickel subway when he could walk and save five cents—waved bank books, bonds, securities and mortgages. Actually, the one-time fruit vendor who still lived in a cheaply furnished room of a poor district was one of New England’s wealthiest men!

This pint-sized civic benefactor, whose name was unknown to virtually all of Boston until recently, has never tasted luxury in his long life.

He has never owned a ten-dollar radio. He has never owned an automobile. He has never had his own telephone “because they cost money and you fritter away time talking into ’em!”

To the frugal Deferrari, shaping a hat in the accepted fashion is unnecessarily wasteful. “You make dents
and creases that way—so the hat wears out sooner!" he protests.

Though he owns numerous gilt-edged properties on Boston's North Side and Beacon Hill, John has never hired a housekeeper, cook, secretary or even a handyman to keep his many holdings in repair. Nor has he ever employed a bookkeeper; he totes his records in his pockets, scrawled on the backs of the old envelopes which he uses instead of paper.

To keep his records of a $4,000,-
000 fortune intact, Deferrari keeps all his pockets tightly fastened with huge safety-pins which he buys at the dime store.

Indeed, when he spruced up for a meeting at the library where the startling news of his gift was related to reporters, old John came in a new gray suit whose pockets were secured by safety pins which were greenish with age. He bought a new gray hat for the occasion—his first in 30 years—but like its predecessors the crown was full-blown, so that it had no creases to shorten its useful life.

While socialites, newspapermen, cops and bibliophiles stared incredulously at the spry octogenarian, old John did a little jig of satisfaction and buttonholed all listeners in order to tell a rags-to-riches story which would shame Horatio Alger.

Born in 1863, young John Deferrari was sent out on the streets of Boston with a huge basket of fruit at the age of nine. The youngster gravitated to State Street and Commercial Street, Boston's financial arteries, where he gazed stolidly at well-dressed brokers and their ladies.

By 16, the young peddler realized that he would never acquire riches through peddling. It was stocks and bonds that won fortunes for his customers; he would make them pay off for him.

From his peddling proceeds, he saved enough to buy a horse and wagon, still recalls with a pang the exact amount he spent on oats for the horse each month.

Three years after he acquired the horse, John entered the wholesale fruit business. He rented a stall near historic Faneuil Hall and hung over the door a sign proclaiming:

"Giovanni Baptista Deferrari and Sons."

The name was that of his father Cannily, John had lettered his father's name on the sign because he was still a minor and therefore could not make legal contracts.

Because of John's almost fanatical devotion to the business—he frequently worked 18 hours a day—the place prospered. When the father died in 1907, he left an estate of $90,000, all of it amassed through the generosity of his son. Nor did John fume when the father's holdings we
split among John’s seven brothers and sisters.

At night, John haunted the library, systematically reading every book on stock and bond speculation on the library’s shelves. He then “read up” on commercial law, real estate and finance.

“But I’ve never opened a novel in my life,” he sniffs. “There’s no profit in such reading—why do it?”

When he was certain that he understood what was in the books, Deferrari started his cautious buying of securities—a little here, some more there. He applied a strange yardstick to stock offerings: if they were the securities of a firm headed by a man “who had come up the hard way, like me,” then John bought. For him, the yardstick seldom failed.

Henry Ford became his idol. He tacked up pictures of the auto magnate snipped from old magazines, and read every news clipping and article on Ford he could find.

Why didn’t he ever marry? Old John winks knowingly and gives the answer.

“I could never find what I wanted—a poor girl who would save money, like. I did, and be happy to leave it untouched, who would pray that there never would be need to use it.”

For more than 50 years, Deferrari has kept a strange account book each night before retiring. In it, he records each day’s deeds and asks himself, “Have I wronged any man this day, even unintentionally, and have I doped things out?”

“Dope things out” is the favorite phrase of millionaire John. He has no use for the human being who doesn’t take time to think matters through.

Deferrari has never had a doctor during his long life. “Doctors today cost five dollars for a home visit,” he says earnestly. “That’s throwing money away. I eat mostly fruits and stay healthy that way. It’s cheaper.”

On an ancient coal range, over which his mother once perspired, this present-day Midas cooks his own solitary meals. He won’t tell where he lives, and his only official address is “General Delivery, Boston.”

After a lifetime of obscurity, John Deferrari has consented to give his name to the Foundation his millions have created. He fidgets in nervous bliss when the library officials show him plans for the John Deferrari Room.

He talks happily of the thousands of books on finance and business administration which the new room will house.

But speak to him of the library’s great literary treasures, the works of Shakespeare, Dickens and the rest, and he’ll reply tartly:

“That’s all tommyrot—just made-up stories. Who ever earned a dime by reading things made up out of another man’s head?”

It’s a funny world. If a man gets money, he’s a grafter. If he keeps it, he’s a capitalist. If he spends it, he’s a playboy. If he doesn’t get it, he’s a ne’er-do-well. If he doesn’t try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working, he’s a parasite. And if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, he’s a sucker.
"... and he ordered sauerkraut!"
WILL THERE ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN?

True freedom of press and radio, low prices, high production—these things we owe to advertising.

by GEORGE S. BENSON
President, Harding College

SOME wag once said that if we should suddenly do away with all advertising in the United States, our civilization would immediately collapse. This statement contains more truth than is first apparent. There are those who refuse to see the importance of advertising in the economic life of the nation. Moreover, there are those who have singled out this phase of trade and industry for strong criticism.

Civilization today would collapse if it were not bolstered up by American advertising. Today the rest of the world depends upon American production. Yet, too few people recognize that this nation's great productive capacity could not have been built up without advertising. Again, there are too few people who correctly see advertising as the bulwark of American economic freedom. Advertising is the golden key that has unlocked the door to plenty for us all.

Our world-renowned standards of living were achieved because we found out how to produce in volume: bathtubs, cars, radios, clothing, food. We learned how to make wise use of the human resources of work and brain-power. We learned to harness water-power, steam, oil, gas, and all the others. We created machinery to do most of our hard work. We learned the value of tools. In brief, we have made our factories hum.

But is that all? By no means. The Socialist schemers have failed to evaluate their old slogan, "production for use," in the light of America's vast economy. Not only did we learn to produce, we have learned to use. Americans are the world's greatest producers, and also the world's greatest users. Only 7 per cent of the world's population, we own 70 per cent of the world's automobiles, 37 per cent of the railroads, 50 per cent of the telephones.

There's more to it than just production. Ask any manufacturer, and he'll tell you that the heart of his outfit is his sales force. The fellows who sell and distribute goods represent the other half of our great mass production system. Your high production is fine, but it would do no good unless the products are placed in the hands of consumers. Continued high output lowers the price. Get the picture?

Selling and distribution simply could not do the job without advertising. Advertising not only sells

Reprinted from "Looking Ahead," monthly publication of Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas
goods, it always helps measurably to lower prices and to increase quality. When electric refrigerators were first sold only a few thousand were made, and it took $600 or more to buy one. But during 15 years of advertising, millions were sold; the price came down to a fourth of the original price; and the quality was improved greatly.

Socialists and Communists have had some success in attacking this part of American economic life. A few years ago a survey of 5,000 consumers found that 72 per cent of those interviewed believed advertising increased costs to the consumer. Among high school teachers, this figure reached 82 per cent. Another survey, answered by 3,174 students in 33 colleges, revealed that 12 per cent considered advertising an economic waste.

It is high time we waked up to the economic facts-of-life! Good and wise advertising is a vital part of free competitive enterprise. Naturally, advertising would be unnecessary in a dictatorship. The dictator could simply tell the people what to eat, wear, and enjoy. He would also tell them what they could not have. Under a system that permits no advertising, we would have two choices: a lower standard of living or a dictatorship.

Among privileges we enjoy as Americans, free speech and free print are of first rank. Most of us prize these and other freedoms, though we give little thought to them. We just take them for granted. A Gallup poll on the Bill of Rights would embarrass a majority of our citizens. Try your own poll and see how many of your friends can name the freedoms listed in the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Freedom of the press is one of those freedoms. We are benefited by this freedom every day. The information that helps make intelligent citizens comes to us freely. Our press is not curbed nor restricted by the ill-conceived notions of some tyrant or dictator. We can buy the public prints we choose, and at a very reasonable price. We can buy many of them, including those with opposing points of view, without taking very much change out of pocket.

Why the small price of newspapers and magazines? Just the paper and printing costs would amount to as much as we pay for them! Does a fearsome dictator pay the difference? Does a tax-rich bureaucracy foot the bill just to keep itself in power? Are our public “prints” subsidized by Congressional appropriations? No, they are not. Then how do we have freedom of press, when we are able to buy for a nickel what costs much more?

These things are accomplished through advertising. Advertising thus becomes one of the basic features of American democracy. It is easy to see that the advertising space sold by publishers of our newspapers and magazines makes it possible for a publishing enterprise to pay its bills. Because of advertising, our great press is able to remain independent, and at the same time render important service to the American people.

Advertising itself performs the major service of increasing constantly the already high standard of living which America enjoys. Our industry
depends upon advertising to do its share in the efficient distribution of all the things that it makes in meeting the needs and desires of the people. And whenever something new is developed, advertising carries the message to those who may want the new product or new service. Advertising sells goods.

Not only does advertising sell goods, it also sells the desire to improve. Americans have never wanted to become static. Advertising has helped us to expect improvements, to want better things. When people have no desire for better living standards, then the great output of factories will have to stop. Advertising creates the desire to buy that keeps our economy on the move. It sells goods, and in selling them it is the great educator of the masses.

These facts show us that the business of advertising has an important bearing upon our freedom of press. If we cherish freedom of the press, we must also respect our publications as business enterprises. We need to understand that expenses of gathering news from all over the world for American readers are paid in large part by revenues from advertising space. And just as important, we must not forget that our high standard of living depends upon advertising.

I say these things because there are those who attack the American Way by the sneak method. These destroyers (from within and without) will not attack freedom of the press. They know we cherish it. But they will attack advertising. They will not attack our high standards of living, which they envy. But they will attack the profit idea, without which American initiative and enterprise would cease to give us jobs and goods. May we ever be on our guard against those who would knock out the very props from under America!

Purely by Happenstance

The aerial acrobats were drawing big applause from the crowd. The show was in full swing. The circus band was playing loud and brassy numbers. It was the Buckley & Wicks Show, one of the few traveling the eastern United States in 1828.

Back in his dressing room, Nelson Hower fretted. He was a bareback rider. Soon he was scheduled to ride into the ring. But, where were his short jacket and knee breeches? He had given them out for cleaning. Yet, at this moment, they hadn't been returned.

Five minutes more before his performance time . . . then two minutes! "Hurry, Hower," called the circus master. "You're on in a minute!" Hower debated. No, he couldn't. He hastily stepped before a mirror and appraised his appearance in his knitted underwear. "Why not?" he muttered; and he impulsively dashed for his horse and rode out on time for his act.

The audience didn't realize that Hower was performing in his underclothes. Everybody thought this was a new type of apparel for the colorful bareback riders.

The "new type" was met with immediate approval by other performers, and that's the unplanned way "circus tights" were born. Purely by happenstance!
Swing

So They Say

A beginning writer was introduced to a well-known author. "Could you tell me," asked the young writer, "just how many words there are in a novel?"

The author was stunned, but he answered, "Well, that depends on the length of the novel. I guess a very short one would run about 65,000 words, more or less."

"Then 65,000 words make a novel?"

"Well, yes."

"Whaddaya know!" exclaimed the elated writer. "My book is finished!"

"Yes, Emmy," Gramp mused, "girls are not the same these days as they used to be in my day."

"How do you mean, Gramp?" asked his granddaughter.

"Well, for one thing, you never see a girl blush these days. When I was young it was mighty different."

"Gee, Gramp," exclaimed the girl, "what did you say to them?"

A native of Western Kansas was telling a visitor about the weather in his section of the country. "Yessir," he boasted, "when the wind blows out here it really blows. Why just last month we had quite a gale. The wind blew so hard it took all the paint off a barn here and repainted one down in the Texas panhandle."

"Well, does it ever rain out here?" asked the amazed visitor.

"Oh, sure," replied the Kansan, "I hear they had a shower over in the next county last week, but I was busy and couldn't go."

At the monthly meeting of the church board, the problem of the personal slovenliness of the janitor was brought up for discussion. It was generally agreed that he would have to be discharged, but one kind-hearted, little old lady intervened.

"I just hate to see the poor fellow go," she pleaded. "He may be dirty and unkempt on the outside, but, my friends, I am sure he is clean and pure on the inside. Do we have to discharge him?"

"Either that," returned the president of the board, "or turn the fellow inside out."

The gay young bachelor had been calling on a certain girl every night for months. Finally, one of his friends asked him why he didn't marry her. "Why, if I married her," the bachelor exclaimed, "where'd I go every night? I'd be stuck at home!"

Among the troops stationed in the Philippines during the war was a gruff, seasoned sergeant who had the reputation of never being at a loss for an answer. One day two officers were exchanging stories about the sergeant's comebacks. "Well, I'll bet that within 24 hours I can ask him a question that he can't answer," boasted a young second lieutenant.

The next morning the sergeant was accompanying the lieutenant on the morning inspection. When they reached the mess kitchen, he pointed to a large copper pot of water just beginning to boil. "Look, sergeant," the officer said, "why does that water boil only at the edges of the pot and not in the middle?"

The old veteran did not even hesitate. "The water around the edge, sir," he replied, "is for the men on guard. They have their breakfast half an hour earlier than the others."
A PROMINENT band leader whose happy smile was blazoned to millions in newspapers, magazines and advertisements looked dum-founded and incredulous.

His dentist, after a routine inspection of his mouth, had just informed him, "Ted, this is rough news I'm going to give you, but you might as well have it straight: You're going to lose all your teeth."

Ted reacted as if an Australian bull whip had been cracked across his face. The dentist continued, "For months, I've tried to lick Vincent's disease in your mouth, but it's no use. Complete extraction is the only answer unless—"

"Unless what?"

"—unless you see a psychiatrist."

The dentist then told his patient some facts about "psychosomatic dentistry," and related how mental tensions, neuroses and psychoses could play havoc with the teeth and gums.

"In your case," he said, "you have the habit of constantly grinding your teeth while you sleep. This is called Bruxism by dentists. In most instances, it is caused by emotional conflicts so deep within a person that they aren't acknowledged or recognized during waking hours. But while the body sleeps, the subconscious churns up the buried thoughts and seeks to resolve the unexpressed conflict. Grinding the teeth is a symptom—and the grinding is loosening your own teeth."

After his initial shock, the band leader fumed and said the dentist must be crazy. But after thinking it over, he did visit a psychiatrist for the first time in his life. After several sessions, the psychiatrist drew from his patient the following story:

At 18, he had been a promising violinist and aspired to the day when he would be able to play in a symphony orchestra. But his father died, leaving penniless the mother and a family of three children.

The young musician had taken jobs in cheap cafes, night clubs and third-rate theatres. Against his will, he "swung" his music, and the public seemed to like it. Within ten years, he had his own band and was earning $700 a week playing the kind of popular music which he had disliked so in his youth.

But he told himself that he was a success—his bankbook proved it. Gradually, all desire for a career in symphony work or as a violin soloist disappeared—or so he thought.

"I would say that actually you want more than ever before to play the
kind of music you really love," said the psychiatrist.

"Admit it to yourself, leave the band, and strive for the kind of music you wanted to play as a boy. You won't make as much money, but you'll have more fun out of life, because you'll be true to yourself."

The musician finally agreed to follow his counselor's advice. His earnings fell by 75 per cent, but within six months his dental troubles had ceased. The pulling of three teeth, instead of an entire mouthful, and the cessation of his nervous grinding while asleep, left his mouth in its original healthy state.

The connection between "bad" teeth and unhealthy emotional states may be new to you, but it's been tested over many years at a number of research centers. At New York University's Periodontia Clinic, for example, more than 40,000 men and women with gum diseases have been treated since 1926.

During this time, a surprising number of "dental cripples" at the clinic, the largest of its kind in the country, were found to be neurotic or maladjusted to life.

This information caused Dr. Samuel Charles Miller, chairman of the department of periodontia at the University, to inquire closely into the emotional lives of hundreds of patients.

What he and his colleagues learned has brought about a new concept in treating gum disorders. Dr. Miller explains it in this manner:

As nature intended them, teeth were to be used for chewing food and that's all. But nervous, high-strung and emotionally-upset people unconsciously clench and grind their teeth in tension situations or while brooding over their unresolved conflicts.

In time, this ceaseless grinding produces trauma (shock), and the blood supply to the gums is diminished because the grinding teeth press against the underlying blood vessels.

With lack of blood comes necrosis, or death of the once-healthy gum tissues. The gums recede, the bone is gradually destroyed, and the teeth inevitably become loose in their sockets. When gum pockets form, then gum diseases set in and the whole cycle of extraction after extraction begins.

So important has New York University considered this matter of mind-versus-tooth that it recently added to its teaching staff a prominent psychiatrist, Dr. Leonard Rittenberg. Mincing no words, this Manhattan psychoanalyst tells dental students:

"In every case of grinding the teeth, the core of the problem is to be found in the functioning of the patient's personality."

There are other ways in which neurotic behavior affects the teeth. Dr. Miller has compiled a list of 30 injurious mouth habits which adversely affect the teeth and gums. Most of these habits, including nail-biting, biting the cuticle and nail,
gnawing on pencils, chewing the lip, are symptomatic of inner conflicts and emotional uneasiness.

One middle-aged business man, whose teeth unaccountably proved to be in very bad shape, admitted that he never got to bed before two in the morning. Each night, after his wife and children retired, he would sit up for several hours biting his nails and thinking furtively of the attraction he felt for his young secretary. He really loved his wife and feared that the desire for his employee was disloyal; hence, his brooding and indecision, which was “externalized” by the nervous fingernail-biting.

This man was urged to tell his feelings to his wife. She was patient and understanding. In a few months, the attraction faded and the business man was relieved. His dental troubles cleared up after his incessant nail-chewing ceased.

Some injurious mouth habits arise from the tensions and frustrations of complex modern life, and not because of neurotic weaknesses within an individual.

One salesgirl in a department store developed the bad habit of tapping her front teeth nervously with her pencil. Before six months passed, she lost three teeth, which had to be pulled because she had loosened them unconsciously.

After a bridge was inserted, it too fell out from time to time because of the pencil-tapping habit.

Finally, she admitted to her doctor that the manager of her department made her nervous—"he's always grousing about my poor sales records every day." She quit her job, found a secretarial post more to her liking, and the tooth-tapping compulsion disappeared promptly.

Because nervous fatigue and emotional conflicts adversely affect the whole human mechanism, it is inevitable that the teeth soon will suffer. In extremely nervous people, teeth and gums do not get the needed nutrition because of a general slowing-up of metabolic processes.

When the gums starve, they become easy prey to disease.

The Surgeon-General of the United States declares that there are millions of dental cavities which require prompt filling. The proponents of psychosomatic dentistry believe that perhaps half of these cavities have been caused by emotional problems.

"We know that nervous tension makes the saliva more acid and hence more injurious to the teeth," says a Chicago extraction expert. "Such hyperacid saliva actually eats away the protective enamel of the tooth and paves the way for swift decay."

So, if you would be mouth-happy, be sure that you have mental stability and emotional contentment. If your chewing equipment seems to be deteriorating without explanation, look within your own heart and you may find the answer for bad gums, tooth-ache, and cavities without number.

A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you boil if it happened to you.
"This is Mr. Benton, Eloise, our Western representative last winter."
Anything worthwhile that comes out of a garden has to be planted—even a body.

by TED PETERSON

If friends ever start speculating about the perfect crime, you might tell them the story of the quick-tempered village parson and a murder so devilish that it almost went undiscovered.

As murders go, it was a work of art. It involved a widowed pastor named Soren Qvist, who lived with his daughter in a tiny Danish village called Veilby. He was loved by his parishioners despite his one failing—an almost ungovernable temper, which eventually led to his execution. When members of his flock erred, they felt the sting of his temper. His wrath was not born of malice. Qvist was far less a malicious man than a conscientious disciplinarian.

He was well aware of his failing, and he made an honest attempt to keep his rage under control. When he felt his anger mounting, he would shut himself in his study until calmness returned. But the study wasn't always at hand; his temper often flared openly, and it was well-known in the community. Although Qvist has been dead for many years now, his temper is still remembered, for it played an important part in the murder that has become a legend in Denmark.

A part of Qvist's anger was directed toward a neighboring farmer named Morten Bruns who, folks agreed, was a man of more wealth than charm. Bruns became interested in Qvist's 20-year-old daughter Nora and began courting her. The pastor took a dim view of Bruns as an individual, a dimmer view of him as a prospective son-in-law. He disliked the farmer's domineering attitude and suspected him of shady business dealings. The man was no match for his Nora, that was plain. In a storm of temper, Qvist told Morten to stay away if he didn't want a sound thrashing. Bruns mumbled something about getting even, but he stayed away.

After his outburst, the pastor's spirit softened, as it often did after his rages, and he was a little sorry for the way he had treated the man. When Morten Bruns' destitute brother showed up a short time later, Qvist saw a way to atone for his harsh words. The brother, Neils Bruns, was looking for a job. To show that he bore no hard feelings toward the Bruns family, the pastor gave him work as gardener.

But work did not appeal to Neils Bruns. Goaded by the pastor, he did enough to get by, and that was all. As Qvist watched the gardener's idleness, he felt his temper slipping. He lost it completely in a field one day when he attacked Neils and threatened to give him a thorough
beating if he didn’t buckle down to work. Neils didn’t like the choice. He jumped a hedge and scooted away.

Perhaps happy that one source of annoyance was gone, Qvist settled back in his old routine. Then, some days after Neils had run away, Morten Bruns returned to the parsonage. He came this time not to court Nora but to inquire about his brother’s whereabouts. The pastor told him of Neils’ flight.

Morten was skeptical. Two women had overheard the argument between Neils and the pastor, Morten said, and they knew of the threats Qvist had made. When Qvist denied knowing where the missing brother was, Morten spoke bluntly: the village suspected murder. Furthermore, Morten hinted, he had a pretty good idea who the murderer was. With that, he left.

Rumors seethed through the town. Rewards were offered; villagers were questioned. Morten Bruns aired it about that he knew the secret of Neils’ disappearance: Soren Qvist had murdered his brother and buried the body.

Within a few weeks, Bruns took his suspicions to a magistrate and backed them with evidence. First he quoted the witnesses who had overheard the row between the pastor and Neils. Then he produced his ace witness, a farm hand named Larsen, who swore that one night on his way to the village he had seen someone digging in the parsonage garden. He hadn’t been able to identify the digger, but the person had been wearing a green dressing gown. His statement was enough to make the magistrate send for Qvist. Almost everyone in Veilby knew that Qvist had a green dressing gown.

At first Qvist strongly denied having murdered Neils. They could look in his garden and they would find nothing amiss, he told investigators; he had never dug in his garden at night.

So the authorities dug. In the spot pointed out by the farm hand Larsen, they found the body of a man. His face was so badly decomposed that it was not recognizable, but they identified the clothes as those of Neils Bruns.

Then other evidence pointed to Qvist. His maidservant remembered that on the very night the farm hand had seen someone digging in the garden she’d seen a man leave the pastor’s room. It was dark, but she’d noticed that he had worn a dressing gown like Qvist’s. Two women testified that they had heard Qvist threaten the missing man.

Finally, to clinch matters, Soren Qvist confessed to the murder. His confession was necessarily hazy, for he could not remember having committed the crime. But he did know his own temper; it had always been getting out of hand. As a boy, he had once become so angry at a dog that he had killed it. Besides that, his mind played tricks on him. Once during his sleep he had written a sermon; when he awoke he couldn’t remember having written it. Those recollections and the evidence of witnesses convinced him that he had killed Neils Bruns and buried the body while in a fury so terrible that (Continued on page 27)
Shhhh! Speak no evil—except in person!

Wire Tapper:
AN EAR FOR THE PRIVATE EYE
by KENYON HART

The most hush-hush business in the world isn’t counterfeiting or murder. It’s wire-tapping, in the opinion of veteran policemen and the tappers themselves, who guard the secrets of their sly profession with belligerence and fervor.

But the work of crime detection would be severely hampered without the services of the nimble gentlemen who can eavesdrop at will upon almost any telephone conversation.

There was the time, for example, when federal officials—confronted with a first-rate narcotics mystery in a Southern city—based their hopes for breaking the case upon discovering what telephone number was called most frequently by a suspected morphine salesman.

They finally summoned an electrician who picked up extra money by tapping wires.

"I have a device which can translate any number dialed," the man said. "It punches out dots on a paper tape, repeating the exact number of clicks which follow each spin of the wheel. By reading the tape, I can tell precisely what number has been called."

He spent several days patiently monitoring the phone of the suspected peddler, kept records on tape, and then produced the one number most often dialed. This number led straight to the source of narcotic supply and the grateful officers were enabled to close a case which had stumped them for months.

Though newspapers, clergymen and even Supreme Court justices have heaped contempt upon the lowly profession of wire-tapping, the business has grown to large proportions. Obviously, exact statistics on its practitioners and their earnings are hard to come by.

One fact is certain: not everybody who fears that his phone is being tapped is right. Two out of three complaints of tapped wires prove to be false alarms when investigated by the telephone company. Veteran linesmen and electricians have a name for such chronic worriers—they’re "tap goofy"!

The more persistent tap goofy citizens, as you might expect, end up on psychiatrists’ couches or in cozy mental hospitals. Some doctors say that people whose bad consciences work overtime reflect their guilt feelings in the unshakable conviction that their telephones are being tampered with.

The real work for the wire tappers comes from police departments, lawyers, private investigators and others who seek missing husbands,
strayed wives, embezzling bookkeepers, crooked business partners, and even kidnappers and murderers.

How can you tell when your phone is being tapped?

The most dependable symptom is a strange fading of words smack in the middle of a conversation. This disappearing act is caused by a "raw tap." It occurs when an amateur scrapes the insulation from a phone wire and affixes a receiver to it with needle-like pincers.

The professional tapper disdains the raw tap, which can be accomplished by anybody with a smattering of electrical know-how. The big-money pros in this secretive business use boosters which keep the current at almost normal, or they operate powerful induction coils which can't give away the secret of the wire tapper's unseen presence. The induction coil is a powerful magnet wrapped with 8,000 turns of fine wire. No actual plug-in or puncture of a telephone line is required to tune in the most private of conversations.

Some experts, by placing the coils in just the right spot, literally can absorb phone conversations through a three-foot stone wall.

One Chicago wire-tapper was summoned to Detroit by a detective agency representing an unnamed client. He was given a retainer fee of $300. The detective named a certain auto company, and said:

"They're coming out with new models, but so far we haven't obtained even an inkling of what the new cars will be like. Your job is to tune in on the firm's designing department and pick up any interesting details."

The tapper stayed at his post for two weeks, screening every call emanating from the department. The scraps of talk he picked up and wrote in a notebook didn't make much sense to him, but they delighted the rival company. A $500 fee and a tidy bonus went to this successful tapper.

The craft of the telephone Paul Pry was born quietly in New York City in 1895. An out-of-work telephone repair man whispered to police officers that they might learn things by overhearing the conversations of suspected thugs. The police liked the idea, and gave him a job tapping wires.

The tapper's chore was a simple one then and for some years to come. The telephone company itself gladly helped out and even provided assistants to locate lines for the tapper. Today you wouldn't catch a phone company allowing a tapper to come in the lobby and get warm.

This cool feeling developed over the years, induced by severe editorial censure of wire tapping in newspapers and magazines. Certain court decisions that wire-tapped evidence is inadmissible also have made the phone companies exceedingly careful about cooperating with tappers.

But while telephone company officials honestly deny knowing anything

(Continued on page 28)
"Little silver" is rough, tough, and costs a fortune.

PLATINUM
THE MIRACLE METAL

by C. E. NEWELL

A MINNESOTA orphan girl who shattered her leg bone in a nasty auto wreck which killed two people now walks again, thanks to a platinum brace inserted in her leg by surgeons using a new technique. Platinum was chosen because it, of all metals, was least likely to corrode and cause the child trouble.

Astronomers, too, acknowledge their indebtedness to platinum, one of the world's most helpful metals. For tiny platinum wires, so thin that it takes 25,000 strands to make one inch, are used to mark off invisible squares in the great 200-inch telescope which has been so long in the making at Mount Palomar, California.

And should you be unlucky enough to get in the way of a tough guy's plunging fist, platinum may come to your rescue if your front teeth have been separated from your mouth. For dentists use "anchor loops"—small, flat eyelets of platinum—to anchor new bridgework securely.

Platinum wasn't always so useful, nor so expensive. When the greedy Spanish conquistadores fine-combed Mexico in their search for gold, they turned up strange, grayish grains in the golden sands. These odd grains they threw away as having no value.

Later, when a French expedition uncovered platinum in Colombia, the Spanish members of the expedition tacked a name onto the metal—platina, meaning "little silver."

For generations after, the only use for platinum was as a crucible material for men of science working in laboratories scattered throughout the world. They appreciated the heat-resistant qualities of platinum, which withstood temperatures invariably melting weaker metals.

Right now, platinum can play rich uncle to its cheaper nephew, gold. And its two costly brothers, iridium and rhodium, fetch $125 an ounce in the metal market place. Despite the high cost, manufacturers are the greatest buyers of platinum, iridium and rhodium, because the alloys produced from these super-metals permit extensive savings in manufacturing processes. Thus, although platinum costs a lot, its use in countless industries results in dollars-and-cents savings to you, the consumer.

Although the United States is the world's largest user of platinum, we produce virtually none of the precious metal. Only a tiny amount mined in Alaska trickles into the United States. The bulk of our platinum comes from Russia and Canada. If Russia were to cut off our platinum supply, we would be hard-pressed to secure the 775,000 ounces we need annually.

Military men say we can thank platinum for winning the war. So important is this metal that a full decade before Pearl Harbor the Japanese pulled a cute trick to step up their platinum supply: Nip officials
commanded Japs with money to buy rings and pins made of the strategic metal.

Then, when the Japs plunged into an all-out program of conquest, all the government had to do was to command its people to surrender their platinum jewelry for a fraction of its original cost.

The Germans, too, hoarded platinum and paid for vast imports of it by going without butter.

In the early days of World War II, Allied airmen complained bitterly that their Flying Fortresses developed engine troubles at crucial times. In the midst of battle, an engine would gasp and die.

Engineers, probing into the glum situation, discovered that spark-plug points couldn't last in the high altitudes made necessary by ground defenses. The plugs, hard up for oxygen in the rarefied heights, simply disintegrated.

The engineers got around that problem in a hurry. They developed an alloy of 80 per cent platinum which enabled spark plugs to function perfectly at any height, whether they were overheated or not. The airmen's trouble from that source then became a thing of the past.

Right now, American government agents are prowling the nation seeking stocks of platinum which they can buy and store. We won't be caught without the vital stuff should war again engulf the world in the years ahead.

Look at your handsome evening gown the next time you go to a country club dance, Madam. For those shining threads, you can thank a platinum alloy spinneret, through whose tiny holes rayon is forced at terrific pressure to create the threads needed to make you the belle of the ball.

That new television set, your old radio, and the light bulbs, too, all would be impossible to make, or greatly inferior, were it not for the electronic uses to which platinum and its alloys have been put.

When tree stumps are blown up to make way for new roads or farm buildings, you may be sure that platinum played a role in making improvements possible. That's because most explosives are made chiefly from nitric acid, one of the most corrosive compounds used by chemists. Only platinum has the sturdy unchangeability needed to stand up against nitric acid and serve as a container for it.

Soon, you may have new, long-lasting spark plugs for your car made principally from a platinum alloy. These plugs will give better performance at top speeds, last longer, and ultimately will cost no more than conventional plugs now on the market.

So, don't hesitate to buy that platinum wedding band or a platinum alloy cigarette lighter. Not only are such items durable and lovely, but you may be performing a patriotic duty in "stockpiling" even a minute quantity of America's most strategic metal.

A celebrity is someone who has worked for years to become famous enough to be recognized and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is.
Double up and secure, boys—it's every man a captain!

LEE HARBOR

by JOHN TROWBRIDGE

All his life, old Pete had been a lowly wiper on tramp steamers, having a grand time in all the ports of the world and saving not a penny from his meagre wages.

But today this penniless seaman is addressed respectfully as “Captain,” wears a starchy blue uniform replete with gold buttons and nautical swagger, and has a lovely bedroom, the best of food, television, movies and billiards—all for free.

Pete, still blinking in amazement at his good fortune, is one of several hundred old tars who live elegantly in Sailors’ Snug Harbor at Staten Island, New York. The Harbor has been dubbed, accurately, America’s most luxurious old folks’ home. It has deep-cushioned easy chairs, fine rugs, gleaming silver, out-of-season fruits, and the most expensive steaks for its “inmates.”

But not a cent of payment is asked of the guests; all they have to do to merit this hospitality is to stay sober and avoid fisticuffs. Everything at the “Harbor” has been skilfully planned to make seafaring men feel at home, whether they are sailing vessel survivors or alumni of steamers.

There are no conventional alarm clocks at the Harbor; a ship’s bell gently tolls the hours. For their amusement, the old sailors can use telescopes and binoculars to scan ship movements in busy New York harbor. Regardless of previous rank aboard ship, every guest automatically is elevated to the rank of “Captain”—and that office he holds until he dies.

As you might expect, it grieves not a few old sea dogs who were real gold-braid ers in their day to sit at table with a boatswain or ship’s carpenter who must be addressed as “Captain.” But in this democracy of old age, the most crusty ex-officers soon climb down from their proud perches and fraternize with seamen of every race, creed and color.

That’s the way old Captain Robert Richard Randall wanted the Harbor to be operated when he summoned the great Alexander Hamilton to his death bed in 1801 and asked the statesman to draw a will.

“I’ve got a small New York farm which produces a modest income,” said the old Captain. “I’ve loved the sea and the men who follow it. Let the farm’s income help old sailors whose days at sea are numbered.”

He had no idea that the farm would become one of the juiciest Manhattan real estate plots, valued today in excess of $10,000,000. It is bounded by Fifth Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Tenth Street and Waverly...
Place. Speculators look hungrily at the property which yields an opulent old age security to the ex-seamen of 1949—almost 150 years after their benefactor’s death.

Today, you’ll see old salts walking arm in arm through Snug Harbor’s 55 buildings or across the 100 acres of beautiful lawn. But despite their surface harmony, these veterans of the seas sometimes erupt into angry profanity in arguing the merits of sail versus steam—a debate which was popular half a century ago.

“We’uns of sailing days look down at them whippersnappers raised on steamships,” grunts an old tar of 85 years. “But we all look down on them lily-livered Coast Guard men. Hell’s bells, some o’ those fellers are really landlubbers who ain’t never been more’n 12 miles from shore!”

Despite this acrimonious debate, all guests are banded together in a solid front against any person so unfortunate as never to have earned his living at sea. Landlubbers get respectful but cold treatment when they visit Snug Harbor; unless you talk the lingo of the sea, the old boys pay you scant heed and would rather play dominoes or peer through their telescopes.

There’s nothing a guest can buy at Snug Harbor. Tobacco, newspaper, magazine, ice cream—all are his for the asking. Yet, to keep busy, many oldsters earn pocket money by carving ship’s models, performing light duties, or whittling novelties. However, the money they earn can be spent for one thing only—liquor—a stimulant sternly banned on the premises.

For a five cent ferry trip, a sly octogenarian can take a trip to Manhattan, buy whisky, and return to the Harbor with his bottle tucked away.

All guests must be 60 years of age, or older, “worn out in the service of the sea,” as Captain Randall’s will puts it, and ready for a life of serenity and peace. A candidate must have served at least five years on an American vessel, or ten years on foreign vessels.

Punishment, such as it is, consists of a stay for a few days in Ward D. This is in the hospital, and the “punishment” is confinement to quarters until the offender promises not to get drunk again or not to fight with his fellow “Captains.”

Even funerals are free for the seafaring men. The rich income enjoyed by the Snug Harbor administration ensures a good old age for ex-mariners willing to trade the excitement of the sea for the calm of existence on dry land.

As you might expect, life on the beach bores and dismays many old tars. Not accustomed to luxury, hating the inactivity and freedom from danger, not a few of the spavined ex-sea dogs actually ran away from Snug Harbor during the war and tried to sign up for berths aboard
THE PASTOR AND THE PERFECT MURDER (Continued from page 20)

he couldn't remember it.

The law agreed with him, and he was sentenced to death. The people of Veilby, who still loved him, fought to get him pardoned. Officials denied their appeals. Even Qvist himself blocked the villagers' attempts to obtain his release. He had been a harsh disciplinarian to others; he was the same to himself. He had taken a life. He must forfeit his own. And so, brave and repentant, he went to his death on the Hill of the Ravens.

If a ragged beggar had not turned up in Veilby more than 20 years later, the Danish people would never have remembered Soren Qvist. As his parishioners died, one by one, the memory of him would have died with them. But years after the pastor had been executed and not long after Morten Bruns had died, a stranger knocked at the door of the parsonage that once had been Qvist's. He asked where he could find Morten Bruns.

"He is dead," the pastor told him. The beggar collapsed.

The beggar was Neils Bruns, the man Qvist was supposed to have murdered. When he had run away from the pastor in the field, he said, his brother had bribed him to leave the village forever. For years he had been getting sums of money from his brother, and he had come back to find out why they had stopped.

Morten Bruns had planned his revenge against Qvist so carefully that the law had killed his victim for him. His hand had been in events from the moment that Neils had asked the pastor for work. Morten had known that Neils' idleness and the pastor's temper would clash. He had known that the parsonage was never locked; he had had no trouble stealing the green dressing gown to wear while he dug the grave in the garden. And he had had no trouble digging up a body in the churchyard cemetery and dumping it into the grave in the garden. If any murder was perfect, his was.

By the time folks learned that, though, there wasn't much they could do. The murderer was dead, and it had been more than 20 years since his victim had walked bravely to his death on the Hill of the Ravens.
about the business of wire-tapping, the help of certain key inside workers is indispensable in making taps in all of our larger cities.

Consider New York with its 1,700,000 telephones. No tapper, however energetic, could locate a line unless somebody who worked for the phone company identified the line to be tapped. Yet phones are tapped, and the conclusion of cooperation is inevitable.

The legal status of the wire-tapping clan is in doubt. Back in 1928, government men tapped a bootlegger's line and obtained evidence which enabled them to pin a sentence on the fellow.

Though the convicted man appealed, asserting that the tapping was an invasion of his constitutional right to privacy, the Supreme Court ruled that he must serve his sentence.

But ten years later, in 1938, the wire-tapping business suffered a recession when four men—all accused smugglers—appealed their sentences also. They asserted that the Federal Communications Commission Act protected interstate telephone calls from intrusion. The Supreme Court nodded assent and the alleged smugglers won.

Nevertheless, enough private business comes to wire tappers to make the occupation profitable, regardless of what legal winds are blowing.

The tappers gain access to telephones in apartments, offices and homes by a variety of ruses. They pose as building inspectors, elevator repair men, plumbers or tax assessors.

A tapper in St. Louis received a black eye when he boldly entered the apartment of a wealthy jeweler and said he was an exterminator. Armed with a DDT spray and a nose mask, he looked the part and the maid admitted him without question.

Two hours later, he was discovered by the jeweler setting up elaborate tapping equipment. The black eye and ejection speedily followed. This tapper had been retained by a former secretary of the jeweler who plotted a little blackmail when she suspected the man of being unfaithful to his wife.

A Los Angeles tapper employed by a suspicious husband was more successful. He carried two buckets into an apartment, posing as a window washer. One bucket contained water and soap, the other his tapping apparatus.

In 20 minutes of feigned window swabbing, he was able to set up equipment which subsequently gave him clear reception that night when the truant wife made incriminating phone calls.

The husband obtained a divorce on the strength of evidence provided by the tapper. He then gave the eavesdropper $500, a new car, and the deed to a vacant lot on which to build a cottage!

When telling a joke, it is a good idea to make it as short as possible; because if you stretch it out, you give the listener time to think of one to tell you.
THE ECHO OF Old Drum

To become a martyr, he died like a dog.

by JOEL LONGACRE

WHEN Missourians placed the names of the state’s all-time great leaders on the Missouri float for President Truman’s inaugural parade, George Graham Vest was one which they selected.

Even in Missouri, that sent many persons to their history books to rediscover this remarkable solon, this man who represented the state both in Rebellion and in Reunion. For he served as a Missouri representative in the Confederate States Congress, and followed that with a distinguished career in Washington.

Even so, these present-day Missourians discovered that the average history had more to say of Vest’s “dog speech” than of his legislative career. It was a speech Vest tossed off for a $50 fee. But it was a speech so memorable that 15 years later one of his legal opponents in the case dictated it to a stenographer as “Vest’s Eulogy to the Dog.” As such, it is a part of American literature.

Old Drum was the dog which, in death, set the stage for this magnificent burst of courtroom oratory. Contemporary accounts of the time, just shortly after the Civil War, have it that Old Drum was the best foxhound and hunter of his day in Western Missouri, and that his services were much in demand.

Before the case of Old Drum finally was settled in the Supreme Court of Missouri, nine lawyers had had their say. Five of them rose to national prominence. One of those attorneys was George Graham Vest.

It was on October 25, 1869, that Old Drum was shotgunned to death. Charles Burden, a farmer living near Kingsville, Missouri, in northwestern Johnson county, charged that his prize hound had been killed by a neighbor, Leonidas Hornsby.

Both Burden and Hornsby were, for those difficult times following the Civil War, regarded as well-to-do farmers. Burden was a tall, strong-willed and rugged man who had been weathered on the plains and in the service of the Confederacy.

Hornsby was smaller, wiry and redheaded. And politically he disagreed with Burden. Thus the setting was arranged for a bitter fight.

Burden filed suit in the Justice Court in Kingsville. He sought damages of $100 from Hornsby for the death of Old Drum. Hard feelings developed quickly among the residents of the area, some of whom had ridden for the South, while others had served with the Federal armies. There were threats and counter-threats.

Burden first retained Thomas S. Jones, a Kingsville attorney, known
Swing
March, 1949

among his friends as “Buffalo” Jones because of his taste for Buffalo Bitters rather than for any prowess on the plains. Hornsby employed Dave Nation and his partner, of nearby Holden. Nation was to gain a bit of reflected notoriety through the doings of his wife with a hatchet. She was Carrie A. Nation.

The first trial in the case resulted in a hung jury. Burden won an award of $25 in the second case. The redheaded Hornsby decided he had just begun to fight. He employed the powerful young law firm of Thomas T. Crittenden and Francis M. Cockrell of Warrensburg to carry an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas in the county seat town. Burden retained Wells H. Blodgett.

With the help of Crittenden, late a Union army colonel, and Cockrell, former Confederate general, Hornsby won on the appeal action. Burden bounced right back to obtain a new trial. It was then Blodgett decided he needed some assistance for the fourth recital of the death of Old Drum.

Burden told him to go ahead. He already was indebted far beyond the amount of damage he had sought originally. So Blodgett turned to the other half of the Democratic “Big Four” in Missouri, the law team of George Graham Vest and John Philips of Sedalia.

Vest had been a senator in the Confederate States Congress, while Philips had been a colonel of Federal cavalry.

Blodgett found Vest seated beside a pot-bellied stove in that portion of the courtroom reserved for spectators.

“I'll pay you $50 to make a speech for my client,” Blodgett said.

“What, you mean that dog case?” Vest asked, showing very little interest. “All right.”

Blodgett admitted later that he was worried by Vest’s reaction, especially since Vest had seemed to pay scant attention to the previous courtroom appearances of the ghost of Old Drum.

Vest was a strange man. He was of small stature but with a large head set on a stout neck. He was moody, well educated and an excellent attorney, but even his best friends had difficulty understanding him sometimes. Crittenden once applied to him a remark attributed to Byron, “The more he saw of men the more he thought of dogs.”

It was on September 23, 1870, that Vest arose to deliver his $50 speech in summation. He spoke for an hour and a half. Brilliantly, he sketched the issues in the case. His heart was in his work for he, like Burden, had followed the ill-fated but glorious Stars and Bars. For another thing, Vest loved dogs.

Vest capped his speech with a five-minute burst of oratory. He did not mention Old Drum by name. But he immortalized the famed hound of the Big Creek region as the symbol of all dogs. To this day, what he said in those five minutes is known as “Vest’s Eulogy to the Dog.”

“Gentlemen of the jury,” the attorney said, “the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful.

“Those who are nearest and dearest
to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most.

"A man’s reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man’s dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master’s side.

"He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wing and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies.

"And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws and his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

As Vest concluded, his hearers wiped tears from their eyes. The jury reached its verdict quickly, without leaving the box. It was in favor of Vest’s client.

Hornsby again took an appeal, this time to the Supreme Court of Missouri. The high tribunal ruled against him. It was the final chapter in the story of Old Drum.

The names of Vest, Philips, Crittenden, Cockrell and Blodgett were affixed to the action filed before the high court. Vest and Cockrell became United States Senators from Missouri. Cockrell served 30 years; Vest, 24, during which he became known as "The Little Giant" of the Senate and gained a reputation as a legislative fiscal expert.

Crittenden and Philips became Congressmen from Missouri. Then Crittenden was elected governor of the state, and it was he who directed the clean-up of the James gang. Philips later became a Federal District Judge in Missouri. Blodgett was elected to the state senate and later
became vice president and general solicitor for the Wabash Railroad.

It remained for Crittenden, Vest’s opponent in the famous dog case, to preserve the Eulogy for a place in American literature. There were no court stenographers in Warrentsburg the day that Vest delivered his now-famous speech. Fifteen years later Crittenden dictated it from memory. Perhaps much, or at least some, of it should be attributed to him.

As for Burden and Hornsby, they died poor men as a result of their long and bitter court battle over Old Drum. They were buried in a country cemetery. Only a few yards separate their graves.

Old Drum’s death ruined them. But at the same time it touched five lawyers—all home from the War Between the States—as if with a golden wand and sent them on to distinguished careers in the nation.

Universal Language

An Indian came into an income tax office and indicated that he wanted help in filling out his tax form.

“H ow much money did you earn last year?” inquired a tax expert.

“U gh,” said the Indian.

“D o you have any cash on hand?”

“U gh.”

“D id you receive interest on any money in the bank?”

“U gh.”

“Y ou’ll have to tell me, sir.”

“U gh.”

“How do you expect me to fill out the form, if you don’t tell me?”

“U gh,” said the Indian.

S aid the expert, “Y ou might even have a refund coming, you know.”


A wealthy lady was strolling in Central Park one day followed by her baby in a carriage wheeled by a maid. Suddenly, a wasp buzzed into the carriage, and the fascinated child began crying for it.

T he lady turned to the maid and snapped, “D on’t you see that Ronald is crying? L et him have what he wants.”

T he crying had stopped for only a minute when the mother was startled by a loud scream from the carriage.

“W hat’s the matter now!” she exclaimed.

T he maid calmly replied, “H e’s got it.”

I t’s not easy to be the f irst lady of the United States. B ut M rs. T heodore Roosevelt had a way of making things less difficult for herself. A fter having her hand wrung for hours as she greeted people at a public reception, she resolved not to suffer such an ordeal again. T hereafter, instead of wearing a corsage at public gatherings, she carried in her hands a large bouquet of flowers. N aturally, no one would ask her to lay down the flowers to shake hands, so she was spared the trouble.

L ittle boy being introduced to an old friend of the family: “H ow do you do? M y, how I’ve grown! M ay I be excused now?”
LITTLE WONDER!

And this is the story of the child juggler—who never, never grew up.

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

The little guy spent a whole year learning to do that trick, and then the audience sat on its hands. But when he pulled a simple little stunt like balancing a feather on his nose, it brought down the house. That’s when the little guy began learning about showmanship.

The little guy—with the too-big collar, baggy pants, oversized coat and battered derby—is Jimmy Savo, the only pantomimist in the world who can give Chaplin a fair run for his money. Charlie himself was one of the first to recognize the genius of his rival, although now there is nearly universal accord that Savo is a truly great performer.

It’s been a long pull for the Beau Brummell of the Bowery, as Savo has been called, since that long-ago night in his 12th year when he copped a prize in a Harlem amateur show by singing Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie to the accompaniment of a barking dog. The dog was Savo’s, was named Nellie, and bounded onto the stage at first mention of her name. When Jimmy hit the last high “by” at the end of his song, Nellie let out a ghastly yelp while the audience rocked with laughter and showered coins upon the precocious laugh-provoker. That sort of thing, more or less, has been going on ever since.

Jimmy turned professional soon after winning that contest. He started as a juggler, and was billed as “The Child Wonder Juggler” at $25 a week. “A forchun,” Jimmy says, with that elfin smile which has actually helped him amass a tidy sum to call his own. Down through the years his career as a juggler, tight-robe walker, dancer, singer, comedian and pantomimist has paid off handsomely. He has worked in nearly every entertainment medium: vaudeville first, of course; then the musical comedy stage, night clubs, radio, movies and records. Today, he owns an old Italian castle, as well as a number of farms in various parts of the world where he has performed. If the wolf ever decides to knock on Jimmy’s door, he’ll have a tough time choosing which one.

About five years ago, though, Jimmy was on his uppers. He was sick, out of a job and almost broke. Worst of all, Broadway wiseacres were calling him a has-been.

But two people had confidence in him. One was Nina, a former girl reporter who had been assigned to interview Jimmy many years ago and promptly married him. The other was Barney Josephson, a New York night club proprietor who saw greatness in
Swing

March, 1949

the comic others said was through. They convinced Jimmy he could be heard as well as seen.

Singing in public for the first time in years, Savo was an overnight sensation. His River, Stay Away From My Door, One Meatball and That Old Black Magic were considered classics of the kind. In recorded form, they sold like hotcakes.

He played two solid years at Josephson’s Cafe Society Uptown, another two years at a swank hotel spot, and a month at the Roxy Theatre for $2,500 a week. He had a coast-to-coast network radio show, and topped the whole works with a triumphal transcontinental tour. It was an amazing comeback, but the biggest surprise was yet in store.

To while away the hours spent on train and plane, Jimmy began to write little stories reflecting his pixyish nature. He showed them to his press agent, who promptly shot them off to magazines, figuring it ought to be good for some kind of publicity when they bounced back with rejection letters. But things didn’t work out that way. Several top magazines bought Jimmy’s stories, and in no time a book publisher was after him to do a novel. The result was Little World, Hello, published last fall. It sold well, and the comedian is now at work on a second book-length effort.

Although he’s been successful as both author and entertainer, and has played to some of the world’s most sophisticated audiences, Jimmy takes special pride in a pair of performances he gave for children at a “straw hat” theatre last summer. Before appearing at the Playhouse in Woodstock, New York, someone asked him what age group he would play to. “Children,” he replied, “from five to seventy-five. And no adult will be admitted unless accompanied by a child.”

Jimmy did his own version of Ferdinand, the Bull as the high spot of a program including original pantomime, songs and stories. He completely captivated his youthful audience. The kids laughed so much, in fact, that Jimmy is moved to remember that response as “the most beautiful sound in the world.”

While at Woodstock, Savo consented to pose for two groups of painters who were summering at the art colony. His only stipulation was that half the proceeds from the sale of his portraits should go to G.I. amputees. For Jimmy has a personal axe to grind.

About a year and a half ago, you see, Mr. Savo suffered a leg amputation. Once again, the bright boys along the main stem predicted oblivion for him. It was inconceivable that he could recover sufficiently to go back on the stage.

Jimmy fooled them a second time. While still in the hospital, he broadcast from his bed. And he vowed that he would fulfill an engagement in Covington on schedule. It sounded like an impossible boast to anybody who didn’t know the little guy was indomitable.

Before he was even out of bed, Jimmy was busily trying to figure a way to get on stage without the audience noticing his crutches. By the time he began rehearsals, he was able to discard the crutches in favor of a pair of canes. On opening night he
was using only one cane. And when the orchestra played his entrance cue, he threw away the last prop and went on unassisted. It had taken him just three months to overcome the handicap!

When Jimmy returned to New York, the critics said his act was better than ever. He broke the all-time record for business at a first-rate supper club. His services were more in demand than ever before, and he received an award as "The Comedian of the Year." Fellow comics and Broadway columnists attended a dinner in his honor. The little man, indeed, was very much there. He's been very much there for quite awhile—and little wonder!

It Pays to Advertise

An editor of the Idaho World during the wild and wooly Western era inserted the following ad in his paper: "Stolen from this office—one revolver. Whoever returns it will be given its contents—and no questions asked."

A resident of Booneville, Mississippi, placed the following ad in the town newspaper: "Wanted to swap—my town rooster that crows at 5 a.m. for a country rooster that crows at 4 a.m." The advertiser gave this reason: "I am going into business and want to get an early start."

A man in Trenton, New Jersey, tried vainly for months to secure an apartment. Finally, more as a "gag" than anything else, he placed the following advertisement in the paper: "My two-year-old daughter cannot tolerate her in-laws. Require two-bedroom apartment or house for child, wife, and me... plus 3 white mice, Arizona chameleon, 4 dogs, a refined alley cat, and an uncaged canary. Noisy and inveterate drinkers. We entertain constantly and have no regard for neighbors."

Results? People still go for a sense of humor—and dozens of offers came pouring in.—Joseph C. Stacey.

Some Hollywood brides are so economical that they go without a honeymoon so that their husbands can save enough for alimony.

Some nations on the subject of war are like girls on the subject of marriage; they insist they don't want it but they like to keep talking about it.

A Sun Valley skier found himself completely lost in the mountains and unable to travel because of a splintered ski. He wandered helplessly for a while and finally sank exhausted into the snow.

Just as he was about to give up hope, he saw coming toward him a big St. Bernard with a flask of brandy tied around its neck.

"At last!" the skier gasped. "Here comes man's best friend and a dog."

A lady was having her eyes examined. The optician placed at a distance a card with the letters KZPTVCH printed on it. "Now, Madam," he asked, "can you see the letters?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I can see them clearly—but I can't read Russian."
“... and to hold the line against higher prices we'll cut the size of our product in half...”
How wild? How wild?
How wild can an epithet be?

by JULES FRANCE

The fine art of insult offers an interesting career to anyone gifted with a sharp wit and caustic outlook. The men who plan and write America's campaign speeches and slogans are expert at mockery, and vituperation is the coin of our most famous comedians. The most widely read critics are those who can destroy with a wisecrack.

Many men, aware of the dynamite contained in any language, have spent their lives perfecting acid combinations of words which can be used with explosive effect against more powerful opponents. Human nature being what it is, our applause goes to the clever insult, our scorn to the butt of the jest.

The late Alexander Wollcott won international fame for his skilful attacks upon his fellow men. Once, having snubbed the aristocratic Lucius Beebe, he received reporters who eagerly questioned him about this noteworthy incident. "Beebe?" he asked archly. "Beebe? Why I thought he was at the bottom of the ocean."

When the editor of the Reader's Digest expressed dissatisfaction with an article Wollcott had done for him, the caustic wit wrote that De Witt Wallace, the editor, "has destroyed the pleasure of reading; now he is about to destroy the pleasure of writing." Wollcott's final words to Lady Astor were, "My God, what energy and no brains can do for you!"

Wollcott met his match in the actress Peggy Wood, while discussing a possible revival of Macbeth. With a condescending air he turned to her and said, "I don't think you'd make a very good Lady Macbeth, do you, Peggy?"

"No, Aleck," she murmured. "But you would."

John Barrymore once shocked the leading lady of his play during rehearsals by bawling her out in language that frankly reflected on her virtue. "Kindly remember that I am a lady!" she flared.

"Madam," Barrymore growled, "I will respect your secret."

A fight developed when Voltaire, the classic master of invective, was accosted by a chevalier who taunted him at having changed his name from Arouet to Voltaire. "Just what is your real name?" the dandy sneered.

"My name begins with me," Voltaire replied scornfully. "Yours ends with you."

Ilka Chase was divorced from actor Louis Calhern, who promptly married
Julia Hoyt. A few days later she discovered in her trunk a box of expensive calling cards engraved "Mrs. Louis Calhern." Not wanting to waste them, she mailed them to her successor with a "sweet" little message. It read, "Dear Julia: I hope these reach you in time."

H. L. Mencken, no slouch at slurring, reviewed the works of H. G. Wells when that English author was at the height of his career. He titled his critical essay, "The Late Mr. Wells." No more bitter castigation of Wells ever appeared than Mencken's damning description of him as "too eager to teach today what he learned yesterday."

Undisputed queen of the verbal barbed shaft is nimble-tongued Dorothy Parker. When told that Calvin Coolidge had died, she asked innocently, "How can they tell?" Her review of a scientific book was succinct, "It was written without fear and without research." Her review of an A. A. Milne opus was deadly, "Tonstant Weader fwoowed up."

Once she and the equally barb-witted Clare Luce crossed paths at a society dinner. Mrs. Luce, stepping back, gestured Miss Parker ahead with the coy remark, "Age before beauty." Nodding graciously, Miss Parker swept ahead of her, murmuring sweetly as she passed, "Pearls before swine."

Groucho Marx, seldom bested in a verbal duel, once dialed the Weather Bureau and asked, "How about a shower tonight?" The unperturbed weather man replied, "It's all right with me. Take it if you need it." On his radio program, Groucho recently told a 300-pound lady contestant, "Melted down, you'd be worth a fortune to my butcher."

A beautifully subtle exchange of words comes down to us from the court of Louis XIV, who once received Lord Stair, a nobleman who bore a striking resemblance to the King. "Tell me, Sir," said Louis blandly, "did your mother ever come to Paris?"

"No, Your Majesty," replied Lord Stair, who understood the implication of the King's question. "But my father did."

The great lawyer, Joseph Choate, was once introduced as an after-dinner speaker by a clumsy-witted toastmaster who described Choate as "an unusual specimen. You have only to put a dinner in his mouth — and out comes a speech." Choate rose to point out that the toastmaster was an even more unusual specimen than he was. "You have only to put a speech in his mouth," said Choate quietly, "and out comes your dinner."

Mayor La Guardia, late and lamented, was once credited with scoring a beauty upon the visit of a Soviet Union delegation to New York's City Hall. Receiving them in his ordinary
Better Salmon — Nicer Shoes

HOW do you like your salmon—fresh from a can, with perhaps a bit of lemon, or in the form of sizzling brown croquettes? Either way, you probably have been annoyed with the appearance of those crumbly chunks of bone or the stringy skin portions mixed with the pinkish flesh.

Now all that may be a thing of the past, thanks to some West Coast fish canners who finally came to the conclusion that skin and bones have no delectable appeal in a can of fancy seafood. As a result, the women of America may look forward to a new kind of leather for their shoes and handbags.

In their determination to put out a more palatable product, the Pacific American Fisheries of Bellingham, Washington, made experiments on the removal of the backbone and skin from salmon before canning it. Salmon, thus canned, proved to have a better taste. But the salmon canners were only momentarily happy with their new discovery. They found with this new method, they were faced with the problem of greater expense in handling and loss in the form of waste products.

So the research scientists went to work again, this time experimenting with the waste product—the fresh salmon skin. It was found that after the scales are removed and a treatment applied, the result is a leather similar to lizard. The treated salmon skin is smooth, pliable, non-porous and can be dyed any color.

The Pacific American Fisheries Company hopes that interested manufacturers will soon be turning out salmon leather shoes, handbags and other accessories. Although the prices of salmon leather items may be somewhat high at first, they will likely come down as production increases.

Yes, that salmon skin will look a lot better as shoes and handbags than coming out of the can with your dinner.—Roy A. Brenner.

 Fortune Teller: "Ah, you want to know about your future husband, beautiful lady?"
Lady: "No, I want to know something about the past of my present husband for future use."
Iceland In a Nut Shell

HERE, in capsule form, are a few surprising facts about the world's oldest living republic, founded in 930 A.D. Perhaps you didn't know that Iceland . . . is one of the most progressive countries in the world . . . publishes more books per person than any country in the world . . . is smaller than Pennsylvania, yet publishes 100 periodicals, including 16 newspapers . . . has no published dictionary because everyone speaks perfectly his native tongue . . . has practically no poverty, illiteracy, crime or unemployment . . . has no army, navy or railroads . . . subsidizes authors, artists and other creative workers . . . supports the University of Iceland where tuition is only $2 for four years . . . has fostered socialized medicine, health insurance, free clinics for years . . . has utilized its natural hot springs to heat its homes and factories . . . had the first trial by jury in the world . . . took the first census . . . has an unwritten law of free speech, religion, press and assembly . . . has had women's suffrage since 1882, 40 years before American women voted . . . celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of the Althing (the general Parliament) in 1930 . . . became independent of Denmark in 1944 when a record 98% of the franchised population voted in the election . . . named its capital Reykjavik—the Bay of Smokes—because of the billowing steam rising from nearby hot springs . . . touches the Arctic Circle . . . is only 500 miles from Scotland . . . raises semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. —Helen Buckley.

The exclamation point is being discarded because people aren't surprised at anything these days.

The reason a lot of people do not recognize opportunity when they see it is because it goes around wearing overalls and looking like hard work.

Words for Our Pictures

1. John G. Thompson, chairman of the 1948 Orange Bowl Committee, gives sports fans interesting sidelights of the Miami football classic. In a later WHB interview, Thompson discussed the National Travelers’ Aid Association, of which he is president.

2. "Hot Lips" Henry Busse demonstrates his characteristic shuffle rhythm on the trumpet for listeners to Bob Kennedy's Saturday afternoon Swing Session.

3. In an exclusive WHB interview, Nebraska’s Governor Val Peterson describes the valiant efforts of "Operation Snowbound" to relieve disaster areas in his blizzard-swept state.

4. Hundreds of Kansas City children thrilled to scalping and Indian yells at a special Fox Midwest matinee February 5. Free balloons and Indian headbands for each child introduced the new Mutual Indian adventure program, Straight Arrow, heard over WHB every Monday at 7 p.m. and Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5 p.m.

(Inset). Bob Hope jests over a WHB mike. Asked if he were ready for television, Hope quipped, "Ah yes, but is television ready for me?"

Centerpiece

Getting a head start on her summer suntan is lovely Cyd Charisse, Swing's pin-up for March. A talented dancer and former member of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Miss Charisse recently starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Kissing Bandit and Words and Music. Tony Martin is her lucky husband!
ON THE shoulders of Louis S. Rothschild rests the weight of a city, although he doesn’t think of it in quite that way. It is a city existing now only in part, the final form of which no one of us will ever see.

For Rothschild—tireless and highly regarded—heads up the City Plan Commission of Kansas City, a group charged with blueprinting the Kansas City of the future, of coordinating municipal plans for expansion and rehabilitation with the myriad interests of private individuals.

The Commission consists of eight volunteer workers appointed by the mayor, plus a permanent staff of landscape architects, civil engineers, architects, and draftsmen, now numbering 18.

It is responsible, broadly, for land use; for insuring that all property within the contemplated limits of Kansas City is utilized so as to be of maximum benefit to the whole population. The Commission handles zoning and the planning of traffic, schools, parking, industrial and business districts, neighborhoods, recreational and park areas.

All plans of the Commission are contingent upon official adoption by the City Council, a situation which leads Rothschild to remark that his board has “unlimited powers of recommendation.”

Actually, in the course of the last fiscal year the Commission considered 103 items, reported favorably on 64, had all but two approved by the City Council.

Rothschild’s recommendations have a characteristic practicality which finds favor with the legislators. Each proposal undergoes an exhaustive investigation by the professional staff, and is supported by an incredible mass of technical detail, including every datum essential for intelligent consideration. The resulting plans are feasible, not dreamlike.

John Picton, a civil engineer, heads the permanent staff. His title is “chief planner.” Under him are two assistant planners: Philip Geissel, landscape architect; and G. G. McCaustland, civil engineer.

Rothschild was appointed to his present post in 1947, after ten years as a member of the Commission. Since his assumption of the chairmanship, the Master Plan for Kansas City, end product of many years’ work and study, has been approved by the City Council. And a plan for the new Northeast industrial district, one of the Commission’s biggest single projects, has been completed and approved.

“Magnificent,” is the adjective which Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington Railroad, applied to the
Northeast plan. He went on to observe, "It is the most wonderfully comprehensive plan for industrial development I've ever seen!"

The plan governs the use of 4,000 acres of reclaimed land adjacent to the Missouri River in the extreme Northeast section of Kansas City. A levee being constructed by United States Army engineers is making this land usable for the first time. Its completion will clear the way for an ideally situated heavy industrial area which will serve as a model for other cities in the nation.

When Rothschild, universally known as "Lou," discusses the accomplishments of the City Plan Commission, he assumes an added animation indicative of the enthusiasm with which he enters all projects.

Fishing, for instance, has claimed his interest for a long time. He and his wife, Emily, have fished in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Missouri, Colorado, Canada, and Mexico.

In 1946 he became interested in big game fishing, so the Rothschilds traveled to Nova Scotia where he hooked, in the first ten minutes of trolling, a 587-pound tuna. To play a tuna, the fisherman leans far back, heaving on the rod for all he's worth. Then he feverishly reels in slack, getting—if he's lucky—20 to 30 precious inches of line. The procedure is repeated, over and over again, until about 600 yards of line are reeled in. In Rothschild's case this required three hours and forty minutes, not a bad average, and left him totally exhausted. But instead of quitting winner, he fished another 13 days without a strike. The following year he returned to land a 570-pounder and another that weighed in at 531 pounds. He broke four rods that year, losing a fish each time.

The first tuna is mounted, and hangs in the sports shop of Rothschild's Oklahoma City store. The other two have also been preserved as souvenirs, but edible ones. Packed in seven-ounce cans, they bear the label: "Caught at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, by Lou S. Rothschild, September, 1947, and packed especially for his friends."

Lou Rothschild has many friends: in business; in civic work; and socially at Oakwood Country Club and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

He is the third Rothschild to be president of Rothschilds & Sons, Incorporated, a men's and women's apparel chain with six stores in Kansas City, Missouri; Kansas City, Kansas; and Oklahoma City.

The original Rothschild brothers, Lou's grandfather and great-uncle, traveled from Cincinnati to Missouri...
by riverboat in 1853. They opened a store at Weston in that year, moving across the river to Leavenworth, Kansas, when most of Weston was destroyed by fire in 1855. The present Rothschild chain, which established Kansas City headquarters in 1901, dates its founding from the Leavenworth store.

Physically, the Rothschild stores of today are vastly different from the earlier establishments. But the basic philosophy of the business was expressed by Lou’s grandfather nearly a hundred years ago when he said, “Don’t buy poor goods and you won’t have to sell them.”

Lou’s father, Louis P. Rothschild, was devoted to the welfare of Kansas City. He was City Water Commissioner, a director of the Chamber of Commerce, helped establish the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, and was a founder of both the Kansas City Merchants’ Association and the Credit Association. He was a raconteur of note, and although he died 12 years ago, is still remembered as having an appropriate story for every occasion. Much of his wit was leveled at Lou.

When Lou Rothschild was at Yale, he was able to buy an old Ford with the proceeds of a couple of shrewd football bets. Two games later on, additional winnings made it possible for him to trade the Ford for a ten-year-old Buick, which he painted yellow and decorated with the red hot cliches of the era.

He reported the acquisition in a letter home, and the next day received the following wire from his father:

“Resign from college immediately.

Anyone who can own and operate an automobile on the allowance I send you has no need for further education.”

Strangely enough, Lou Rothschild started out to become a chemist. Although he had worked at the store every Saturday and summer vacation since he was 12, beginning as a stock boy, he felt a definite affinity for science. Accordingly, he enrolled at Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and began studying chemistry, physics, solid geometry, integral calculus, and spherical trigonometry.

When World War I broke out, Lou was 17. He enlisted in the Navy and, so far as he knows, has the dubious distinction of having remained an apprentice seaman longer than any man who ever donned a jumper and 13-button bell bottoms.

He went into officer’s training, but the war ended 18 months later, just before he completed the course.

During the year and a half, Lou was in trouble most of the time. But he committed his gravest sin against the Naval service in November of 1918. It was not entirely his fault.

He was on shore patrol duty when the “False Armistice” was rumored just a few days prior to the actual cessation of hostilities. Grabbing an armload of extras from an hysterical newsboy, he abandoned his post and raced back to camp to spread the word.

Lungs were shouted hoarse and several barracks virtually demolished in the wild celebration which followed. When order was eventually restored, the nearly-apoplectic admiral sent for Lou.
Lou was spared the disgrace of demotion only because he was as low as it was possible to get in the Navy, and on the spur of the moment the admiral was unable to think of any new sub-grade which could be created especially for Rothschild. But he confined the entire camp to quarters for five days.

The boys were still in hack when news of the real Armistice came through, and Seaman Rothschild was as popular as a bouquet of roses in a hay-fever ward.

Back at Yale, classroom facilities were overtaxed by the returning veterans, plus the students who had entered in their absence. So the University pretended the boys had never been away, and planned to graduate them with their regular classes.

Lou realized the mere possession of a degree would not make him a chemist, so he switched to a well-rounded arts course and took his Ph.B. in 1920.

Then he did what family, friends, and advisors had been urging all along. He went into Rothschilds & Sons, Incorporated.

For seven years he served in various minor capacities, learning the business. "I did every job in the store," he says, "except fit corsets."

In 1927 he went to St. Louis as manager of the branch there. The next spring it rained incessantly for several weeks and Lou was depressed. He worried about the weather, and about the possible inroads made on his business by a store named Boyd's, just down the street. Finally he telephoned his father in Kansas City.

"Dad," he said, "business is awful! Rain? You've never seen such a flood! Right now it's pouring down in sheets out front."

"Louie," his father asked, "is it raining in front of Boyd's, too?"

While in St. Louis, Lou dated Emily Bettman (now Mrs. Rothschild), but their romance broke up in 1928. In the spring of 1929, they met by accident at a country club dance. Before midnight Lou had proposed and been accepted.

He went to the nearest telephone to call his parents. His father, routed from a sound sleep, was suspicious at the sound of dance music, laughter, and clinking glasses at Lou's end of the line.

"Remember Emmy?" Lou asked.

"Sure," said his father, thinking of the tall, strikingly handsome girl he'd met the year before.

"Well, we're going to get married!"

His father hung up, tendering first a word of advice. "Take a cold shower, son. You'll feel better. Then call me back."

At 29, Lou Rothschild had made enough money in the stock market to retire, living comfortably in a modest fashion for the rest of his life. But while he and Emily were honeymooning in Europe the market collapsed, and at 29 1/2 he was broke.

He returned to St. Louis. Two years later he became secretary of the Kansas City store. He was promoted to the office of vice president and general manager in 1934, and took over the presidency in 1942.

(Continued on page 66)
They Look to the

Ten thousand Americans get their kicks at the small end of a telescope.

by PETE TYLER

A CHICAGO business man, known as the “Tornado” because of the restless pace he maintains in serving his business, family, charity causes and government, recently revealed to friends how he keeps his poise and balance.

“It’s all in the stars,” he chuckled. “I’m just one of many amateur astronomers who get a terrific kick out of scanning the heavens. An hour at the telescope is as interesting and refreshing to me as an 18-hole round of golf used to be. And a darned sight easier on a middle-aged man!”

Though we are accustomed to thinking of astronomers as long-haired, slightly eerie individuals who live on mountain tops and are practically hermits, that stereotyped description is out of joint when applied to today’s star gazers. They are as practical as a tractor and can pass for professional men, farmers, business men, housewives and clerks. For that is what most of them are!

Several years ago, David Rotbart, a successful merchant of Washington, D. C., turned his binoculars toward the skies. Rotbart had no astronomical training—he just liked to scan the stars and speculate on them. This night, to his amazement, while peering at the constellation of Cygnus (the Swan), Rotbart found himself confronting a brand new comet.

Sensibly, he reported his find promptly to an astronomical society, which investigated quickly. Sure enough, there was the comet which will forever bear Rotbart’s name as its “discoverer.”

Rotbart is just one of an estimated 10,000 Americans who have made astronomy their hobby. Busy cliff dwellers in New York City founded the Amateur Astronomers Association in 1927. Since then, its 500 members, who come from all walks of life, have saved thousands of dollars by staying away from night clubs, theatres and sports events and concentrating on their hobby. The club has made thousands of other blase city denizens conscious of the heavens and the romance and mystery inherent in the stars.

One time the club showed a film explaining the Einstein Theory in Manhattan’s Hayden Planetarium. The crowd of seat-seekers was so great that mounted policemen were rushed up to hold the throng in check. Three performances were presented by the amateur astronomers in order to satisfy the curiosity of their fellow citizens.

A Philadelphia bridge club became interested in scanning the skies when the young son of a woman member was given a telescope for Christmas. Today, the ladies meet once a month to discuss astronomy, read papers on the subject, and to sweep the skies
with a high-powered telescope bought from bridge winnings.

The professional astronomers at the great observatories have developed a profound respect for the enthusiasm, initiative and accuracy of the amateur Galileos.

Says a distinguished Eastern astronomer, "Studying the stars is not just a passing fad with most of the amateurs. The hobby has a real significance in their lives. They have become so specialized that there are two national organizations of amateurs which help the professionals greatly. These are the American Meteor Society and the American Association of Variable Star Observers. We depend heavily on the work of the 400 members in this last-named organization."

You don't have to be a bear at mathematics or physics to become a successful amateur astronomer, al-

"Cash an out of town check?"
though naturally such aptitudes help. The country's 500 professional astronomers have the scientific know-how; they are kept busy in schools, laboratories, and observatories. The night-after-night job of sweeping the skies for unexpected manifestations falls to the willing volunteers. And don't think the professionals with the heavy degrees aren't grateful for such help.

The variable star enthusiasts have colleagues in many nations, including Belgium, South Africa, India and Brazil. All of these amateurs faithfully report new or puzzling sights in the skies to the famous Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of Harvard's observatory, who is their unofficial sponsor.

Many star-gazers also are telescope makers of distinction. Out of the remnants of basement workshops and junk yards, they have constructed high-powered, high-fidelity telescopes which have evoked the praise of the critical professionals in the star-peering brotherhood. Several of the products made for a few dollars by devoted amateurs now are used in the observatories of important universities.

Young people, too, are heaven-gazing addicts. A Toronto Boy Scout troop, which became interested in the stars, has produced several young men who are destined for important jobs in great observatories.

Some years ago, a farmer's son named Clyde Tombaugh received a present from his father: a handmade telescope, contrived from a roll of oil cloth and a mail order lens costing under five dollars. From then on, Clyde was peering at the skies while other boys were skating, dancing or doing their homework.

At 20, Tombaugh was a confirmed star addict. He decided to make a nine-inch reflector for a new telescope. To be free from noise and distraction, Clyde dug a cave on his farm and spent endless hours in solitude working on his telescope.

He spent a total of $36 on the odds and ends with which he made the 'scope; astronomers later valued the instrument at $2,000. The enterprising farm youth mailed regular reports of his findings to Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, and before long was offered a job there.

In March of 1930, less than a year after becoming a "pro," this gifted ex-amateur star-gazer discovered Pluto, the ninth planet of the solar system, considered the most important astronomical discovery of the past century.

A Detroit manufacturer, Robert R. McMath, is such a helpful amateur sky-scanner that he has become a professor, without pay, at the state university. A Moline, Illinois, businessman who took up astronomy to relieve the monotony, now has his own observatory. Each year, more than 2,000 people visit Carl H. Gamble and are shown through Sky Ridge Observatory high on a hill near the Illinois city.

In Philadelphia, an insurance agent whose hobby is astronomy, has introduced more than 200 orphan children to the fascination and mysteries of the sky. And at least one concert pianist, Joseph Lhevinne, spends his spare hours between concerts searching for
exciting new vistas in our solar system.

You don’t have to be young to develop a vast enthusiasm and awe for the universe of which our own planet is such a tiny part. In St. Petersburg, Florida, a man past 90 has introduced scores of other oldsters to astronomy. T. C. H. Bouton says that star-gazing keeps him as excited as a kid awaiting the surprises on Christmas morning.

“It gives a man something to think about besides his heart and arteries,” Bouton chuckles. “Somehow, he seems to make new friends out there in God’s own space.”

**Factual Figures**

According to an executive of the National Association of Chiropodists, human feet, as we know them today, are on the way out. By the year 11,948, the little toe will be completely gone. The other toes will be nailless and so retarded that the foot will look somewhat like a hoof. Safer for dancing!

According to the United States Commerce Department, American women are spending more than $20,000,000 a year buying manicure preparations (nail lacquers, cuticle softeners, etc.) in order to keep their hands looking “beautiful.”

According to a chemical engineer of the Hanford, Washington, Atomic Energy Plant, gold can now be made from another element. (The reason people aren’t rushing to manufacture tons of it, however, is because that other element is platinum, and the cost of synthetic gold would far exceed the value.)

According to meteorologists of the University of Chicago, the power of a hurricane (which usually strikes with the impact of 2,000,000 tons per square mile) is thousands of times more potent than an atomic bomb. —Joseph C. Stacey.

▲

An American engineer, employed by a big oil company, put in immense pipelines and erected a large refinery in a certain Arabian country in the Near East. The country’s ruler was immensely pleased. He realized his slice of profits would be fabulous. In gratitude, he offered the engineer a lavish gift of jewels and money.

“I can’t accept it,” protested the American. The ruler was insistent.

“Well,” suggested the engineer, “if you really want to give me some trinket I can cherish, why don’t you get me a golf club?”

The ruler agreed.

Six months later in Washington, an Arabian dignitary contacted the engineer. With deep humility the envoy explained why the gift had not been sent. “On behalf of my master, I have endeavored to get you a golf club, but the only one available hasn’t any swimming pool. I am sure my master would not be satisfied to give you a golf club without a swimming pool.”—Capper’s Weekly.

▲

Frank Chance, manager of the Cubs, has always been noted for his do-or-die spirit in baseball. One evening he was brooding about the game that afternoon in which the Cubs had left man after man stranded on the bases. His wife, seeking to comfort him, sat down at his side and said soothingly, “Don’t worry, dear. You still have me.”

“Listen,” said the unconsolable Chance, “in that eighth inning this afternoon, I would have traded you for one base hit.”
Madison chose discretion, and our entire government hit the road.

by JAMES L. HARTE

VIRGINIA is proud of the part she played in writing the history of America. But nowhere in the Old Dominion—Mother of Presidents—is there greater pride than in the quaint town of Leesburg, a scant 36 miles south of Washington, D. C., on U. S. Route 15. For Leesburg, forgotten by the chroniclers of history, remembers when it was for a few days the capital of the United States.

To this little town—population then, as now, a handful more than a thousand—came President Madison, Secretary of the Navy Jones, Attorney General Rush, a number of State Department clerks, and 22 wagon-loads of official government documents. It was late August of 1814, and Washington, to the north, was a raging inferno as the invading British set fire to the White House, the Capitol and other public buildings. The smoke and flame joined with that from the burning Arsenal and the Navy Yard ships ordered destroyed by the Secretary of the Navy, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

There was grave concern in the Virginia town at first, as alarmed citizens felt the presence of the President, his Cabinet members, and the archives, would cause Leesburg to become an objective of the British who were advancing after their August 24th victory at Bladensburg, Maryland. The hamlet was defenseless, and its loyal citizens feared for Madison’s safety.

Fortunately, a violent storm arose to put out the fires in Washington and send the British on in the opposite direction to Baltimore. By August 27, Madison had moved his base of operations back to temporary quarters in Washington to await repairs to the White House. The intervening days, however, marked a singular time in the administration of the federal government, a time of necessary decentralization.

The Congress had scattered far and wide, its members rushing to seek sanctuary from the British. Secretary of War Armstrong and Secretary of the Treasury Campbell had found refuge in Frederick, Maryland. And Monroe, the gallant secretary of state, spent three virtually sleepless days on horseback carrying on the affairs of state between Madison, Jones and Rush in Leesburg, and Armstrong and Campbell in Frederick.

Even after Madison returned to Washington, the archives were kept at Leesburg. They were returned to
the capital weeks later, only after the British fleet sailed out of Chesapeake Bay. Meanwhile, Stephen Pleasanton, a State Department clerk, spent his days on the road between, carrying records and information from the archives to government officials. Today there are many Washington commuters in Leesburg, but Pleasanton was the first of them, and certainly he remains the foremost.

Pleasanton, with State Department co-workers John Graham and Josiah King, began the flight to Leesburg. When the British victory at Bladensburg seemed certain, the three clerks hastily crammed the national archives into bags, loaded the bags into carts, and crossed the Potomac into Virginia to head south. In the 22 bags aboard the carts of this War of 1812 version of the "Freedom Train" were such treasured documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, the correspondence of George Washing-

ton, and the records of the Congress and of the State Department.

According to record, the clerks had not originally chosen Leesburg as a haven. The plan was to secure and guard the archives in the vicinity of a grist mill situated on the Potomac about two miles beyond Washington. But there was a cannon factory close to the grist mill, and the State Department employees, fearing that the enemy might decide to take the factory as a military objective, moved on. Farmers in the area lent assistance with wagons and fresh horses, and so Pleasanton, Graham and King reached Leesburg.

Here the important papers were secreted in the town’s log courthouse, standing then on the same spot where today a modern courthouse stands, facing busy Highway 15.

The following day, Rokeby Manor, a large dwelling on the outskirts of the town, was prepared for the arrival of President Madison, and the archives were moved there from the courthouse. Today the manor house, ivy-covered and untenanted, stands off the highway. Serene and stately, even without life within its walls, it wears its proud history modestly. And all too few of those who speed by on the highway are aware of its heritage.

With the enemy advance upon Washington, President Madison advised his Cabinet: "It would now be proper for us to retire in the rear, leaving the military movement to the military men." Statesmen went their different ways, and the President was ferried across the Potomac to be joined by Secretary Jones and Attorney General Rush. Via horseback over miles of circuitous back roads, deemed necessary to confuse enemy spies or followers, the trio finally reached Leesburg, one day later than Pleasanton and company.
Townsfolk insist that the President and his Cabinet members were housed at the Belmont plantation as guests of its builder, Ludwell Lee. Yet the "White House" for the few days in which Madison conducted his government from Leesburg was Rokeby Manor, where the archives were maintained and the paper work done.

Our history books devote pages to the glory of the Old Dominion, but nowhere is recorded the hour of glory of which Leesburg is most proud: the few days when it was the capital of our nation, or the nearest thing to a capital that the United States had at the time. But Leesburg Virginians do not mind the slight, for the brief period lives on, undimmed, in memory.

"Seeing Is Deceiving"

What is it that makes people turn up their noses at perfectly good dog biscuits?

"Prejudice," claimed two Northwestern University language experts recently—and proved it.

They gave their class some dog biscuits which were labeled crackers. The credulous students ate the dog biscuits—and liked them. Next, the class was offered some crackers and told the crackers were dog biscuits. The crackers went uneaten.

A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the woman. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's Wet, the cow's Dry and the cat's a Populist."—Yellow Jacket.

A bather had ventured out too far and had to be rescued from a watery grave by the brave efforts of the local fishermen. As they pulled him aboard, one of the fishermen pulled out a hip flask of brandy and offered it to the man who was lying weakly on the deck.

The bather's eyelids fluttered eagerly when he saw the flask. "Roll me over," he gasped, "and get some of the water out first."

Chivalry is not quite dead. In a New York subway, a woman was expressing her appreciation of the courteous gentleman who made the connection ahead of her. "You know," she said gratefully, "when I slipped and fell as I started to step in the door, he stepped over me instead of on me. Wasn't that thoughtful?"

An old Negro farmer was asked by an evangelist what denomination he belonged to. The old man paused a moment, then slowly replied, "Well, sir, I kinda like to look at it this way. There's three roads leading from here to town, but when I go to town with a load of grain, the folks don't say to me, 'Uncle Joshua, which road did you come by?' No, sir, they say, 'Josh, is your wheat good?'"

Stalemate: a husband who keeps telling the same jokes.
The newest weapon of science is only a tiny tablet, but it promises to banish hunger from the face of the world!

CAN you call to mind those famine pictures which periodically come out of India — gruesome, harrowing scenes showing babies with distended bellies, men and women with shrunken features, corpses dotting the streets of great cities?

There's a better-than-even chance that such pictures in the next decade will become just a terrible memory, thanks to some cheap little white tablets which are potent enough in protein to sustain India's 388,000,000 people at a relatively small cost.

The tablets are compressed from food yeast — a rapid-growing type of yeast which was developed in the dark months of 1942 when Nazi bombers roared over London and shook the test-tubes in a small laboratory where Great Britain's foremost nutritionists and chemists peered anxiously into bottles and vats. These men were undeterred by the blasts occasioned by enemy aircraft; they were searching for a cheap, abundant source of protein which would fortify allied fighters and give civilian war workers energy needed to produce armaments.

Finally, a haggard scientist, Dr. A. C. Thaysen, announced in London that he and his colleagues had produced a yeast which might spell the difference between triumph and defeat in the event England's foodstuffs were cut off by a Nazi submarine blockade.

At once, the British government ordered precious building materials diverted for the construction of a factory for Thaysen and his associates. Top ministers and high army brass watched in awe the literal manufacture of protein-rich food before their very eyes in the new building.

They saw 125 pounds of yeast cultures dropped into a giant vat containing 7,000 gallons of plain water. Then a ton-and-a-half of molasses and ammonia were added. They hung around the factory for 12 hours, and at the end of that brief period workmen drew out of the vat a ton of white paste. The paste — food yeast — had grown miraculously in size because the active, hungry yeast cultures had devoured the sugar in the molasses and transformed the ammonia into nutritious proteins.

After the paste was dried, it was cut up mechanically into tablets and macerated into powder. The scientists who developed the fabulous new energy food said that the dried product would last months and even years without losing its precious protein content.

The process was learned quickly,
and in the United States we soon were shipping many millions of yeast tablets abroad as part of the Lend-Lease program. Though our fighting men weren’t aware of it, their food contained liberal amounts of tasteless but vitalizing dry yeast.

Today, the wartime success of food yeast in giving abundant energy at low cost to millions of civilians and soldiers is recalled as our food scientists work feverishly to make yeast do what mankind has hoped for centuries: free the world of the ever-present threat of starvation in nation after nation.

Recently, 1,000 men and women employees of a large factory were made the unknowing guinea pigs of the yeast technicians, who wanted to know if the addition of powdered yeast to food affected the taste in any degree.

For a week, the workers ate their customary meals, and not one person spoke up and complained of any odd taste to his food. A similar experiment at the University of Arkansas revealed that hundreds of students never discovered that healthful, protein-rich yeast had been added to their meals.

In the factory cafeteria, for example, just three ounces of food yeast added to a gallon of food revealed an amazing spurt in food value at a cost of a penny or two. In creole soup, the thiamin content was multiplied nine times. In a plate of macaroni, the important thiamin was increased 14 times. Riboflavin, too, so important in meat, was hiked up in like amounts.

Already, cattle owners are sprinkling fodder with powdered yeast and the animals are showing increased weight, glossier hides, and greater resistance to disease. More important, in several Southern states, where pellagra has been a scourge for generations, both powdered yeast and yeast in dry tablet form are being distributed free by the Red Cross.

Poor families, who never in their lives had enough protein to make them resistant to pellagra, are being taught that food yeast—obtained free or costing but a few cents—will do the trick by providing more protein than the juiciest sirloin steak.

On chicken ranches where yeast is introduced into chicken feed, egg production has been increased 20 per cent, and the eggs themselves show a gratifying increase of the B vitamins.

In an Arkansas laboratory, food scientists recently proved to the world that yeast possessed almost magical properties of increasing weight, muscle and general health.

Two rats, born at the same time, were fed the same meals for a period of nine weeks, with this difference: one rat’s rations contained one per cent dried yeast. At the end of the test period, the rat which did not receive a minute quantity of yeast weighed 69 grams. Its partner, on the other hand, weighed 127 grams—or almost twice as much!

Other rats in subsequent experiments did their part in helping the hunger fighters learn new things about the wonderful properties of food yeast. One rat, for example, which had a diet containing five per cent yeast, increased his weight by

(Continued on page 61)
Sometimes children are just like people!

Winnetka's Wonderful Whiz Kids

by WILL MALLORY

In the pleasant suburban village of Winnetka, Illinois, just north of Chicago, the ten-year-olds are as interested in the stock market quotations of the evening paper as they are in the dire plots involving their favorite comic strip characters.

Little girls talk learnedly with their fathers about "corporate law" and "excess profits." Boys of kite-flying age discuss "collateral" and "debentures." More important, these 400 youngsters—who are all pupils at Winnetka's progressive Skokie Junior High School—are as keenly concerned with live issues of the day as their parents are. At Skokie, the tough job of really preparing moppets for adult life as thinking Americans is off to a meteoric start which has more conservative educators startled and a little queasy about their own "3 R's" pedagogy.

At Skokie, you'll find boys in knickers and little girls in hair ribbons running their own bank, a livestock corporation, dishwashers' union, cooperative store, credit union, and tax bureau. Nobody will have to sell insurance to these children a decade hence. They know today the virtues of insurance, because they run their own insurance company, collect premiums, issue dividends, and pay off on losses.

Vandalism, the plague of educators and taxpayers, is virtually non-existent at Skokie Junior High. The citizens of the school republic know that broken windows and marred walls cost their parents money. As one 11-year-old said seriously, "The school taxes I pay out of my allowance are figured in pennies. My dad pays taxes with dollars. I work hard for my pennies and he works hard for the bucks. I want my taxes kept low, and he expects the same thing for himself."

This fortunate state of affairs doesn't mean that the student body of Skokie is composed of angels and sissies. Far from it. It does signify that wise Skokie adults on the teaching and administrative levels have found a way to make citizens out of their children without recourse to dreary learning-by-rote and memorizing of long boring passages from civics and sociology texts.

The Skokie adventure in living began a few years back when the Student Council was listening to the report of the lunchroom committee chairman.

This dignitary, a sober-faced lad of ten, told the young solons that two little girls who had inadvertently broken dishes had cried noisily when they were unable to pay the damages immediately.

"How about insurance?" piped up one thoughtful pupil. "That way, everybody is protected and our allowances won't suffer!"
The children thought well of the idea, and spent months investigating the insurance business. The father of one pupil—an insurance broker—gave some wise tips. The principal helped a committee gather statistics on lunchroom breakage of glasses and dishes.

Ultimately, an insurance "charter" was issued to the lunchroom committee, which sold policies covering 75 per cent of losses incurred by careless handling of dishes and glasses.

Then the "corporation" began an educational program for its policyholders. Pupils were shown how they could save money by being careful in handling school property. Less breakage meant cheaper premiums; in a short time, the policies were selling at one-third of their original cost and each policy-holder had 100 per cent protection, thanks to the caution exercised by all policy-holders in the lunchroom.

All school children need ink, ink eradicators, paste, pencils and blotters. "Let's sell things here!" a group of boys and girls proposed. Today the store is doing all right financially, and the shareholders are prospering.

The Skokie credit union is a blessing to pupils who need theatre money or the price of a jumbo soda. Credit union shares cost 15 cents each. It's simplicity itself to borrow up to 50 cents: one signature, that of the borrower, is all that's required on the note. But if a pupil wants 75 cents, he's considered a bit of a risk and a fellow student is asked to be a co-signer. And when really big money is involved—sums like $4, $5, or even $10—a full dress session of the board of directors is called, and these officials scrutinize the proposed loan with the gimlet eye of a Loop banker. So far, the credit union hasn't had a single dollar's loss, as all loans have been repaid. And the shareholders prosper because there is a large volume of transactions involving one cent service charges and weekly interest rates also measured in pennies.

On one occasion, the busy pupils of Skokie High convinced Winnetka legislators that the town's bicycle ordinances were old-fashioned and useless. This came about when the school safety committee, investigating several bike accidents which could have been serious, learned that most Skokie pupils had only a foggy notion about Winnetka regulations governing bicycles.

What was worse, even the police of the village didn't know the provisions of the bike ordinances. Thereupon a committee of youngsters visited a dozen towns on the rim of Chicago, studying bike regulations, learning which worked and which didn't. Then they swarmed into Winnetka's town hall and presented revised bike legislation which would spell greater safety.

Veteran council members opened their eyes when the children's spokesman, in a confident treble, explained why the new regulations drafted by the kids were better than anything then on the books. He mustered convincing arguments which won many adherents from the townspeople standing elbow-to-elbow in the packed hall. Result: the kids' ideas prevailed and their ordinance became law by unanimous vote.
As you might expect, the classroom work of the Skokie students reflects their alert interest in the affairs of government. Arithmetic used to be a bore; it isn’t any more. For the pupils realize that if they are to run their store, bank, and credit union successfully, and show a profit at the end of the year, they must know how to add, subtract, divide and multiply.

Civics lessons fascinate Winnetka’s junior citizens. They see in the civic books the reflection of their own self-governmental operations.

The mysteries of labor-management conflicts in the daily press are not so mysterious to these boys and girls. They remember how the union of dishwashers they created worked amicably with the cafeteria manager in reducing labor turnover and the breakage of dishes. True, it took the union committee quite a while to draft a constitution which was acceptable to all parties. But the kids sweated through the task and came up with a document which gave a square shake to everybody—and the Student Council approved the constitution for Skokie Junior High’s first trade union.

As the father of one pupil wisely observes, “Skokie is training its pupils in the best possible way, by letting them govern themselves. Instead of having infantile notions of life when they reach voting age, these boys and girls will be ready, willing and eager to assume their responsibilities as thoughtful adults. If school can do that for my boy, then I’ll reckon that his education has been a success.”

EXIT FAMINE
(Continued from page 58)

300 per cent over other rodents fed conventional meals.

There will be no shortage of this precious stuff either, once the world successfully utilizes the yeast which is thrown away by breweries in staggering amounts. In the United States alone, breweries annually discard 27,000,000 pounds of yeast as a waste product. And one small vat used for cooking yeast the entire year could produce more proteins than you could find in 1,000 acres of vegetables.

Experiments are still going on to determine new properties of the magic yeast which grows in half a day. In some laboratories, our scientific food hunters have succeeded in producing yeasts with various tastes. Ultimately, it is probable that millions of the world’s hungry people will be able to sustain life and even stay healthy by relying on yeast. The cost will likely be one cent per life per day.

Dimple: one depression that is enjoyed by all business men.

Some nudist colonies have suggested a new plan for world peace. If none of the armies wore clothes, it would be impossible for any fighter to recognize his enemy. Peace would be automatic.
# March Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Weather Report</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sun. Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Weather</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>K. C. Council of Churches</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td>Mesmer's Logan's Kitchen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>Pluto Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo’s Orch.</td>
<td>Here's To Romance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo’s Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Dove Dennis’ Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Dove Dennis’ Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Cavalcade of Music</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Cavalcade of Music</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>NW. Univ. Review Stand</td>
<td>Victor H. Lindlahr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>NW. Univ. Review Stand</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter’s Mbg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td>Memory Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Wings Over Jordon</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Wings Over Jordon</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td>Sandra Lee, Shopper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

# Afternoon

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Wm. L. Shirer</td>
<td>AP News—Dick Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>John B. Kennedy</td>
<td>Along the Highway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Radio Worblers</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>K.C.U. Radio Theatre</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Mutual Opera Concert</td>
<td>Queen For a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Bill Cunningham—News</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>The Vet. Wants to Know</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>“BB” Keys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>Lonny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td>Soy It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td>AP News—Dick Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>True Detective Mys.</td>
<td>Songs—John Wohlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Boston Blackie</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo’s Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Boston Blackie</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td>Don Roth Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td>Don Roth Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Ray Rogers</td>
<td>Superman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Ray Rogers</td>
<td>Superman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB-FM an 102.1 megacycles
now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.
## Programs on WHB – 710

### Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
<td>Weatherman in Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
<td>Unity Viewpoint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
<td>Plaza Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
<td>Here’s to Romance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
<td>Gabriel Hoatier’s Memory Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
<td>Kate Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
<td>Sandra Lea, Shopper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
<td>Holland-Engle Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Afternoon

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
<td>'Along the Highway'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
<td>Bing Sings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
<td>Cedric Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
<td>'88' Keys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
<td>Let’s Waltz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
<td>Songs = John Wahlstedt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
<td>Clifford Edwards Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
<td>Dick Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
<td>Superman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Evening Schedule on next page
## MARCH PROGRAMS ON EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Gregory Hoad</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Gregory Hoad</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>Talent Quest</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Eddy Howard's Orch.</td>
<td>Xavier Cugat's Orch.</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Boyd Raeburn's Orch.</td>
<td>Art Money's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kopy Kats”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TIME**

**SUNDAY**

**MONDAY**

**TUESDAY**

**WEDNESDAY**

**THURSDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Edwin C. Hill</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Gregory Hoad</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Gregory Hoad</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to Be Smart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Memos for Music</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
<td>Hy Gardner Says</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>Talent Quest</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>The Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Eddy Howard's Orch.</td>
<td>Xavier Cugat's Orch.</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Boyd Raeburn's Orch.</td>
<td>Art Money's Orch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kapy Kats”</td>
<td>“Kopy Kats”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Dee Peterson's Orch.</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TIME**

**SUNDAY**

**MONDAY**

**TUESDAY**

**WEDNESDAY**

**THURSDAY**
MOTHER’S aigrettes are apt to appear in a homemade ceremonial headdress any day now, as Junior attempts to emulate his newest radio hero, Straight Arrow. Spon- sored by the National Biscuit Company, Straight Arrow makes things tough for wrongdoers three half hours weekly. The program is heard over WHB each Monday evening at 7 o’clock CST, and Tuesday and Thursday at 5:00.

IN cooperation with the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, WHB is presenting interesting facets and little-known facts of local industries in a new program series called Kansas City on Parade. John Thornberry narrates over a background of music and sound effects. The programs are broadcast nightly at 10 o’clock.

TALENT QUEST, broadcast from the stage of Kansas City’s Tower Theatre every Monday evening at 8:30, is the newest and freshest amateur variety show to hit the airways. The program is sponsored by Fox Midwest Theatres, the Jenkins Music Company, and radio station WHB. Its purpose is to discover a new entertainment star who will be sent to Hollywood to compete for screen testing and a possible movie contract.
MAN OF THE MONTH

Shortly before his father's death, Lou remarked that the biggest mistake his father ever made was in sending him to St. Louis as branch manager. "I had insufficient experience," he said, "and I was grossly overpaid."

Gravely, the elder Rothschild took Lou's hand and wrung it. "I'm glad you finally realized that," he told him. "I've known it for ten years!"

The years have supplied any original deficiencies in Lou Rothschild's experience. Under his management, four branch stores have been opened. He works long hours at a rapid pace, but avoids all appearance of pressure. He takes time to discuss the personal problems of his 700 employees, all of whom feel free to drop into his office, and he sees all visitors. His telephone calls are not screened by a secretary, but are put through directly to him.

At the close of the last Christmas season, Rothschild's sent out 27,000 letters to charge customers, thanking them for their patronage and conveying greetings for the new year. They were personal letters, typewritten, not multigraphed, and Lou Rothschild signed every one of the 27,000 himself!

As an executive, he is astonishing, and he attributes his ability to handle a great amount of work to his habit of disposing of each matter as it arises. If possible, he makes an immediate decision, telephones or dictates on the spot to clear up all details.

Rothschild's associates have a deep regard for his retentive memory and analytical mind. He is able to perform involved computations in his head with lightning speed, or dredge up complete conversations which occurred ten years ago.

It doesn't pay to take liberties with known facts or with logic in his presence, because he apparently remembers everything, and even at a social gathering insists on breaking every statement—however casual—down to its components. He finds generalizations or inaccuracies extremely distasteful.

Recently, Mrs. Rothschild, who should know better after 20 years, was describing Zino Francescatti's violin. She concluded by remarking, "It's a very, very old Stradivarius."

"Are there," Lou asked her, "any new ones?"

Rothschild loathes golf, but is an enthusiastic bird hunter and trapshooter. Before the war, he spent an hour in the saddle every morning for five years, but doesn't ride much any more. He gardens, and each winter plays tennis for a month in Arizona.

The Rothschilds subscribe to a couple of dozen magazines, and Lou reads them all, in addition to a wide selection of books. Historical novels are his favorites. His habit of reading far into the night causes occasional domestic friction.

In an effort to accomplish many things, Rothschild dovetails duties to conserve time. On an evening when he is going out, he begins undressing at the front door of his home, is more than half stripped when he reaches his room.

He is able to sleep any place, any time, but often he gets up in the night to make notes on some idea which has occurred to him in his sleep.

(Continued on page 74)
Platter Chatter . . .

At last, March winds to blow the New Look skirts! But while we’ve been waiting, Margaret Whiting has introduced a new fashion trend—“The Crisp Look.” It’s all because of her new hit, Crisp Look Song. Margaret now is dickering with New York producers for a leading role in the coming Broadway production, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes . . . Ted Weems, Mercury recording star and celebrated baton man, is running a tight schedule on a series of one-nighters across the country . . . Ella Fitzgerald will visit merrie England again this spring for a return engagement in London. It’s rumored she also may cross the Channel to play the lead in a Paris cinema. Looks like Ella made quite an impression on the other side of the Atlantic last year . . . Coral Records’ popular quartet, the Ames Brothers, recently signed a new contract with Robert Q. Lewis. The crooning “Brothers” will appear on the comedian’s variety show over a coast-to-coast hook-up . . . Beatrice Kay’s new novelty tune has been getting rave notices. It’s a Columbia release with a mile-long title, I’ve Been Waiting for Your Phone Call for Eighteen Years (Maybe You Don’t Love Me Anymore) . . . Lovely Kay Starr, Capitol warbler, is back home in Hollywood after cheering Mr. Truman at the inaugural festivities in Washington . . . In spite of numerous rumors that have been circulating, Sarah Vaughn has not yet signed a wax contract with any company nor has she cut her first post-war discs. She’s still waiting patiently for a settlement with her present company, Musicraft . . . Tony Pastor and his fine band are drawing appreciative crowds to New York’s Statler Hotel (formerly the Hotel Pennsylvania) . . . The King Cole Trio is sharing honors with the progressive Woody Herman crew at concert dates in the East . . . Count Basie has a smooth wax number with a Victor label, entitled Sophisticated Swing . . . Tenor Clark Dennis’ latest musical short for Universal Studios promises to be a success and probably will be an entry to a regular movie contract . . . The Victor platter of Jet Propulsion by Illinois Jacquet is currently a prized possession of jazz collectors in Europe . . . Clarinet king Benny Good-

Swing Session

with BOB KENNEDY

man has taken his newly organized band to the West Coast after winning acclaim in a New York debut . . . Composer-conductor Frank Devol will preview his new Hollywood Star Suite on the Jack Smith show sometime in March . . . That long-awaited Damon coupling, Marguerite and Don’t Come Back Crying to Me, by Kansas City’s famed Don Roth Trio, is on the market this month . . . Bandleader Erskine Hawkins is considering a special memorial concert as a tribute to the late Glenn Miller, one of the all-time greats of popular music . . . Henry Jerome, orchestra leader featured on Mutual broadcasts, has written a new hit song titled, What Kind of a Heart Have You? Betcha Didn’t Know . . .

. . . . . . . . .

. . . John Laurenz, Mercury’s recording baritone, has been doing character leads in Hollywood for the past ten years. His last part was “Benjie” in Tarzan and the Mermaids . . . Judy Garland’s three-year-old daughter, Liza, will follow in mama’s footsteps when she sings before the cameras in a forthcoming MGM flicker . . . Nellie Lutcher is recuperating from a badly sprained ankle that temporarily slowed down “the real gone gal.” Highly Recommended . . .

VICTOR 20-3319—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Red Roses for a Blue Lady plus Melancholy Minstrel. This is a superb lacquer job by the Monroe group. Both tunes are so smoothly written that they promise to be hit material. Red Roses is one of those easily remembered ballads done in the velvet style characteristic of Vaughn
and the Moon Men. The reverse is another song like Ballerina, with lyrics that tell a story. It’s typical Vaughn Monroe—perfect for dancing!

CAPITOL 15278 — Margaret Whiting with Frank Devol and his orchestra. *Far Away Places* plus *My Own True Love*. The first side is a tender treatment of a nostalgic waltz with memorable lyrics sung by Margaret Whiting. The Devol band blends with the Crew Chiefs to provide background. The flip is very nicely handled by the entire group. That Whiting arrangement again creates an unforgettable interpretation of a charming ballad. Good listening!

COLUMBIA 38388—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella* and *Sweet Sue* —*Just You*. Frankie brightens this first oldie with a sparkling instrumental interpretation. The orchestra provides a brisk tempo setting for some brilliant Carle piano. The flip is one of the band’s outstanding records. For this unusual arrangement of a standard rhythm number, Carle uses a soft-toned intro and closing, with varied keyboard effects in the middle. Gregg Lawrence takes the vocal honors. Carle fans will love this one!

DECCA 2436—Danny Kaye with orchestral accompaniment. *Amelia Cordelia McHugh* plus ‘Beatin’, Bangin’, ‘n Scratchin’. Here’s the prince of clowns with another hilarious wax coupling. The McHugh side finds Danny with a Scotch burr, rich with “r’s.” He’s assisted by the Andrew lassies. The underside is a solid session of musical madness. Once again Danny impresses and pleases with his superb buffoonery of the dialect. This time it’s double talk from down South America way. This should fascinate young, old and in-betweens.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.*

COLUMBIA 38389—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. *Con Maracas and Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater.* On the first side, the master of Latin-American rhythms shakes out the lively rumba guracha, which is featured in the current movie, *Luxury Liner*. Vocal exclamation by the boys in the band make this a jaunty bit of wax. The reverse finds Cugie disguising the familiar “Peter, Peter” tongue-twister in rapid samba tempo. If you like your music from South-of-the-Border, thesee wan weel strike you as muy bien!

DECCA 24550—Mills Brothers. *I Love You So Much It Hurts Me plus I’ve Got My Love to Keep Me Warm.* The *I Love You* side started out as a hillbilly tune, but is given a popular flavoring by the Mills Brothers. It’s a lazy ballad that’s likely to reach hit proportions. The flip is that grand, rhythmic oldtimer by Irving Berlin. When the boys give helpful advice on how to get by during cold weather, it’s real musical enjoyment.

VICTOR 20-3337—Claude Thornhill and his orchestra. *My Dream Is Yours and Wind in My Sails.* Here’s the first platter Claude has recorded for Victor—and his first since the ban. *My Dream* is a moody melody with Thornhill piano background for the vocal styling by Art Brown. The reverse is a slow, dreamy ballad, but gets a lift with the sparkling vocal of the Snowflakes. Smooth styling, smooth listening, smooth dancing!

DAMON 11213—Don Roth Trio with vocals by Carmen Velze. *Don’t Come Back Crying to Me plus Marguerite.* Here’s the Midwest’s great threesome in their first post-ban record. The trio—Don Roth, Bill McPherson and Ray Duggan—can make a world of music with an accordion, a Hammond organ and a guitar. The first side is a novelty tune with bouncy tempo. A unique echo chamber effect at the intro makes a zestful beginning for the vocal handling by Carmen Velze. The flip is a silken, sentimental ballad written by Frank Marks. The echo effect comes in again at the close of Carmen’s vocal. It’s an unbeatable combination by a trio you’ll want to hear again!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*
Russians expect to manufacture their first atomic bomb in June of this year, reports Kenneth de Courcy in his monthly cable from London. Mr. de Courcy, noted as an authoritative and accurate commentator, states that he has this information from several reliable sources, including observers within the Soviet Union.

If this is true, Russia will start to build a stockpile of atomic bombs in an attempt to equal that of the United States. However, such a statement should not be interpreted as a definite prediction of atomic war in the very near future. When, and if, Russia begins to produce effective atomic bombs in quantity, it is conceivable that negotiations will take place to neutralize the atomic bomb as a military weapon because of the dread in both camps of reprisals in kind. This same process took place concerning the use of lethal gas as a weapon in World War II. Since both Germany and the United States possessed the knowledge and means to produce several types of deadly gases, the weapon was outlawed. Neither side dared break the pact for fear of reprisal.

It is also necessary to consider that Russian atomic bombs probably will not be of the quality nor effectiveness of American bombs. United States atomic scientists have a four year head start in perfecting the completed bomb. In addition, our methods of the actual air release of the bomb have been greatly improved since Hiroshima. The Russian techniques for dropping the bomb by air power will be inferior for a time, at least.

Other factors admittedly do weigh in the balance. When we compare the U.S.S.R. with the United States as a target for atom bombs, one fact immediately becomes apparent. The United States, because of the high concentration of industry, government, business and population, is one of the most feasible atomic bomb targets in the world! Russia, on the other hand, is the world’s worst target for bombing of any kind, for the precise reason that Russia long ago realized the value of population dispersion. Russian industry is broken down into units and distributed over all the vast face of the U.S.S.R., thus making intensified bombing of vital areas impracticable. All this has been done as a defense measure in case of war. The United States is just now beginning to think about industrial decentralization. Worse yet, there is, and has been for the past three decades, a manifest migration of United States population to the cities. Thus, we see a mass move toward centralization when population and industry should be spreading out.

However, Russia’s present military power lies not in atomic bombs, but in a large force of long-range submarines, a rapidly developing Arctic air force, and a vast armored land army which is being increased steadily, as shown by the tank production figure of 35,000 units during 1948. Lastly, Russia’s strength lies in her unique ability to conduct political warfare of a type the world has never known before.

With these facts before us, it is possible to conclude that the war which Russia seems to be preparing to fight with the Western Powers may not be atomic in nature at all — at least in the early portions of such a conflict.

Thomas E. Dewey is still the leader of the Republican Party, although he retains that position by a hair’s breadth. Dewey is at the top by virtue of the election of his man, Scott, to the national chairmanship of the Republican Party. This does not mean that Dewey will get another shot at the Presidency in 1952, but it does indicate that Dewey will have considerable say-so as to whom the Party shall run. The Dewey camp is shaky and will have to rejuvenate itself completely
in order to retain leadership. The necessary shot in the arm to do this trick might be the victory of Dewey as Governor of New York in the 1940 state election.

The Republican Party as a whole is extremely dubious about its position and its obvious weakness. There is some comfort for Republicans in remembering that the Democratic Party was in pretty bad shape just a few weeks before the election. What the GOP is desperately in need of, and must have to win in 1952, is a strong, forceful political personality. At present, the Party can display no one in its ranks to fill that bill with the possible exception of Harold E. Stassen. Stassen was suppressed in the last election by what was deemed political expediency and by the conniving of influential individuals within the Party whose best interests would not have been served by Stassen as President.

The cost of living actually is sliding down, and with comparatively few bumps. This should be heartening news to all classes and interests, for it reveals a "break in fever" for a sick economy. This is the first indication that a chance exists for a slow, orderly return to normalcy. That prices are descending from the precipitous heights they have reached in the past decade is indicated by the latest available index figures. For January, the index number was 168, as compared to a relative number of 175 for last fall. By mid-year the experts are predicting a fall to 160, a full 15-point drop. Prices are still far above their pre-war level, but the dip in index figures may be a harbinger of better conditions to come.

This drop in prices has been accompanied by the inevitable problem of unemployment. Last fall there were one and a half million unemployed. For all practical purposes, this figure represents full employment. Within the past six months, the number has soared to two and a half million. By mid-year the official estimate is four million unemployed. The unions pessimistically estimate at least five million. The national pattern of unemployment will be patchy, with some areas scarcely feeling the effect at all. Other sections, such as the New York City area, with its great population and wide diversity of occupations, will be hard hit.

The unions will ask for more money this year, despite lower prices. The pitch will be "fair division of profits." Congress is expected to pass the 75 cents an hour minimum wage law which will give labor another talking point, the need of raising all current wages in proportion to the new minimum wage. Ford will be the A. F. of L. guinea pig this year. The U.A.W. contract with that company will expire in July and talks will open on or about April 1st. Management will be asked for a 30 cent increase, one-half for wages and one-half for the welfare fund. The union expects to settle for ten cents on the hour, however—five cents for welfare and five cents for wages. This will set the pattern for most of the other unions. It is not expected that any demands will exceed 30 cents, with the ten cent figure in mind for settlement.

The intention of unions to demand higher wages is ominous, in view of a recent comment by the President's Economic Advisory Council. The Council advised that only two things can seriously endanger our economic well-being for some time to come—further wage increases or any alteration in basic tax structure.

Gigantic plans for world development will be revealed in a new program to be carried out by the United States. This new action is the billion dollar enlargement of the Marshall Plan. It is expected that business men will be asked to make loans to foreign business interests, as well as extending a helping hand in the way of technological information. In the far reaching stages of the program, American business may expand throughout the world, barring war. This is definitely the biggest thing on the economic horizon at this moment.

Fewer children will be lost now that they can once more reach their mothers' skirts.
Y
can place a bet on the ponies at your favorite bookie in Chicago without fear of being bothered by Commissioner Prendergast's boys in blue. You can get yourself hit by one of the fine new streetcars in this town and lie on the pavement for 15 or 20 minutes before a squad car shows up, let alone an ambulance. You can be robbed of your most precious possessions, and then yell your head off without avail. There isn't likely to be a policeman within blocks to hear your cry for help.

However, don't get the idea that Chicago is a completely lawless town these days. We do have a police force, and its members are very busy boys. Just run through a stop light in Chicago, or park in a No Parking zone, and you'll see what we mean. Right now there is a campaign in progress to bring driving safety forcibly to the attention of Windy City motorists. It is doing very well—and so is the traffic detail. Many motorists, finding it irksome to appear in court, or mail in a fine for a minor violation, quickly make it unnecessary for the arresting officer to go to the bother of writing out one of the much-heralded fix-proof tickets.

When reporting the results obtained during the first three months of the safety campaign, Chief O'Regan of the Traffic Bureau stated that only about 110,000 Chicagoans had received tickets for traffic violations. The Chief's apologetic implication was that he hoped to do better in the future. The rest of our citizens could look forward to hearing from him later. From his remarks it is evident that writers' cramp is becoming an occupational disease in the Traffic Bureau.

The crusade began last summer. Hundreds of those three-wheeled motorcycles appeared on the streets, replacing the Traffic Bureau's police horses. Shiny black coupes replaced the battered squad cars which had clanked through the war years. A fleet of paneled trucks, fast enough to double as squad cars if necessary, replaced the lumbering patrol wagons, most of which looked as though they had been around since the first World War. Then the boys in the Traffic Bureau concealed themselves near the best-hidden stop signs in their territories and waited for business.

They have not been disappointed. In fact, they have been so busy writing tickets they have scarcely had time for the profitable calls on tavern keepers and handbook operators which make a policeman's lot such a happy one. Thousands of Chicagoans, used to parking practically anywhere, anytime, and in the habit of merely slowing down at stop signs, found themselves on their way to Navy Pier to pay fines at the "cafeteria court" thoughtfully established some distance from the Loop in a freezing and wind-swept area. Here unfortunate motorists stand in long lines before deserving Democrats who rake in the fines and stamp receipts in a slow motion tempo reminiscent of the WPA's heyday.

Officers assigned to traffic duty are expected to make a daily quota of arrests. At the end of a shift, with the quota yet unfilled, some of the boys in blue issue tickets for somewhat whimsical reasons. One luckless driver found himself arrested when his car stalled on Wabash avenue. He got a ticket for obstructing traffic.

Motorists who feel they have been arrested unjustly face official hostility if they refuse to pay their fines the easy way at Navy Pier, insisting instead on a court hearing. The average driver taking his case to court can count on three or four
fruitless trips before his case is finally heard. If he's very lucky, he may have to wait for only five or six hours. Inquiries made to court attaches are usually answered with, "Yuh wanna pay?" It seems as though the city is more interested in collecting money than furthering the cause of safety.

All this activity has enriched the city coffers considerably, but has caused much weeping and wailing among a daily increasing number of drivers. Chief O'Regan promises that the campaign will more than double the number of arrests in the spring months to come. So now the average motorist who has received his first ticket stops for 15 seconds at every signal light, crawls cautiously along the boulevards, and peers anxiously into his rear view mirror. If you want to find a policeman in a hurry these days, just break a traffic law. Any traffic law will do.

Jimmy Savage, who used to give away his brightest remarks to most of the columnists in town, is now doing business at his own stand. His column, "Tower Ticker," is probably the best new feature introduced to Chicagoans by the Tribune since the advent of Dick Tracy. Mr. Savage is Mr. Savage. He does not attempt to be a Windy City Walter Winchell. Neither does he fill his column with plugs for favorite politicians, cuties, and Randolph Street handicappers. Up to this point he has refrained from letting his reading public in on how well he knows the movie stars.

His contemporaries, unfortunately, are not so careful. Mr. Kupcinet in the Sun-Times is pretty breathless. He is breathless about the wonderful people he meets every day in the Pump Room. He is breathless about the big shots he meets in Washington. He is breathless about Mr. Kupcinet.

Mr. Gross and Mr. Topper in the Herald-American are strictly from Randolph Street. Theirs is the world of cigar-passing political papas, the Chez Paree, and boys who know a good thing in the seventh race at Pimlico. Theirs is also the world of the bantam-weight barons of commerce. Mr. Topper, particularly, likes to fill his column with romantic items about jewelry tycoons, mattress kings, and the more prominent Rush Street wolves. In Mr. Topper's world your importance is in direct ratio to the length and make of your convertible.

Mr. Gross likes to tell his public what politician's wife is having twins at what hospital. Since politicians' wives in Chicago seem to spend most of their time having babies, he has no trouble finding material.

Mr. Savage, who edited the Balaban and Katz theatre chain's house organ until he joined the Tribune staff, is more versatile. In addition, he knows how to write.

Think It Over . . .

A harried, high-strung business man, constantly worried by an overburden of work he felt responsible to do, had come to his psychiatrist for advice.

"I can't sleep at night, Doctor," he complained, nervously fidgeting with his hat and the arms of the chair. "And I've been nervous and quick-tempered at the office lately. What can I do?"

"I think you'd better follow a new schedule," the psychiatrist advised. "First, plan to complete only six hours of work in an eight-hour day. And second, spend one day each week at a cemetery."

"At a cemetery!" echoed the amazed patient. "What am I supposed to do there?"

"Nothing much," the psychiatrist replied calmly. "Just look around. Get acquainted with some of the men who are in there permanently. And remember that they didn't finish their work either. Nobody does, you know."
CHICAGO Ports of Call

by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life . . .

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAndolph 6-7500). The distinguished green and gold decor provides a lovely background for the fine piano styling of Barclay Allen and his orchestra, and the “Parade of Stars” featuring Evelyn Knight.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Stevens Hotel, 7th and Michigan (WAbash 2-4400). The “World on Ice” show continues to provide a good evening’s entertainment in this beautiful baroque room. That durable maestro, Frankie Masters, leads the band for the Three Rookies and The Boulevardears who spark the show.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HArrison 7-3800). One of the favorite afternoon and evening meeting spots. Jerry Glidden is still holding the bandstand in his fine manner, while Lona Stevens sings the sweet tunes. The customers like both her songs and her figure.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). There are always a lot of celebrities on hand in this glamorous oasis. The food and drink are exceptional, if a little steep financially, and you are sure to see some of filmland’s greats and not-so-greats imbibing. David LeWinter provides background music for the conversation here.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). This charming room, complete with blossoming camellia trees, offers pretty close to everything for a big evening, from superlative food to the society-brand music of Ron Perry’s orchestra.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th & Michigan (HArrison 7-4300). Florence Desmond is around right now, with Dick La Salle furnishing danceable music in this smooth spot. Its fine reputation is well deserved.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEntral 6-0123). Don Reid and company offer a big evening of entertainment in the paneled elegance of the Bismarck. Upstairs, the brand new Swiss Chalet is the talk of the town with the very tops in unusual food and good music.

★ THE BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). This attractive and intimate spot is always well occupied by the Gold Coast gang. Currently the Felix Martinque Trio features songstress Sue Stanley.

The Show’s the Thing . . .

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). That ole happy boy, Ted Lewis, stays on here in Chicago’s most famous supper club, with Cee David- son on the bandstand.

★ VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Ave. (MIchigan 2-5106). Joey Bishop is still holding forth in this excellent dine and dance spot. He gets plenty of assistance from Mel Cole and his orchestra.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph (FReaklin 2-2100). This newly remodeled nightspot now features Jack Fina and the Honeydreamers, with practically everyone in town praising Ed Prentice’s emceeing of the “Salute to Cole Porter” show. Mr. Prentice is also “Captain Midnight” on the popular Mutual kid-strip.

★ JAZZ LIMITED, 11 E. Grand Ave. (SUperior 7-9207). That jazz master, Muggsy Spanier, heads the bill at Chi-Town’s hottest jazz hangout. The setting is ideal, and the drinks not too awful in this cellar club.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

In spite of a cool spring, the girls in the Breakaway Bra Belt keep right on revealing as much as the local ward committeemen
S

Sw

ig

March, 1949

will allow, which currently, is plenty. If you find need of warming up a little, try one of these all-girl shows . . . the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark . . . L AND L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison St . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State St . . . 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison St . . . or the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street.

Gourmet's Delight . . .
★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. W. Randolph (Andover 3-9795). Wonderful rum drinks and unexcelled Cantonese delicacies are served against a highly atmospheric South Sea background.
★ BARNEY'S MARKET PLACE, 741 W. Randolph (Andover 3-9795). Wonderful steaks and good lobster, with Barney's familiar "Hello, Senator," give this excellent restaurant a feeling of warmth and good cheer.
★ KUNGSHOLM, 100 E. Ontario (Superior 7-9868). The truly magnificent smorgasbord is tasty proof that the preparation of food is still an art, and the location, in the gracious old Potter Palmer home, offers a relaxing background.
★ HENRIC'TS, 71 W. Randolph (DElaware 2-1800). This conservatively decorated spot has been a favorite with politicos and theatrical people for three generations. The apple pancake is unsurpassed.
★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (DElaware 7-9701). The charming courtyard for summer, and the open hearths for warmth and atmosphere, combine with the excellent French food to make this a favorite eating place.

Other Top Choices . . .
IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton . . . CLOUD ROOM, Municipal Airport . . . NORMANDY HOUSE, 800 N. Tower Court . . . THE PUB AND THE PROW, 901 N. Rush St . . . FRITZEL'S, State and Lake St . . . ISBELL'S, 940 N. Rush St.

MAN OF THE MONTH
(Continued from page 66)

He is a director of Blue Cross, Community Studies, Incorporated, the Central Surety & Insurance Company, and the American Meat Corporation. He is past vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, past president of the Merchants' Association, a member of the American Legion, a governor of the Midwest Research Institute, and treasurer of Menorah Hospital.

Since becoming chairman of the City Plan Commission, Rothschild has secured the appointment of several young men to the Commission, so that they can be training for much of the work that still lies ahead. Too, he entertains the theory that the younger the man, the greater his stake in the city of tomorrow.

Not long ago, Rothschild asked a prominent realtor to serve on the Commission. But since the man lived in Kansas, it was impossible for him to accept.

"However," the realtor reports, "I seriously considered moving to Missouri in order to become eligible. In future years, Lou's wonderful work will show more than that of any other local citizen. Moving would be a great inconvenience and expense, but well worth it to have the honor of serving under Lou Rothschild."

The man who rows the boat generally doesn't have time to rock it.

The world's shortest short story: Sail, gale, pale, rail.
NEW YORK Letter

by LUCIE BRION

The usual traffic of Southern-bound vacationers has fallen off considerably. Many Manhattanites who used to make a dash to the South for a gulp of sunshine between seasons are settling instead for weekends in Vermont. Miami, which always has received a large quota of visitors from New York, is reported to have hundreds of empty rooms. In fact, one hotel manager down there reports that tourists dare not linger on the streets lest they be asked to come in and register.

The "Southern wear" business has also met with a slump. Evidently many of those happy persons lucky enough to go South decided not to strain their luck, just packed up last summer's clothes and called them a wardrobe.

Theatre-goers are often informed by their brokers that the show they want to see is sold out to a benefit. And the pasteboard hucksters aren't kidding; it's a frequent occurrence. If by chance they offer you a benefit ticket, duck it. It will cost you three times the listed price, and although you may deduct a percentage from your income tax, the cost is still too high for fun. These benefit affairs, however, are successful for both the theatre and the charity, because the house is always sold out. They are gala and social. But for out-of-towners they're just a nuisance. The chatter and the hand-waving and the white ties and the private cars lined up outside merely add to the general difficulty of getting around Manhattan. Even though the causes are good, benefits are better left to local affairs.

Speaking of shows, don't miss Lend an Ear, one of the brightest, freshest, cleverest musical revues on Broadway. Lots of new faces and new ideas and nary a dull moment. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry at one skit called "The Gladiola Girl." The music for the sketch is of the old "Charleston" type, and the costumes are bell-bottomed trousers for the boys and knee-length dresses for the girls, hung straight from the shoulders with no belts. The girls' hats (oh, please, do we have to remember?) are helmets covering the entire head. It is a shock to be reminded that such outfits were once worn offstage, and in all seriousness. Let's hope that fashion will never again impose such monstrosities upon us. Anyway, the rest of the show is up to date and sparkling.

Taxi drivers are never at a loss for conversation. A cabbie hauling us across town the other day did the usual current events routine and then took on the subject of television. "I won't work on Tuesday nights," he said. "I and my family have to see the Milton Berle Show. All the relatives come to see it, too."

With television aerials spiking the skies all over the East, we weren't astonished at this statement. To be cooperative, however, we asked, "Don't you go to the movies anymore?"

"Naw," he answered. "Have a beer and stay home."

Practically everyone over the age of 35 here is on a diet. As most plump persons are willing to face facts and admit that extra poundage is caused by what goes into the mouth, restaurants are getting quite agile in promoting a la carte service. They cater to those customers who ask for steak with no sauce, no bread, no butter, lettuce with no dressing, coffee black. Of course, the check arrives with
the usual startling total, or more so, leaving you wondering if it isn't cheaper to get fat.

The Persian Room at the Plaza has a new floor show that promises to make Hildegarde look to her laurels. There must be at least a dozen young, glamorous boys and girls who put on one of the swiftest, merriest hour-long shows in town. The dinner show is entirely different from the supper edition, and both sparkle so that patrons want to linger on just to bask in the glow of it all. There's a cover charge but, for once, it is well worth it.

The Milch Galleries, up on 55th Street, were the scene last month of a one-man show by Ferdinand Warren. The 19 canvasses on display showed a complete mastery of design, and a splendid, sensitive use of color. Pittsburgh, an imaginative reorganization of the Steel City's most impressive features, excited the greatest amount of comment from the critics. It combines the Liberty Tunnels and the Boulevard of the Allies with factories, smoke, rivers, and a dominant mountain spiked with the skinny, incredibly-perched houses native to the terrain.

Warren is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and most major American galleries, but is best known for the harbor scenes painted near his studio on the Brooklyn side of the East River.

The blonde, rugged, young-looking artist is a confirmed Dodger fan. One of his best works is Night Game at Ebbets Field, proving, we guess, that art and pleasure mix.

While browsing around Bloomingdale's (Manhattan's uptown Macy's) the other day, we were stopped by a young man carrying a pad and pencil. He asked us if we would mind answering a few questions. Remembering that we had paid our last bill and filed an income tax return, we said, "Why, no."

"How have you found the service here?"

"Just fine," we answered, a bit on the defensive.

"Have you any complaints?" He was serious.

"Why, no," we said, remembering the time we waited 45 minutes to get a clerk in the lamp shade department.

"Do you come here often?"

"Oh, yes." This last with a smile. One can buy everything but a snorkle at Bloomingdale's.

In a cozier voice he asked. "Do you ever use our basement?"

"Of course," we replied, glancing apprehensively at the printed form. There's something ominous about a questionnaire that even impels a woman to tell almost the truth about her age.

He wrote something, then asked, "How do you get here?"

"Walk," we told him.

The young man suddenly looked depressed. With a curt "thank you," he went on his way. Maybe Bloomingdale's got something out of it, but we felt just as depressed as the young man.

And, anyway, that's Manhattan.

When O Mistress Mine, the Lunt-Fontanne comedy, was on Broadway, a man in Washington, D. C., wired a New York friend to get two tickets to the play for the following Saturday night. The friend arranged to buy the tickets and wired back, "MISTRESS O.K. FOR SATURDAY."

The Washington man was slightly taken aback when he received the wire; for an earnest employee had penciled the apparently unauthorized note, "Western Union prefers not to transmit this type of message."—This Week.

A gangling cowhand wearing a ten-gallon hat and boots was sauntering around in a large, modern department store, staring wide-eyed at all the glittering merchandise. Finally a salesgirl asked if she might help him.

"No, ma'am, I reckon not," he drawled. "Gosh darn, I ain't never seen so much stuff I could do without."
CURRENT PLAYS

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS. (Dec. 8, 1948). The splendid, colorful production of Maxwell Anderson’s play makes it seem a bit more distinguished than it really is. But the enthralling historical drama of the tempestuous lives of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII during a critical period in England’s history does make entertaining theatre. A large and magnificently costumed cast helps recreate the barbaric splendor of the Tudor Court. Rex Harrison gives a vivid characterization of the virile, young monarch, and Joyce Redman is superbly tragic as the proud, sensitive queen. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

DIAMOND LIL. (Feb. 5, 1949). The irrepressible, irresistible Mae West in a raw and rowdy revival of an old 1928 melodrama. The scene is set in a Bowery saloon which is also the headquarters for a thriving South American white slave trade. As the drama proceeds, Mae gets mixed up with several lovers — the saloon keeper, a Bowery politician, an escaped convict, a Salvation Army captain and a passionate Latin. There’s a colorful Bowery floor show and remarkable scenery by William De Forest and Ben Edwards, including a huge bed shaped like a swan. But the whole thing, of course, is Mae West, with her low, sexy voice and her delightful mastery of the art of insinuation. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

GOODBYE MY FANCY. (Nov. 17, 1948). Fay Kanin’s play about a Congresswoman’s return to her alma mater is skillful and entertaining. The handsome, dignified college president and a brittle Life photographer, sent to cover the graduation exercises, clash when they both fall in love with the lovely lady politician. The brilliant cast is headed by Madeleine Carroll, Conrad Nagel, Sam Wanamaker (who steals most of the scenes), and Shirley Booth as the efficient, hard-boiled secretary. Fulton, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

LIGHT UP THE SKY. (Nov. 18, 1948). Although a little uneven in parts, Moss Hart’s comedy has some superbly funny situations. The play follows the hopes and misgivings of a group of show people trying out their new play in Boston. The cast is rich with amusing characters, including some deft satires of real celebrities. Clever acting by Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober and Phyllis Povah. Royale, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT. (Dec. 27, 1948). In this charming fairy tale, ably adapted from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Maurice Valency, a lunatic countess sets about to rid Paris of its evils by luring several wicked people into a sewer and slamming a trap door over them. The delightful satire — and the touch of sadness — in the delusions of the demented, shabby old ladies gives the fantasy a brilliance which distinguishes it from all other plays on Broadway. The English actress, Martita Hunt, has achieved a real triumph in her portrayal of the title role. Other admirable performances by Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, Vladimir Sokoloff and Nydia Westman. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.
RED GLOVES. (Dec. 6, 1948). Charles Boyer gives a forcible performance as a resolute, black-shirted Communist leader in this gripping drama which deals with the conflict of realism and idealism in Party theory. John Dall plays the recalcitrant young intellectual who quarrels with the leader over his pretty wife (Joan Tetzl), as well as over politics. Author Jean-Paul Sartre has complained that Broadway has transformed his play into common melodrama, but audiences continue to find it suspenseful entertainment. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

THE SILVER WHISTLE. (Nov. 24, 1948). Jose Ferrer is entrancing as a loquacious hobo who rejuvenates a drab old people's home with his blithe make-believe. The story by Robert McEnroe is charming, whimsical and, with Mr. Ferrer's performance, makes exciting theatre. The fine cast includes Doro Merande, Kathleen Comegys, William Lynn, Jane Marbury and other oldsters. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits...

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chlorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40...EDWARD, MY SON. (Sept. 30, 1948). Audiences find this evening of villainy to be fascinating entertainment. The drama follows the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who is driven to commit arson, blackmail and murder by an obsession for his wastrel son. Superb performances by Robert Morley and Adrienne Allen as his alcoholic wife. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30...LIFE WITH MOTHER. (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. The sequel matches the charm of Life With Father because it's simply a continuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30...MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about a restless crew sweating out boredom on a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30...PRIVATE LIVES. (Oct. 4, 1948). A boisterous revival that has lost much of the dash and sophistication of Noel Coward's 1931 comedy. Tallulah Bankhead dominates with a rowdy, blustering performance opposite Donald Cook in this tale about divorced mates who meet again on their respective second honeymoons. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40...A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a squalid New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Musicals...

ALL FOR LOVE. (Jan. 22, 1949). A lavish, glittering show that seems to have great potentialities, but fails to produce more than momentary flashes of wit. For the most part, the usual subtle humor of Paul and Grace Hartman is buried in vulgar burlesque. There is a very funny parody of Edward My Son by Bert Wheeler, and an amusing ballet sequence satirizing the style of four well-known choreographers, but the lyrics and tunes are ordinary. The result is a handsome show with a flare of color in costumes and setting, but very little material that really clicks. Mark Hellinger, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

ALONG FIFTH AVENUE. (Jan. 13, 1948). This new musical seems almost top-heavy with talent; it includes deadpan comic Nancy Walker, singer Carol Bruce
with her throaty, torchy voice, dancers Viola Essen and Johnny Coy, and comics Hank Ladd and Jackie Gleason. But the sketches suffer from a serious lack of inspiration on the part of the author. The music by Gordon Jenkins and the lyrics by Tom Adair are pleasing, at times, but the deficiency in humor makes it a dubious production. Imperial evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2:30.

★ AS THE GIRLS GO. (Nov. 13, 1948). Bobby Clark as the husband of the first woman President creates several minor riots in the White House while his wife is busy with affairs of state. The show does not attempt political satire; instead, it's simply a big, brassy musical in the old-time manner with lots of lovely, leggy girls, funny gags and cheerful tunes. With Irene Rich, Bill Callahan and Kathryn Lee. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ KISS ME KATE. (Dec. 30, 1948). Cole Porter has returned to Broadway with a musical smash that may prove to be his biggest hit. The play-within-a-play plot is about a production of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. This double mood gives Mr. Porter opportunity to display a wide variety of talents, from slow torch songs or jaunty ditties to rich, melodious ballads in the manner of Italian light opera. The dances by Hanya Holme are smart and saucy, the sets and costumes are colorful and gay. To top off this thoroughly delightful show are splendid performances by Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Harold Lang, Lisa Kirk and a sparkling supporting cast. Tickets are highly prized possessions! Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ LEND AN EAR. (Dec. 14, 1948). Versatile Charles Gaynor utilized his several talents to write the sketches, lyrics and music for this fresh, original revue. The satire in the sketches is thoroughly engaging, especially the burlesque of a 1925 musical, "The Gladiola Girl." The choreography is stylish, and the intimate staging has a charming sense of color. The young and skilful cast includes Carol Channing, William Bythe, Dorothy Babbs, Gloria Hamilton and Yvonne Adair — welcome newcomers to Broadway. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Jack McCauley, Mark Dawson and others. Broadway, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . LOVE LIFE. (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd's dances and Kurt Weill's score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948). This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's frantically funny in curls and petticoats. Allyn McLerie is his pretty and talented dancing partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ RICHARD III, Feb. 8, Booth.

★ MY NAME IS AQUILON, Feb. 9, Lyceum.

★ DEATH OF A SALESMAN, Feb. 10, Morosco.

★ THE BIG KNIFE, Feb. 24, National.

★ ANYBODY HOME, Feb. 25, Golden.
NEW YORK THEATRES
("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097    E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.........CI 5-6868    W
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th....CI 6-0390    W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th........BR 9-2067    E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.......CI 6-9353    W
Booth, 222 W. 45th..........CI 6-5969    W
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th.....CI 6-6699    E
Century, 932 7th Ave.......CI 7-3121    E
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.......CI 6-8870    W
Cort, 138 W. 48th..........BR 9-0046    E
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540    W
Forty-Sixth, 226 W. 46th..CI 6-6075    W
Forty-Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566    E
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.........CI 6-6380    W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.........BR 9-5641    E
Imperial, 249 W. 45th......CO 5-2412    W

International, 5 Columbus Circle......CO 5-1173    E
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th......CH 4-4256    E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.......CI 6-0730    W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056    W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..CI 6-6363    W
Henry Miller 124 W. 43rd..........BR 9-3970    E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.......CI 6-6230    W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....CI 6-4636    W
National, 208 W. 41st.......PE 6-8220    W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....BR 9-2200    E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156    W
Royale, 242 W. 45th.......CI 5-5760    W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....LA 4-4664    W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.......CI 6-5900    W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200

NEW YORK Port of Call

Eating...

★ CAFE LOUIS XIV. As exquisitely French as its name, this Rockefeller Center restaurant has an air of quiet, regal dignity. An excellent Continental cuisine is served with a flourish by attentive waiters. The soft music of William Adler's violin adds a final touch of elegance in dining. The prices and the luxurious surroundings correlate. 15 West 49. CI 6-7800.

★ HAPSBURG HOUSE. Amusing Bemelmans' decorations distinguish this restaurant for out-of-towners. But experienced gourmets remember it for the excellent Viennese food and the extensive cellar filled with vintage wines. Evenings, unusual zither music provides interesting entertainment. 313 E. 55. PL 3-5169.

★ INDIA PRINCE. An Oriental atmosphere that's as alluring as the exceptional East Indian foods. Your first introduction to the rare curries, condiments and sweets will be an intriguing adventure in eating. The prices for these delicacies are amazingly reasonable. 141 W. 47. LO 5-9576.

★ KUNGSHOLM. The epicure's delight—a heaping smorgasbord table with more kinds of dishes than you can count. You'll agree the shrimp, herring and anchovies prepared the Swedish way are very tasty. At luncheon, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee are served in a quiet refined setting for only $1.25. 142 E. 55. EL 5-8183.

★ MAYAN. A comfortable restaurant with early Mexican-Indian design. The menu sounds like goodwill propaganda for the United Nations—a different national dish is featured every day. On Monday there's Hungarian goulash and on Tuesday, Spanish rice. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday feature Swedish, Turkish and French concoctions with completely unpronounceable names; and on Saturday the offering is ye olde English beef and kidney pie. It's an interesting place for the venturesome eater. 16 W. 51. CI 6-5800.

★ NAUTILUS. Only one more "R" month after this one for the oyster season, so don't pass up this charming restaurant where Oysters Casino is the chef's culinary triumph. Other delicacies on the menu are a wide variety of shellfish, ten-
der red snapper and unforgettable bouillabaisse. Wine with dinner is usually a must for the seafood connoisseurs who frequent the Nautilus. 267 W. 23. CH. 2-8429.

**Atmosphere . . .**

★ ASTI’S. An informal Italian restaurant featuring ravioli, sharp wines and opera. The waiters, bartenders—even the hat check girl—burst into song periodically and are flattered when the customers join in on favorite arias. It’s a homey rendezvous for music lovers. 13 E. 12. GR 5-9334.

★ EDDIE CONDON’S. You can hear the horns and drums a block away! This well-appointed hangout for hot musicians is up a few steps from one of the more junky of the Village streets. The jazz, blasted by wild Jack Lesberg, Buzzy Drootin, Peanuts Hucko and others, reverberates from the lemon-colored walls and mirrored pillars until the crowd is incited to a mild frenzy. Ralph Sutton plays sweet piano between sessions. The food is good, but Eddie’s is strictly a jazz-lovers’ joint. 47 W. 3. GR 5-8639.

★ JOE KING’S RATHSKELLAR. Artists and writers engage in long aesthetic discussions here over sauerbraten and beer. And college kids, soaking up the Village atmosphere, haunt the place till the wee hours. The moderately priced food is well prepared in a Continental kitchen, and there’s a very friendly bar. 190 Third Avenue. GR 5-7623.

★ WHALER BAR. A nautical atmosphere so authentic you can almost feel the floor heave. The portholes are amazingly realistic, and the waiters in sloppy blue middies actually look battered by salt spray. There’s a back room as dark as the hold of a ship and much more cozy. Gets underway for luncheon at noon and battens down the hatches at 2 a.m. Madison at 38. CA 5-3700.

**Entertainment . . .**

★ BAL TABARIN. A bit of gay Paree down on West 46th Street. It’s truly Paris—from the sidewalk cafe decor to the frilly Can-Can dancers in the gaudy floor show. Lou Harold’s band plays for dancing. You’ll find the food inexpensive, the atmosphere festive and informal. 225 West 46. CI 6-0949.

★ DELMONICO ROOM. The name appropriately suggests sophistication. Fashionable patrons frequent this stylish salon for luncheon and dinner. There’s supper dancing to the music of Joel Shaw’s orchestra. The floor show, starring a clever impressionist, Kay Medford, is presented at 10 p.m. only, so come late to get the most from the $3 minimum. Hotel Delmonico. Park Avenue at 59. VO 5-2500.

★ LATIN QUARTER. The Yankee dollar melts rapidly in the Latin Quarter, but the fine entertainment helps you forget financial matters. The shows are big, colorful and dazzling. At present, Frank Libuse, Archie Robbins and Sally Keith are starring in Folies Parisienne. Take your choice of two orchestras for dancing. At any rate, enjoy yourself—you’re paying for it! Broadway at 48. CI 6-1737.

★ NEW YORKER. Twice nightly in the Terrace Room, there’s a sparkling ice show, featuring Florence and Bob Ballard and a large cast of skilled skaters. No guests allowed on the ice, but they’re welcome to the dance floor when Gardner Benedict’s orchestra plays. Saturday offers a luncheon danseant for the grown-ups and a special ice matinee for the kiddies. Charlie Peterson’s orchestra fills in on Sunday nights. Eighth Avenue at 34. LO 3-1000.

**Out of Town . . .**

★ STIRRUP-CUP. A fascinating destination for an all-day touring excursion. Excellent French and American food is served a la carte in the handsome Colonial dining room. It’s also the home of the James Melton Museum of Antique Automobiles. After prowling among the old electrics and open roadsters, you’ll want to relax with cocktails in the colorful bar before starting home again. Danbury Road. Norwalk, Connecticut. Phone, 6-5044.

★ THATCHED COTTAGE. The brisk, breathy March days are wonderful for driving in the country. If you happen to be touring Long Island, be sure to stop at this little old English style cottage and satisfy that outdoor appetite by selecting your own steak to broil over the huge open fireplace. There’s dancing on Saturday evening. Route 25 A. Centerport, Long Island. Phone, Northport 1217.
KANSAS CITY Ports of Call

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ NANCE’S CAFE. A spacious, well-appointed restaurant with a merited reputation. The menu is styled to meet the taste of any epicure, including Duncan Hines, who has beamed his smile of approval on Nance’s. There are excellent roast beef and steak dinners and a wide choice of seafood dishes. A plushy back room behind a grilled gate may be obtained for special private gatherings. The Biscuit Girl who wanders among the tables is understandingly generous with her wares, so don’t be bashful about seconds. Travelers are delighted to find Nance’s is located just across the street from the Union Station. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PUTSCH’S 210. The decor, which marks Putsch’s 210 as one of America’s most distinctive dining rooms, suggests the French Quarter of New Orleans, and the lovely Victorian lounge, softly lighted by magnificent brass candelabra, effectively recalls an era of gracious Southern living. Sumptuous dinners are served at late as midnight to accommodate the after-theatre crowd. In perfect accord with the charming atmosphere is the music of Henry O’Neill at the piano, alternating with Gene Pringle’s trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. Cocktails are served with dinner or at cozy wall seats in the adjoining glass-muraled barroom. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. You’ll know it by the sign of the lobster up on West 9th Street. There’s a traditional mellowness in the old Grill Room with its dim browned murals, high leather booths and dignified stained glass window panels. The attentive, old colored waiters seem to have been mellowed with age, too; some have been at the Savoy for over three decades. The excellent food is a Kansas City legend—especially the famous three pound lobsters and thick filets. Beyond the Grill is the sophisticated Imperial Room, beautifully decorated with rose drapes, changeable colored lighting and large scroll mirrors that are pleasingly modern. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ TROCADERO. The cocktail crowd continues gathering at the Trocadero to enjoy the enchanting piano ramblings of Cliff Goforth, whose unique keyboard styling has created a mellow midtown sensation. The relaxing, informal atmosphere is created by the gay, tropical surroundings and the friendly management. Cordial Bob Ledtermann is always at the door with a warm word of greeting. There’s an attractive bar where any drink you can name will be mixed quickly by the efficient bartenders. You’ll find it’s a pleasant spot for dancing or cocktail conversation, so if you’re in the neighborhood, drop in. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

★ OMAR ROOM. In this dim, inviting room, the mirrored bar is exclusively for the sterner sex, but there’s a circle of plushy leather seats for the women. On the upper deck is a larger, softly lighted room with tables for intimate conversation. A fast young pianist, billed as the “Keyboard Atom Splitter,” plays requests. His name is Eddie Oyer, and he’ll graciously oblige with Bumble Boogie, Heywood’s arrangement of Begin the Beguine, or you name it. A hint to the wise: the Alcove off the main lobby is a cozy place to enjoy two cocktails for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin’ and Drinkin’ . . .

★ ADRIAN’S MART RESTAURANT. A dazzling array of smorgasbord delicacies serves as appetizer. Then back to your table for the piece de resistance, which may be a thick cut of roast beef, a broiled live lobster in butter, or sizzling fried chicken. Your choice of wines served with dinner, or you may
prefer cocktails at the sleek bar in the attractive lounge. The furnishings are smooth, modern and in very good taste. There’s plenty of free parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6537.

★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. You can afford to be choosy at the Plaza Restaurant-Cafeteria because there are three rooms, each individually styled to please a certain clientele. There is a cafeteria to supply the fast service required by those with a limited time to eat; a stylish restaurant-bar for the leisurely minded who prefer full table service or cocktails; and a soda fountain-sandwich bar featuring ice cream specialties, soft drinks and tasty sandwiches. It’s difficult to pass the bakery counter without taking home some of the tempting pastries. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ UPTOWN INTERLUDE. Hurry, hurry! For the first week or two of March, the wonderful Art Van Damme Quintet will be at the Interlude, swinging the distinctive music that is skyrocketing them to fame as recording stars and network radio entertainers. And remember, Dale Overfelt is the man to see for those long, cool drinks mixed the way you like them. The house specialties are crisp fried chicken and sizzling steaks — very tasty! There’s always a crowd of business men here at noon enjoying the inexpensive luncheons. Lots of people have discovered a delightful way to face Monday morning — by greeting it at the Interlude bar after midnight Sunday. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. Smartly South Side, the Bowl offers recreation, good food and drink—all in neat, modern surroundings. Mornings find young matrons bowling off pounds or practicing up for the night tournaments. Afternoons and evenings, the gay, snug cocktail lounge is crowded with people seeking respite from the clattering pins or simply seeking good drinks. The adjoining Bowl restaurant serves big salads, crisp toasted sandwiches and delicious, yet inexpensive, dinners. To complete the picture, there’s a lovely dining room upstairs which may be reserved for private parties. And of course, Music by Muzak. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ PENGUIN ROOM. There’s an air of quiet sophistication in the artistically mirrored Penguin Room — just right for an evening of fashionable dinner dancing. The music of Dink Welch and his Kopy Kats is luring couples to the glittering dance floor through the 14th, then Stewart Russell and his trio will take over. A special attraction is the refreshingly unusual floor show done in pantomime at 9 and 12 p.m. Although the excellent entertainment provides almost constant diversion, it’s a good idea to devote some time to the food and fine liquors. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. This is Baltimore Avenue’s smart new hotel and restaurant with a cosmopolitan air and a congenial clientele. Especially notable are the French-fried onions, the extra dry martinis and an attractive mural of the New York skyline slightly rearranged by artist Daniel MacMorris. Steak-lovers haunt this place for one of those thick, juicy filet mignons flanked by a wonderful salad with garlic dressing. All of which goes to prove that the Pusateri brothers are still master restaurateurs. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

Something Different . . .

★ SHARP’S BROADWAY NINETIES. For honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned fun — well, there’s no place in town like Sharp’s! The atmosphere is friendly and informal with everyone singing the way-back favorites together or forming impromptu, slightly off-tune quartets. There’s a real antique tandem bicycle above the bar, and more than one merry patron, influenced by a lusty rendition of
Bicycle Built for Two, has offered to pedal it home! The food is savory and delicious—grilled beef tenderloin, spicy jumbo shrimp, spaghetti and meat balls, and hickory-smoked barbecued ribs that make your mouth water just to look at them. It’s a lively place for a gay evening! Broadway & Southwest Boulevard. CR 1095.

★ UNITY INN. This nationally famous little restaurant, run by the Unity School of Christianity, does rare things with nuts and vegetables to turn out intricate salads and colorful vegetable plates. Creamy homemade ice cream or rich pastry tops off the most delightful meatless meals found anywhere. It’s a pleasant spot for luncheons, since the cafeteria style does away with long waiting. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ KING JOY LO. The skilled Chinese cooks here produce many tantalizing and authentic Oriental concoctions. They feature a variety of chop sueys, delectable fancied-up shrimp, fried rice, chicken chow mein and egg noodles. Of course, chopsticks are available on request. If none of these dishes strikes your fancy, there are fine American dinners on the menu—steak and broiled lobster, in particular. The furnishings, especially the heavy carved and inlaid tables, are in character. It’s entertaining to sit by the big view windows and watch Kansas City go by, up and down Main Street. 8 West 12th Street. (Second floor). HA 8113.

Good Taste . . .

★ MACIEL’S. The warm personality of Jeanie Leitt is drawing crowds to Maciel’s like a magnet. With her boogie piano and low, husky voice, Jeanie offers an evening of daring, sophisticated entertainment. She’ll gladly play any request and loves to chit-chat with the clientele. Sir-loin steaks, Maine lobster and other fine foods, priced just right, are served by candlelight in the spacious, high ceilinged dining room. Try Chicken Maciel for a new taste thrill. A comfortable lounge and bar serves cocktails. 3561 Broadway. LO 5441.

★ BLUE HILLS BARBECUE. As you might guess from the name, the specialty here is barbecue—delicious hickory-smoked ribs, beef and ham. There are also excellent T-bones, sirloins and filets that are amazingly inexpensive. And the fried chicken dinners are scrumptious! A scroll design lends a Spanish-Moroccan touch to the attractive dining room with cozy booths along the walls. It’s open for luncheon, dinner and supper. There’s music for dancing by the Moderniques, a popular four-piece ensemble now in the stylish Amber Room. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ RAY COUGHLIN’S BARBECUE. Established in 1921, this friendly tavern has long been famous for its spicy chili, barbecued beef and wonderful, tasty shrimp—the kind you can eat in your fingers. There’s a long bar where you can get the biggest schooner of beer in Kansas City—for only a dime! Generous, man-sized mixed drinks are served, too. It’s a cheerful, cozy place to be on a blustery March evening. 2513 East 15th. BE 9360.

Warnings

We cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
We cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
We cannot help small men up by tearing big men down.
We cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
We cannot lift the wage earner up by pulling the wage payer down.
We cannot keep out of trouble when we spend more than our income.
We cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.
We cannot establish sound social security on borrowed money.
We cannot build character and courage by taking away man’s initiative and independence.
We cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they can and should do for themselves.—Exchange.
HERE'S a new nightly program on WHB you'll find amusing, entertaining, and always "good fun in good company." The show is recorded on tape each night at a different tavern in the Greater Kansas City area. Lew Brock interviews folks on questions of the day—serious and frivolous—and gets answers of exactly that sort! The tape is then rushed to WHB's studios, edited and broadcast at 10:15 p.m. Meanwhile, the tavern customers are invited to hear themselves on the air as the transcribed program is broadcast over WHB.

Tune in this new show (sponsored by Muehlebach Beer) for fun, laughs, interesting information and news of what's doing on the tavern circuit! You'll enjoy the unhearsed comedy, and the antics of "Millionth Laugh Man" Brock, veteran trouper who has had years of vaudeville and radio experience. A graduate of Orpheum and Fanchon-Marco vaudeville, he was for two years emcee of the "Sunrise Serenade" on WCCO, Minneapolis. During the war, he traveled with a U.S.O. Camp Unit. Prior to this current engagement over WHB, Brock recently completed a series of shows for International Harvester dealer meetings.

Catch his new WHB show at 10:15 p.m., Monday through Friday!
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

The 1949 SWING Girl
Miss Vera Ralston

Three and a half million people at your fingertips. The buying power of 133 counties at 6 states as accessible as your own backyard.

An advertiser’s dream—yes. Be a dream that WHB can turn into actuality.

For WHB embraces this vast area, brings a prosperous rural and urban region the full force of your sales message. To transform these three and a half million listeners into a rich market for your product, contact WHB representative today.

10,000 WATTS IN KANS

WHB

John Blair & Co

Mutual Network • 710 Kilocycles • 3,000 Watts
Danger Signals of Mouth Cancer
An important warning about America’s No. 2 Killer . . Page 11

Violence on the Hill
Are our lawmakers protected from personal attack? . . Page 29

Long Length Articles
Robots, Our Wonder Workers . . . . Maurice Hudson 3
Temperament Tamer . . . . Walt Masters 7
Big Name Hunters . . . . Harold H. Bowes 13
Fish Dance at Midnight . . . . Roscoe A. Poland 17
A Thousand Feet to Fame . . . . Ellis Michael 19
Slow Down and Live . . . . Jim Newell 23
Jeff Davis and the Camel Express . . . . Barney Schwartz 25
Drowning Is So Permanent . . . . Seymour Dartman 33
Standard Procedure . . . . S. L. Wickersham 37
Alaska’s Ice Fever . . . . Irv Leiberman 39
Setsy Ross, Incorporated . . . . Torrence Vidor 59

BOOK CONDENSATION

RADIO LISTENING IN AMERICA
A penetrating survey analysis
By Paul L. Lazarfeld and Patricia R. Kendall . . Page 49

Social Features
Heavy Dates in Kansas City 2 Chicago Letter . . . . 71
Fan of the Month . . . . 45 Chicago Ports of Call . . . . 73
April Programs on WHB . . . . 62 New York Letter . . . . 75
Winging the Dial . . . . 65 New York Theatre . . . . 77
Winging in World Affairs . . . . 67 New York Ports of Call . . . . 81
Winging Session . . . . 69 Kansas City Ports of Call . . . . 82
1. Costumed and grease-pointed for his role in Man and Superman, Maurice Evans talks to WHB listeners in a special backstage interview.
2. Hank Bauer holds up the hand that caught many on outfield fly for the Kansas City Blues and won him a place with the New York Yanks.
3. Dwarfed by the powerful engine of the new "Southern Belle" are Fred H. Hooper, general manager of Kansas City Southern Lines; L. Frith, assistant to the president of Kansas Southern; Arthur Tuckerman, public relations rector of the American Car and Foundry Company; Dick Smith, WHB Newsbureau chief; James Prickett, vice-president, Kansas City Southern Lines; and Cecil Taylor, advertising manager, Kansas City Southern.
LET songwriters and globe trotters have their April in Paris and their springtime in the Rockies; let them sigh for England now that April's there. We like Kansas City. The place-name isn't glamorous but the city is, and for us spring is its season as surely as winter is Miami's.

How many times we've watched the Middle Western spring arrive to this wide gracious town, and every time it's as if the old trite miracles had never happened before. A long yellow fringe of willows begins to blow across Indian hills and forsythia stipples the hills. The forsythia look returns to Willham Road. To the south, green meadows bloom with horses and golf clubs and Woolf Brothers' weaters. The Ninth Street hill is kissable again. On Sundays, peo-ple come outdoors and look at spring through camera lenses, trying to capture it from the Mall, the door or the front door of the Nelson Gallery. Hydrangeas and balloons appear on corners of the block. Along Walnut Street and Petticoat Lane, shop windows are ddy with non-objective signs of such a spring as never was on land or sea. The fountain at Meyer Circle rises once more. Down along Main Street the second-hand suits hang outside again. Ed the Florist goes berserk. Then the rain. The green grass grows all around, all sound; sunlight reappears; the Telliesley Garden Tour goes on, and kids wade downstream in gutters. You walk bareheaded through streets on large silvery afternoons; around Berkson's corner the band throws Easter bonnets like confetti; and wherever else the spring comes on you're very sure but here it comes on forever.

Swing

April, 1949 • Vol. 5 • No. 4

Editor
MORI GREINER
Assistant Editor
BETSEY SHEIDLEY
Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
Circulation Manager
JOHN T. SCHILLING
Art Editor
DON FITZGERALD
Contributing Editor
JETTA CARLETON

Chicago Editor
NORTON H. JONATHAN
New York Editor
LUCIE BRION

Humor Editor
TOM COLLINS
Music Editor
BOB KENNEDY

Associate Editors
VERNA DEAN FERRIL JUNE THOMPSON JEANE MILLANE


Art: Don Fitzgerald, Rachael Weber, Rannie Miller, F. E. Warren, Robert Wilson, Frank Hensley.

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1125 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscription, United States, $3 a year; everywhere else, $4. Copyright 1948 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and 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.
APRIL'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Drama . . .
Apr. 4-9, Faust, University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.
Apr. 30-May 1, Harvey, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Musical . . .
Apr. 5-9, High Button Shoes, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Music . . .
Apr. 1, Wayne King, concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 5, Kansas City University a cappella choir, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 5, John Winn, piano recital, Unitarian Church, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 7, Kansas City University Chamber Orchestra, University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 20, Debut and Encore Association concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 22, Allied Arts Orchestra concert, Edison Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 23-24, Barbershop Quartet, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Apr. 24, Kroll Quartet, University Playhouse, 4:00 p.m.

Lectures . . .
Apr. 20, Morris Fishbein, M. D., What Makes a Successful Marriage? Jackson County Health Forum, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 25, Burton Holmes, Fabulous Florida, motion picture in color, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Dancing . . .
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.
Apr. 1-3, Bob Astor.
Apr. 5-8, 10, 12, 15, 17, 19, Wayne Karr.
Apr. 22, 24, 26, 29-30, Hank Winder.

Art . . .
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Fifteenth Anniversary Celebration: April 3, Opening of new rooms: French Gothic Cloister; Gallery of Medieval Sculpture; Classical Gallery; Tudor Room; Louis XVII Gold Room.
Lecture Series: Apr. 6, Fifteen Years of Collecting, Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Apr. 13, Chinese Ceramics, Laurence Sickman, Atkins Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Concerts: (No admission charge. All programs held in Atkins Auditorium.)
Apr. 7, John Raimo, pianist, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 20, June McWhorter, pianist, 3:30 p.m.
Apr. 22, Piano pupils of Mrs. Paul Williams, 9:15 p.m.
Apr. 24, Sigma Alpha Iota concert, 3:30 p.m.
Apr. 27, Conservatory of Music Concert Band, 8:15 p.m.
Apr. 29, Ellen Gaines, pianist, 8:15 p.m.
Motion Pictures: (No admission charge. All programs held in Atkins Auditorium.)
Apr. 1, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 3, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, 8:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 8, The Great Commandment, 7:30 p.m.
Apr. 10, The Great Commandment, 3:00 p.m.
Special Events . . .
Apr. 2, R.O.T.C. circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Conventions . . .
Apr. 2-5, Missouri Optometric Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 3-10, Spring Market Week Merchandise Mart.
Apr. 5-8, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 7-9, Missouri State Association of Master Plumbers, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 10-13, Kansas-Missouri Bakers Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 10-17, Osteopathic Chil Conference & Clinic, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 21-22, National Flying Farmers Association, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 22-24, Missouri Federation Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Hotel Muehleba and Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 23-24, Midwest Coin Coference, Hotel Pickwick.
Apr. 24-26, Missouri Association of Municipal Utilities, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 26-28, Midwest Hospital Association, Municipal Auditorium.
Apr. 29-30, I.O.O.F.—Four States Conclave, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.
Apr. 30-May 2, Saco-Occip Convent, Hotel Phillips.

Wrestling . . .
(Wrestling every Thursday night Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
Apr. 19, Mildred Burke, L. Champion of the World, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8 p.m.

Basketball . . .
Apr. 1, Harlem Globe Trotters Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Baseball . . .
(Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd Street.)
Apr. 28-29, Indianapolis.
Apr. 30, Toledo.
A BEAN PACKER, troubled because off-shade or off-size beans were arousing complaints among consumers, took his woes to an electronic laboratory. “We’ll install a series of robots to check every bean for you,” they assured him at the lab. “It’s evitable that human eyes should miss imperfect beans when you process 20,000,000 of them a day. But the robots will never let you down!”

The engineer was right; the robots proved infallible. Tireless, silent and economical, the battery of electronic workers virtually eliminated complaints about the beans and put the packer’s business on a highly profitable footing.

On the West Coast, another man—dental technician—took his peculiar trouble to the electronic experts. “My business is matching up false teeth,” he told them. “Maybe it’s my eyes or my faulty judgment, but I’ve been getting a lot of kicks lately from people who don’t like the color of their new teeth.”

This man, too, was given ease of mind by a silent robot worker which unerringly matched up teeth to complete satisfaction of technician, dentist and patient.

Much scientific hogwash has been written in the past ten years about the day when robots will do our working, thinking and playing for us. Actually, today’s electronic miracles can do things which even the most imaginative Sunday supplement writer never dared dream about a quarter-century ago.

“When the day comes when robots do our thinking for us, then it’s time to resign from the human race!” snorts an engineer who is prominent because of the so-called “miracle machines” he has produced. “In reality, no robot ‘brain’ is possible or even desirable. But thanks to advances in the electronic field, we are well on our way to removing much of the drudgery from the workaday world.”

In Boston, shoppers entering the self-operating elevator in a certain store are always startled to hear a pleasant voice call out at the appropriate stop, “Sixth floor, ladies’ dresses, furs, lingerie. Going up, please . . .” The hidden floor-caller is a machine which plays a series of such recorded messages, infallibly making the proper announcement at the proper floor.

A tireless robot with the world’s most sensitive nostrils protects you from dizziness and worse when you descend into the New York subways. This robot, whose delicate sniffer operates 60 seconds a minute, sounds an alarm when fumes or poison gasses unde-
ected by human nostrils drift into the tubes.

Formerly, in mines and chemical plants, thousands of workers depended on a man with a canary and a gong to warn them of escaping fumes and smoke. Today a robot gas detector protects as many as 5,000 workers at once. The canary is out of work now, but the men who have jobs in dangerous surroundings have a greater confidence in "Monoxide Mike," the silent, watchful gadget which sets up an infernal clamor when insidious fumes reach his "nose."

Today, we use robot eyes incredibly more accurate than the human eye. And the human ear can never approach the robot ear, which can detect—and act upon—sounds pitched so high that no person or animal has ever heard them.

Out in San Jose, California, the first complete factory to be run without human help is being completed by the Food Machinery Corporation. At this fruit-canning building, only a few people will be needed to push buttons and read instruments.

Robots will seize boxes of peaches, for example, dump and sort them into categories according to size, and unerringly weed out and discard the rotted fruit. Other steel fingers—gentle and tireless—will extract seeds, peel, and cut the fruit into mathematically exact segments.

Other robot machines will cook and seal the peaches, then other steel claws will slap labels on the cans, slip them into the right cartons, and hustle them into waiting boxcars.

It is not unlikely that many of these robot-packed peaches will be sold in the robot grocery store of Clarence Saunders, who calls his strange emporium the "Keedoozle." Here, the shopper merely makes his selection, turns a key, and her entire assortment of purchases is combined, sacked, billed, and delivered from chute at the front end of the robot grocery.

In the wake of the robot come many problems: labor leaders are fretting about technological unemployment, sociologists are stewing over the vast leisure time which will be opened up to millions of Americans in the next 20 years. Indeed, sociologists and engineers say it is possible that the worker of the future, with our own lifetime, may not have labor more than ten hours a week in order to satisfy all the needs both society and his own family.

Despite the new problems raised by robot wizardry, scientists agree that the robotization of society is fast approaching and that it would be height of folly and stupidity to put obstacles in the path of mechanism.

In Chicago, there is a secretarial office where thousands of letters are typed each day—and yet no human secretaries work there! A battery of electric typewriters, clicking away form letters, writes 50 times as many letters as a staff of girls typists can turn out. There's no possibility of misspelling or grammatical mistake either! Electronic experts already have produced an experimental typewriter which can smack out faithfully the words dictated into a mouthpi
slowly and clearly by a business man.
At Princeton, New Jersey, enthusiasts for the robot are predicting that the bulk of weather forecasting in the future will be done by mechanical meteorologists. Automatic machinery will collect weather data, sift it, compare it, and transmit it to a central point where other robots will combine such details with information from other centers. Then the weather prediction will be broadcast mechanically, with a degree of accuracy human weather experts could not hope to achieve.

Until it was opened to the public last month, the most hush-hush robots in the world were those functioning at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, atomic giant. Here, a mere handful of human beings ride herd on 11 miles of instruments which tell them what the robots in the radioactive processing center are doing. Impervious to deadly radiation, the uncanny machines at Oak Ridge operate in an atmosphere which would prove fatal to any living thing.

Robot inspectors already are at work in every industrial city, checking everything from battleship armor plate to toothpaste tubes. Speaking of the latter product, the robot can detect a leak in the tube no human eye can spot—and that tube is yanked out swiftly by a robot arm and discarded.

On the farm, the robot is uncomplainingly performing some of the worst drudgery which formerly drove restless farm youths to the cities. Robots candle eggs, milk cows, count sheep, and open doors for cattle. Mechanical gadgets shovel out silage; blowers automatically clean stables. Even the prosaic chore of pitching hay will be eliminated soon, for a new machine is available which gathers up the hay and bales it on the field.

Nut-packers who took their problems to the engineers at Oregon State College came away with a machine that can pick nuts. Similar to a mammoth vacuum cleaner, it sucks up nuts, blows off leaves and dirt, and tenderly removes the husks.

In a New York restaurant, the world’s busiest people now eat meals served by mechanized waiters. They write out their orders, slip them into a slot, and within five minutes a robot pushes dinner up through a hole in the center of the table.

And there’s no tipping at this restaurant either, because—after all—where can a robot spend his money?

Just recently Tallulah Bankhead acted as quizmaster on the half-hour radio show with the Quiz Kids. After the show, the press agent approached her and said enthusiastically, “The Quiz Kids were thrilled to death to meet you, Miss Bankhead. They’ve been reading up on your life all week.”

“Hell,” cried Tallulah, “what a thing for children to read!”
"Some of the fellows out at the ball park suggested that I drop by."
A love of music, a lot of nerve, and two dozen o-yos have made Sol Hurok successful in a hectic business.

by WALT MASTERS

As any lion and tiger man will tell you, his job of subduing wild beasts is a cinch compared to Sol Hurok’s. For Sol takes fire-breathing tenors and makes them seek as kittens; he can corner a hair-throwing ballerina and in five minutes have her purring with contentment.

“Any impresario worth his salt must be able to take temperament off his stride,” says Hurok casually. If he can’t handle emotional artists, then he should stick to something else, like selling insurance or manufacturing underwear!”

This cocksure little man, who once as a bottle washer and a peddler of needles and pins, has been hailed by the cautious New York Times as “one who has done more for music than the inventor of the phonograph.” Sol thinks the Times’ music critic is correct, for he has taken the Russian elite to the cow towns of Texas, op- tatic notables to whistle-stops on the prairies.

His present ace in the hole, the Bal- let Theatre, grosses $2,000 per engagement and gives around 150 performances a season. Sol will book the ballet into an Oklahoma oil town or county fair, provided there is an honest buck in the engagement for the troupe and himself.

Civic leaders find him straining at the bit to bring a little culture to a community and some financial profit to his artists. When Detroit bigwigs during the war gloomily confessed that half the city’s war workers had never heard a great singer or a symphony, Sol was perturbed.

“Don’t book high-cost talent into Detroit,” his colleagues warned Sol. “It’s a graveyard for impresarios—you’ll lose the soles of your shoes there!”

But Hurok talked with grimy mechanics and assembly-line workers and listened to the jingle of money in their pockets. Acting on impulse, he personally underwrote a Detroit music festival for $50,000. Lily Pons, Kostelanetz, the Ballet Theater and other attractions inundated the city.

The box office hung out the S.R.O. sign, Detroit got real music, and Hurok and his artists had the satisfaction of serving the moneyed masses instead of the classes.

Hurok started life as the son of a Russian hardware dealer 60 years ago. He found hardware a thumping bore and hurried to the United States as soon as he had stashed away enough rubles for passage.
“I went to Philadelphia with three rubles in my pocket,” Hurok recalls. “Why Philadelphia? Because Benjamin Franklin achieved fame there, and I figured that what was good enough for Franklin was good enough for Hurok.”

But Philadelphia at first took a dim view of the aggressive little fellow who spoke murderous English. To eat, Sol had to peddle needles and pins from house to house. His next job was washing soda pop bottles for a dollar a day.

A job in a mattress factory, a short-term career as a trolley conductor, and hard work as a wrapper of newspapers convinced Hurok that there were more pleasant ways to earn a living than any he’d yet tried.

Music always had commanded his thoughts and few dollars. Whenever he had coins left over from his meager pay, he bought tickets for concerts and stood in the galleries through interminable symphonies. Indeed, little Sol once pinched pennies for five weeks in order to amass enough money to stand on aching feet through a five-hour presentation of Parsifal.

It was the famed violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, who gave Sol his first break as a would-be impresario. Hurok was selling autos in Philadelphia when the violinist dropped in to look at a car.

Boldly, Sol said, “Mr. Zimbalist, I can promote a huge concert for you if you’ll shave your usual fee in half!”

Zimbalist stared at the brassy youngster. Sardonically, he agreed to play for $500 instead of the regular $1,000, and Sol feverishly went to work publicizing the concert and luring customers. It was such a success that musicians and their bookers were impressed by the formerly unknown Philadelphia lad.

Thenceforth, Hurok dropped need-
his bankroll on real artistry. When everybody said ballets were flops, Hu- rok raised $75,000 to import the Bal- let Russe de Monte Carlo to the United States. It cleaned up in met- tropolis and tank-town alike. Sol makes a pile year after year from this one attraction alone.

Hurok disdains written contracts. Artists the world over say his word is gilt-edged. Once, radio singer Jan Peerce worked an entire year for Hurok before he remembered that there was no written agreement be- tween them. They had been too busy to think of such a business detail.

It was the great Pavlova who be- stowed the diminutive nickname of “Hurokchik” on the little musical dynamo. Sol is said to have netted a quarter-million dollars in four years of booking Pavlova. He was her faith- ful servant and wise counselor, and knew how to restore her calm after every explosion of fiery temperament.

The story is told of the great Span- ish dancer, Escudero, who was no- torious for monumental temper tan- rums. On one occasion, his emotions were so surcharged that his valet was afraid to enter his dressing room and confront the screaming dancer.

Sol Hurok rose to the occasion with aplomb. He calmly walked in Escu- dero’s room while anxious stage hands prepared to catch him when he was tossed out.

“Hey, Escudero, I brought you a present!” Sol piped cheerily. The dancer glowered and looked suspi- ciously at the small object Hurok ex- tended toward him.

“Take it—it won’t bite—it’s a yo-yo!” purred Sol, making the yo-yo climb up and down the string.

“I like that toy,” said Escudero re- gally. “It is very funny.” And he spent an hour working the yo-yo while his temper tantrum subsided, and the theater management breathed in relief.

Sol knew a good thing when he saw it. He promptly went out and bought two dozen more yo-yos, to have around when other artists got temperamental. The playthings have worked like magic, helping Sol to keep his string of high-voltage enter- tainers performing profitably.

**Fashion Floated Down, Too!**

The airmen flying the air lift to storm-ridden Indians in New Mexico didn’t realize they were sending down a fashion note, too. But leave it to the women—the Navajo squaws this time.

The bright yellow nylon of the parachutes has become part of their dress. The squaws grabbed it up with bargain-basement speed.

The yellow adds to the gypsy-like apparel of the Indians who thread a mean needle and weave colorful blankets and rugs.

The style on the reservation, incidentally, is the long, hippy new look. It has been for the past 80 years, ever since the Navajos were corralled by Kit Carson near Albuquerque and the squaws copied the fashion of women of the Civil War era.

But even if the tailoring is old stuff, the nylon is new—and that’s the important thing!
It's a Clammy Deal!

So you think you have trouble keeping your secrets! Listen to the tale of the Pismo Clam. He has no privacy at all.

Each year, a research team of the California Fish and Game Division goes about digging up the clams at Pismo Beach—just for information. The clams are taken to a laboratory, they’re inspected with everything but a fluoroscope, they’re tagged, they’re watched for a while, their ages are recorded, and then they’re finally returned unharmed to their holes on the beach.

It’s all a part of the Fish and Game Division’s program of forecasting how the clam season will be four or five years hence, and the annual clam count is listed as one of the most remarkable and most accurate of all wildlife population reports.

The clam, despite this invasion of privacy, is one of the most accommodating seashore inhabitants this side of chowder. He doesn’t move around and normally doesn’t dig more than a foot deep in the sand. This makes him easy to reach, of course. He’s easy to study because he stays shut up like a clam, and the rings on his shells are never wrong in telling his age. A new ring appears every year.

Since it takes about five years for a clam to reach a legal size of five inches, the experts on fishes—and this chowder fodder is a shellfish—can predict the population five years in advance.

The census is used to set future bag limits, and it also can reveal violations of the fish and game code. For the guy who gets caught, the experts who dig, and the clam itself, it’s a clammy deal any way you look at it!

A Royal Snafu

While King Gustavus III of Sweden visited Paris about 1780, he was met by an enthusiastic deputation of educators from the Sorbonne, France’s outstanding university.

“We wish to congratulate Your Royal Highness on having such a remarkable man as Scheele in your Kingdom,” said the spokesman of the committee.

Not a close follower of scientific developments, King Gustavus didn’t know Scheele was the discoverer of magnesium. Silently, the Swedish monarch was thoroughly ashamed. That same day, he dispatched a courier to his palace with instructions for the Prime Minister to raise Scheele immediately “to the title and dignity of a count.”

“But who is Scheele?” asked the puzzled Prime Minister—who wasn’t a follower of science either. He instructed a secretary to inquire into the matter, and to find Scheele.

Within hours, the secretary proudly reported he had found Scheele. “He’s a lieutenant of the artillery, a good shot with small arms, and a first-rate billiard player,” reported the secretary.

The descendants of Scheele still enjoy some benefits derived from their lucky progenitor, for without delay the artillery lieutenant was made a count.

Meanwhile, Karl Wilhelm Scheele, the scientist who contributed so much to the world’s knowledge of chemistry, remained a simple burgher.

A Western movie consists of three things—gettin’ on a horse, gettin’ off a horse, and shootin’.
DANGER SIGNALS OF Mouth Cancer

By cooperating with your dentist, you can avoid most of the threat of this common form of cancer.

by CHARLES A. LEVINSON, D.M.D.

I HAD just selected my favorite magazine at the neighborhood drugstore. As I placed my money on the counter, my eyes focused on a brightly colored tin can nearby. On its label were these words: "Every three minutes someone dies of cancer."

As I left the store and started to walk home, I reflected on those I knew who had died of cancer.

First, there was my father-in-law who died of cancer of the stomach—a neglected case. My wife's friend, Ann, passed away a few years ago, a victim of cancer of the intestines. Then there was old Mr. R., a patient of mine, who developed cancer of the tongue and died after great suffering.

I also thought of two relatives, each of whom was afflicted with cancer of the right breast. These malignant breasts were removed surgically—one patient died, the other survived. The latter caught it in the nick of time.

Cancer, the number two killer of humanity, is as old as the hills. It has been plaguing man and woman like for a great many centuries. It no respecter of age or sex, but strikes at young and old, men and women, married and single.

Many victims of this dread disease are found in the under-21 age group, and in some cases babies are born with cancer. However, it is in the middle-aged group that cancer takes its biggest toll. About 170,000 persons died of cancer last year. Unless we take care and cooperate with the medical and dental profession, the number of deaths from cancer will be much greater this year.

Cancer is not a disease caused by a germ or infection. It is a disease which for some unknown reason develops within the body and, if not stopped in time, eventually kills its victims. Cancer is not contagious or communicable. It is definitely not hereditary.

THIS number two killer—heart disease being number one—can afflict any part of the human body. Lately a great many cases of mouth cancer have been detected which, without early treatment, could have resulted in the death of the patient.

It is important to remember that the dentist is the first one to see 50 per cent of all mouth cancers. Your dentist is in an excellent position to discover early signs of cancer.
of the mouth and tongue which, if diagnosed in time, may be successfully treated. That is one of the most important reasons for visiting your dentist every six months for periodic mouth check-ups.

However, don’t wait for the semi-annual check-up visit to your dentist if you feel a painless lump or thickening in the lips or tongue, or if you are troubled with persistent hoarseness or unexplained difficulty in swallowing. These may be danger signals. See your dentist and physician immediately. Remember that it is only in the early stages of cancer that a definite cure can be established. It is the foolish notion of waiting—putting it off because you are scared—that causes so many hopeless cases of cancer. If cancer’s many victims had been wise enough to seek early treatment, they might be alive today.

Cancer of the mouth is the most easily preventable form of cancer. Dental science has discovered that uncleanness of the mouth and chronic infection of the gums and teeth seem to be definitely associated with mouth cancers. These conditions can be corrected if we see the dentist in time.

The Author

A former member of the dental staff of the Evening Clinic of the Harvard University Dental School, Dr. Levinson is at present Examining and Consulting Dentist for leading food and insurance companies in Massachusetts and other states. He has contributed many articles to professional and lay publications, and is author of two books—Food, Teeth and Larceny, and The Examining Dentist in Food Hazard Cases.

IF ONE has early cancer of the lip, the dentist will immediately detect it because it is so conspicuous. Lip cancers develop from protruding or sharp or jagged teeth, sunburn, tobacco usage, and irritation from pipe smoking. Cancer of the lip in women cigarette smokers, for instance, is definitely increasing. Carpenters and shoemakers can develop cancer of the lip from the continual irritation of holding nails and tacks in their mouths.

Cancer of the tongue can originate from tartar deposits, sharp jagged roots left in the mouth, decayed broken teeth, imperfectly fitting denture or bridges, gold inlays or silver fillings with sharp corners—all of which continually irritate the tongue. Usually in cancer of the tongue we also find a very unclean mouth.

Those persons who wear partial or full dentures (plates) should have them checked every year so as to avoid the danger of a chronic irritation to the gum tissues, with a possible resultant cancerous condition of the mouth.

The early stages of cancer of the mouth, in most cases, can be recognized by any competent dentist. He will refer the patient so afflicted to one or more of the only three proved means of treatment: surgery, X-ray and radium.

Do not be duped by the great number of fraudulent remedies that are advertised as possible cures for cancer. Competent treatment is of the utmost importance in affecting a cure. Never be satisfied with less.

(Continued on page 18)
The wise child knows his own father—and lets it go at that!

by HAROLD H. BOWES

A CHICAGO business man who made several million dollars from lucrative war contracts decided that the one thing lacking in his new and easier life was a coat of arms.

After a call at the Newberry Library in Chicago, haunt of ancestor-hunters who prowl through its genealogical files, the magnate was advised to retain a professional family tree specialist before asking a heraldic expert to prepare the coat of arms.

"I spent $5,000 on genealogical research, and after six months the expert showed me irrefutable proof that my great-grandfather had been lynched as a cattle rustler," the millionaire confided to friends over a couple of cocktails. "Now my wife is broken-hearted and won't talk to me because she had her heart set on coat of arms for our new car and our stationery."

Actually, the war-rich Chicagoman probably saved money, for $5,000 isn't considered much moola for family tree research by the handful of well-paid professionals who climb the branches searching for illustrious ancestors.

In Connecticut, for example, one family paid out a cool $300,000 for a research job which had experts scurrying in musty libraries in France, England and Scotland in their search for proof of noble lineage. The genealogists came up with a handful of excellent ancestors, but no noblemen. They collected their fees, notwithstanding.

In the genealogist's work, there is no such thing as a hurry-up job. You can't expect proof of ancestry in a few days or weeks, no matter how enticing you make the fee. One rich man hired a genealogist full time for a period of five years, in order to claim a lineage of which he could boast.

The genealogist delivered the goods—a complicated chart in a vellum cover, tied with red ribbons. The tab was $40,000 for the five-year term of service, and the client bragged that he had copped his family tree "for peanuts."

One man who knows the ancestor business inside and out is Fred Virkus of Chicago, a courtly, white-haired man who heads the Institute of American Genealogy. He deplores the lack of family knowledge prevalent in 80 per cent of all American homes. "Most of us," he says mournfully, "do not know our ancestors other than our grandparents—and sometimes not even them."

The main trouble is, say Virkus and other family tree climbers, that most individuals confuse surnames with ancestry. Miss Mary Washington, for example, a prim, colorless fourth-grade teacher, has believed all
her life that she is a descendant of George Washington. How come?  
"I heard my grandmother say so. Besides it's our family name!"

Actually, she hasn’t the slightest claim to kinship with the father of our country, having combined wishful thinking and her surname into a fixed idea that she is very great shakes socially, indeed.

An identical last name might signify something to the trained genealogist, but more often it is pure coincidence if your final moniker is the same as that of one of history’s great personages.

Consider the numerous claims to ancestors who were knights in the medieval days. Experts dourly shake their heads at these, asserting that only one person out of every twenty claimants to knightly ancestry has any right to assert such forebears.

If you want to make the first steps in shaking the leaves on your own family tree, your first task is to interview your oldest living relatives, be they grandparents or great-aunts. This isn’t a simple job. Most elderly people have a disregard for accuracy. It’s wise to check their claims with family papers and the fly-leaves of old Bibles.

You’ll find that Uncle Sam has unwittingly become the No. 1 friend of the genealogists. That’s because Uncle’s old census books, and the records of the military pension department in the veterans’ bureau at Washington, frequently prove to be treasure troves of authentic family information. Many lawsuits involving fat estates have been settled on the basis of evidence unearthed by ancestor sleuths digging through Washington’s endless archives.

In your search for a sturdy, respectable, and perhaps illustrious family tree, you should learn the church affiliations and places of residence of long-dead relatives. Many a country church registry book has provided the missing link in the chain of information needed to complete an authentic family background chart.

Even if you’re a beagle at research your best efforts may get you back only to the sixth generation. Beyond that point, you’ll probably have to hire a genealogist. Though some of these professionals earn as much as $12,000 a year, you can hire a competent researcher for as little as $1.50 an hour. Even at that modest rate your total bill can become overwhelming, for no legitimate ancestor-hunter can promise you that he will complete an assignment in an exact period of time.

Best estimates are that American spend around $10,000,000 annually for this type of service. There are 2,300 qualified genealogists, well trained and utterly devoted to their work. Many are snobs; they get the way from exhuming bygone knight and solons.

But the majority of men and women who possess the endless patience required to track down ancestors are earnest, hard-working people who average around $5,000 a year for their efforts. Travel expenses are paid by the client.

Mr. Virkus’ Institute of American Genealogy is called by its pres
dent “the clearing house for American family trees.” That’s because the Institute has on file the names of 425,000 ancestors of living Americans—a golden treasure which gives it dignity and status as the largest collection of family tree information in the country.

Genealogists tend to become highly specialized. Take Mrs. Isaac Powell of Chicago—she works chiefly at uncovering ancestors with New York Dutch backgrounds. Another woman advertises that she is a whiz at tracing family trees back to Magna Charta days. And several genealogists have adapted big business methods to their strange profession: they use portable microfilm machines and make their own records of priceless and fragile church registries and library books.

Not all genealogical research is done to tickle the vanity of well-to-

people. Lawyers with tough estate problems have to be certain of their facts when ancestry is in doubt; a great fortune may be lost for want of some urgent genealogical research. Other individuals who have taken family tree climbing purely as a hobby have made new and interesting friends as a result of their pastime. A Des Moines, Iowa, man, writing to various cities for information about possible ancestors, found many clues and made friends among people bearing his surname. A dozen such individuals teamed up with him to form their own genealogical society. They now meet once a year for a social clambake and the exchange of genealogical information.

There are 350,000 members of 64 “old line” patriotic societies in the United States. In all of them, genuine proof of colonial ancestry is required before a membership card is issued. Among these societies are the Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of Revolutionary Sires, Colonial Dames of America, and the Society of the Cincinnati.

Operating on the fringes of the ancestor-tracing profession are scores of phony genealogists and money-grubbing “heraldic specialists” who will provide anybody with a family tree and a water color coat of arms for a sawbuck. There’s no law to keep them from selling phony family trees, and the supply of gullible purchasers is unending. But the real McCoy in the genealogical profession look on such merchants with the same disdain a bank president bestows on a loan shark.

If you are intent on grabbing off a family coat of arms, think for a moment of the sad experience of one family which paid $75 for a “guaranteed” shield to hang over their fireplace. When it was proudly unveiled to admiring neighbors, one sourpuss spoiled the evening by calling attention to the fact that the “coat of arms” was the same emblem used on the gas tanks of a well-known oil company!
When it comes to girls, even conservatives don’t mind liberal views.

A woman never loafs; she shops, entertains and visits.

One of the greatest labor-saving devices of today is tomorrow.

Keep your mind on your work, not your work on your mind.

An executive is a man who wears his frown on his assistant’s face.

No prejudice has ever been able to prove its case in the court of reason.

The height of delicacy was displayed by the flagpole sitter who, when his wife died, sat at half-mast.

According to toilet soap ads, love is a skin affection.

A need of the times is a typewriter that will make a noncommittal wiggle when you aren’t sure about the spelling.

A man may fall several times, but he isn’t a failure until he starts saying someone pushed him.

One thing worse than being alone is being with someone who makes being alone a pleasure.

When a man sings his own praises he invariably pitches the tune too high.

Prejudice is being positive about something negative.

When a man insults a woman, he is expected to apologize. When a woman insults a man, she thinks he has it coming to him.

A burlesque show is where the actresses assume that everyone is from Missouri.

An officer of ancient Rome was called away to the wars. Just before he left, he locked his beautiful young wife in armor and gave the key to his best friend with the admonition, “If I don’t return within six months, use this key. To you, my true and loyal friend, I entrust it.” He then galloped off to battle.

About ten miles from home, he saw a cloud of dust approaching from behind, and drew in his reins. Soon his trusted friend came dashing up, shouting, “Wait, you gave me the wrong key!”
The grunion hunt is California’s newest seaside craze.

by ROSCOE A. POLAND

PROBABLY if someone from outside California mentioned that he had seen thousands of glittering fish dancing on their tails on a moonlit beach, people would think him the possessor of an active imagination or slightly crazy. But such strange dances actually do take place every year along the Pacific Coast from Monterey to Lower California. The gyrations are performed by hordes of slender, shining fish called grunion. Their swaying performance is one act of a remarkable drama of nature.

The grunion is a clean, bluish-silver little fellow, classified as a member of the silversides family. He’s very tasty when cooked, but doesn’t interest professional fishermen, for his full-grown length is only seven inches.

However, he does fascinate hundreds of people with his spawning habits, which are weird enough to provide inspiration for a surrealist painting. Flashing in on the high tides of either the new or full moon, grunion come to the beaches to spawn during the period from early March to August, with the largest runs occurring from the middle of April to June.

Spawning is done between waves when the fish are completely out of the water. The female bores into the soft sand with her tail and wiggles down until she is half-covered. Each female is accompanied by several males, perhaps half a dozen or more. While spawning, the fish whirl, twist and spin like fantastic dancers.

The fertilized eggs are deposited beyond the reach of the waves, where they stay until the next high tides two weeks later. The onrush of high water undermines the sheltering sand and exposes the eggs. Immediately upon exposure, the baby grunion burst forth from the eggs and are carried out to sea. As both spawning and hatching take place late at night, eggs and hatched-out small fry are protected from hungry sea birds.

After spawning, the parent fish ride back to the ocean on the very next wave—unless caught by the clutching hands of a grunion hunter. These runs provide exciting midnight sport to people of all ages. No one is too amateurish a fisherman to catch them, for they may be caught by hand only. That’s the law—no lines, nets or scoops are allowed. This law was enacted to stop the once wasteful practice of netting thousands of the tiny fellows just for sport. Before legal control was established, the beaches were littered with piles of unused fish cast aside by greedy hunt-
ers. A closed season during April and May further protects the tasty, silvery fish from extinction.

But during the open season, there’s exciting fun for all who come to the grunion hunts. Bonfires crackle on the beaches as crowds anxiously await midnight, the hour hordes of fish are expected to arrive.

Suddenly, the shimmering advance guard of grunion appears. With shouts of, “Here they come!” the crowd, each member of it eager to grab the first fish, scrambles and splashes into the water. There are shrieks as some few unfortunates slip in the wet sand and fall headlong among the quivering mass of fish. Struggling beginners clutch wildly at the squirming, flopping grunion. Experienced fishers deftly palm the little fish and quickly slip them into gunny sacks or flour bags. These make the best containers, but many people are seen filling buckets, dish pans, milk bottles and even boxes with the silvery catch.

During a good run, grunion fling themselves forward in such numbers that it’s hard to avoid trampling them. But being at the beach at the right time to snare the large runs is not simply a matter of luck. Careful pre-
dictions of the time of arrival are worked out by scientists; however, the actual appearance of runs can’t be guaranteed any more than election results or spring weather.

On the night of a predicted run, only a few fish may appear. Again, they may be numerous, but for some reason stay in the deep water off shore. Once an impatient crowd of about 200 persons waiting at San Diego’s Mission Beach was rewarded with one lone grunion. The scheduled run failed to show up in spite of perfect conditions—high tide and a full moon.

It is thought that a true run lasts only one or two nights. The times when but a few scattered fish show up are called “lulls.” The grunion hunters then have to be satisfied with having had a nice beach picnic.

But those who persist are rewarded with an unforgettable experience. Few spectators can resist the urge to join the noisy crowd and scoop up handfuls of fish.

“And the best part of all,” say veteran grunion hunters, “is the eating. There’s nothing more delectable than those tender, tasty little fish, fried over a blazing beach fire in the moonlight.”

DANGER SIGNALS OF MOUTH CANCER

(Continued from page 12)

Seek good advice from your local health authorities. They will give you information about where to obtain proper treatment.

Remember that most cancers can definitely be cured if they are detected in time and properly treated. They must be caught before any malignant cells have broken away from the site of the original cancer and spread havoc through the blood stream to other parts of the body.

Don’t procrastinate! Don’t you be a victim of Killer Number Two.
Of the few remaining craftsmen, Sam Seifter is perhaps the greatest.

by ELLIS MICHAEL

S H O E M A K E R Samuel H. Seifter once made a pair of men's patent leather shoes that he considered so perfect, he couldn't bring himself to part with them. So he made up a second pair for his customer and kept the originals himself. Today — 35 years later — he still displays the shoes proudly, considers them his finest work.

To Seifter, making shoes is more than a matter of stitching soles or hammering nails into heels. It's an art, requiring the skill and creative inspiration of painting or sculpturing.

Seifter, who refers to himself as a "custom bootmaker," has been building shoes to individual order for 54 years. At present, he's one of some ten remaining bootmakers in the United States. He has made shoes for Lillian Russell, United States Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, John Barrymore, movie producer Mervyn LeRoy, and dozens of other notables. Yet, despite the thousands of pairs he's designed and built, he still considers each new order for shoes as much of a challenge as an artist would an order for an oil painting.

Recently, a well-dressed man strode into his little shop located on West 52nd Street near New York's mid-town area. Under one arm the man carried a pair of black dress oxfords. Thinking he was in an ordinary shoe-repair shop, he asked to have his shoes resoled. Seifter examined the oxfords carefully. Finally, he offered to do the job — for $18.

"I tried to tell the customer that repairing his shoes wouldn't be easy," he explains wryly. "You see, they were unbalanced to begin with. In order to balance them properly, I would have had to design a new type of sole." The startled customer, however, couldn't grasp the aesthetic problem involved. Instead, he snatched up his oxfords and beat a hurried retreat.

Ordinarily, Sam Seifter charges anywhere from $75 to $200 for a pair of custom-built shoes. His most expensive pair, however, set an actor with badly fallen arches back $250.

A vigorous, bespectacled little man of 72, he is gifted with the sensitive touch of a violinist. By passing his fingers over a customer's ankle bone, interior and exterior arch and metatarsal, he gets a "mental picture" of how the shoe should be built. He also takes into account the customer's height, weight and stride. These factors tell him exactly how the shoe must be balanced.

Bootmaker Seifter's most important and painstaking task is modeling wooden replicas—or "master lasts" —of the customer's feet. He may re-
quire a dozen visits before he's satisfied that he has done a perfect job. Then the shoe itself is built on the last.

Sam is a sentimental old man who enjoys his work, and can reel off stories about it for hours at a time. His most interesting customer, he reminisces, was E. Barry Wall, a wealthy dandy of the Gay Nineties era. Wall had a pair of shoes for each suit of clothing. Whenever he had a new waistcoat made, he would order the tailor to send Seifter a piece of the same type of cloth, specifying that it was to be used in lining the interior of his shoes.

John Barrymore, while trying on a pair of new shoes just before his death, roared, “You know Sam, these shoes are so comfortable, I wouldn't mind being buried in them.” Shortly afterward, the Great Profile was laid to rest. He was wearing that very pair of shoes.

For genuine charm and friendliness, Lillian Russell was tops in Seifter's book. “Considering that she was a great big woman, she had the smallest, most perfect feet I've ever seen,” he recalls wistfully. Today, he still displays in his shop window a delicately finished high-button shoe that he made for Miss Russell in 1901.

Nowadays, one of Sam's favorite customers is Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Douglas, who rarely gets to New York, has his shoes delivered by parcel post or express. Each time he receives a new pair, he sends the little bootmaker a telegram, congratulating him on his latest bit of shoemaking wizardry. Most customers who come to Seifter with foot trouble find that their aches and pains disappear after they've worn his shoes for awhile. Last spring, a 64-year-old, retired policeman limped into his shop, leaning on a cane. He explained that he'd spent a small fortune caring for an acute case of flat feet, but without success. Two weeks after Sam finished his shoes, the former cop was back still carrying his walking stick. Without a word, he broke the cane in half, handed the pieces to the bootmaker. “Please keep this as a souvenir,” he said. “I'll never need the damned thing again.”

Seifter made elevator shoes for diminutive customers long before shoe manufacturers took up the idea. He also has made old-fashioned shoes for actors appearing in Broadway pe-
period productions. Until recently, he made shoes for women as well as men. But he's given that up. He explains that most women can't see the point in spending $100 for a pair of shoes that might go out of style next month.

Sam will design and build any style of shoe. Some customers are as vain about their shoe fashions as a Park Avenue dowager is about an exclusive hat. He's often been asked to design shoes that cannot be duplicated easily. During the years he's had some unusual requests.

One of his customers, a wealthy restaurant owner, bet a shoe-manufacturer friend $1000 that he could buy a pair of shoes the manufacturer couldn't duplicate. The shoe executive, unaware that his friend intended having the shoes designed by Seifter, accepted the wager. For two months the manufacturer's workmen tried to duplicate the style and workmanship, finally gave up. In desperation, the shoe magnate came to Seifter, offered him $300 to make up another pair. The bootmaker refused. It would have been unethical, he explains, inasmuch as the restaurant owner had made him take an oath never to make another pair in the same design.

Active beyond his 72 years, Seifter doesn't look over 50. He opened his first shop when he was 17. Extremely youthful-looking, he had to grow a mustache in order to gain the confidence of potential customers.

Twice married, Sam has a daughter living in California. Several years ago, motion picture producer Mervyn LeRoy asked him why he didn't move to Hollywood to take greater advantage of the cinema trade. "I told him that New York is where bootmaking started and flourished in this country," Seifter says, looking down at a melange of French, Swiss and Russian restaurants below his shop windows. "I don't think I could do my work without this New York hustle and bustle. The atmosphere gives me inspiration."

Seifter predicts that custom bootmaking will die out completely in ten more years. No apprentices have entered the field for more than two decades. Thus there is no method by which bootmaking secrets can be passed down to posterity, he explains regretfully.

In addition to the lasts which he keeps on hand to fill current shoe orders, Sam also maintains a collection of more than 1000 others, dating back to the turn of the century. Many of the customers for whom they were made have long since passed away. Why doesn't he get rid of them?

"These lasts are my life's work," he retorts with dignity. "How can I throw them away? Does an artist discard a painting of which he is proud, just because it has no commercial value?"

The Kansas City police recently discovered the body of a Chinese in his hotel room. In a curt summation of the facts, the WHB newsgatherer covering the event reported: "Coroner estimates subject dead at least a week. Slow maid service."
It Isn't Human . . .

CALL them lower forms of life if you want to, but animals, mollusks and insects certainly do add new complications.

In Los Angeles, an estranged couple went before Judge Elmer D. Doyle to fight for custody of their highly-trained two-year-old cocker spaniel, Kelly. Said the wife, "Kelly can say 'I love mama' but can't even say 'papa.'" Kelly demonstrated his exceptional prowess. Said the judge, "Custody goes to the wife forthwith." Said the husband, "Uncle!"

George Brown, a British Columbia farmer, isn't a reformer, but when his cows got so plastered they laid down while being milked . . . well, that was too much.

Brown reported the intoxication to a testing association, which found the wayward cows became pie-eyed from eating fallen apples which had fermented.

In the insect world, butterflies go on binges too. At Pacific Grove, California, the Monarch butterflies come back every year just like the swallows do at Capistrano. Celebrating their most recent arrival, the Monarchs drank too much milkweed juice and then hung upside down on pine tree branches to sleep off their hangovers.

Still woozy, some of them flew into electric lights and were burned to death. Consequently, butterfly lovers asked cancellation of the annual celebration given in honor of the Monarchs.

In San Diego, a snail figured in a lawsuit. A contractor was charged with failing to put thresholds for doors in a $25,000 home. As a result, a snail of the common garden variety entered the house and was picked up and eaten by a small daughter, the plaintiff complained.

A mouse broke up a trial in Baltimore. It ran up the bailiff's arm as he tried to chase it away from the judge's desk, and then scampered all over the place. A sudden recess was called when the mischievous rodent ran under the jury box. The jury included four women.

There's been considerable backfence talking at Owosso, Michigan. James Ockerman shot at what he thought was a weasel in his backyard. It turned out to be a rare mink from the farm of Charles Isham, a neighbor, and was worth $250. Ockerman's marksmanship was too good.

The United States Senate knows the price of mink on the hoof, too. The senators passed a bill allowing A. J. Sprouffske $2,079 damages. Sprouffske charged that low-flying planes over his mink farm at Roy, Washington, so disturbed Ma and Pa Mink that they killed their young in frustration.

The government also knows about wasps. Two species of a small black variety have been imported to help fight the Japanese beetle. Something else to look forward to on your next picnic!
Slow Down and

Exercise is the young man's fun, the old man's folly.

by JIM NEWELL

They buried Sam Warren recently, and everybody at the funeral said the same thing, "What a pity; he had so many good years left!" Sam's friends were right, for at 45 a man should look forward confidently to another 20 years of rich and satisfying living.

Actually, though not intentionally, Sam committed suicide on the tennis court. He was proud of his agility and proud of his deft handling of a tennis racket—so much so that when his college-age son yelled, "Come on, Dad, how about a fast set?" Sam was reluctant to turn him down, even though he was physically tired from a long business trip by car.

Sam keeled over in the fifth game while the sun was shining mercilessly on his bare head. The doctor came soon but it was too late; an embolism had caused immediate death, brought on by over-exertion.

Of the 30,000,000 Americans between the ages of 40 and 60, at least half believe that they must participate vigorously in strenuous sports if they are not to be labeled as dated, or "squares," by the impatient teen-age crowd. Others exercise diligently, wearing themselves out in the process, because they have the erroneous idea that daily, tiring exercise is the highway to health.

As a matter of fact, you'll live longer if you slow down, says Dr. Peter Steincrohn, an expert on over-exercise, who has written a book on the evils of strenuous athletics for middle-aged men. One man described by Dr. Steincrohn was a happy, 36-year-old executive who faithfully exercised 30 minutes each morning before breakfast. Every week, he went to the handball court, and was ordinarily proud when the younger fellows would say, "Gosh, you'd never think he was 36! He gets around like a high school athlete."

He kept it up ten years and basked in glory as the local papers, every now and then, respectfully mentioned his handball prowess. His doctor warned him to slack off, but he pooh-poohed the words of caution, replying, "Exercise keeps me young in spirit as well as in body. I'd feel old if I didn't have my regular workout."

Then it happened; he died suddenly when his fearfully-enlarged heart became played out. His blood pressure had hit 220. Sedentary office associates were his pallbearers, while the young fellows he had tried to emulate said, "Poor old Joe, whatever happened? We thought he was good for another 40 years of handball."

If your summer vacation is nearing, heed the words of a prominent Chicago physician who says, "The months
of June, July and August are the killer months for the middle-aged business man who starts thinking he is a kid again. Portly corporation directors, who all year do nothing more strenuous than swivel in a chair, suddenly start playing 36 holes of golf, sailing, weight-lifting, and playing tennis. Small wonder that the doctors are busiest — and so are the undertakers—when vacation months roll around!"

Some middle-aged men who exercise to the point of overdoing it say, in self-justification, that it's the only way to keep their excess poundage at bay.

Doctors scoff at this belief. Says Dr. Donald Laird, famed authority on sleep, exercise, and reducing, "Even when you become exhausted by bending, twisting and stretching, in the desire to lose a few pounds, all you lose from your over-exertion is body water."

Weight reduction, of course, is accomplished principally by diet, and the middle-aged man who stuffs himself three times a day and then tries to lose flesh by a week end of murderous activity on the golf course or tennis court is kidding only himself. More important, he may be digging an early grave at the very time he thinks he is doing the most intelligent thing for the improvement of his health.

Women, too, can shorten their years or become invalids through over-exercise. Consider the case of the Kansas City housewife who enjoyed press notices on her golf ability in the country club tournaments. She did all her own housework, had three children to care for, and shopped in crowded stores several days a week.

At 39, she was told by her doctor, "You think you are in peak physical condition, but you're not. When you shop on an average day downtown, you walk eight miles on the streets and through store aisles. That's a lot of exertion, when added to the physical effort required in raising children and caring for a six-room house. Better go easy on the golf!" She blithely disregarded his counsel, tackled 18 holes one broiling Saturday, and suffered a stroke which has kept her in bed for the last three years.

Some people exercise to the point of exhaustion in the hope that it will put them to sleep. But doctors know better. Such over-exertion stimulates the nervous system while depleting the reservoir of energy, and sleep becomes harder to court than before.

If you are hell-bent on vigorous exercise, then make certain that your body is prepared to stand the wear and tear such exercise entails. At the Rockefeller Foundation, they'll tell you that only seven out of every hundred Americans have an annual physical check-up. And yet, a periodic check-up is virtually life insurance for the middle-aged man or woman with a yen for golf, tennis or baseball. If such a check-up shows you should go easy on exercise, or avoid it completely, it is suicidal folly to take on 18 holes of golf on a hot day, followed by several cocktails and a rich dinner.

Occasionally, you may run across an oldster who seems none the worse (Continued on page 35)
EVERYBODY gathered for the race in Sacramento’s park that sunny afternoon. There were adventurers, gold miners, farmers, bartenders, Easterners in long black coats, river gamblers, ranch hands, cooks, Chinese laborers, a few Russians from Alaska, and a sprinkling of dance-hall girls.

“Who ever heard of a camel race?” shouted one miner who was happy about word he’d just received at the assayer’s office. Everybody laughed when he added, “Why, my burro can run faster than any of those long-shafted, double-humped, ugly-faced sons-o’-the-desert!”

Until that day, April 7, 1864, nobody had heard of such a race, and there hasn’t been one since. Ten Bactrian camels, with saddles cinched tightly and riders up, were at the starting line. Anything could happen, and plenty did—all of it funny!

The camels, accustomed to carrying heavy cargo at a slow, steady gait, were a stubborn lot and refused to move when the starting gun was fired. They hated the saddles as much as they hated the people who continually whooped, shouted and laughed at them. Spurs dug deeply into their hairy sides, but they wouldn’t run. One or two ambled out at a deliberate pace, but certainly not in racing style. The others needed more coaxing and cussing—and got both. Finally, the race was a procession of slowly moving legs shuffling over the course.

One camel was well out in front as it turned into the last lap, and the crowd shouted loud approval. Maybe the unaccustomed noise caused the angry Bactrian to balk. Anyhow, it snorted and stopped stone still, and the others—like so many sheep—did the same.

Now the crowd roared with laughter as the rider tried every trick he knew. Spurs, the whip, soft talk and angry words couldn’t budge the beast, and the situation became funnier by the minute. Finally, the rider leaped from the saddle, ran to a mule hitched nearby, mounted it, and spurred across the finish line.

The “race” was the talk of Sacramento and the outlying territory for weeks. It had been staged to collect money for a poverty-stricken citizen. The poor fellow got only $100, which, in those days of sudden wealth and high prices, wasn’t much.

However, so far as the history of the West was concerned, the race was more than just a comical event. It was a final scene in the drama of Jeff Davis and his camels, an imaginative attempt to utilize “ships of
the desert" as freight-carriers filling in the gap between the covered wagon and the "Iron Horse." Many Westerners had believed the plan practical, and found a staunch supporter in Jefferson Davis who, in 1853, was a senator from Mississippi.

"We've got to have them," Davis drawled in his rich Southern voice. "The men who are pushing through the wilderness are shouting for an animal that can go without water for days and still carry a heavy pack on its back."

He waged a vigorous fight, but rallied very little support. The idea gained impetus, however, when Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, then superintendent of Indian Affairs in California and Nevada, traveled through Death Valley with Kit Carson. Beale was quick to realize the value camels would have in this waterless expanse, and immediately urged importation of them.

When Davis became secretary of war in President Pierce's cabinet, an appropriation of $30,000 was set aside to buy 78 camels, and a commission was appointed to travel to the Orient to make the purchases.

The first shipment arrived at Indianola, south of Galveston, Texas, in 1855, after a storm-tossed trip in which everybody but the camels became seasick. The ocean was so rough that the animals had to be tied down in a kneeling position in the holds to keep them from rolling and endangering the stability of the ship. The camels, all Bactrians, accepted their strange fate in stoic silence.

They were anything but silent, though, when they set foot on land One observer reported they were so excited to feel sand under them again that they kicked, reared, tore up the pickets at the dock, broke their leather strappings and cried out in long screeches. Generally, they raised havoc before wide-eyed onlookers.

Once ashore, they were still a long way from their destination. The next stop was San Antonio. Some Oriental natives, brought along to keep the camels in check, proved utterly useless, so the Army officers and their aids were compelled to play nursemaid. The Bactrians attracted attention wherever they went. Americans had never seen camels before. In fact, before the Army commission went to the Orient, members of it had stopped at the London zoo to see what type of beast the camel was and to study its behavior.

Ugly and hateful as they were, the 28 camels which left San Antonio slogged across the southwestern desert to Fort Tejon, near Bakersfield, California—a distance of 1200 miles! For the next three years they carried freight and Army supplies. They could carry a thousand pounds without too much effort, a marked advantage over burros and horses. At one time they packed mail between Fort Tejon and Los Angeles.

Two things stood out as principal reasons for the collapse of the camel freight system. Neither the Indians nor the Mexicans of the Southwest were good at camel driving and camel care, and without qualified tenders the camel route couldn't be operated.

Also, this was an era of quick
change. The West was having growing pains. The railroad was nearly ready to link up East and West, and even as the locomotive chugged deeper and deeper into the new country, the camel project was considered a folly.

Meanwhile, notice came that Fort Tejon, the principal terminus of the freight system, was to be abandoned in 1861. Consequently, the Army began selling the camels as so much surplus.

They were auctioned off at Benicia, north of San Francisco, and as they passed through the Bay City, they became the big news of the day. An item in the enterprising San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin reported on the procession and added, "Rancheros run wild with fear at the sight of them."

The auction was held on February 26, 1864. Samuel McLenehan, who planned an overland freight system of his own, was the high bidder. McLenehan took 31 of the camels to his ranch in Sonoma County, California, and they gave him little trouble. Those which "raced" at Sacramento in the West's one and only camel race were McLenehan's. He had brought them to Sacramento for a hauling job, and it was then that some fun-loving resident suggested the contest.

After the event, the camels performed their proper task by carrying a heavy load to the Nevada Territory. That was more their style.

McLenehan eventually sold some of the animals. Some went to a concern which used them to haul express from California to St. Louis, a trip which they made in 20 days. Others were sold to a construction company for dragging and hauling building materials. A few men tried camels-raising as a business, without success.

Reports of wild camels became widespread a few years later. These reports, none of which proved true, were made mostly between 1880 and 1890 in Arizona and New Mexico. The State of Nevada even passed a law forbidding camels "from running at large on public highways." It made liable to a fine any person owning those which did amble about the desert unattended. There's no record of conviction nor even violation, and the law was taken off the books in 1889.

Before their swift passing, the camels of Jeff Davis played a role in the development of the West more important than the tonnage they carried on their two-humped backs. Their ludicrous labors called attention to the pressing need of faster, surer, more dependable transportation for a section of the nation which was bulging with activity, optimism, and promise for the future.

△

An American couple decided to send a play-pen to a friend in northern Canada on the arrival of her fourth child.

"Thank you so much for the pen," she wrote them. "It's wonderful—I sit in it every afternoon and read, and the children can't get near me."
—Edison Voice Writing.
“Of course it’s only temporary—until he gets a darkroom downstairs!”
Lawmaker, en garde!

VIOLENCE on the HILL

by JAMES L. HARTE

CAPITOL HILL, location of the seat of the Government of the United States, becomes simply “the Hill” to the person who has spent more than a week in Washington, D. C., and thus has become an authority. But few of the wide-eyed visitors who gaze in awe at the quiet dignity of the massive State buildings and well-groomed lawns realize that the Hill repeatedly has been the scene of bloody violence which sometimes threatens the people’s representatives.

The little two-car electric monorail trolley that carries senators through subterranean corridors connecting the Senate Office Building with the Senate Wing of the Capitol is distinctive not merely because it is the only one of its kind in the country—even the lowlier members of the House of Representatives must walk through their subway—but because it is the spot where the most recent attack on a government official took place.

It was on July 12, 1947, a hot, humid day when the subway offered a cool retreat for the trip from office to place of work, that Ohio’s Senator John W. Bricker emerged from the basement elevator of the Senate Office Building and prepared to board the Capitol-bound electric car. Suddenly a pistol cracked sharply and a bullet whizzed by the Senator’s ear to lodge in a wall 15 feet away. Bricker, dropping his cloak of senatorial dignity, leaped into the car commanded the operator to “get the hell out of here,” then crouched behind the protective backs of the car’s seats. The assailant, a frail-looking little man, reloaded his long-barreled, single-shot .22 calibre pistol and fired a second deliberate shot at the solon as the trolley sped to safety. Like the first, the second bullet missed.

Later, when the hue and cry had subsided and the attacker was safely in the hands of the police, tall, silver-haired Bricker joked, “I was lucky to be missed. You know, I make a pretty big target.”

The poor fellow who fired upon the Senator was an elderly man who bore Bricker no personal grievance. Fifteen years previous to the incident, he had lost every penny of his savings in a Columbus, Ohio, building and loan association investment. Over the years the embittered man had brooded and thirsted for vengeance. His attempted assassination of white-thatched Senator Bricker, former governor of Ohio, was the strangely illogical result of the years of brooding.
Thus violence flares on the Hill. It is not so frequent as to be classed as an occupational hazard, yet the shooting at the Ohio legislator has historical precedents, a number of them sharply tragic.

Capitol tourists still are shown what are said to be bloodstains on the marble steps that lead from the House corridor to the basement of the Capitol building. The stains are purported to remain from one of the grisliest attacks in our nation’s history. On February 26, 1890, a frenzied newspaperman named Kincaid waylaid Representative Taulbee, member of the House from Kentucky, on the steps and fired several shots into his head and body, killing him instantly.

Earlier, Kincaid had written disparagingly of the Kentuckian’s voting record on certain legislation. Congressman Taulbee, peeved, sought out the newspaperman and, it is recorded, “twice tweaked his ears.” The ear-pulling cost the Congressman his life the following afternoon as Kincaid, gun in hand, waited for him.

Sam Houston, famed soldier of history, made one of the earliest attacks on a member of Congress. Representative Stanbury of Ohio stated on the Floor of the House in March, 1836, that General Houston had received a Government contract for Indian rations through fraud. A week later, on April 1st, Stanbury was strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue in the direction of the Capitol when he was overtaken by Houston.

“Fraud!” barked the irate General as he raised the cane he carried and proceeded to rain blows upon the hapless lawmaker. Stanbury tried to run from his attacker, but Houston tripped him and continued to strike him with the cane as he lay helpless in the street. Stanbury attempted to loose a pistol he had in his waistcoat, but the soldier wrested the weapon from him and continued the beating until several passersby at last intervened.

Laws of the country protect congressmen from suits of libel or slander for remarks made in Senate or House, but there is no protection from such hot-tempered critics as Sam Houston. Senator Sumner of Massachusetts discovered this to his physical and mental anguish on May 22, 1856. In a stirring speech several days earlier, the Senator had uttered some vitriolic statements concerning the State of South Carolina. On the morning of the 22nd he was seated at his office desk when an unidentified South Carolinian entered. The stranger heaped verbal abuse on Sumner, and whipped him thoroughly with a heavy stick for “libeling the State of South Carolina.”

Another senator, Nevada’s Henderson, was subjected to an unjustified attack similar to the one upon Senator Bricker. On March 5, 1921, Senator Henderson was seated in the outer room of his Senate Office Building suite when a man named Grock entered, flourishing a pistol. Just as the wild-eyed intruder fired, Henderson threw up an arm to guard his face. This action saved his life, for the bullet entered the fleshy part of his forearm, when otherwise it would have struck his forehead. The Senator then hustled to the safety of his inner office, slamming and locking the door in the face of his attacker.
Grock, subdued by a clerk who rushed into the office from the corridor, was discovered to be holding a 25-year-old Nevada land grievance against the Government. Years of brooding had caused the twisted turn for vengeance upon the Senator.

Former Minnesota Congressman Melvin Maas warded off possible death or serious injury for his colleagues and himself in December of 1932. The Floor of the House was jammed with representatives anxious to rush legislation to completion in time for a Christmas holiday adjournment. Suddenly, in the gallery above the Floor a man rose, shouting that Congress was failing the country. He drew from his coat pocket a revolver he had successfully smuggled past the gallery guards and, as he waved the weapon menacingly, vowed to shoot unless granted 20 minutes in which to address the House.

Representatives began to flee for their lives through all available exits as the raging fellow, a Pennsylvanian called Kemmerer, glared down upon them. Maas, unperturbed, looked up to face the threat, and in a gently persuasive voice finally succeeded in getting Kemmerer to lower the gun. As he did, two Capitol guards closed in from behind, and the legislators were again safe.

The late West Coast congressman, Marion Zioncheck, rated a good deal of newspaper space during his time in the House because of his penchant for speeding. Immune to arrest while the Congress was in session, Zioncheck was a menace to safety on the road.

One afternoon he almost ran down a Washington traffic policeman. The cop, smarting over his inability to jail the Congressman, vowed to do the next best thing. When off duty, he encountered the reckless legislator and administered him a sound drubbing with his fists.

Little of the violence that sometimes shadows Capitol Hill is long remembered. Perhaps the one fatal shooting that will go down in history is that of Huey Long. It did not occur in the national capital, but on the steps of the Louisiana State Capitol in Baton Rouge on September 10, 1935. However, Long was a United States Senator when the killing took place, and the incident therefore can be added to the story of violence on the national legislative scene.

There are other tales of senators and representatives being beset by constituents in their home bailiwicks and subjected to beatings or other minor forms of mayhem, but these are not a part of official records and are less easy to document.

The 1947 Bricker affray has caused a trebling of guards on the Hill; guaranteeing that violence in the future will be less than in the past.

So if your representative or senator rouses your ire to such extent that your vote is not a sufficient weapon against him, don't attempt to wreak vengeance upon him while he is in Washington. Wait and watch. Your chances are better at home.

The only man who is happy when business is dull is a scissors grinder.
Hannah Montague's Invention

HANNAH MONTAGUE was sullen. Her fingers jerked at the yarn as she knitted a sock. Once she sighed. Usually, she'd have some choice morsel of news about one of the neighbors on their modest street in Troy, New York. This night she was silent.

Sitting in a chair opposite her, casting inquisitive glances as he shuffled his way through a paper, her husband stood the silence as long as possible. Finally, he asked, "What's upset you, dear?"

"Those shirts of yours," replied Hannah in exasperated breath. "The collars get dirty before the rest of the shirt needs washing. It's no easy job washing them I'll tell you!"

Montague was genuinely sympathetic. "I know, and I'm sorry," he said. At least, he decided, that might make her feel better.

"If there only were some way of doing them separately," Hannah went on. "Sometimes I vow I'll cut off the collars!"

Her husband roared with laughter. Imagine a collar-less shirt! Hannah didn't laugh, though. Her fingers stopped and her hands dropped to her lap. She stared thoughtfully. Long after he heard the deep breathing of her husband asleep beside her that night, she thought of what she had said. "Why not?" she asked herself.

She did it the very next day. With one snip of a scissors, Hannah Montague accomplished the world's quickest invention.

That's how men's detachable collars came into being 124 years ago. Hannah Montague solved her own problem, and created a new style for men. She also laid the foundation for the detachable collar industry which carried the name of Troy, New York, over most of the civilized world.

Translation, Please

HORACE GREELEY, the famous editor, wrote his peppery editorials in an illegible scrawl. The patient linotype operator finally complained. "Chicken tracks! That's what the man writes. I'll prove it."

The next day, he came into the office with a lively hen tucked under his coat. Taking a bottle of writing ink, he swished her feet in it, then set her down to run around on a sheet of paper.

When the ink had dried, he grabbed the sheet and rushed into Greeley's office. "Mr. Greeley," he cried, pointing to a spot in the mess, "I can't make this out."

Greeley squinted over his glasses. "Where'd you learn to read, you nincompoop?" he growled. "That word's 'Constitution'."

A stock boy was trying to push a cart of merchandise down the crowded aisle of a women's department store. No one would get out of his way.

"Coming through!" he called cheerfully. The women stood their ground. "Gangway!" he shouted again. The aisle was still as crowded as ever. Slightly exasperated, the boy tried again. "Ladies," he warned, "watch your nylons!" And the women quickly moved aside to let him pass.

Young Harold had suddenly become very interested in girls. His mother was worried because he seemed to talk about a different girl almost every day. "Harold," she chided, "I'm afraid you've got a very changeable nature."

"Gee, no, Mom," he protested. "It isn't me that changes. It's the girls when you get to know them better."
Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so beware, beware!

by SEYMOUR DARTMAN

BEFORE 1949 has run its course, 7,000 men, women and children will have perished needlessly by drowning, most of them for reasons of sheer cussedness, ignorance, or indifference to the lethal power of water.

According to the National Safety Council, which for 30-odd years has been exhorting people to use the same sense in the water that they presumably employ on dry land, typical drownings will occur along the lines of these former tragedies:

Bill Perry, a fun-loving youth, thought it would be a whale of a lark to push his friend Jack off a pier. He thought Jack could swim; but Jack couldn’t. Neither could Bill. The prankster stood frozen with fright and terror as he watched his friend thresh wildly in the water for a few moments before taking the final plunge. Afterward, he sobbed, “I didn’t mean to do it. It was supposed to be a gag!”

Moral: Hang your humor on a hickory limb and don’t go near the water. Drowning is very unfunny, but many individuals who act in a dignified manner in their everyday life become sappy exhibitionists when they don bathing suits.

Mrs. Mabel Morris took her three-year-old to the beach one hot July day. She was chatting with friends and didn’t keep the eagle eye on the toddler which prudence demands. When she looked for her child, it was too late—he had been engulfed in the water, without an outcry, and to no avail the lifeguards worked for hours over his lifeless body.

Moral: Parents should watch their little ones at all times, of course, but when near water, you can’t afford to look away from your baby for a minute.

Then there was Fred Hardy, a vigorous man nearing 40, who tried to pack a year’s exercise into a one-week vacation at the seaside. After several hard sets of tennis, Fred thought a cool swim would refresh him. He plunged in. It was his last plunge; the cold water was fatal to his nervous system and his none-too-good heart.

Accidents such as these—all of them avoidable—have given lifeguards an understandably dim view of the average citizen’s intelligence when he’s near water. Says one guard who has been patrolling Chicago beaches for seven years:

“Panic is the real killer in many cases of drowning. Even top swimmers have gone down because they lost their heads and threshed around
wildly when the unexpected happened. You should always remember that a deep breath will keep you afloat for a few moments. Don’t wave your arms like a windmill if you’re in trouble; breathe regularly, paddle your arms up and down gently, and try to do the same with your feet. Most times, you can stay afloat this way until help comes.”

Using your head instead of your emotions is wonderful insurance against death by drowning. One man who couldn’t swim suddenly found himself in water ten feet deep. With the water well over his head, he took stock of the situation for a moment. As his feet touched the sandy bottom, he gave a great jump and sailed upward to the surface—and several feet toward shore.

Down he went again, bracing himself to touch bottom and jump upward. Again he came to the surface and gained precious inches in his fight for life. By a series of such kangaroo-like leaps, he made the safety ropes, exhausted but alive.

Remember, if you are caught in an undertow, don’t lose your grip and imagine that it is a whirlpool which will destroy you. Though the undertow carries you into deeper water, the waves and rollers plunging shoreward are more powerful. By resting as the undertow carries you out, and swimming toward shore with the next wave, you have a good chance of saving yourself for future hairbreadth escapes from the water.

After Pearl Harbor, the Navy discovered that its men, for the most part, were deadly afraid of water and unable to cope with it after sudden immersion. The Red Cross pitched in and began an intensive short course on how to act in the water in an emergency. Most lives were saved by teaching the men the “shirt tail principle” of lifesaving. If it was necessary to abandon ship, the sailors were instructed to pull out their shirt tails and take in air as they jumped. The shirt ballooned outward with air and acted as an improvised lifebuoy.

Men were taught to undo a button when they got into the water, breathe into the shirt heavily, and button up again. This added more precious minutes while rescuers came nearer. One sergeant kept himself and a friend afloat for 36 hours by the shirt tail method, alternating this with tying the legs of his trousers, swinging them around to trap air, and using the inflated trouser legs as additional buoyant protection.

Canoes are death traps for all but the best of swimmers. If you take a modicum of intelligence along on your summer vacation, avoid canoes and stick to the steadier rowboats. And don’t expose your wife or sweetheart to a canoe trip unless she is a superb swimmer. Canoes are graceful, fragile, and nice to look at, but they can overturn even in calm water with stunning suddenness.
On one single Sunday at Atlantic City, lifeguards worked overtime and brought in 144 bathers, most of them alive but limp. This record haul by the lifesavers was necessary because the tide was very low that day and hundreds of people waded out into water over their heads.

If you let your children go wading, make certain that there are no sudden drop-offs in the underwater floor. And don't wade in streams about which you know nothing. Very few have gently-sloping floors, and many a child has perished on a motor trip because a quiet river or lake was a siren invitation to a cooling wade.

The wild waves are a beautiful sight on postcards and in home movies, but if you try to act coy with them they can literally break your neck. Some travel as fast as 70 miles an hour. Standing up, arms outstretched, to greet the onrushing waves, can prove just as foolish as standing in the path of an express train.

Staying in the water "just ten minutes more" may be tantamount to signing your own death certificate. Most of us get tired and chilled after a half-hour in the water; cramps come swiftly without warning. But you can foil cramps if you keep your wits about you, for usually only one arm or leg is affected by a cramp. With three extremities in good working condition, you can make shore safely if you don't get rattled and panicky. Even a stomach cramp can be surmounted by flipping over on your back and driving in with your hands.

Above all, be your age on the beach and maintain a healthy respect for any body of water, any time. If you act like a six-year-old when you are on a lakeside holiday, then you're a ripe candidate for one of the coffins which will encase 7,000 people this year after their drownings.

SLOW DOWN AND LIVE

(Continued from page 24)

for wear after a lifetime of exercise. True, there are wrestlers making a living in the grunt-and-groan racket today who are 60 or older. But they are the exceptions. Besides, such men have used their muscles all their lives, not just on week ends.

Indeed, your energy output at 60 is only half of what it was when you were ten years old. Though your mental abilities can develop with age, you'll be playing it safe to cut down on exercise when you hit the 35 mark. The clerk who walks two miles to his office each day gets a better workout than his boss whose only exercise is a killing game of golf on Saturday or Sunday.

Occasionally, a doctor will recommend regular exercise to limber up an arthritic knee or an arm which is recovering from a fracture. These are specialized exercises which are beneficial to the parts of the body needing them. Even an 80-year-old man may be commanded to exercise for a purpose by his physician.

But for the mine-run American male, exercise is similar to alcohol: excellent in moderation, but deadly when taken to excess!
"I’d ask for a raise—but I’m afraid of being labelled a radical!"
Have you ever tried weighing a wisp of smoke from your cigarette?

In Washington, D. C., there's a group of quiet, thoughtful men who can figure out the weight of that smoke puff to the last decimal point, if you're interested enough to put the problem in their laps. They are the scientists who run Uncle Sam's huge Bureau of Standards, which saves the American housewife $50,000,000 a year through the standardizing processes it sets up for the manufacture of everything from chocolate bars to nylon hosiery.

George Washington himself foresaw the time when the United States would require an official agency to fix the weights and measures used in commerce. But Washington's desire for such a bureau didn't become reality until 1901, when the Bureau of Standards was created and placed within the jurisdiction of the United States Commerce Department.

Today, the Bureau does a host of things in addition to fixing official weights and measures. Your tires, for example, are sturdier and longer-lived, thanks to incredibly rough tests devised by Bureau engineers.

Your apartment or house is safer because of fireproofing standards prescribed by this little-publicized Washington Bureau. For a period of years, the Bureau's own fire fighters took complete walls of homes and buildings and fed them to the flames in a mammoth gas-fired furnace. Out of these tests came standards of construction which have saved thousands of lives.

Walk through the Bureau's buildings and you may come upon a strange machine which walks 24 hours a day over floor coverings of all types. If a manufacturer's new rug or linoleum has weak spots, this tireless automaton will show up such deficiencies. Result: a better buy for the dollar-conscious householder.

Here's how a Bureau scientist explains the manner in which the average householder is saved a pile of money each year by the Bureau's standardizing methods:

"Back in 1930, there were more than 100 shapes and styles of one-pound folding coffee boxes. We tested the boxes and found that two types would serve the entire industry—and coffee dropped in price because the distributors cut costs of the package."

Within the Bureau are 100 "sections" manned by trained staffs. For a cost of only a few pennies, you can buy from the Bureau informative pamphlets giving thousands of time and money-saving suggestions to the budget-conscious family.

Typical of the Bureau's perennial best sellers is a 20-cent opus titled
Care and Repair of the House. A minor banking official in Chicago who bought a copy ten years ago, along with a $10,000 house, says, "The Bureau of Standard's booklet has saved me at least $100 a year in running our home. At that rate, I estimate that I've made $1,000 on a 20-cent investment a decade ago."

Two other publications of the Bureau are For the Home-Buying Veteran, priced at five cents, and How to Judge a House, which costs a quarter.

Though few of us realize it, our taxing load is lightened considerably by the Bureau of Standards' operations. This was especially true during the war when the Bureau—with a staff of more than 2,000—tested countless products before war contracts were signed. The Bureau even stipulated that all bed sheets used in military hospitals must be sewed so many stitches to the inch before Uncle Sam would pay for them.

Our long-suffering mailmen have good cause to be thankful to the Bureau of Standards. One year, Post Office heads approached the Bureau people and said, "Our letter carriers are beefing about the shoddy quality of their shoes. The shoes wear out too soon and their feet hurt constantly. Something should be done about developing a rugged pair of shoes for the mailman."

The Bureau boys put innumerable pairs of shoes on "walking John," an uncomplaining automaton who walked day and night over all kinds of simulated sidewalk and street conditions. Then the Bureau presented its specifications for mailmen's shoes—and the manufacturers responded. Today the letter carriers are happier, their feet hurt less, and their soles last longer.

Bureau men are always on call from other departments of our Federal government. Such was the case when Federal engineers, working on the huge Grand Coulee Dam, feared that a break in the walls might develop and kill hundreds of workmen.

The Bureau set up a small but complete laboratory in Seattle and took periodic tests of the cement and all other materials to be used at the dam site. Their suggestions were respectfully heeded and Grand Coulee, like other government dams, chalked up a good safety record.

It might break your heart to see perfectly good $75 men's suits and $100 ladies' dresses being methodically chewed, torn, rubbed, bleached, and scorched, but that's the way the Bureau of Standards ensures that the customer gets a square shake for his money.

If a clothing manufacturer wants a government contract, he must resign himself to seeing his product tested mercilessly. Many manufacturers fail to meet the exacting standards of Uncle Sam. But those who do, know they have merchandise which will stand up and give no cause for complaints.

How long is a yard? You say 36 inches? Correct, but precious few yardsticks exactly measure 36 inches. The Bureau of Standards doesn't worry, however, about the length of a yard: it owns a platinum-iridium, non-shrinkable yardstick that was im-

(Continued on page 61)
A hot guess means cold cash! by IRV LEIBERMAN

ALASKA'S ICE FEVER

Perhaps no institution is so typically Alaskan as the yearly Nenana sweepstakes. Nenana, where Yukon steamers make contact with the Alaska Railroad, and only two hours by train from Fairbanks, is famous for its Ice Pool.

Gambling on the Ice Pool is one of Alaska's great pastimes. Each year, thousands of Alaskans attempt to predict the day, hour and minute when the ice on the Nenana River will break up, buying a one-dollar sweepstakes ticket as a wager on each conjecture.

Every possible method of predicting the date of the breakup is used, including science, astrology, numerology, and plenty of good, old-fashioned guessing.

Not so many years ago, a group of engineers in the neighborhood of Fairbanks tried an experiment, hoping to cash in on the sweepstakes.

They worked hard, employing every scientific method that could be applied. They took daily ice measurements in many rivers and small streams in the vicinity, averaged the temperatures, the rate of melting, and the depth of the streams. Applying their findings to the depth and width of the Nenana River, they devised what they considered to be an exact, unbeatable mathematical formula. To prove the confidence they had in it, they pooled $1,000, bought 1,000 chances. Their 1,000 guesses, much to their astonishment, were all wrong by four days.

A resident of Anchorage, Alaska, proved his system more accurate in 1937 when he figured out by astrology that the ice would break up on May 11th. Unfortunately, the stars had failed to inform him of the exact hour the ice would move, so he was forced to cover every minute of that day at one dollar a minute.

Wanting to take no chances, he bet $1,440. He must have been heartbroken when May 11th went by and nothing happened. His system of astrology, though, proved fairly accurate, because on the next day, May 12th, the ice broke. Incidentally, just to prove how unimportant scientific calculations really are, at least as far as the Alaskan Sweepstakes are concerned, the winner turned out to be Merwin Anderson, a Fairbanks bus driver, who had placed a one dollar bet. The prize? It was a cool $70,000!

The exact minute of the breakup is determined by an electric clock which is kept on shore. The clock and a bell are attached to an elaborate system of wires which is frozen into the ice of the river. Data has been kept on this event since 1917. According to the records, the ice has broken four times on May 11th, and three times on April 30th. During the 1930's, the earliest breakup oc-
curred on April 29th; the latest, May 15th.

The spring breakup is a scene which even the oldest Sourdoughs do not like to miss. Huge cakes of ice shoot up into the air, fall back and dive beneath the water, turn over and over, ceaselessly grinding with a tremendous roar which is heard for miles.

Tickets for the sweepstakes are sold everywhere in the Territory. For a week or so a number of schoolchildren are employed to make up the lists of ticketholders, but that is about the only overhead. According to the rules, any number of people may choose the same minute, so often there are several winners. In fact, the 1938 prize of $80,000 was split among dozens of individuals.

But whoever wins, there is one old gent who always gets his share. You guessed it—Uncle Sam!

---

**Words for Our Pictures**

1. WHB Newsbureau chief Dick Smith chats with a Saint Bernard and a Mexican chihuahua at the Heart of America Kennel Club Dog Show.
2. Art Van Damme holds the Capitol album, Cocktail Capers, that skyrocketed his smooth, smart quintette to musical fame. He was heard on Bob Kennedy’s Swing Session.
3. In a WHB sports interview, Gil Dodds, indoor miler, tells how he won the title of world’s champion.
4. Colleen Townsend, pretty Twentieth Century Fox star, charms WHB listeners as she did movie-goers in her latest picture, Chicken Every Sunday.
5. Graceful Donna Atwood, star of the Ice Capades of 1949, leaves the ice to execute a perfect split jump.
6. Backed by the glittering propellers of plane models, Raymond W. Young, vice-president in charge of engineering for the Engine Division of Curtiss-Wright, discusses recent aeronautical developments on the WHB program, The Span of Flight.

---

**Centerpiece**

Taking it easy on the diving board is Hollywood screen star Marilyn Maxwell—Swing’s centerspread lovely for April.

Joe made a lot of money very suddenly, and to show off his new wealth he decided he must own a Rolls-Royce and a Renoir. He bought both in a day’s shopping and ordered them sent home. Later he phoned his wife.

“I just bought a Rolls-Royce and a Renoir—have they arrived yet?”

“Only one came, Joe,” she answered. “But I don’t know which it is!”

—Edison Voice Writing.

An earnest manufacturer made a pledge to the public in this newspaper ad: “Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains any ingredient injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge.”
THE President of the United States shocked a lot of people,” a prominent Kansas Citian remarked recently, “when he made an off-the-record reference to Drew Pearson.

“I don’t see why. In my entire circle of acquaintance, and it happens to be wide, I know only one person who isn’t believed to be objectionable by somebody. The exception to the rule is Bob Mehornay. Everyone who sees him, respects him; everyone who knows him, loves him.”

Mehornay, the well-regarded, is a quiet, distinguished 61-year-old with impeccable manners. He is fond of people, and his reputation as an easy touch for the unfortunate is so widespread that his wife is apt to preface any request for household funds by asking whether he has lent anybody $200 in the last hour or two.

Most of his 232 employees have made demands on his generosity at one time or another, on the occasions of births or sickness. But he is as free with his time as his money; a favorite hobby is the procurement of jobs for the unemployed, or better jobs for the deserving.

“I think Bob’s generosity is restricted primarily to people he knows,” says Mrs. Mehornay. “But, then, he knows nearly everybody!”

Mehornay was born in Kansas City at 1015 Grove Street, which is now the west (or southbound) avenue of the Paseo. He was the fourth and final son of a furniture maker, C. W. Mehornay. When Bob was 13, his father founded the successful retail furniture business which still bears the family name, the business Bob Mehornay has headed since 1927.

Young Bob, living in a household which included his grandmother and aunt, was forced to develop enormous powers of concentration in self-defense. Through the years, he has retained the ability to shut his mind to distractions. A friend who visited Mehornay’s office a short time ago, stood before the furniture executive’s desk more than a quarter of an hour before his presence was noticed.

“I wanted to find out how long it would take him to see me,” the visitor explains. “When he thinks, he’s in a world all his own. I’d be there yet if he hadn’t finished what he was working on!”

At the Woodland elementary school, Bob was class gifterian. He raised fancy chickens in after-school hours, and played football with the Dykington Heights team. Later, he was president of the junior and senior classes at old Central High, a member of the track team and football captain.

“That was when I made my debut as a recalcitrant,” he says, “and friends tell me I’ve been recalcitrant ever since.”

In Mehornay’s junior year, a stu-
dent at Manual Training High School had been killed playing football. As a consequence, the school board outlawed the sport. But Central’s schedule for the following season had already been set, mostly with out-of-town teams, and Mehornay and his teammates were determined to play it out. Nickels, dimes and some few quarters with which to buy equipment and meet travel expenses were raised at an emergency meeting of the students. Pete Allen, an older brother of Phog, the famous University of Kansas basketball mentor, volunteered his services as coach.

Mehornay’s team had no official standing. It was known merely as “the boys from Central.” But it fulfilled its commitments with a record of straight victories and not a single loss.

Before graduation from Central, Bob Mehornay participated in the usual number of schoolboy escapades. “They set a pattern for my life,” he says. “Looking back, I find I’ve accomplished two things: I’ve always had fun, and I’ve always been in trouble.”

He studied engineering at the University of Michigan for two years before he was summoned by his father to give a hand with the furniture business. A Sig Alph, he was on both the track and football squads—though not a letter man—and was assistant student manager of athletics. He helped organize and establish the Michigan Union, and holds a life membership in that body.

The engineering course was his father’s idea. The elder Mehornay held that education for men should be confined to precise sciences, those subjects which admit of only one correct answer. He felt that the best training for any education was learning to do things right.

Whether or not the Michigan years are responsible, Bob Mehornay is a perfectionist. He has resigned himself to something less than the ultimate from his subordinates or civic workers, but from himself he still exacts the best. The organization must be precise to the smallest detail when he maps out a charity fund-raising campaign or sets up a committee, and when he negotiates a contract, he carries it with him for weeks, reworking over and over again every word, phrase, and mark of punctuation.

His drafting tools, now 42 years old, still occupy a handy position in the top drawer of his office desk. They are in their original green felt and black leather container, resting beside a plastic triangle and French curve of more recent acquisition. He uses them frequently. In recent months he has designed and supervised the construction of bookcases, a door, and a special type of chink for some faulty apartment house ventilating shafts which had stumped most of the experts in the Kansas City area.

The mechanical warehousing facilities of the Mehornay Furniture Company are said to be the best in all the furniture industry. Bob Mehornay designed them himself, and keeps them up-to-date.

Certain drawbacks, of course, accompany a quest for perfection. Friends say Mehornay’s golf game, which he discontinued two years ago,
and his fly-fishing both suffer from a desire to be exactly correct in stance and motion. His dislike of bridge probably stems from his fear of partners: he wants no mistake of his to hinder the progress of another.

He is unable to enter any undertaking in an offhand manner, to devote to it only a portion of his energy and talent. Kansas City made this discovery many years ago, and since that time Bob Mehornay, who does things thoroughly and properly, has been in constant demand.

In 1913 he aided in founding the Co-Operative Club of Kansas City. Two years later he became president, and with his help the organization spread across the nation. Today, there are 111 Co-Operative Clubs in 110 cities of the United States, and one in Canada.

He was general chairman of Allied Charities, now called the Community Chest, in 1922; and a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1924.

The following year he served on the advisory council for expenditures of city bond money, the first citizens committee in Kansas City ever to have a voice in the administration of such funds.

In 1926, he became chairman of the City Central Committee of the American Legion, a member of the 40 and 8 and Municipal Art Commission, and a trustee of the Liberty Memorial Association.

Possibly in expiation of sins committed in his student days, he accepted an appointment to the school board in 1930, a time-consuming activity which busied him for six years. At the same time, he began work on the City Improvement Committee, the group which administered Kansas City’s Ten Year Plan. The Committee met regularly until 1941, overseeing the expenditure of $31,000,000.

In 1934, Mehornay became a governor of the Liberty Memorial Association; in 1935, a trustee of the University of Kansas City and president of the Kansas City Retail Merchants Association; in 1939, a director of the First National Bank; in 1940, a trustee of the City Trust; in 1942, a director and deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City; in 1943, a member of the American War Dads; in 1944, president of the Chamber of Commerce and first president of the Midwest Research Institute; in 1945, chairman of the board of governors of the Midwest Research Institute; and in 1947, a governor of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

These are Mehornay’s services to his own community. He has been active in national affairs, and a leader in the furniture industry.

His national service began in 1917, when he enlisted in the Army. He was 29 years old at the time, and the father of three children. He emerged from training duty as a first lieutenant of infantry, but transferred to air service as a second lieutenant in order to get overseas. His house burned the week he sailed, leaving his five-, four-, and two-year-old children, his wife and her mother without a place to live.

As an aviation engineering officer in France, he received the Purple Heart and advanced to the rank of
want "store" fact, member actually.

section. 48
Mehornay received, officer Mehornay plane inspection completely. commanding captain. His reliance on the junior officer was so great, in fact, that when word announcing a personal inspection by General Pershing was received, the colonel instructed Mehornay to accompany the inspection party, in order to answer all of the General's questions. Every time General Pershing requested information, Mehornay supplied it. The General's questions were addressed to the commanding colonel, but all of them were answered by the captain who tagged along at his left.

When the tour was completed, Black Jack looked stonily from captain to colonel and back again. Finally he said, "Gentlemen, I have only one more question: which of you is the commanding officer of this post, anyway?"

General Pershing's Citation for Meritorious and Conspicuous Service was later added to the United States Army Citation which Mehornay held.

Mehornay was summoned to Washington in 1933 as a member of the National Retail Code Authority. It took six weeks to set up the code for the furniture industry, and thereafter throughout the brief flight of the Blue Eagle he spent one week a month in Washington handling administrative details.

During the last national emergency, Mehornay served for one year as a bureau chief in the Office of Production Management, for three years as a member of the bureau committees of the War Production Board and Office of Price Administration, and for five years as a member of the executive committee of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council.

It is reported that the late T. J. Pendergast once offered to support Mehornay in his choice of political jobs in the State of Missouri, up to and including the governorship, only to be turned down.

"I won't take any public job," Mehornay is reputed to have told him, "that carries with it any compensation. I want to give my services, not sell them."

Mehornay's services have been free to his industry, too. He has been a director of the National Retail Furniture Association for 28 years, and is a past president of that organization. He received the industry's beautiful Cavalier Award, "for the furniture merchant who did most for his store, his community, and his country in 1941."

Mehornay's "store" is actually a chain of eight retail establishments, several of them offering metropolitan services in small communities. Line and color, he says, are the important components of furniture design, and it is his contention that there is no direct relationship between good taste and high prices. His company aims at the mass market, with furniture at what it terms "livable levels."

In August of this year, Mehornay plans to ease off from business, pass-(Continued to page 84)
Radio as a medium of mass information and entertainment is placed under the cold light of analysis in this highly revealing account of listening habits in America today. This report is the outgrowth of two nationwide surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. It is an enlightening, and often surprising, appraisal of America's attitude toward radio.

The mass media are a characteristic feature of present-day American life. From a few central agencies come the radio programs, magazine stories, and films which reach throughout the country. And for several hours of each day the average American finds himself a part of the audience for one or another of these mass media.

The survey which this book interprets was essentially a study of the radio audience. However, it did provide an all-over picture of a general "communications behavior," by questioning habits of book reading, movie attendance, and regularity of newspaper and magazine readership. Answers to these questions enable us to distinguish and characterize the "fans," "average consumers," and "abstainers" for any of the mass media. Thus we can determine whether there is any pattern of relative importance of the various media to subgroups in the population.

Newspapers will not be discussed, as 90 per cent of the people tested usually read a daily newspaper. This means that reading of daily newspapers is so general a habit that no further analysis is necessary here.

In this study, it was found that audiences for the different mass media are overlapping, in definite patterns. Since books are more difficult to read than magazines and more expensive, 80 per cent of book readers also read magazines, whereas only about one-third of magazine fans are also book readers. Movies and radio are more properly "spectator" media, in which the audience need do little more than watch or listen. Audiences...
for movies and radio overlap to a large degree. In spite of suggestions that the mass media might compete with each other for their audiences, hobby, will have little time to expose themselves to any type of mass medium. Accordingly, they will be the abstainers with regard to all media.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Schools</th>
<th>Newspapers</th>
<th>Radio Stations</th>
<th>Local Govt.</th>
<th>Churches</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>13%</td>
<td>9%</td>
<td>14%</td>
<td>4%</td>
<td>22%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't know</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

100% = 3,529

actual data available indicates that the media tend to complement, rather than compete with, each other.

On the other hand, persons who rarely go to the movies are likely to be light radio listeners, and individuals who read no magazines regularly are likely to be light listeners and rare movie goers. In explaining this fact, two possibilities come to mind: interest and opportunity. The man who is interested in world affairs finds that the radio will keep him abreast of the most recent events, that the newsreels will give him a pictorial summary of occurrences and that the magazines will provide him with editorial comment and feature articles. Thus, the individual who is interested in a particular content will find that he can satisfy his interests better by exposing himself to all media than he can by confining his attention to one or two of them.

Opportunity is the second factor. People who are absorbed in a specific activity, whether it is homemaking, a demanding job, or a time-consuming

Book readers are more often frequent movie goers, and, conversely, non-readers are more often non-movie goers. In recent years the film industry has tended more and more to produce movies based on best-selling works of fiction and nonfiction. This results in a kind of “double exposure.” If people read a book which is later filmed, they go to see that movie, and conversely, they want to read the book on which a movie they have seen was based.

Although there is a tendency toward “all or none” behavior in the mass media field, there are exceptions. For instance, as level of formal education declines, so does readership of either books or magazines. Within each educational group there are fewer book readers than magazine readers. However, for the two spectator media, movies and radio, education plays only a minor role. As far as radio listening goes, the absence of educational differences refers only to the amount of time spent listening to the radio. There are marked
differences in what is listened to and in attitudes toward radio.

Age is a strong determiner of movie attendance. Movie fans are found most generally among the young respondents, and frequent movie going becomes less common as we proceed from one age class to the next. In fact, once the age of fifty is reached, it is non-movie going which is most characteristic.

The teens and twenties are age periods of relatively few personal and social responsibilities. Therefore those people have more free evenings. Since few young people have as yet developed definite intellectual goals, a free evening might just as well be spent at the movies as in any other type of activity. The peak of movie going is at the age of 19.

Single people, whatever their age, are more likely to be movie fans than married people, and single men in each age group, those who initiate social contacts, are more frequent movie goers than are single women. Among the married people there is

Movies have an additional feature not characteristic of the other media. Magazines and radio programs come into the home; but we have to go to the movies. Therefore, we find less movie attendance in rural areas and in small towns than we do in the large cities where there is a movie theatre around almost every corner.

In other words, the more easily available a medium is, the more people will expose themselves to it.

What characterizes the radio audience? Its most outstanding characteristic, it develops, is that it has no special features. The term “mass,” then, is truly applicable to the medium of radio, for it, more than the other media, reaches all groups of the population uniformly.

One might modify the previous statement by saying that sex difference is the outstanding characteristic of the radio audience. But this difference is due to the time schedules of men and women, rather than any inherent appeals or characteristics of

"Of course, most people listen to news broadcasts on the radio. But which one of these statements best describes the way you yourself use the radio for other types of program?"

A. I listen to the radio mostly for entertainment and very seldom listen to serious or educational programs........................................ 26%
B. I like to listen to both serious and entertainment programs, and I'm satisfied with what I get now........................................ 52
C. I like to listen to both serious and entertainment programs, but I wish there were more serious programs...................................... 20
Don't know ........................................................................... 2

100% = 3,225

no such sex difference. Movie fans, no matter what their age, choose popular and dance music much more frequently than do occasional or rare movie goers.

The "all or none" pattern holds true in radio. A radio fan in the morning is one in the afternoon and evening as well.
Established audience-rating surveys tell us this, but fail to yield much other information. Competition, time on the air, extent of supply, and sponsorship are at least four factors which limit the ability of audience ratings to provide information on attitudes toward radio programs. Too, educated people can articulate their thoughts with greater ease; consequently they mention more favorite programs than do the uneducated listeners, which also causes difficulty in getting accurate surveys on radio program popularity.

A final difficulty in checking program preferences is the absence of a clearly established terminology for program types.

General tastes apparently remain relatively unchanged, and the basic attitudes of listeners seem to change very slowly.

It makes little difference which particular index is used to classify people into social layers, but education was chosen as the index in this study, with classes divided into grade school, high school and college graduates.

When we examine listening preferences we can say that comedy programs, news broadcasts, sports programs, and popular music cut across the social-economic levels. The same is true for mystery stories.

Social differences are significant in considering the kinds of programs on which the various strata disagree. The program types which reveal most marked differences in taste are those which have come to symbolize radio's cultural or educational mission, such as programs of serious music or discussions of public issues.

The educated and articulate minority feel that they are neglected—they claim that they hear too few of the serious programs which are their favorites.

There are also a number of programs which are the particular favorites of the lower social-economic strata. Conspicuous among these is hillbilly music, but the same pattern holds true for religious programs and for daytime serials as well.

Quiz programs are most valuable to the middle group (those with high school education). Occasionally they can learn something through a familiar medium.

In addition to educational differences, age is a factor in program preference. Young people like dance music more than their elders, and like religious programs much less.

They vote in political elections less frequently than their elders, and do not often read serious magazines or books. These same general attitudes are revealed in their radio preferences. But the fact that serious interests
develop only as we grow older is significant.

Sex also plays a part in program preferences. The average American woman, just like the average American youth, is not interested in current affairs. Men prefer sports and comedy programs; while women prefer non-scholastic dramatic programs, quiz shows, and semiclassical music. In dividing male listeners into veterans and non-veterans, the only program type which shows any substantial difference is sports programs. For reasons which are difficult to understand immediately, veterans like these programs very much more than do non-veterans.

Speaking broadly, we may say that people like to read stories or see movies or hear radio programs which deal with familiar situations.

Knowing what kind of programs appeal to which groups enables the broadcaster to schedule his programs so that they are on the air at times when people for whom they have appeal are available. Such information also helps sponsors decide how to use their advertising funds most effectively.

Station managers are becoming increasingly interested in the idea of “mood” programming. They try to have programs which give similar psychological gratifications adjacent to each other, so that there is not too much audience turnover at the end of each quarter or half-hour.

A careful review of the present survey indicates that there are millions of people in this country who want more serious programs. They are people who do listen to the radio and whose formal education indicates that not many other avenues of information are open to them. The market for serious programs seems to be both large and more important than has been commonly believed in recent years.

There is a real conflict between the cultural responsibilities and the commercial interests of American broadcasters. It would be foolish to make radio so sophisticated that it loses its audiences, but it would be the failure of a mission not to exploit its cultural possibilities. The best thing for the broadcaster to do is to keep the volume of educational broadcasts slightly above what the masses want.

Radio is not a single, isolated experience such as seeing a Broadway play or taking a vacation. It is woven into the daily pattern of our lives year in and year out.

Critical radio listeners are also critical newspaper readers and critical
movie goers. We can say, in fact, that the critics in each case are almost always the same people. The people who say that they never feel like criticizing radio, newspapers, or movies are relatively unsophisticated; they are less well educated, they read fewer books.

A person who is dependent on one of the media for most of his news makes more demands of that medium; his very reliance makes him expect more and look for more.

The spontaneous criticism of radio centered around daytime serials, news broadcasts, mystery programs, and advertising.

Listeners called mystery and crime programs "bad" or "too exciting" for young children and said that "they give publicity on crime and tell you how to commit a murder." They suggested that these programs not be broadcast until "after 9 p. m., when children have gone to bed." The critics were most frequently married women and housewives.

Daytime serials were criticized as being monotonous, boring or silly; their numbers were objected to; and their intellectual level was deplored.

Another group of criticisms was directed toward news broadcasters and commentators. They were chided for being unfair; for being "communists"; for not always presenting the truth.

The great majority of listeners considers radio fair. However, those who disagree are relatively more numerous in the better educated groups, and on all educational levels in the light listener group.

Of the group which thought radio unfair, 32 per cent blamed advertisers, 20 per cent the station owner, 18 per cent the commentator or announcer. Smaller groups blamed "someone else" — or didn't know whom to blame. Responsibility for unfairness was much more frequently placed at the feet of radio sponsors than with newspaper advertisers.

The greatest objection was to radio commercials.

The answers concerning radio commercials were fully examined and classified to the following five major categories:

- Volume and position
- Uninteresting content
- Overselling
- Violation of taboos
- Attention-getting devices

Sixty per cent of the critics said that commercials spoil a program by interrupting it, and that they claim too much for the product; 58 per cent said that they are boring and repetitious. A smaller number of respondents, 46 per cent, agreed that commercials are often in bad taste, or that they are noisy and distracting. The argument that radio advertising is noisy is an objection confined in the main to critics of singing commercials.

When asked to explain "bad taste" some critics mentioned advertisements for beer, wine and cigarettes, mostly for moral reasons. These critics were confined to a part of the total radio audience, those living outside metropolitan areas and older women everywhere.

People dislike what is known to the trade as "hard selling." Such tech-
niques lead to increased sales, but there can be little doubt that they also create hostility in the audience.

We know that commercials need not be "boring or repetitious," for on an earlier survey, almost every respondent was able to mention a favorite commercial. These were usually characterized by their informative value, by the fact that they were well-integrated into the program, or by some entertaining and original feature. Talent capable of writing such commercials is relatively rare and therefore expensive. But our data indicate that the advertiser would benefit from any efforts made to find and develop this talent. Creative copywriting could do much to overcome negative attitudes toward commercials and might therefore improve the public relations of the whole industry.

Listeners dislike interruptions in radio programs. Here the broadcaster faces a dilemma, because the coverage is greatest in the middle of a program. The greater coverage must be balanced against the general resistance created by middle commercials.

Whatever improvements are undertaken might be directed first toward making radio advertising more interesting and varied. A large number of respondents agree that "commercials give useful information, are worthwhile because they tell you who pays for the program, are often amusing and entertaining." The informative value of commercials tops this list. Copywriters might take this as a hint.

In many ways, singing commercials have come to symbolize the controversy over radio advertising. Some consider them an improvement over the dry exposition of a radio announcer; others hold them a sign of all that is wrong with commercial radio. Listeners are fairly evenly divided in their opinion; the people who prefer singing commercials are almost as numerous as those who like them less well.

Singing commercials must be something of a disappointment to people who want radio advertising to tell them about the merits and qualities of different products. They are necessarily limited in their factual information; they focus on attention-getting devices; the singing voices are often indistinct. For reasons such as these, singing commercials are not particularly good vehicles for information. On the other hand, they are frequently more amusing than straight commercials. Listeners who are especially interested in entertainment probably prefer them to the standard type of commercial announcement.

When we examine the program types whose devotees prefer singing commercials, we find that they are programs which would be objectively classified as less serious: hillbilly music, serials, mystery programs, quiz shows. The program types whose devotees prefer standard commercial

```
"Where do you get most of your daily news about what is going on—from the newspapers or the radio?"

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Newspapers</td>
<td>48%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't know</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>100%</strong></td>
<td><strong>3,225</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
```
announcements would be classified, objectively, as more serious radio fare: classical music, forums on public issues, news programs.

The influence of serious-mindedness is reflected still further in age and educational differences in attitudes toward singing commercials. The young people and the less well-educated ones are, we know, fairly uninterested in serious matters but quite interested in entertainment. Accordingly, they more frequently prefer singing commercials.

Only the avid fans, those who listen three hours or more on an average evening, show any marked preferences for jingles. They look on singing commercials as a welcome relief from the standard commercial announcements which they hear so frequently. Because of their heavy exposure, they look for variety which is provided by the musical jingle.

Not only do they more frequently prefer singing commercials but they are also less likely to say that there is "no difference" between various types of presentation. Through their greater exposure to radio advertising, they develop very definite tastes and preferences.

The publication of Frederic Wake- man's novel, The Hucksters, and its subsequent production as a motion picture, encouraged us to attempt a study of effects in the present survey; we wanted to see how a single document such as this one might affect attitudes toward radio, and especially toward radio advertising.

We discovered those who read the book were more likely than the non-readers to see the movie, and, conversely, those who saw the movie were more likely than the non-movie goers to read the book.

This novel seems to have a special appeal for better educated groups; or to put it another way, education acts as a sort of predisposition in reading the novel. The same result was found in connection with the movie of The Hucksters.

People who read or saw The Hucksters are more critical of radio advertising. Some people were made more critical by seeing or reading The Hucksters; others exposed themselves just because they were more critical. This mutual inter-action between exposure and attitude has been found to be the psychological mechanism by which modern mass media affect the thinking of the population.

Attitudes toward "regulation" or "control" of radio advertising are part of a larger and more general complex of attitudes concerning social issues, and they are not easily swayed even when attitudes toward the thing to be regulated are changed or strengthened.

The broadcasting industry will be pleased that at no point do the critics exceed a third of the population, but as we discover who these critics are, we become more and more impressed by them. The dissenting voices come from very desirable groups in the community. They are solid citizens, the well-educated man and woman, able to express themselves clearly and likely to influence others. This fact brings us to the heart of the problem. The critics are a minority, but obviously a very important one.
The American standard of living is as high as it is because the average citizen here has more money, more leisure time, and a higher level of education than the people of any other country.

Today when questions of policy arise, they are dealt with through the pressures which various groups bring to bear on other groups. Should the citizens’ group deal with the communications industry directly or with the government as an intermediary?

To measure strength of opinions, respondents were asked if the Federal Government or the radio industry itself should check to see that not too much advertising is broadcast; that profits of radio stations aren’t too high; that both sides of public issues be presented; that each station broadcasts a certain number of educational programs; and that radio news broadcasts are accurate. By and large, people feel that there should be some social control. On none of the five topics did more than one-quarter of the population say that “nobody” should exercise any kind of regulation.

The American public lends strong support to the status quo. No question which suggests increased governmental activity in business affairs would get anything but a small sprinkling of pro-government answers.

---

### On an average weekday, about how many hours do you listen to your radio?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Morning</th>
<th>Afternoon</th>
<th>Evening</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>None, don’t listen</td>
<td>29%</td>
<td>38%</td>
<td>5%</td>
<td>2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up to 15 minutes</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16-30 minutes</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31-60 minutes</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 1 hour to 2 hours</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 2 hours to 3 hours</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 3 hours to 4 hours</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 4 hours to 5 hours</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 5 hours to 6 hours</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 6 hours</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

100% = 3,225
Because listeners are not particularly hostile toward radio advertising, most of them are willing to let the industry regulate the number of commercial announcements which are broadcast.

Although the poorly educated and low income groups are generally less critical of radio than are high income groups, they are somewhat more in favor of government regulation. They have less to lose by any changes in the social system, and are therefore more receptive to the notion of controls and regulation by the government.

Also, the more interested or the more concerned a respondent is with any particular phase of radio, the more likely he is to request some sort of social control on that specific issue.

The more severely critical a respondent is, the more likely it is that he will find the present amount of advertising excessive. This in turn will lead him to favor some kind of regulation.

It is radio advertisers and station owners, we remember, who are held responsible for radio’s unfairness. Therefore, government controls are suggested much more frequently by those who find radio unfair.

No program of development can be successful without the active encouragement and support of the great mass of listeners themselves. In the last analysis, whatever is done depends on them.

Farsighted broadcasters therefore look to the audience for help in preserving radio’s flexibility and receptiveness to change. They want listeners to show an open-mindedness toward innovations; to approve of the industry’s experimental programs; to demonstrate a flexibility in their listening habits. This kind of flexibility, of course, requires awareness of new developments on the airwaves.

It requires special efforts to keep abreast of new developments on the radio scene, and unfortunately few listeners make the necessary efforts to keep informed.

American radio caters mainly to the listeners who want to be entertained. Consequently, those who make up the market for serious programs must search systematically for the programs they enjoy. Have the serious listeners acquired the appropriate habits? Do they make special efforts to find the kinds of programs they say they want? Only to a small extent.

(Continued on page 66)
WHEN the first photos of the historic flag-raising at Iwo Jima by the gallant Fifth Marine Infantry Division were published in New York newspapers, an excited man in his 80’s bought up all the papers still on the stands and carried them triumphantly to his place of business.

"Here is your flag," he told hushed and respectful workers assembled in his office. "We can be proud that Annin's made the flag that now flies from the summit of Mount Suribachi!"

The octogenerian, Louis Annin Ames, had a right to engage in this burst of patriotic fervor, for his flag-making establishment has been associated with the history book epochs of America's existence as a nation. Each year, Annin's produces some 20,000,000 flags, of all types, sizes and prices for the United States Government, foreign nations, yacht clubs, Hollywood studios, explorers and private homes.

When national holidays roll around, 20 men gather at the New Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge and hoist the world's largest American flag over the Hudson River. This gigantic creation, which cost $2,000 and measures 60-by-90 feet, required months of sewing and is visible for ten miles on a clear day.

If you've ever attended an American Legion convention and stared at the hundreds of rippling flags in the monster parade, it's a safe bet that 80 per cent of them were made by the venerable firm of Annin. And the Technicolor emblems which fly so impressively in filmland movie opuses also are Annin-made, though the color scheme of these American flags is odd, indeed. Instead of the hallowed red, white and blue, these flags have purple and orange as dominant colors, to oblige the Technicolor cameras.

Annin's even makes special flags with raised stars and stripes, so blind people may run their fingers over them and feel the lineaments of their beloved national symbol.

At its Fifth Avenue showroom in New York City, the old house of Annin plays host to pilgrims from all parts of the world. Latin-American revolutionists, as soon as they receive word that the coups in their homelands are successful, rush over to Annin's with plans for new multi-color national emblems.

In recent months, Annin's produced one of the world's most outstanding collections of flags for the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success. And when India and Pak-
istan became two separate nations, emissaries from each of these mutually-antagonistic lands hastened to Annin's with the specifications for new national flags in many-thousand quantities.

This profitable and patriotic business got its humble start in 1820 when Alexander Annin—a ship chandler—began supplementing his income by making pennants for outbound sailing vessels. By 1847, Alexander's two sons had formally launched a flag-making company which won modest fame when its creations were carried by the United States troops who conquered California and New Mexico in that historic year.

By 1849, the firm was so well-known that its flags were ordered for the inauguration of President Zachary Taylor. From that time on, through the inauguration of President Truman, Annin's flagcraft has been in evidence at every swearing-in ceremony for the nation's chief executives.

Annin really hit its mass production stride during the Civil War when it contracted to supply flags for the Northern forces. During the long conflict, the flagmakers took time out to fill some special orders for Garibaldi's warriors in Italy and for the coronation of the luckless Maximilian who aspired to be emperor of Mexico.

The most comprehensive flag-outfitting for a single individual occurred when Annin's supplied Admiral Robert E. Peary with all the pennants for his North Pole expedition of 1909. Peary, who dearly loved the feel of an Annin banner, had the firm make up the banners of Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Navy League, and the Sons of the American Revolution, in addition to a plenteous supply of American flags. The Eskimos were delighted with the pageantry.

Even in the present Air Age, explorers first think of Annin's when they require outfitting. Admiral Byrd is a favorite customer in the store, for he flew Annin flags over both the North and South Poles.

One of the unusual features about this respected old company is its fanatical adherence to the tradition and law that no American flag shall ever touch the ground. To ensure that no unintentional disrespect takes place, all the sewing machines are equipped with long wooden troughs which catch the flags in the event they slip from the working surface.

Annin's has a library of flags, pennants, banners, guidons and ensigns dating back to 1066. Theatrical researchers come to Annin's to make sure that they have just the right flags for medieval plays or colonial sequences. The firm even manufactures Old Glory with fluorescent stars and stripes which are clearly visible in a darkened theater.

Flag-making has its lighter side, too, despite the fact that all workers in the Annin establishment are conscious of their association with a company having roots deep in America's national history. Consider the cocktail hour flag, now standard equipment on yachts of the wealthy, which was designed by an Annin official some years ago.

This gay number, which sells for $1.75, consists of a rectangular white
cloth emblazoned with a red cocktail glass. For another six-bits, you can buy a substitute number with a martini floating an olive triumphant. Yachtsmen report that flying this emblem never fails to attract a thirsty covey of sailors.

Also listed in the firm's 150,000 patterns is the "slumber flag," a kind of sea-going "Do Not Disturb" sign, which flies from the mast of countless yachts early in the morning. This flag, based on an ancient Japanese design, consists of red and black comets. Any knowing yachtsman will steer away from a vessel flying this pennant: it signifies that the master either is fearfully tired or has a whopping hangover.

Every new fraternity or patriotic society heads for Annin's to get sage counsel in designing its flags. Scores of college fraternities buy Annin flags for their chapter rooms. Some are simple, others are bizarre and outlandish. But Annin's doesn't inquire into a customer's reasons for wanting a banner of unusual design. Its business is to turn out the flags as ordered.

Six hundred skilled workers turn out the flag orders which cascade upon the firm. Today rayon and nylon are preferred to the silk, wool and cotton which predominated some years back.

However large their orders, whether for a dozen flags or a thousand small ones to be sold as souvenirs, their work never falls on the old hands who have been with the company for years.

"I wouldn't be in any other business," says one veteran of 30 years' service. "There's something about a flag—whether it costs 25 cents or $2500—that just makes me want to snap to attention and salute!"

**STANDARD PROCEDURE**

(Continued from page 38)

ported in 1889 from the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. Uncle Sam's custodians keep it in a sealed vault with an automatically controlled temperature.

You can be certain that your gas and electric bills are correct, and that you aren't cheated, for your meters are lined up with master meters which must conform to the Bureau's specifications. Even when you load up your car with gas for a Sunday spin, you can rest assured that you're getting a full gallon, provided your service station has pumps built to the Bureau of Standard's requirements.

In buying a fever thermometer, the lives of your loved ones will be safer if you ask for a thermometer bearing the cryptic numerals, NBS37. This stamp tells you that the thermometer has been tested by the Bureau of Standards and found satisfactory. If it says your temperature is normal, depend on it—and go to the office, old son!

A modern girl's bathing suit is like a barbed wire fence: it protects the property without obstructing the view.
Kid Stuff...

There's a simple answer even to the most perplexing problem, seven-year-old Dickie Orlan pointed out during a recent broadcast of Mutual's Juvenile Jury.

A harried mother wrote to the Jury asking what she should do to stop her five-year-old son, who wants to be a football star, from tackling everyone who walks up to their house. "He even knocked over the milkman," she wrote.

Said Dickie, "Tell the milk company not to send the milkman; just send the cow instead."

The gangling high school sophomore rubbed a hand over his chin as he sat chatting with his girl friend.

She looked at him with interest. "Do you shave?" she asked.

"Yep," was the proud reply. "I've been shaving three years now—and cut myself both times."

The choir boys were organizing a baseball team and, being short of equipment and money, decided to ask the vicar for assistance. The leader of the team approached the vicar and said, "We need some money to outfit our baseball team and we'd be very grateful for anything you could give us. And, sir, could we please have the bats the verger says you have in your belfry?"

The small boy defended the low marks on his report card brilliantly. "Mother," he said, "I was the highest of all who failed."
### PROGRAMS ON WHB - 710

#### MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
<td>05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
<td>03</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Long the Highway</td>
<td>Long the Highway</td>
<td>Long the Highway</td>
<td>Long the Highway</td>
<td>Long the Highway</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swing Sings</td>
<td>Swing Sings</td>
<td>Swing Sings</td>
<td>Swing Sings</td>
<td>Swing Sings</td>
<td>01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>edric Foster</td>
<td>edric Foster</td>
<td>edric Foster</td>
<td>edric Foster</td>
<td>edric Foster</td>
<td>03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;BB&quot; Keys</td>
<td>&quot;BB&quot; Keys</td>
<td>&quot;BB&quot; Keys</td>
<td>&quot;BB&quot; Keys</td>
<td>&quot;BB&quot; Keys</td>
<td>04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>Say It With Music</td>
<td>06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John's Waltz</td>
<td>John's Waltz</td>
<td>John's Waltz</td>
<td>John's Waltz</td>
<td>John's Waltz</td>
<td>03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Songs—John Wahlsted</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlsted</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlsted</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlsted</td>
<td>Songs—John Wahlsted</td>
<td>04</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo's Orch.</td>
<td>05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
<td>Cliff Edwards Show</td>
<td>06</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staff Trio</td>
<td>Staff Trio</td>
<td>Staff Trio</td>
<td>Staff Trio</td>
<td>Staff Trio</td>
<td>07</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>Captain Midnight</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Evening schedule on next page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Haod</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Plantation Jubilee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TWOnty-SEVEN years old this month, forward-looking WHB is still growing. Since its first broadcast on April 15, 1922, WHB has been a pioneer in progressive broadcasting and a leader in civic service. Outstanding program accomplishments during the past year; the shift to full time operation with 10,000 watts day, 5,000 night; the addition of WHB-FM; the enlargement of the aggressive WHB News-bureau—all prove that the 27th anniversary of WHB marks a significant milestone in the station's history.

An intimate interview with a famous Hollywood guest star is the highlight of the refreshing Yours for a Song variety program heard over WHB at 7:30 p.m. on Fridays. Witty Sheilah Graham, film columnist, conducts the interviews and acts as hostess for the show. Tuneful arrangements of popular music are played by Harry Zimmerman's orchestra, with vocals by song star Betty Rhodes.

During the 1948-49 season, the symphonic music of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra was heard not only by selected audiences in the Music Hall, but by millions of appreciative listeners over a five-state area. Through the facilities of WHB and the sponsorship of Kansas City Southern Lines, the evening concerts were broadcast in their entirety for the first time in the history of the orchestra. Thus the great music reached into the homes, to inspire and give pleasure to those who otherwise would have missed it.

Your Neighbor with the News is an innovation in news broadcasting, achieved by WHB when the station commenced full time operation in June of 1948. This different type of newscast—a friendly, philosophical commentary by one of Kansas City's outstanding civic leaders, John Thornberry—has proved to be a popular success. People like John Thornberry's intimate delivery, his bright humor and homely advice. He is heard over WHB at 9:45 nightly, Sunday through Friday.
In a curious way radio is what we might call "time-bound." It waits for no one. If an individual is not beside his radio when a program is broadcast, it is lost to him forever. The broadcaster sets the pace, and the listener either does or does not follow him. Secondly, radio, more than the other mass media, is limited — by time — in the amount of material which it can produce. The printed media can use various space-saving devices to increase the content of their issues; a minute or two more or less makes little difference in a film. The broadcast day proceeds with split-second timing.

When we consider both aimless dialing from one station to another and listening to announcements, we see that radio is still the most important single source of information about programs, but newspapers run a close second. The recommendations of friends and relatives are the only other ways in which listeners learn of new programs.

If newspapers think of radio stations as their main competitors for advertising revenue, it will not be easy for them to allocate more space to news of radio. But in the long run newspapers will find it to their advantage to provide better information about radio, for it will improve their circulation and will make their news coverage more complete.

Whatever the methods used, audience building should have priority on the agenda of all broadcasters.

Broadcasters themselves want to be kept on their toes. Radio is still the only industry which periodically surveys people's attitudes and then frankly publishes the findings. It can only be hoped that this triple alliance of research, vigilant criticism and creative leadership will continue; that it will bear fruit in terms of desirable improvements; and that it will be taken as an example by other communications industries.

"How do you usually learn about new radio programs?
Newspapers .................. 45%  
Just by dialing .................. 33  
Radio announcements .......... 26  
Friends and relatives .......... 24  
Magazines ....................... 3  
Other ........................... 1  
Don't find out .................. 10  
100% = 3.225"

Past Imperfect

A GROUP of spiritualists once persuaded dubious Charles Dickens to attend one of their seances.

"Mr. Dickens," said the leader solemnly, "we will summon any spirit among the departed that you wish. With whom would you like to converse?"

The author thought for a minute, then decided on his lately departed friend, Lindley Murray, who was a celebrated grammarian.

The room was darkened, and they sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the spiritualist announced, "Lindley Murray is in the room. Speak to him."

"Are you Lindley Murray?" asked the doubting Dickens.

"I am," came the ghostly reply.
That was Dickens' last experiment in spiritualism.
The Soviet Union's next move may be a peace offensive. That such a plan could be incubating in the minds of Russian strategists is entirely conceivable at this moment.

In the first place, it is obvious that the United States has been the recent scorer in the cold war. Perhaps the most striking example of the West's diplomatic triumph is the entrance of Norway, a country that is almost next door to Russia, into the Atlantic Pact. Denmark, too, has signed the Pact, pledging to defend Western Europe with armed force if necessary. These Soviet setbacks undoubtedly are influencing the Russians to try a different line of action.

The recent shake-up in Soviet high command may be simply a way to cloak a change in tactics, not a real change in power. Vishinsky, who replaces Molotov as Foreign Minister, has never been a policy maker. He probably will conduct his office merely as a mouthpiece, the voice of plans directed from inside. This may mean that Molotov will continue to exercise real power in the handling of foreign affairs. Both Molotov and Mikoyan, though ousted from their former positions as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of Foreign Trade, still remain members of the Politburo. In fact, many observers believe Molotov is being groomed to take Stalin's place. Sixty-nine-year-old Stalin has been ill for some time. It is significant that, for two years, Molotov has given the national speech to the Russian people on the Anniversary of the Revolution, a speech which corresponds to our President's State of the Union address.

But whatever the shift in Soviet officials may mean, it seems a peace move on the part of Russia would be the most effective strategic line for Russia to follow at this moment. At present, the United States economy is geared for a 15 million dollar armament program. It is because of this huge mass of government spending that American economy is staying on a reasonably good level.

Should Russia start a campaign for peace, the result might be disastrous both for our national economy and military defense. Such a move most certainly would be preceded by a wholesale propaganda barrage by the Soviets. The United States government would find itself in the vis of national and international public opinion. Terrific pressure would be exerted on Congress to discontinue the United States armament program. At least a substantial cutback would be asked for. This would not only place the United States in an extremely precarious military position, but it might cause a real breakdown in our economy. If the United States economy should collapse, the entire world would go with it. For almost every government in the world owes its financial stability to the strength and stability of the dollar.

Such a peace bid by the Kremlin would be in the manner of a feint based on the Soviet theory of misdirection. As the magician seeks to deceive, so do the Reds. The conjurer misdirects attention by highlighting the action of one hand while the other hand is busy performing the sleight-of-hand. The Russians are quite adept at this sort of prestidigitation. The American people will be expected to watch the hand that holds the olive branch while the other hand conceals the knife. Crippled by a broken economy and weakened by a curtailed armament spending, the United States would be doubly vulnerable to Soviet attack.

Among the political spoils of the Democratic campaign, the choicest prize fell to towering Louis Johnson. He has been awarded the most important and most powerful position on the Cabinet, that of Secretary of Defense. With able James Forrestal goes the last member of Roosevelt's Cabinet; the group now consists entirely of Truman appointees.
Although Johnson gained some experience as Assistant Secretary of War under Harry Woodruff, who was appointed in 1936, he won this new position as reward for a very thorough job of fund-raising in the 1948 Democratic campaign. Truman has asked that Johnson be given more power. This request is in accord with the Hoover commission report which said that bungling and bickering resulted because the Secretaries of Army, Navy and Air were able to bypass the authority of the Defense Secretary. Certainly, no one can protest that Louis Johnson does not deserve an important position in return for his campaigning; but it is doubtful that, even if granted more power, he can adequately replace Jim Forrestal.

Pandit Nehru of India has expressed extreme alarm for the future of his country now that Chiang Kai-shek has fallen from power. For with the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek as leader of Nationalist China, a situation has developed which is tantamount to the complete capitulation of China to the Chinese Communist forces and the Kremlin.

Some time ago, Nehru predicted that the political results of such an event soon would be apparent in India. It is beginning to be clear that Nehru’s prediction was correct. Bands of Communist terrorists have been leading damaging raids throughout India. Communists are inciting strikes everywhere in the country with the hope that India will be weakened by internal chaos and made ripe for Communist infiltration on a large scale. The government’s vain attempts to raise the living standards of the people have been thwarted by the recent Communist activity. The pattern of the vicious circle has become manifest. Agitation for Communism results from low living standards; but the standards cannot be raised until order is restored and the strife quieted.

The situation in China apparently has been filed in the category of lost causes by the United States Department of State. This “hands off” policy is largely responsible for the Communists’ continued success in overrunning China. Since new Secretary of State Acheson was one of the high officials who originally encouraged our present attitude toward the Far East, there is very little likelihood that the policy will be changed at all. In response to queries by Congressmen, Acheson has dismissed the subject with a shrug and a remark that we’d better “wait till the dust settles.” Evidently, the State Department regards the cold war as strictly a one-front war.

Soviet anti-religious activities in Middle European countries have been widely publicized through the fake trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and the Protestant ministers. Oddly incongruent is the fact that Russia is trying to get her fingers into Israel by lending support to the highly religious Zionist movement. Although extremists have welcomed this support with open arms, it has greatly alarmed the conservative element, represented by President Chaim Weizmann (pronounced hime vise mon). The Soviets started moving in on Israel more than six months ago when a retinue of Russian military instructors entered the Holy Land under the command of Yugoslav General Ilitch. A short time thereafter, Russia started feeding armament to the Israeli army. The materiel included a large number of Czech aircraft which were used effectively by the Zionists. Dr. Weizmann and other moderates frankly are worried over this Russian favoritism. They are wondering what the price for repayment will be.

The Russians have found collaborators among the Zionists because many of the Eastern European Jews who form the extremist faction are the Russian descendants of a non-Semitic, Asiatic, Turki-Finn tribal nation known as Khazars. These pagan people immigrated from Central Asia into eastern Europe during the First Century, and it was not until the latter part of the Seventh Century that they were converted en masse to Judaism. Eventually, the Khazarites were absorbed into the Russian State but remained an island of Judaism in the midst of the Greek Orthodox faith. It is these people who have migrated to the Holy Land with the aid of the British and are now becoming the dupes of the Kremlin.
Platter Chatter ...

LOOKS like the present music migration is to the sunny side of the street. The popular "blues" cycle that was prevalent during the latter months of 1948 has given way to the present run of "morale-building" tunes. The public is pushing them to the top—an indication of a weary willingness to look for better times and forget the threat of another war. Notable of these tunes are Powder Your Face With Sunshine and, more recently, the novelty titled Look Up. Lyrics to Powder Your Face were written by Stanley Rochinski, a World War II veteran with 100 per cent disability. He has just received an award from the Disabled Veterans of Foreign Wars ... The latest group to get on the "and" beat of bop is the versatile King Cole Trio. With the addition of a bop drummer, the Trio's future arrangements undoubtedly will take on a new flavor ... Artie Shaw has just signed a long term contract with Columbia Records ... The Deep River Boys, Victor recording artists, will return to Canada this month for an extended concert tour ... As soon as their radio commitments end, Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour plan to take to the road for a series of personal appearances ... Benny Strong, who revived That Certain Party, has a "new-oldie" on Tower records called Five Foot Two. Wow, is that going back! How nostalgic can you get? ... Louie Jordon, Decca jazz man, will open as one of the first attractions at the brand new Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas ... Illinois Jacquet will play a benefit at New York's Carnegie Hall the 9th of this month ... Marjorie Hughes (Frankie Carle's melodic daughter) will fly the family nest to do a single ... Frankie Laine will augment his Mercury label work with a set of transcribed platters for Standard Transcriptions ... 'Tis rumored that Glen Gray will soon reorganize his old Casa Loma band ... The Art Van Damme Quintet is back home in the Windy City for TV dates. These Capitol recording artists recently wound up a smash success date at Kansas City's Uptown Interlude ... Contrary to rumor, Johnny Hodges will stay with Duke Ellington indefinitely ... Pretty Kitty Kallen has resumed personal appearances and will soon have her first Mercury disc released ... Victor is claiming the latest "Sinatra" these days. His name is Bill Lawrence, and we think he's here to stay.

Betcha Didn't Know ...

... Bing Crosby got his nickname because of his early enthusiasm for a now extinct comic strip, The Bingville Bugle ... Composer William C. Handy wrote the famed Memphis Blues in 1909 as a campaign song for one E. H. Crump, who was running for mayor of Memphis ... Before he organized his own band, Tony Pastor was saxophonist and vocalist with Artie Shaw.

Highly Recommended ...

CAPITOL 15322—The Art Van Damme Quintet. I Know That You Know plus The Man I Love. Here's the sensational new Capitol fivesome. You'll agree that spinning this bit of lacquer is like finding a cool mountain breeze on a hot summer's day. I Know That You Know offers an unusual and satisfying performance with a clean, fast rhythm beat on the accordion, vibes, guitar, bass and drums. The underside illustrates the versatility of the individual artists and especially the arranging skill of bass man Lou Skalinder. Marvelous for that end-of-the-day letdown!

DAMON 11220—Jon and Sondra Steele with Gene Pringle's orchestra. Lonesome for You plus I'll Be in Love With You. The "My Happiness Twins" are back again with a socko platter, the original recording of two new tunes.
It's a real thrill to hear Sondra do Lonesome for You in her appealing, slow blues manner. On the reverse, Sondra teams with her partner Jon for a velvety, blended vocal duo of I'll Be in Love With You. The smooth music background by Gene Pringle and the boys adds the finishing touch. It's mellow and moody—a musical double-treat!

COLUMBIA 38412—Herb Jeffries with orchestra. Bewildered and Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys. This is only Herb's second Columbia disc, but it's headed toward the top. The warm, vibrant rendition of the oldie, Bewildered, makes you feel nostalgic. It's a fine revival that's getting a lot of play this spring. The flip is simply a charming confirmation of what a lot of girls have always thought! You'll remember its debut in the movie, One Sunday Afternoon. Herb sings it superbly in slow ballad tempo, backed by George Wyle and the ensemble. It's a good idea to start a Jeffries collection with this platter.

DECCA 24584—Michael Douglas with Four Hits and a Miss and Sonny Burke and his orchestra. She's a Home Girl plus Without a Friend. If you like creamy, liquid-voiced crooners, you'll certainly go for Michael Douglas' arrangements. Home Girl, with its sentimental lyrics, definitely has hit possibilities. The underside features Michael with the Four Hits and a Miss offering a distinctive vocal to a haunting tune. Sonny Burke and the band fill in the background to make this an outstanding platter.

Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-3359—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Ya Wanna Buy a Bunny? and Knock Knock. Just in time for the Easter season, Spike's band with the vocal assistance of George Rock tells the hilarious tale of a pair of rabbits that just multiply and multiply and multiply. George has no end of trouble with the rabbit family! You'll roar at this funny-bunny episode. The reverse is the door-knocking pun fun that you enjoyed a few years back—now given the merciless Spike Jones treatment. Mom, Dad, and especially little Junior will love this one!

DECCA 24586—Ginnie Powell with orchestra conducted by Sy Oliver. Here's a Little Girl from Jacksonville plus Grieving for You. Here's Ginnie's first record for Decca. You'll remember her as a former Canary with such bands as Harry James, Gene Krupa and Charlie Barnet, but this is the first release on her own. The Jacksonville side is an up tempo beat which should catch on with the public in no time. Ginnie trades lyrics with the band until they end up in a hand clapping finish. The flip finds Ginnie lending a tender touch to Grieving for You. You'll like Ginnie Powell in her initial release!

MGM-10374—Art Mooney and his orchestra. Doo De Doo on an Old Kazoo and Beautiful Eyes. The genial Irish gent is back with a follow-up platter similar to his former hits, Four Leaf Clover and Baby Face. An old-timey rhythm backgrounds the fine vocal ensembles. Both sides have all the effects of Art's former hit platters, including banjo, plenty of brass and a steady, foot-stomping beat. You'll like these tunes—the kind you can't stop humming.

CAPITOL 15380—Kay Starr with Dave Cavanaugh's orchestra. You Broke Your Promise and Second Hand Love. The rising young "Starr" has another brilliant disc to her credit with this latest Capitol offering. You Broke Your Promise is a jaunty tune sung in the inimitable Kay Starr style. The reverse is torchy blues, right down Kay's vocal alley! Dave Cavanaugh provides top background music. It's a nice combination for Kay Starr fans.

Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

A hint for retaining customer good will: A sign in an Omaha, Nebraska, beauty parlor reads, "Satisfaction guaranteed or your hair refunded."—Edison Voice Writing.
A LITTLE more than a year ago, the Public—meaning the people of the city of Chicago—allegedly took over the elevated lines (the Rapid Transit) and the decrepit equipment and strange employees of the street railway system of our town. At the time a great many fine things were said about what would happen when the "people" owned the public transportation. To the naked eye, nothing much has happened at all. It's still the same old system of survival of the fittest. Also, the Chicago Motor Coach Company—an independent organization with many, many failings—still operates the safest, best, and generally most dependable transportation service in Chicago. It also happens to be the least expensive, with 13 cents buying you a ride on a Motor Coach System more or less modern bus. On the other hand, the "L" charges 15 cents for a ride in one of their rolling match-boxes—wooden cars of about 1908 vintage. The more modern subway (a combination of underground and elevated transportation) uses steel cars constructed about 1926, or before—taken away from other service because the Commissioner of Safety, or somebody with a similar title, won't let the Chicago Transit Authority use wooden cars underground.

This brings up what appears to be an interesting thought: do the people of Chicago prefer to be mangled underground in 1926 steel cars, built for elevated service, or burn, get themselves crushed or full of splinters, in a car dangling over the side of an elevated trestle?

While we're talking about the Rapid Transit, better known among the customers as the "rancid transit," let's also take up the somewhat whimsical practices of the boys in the big chairs who decide what train goes where. To many of us who daily put up with the haphazard and sometimes downright stupid scheduling of trains on what is familiarly known as the Metropolitan, or west side, division of the elevated lines, it is apparent the men who make up the schedules obviously don't live anywhere near the lines they master-mind. Otherwise they'd do better in self-defense.

We'll admit, just to eliminate about 300 words, that those lucky people living on the far north and south sides of Chicago get a pretty good deal from the "rancid transit" system. Howard street, Evanston, and even Wilson Avenue express trains run on a fairly efficient schedule. They have to. Otherwise the Motor Coach Company would put on more express busses on the Outer Drive and take more business away. The same competitive situation exists on the south side, where the electrified suburban trains of the Illinois Central Railroad—one of the fastest and most universally applauded commuter services in the country—keeps the CRT on its toes but only schedulewise. Those same old wrecks still haul the passengers.

However, west of the loop—where customers away from the lines of the Burlington and Northwestern railroads depend on the "L" system and surface cars—it's another story. The strap-happy individual who looks to either the Douglas Park, Garfield Park, or Humboldt-Logan "L" trains for transporation is the Forgotten Man of our local "wheels-a-rollin" situation. He not only rides in cars that should have been burned in Hallowe'en bonfires years ago, but stands most of the way—it's a long way, and takes a long time. For example, a luckless commuter depending on the Douglas Park "L" branch for service to Berwyn can wait ten to twelve minutes for a train at mid-day to take him to his destination—and then count on
spending another 45 to 50 minutes en route. Driving his own car, stopping at all traffic signs, and appreciatively admiring the attractive damsels encountered en route, he can make the same trip in from 25 to 30 minutes. He can do just about as well if he patronizes the express busses of the Bluebird System—an upstart bus company which the CTA and its little brother in the suburbs, the Chicago and Westtowns Railway, have been trying to discourage from providing good and inexpensive transportation from suburban towns.

On the streets of our city, the CTA has made real progress in establishing feeder bus lines and high speed electric cars on a few routes. However, the same old wrecks still serve the majority of “passenger-owners” on west and northsouth routes. And by far the majority of CTA personnel operate either old or new equipment—upstairs, downstairs, or on the street—with the assumption that the people who ride in their vehicles are crazy, stupid, and deserving of the worst service and treatment which can be devised.

Every now and then the CTA public relations department gets a beautiful story in the papers featuring some kindly old conductor or bus driver who says “Thank you,” presses his uniform from time to time, and assists the blind or lame in boarding his vehicle. The fact that a story of this kind is considered news is an indication of the norm.

On the bright side of the current Chicago scene, we are now enjoying a show called Finian’s Rainbow—a road company version of the New York hit of some duration. Talking about a well-established show is somewhat like telling a funny story which everybody knows, but in this case we’ll take a chance. Charles J. Davis, who plays Og, and Mimi Kelly, daughter of the stalwart Hollywoodian, Paul Kelly, bring to the Chicago production a freshness few Broadway shows attain on the road. Even though you’ve seen the show two or three times in New York or elsewhere, you won’t want to pass up the Chicago production currently visible at the Shubert.

Along the same lines, there’s a little gal in the Breakfast Club show named Patsy Lee who does a world of entertaining. When most radio listeners think of Breakfast Club they think of the “names” on the show who have been getting up at the crack of dawn for years to make that 8:00 a.m. broadcast. It’s a tribute to both Patsy Lee and Jack Owens, who need no introduction to anybody who either listens to the radio or buys records, that they have overcome the relative anonymity assigned most singers on “personality” radio shows.

We’re having a hard time remembering the names of the last five or six singers who were featured with Mr. McNeil, Sam Cowling and Fran Allison! However, it’ll be a long time before anyone forgets Miss Lee and Mr. Owens. They can take care of themselves. Talent will out.

It’s a Fact

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the average American will munch and gulp through the following items this year: 145 pounds of meat, 380 eggs, 47.5 pounds of chicken, 3.8 pounds of turkey, 370 pounds of fluid milk, 7 pounds of cheese, 20.9 pounds of condensed and evaporated milk, 10.9 pounds of butter, 133 pounds of fresh fruits, 256 pounds of fresh vegetables, 93 pounds of sugar, 136 pounds of flour, bread, and bakery products, and 17.5 pounds of coffee.

According to a Holland professor, only an estimated 320,000,000 people, out of nearly 1,619,000,000, eat with knife, fork and spoon. These are Americans and Europeans. Of the remainder of the earth’s population, 19,000,000 American Indians eat with spoon and the fingers of their left hand; 530,000,000 Chinese eat with chopsticks; while about 750,000,000 Africans, Asiaties, and those in the Pacific islands eat with just their fingers.

Very High Life . . .

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State at Monroe St. (RAndolph 6-7500). Barclay Allen, a man who left Freddy Martin to do very well on his own, has the most popular band in this distinguished green and gold room since Griff Williams left town. Right now Victor Borge is the floor show, with a few badly needed new routines putting him where he belongs among the ranks of the impressionists—close to the top.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Stevens Hotel, 7th and Michigan (WAbash 2-4400). It's still an ice policy here, mostly for the prom-trotting and convention trade. If that seems a strange combination of customers, credit it to the Hilton hotel boys who know a good entertainment parlay when they see it. Frankie Masters, the perpetual sophomore, still has that slick hair and an equally smooth band.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HArrison 7-3800). Jerry Glidden plays the best society-type dance music in town, with an extremely helpful assist from Lona Stevens, who fills one of those plunging neckline evening gowns better than any gal currently gracing a Chicago bandstand.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). David Lee Winter continues to provide the music for the town's glamour oasis. The only legitimate news that is actually new about this spot is that Lucia Perrigo has joined the press staff of the Ambassador Hotels, Inc., which is Warner Brothers' loss locally, if not nationally, according to a recent opinion poll taken among characters habitually seated at the press table.

★ CAMPELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). This charming room, complete with blossoming camellia trees, offers nearly everything for a big evening, from excellent food to the society-brand music of Ron Perry.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (HArrison 7-4300). Everyone's favorite, Peter Lind Hayes, is back with Mary Healy and Dick La Salle's orchestra in this popular supper spot. Its excellent reputation is well deserved.

★ SWISS CHALET, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEntral 6-0123). Chicago's newest and most unusual dinner and dancing rendezvous combines a charming Swiss background with the very best in out-of-the-ordinary food and good music.

★ THE BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State St. (SUperior 7-7200). Comedian Kay Kenton with Manchito and his orchestra provide a backdrop for the conversation in this attractive and intimate room. It is always well occupied by the Gold Coast gang and the post-college crowd.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). Joey Bishop, popular laugh man, has joined Jack Cole and his dancers, Mary Small, and Cee Davidson's band for a really good entertainment bill at Chicago's oldest night club. Mike Fritzel is reported to be rubbing his cash register gleefully.

★ VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue (MIchigan 2-5106). Phil Foster has replaced Joey Bishop in the comedy department here, while Mel Cole stays on the bandstand.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph (FRanklin 2-2100). Ed Prentice, "Captain Midnight" on the pop-
ular Mutual kid-strip, rates nearly everyone's praise for his emceeing of the "Salute to Cole Porter" show. William Snyder and the Honeydreamers make the musical listening mighty enjoyable. Blossom Lee sings, too.

**LOTUS ROOM, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison (FFranklin 2-0700.)** This handsome modern Chinese room offers the smooth music of Carl Lind and his Northmen, with petite, young Ann Estes doing the vocal charming.

**Strictly for Stripping . . .**

Despite the fact local politicians are denying the existence of any sort of a syndicate here in the Windy City, the G-String Gymnasts are doing business on the same old stages. For an early spring thaw try one of these all-girl shows . . . the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . the TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street . . . the L AND L CAFE, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . 606 CLUB, S. Wabash Avenue . . . or the EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street.

**Gourmet's Delight . . .**

**BARTNEY'S MARKET PLACE, 741 W. Randolph (ANdover 3-9795).** Popular with men. Wonderful steak and lobster and Barney's familiar "Hello, Senator" give this excellent restaurant a feeling of warmth and good cheer.

**LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (DElaware 7-9701).** The patio entrance, and the open hearths for warmth and atmosphere, combine with the excellent French food to make this a favorite eating place.

**DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton (SUPerior 7-8812).** This highly atmospheric South Sea restaurant is famous nationwide for its wonderful rum drinks and unexcelled Cantonese delicacies.

**KUNGSHOLM, 100 E. Ontario (SUPerior 7-9869).** The location of this famous restaurant in the gracious old Potter Palmer home offers a relaxing background, while the truly magnificent smorgasbord is tasty proof that the preparation of food is still an art. Plan to spend at least three hours eating.

**HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph (DElaware 2-1800).** This conservatively decorated spot has been a favorite with politicos and theatrical people for three generations. Probably because of its comfortable service and unexcelled food. You can't do better on Randolph Street.

**Other Top Choices . . .**

**FRITZEL'S, State and Lake Street . . . NORMANDY HOUSE, 800 N. Tower Court . . . IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton Place . . . IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark Street . . . AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State Street . . . A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1016 N. Rush Street.

**Current Top Shows . . .**

These stage items will be around quite awhile according to the box office treasurers . . . Finian's Rainbow with Joe Yule, Mimi Kelly, and the incomparable Charles J. Davis (SHUBERT) . . . Mr. Roberts. Richard Carlson, Murray Hamilton, James Rennie and Arthur Keegan help make Thomas Heggen's script a memorable evening in the theater (ERLANGER) . . . Make Mine Manhattan, starring Bert Lahr (GREAT NORTHERN).

---

**All's Fair**

ALL'S fair in love and war—even a price war.

Hearing that his nearest competitor was selling coffee (which wholesales at 43 cents per pound) for 39 cents, a New Orleans super market manager figured out a way to take a mere one-cent loss (to his competitor's four-cent deficit) and still sell the same coffee for a lower price.

How?

He simply bought up all the coffee in the other store for 39 cents a pound—and sold it in his store for 38 cents.—Joseph C. Stacey.

Footprints on the sands of time are not made sitting down.
MOST of Manhattan’s department stores have the Charge-a-plate system. These plates are metal, about the size of a small calling card, with the patron’s name and address in raised letters. On the back is a place for a written signature. Since one plate serves as identification in most all of the large stores, they are not only great time savers, but a protection as well. However, in spite of the fact that every known precaution is taken against forgery, never a day passes in a large store without a mishap. Recently, we found our name on several charge slips from Bloomingdale’s and Saks Fifth Avenue for items we had not purchased.

In response to our objection, we learned that store thieves in the United States relieve department stores of millions of dollars annually, despite the vigilance of store detectives and guards. It seems that forgers of names on checks or charge slips are the most difficult to handle.

In most stores any item under ten dollars that is a “charge-and-take” can be okayed without a plate by a floor manager. Anything over ten dollars requires the plate or the verification of the signature. In this way forgers have a hard time getting away with higher priced items. Even so it is a pain to both the household and credit accounts. Usually, these forgers give the charge address and sign the name (the signature on our forged slips were a strange jumble of letters, to say the least); but if the package is delayed more than a few minutes, the thieves begin to get panicky, tell the clerk to send it, and scam. Consequently, some patrons receive strange merchandise they never purchased. This means no end of bother trying to straighten out an account. When a false signature is suspected, a store detective engages the purchaser in conversation until the all-clear signal is given. If the signal comes through to the contrary, an arrest is made on the spot.

Another form of store thieving takes place when legitimate packages arrive at hotels or apartment buildings. A package sent to a patron in a public dwelling is intercepted and quickly taken back to the store with a demand for a refund. This latter method is extremely precarious, and usually the crook ends up with the small pleasure of a credit slip. Telephone calls to the credit department from patrons demanding to know what happened to an item of promised delivery is just another coal heaped on this fire of general annoyance. Even delivery men often are found guilty of stealing. They have a wonderful opportunity to snare some of the packages from their trucks.

It’s a funny feeling to know that someone is going around impersonating you (not so funny to the credit department), and the mystery of who it can be and what he looks like is almost unbearable.

Shoplifters are an entirely different problem from forgers and, as a matter of fact, easier to handle. But with the millions of people milling around the stores, it is amazing that the detectives apprehend as many thieves as they do. Professional shoplifters are very clever and often resort to ingenious methods. Some years back, we heard of a gang that sent several women, wearing double skirts fastened together at the bottom, into New York stores. As the women dawdled through the clothing and yard goods departments, they stealthily slipped expensive articles of clothing and even bolts of material into the voluminous “skirt bags.” The trick worked so well that they tried it a second time, only to find the alerted store detectives waiting for them.
Anyway, it's a good feeling to know that department stores are doing everything possible to stop store thieving, especially since cracking down on this unnecessary waste helps keep down the retail cost of merchandise. It's also good to know that patrons are not held responsible for forged signatures.

Robberies of personal belongings from hotels also are plaguing the Manhattan police and detective forces. Though a number of the light-fingered chaps are known to come over roof tops and through windows, a lot of work is done from the inside. Seldom is anything recovered. Evidently, foreign ports receive much of the stolen goods. It is an ordeal to keep everything under lock and key, but that seems to be the only thing for both Manhattanites and visitors to do until this racket is broken.

On to a more cheerful subject. This is the time of year when urbanites as well as suburban dwellers begin to feel the call of the earth. Everyone wants to plant bulbs or seeds some place to watch them grow. Not many crowded New Yorkers can plan a garden of any size these days. Mostly, it must be a compromise of salad-making, herbs and cutting flowers. This, however, can be accomplished with very little space. The most practical garden plans we've seen come from the old charts of the George Washington gardens at Mount Vernon. Though these gardens cover nearly an acre of ground, they are planned so neatly in sections that the choice of one section assures a plot of both beauty and utility.

Charts of this old garden are available by writing to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association at Mount Vernon, Virginia. This is the Association, by the way, that is responsible for keeping Mount Vernon the well-groomed show place that it is. Surface wells, or cisterns, are indicated in several sections on the chart. These were installed in accordance with the old theory of using tepid surface water for plants. Apparently, the practice brought fine results; it's the next best thing to rain water. Even now, we are told, expert gardeners loathe to use chilled water on vegetation. For beginners in gardening, it is best to follow a professional plan so that height, breadth, beauty and utility will blend together.

Manhattan theatres report a falling off of box office receipts on certain nights during the week. They attribute this slack-off to the 'hit' shows on television. Though some of the television programs are too corny to describe, there are enough good ones to carry on for the duds. And when they are good, nothing could be more enjoyable. Televised sports programs always are super. Though television is still in the process of development, and very expensive, it is amazing to see how many small, remote houses in the country have the tell-tale aerials perched on their roof-tops. At first, television power only extended over about a 30-mile area; but now, with auxiliary stations, it goes hundreds of miles. There's no use in fighting television; it's here to stay. Expert theatrical producers are beginning to plan shows for it; and with their knowledge of show business, coupled with higher salaries for the actors, the next year should bring forth some excellent entertainment.

The business dip that everyone is watching with a dubious eye, certainly has become manifest in retail stores in Manhattan. At last, the poor, weary shopper is being encouraged to buy! The frigid, unaccommodating species of clerk that predominated during the war years rapidly is becoming extinct. To everyone's relief there has appeared a new type of shop clerk—pleasant, attentive, and even willing to search for items not within reach. A day of shopping again has become a reasonably pleasurable excursion. Perhaps, this is the one bright part of the downward business trend!

A diplomat is a man who can make his wife believe she looks fat in a mink coat.

Nightclub: an ash tray with music.
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS. (Dec. 8, 1948). This lavish production of Maxwell Anderson's historical tragedy makes impressive and entertaining theatre. The play chronicles the disorderly, troublous period of English history in which Henry VIII ruled the Tudor court and made love to proud Anne Boleyn. Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman offer enthralling performances as the lusty king and his ill-fated queen. Elaborate sets by Jo Mielziner and magnificent costumes combine to make *Anne of the Thousand Days* handsome drama—but, by no means Anderson's greatest. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY. (Mar. 8, 1949). This is a fast-moving, roughhouse comedy with one laugh after another. The plot about the boredom of life in an Army camp in Kentucky is weak and insignificant. But audiences don't seem to mind the lack of intellectual messages as long as the spirited gags keep coming thick and fast. One high moment in the lively farce is the incident of the Coca-Cola machine which has gone haywire and spits bottles and nickels at a wistful private played by Tad Mosel. Others in the merry cast are Gary Merrill, Mike Kellin, and William Lanteau. The realistic military set is by Donald Oenslager. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

THE BIG KNIFE. (Feb. 24, 1949). Clifford Odets has returned to Broadway, after an eight-year absence, with a melodramatic story about a Hollywood star whose personal integrity is destroyed by his own success. Notable is the sensitive performance by John Garfield as the screen idol who becomes alienated from his wife when he sacrifices "art" for money. The actor is finally driven to suicide after being forced by studio politics to sign a long term contract rather than face the scandal of a hit-and-run accident. There is an interesting Hollywood interior set by Howard Bay, and expert support by the cast, including J. Edward Bromberg, Joan McCracken, Nancy Kelly, Paul McGrath and Reinhold Schunzel. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN. (Feb. 10, 1949). This is the magnificent tragedy of a man who has struggled for success all his life, only to be faced with the hopeless recognition that he is a failure. Broken by the relentless burden of trying to rise above his modest economic status and disillusioned because his sons have failed to live up to his dreams, Willy Loman at 63 has one course left—to take his own life. With this eloquent and deeply moving study in futility, Arthur Miller, who received recognition for his 1947 success, *All My Sons*, has established himself as a significant contemporary playwright. The sympathetic characterizations by Lee J. Cobb as the tragic salesman, Mildred Dunnock as his loyal wife, and Arthur Kennedy as the son, have won high and well-deserved praise. *Death of a Salesman* undoubtedly is the outstanding play of the season. Morasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

DIAMOND LIL. (Feb. 5, 1949). With her characteristic allure and low, sexy voice, Mae West is fascinating audiences at the Coronet. The show is gaudy with fabulous costumes and elaborate scenery, and only slightly impaired by a plot which revolves around the conflict of Diamond Lil's assorted lovers and climaxes with the stabbing of a Brazilian woman who gets in Lil's way. The cast includes Steve Cochran, Richard Coogan, Jeff Morrow
and Walter Petrie, but the low wolf whistles punctuating fervent applause are all for Miss West. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT. (Dec. 27, 1948). This brilliant, witty make-believe about a mad countess who lives in shabby grandeur in a Paris street cellar was translated from the French of Jean Giraudoux and possibly will duplicate its successful two-year run in Paris. An English actress, Martita Hunt, gives a superbly touching performance as the Madwoman who attempts to rid the world of greed by calmly murdering several wicked schemers in her cellar. The result—an admirable satire that is both charming and amusing. John Carradine, Estelle Winwood, and Vladimir Sokoloff are excellent in the supporting roles. Vivid costuming and sets by Christian Berard. Belasco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED. (Feb. 20, 1949). This revival of Sidney Howard’s drama seems a little too dated to live up to its 1924 Pulitzer Prize-winning standard. It is the story of a middle-aged Italian vintner who wants children and wins a mail-order wife by substituting the photograph of a handsome young workman. The twist, which has lost the shock it had in the 20’s, is that a child results from the wrong father. Paul Muni gives an interesting characterization in the lead, but Carol Stone’s interpretation of the truant wife is even more memorable. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ TWO BLIND MICE. (Mar. 2, 1949). This is a dizzy, hilarious comedy about bureaucracy in Washington. One crazy situation after another arises in the Office of Seeds and Standards run by two little old ladies who take in assorted tenants to keep the place going. A newspaper man carries off an astounding hoax by spreading the word that the Bureau is involved in some secret work as vitally important as the atom bomb. Melvyn Douglas, back from Hollywood, is pleasantly skilful as the reporter; and Laura Pierpont and Mable Paige are enchanting as the old ladies. With a grand supporting cast, including Jan Sterling, Jane Hoffman, Geoffrey Lumb and Frank Tweddell, the play is fast-moving and refreshingly funny. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin’s pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . EDWARD, MY SON. (Sept. 30, 1948). Audiences find this evening of villainy to be fascinating entertainment. The drama follows the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who is driven to commit arson, blackmail and murder by an obsession for his wastrel son. Superb performances by Robert Morley and Adrienne Allen as his alcoholic wife. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . GOODBYE, MY FANCY. (Nov. 17, 1948). The return of a beautiful Congresswoman to her alma mater for an honorary degree results in a triangular love affair with a dignified college president and a caustic Life photographer. Starring Madeleine Carroll, who proves she can act, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, and scene-stealer Sam Wanamaker. Fulton, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . LIFE WITH MOTHER. (Oct. 20, 1948). Delighted audiences welcome back their favorite family—the redheaded Days, with Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney. The sequel matches the charm of Life With Father because it’s simply a continuation of the same lovable, laughable family fun. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . LIGHT UP THE SKY. (Nov. 18, 1948). Although a little uneven in parts, Moss Hart’s comedy has some superbly funny situations. The play follows the hopes and misgivings of a group of show people trying out their new play in Boston. Clever acting by
Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober and Phyllis Povah. Royale, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40....


Current Musicals . . .

ALL FOR LOVE. (Jan. 22, 1949). Expensive, flashy costumes and gaudy settings cannot hide the glaring lack of worthwhile material in this lavish musical. Paul and Grace Hartman, struggling with the vulgar burlesque, perform without their usual dash. Bert Wheeler's flash of wit in his parody of Edward, My Son is one of the few clever moments in the whole evening, although there's a funny ballet satirizing four choreographers. The music is by Allan Roberts and Lester Lee. It seems unfortunate that such expensive production produces no more than a mediocre show. Broadway, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

ALONG FIFTH AVENUE. (Jan. 13, 1949). An imposing roster of top talent heads the cast: Nancy Walker, Carol Bruce, Hank Ladd, Johnny Coy and others. With such proven performers, the show is pleasant enough, but it takes a lot of fine dancing and singing to make up for the deficiency in humor. The songs by Gordon Jenkins with lyrics by Tom Adair are bright, lilting and entertaining, but Charles Sherman and Nat Hiken fail to achieve more than vulgarity in most of their sketches. It's simply a big, brassy review. Imperial, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 2:45.

KISS ME KATE. (Dec. 30, 1948). A very pleasant mingling of Shakespeare and Cole Porter makes this the top musical on Broadway. The story is about a production of Taming of the Shrew. Patricia Morison and Alfred Drake are delightful as Katherine and Petruchio in the inner play, and as quarrelsome off-stage lovers. While the kidding of show business and Shakespeare is amusing, the real brilliance lies in Cole Porter's charming songs. Jaunty dances choreographed by Hanya Holme are skillfully executed by talented Harold Lang, Lisa Kirk and a fine supporting cast. From the scarcity of tickets, it looks like Broadway is more than glad to have Cole Porter back! Century, evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

LEND AN EAR. (Dec. 14, 1948). Here's one of the most refreshing revues to reach Broadway this season. The show sparkles with bright, vivacious newcomers—such as the new deadpan, blonde Carol Channing, and William Eythe, Yvonne Adair and Anne Renee Anderson. The sassy sketches are often completely hilarious. Audiences alternately chuckle and shudder at memories stirred by "The
Gladiola Girl,” a burlesque of a 1925 musical. Young, talented Charles Gaynor wrote the lyrics and music, as well as the sketches. The costumes and staging are cheerfully intimate—in fact, everything seems to click to produce a very happy evening. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits...

★ AS THE GIRLS GO. (Nov. 13, 1948). With broad gags and brassy songs, it’s a peppy show filled with a lot of good old-fashioned hilarity. Funnyman Bobby Clark, as the husband of the first woman President (Irene Rich), spends his time leering at beautiful women and making gay nonsense out of the affairs of state. It’s not a political satire, simply a lot of fun. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Phil Silvers, Joan Roberts, Jack McCauley, Mark Dawson and others. Broadway, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . LOVE LIFE (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are enchanting as two lovers striving to maintain marital happiness through 150 years of rapidly fluctuating American life. With Michael Kidd’s dances and Kurt Weill’s score the show is fanciful, sentimental and very entertaining. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . WHERE’S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948). This 55-year-old farce has been vivaciously rejuvenated, thanks to the crazy antics of Ray Bolger. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he’s frantically funny in curls and petticoats. Allyn McLerie is his pretty and talented dancing partner. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed...

★ THE BIGGEST THIEF IN TOWN, Mansfield, Mar. 22.

★ DETECTIVE STORY, Hudson, Mar. 23.

NEW YORK THEATRES

(“W” or “E” denotes West or East of Broadway)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Type</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>152 W. 54th</td>
<td>CI 6-5097 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alvin</td>
<td>250 W. 52nd</td>
<td>CI 5-6868 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrymore</td>
<td>243 W. 47th</td>
<td>CI 6-0390 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belasco</td>
<td>115 W. 44th</td>
<td>BR 9-2067 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biltmore</td>
<td>261 W. 47th</td>
<td>CI 6-9353 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Booth</td>
<td>222 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 6-5969 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broadhurst</td>
<td>235 W. 44th</td>
<td>CI 6-6699 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Century</td>
<td>932 7th Ave</td>
<td>CI 7-3121</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coronet</td>
<td>230 W. 49th</td>
<td>CI 6-8870 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cort</td>
<td>138 W. 48th</td>
<td>BR 9-0046 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empire</td>
<td>Broadway at 40th</td>
<td>PE 6-9540</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-Sixth</td>
<td>226 W. 46th</td>
<td>CI 6-6075 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forty-Eighth</td>
<td>157 W. 48th</td>
<td>BR 9-4566 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulton</td>
<td>210 W. 46th</td>
<td>CI 6-6380 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson</td>
<td>141 W. 44th</td>
<td>BR 9-5641 E</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperial</td>
<td>249 W. 45th</td>
<td>CI 5-2412 W</td>
<td>W</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

He could not have been over four, as he stood in front of the lost and found desk. He hardly reached the top of the desk, and there were traces of hastily wiped tears on his chubby face as he inquired in a quavering tone, “Has any mothers been turned in this morning?”—Pageant.
NEW YORK Ports of Call

Atmosphere . . .
★ AU CANARI D'OR. An authentic touch of Paris night life can be found in this petite, friendly club. The decor, the waiters, and the fine food are all very French. A special delicacy are the piping hot canapes which slide down easily with a cool drink. 134 E. 61. TE 8-7987.
★ BRUSSELS. An atmosphere of old world dignity lends a quiet charm to this luxurious room. Here the epicure may feast on specialties ordered a la carte from the fine French and Belgian cuisine. It's elegant dining at expensive prices, and reservations are a must. 111 E. 56. PL 8-0457.
★ ENRICO & PAGLIERI. A famous old restaurant in the Village serving inexpensive, well-prepared Italian foods. The ravioli is wonderful, and the spaghetti is the long kind you have to wind up on a fork. It's a favorite with Village "natives," so out-of-towners may find that Bohemian atmosphere they're seeking. 66 W. 11. AL 4-4658.
★ HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE. Unusual and authentic Dutch cuisine served in a pleasant Netherlands atmosphere. Just leave your wooden shoes outside. On Monday night, the special is a staggering feast called the Rijsttafel, a Javanese meal of 30 items. Chances are you won't recognize what you're eating, but you'll like it. 10 Rockefeller Plaza. CI 6-5800.
★ AMBASSADOR. You'll mingle with mink and Chanel No. 5 in the elegant Trianon Room. William Scotti's orchestra provides music for dancing, and the sophisticated set finds it smart to sway to Ennio's rumba selections. Closed on Sundays. Park Avenue at 51. PL 5-1000.

Eating . . .
★ AL SCHACHT'S. There's a new club-house on the top floor here, which is a wonderful place for big parties. And television, on the second floor, is bringing in new fans for Al and his super steaks. A fine place if you're a visitor from non-television parts of the country, because there are still mighty few good restaurants set up for television here in our town. 102 E. 52. PL 9-8570.
★ CAVANAGH'S. When Chelsea was "uptown" and gas lights cast a welcome glow, fashionable New York dined here. Time only enhances the comfort and leisure of this fine old restaurant. Sea food and steaks are the specialties now as then—from luncheon on through supper. 258 W. 23. CH 3-1938.
★ DIVAN PARISIEN. This restaurant just off Fifth Avenue is famous for its special dish, Chicken Divan—a sumptuous concoction of broccoli and breast of chicken blended with melted cheese. Attractive waiters urge large portions, so be sure to take a second helping of the en-dive salad. For dessert, try the "Oriental"—ice cream topped by a crackly bird's nest of spun sugar and big black bing cherries. Umm! Delicious! 17 E. 45. MU 2-8795.
★ HARVEY'S SEAFOOD HOUSE. Third Avenue has its share of the best uptown seafood restaurants. An established clientele of fish-fanciers enjoy steamy clam chowder, mussels, broiled live lobster, swordfish and other daily specials in season. A fine selection of wines to accompany your seafood choice. 309 3rd Avenue. MU 4-9442.
★ PEN & PENCIL. Just a few steps down from the street brings you into the main dining room of this famous steak restaurant. Lobsters and steak are the favorites of the clientele, but a large menu assures you of other good food. The lighting is soft; the wall murals and decorations as well as the low ceiling make an instantly comfortable and pleasing atmosphere. 203 E. 45. MU 2-9825.
KANSAS CITY Ports of Call

Magnificent Meal ...

★ PUTSCH’S 210. Anyone can discover the charm of New Orleans by simply stepping across the threshold of No. 210 on the Plaza and into one of America’s loveliest dining rooms. Here, the wrought-iron grillwork, roses, and deep green walls recreate the quaint atmosphere of the French Quarter. The chatter and merriment continues all evening, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. The distinctive music of Henry O’Neill at the piano alternates with Gene Pringle’s trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. For leisurely dining in the gracious manner of the Old South, there is the Victorian lounge, softly lighted by large brass candelabra. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A venerable old restaurant named Brown welcomes patrons into a dark green-tiled, mahogany-paneled room which remains unchanged since 1903. Some prefer to dine here in the Grill proper, where the solid dignity of tradition permeates the atmosphere. Others choose the bright, modern surroundings of the new Imperial room, splendid with wide mirrors, ivy wall boxes and a soft colored lighting effect. In both rooms the food is superior, especially the seafood dishes. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ NANCE’S CAFE. For over 45 years, appreciative Kansas Citians have been enjoying the excellent food at Nance’s, located on the Union Station Plaza. Of course, it’s always a favorite with out-of-towners who look forward to a delicious Kansas City sirloin or a juicy roast beef dinner during train stopovers. The walls of the attractive dining rooms are crowded with pictures of celebrities who have feasted here. The “Biscuit Girl” wanders among the tables with piping hot biscuits that melt in your mouth. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ WEISS’S CAFE. Recalling the early days of 19th Century Kansas City, this restaurant is situated in the Coates House, one of the distinctive landmarks on old Quality Hill. Following an established tradition for delicious food and courteous service, Weiss’s offers roast duckling, thick steaks, capon, and fresh live lobster flown from Maine daily. In contrast to the huge fireplace dating back to 1867 is the adjoining cocktail lounge with its smartly modern decor. Coates House. VI 6904.

In a Class by Itself ...

★ PLAZA BOWL. Here is a spot to score a strike three ways—in eating, drinking—and of course, bowling. Work up an appetite on one of the 32 brightly polished alleys, then forget the noisy pins by stepping into the sound-proofed cocktail lounge for a quiet drink below the artistic pioneer murals. There’ll be plenty of cash left for bowling again after dinner since a filet mignon with potatoes, rolls and butter costs only $1.20. This bright restaurant is also a favorite for lunches and between-meals snacks with its crisp salads and toasted double-decker sandwiches. A perfect place for private parties is the stylish Green Room upstairs. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

Class with a Glass ...

★ TROCADERO. An overnight sensation in Kansas City—the unique piano styling of Cliff Goforth is still drawing crowds to the Trocadero. It’s delightful music for dancing or cocktail sipping. The wide variety of mixed drinks proves that the bartenders here really know their business. Bob Lederman, the genial manager, meets guests at the door with a friendly smile. The decor is in a South Sea motif which adds to the daily informal atmosphere. It’s in the midtown area—so why not drop in for a cocktail on the way home from the office? 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

★ OMAR ROOM. It’s so easy to follow Omar Khayyam’s carefree philosophy with wine and song (you bring the women) at the Omar Room, where a cushiony davenport invites long, lazy sipping about the circular, mirrored bar. The
nimble fingers of young Eddie Oyer, “Keyboard Atom Splitter,” entertain nightly. He plays requests and will oblige with anything from fast boogie to slow blues. For a quiet tete-a-tete over cocktails, there’s the Alcove, a cozy nook off the main lobby. Stretch your expense account by taking advantage of two cocktails for the price of one from three to eleven p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

**Eatin’ and Drinkin’ . . .**

**★ ADRIAN’S MART RESTAURANT.** Be careful—the tempting smorgasbord invites over-eating. But that’s only one of the reasons Adrian’s is so popular. Everybody knows about that famous, delectable 16-ounce sirloin steak which is featured on the attractive menu. Another house special is a tasty seafood dish—shrimp Creole with rice. There’s always a crowd, but the modern cocktail lounge makes pleasant waiting. Travelers find it only a short walk across the square east of the Union Station. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

**★ UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** With Charlie and Dale mixing good strong drinks at the bar, elbow-bending is a popular sport at the Interlude. During the first part of April, the famed Joe Mooney quartet will draw crowds. The Mooney group is another in the succession of excellent big name entertainers that will continue to appear here. Delicious, crispy fried chicken and steaks are fine remedy for hunger pains, and business men find the inexpensive luncheons ease the strain on pocketbooks. Lots of people think it’s fun to turn Sunday night into Monday at the Interlude Bar after midnight. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

**★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFE-TERIA.** Another point in favor of the Country Club Plaza as an ideal shopping and business center is this three-in-one restaurant. There’s a cafeteria for those busy people always in a hurry, a restaurant-bar offering full table service for dinner or cocktails, and a spic and span soda fountain for snacks. A full line of pastries is prepared daily in the bakery for carry-home purchases. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

**To See and Be Seen . . .**

**★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER.** The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Pusateri’s New Yorker begins outside, where an incredibly uniformed doorman assists patrons from their cars. Inside, whether you sip a dry martini at the bar under Daniel MacMorris’ Manhattan skyline mural or feast on a thick filet chosen from a tempting menu, you’ll enjoy the distinctive air of this modern restaurant and hotel. Of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be table-hopping to chat with their many friends and to see that everyone is having a good time. Music by Muzak. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

**★ PENGUIN ROOM.** A sleek, sophisticated atmosphere that’s the perfect setting for mink and orchids. Dim lighting and an Oriental touch in design mark this attractive room. The chef has a well-deserved reputation for an excellent cuisine. The stylish music of Stuart Russel and his trio is delightful for dancing. His smooth, smart arrangements, with vocals by Chuck Henry and Betty Jane, are making quite a hit with the supper crowd. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

**★ EL CASBAH.** That inimitable entertainer, Dwight Fiske, with his full repertoire of sophisticated ditties will be at the glittering El Casbah until April 7. Then—and this is big news—straight from a smash success at Ciro’s in Hollywood comes the Chilean sensation, Malu Gatica. Remember her as the guest star on Duffy’s Tavern not long ago? She’s famous for her very alluring type of “whispered blues.” A superb cuisine is served with a Continental flourish in this elaborately mirrored room. It’s elegance in dining and the best in smart entertainment, with no cover or minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

**Something Different . . .**

**★ KING JOY LO.** Confucious say, “Best Chinese food in town found at King Joy Lo.” Intricately inlaid tables and Oriental waiters create an authentic atmosphere
in which to enjoy the chop suey, dry rice, egg foo young and delicious almond cookies. You may sip hot tea from handleless cups in the privacy of enclosed booths or look down from the oversize view windows at busy Kansas Citians bustling past the 12th and Main corner. For the strictly American taste, there are steaks, lobster and chicken. 8 West 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES. "Hail, hail, the gang's all"—at Sharp's Broadway Nineties having a wonderful time! You'll join in lustily as everybody sings Little Brown Jug, The Man on the Flying Trapeze and other traditional old favorites to the accompaniment of a friendly pianist.

Of course, singing makes you hungry—and what could taste better than spicy jumbo shrimp, thick broiled steak, or delectious hickory smoked barbecued ribs? Eating, singing and making merry at Sharp's all add up to a gay evening! Broadway and Southwest Blvd. GR 1095.

★ UNITY INN. After a delightful meatless meal here, most people will agree the vegetarians have got something. Big leafy salads are featured, and rich pastry for that comfortably-full feeling. Incidentally, the attractive decorations match the salads—they're done in a refreshing green. The managers, the Unity School of Christianity, planned the cafeteria especially for busy people who dread long waits. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

△ MAN OF THE MONTH (Continued from page 44)

ning away from me!"

On the question of his intention to ease off, though, the lovely and gracious Mabelle Mehornay has some reservations. She says, "Bob will never stay away from the business entirely, nor from his other activities. Work is his hobby. It always has been. Recently he got interested in cardiac research, so now he is a member of the executive committee of the American Heart Association."

But Bob Mehornay has an answer for that one, too. "I've always tried to keep busy on at least one interesting civic job all the time," he says, "and I think every man with any taste for that sort of thing should."

"After all, Kansas City has been awfully good to me. America's been good to me. I have a full life with a lot of advantages. So when I work, I'm not 'giving' anything. I'm only paying debts."
THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSIC IS YOURS

ON THE Falstaff Serenade

DINNER MUSIC, that is! A charming selection of soothing, melodic tunes makes a perfect background for your dinner conversation every evening. The works of your favorite American composers—Sigmund Romberg, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Lorenz Hart, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein, Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, David Rose, Vincent Youmans, Arthur Schwartz—magnificently arranged and played in an enchanting style—just for you! The music all America loves is yours each evening Monday through Friday at 6:15 over WHB. It's the finest in dinner music, brought to you by the beer which stands among the world's finest—premium quality Falstaff!

6:15 p.m. — Monday through Friday — WHB
Last year, 167 new sponsors (55 of them local) joined the Swing to WHB. More Kansas City advertisers now use WHB than all other stations combined. In one year (1948), WHB increased its power ten times . . . received 147% more mail . . . added to its coverage area 89 new counties in three states, with a potential of two and a half million new listeners.

YOU, TOO, CAN GET IN THE SWING. SEE YOUR JOHN BLAIR MAN!
Don't Take Your Child to Hollywood
A new racket is making dupes of gullible parents . . . . Page 59

America's Suicide Mania
A penetrating discussion of what lies behind the 100,000 attempted suicides in the United States each year . . . . Page 3

Full Length Articles

House of Blue Tights ........................................ Wallace Burton 7
Eskimo Shopper ................................................. Edward Wade 11
Bureau of Missing Husbands ................................. Robert Stein 15
Shakespeare Goes by Bus ..................................... Tom Barrows 19
Skeleton in Your Closet ....................................... Ralph May 21
Glass Goes Modern ............................................ John Bateman 25
Midgets, the Mighty Mites .................................... Peter Ray 27
Supper in Bed ................................................... Willard N. Marsh 31
Flying Classroom ................................................ Whit Sawyer 35
They Fight Food Frauds ....................................... Vic Dennis 37
Learning is a Volume Business .............................. John Mansfield 49
That Tell-Tale Touch .......................................... Bertram R. Henley 53
Four Year Itch .................................................. William J. Murdoch 57
Generaliissimo of the Ushers ................................ Sam Stuart 61
Sleep My Pretty One .......................................... Jay Sewell 65
Uncle Sam's Interpreter ....................................... John Yale 69
Bodies in the Backyard ........................................ Ted Peterson 73

Special Features

Heavy Dates in Kansas City . 2 Swinging the Dial . . . . 79
Tom Collins Says . . . . 10 Swing Session . . . . 80
Man of the Month . . . . 45 Kansas City Ports of Call . 82

THE MAGAZINE OF TOMORROW—TODAY!
1. Percy Kilbride struggles to escape Marjorie Main's iron grip on his collar, as the two take time out from the premiere of their Twentieth Century Fox movie, *Ma and Pa Kettle*, for a WHB interview.

2. From the floor of the Municipal Auditorium, Gus Miller, N.A.I.B. president, compliments Kansas City on the most successful tournament in N.A.I. history.

3. Claude Thornhill is surrounded by admiring fans who made a special trip from Braymer, Missouri, to meet him in the WHB studio.
foreword for May

BENEATH the surface of this lovely, fragrant season bubbles a broth of hell and terror. The war scare, simmered slowly over many months, is almost ready to be taken up and served to the people.

Unfortunately, the alarm is well-founded. Our nation is in danger, and the hazards are not decreasing.

Fear for self or homeland is no disgrace. The only shame is failure to take action designed to reduce or destroy the cause for fear.

That action is being taken. Planning and preparations are going forward at an incredible pace. New techniques of war, new weapons, planes and ships, are being developed.

We in America want peace, but it must be peace on our terms, or something close to them. We will not compromise, must not compromise, our principles, our ideals, nor our ideas.

We do not want war. But we must be realistic and realize that war is imminent. The United States and Russia are two big, rough boys, jockeying for position. Sooner or later one will bump the other, and there will be a fight.

We hope it won't be soon. We hope it won't happen at all. But let's be ready. Let's give the leaders of our military and naval forces the money they need to keep our dukes up, all the time.

Mori
MAY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

Concerts: (No admission charge. All programs held in Atkins Auditorium.)
May 1, Piano pupils of Mrs. Miles Blim, recital, 3:30 p.m.
May 3, Kansas City Conservatory of Music opera program, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.
May 4, Cleo Art Club concert, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.
May 6, Budapest String Quartet, Kansas City Musical Club Benefit for the Philharmonic Orchestra, 8:15 p.m., east entrance only.
May 8, Recorded liturgical music in the Spanish Chapel, 3:30 p.m.
May 15, Pupils of Mrs. Paul Willson, recital, 3:30 p.m.
May 22, Mu Phi Epsilon Young Artists' concert, 3:30 p.m.

Drama . . .
Apr. 25-May 1, Three Men on a Horse, Resident Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

Special Events . . .
May 2, Stephen Spender, lecture, Kansas City University Playhouse.
May 6-7, Boy Scout Roundup, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
May 11, Shrine Ceremonial, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
May 14-20, American Royal Spring Dairy Show and Rodeo, American Royal Building.
May 15, United States Savings Bond Drive Rally, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
May 22, Kansas City High School Baccalaureate Exercises, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
May 21-28, Greater Kansas City Home Show of 1949, Municipal Auditorium Exhibition Hall.
May 29, Kansas City University Commencement, University Quadrangle, 4:00 p.m.

Dancing . . .
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main. Dancing every night but Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.)
May 1, Hank Winder.
May 3, Mal Dunn.
May 6-8, 10, Jack Everette.
May 14, Barclay Allen.
May 17, Tom Beckham.
May 19, Tommy Dorsey.
May 20, 22, Les Copley.

Musicals . . .
May 13-14, Annie Get Your Gun, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.
May 16-22, Brigadoon, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Wrestling . . .
(Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.)
May 24, Special exhibition match, Municipal Auditorium Arena, 8:30 p.m.

Baseball . . .
(Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.)
May 1, Toledo, double-header.
May 2, 3, Louisville.
May 4, 5, Columbus.
May 6, 7, Milwaukee.
May 8, Milwaukee, double-header.
May 9, 10, 11, St. Paul.
May 13, 14, Minneapolis.
May 15, Minneapolis, double-header.

Conventions . . .
Apr. 30-May 2, Sacro-Occipital convention, Hotel Phillips.
May 1-3, Missouri and Kansas State Branches, National League of District Postmasters, Hotel Continental.
May 1-3, Kansas City Shoe Show, Hotel Muchlebach.
May 2-3, Southwest Automotive Wholesalers, Hotel President.
May 4-6, Missouri Association of Public Utilities, Hotel Muchlebach.
May 5-6, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Accounting Conference, Hotel President.
May 9-11, Missouri Bankers Association, Hotel Muchlebach and Municipal Auditorium.
May 11-12, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers, Hotel President.
May 11-12, Petroleum Division, National Safety Council, Executive Committee, Hotel Belleview.
May 15-17, Optimist, International District No. 10, Hotel Muchlebach.
May 15-18, Central States Salesmen, Municipal Auditorium.
May 18-20, Kansas Bankers Association, Municipal Auditorium.
May 22-24, Missouri Pharmaceutical Association, Hotel President.
May 23-25, American Legion Economic Conference, Regional Hotel Continental.
May 28-29, 358th Infantry Association, Hotel Phillips.
May 29-31, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotel Muchlebach.

Opera . . .
May 9-14, The Bat (Die Fledermaus), Kansas City University Playhouse, 8:20 p.m.

Opera . . .
During 1947, a total of 16,538 people took their own lives. The count for 1946 was about 16,200. Of these, 2,000 individuals poisoned themselves with barbituric acid or with other solid and liquid poisons. By leaving on the gas jets in their kitchens, 1,300 put themselves to eternal sleep. Carbon monoxide gas from motor vehicle exhausts and other poisonous gases were chosen by 600 to relieve themselves of life. Self-hanging and self-strangulation choked out 3,600. Eight hundred decided to drown themselves. Death came swiftly to the 6,300 who turned firearms and explosives on their bodies. Cutting and piercing instruments were used by 700 to cut off their lives. From high places, 600 flung themselves to death. Two hundred stamped out their own lives by crushing. Other widely varied methods were used by the remaining 100 who sought death and found it.

Beside this stark heap of suicide victims loom the dejected faces of the frustrated death seekers—the 100,000 persons annually who try to take their own lives—and fail.

Some falteringly use ineffective methods, such as swallowing too little poison to be actually fatal or leaping from a spot not high enough to cause death by impact.

Some bungle the job even when using seriously lethal means. The bullet intended for the heart may miss, or the knot in the improvised noose may slip.

Others are stopped in the act by outsiders. Police and firemen sometimes succeed in thwarting a suicide by netting the desperate jumper wa-vering on a skyscraper window ledge. It is from these who have tried and failed that we learn the personal explanation for the determination to commit suicide, and the mental conditions which foster such a determination.

Five hundred cases of unsuccessful suicide attempts were studied recently by Dr. Alex J. Arieff, the late Dr. D. B. Rotman and Rook McCulloch of the Municipal Court Psychiatric Institute in Chicago. The cases were referred to the Institute by the judges of the Court over the period of 1937 to 1946. In addition, 100 unselected cases were reserved for more detailed analysis.

The study reveals that in the age
groups under 20, 38 per cent of the attempts could have been successful. In the age groups of 20 to 30 years, 52 per cent could have died. The percentage of cases that could have been successful increased with the age level, so that in the group from 50 to 70 years, 99 per cent could have ended their lives. Hysterical or fake attempts

The individual becomes more highly integrated into the group. The mind tends to be diverted from despondency by the increased activity and exterior interests that arise with wartime conditions. Second, with economic prosperity, which is usual during wartime, suicides decline.

On the other hand, when recon version at the end of the war caused a confused shifting of employment suicides went up. The difficult psychological problem of adjustment to civilian life among men released from the armed forces is another factor increasing suicides. Right after World War I, however, the suicide death rate declined for two years. In 1921 the rate increased sharply and after remaining level for five years, it kept on going up until, in 1932, a total of 20,646 suicide deaths was reported—the highest number in the country history. Judging from the experience of World War I, it is expected that our present suicide death rate will rise to higher levels.

According to Arieff and Roman, most of the unsuccessful attempts occur in the 20-30 year age group. In the younger age group female attempts are greater in number. With the increase in age, the number of male suicide attempts increases. In actual suicide deaths, males in constant majority, beginning with the lowest age group, 5-14 years and going up to 75 years and over. In 1945, out of a total of 14,784 reported suicide deaths, 10,754 were males and 4,028 were females. Male suicide deaths were highest in the 45-54 age group, the total for the group being 2,279.
Alcoholism, though it is not a direct cause, is the precipitating factor in about half of the suicide attempts. This holds true in all age groups except that below 20 years. Many suicidal attempts would never have been made if the victim were not under the influence of alcohol.

Lack of work and occupational maladjustment may often lead to suicidal attempt. Although the survey of Arieff and Rotman covered a better than average employment period, it is significant that more than 28 per cent of those people attempting suicide were not employed. Fourteen per cent were irregularly employed and nine per cent did very poor work. Therefore, 51 per cent had inadequate work records. No physical handicaps were present in any of the cases. Granting that the individuals concerned were qualified for some types of work, the problems of not having work, of doing poor work, or of being unsettled in one’s work are attributable to morbid mental conditions.

In the cases studied, the most prevalent type of mental morbidity, directly above alcoholism, was depression—either reactive or situational. Next to alcoholism came schizophrenia, or loss of contact with environment. This was followed by senility or old age. After senility came mental deficiency and last, super-sensitive personality.

The reasons given by these unfortunate individuals for wanting to kill themselves often appeared trivial, superficial and misleading. The greatest number said they had “sweetheart trouble.” To the psychologist this implies the failure of interpersonal relations and makes clear the existence of wrong mental attitudes.

The second greatest number confessed alcohol. Alcoholism usually is the result of a struggle to escape some recognized problem or unpleasant reality.

The next group was composed of individuals troubled by false beliefs or giving neurotic complaints.

Family discord, impending disaster, display, shame and poor housing were reasons given by the rest.

The possession of average intelligence or better is no insurance against suicidal activity. The problem of suicide is definitely one of the emotions. Arieff and Rotman found that 76 per cent of the individuals in their study were above the eighth grade scholastically. Only two per cent were below the fourth grade level.

Well-known cases of suicide by brilliantly gifted and successful persons support the belief that suicide has no correlation with I. Q.

After an outstanding career in American politics as the distinguished ambassador to Great Britain and governor of New Hampshire for three terms, John Gilbert Winant shot himself. Possible illness was given as the cause.

Ross Lockridge, Jr., author of the best seller, Raintree County, wilfully locked himself in his garage, started the car and inhaled its deadly exhaust fumes to bring death. He had worked contentedly on his book for seven years, was happily married and the father of small children. Hollywood had offered him a neat sum to film his book. His shocked wife could think
of no reason for his suicide, although it was rumored that the reviews of various book critics had upset him.

Nationally famous for his writings, especially those on crime subjects, Courtney Riley Cooper hanged himself in his room. No cause was given.

Stefan Zweig, author of the widely read Marie Antoinette, poisoned himself and his wife at the start of World War II. It was reported that he felt they could no longer live in the world as it was then.

Likewise, the noted novelist, Virginia Woolf, killed herself in 1941—the peak of the war crisis—because, it was stated, she could not “stand it any more.”

Enrico Caruso, the king of tenors, would have been a suicide if his wife had not been awake one night during the time he was suffering from the illness that eventually caused his death. He had come home from the opera house ailing and had gone to bed. In the middle of the night, he got up, walked to the opened window, and started to climb over the sill. His wife immediately rushed to pull him back from a death leap. Was it because of his illness that he tried to die? True, he was stricken with disease at the height of his fame. But psychologists point to the fact that he had long been harboring sorrows attending an unfortunate love affair. From this entanglement had come his two illegitimate sons whom he felt compelled to recognize in public.

From these incidents and others, Arieff and Rotman conclude that a suicidal attempt represents “a complicated personal reaction.” Allowing for economic conditions, environment, social status and physical health as exterior factors, the suicide act is the result of a tangle of deep-seated psycho-pathological mechanisms. There is no one mechanism and no one cause. Hostility towards oneself, or self-accusation coupled with a strong inclination towards self-punishment, are in open evidence. The self-destructive tendency is a part of the theoretical death instinct. However, universal as is this mechanism of guilt and punishment, it does not explain all the cases.

Law officials have been listing suicidal attempts as lesser offenses mer

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Racial Strains</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>American suicides are much more frequent in some racial or nationality groups than in others. For example, these self-inflicted deaths were recorded per 100,000 population in 1945:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Japanese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White race</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negro</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

iting only disorderly conduct charge. It is high time that individuals a tempting to kill themselves be considered serious psychiatric cases in need of secure hospitalization, rather than being termed offenders deserving some short commitment to jail cells.

Physicians attending suicidal patients must go beyond administering first aid aimed at life saving, such antidote giving, stomach pumping at the suturing of wounds. They also should set the stage for a proper psychiatric follow-up study of each patient.

(Continued on page 24)
With the flick of a needle and thread, Brooks will turn you into Napoleon, Cleopatra or Henry the Eighth.

The House of

BLUE TIGHTS

by WALLACE BURTON

EVERY week of the year, 180 mysterious trunks—laden with colorful mementoes of past heroes and ygone tyrants—are carried aboard trains in New York City to be dispatched to the far corners of America.

These trunks contain costumes for civic dramatic companies, high school barrymores, Parent-Teacher Association Bernhardt's and many other amateur Thespians planning to stride the stage for a night or two of glory.

The trunks, which belong to the Brooks Costume Company on New York's grimy Avenue of the Americas, are packed with everything from lady Macbeth's nightgown to a Nazi general's uniform. Brooks historians and researchers comb the libraries of the world to insure authenticity for the costumes sent to both professional and tyro theatrical companies.

If you're to portray George Washington in a school pageant, you can be certain that your Brooks costume will be historically correct down to the last button. Or if your homeown playwright dreams up a character requiring a costume never seen in this earth, you can confide the specifications and intent to Brooks designers. They will promptly create just the outfit desired.

At this moment, the doublet and sword John Barrymore wore when he enthralled Broadway with his Hamlet of 1924 vintage are probably being worn by a swashbuckling high school actor some place in America. For the accoutrements of Broadway's immortals usually end up in Brooks' capacious warehouse, where they are restitched, hemmed and refurbished for a new crop of actors and actresses each year.

In hundreds of bins, Brooks tenderly guards 110,000 costumes, some more than half-a-century old. For a small fee, you can borrow a gold brocaded robe which probably cost $1,000 to create for a fanciful Broadway extravaganza of some forgotten era.

When a revolution percolates in Latin America, a Brooks official clips the news item telling of the fighting and begins thinking of a new and fanciful officer's uniform. He will have the design in work when the expected order from the new generalissimo unfailingly arrives. Brooks tailors have outfitted a dozen South American dictators and their general staffs.

Come prosperity or depression, Brooks has a million-dollar-a-year bus-
business which keeps more than 350 persons employed in a busy season. Amateur theatricals alone bring in more than $800,000 a year to this unusual firm which can outfit an entire Billy Rose spectacle as easily as one clown.

Every year, Brooks dresses up more than two-thirds of the top Broadway shows. Carousel, St. Louis Woman, Are You With It? and Ice Time are but a few of the spectacles made more breath-taking and colorful by Brooks workers.

The Brooks saga began in 1918 when Ely Stroock of New York City had a chance to buy the gorgeous costumes in the estate of famed producer Charles Frohman, who perished in the sinking of the Lusitania. Stroock and his son James were running a prosperous business creating uniforms for the maids and chauffeurs of Park Avenue nabobs and Long Island dowagers. He decided this was his opportunity to enlarge, so he immediately purchased the entire stock of Frohman costumes.

The name “Brooks” was selected for the new firm because the canny Stroocks felt that the appellation had a tight, right British sound to it. And since London was the home of good tailoring, the father and son hoped that some of the magic inherent in British needle and thread would be conveyed by this new, austere name.

The Frohman costumes — rented out to other producers for good sums — launched the company on a new and more profitable business; designing, making and renting costumes for every purpose — balls, plays, circuses and the like.

Without the counsel of Brooks, plus the 110,000 costumes the firm owns, more than 90 per cent of all the “little theatre” and school theatre groups in the United States would be unable to function. Brooks officials are as eager to please a rural high school impresario in Missouri as they are to satisfy a domineering Broadway producer who gives them thousands of dollars worth of business. The company files bulge with grateful letters and telegrams from teachers, principals and drama coaches who have been helped over many a hurdle by the resourceful Brooks outfitters.

An Ohio school, presenting Merchant of Venice, was horror-stricken when a trunk filled with costumes was delayed en route by a blizzard which stopped the train. When the frantic drama coach wired Brooks the understanding company advised him not to worry and immediately made special arrangements for the needed costumes to be flown in, just in time for the opening.

A naval lieutenant, who was to be married with all the fuss of crossed swords and white uniforms, at the last minute discovered to his disma that his attendants had swords, but he did not. Within five minutes Brooks did what Annapolis could not — they found the proper sword and threw in a gold saber knot for good measure. The relieved officer was wed with complete correctness.

On one occasion, an imperious hostess who was throwing a lavish fandango insisted that Brooks prepare some costumes carrying the front pag
headlines of the morning paper. Obliging Brooks tailors feverishly cut out the pattern in advance, then grabbed taxis and hurried to the New York Times printing plant where they ran the costumes through the presses to obtain the needed Page One streamer heads.

Inside the vast Brooks emporium, constant hubbub and pandemonium reign as designers, tailors, fitters and seamstresses dash about with mouths full of pins or shouting madly. Yet, out of this ferment, orders always are completed on time. Evidently, the Brooks staff thrives on the commotion.

A visit to the third floor fitting room, where internationally-famed actors and small-time hams rub elbows, provides a glimpse of democracy in action. While waiting for a new Hamlet costume, the great Maurice Evans may confide a bit of acting technique to an open-mouthed actor from a Kansas schoolhouse. Or maybe Ethel Merman—wearing a $2,000 creation for a new revue—will be chatting with a starry-eyed stenographer from Brooklyn being fitted for a chorus costume to be worn in her neighborhood girls' club "follies."

Though a little stock company may be 3,000 miles away, Brooks can fit the actors by mail to complete satisfaction. The outfitters mail out blanks with space for 12 measurements.

There is a special form headed "Remarks" for jotting down any additional information which may help the Brooks staff make the aspiring amateur look like Romeo, Mrs. Malaprop or Julius Caesar.

"We can dress anybody for any part," says a Brooks official, "but we cannot impart acting ability to a Hamlet who would be better off selling office supplies or neckties. Clothes make the man, but not the actor. That takes a talent only God can supply!"

---

Henry Ward Beecher was once in the midst of an unusually eloquent speech when some wag in the audience, possessed of less good breeding than spirits, crowed like a cock. It was done to perfection, and the audience was in a gale of helpless laughter.

Mr. Beecher stood perfectly calm. He stopped speaking, listening till the crowing ceased. While the audience was still laughing, he took out his watch. Then he said slowly, as if in deep thought, "That's strange. My watch says it is only 10 p.m. But there can't be any mistake about it. It must be morning, for the instincts of the lower animals are absolutely infallible."

The married couple who have a perfect understanding go fifty-fifty—During the day he lets her do as she pleases, and in the evening he does as she pleases.
To keep friends, always give your candied opinion.

A

The recipe for successful after-dinner speaking includes using plenty of shortening.

A

Life without fun is like an automobile without springs.

A

Boredom is a symptom of hardening of the mind.

A

A man with both feet on the ground hasn’t far to fall.

A

Ideals are to run races with. The minute we stop chasing them, they sit down and become opinions.

A

Sometimes the pinnacle of fame and the height of folly are twin peaks.

A

When a woman says, “You flatter me,”—do so.

A

The average man has five senses: touch, taste, sight, smell and hearing. The successful man has two more: horse and common.

A

Lovemaking hasn’t changed much in two thousand years. The ancient Greek girls used to sit and listen to a lyre all evening, too.

A

Meteorologist: A man who looks into a girl’s eyes to see whether.

A

It seems strange that children under eighteen are too young to work, but are old enough to drive a 1,500 pound car 70 miles an hour.

A

Brainy women earn their own living, but sensible ones let men do it for them.

A

To escape criticism, live openly: you’ve never heard any scandal about goldfish.

A

A polite deep sea diver was drowned when he met a mermaid and tipped his hat.

A

The difference between the modern girl and her mother is that the modern girl does what her mother wanted to do.

A

Never put off enjoyment—there’s no time like the pleasant.
ESKIMO SHOPPER

Igloo to igloo service with a smile.

by EDWARD WADE

TO Bessie Little Fish in the Alaskan village of Naknek—and to several thousand other residents of the frozen wastes—Marie Dow is a combination of Santa Claus, Dorothy Dix, doctor, and purveyor of food, clothes, toys and tobacco.

For trim, black-eyed Marie in her flying togs ministers to the needs of a sparse population sprawled over 580,000 miles of Alaska. Many a stateside department store executive, upon learning the scope of Marie’s territory, has vowed never to complain again about the responsibilities of his job. It may be tough to please shoppers in Kansas City, Minneapolis or Chicago, but when you personally have to deliver everything from vaccine for malemutes to a new layette for an Eskimo baby, any American merchandising job becomes a cinch compared with Marie’s Alaskan responsibilities.

Marie fulfills the same functions to the Eskimos that Sears Roebuck performs for rural America. Consider Bessie Little Fish’s village of Naknek (population 153). On one recent trip, Marie flew in such varied orders from Naknek citizens as one gray Stetson hat, ten gallons of ice cream, two boxes of cigars, and a new muffler for a noisy truck.

Moving along by plane to Kodiak, Marie dropped off to deliver two cor sages to local Eskimo belles, flowers for a new grave, three best-selling historical novels and a refill for a ball-point fountain pen.

Often, in order to fulfill requests in a land of vast spaces and incredible inaccessibility, Marie has to go to unusual lengths. For example, during the war—when zippers were tough to get even in Manhattan—several fishermen begged Marie to obtain zippers for them no matter what. She realized that the zippers were needed in their work. With no zippers to be purchased in all Alaska, Marie quietly did her best for her friends—she sweet-talked several prominent Anchorage men into removing the zippers from their coats and sewing on buttons. Gleefully, Marie swooped down in her plane near the fishermen’s shacks and presented them with the best possible Christmas present: three workable zippers.
Back of Marie's unique shopping service was the determination of Ted Law, Alaska Airlines president, that his company should do more for the territory than just fly passengers in and out of snow-locked settlements.

In 1944, Law conceived the idea of a shopping service for families which lived years without being able to visit a country store. The resultant goodwill, plus the increase in cargo carried by Law's airplanes, has proved that the northland families are fervently grateful for this aerial merchandising service.

Marie, a former resident of Tacoma, had been successively a clothing designer, model, ready-to-wear buyer and job placement expert for a shipyard. Always restless and adventurous, she turned up in Alaska in 1943, hoping to put her varied experiences to use in a new and raw territory.

Law put her to work as a one-woman shopping service, and she has been busy ever since, doubling and redoubling the business.

"I don't stay put at a desk in Anchorage," she says with a grin. "In this game, a merchandiser has to go to the homes of the customers. Such trips may involve round-trip flights of 500 or 1,000 miles. But what a kick I get out of the warm welcome I receive, even in the humblest igloo!"

When Marie's plane is heard overhead, schools in remote districts are dismissed and kids in parkas—looking like animated bear cubs—roll over each other in delight while she lands. They know that her pockets and the plane's interior will be filled with candy, nuts, cracker jacks and novelties for the small fry.

Their elders practically roll out a red welcome carpet in the snow for Marie. Parties are organized, runners are sent to distant houses, and food is piled high for Marie and her pilot.

She delivers the goods ordered on previous trips, collects the money, and jots down requests for merchandise which may be delivered the next week or the next month, depending on flying schedules and weather conditions.

On many occasions, Marie has landed near the cabins of isolated hunters and trappers with a load of ammunition for their rifles or new traps. An Eskimo woman, whose little boy desperately needed penicillin, tells her friends that "the lady who flies through the skies" was sent by God to help out in emergencies.

Occasionally, Marie provides services instead of wares for the far-flung families who are completely dependent on Alaska Airlines for food, warmth, clothing and entertainment. One village woman needed a baby sitter while she went to Anchorage for medical attention. Marie hired a girl and flew her to the settlement for several days.

In a remote mining camp, the services of a mechanic were needed to get a balky engine going. Marie doesn't fix motors herself, but she knows who does. Within hours, she had arranged for a man to make the needed repairs.

Because life is too often dull and unrelieved in the Alaskan interior, the inhabitants all have pets. When an animal or bird dies, Marie gets a prompt order for a replacement. So far, she has delivered puppies, kittens, parrots, white mice and chicks to children who readily believe that the air-
lane has supplanted Santa’s sled. Even when she received an order for two pigs, Marie was stumped only momentarily. Pigs aren’t easily acquired in Alaska, but she located two porkers and flew them to the metropolis of Homer (population 325) on her next trip.

The shopping service is free; the clients pay only for the merchandise and the cost of transporting it. Even when Marie spent several days rounding up a complete trousseau for a giggling Eskimo girl, no charge was made for her time.

“People up here are starved for ideas, too,” says this storekeeper of the skyways. “Books are hard to find; fly in novels, biographies, children’s textbooks and magazines. When they are dog-eared from use, I fly them on to the next settlement. It’s the nearest thing there is to pioneering in the 19th century—and I love it!”

The residents of the ice-sheathed islands love Marie, too, for they recognize that no salary would be enough to keep a girl in the Alaskan skies if she didn’t have a deep affection for the land and the people she serves.

That’s why Marie seldom flies away from a village or settlement without gifts, mostly homemade and doubly treasured because of it. She has scores of hand-made handkerchiefs, tablecloths, carved figurines, bird cages, jewelry and other items which grateful Alaskans have pressed upon her.

In return for their affection, she keeps no regular hours but flies any time goods or services are desperately needed. Though it may be a Sunday, Marie will rise early and make a trip to an iced-over shack hundreds of miles away if a plane is headed in that direction.

Other times, she hitches rides on dog sleds on the last lap of journeys which prove too tough for the hardy bush pilots who fly the Alaskan planes.

“We don’t give service as quickly as Macy’s does,” Marie laughs with a twinkle, “but we go to places and places and people who never heard of Macy’s or Gimbel’s. And I have more fun doing it than any stateside storekeeper has!”

**Why, Daddy?**

The little eight-year-old boy had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees, and simple biology. Papa leaned back at the end of his recital and said, “Now if there is anything you want to know, don’t hesitate to ask me, son.”

The boy pondered a moment, then turned gravely to his father and inquired, “How come they put out the *Saturday Evening Post* on Wednesdays?”

—*Duke ’n’ Duchess.*

She waited on the corner joyously, then pensively, then expectantly, then anxiously, and two hours passed.

“Man,” she thought, “is a pernicious creature, faithless and untrue, incapable of keeping a promise.” And so she became a cynic.

Two hundred yards down the street he was thinking the same thing about women. She was on the wrong corner.
Bureau of Missing

Where, oh where, has your daddy gone? Where, oh where, can he be?

by ROBERT STEIN

TWO ragged youngsters in South Carolina recently sat down and crawled off a letter.

"My little brother and I have never seen our father," wrote 12-year-old Billy Walters. "He left home ten years ago and never came back. Please find him."

The pathetic missive was forwarded to Charles Zunser, director of the National Desertion Bureau in New York. Immediately, Zunser swung into action. Within two days, agents of the National Desertion Bureau were in South Carolina, questioning the boys' mother about the disappearance of her husband.

Working with meager ten-year-old clues, the agents succeeded in picking up a trail that led to Florida. Three months later in Miami, they confronted the fugitive husband with his sons' letter. Shamefaced, Walters boarded a train for South Carolina where he later found a new job and settled down to live with his family.

In the past 44 years, the National Desertion Bureau has been responsible for thousands of such family reunions. Reaching into all 48 states and half a hundred foreign countries, the NDB has tracked down more than 50,000 runaway husbands since it was founded in 1905. The only organization of its kind anywhere in the world, the Bureau has even stepped behind the Iron Curtain in Europe to patch up broken families.

Although the NDB's New York office is staffed by only 14 investigators, social workers and lawyers, this small force works hand in hand with more than 200 social agencies all over the country. Together, they form a tight-meshed net that allows few marital runaways to slip by. After months of careful planning, a New York bank clerk recently deserted his wife and caught a streamliner for California. Jauntily, he stepped off the train in Los Angeles to find an NDB agent patiently waiting for him.

But catching up with runaway husbands is only half of the Bureau's work. Once a deserter has been trapped, the NDB sheds its detective's role to take on that of marriage counselor and, if necessary, lawyer. In one out of two cases, the errant husband goes back to his family to a welcome that is sometimes lukewarm, but is more often impassioned. When a marriage is too far gone for repair, the Bureau goes to court and speedily arranges for annulment or divorce—with adequate support for the wife and her children.

Amazingly enough, the National Desertion Bureau performs all of these services free of charge. Financed by
the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and other charitable organizations, it is nevertheless nonsectarian, serving abandoned men and women of all races, creeds and religions. Charles Zunser, who retired just recently, gave up his law practice in 1905 to help organize the Bureau. He served as its director for 27 years. A kindly faced man who speaks in soft, fatherly tones, Zunser has been relentless in the pursuit of fleeing husbands.

In a Savannah, Georgia, hotel not long ago, one of Zunser's agents tapped the shoulder of a pale, birdlike man of 60.

"I guess it's about time I went home," the fugitive said nervously.

The NDB man nodded in agreement. "Yes," he said, "I imagine your wife's been worried about you. After all, she hasn't seen you for more than 30 years."

Usually, the Bureau is able to render much faster service. When a deserted wife appeals for help, she is asked to list every strand of information that might lead an investigator to her husband. Everything about him is carefully noted—his job, friends, nicknames, hangouts, political affiliations, clubs and personal habits—right down to his hat style and brand of cigarettes.

Working with such slim clues, Zunser's agents sometimes get help from surprising quarters. A recent search centered around Sam Russo, brother of a big-time gangster. When an NDB investigator approached his brother's gang, they were suspicious of a police trap. But when he agreed to travel blindfolded, they drove the investigator out to meet their boss. The next morning, Zunser received a phone call from the missing man's wife.

"My husband's back," she reported happily. "His brother Tony said he'd rub him out if he didn't come home to the kids and me."

To get his man, the NDB investigator often has to assume more disguises than Hollywood's most versatile private eye. One morning he may be rigged out as a house painter, collecting scraps of information at union headquarters. Later, he'll be posing as a magazine writer in order to question the missing man's friends and family. Or he may turn up as a bellhop, plumber, piano tuner, delivery boy, lawyer or Gallup Poll interviewer.

Sometimes, an unpredictable turn in the chase leads to complications in an investigator's own home life. Not long ago, one of the Bureau's newer agents hopped a cross-country train in close pursuit of a fleeing husband. Unable to notify his wife before leaving, he spent the next three weeks on the run. Returning to New York with his quarry, the investigator was startled to find that his own wife had filed with the NDB, insisting that her husband be listed as a deserter.

Since the war, the Bureau has come up against a new kind of problem-
women who desert their husbands. Last year, 147 distraught husbands asked the NDB for help. Most of them were ex-soldiers and sailors who had married after a whirlwind romance, gone overseas and returned to find that their brides had vanished, along with a fat bundle of allotment checks.

But where women are concerned, motives are not always that simple. Bureau officials are still trying to puzzle out the case of a New York housewife who fled from her husband and three children because she was "sick and tired of cleaning house and washing dishes." When they found her, she was working in a downtown restaurant—washing dishes.

But why do most husbands and wives leave home? Zunser finds that the all-important reason is often sexual incompatibility. Time after time, it becomes clear than an amazing lack of simple, everyday knowledge about sex has undermined a marriage from the start. In many of these instances—one out of every three in the NDB's files—the husband's solution is to run off with another woman.

Almost always, money is also somewhere in the desertion picture. "In times of depression," Zunser explains, "desertion is known as 'the poor man's divorce.' If he can't support his wife and children, a spineless husband will drop them as excess baggage and try to start over again somewhere else. But when they have money jingling in their pockets, men are even more likely to get restless and take off for greener fields."

The NDB records show that other marriage-smashing forces are drink-
quickly and bolt just a few days after the vow-taking. But Harry Johnson, owner of a prosperous shoe factory in Massachusetts, spent 23 years preparing to make the break.

After a year of married life, Johnson was convinced that it was not going to work out happily. But by that time he was the father of one child, with another on the way.

His younger daughter was married at the age of 23, and two days later, the NDB was looking for Johnson. When they located him in another state, Mrs. Johnson learned for the first time that her husband had been supporting another woman for 23 years, waiting for his children to grow up before making the dash for freedom.

But thanks to the NDB, the Johnsons worked out a happy ending. Bureau officials argued with the shoe manufacturer that he was too old to start life over again. Already disillusioned with his newly found freedom, Johnson decided that they were right. He went home.

As they did with Johnson, NDB officials can usually muster a powerful argument to prove that desertion is not only immoral, but impractical as well. For a long time, the deserter has to live as a criminal—always in hiding, always on the run. The Bureau recently caught up with one husband after a 15-year search. Terror-stricken at the prospect of being discovered, the man had long since found a surer way of hiding from his wife. He had developed hysterical blindness.

After he is caught, the deserter is forced to support two households—the one he left behind and his new one. Desertion means starting all over again in business and in social life, too. And it rockets the deserted children’s chances of turning into juvenile delinquents. For statistics show that more than 50 per cent of the youngsters in reform schools and prisons come from broken homes.

But the biggest headache of all to the NDB is the wide gap between state laws on desertion. In New York, for example, authorities will tab a man as a deserter only if he has left behind a wife and children. But where no children are involved, desertion is not a crime under New York State law. The best that the National Desertion Bureau can do in such a case is appeal to the Family Court for a judgment against the runaway husband.

Enlightened laws do exist in a few states, notably Illinois and Massachusetts. But the NDB has been fighting for a uniform desertion act for the entire United States. In 1947, Zunser called for such legislation as part of a two-fisted program to “Save the American Family.” Impressed by the plan, congressmen discussed it on the floor of the House of Representatives, and it was later set down in the Congressional Record. As further antidotes for our rising divorce and desertion rates, the NDB recommends:

1. A federal marriage and divorce statute—like those of Great Britain and Canada—to eliminate “bargain divorces.”

2. A five day waiting period before marriage—to prevent “quickie” weddings that often crack up within a few weeks.

3. Maternity vacations and child

(Continued on page 71)
Shakespeare
GOES BY BUS

by TOM BARROWS

(Shakespeare is the company manager of the Margaret Webster Shakespeare group, currently on tour.)

NINETEEN weeks (and still more to go) after the Margaret Webster Shakespeare Company boarded a bus and lit out on the Boston Post Road, life-out-of-two-suitcases-apiece has become a thespian saga. Between performances our motorized Hamlet and Macbeth have already rolled over 15,000 miles. By the tour’s end we will have visited 109 cities, and folk up and down our land will know what Shakespeare meant by his curt stage direction in The Taming of the Shrew—Act III: “Enter strolling players with packs.” So will we.

When you are quartered safely in Sardi’s, you may talk messianically and composedly of “The Rebirth of the Road.” Out here, minus the martini and cannellone, it’s a little different. You begin to learn the problems.

Besides excursions and alarums occasioned by the nightly unloading of the castle at Elsinore or Dunsinane, in transit the Scots and Danes doze, read, work crossword puzzles, play gin rummy, pray they will not be embarrassed before they reach a “Mercy Stop,” and even get married. Somewhere south of Chapel Hill, Queen Gertrude (Carol Goodner) celebrated her nuptials with Osric (Fred Hunter).

Although the “Webster firecrackers” are no different from those you’re liable to encounter in Shubert Alley, the impression in Natchitoches, Louisiana, is that show-folk are “tetched.” Main Street was not prepared for promenaders like Polonius in a real Van Dyke beard and field boots, or a long-haired Hamlet in a trapper’s jacket. In the eyes of the natives, the only similarity between denizens of Broadway and the Bayous is a penchant for cokes.

On tour, actors are like babies: good-natured when fed; cross when hungry. In New Orleans they eat fit to bust, and 500 miles later bemoan the extravagance. To balance their budgets they settle for hotel rooms which are no more than beds with adjoining towels, and daydreams of one-day laundry service.

Tracking the Bard through the auditorium- and-gymnasium circuit, conditions are encountered that would have made Burbage shudder. Besides actors, sometimes a theatre has rats for tenants. In those houses, Horatio constantly carries his sword at his side, prepared to meet a “brother.” With classrooms and lavatories for dressing rooms, the actors are subject to the stares of passing students before the play, and questions during the intermissions.

Often a fifteenth-century Scotsman

Reprinted from the New York Times
in full battle dress can be discerned in the semi-darkness charging the length of an indoor track to make a cue on time. Once, the dressing room lights blew out and costumes had to be donned in darkness. Just in time, the vigilant eye of the stage manager spied Donalbain about to make an entrance. The play in progress was Hamlet.

Stages vary in size, some being so wide it is necessary to make running exits; other times so narrow, actors scrape hips getting on and off. In cramped quarters, Hamlet’s dueling scene exhibits some unorthodox infighting. When his sword once bounced into the orchestra pit, the Dane leaped after it, retrieved the weapon and hurled himself back over the footlights to continue his multiple mayhem.

At Purdue University, where the Hall of Music is larger than the one at Radio City, the lad who serves the roast pig at King Duncan’s banquet went to fetch it from the prop room. The distance was so great that the scene was over before he returned.

Some stages are so small, the suckling is too big and has to be omitted. Thus, despite actors’ notorious appetites, the porker is still whole. The hunger, however, is satisfied. At the University of Wisconsin, we discovered a small kitchen behind the theatre office. Since I fancy myself a cook, I set up a snack bar, and the cast munched between cues.

In a Midwest university town, the company was invited to supper after the performance. Upon arrival, the hostess greeted the players at the door with “We want Hamlet to dine upstairs with the President and his wife.” There were fourteen Hamlets at the table that night—although actually, with the exception of Hamlet, himself, the cast prefers to play Macbeth because it is one hour shorter.

Students express their affection for the caravan by scrawling salutations on the dusty sides of the Shakespearean bus and truck. Besides the usual corn like “Hamlet, Bacon and Eggs,” one Hoosier wrote “Macbeth for President,” and in the South we earned the inscription, “Gov. Talmadge and all the other little governors of Georgia welcome you!”

There are surprises for a company manager, too. I encountered a most unique count-up system when I was invited by a Southern manager to mount to the balcony where I found that the method of tallying attendance is to look down on the main floor and count heads.

A tour is also a way to discover America. We found that Normal is not a measure of behavior from the Kinsey report but a town in Illinois; and only a wishful-thinking trouper would confuse Pullman, Washington, with a more comfortable mode of travel than a bus. What if once we did sleep in tourist cabins and used the draperies from Hamlet for additional bed-covering? If some have lost weight, others gained. If gripes multiply on one-night stands, a free day’s inaction is lamented.

Above all, over 150,000 people, who rarely if ever had witnessed a Shakespeare performance in the flesh, are now aware of the fascination of live theatre and are asking for more. Miss Webster proposes to accommodate them.
The police cars, with shrilling sirens, shrieked to a stop in front of Chicago’s small Schiller Park and patrolmen and detectives hurried to a pit where a badly-burned corpse had been discovered by two frightened people.

Taking the remains to the morgue, the police believed the case was halfway solved when a Negro woman, on viewing the remains, unswervingly proclaimed that the corpse was that of her missing husband.

Playing it safe, the police called in the missing man’s dentist and he, too, stoutly maintained that the body was that of the woman’s husband.

“I couldn’t be mistaken,” the dentist said. “I recognize the contour of his jaw and the work I did on his teeth.”

Soon thereafter, the woman claimed her husband’s insurance and was on the way to collecting when the police took the bones to Dr. Wilton Marion Krogman, University of Chicago anthropologist.

Known affectionately as “Old Skull and Bones” by the Chicago police department, Dr. Krogman took the bones, measured them off to the last decimal point, and consulted charts and diagrams of his own making.

“The woman and the dentist must be wrong,” he told police a day or two later. “These bones are those of a middle-aged white man.”

The insurance firm held up payment on the policy while the woman fumed and fretted and threatened suit. Several weeks later, the supposedly murdered husband came home quietly, was welcomed by his startled wife, and Dr. Krogman chalked up another success as one of the nation’s foremost bone sleuths.

Anthropology, once believed a dull and boring subject foisted on helpless collegians, has become a practical and valuable science. The armed forces, police departments, and doctors constantly call on the “skull feelers” for counsel when they are stumped.

Thanks to the anthropologists, flyers are soaring higher today than ever before in the history of aviation. They are enabled to do this, in part, by using radically new oxygen masks, flying goggles, radio earphones and suits, all of which fit perfectly, thanks to the anthropologists who provide the air force with reliable data on the human body.

This important work was started during World War II, when four anthropologists were called to Wright Field.
“Our flyers today work in very restricted spaces,” they were told. “We don’t know just how big a bomber’s escape hatch should be. A big flyer might have to discard his parachute before he could get through the hatch. There are other related problems. We must have reliable information about the human figure before we can present our specifications to plane manufacturers. Will you help?”

The bone men could and did. They weighed, measured and sketched several thousand men of the air force. Time and again, they constructed life-like human manikins of plastic which plane builders could use as models in constructing aircraft which could be entered, occupied and operated by short, tall, lean and fat men.

“Your typical American flyer is 5 feet 9 inches tall,” they told the air force high brass. “He weighs 154.3 pounds and his chest circumference is 36 1/4 inches. Only five per cent of pilots are less than 5 feet 5 1/2 inches high, and only five per cent are taller than 6 feet 1 inch. Design the planes to fit the average man in the air force—as we have sketched him—and you can’t miss.”

The skull-and-bone experts also have done some unusual sleuthing in the field of medicine and have emerged with some startling facts about the relation of certain diseases to body builds.

If your arms are short from shoulder to elbow, there’s a good chance that you’ll be susceptible to ulcers. And if there are still a few baby teeth left in your mouth, your physician should make a frequent check of your white cell count.

Perhaps you’re a wiry, restless, dark long-jawed person. If so, ulcers may be your nemesis, according to two New York physicians, who studied 2,500 cases of assorted illnesses in relation to the body build and bone structures of the patients. The work was done in New York’s Presbyterian Hospital by Doctor George Draper and Doctor John Caughey, Jr., with the cooperation of leading anthropologists.

Don’t fret about it, but you are shrinking one inch every 30 years of your adult life. You’ll grow until you are 27 if you’re a man, but you’ll stop going upward at 25 if you’re a girl.

Chicago’s Dr. Krogman declares that a person’s face can be reconstructed with startling accuracy if the skull of a body is intact. By measuring certain bones, a body’s height can be estimated within one per cent of complete accuracy.

Want to know how your height can be measured from your bones? Here’s the anthropological formula: your height generally is 1.88 times the length of your thigh bone, plus 813.06 millimeters.

Increasingly, industry is turning to the anthropologists’ laboratories for answers to perplexing problems which confront it. The answers may spell the difference between profit and loss amounting to millions of dollars.

A prominent automobile firm showed its mock-up of a new postwar model to a young anthropologist from an Eastern university. He whipped
out yardstick and calipers and did some rapid calculating.

“Don’t make this car or you’ll lose your shirt,” he warned. “Thirty per cent of all riders will find it awkward and uncomfortable.” And he proved his point by showing his charts giving a break-down of the average heights and weights of 140,000,000 Americans. With his cooperation, alterations in the design were made, the cars were produced, and there have been no squawks from drivers or passengers.

A Chicago department store manager, disgusted with the wooden and unnatural look of its window dummies, asked an anthropologist to tell him what was wrong.

“Plenty!” he replied. “These wax figures were made by people who had no idea of the actual bone structure of the human body. No wonder that hats and shirts and suits look odd on them. I’ll make you manikins which are shaped like people—not dummies!”

His specifications and sketches, when faithfully followed by a model maker, resulted in window figures which were pleasing to the eye, “natural,” and sales-producing. By actual count, 50 per cent more people stopped to look in the merchant’s windows after the scientifically designed dummies were installed.

“Our science has finally proved itself,” said the anthropologist with a wry grin. “If we can hike up profits for business men, anthropology must have a future!”
tient. Of the 500 suicidal attempts studied by Drs. Arieff and Rotman, 385—or 77 per cent—were found in need of active psychiatric care. Sixty-six of the hundred cases studied intensively required the same attention.

Out of the 14,782 suicide deaths reported for 1945, 11,374 of the victims were not in any institution. The largest number of the 3,408 institution suicides, however, occurred in general hospitals. In mental hospitals, the number of suicides was small, and it was even smaller in special hospitals. Institutions under government control and those operated on a non-profit basis report more suicides than do private institutions.

In the United States as of 1945, a suicide death rate of 12.1 per 100,000 population was reported among the white race. For the Negro race, the rate was 3.0, and for the Indian, 4.9. The Chinese and Japanese nationalities in the United States had the highest rates, 35.5 and 28.0 respectively.

There are fewer suicides among the Catholics and Jews than among members of other faiths. Suicides are higher among people who have been divorced than among married people.

With regard to geographic divisions, in 1945 the Middle Atlantic States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania reported the highest number of suicide deaths, 3,271. The East North Central States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin reported the next highest number, 3,197. Continuing in the order of number reported are the Pacific States, the South Atlantic States, the West North Central States, the New England States, the West South Central States, the East South Central States, and last, the Mountain States—with a total of 490.

Cities of from 2,500 to 100,000-and-over population report more suicide deaths than do rural communities.

The seriousness of the problem that faces American society today in dealing with suicide is indicated by the fact that during 1947, self-inflicted deaths exceeded the number of deaths due to typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria and the enteritides combined.

A lecturer once began his address by tacking a square of white cardboard on the blackboard. Then he took a crayon and carefully made a black spot in the center of the paper. "Now," he asked, "what do you see?"
Person after person answered, "I see a black dot."
Finally the lecturer suggested, "Don't any of you see a square of white paper?"
So are we humans prone to see the bad before the good in others.

A party in Switzerland decided to ascend a very small peak in the neighborhood of their hotel. Though the climb was no more than a strenuous walk, a guide was engaged. When the party assembled, it was noticed that one of them carried a totally unnecessary rope.
The guide, nodding gravely towards the rope, inquired politely, "Monsieur is going to skeep—yes?"
Scientists have tapped an inexhaustible supply of new miracles for you.

GLASS goes MODERN

by JOHN BATEMAN

A CHICAGO business man—who dreaded losing his teeth because his gay, infectious smile was good for his business—is now happy as a lark because his mouth is filled with glass!

This strange state of affairs came about when his dentist, to save a number of teeth with bad nerve canals, used fiber glass as the packing for these inaccessible crevices. Other dentists who have used strong, nonabsorbent glass fibers as material for fillings are loud in the praise of this useful substance.

Surgeons, too, who employ sutures made of glass fibers in delicate operations, report that the material has a bright future in surgery because it does not irritate tissues.

All over the world, glass—one of the oldest servants of man—is being twisted, blown, heated and hammered into new shapes and forms for countless purposes. For instance, did you ever hear of glass that talks? It sounds fantastic, but technicians have made glass that creates sound.

They place two pieces of Polaroid glass before an electrified beam of light. One pane of glass revolves at varying speeds while the other stands still. This action produces a musical note when amplified. Already glass experts are predicting a day when their experiments will bring forth an utterly new kind of musical instrument with great tonal clarity and range.

Formerly, broken glass spelled trouble for motorists, kids, and anybody unlucky enough to pierce a hand with the ugly slivers. Today, builders are using a new type of window pane which cannot injure you if it shatters or is blown out by an explosion. When broken up, this glass becomes a harmless powder which you can rub together in your hands with complete safety. This non-splintering glass is achieved by a special tempering process that causes a different tension between the inner and outer surfaces.

Glass scientists say that the new product ultimately will supplant ordinary glass made in the time-honored way. Even if you run over a mess of the new glass with your expensive low-pressure tires, there isn’t a chance of a blowout. Stores and residences in areas where gales and hurricanes are not uncommon will benefit from the new glass, which cannot hurt anybody even if it is blown out during a high wind.

The ancient Egyptians, who used glass for many purposes, would blink in amazement at some of the new types of glass being developed in the labs. They would see, for example, some lustrous colored drapes that are
completely waterproof and silken to the touch. They are perfect for use in the home because a match tossed on the drapes won’t cause a blaze that could bring tragedy to a family. The fabric is fireproof up to 2,000 degrees. You never have to send these glass-fibered curtains to the cleaners. Instead, you simply run over them with a damp cloth, and they are cleaned and restored to their original colors in a few minutes.

In addition to home use, glass drapes and stage curtains are being used to a great extent in theatres and night clubs. The non-inflammable fabric insures against public disasters like the terrible Boston Coconut Grove holocaust.

Insulation has become one of the most widely developed uses of glass. Interiors of railroad cars, trucks, buses, passenger cars, refrigerated cars and airplanes are protected securely from shock, from heat or cold by linings of spun glass. And when winter weather sends the mercury down to zero, you’ll experience a new warmth and comfort from suits and coats lined with fiber glass—lightweight, pliable and a splendid insulator!

Aeronautical engineers, temporarily stymied by the problem of protecting airplane structures from the extremely high temperatures of jet engines, discovered that glass blankets wrapped around the tail pipes will insulate successfully against the super-heat.

A great advance in electrical engineering was achieved when scientists suggested using fiber glass tapes for insulation against friction in electric motors. The result: the size of the motors could be greatly reduced because the glass tape allows them to run at very high speeds with a minimum of heat.

Increasingly, glass fiber is becoming an everyday comfort and convenience in homes, offices and factories. Already available are soft chairs with glass fiber cushions; pillows made of glass will be ready soon.

If you’ve ever fumed because a careless baggage man has dented and scratched your new luggage, you’ll be glad to know that glass trunks, overnight cases, and suitcases will outlast luggage made from the toughest hides.

There’s another reason why laboratories are working round the clock on new uses for glass. Our steel supply is dwindling rapidly, and the day may come when steel is beyond the purse of the average family which wants a car, furnace or household appliance.

Glass, made of silica, or sand, is cheap and inexhaustible in supply. Sand is the basic ingredient of all glass, even the new miracle products; and as long as there is sand in the world, there will be an abundant source of inexpensive glass for a thousand different uses.

Actually, glass has three main ingredients—silica, soda and lime. But there are 80 known substances which can be added to the original ingredients to give glass new and surprising properties. Glass scientists are confident that in another ten years there will be 10,000 different types of glass, each with a specialized use.

Can you imagine an elephant standing on a pane of glass supported by

(Continued on page 52)
IN a well-known Chicago restaurant, widely heralded for its generous portions of food and drink, a council meeting between waiter and head-waiter was going on behind the potted palms.

"See that little man and little woman over there?" said the waiter, pointing discreetly to a pint-sized couple who obviously were angry and impatient. "They've had two porterhouse steaks, three helpings of potatoes each, two trays of bread and three desserts. Now he's squawkin' that we don't serve decent-sized portions for the prices we charge!"

The tiny couple—they were midgets—paid their bill under protest and stalked out in three-foot-high dignity without leaving a tip. Doubtless, they felt they had been ill-treated by being served insufficient food. What the waiter didn't know was that midgets eat twice as much as six-footers; their extremely high metabolic rate causes this ravenous hunger.

They also have astounded veteran bartenders by drinking straight whiskey at a clip which would send normally proportioned citizens under the table in a hurry. Yet, midgets rarely get drunk, however big their thirst. Doctors attribute this seeming immunity to intoxication to the fearful rate at which their tiny bodies burn up fuel.

Today there are only 2,000 midgets in America and Europe, most of them show people and side show attractions because their diminutive size keeps them from competing with normal men and women in other occupations. When they work, midgets do well financially—salaries of $150 and $200 a week are not uncommon. If a pee- wee man or woman sings, performs magic or other specialties, the earning power goes up another $50 a week.

A true midget gets fighting mad if you call him a dwarf. That's because midgets, unlike dwarfs, are perfectly proportioned miniature human beings, while a dwarf has a normal head and trunk with tiny arms and legs.

Though scientists do not agree on what causes midgets to stop growing, most authorities attribute Lilliputian bodies to a short circuit in the pituitary gland. At birth, however, midget babies cannot be distinguished from their normal brothers and sisters, and it takes two or three years before their cessation of growth is noted.

Though you might think their minute size would give midgets an assortment of neuroses and complexes, it doesn't work out that way. Psychiatrists say that the midget—in his
endavor to keep up with a man-sized world—doesn’t have time to feel sorry for himself. If anything, the typical midget who draws a whopping salary in vaudeville or side shows has a superiority complex and is likely to feel condescending toward the hulking louts of normal size who have nothing remarkable physically to set them apart from the throng!

Midgets, when they are affluent enough to own cars, scorn the small French or English cars and buy autos as big as their incomes allow. Most drive their own cars equipped with built-in cushions, hand brakes, and extensions added to the clutch and gas pedal.

A Brooklyn home furnisher lost a profitable account when he patronizingly guided a newly married midget couple into his juvenile department.

“I think this teeny children’s furniture would suit you both fine!” beamed the store owner.

Lighting a big cigar, the midget bridegroom advanced menacingly, doubled his tiny fists and growled, “That’s what you think, Buster! Come on, Myrtle, let’s go to another place where the hired help doesn’t make with the jokes!”

Out of curiosity, the crestfallen store owner phoned his competitors and learned that the midget couple had paid cash for just about the biggest bedroom set and living room ensemble in stock.

In Pennsylvania, a French woman midget and her husband have a profitable tourist trap: a five-room home completely furnished in miniature. Tourists pay one dollar a head to exclaim over the minuscule chairs, tables and beds. What they don’t see is the locked wing of the house containing regular household furnishings sized to six-footers. The midgets actually live in the wing, but make their living exhibiting their alleged “doll’s house” to gullible tourists.

One advantage in being a mite of a human lies in the fact that midgets never become bald. Many a tiny man with a big mop of hair has laughed uproariously at big men who painfully try to conceal their bald spots. Infectious diseases also by-pass the midgets, who generally enjoy much better health—and greater freedom from colds and sniffles—than king-sized men and women.

Though they hate to admit it, most midgets actually grow several inches after they reach 30 years. A Minneapolis midget, Eddie Wilmot, was a happy young man of 18, earning a big salary in shows because of his three-foot height. To his dismay, he started growing after a siege of illness, while his fellow performers watched him in shocked amazement. Today Eddie is over six feet tall and ruefully recalls the days when he earned a handsome living merely for being half that height.
Not all midgets are show people. Wartime London gratefully remembers the services of Michael Davies, the chief Air-Shelter Marshal of the British metropolis. This three-foot man was responsible for the lives of thousands every night; his bravery under bombardment is legendary.

A Chicago midget makes $25,000 a year as an insurance agent. Willie Rolle, a famed magician, wrote several respected scientific tomes despite his tiny stature. And Karl Florian, a midget in Vienna, is respected in Continental musical circles as a conductor and violinist.

Though many showcase midgets call themselves Tom Thumb, there was only one little man who really owned the name. He was Charles Sherwood Stratton. His father, a severe man, thought the midget was God's punishment and kept him locked in a room until he was a man. The great showman, P. T. Barnum, rescued him, paid him a fabulous salary, and as "Tom Thumb," Stratton became the world's most renowned mite.

Midgets always will gratefully remember Baron Singer of Vienna, a nobleman who hired two little people to entertain his sick child years ago. The Baroness taught them to sing and dance. Before they knew it, the titled couple were managing a complete troupe of midget singers, acrobats, comedians, dancers, musicians and ventriloquists. Singer, a considerate man, paid them well and treated them with respect and dignity.

They had their own city council, newspaper, police force and shops. On the first world tour, Singer's midgets were a sell-out attraction in hundreds of cities. Says a Philadelphia midget nostalgically, "I shall always love the Baron. He admired his little people and never let the full-grown world hurt us. People came to laugh and went away applauding us; he gave us spiritual stature!"

Oddly enough, a midget's love life isn't confined to persons of his own height. About 40 per cent of all midgets marry normal-sized people. No midget has ever given birth to another midget, as one might expect. Indeed, one prominent American midget, Mrs. Judith Skinner—who is less than three feet high—has become mother to 14 normal children.

Whatever their eccentricities, don't laugh at midgets unless they invite it, for a midget is long on dignity. In a Chicago hotel, a traveling man, intrigued by the sight of a midget on a bar stool, asked the bartender to bring the little man a glass of milk and a lollipop.

Enraged, the midget kicked the big man in the shins, tore his coat, and conked him on the head with a convenient whisky bottle. When police arrived and took the salesman to a hospital, the midget had vanished.

Moaned the big man, "It must have been the DT's. No guy that small could possibly have hit me that hard!"

"What's the matter?" asked the police captain, as the park policeman came in with a rather disgruntled look on his face.

"It's Mrs. Dinwiddie who donated the bird bath to the park, sir. She just called in to say that it wasn't to be used by sparrows."
“Well, well, Higgins—this is a surprise!”
FALLING over backwards onto the soft blanket covering the floor of his play-pen, the baby lay kicking: a fat ball of drooling contentment. His rattle was lying in the corner where he had hurled it. Seeing it, his seven-year-old sister retrieved the rattle and dangled it tantalizingly above him. As he stretched up pudgy fists she withdrew it from reach, tapping him against the side of the head. He dropped his arms in bewilderment. She repeated the routine, this time tapping him smartly with the rattle as he clawed for it. The baby's mouth fell open and he began crying, softly at first as if testing the timbre of his voice; then, apparently finding it satisfactory, he swelled it into a loud wail of frustration. Mrs. French poked her head out from the kitchen doorway.

"Della, I've told you not to tease your baby brother. Now go in the back yard and play till supper time."

"Yes, mummy," Della said meekly, and when her mother withdrew, she placed the rattle outside the play-pen, just beyond the baby's reach—in case he should be interested in it later on.

Skipping out through the kitchen she stood poised upon the stairway leading down from the back porch, breathing in the early afternoon air. She had a dirty face, a very short gingham dress, and a bright red ribbon in her yellow hair. Picking her nose reflectively, Della suddenly spied the small Airedale sprawled out in the center of the dahlia bed, gnawing contentedly upon an ancient bone. She approached him cautiously, and he quickly rose to his feet. With the bone still clutched in his motionless jaws he regarded her suspiciously.

"Come here, puppy dog," Della sang disarmingly, stopping a few feet from him and squatting. She snapped her fingers imperatively, and the dog walked over to her with lowered head. She patted him gently, and when he dropped his bone to lick her hand, Della quickly seized the bone and hurled it over the back fence with all her might. "How do you like that?" she demanded triumphantly.

The dog stared at the fence in hopeless yearning and then walked slowly away. Della ran after him and caught him.

Wrapping her arms around his neck she dropped to the ground and hauled the animal up onto her lap. "Shake hands, puppy dog," she said, grasping a front paw and shaking it vigorously. The dog struggled to get free but she
little community, existing on a meager dribble of insurance accruing from the bones of a husband she had left out West. Neither vulnerable to small charities nor appeasing to the idle curiosity of the housewives, she lay alone in the chemistry of the digestive social order—too proud to be assimilated, too old to care. Occasional rumors about her passed over the fences: distorted legends of her increasing absentmindedness, even possible insanity. But when the melodrama had been sifted out of the anecdotes, little remained to indicate that Mrs. Fletcher was anything other than what she had so clearly expressed herself to be: an uncompromising stranger in an unfriendly town.

Della turned up the freshly swept flagstone path, stooping to gather a small handful of geraniums from Mrs. Fletcher's garden—after first making sure that no one was watching from the window. She rang the bell, and after a long moment the door opened cautiously. A fragile, faded woman, looking as if she stepped from the face of an old cameo, stood looking coldly down at the little girl. "Please, ma'am, you want buy some flowers?" Della asked breathlessly. "They're only a nickel."

Mrs. Fletcher stared at the geranium plant as a soft smile began in her watery-blue eyes. "You've come a long way to make such a small sale," she said gruffly. Her frail voice pulsed with a curious vigor. She held the door open. "Well, come in. I should have a nickel someplace."

Della crept inside hesitantly, holding herself ready for instant flight. The full skirt of Mrs. Fletcher's an-
cient black satin dress whispered primly as she walked ahead into an adjoining room. She looks so funny, Della thought, looking around at the room illuminated but dimly by sunlight filtered through closely drawn muslin drapes. The faint mustiness of the furnishings had the power to evoke a subtle impression of age, and there was besides a feeling that time had swept this room like a blight; sucking the meat from the bone; sucking the warmth from the fabrics, the coziness from the hearth, the ease from the armchair, the symmetry from the hangings, till there was left behind only the chill austerity of these dated fragments of a lonely little woman's life that could not be translated into a modern idiom and still retain their shape. Della gingerly perched herself upon the edge of the nearby sofa, swinging her feet to and fro as she plucked absently at the shabby embroidered cushions. It smells so funny and so old in here, she thought.

"Well, now..." Mrs. Fletcher said briskly from behind the sofa, having come into the room from another door. Della jumped, twisting around to face her.

"I couldn't find a nickel, so I'll have to give you a whole quarter for those lovely flowers you picked for me." She took the geraniums from Della and gave her a 25-cent piece. Without a word, Della slipped it into a pocket of her dress. Mrs. Fletcher placed the flowers in a cut glass vase on top of the mantel and carefully shaped them into a symmetrical spread. "There. Don't they look nice?"

"Yes, ma'm," Della replied dutifully.

Mrs. Fletcher smiled, and disappeared again. She came back presently bearing a saucer containing a glass of milk and a half-dozen cookies. "I'll bet you're hungry after such a long walk."

"Yes'm, I am," Della said, holding the saucer in her lap and wolfing the cookies down. She drank her milk slowly, regarding the old woman over the rim of the glass from big round eyes.

"Take your time, dear." Seating herself in a rocker across the room, Mrs. Fletcher watched Della, smiling gently.

"Don't you have a husband?" Della asked.

"Not any more, dear. He passed away, you see."

"Oh."

"Shouldn't you be in school this afternoon?" Mrs. Fletcher asked after a moment.

Della shook her head. "Today's Saturday."

"Oh, of course," the woman laughed shyly. "I'd quite forgotten. It's so hard to remember..." Her voice trailed away in self-reproach, as if she were remembering how in her time the brimming days were more easily distinguished from one another.

"How old are you, missis?"

"Quite old, child." She sighed, and it was like a tiny gust of air rustling the pages of a calendar yellowed with age. "Almost too old..." The slight rhythmic swaying of the rocker slowed gradually as the minutes clicked by, coming to a halt at last, and the tired
old woman's head slumped forward on her breast. Della jumped down onto the floor softly and began exploring the room on tiptoe. She wandered through all the rooms one by one, finding nothing of particular interest. Finally ending up in the kitchen, she opened the small icebox standing in the corner. It contained part of a quart of milk, a half-head of lettuce, and a platter with a few slices of cold roast beef. Della devoured several of these.

Next she opened the cupboard door, but even standing on tiptoe she was unable to reach the bag of cookies on the top shelf. She thought of getting a chair to stand on, but she was afraid of making too much noise. Returning at last to the front room, she watched Mrs. Fletcher carefully. Maybe she's dead, Della thought in excitement. But the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the sleeping woman's breath convinced her that this wasn't so. She tiptoed out of the room, leaving the front door open behind her. Afternoon sunlight was lengthening into dusk as Della ran most of the way home, her mind working at top pitch as she prepared her alibi for being late to supper. Then suddenly she had it. Relieved, Della slowed to a walk, humming an aimless tune half-aloud . . .

This is fun, Della thought, having supper brought to you in bed, and everyone making such a fuss. She wasn't particularly hungry, however; the snack at Mrs. Fletcher's had spoiled her appetite. Della's father came in quietly and stood by her bed. Mrs. French joined him. "How're you feeling, darling?" Mr. French asked anxiously.

Reading her cue in his concern, Della lowered her eyes to her lap. "Fine, daddy," she murmured unconvincingly.

"Isn't she the bravest thing, Phillip?" Mrs. French asked, moist-eyed. "Look, you can see how it affected her. She's hardly eaten a thing."

"I can see, all right," Phillip French said, slow rage gathering in his voice. "How could they let a woman like that run at large for so long?" he demanded, an angry pout on his florid face. "Good lord, locking a small child in a closet and—what was it again, darling? Sharpening a bread-knife?"

"Don't remind her of it, dear," Mrs. French said quickly, placing a hand on her husband's arm.

"That's what she did, daddy. Are they going to lock old Mrs. Fletcher away like you said? Are they?" Della demanded, bouncing excitedly up and down in bed.

Mrs. French frowned. "Never mind, dear. Just eat your supper and try to get some sleep. Daddy'll have a nice present for you when you wake up."

Her parents closed the door gently behind them. I wonder if my present will be a pony, Della thought. It would be fun if they locked dirty old Mrs. Fletcher away in jail. Reaching beneath her pillow, she unfastened the knot in her handkerchief and fondled her quarter avidly. If it's a pony, I'll buy some candy. I'll buy candy and I won't give him any. And maybe, if they don't send Mrs. Fletcher to jail, I can sell her some more flowers.

• End
Flying Classroom

Better understanding among peoples and nations is the promise of the new education on wings.

by WHIT SAWYER

CARL HORN is an advance agent for the air age. He is a quiet-spoken, thin-thatched college professor who goes around with his head in the clouds. Professor Horn is promoting his flying classroom idea with the ardor of a crusader.

Recently he conducted his third unique college of the airways. Last summer, while many professors and their students sweltered in stuffy classrooms, a more forward-looking group climbed aboard four-engined transport planes in Chicago and headed for other large industrial centers. Some 300 students flew as a class to meet their teacher.

They saw every phase of American industry and the processes that make it great, listened to experts and captains of industry explain away hazy, half-formed conceptions. More than one false notion, based on erroneous beliefs and misinformation, dropped away.

One shining fact stood out above all other impressions: the airplane is the instrumentality that can smash down the barriers of nation, class and creed. Professor Horn knew this right along.

"Up there, at 5,000 feet," he says, "looking down on the sweep of America and thinking of all the diverse things they've seen, these students of the air realize that it takes all of us to make a democracy work."

Horn doesn't boast about it, but he probably has the smallest office on the sprawling campus of Michigan State College. It has a desk, chair, typewriter and filing cabinet. It measures eight by nine feet and is tucked away in an obscure corner of the student counseling center.

All this fails to bother the professor, whose official title is Professor of Continuing Education. His real office is aloft in a transport plane on the way from one industrial, military or governmental center to another with his groups of student educators. Without fail, his classroom returns home with some new straight-from-the-shoulder ideas to pass along to other students.

The flying classroom has flown men of 30 states to visit the crossroad country schools, as well as the largest high schools. Many of the flying students are educators with years of experience, but they agree this is the best educational training they ever had.

Recently five sections of the flying classroom converged on Washington, D. C., where the students had a chance to talk with members of the National Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. It was after these talks that the flying classroomers began to see the relation-
ships between the leaders of business and labor in a new light.

"There's been too much stress on disagreement, and not enough on agreement," Horn points out. "It takes the airplane to show you that labor and management can and will get along. The exceptions make the headlines—but they're only exceptions."

This idea of the flying classroom came to Professor Horn during the war. He took a group of school administrators on a quick air trip to Fort Custer, Michigan, to see the actual induction process. He wanted to show them what actually happened so they could better prepare their students.

"Those men returned to their schools," Horn says, "and told their boys what to expect. The fear of the unknown in military living vanished immediately."

It was right then and there that Carl Horn decided the airways could be used to clear up the misconceptions that prevent our social advances from keeping pace with our scientific discoveries. As soon as the war ended and he could commandeer a Fairchild Packet transport plane, he persuaded Michigan State College to set up the flying classroom short course. Since then, it has occupied most of his time.

"What we've done is to bring the class to the teacher," Horn says. "We can go to settings and laboratories that can't be duplicated. We can't move General Electric, Randolph Field or the Disney Studios to our campus, so we take the campus to them—on wings."

This pioneering professor of Michigan is looking to the day when many dozens of flying classrooms will fill the national airways. "There's no reason," he continues, "why we can't eventually take our students to Europe, South America, Asia and Africa."

The Berlin Airlift came into being about the time of the last session of the flying classroom. When the teachers returned to their own students in the fall, they were able to explain the airlift from the viewpoint of a person who has seen what air transport can do.

"If we can do all this towards better understanding among ourselves," Horn concludes, "why can't we take 100,000 leading American students, fly them overseas, and bring back 100,000 top European and Asiatic scholars? Perhaps this would move us further towards peace than the efforts of a few men battling around a conference table. Expensive? Yes, but it's much cheaper than war."

Plans are developing now for the immediate future of airborne classes on the Michigan State Campus. Soon these flying classrooms will go anywhere in Michigan or the United States to help trade or professional organizations. Whether a woman's nature club wants to go to Dallas to study the boll weevil, or an artists' group wants to visit Boston to observe the famous Bulfinch architecture, the flying classroom will solve the problem.

And there'll be many other worthwhile ideas evolved to help eliminate regional, national and international misunderstandings—just as long as Professor Carl Horn keeps his head in the clouds.

*End*
A handful of pantry Sherlocks is ruining the undertaking business.

They Fight Food

by VIC DENNIS

WERE it not for 1,000 little-known men and women who regard your health as their very own, you would be risking your life every time you ate a candy bar, bought a "cold cure," or applied a new cosmetic to your skin.

These men and women compose the staff of the United States Food and Drug Administration, and among them are bacteriologists, physicians, chemists, microscopists, veterinarians, inspectors and clerks. For the big job they have to do, their number is small; but they are held in awe and respect by food processors and manufacturers who would make a fast dollar at the expense of your health, if they could get away with it.

Typical of the unethical operators who have learned to dread the Food and Drug Administration's "big stick" were the makers of so-called glace fruit which was decked out in cellophane, colored ribbons, and fancy baskets and boxes. People paid as much as five and six dollars a basket for the gorgeous "delicacy." But when complaints of illness after eating the costly confection began to pour in, the FDA inspectors quietly commenced an investigation.

"What we found was appalling," recalls one man assigned to the job. "The fruit packer was systematically looting garbage cans for old decayed citrus peel. Cigarette butts, egg shells and other filth were washed off the peels by a stream of water. Then the peels underwent their transformation into a gourmet's delight—glace fruit. The processors made a fantastic profit, but justice smacked them hard when we finally nailed them with the evidence that they were selling garbage!"

The first step was made by the state health people, who promptly closed up the company at the request of federal officers. All fruit boxes and baskets ready to be shipped were seized. Then the peddlers of the stuff were indicted. Confronted with the FDA evidence, they pleaded guilty, and received stiff jail terms plus a fine of almost $4,000.

The quiet efficiency of the food and drug inspectors is such that few of us ever give a thought to the purity—or lack of it—of the products we drink, eat or apply to our skins. There was a time in our national history when a citizen took his life in his hands when he drank a bottle of alleged soda pop or bought a medicine assertedly good for his liver. Today, thanks to the border-to-border vigilance of our food and medicine detectives, an occasional seizure of a poisonous or substandard shipment is
cause for large headlines in the newspapers.

Yet, there are enough slickers operating on the fringe of legitimate business enterprises to give the FDA plenty of headaches. There was the small-time food processor, for example, who thought he could get rich by selling "food pastes" made of macaroni and noodle scraps. If made under sanitary conditions, pastes made from leftovers are edible and harmless. But in this instance, inspectors found that the manufacturer's work room was crawling with rats and insects which prowled in the cuttings on the floor before these were swept up and made into pastes.

This unscrupulous processor, too, got his just punishment in a federal court where he was fined $1,400. Today he makes his products under sanitary conditions; he is in constant fear of an unheralded visit by Uncle Sam's purity sleuths.

Not infrequently, mysterious epidemics cause the FDA inspectors to move in quickly for an exhaustive investigation. In one Midwestern city, a large number of children came down with excruciating stomach pains. They had all the symptoms of chemical poisoning, but the authorities were puzzled. How could so many kids in widely separated neighborhoods come into contact with the same chemical? And assuming they had, why had they felt it safe to put it into their mouths?

An FDA inspector, by patient questioning of the young hospital patients, found the clue which linked every sick boy and girl. All of them said they had purchased candy grab bags in grocery and candy stores. In each was a prize which they believed to be candy. Instead, the prizes were "Pharaoh's Serpents," the familiar Fourth of July fireworks snakes containing a mercury cyanide compound. The remaining bags in stores were impounded, and the distributor was ordered to avoid such dangerous prizes in the future. Fortunately, no child died.

The FDA also is concerned if you don't get a square shake in the quantity of food you purchase. Once they seized quart jars of sauerkraut which contained only 13 ounces of cabbage. The remaining weight was excess brine which the customers were buying as sauerkraut. Result: a fine and a cease-and-desist order which was obeyed.

The FDA has mercilessly exposed and convicted merchandisers of "rabbit meat" which turned out to be muskrat, "olive oil" not even remotely connected with olives, and "chili meat" made from horses.

If you're an insomniac and are looking for goof balls to put you to sleep, the FDA wants you to be quite certain of the nature—and possible danger—of the drug you seek to buy. The FDA and state authorities ride herd on the barbiturate peddlers. A typical case was that of the druggist who secretly removed the warning notices on sleeping pill boxes and sold them for big prices without a physician's prescription. The FDA sent a decoy into the store to make a purchase of these dangerous drugs. Arrest quickly followed and the sly druggist forked over a $600 fine and went on probation for two years!
The FDA is rough on so-called cures of baldness, syphilis, cancer, obesity and other ailments. It reads the claims made for such preparations with a practiced eye. Arrests are quick when the peddlers of nostrums of dubious value cross the line between honest ballyhoo and unethical claims.

There was a maker of an alleged diabetes remedy who now wishes he had steered clear of misleading claims for his product. On his labels, this fellow in bold type asserted that his remedy reduced excess blood sugar, thereby minimizing the amount of insulin a diabetic needed. In addition to being a lie, the claim also lulled many diabetics into a false sense of security. Not until they were almost in diabetic comas did they realize that they should have trusted their physicians instead of a quack nostrum.

Fortunately, the FDA testimony was strong enough to net the manufacturer a two-year jail term plus a bonus of a six-year suspended sentence.

Without a second thought, American women will buy an advertised cosmetic, put it on their cheeks or lips, and give no attention to the possible lethal consequences. That they are able to do so with 99 per cent safety is a tribute to the argus-eyed force of FDA inspectors who never stop their search for peddlers of poison masked as beauty aids.

In Texas, a beautiful 18-year-old girl went blind after buying by mail an eyelash dye hawked for $2. FDA inspectors moved in, analyzed the dye, and discovered that it contained a deadly chemical which caused blindness. The teletypes and telephones began clacking and humming, and soon every shipment in interstate transit was intercepted and seized.

The product was removed from the market before any other buyer had such a tragic experience, and the makers were punished by prison term and fine.

Actually, the FDA field force is pitifully small—200 inspectors who can’t be expected to visit each of the nation’s 64,000 food factories in a year’s time. But they do succeed in visiting many thousands, and the mere knowledge that the sleuths may drop in any day is enough to keep the few shady ones in line.

“You, the consumer, can help us by sending samples of cosmetics you believe to be injurious, and by reporting promptly on canned and bottled foods which you suspect may contain impurities,” says a veteran FDA inspector. “If we have the cooperation of the buying public, it’s possible to reduce the number of cheats and potential murderers in the food and drug field to almost zero.” • End
The goal was high

Out of the cities and towns they came—from Missouri and Kansas, Iowa and Illinois. Hundreds of young entertainers—unknown and undiscovered—thronged to compete with other hopefuls in Talent Quest, an exciting search for the stars of tomorrow sponsored by Fox Midwest, Jenkins Music Company and WHB in Kansas City. For five weeks, one night a week, audiences jammed theatres throughout the area to see new faces and new names in a colorful display of talent. Competition was keen, for the goal was high—a chance for recognition and, perhaps, even stardom.

Week after week, the applause meter judged the contestants, narrowed the group to a handful of elated finalists. These competed in the division finals show, held on the stage of the capacity-filled Tower Theatre and broadcast over WHB. The winner—Charles Nelson, a 15-year-old Salina, Kansas, high school sophomore with a crew cut, a big smile and a rich, melodious baritone voice that impressed both the audience and the judges. His award—a free trip to Hollywood accompanied by his mother; a ten-day stay in the swank Roosevelt hotel, all expenses paid; and the opportunity to compete with other finalists in Hollywood. There, on the stage of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, he won first place in the nation, and was awarded $1,000 in cash, a $1,000 diamond ring, a custom made wrist watch and a screen test by Twentieth Century Fox Studios.

The Talent Quest story is told in pictures on the opposite page:
1. Sponsors of the Talent Quest—Paul Jenkins, president of the Jenkins Music Company; Barney Joffee, managing director of the Tower Theatre; and John Schilling, general manager of WHB—talk over plans for the contest.
2. Norma Waldron, contestant from Kansas City, Missouri, demonstrates her skill on the xylophone.
3. The “Five Aces” from Lincoln High School in Kansas City croon to the accompaniment of a bass and guitar.
5. Grinning winner, Charles Nelson of Salina, Kansas, gets a big kiss from mother.
6. Talent Quest division finalists are honored at an elaborate luncheon in the Terrace Grill of the Hotel Muehlebach.
7. Gathered around a microphone in the WHB studio are the happy finalists—including two quartets, two baritones, a boy soprano and a baton twirler.

Centerpiece

Swing’s centerspread beauty for May is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, Esther Williams—as attractive as ever in a bathing suit. She deserted the water for baseball recently in the technicolor hit, Take Me Out to the Ball Game.

Leopold Godowsky was a celebrated wit as well as a piano virtuoso. One day he was listening to a piano-mover complain about his job. After bellyaching some, the heaver asked, “What do you do for a living?”

“I’m also in the moving business,” Godowsky replied, “I move audiences, and, believe me, that is harder than moving pianos.”—Pageant.
... presenting FRANK A. THEIS
Swing nominee for
MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

CALM, competent Frank Theis deals in Midwestern gold. Like his father before him and his son after him, he is a grain man. He has the "horse trading" instinct, and has parlayed it into a paying proposition for himself, his town and his country. He joined the Kansas City Board of Trade in 1918, and served as its youngest president in 1931. As president of the Simonds-Shields-Theis Grain Company, he leads a well-known firm which has been in business in Kansas City for 65 years. He is one of America's outstanding authorities on the commodities market.

Unlike his energetic, intensely enthusiastic wife, Theis is disinterested in party politics. Still, he has been in and out of Washington a great deal in recent years, holding various high positions in government. Under the AAA, he was chief of the Grain Processing and Marketing Section of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. And the then Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, designated him his personal emissary to Argentina in 1934 to conduct a study of the world wheat situation.

Theis is a member of the Grain Advisory Committee under the Administrator of the Research and Marketing Act of the Department of Agriculture. He is also a member of the Task Group of the Rail Transport Advisory Committee, National Security Resources Board.

But by no means are his abilities limited to the grain and marketing fields. As associate general chairman of the Citizens' Bond Committee in 1937, he devoted much of his time to the drive for civic improvements in Kansas City. He is a past director of the Kansas City Boy Scouts of America and now serves as a director and board member of the Commerce Trust Company, and as a director of the Kansas City Power and Light Company, the Kansas City Life Insurance Company and of the National Fidelity Life Insurance Company.

Frank Theis, called "Tony" by his intimates, is an executive's executive: precise, methodical, an excellent organizer. Because he organizes first himself, and then the people under him, his business is a smoothly functioning machine, and so is every activity he supervises. At five o'clock he leaves his work at the office and steps into a civic role or into his social or home life without a backward glance. The transition is complete; he moves into a different world, never voicing the familiar theme of the ordinary business man, "I wonder how things are going at the office?"

This ability to devote himself exclusively to the matter at hand means that he is able to relax completely at any time; that his sleep is deep, untroubled; and that at social gatherings
he is free to enjoy himself wholeheartedly.

Theis plays as hard as he works, never knows a sick day, and is active in myriad projects. He is immensely fond of people, and somehow finds time to do the many small personal favors for others which are expected of a good friend. As a result, he is everybody’s friend and is very likely the most popular person in Kansas City.

In May, Theis’ service to his community will reach a high water mark when the first annual American Royal Dairy Show and Rodeo makes its debut in the Middle West. The week-long exposition is a spring counterpart of the Livestock and Horse Show held each October. It will feature the nation’s prize dairy cattle and point up the fact that Missouri is one of America’s greatest dairy producing states. One portion of Missouri, in fact—an area of some 18,000 square miles—yields a larger quantity of dairy products than any section of comparable size in the world.

The show is being staged by the American Royal Association, headed by Harry Darby; but all of its leadership and most of the manpower for its many essential committees are drawn from the Saddle and Sirloin Club, of which Frank Theis is the president.

In the president’s saddle, Theis guides his band of silver-plated cowboys with a light, sure rein. In mid-April, he led 142 wives and members of the Club in a week-long trek to the Fiesta de San Jacinto in San Antonio. They traveled in a special all-compartment, air-conditioned train made up by the Frisco and Katy railroads. The deluxe rig consisted of two mammoth lounge cars, two diners, nine all-room Pullmans, a tourist car, two palace horse cars in which were transported 40 of the Club’s prize-winning horses, and one combination baggage-coach.

The purpose of the trip was to publicize the American Royal Dairy Show and Rodeo and the Fall American Royal Livestock and Horse Show throughout the Kansas City trade area, and to strengthen ties of trade and friendship with the Southwest.

It was a whopping success. The Saddle and Sirloiners left home on Sunday, the 17th of April, and arrived in San Antonio the following afternoon. At 5:30 that evening, they participated in the annual pilgrimage to the Alamo—the shrine of Texas liberty. Theis walked in company with the governor of the state at the head of a group composed of distinguished military leaders, old trail drivers, and civic and patriotic societies. He represented the Saddle and Sirloin Club, official guest of this year’s Fiesta. Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz is among other noted guests of former years.

For the solemn ceremony, Theis’ easy dignity and erect carriage were perfect. As the governor and commanding generals of nearby military installations looked on, he placed a floral offering on a grass plot in front of the shrine, in memory of the 186 heroes who fought to the death of the last man for the freedom of Texas.

An hour later, Theis and the other
members of his party were guests of the Fiesta de San Jacinto Association at a buffet supper in the historic Menger Hotel on Alamo Plaza.

From there they proceeded to a reserved section on the San Antonio River to watch the arrival of King Antonio XXVII in a river pageant, and later they were guests of the Texas Cavaliers at a private reception in honor of the King.

That was only the first day. Theis' fast-moving cavalcade spent four more just like it—touring Randolph Field, famous cattle ranches, local shrines; attending buffets, barbecues, cocktail parties; watching parades and participating in them.

But Theis believes the real highlight of the trip was the special square dance exhibition staged by Saddle and Sirloin Club members at the Brooke General Hospital for wounded veterans. "We wanted them to get in on the Fiesta celebration, too," he explained, "so we all went out there in a group to entertain them."

Climbing out of the special train back in the Kansas City Union Station on April 24th, Theis remarked, "Well, I think we did a lot of good for our spring show and for agriculture and livestock. And in addition, we all had a marvelous time enjoying the grand hospitality of San Antonio!"

Theis has a deep and genuine love for the West. He's a horse enthusiast and riding is his favorite pastime. Both he and Mrs. Theis have horses which they ride several times a week at the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch. They spend most of their vacations on a ranch in New Mexico, usually in late August or early September.

Theis will spend several days in the saddle when he travels to California to take part in an annual trek through the California mountains, May 7-14. Called the Rancheros Visitadores, the horsemen will mount at Santa Barbara and spend seven days visiting old missions and other historical shrines in the manner of the traditional old Spanish trail rides. Theis will go as a guest of Elmer Rhoden of Kansas City and will represent the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

Fortunately, the Theises share most of the same enthusiasms. On Thursday and Saturday nights, and sometimes oftener, they join square dancing friends in the "allemande left, grand right and left." They love card games of any sort: bridge, poker, gin rummy, or you-name-it. Two or three times a year they get to New York to catch up on current plays and musicals.

But better than anything, Frank Theis enjoys out-of-door sports. He no longer golfs, but he ranks fishing and hunting right up next to riding as pleasant ways to spend leisure time.

Actually, because his life is so full of activities, he has no "spare" time. He is an avid reader of news magazines, of histories (especially histories of the Midwest and West) and of financial
literature. He occasionally reads a novel, if it comes highly recommended, but he doesn’t really care for fiction. He plays the piano very well, but infrequently. However, he keeps up his interest in music. For many years he was a devotee and supporter of the Kansas City Philharmonic Association.

Theis was born in Kansas City near Twelfth and McGee, on the site now occupied by the ultra-modern Methodist Book Store. He is a proud member of the Native Sons of Kansas City. “There’s not another city as fine as Kansas City anywhere,” he says enthusiastically. “I’d rather live here than any other place in the whole world!”

He has a law degree from the University of Kansas, where he was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. It was there he met Rachel Coston, now Mrs. Theis. He belongs to the University Club, River Club, 711 Club, Kansas City Club and Mission Hills Country Club.

But in addition to his social groups, Theis is active in a large number of organizations within the grain industry. He served two years as chairman of the National Grain Trade Council; has been a director of the Grain and Feed Dealers National Association, and is vice-president of the Terminal Elevator Grain Merchants’ Association, Milwaukee; a governor of the Transportation Association of America; and a member of the Omaha Grain Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade.

He is a hard-working member of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and served as president of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce in 1945. During his term of office in the local Chamber, Theis was credited with a great deal of success in knitting together agriculture, labor and business.

As a matter of fact, because of his steady disposition and complete fairness, Theis is much in demand as an arbitrator of labor disputes, particularly within the grain industry. He has helped unravel a number of work tie-ups.

Rachel Theis claims that her husband never loses his temper, but admits she has seen him “rather excited” on two occasions. Theis regrets these two slip-ups, which mar an otherwise perfect lifetime record. He says, “Losing your temper, like worrying, is a waste of time. It doesn’t get you anywhere.”

Theis, who is a vestryman at St. Andrews Episcopal Church, has been active in Boy Scout work and in almost every phase of community life. He is noted for his charitable disposition, which makes him slow to recognize a fault in anyone. He never voices a criticism of another person.

The Theises have a son, Willis C., who is in the grain business with his father. Their daughter, Mary Louise, is now the wife of John G. Guthrie, an aeronautical engineer who—as a Navy commander during the war—was widely publicized as “the best damned pilot in the world!”

Both Theis children were in the Navy also. Bill was a lighter-than-air pilot, and his sister was a WAVE Lieutenant. Mary Louise has one son,

(Continued on page 52)
A FORMER seaman aboard a destroyer, who had never gone beyond the seventh grade, applied for an editorial post with a publishing firm and was accepted on the basis of the wealth of information he possessed about everything from economics to astronomy.

Several years later, after he had made good on the job, he revealed to close friends how pitifully inadequate his formal schooling had been.

"If you only went through the seventh grade, then how in the world are you able to help edit manuscripts by professors, economists, world travelers and statesmen?" a friend asked him incredulously.

"I had a college education aboard ship," he grinned. "I'd take aboard a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica on each trip and try to read it from cover to cover. I didn't succeed in reading every volume, but those I covered gave me enough knowledge to land my present job."

The ex-gob is one of millions of people who feel indebted to the Britannica, that multi-volumed compendium of information on everything from the hybridization of corn to the crown jewels of England.

On a grim May day in 1940, President Roosevelt was told the shocking news that Germany had plunged into Denmark without warning. Quietly, the President reached for a volume of the Britannica and turned methodically to the section on Greenland, which he pored over for 15 minutes.

What he read about Greenland convinced him that it must be made secure at all costs against the Nazis. He immediately urged speedy measures to guard against a probable lightning strike in that land, an attack that would have menaced America's security.

A famous architect privately admits that he gets many ideas for his attractive homes and buildings from pictures in the Britannica. A fabulously paid stage star who professes to have lived in England during her youth received all her information about London—her alleged home town—from steady perusal of the Britannica. Actually, she was born in Hoboken and has never been out of the United States—but the Britannica's vast fund of details about England has given her the courage to maintain her bluff!

Even in the publishing world, few individuals realize the tremendous amount of writing and editing necessary to keep the Britannica up to date. At one time or other, 4,300 writers are at work on the reference books.
The fees paid by Editor Walter Yust are trivial, compared with what men like Einstein and George Bernard Shaw could get in the literary market place. Yet, so alluring is space in the renowned Britannica that Einstein wrote a monograph on “Space-Time” for $86.40, and Shaw pocketed a measly check for $68.40 for his article on “Socialism.” Shaw had been offered $1.00 a word to write on anything under the sun, but he had turned down all moneyed publishers. For the Britannica’s modest stipend, the unpredictable lion of British letters outdid himself!

The Britannica’s Mr. Yust and his staff insist on the best qualified people to write on the fields in which they have won their accolades. For the Britannica’s section on “Boxing,” the editors approached Gene Tunney, who is handy with his pen as well as his mitts. Tunney, delighted by the assignment, spent days in research and on polishing his prose before he submitted it to the Britannica office.

The section on New York State was turned over to its former number one citizen, the beloved Alfred E. Smith, who was made as happy as a small boy with a new bike by his novel writing assignment. During the war, while gunfire dinned in his ears, General Wavell found time to turn out a pithy article on famous battles in history which was promptly accepted by the Britannica.

It costs more than $100,000 a year to keep the Britannica up-to-the-minute on new developments in science, economics and government. Sometimes, the research staff makes 100,000 reference investigations in a single month, in the interest of accuracy.

The radio program Information, Please!, which offered Britannica sets as free prizes, made the monumental reference volumes as familiar as a mail order catalog in millions of American homes.

Despite its great popularity and the respect in which it is held today, the Britannica is quite venerable—180 years old. Its modest beginning was financed by a “society of gentlemen”—composed of three Scottish scholars who were content to get out an humble three-volume encyclopedia of knowledge about everything in the then-known world.

Its first editor, Mr. William Smellie—a crony of the poet Robert Burns—showed a lamentable lack of scholarship. Indeed, Smellie and his fellow publishers weren’t sure whether California was “a peninsula or an island.” They borrowed information from books, gazetteers and the writings of travelers. Though it was slim in size and scholarship, the first Britannica was a sell-out in the 1760’s and has been going strong ever since.

Once, the British ambassador to Persia imported a set of the Britannica via camel as a gift to the Shah. So delighted and impressed was this potentate that he promptly coined a new title for himself, “Most Formidable Lord and Master of the Encyclopedia Britannica.” It was printed on his stationery and engraved on a medal which he wore proudly.

The encyclopedia has weathered many financial storms and has passed through numerous hands. Today the University of Chicago owns it—the
of Sears Roebuck and Company, which found that selling reference volumes was a bit slower than purveying overalls, tractors and dishes.

The Britannica is now a big business, as its sales of $4,000,000 worth of sets in one year can attest. Though they aren't cheap, the sets are not bought only by well-to-do families. A survey showed that 40 per cent of all sets are owned by families with incomes of $2,500 a year or less.

The Britannica's Mr. Yust and his colleagues keep their big set of books up-to-date by revising ten per cent of its contents each year. Because this gradual revision is always going on, the organization functions smoothly. There is no upheaval and gigantic expense, such as there would be if the entire contents were junked each year in favor of new material.

Back in 1939, Yust started making revisions on this change-as-you-go plan. He hires University of Chicago graduate students for much of this editorial work. They are paid by $1,000 university scholarships. Every eight months, new printings of the mammoth set are ordered and 3,000 pages are altered before each printing. Yust has a tricky filing system of information which enables him to come up with the answer to any question on any subject tackled by the Britannica. The Britannica also runs a free research bureau primarily for the owners of its volumes.

A motion picture director may telegraph, "What style of shoes were worn by the courtiers at the palace of Henry the Eighth?"

Or a radio quizmaster may write, "Please tell me if the Dort car was made before the Auburn came out."

Countless high school and college students, tuning up for term papers and themes, write, wire and phone the Britannica office for information.

Yes, a few errors do creep into the 24 volumes of the Britannica, but Yust and his staff work like beavers to keep boners and misprints—as well as errors of scholarship—from slipping into the mighty reference work.

Only one man claims to have read every word of the 35,000,000 words in the Britannica. He is Mr. A. Urban Shirk of Little Neck, Long Island, who concedes that it took him four and a half years to accomplish this prodigious feat.

Before this accomplishment, Mr. Yust, the editor—who is plenty interested in the Britannica—modestly retreats. Even he finds the thought of reading all 24 books too much for mortal man!
GLASS GOES MODERN

(Continued from page 26)

four pillars — without breaking the glass? This experiment was recently performed to show skeptics the amazing strength of a new type of pane. It will be welcomed by store owners who pay sizable insurance rates on their fragile show windows.

An Oklahoma man, showing home movies for the first time on his new projector, was horrified when the film jammed in the machine and was ignited by the lens. In a few minutes, his living room was aflame, and he quickly shepherded family and guests to safety outside. Firemen put out the fire, but not before it had done $2,500 worth of damage to the house.

Had the amateur movie maker used one of the new safety lenses in his projector, the fire would never have occurred. This lens lets 80 per cent of the light pass through, but absorbs 45 per cent of the heat. Fire just doesn't break out!

Speaking of movies, today's stars no longer wilt under the Klieg lights of old. Technicians cut off the heat from ultra-powerful banks of lights by moving screens of heat-absorbing glass in front of the bulbs. All of the light gets through, while the heat is trapped and dissipated.

If you've ever cursed as winter's sleet made your windshield a coat of ice, you'll be cheered to know that glass engineers say they have licked this cold weather motoring hazard. They have introduced a new coating for windshields which, in effect, is a conductor of electricity.

When the ice forms, the driver flicks a button; a small amount of current courses through the coating, and the ice melts away in a jiffy.

Does that noisy family next door bother you with their incessant racket? Don't worry, soon you'll be able to buy a new paint containing glass fibers which are proved sound mufflers. The boy next door can tootle his saxophone to his heart's content, but you won't mind it—thanks to a substance which is one of the oldest and newest slaves of mankind: glass!

MAN OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 48)

Bill has two, and all three of the boys are less than three years old. “When we get them all together,” Frank Theis chuckles, “it's a near-riot!”

He is hoping, more or less secretly, that some of the youngsters will be interested in the grain business and help carry on the family tradition as traders. “Agriculture,” he says, “is the backbone of our whole Midwestern economy. Of course, that's the thing we're trying to demonstrate to the public and the nation with our American Royal Livestock and Horse show in the fall, and now with our new Dairy Show and Rodeo in the spring. Kansas City is a cow town and a wheat town—and it's a daggomed good one. That's something we're proud of, and the whole world's going to know about it before we get through!”

• End
That Tell-Tale Touch

Fingerprints are the crook's downfall, but the safeguard of an honest man.

by BERTRAM R. HENLEY

On a balmy day in 1943, a party of Miami sportsmen hooked a shark and jubilantly displayed it to admiring vacationers on the dock. But when the shark's stomach was cut open, the jubilation turned to sick despair and hatred for this killer of the sea. For inside was a man's hand—but whose?

The police were notified quickly. They took fingerprints from the hand, which was in good shape despite long immersion in the water. The prints were rushed to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where experts checked them against the millions on file with the FBI. Within hours, the experts came up with the answer: the hand was that of a young Naval gunner, assigned to a tanker, whose ship had been sunk a year before by a marauding U-boat. With his identity thus proved beyond shadow of doubt, the young man's family at last knew the truth and he was reported dead officially.

Such feats of identification awe the uninitiated, but to professionals in the field of dactiolooscopy—the science of fingerprints—these things are all in a day's work. Currency exchanges keep on file the fingerprints of their customers. The armed forces introduced millions of men and women to the science. Prudent parents take the prints of their children at an early age, knowing that the prints will be a lifelong, foolproof means of identification in case of amnesia, will disputes, kidnapping or other untoward happenings.

But approval and even welcome of fingerprinting wasn't always so widespread. Indeed, leading police officials themselves scoffed at the fingerprint advocates before 1904 and labeled them "fakes," "frauds" and "just plain looney."

But in that year something happened at the St. Louis World's Fair which caused the cynics to revise their opinion of fingerprinting. Sergeant J. K. Ferrier, a bowler-hatted detective from Scotland Yard who was guarding the crown jewels on display in the British Pavilion, was the man who once and for all settled the controversy in America as to whether fingerprinting was a fad, racket or true science.

A huge cop from California, waving a set of prints under the nose of the London policeman, said with a sneer, "I suppose you claim that you
can tell us positively whom these prints belong to, eh, Sergeant? Tell us, then, the name and criminal record of the man from whom we took these prints. Convince us if you can—but I believe your claim is poppy-cock!"

The prints were placed aboard ship and hurried to London. Within several weeks, the Scotland Yard man was again in the office of his detractor, surrounded by police officials of many American cities.

"The prints you gave me are those of Percy Ogilvie, a cheap pickpocket and confidence man. He has been arrested half a dozen times in London. At last reports, he was said to be in the States. Am I correct, gentlemen?"

The incredulous stares and slack-jawed amazement of his audience told Sergeant Ferrier that he had scored a victory. Before a year had elapsed, St. Louis had set up the first municipal fingerprinting bureau in the United States, and other major cities were impatiently looking for experts to man their contemplated departments.

A year later, in 1905, the United States Army began fingerprinting everybody on its payroll, and the science or art of dactioloscopy was here to stay. Criminals who scoffed at the new-fangled theory of fingerprint identification swallowed their laughter when court convictions were obtained on the basis of fingerprints which were admitted as evidence.

Unfortunately, the overwhelming success fingerprinting has enjoyed in the realm of crook-catching has made the average respectable citizen leery of having his fingers inked. He feels, somewhat illogically, that his prints will end up in bad company, with those of murderers, embezzlers and burglars. What is needed, say veteran fingerprint experts, is a nationwide public relations campaign which will convince the good citizen that fingerprinting is as sensible a precaution as a venereal disease check-up or a blood typing.

The fingerprint specialists are quick to point out that more than 40,000,000 Americans possess no birth certificates. Many would be unable to prove their identity because in many instances the records of their birth have been destroyed by fire, mis-filed, or simply lost.

If everybody were fingerprinted, the job of keeping identities straight would become simple, indeed. Only wrongdoers and persons having something to hide need be afraid of the fingerprint man and his kit. For the rest of us, getting a job, proving ownership of a car, taking out insurance and claiming benefits would be immeasurably simplified if our prints were on record at one central agency, such as the FBI.

A n elderly mother living in the state of Washington had been separated from her son while he was
a small boy. The years passed, and she wondered every day if he were still living, and thought how wonderful it would be to hold him in her arms again.

In going through old personal effects, she uncovered a smudged valentine bearing her son's tiny prints. The valentine had been sent to her in 1926 when he was only three years old. Acting in desperation, she sent the prints to the FBI and beseeched the bureau's aid in locating her son. Because prints never change from infancy to old age, the FBI experts were able to check the tiny smudges against the millions of prints in their files. In an incredibly short time, they matched the prints with those of a young man who had joined the Navy in 1941. A reunion speedily followed, and the overjoyed woman is now living with the son she found through a valentine!

Nobody knows why Nature endowed us with fingerprints, but a reasonable supposition is that the alternate ridges and depressions in our fingers serve as insulators, enable us to grasp objects more easily, and heighten our sense of touch.

You can't get rid of your fingerprints or alter them successfully, no matter how you try. The late John Dillinger learned this to his sorrow. He mutilated his fingers with acid, hoping to lose his old identity as a fugitive and murderer, but his effort was clumsy and foolhardy. He couldn't obliterate all the telltale loops and whorls. And the irregularities in his fingerprints made peace officers suspect him immediately, for who would burn his fingers with acid unless he had something grim to conceal?

Even identical twins have fingertips which differ radically. The Dionne quints, though they look alike and act alike in many respects, all have fingerprints of different types and classifications. Monkeys, too, have fingerprints which differ with each animal. Heredity, it seems, plays no part whatsoever in fingerprint development.

In certain occupations, friction and abrasion cause the ridges of the fingers to wear away temporarily and such fingers will not register suitably when pressed on the ink pad. Stone masons, carpenters, charwomen and others who constantly use their work-roughened hands are poor candidates for fingerprinting.

But if they rest from work for a month or two, the ridges are renewed as good as ever and the prints will register well. Nature, it seems, is bent on having us keep our fingerprints, and renews the skin on our fingertips whenever necessary.

When you have the opportunity to register your fingerprints, don't hesitate—it's the intelligent thing to do. Remember, there are 50,000 people buried each year in anonymous graves, forever lost to their families and friends because they lacked identification papers. Had their fingerprints been on file, in every case their families could have been notified within 24 hours! Your fingerprints are your one totally distinctive feature. They are your unforgeable signature—forever.

• End
WHEN the automobile of Patrick Maffiore of Newark, New Jersey, crashed into a telephone pole, his dog got excited and bit him. On the way to the hospital the ambulance caught fire.

An old friend greeting Roy E. Farris of St. Louis slapped him on the back so enthusiastically that it fractured his right ankle.

Carlos Monroy had a few drinks too many in Bogota, Colombia, and passed out. When he came to, he found himself stretched out on a slab in the morgue.

After trying to raise asparagus for three years, John L. Franklin of Champaign, Illinois, gave up and built an asphalt drive across the patch. Soon sprouts began coming up and cracking the pavement.

Grace C. Kirk, a bookkeeper of Rochester, New York, sneezed as she was starting for a vacation. The sneeze dislocated her shoulder. She vacationed in Genesee Hospital.

Austin Baca of Montrose, Colorado, was knocked down by lightning. As he was rising, another bolt knocked him down again.

Ten minutes after his election as captain of the Harvard freshman hockey squad, Dustin Burge broke his collarbone and was out of play for the season.

Not wishing to have their delivery truck stolen again, the William Scheele and Sons Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana, called a locksmith to have him change the ignition and door locks. By the time the locksmith arrived, the truck had disappeared again.

After hard-working burglars finally completed an elaborate tunnel through the vault floor of the State Bank at Hamilton, Washington, they found out that the bank had been out of business for four years.

At Moscow, Idaho, Mrs. W. M. Tinniswood heard a crash in her front room and found a pheasant on the floor before a large shattered window. Thinking the fowl dead, she was hurrying into another part of the house to tell others when she heard another crashing sound. Rushing back to the front room, Mrs. Tinniswood found that the pheasant had recovered and left—through another window.

The sheriff's office in Albuquerque, New Mexico, was obliged to inform two men that the coal stove they had stolen to keep warm was really the ice container from a water cooler.—Harold Helfer.

He walked into a bar optimistically and left misty optically.

Two Irishmen landed in America and took a room in a seaside hotel. To their surprise, they were attacked by mosquitoes, an insect new to them. Bewildered, they turned out the lights and crawled under the sheets. Larry looked up just as a firefly flitted in through the window. “It's no use, Mickey,” he groaned, “they've come back looking for us with lanterns.”
Something was bothering Dibbles. He finally succeeded in putting not only his finger on it, but his whole list!

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

The day had started as an ordinary one for Benjamin B. Dibbles. He arose, showered and shaved, dressed, breakfasted, kissed his wife and children goodbye, and made his customary 3:15 trot to the garage so he could be at the office before 8:45.

On the way downtown, however, he became aware of a recurrent restlessness, a feeling that all in his personal little world was not quite right. True, he had a good job, a bright future, a pretty and charming wife, two fine children, insurance, a pleasant eight-room brick home, and a bright and shining reputation.

Yet, driving more slowly down King Street, Dibbles realized that he was not a happy man. He felt oppressed, weighed down. Not, he assured himself righteously, that he wished to be free of his wife, his children, his job, or any of the other responsibilities that kept him worried and happy. No, indeed.

But it was as if he were—oh, he didn’t know—frustrated. That was the word he wanted. He was frustrated. And now that its presence had finally become established, Dibbles recognized the dissatisfied itching in his soul as an irritant of long but subtle standing.

Just how or in what fashion he was frustrated, Benjamin B. didn’t know. He did know, however, that the urge for liberation from the malignant pressure bearing down on him had been trying to make itself manifest every morning about this time for the last four years. Funny, he thought, a wave of tingling resentment washing around down inside him as he blasted his horn through the intersection of King and Clifton, funny that this almost irresistible urge to get out from under that pressure of frustration should seize him on the morning of one of his busiest days.

It was, he told himself inelegantly, one hell of a sweet mess of sour pickles. In the first place, he didn’t know what or where the pressure was. In the second place, he hadn’t the slightest idea how to dissipate it. And in the third place, forgetting the other two, he hadn’t time to do anything about it.

He jumped at a sudden thought. Was he going crazy? No, he didn’t think so. He looked out the car window. Everything seemed the same. Same old King Street, same old hodgepodge of schools and houses and churches and stores, same old street markers, same old taverns and rooming houses and tenements, same old slippery car tracks, and even the same old clanking of street car gongs. Approaching the intersection of Broadway and King, Dibbles had
maneuvered into the center lane of traffic, and now there was a street car hard on his rear bumper. The motorman was thumping the bell with gusto, and though he must have seen that Benjamin, because of the automobiles immediately ahead and to his right and left, was unable to swerve off the car tracks, he delivered a continuing and unmelodious clanging. Dibbles, already jittery from his discovery that he had an inhibition to locate and do away with, glared into his rear vision mirror and cursed.

The motorman persisted in his ringing assault upon Benjamin B.'s ears and brain:


Other mornings when he had heard the same imperious demand, Dibbles had paid little attention to it. He had accepted it, when he noticed it at all, as part of getting downtown. But this morning the din was almost unbearable. Clang-clang-clang! CLANG-CLANG-CLANG! Dibbles suddenly let out a resounding oath, slammed on the brakes, and leaped from his car.

He stalked back to the street car, which had been forced to stop as suddenly as Dibbles. He was not so blind with rage that he could not see the motorman who had just opened the front doors to lean out and ask Dibbles just what was the idea of stopping in the middle of the street.

"I'll show you what the idea is!" roared Benjamin B., and he reached up and grabbed the motorman by the collar, drew back a soft, well-manicured fist, and whacked it across the pop-eyed man's chin.

"I've heard you ring that blasted bell just once too often!" Dibbles shouted, and just to prove he meant what he said, he let the startled motorman have another crack on the side of the head. "You think you own these streets? Ha!" he bellowed, punctuating the question and answer with a third blow. Then he released the man who, more baffled and demoralized than injured, clung stupidly to the vestibule railing. "There! Let's see you do your damned Swiss bell ringing act now!" Benjamin said, and he tromped back to his car, jabbed the starter, and drove off, muttering.

Pfew! Now! What was it that had been bothering him? Before he socked that wise guy, what had he been thinking about? H'mm? Oh yes, he was supposed to be frustrated. Ha! Such rot. What gibbering nonsense a man dreamed up sometimes. Frustrated? Benjamin B.? Pshaw! He was the happiest man on earth. Nice job, nice wife, swell kids, dandy home ... what the hell! Benjamin B. Dibbles started whistling. Then he stepped on the gas a little bit, raced under the amber light at Broadway, and blew his horn at the cars in front of him. He had a lot of work at the office.

The young man stared blearily at the mirror the morning after and noting his bloodshot eyes, resolved never to go into a bar again. "That television," he muttered, "is ruining my eyes."
'Talent scout' racketeers are prinkling stars in parents' eyes—and picking their pockets.

by BEATRICE TRESSELT

EVER since Shirley Temple's cherubic smile first flashed from a movie screen, Hollywood has been the goal of ambitious mothers. Every train, bus and jalopy adds its quota of desperately hopeful mothers and bright-eyed, anxious youngsters to the hundreds already there. All are tragically ignorant of conditions, and most of them wholly unable to cope with them.

True, they've heard that nowhere in the United States is the cost of living higher than it is in Hollywood; that no field of work is more uncertain than that of acting, and that none is so overcrowded.

Yes, say the mothers, but Shirley's grown up and Margaret O'Brien is a big girl now; someone must take their places. Moreover, it can't be too difficult, for according to the studios' own press agents most juvenile stars zoom to fame and fortune largely by happy accident. They happen to be noticed by a director or a talent scout just when he needs a child of that particular type. It's as simple as that.

Unfortunately, these naively provocative tales are seldom true. Success is rarely an accident; for most persons, it's a grim and bitter fight every inch of the way. Regardless of a child's photogenic qualities, personality or talent, landing a film contract is a gamble with the odds a million to one.

Why? Because the supply so greatly exceeds the demand. Very few films require a child, and for each of such roles there are scores of youngsters at hand who already have had film experience and whose work is of known quality. In addition, there are hundreds of others who have not yet faced a camera but who already are filed in the casting directors' lists.

The only way of overcoming these and myriad other obstacles is to know the right people, influential friends who will exert themselves in the child's behalf. If this is not possible, then the only alternative is to engage the services of a reputable, first class agent.

However, since a newcomer cannot know one agent from another, the too-confident mother almost invariably falls victim of the first fast-talking phony she encounters.

In recent months the menace of these fraudulent self-styled agents has become so serious a problem that the Better Business Bureau declares them guilty of the 'most vicious swindles uncovered in recent months.' This further discredits the much maligned title of 'public relations counselor."

"Even parents who had never thought previously of exploiting their children are victimized by these crooks," stated M. J. Peters, manager of the public service division of the
Bureau. "These promoters have various approaches. In many cases they ring the doorbell and announce to the fond mother that her child has been selected as one of a group of exceptionally photogenic youngsters. For a 'small fee,' usually from $25 to $75, he offers to promote, publicize and exploit the child in such fashion that the youngster will get immediate work in the entertainment or advertising modeling fields.

"After the dazzled parent signs the contract and pays the fee, the promoter moves on. No jobs materialize, no money is refunded."

Another approach is for the pseudo agent or scout to buy pictures of children from neighborhood photographers, then contact the parents and make false promises. Very often he boldly will stop a mother on the street and plead for the opportunity of giving her child a screen test or an audition for television. Of course, there is a slight charge for such tests, but think of what she stands to gain! What mother would turn her back on Opportunity for lack of a few dollars?

One brash young man recently accosted a pretty young mother on the street and went into his elaborate spiel about what he could do for the adorable young toddler who clung to her skirts. The mother smiled, said she was too busy at the moment but would like to have his card and think it over. What the too-optimistic young crook didn't know was that he was addressing Susan Hayward, brilliant young star in her own right, and wife of Jess Barker, who also knows his way around Hollywood. They promptly turned the man's card over to the authorities.

Sometimes the promoter makes his rounds accompanied by a photographer. A set of photographs of the child is contracted for, "to show the directors," and a sizable down payment demanded. The camera is quickly set up—minus film—and the pictures are taken immediately, with promise of the proofs in a day or two. Time passes, but no proofs arrive. It is no use to go to the photographer's studio; the address is that of a vacant lot.

But since an agent is necessary—and there are many good ones—how is an inexperienced newcomer to know whether an agent is of good repute or a racketeer?

His background and reputation should be checked carefully before signing anything or paying anything. No first class agent is so anxious to take on new and unknown clients that he stalks his prey in the streets. On the contrary, unless the newcomer has a truly exceptional talent, a top bracket agent will not bother with him at all. Furthermore, such agents work for a ten per cent commission of their client's contracts and ask no fanciful preliminary fees or expense accounts.

Parents also should check the various dramatic schools and dancing academies, many of which are as dishonest in their dealings as are the crooks who operate by themselves. Unfortunately, too few parents care to tackle the problem at all; it is so much pleasanter to believe.

Parental vanity is the thing that makes this tragic situation possible. The average woman cannot believe

(Continued on page 76)
**GENERALISSIMO of the USHERS**

**The lads snap-to for Andy!**

When Andy Frain’s ushers are in evidence at weddings, football games, and wrestling matches in Chicago, innocent old ladies are apt to remark wistfully, “What handsome fellows West Point turns out nowadays. They’re so straight and so military!”

Actually, the appearance of Andy’s boys differs from West Pointers in few respects, and most of his “graduates” will tell you fervently that life with Andy is as rigorous, healthful and satisfying as that enjoyed by Academy men.

Andy, who is not averse to the name, “Ziegfeld of the ushers,” makes as much as $2,000 a day by providing his ushering service at such events as the Kentucky Derby, aquacades, major-league ball games, society weddings, art shows, and bargain basement sales. When the Republicans and Democrats held their national conventions in Chicago, Andy pocketed $18,000 for seating the delegates, preventing altercations, frisking suspicious-looking strangers, and keeping a watchful eye on “dips” and confidence men.

In Hollywood, stars planning lavish film parties call on Andy’s Coast representative for ushers who are adept at keeping out gate-crashers. These tall, mannerly fellows may work one night at a wrestling match and turn up the next night at a swanky society flower show.

“It’s all in the day’s work for my lads,” grins Andy. “They take courses in language, deportment, and manners. If a lad doesn’t feel equally at home ushering for a society wedding or a dog race then he isn’t cut out for this kind of work.”

The analogy to West Point is further developed by the military discipline which Andy’s right-hand man, “Major” Edward Fleming, imposes on new recruits to the Frain flag. A burly ex-Marine officer, Fleming has been drillmaster for 5,000 Frain ushers, many of whom are now successful lawyers, business men, priests, accountants, journalists and doctors. During the war, more than 65 per cent of all the Frain usher alumni in the armed forces became commissioned officers. Now, as for years past, there are scores of college students throughout the nation earning their tuition money by rendering the snappy service which Frain demands of both part-time and full-time ushers.

Though he grosses more than $800,000 a year, this king of the ushers remembers the day when he trudged
all over the ball park picking up pop bottles for $3.50 a week.

“There were 16 kids in my family,” says Andy, “and they were hungry like clock-work. I had to pick up an astronomical number of bottles each month to earn my small salary—which always was spent at the grocery store before I made it!”

Andy, who was annoyed by the half-drunk, unkept ushers who worked for peanuts at sports events, saw that these derelicts and small-time crooks were giving organized sports a bad name. They took bribes; they insulted customers; they joined in brawls.

Hitching up his courage, young Frain went to the gum tycoon, William Wrigley, and told him, “Your ushers are costing you plenty, yet they’re not worth a plugged nickel. I could develop a real corps of men for you.”

For his pains, the nervy teen-ager was tossed out of Wrigley’s palatial office three times. On the fourth call, Wrigley resigned himself to listening to Andy’s plan for making ushering a profession instead of a racket.

The gum magnate gave Andy money and his blessing. Soon after, seasoned baseball fans at Wrigley Field got a jolt as the slovenly, beery ushers were gradually replaced by tall young men with crew haircuts, clean-shaven faces, and snappy uniforms which made them look like generals.

Boys from modest-income families camped on Andy’s doorstep to become ushers. He picked the most worthy, preferring those who were seeking additional funds to complete their college educations. Then as now, Andy insisted that hair be combed, stubble removed from chin, and fingernails be cleaned. If an usher used the word “ain’t,” he was taken aside and given a little special instruction in grammar. Bribes were taboo and any usher found accepting favors was ordered to turn in his uniform.

But don’t get the idea that Andy’s boys are pantywaists who won’t dirty their hands with rough stuff. Chica- goans still remember the night when a fight broke out between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Chicago Black Hawks on the hockey rink.

As hockey sticks were swung with intent to kill, the spectators lustily joined in the melee. In no time, the ice was dotted with little clusters of struggling fans and players.

Andy, who was supervising his boys at the game, saw that there was a good possibility of panic developing among the 14,000 screaming fans who were beginning to mill around the exits. Though not a policeman was in sight, Andy ran onto the ice, followed by his ushers, and did a thorough job of bashing trouble-makers, frisking others for clubs and brass knuckles, and giving first aid to those with cuts and abrasions.

Andy’s task force retired from the ice, uniforms torn but heads unbowed. The 14,000 fans gave them a great ovation and from that day on hockey fans treated the Frain boys with healthy respect.

Even now, the Frain ushers give a thorough frisk to certain individuals
known as troublemakers. One night, Frain deposited in his car and hauled to the police station a choice assortment of tomatoes, marbles, wooden slats, smoked fish, coat hangers, brass knuckles and grapefruit, all removed from the clothing of would-be hecklers. "Nothing unusual about it," says Frain. "It happens all the time. But an ounce of prevention keeps noggins from being broken when the spectators get too riled up!"

Andy, now in his mid-forties, is doing a land-office business in New York, Chicago, Louisville, Hollywood and Brooklyn. He is proudest of his annual feud with the famed gatecrasher, "One-Eye" Connolly, who told confederates that "Andy Frain is tougher to fool than the oldest White House Secret Service man."

During one political convention, Connolly telegraphed Frain his intention of crashing the gate on a certain day. Andy wired back, "I'll bet $100 to a buck that you don't get in." One-Eye lost his bet.

It is problematical whether the President of the United States could get into a Frain-guarded sports show if he didn't have a ticket of the right size, date and color. Secretly, Andy Frain takes motion pictures of his ushers at work, later shows the reels to his "classes." In this way, they spot their weaknesses in keeping watch on strategic entrances, exits and skylights. Often, the sharp eye of Andy's movie camera has uncovered spots used by gate crashers which have gone unnoticed at the time by the busy Frain ushers.

A young man can earn $10 to $12 a day working for Andy. Right now, he is receiving 50,000 job applications each year. More than the money, the aspiring ushers prize the training and glamour associated with the Frain ushering empire.

Andy, a large florid man with a perpetual smile, says he has seen more celebrities than any living man. Nobody doubts him. Movie stars, governors and archbishops call him by his first name.

When Tyrone Power was married amidst disorder and a near-riot in Rome recently, the spectacle saddened Andy Frain. Says he, "That was poor crowd handling. If I'd been at that church door with three lads, you can bet your bottom buck that no gatecrashers or nosey nellies would have spoiled Ty's wedding!"

Exact Opposite

In Fort Worth, Texas, recently, a bus driver stopped to take several passengers on through the rear door.

"Just a moment, please," begged a feminine voice in the rear, as he was about to start the vehicle again. "Wait until I get my clothes on!"

Every eye in the crowded bus swivelled expectantly. All they saw, however, was an attractive, young lady struggling to bring on board an oversized bundle of laundry.—Joseph C. Stacey.

A bachelor is a man who never got around to marrying in his youth and has got around it ever since.
Gold Nugget Milk

In Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, scientists have been bottling milk worth $10,000 a quart. The milk comes from a "mouse dairy" composed of black and white mice. Six months are required to produce one quart of milk from the laboratory's 5,000 rodents.

This "fancy dairy" is part of a research project to discover the cause of breast cancer which statistics say afflicts one out of every 25 women. The tiny "herd" receives better care and attention than most cows. The mice live in air-conditioned, eight-inch cubicles, arranged in rows, one above the other. They are fed regularly on vitamins and have 12-hour-a-day sun lamp treatments. Their boxes are kept immaculate with sterile wood shavings.

Columbia University's mouse dairy was started late in 1946, under authorization of the Public Health Service, as an attempt to isolate the virus that is thought to transmit cancer from a mother mouse to the young mice. The scientists succeeded in isolating the virus in less than six months. The next task is to seek to purify that virus and prove that the virus in the mouse milk does cause the cancer.

The process is both intricate and delicate. The 5,000 mice are separated into two groups: one is the white species, called the Paris strain, which commonly has the cancer; and the other, the black type, called C-57 strain, which rarely becomes diseased with the breast cancer. When a mouse gives birth to her young, she is taken from them for 24 hours and milked with a breast pump. This process takes ten minutes to milk her 12 breasts. She can be milked once only, producing one cubic centimeter of milk.

The milk then is separated to extract the protein from the whey. By high centrifugal force, the whey is spun to separate the virus. Then the young black mice, the strain free from cancer, are injected with the virus. The scientists wait! If these injected mice develop cancer in the next year or so, they will have proof that the virus causes breast cancer. The fight against cancer goes courageously on!—Helen Buckley.

If She Sings Bass, They Want Her

If you ever stop out Tulsa way, pardner, drop in at a session of Sweet Adelines Incorporated. You'll be more than welcome if you bring your wife or girl friend—if she sings bass!

Sweet Adeline Incorporated is the female counterpart of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. The Adelines, organized in 1945, now have 1,000 beskirted members, and they insist they're not auxiliaries for the SPEBSQSA. Not by one downbeat! The two groups, however, do sing the same songs and occasionally trade music.

Founder of the society was Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Oklahoma City. When the voices first joined in on *Down by the Old Mill Stream* there were only 41 charter members active in three chapters. Now, in the fourth year, the thousand members are active in 20 chapters.

The Adelines have one strict rule: no prima donnas. They also have an unwritten rule: whenever you find a woman who sings bass, bring her along, for goodness sake!
Do you really rest when you sleep?

Sleep—My pretty One

by JAY SEWELL

There is an old English jingle about sleep which runs:

Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.

Today, most Americans spend eight hours of every 24 in bed. And how well we spend the waking two-thirds of our lives depends largely upon how well we sleep.

The mere amount of sleep is not the important element of thorough rest. Quality of sleep is more important than quantity. Wakefulness is a danger signal that anyone can recognize, but there are hidden signs of poor sleep that are equally ominous.

Examine your sleep habits. Do you sigh or mumble in your sleep; jerk or move around restlessly in bed; wake up before getting as much sleep as needed; feel irritable or moody when you awake; feel tired after sleeping as much as your average; find your bedclothing disordered and rumpled; have to be called repeatedly in the morning; dislike going to sleep at bedtime? If you are guilty of any one of these symptoms, you need to overhaul your sleeping habits. For anyone can learn to sleep soundly and effectively by following a few fundamental rules for good sleeping.

Perhaps your complaint is that you're "too tired to sleep." Scientific evidence proves that such a lament is well-founded. When strenuous activity has used up all the body's available blood sugar, the muscles begin to use their own tissues for energy fuel. This causes irritability and tension which make sleep difficult. Quiet activity should be planned before bedtime. Take a tip from the coaches who call off drill before the game. They are giving the players a chance to relax in advance.

Mental excitement during the evening can cause a sleepless or restless night. Typical is the young man who telephoned his fiancee at 9:30 p.m. only to be told she was out and would not be in until one o'clock in the morning. Worried and upset, he went to bed and tossed and turned 200 times instead of the normal 72 movements. Although he did not awaken, he really did not rest.

A hot bath helps to calm jumpy nerves. This principle of inducing relaxation by warm water is employed in mental hospitals, where a flowing hot bath called a "continuous tub" is used to quiet hysterical patients. The same treatment on a smaller scale calms normal nerves.
A relaxed body means a relaxed mind. Try to relax your body, then, when you get into bed. First, pull the pillow down against your shoulders so it supports your neck. Make yourself limp from head to toe. Start with the scalp muscles, tighten them, then let them stop pulling. Do the same for the face muscles. Let your jaw sag like a gate on one hinge. Feel the weight of your eyeballs against their sockets. Tighten, then relax, each group of muscles, one group at a time, on down to the toes. When you have gone all over your body mentally, imagine yourself sinking deeper into the mattress with each breath. Let each arm and leg lie freely, as if it were detached, like a log there on the bed. Keep thinking of how slack your entire body is. If you sprawl but frown, you still aren't relaxed.

It isn't easy to relax at first. Little groups of muscles will want to work overtime. Search out these rebels and crack down with a quiet resolve that they, too, will rest. Don't be like the man who awakened his entire family during a nightmare and told them that he had dreamed of being caught on a bridge before an oncoming train. In actuality, his heel was caught between the mattress and the bed. The tension on only a small part of his body was affecting his entire person.

The proper mental attitude toward sleep means a lot. Sleep should be regarded as a haven from the day's work and stress. Since one can do little about worries, fears and resentments in bed, they should be laid aside. Bed is for sleep, so decide quietly that sleep is just what you are going to do.

John D. Rockefeller once said, "I do not permit myself to look at a timepiece after retiring at night." This helped him stay calm and kept him from worrying about whether he was going to get enough sleep.

A relaxing color scheme in your bedroom can help you sleep. Reds and yellows are stimulating, but blues and greens are soothing. Pictures should be chosen for their suggestion of restfulness. The few minutes exposure to color while preparing for bed tones the emotions, influences the readiness to drop off to sleep.

Make your bedroom functional. Shades should be dark enough to keep out sleep-stealing light. Avoid glossy paints and papers, or polished furnishings that reflect glare. Place beds so the sleeper faces away from the light. If possible, rugs, furniture, draperies and walls should be made of sound-deadening materials. Bedroom doors should be weather-stripped to dull sounds from the rest of the house.

Outside noises may make you wakeful. A passing car can disturb your sleep and be gone by the time you are fully awake. You wonder if you are getting insomnia. Even if a noise doesn't awaken you completely, it can cause restlessness. A man who woke at exactly 4:45 every morning was
advised by a psychologist to set an alarm at 4:30 and listen at his window. He agreed to follow the plan. The next day at about 4:44, he heard a door slamming in the next house. The relieved man realized that his “insomnia” had begun the very day after the new family had moved in next door. The neighbor left the house for work at 4:45 every morning.

Heavy or tight bedding causes poor sleep. One light wool blanket is as warm as four cotton blankets which burden the sleeper. Extra width in blankets ensures warmth and allows them to hang freely at the sides of the bed. If you find yourself turning over and over when your “mattress side” gets cold in winter weather, spread a wool blanket under the bottom sheet to keep both sides of your body equally warm.

It is better to sleep alone, according to Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago Sleep Laboratory. Double beds spread colds and disturb sleep, says this experimenter.

Hunger pangs harass sleep. Stomach contractions cause much of the violent tossing done by a hungry sleeper. But eat only easily-digested foods, such as dairy products, before retiring. Avoid fatty foods, those causing gas, and any foods which cause increased water secretion.

For some people, caffeine hinders sleep. Everyone should judge for himself whether tea and coffee—and sometimes even chocolate—can be taken late in the day.

Regularity of sleeping habits is important. If you go to bed at approximately the same time every night, you are probably a sound sleeper. Many “blue Mondays” are caused by upset sleep resulting from a changed routine on Sunday, the alleged day of “rest.”

There is only one way to “catch up” on lost sleep, and that is to do it in advance. When a sleep loss can’t be avoided, try to get an extra long night’s sleep the night before, or take a nap during the day. Some of the world’s busiest people are nappers. They find the habit pays dividends in added energy and alertness.

Sleep can be constructive. Not only can you rest well, but unconsciously you can solve some of your problems during sleep. Most of the musical score of one of Mozart’s operas was conceived in his sleep. Julia Ward Howe composed the words for the Battle Hymn of the Republic in her subconscious mind while she slept. Louis Agassiz, the great biologist, claims to have solved an important problem in classification from clues “revealed” to him in his sleep. These creative thinkers knew how to sleep efficiently.

Good sleep is free, available to anyone who will adopt a positive attitude and strive to attain good sleeping habits. Learning to sleep soundly pays off dividends. For only when you sleep effectively are you able to work and play and live effectively.

A youngster was asked by his history teacher to name the principal contribution of the Phoenicians. His answer: “Blinds.”
For Lack of a Beard

Strange how a beard, or rather, the lack of one, can shape the destiny of a man—and an entire nation.

Walter Reed, the famous army doctor, was only 17 years old when he graduated from the University of Virginia and returned home to the village of Belroi, Virginia, to hang out his shingle and begin the practice of medicine.

The folks of Belroi, however, refused to patronize the young doctor. In those days of 1867, a beard was one of the trade marks of the medical profession. The staid residents of Reed’s home town weren’t anxious to place their health in the hands of a youngster who as yet couldn’t even grow sideburns. It was a natural public reaction, and young Dr. Reed accepted it philosophically.

So he left Belroi and went to Bellevue Medical College in New York City for further study. Later he became one of the youngest district doctors in the city. At 24, he entered the army, served several years in the South and the West, and then did research at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

In 1898, Reed, a major in rank, was sent to Havana to try to combat the yellow fever which was ravaging American soldiers and Cubans alike. There he discovered the cause of the dreaded disease carried by mosquitoes, and his preventive orders eventually almost stamped out “yellow jack.”

The fame which came to Major Reed for his yellow fever research brought red faces to the citizens of Belroi. But the blushes changed to pride when the little town became a national shrine in memory of the beardless doctor.

Dr. Reed never did raise a full beard. But he did compromise at various times in his noble career—by sporting a handlebar moustache.—Barney Schwartz.

Legalized Romance

Even romance at times has its legal difficulties in this land of many laws.

In Oregon a girl cannot legally enter an automobile unless accompanied by a chaperone. Utah law decrees that daylight must be seen between a dancing couple.

A husband was recently fined $15 for kissing his wife in a Chicago park—a gentle judicial reminder that archaic laws still have teeth in them. Kissing in public is also prohibited in Georgia. Under Massachusetts law ten kisses are equal to a marriage proposal.

If you hug and kiss your girl in front of her parents and bring her candy in Minnesota, that’s equivalent to asking for her hand in marriage. If you make six visits to a girl’s home in Maryland, you can consider yourself legally engaged.

Indiana law insists that a moustache is “a known carrier of germs and a man cannot wear one if he habitually kisses human beings.” What chance has Dan Cupid to work his magic wiles under these circumstances!

In the District of Columbia a man can be arrested if he marries his own mother-in-law. Serves him right. In Delaware a husband can bandy profane words with his wife to his heart’s content. Michigan assures the husband that he owns all his wife’s clothing. He can legally take possession of her entire wardrobe if she ever leaves him, which should reduce separations to a minimum during the winter time.—Jasper B. Sinclair.
EVERY two weeks, the nation's top business and industrial leaders—35,000 of them—drop whatever worries are dogging them at the moment and avidly turn to the newsletter of the fabulous Research Institute of America.

Sometimes the newsletter makes its subscribers stamp with anger, other times it pleases them immensely. At all times, the publication is challenging. It reveals secrets, berates, reassures, and what with one thing and another gives tycoons the mental kick in the pants which makes them either seethe or chuckle the rest of the week.

The newsletter is the brainchild of Leo Cherne, an often brassy young man of 36 summers who has lifted himself from the role of an obscure spear carrier in the Metropolitan Opera House to a highly paid and internationally renowned berth as number one soothsayer for American business and industry.

Cherne, by stripping legal and financial verbiage of its difficult words, makes everything sound simple to business men, who swear by him. He can take a complicated tax tome and scalpel it down into easy-to-understand slices.

If the government announces a new credit regulation, garnished with "whereases" and smothered by Latin phrases, Cherne plunges into it with relish. He emerges with a simple digest which frequently makes government pundits writh and mutter, "Why can't I say things simply, like that?"

More than any other man, Leo Cherne—who never reveals a confidence—knows intimately the financial health of his flock of 35,000 big shots. He is as diligent as the Bureau of Internal Revenue in ferreting out secrets of their business life. Because of the exhaustive questionnaires his subscribers fill out periodically, he can toss up astounding business forecasts which make his competitors wonder what magic ball he uses to get the right answers.

"Actually," says Leo with a smile, "The Research Institute of America operates on some broad and sensible principles. First, we recognize that every business man has his own peculiar troubles—and likes to talk about them. We encourage him to talk to us.

"Secondly, change is the law of business life, as of all else. Nothing is permanent. The business man who wants things to stay exactly as they are ignores natural law and is heading
for trouble. We try to supply guideposts to keep him on the right road.

"Also, business men must realize that never again will regulations be simple enough to be understood by everybody. With life becoming more complex, our laws are following suit and they require translators. That's part of our job."

Leo's halo as a prophet received a Simonizing when he wrote The Rest of Your Life in 1944, a strange and grimly accurate book of what life in America would be like after the war. In the five years since its publication in 1944, many of his predictions have come to pass. He called the shots on jurisdictional strikes, postwar wage increases, the armaments race and the black markets.

Another book, called Your Business Goes to War, was invaluable to countless business men and industrialists who didn't know how to start tooling up for military needs.

Despite his preoccupation with big problems, Cherne is a songwriter of no small stature. Orchestra leaders still are fond of his love ditty, I'll Never Forget, which took him six hours to compose and brought an ultimate net profit of $10,000.

Cherne, a restless, dark-haired man with the vitality of a puppy dog, started studying at the New York Law School in 1931, after brief and unprofitable periods as an able-bodied seaman and a newspaper reporter. When he was graduated with good grades but no social or financial influence, he wound up as a $15-a-week law clerk—absolute purgatory to an ambitious youth of Cherne's make-up.

Despairing, he turned to the Help Wanted columns and spotted an ad calling for the services of a legal and editorial assistant who could write on social security legislation. No writer, Cherne put on a clean shirt, allowed the adrenalin to flow, and somehow sold himself as a pundit. He's been punditing ever since.

Teaming up with Edward Whittlesey, a writer, and Carl Hovgard, a genius of salesmanship who could sell a trolley car to the motorman, Cherne established a publishing house called Whitgard Services. Its leading merchandise was a looseleaf volume called The Payroll Tax Saving Service, with Cherne gathering, digesting and explaining dullish tax provisions for the quick understanding of business men subscribers.

By 1937, when Washington was mass-producing new regulations for business and industry, Whittlesey dropped out of the firm, and Cherne and Hovgard were in the blue chips with their Social Security Coordinator, a concise and readable guide through the labyrinth of federal law. With new problems arising daily to plague business men, Cherne and Hovgard profited handsomely. They soon took impressive Manhattan quarters and started branching out. Today, they have more than 65 offices and some 700 workers, including columnists, statisticians, lawyers, economists, accountants and efficiency experts.

Cherne drives himself with sadistic glee, works as long as 16 hours a day in his office. He can play the organ, is a sculptor of ability, paints in oil, and does wood-cutting when he isn't busy chopping up a new batch of federal regulations.
Hovgard—a burly, breezy man with a deep faith in Cherne’s powers as a seer—is the chief salesman of the Research Institute’s services. An indefatigable traveler, Hovgard goes into magnates’ offices stone cold and emerges with orders for the firm’s services. He collects testimonials from America’s leading industrialists who, for the most part, swear that Cherne can call the shot on everything from Russian war threats to an upturn in the baby carriage business.

Privately, Washington big wigs heave a sigh of relief when they come up with a complicated law, for they know that Cherne will lighten their load by doing the bulk of the explaining to anxious business leaders. Though he has no official status, the many-sided Leo is viewed affectionately in the capital as a liaison man who can translate the most abstruse government document and make it readable—even if not always palatable.

“It used to be that business men by the hundreds would write and wire us heatedly whenever we issued new regulations,” confesses the head of one busy Washington bureau. “Today the squawks are few and sporadic. Leo, while making good money for himself through his services as an interpreter, has done more than any single man to make the operations of government understandable to the men who pay big taxes.”

**BUREAU OF MISSING HUSBANDS**

(Continued from page 18)

care centers to keep low income families from breaking up because they can’t stand the financial strain of having children.

4. Wider programs of education for marriage—in the school, the church and the home.

5. Municipal desertion bureaus in every large city—not only to track down runaways but to step in with guidance at the first symptoms of marital trouble.

The National Desertion Bureau is confident that, with this help, American men and women can lick their divorce and desertion problem. Or as Zunser once put it:

“Marriage never fails. Only people do.”

An American visiting in London was told that the only way to get service in restaurants, hotels and theatres was to tip generously. One evening he went to one of the theatres on the Strand.

An usher escorted the American to a good seat, but since the lights were out, the American thought he could get by with a tip of two American pennies. The usher flicked on a cigarette lighter, glanced at the coins, and then whispered, “The butler is the murderer.”

It’s more to your credit to go straight than to move in the best circles.
Is Your Dog Neurotic?

According to Dr. Carl F. Schlotterhauser of the Mayo Foundation in Rochester, Minnesota, a dog’s owner may be driving the poor animal mad. “A dog’s temperament often reflects the inner disturbances of its master,” he explains, “so if your dog runs around biting people or is generally disorderly, he, you, or both of you should see a psychiatrist.”

A lot of people probably will scoff at this statement. However, scientists point to the fact that even a dog’s life is composed of thoughts and emotions which can be thrown into conflict. Experiments have proved it.

This line of thought has come to us chiefly from the workings of Ivan Pavlov, the Russian physiologist.

One of Pavlov’s pupils conditioned dogs to differentiate between a luminous circle and an ellipse, the ellipse gradually being altered so that its shape became closer to that of the circle. When it became very nearly circular, the dog’s discrimination decreased and then finally ceased. The animal’s behavior changed radically. Once quiet and cooperative, it now squirmed, squealed, tried to tear apparatus with its teeth, and barked violently.

Pavlov attributed this change in behavior to the equivalent of an acute neurosis in a human. When forced to solve a problem which is beyond his capabilities, a dog, like a human, may very well crack under the strain.

Pavlov went on to classify dogs into categories of excitatory, inhibitory and central groups, each of which under abnormal pressure tended to behave according to mental patterns in human beings who have specific mental diseases such as neurasthenia, hysteria, manic-depression, or schizophrenia.

So you see, even a dog’s life is not all bones and biscuits!—Charles E. Fritch.

Ushering In An Institution

The date was December 16, 1903. The foyer of the Majestic Theatre at 59th Street and Central Park West in New York City was crowded.

But when the theatre’s inside doors were opened, the playgoers’ mouths flew open in surprise. Waiting to show them to their seats were smart, young women ushers, attractively outfitted in black dresses with bright red sashes over their shoulders.

The ushers smiled pleasantly at the sensation they were causing and efficiently went about their duties. They had been expertly trained for this innovation in show business.

The idea of female ushers was something that Sylvester Sullivan, the Majestic’s publicity man, had toyed with for quite some time. Originally, it was meant only as a stunt for the show’s opening that night. However, the overwhelming success made it evident that women ushers were here to stay.

The production, incidentally, was Victor Herbert’s beloved Babes in Toyland.

It’s easy to make money last if you make it first.

A particular customer came into the restaurant one day. “I’ll have some raw oysters,” he said, “not too large nor too small, not too salty nor too fat. They must be cold, and I want them quickly.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the waiter. “Do you want them with or without pearls?”
Bodies in the Backyard

Seven-eight, lay them straight;
Nine-ten, begin again...

No chills of terror will dance along your spine today as you drive past the Bender Mounds in the peaceful countryside near Parsons, Kansas. But had you traveled there just before the turn of the century, you'd have done well to coax your team to a gallop. For in a lonely frame house, the Bender family lay in wait for wayfarers it could rob and murder.

No one knows for sure just how many strangers, stopping at the Bender home for refreshments, wound up in graves in the orchard. Some authorities put the number at 11, others at 10 or 12. Kansas histories, perhaps out of state loyalty, set the number at seven.

But bodies there were in the orchard, when neighbors at last got around to investigating, and two or three skeletons in a nearby creek, to boot.

From the moment they settled in Labette County in late 1870, the Benders were a mysterious crew, and almost everything known about them seems based on slender information. They were four in number—John Bender and his wife, their son John, and their daughter Kate. Gossips said that John was Mrs. Bender’s son by a former marriage. Some added that Kate was really his mistress.

Old Man Bender was a surly, coarse-looking German of 60 who spoke little English. His wife, a heavy woman, was about ten years his junior. The son was nondescript, and for Kate you may have your choice of descriptions. Some neighbors remembered her as a red-faced, mannish, rectangular woman. Others held that she was a nifty-looking trick who set all the men in the neighborhood to slicking their hair and polishing their boots. The official description of her, issued when the state was trying to nab her for questioning about those bodies in the orchard, noted that she was a “good-looking, well-formed” woman of 24 with dark hair and eyes.

Where the Benders came from, no one knows. By the spring of 1871, they had moved into a remote frame house between Cherryvale and Parsons. Their little home was divided into two rooms by a heavy curtain hung from the ceiling. Behind the house was a stable, beyond that a half-acre orchard. To travelers passing on the road near their place, the Benders sold food and lodging.

As a sideline, the family dabbled in ghosts and spirits. Kate, who assumed the title of “professor,” enlightened neighborhood folks with lectures on spiritualism. She fairly
bustled about the region, holding seances, summoning up spirits, and supposedly working mysterious cures on the lame and halt. To further her good work, she placed the following advertisement in the newspapers:

"Professor Miss Kate Bender can heal disease, cure blindness, fits and deafness. Residence, 14 miles east of Independence, on the road to Osage Mission."

Eventually, Kate began sending living persons into the other world in addition to calling spirits back from there. She helped her family make their little nest an efficient workshop for the murder of paying guests. There may have been whisperings of strange goings-on at the Benders', but not until Dr. William York disappeared did Kansans learn of the murder-factory.

After visiting his brother, a colonel at Fort Scott, the well-heeled Dr. York climbed onto his horse and headed for home in Independence. He never got there. Last anyone saw of him, he was jogging along towards the Bender house, where he planned to stop for lunch.

Before long, Colonel York began a search for his missing brother. As he couldn't trace the doctor's trail past the Bender house, the colonel raised a posse, and the dozen or so men trotted off for a chat with the Benders.

The family tried to be helpful. Young John closed the Bible he had been reading and cheerfully suggested that maybe outlaws had done in the doctor for the money he was carrying. Bandits had often taken potshots at him, he said. Both John and his father helped the posse drag the creek near the house, although they must have known the job was a waste of time. One of the posse invited Kate to ask the spirits what had become of Dr. York. Kate modestly declined but made a later appointment for a seance. The posse rode away without further trace of the missing doctor.

Not entirely convinced that the Benders were as innocent as they had pretended, Colonel York and another posse returned to the house about a week and a half later. The Benders were gone. As the colonel and his men poked around the yard, one of the group noticed a grave-like depression in the orchard. Digging into it, they found the naked body of Dr. York. His skull had been crushed. His throat had been cut, some accounts add, as the throats of animals are cut in mysterious rituals.

There were other graves, other bodies. By one tally, the victims numbered nine men, a woman and a little girl. The girl, found under the body of her father, apparently had been buried alive.

As the investigators prowled through the house, they saw how conveniently it had been arranged for
murder. A guest who supped with the Benders was seated at a table with his back to the curtain. It was no trick for one of the inhospitable Benders to conk him on the head from behind the curtain. Then the whole family pitched in to drag the body to the rear room and rob it. After one of the gang had slashed the victim’s throat, they tumbled the body through a trap-door into the cellar. Off the cellar was a tunnel leading toward the orchard, where the bodies were later buried.

By the time Kansans learned these things, though, the Benders had a five days’ start on the posse that took after them. They vanished as mysteriously as they had come.

Said one old-timer in Cherryvale recently, “No one knows what happened to the Benders. All sorts of theories have been advanced, mostly by authors, but with no certainty.” One theory is that they escaped entirely, another is that they were lynched by their pursuers. At any rate, they haven’t annoyed Kansans—except with a flood of fantastic folklore—since.

Sign Lingo—Japanese Style

In Japan, as in many other occupied countries, you don’t have to consult officials of the military government to find out how the country is adjusting itself to the occupation. All you have to do is to look at the signs.

When American troops first landed in Japan, the only English signs to greet them were those that had been put up years before by English businessmen and the owners of branch offices of American corporations.

Soon a few more signs appeared, these with bad art and worse grammar, for emergency use, traffic directions and the like. One American sign painter refers to this as “The Men Bathroom” period.

Then came the signs that gave G.I.’s “something to write home about,” when the souvenir dealers and cabaret owners began setting up shop. In small towns, some of these signs were done by professional sign painters who had terrible trouble even with simple Gothic letters; the rest of the signs were scrawled by children who were learning to write English in school. And it seemed that all the Japanese sign makers resorted to inadequate pocket Japanese-English dictionaries to borrow words and phrases.

One dance hall had a sign that said, “Please hand one ticket before you play.” A typical shop sign was, “Please to come in sir shop ta-no-be.” Even in cosmopolitan Tokyo, a photographic shop advised camera fans, “Keep your lens clearly.” Another sign begged, “Please do not roam in the streets.” Some of the Japanese difficulty resulted from their inability to pronounce English. A foot-high sign over a cabaret door announced, “SAROON.”

But the signs at least indicated that the Japanese were making a sincere, if somewhat shaky, stab at adjustment. Today, the adjustment to Americans is more complete as proved by present day signs.

GI’s who have recently landed in Japan take for granted such well-worded signs as, “How about sending a souvenir to your sweetheart or folks back home?” But such a sign is still a small miracle to old-timer veterans who remember “The Too Hot Photo Service” and “Let me draw your PrOfiLE in memory for your advice into Utsunomiya” era.—Bob Downer.
DON'T TAKE YOUR CHILD TO HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 60)

that her child hasn't a chance. When the Central Casting Bureau warns her that there are scores of children already established as experienced juvenile players, with more than 800 more hopefully filed on the studios' waiting lists, she turns a deaf ear. That nice young man has assured her that her offspring has qualities far beyond those of Margaret O'Brien, Butch Jenkins, Claude Jarman and Natalie Wood rolled into one. So, week after week and month after month she writes home for money. Daddy is working overtime and cooking his own meals in an honest effort to cooperate, and as long as his money is forthcoming, mama will be played on the hook.

The studios themselves are helpless—and blameless—in the matter. They obtain their players from accredited agencies or via directors, producers, writers, technicians or personal friends who have an "in" and use it in behalf of a newcomer. And this innocent fact is the very basis upon which the crooked "public relations counselor," agent or talent scout builds his pitch. It's the leitmotif of his spiel. Whether as close relative or intimate friend, he professes to wield boundless influence, and no outsider can determine the truth of his story until it's too late.

Something should be done, but nobody knows quite what. Until the situation is cleaned up though, Mother, you'd better stay home!

\*End

MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>600</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>225</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>415</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 000  |        |        |
| 105  |        |        |
| 205  |        |        |
| 300  |        |        |
| 400  |        |        |

AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1200</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 100  |        |        |
| 115  |        |        |
| 230  |        |        |
| 440  |        |        |

| 000  |        |        |
| 115  |        |        |
| 300  |        |        |
| 440  |        |        |

WBB-FM on 102.1 megacycles
now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.
### Programs on WHB – 710

#### Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Town &amp; Country Time</th>
<th>Weather Report</th>
<th>Livestock Estimates</th>
<th>Don Sullivan, Songs</th>
<th>Superman, Tom Mix</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TUESDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEDNESDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURSDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRIDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SATURDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIME</td>
<td>00</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Afternoon

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>AP News—Dick Smith</th>
<th>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</th>
<th>Missouri-Kansas News</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TUESDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEDNESDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURSDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRIDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SATURDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIME</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Evening schedule on next page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Mayor of the Town</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Morning Session</td>
<td>Morning Session</td>
<td>Morning Session</td>
<td>Morning Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Ed Wilson Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Sherlock Holmes</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Western Hit Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scottgood Baines</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Jimmie Fidler</td>
<td>Fishing &amp; Hunting Club</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>My Best Story</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>Plantation Jubilee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Secret Mission</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krockin'</td>
<td>Comedy Theatre</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krockin'</td>
<td>Passing Parade</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
<td>Stuart Russel Trio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Henry King's Orch.</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EVERY weekday morning, women gather to see the latest styles in wacky headgear at the hilarious new audience-participation show, *Luncheon on the Plaza*, heard over WHB at 10:30 a.m. Monday through Friday. Slightly top-heavy ladies parade about wearing strange creations on their heads—such as a feather duster decorated with flowers and bows, a live chicken inside a plastic egg, a music box that really plays or a miniature baseball diamond complete with players, umpire and hot dog stand. Owners of the craziest bonnets are given the opportunity to answer emcee Lou Kemper's puzzling "Riddle Me This"—and a chance to win the huge jackpot of gifts, worth hundreds of dollars. One of the contestants is always the oldest lady in the audience—and they're usually young at 90. She wins a huge bouquet of flowers and a big kiss from Frank Wiziarde, the effervescent "Keeper of the Crazy Hats." Free tickets to the show may be obtained at the Plaza Cafeteria or at the Sears, Roebuck Plaza store.

International Airport, a smashing new series of original, complete dramas, keyed to the air age and set against the background of the gateway to the world's largest city, is heard over WHB Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Featuring an all-star cast of radio actors, the series is produced and directed by Hi Brown. The dramas provide an entertaining "magic carpet" whereby the listener can escape into absorbing experiences of intrigue, suspense and human interest.

Broadcast direct from the French capital comes the picturesque variety program, *This Is Paris*, starring internationally famous Maurice Chevalier. In addition to Chevalier's charming song and patter, the program features outstanding guest entertainers and fashion authorities prominent in the field of Parisian clothes and design. Listeners can visit Paris over the WHB airways on Thursday evenings at 9:00.
Platter Chatter . . .

The balmy May days will bring a metamorphosis in the lives of recording and entertainment stars. For them, May is hit-the-road time. Artists and bands are busy launching their perennial tours across the nation and abroad . . . Russ Morgan, after winding up a successful engagement at the mammoth new Shamrock Hotel in Houston, heads eastward on an extensive tour, with New York as the final destination . . . Jan Garber and his dance band will be basking in California sunshine on picturesque Catalina Island, where they are booked at the Casino Ballroom . . . The Andrews Sisters are planning a sojourn in Europe this summer. This Decca trio will have friendly competition abroad, incidentally, since Clark Dennis, Capitol Records crooner, is planning a similar trip . . . Andy and Della Russell are touring the country for a series of club and theatre bookings that will lead them westward to Hollywood . . . Victor’s Deep River Boys are steaming back to a series of dates in the States after a successful trip to England . . . Freddy Martin has embarked on one of the longest journeys of his career, a coast-to-coast tour that will last until fall . . . The modes of transportation of the artists are varied and sundry. Several bands have their own buses equipped with berths so they can catch 40 winks en route. The majority travel by train. However, Vaughn Monroe goes to his engagements by air, picking up extra hours of sleep and rest with his time-saving flying machine . . . Patty Andrews and Bob Crosby have recently been cited “for their distinguished and meritorious efforts on behalf of America’s 21 million cats”—and they don’t mean hep-cats. It was all the result of cat publicity so successfully promoted through their Decca platter, The Pussy Cat Song . . . Toni (Candy Store Blues) Harper, the sensational teen-age singer, has been booked for a series of concerts this summer . . . The Page Cavanaugh Trio already has filmed a TV series—sounds like good material for some talent-cravin’ sponsor . . . “Smiling” Jack Smith also is hopped-up over TV and has formed his own business called “TV Productions” . . . Guy Lombardo is as crazy over speedboats as ever. His new craft is being built by Henry Kaiser, and with it, Guy hopes to surpass the present record of 141 m.p.h. this summer . . . Ted Weems stopped long enough from his barnstorming tour to cut eight new sides for Mercury in Chicago . . . Another Ted—“Is Everybody Happy?” Lewis—is currently appearing at the fabulous Copa City in Miami Beach. Watch for his latest platter, Paling Around With You . . . Groucho Marx attracted a score of chuckles when asked if he were a pyramid clubber. His reply: “No. When would I ever have occasion to club a pyramid?”

Betcha Didn’t Know . . .

. . . that after college, Dinah Shore started her singing career as the prettier half of a boy and girl team. Her team mate was another unknown singer—a lad from Hoboken named Frank Sinatra . . . Cole Porter was in the French Foreign Legion and wrote his first success in 1919, entitled An Old Fashioned Garden . . . Singer Peggy Lee’s real name is Norma Egstrom, and she hails from Jamestown, North Dakota.

Highly Recommended . . .

CAPITOL 15421—Betsy Gay with Andy Parker and his Plainsmen. I Didn’t Know the Gun Was Loaded plus I Ain’t Got Nothin’ to Lose. This is a zany, hillbilly number featuring, for the first time on Capitol, the big-voiced Betsy Gay teamed with Andy Parker and the Plainsmen. You’ll enjoy Betsy’s hilarious vocal and the weird musical background. The reverse features a band group vocal chanting a rhythmic rendition of this.
jumpy, folk-flavored tune. Novel entertainment!

**Victor 20-3384**—Freddy Martin and his orchestra. *1500 Dream Street* backed by *The Little Old Church in Leicester Square*. That man with the dreamy sax is back with another smooth coupling. The soft, mellow tones of *Dream Street* are definitely for relaxing, satisfying listening. The saxman gives a tender treatment to the *Square* side too. Both tunes feature the crooning of Merv Griffin and the Martin men. If you like your tunes long on melody—this is for you!

**Columbia 38449**—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. *It's a Cruel, Cruel World* and "A"—*You're Adorable*. The Pastor crew comes to a reluctant and cynical conclusion that with the high cost of living and loving, it's a cruel world. Tony, the Cloney Sisters, and the boys in the band join in for sparkling vocal gymnastics. The flip is a lesson in ABC's. With the help of the alphabet, Tony and the Cloney gals render a bright musical description of a love affair. Both sides are highly danceable.

**Decca 24593**—Bing Crosby with Vic Schoen and his orchestra. *So in Love and Why Can't You Behave? Just what we've been waiting for!* Two wonderful songs from the Cole Porter musical *Kiss Me Kate*, hailed as the biggest hit to storm Broadway since *Oklahoma!* And of course, no one better to sing them than Bing. Bing warbles these ballads in his usual first rate croonin' manner. No wonder these tunes are soaring to popularity. The entire family will go for this platter.

**Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.**

**Columbia 30158**—The Five Scamps. *With All My Heart* plus *Red Hot*. Here's another talented group of Kansas City artists headed for fame. The versatile Five Scamps make their bow on Columbia with a socko coupling. The first is a slow, sweet ballad sung by Earl Robinson while the rest of the boys harmonize in the background. The flip takes off on a fast boogie beat and keeps up the rapid pace all the way. The boys don't even stop for breath. Rudy Masengale's sax is featured in this driving jazz number. Both sides are highly entertaining.

**Decca 24593**—Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra. *My Dream Is Yours* with *I'm Beginning to Miss You*. The former Webster Groves, Missouri, band leader has waxed another terrific platter. Two potential big-time hits are done in the distinctive Jenkins manner. Both sides sparkle with fine phrasing by the orchestra and superb vocal work by Joe Graydon and mixed chorus. Both are smooth and mellow—good for listening or dancing, so take your pick!

**Victor 20-3393**—Phil Harris and his orchestra. *Elmer and the Bear* plus *The Mountaineer and the Jabberwock*. Phil is back, running for his life from a bear that almost snags him on the first side of this new waxing. It's typical Harris humor, resulting from fast and heavy lyrics. The reverse is a rapid jumble of crazy words telling Phil's escapade with a seven-headed bird, not normally found in North America. It's fun all the way and a must for Harris fans!

**Capitol 15416**—Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour's orchestra. *Si Mi Lau* (See-Me-Lo) plus *While We're Young*. Peggy's insinuating voice will haunt you with this weird, mysterious voodoo song, *Si Mi Lau*. A strange, jungle drum rhythm is provided by the band. Definitely different! The underside is in sharp contrast. It's a light, romantic ballad sung by Peggy in her usual charming style. This is an unforgettable pair.

**Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

An old railroad engineer had just pulled his locomotive up to the water tank. The young fireman mounted the tank, brought down the spout, but in his hurry he slipped and stepped right into the tank.

"Son," said the veteran engineer laconically, "just fill the tank with water. You don't have to stomp it down."
KANSAS CITY  

**MAGNIFICENT MEAL . . .**

★ **WEISS’S CAFE.** The historic tradition of the old Coates House lingers on in this attractive cafe, creating a perfect atmosphere for aristocratic dining. The ornate fireplace at the south end of the room was there when the Coates House played host to Sarah Bernhardt, Grover Cleveland and other celebrities of the gaslight era. The cocktail lounge with its long glass bar is sparkingly modern—a very popular place for afternoon gatherings. The distinguished menu features many Continental dishes, including excellent capon and roast duckling. And the chef has a certain way with Maine lobster broiled in butter! There’s always a crowd here around noon enjoying Weiss’s extra large salads and other luncheon specials. Coates House. VI 6904.

★ **PUTSCH’S 210.** This exquisitely decorated restaurant has the gracious, tranquil air of New Orleans. Deep green walls, iron grillwork and a light-studded ceiling distinguish the dining room, while floral wall paper, brass candelabra and oil paintings lend a fashionable elegance to the lovely Victorian Lounge. For background music, the brilliant piano of Henry O’Neill alternates with Gene Pringle’s versatile trio of violin, piano and vibraphone. The excellent cuisine includes tender, aged steaks, roast beef, broiled live lobster and fresh Colorado trout. Full course dinners are served as late as midnight. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** The Imperial Room provides perfect surroundings for quiet, elegant dining. Large scroll mirrors reflect the soft colored lighting, and green ivy grows in wall boxes below rose drapes. But whether you dine in this new modern room or in the old Grill proper, where the dark paneled walls, high green leather booths and pioneer murals have mellowed with age, the excellent food will be served with the dignity and courtesy that has long been a Savoy tradition. The house specializes in seafood—three pound lobsters, Gulf shrimp, swordfish, red snapper, soft shell crab—and of course, the famous Savoy filet mignons. Brown will see that everything pleases you. 9th and Central. V 3890.

★ **NANCE’S CAFE.** Chances are you see a celebrity or two here, enjoying th delicious food for which Nance’s has been noted for almost 45 years. In one of the three spacious dining rooms, pictures of movie stars, entertainers and important people who have eaten here, line the wall—mute testimony to Nance’s popularit of long standing. A special unusual delicacy is tender, stuffed pigeon; and the po roast dish is equally famous. Be sure to make friends with the Biscuit Girl who ha flaky hot biscuits in her basket, and of course, your waitress will be glad to fill and refill your cup with some of the mos savory coffee in town. The room beyond the grilled gate may be reserved for privat parties. Incidentally, Nance’s pays you parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ **PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER.** There always a crowd perched at the bar here chatting merrily and sampling those specia extra-dry martinis. Of course, the New York skyline mural above the bar is an eye catcher, but don’t fail to notice the unusua dining room walls—a sort of natural wood mosaic, smartly attractive with the win upholstery. As for food, try the roast beef thick, juicy and tender—with French fried onions or a tossed salad with the excellent oil dressing. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

**CLASS WITH A GLASS . . .**

★ **TROCADERO.** An unusual duo team currently is packing in the crowds at the Trocadero. You’ll agree it’s amazing when Keith White plays the Ham mond organ and the piano—both at the same time! Virginia White taps out skilful staccatos on the drums or sings duet with Keith. It’s quite a fascinating bit of entertainment to ac
company cocktails mixed by the adroit tenders. Cordial Bob Lederman makes sure that his guests enjoy themselves. You'll like the friendly, informal atmosphere of this popular neighborhood spot in the midtown area. 6 West 39th, VA 906.

**OMAR ROOM.** This softly lighted room is lush, plush and inviting. There's a competent pianoing in the background by Eddie Oyer, who'll be glad to play at request you name. Only men dare approach the multi-mirrored bar, but women find the cushiony davenport seats to their liking anyway. For quiet drinking or lazy conversation, this is a charming hideaway. The Alcove, a friendly spot just off the main lobby, serves cocktails—any kind you name—for the price of one, from three to eleven p.m. College crowd, among others, haunts the place. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

**Eatin' and Drinkin'...**

**UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** Those big names keep on appearing at the Interlude and the crowds keep on coming to enjoy them. The big, big news for the first part of May is that widely celebrated quartet—Charioteers! They'll be followed by one of the famous entertainers who have been booked in breath-taking succession at this midtown spot. The excellent entertainment vies with the food for the patrons' attention, but do take time for some of that delicious, golden brown fried chicken or a juicy, tender steak. Dale Overfelt is the man responsible for the extra-special entertainment—and the good, strong drinks. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

**ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** One corner beckons the smorgasbord laden with sumptuous delicacies prepared to meet the taste of any epicure. These luscious tidbits are supposed to serve appetizers, but you'll probably have toosen your belt a notch before attacking that thick, juicy 16-ounce sirloin steak. If beef is not your choice, there is a wide variety of excellent seafoods—lobster, shrimp, oyster, crab—or crisp fried chicken served with biscuits and honey. The decor is sleek and modern—and the service pleasingly fast. Be sure to come in time for cocktails in the attractive bar adjoining the dining room. Free parking south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

**PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.** The smart, modern cafeteria downstairs is jammed every weekday morning with lively radio audiences having a wonderful time at the new WHB audience participation show, "Luncheon on the Plaza." Everybody usually stays on for lunch here because the tempting food along the spotless counters is almost impossible to resist. Others prefer the stylish restaurant-bar where full table service is offered. It's a very popular afternoon gathering place for Plaza shoppers taking time out for cocktails. And for a tasty sandwich snack or a big double ice cream soda, there's the bright soda fountain-sandwich bar. Drop in any time to pick up some pastries at the bakery counter. The fresh, fragrant wares are prepared daily in their own bakery, 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

**Something Different...**

**SHARPS BROADWAY NINETIES.** There's no place quite like this in Kansas City! It's a spot where people can throw inhibitions to the winds and have a merry, friendly, old-fashioned good time. Everybody joins in to sing the old tunes to the accompaniment of a tireless pianist who obligingly plays on and on. The college kids love the chummy atmosphere—and of course, they sing the loudest and lustiest. Big, wonderful portions of hickory smoked barbecue ribs, grilled tenderloins, and fried chicken are served. That old-time tandem propped above the bar is a real antique—a hangover from way back in the Bicycle Built for Two days. Broadway and Southwest Blvd. GR 1095.

**KING JOY LO.** Don Toy presides over this spacious restaurant convenient to everything in the downtown area of Kansas City. Mr. Toy offers a Cantonese cuisine of the very finest—chicken chop suey, chow mein with tender bean sprouts, dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo young,
Swing

May, 19

rich almond cookies, and a long list of other delicacies which you can eat with or without chopsticks. Steak, lobster and chicken lead the wide selection of American dishes on the extensive menu. There are private booths for a quiet rendezvous, or tables—heavily carved affairs with marble centers—before big view windows for those who like to watch the ever-changing masses surging up and down Main Street. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA 8113.

★ UNITY INN. The green, latticed walls and bright potted flowers make this a cheerful, cool spot for luncheon on a sunny May day. The delicious food is unique since only meatless meals are served here. The big leafy fruit and vegetable salads, intricately decorated with cheese, nuts or fancy dressings all look so tempting it’s hard to choose. Rich, fancy pastries or creamy homemade ice cream complete a pleasant and satisfying meal. The busy cafeteria is managed skilfully by the Unity School of Christianity. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

In a Class by Itself...

★ PLAZA BOWL. Morning, noon and night this is about the busiest spot on the Plaza. The pin boys set 'em up all day long on the 32 glass-smooth alleys. Time out for food or drink simply means a few steps into the smartly decorated soundproof cocktail lounge or into the bright, attractive restaurant with its comfy red leather booths and counter for quick service. It's amazing, but a special delicious dinner—steak, potatoes, rolls and butter—is yours for only $1.20! Also featured are the multiple-layered super sandwiches and the big, tasty salads. Music by Muzak completes this thoroughly enjoyable recreational center. LO 6659. 430 Alameda Road.

To See and Be Seen...

★ PENGUIN ROO. A touch of sophistication and a dash of gaiety mingle to create the charm of this harmonious room. For entertainment Stuart Rees' stylish trio plays smooth, danceable music with lilting vocals by Chuck Henry and Betty Jane. Fine food, delicately prepared by a chef who knows his business, is served with flourish, and there's a wide choice of excellent liquors. This is a smart downtown club which promises a memorable event of dining and dancing. Hotel Continent 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ EL CASBAH. The top in sophistication in entertainment is offered in this fashionably polished setting. Through May 5, Johnny O'Leary with his "satirical Irishman" patter will be featured, while Eric Core's "Stork Club" orchestra plays smart music for dancing. The famous recording artist Ruth Wallis, will follow for a week stay with Jack Nye's piano and dance orchestra—direct from recent smash engagements at Ciro's and Tom Brenneman in Hollywood. Then on May 20, Jo Raidin, comedian from the Brown Hotel in Louisville, will take over. All this and elegance in dining and wines, too, with no cover or minimum! Hotel Bellrive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Ernest Newman, the great British music critic, once attended a play built around the creative life of a composer. Mr. Newman objected to the idea of the play, which was that the composer's work improved as his sufferings grew more intense. Disaster followed disaster for three acts. The climax came in the fourth act when the unfortunate composer, by now writing magnificently inspired music, contracted leprosy and was banished to a leper's colony in the South Seas.

As the final curtain dropped, Newman leaned angrily to a friend next to him. "For the quality of the music he composed in the final act," he whispered, "a touch of eczema would have been quite enough."
Page Cavanaugh autographs one of his trio's popular recordings for Swing session's Bob Kennedy.

In a WHB interview, William Pine, paramount producer, discusses his new technicolor movie, El Paso.

Dr. Franklin Murphy, president of the Kansas University School of Medicine, addresses members of the Co-Operative Club at their weekly luncheon.

4. WHB newscasters Dick Smith and Owen Bush broadcast scores at the N.C.A.A. Western Division Championships, while All-American football star Ray Evans looks on.
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

PROOF of Audience Response!

WHB—and WHB also—sold out seven Constellation Sund sight-seeing trips in one afternoon.

Every weekday, WHB crams in 500 spectators for its sparkling new audience-participation show, "Luncheon on the Plaza."

For five weeks, a WHB-promoted "Talent Quest" attracted hundreds of contestants, drew capacity crowds to theatres.

Customers overflow neighborhood taverns nightly for the unusual WHB interview program, "Tavern Meeting of the Air."

Exclusive WHB promotion of a square dance contest jammed 9000 persons into the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium.

Aggressive, powerful WHB gets results! Let WHB promote and sell your product.

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS CITY

WHB

DON DAVIS
PRESIDENT

JOHN T. SCHILLING
GENERAL MANAGER

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIGHT
Dog, Devil or Prophet?
Jim picked the Derby winner seven straight times

A New Look at Air Power
An expert analyzes America's next air war

ll-Length Articles

Forty Plus Courage .................................................. Wade L. Spencer 11
Garden for Sale (short story) ................................. Willard N. Marsh 15
414 Miles of Information ............................................ Cliff Hendrix 17
George Washington's Gingerbread Man .................... Barney Schwartz 21
Your Dentrifrice Dilemma ............................................ Richard L. Brown 25
San Quentin's Satisfied Convicts ............................... Morton Moore 27
Are You Sure It's First Aid? ......................................... Fowler Jennings 37
In 25 Words or Less .................................................. Virgil M. Weber 49
New Blood for Baseball ............................................ Joseph N. Bell 53
The '49ers Are Back! .................................................. Russell M. Ball 63
Safety—Men at Work ................................................ Theodore Landau and George Miller 65
Where Have You Been? (short story) ......................... Bernard A. Ide 71
You're Being Gypped ................................................. Frederick Free 82

Special Features

Tom Collins Says ................................................... 20 Swing Session ................................. 75
Man of the Month .................................................... 45 Swinging the Dial ............................... 81

ULCERS FOR EXECUTIVES
An easy solution to your stomach troubles
By Joseph F. Montague, M.D. ................................. Page 57
1. French movie star Corinne Calvert and her husband, John Bromfield, watch the fun at the WHB Luncheon on the Plaza show.
2. Warner Brothers' star Wayne Morris jests over a WHB mike.
3. John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, makes a moving appeal at the kick-off of the United States Opportunity Bond Drive.
4. Doris Fleeson, Associated Press feature writer, checks the latest flashes ticking into the WHB newsroom.
5. Bobby Driscoll, star of The Window, congratulates a Crazy Hat Contest finalist at a Luncheon on the Plaza.
special message...

EFFECTIVE with this July-August issue, Swing becomes a bi-monthly publication.

It is the feeling of our editorial staff that the new schedule will make possible publication of the finest material available today, and permit Swing to continue bringing you high-quality contemporary non-fiction, fiction, cartoons and art.

The September-October issue will be on the newsstands throughout the nation by September 1st; and the November-December issue, November 1st.

There will be no other changes in policy or format, and we know you will enjoy Swing in the future as you have in the past.

Editor
Mori Greiner
Assistant Editor
Betsey Sheidley
Art Editor
Don Fitzgerald
Contributing Editor
Jetta Carleton
Humor Editor
Tom Collins
Music Editor
Bob Kennedy

New York Editor
Lucie Brion
Chicago Editor
Norton H. Jonathan

Associate Editors
Erna Dean Ferril, June Thompson


Art: Don Fitzgerald, Rachel Weber, F. E. Farren, Frank Hensley, Robert Wilson, Annie Miller.

Publisher
Donald Dwight Davis
Circulation Manager
John T. Schilling

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1125 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Phone Harrison 1161. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscription, United States, $1.50 a year; everywhere else, $2. Copyright 1949 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and 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.
They Still Smell

Perhaps because his own name was more suited to an African sentry than to a playwright, Shakespeare observed, "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." But despite the Bard's sentiments on the subject, it's always a satisfaction to deal with someone whose name seems to have been tailor-made.

How can a bus commuter in Los Altos, California, look forward to a trip with anything but great expectations when he finds his driver is Mr. Fullride? Who in Peoria, Illinois, can have any doubt of the worthiness of that hard-working farmer, Earnest Character? And what student of marriage relations at Compton Junior College will sneer "practice what you preach" at an instructor named Mr. Lovelady? These names are recommendations in themselves.

Recently, residents of Salt Lake City relaxed when they heard that a rat extermination drive would be headed by William H. Slaughter. High school students in Elkhart, Indiana, take their text troubles to Miss Book, the librarian, and San Francisco engineering problems are skilfully solved by Deep C. Fisher (naval engineer) and I. Cleve Steele (construction engineer).

One of the most suitable names of this or any year came to light not long ago when a Miss Puddler of Weston, West Virginia, won a tobacco spitting contest with three feet to spare. Daniel Drunkard of Oklahoma City made a different kind of headline when he was booked for having too much alcohol in his blood. And in Eureka, California, four business men named East, West, North and South have been meeting for weekly bridge games longer than they can remember.

Most of us are not blessed with such appropriate labels, but, luckily, ours aren't embarrassingly inaccurate, either. Among those making the news recently with names that fitted as uncomfortably as GI shoes on a new recruit were these unfortunates:

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma—Never Fail filed a petition in bankruptcy. He listed debts of $2,268, assets of only $200.

Hartford, Connecticut—A 76-year-old man held by police on a drunkenness charge admitted his name was William Sober.

Santa Monica, California—Safety First was cited for his second traffic offense—driving 57 miles an hour in a 35-mile zone. Quick to uphold the honor of the name, however, were residents of Checotah, Oklahoma, who pointed out that Drs. Safety First, Sr. and Jr., have been bringing ounces of medical prevention to them for many years.

Waukesha, Wisconsin—Mrs. Truelove, charged with unfaithfulness, was divorced by her husband.

Jonesboro, Arkansas—Virgil and Dick Saint joined Louis Angel in jail. All were booked with disturbing the peace.

Cleveland, Ohio—Earl C. Money was found guilty of begging and sentenced to 30 days when he told the judge he couldn't pay a fine, because he didn't have a cent to his name.—Dave Houser.

Mark of Genius

The lieutenant governor of Massachusetts once found it necessary to dress hurriedly at his office in order to keep a dinner appointment. Everything went smoothly, until he came to his cuff links: he'd forgotten them. It was too late to send home for a pair, too late to buy new ones. But the lieutenant governor was undaunted. Taking a stapling machine, he simply stapled his cuffs together—and kept his appointment on time.—Joseph C. Stacey.
MOST Americans take pride in the feeling that they are air-minded. War in the air, because it is dramatic, has captured the public imagination, yet of all the methods of waging war, aerial warfare in general and aerial combat in particular are least understood.

Some people have mistaken a change in application for a change in basic principle. One misconception is that the airplane has changed the basic principles of warfare. Such is not the case at all. On the contrary, flagrant violation of these principles, when dealing with air power, brings quick and certain military disaster. The basic principles of warfare do not change. Regardless of the weapons used, our combat striking forces should be designed to exploit to the fullest extent the principles of mobility, flexibility, versatility, concentration of force, surprise, and precision.

Our country is indeed fortunate in having two kinds of air power: land-based and sea-based air power. We will need both of them if we expect to survive in another war. Since no probable enemy has naval air power, some people wonder why we need it. We do need it, and it is a good point to remember, that no possible enemy has naval air power.

Suppose we are drawn into a war with a strong foreign power. Let's look and see what advantage naval air power gives us. Assume that at the outset this power is strong enough to occupy all or most of the European continent just as Germany did in the last war.

Having occupied Europe, an enemy may then attempt an air offensive against America. Because he has no ship-based aircraft and no advanced bases at our doorstep, an enemy would have to fly all the way from the other continent. This involves distances of 3,500 to 4,500 miles as a combat radius, and it requires aircraft that can carry about two railroad tank cars of
gasoline plus the bomb load. Such enemy planes would have to weigh at least 300,000 pounds, and would be relatively slow and unwieldy. Because of this, and the fact that they could not be accompanied by fighter escort, they would be like sitting ducks for our United States Air Force jet fighters of the Air Defense Command.

In designing an airplane for maximum range, not only performance but armament and speed must be sacrificed. Long-range bombers and high-speed bombers are contradictory. The plane capable of the highest speed will have only a fraction of the range of the other, and vice versa. So the problem of shooting down long-range enemy bombers with jet fighters or propeller driven fighters is fairly simple if they are detected in time to make the interception. In stretching their range to the limit, they would have to follow very closely a great circle course. This would bring them across hundreds of miles of American-controlled air without fighter escort. Knowing that they must fly from a fixed base to a fixed target, we can set up wall after wall of defensive fighter screens that they would have to come through.

Some people are afraid that they would be able to sneak through at night or during low visibility. This is not as easy as it might seem. During the last half of the war in the Pacific, carrier-based night fighters using the early model airborne radar of only two miles range, engaged 117 enemy bombers at night and shot down 103. Improved night fighter radar has greatly simplified the process of making night interceptions. Furthermore, a tremendous advantage has recently been given the fighter by the development of the rocket missile adapted to air-to-air firing. The unique thing about a rocket is that the very nature of the rocket missile prevents it from being used by a long-range enemy bomber against our fighters. Because of the forward motion of the firing plane, the rocket "weather cocks" into the wind as soon as it is released, and turns into the line of flight of the aircraft from which it is fired, even if it is fired at a right angle to this flight path. The fighter's weapons are fixed firing forward, and he points his plane at the target he wants to hit. The fighter has a choice of attack. He can take his time, fire the rockets while still out of range of any weapon the enemy bomber can carry, and make sure of the kill. The fighter can carry many of these rockets, any one of which will destroy a bomber.

We could not afford a stalemate with a great power occupying the European-Asiatic continent because that power would be self-sufficient while we have to import vital materials. Therefore we must mount a better air offensive than it can throw at us—and fortunately we have the means to do this.

We can do the job successfully with our combination of land-based air and naval air. Naval air power is mobile air power.

One of the outstanding developments of World War II was the technique of operation and coordination of a large team of aircraft carriers.

What would a fast carrier task force look like if you could see it all at once? First, the carrier itself is a mobile high-speed air base equipped
with all the necessities for operating its embarked air group, including field repairs, maintenance servicing, changes of wings, engines, landing gear, radios, radars, etc. Ability to stay at sea over long periods of time is a distinguishing characteristic of our naval vessels, and they possess it to a degree unmatched by any other seagoing force. A fast carrier task force consists of two to five task groups. The task force is divided into task groups in order to provide for flexibility in maneuvering in action, suitable defense dispositions, and to permit orderly control by the task force commanders. Task groups operate in a circular formation. In the very center are normally four or five attack carriers, each with destroyers located close astern and ahead as plane guards. These destroyers are for the purpose of rescue, and to add to the overall anti-aircraft gun power. Surrounding the carriers and destroyer plane guards are high-speed, heavy anti-aircraft ships. In some cases, these vessels may form roughly two or more concentric circles. In a much larger circle around the perimeter of each task group are 25 to 30 destroyers. These not only provide an anti-submarine screen, but assist in the over-all anti-aircraft power and make it particularly difficult for low flying planes to get through. The distance across the circle of a task group formation is normally such that the destroyer screen on one side is out of sight of the destroyer screen on the other side. Of course, the distance between ships and the size of the circular formation can be varied at will depending upon the circumstances. Each ship is in constant communication with the others by high frequency, short-range radio; blinker light; or flag hoist signals.

The Author

Much decorated for bravery, leadership and the development of naval air strategy, Captain J. S. Thach was the famous Butch O'Hara's squadron commander and later served as operations officer of Task Force 58 under Admiral Marc Mitscher. He supervised “Operation Paralysis,” the softening up of the Philippines mentioned in this article, and several other of the most highly successful air-warfare campaigns in history. At present, Captain Thach is the assistant officer in charge of United States Naval Air Training.

Located some distance from the task force formation are radar picket groups stationed to provide early warning of enemy approach. These picket groups control interceptor fighters which are stacked high above them for greater defense in depth for the task force. Submarines may also be part of a carrier task force. They can operate close to the enemy shoreline, not only for early warning but for the rescue of any pilots who may be forced down.

The important thing about these seagoing air bases is the fact that they move at high speed. Within 24 hours after their location is disclosed, a fast carrier force can be anywhere in an area of approximately two million square miles.

The Philippine campaign is a classic example of the overwhelming advantage of mobile air power in paving the way for occupation of distant enemy
tained number of fields to cover, so that the total effect was a blanket coverage of the entire area.

Strikes were launched in deck loads — every carrier launching simultaneously. Before the first strike had to leave the enemy fields assigned it, the second strike would have been brought up from the hangar decks of each carrier and launched in time to arrive over enemy fields and actually relieve the first flight of fighters there. You can see that the air raid for the enemy was not a short one — it lasted all day long.

Formosa was a staging base for sending additional planes from the enemy homeland to the Philippines. The carrier task force moved in on Formosa and hit a jackpot. Between the 12th and 16th of October, 1944, more than 1,000 enemy planes were engaged and 792 destroyed. This was a major loss of enemy replenishments. Upon returning to the area off Luzon, we discovered that the enemy had been moving planes late in the afternoon and at night. By this time we had sufficiently trained a number of carrier air groups to operate at night; and during the three days prior to the Leyte landing, carrier aircraft did a round-the-clock operation on the Philippine air fields. We called it “Oper-

LOGISTIC LOGIC—HERE’S WHY WE MUST CONTROL THE SEA

To move: 100,000 long tons of mass cargo
From: San Francisco, California, to Sydney, Australia
Would require:

44 ships
1 month
6,600 men

or

10,000 C-87 cargo planes
1 month
100,000 men

88 seagoing tankers to carry gasoline for intermediate fueling stops
tion Paralysis" because not even a bicycle moved; and on October 20th, MacArthur's troops brought in by the naval amphibious forces hit the beach standing up, and did not see an enemy plane that day.

Because a carrier task force is able to exploit to the fullest extent the qualities of mobility and concentration of force, such a force could perform similar operation in other parts of the world regardless of the weapons in use by its own or enemy forces.

Defense of the continental United States is the primary mission of the United States Army and the United States Air Force. However, if an enemy obtained bases from which our cities could be bombed, the Joint Chiefs of Staff would probably direct the Navy to do something about it.

Our carriers with their jet fighters could pick enemy bombers off along the track they would have to fly; or, what would be more effective, a carrier force could move in, gain control of the air over these enemy advance bases, and systematically destroy the big bombers on the ground before they ever got into the air.

Not only could we break up those attacks before they got started, but our mobile air bases give us the means to launch a better offensive at an enemy than he could possibly throw at us.

The very threat of surprise attack at any time from any direction by mobile air power forces him to spread thin his defenses around his chosen perimeter.

One of the primary targets of naval air power would be the enemy air force. One of the objectives would be to break down the enemy fighter defenses. In order to make a successful attack upon enemy air power, control of the air is necessary. This is step one in any operation, and the high-performance, fighter type of airplane is the key to the situation and the only key to the situation.

It is important to remember that the small, highly maneuverable fighter type airplanes are the only planes that can sweep enemy fighters out of the sky. Nothing but a fighter can lick an enemy fighter. No other type of airplane is even designed or expected to fight this all-important duel in the air. Our dive bombers, attack bombers, and high level bombers must be protected on their missions by an umbrella of fighter escorts which maintain control of the air over and around the bombers and ward off attack by enemy interceptor fighters. During the bomber raids on Germany during the last war we sent from 500 to 1,000 escort fighters with each big bomber raid.

The ultimate aim in working on enemy air power as a target is to weaken and deplete that power to such an extent that we can fly our bombers over the enemy country with little or no fighter escort. This was accomplished in the Pacific when Japan lost thousands of her pilots and finally had to divert her best home defense pilots into the crucial Philippine campaign.

Fighter airplanes, especially the new jet fighters, are short-legged and cannot stay in the air very long, but our fast carrier task forces utilizing the tremendous advantage of mobility can
take the fighter to the ringside, where he can climb in and do the job.

By using the advantage of concentration of force, carrier strikes can divert, weaken, out-flank, paralyze, and finally annihilate enemy land-based air power.

Because of the many advantages of this combination, the enemy, in his attempt to be strong everywhere, is finally strong nowhere.

In trading blows with any enemy not possessing naval air power, the United States has another significant advantage.

With the same aircraft weight we can, on a bombing mission, put a five-times greater bomb load over the target than an enemy could carry to targets in this country. This is true because we possess aircraft carriers, and the carrier takes the airplane most of the way to the target. Therefore the plane does not have to carry the tremendous gasoline load and it can be much smaller. While the enemy is sending one attack against this country, because he has to fly so far, we could send five attacks against him. The net result then is 25 times the bomb load he can carry in the same length of time with the same aircraft weight. Furthermore, the carrier-based planes can be provided with fighter escort, an all important factor.

ONE OF THE TARGETS of carrier based naval air power would be enemy submarine bases. The several submarine pens would probably be separated sufficiently to prevent damage to more than one of them by an atomic bomb.

Assume that the enemy has a submarine pen that is roughly 1,700 feet across. The records of World War show that because of the accuracy of dive bombing, at least nine out of twelve bombs would score hits on target this size. Now, if an enemy wanted to bomb similar targets in our country he would get only one bomb out of twelve in such a target. The reason for this is simple: although bombing by the dive bombing method is much more accurate, the enemy would be forced to use long-range high level bombing because he has no carrier force to bring the shorter range high performance dive bombers close enough to the target.

Questions have been raised concerning the vulnerability of carriers. Anything man ever built can be destroyed If you put an armored tank alone in “no man’s land” and let the enemy shoot at it, it will soon be destroyed. Tanks do not travel alone; neither do carriers. Could carriers operate with range of land-based air? No carrier has ever been sunk by land-based air. No Essex class carrier has ever been sunk by anything. Carriers travel in the center of large task forces surrounded by defense in depth. The defense not only includes destroy radar pickets with additional deep fire of fighters on combat air patrol, but the carrier task forces also utilize submarines at even greater distance for early warning.

What about guided missiles? Our carrier task forces have already fought and defeated guided missiles. The Japanese kamikaze was a missile guided by human eye, mind, and hand; something scientists have not been able to duplicate.
Could carriers survive against atomic bombs? Dispersion is the best defense against atomic bombs. Naval task forces cruise in a formation already dispersed. An enemy would have to send out a dozen — perhaps two dozen — bombs to ensure a hit on one carrier, the others would be saved by distance. If we could persuade an enemy to expend his stockpile of atomic bombs expecting to knock out the fast carrier task force, it would be the best thing we could do for the war effort.

What about submarines? The submarine has always been a menace. It was in World War I and World War II. Anti-submarine warfare has top priority in the Navy. The best defense against submarines is speed. Our fast carrier task forces are twice as fast as the most modern submarine. The most profitable targets for submarines would be our relatively slow bridge of cargo ships feeding advanced bases. If we failed to subdue the submarines in the first phase of a war, we would be in greater danger of losing our advanced bases than we would our fast carrier task forces.

The success of the Navy in these operations in the past has been due in no small degree to the complete integration of aviation in the Navy for a period of over 35 years.

I venture to say there are few successful editors who haven’t held most of the jobs leading up to that position.

So it is with a fast carrier task force. The flight deck officer, the landing signal officer, hangar deck officer, the assistant air officer, the air officer, the commanding officer of the carrier, the carrier task group commander and the commander of the carrier task force, each must be a naval aviator. All have flown in squadrons from the carrier, day and night, in good and bad weather, on a smooth and a rough sea. They understand the problems of the pilots and therefore do a better job of directing and handling these operations. Obviously they must also be naval officers—hence the term, naval aviator.

Mobile air power is the main striking force of the Navy today, and it uses this force in accomplishing each of its many missions. The Navy is not a single purpose force.

It has the job of operating anywhere on more than seven-tenths of the earth’s surface.

It must neutralize enemy submarine warfare.

It makes possible the transport of supplies and troops overseas.

It protects the import of critical materials during war.
It provides control of the air for withdrawal from, or landing upon, beachheads.

It can furnish close air support for invasions before local airfields are captured or established.

It is an absolute essential to the successful performance of the missions of the other military services.

He Who Laughs, Lasts

ABOUT 26 years ago, two fighters climbed into a Boston ring. After the clang of the bell for the first round, one thing was plainly evident. One fighter was good—the other one introduced as John Sullivan wasn’t. But the crowd liked Sullivan. They laughed at his every move. His grimaces rocked the house with laughter.

Once, when the fighters were locked in a clinch, a ringside fan yelled encouragement, “He hasn’t laid a glove on you, Sullivan.”

Sullivan held on to his superior opponent and through his own puffed lips, he answered, “Better keep your eye on the referee then, son. Someone in here is beating the life out of me.”

Later in the rest period, a sports writer heard Sullivan tell his manager, “I could have scored a moral victory—by just staying home.”

Each round found Sullivan funnier and goggier. When his manager tried to coach him from the sidelines, Sullivan knew all the answers. During a particularly savage onslaught against his boy, Sullivan’s manager yelled excitedly, “Stop some of those punches, Sullivan!”

Sullivan reeled and held himself upon the ropes as he answered, “Stop those punches? Do you see any of them getting past me?”

This answer brought down the house. The crowd roared—but it was all laughter at Sullivan. They tried to root him home. That’s where Sullivan wished he were.

“That guy is no fighter—he’s a comedian,” one man said to another.

Sullivan lasted the distance, but only by a superb display of grit and endurance. He received a great ovation at the end of the bout. The winner was ignored. Sullivan was the favorite. He couldn’t fight, but he could make people laugh.

Sullivan’s opponent passed from public notice, but Sullivan is still in the public’s eye. For obvious reasons, he gave up boxing as a career. But he is earning loads of money and still making people laugh at his wisecrack wit. His real name is John Sullivan, but you know him now as Fred Allen.

—Richie Waddell.

The 1768 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica dispensed with the "Atom" in four sentences. "Love" was discussed for five full pages. In the latest edition of facts keyed to an uneasy world, however, the "Atom" rates nine pages and "Love" gets no space at all.—This Week.
Our older citizens are helping themselves to a full, profitable existence.

by WADE L. SPENCER

A MANHATTAN advertising man, strong on creative ideas but weak in his resistance to cocktails, came to his office one morning and received the staggering news that he had lost his $12,000-a-year job.

In vain, he pleaded for another chance. His drinking had led to boisterous conduct which had affronted a prospective client. The agency lost a potential account and the drinker was dropped from the payroll.

The plight he found himself in because of his weakness for liquor was tough. He searched for jobs half as good as the one he had lost, but to no avail. In despair, he turned to Alcoholics Anonymous, which put him on the water wagon for good. Then he headed for another service organization—the Forty-Plus Club of New York City—and confided his desire for a respectable post in the advertising world again.

His was one of 200 such applications made each month by men over 40 years of age seeking responsible positions. Luckily, he was one of the 24 men whose applications were retained; still luckier to be one of the 14 finally accepted. In a fairly short time, thanks to the efforts of other jobless club members who unite in selling each other to prospective employers, this ex-alcoholic had been placed in another job to his liking, which paid even better than his former work.

The rules for membership in the Forty-Plus Club are few but rigid. To be eligible, a man must be unemployed, over 40, an American citizen, and have a good reputation for honesty. His background is carefully investigated by other club members. If he passes this initial screening, an admissions committee gives him the once-over. Finally, if he has leaped all these hurdles, his name is presented at an open meeting. If the members accept him, he then has a better-than-even chance of getting a lucrative position provided he does his chores, shows interest in other job applicants, and retains his faith in the ability of the Forty-Plus Club to deliver the goods.

All the cash outlay required of a member is a $10 donation when he is
elected to membership. If he leaves to take a high-paying position, he may contribute whatever sum he likes to the general treasury of the organization.

At such clubs—now functioning successfully in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles—you’ll see former bank officers typing letters, commercial artists licking stamps, previously successful department store managers running mimeograph machines. A club member does not run down job leads for himself; he plays the role of the eager beaver for the other fellow.

A typical Forty-Plus member makes appointments with leaders in business and industry. He makes as many as 15 calls a week. Well-groomed, soft-spoken and confident, he speaks up not for himself but for other men. He brings back reports of job possibilities, which are then surveyed by the club’s placement committee to determine which men shall be sent to seek the positions.

As one ex-member of the Chicago club put it, “It is bracing and a tonic to our morale to work with other men who—like myself—once held important posts and are ready to tackle new responsibilities with zest and ability. I almost felt like crying when one of the other members landed my present job for me; I was working so hard and having so much fun selling employers on other fellows, that it really hurt to leave the ranks of the jobless in the Forty-Plus Club and to latch up with a paycheck again!”

Back of the amazing growth of these self-help associations was the dream of Henry Simler, former executive of a leading typewriter company. Simler grew sick at heart during the early days of the last depression, watching once-proud executives sink lower and lower until they were ready to sell apples on street corners.

Simler was incensed at the fact that employment agencies and personnel managers put the accent on youth, disregarding the experience and vitality of older men with proven records of achievement. He watched youngsters get positions while men of outstanding ability walked the streets, hungry and tired.

Simler himself called on personnel managers and argued the case of the typical man over 40 who couldn’t find a position. Thanks to Simler’s logic, the weight of his evidence and his persuasiveness, many of his friends and acquaintances landed jobs.

Simler soon found many allies in setting up the first Forty-Plus Club. Since the depression days, his idea has burgeoned into a select, highly-regarded voluntary association of professional men and business executives who are marking time until they find the right position, not just a stop-gap.

“We want to lose members, not gain them,” says an officer of the New York club. “We lose them by placing them in positions of importance, at salaries commensurate with their abilities. Since January, 1939, when we became established in New York, this club alone has placed more than 1300 members—whose average age was 55 years—in well-paying positions.”

Since the war, in cities having such groups, the Forty-Plus leaders have served many veterans who returned to civilian life covered with honor only
to find that younger men had moved into their posts. One man, a mail-
order house sales executive, enlisted in the Army and emerged a major after
three years of combat service. Yet his old company told him politely but
firmly, "We can't use you, Harry. The new man who took your place is
only 29 and he's working out well. Better find something a little less
strenuous for a man of 41."

Brooding upon his jobless state, the
former major developed a first-class
case of resentment and hostility to-
ward a country which treated its
fighting protectors so shabbily.

Fortunately for him, he heard of the
Philadelphia club. He told his story,
and soon was hard at work looking
for a job for other men. He felt he
was needed; that his services were
appreciated. He started to spruce up,
to acquire a new cheerfulness. Within
four months another club member had
placed him with a mail-order firm
which highly values his experience
and his zest for the job.

Each Forty-Plusser devotes at least
two and a half days a week to work-
ing for other club members. Many
members work a full five-day week,
eight hours a day, running down leads
for others. In time, their selflessness
is rewarded when their colleagues find
jobs for them.

The club members aren't interested
in mine-run jobs paying $50 to $75 a
week. Most of the jobs they uncover
carry an $8,000-a-year stipend or bet-
ter, with $15,000 and $20,000 jobs
found for members not uncommon.

Age is no barrier to a job, in the
opinion of the Forty-Plus brigade. As
proof, they cite the story of a man of
72, a healthy but out-of-work model-
maker, who started pounding the
pavements looking for jobs for fellow
members his junior by 25 years. He
found jobs for others, and they found
a spot for him—a $100-a-week posi-
tion which he is filling so ably that
his boss is now looking for other old-
sters with young outlooks!

"But I thought . . .," said the typist meekly.
"It's not your business to think!" snapped the manager. "I'll do the
thinking around here. I pay you to take down what I tell you and do the
letters. I'm ready to dictate now. Take this."

That afternoon the usual pile of letters was brought in for him to sign.

On the top was this:
"Dear Mr. Smithe:

Don't forget the 'e.' Thinks it's aristocratic, I guess. Father was just
a grocer. With regard to your letter of—look it up. Why the dickens can't
the fellow use a typewriter if he can't write legibly! I can quote you the fol-
lowing prices. Oh, hello, Carter, what shall we stick this fellow Smithe? Twenty? Thirty, you say? Right. Thirty dollars the gross. Awaiting your
esteemd orders, I am yours truly. Thank goodness that's done! What's
next?"

A Texan was trying to impress upon a Bostonian the valor of the heroes
of the Alamo. "I bet you never had anybody so brave around Boston," said
the Texan.

"Did you ever hear of Paul Revere?" asked the Bostonian.
"Paul Revere?" said the Texan. "Isn't he the guy that ran for help?"
“It’s a perfect match, — she raises birds and he has a bee farm!”
Garden

by WILLARD N. MARSH

WITH her hands jammed in the pockets of her olive corduroy jacket, Georgia Williams shouldered aside the living room drapes and watched the sunken garden below. Seen through the bank of potted ferns on the terrace, it resembled a bright, figured tablecloth spread for a picnic; or, this was more it, a colorful stamp collection carefully and expensively accumulated through the years: love and labor flashing in the sun, but lacking the utility that would give it any market value. Suppose I were to run an ad in the paper, she thought. The usual elderly couple would drive out to poke the dahlias with critical fingers as they exchanged furtive whispers.

"Of course the blooms aren't new," Georgia could hear herself saying eagerly, "but they'll give you good service for years . . ."

Her eyes swung back to her husband, leaning against the mantel, cool and poised in his plaid sport coat and cream flannels. He was waiting for her to say something. And from the walnut stand beside her, the head of Socrates regarded her with bronze attentiveness. She needed a cigarette badly.

"In other words," Georgia heard herself say, "we're completely busted."

"Well, now," Willard laughed casually, "it isn't quite that bad."

"Between engagements, then. Like the dress extras say."

Willard had fine teeth when he smiled. "Between engagements," he agreed. "It's just that there's a general business lull. The slack'll be taken up pretty soon, I expect."

Georgia caught herself wandering to the coffee table again, letting her hands graze the porcelain cigarette-box, although it had been empty since yesterday.

"And in the meantime," she said,
"second vice presidents are a glut on
the market."

He didn’t say anything.
"Willard, I want a cigarette."
"Sorry, fresh out. We’ll stock up
after I swing that little loan from
Barney—"

Georgia wheeled. "What’s going
to become of all our things, Willard?
Will they take everything?"

"Now, baby. Be sensible. I just
can’t accept the first job that comes
along. We do have a home, and a
certain position in the community to
maintain, you know."

But Georgia had crossed to the
mantel, searching in the ash tray on
top until she found a long, lipstick-
smeared butt. She lit it, sucking the
smoke in hungrily.
"Phyllis Otis’s," she said pleasantly.
"She throws them away too soon."
"Is that necessary, Georgia?"
Willard asked in a tight voice.

She knew what she was doing to
him, but she couldn’t help herself.
"Beggars can’t be choosers," she
said. "It’s the sickness of the times,
as the French say. Do they have sec-
ond vice presidents in France?"

Willard took a step forward, and
suddenly Georgia couldn’t stand it
any longer. The ash tray in her hand
shattered against the unfeeling skull
of Socrates, raining onto the oriental
rug in a hail of broken glass. Willard
stiffened, as if a cramp had caught
him. Then Georgia ran to his side,
holding him against her, soothing his
forehead.

"Don’t worry, darling," she said.
"You’ll find something soon. And if
you don’t, we’ll get along . . ."

We can always sell the garden, she
thought, restraining an impulse to
laugh. Because she knew that after
the laughter, the tears would come.

The workman who had just completed
the sidewalk in front of a subur-
ban home went up to the housewife. "Look, lady," he said glowingly, "you’ll
not find another job of new sidewalk
anywhere as smooth as that. Why,
it’s . . ." Suddenly, he broke into a volley of exclamations. A three-year-old
was gleefully wading through the center of his newly laid concrete. "Wait’ll
I get my hands on that kid!" the workman grumbled.

"But I thought you said you were fond of children," the housewife
broke in.
"In the abstract—yes," the workman cried, "but in the concrete—no!"

Trying to explain the reason for worldwide disagreement, an Indian said,
"When nations smokem peace pipe, no one inhale."

In Brisbane, Australia, they’re telling the story of a capitalist, a fascist,
a communist, and a unionist who were in a boat which suddenly sank.

First to drown was the capitalist, who tried to save too many of his
belongings and was dragged down. Next was the fascist, who made no pro-
gress swimming because he kept raising one arm in a stiff salute.
The communist was so busy shouting propaganda that his mouth filled
with water, and he sank. The unionist was swimming along fine when a
whistle blew. Then he sank.—Chicago Daily News.
OVER the telephone wire came a woman’s agitated voice, “My son is having an argument with his grandfather over which type of whale is the largest. Can you tell me, please, so we can settle this and have some peace around here?”

Officials of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., assured the lady that the retired sea captain was quite right in his assertion that the sulphur-bottom (a species of finback) was the largest of all whales, sometimes attaining a length of 85 feet.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, the Library’s staff comes up with the answers to the darndest questions—answers gleaned, for the most part, from the books and magazines which are jam-packed on the Library’s 414 miles of shelves.

“How can I get Professor Einstein’s address?”

“What is a good recipe for preparing johnnybread?”

“What was Hitler’s mother’s first name?”

All these questions and thousands more are answered swiftly and courteously by the Library’s highly trained research staff. Its members are accustomed to the strange desires for information which seize senator and housewife alike; they concede that they have lost the capacity to be surprised by any request.

Even the small fry take their problems to the Library of Congress. Wrote one 12-year-old lad in Connecticut, “I’m always getting shoved around by the older boys at my school. Will you please send me a book on jiu-jitsu?”

Aside from Washington residents, few Americans realize the staggering number of books contained in their beautiful Library of Congress. One of the least-publicized services of our
government, the Library is so well-stocked that students of the most recondite subjects are speedily obliged when they need a rare book, pamphlet or magazine.

Any day you may see savants peering at the original clay tablets of the Babylonians or mathematicians poring over the abstruse works of Ptolemy. If you want to read newspaper accounts of the French Revolution, you'll find them at the Washington treasure house of knowledge.

Maybe you're after the secret recipes of the court of Henry VIII. Or perhaps you'd like to check the timetables of a Swiss bus line which operated until 1934. They are available.

Should you want a respectful glimpse of the hallowed personal papers of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and virtually every other American president, you'll find them among the 8,000,000 documents in the Manuscript Room.

Before 1897, the Library had pinched quarters in the national Capitol, where it existed primarily for members of the Senate and the House who required information. Even today, one of its most important functions is the Legislative Reference Service, exclusively for Congressmen. If Senator Harumph wants to know the rainfall of Multnomah County, Oregon, last year, he has only to phone the Reference Service. Within an hour or so, a messenger will deliver enough meteorological data on Multnomah County to keep the Senator on his feet talking for six hours.

When the Library of Congress was founded back in 1800, a grant of $5,000 was allowed for its creation—in those days a big sum. Two years later, the first catalogue listed only 243 books. The straggling collection was largely destroyed by the British when they overran Washington in 1814.

But ex-President Thomas Jefferson, pained at the looting of the books, sold his famous collection of 6,479 volumes to Congress for $23,950. Even now, after the passage of more than a century, you can look over plenty of books once owned by Jefferson and read his intelligent and provocative notes on the margins of these yellowing volumes.

Back of the rapid growth of the Library in the past 50 years was the tireless work of Herbert Putnam, its librarian for 40 years after he took office in 1899. Putnam, a member of the famous publishing family, swept the cobwebs out of the reading rooms and made the Library a gathering place for the people.

The present librarian is Dr. Luther H. Evans. He, too, believes ardently in serving the public, and has thrown open the most priceless files and volumes to anybody with a legitimate interest in the Library's acquisitions.

You'll find Hitler's personal library here, presented by the United States War Department. You can have a field day prowling through old newspaper files; each day, 1,000 papers cascade in and all must be sorted and catalogued.

You'd be amazed at the good housekeeping practiced by Alvin Kremer, the Keeper of the Collections, whose task is to keep ancient pages from disintegrating and to hold at bay for
another century or two the real bookworms which find ancient tomes such delightful fare.

Kremer’s staff cleans fragile books with special vacuum hoses, filters out dust, even fumigates volumes suspected of harboring insects. Once, two visiting soldiers inspecting the Constitution cried out, “Hey, there’s a little bug in this case crawling over the Constitution.” Horrified attendants, who spotted it as a destructive buffalo beetle, plucked out the offender and applied insecticide to America’s treasured document. This procedure is followed regularly now with all old papers and books.

Nowadays, many of the oldest and most fragile documents have been microfilmed. This process also has enabled the Library’s staff to store vast amounts of literature of all types in incredibly small spaces.

The Library’s collection of more than 1,000,000 photographs is consulted frequently by writers desiring authentic historic “color” and by artists who strive for exact details in their portraits and illustrations. If you want to hear the chant of the field hands in Alabama, you can borrow a recording. If you need to take a peep at Patrick Henry’s account book, you’ll find it at the massive Washington edifice which contains printed works and pictures which have cost the American people over $100,000,000.

In the vast Main Reading Room, you have only to turn in your request slip to an attendant and it will be sped to workers in distant rooms by pneumatic tubes. Within minutes, the desired item comes back to you on a conveyor belt.

During the war, secret service agents, cryptographers, mapmakers, weather experts and language teachers flocked to the Library of Congress. They picked up priceless bits of information, new techniques, and other data which aided our war effort immeasurably.

To sightless Americans, the Library of Congress is a blessing indeed. By mail, they borrow “talking books” from the Library’s special section which handles sound recordings of great books for blind borrowers. For those who cannot read Braille—and most blind people cannot—a talking book from the Library of Congress is one of the great pleasures in a darkened life.

The Russian marshal, Suvaroff, liked to demonstrate his authority and confuse his men by asking them unexpected and usually unanswerable questions. But occasionally he met his match.

One bitter winter night, such as only Russia can produce, Suvaroff rode out to a sentry and demanded, “How many stars in the sky tonight?”

Without the least show of surprise, the soldier respectfully replied, “Just one moment, sir, and I will tell you.” Then he commenced to count deliberately, “One, two, three four . . .” and so on.

When the sentry had reached two hundred, Suvaroff, who was half frozen, decided it was high time to ride on—but not until he had inquired the man’s name, so he could have him eliminated.

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavor on the business known as gambling.
An egotist is a person who gets stuck on his own point of view.

Thrift is an excellent virtue, especially in an ancestor.

A bachelor is a man who has been lucky in love.

The less a fellow knows, the more eager he is to prove it to anyone who will listen.

A family tree is a device for tracing yourself back to better people than you are.

Much incompatibility begins with income.

These days if you give a man an inch he rents it.

One way to reduce motor accidents is to build cars so they can't go any faster than the average person thinks.

A woman's intuition is about two-thirds suspicion.

The country's best buy for a nickel is a telephone call to the right party.

Inflation: an economic condition that puts wind in the sales.

With peace in such a precarious state, people can't tell whether this is a post-war or pre-war world.

There is some consolation in the fact that even though your dreams don't come true, neither do your nightmares.

Government nowadays is simply some figure followed by nine zeros.

When a girl is carrying a torch, she keeps talking about boy-gone days.

The Washington spotlight has plenty of scandal power.

Some Oklahoma towns are so small that city limit signs are back to back.

The smart woman is one who realizes that the most seductive perfume is not "Allure" or "My Passion," but the aroma that comes from a broiling beefsteak.
He was a one-man fifth column for the Continental Army.

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

"THERE'S a Christopher Ludwick to see you, sir," the orderly informed General Washington.


Through the door of headquarters strode a huge man whose stomach seemed to pour over his belt, and whose bulbous nose was almost as red as the coal embers in the ovens of his prosperous bakery. He saluted stiffly in the old Prussian manner.

"Cheneral Washington," he said with an accent as thick as any cake he ever baked, "I haff come to offer my services." Christopher Ludwick, who had learned soldiering in his native Germany, hoped for some rank in the ragged army now fighting the war for independence.

George Washington returned the salute and smiled. "What kind of service have you in mind?"

"Anything, sir," answered Ludwick. His love for his adopted country was evident. He wanted most to be with the men who shouldered muskets.

General Washington was silent a moment, then said, "I am in great need of a man of your talents, one who knows baking. I will appoint you Baker-General of the Continental Army."

Disappointment showed on Ludwick's face for an instant before he clicked his heels and stiffened again. "I accept," he announced.

It was only natural that Washington should select such a job, because the huge man before him was widely known for his baking ability. His specialty was gingerbread made from a recipe handed down by four gen-
erations of German bakers. All Philadelphia bought at his shop and affectionately called him "The Gingerbread Man."

Ludwick came to America a penniless, but ambitious, immigrant. He worked as an apprentice to earn enough to open his own shop, and when his first customer smacked lips at sight and smell of the gingerbread, the baker was on the road to success.

By the time of the Revolutionary War, he had enlarged both his shop and his savings. When the war clouds turned into cloudbursts of musket volleys, he promptly closed his establishment and made his way to Washington's headquarters.

Assuming his post as Baker-General, Ludwick contributed all the flour he had stored in a warehouse. Flour was a critical item and none knew it better than the Gingerbread Man himself. "Soldiers must eat!" he shouted at his staff, "and there is little flour. We must stretch it into many loaves."

Several months later, a messenger hastened to Ludwick. "The General wants to see you immediately."

Ludwick hurried to the headquarters. Again he saluted stiffly.

"Ludwick," said Washington, "I have a very dangerous mission for you."

The Gingerbread Man's stout heart thumped wildly. Here, at last, was something adventurous. Perhaps to lead a combat force. He waited for the explanation.

"We must disrupt the hired Hessian troops as much as we can," the General said. "Without them, the Redcoats will be weakened and our chances much better. With your
knowledge, and accent, you could join them and talk many of them into deserting.

Ludwick's face beamed. This was even more dangerous than he expected. "I will tell them much," he replied. He meant it. His own success in America gave him the necessary background.

Washington was solemn. "You know, of course, that if you are revealed you will be shot by the enemy."

Ludwick nodded.

"And," continued Washington, "you can expect no help from us."

Ludwick knew. "I accept," he said again.

Within a few days, he was on his way to the Hessian garrison, a one-man fifth column in a century in which that term was meaningless. One slip, one bit of bad judgment, would bring him the same fate as that of Nathan Hale. Ludwick was dressed in the clothes of a tradesman and he practiced modulation of his accent so it would more closely match that of the Hessian mercenaries. He crossed into New Jersey at night and enlisted, writing his name on the roster in fine German script.

Slowly, cautiously, he wormed his way into the confidences of the soldiers. It was a ticklish proposition. He had to choose his subjects carefully and then cite reasons why they should desert.

He soon saw the results of his undermining. Hundreds deserted, causing military delays and disorganization. At first the Hessians slipped away one or two at a time, but later entire groups began disappearing. Many of them went to the frontiers, while others even volunteered in the Continental Army.

Weeks later, Ludwick knew it was time to leave. Suspicious glances were being cast in his direction. His own escape was his most dangerous task. Hessian guards, now doubled, were shooting first and asking questions afterwards.

He decided to chance it. Everything went well until he neared the last outpost. Suddenly, musket shots screamed by him. The big man threw himself to the ground, wriggled into a gully, dashed through it, plunged into a stream and coaxed super speed from his powerful arms.

Once on the opposite bank, out of range, he stripped off his Hessian uniform and trudged to the American lines. He was detained until confirmation of his identity came from General Washington.

After a profuse commendation from the General himself, Ludwick returned to the army's bake ovens. He had proved his military worth.

When peace came, Christopher Ludwick returned to Philadelphia, penniless again. All he possessed had been given cheerfully in the cause of freedom. He chuckled, shrugged his shoulders, and began baking gingerbread again. Penny by penny, he recouped his fortune.

Always, the aroma of his delicacy attracted children to his shop window. They would flatten their small noses against the pane and wait for the jovial Gingerbread Man to see them, knowing he had slices set aside for them.

Then one day, the faces weren't there. Yellow fever had struck Phila-
delphia with a terrible toll of human lives.

Ludwick again saw a way to help. He baked bread for the poor and destitute families and took it to them himself, refusing anything in return, and braving the dangers of the fearful streets.

Only when the plague had passed did he resume baking gingerbread. He died in 1801, leaving his entire wealth to help poor children of Philadelphia who remembered him as "The Gingerbread Man."

There was another title which Christopher Ludwick alone possessed. He was the only man ever to hold the rank of Baker-General of the Army. That post was created for him the day he first saw Washington, and it ended when the last shot of the Revolutionary War was fired.

---

Science's Strangest Coincidence

THE strange coincidence of the discovery of a way to obtain aluminum from aluminum oxide, in 1886, still stands unequalled in the annals of science.

Although they were 4,000 miles apart, Charles Martin Hall and Paul Louis Toussaint Heroult found the method at the same time. Hall was in Ohio, Heroult in France. Neither knew the other, nor had they heard of each other. But in exactly the same way they discovered what could be accomplished by passing an electric current through aluminum.

Both were 22 years of age at the time. Both became leaders in large-scale production in their respective countries. Later, both died in the same year, 1914.

Their discovery made it possible to produce the important metal efficiently and abundantly at a mere fraction of the former cost. Their electrolytic experiments were carried on with crude apparatus, the basis of which has been made into equipment which turns out nearly 2,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year.

Both were accredited with the discovery, which is known as the Hall-Heroult method.

▲

Even a moron admits there are two sides to every question—his side and the wrong side.

▲

The prohibitionist says that liquor subtracts years from your life while the drinker says it adds life to your years.

▲

An attractive young American tourist was visiting a museum in Vienna. Seeing a piano that was once used by Beethoven, she walked casually up to it and rattled off some "boogie" on the keys.

Then turning to the attendant, she asked if very many great pianists had come to see this famous piano. The attendant informed her that Paderewski had seen it a short time before.

"Paderewski!" she exclaimed. "Surely he must have been moved to play something beautiful on this old instrument!"

"On the contrary," the attendant replied coolly, "he did not feel worthy of touching it."

▲
Your Dentifrice

How about a paste in the mouth?

by RICHARD L. BROWN

A TUBE of toothpaste, a can of toothpowder, and a sparkling smile—simple items. But the American dentifrice industry has used them to build a multi-million dollar business.

Americans will spend enough this year for toothpastes, powders, brushes, and dental floss to hit an average of 75 cents per person ranging from the toothless infant to the equally toothless octogenarian.

Are they getting their money's worth?

No, say the dentists overwhelmingly. After a quarter-century of frenzied advertising, the dentifrice industry will spend $13,000,000 during 1949 to promote their products. The dentists are not impressed. They scoff at every cent of this sum.

How about the consumers, you and I who brush our teeth with these highly advertised products, are we getting a value for our six-bits?

Well, it's the taste of the paste in your mouth that is the outstanding quality in dentifrices today. Or so the market research bureau of the University of Illinois found out. As part of a project in dentifrice advertising, the researchers were interested in learning just how consumers do feel about the stuff they brush their teeth with every morning and night.

The bureau sent out a platoon of interviewers armed with a questionnaire that asked these main questions: What type of dentifrice do you use and why? What brand and why? Do you have any particular likes or dislikes regarding dentifrices?

In addition, the interviewers presented each person they queried with
a card listing seven dentifrice qualities which were to be rated in order of personal preference.

And while taste was the main thing that the consumers liked about their dentifrices, when they rated qualities, taste was last. Apparently the consumer will continue to buy his present brand if it tastes good, but when asked to serve as a judge of dentifrice qualities, then taste is not as important.

Two out of three of the persons questioned preferred paste over powder. The reason? They felt that powder was too messy to handle. You pour it into your hand, wipe it up with the brush, or try to pour it onto the brush. In either case you are liable to spill the stuff all over the bathroom. So they stick to the old reliable paste which eliminates all the bother.

On the other hand, the third who use powder say that it is more economical and does a better cleaning job. They are perfectly content with the minor tribulations that powder presents to the sleepy-eyed commuter in the morning.

Both groups keep the dentifrice manufacturers happy trying to fill the ever-present demand.

The popularity of liquid dentifrice, by the way, is insignificant. After a meteoric rise a few years ago, it has slumped to the point where it represents only a minor fraction of dentifrice preferences and sales.

The consumers interviewed felt that the most important qualities were the ability of the dentifrice to clean teeth and to keep the mouth clean and fresh in the process. Dentists say that the important thing should be prevention of tooth decay, but this quality lagged far behind.

This despite the present flurry of a product that is the dentists’ answer to the dentifrice industry, the new ammoniated tooth powder. This powder, which was developed at the University of Illinois, is claimed to be the only dentifrice now on the market that can do an adequate job of preventing tooth decay. Only a few persons who were interviewed had heard of this new powder, and even fewer had used it. The product is gaining popularity, and it may provide the first real threat to the dentifrice moguls in years.

“I like my toothpaste because it makes my teeth whiter,” said a number of persons. They had not been reading the testimonials in the Sunday comics; they were serious. And just listen to those dentists boil. For years they have been pointing out that whiteness is inherent and varies from person to person. They maintain that a dentifrice can only keep surface stains off the teeth, and no paste, powder, liquid, or combination of them can make your teeth any whiter, all irium to the contrary.

Then there were the few misguided souls who went so far as to say that their dentifrice strengthens their gums. Again the dentists protest vehemently. Gesticulating with shiny pliers, they keep reminding the public that there are no muscles in the gums. Consequently, the gums cannot be made stronger, so if your toothbrush shows pink, don’t worry. You probably need a new toothbrush, not stronger gums. (Continued on page 30)
A new life was carved from toothbrush handles.

San Quentin's Satisfied Convicts

by Morton Moore

A sullen, embittered young man who had killed a policeman was called "Toughie" by the despairing guards of San Quentin prison for the first six months of his life as a convict.

Today this convict is tractable, pleasant and cooperative. What changed him was a chance to work in San Quentin's famed hobby workshop with other prisoners. There these men with years of time on their hands turn out 1,000 different products utilizing high grade machine tools worth $20,000.

In eight years, the San Quentin hobby shop has jumped from several simple workbenches to a highly mechanized, streamlined factory which produces outstanding merchandise, toys, trinkets and furniture—at not one penny's cost to the taxpayers of California!

The start of San Quentin's successful experiment in giving prisoners the opportunity to achieve self-respect by working with their hands was entirely an accidental one.

It came about when Warden Clinton Duffy was informed that a 19-year-old youngster—so tough he was, the despair of veteran guards—had swiped acetone from the prison's dental lab.

Duffy had the prisoner brought to him and inquired why he had taken acetone instead of valuable equipment or drugs.

"I use the stuff to make rings out of old toothbrush handles," snapped the youth. "A guy can go crazy here; making rings gives me something to do, and I make a little dough out of them, too."

Duffy, instead of disciplining the boy, telephoned several leading San Francisco hotels and asked their managers to please save the colored plastic toothbrushes which forgetful guests often leave in the bathrooms. Duffy assembled the brushes, paid for some chemicals and tools out of his own pocket and turned them over to the ring-making convict.
The grateful youth soon began turning out rings, brooches, animal head pins and other clever novelties made from the plastic handles. He lavished most of his output on Warden Duffy, who had become his fast friend.

Before long, Duffy was serving as a simple distributor of the young convict's wares. Friends to whom he had given the novelties reordered them by the dozen—and the young convict found he had a hobby which paid off richly in interest and money.

For men in the armed forces, he produced toothbrush handle curios free. For civilians, he set small prices on his handicraft; within two years, he had $2,000 in the bank. When his time was up, the ex-prisoner took his savings, opened a small gift shop, and now is self-supporting.

Duffy, afire with enthusiasm over what one prisoner had accomplished through hobby work, hectored California legislators into passing a bill which legalized a hobby project in the vast prison.

Then Duffy began a campaign of salesmanship within the prison itself. He sought to sell convicts on the idea of doing something for themselves through hobby craft. He haunted the library for books on how-to-make-it themes; he paid for instruction leaflets with his own funds and distributed them to convicts.

The prison shop superintendents lent a few tools; the prisoners themselves even saved up their tobacco

"Same old story. Started hitting the bottle; cut my hand..."
money to buy other needed things for the improvised workshop Duffy had set up for them.

Instructors from schools, impressed by Warden Duffy's enthusiasm for the project, started coming in several nights a week to instruct convict hobbyists in the use of tools for carpentry, leather-making, beadwork and other interests.

Even weary life-termers, seeing the enthusiasm of other men for the hobby shop, grudgingly visited the place and half-laughingly started their hobby "apprenticeship." Before long, forgers, murderers, arsonists and highwaymen were swapping shop notes, holding exhibits of ash trays, salad bowls and figurines, and pocketing substantial profits from the sale of their products to prison visitors.

One elderly convict—whom Duffy grub-staked to a block of pine wood—carved out an impressive bas-relief of Will Rogers which he proudly presented to Duffy. In his first year, this convict's part time work with wood brought him $1,500. After his term was up, he used the money to good advantage by going into business for himself.

The hobby shop now is on a businesslike basis, with a manager, library, shipping department and other appendances of big business.

Out of each prisoner's sale of handicraft, ten per cent is retained by the hobby association to pay for materials, new tools, additions to the library, and the manager's salary. One of the few regulations is that 20 per cent of the sales proceeds must be placed in trust for the convict. This form of compulsory saving results in a nest egg for prisoners upon their release.

One man, bitter and regretful over his folly in robbing his employer, worried about his family while he was doing his term. He knew his wife was having trouble in meeting payments on their bungalow. But diligent application to his hobby of jewelry crafting enabled him to pay off the mortgage several years in advance of its due date.

Other prisoners send large sums home regularly to their wives and children. One hobbyist is putting a son through law school in an eastern university with the proceeds of his clever carpentry.

And still another lifer—unable to be present at his daughter's wedding—sent her a check for $500 as a wedding gift, earned by his skill at producing scarf pins and wooden brooches.

The prisoners, dressed in white shirts and ties, serve as their own salesmen in the prison reception lobby. They fill mail orders from every state and many foreign countries.

Now producing more than 50,000 different items a year, the hobby factory is the envy of wardens of other prisons who are having discipline problems. Duffy, though admitting that hobbies are no cure-all for "stir-sickness," tells his associates that handicraft goes a long way in lifting the pall of boredom from men behind bars.

"Any man to be contented and self respecting must be proud of something he can do, make or play," says Duffy. "Prisoners are no exception. They
need pride in some accomplishment even more than other men do. We think we've found the answer in the hobby crafts project. It pays off in self-respect, social behavior—and money!"

YOUR DENTIFRICE DILEMMA

(Continued from page 26)

There were a few other choice qualities that interviewers brought to light. Some like the smell of their favorite brand, others forget all about the product and buy it because they like the color of the tube or even the color of the toothpaste! Consumer, thy name is fickle.

Finally, a few said the fact that their brand makes a nice foam in the mouth, is the reason they reach for it in the drugstore. Don't laugh. This foam business is important. One of the largest toothpaste marketers in the field saw sales lag because the paste did not foam as well as others. The company tested, changed the product, and it foamed its way back to the top.

Dentists add one important item that was not brought out in the survey. The action of sugar on the teeth. They remind the public that the action of the sugar's acid on your teeth is the cause of most decay. So when the Department of Agriculture says you will eat your weight in sugar this year, you are eating a substance that is dynamite to your teeth.

Yes, your own weight in sugar—or more precisely, 140 pounds. Sounds like a lot, but look how it may be consumed. That candy bar you munch between meals contains up to seven teaspoons of sugar. The bottle of soda pop, resting innocently in the refrigerator, four to six teaspoons. And so on.

Dentists say that the only way out is to cut down on your sugar intake. This takes will power, and most of us can't break the habits of a lifetime overnight. Meanwhile the sugar factor is overlooked, and even the decay-prevention qualities of a dentifrice are forgotten, as the survey brought out.

The survey, of course, is not the final word or authority on this subject. The interviewers covered only a small area, hardly representative of the country as a whole. But remember that toothpastes and powders are products that make no differentiation. Rich or poor, college professor or miner, all consumers buy the same brands for the reasons shown in the survey, and probably for many more.

Tomorrow morning when you brush your teeth, take a good look at your dentifrice. You may come to a sudden decision. Your dentifrice doesn't have any of the qualities that you think it should have. Don't worry. Just chuck it into the trash can, and turn to salt and baking soda. This mixture may not taste good, but it does the job, and besides, it will keep your dentist happy. He probably uses it too.
A canine picked the Derby winner seven straight times!

Dog, Devil, or PROPHET?

by ROGER SMITH

A MAN and a dog stood before a joint session of the Missouri State Legislature at Jefferson City one day in 1933. It was a strange sight in the House of Representatives. The dog, a white setter with black markings, listened intently while a telegraph key tapped out a message in Morse code. As soon as the clicking ceased, the dog walked up to a member of the legislature, put one paw on his knee and looked back at his master expectantly.

The senators and representatives applauded loudly. The message had directed the dog to point out a certain man in an audience of hundreds. Somehow, the dog had understood and carried out the instructions of a message that few human beings in the audience had understood.

Jim the Wonder Dog and his master had been invited to perform before the State Legislature on this day. But exhibitions such as these were common to Jim, for he was known all over the country for performances that displayed his super-human intelligence.

The phenomenal story of Jim the Wonder Dog is still told and retold throughout Missouri. It is the story of a dog that possessed occult powers as mysterious and unexplainable today as they were 12 years ago when he died.

Jim, a Llewellyn English Setter, was born on a farm in Louisiana in 1925—an ugly, gangling pup with huge feet. Since Jim was obviously the "black sheep" of the litter, his master offered to sell the dog for $5, while he asked $25 for any one of the other pups. Little did his master know of the wealth of intelligence and understanding behind those sad, brown eyes! People said the dog's eyes appeared almost human at times, and
when Jim was spoken to, his eyes portrayed complete understanding.

Shortly after his birth, Jim’s master shipped him, as a gift, to a friend in West Plains, Missouri. When Sam Van Arsdale received the big-footed pup, he made the same remark that Jim’s former master had. “I’ve never seen such an ungodly-looking puppy!” Jim’s day was yet to come.

The first discovery that Jim was no ordinary dog was made by Van Arsdale’s young niece. She played games with Jim, and one day she put a box over Jim’s head while she hid her doll. Then she removed the box and told him to find the doll. To her amazement, Jim went straight to her hiding place. Dorothy thought this unusual and told her mother, who wasn’t impressed and soon forgot the matter.

Not long after, Jim was taken from the family home to the kennels where Van Arsdale kept his other bird dogs. One sweltering day in August, the trainer sent Jim and some other young dogs into the field to look for birds. While the other three pups ran here and there in the hot sun trying to pick up a scent, Jim casually sauntered from shade tree to shade tree, watching the others hunt. When Van Arsdale heard the story, he was disappointed in Jim’s performance and threatened to give him away; but the trainer swore the dog was intelligent if he had sense enough to get out of the sun on a hot day.

On his very first tryout at bird hunting alone, Jim astonished his master and trainer by pointing a covey of quail immediately and following through to point the singles when they were set up and dispersed. He retrieved faithfully without chewing a bird.

By the time Jim was three, he and his master had become great pals and hunted frequently. Van Arsdale was living then at Sedalia, Missouri, where he operated the LaMoore Hotel. One day in the early fall, when the two were hunting out from Sedalia, Van Arsdale casually remarked, “Jim, let’s go over under a tree and rest. Jim, do you know a hickory tree?” No sooner had he spoken than Jim ran over and put his foot on a hickory tree. Astonished, his master told him to point out a black oak, then a walnut, then a cedar tree. Jim showed him each by resting one foot on the tree named. Jim would follow unerringly each command to indicate an object, even so far as to point out a tree stump and a tin can.

Van Arsdale, bewildered and sweating with excitement, rushed home to tell his wife of the discovery. Unbelievingly, she scoffed at him until she was shown Jim’s capacity for understanding.

Before long, the story of Jim’s uncanny performance was heard all over Sedalia, and people began to gather at the LaMoore Hotel to be convinced. To prove the story to one disbeliever, Van Arsdale told Jim, “Show this man which car is his.” Immediately the dog went to the car and put his front paw on it.

Later, a man remarked that if the dog were so smart, he should be able to identify his car by the license plate number. Although Van Arsdale had not tried this one, he confidently wrote the numbers on a slip of paper and explained to the dog that he want-
ed to find the car carrying those numbers. Jim trotted through the lobby and down the block to the correct car. Then he put his paw on the rear plate, and looked back knowingly.

Although it is accepted by science that dogs are color blind, Jim could discern color perfectly. His master would ask him to point out a man with a black mustache; a woman wearing a blue dress, or a man with a red necktie. The dog located the correct person with ease.

By this time, people from all over Missouri were coming to see the Wonder Dog and verify the reports. When one skeptical woman asked for a demonstration, Van Arsdale told her to write something in shorthand for Jim to do. He showed the instructions to the dog, and immediately Jim walked up to a man in the group. She had directed in shorthand, "Show me the man with rolled socks." This man wore rolled socks.

At a demonstration before a Greek class, the dog's master thought old faithful Jim had failed him when he was directed to follow instructions written in Greek. The dog looked at the paper but failed to move. Puzzled, Van Arsdale asked the Greek professor what was written on the paper. He explained that it was nothing more than the Greek alphabet. Jim had understood.

At an arranged demonstration at the University of Missouri, the dog was directed in Spanish, French, German and Italian to do certain things. Jim complied without faltering. This demonstration was witnessed by Dr. A. J. Durant, head veterinarian at the University, and hundreds of students.

Afterwards, Dr. Durant conducted a thorough physical examination of the dog. He reported that he "could find nothing abnormal or different from any other dog."

Dr. J. C. Flynn, of 300 East Armour Boulevard, Kansas City, studied Jim at the Flynn Dog and Cat Hospital for six weeks and reported that the dog would perform for him as for his master. At that time, Dr. Flynn was president of the National Veterinarians Association.

"There's no question about it," Dr. Flynn still asserts today. "That dog definitely possessed a sixth sense—the uncanny ability to discern what other people are thinking. He was a real mind reader. Why, often he'd do things that I wanted before I ever expressed a command."

Dr. Flynn cites several cases in which Jim followed directions in the complete absence of Van Arsdale, whom some skeptics still insist made secret signs to the dog. One day, Jim had accompanied Dr. Flynn to the
post office, where a group of 15 or 20 mailmen were sitting around talking. "That dog can't really understand, can he?" asked one dubiously. In reply, Dr. Flynn told Jim to point out the mailman who carried mail on their route. Jim immediately laid his paw on the correct man.

"Now tell him to point out the postman named Wagner," whispered another. The doctor gave the command. Jim hesitated a moment, then walked up to a short, dark-haired mailman just entering the door. The man's name was Wagner. Neither Dr. Flynn nor Jim had ever seen the man before.

A few days later, Dr. Flynn stopped in a neighborhood garage and repair shop to have a tire patched. The garage owner looked down at Jim on Dr. Flynn's leash and laughed, "So that's the great Wonder Dog, eh? He doesn't look so unusual to me. Let's see him perform, Doc."

Dr. Flynn glanced around the little office, and his eyes rested for a moment on the safe in one corner. "Tell me where this man hides his money at night, Jim," he said. Jim walked right past the safe and out into the back room of the shop. There, he stopped and rested his paw on a pile of scrap metal and old tires in the corner.

"Well," laughed the owner somewhat uneasily, "looks like I'll have to find a new place to be hiding my money." From the scrap pile below Jim's paw, he drew a metal lock box containing hundreds of dollars.

Dr. Flynn is one of the few persons other than Van Arsdale for whom Jim would perform. "He just did it for me because he liked me," Flynn explains.

As Jim's fame grew, he and his master received many invitations to demonstrate his super-human intelligence. One came from the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. A New York newspaper offered to pay all expenses to Washington for an interview with President Roosevelt. But Jim was sick and could not make the trip.

To those who called the dog a fake, his ability to predict future events proved even more mystifying and tended to lessen their disbelief. In 1936, Jim predicted the Yankees would win the World Series by selecting the winner from two slips of paper. In the same manner, he forecast the outcome of the presidential race of 1936 in which Roosevelt won over Landon. The Literary Digest later wished it had had Jim on the payroll.

At Miami, Florida, Jim picked the winners of a dog race, first, second and third in the order of their winning.

In the Lindbergh kidnapping case, Jim was asked to tell if Hauptmann was involved in the kidnapping. He chose the slip of paper which bore the affirmative answer. This information was not divulged until the case was over.

In predicting the sex of the unborn, Jim was a wizard. In a test conducted by J. W. Cook of Marshall, Missouri, Jim's accuracy in forecasting the future was proved. A cat that Cook had rescued from a snowdrift was to be the mother of kittens. Cook tore a piece of paper into seven pieces and
asked Jim to pick the number of kittens there would be. Jim pulled out five pieces. Cook wrote "male" on five more slips of paper, and "female" on another five, and asked Jim to indicate how many of each there would be in the litter. Jim dragged three from the male group and two from the female group. A week later, Flossie became the mother of three males and two females. In many other cases, Jim—without a mistake—predicted the sex of unborn children.

Van Arsdale could have used Jim to acquire huge sums of money through his predictions, but he didn't. He was offered $364,000 to work in the movies with the dog for one year, but turned down the offer because he felt that the dog's powers were beyond his comprehension, and he did not "care to commercialize on them in any way."

For seven consecutive years, Jim predicted the winner of the Kentucky Derby. Van Arsdale was offered various sums of money to divulge this information to gamblers and betters, but he always refused it, and he locked the name of Jim's choice in his vault until the race was run.

In 1932, Jim became sick. From that time on he was unable to hunt with his master, but continued to travel with him and perform at the Ruff Hotel in Marshall.

Five years later Jim died, at the age of 12. He was buried just outside the gate of Oak Ridge Cemetery, Marshall, Missouri. His master had lost more than a dog. He had lost a friend and companion whose powers, understanding and intelligence bordered on, and in many cases surpassed, those of the human animal.

The mystery of Jim is still unsolved. Hundreds of people have offered possible explanations for Jim's unusual abilities. Some claim that he was the reincarnation of King Solomon. One Biblical scholar maintains Jim was the good angel or was directed by the good angel, based on the theory that the angels attach themselves to man.

C. D. Mitchell of Columbia, Missouri, author of the book, Jim, The Wonder Dog, stated recently that The Psychic Research Society of London has requested a copy of his book for study. It is their goal to prove that there is some communion between man and the unknown.

When a man of prominence from Springfield, Missouri, told Mitchell that he forbade his children to read the book because the dog was possessed of the devil, Mitchell replied, "That is the best compliment I've had. If the book proves there is a devil, then people will say there is a God. And if there are both, it is likely they will all want to be on God's side."

In a speech at Middlebury College, Dr. Albert Farmer, Professor of English Literature at the Sorbonne, told of reading a French translation of Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt. "I came to the passage where Mr. Babbitt says to Mrs. Babbitt, 'Now look here, hon . . .' There the French translator had inserted this explanatory note: 'Hon: abbreviation of honorable. American husbands often address their wives by this title.'"
“All is forgiven,” she says, “you can come home now.”
Are You Sure It's First Aid....

by FOWLER JENNINGS

On a fine afternoon a few years back, New Yorkers were startled to see a dazed, bloody-headed man with a sensitive face and a shock of gray-black hair sitting on the curbing. He had been struck by a car, and well-meaning, but ignorant, “first aiders” had propped him up before a doctor had examined him!

“It’s Fritz Kreisler, the violinist!” said a music lover who recognized the forlorn, pain-wracked figure. Afterward, when the great Kreisler was examined at a hospital, the doctors diagnosed brain concussion and roundly condemned inept handling which caused him to remain in danger for many months. By keeping him prone until a physician arrived, bystanders could have averted needless pain and prolonged hospitalization for the unfortunate musician.

His case is not unique. Every day, well-intentioned bunglers who know little or nothing about real first aid are actually breaking bones, intensifying concussions and inviting death by their eager mishandling of accident victims.

In Chicago, a young man speeding along Lake Shore Drive crashed into a light standard and was thrown to the street. Before police arrived, several men lifted the unconscious lad, “jack-knifed” him into the back seat of their car, and sped him to a hospital. They thought they were helping.

But examination revealed a damaged spinal cord which had been permanently injured by the hasty action of the would-be Samaritans. Since that time, the young driver has been confined to a wheelchair, forever unable to walk.

“If the helpful Henrys had waited until trained first aid workers or a doctor arrived, we might have restored his power to walk,” comments the youth’s physician. “But those who arrived first on the scene did the worst thing possible. Had they just
waited, he would have come out of the wreck okay.”

Despite national publicity given to first aid workers, few Americans actually know the basic principles of succoring injured people. According to the American Red Cross, first aid isn’t something you “pick up.” It requires at least 25 hours’ training under a qualified instructor—and then there are always new things to learn.

Despite the need for going to school in order to learn first aid, those of us who can’t take the training, at least can learn what not to do when an emergency confronts us.

The cardinal principle is: Never move an accident victim before the nature and extent of his injuries are determined. Unwittingly, you might do permanent damage merely lifting the sufferer’s head to give him a drink of water.

A California painter fell off a high ladder. Lying on the ground, he moaned that he couldn’t open or close his fingers—a signal to trained first aid workers that his neck was very likely broken. But a middle-aged woman, after witnessing the accident, rushed to him and tried to prop him in a sitting position. The resultant exertion severed his spinal cord and he died shortly afterwards.

If you don’t really know the principles of first aid, you can make your best contribution by insisting that others who know as little as yourself do nothing that may aggravate injuries. If a person is struck down by a car, your kindest act—and most sensible one—is to divert the flow of traffic until trained help arrives. Ambulance men and doctors often hesitate about moving badly injured people, but ignorant would-be benefactors have no such qualms. The result too often is added injury or even death.

And of course, if the accident victim lives to sue you, and can prove to a jury that your actions were not those of an “ordinarily prudent person,” your well-intentioned help may be tremendously expensive.

Recently, a St. Louis girl took a bad tumble from a bicycle and lapsed into unconsciousness. An eager householder rushed out with a glass of water, shook the girl’s head violently and tried to force water through her lips. The unconscious girl started to choke, and only the timely arrival of a physician prevented her from choking to death.

“If a person is unconscious, never try to awake him by shaking the head or body,” trained first aiders will tell you. “If a head injury is present, such shaking can be fatal.”

Our city policemen, too, have a lesson to learn in the science of first aid. Too often, cops will sniff the breath of an unconscious person, detect alcohol, and quickly try to hustle the unconscious form into a paddy wagon. New York police, in effect, killed a business man by tossing him into a “bull pen” to sleep it off. Hours later, he died. Investigation revealed he had stumbled and fractured his head shortly before the police found him.

Never assume that an unconscious person is intoxicated. He may be a diabetic, an epileptic or may have suffered a “stroke.”

Few people realize the vital role
played by shock in many injuries. You can recognize severe shock by the vacant eyes, the slack jaw, the white face and nerveless hands of the victim. If a person with these symptoms is unconscious, you should keep him warm with blankets, coats or newspapers. And keep him flat! In shock cases, it’s advisable to provide stimulants—tea, coffee, or other restorant.

But don’t give wine or whiskey to an injured person! Such a stimulant—especially after a head injury—can be the final blow leading to death.

One of the first things Boy Scouts learn about is the tourniquet—yet it can be a deadly device instead of a lifesaver if improperly used.

A Pittsburgh woman, injured in a street car accident, was “first-aided” by a passerby who applied a tourniquet to her gashed arm. In the excitement, he disappeared. The unconscious woman was unaware of the pressure being exerted by the knotted handkerchief her would-be benefactor had tied around her arm.

At the hospital, shocked doctors removed the tourniquet—but it was an hour too late. The forearm had to be amputated. Tourniquets must be loosened every 15 minutes to permit the blood to circulate. Otherwise, gangrene will set in. When trained first aid persons apply a tourniquet, they identify it so it cannot be mistaken for a bandage. They write the letters “TK” in crayon or lipstick, with the exact time of its application, so doctors and ambulance men will promptly loosen the bond at the expiration of 15 minutes.

Simple household burns caused by electric appliances, as well as severe burns from flames, often are mistreated by unskilled first aiders who immediately apply oily or greasy unguents to deep or extensive burns. Before the burn can be treated, the grease must be removed—and this is painful. If aid must be given, take gauze or freshly laundered cloth, soak it in slightly warm sodium bicarbonate solution and apply gently. Never use absorbent cotton—it clings to the wound. But remember, people who are severely burned usually require treatment for shock first—for shock is a quick killer.

Snake bites, often more frightening than dangerous, have caused many novice first aiders to lose their heads and do the wrong things. A Chicago first aid teacher advises, “That old story about administering whiskey to a snake bite victim is the bunk. It harms rather than helps. If you must administer whiskey, give it to yourself!”

If you’re sure that the bite is that of a poisonous snake, don’t try to suck the poison from the wound by mouth; if you have a cut or blister in your mouth, you can be more severely affected than is the person you are trying to aid.

Once you’re certain the snake was a poisonous one, you can make a cross cut one-eighth of an inch deep over each fang mark. This brings about steady bleeding. Then get the victim to a doctor—even skilled first aid can never substitute for medical aid!

If they televise Congress, a lot of people are going to wonder who posed for those campaign posters.
THE CRAZIER THE BETTER

YOU don’t have to be crazy to design a hat in Kansas City, but it certainly
is a distinct advantage when concocting a bonnet to wear to the new WHB
audience-participation show, Luncheon on the Plaza. Each weekday morning
during the broadcast, bubbling Frank Wiziarde conducts a Crazy Hat Contest.
Wearers of the zaniest homemade headgear receive gifts and a chance, along
with other contestants, to try for the big Plaza Jackpot. This shower of ex-
pensive prizes is awarded to the lucky person who figures out co-emcee Lou
Kemper’s baffling Riddle-Me-This. Lou adds a new hint each day, and the
ladies track down the clues like bloodhounds.

One of the show’s highlights is the presentation of a corsage to the oldest
lady present. Frank Wiziarde’s big kiss accompanying the flowers usually
brings a vivid blush to 90-year-old cheeks.

There’s something popping every minute in the attractive Plaza Cafeteria
where the broadcast is held. And after a fast half hour of continuous hilarity,
the audience is weak with laughter. The ladies—some still ‘‘crazy-hatted’’—
leave chuckling, puzzling over the Riddle, and planning to come back the next
day for another chance at the big Jackpot and another morning of fun at
Luncheon on the Plaza.

THE pictures on the opposite page capture the spirit of a typical broad-
cast of Luncheon on the Plaza.

1. Frank Wiziarde presents an orchid corsage to the oldest young lady.
Stand by for a kiss!
2. Ten beaming finalists display the season’s latest styles in Crazy Hats.
3. Urged on by Wildman Wiziarde, three contestants clad in bibs gulp
Coca-Cola in a bottle-draining race.
4. The ladies love it!
5. Lou Kemper and Frank Wiziarde pose with Jackpot winner Mrs. Paul
Carpenter before some of the valuable merchandise prizes she has won.

Centerpiece

FOR the July-August centerspread, Swing cuts in on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
star Elaine Shepard’s party line.

Barnyard Animal Currency

DEEP in the safes of the treasury department, kept only as souvenirs of
pre-Civil War days, are metal plates of the only American paper money
on which pictures of barnyard animals, instead of presidents, were used.

This was the currency printed for Tubac, Arizona, in 1860. The animal
pictures used were a pig for ‘‘one bit,’’ or 12½ cents; a calf for ‘‘two bits,’’
or 25 cents; a rooster for ‘‘four bits,’’ or 50 cents; a horse for a dollar and a
bull for five dollars.

The animal-picture currency was necessary because nearly five-sixths of
the people of Tubac at that time were unable to read, thus requiring the
animal figures in place of numbers to avoid confusion.

It was the only deviation from the regular pattern of paper money since
the currency system was adopted in the United States.
Luncheon on the Plaza
The elder Beals, universally called "Colonel" as a mark of respect even though he had never been associated with the army, had cut quite a swath in both of those fields. He had migrated west from Boston as a boy in his 20s, in 1857, and had gotten his start as an itinerant peddler of shoes in the Plains states. The Colonel got into ranching with property in Arkansas, and he later owned the famous LX Ranch near Amarillo. He moved to Kansas City in 1884, and two years later organized the Union National Bank there. After the panic of 1907 he merged the Union with the National Bank of Commerce and became president of the amalgamated corporation.

Colonel Beals was past 50 and married for the second time when David was born. His home was one of Kansas City’s showplaces, a three-story mansion which occupied a square block of land on the north side of Independence Avenue, between Wabash and Prospect.

But if there was ever a person unaffected by and unconscious of financial good fortune, it’s Dave Beals. He still lunches with several of his boyhood friends from Central High School at a downtown restaurant every Saturday, and one of the group
remarked recently, "It's the dangdest thing about Dave Beals! He has a knack of making me feel he's just scraping along while I'm sitting on top of the world, fat and happy. Over the years, he's done more for my ego than anyone I know!"

At lunch, the discussions of the six or eight close friends sometimes grow heated, especially on subjects of economics or politics. But Dave Beals never enters the scrap. No fence straddler, he has an opinion on any given subject and is glad to state it on request. But that's as far as he'll go. He refuses to argue.

"Dave is sometimes slow to make up his mind," one friend comments, "but he's almost always right and completely unswervable."

Beals is not only right but president. He has pursued ranching and banking separately and jointly, and has been tremendously successful at both. Today he is president of the Inter-State National Bank of Kansas City, Missouri, a livestock bank with deposits of $60,000,000 that is located a few rods east of the Kansas border and one story above the second largest stockyards in the world.

He is president of the Inter-State Cattle Loan Company.

And until year before last, he was president of the Callaghan Land and Pastoral Company, and principal owner of the fabulous Callaghan Ranch, a 250,000-acre spread in south Texas.

Beals unloaded the Callaghan in an attempt to simplify his life. "As we grow older," he says, "we tend to acquire more and more tangible properties, more and more responsibilities. You've got to keep weeding them out. Unless you watch it pretty closely, your life gets too complicated."

He sighs, "My father bought the Callaghan when he was 76. I think it was a mistake."

Young David fell heir to the mistake when his father died during Dave's sophomore year of college. Dave found himself, suddenly, one of three owners of the Callaghan—then only 125,000 acres in size but badly involved financially. He hopped a train to Laredo to look the situation over, and was discouraged at what he found. The tangle seemed hopeless. But he hung on to his interest and determined to straighten things out by the application of modern techniques of management and bookkeeping. In those days, that was an almost revolutionary approach to the cattle business.

Dave persisted. He worked two summers on the ranch, and spent a year there when he got out of college. Gradually, the investment began to pay off, and it was possible to expand. When he sold the ranch in 1947, its acreage had doubled.

A few years ago, novelist Paul Wellman visited the Callaghan. He was tremendously impressed, and drew a few simple comparisons to convey an understanding of the size of the ranch to his city-dwelling newspaper readers.

"For one thing," Wellman wrote, "you could lay Kansas City down in the Callaghan, and it would be lost in a couple of the ranch's 50-odd pastures. Some of these single pastures are eight miles or more across, individual wildin..."
growth in which large herds of cattle can be hidden so that one scarcely knows they are there.

"Or look at it this way: There are 451 miles of barbed wire fence on the Callaghan. That is more than enough to stretch clear across the state of Kansas from end to end. Or it would reach from Kansas City to St. Louis and on across the state of Illinois almost to Terre Haute, Indiana.

"And here is just one more odd figure from the Callaghan. There are 79 wells on it, and in this part of Texas you have to drill down 1,000 feet to strike drinkable water. That is 79,000 feet of well holes—more than 13 miles of well holes alone."

Dave Beals and his bride, the former Helen Ward of Kansas City, honeymooned on the Callaghan, and have spent many pleasant days and weeks there since, entertaining friends. They

of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—a job that requires several weeks of every year to be spent in New York at board and committee meetings.

Beals is extremely active in community affairs. For many years he has served as vestryman and treasurer of the Grace and Holy Trinity Episcopal Cathedral. Through the church he became interested in St. Luke's Hospital, which he serves as treasurer, and as trustee.

In 1947 and 1948, Beals was also treasurer, as well as a director, of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce. He is a trustee of the University of Kansas City, a trustee of Blue Cross, a trustee of the Andrew Drumm Institute (for underprivileged children), a trustee of the Boy Scouts of America, a trustee of the Jacob L. and Carrie Jacob Loose Funds, and a trustee and president of the Roanridge Foundation, a farm school training Episcopal ministers for rural pastors.

BEALS has one speed: slow ahead. He moves at a steady, deliberate pace and won't be hurried. He is completely thorough.

Mindful of the expanding waistline which overtakes many men in middle age, he begins every day with setting up exercises. Once he starts the regular series of calisthenics, he follows it through, inexorably, to its conclusion. No matter how heavy a day may be scheduled, he doesn't dream of skipping his push-ups or cheating on a few kneebends. Thoughts like that simply don't occur to David Beals.

He breakfasts, and arrives at the bank about ten. At 12:30 he goes to

miss the ranch, but are happy to be free of its demands on their time.

In all probability, the Beals Simplification of Life Plan doesn't go far enough, for in addition to his banking and cattle loan interests, Mr. Beals is a director of the Crowe Coal Company, a director of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company, and a trustee
When delightfully July hunter, Mrs. Beals, an extremely handsome and highly energetic woman, has worked out a sort of gear ratio, so that her movements will correspond with those of her husband.

When he parks the car, for instance, she would be on the sidewalk and a third of a block away before he had the ignition turned off—if she moved at her normal speed.

Instead, she has learned to sit perfectly still and count to 15 slowly before reaching for her purse and gloves. She continues counting, and when she reaches 35 Mr. Beals has her door open, and is ready to assist her to the street.

Dave Beals' reputation for calm, deliberate thought and action is widespread. Actually, however, his mind works rapidly. Much of his success depends upon his ability to foresee trends. He worries as much as anyone else does, but has learned to conceal it. When he wrestles with some mental problem, he gives only one outward indication of stress. He plays solitaire. It's the only card game he knows, and he turns to it only when he is desperate for quiet relaxation. He likes it because it occupies his hands, but only a tiny corner of his mind.

Beals has a delightful, exceedingly dry sense of humor which he often turns against himself. Friends praise his abilities as a hunter, fisherman, horseman, photographer, and historian, but he disclaims all accomplishments. Listening to him tell it, you wonder how he manages to get along.

He has a tremendous amount of personal integrity. He is loyal, sensitive and considerate of other people. Recently he attended a Sunday evening wedding reception. For him it climaxed the hectic week end preceding the launching of the national Opportunity Bond Drive. Beals was chairman of the Jackson County drive (which went far over the top) and had had movie stars, the Secretary of the Treasury, and various VIPs on his hands for two days at banquets, meetings and rallies. He was thoroughly exhausted and badly in need of sleep. But an employee of his had been married and had invited him to her reception. So he and Mrs. Beals went, and they stayed for three hours and forty-five minutes, rather than risk hurting the bride's feelings by leaving before the wedding cake was cut.

Some of his best friends are Mexican cowhands. Others are social and financial leaders. He doesn't distinguish between them. To him, a friend is a friend.

Beals is an excellent swimmer and loves the seashore. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds. As a young man, he was noted for his great strength. He could lift an automobile out of a mudhole, or hold up one corner of it while a tire was being changed. These were handy knacks, for he apprenticed in the banking business at McLean, Texas, and at Highland and

(Continued on page 52)
A housewife in Portland, Oregon, claims to have won $50,000 in a ten-year period of prize-contesting, and every year a salesman from Omaha, Nebraska, wins several thousand dollars. After just a few years of contesting, a Chicago woman has her entire house bulging with winnings of furniture and household appliances.

But to date the top prize winner is author Roy L. McCardell, America's first "professional" contest winner. His winnings have been valued in excess of $98,000, and have won him a listing in Who's Who.

What's the story behind contests which fill today's newspapers, magazines and air lanes? It is a story as old as man, for it's the hope of finding a treasure in one lucky stroke. The old master of ballyhoo, P. T. Barnum, received 750 entries when he offered a paltry $200 prize for a song to introduce the Swedish nightingale to America. Contrast this with 4,000,000 entries which came in on a recent toothpaste contest, and you'll realize that while the contest idea is not new, it has expanded and developed unbelievably in recent years.

Current gargantuan contests evolve from the old "progressive contest," when newspapers and magazines printed pictures of a meadow with some 15 to 20 heads concealed in the picture. You were to find only five. So you sent your entry and waited for the prize—a pony or a darling puppy. You were eventually congratulated on your surprising ability to count and, along with 50,000 other contestants, asked to please peddle so many gadgets or magazine subscriptions to break the "tie." The government finally stopped this obviously dishonest practice.

Prize contests replaced the older premiums and offers until the depression years, when people had to be
coaxed to spend the scarce dollar. Then every possible inducement was used.

The nation went contest-crazy in 1933, when 100,000,000 contest entries were received and over $10,000,000 poured into the outstretched hands of winners.

The Old Gold contest in 1937 brought in some 2,000,000 entries. The contest cost the Lorillard Company $1,200,000 for advertising, $200,000 for prizes, $6,000,000 for clerical expenses; it brought in 90,000,000 cigarette wrappers. The Post Office took in nearly $1,000,000 in revenue.

Contests were practically nil during the war, when merchandise was unavailable. Of course, they have zoomed to new heights now. Last year was the biggest yet, with prizes estimated at more than $15,000,000.

Why do the sponsors give away such fabulous prizes? Because advertising men know that contests, even with their terrific costs, are an economical form of advertising. They can bring up sales and herald the introduction of a new product. The sponsor doesn’t have to convince you that his product is terrific. He just gives you the needed push to buy it for the box top.

Today a box top or wrapper, combined with praise of 25 words or less for a soap, breakfast food or shampoo, may win you a reward ranging from a free ticket to your local theatre to a fully equipped house or perhaps an ocean cruise.

And how are these contests handled? They have to be on the level, of course, and they are. All entries are read and evaluated by trained workers. Judges grade those which remain for final consideration. Prizes are awarded exactly as stated in the rules, and private detectives are sent to investigate the authenticity of the winning entries.

The watchful eyes of the Post Office and the Federal Communications Commission are trained on all contests which are interstate in scope or make use of the mails. Post Office regulations ban from the mails (as a lottery) any contest which requires a consideration, such as money or a box top, for entering. Sponsors get around the lottery laws by allowing the entrant to send in a “reasonably exact facsimile.”

Sponsors know that the simplest form of a contest draws the largest number of entries and therefore sells the greatest amount of merchandise. Rules must be plainly stated and easily understood. Contests must not run too long, winners must be announced promptly, and there must be one big “flash” prize as well as many smaller ones.

Some prizes are unusual. How would you like to win a Flying Fortress, a paid-up cemetery lot, a pigmy white baby elephant, a screen test, or a fully paid appendectomy?
If you are interested in something almost for nothing, you send your entry to an address where it is judged by a professional judging company which charges sponsors from a penny and a half to four cents an entry. About 75 per cent of all contests are handled by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation of Chicago.

A long conveyor belt is used to handle the avalanche of mail which pours into Donnelley’s offices. After the letters are opened mechanically, a crew of girls tackles the millions of letters arriving each week, inspecting the contents of each to see if all the rules are followed and the correct wrapper or box top enclosed.

The survivors move on to junior judges who give each entry a mathematical score. This is based on the degree to which the contestant has met the sponsor’s demand for “aptness of thought,” “originality of expression,” and other factors which vary with the type of contest.

When the letters reach the senior judges there are only a few of the thousands received remaining. These judges use a point-by-point rating card, giving each entry a mark just as though it were a college examination paper. The names and addresses are blocked out and retyped with code marks before being passed on to the executive judges who determine the final winners.

Freakish methods of packaging and decorating contest entries don’t help a bit. Some women write out their entries in icing on cakes or pies. Other entrants make records which play back the entries; and some embroider their jingles on aprons or towels.

Who are these contestants who number in the thousands? Experts say one out of every five people enters contests, and that 85 per cent of all entries are from women. Millions of people who by day are clerks, secretaries, policemen, teachers, bookkeepers or housewives work late at night trying for the jackpot at rainbow’s end.

A large number who enter a contest dash off a single, simple entry and forget about it. Others, an estimated 50,000 to 100,000 who are professional hobbyists, work hard at contesting. They hold national conventions and have their own clubs, where they subscribe to contest journals, swap prizes and take courses from schools which charge from $30 to $40 for instruction.

Regular contesters and winners know the judges’ preferences from past entries, so they slant their entries accordingly. They save box tops on the chance that a contest will be announced.

Sending off hundreds of box tops runs into money. There are enterprising firms which supply wrappers and box tops collected by groups of children or by sewing circles or church organizations. Ready-written entries can be bought from so-called specialists who sell 25-word statements and answers to puzzle contests.

Naturally, you generally have to buy a bar of soap or box of cereal to enter a contest—but what of it—you’d buy it anyway!

His monthly salary runs into three figures—a wife and two daughters.
Horton, Kansas. In those days he spent a lot of time driving over dirt roads in the far reaches of the farming country.

He drinks only in moderation, and hasn’t smoked since 1917, when he was an ensign in the Navy Air Corps. At that time he acquired a pipe, but the second week he had it he became deathly ill in the gentlemen’s smoking lounge of a Pullman. The pipe went out the window, along with several other things and any further craving for tobacco.

The bane of Dave Beals’ tidy existence is the telephone, an instrument which he claims has destroyed the last vestiges of personal privacy in our times. He uses it as little as possible, and won’t answer it when he is at home alone.

The Bealses’ only son, David III, is in the coal business in Clinton, Missouri. He is 33 years old and a bachelor. He was graduated from Yale and the Harvard School of Business. During the last war, he served as a lieutenant-colonel with the Ninth Armored Division, and was decorated for bravery during the Battle of the Bulge.

While his son was abroad, Dave Beals, too, was serving his nation and his community as he has always done. He was at the head of every war bond drive conducted in Jackson County.

This statement by a United States Treasury department official tells the story:

“Mr. David T. Beals has since the formation of the War Finance Committee in March, 1943, served as chairman of the Jackson County and Kansas City War Finance Committee, and in this capacity is responsible for the sale of Government Securities in the interims between special Treasury Drives, as well as having the responsibility of conducting the Drives proper. In addition, Mr. Beals has served as Campaign Chairman through all War Bond Drives from the First to the Seventh inclusive with the exception of the Third War Loan Drive, in which Mr. Elmer Pierson served as Campaign Chairman under Mr. Beals.

“There are approximately 10,000 men and women under Mr. Beals’ leadership in the special Treasury Drives, and Kansas City has never failed to meet its assigned quota, and has consistently been one of the leading cities in the country in the sale of Government Securities in its population class.”

And when the current Opportunity Bond Drive was launched in President Truman’s home town, Dave Beals and his workers were once more in action. Their tremendous success set up a peacetime target for all the nation to shoot at.

According to the United States Department of Labor, a worker who earned $11 a week in 1913 now earns $51. For this 460 per cent increase, he works 2.9 hours less per week. In terms of purchasing power, he can buy just twice as much. Your own affairs doubtless parallel this, perhaps exceed it.

Is he twice as happy? Are you?
ST. LOUIS CARDINAL scout, beating the West Coast bushes in search of recruits for the Cardinal farm organization, received a tip on a young American Legion outfielder named Ruzzo who was knocking down the fences in his league.

The scout drove out to see the youngster play and talked with him before the game. This was his first mistake. Had the rookie been unaware of the scout’s presence in the stands that evening, the Cardinals might have signed a real prospect.

But the smooth-cheeked slugger couldn’t resist the desire to prove his baseball worldliness to the scout. As it came his turn to hit in the first inning of the game, the youngster picked up five bats (the total stockpile of his team) and strode to the plate, swinging the five clubs in the best major league tradition. Just before he stepped into the batter’s box, Ruzzo selected the bat he wanted and casually threw the others to one side.

Even as a first attempt, his showmanship was decidedly unsuccessful. Two of the bats fell clear, but the other two described an arc over the rookie’s shoulder and descended with dreadful impact squarely on top of his head. The result was a fractured skull for the outfielder and a disgruntled trip back to his base of operations for the scout.

In his report on the player, the scout commented tersely, “This boy can not only hit the size of his hat—he can hit the hat, too.”

Major league baseball scouts look at hundreds of youngsters like this every year. Few quite so spectacular, perhaps, but all of them striving to impress and start their climb up the ladder of baseball success. Scouts, for the most part unheralded, form the backbone of every major league organ-
organization. Without them, the farm clubs which keep a supply of capable youngsters in a constant process of development would probably wither on the vine.

Of the more than 800 hopefuls who departed for major league training camps this spring, probably 99 percent were turned up by major league ivory hunters in their never-ceasing search for talent.

Today, the average major league team employs about 20 part-time and full-time scouts on a regular contract basis. In addition, the number of "bird dogs" and baseball fans who constantly flood club officials with tips on prospects is so long as to defy counting. Although each club keeps its own roster of bird dogs (talent tipsters who are paid on a commission rather than a contractual basis), the list of self-appointed scouts is almost endless. Usually all of their tips are investigated. Many a major league star has been discovered on the advice of an idolizing uncle or an ecstatic high school coach.

Scouting is a highly competitive field. Often a half-dozen or more ivory hunters may descend on a single, highly touted prep school athlete. One result of this is the bonus system, which has begun to hurt the poorer major league clubs in their most vulnerable spot—the pocketbook. Organized baseball finally recognized the evils of the bonus system officially two years ago by passing a ruling intended to prevent indiscriminate bonus payments by the wealthier clubs.

The rule, reduced to its simplest terms, permits the major league team paying the bonus to farm the bonus player out for one season only before he becomes subject to draft by other big league teams. Thus the bonus player must be able to establish himself as a major leaguer during his second season in organized baseball—a well nigh impossible achievement for the great majority of young ball players. The Bob Fellers who can step right from sandlot ball into a major league job are few and far between.

However, instead of cutting down on bonus payments as it was intended, the rule has resulted in too many fuzzy-cheeked lads, sadly in need of minor league training, trying to feel their way in the big show long before they are ready—simply because their parent clubs neither want nor dare to lose their investments in the rookies.

Two outstanding examples today are pitchers Curt Simmons and Robin Roberts of the Phillies. Simmons, not yet 20, and Roberts, just beyond that tender age, are both real prospects who are gaining the hard way in the majors the practical experience and confidence they should have had the opportunity to pick up in a few seasons of minor league ball.

The paying of bonuses has made the scouts' job doubly difficult. One old-time major league scout sums it up this way:

"These kids are getting too smart for their own good. Bonuses were unheard of when I was playing ball, but now these kids hear so much and read so much about this big money that they get all sorts of inflated ideas about their own value."

"A whole lot of the trouble lies with fond fathers and high school
coaches. They blow these youngsters up, make them think they're a lot better than they really are. As a consequence, when we approach them most of these boys are convinced that they're major leaguers. Actually, they may be average to below Class D players. It makes for a lot of unnecessary dissatisfaction and misunderstanding. They think they're being discriminated against if we assign them to a Class D club because they've had it pounded into them for years that they should start at nothing less than triple-A ball."

But there are still a few unsophisticated lads, not yet versed in the never-never land of bonuses and big money, who are knocking the covers off baseballs in sandlot outposts—and just waiting to be discovered. One such was a boy named Coleski, turned up by another Cardinal scout out on the Kansas prairies.

Coleski packed a terrific wallop and his hitting impressed the scout tremendously. Although the boy could run, he had a limp which he brushed off as the result of a slight injury the day before. But the scout was suspicious; the lad looked good, and he wanted him examined by a doctor. With a member of the Cardinal organization, the common noun doctor is synonymous with Robert Hyland of St. Louis, so the scout suggested Coleski go to St. Louis to see Doctor Hyland.

Coleski was more than willing to make the trip. He had never been more than ten miles away from home in his whole 18 years. The scout gave the boy railroad fare, the address of the Cardinal office in St. Louis, his blessing, and sent him on his way.

Coleski arrived in St. Louis without incident, and found his way to Sportsman's Park after an exciting morning of streetcar riding. However, once he arrived at the ball park, Coleski was faced with a problem. He was confronted by two offices, one of which belonged to the St. Louis Browns, the other, the Cardinals. Coleski was a trifle confused. He wasn't sure which office he had been sent to. Or at least so he later claimed.

Coleski selected the nearest one, which happened to belong to the Browns. There he told a startled front office executive that he had been sent in by a scout whose name he couldn't recall. The officials were dubious, but unwilling to allow any possible talent to slip through their fingers. The Browns were working out that morning, and Coleski was sent down and told to display his wares. He did so.

The Browns' management offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving for the kind fate which had dispatched this boy to them, and they signed him on the spot. It was months before the Cardinal scout discovered what had happened to Coleski.

But turning up unproven talent isn't the scout's only job. He must follow his players' progress up through
the reaches of the minor leagues and be prepared to report on a player when the front office must decide whether to move him ahead, deal for him, or leave him where he is subject to draft from other major league teams.

The scout must be able to pass judgment on a player’s talents often times with only a brief observation to assist him. And these judgments are seldom based on anything so prosaic as batting or pitching averages. The statistical record of a player’s performance is relatively unimportant to the scout’s estimate of a player’s ability. A .350 hitter at Sauk Center may be passed up for a .260 batsman from Ipswitch because the latter player has been gifted with a better throwing arm, more speed, and such less tangible qualities as “stomach” and “hustle.”

A player whom a scout insists looks like a natural hitter and has baseball “sense” will be moved steadily up the ladder, even though his record appears unimpressive. A number of present-day greats had poor records in the minor leagues but came to the top because they “looked like ball players” and the management chose to take the scout’s word and gamble on latent talent.

This is especially true of pitchers. Morton Cooper, Al Brazle and Charley Barrett, to name but a few, turned in singularly unimpressive won and lost records in the minor leagues. But they had the stuff that big league pitchers are made of and talent scouts, trained by years of observation, could see in them qualities a cold appraisal of statistics could never show.

It’s a fascinating business, the handling of human baseball ivory. And if one Musial or Williams or Feller emerges from the thousands of miles traveled and the months of concerted effort each year turned in by the scouting corps—then the whole system has justified itself and proved once more the scout’s place as a vital cog in the complicated machinery of organized baseball.

The housewife placed the new box of candy on the pantry shelf where, she thought, it would be out of sight and beyond temptation. But when she returned that afternoon to get a piece, she discovered the whole second layer was gone.

Suspecting the new cook, the housewife investigated. Sure enough, the missing candy was neatly packed in a paper bag with the cook’s other belongings. But the housewife was kind and willing to forgive and forget, so she didn’t say anything. She merely replaced the candy in the box.

After dinner that night, the cook announced she was quitting, then and there.

“But why, Ella?” asked the puzzled housewife.

“Well, ma’am, I just won’t work for folks what steals back.”

“I cannot see why you esteem the character of Wordsworth so highly,” a friend once remarked to the poet, Coleridge. “He appears to me to be a very small man.”

“I don’t wonder that he does,” rejoined Coleridge. “He runs so far ahead of us that he dwarfs himself in the distance.”
You can overcome indigestion and gastric disorders without resorting to drugs or quack nostrums. You can organize your brain, your nerves, and your stomach into one smooth-working unit which will insure a longer and happier life.

"ULCERS for executives" seems to be the uncharitable motto of the modern business world. In this great day of social security, unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, and so forth, it is the executive who seems to be "the forgotten man." If things prosper, the firm declares a bonus for all the employees. If business dries up, the executive is to blame. The board of directors is ready to roast him on the spit; the stockholders openly suspect him of graver things than incompetence. He is the one man who is supposed to make something out of nothing; he is the Grand Keeper of the

Rabbits that are supposed to be drawn out of the silk hat.

If he were not a man of superior intelligence and superior abilities, he would not be in the executive position. If he were not a man of conscience and integrity, he would not hold the position long. These are commendable qualities, but the irony of it all is that it is because of his good qualities that he must suffer. His nervous system is particularly vulnerable to the disturbing influences of emotional tension, chronic fear and indecision. It is no wonder that over 60 per cent of those suffering from ulcers are business executives. That is the sad part of the situation. The most valuable minds must bear the brunt of any jarring of the business machinery. This, too, is what happens to an exquisite watch. The first part to be thrown out of gear by vibration or shock is the mainspring; it is not the hands, not the case—but the mainspring.

Reprinted from "Nervous Stomach Trouble" by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers. Copyright 1940 by Joseph F. Montague.
Someone once said, "You can get along with a wooden leg but you cannot get along with a wooden head." This sounds smart, but the fact of the matter is that, at least so far as statistics on nervous stomach trouble are concerned, the people with the wooden heads have much better stomachs. Being a blockhead apparently has its compensations, since the "not so bright" people rarely get stomach ulcers or any other of the organic troubles resulting from overwrought nervous systems.

Fortunately, "ulcers" of the stomach is a rare condition. Usually only one ulcer is present at a time. However, you will probably be astounded to know that about one in ten of the entire population suffers at one time or another from what is known as chronic peptic ulcer. Professor Wilkie of Edinburgh has recently submitted statistics to show that during the past 20 years the frequency of this disease has greatly increased.

These ulcers are nothing more than open sores which occur either in the stomach or in the duodenum, the first portion of the small intestine. Naturally, because of its position, such an ulcer is subjected to the irritation of digestive juices, food particles, and the motions of the food canal, known as peristalsis.

Men are more liable to duodenal ulcer than are women, though stomach ulcer affects both men and women in equal degree. The condition is comparatively rare in youth. Most individuals affected are between the ages of 30 and 50 years.

The exact cause of stomach ulcers is not known. It used to be thought that, for some reason, the digestive juices of the stomach went "haywire" and began to digest the stomach itself. This is not plausible, for in a perfectly normal stomach the gastric juice will not digest its lining membrane.

However, it is well known that if a prolonged spasm of blood vessels occurs in any one area, the vitality of the tissue cells in this area is greatly lowered, and it is now believed that once this vitality has been lowered the gastric juice digests the devitalized tissue and leaves a small open sore known as an ulcer.

A prolonged spasm of the blood vessels is brought about by nervous activity, and it is known that with nerve fatigue such as follows mental strain, worry, and emotional upsets, the work of the nervous system becomes disorganized. This leads to overactivity of certain nerves supplying areas in the stomach and results in a spasm of the blood vessels in its wall. Spasm reduces the blood supply, depriving the tissue of nourishment. In a small area the tissue cells may actually starve to death. This condition, in conjunction with the action of the digestive juices in the stomach, leads to the formation of the ulcer.

Such an explanation fits in quite well with the very general observation that some individuals are peculiarly liable to ulcer formation. These are the high-strung, nervous people who try to do too much, people who drive themselves—and others. They have more than their normal supply of acid in the stomach; the motions of their stomach and intestines are far more active than is normal.

Certainly, it is no wonder that
stomach ulcers have shown such a remarkable increase in recent years. Hurried, irregular meals, uncontrolled and excessive smoking, senseless use of alcohol, lack of exercise and relaxation—aided and abetted by the stress, strain, and worry of our civilized life—all contribute to bigger and better statistics on nervous stomach trouble.

Today's social atmosphere is an electrified one. Everything is hurry. Everything is top speed. We are galvanized to the idea of split-second decision. We are living in the fantasy of photo finishes. The surge of modern life sweeps into the whirlpool of strenuous living. Everyone tries to keep up with the Joneses, even though the Joneses themselves are not going any place in particular.

We get our morning papers the night before; our evening papers are available in the morning. News events are released on the screen almost as soon as they happen; when television is completely established they will be released when they happen. Modern businesses are geared to mass production; workmen function under ever-increasing speed-ups; executives wear themselves out trying to figure a season ahead of the current one; traffic roars in our ears; telephones jangle the serenity out of many a home; neighborhood radios mutilate the quiet suburban air; everything is high-tensioned, high-pressured. Scientists can prove that all these high tensions induce emotional tension, often of an unconscious variety; but you need not take the word of scientists—just search in your own experience and you will recognize the voltage of modern-day vitality.

"Ulcer of the stomach?" said one of my patients to me recently. "That's what you get from what you eat, isn't it, Doctor?"


It is high time we realized that emotions are not simple mental processes but that they are accompanied by marked activity in distant parts of the body. The greater the emotion, the greater these effects will be. These remote activities in the stomach and intestines are just as much a part of what we know as emotion as are the conscious sensations we call our feelings. It is quite understandable, therefore, that if these bodily changes recur frequently enough, or are continued long enough, they can easily give rise to permanent changes in the organ in which they are taking place. Matters of mind can become, and do become, very definite material matters. Even our subconscious likes and dislikes, repressed wishes and desires, if accompanied by marked feeling, as well as intense emotional upheavals or prolonged states of emotional tension, can give rise to definite conditions we now regard as organic diseases. Peptic ulcer is one of these.
Peptic ulcer has long been regarded as a definite organic disease, and within the medical profession controversy has long existed as to whether it should be treated medically or surgically. An impartial observer might, with logic, wish a plague on both their houses, for the results of treatment along these lines alone has, until recently, been quite disappointing. Relapses are all too frequent, and recurrences arise to mock the pronouncement of cure. There is no doubt that diet is essential in most cases, and that surgery may be necessary in some; but in all, there is the unrecognized factor of a basic cause which has so far eluded detection.

Nearly all authorities stress the importance of worry in connection with ulcers. Since we know that both the secretion of digestive juices and the movements of the stomach are greatly influenced by the emotions, and since these disturbances of function play so large a part in the production of the ulcer, they must be considered equally along with medical or possible surgical treatment. Indeed, in my own experience, I have found that the great majority of peptic-ulcer cases can be remedied without surgery.

Here is the case of a fine chap. He meant well. But somehow he always started out late in the morning—not very late, perhaps only ten or twenty minutes. But this put him in a frame of mind that just about ruined the day. Of course, he missed his regular train. And even at that he had no time to shave. When he got to the office, he naturally felt rather sheepish and also somewhat handicapped in getting his day’s work under control. This made him pinch a little time on the lunch hour, so that instead of a half-hour, he ate a half-hour’s lunch in ten minutes, thus saving time—but not his stomach! In the middle of the afternoon he felt kind of washed out, but by will power kept going until the business day was ended. Then, in a rather sour mood, he was indeed the tired business man. By the time the day was over, he no more enjoyed the pleasurable events of a social evening than if he had been drafted for foreign service in the next war. Oh, yes, he had indigestion. That was one thing he positively could count on. It was due to ulcers, said he. He had always been subject to them.

However, no X-rays could show an ulcer, and no ordinary examination could prove an ulcer; but he surely had the symptoms. A little conspiracy, in which his wife was a partner, deprived him of a half-hour’s sleep in the morning, and after two weeks of enforced punctuality in getting started, he just knew that the new pills which had just been imported for his especial benefit had cured his ulcers. Needless to say, the pills had nothing to do with it.

Certainly we know that worry is nothing but chronic fear, and we have already seen what a profound effect fear can have upon the sympathetic nervous system. With this delicate special nervous system deranged, sooner or later disorder and destruction in the stomach tissue itself will follow.

Curiously enough, ulcers are not likely to occur in everybody. They appear to affect a certain type of individual just as certain types of indi-
Individuals seem to have a tendency toward tuberculosis and other types have a tendency toward high blood pressure. Draper, of Columbia University, has shown that this is true—that there is an ulcer type of person. He is the kind of a fellow who insists on taking life the hard way. He is the worry type, and the fact that he is this type explains the frequent relapses he is prone to suffer throughout his life. Emotional episodes precipitate a recurrence. How important it is, therefore, that these people should be protected from the emotional disturbances that produce, or tend to produce, the condition! How important it is that they should be guarded from extreme excitement, shocking episodes, depressing circumstances and constant hurrying about! Sooner or later, most of these persons who play both ends against the middle end up with a pain right there. Yes, indeed, it is a strong stomach that has no turning.

**Biographical Bits**

**Senator Arthur Vandenberg** was once fired from a job because he played hookey to watch a parade.

**Undersecretary of State Robert Lovett** has an all-silk cravat hand-painted with a scantily attired hula-hula dancer.

**Hedy Lamarr** is one of the best poker players in Hollywood.

**Esther Williams** has a bathing suit made out of mink.

**Bob Carpenter**, owner of the Phillies ball club, who was a millionaire Army sergeant during the war, was once restricted from liberty for a week for an unheard of offense—failing to show up for an Army pay call.

**Perry Como**, the crooner, once gave a free concert with each 40-cent haircut in his barbership in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

**Fannie Hurst**, the authoress, was born in the same room as her mother, because her mother had traveled all the way from St. Louis to Hamilton, Ohio, to make that coincidence possible.

**Francis X. Bushman**, at the height of his fame as a movie matinee idol, had 18 secretaries answering his fan mail.

**Congressman Sol Bloom** started earning his living at the age of seven.

**General Eisenhower** was a frustrated Naval Academy aspirant; he went to West Point after Annapolis had turned him down because he was a few months over the age limit.

**Walter Brennan**, upon his release from the Army after World War I, bought a farm in Guatemala and started raising pineapples.

**Franklin Delano Roosevelt** made the football squad at Groton, although not the first team.

**James Whitcomb Riley** first got his poems published by signing Edgar Allan Poe’s name to them.

**Edward III of England** set such store by frying pans that he kept them among the royal jewels.

**Hobart Bosworth**, the character actor, has acted in 526 pictures, or an average of better than one every three weeks for the past 28 years.

**President Calvin Coolidge** never let his chauffeur drive faster than 16 miles an hour.—**Harold Helfer.**
"I'd like to collect the deposit on a few bottles."
It's that year again!

by RUSSELL M. BALL

CATCHING the prospecting fever, a Michigan truck farmer abandons his home, his wife, his children and goes hunting for pay dirt. "He's got the fever bad," says his wife.

A Detroit taxi driver pushes on day and night to reach a new location after hearing of a rich strike. Eventually he abandons his cab, plods through the wilderness—to disappointment. He is not alone.

Just as thousands of gold-hungry men and women left their homes and families a century ago to swarm to the California gold fields, so are modern Americans abandoning their businesses and homes as they catch the prospector's zeal.

The century wheel has turned a full circle, and the spokes are strangely familiar. Only now the dust in men's eyes isn't yellow; it's black. It's uranium ore.

To stimulate the searchers and meet an urgent need for the raw material of atomic furnaces, the United States Atomic Energy Commission is offering $10,000 for a claim yielding 20 tons of uranium ore. The Canadian government will pay $5,500 a ton.

Canadian claims may be staked on any unmapped and unclaimed land; but, in the United States, federal law prevents prospectors from staking claims to radioactive ores on government property. For this reason the greatest rush has been northward.

Despite the more sober, scientific approach of uranium search, many "get-rich-quickers" lose control of their reason and common sense. Even old gold prospectors are on the move with pickax, bedroll, Geiger counter, and burning eyes.

In Detroit, Michigan, restless fortune hunters are moving up to Canadian sites in droves and without forethought.

A big rush was started last fall when Bob Campbell, a Toronto mining engineer, struck rich ore on Lake Superior, 70 miles north of the Canadian Soo. In a few days, hundreds of frenzied prospectors were digging at
Alona Bay, near the first find. In two weeks, 800 claims were filed. Today, 1,500 claims are on record and 19 square miles have been claimed for mining.

And farther north in Anchorage, Alaska, the population is still swelling as a result of strikes made two years ago; but the staking of new claims has slackened its pace since the Canadian strike now looks better.

Carnonite ores of the Colorado plateau and of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico have come in for a large share of prospecting attention, too. Durango, Colorado, with 8,500 inhabitants, is preparing itself for the fast pace of a "uranium center."

Around each of these sites, boom towns, tent cities and inflation have followed in the wake of discovery. Like their hundred-year-old ancestors, restaurants are serving $50 steaks and $1.50 hamburgers. Whiskey and wild, wild women are back too, with bars offering drinks that pack a real wallop. A cocktail called "Mucker's Special" is laying 'em low in Frater, Ontario, a small Canadian town in the middle of the uranium area.

In spite of the many temptations and pitfalls, sober individuals are successful in applying new methods of scientific discovery. Geiger counters have replaced the old "sluicers" in the tool kits of atomic age prospectors.

These counters have been designed to fit in a space as small as an ordinary lunch box, and can be homemade for about $50.

A prospector wearing the head-phones of his detector hears a steady click-click in the vicinity of radioactive substance. Bringing the counter near a suspicious rock may increase this ominous clicking to a rapid static.

False alarms are common, though, for a small radium-dial watch will make the counter go off like a machine gun, and the counter is no detector of quantity.

Atom ore prospectors have other obstacles between them and riches. A strike is worthless unless the government is satisfied that it is rich enough to mine profitably.

In the United States, the yield is from six to ten per cent uranium from ore, but in Canada, where the land is uncharted and the going much rougher, 60 per cent uranium has been found in the ore.

With the approach of summer, still more prospectors push eagerly toward the Arctic Circle, earphones clicking, searching for their strike.

Some will get rich, most will get discouraged, but as one old sourdough says, "When the fever hits, there ain't no help. Ya allus find somethin'. Sometimes it's jest a new way o' livin'."

An English writer, Joseph Needham, explains his conception of our democracy in this way:

"To me, the essence of American democratic feeling is the story of the transcontinental train conductor who was told that Lord Halifax would be traveling on the train and that he would find the Ambassador very democratic and easy to get along with. To which the conductor replied, 'Well, he will find me just the same.'"
by THEODORE LANDAU and GEORGE MILLER

A bunch of practical dreamers thinks up things that might happen—and sees to it that they don't.

THE strap hangers push toward the doors as the subway slows for the station. The train jolts to a halt short of the platform. A conductor hurries through the car.

"Say, what's wrong with this train?" a passenger exclaims angrily. "I'm in a hurry!"

The conductor is silent. At the front of the car, he opens the door of the engineer's booth and steps in. A few seconds later, the train inches slowly into the station.

The Dead Man's Grip has averted another tragedy. Instead of racing into a collision, the train stopped, its brakes automatically locking as the stricken engineer's grip on the controls relaxed.

In another city, halfway across the country, a man complains to the pretty girl operating an express elevator. "I asked for the 32nd floor, miss!"

The operator's hand tightens on the useless lever. The cable has snapped! The car begins to plunge toward the lobby 300 feet below. The girl's face stiffens as the flashing floor numbers above the door trace the increasing speed of their fall. Then a sudden upward thrust against the passengers' feet—the automatic safety brakes have taken hold. The operator draws a deep breath as the car halts between floors.

"It's nothing, folks," she smiles reassuringly. "Must have been a power failure. We'll be out of here in a few minutes."
There is a factory in a town 1,000 miles away from these two cities. One night, after the building is closed, a thin thread of smoke snakes upward from a trash basket. Slowly the smoke thickens; then flames lap hungrily at floor, walls, work table. The heat grows intense.

Suddenly, water floods the room. A soft metal plug in a concealed sprinkler outlet has melted. Firemen answer the automatic alarm, ready to battle a factory blaze. They find only a few charred timbers in the corner of the room; everything else, protected by the quick shower of water, is safe and unharmed.

These are some of the dramatic results of a new profession developed during the last 35 years—safety engineering. The impetus was provided in 1912, when Massachusetts passed a workmen's compensation law, the first of a procession of states to enact such legislation. Insurance companies began writing compensation policies for industry, and safety engineering evolved: first to reduce compensation cases, and later to save lives and increase production.

The field was new. There was no pool of experts ready to take over. The ground-breakers just "drifted" into safety engineering.

Take Emil Mauser, an engineer in the fire insurance division of Marsh and McLennan, large New York insurance brokers. Mauser was talking to a client one day about fire prevention devices. The man interrupted him.

"Look, Mauser, I just got a bill for my compensation insurance. It's pretty steep. Do you know any way to cut it?"

"That's not my field," Mauser said. "Don't you have any safety advisers?"

"We just took out insurance a few years ago when the state passed workmen's compensation. I've never seen a safety specialist."

Mauser rubbed his chin. "Maybe I can help you; I've an engineering background. Let's look through your plant."

Hours later, he returned to his office and conferred with a compensation insurance director. He told the director what he'd seen at that one factory, pointed out that many accidents in such plants are avoidable.

"Let's find out," the director said. "You're an engineer. Would you like to tackle some of the plants we handle and see if you can cut the accident rates?"

That was 15 years ago. Today the Marsh and McLennan firm has a large safety engineering department, in which Emil Mauser is a key man.

But not all safety men started as engineers. Twenty-five years ago, a New Orleans shipyard mechanic was watching eight bodies being carried from a ship's boiler. A defective cable had grounded a fatal 220-volt current through the iron plates of the boiler.

The mechanic shuddered and turned to his helper. "Come on, Tom, let's get back to work."

A few minutes later the mechanic stared as Tom's body jerked convulsively, then collapsed. He noticed the blackened mark on a broken light bulb where the ship's current had shorted through the man.
“Get the doctor!” he shouted. “Tom’s been electrocuted!” In half an hour the doctor arrived. “The bulb broke as he tightened it,” the mechanic explained.

Examining the blue-faced victim, the doctor looked up. “He died of suffocation. When he was shocked, he swallowed his tongue. If you had known first aid you could have saved him.”

“If I had known . . .” the mechanic repeated slowly. “Why wasn’t I taught? Why do we get these defective bulbs and bad cables? Why isn’t something done about them?” He looked at the doctor. “I’m quitting.”

That angry mechanic was M. J. Pitre, a pioneer in safety engineering. Largely through his efforts as head of the safety department of the Fidelity and Casualty Insurance Company, we have waterproof cables, shipyard equipment specifications and compulsory first aid training for personnel working with electrical equipment.

The early safety men had to learn by direct experience; they developed analytical methods. Pitre likes to tell new engineers in his company about one case in particular.

A cleaning plant filed a death benefit claim. An employee had died of carbon tetrachloride poisoning. The victim was a spotter, who had been using carbon tet daily for years in removing stains.

“I’m sure it’s not our fault,” the manager said uneasily as the engineer examined the plant.

“The important thing is to make sure that another man isn’t killed,” the safety engineer replied. “Was this spotting always done here in the basement?”

“No. We used to do it on the first floor. Last year we rearranged the plant.”

“No injuries before that from carbon tet?”

“None.”

Glancing at the exhaust fan at the other end of the room, the engineer said, “Send down a spotter. I want to watch him work.”

Half an hour later the safety man unpacked some apparatus and began testing the air over the spotter’s head. He nodded and turned to the manager. “How was this unit located upstairs? Part of a larger room?”

The manager nodded.

“When you moved down here,” the safety man continued, “you moved into a smaller space without a natural circulation of air. You put in an exhaust fan for ventilation purposes, but it wasn’t enough. The air I tested showed a high concentration of carbon tetrachloride. Not enough to give the man any warning but enough to accumulate in his system and cause slow poisoning. That is what killed your man. I’ll draw up specifications for an exhaust fan and hood for the spotter to work under. That’ll draw off the fumes, and he’ll be safe.”

Pitre tells another story that illustrates the ingenuity of safety engineers. He calls it “The Case of the Lethal Milk.” A man had been killed in a powdered milk plant. A jet of
milk, under 3,000 pounds pressure, had ripped through his chest like a solid rod. Where had the fatal jet come from? The nozzle was locked in an evaporation chamber and examination showed no hose puncture.

Pitre’s engineers checked carefully, learned the nozzle joints had “leaked” under the terrific pressure. The milk had forced its way through the threaded connections where the nozzle joined the hose. The safety men found an answer. They re-designed the joints so they fit at an angle and any future leaks would be directed harmlessly at the floor.

As this illustrates, safety engineering is an endless hunt for the minute, unnoticed flaws in industrial material, design or procedure that can result in injury, death or economic loss.

The modern safety engineer doesn’t do much guessing. He has a carefully organized body of information available. A specialist, he uses the work of other specialists—chemists, doctors, metallurgists—to solve safety problems. When he examines a plant or a piece of equipment, his analysis is complete and carefully planned. A detailed questionnaire covers every conceivable accident.

Is the building fireproof? Will smoke cut off safety exits? Remembering the disastrous Coconut Grove fire, where hundreds died because they were too panicky to back up enough to let the door open, your engineer adds, “Do the doors open outward? Are air conditioning intakes far from the basement, so smoke from a fire won’t be distributed through the building?”

If the guards on machinery have been designed to protect the sturdy hands of a man, do they protect the slim hands of a girl operator as well?

A safety man at work seems “hard boiled” and practical. But one may also call him a visionary and a dreamer. One of his jobs is to dream up things that might happen—then see that they don’t.

What appears more unlikely than light bulbs exploding above the orderly rows of dough troughs in a bakery? But wire mesh bulb guards make sure there’s no ground glass in your morning toast.

In the summer, movie houses advertise “15 degrees cooler inside.” What would happen if the air conditioning broke down and the refrigerant leaked into a crowded theatre? Safety-conscious chemists developed a refrigerant that is odorless and nontoxic, to use in place of the dangerous ammonia gas.

To open a taxi door, the handle must be raised so the casual weight of an elbow can’t spill a startled passenger into the street. To protect the toes of office wives, safety men put catches on file drawers so they can’t be pulled completely out. They tipped the jets on drinking fountains to prevent germ-spreading by water falling back on the spout. To make
hurrying safe, they protected floors with the new non-skid waxes, and stairs with abrasive edges.

“This attention to detail is the key to the success of safety engineering,” says Paul V. Stricker, executive vice president of the American Society of Safety Engineers. “The little items make the big totals on the accident listings. To a skilled safety man nothing is trivial.”

Another point Stricker emphasizes concerns “over-protection,” long a sore spot with industrialists who object to the added costs.

“Where lives are at stake, there can be no over-protection,” says Stricker; and he continues to install multiple safety devices.

The value of over-protection was underscored dramatically one foggy July morning in 1946.

A twin-engined Army bomber bumbled blindly over New York City. The pilot gave up trying to see through the heavy overcast and focused his attention on the instrument panel. Two seconds later, the great plane plunged into the 79th floor of the Empire State Building.

Inside the building, Betty Lou Oliver leaned against the side of the elevator. “Eightieth floor,” she called. As the car emptied, she glanced at her watch. Ten o’clock. Two hours until lunch.

Then the crash shivered the elevator shaft. The car buckled, the air was sharp with smoke. The elevator rocketed downward.

Betty Lou’s eyes widened as she watched the floors race past. She screamed.

When the plane hit the building, one flaming engine had cut through the elevator shaft, severing all eight cables connected with the car. The safety cable dangled uselessly. The car fell the full 80 stories to the bottom of the shaft.

Betty Lou walked out of the wrecked elevator. Some explain her survival by saying she “had a direct line to God.” Others credit the safety engineers who had installed an auxiliary set of powerful spring bumpers below the car.

Safety engineers get an occasional chuckle also. Several years ago a swanky Philadelphia hotel filed a series of claims with its insurance broker for injuries caused by falling glass. The company sent a safety engineer to investigate.

He reached Philadelphia on a sticky August afternoon. Checking into his room at the hotel, he hurriedly opened the French casement windows and swung the door wide to let the breeze circulate. The sudden draft snapped the windows shut with a crash that shattered the panes, and deadly shards of glass knifed toward the sidewalk eight floors below. The safety engineer hurried to the manager’s office.

“This building was designed wrong,” he said bluntly. “You ought to change the windows.”

The manager stiffened. “Over a million dollars was spent on this hotel,” he said. “The country’s best designers worked on the plans. We won’t change the windows.”

“It is a beautiful building.” The safety man was tactful. “If you don’t want to change them, how about putting wire mesh in the glass, so if they break they won’t fall out?”
"Wire mesh!" the manager snorted. "This is a hotel, not a chicken coop!"

So the matter remained deadlocked, until laminated safety glass was perfected. By using this glass with its invisible plastic binder, esthetic as well as safety requirements were satisfied.

Today, safety is no longer a by-product of technical advances in other fields. As a result of their war experience, industrialists are demanding that their engineers have specialized training in safety methods.

The wartime impetus dates back to 1942, when a ranking Army officer walked into the recently organized Center for Safety Education, a branch of New York University's Division of General Education.

"We need 5,000 safety engineers in a hurry," he said. "We're responsible for production in the war plants and accidents are costing us too much of our output."

Dr. Walter A. Cutter, the Center's administrative chief, looked at him. "How can we help?"

"We want you to train them for us."

Dr. Cutter and Dr. Herbert Stack, the director of the Center, glanced at each other.

"We're not engineers," Dr. Cutter said. "I'm a psychologist. We're just starting to investigate the human elements in safety engineering."

The officer's smile was a bit grim. "We're in a war, gentlemen," he said. "We don't have the luxury of time. We need your help."

"All right," Dr. Stack said. "We'll train them."

In a few months, the Center had contacted leading industrial safety engineers and, with their cooperation, set up intensive 96-hour training courses. To this effort an important part of our brilliant war production record can be credited. The Center's 71 classes sent a wave of safety-conscious engineers and inspectors back to industry with a practical message of the value of safety in terms of employee morale and increased production.

As the result of this wartime experience, engineering schools give basic safety methods courses to all their students, and the staff at the Center for Safety Education is working on outlines of more advanced courses.

As mechanical safeguards were perfected, safety engineers made a startling discovery. Despite improved equipment, only 15 per cent of the total accident toll was eliminated.

To understand why, let's go back to a spring morning in 1947. We are at the harbor of a bustling Gulf port watching smoke belch from a listing French freighter, the Grand Camp. A flame shoots skyward. There is a great thunderclap. The Grand Camp and its cargo of explosive nitrates vanish. A wave of blazing oil smears flame along the dock area and the compact community of chemical plants, oil refineries and storage tanks blows up around us like a chain of giant firecrackers.

So began the Texas City holocaust which wiped out half a city, killed or injured 3,650 people and caused damage running into hundreds of millions of dollars.

The Coast Guard's official report has traced that terrible tragedy to the (Continued on page 74)
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN

by BERNARD A. IDE

I PLAYED the record over again. The first time I had heard it in the record shop there had been nothing. It had been one of three or four little belching wells of sound that crossed and snarled in the tiny room; an old scratchy Caruso bellowing ineffectually against a clean new print of Sinatra's latest. Besides, I had kept the volume down because I knew no one would understand an interest in such a corny, colorless item as an old press of a 1931 Cole Porter number. Once I got it home there was still disappointment. It was undeniably the same record I had heard 17 years ago, but something had hardened in my brain, some vibrant sensitivity was gone from my auditory nerves. It was just an old corny recording I had heard somewhere before.

Now it was cleaving a little deeper. Most of it was still dull and meaningless, but fleeting scraps were filtering through. Something in the breathless phrasing of the vocalist as he went into the first line of the chorus: "Where have you been? Oh, baby, where have you been? My life was a losing fight, until that lucky night . . ." pressed a nerve somewhere and the whole human ganglion shuddered with a sense of being hemmed in by the dank, forgotten weather of 1932.

I WAS 15 that year. Two days before my birthday, early March, the first raw beginnings of early spring both chilled and excited the wakeful flesh. Dad had gone seven miles into town to get the
doctor's report. I waited in the front room just outside the open door of the bedroom. Mother hadn't made a sound for nearly an hour. Just twice

more distinct, methodically racing with its own echoes, until it reached its full identity and came to a loudly gunned stop in front of the house. I knew the shape of the next few moments: the fumbling silence for maybe ten seconds, then the small handful of buckling sounds as the door was opened, the heavy step on and off the running board, another slender silence, then the sharp, outflung sound of the slammed door. As my father's footsteps came up the gravelled walk, heavy and completely alone in the silent evening, I felt the full vacuum of the fear that had been growing inside my stomach. Not a suspense; though I would never have given it words, hope had taken its last refuge in the reprieve given by time and the continuity of event. There was nothing between me and the final knowledge now but the last few steps and the opened door. The fear held its shape another instant, then, when I heard his hand on the doorknob, it bulged grotesquely and I leaped to my feet. Rushing to the door, I grasped the knob with both hands, flattening myself against the panel.

"Don't come in!" I shouted. "Pop! Pop! Please don't come in and tell me."

I was crying, completely crumbled, completely selfish in the one necessity to keep the shape of his face, the sound of his voice away from me. I felt his hand release the knob, felt all the pressure sink away from the other side of the door and knew in that instant there was nothing more to fight, nothing left to push away. The first thought that flowed in on the

there had been a slow sighing of the bedsprings as she turned over. For nearly a year now, the pains had been coming back. It had been six years since the operation had gashed the entire right side of her body, following the deeply-printed tentacles of the octopus-like cancer. Her recovery from so fantastic an operation had seemed a complete dismissal of any possibility of the dreaded thing returning. So when the first blunted twinges began arising from the scarred darkness, they had been rationalized away until nothing but stubborn refusal to believe could stem the reality of the concentrated agony into which they had settled during the last month. Now three days had passed since the moment of surrender when Dad had taken her to the doctor.

I could hear the tinny cutta-cutta of my father's model T as it turned off the highway a half-mile down the road. I listened fascinated as the sound broadened, then died away altogether, re-occurring again even wider and
backwash of reaction was the utter cruelty I had committed by awakening mother from the sleep that had come to be so precious to her. Then I heard her call me. Her voice had taken on a peculiar baritone quality that I have since heard several times in women who in a time of extreme duress have seemed to sink to a quiet controlled level below the upper storm regions of emotion.

"Ernest." She called again. I walked slowly into her room. "Ernest," she said, wriggling to get her head propped higher on the pillow. "Can’t you see it’s harder for Poppa than any of us?"

"You slept good for awhile, didn’t you, Mom?" I buried my face in the pillow beside her. "You didn’t groan once, Mom . . ."

Her mouth went wry with a shaft of pain and her voice caught on a hard hook as she tried to speak.

"No, Doll, I—I didn’t."

Father came in the room, and stood for a moment. Mother didn’t ask him one way or the other, just looked up and smiled. Father sat down, caught his hands together hard in front of his face, stared at them a moment and spoke slowly.

"You see, Ilah, he told me. The doctor told me you’d better be taken to San Francisco to a specialist . . ."

He had loosed it: the raw knowledge was finally there and, for a time, it gave all of us a kind of relief.

"That’s why I was afraid to go to see him, Dan," she said. "I knew what had happened all the time, but I didn’t want anybody naming it for me. Dan, I think the worst part of it is over—for all of us."

AND INDEED it was over. I have never seen anyone face death quite the way mother managed it from then on. Quietly and methodically she spent the next few days having long talks with me, explaining all the things she felt she may have overlooked in the past. Over my frantic protestations of hope, she told me all she thought I should know about the history of the family, the relationship existing between the various members, why my father’s family had practically disowned him for marrying a Protestant girl. She even gave me a detailed picture of my birth, drawing it together with a complete straightening out of my own weird understanding of sex and parturition. Then she spent a day walking about the house, poking and prying into every corner and cupboard; another walking slowly over every square yard of the 25 acres on which she had been born 50 years before, memorizing every swale and contour of the thick, rich adobe soil. The morning we left for the city, she seemed content to give not a single backward glance, chatting enthusiastically about the trip, and where we would eat once we got to San Francisco. About the rest, I remember very little. I can’t help feeling that the last time I saw her was when I kissed her goodbye on the hospital steps. The slow weeks afterward when the opiates fought with the eating pain over the tough prize of her body, seem lumped in a single static tableau; all motion, particularity, and continuity seem to have gone out of my remembrance of it. I do remember the night they told me she died. I had gone to sleep, my childish hopes finally worn
completely away by the day to day monotony of watching her disintegration. The utter unfamiliarity of wide awake voices at three in the morning tingled into my sleep and the instant I came to consciousness, I knew why and what they would have so carefully to say to me. Detail becomes indistinct here, but I recall that it was raining, and that I had a sudden pitying sense of the wide loneliness of wet, untended earth and sky.

I lit a cigarette and took the record off the turn-table, sticking it in an empty space in the record rack. Sitting on the bed, I tried to get a picture of my mother’s face. Besides wondering at the fact that the one key to the carefully cemented past would be a waxed impression of a completely irrelevant pop tune that had been dinned into my ears during that time, I was amazed, yet not appalled, at how completely she had become lost and legendary to me. I tried to trace back to the point where here: this day and hour the final scrap of the pattern had closed over her.

I fingered the bandage over my right eye and gently opened the door into the next room. Jerry was still sleeping: the record didn’t seem to have bothered him. I had come no closer to knowledge or understanding this evening. The years in their slow erasure of an old pain leave us with no clear remembrance of the shape and nature of that pain: we are as raw and unlearned as ever in the face of a new anguish. Trying to reverse my journey into the labyrinthine path that led away from the only other tragedy in my life had rewarded me with not so much as a single landmark or blazed signpost. I was too close to it anyway: only four days. Only four days since the sudden blinding flash of careening headlights over the hillock of the bridge, the desperate, sightless moment of slewing and side-wheeling and the quick, blunt explosion of car against car. Jerry was just three years old, but only tonight he had complained that I didn’t know how to read his bedtime story to him right, and why didn’t his mother do it any more?

SAFETY—MEN AT WORK

(Continued from page 70)

human element—a sailor sneaking a forbidden smoke.

Now that safety engineers are perfecting mechanical safeguards, they have become increasingly aware of this human factor. Eighty-five out of every hundred accidents, they have discovered, are due to human rather than mechanical failure. The next great step forward in the field of safety will be in human engineering. Having solved the problem of the machine, they must now solve the problem of the man.
Platter Chatter . . .

BE-BOP seems to be losing ground. After several attempts by the "Big Four" to put on wax the best bop artists and to publicize them by extensive advertising campaigns, bop is still no dice with the public. Most ballrooms, including the famed Hollywood Palladium, have inaugurated new policies using sweet-swing bands to replace the bop crews. The explanation for the switch-back is that bop creates too much noise and not enough dollars. However, there is no doubt that be-bop has influenced postwar music and will continue to have an effect for some time to come. But just exactly what form will come out of the confusion is anybody's guess . . . News from here and there . . . Nellie Lutcher, Capitol recording star, will give her colleague, Julia Lee, some tough competition when she arrives in Kansas City in July . . . Sammy Kaye has a possible hit record in the soothing new Victor release, Four Winds and Seven Seas . . . Woody Herman heads for the West Coast after a tour of the Middlewest. Incidentally, Shelly Manne, formerly Stan Kenton's prize drummer, is now in the Herman line-up . . . This summer Phil Harris will be seen about the Fox lot, where he's making a new movie, Wabash Avenue. Ray Bolger's performance in Where's Charley? has won for him the coveted Broadway "Oscar" award, citing his "notable contributions to the current season" . . . Billy Eckstine's popularity is growing day by day. It has been estimated that this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer crooner's income may reach the half million mark this year . . . Frankie Laine continues to woo the public these days, but is battling with his wife. He plans to seek a divorce after several months of separation . . . Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour are heading north on their summer tour. They will appear at the Chicago Theatre in July . . . Betty Hutton, the blonde bombshell, broke her finger during a strenuous dance routine with Fred Astaire. The cause of their activity is a new musical entitled Let's Dance . . . Watch for a new album called Symphonic Portrait of Cole Porter just released by Capitol. It should become a home classic . . . Bing Crosby recently injured his hand while leaping a fence in a scene from his new movie, Riding High.

. . . Sarah Vaughn, now secure with her freshly signed Columbia contract, is pleasing fans in New York City at the new night club, "Bop City" . . . Victor tenor Dennis Day will start a nationwide personal appearance tour the first of this month . . . Oscar Moore, the guitarist formerly with King Cole and now with the Johnny Moore Blazers, is honeymooning with his new wife, Mamie Burke of New York . . . King Cole and his trio are traveling west to play summer dates on the Coast.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Bing Crosby just celebrated his 45th birthday . . . Everywhere You Go was published by Guy Lombardo and recorded by him on Decca. It's a current top seller, but the tune is actually 22 years old . . . Elliot Lawrence, 24-year-old band leader, is now using the electrical instrument known as the theremin in his band.

Highly Recommended . . .

DECCA 24636—Evelyn Knight and the Four Hits and a Miss. It's Too Late Now plus You're So Understanding. Here is memorable styling by Evvie and the smooth five. It's Too Late Now should break into the best seller class with its rhythmic bounce and clever lyrics. The flip is a sentimental ballad that drifts slowly along in a dreamy tempo. An interesting duo!

COLUMBIA 38499—Les Brown and his orchestra. Be-bop Spoken Here and Put Something in the Pot, Boy! Be-bop is
a Les Brown offering designed to please his avid bop fans. The uninitiated probably will be baffled by Stumpy Brown's be-bop patter, but will find it a good way to become acquainted with bop in a hurry. The reverse turns a familiar phrase into a bit of musical fun with humorous effects by Stumpy and the orchestra. Wait till you hear the surprise ending! The younger set will go for this.

VICTOR 20-3459—Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway orchestra. The Four Winds and the Seven Seas with Out of Love. If you like to do your dreaming to a soft musical background, here's the song for you. Four Winds has an unusual touch that should skyrocket it into the hit category. The moody lyrics and echo chamber effect will have you spinning this one over and over. The backside is a mellow ballad with fine vocalizing by a newcomer to the Kaye band—Tony Alamo. Keep your ear on this boy!

CAPITOL 570569—Pee Wee Hunt and his orchestra. Bessie Couldn't Help It plus Clarinet Marmalade. Here's the 12th Street King himself with another winning platter. On the first side Pee Wee explains the woes of poor Bessie, who seems to be getting into all kinds of trouble. You'll chuckle at Bessie's exploits all the way through. The reverse is a solid bit of Dixieland—an old favorite with jazz addicts. Don't miss this hot Dixie done up in the Pee Wee Hunt style.

COLUMBIA 38500—Marjorie Hughes with orchestra under the direction of Hugo Winterhalter. You Told a Lie and You're Mine. Frankie Carle's daughter, Marjorie Hughes, has sung many a hit on her pappy's platters. Now she's on her own and definitely a singer to watch. Rapid progress in polishing her style has established her as a name in her own right. You'll enjoy her tender interpretation of these two ballads. The expert background by Hugo Winterhalter makes this a charming pair for listening.

CAPITOL 57-604—Jo Stafford with Dave Lambert and the vocal choir. Smiles with Jolly Jo. If you're a Stafford fan, you'll definitely be surprised at this platter. It's an entirely new approach by Jo. Proving her versatility, she combines with Dave Lambert—Hollywood's bop expert—to enliven the old tune Smiles. The flip is another hot opus that jumps, but definitely. Jazz fans, welcome Miss Stafford to your ranks!

DECCA 24605—Andrews Sisters and Dan Dailey. Take Me Out to the Ball Game and The Good Old Summertime. You'll like these nostalgic, rousing tunes, especially the way the Andrews Sisters and Dan Dailey sing them. The clever arrangements bring a bright, modern touch to these time-honored oldies. This is Dan Dailey's initial disk with Decca. Everybody ought to like this combination!

VICTOR 20-3466—Fran Warren with orchestral accompaniment. Homework and You Can Have Him. Here's Victor's newest singing star with two poignant ballads. You may remember Homework as an old Irving Berlin Broadway show tune. It seems to be making a promising comeback. The underside is another comparatively unknown Berlin tune sung by Fran. When you hear these tunes, you'll wonder why they've been hiding them from us for so long.

▲

A juke-box company puts its new employee to work as collector of coins from the company's juke-boxes in the local jive spots. For two weeks after he got the job, he failed to show up at the office. Then one day he walked in nonchalantly and said he had lost his key to the boxes.

"Where have you been?" stormed the manager. "You haven't even been around to collect your salary."

"What!" exclaimed the amazed neophyte. "Do I get a salary too?"

Edison Voice Writing.
They’re
BRANDING
Your Baby!

If you’re fed up with getting a number for the draft, for social security, for income tax, for rationing, on your hunting license, your auto tags and your telephone, then pity all the babies born in America on and after January 1 this year.

You at least went to work before you got a social security number, you were a man before selective service stamped you, and you earned at least a few hundred dollars before the income tax bureau numbered you. But now all a person has to do to get a number, according to Halbert L. Dunn, chief of the National Office of Vital Statistics, is to be born.

Starting with the first day of the new year, every baby is being given a serial number that he will carry through life. For example, the first baby born in Delaware this year became No. 107-49-000001.

Broken down into grammar, here is what that number means. The first number—107—designates the country and state of birth. All babies born in the United States are assigned the number 1. Canadian babies start their serial number with a 2. The 07 designates the state. In this case Delaware is the seventh state in the country alphabetically. Alabama is 01, Arizona is 02 and so down the line to Wyoming, with is 48.

The number after the dash designates the year in which the child was born. All births this year will be marked “49.”

And now that baby has been classified as to country, state and year of birth he gets his individual number. Six figures will be used for all registrations. If, as in this case, the baby is the first born in any year in his state, his number becomes 000001.

There is little likelihood that the highest number possible with this system—999999—ever will be reached. New York state, which has the highest birth rate in the nation, won’t require more than one-fourth of its serial numbers, and Wyoming, which trails on the stork parade, will use only about 6,000 numbers in any one year.

Shortly after birth the baby will get its serial number, which will be stamped on the birth certificate. When baby grows up and gets married, the number will go on his marriage certificate; and if he should at a later date quarrel with his wife, both of their serial numbers will go on the divorce papers. When baby finally succumbs to all these numbers, and his death certificate goes into the Office of Vital Statistics, his number will go along.

This new system has both bad and good points. First of all, Uncle Sam will be able to keep tabs on his citizens more easily; and secondly, he can give more people jobs just filing and issuing numbers.

So far about the only thing anyone can do to show resentment for this new numbers racket is to refuse to marry and have children. Then no child of his will grow up to be just a number.—Stanley J. Meyer.
If At First
You Don’t Succeed . . .

Two men were sitting in a discussion group in an Army camp, and the conversation somehow drifted to the topic of reincarnation. A certain private, a firm believer in the subject, was giving his views to the most disliked sergeant in the camp, who had drifted over to listen.

“Yes,” he said, “when we die we always return as something else.”

“Rubbish,” snapped the sergeant, “do you mean to say that if I died I might come back as a worm?”

“Not a chance,” interjected the other private, seizing the opportunity. “You’re never the same thing twice.”

A British junior officer in Germany, having acquired a Leica camera, was faced with the problem of how to get it into England without having to pay the customs charges. He decided to dismantle the camera and mail the individual parts to his wife in England, with instructions that she was to pass them on to a friend who was a camera expert for reassembly. The plan worked well. Eventually, the impossible was achieved: the Leica was in England, and no duty had been paid.

A few weeks later, the smuggler, who was still in Germany, had a birthday; his mail included a small package from home. Unwrapping it eagerly, he was horrified to find a Leica camera with a note saying, “Many happy returns. I rushed the job so you would have it as a surprise. I hope it gives you a lot of pleasure.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td></td>
<td>Town &amp; Country Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td>Weather Report</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td>Livestock Estimates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Sun, Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sun, Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sun, Sun Dial Serenade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>News</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Weather</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>K.C. Council of Churches</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Shades of Black &amp; White</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo’s Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Guy Lombardo’s Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Dave Dennis’ Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Dave Dennis’ Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Wings Over Jordan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Wings Over Jordan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Sunday Serenade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Albert L. Warner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Charles Keaton, Organ</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Eddy Duchin’s Orch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>K.C.U. Radio Theatre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Chorner &amp; the Doll</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>The Vet. Wants to Know</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Under Arrest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Juvenile Jury</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>House of Mystery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>True Detective Mys.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Boston Blockie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Boston Blockie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mr. Fix-It</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>It’s the Taps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Roy Rogers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Nick Carter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB-FM on 102.1 megacycles now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.
## PROGRAMS ON WHB—710

### MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

### AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
<th>FRIDAY</th>
<th>SATURDAY</th>
<th>TIME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>1 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>2 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>3 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>4 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Queen for a Day Lanny Ross Show Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>5 00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 6 00 |
| Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 7 00 |
| Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 8 00 |
| Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 9 00 |
| Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 10 00 |
| Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | Swing Session | 11 00 |

Evening schedule on next page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>The Folcon</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Fo1con</td>
<td>Folstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Folstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Folstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Folstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td>Gabriel Heotter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heotter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heotter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heotter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
<td>Evening Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Con You Top This?</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mediation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Con You Top This?</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Network Dance Bond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Network Dance Bond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Murder by Experts</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Meet Your Match</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Murder by Experts</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Meet Your Match</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Shelley Graham</td>
<td>Secret Missions</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Fishing &amp; Hunting Cl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Twin Views of News</td>
<td>Secret Missions</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>News Roundup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Network Dance Bond</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin*</td>
<td>Comedy Ployhouse</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Network Dance Bond</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Krackin*</td>
<td>Comedy Ployhouse</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>WHB Mirror</td>
<td>Passing Porade</td>
<td>Passing Porade</td>
<td>Passing Porade</td>
<td>Passing Porade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
<td>Tavern Meeting of Air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Billy Bishop's Orch.</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George Winslow's Orch.</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Henry King's Orch.</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
DRAMA and whodunit fans are happier than pigs in clover with the solid summer program schedule on WHB.

The week starts with a bang on Sunday afternoon—a bang and several prolonged screams. Beginning with Under Arrest at 2 p.m., and continuing through The Adventures of the Falcon at 6 p.m., an exciting procession of action-crammed mysteries keeps listeners gasping, speculating, and smiling at justice triumphant. After a brief respite, there are thrills again with The Count of Monte Cristo at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

Things quiet down then until Monday night, when Peter Salem, starring Santos Ortega, takes over at 7:30, followed by Murder by Experts at 8 and Secret Missions at 8:30. And on Tuesday, Gregory Hood, Official Detective, John Steel, Adventurer, and The Mysterious Traveler follow one another at half-hour intervals beginning at 7 p.m.

That pretty well cleans up crime for another week, and the radio heroes have a chance to catch their collective breath and wait for a new crop of wrongdoers—always more cunning, treacherous and all-around nasty than the one before.

Entertainment of a slightly different sort has its inning Wednesday evening, as WHB presents four splendid dramatic programs. International Airport leads the parade at 7:30. It is followed by Scattergood Baines at 8, Family Theatre at 8:30, and the refreshing humor of Comedy Theatre at 9.
The insurance company will stand the loss? Oh, no — you will!

YOU'RE BEING GYPPED!

by FREDERICK FREE

NOW resident in a women's prison for a long stay is a forlorn-looking little grandmother who once bore the monicker of "Insurance Annie." She earned the appellation through years of hard work lacerating her skin with combs, swallowing laundry soap, piercing her gums and doing other unpleasant things to herself in order to collect handsome awards from insurance companies.

As was inevitable, Insurance Annie tried her racket once too often and private detectives caught her in the act of injecting hydrochloric acid into her arm in order to induce a gangrenous appearance when examined by insurance doctors. That plus other evidence salted Annie away for five years, but there still are an estimated 2,000 sly souls who spend their waking hours thinking up ways to defraud the insurance companies.

When fraud is perpetrated successfully, it costs not the insurance companies but the policy-holders. That's because increased claim settlements for fraudulent injuries are soon reflected in hiked-up premium rates. And we, the policy-holders, pay for the cunning gyps of unscrupulous swindlers.

In 1947, our nation's 217 major casualty-insurance companies paid claimants a staggering $695,000,000. The companies expended an additional $130,000,000 merely in verifying or rejecting more than 4,000,000 claims for everything from lost false teeth to swollen toes.

Adjusters assert that at least 817,000 doubtful claims were paid solely because fraud could not be proved, although it was suspected. Insurance statisticians—a cautious breed—estimate that around $20,000,000 was awarded to outright phonies who were skillful enough to confound all doubts as to their honesty.

This bill, in the long run, is paid by you, me, all of us who carry insurance covering personal injury, public liability, property damage or workmen's compensation. How to curtail this gigantic fraud practice is everybody's concern.

Fortunately, more than 65 major accident-insurance companies are taking vigorous steps to fight the wave of fraudulent claims threatening to cause increased premiums for the long-suffering but honest John Q. Public.

These firms have created the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, with headquarters in New York and branches in many other
cities. A keen former FBI man, Wayne Merrick, captains the bureau and has broken open 13 organized rings of insurance fakers in the past eight years.

Merrick, who once was chief investigator for Governor Thomas E. Dewey, has a crack staff recruited chiefly from the FBI ranks. His main armament is a huge index system which probably has your name in it if you've made an insurance claim in the past ten years. These 12,000,000 names are listed alphabetically and phonetically. The case histories unfolded in Merrick's super filing system would provide bizarre plots for every mystery story writer in the world.

A typical entry might read as follows.

"Smythe, Martin, also known as Schmidt, Smith, and Smitt; "This claimant asserts he was hit by a northbound Clark Street trolley in Chicago on November 3, 1945, causing dislocation of his knee. The street car company's physician verified claimant's injury.

"Our field office in St. Louis has identified Martin Smythe as the same person who received $300 from a bus company in Cleveland in 1939 for a similar injury. Prior to that time, he had made approximately 20 personal injury claims in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas.

"Confronted with the record, claimant admitted to the ability to dislocate his knee at will, a capability acquired through a high school football accident. On January 4, 1947, Smythe pleaded guilty to obtaining money under false pretenses and was sentenced to four months in the Cook County jail."

The file on Smythe contains all biographical items investigators were able to uncover. His photograph is attached. Thus, if he makes another claim at some future time, by an intricate cross-reference system Merrick's bureau very likely will expose him as a chronic fraud artist, and he will face another jail term.

"Actually," says Merrick, "fake accident specialists tend to repeat the same type of accident which once netted them money. They also favor aliases remarkably similar to their own. These failings help us to spot them because all cases are classified by groups in our files."

The noteworthy thing about most successful insurance gyppers is their superb acting ability. They can scream, sob, moan, groan, faint, slobber, weep and roar with horrific anguish.

Typical is Mary B., a Philadelphia woman of refined appearance, whose specialty is falling in public buildings. Mary knows that even old fractures show up in X-rays, and a 20-year-old skull fracture has netted her tens of thousands of dollars in the years since this only real accident befell her.

When Mary takes a tumble in an office building lobby, she covertly dabs blood from a tiny bottle into her ears and nostrils. This type of bleeding is associated with skull fracture. She made a fancy living from the practice until the Claims Bureau proved her a "repeater" and wangled a prison sentence for her. Now that
she is out of the clink, Merrick’s men expect a report of her renewed phony falls any day now.

One of the most ingenious insurance frauds uncovered by the Bureau was that practiced by a man who had twin sons—a normal child and a helpless, sobbing idiot. This man, whom we will call Joe Norman, would take the normal boy for a walk through a department store. During the walk, Norman would manage to knock a heavy object from a shelf onto the lad’s head.

After the crying child was taken home, Norman would retain a shyster lawyer and file a damage suit against the store. When insurance adjusters called at the Norman home, the sad father would exhibit the idiot twin and assert that his pitiful condition was caused by the store’s negligence. A generous award usually was made on the spot in the face of such seeming tragedy.

Norman saw an easy path to riches and worked the diabolical plan eight times in as many cities under assumed names. But he was tripped up one day when an insurance sleuth paid a surprise visit when Papa Norman was away from home. The normal twin opened the door and showed him the mentally-deficient brother. The simplicity of the scheme dismayed insurance firms which had paid out large amounts to Norman, but a stiff penal sentence cut short this exploitation of an unfortunate child.

Restaurants are frequent victims of the insurance-cheating fraternity. One man in a Dallas restaurant ordered an expensive dinner. After the soup arrived, he turned livid and choked into his napkin. To the horrified waiter he exhibited a large insect and obtained the names of sympathetic witnesses.

A doctor, who was in on the conspiracy, swore that the man had suffered violent stomach pains for weeks after the incident, and the restaurant’s insurers paid off to the tune of $800. Emboldened, the man tried to work the scheme in a San Francisco restaurant some months later. But the report of the Dallas incident and claim settlement was in the hands of the San Francisco insurance detectives who had combed the files for similar cases. Confronted with photostatic copies of his claim and his own signature on the settlement check, the insect-carrier—who toted his pets in tiny vials—confessed to attempted fraud and was dispatched to the pokey for six months.

Many insurance gyppers obtain the collaboration of friends and relatives by saying, “I’m not hurting anybody in making this claim. The insurance companies are big businesses; they’ve got plenty of money to throw around!”

If you ever hear this spurious assertion, think a moment and reflect that fakers who get awards literally are taking money out of your own wallet. Then notify the nearest insurance sleuth and help speed the rascal to the cell he merits. Remember, he’s gypping you!

A clumsy culprit tried to break into a doctor’s office in Los Angeles. He fell through the transom and telephoned the doctor to rush over and patch up his cuts and bruises.
WHB-Mutual star Roy Rogers points out behind-scenes Hollywood to Charles Nelson, winner of the National Talent Quest. Nelson was sponsored by the Jenkins Music Company, Fox-Midwest and WHB of Kansas City.
You, too, can get in the Swing.
See your John Blair man!
Danger—One Dollar an Inch
Hollywood stunt girls find calamity pays ................................ Page 37
by Beatrice Tresselt

Can You Afford a Divorce?
Two together can live more cheaply than two apart .......... Page 11
by Edward Sternberg

All-Length Articles
Doolin’s Quest (short story) ........................................... Don Marshall 15
The Sandlots Go Big Time ........................................... Sam Smith 21
The Horse America Loved ........................................... Marvin Kendall 25
The Last Pilgrim ............................................................ Barney Oldfield 29
It Comes From The Heart .............................................. Web Schott 33
Prairie Dust, Prairie Gold ........................................... Charles Ways 49
Tide of the Red Death ................................................ Mary Prince 55
Rubber Hits the Home Stretch ..................................... Ivan Mason 57
Jungle in the City ....................................................... Stanley S. Jacobs 61
Two-Fisted Professor .................................................. Robert Stein 65

Special Features
Tom Collins Says .......... 20 Current Programs on WHB 78
Man of the Month ........ 45 Swinging the Dial ........ 81
Swing Session .............. 76 Kansas City Ports ........ 82

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
YOUR LIFE AND THE ATOM BOMB
An expert gives the low-down on man’s most terrifying invention.
By R. J. Kryter .............................................................. Page 3

2. Jane Russell, complete with shoulder sheaf of orchids, prepares to sing Buttons and Bows while emcee Dick Smith of WHB looks on.

3. Frank Wiziarde doles out cake during his birthday party at Luncheon on the Plaza.

4. Ed Durlocher, square dance expert who helped spread the square-dance craze over WHB, displays one of his "hoe-down" records.
foreword

IT IS likely that the greatest threat to a democratic precept is not to free expression but to free enterprise. The second-raters and mediocrity-lovers have their hooks in the successful citizens of the world and are pulling them down to dead level.

The philosophy of collectivism, under whatever name it masquerades, is a philosophy of hate, envy and greed.

The man who shouts, "Share with the masses," really means, "Share with me!"

"After all," he argues, "I'm a human being. Because I was born and exist I deserve to be supported. I am entitled to comfort, care and coddling. I want a full life, for which I will perform a minimum amount of work. I should not be called upon to make a decision, take a risk, display exertion or practice economy. I do not have to improve myself because I will pass a law prohibiting anyone from being better than I am. However much you give me — even though I do nothing for it — I will not be satisfied so long as any one person on earth has more than I."

You can't pull the little fellow up by pulling the big one down.

You can't progress if you destroy all incentive to progress.

The ideas of communism and socialism have jumped the sea, and under other names are now being bartered for votes in America.

In all of England, Scotland and Wales there are only 70 persons who have incomes of $24,000 a year, after taxes.

In the United States, even low bracket white collar workers are tithing to the government.

Toll the bell, an era is passing. Sing a funereal song—or else . . .
Paradise Panorama

A TOURIST from Pennsylvania recently dropped a postcard into a mailbox outside San Francisco’s historic Ferry Building. The message on it read:

“Just walked from the Mexican border to the Oregon state line in 15 minutes.”

Now this was no small feat, for the distance is some 1,000 miles. Uncle Sam’s newest wonder of the air doesn’t travel nearly so fast.

Of course, what this seemingly superhuman Pennsylvanian meant was that he had walked the length of the Ferry Building and seen the entire state of California via one of man’s greatest topographic wonders—the 600-foot-long relief map of the Golden State.

This minutely detailed, topographic Goliath is believed to be the world’s largest relief map. And if it isn’t, it should be, Californians say, for it cost their State Chamber of Commerce and 58 counties more than $100,000 to construct. Twice the length of a regulation football field, the map is 18 feet wide and scaled six inches to one mile. Each year it gives thousands of California’s visitors a bird’s eye view of the fabulous state’s great mountain ranges, fertile inland and coastal valleys, great forest preserves, and numerous cities and towns.

Now observing its silver anniversary, the giant map is one of San Francisco’s proudest possessions. And although the number of visitors to it has fallen off since the building of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, tourists from every part of the country, school children, and native Californians continue to make pilgrimage’s to the high-towered Ferry Building just to see the map.

Most critical of the visitors are the state people, according to artist David Schwartz, the map’s keeper and maker. They are primarily interested in finding their own town on the map, he says, and protest loudly if it has been omitted. It is the job of this veteran artist, who has made the map his life’s work, to keep it up to date and in excellent condition. Only recently, at a protest from citizens of Hawthorne, Schwartz added their community.

Photographs of the entire terrain of California, along with United States survey maps, were used as guides in the construction of the mammoth map, which was cut from chip board and coated with magnesite. The job took 18 months to complete, and was worked on by 25 artists, engineers, modelers, electricians and carpenters.

Both educational and artistic, the map is a tribute to California and was aptly dubbed by its originators, “Paradise in Panorama.”—Mae Pohl.

Some drivers deserve those passing remarks.

Statistics: a means of being precise about matters of which you will remain ignorant.

Tolerance is the ability to laugh when someone steps on your mental corns.

Venetian blinds: wooden slats with a shady reputation.

Masseur: a man who works his fingers to your bone.

Patience: sometimes a case of not knowing what to do.
THE pillar of fire that towered over Hiroshima on August 5, 1945, was not only the most important event of our lifetime—it was the most important event of many lifetimes. It was at least the most important since man harnessed the power of steam 200 years ago. It was probably the most important event since Columbus discovered America 457 years ago.

But it was more than just an event, more than a triumph of physics and chemistry and engineering. It was also a symbol and a portent. It was a symbol of man’s material mastery and of his spiritual blindness. It was a portent of destruction and death to come, unless we learn to control this tremendous knowledge and power we now have in our hands. The purpose of this article is, therefore, not to give technical details, but to give a rounded picture of this, man’s greatest intellectual accomplishment in all his history.

While the idea of power coming out of atoms is new to the layman, it is old to the scientist. It started in 1896 when the German, Roentgen, discovered X-rays. In the same year, the Frenchman, Becquerel, found these same mysterious rays coming from salts of uranium. Two years later, there came an epoch-making discovery, the discovery of radium by Mme. Curie. Here was a new material, which posed a new problem. This material was a seemingly inexhaustible store of energy, giving out heat continuously, without being consumed. That was in 1898, more than 50 years ago.

There is space to mention only a few of the high spots bridging that half-century gap. In 1903, the Englishman, Rutherford, suggested this power might be coming out of atoms which were breaking apart. In 1905, Einstein came forward with a very bold suggestion. He said that matter (solid substance) and energy (such as light and heat) were different
forms of the same thing and were changeable back and forth. He even wrote a mathematical equation describing that change. That simple equation, written more than 40 years ago, is the foundation stone of our present knowledge of atomic energy. That equation was also the first satisfactory explanation of the energy of our own sun. We know now that our sun shines by virtue of atomic reactions.

Many workers in many different lands made their contributions. They found there were a number of chemical elements with atoms so complicated that they broke down spontaneously and gave out energy. They found that uranium was the parent of a family of such elements. That was the status of our knowledge at the time of World War I.

In 1932, there occurred two events which set off a chain of new discoveries eventually leading to the atomic bomb. In England, a man named Chadwick discovered a new particle which he called the "neutron." He gave it that name because the particle was electrically neutral. It was different from the basic particles we knew before, which carried electric charges. The fact that this new particle had no charge, became the key that unlocked the atom's secret for us.

In the same year, America made her first significant contribution. Lawrence, at the University of California, invented the cyclotron. It is a very complicated contraption for taking little bits of matter and giving them a great deal of energy and shooting them out at high speed, like powerful but invisible bullets. One cyclotron will turn out a stream of particles with as much energy as all the refined radium in the world gathered at one spot. This was a very potent new tool in scientists' hands.

But it was in 1939 and in Germany that the critical experiment was performed. In that year, two German investigators, Hahn and Strasseman, working with uranium and with the newly discovered neutrons, succeeded in cracking the uranium atom. Their experiments were soon repeated and extended in this country, and it was immediately apparent to scientists that the door was at last opened to the solving of one of Nature's great riddles, the power of the atom.

Within a few months after Hahn's and Strasseman's experiment, the scientists operating the big cyclotron at Columbia University in New York City were amazed to find that particles were flying out of their apparatus with as much energy as if they had been pushed along by 200 million volts. This was amazing and frightening, but there was something else more important.

Scientists were throwing the invisible bullets called neutrons, at uranium atoms. When the atom was hit squarely, it broke apart and gave out energy, but it gave out something else; it gave out about three more neutrons. In other words, the little particle that started this business was reborn and multiplied in the process. One neutron, cracking one atom, released three more neutrons. If conditions were right, these could crack three more atoms, then nine, then twenty-seven, then eighty-
one, then two hundred forty-three, and so on, multiplying like a snowball rolling downhill. It multiplied much like a chain letter, and that's where the scientists got the phrase "chain reaction."

When scientists calculated the amount of energy that could come out of even the tiny bits of material they worked with, they were frightened. They were frightened so badly that a group of them went to the government and said, "This thing has such terrible potentialities that it is not safe in any private hands. The government must control it." That is how it came about that six months before Pearl Harbor, this was our greatest military undertaking—atom cracking. By roughly six months after Pearl Harbor, this was the biggest undertaking of mankind anywhere on earth. More money, more material, more manpower and more brains were being poured into this job of smashing atoms, than any other undertaking of man, anywhere.

Now, why were scientists so excited? They were excited because they knew, from Einstein's predictions, the terrific amount of power that should be contained within the central core, or nucleus, of an atom. If you take Einstein's equation and put it in ordinary language, you will find that from one pound of matter, if we could make it disappear completely and make it reappear as energy, as Einstein predicted, you would get 15 trillions of foot-tons! What is that? A foot-ton is the work done in lifting a ton's weight a foot high. But what is 15 trillions? Even though we can write this number, we cannot understand it.

To understand this relation, we must take a smaller sample. If we could carry the material in an ordinary dime through the change that Einstein predicted, we would get enough energy to lift the entire Empire State Building 52 miles into the air! That should give some idea of why scientists were frightened and of why they were excited about the possibilities of atomic power. Or, put it another way. One pound of material, if destroyed utterly and reappearing as energy, would give roughly the same energy as the explosion of 10 million tons of TNT. Think of that figure: 1 pound = 10 million tons.

The Author

R. J. KRYTER has been closely associated with the development of atomic power. During the war, highly confidential contracts dealing with many phases of the atom bomb project passed through his hands. Through this association with the nucleonsics field, and through other chemical and military connections, Mr. Kryter has become an authority on this rapidly changing subject. He is a graduate of Purdue University with a degree in chemical engineering and now is treasurer of the Esterline-Angus Company, manufacturers of precision electrical instruments.

Now we have not succeeded in carrying all our material through that change. In the atomic bomb, we carried only one-tenth of one per cent of it through the change where matter was destroyed and reappeared as energy. But even at that pitifully
small efficiency, one pound of uranium is still equal in power to 10,000 tons of TNT. And a pound of uranium is a piece just about the size of a golf ball. When you realize that in a bit of material a child can carry in the palm of its hand you have locked up there the explosive force of 10,000 tons of our standard military explosive, you can see not only why scientists were excited, but why the conservative military backed them in a program of fundamental research, and why the government backed the whole business with manpower and materials and money in undreamed-of abundance.

Now if all this power comes out when the atom cracks, and the reaction is one that multiplies itself, why, in the laboratory experiments, didn't the whole thing blow up? The reason is that uranium exists in several different forms, only one of which undergoes this explosive reaction. Of ordinary uranium, 99.3% is what the chemist calls uranium 238. This stuff does not explode. Only 0.7% (one part in 140) was the strange and rare uranium 235. That was the explosive component. The reason the whole process was safe was because the active material was so dilute. If you had one part of gunpowder mixed with 140 parts of dirt, the mixture would not explode. You would have to separate the gunpowder from the dirt. That is precisely what had to be done here. We had to find a chemical needle in a haystack.

A feverish program of research began at all the big laboratories, and from these laboratories came the miracle of the twentieth century. The mathematical wizards and the Mervins of the test tube and slide rule, calculated by pure theory the properties of materials that no man had ever seen. From measurements made on amounts of material that could only be seen under a microscope, whole factories were designed.

From this amazing research, there grew three great institutions: the Clinton Engineer Works in Tennessee, the Hanford Engineer Works in Washington, and the laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. It was in these institutions that American productive genius paid off. It was in these institutions that America did what no other country in the world could have done in the time allotted.

The Clinton Engineer Works at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, originally covered 60,000 acres, and at its peak employed 90,000 workers. Its sole purpose was to obtain practical quantities of uranium 235. The plant was huge because the problem was unprecedented. The chemists could not
even tell the two forms of uranium apart, let alone separate them. All they had to work on was the fact that one kind of atom was 1% heavier than the other kind of atom. Now you cannot pick up atoms with tweezers and drop them into bottles. How could this separation be accomplished?

The processes that were used at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and the factories that were built, can only be described as fantastic. This whole article could be devoted to their weird and fascinating character. But let's take a look at just one process, the simplest one, and the one that produced our first atomic material. If we take a gaseous uranium compound, charge the particles of that gas electrically, and then by a high voltage of about 100,000 volts shot these particles out at high speed between the poles of an electromagnet, and do the whole thing in an extremely high vacuum, these particles should describe a curve. The uranium 238, being 1% heavier, should describe a 1% wider curve. Uranium 235, being a little lighter, should describe a little sharper curve. You should be able to squirt the material in at one place, whirl it around in this gigantic electromagnetic merry-go-round, and by setting up two gates, get the uranium 238 out of one gate and the uranium 235 out of another.

Although this method in the laboratory had produced a few tenths of a millionth of an ounce of uranium 235 (too small to be seen with a microscope), we used the method to get pounds of material! The final apparatus weighed more than a thousand tons per unit, and was so huge and there were so many of them built, that there was not enough copper in the United States to wind the magnet coils. We took silver out of our treasury vaults, squirted it out into wire, and wound our magnets with coin silver. That is a small example of the dizzy business involved.

So, down in Tennessee, in three mountain valleys guarded by foothills of the Smokies, there arose the three units of this plant. Why the three valleys? Partly for secrecy, so that people in one plant would not know what was going on in another. But the separation was more for protection. This material had never been handled, and had never even been seen, but its properties had been predicted. If our calculations were a little "haywire," it was possible that the entire plant and all the people in it would go up in a plume of multi-colored smoke. So why kill them all at once? Let's only risk one-third of them at a time and have the other two-thirds to keep on working. That's a crude, but not too inaccurate, statement of the problem. Actually, the calculations were good, and the infinitely meticulous precautions were sufficient. There were no accidents, no untoward events.

At the same time that this three-ring madhouse was going on in Tennessee, a swarthy Italian, Enrico Fermi (now a naturalized citizen of this country), working at the University of Chicago, opened up a completely new and different attack on the problem. He proved that a guess he made back in 1934, that he could create two new elements that did not exist on earth, was correct. One of
these elements suddenly became tremendously important. It did not have a name then, it was merely called element 94. Now we call it plutonium, named after Pluto, the god of the underworld.

Why was this material important? First, because it was explosive, just like uranium 235. Second, it was chemically different from uranium, and could be separated without the tremendously complicated processes being used in Tennessee.

How was this stuff made? Not by any of the chemistry that most of us learned in school. There were no retorts or furnaces or stills. The scientist merely piled up chunks of uranium, with another appropriate substance alongside, piling up the pieces just like building a wall or pillar. That's why they called it an atomic pile, because it was just a pile of pieces. When that pile got to be a certain size, suddenly the pile became hot. The feeble natural radioactivity of uranium intensified itself as a chain reaction set in. Without adding any chemicals, any heat, or any electric power, this uranium, all by itself, changed over into the much-sought plutonium.

The first such atomic pile was set up underneath the grandstand of the football field at Chicago University. It was too dangerous to put in any building. It went into operation on December 2, 1942. Of the little group of men around this strange contraption, not one knew for sure whether he would live to see the end of the experiment. No one was certain that the chain reaction was controllable, although Fermi had calculated it should be. But Fermi said coolly, "The curve will not level off." And sure enough, at 3:08 that afternoon, as the gentle clicking of the counters swelled into a continuous roar, the pen of the unemotional recorder on the wall climbed upward faster and faster. A chain reaction had set in; man had at last released the power of the atom.

From that tiny beginning, there arose the greatest institution that man has ever built, anywhere, anytime. That is the Hanford Engineer Works in Washington. Its original number of workers was comparable with the Tennessee atom plant, but in size it eclipsed anything that man had ever known. It covered 500,000 acres, nearly 1,000 square miles, nearly as big as the whole State of Rhode Island. And it is being built bigger right now.

That plant was spread out, not for secrecy, but for protection. And not so much for protection against explosion, but for protection against a much more diabolical danger, the danger of radioactivity. When these atomic piles were set into operation, they not only produced the plutonium which we sought, but they produced something else we did not want. They produced invisible but man-killing radiation of an intensity the like of which we had never dreamed before—radiation so intense that it was calculated that if a man were to walk by the face of a working atomic pile, two seconds exposure would kill him.

We thus had the strangest processes the world has ever seen. When the plant went into operation, some
of the water at the plant turned radioactive, and was poisonous and had to be impounded before it could be returned to the river. Even some of the air at the plant turned radioactive and was poisonous. As a result of measurements on wind movements, the workers were housed 60 miles away from the plant, and hauled back and forth every day because it was not safe for human beings to live closer to this nightmare.

The process was carried out largely beneath the surface of the earth. The men who operated the machines never saw the devices they controlled. They operated them through periscopes like a submarine commander stalking his prey. They used tools that reached around corners and over walls, because they were behind walls of concrete as much as 15 to 18 feet thick. No man dared approach closer, on penalty of his life. That is what the release of atomic energy on a large scale means, and it will always be that way, even though peacetime power or useful by-products, are the ultimate purpose.

This will give some idea of the grim and fearsome nature of these new processes. But take note also of their power. This vast and sprawling plant was only intended to produce about 2\(\frac{1}{4}\) pounds of plutonium a day, a lump smaller than a man's fist. But in getting this little lump of stuff, we got atomic power as a by-product, to the tune of 1,500,000 kilowatts. That is more than all the installed generating capacity at Niagara Falls. We did not get that power as electricity; we got it as heat, heat in the cooling water. We turned loose so much by-product heat that it measurably raised the temperature of the Columbia River!

The third of our three great atomic institutions built during the war was the most jealously kept of all our secrets. It still is, even today. On a sandy mesa in the desert, some 40 miles northwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is one of the finest scientific research laboratories anywhere in the world today. We now know it as Los Alamos. During the war, it did not have a name, and did not even have an address. Its address was a post office box number in another city, and the place was so secret that many scientists who went there even carried assumed names so their movements could not be followed. It employed about 7,000 people, some 5,000 being scientists and technicians.

The job at that laboratory was to take from Clinton and Hanford the raw materials, which were merely dull grey heavy metals, and to find out how to extract the tremendous store of energy they were supposed to contain. The job was to fabricate these innocent-looking metals into a workable atomic bomb, which was predicted to be an explosive that would eclipse anything man had ever seen.

You now know the results. The Clinton Engineer Works did succeed
in a job claimed by some scientists to be “impossible,” that of separating out that chemical outlaw, uranium 235, in practical amounts. The Hanford Works succeeded in an even more spectacular job of producing on a poundage scale, an element that does not exist on earth, that does not exist in the sun or in the stars. At Los Alamos, they succeeded in taking these strange materials and forging them into the most fearsome weapon of all time: the Atomic Bomb.

Now, the exact efficiency of our atomic bomb is a carefully guarded military secret. However, information has been released indicating that the efficiency is very low, probably about 1%. In other words, we probably got out only about 1/100 of the energy theoretically locked up in the chunks of material we used. What does that mean? It means that if we learn to make that reaction say 50% efficient, we will have a bomb 50 times the power, with the same stuff in it. And remember that one bomb of the present “inefficient” type wiped out a city the size of Indianapolis. Hiroshima was no crossroads village; it was a city of 350,000 people, and yet one bomb made it a shambles.

One prominent scientist has said we know how to make a bomb 600 times as powerful. If such a bomb is ever made, its area of total destruction is a circle probably 50 miles in diameter. If such a super-bomb is ever used, one bomb could wipe out much of the state of Connecticut. Is it any wonder that our present atomic bomb, the most terrible weapon ever used by man, is referred to by scientists as the “baby bomb”? What will happen when we turn loose “big pappy”?

However grim this may seem, it is unhappily not the worst of our worries. There is another phase of the bomb’s action, or of the use of atomic materials, that is more difficult to cope with. This is the radioactive effect. The instant the bomb explodes, there is a terrific burst of invisible but man-killing radiation. If a man is exposed at the time of the burst and gets a lethal dose of radiation (this will occur up to about a mile from the burst, for the present “baby” bomb), he will die and nothing can be done about it. Much brain-power is being expended on treatment for “radiation sickness,” but no real cure has so far been found. Radiation sickness killed some 18,000 people at Hiroshima, weeks after the bomb exploded.

But that is not all the story. The bomb explosion lets loose its terrific burst of radiation, but in a split second that is gone. But it also lets loose a host of weird, unnatural radioactive substances, some of them devilishly potent, some of them a million times as potent as radium. When the bomb bursts in the air, they are up there in that grim mushroom cloud. But we get some of these same substances in our atomic piles at Hanford. We can separate them, and if we desire, use them as a super-potent poison, against which we have no adequate protection. If such stuff is ever used, a gas mask will not help us,

(Continued on Page 71)
“I WANT a divorce!”

The girl was pretty, and extremely nervous. She sat across the desk from me, but her voice was pitched so low that I had to lean forward to hear her story. It was the same story I had heard many times before, with a few variations, from hundreds of clients who were anxious to shed their mates.

Let’s call this girl Jane Jones. Let’s listen to her story, not because it is typical but because it never reached the divorce courts. Jane Jones and her husband decided that they couldn’t afford a divorce. Their decision—and thousands like it—is responsible for our falling divorce rate.

Jane married Johnny Jones when he was a private first class in the Army Air Force. It was one of those service center romances. Jane, 19, was a receptionist in a war plant and belonged to a girls’ club which devoted one night a week to raising the morale of servicemen visiting one of Chicago’s canteens. This wholly admirable project introduced her to her future husband—a young man with a chestful of ribbons and a slight but very romantic limp. She spotted Johnny first sitting near the dance floor, watching the jitterbugging wistfully.

Pretty, animated Jane quickly went to work on the young man. In less than ten minutes she had uncovered these facts: (a) he was single; (b) he had been wounded over Germany and was home on furlough following his release from the hospital at Hines, Illinois; (c) he must report for assignment to active duty in another ten days.

It was against the rules of the canteen for the hostesses to meet servicemen outside after the closing hour, but Jane just happened to mention that she always caught the Sheridan Road bus at the corner of State and
Madison streets at 11:30 p. m., and 22-year-old John Jones just happened to be passing the corner at that exact time. Neither of them stood a chance. They were “going steady” before they got to the end of the bus ride; they were engaged before Johnny reported to Chanute Field, his limp gone, for reassignment; they were married on his first week-end pass.

They had two months of what passed for married life in the armed forces in 1944 before Johnny was sent overseas again. They had a hectic, exciting eight weeks of trains and hotels and dingy boardinghouse rooms near air force bases. As Johnny was moved from base to base, Jane raced along behind, moving into the nearest hotel or rooming house. When neither was available, Johnny would rent a car for 24 hours. It was very romantic; especially so when Jane decided she was pregnant.

When Johnny went back to Europe, Jane returned to the war plant for five months, then lived on her allotment. Johnny was discharged from the army six months after their baby was born. Because of the impossible housing situation, they lived with his family in Cicero.

It didn’t take long for their troubles to begin. The house was badly overcrowded, with little privacy. Johnny didn’t like the responsibility of fatherhood; Jane didn’t like Johnny working as a mechanic. She thought it was beneath his dignity. Johnny wanted to play with the boys almost every night. He missed the excitement and easy comradeship of his army days. On her part, Jane wished he were back in the army, wearing his uniform and all those medals instead of greasy coveralls. She was jealous of some of her friends, whose husbands, she believed, held important jobs. She became unhappy when Johnny began leaving his discharge button out of his lapel.

Now, they both wanted to terminate their marriage, but when I told Jane how little alimony and support she could expect from Johnny on the basis of his wages, she lost some of her enthusiasm for getting a divorce. When she left my office she told me that she planned to look for a job. Two weeks later she came back to report that she had given up the job idea because the labor market for unskilled workers had fallen off sharply. She had been unable to locate a job that would pay enough to make it possible for her to hire someone to take care of her baby.

Then a few days later Jane told me that she and Johnny had decided to try living together again. They were planning to move out of his parents’ home into a large furnished room with kitchenette facilities. They’d be crowded, but at least they’d be on their own.

The story of Jane and her husband is typical of what is happening to many marriages today. Any attorney who handles many divorce cases can relate similar stories. The simple fact is that our national divorce rate is sliding downward because the average couple with children cannot afford a divorce in 1949.

Increasing economic difficulties are keeping couples out of the divorce courts. Couples, both young and old, are discovering that divorce means a
lower standard of living for both the man and the woman.

For example, in Chicago the divorce rate is down nearly one-third from a year ago. National statistics show that the same decline has taken place throughout most of the nation.

The Chicago figures are a good indication of what is happening elsewhere because divorce is easy in Cook County, Illinois. Records in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County show that 2,839 divorce actions were filed in that court during the first three months of 1938 compared with only 2,029 during the same period of this year.

Most observers agree that economic factors are principally behind the falling national divorce rate. Marriages aren’t any happier; many husbands and wives are getting along with each other only because they have to.

Chicago’s Superior Court judges advance several reasons for the decline—most of them based on economics. For example, Judge Julius Hoffman attributes the decline to a widespread lack of proper housing and increasing industrial and commercial unemployment. “If the husband has to move out,” he points out, “he usually can neither find nor afford another apartment. This means a lower housing standard. Couples think twice before splitting up.”

Superior Judge Rudolph Desort has another reason for the declining divorce rate. “The aftermath of many war marriages was bound to be divorce,” he says. “Couples who married in haste split up the same way. Now the war marriages which have lasted this long stand a pretty good chance of survival.”

Superior Judge Joseph Sabath, a divorce court veteran of many years, feels that the difficulty of holding on to money has helped lower the divorce rate in the Chicago area. “People can’t save anything,” he points out. “Money comes too hard today and goes too easily. There’s a basic feeling of insecurity which helps to keep a couple together. It may not be possible for two people to live as cheaply as one, but it’s a lot cheaper for a couple to live together than separately—and a lot easier for them to face hard economic facts together.

Most attorneys are agreed on these principal reasons for the decline:

1. Economic distress and the housing shortage have shifted people’s attention from their marital difficulties. Now they’ve got lots more to worry about.

2. Women aren’t as financially independent as they were during the war, so they are more tolerant of their husbands.
3. Fewer women being employed means that it's not easy for a girl to get a job paying wages which are comparable to the wartime scale.

4. There is less in-law trouble now that the wartime boom, with its unusual stresses and strains, is over.

5. In boom times people give up more easily. They're more selfish. They won't take the time and trouble to work out marital problems satisfactorily.

6. Few men are in a position to marry again if divorced. They can't support two families.

Of the six reasons mentioned, those involving economics are probably the most important. For example, Betty L. was planning on divorcing her husband, when the factory in which she was working shut down operations for three months. She can't find another job paying as much as the old one, so she has given up the idea of getting a divorce and, instead, seems to be getting along with her husband.

When both men and women were earning large pay checks, liquor and extra-marital affairs were a greater problem than they are today. With money easy to earn, lonely G.I. wives and war-workers had many more chances to get into trouble. You'll recall the many women who, during the war, deserted their husbands and children for the excitement of night life. In 1944 they had the money to play dangerously. That isn't true today. There are ten-cent beers on the bars, instead of straight shots of bonded whiskey. A night out on the town is now a luxury which can be afforded by only a few people. Night club owners will sadly attest, some of them with tears in their eyes, that the good old days are over.

They may have been good old days for the night club business, but lawyers handling divorce actions know that they were hard on marriages. Now that there is less money to throw around, couples seem to be surmounting marital difficulties much more easily.

People themselves may not be better, nor their marriages basically happier, but they are working harder to keep their marriages intact. The home is a less divided place.

This is fine with those of us who handle a large number of divorce cases. We are the first to witness the damage done to helpless children by broken marriages and divided homes.

Those Simple Gadgets

Harvey Kennedy, who conceived the idea of the shoe lace with a metal tip, realized $2,500,000 from his patent... Six people first saw the value of umbrellas—and earned $10,000,000 manufacturing them... The little metal heelplate for shoes brought its inventor a yearly royalty of $1,500,000... A Port Elizabeth, South Africa, woman earned $40,000 a year from the simple, straight Mary Anderson curling iron... The inventor of the roller skates, Dr. Plimpton, rolled into earnings of $1,000,000... John Giltin made $75,000 from the old "Dancing Jim Crow" doll... Walter Hunt invented the safety pin in three hours. He sold the patent rights for only $400 a few hours later!—Barney Schwartz.
“BEEU a big fight at Ingalls,” father told mother as he unhitched the team. “Three deputies killed and I reckon about the same number of outlaws. Bill Doolin shot his way free as usual.”

Goose pimples popped out all over my body. There was something awesome about that name—Bill Doolin.

“Reckon that means we’ll have to stay close,” mother said, lifting the lantern high and making the barn look blood-red. “Lucky you made it in to Coffeyville when you did.”

“I ain’t afraid of Doolin,” father grunted. I knew he meant it. Father was six-two and the biggest man on Hogshooter.

“He’d never miss you with a Winchester,” mother told him. “There’s too much of you.”

Father just laughed. “Doolin ain’t hankering to kill for the sport of it. Gold an’ silver’s what he’s after,” I said, repeating father’s words.

“Goose pimples popped out all over my body. There was something awesome about that name—Bill Doolin.

“Reckon that means we’ll have to stay close,” mother said, lifting the lantern high and making the barn look blood-red. “Lucky you made it in to Coffeyville when you did.”

“I ain’t afraid of Doolin,” father grunted. I knew he meant it. Father was six-two and the biggest man on Hogshooter.

“He’d never miss you with a Winchester,” mother told him. “There’s too much of you.”

Father just laughed. “Doolin ain’t hankering to kill for the sport of it. Gold an’ silver’s what he’s after.”

I scooted for the house and for once didn’t trip over Ella’s hoe. Ella was in the parlor reading her lesson to Mr. Marrick, our Hogshooter teacher, and making sheep’s eyes over the top of her book.

“Bill Doolin just whipped a lot of deputies at Ingalls,” I said, soon as I caught my breath.

“Doolin?” Mr. Marrick asked my sister.

“Bill Doolin is a bad outlaw.” Ella flicked her rust-colored braids. “About the worst there is, I guess.”

“He ain’t hankering to kill for the sport of it. Gold an’ silver’s what he’s after,” I said, repeating father’s words.

“He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword,” Mr. Marrick told me grimly.

I thought Mr. Marrick was pretty dumb for a teacher.

“Bill Doolin don’t fool with no sword! He totes a Winchester and a six-gun.”
Ella looked like she wanted to box my ears.

"My, what a little dummy! That was just a proverb."

"I'm going to join up with Doolin some day," I bust out. It was what I'd been thinking ever since I left the stable but I didn't mean to say it.

"You join Doolin—ha, ha! You're a funny. If you was ever to meet up with him you'd be so scairt you'd swallow your tongue."

"Just you wait and see!" I showed Ella the tip of my tongue and dodged her swinging arm.

During supper, father told us more about the fight at Ingalls. They were posting news of the battle in front of the courthouse when he drove into Coffeyville. Ingalls was Bill Doolin's town, where the outlaws went to celebrate and take it easy after a raid. Somebody tipped-off the marshal's office that Doolin and his gang were spending five nights out of the week in Ingalls and a posse went after them. But the outlaws managed to shoot their way out of the trap and most of them got away, including a girl called Rose of the Cimarron. One of the deputies swore that he hit Doolin, and another posse was being organized to trail the outlaws.

Next morning we bumped down to the Hogshooter school in one of father's buckboards with Mr. Marrick. I sat on the bottom and pretended I was Doolin dueling the posse. The post-oaks and hickory trees were mounted men and I pinged at them with my cocked finger. Ella said I was the craziest boy that ever was.

It was too early for the other boys and I went down to the creek bank.

I sat on a sandstone slab and watched a water bug all sprawled out on top of the water like a piece of fern. Everything smelled damp.

Down creek a redbird shook and I heard a thistle crunch. I thought it was one of the other boys following the course of the stream until a man stepped out of the bushes and stood looking at me. He was on the opposite bank, and I saw that he wasn't wearing a coat and there was sort of a harness strapped under his arms and a holster with a six-gun sticking from it.

My mouth felt all fuzzy like I'd been eating persimmons before the first frost. I had been thinking so hard about Bill Doolin and here was this man, wild and rough looking, and with a gun. His whiskers reminded me of the time father was down with a fever and couldn't shave himself for a month.

"Boy, do you live hereabouts?"

The man moved closer to the edge of the creek and I saw that his shirt was stained and crusted like a rag gets when you tie it around a cut toe.

He saw the way I was looking and his mouth pressed together hard.

"What's wrong? Ain't you ever seen blood before?"

"You—you're Bill Doolin!" It wasn't what I meant to say—it just popped out.

He cleared the creek in a single leap and it must've been nine feet across. But he teetered on the bank and when I put out my hand he grabbed it to steady himself.

I remembered what Ella said would happen if I ever met Bill Doolin. She was right because I was scared clean.
through. But Doolin’s face wasn’t hard any more. He was leaning against a willow trunk and looking all caved-in like a busted hog bladder.

He sort of grinned at me and said, “Boy, have you ever been hungry—so hungry your belly felt like it had a toothache?”

I hadn’t thought much about outlaws getting hungry and such. I began to look for my lunch pail. Then I remembered I’d given it to Ella to take inside.

“I can get you some grub in a jiffy,” I told him. But he stopped me with a wave of his hand. You could hear the rattle and clink of dinner buckets as the other boys and girls drew near to the school house.

“Reckon I can wait till recess,” he said. “You have a recess, don’t you?”

I nodded.

“Don’t say anything about me being hereabouts to the other kids. If anybody heads this way just sort of whistle like this.” Doolin made a low whistle, kind of like a bobwhite makes. “Can you do that?”

I showed him and then ran for it.

At recess time I hung back when the other pupils filed out. But Ella stuck around, too. She wanted to be close to Mr. Marrick. I saw she wasn’t going to leave so I walked over and took my lunch pail off the shelf. Ella’s sharp eyes spied me.

“My what a little dummy,” my sister taunted. “Thinks it’s lunch time already.”

Mr. Marrick shook his head and I walked out without my pail. Doolin was so hungry that I reckoned another hour couldn’t make much difference.

I sneaked away at lunch time without much trouble. Doolin was stretched out in the high grass.

“Howdy, kid. I’d about given you up.”

I told him how it was and opened my lunch bucket. There were two slices of homemade bread—thick as pine slabs—with chicken breast, a hunk of dark cake and a big red apple.

After there wasn’t any food left, Doolin rolled over and drew his sleeve across his mouth. Then he looked at me out of his bloodshot eyes.

“Kid, you’re an all right sort of person. I reckon you’d do to tie to.”

His words made me feel warm with pride. I’d been doing some hard thinking.

“If I left a window uncaught, I reckon you could sleep in the schoolhouse tonight.”

Doolin’s eyes gleamed with appreciation. “You’ve a bean for such a tender chap.” He sat up and began to fish in his pocket. He drew out a slab of bone and I saw that it was the handle of a knife. When he opened it the blade flashed like a new plow in the sun.

“Ain’t that a pretty, kid?” He
I heard the buckboard first because I was listening the hardest. It was coming fast and I began to feel sick. It meant something had happened.

"It's Doolin!" Ella told us, soon as she caught her breath. "He's sleeping in the schoolhouse, dead to the world."

Father knocked over his chair getting to his feet. "Bill Doolin! You must be mistaken, Ella."

Ella stamped her foot. "It's Doolin, I'm a-telling you. I seen his picture once on a reward notice in Coffeyville. Mr. Marrick's standing guard but you'd better hurry."

Mother was pleading with father to be careful and in the excitement I slipped out. I felt numb all over. They would take Doolin like a rat in a bin. He was asleep—besides being hurt and weak. I couldn't let them take him that way. I was to blame for him being there—and he trusted me.

There was an old white plowhorse that I rode sometimes. She was slow as molasses but I figured on mother to slow things up.

It seemed like old Bess had never gone slower. I beat a tattoo on her flanks with my bare heels but she refused to get excited.

"Bess—we can't let him down!" I sobbed. Doolin's knife dug into my leg.

After that it seemed to me that old Bess picked up a little speed.

I tied Bess to a scrub oak and ran forward. Suddenly I stopped. There was somebody standing in the schoolyard. Mr. Marrick! I had forgotten him. He had father's old shotgun and I felt sick all over. But I managed to whisk behind a corner of the school-

turned it this way and that to catch the light.

I nodded dumbly but my eyes were big.

"It's yours," he said, handing it to me. Then he laughed. "You'd best run for it or the teacher will play a march on your bare legs."

After school, while Ella and Mr. Marrick were getting their books together, I sneaked a hook loose on one of the windows. On the way home I didn't ping at trees with my cocked finger. I sat with one hand curled around Doolin's knife and planned my outlaw career.

I finished my chores and then went out to the woodshed and found a slab of soft wood. With my new knife I began to whittle a pistol—one like Doolin's. I had almost finished the handle when mother called me to supper.

Ella and Mr. Marrick were missing from their places. Father began to look around and mother said, "Mr. Marrick forgot something at the school and had to go back. Ella wheedled so hard I let her go along. Seems like they've been gone quite a spell. Reckon I was a fool to let her go."

"Mr. Marrick's a man grown," father told her. "He has that old shotgun of mine to keep off wild things and it ain't likely that Doolin will be showing his face around here."

Some mush went down the wrong way and I began to choke. Father pounded my back and I squirmed away. I felt all hot and cold inside. If Ella and Mr. Marrick had gone back to the schoolhouse they would find Bill Doolin.
I pressed my nose against the window nearest me. It was moonlight and I didn’t have any trouble finding Doolin. He was stretched out in the farthest corner, boots and all, dead to the world.

Ella and Mr. Marrick hadn’t bothered to close the door. I guess they were afraid Doolin would wake up. I could see Mr. Marrick through the open door as he swung restless back and forth. If I tried to get around to the side where the open window was he would be sure to see me. I had to warn Doolin from where I was, and I had to get Mr. Marrick away from the open door.

Suddenly I knew the answer. I was a dummy not to think of it before. Doolin had told me to go like a bobwhite if any kids came bothering around the creek.

I went like a bobwhite, and then did it again. Through the open door I could see Mr. Marrick standing rigid-like. He was pretty much of a tenderfoot but I think he smelled something wrong. Birds should be asleep at night, not calling back and forth. But I had to keep it up.

Just as I made up my mind to take a big chance and heave a rock through the window, Bill Doolin moved. I went like a bobwhite again and he sat up.

That was all I had been waiting for. I took out, making a big circle and heading straight for Mr. Marrick. He heard me coming and spoke sharply. “Who’s there?” Then he recognized me. “Where’s your father, Jackie?”

I told him father was coming and maybe we’d better wait in the road. Mr. Marrick wasn’t a coward, but he was willing.

They didn’t catch Bill Doolin—that time. It was on my 12th birthday that father came home from Coffeyville and said that Bill Doolin was dead. A deputy marshal named Heck Thomas killed him with a sawed-off shotgun.

“I allow Doolin got what was coming to him,” father said. “But he wasn’t no mean killer like some. He was looking for gold—and he found lead.”

I didn’t say anything but my fingers curled around Doolin’s knife.

Lady in the Sky

FIVE months before the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, a woman pilot made a successful solo flight. She was Aida de Acosta, a pretty Cuban girl. Visiting Paris, she was thrilled by the flights of Alberto Santos-Dumont, dashing young airship pioneer from Brazil. On June 29, 1903, she went up alone in his little dirigible, The Runabout. Standing in a wicker hamper attached to a spidery metal frame that dangled beneath a misshapen balloon, she ran the half-pint gasoline motor and worked the rudder as the crazy contraption skimmed the treetops of the Bois de Boulogne—while Santos-Dumont followed along on the road beneath, pedaling furiously on his bicycle. At the wave of his handkerchief, she brought the ship down in a polo field where a match was in progress, and received lusty cheers from the crowd.
Perhaps the real basis for most gripes about the younger generation is that we no longer belong to it.

Money talks, but it never gives itself away.

When Fate hands you a lemon, squeeze it and start a lemonade stand.

Never bet on a sure thing unless you can afford to lose.

Most girls would rather be looked over than overlooked.

Worrying takes up just as much time as work, but work pays better dividends.

The smallest good deed is better than the largest good intention.

So far, the use of atomic energy indicates that the road to hell is paved with good inventions.

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not. And a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is.

The trouble with being a reckless young blood is that you soon become a bloodless old wreck.

He who laughs last usually wanted to tell the story himself.

Once, a man would have to spend two weeks waiting if he missed a stage coach. Today, he raves if he misses the first section of a revolving door.

An argument is where two people are trying to get in the last word first.

The only time when some people won't pass the buck is when there is a collection.

The American mail-order catalogue gives the Russians a lot of wonderful new things to invent.

If you have the right to complain when there is nothing to complain about, you are living in a democracy.

A girl who marries for money is one who goes into marriage with her hands wide open.

No matter what other nations may say about us—immigration is still the sincerest form of flattery.
TIMES were tough for a lot of people back in 1931, and they were just about as tough for Ray Dumont as for anybody. He was a $25-a-week sporting goods salesman in Hutchinson, Kansas, whose success in moving wares was moderate, at best.

Then Dumont noticed a phenomenon which others, surely, had seen before him. The difference was that Dumont saw, Dumont acted.

A horseshoe pitching tournament was held in Hutchinson and for a period during and after the tournament, sales of horseshoe equipment increased sharply. The sporting goods salesman realized then that interest and participation in almost any given sport were capable of considerable cultivation. He looked for a fertile field, and fixed on unorganized baseball.

From the idea born as Ray Dumont sold horseshoes back in 1931 he has built a mighty empire for the sand-lotters of America and the world. Today he is busy expanding his National Baseball Congress beyond the seas and hopes in 1950 to stage a real world's series for non-professional baseball.

If all goes well, the champions of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres will meet for the world crown in Tokyo next year. The hemispheric representatives will be chosen in a great series of play-offs, extending through district, state, regional and national, then hemispheric, tournaments.

Raymond (Hap) Dumont in less than 20 years has come a long way. And his story is as typically American as baseball and the heroes of Horatio Alger.

After discovering that a tournament boomed the horseshoe business, Dumont staged a state tournament for sandlot baseball teams in Kansas. His first tourney led to encores each year for four years. He found it helped the sporting goods business, even in those dry depression days in Kansas.

But this cigar-smoking, balding...
man of boundless energy sensed something bigger. He decided to organize the unorganized of baseball, the sandlotters and the semi-pros, and hold a national tournament.

In 1934 he went to the city fathers of Wichita and made them a proposition. He would hold his national tournaments—still in the idea stage—in Wichita if the city would build a suitable ball park. Dumont, oddly enough, got the ball park. It’s known as Lawrence Stadium, the home of the semi-pros.

And Dumont kept his part of the bargain. In 1935 he held his first national tournament. Wichita has never been sorry it listened to the dream of the erstwhile sporting goods salesman. For about three weeks each August, it is the capital of the nation’s sandlot baseball. Almost 1,400,000 persons have paid to see games in the first 14 national tourneys.

Dumont’s National Baseball Congress is big business, global business, and in that respect it’s good for propagandizing democracy. Dumont says, “We believe one of the best ways to carry the American way of life to persons in all countries is through the medium of our nation’s number one sport, baseball.” His global program makes him sort of an unofficial missionary.

In 1948, at the time of the national tournament in Wichita, the Wall Street Journal, that “bible” of the financial world, took note of Dumont’s baseball show. In a lengthy article, it described how he grosses somewhere in the neighborhood of $180,000 a year with his NBC. It told how Dumont’s brainchild was a money maker, too, for the sponsors of big-time sandlot teams.

The winning team in the 32-team, double-elimination bracket in the Wichita tournament draws down a $10,000 pot. Another $45,000 is split as prize money among other competing teams, and $15,000 more is prorated for mileage. The Kansas state tournament still is the greatest of the qualifying shows. Last year it paid off $18,731 in prize money to competing teams.

Under the banner of the NBC, there are some 90,000 nonprofessional ball players in the United States, all signed to contracts with their teams. There is an umpires’ association, a scorers’ association and a system under which there is a commissioner for each state.

Dumont, the man who never was much shucks at the game he loves, has done it a great favor. Out of his tournament at Wichita have come many stars now shining brilliantly in the Big League heavens. And the NBC works closely with organized baseball.

Things were not always so lush. Some teams hitchhiked to that first national tourney in 1935 and slept in the park for lack of funds. But the nimble-witted Dumont watered his original idea with many another.
He is a master of the publicity stunt, and his ideas have won for him countless reams of advertising. These attracted more and more spectators and players to the sandlot game.

At first, baseball fans came to investigate this stunt man. Behind the gags, they found a sound program in the making, so they joined up. And thus the NBC grew under Hap Dumont's shrewd guidance until it reached the point where he could look beyond the seas for new worlds to conquer.

Dumont can't forget altogether his early publicity coups. Last year he installed a mechanical goose on the scoreboard at Lawrence Stadium. When a team fails to score, it lays goose eggs.

In the old days, he was a master at springing space-catching ideas. They were so good that they regularly made the press wires, and just as regularly were printed on the nation's sports pages.

There was the time he came up with a Lady Umpire, of all things. That one slowed the hot discussions at home plate to a gentlemanly pace. It's difficult to be really uninhibited in cussing a Lady Umpire.

Once he posted One-Eyed Connolly, the nation's most notorious gate crasher, at the entrance to Lawrence Stadium to prevent gate crashing. Connolly proved so good that he kept one ace pitcher out of the ball yard.

Dumont dreamed up a pneumatic plate duster, thus reducing the demand for whisk brooms by umpires. He installed a disappearing microphone at home plate. It allowed the plate umpire to call lineup changes to the crowd. It also gave the crowd an earful of heated debates.

He tried dim-out baseball, using balls, bats, gloves, bases and baselines painted with a luminous paint. He tried "wrong way" base running — hit it and run either to third or first. He tried an electric eye instead of a plate umpire. Those were among Dumont ideas which have gone into the discard. The first two naturally wouldn't work. The last worked so well he had to give it up.

"Who'd want to argue with the electric eye?" he asks. "What fan would want to shriek at a gadget instead of an umpire?"

Dumont worked into his early tournament such colorful additions as fireworks displays and scantily clad tournament queen candidates. He even had a "milkman's matinee," starting one eight-game day at five a.m. and serving a breakfast of orange juice, doughnuts and coffee during the seventh inning stretch. Fans in pajamas walked in free, incidentally.

Dumont struck a rich vein in his first national tournament. A lanky Negro came down from Bismarck, North Dakota, and pitched his team to the title. The pitcher was Leroy (Satchel) Paige. He's still pitching, for the world champion Cleveland Indians. There has always been plenty to write about when Paige started pitching—or talking.

Paige in his prime was one of the pitching greats of all time. His work at Wichita in August of 1935 won the baby tourney thousands of reportorial words on sports pages around the country.

"It is the aim of the National Base-
ball Congress,” Dumont says, “to continue the development of its global program until all nations are given an opportunity to participate in it.”

During September of this year, the United States champion will meet the Canadian national titlist, in the home city of the United States winner. Planned, too, for the same month is a Latin American series between South and Central American winners and the Mexican champion.

Plans worked out by J. G. Taylor Spink, NBC global commissioner and publisher of baseball’s great weekly, The Sporting News, call for a 1950 play-off between the North and Latin American winners for the hemispheric title and a play-off series, tentatively set for Tokyo, against the winning team in the Eastern Hemisphere.

General Douglas MacArthur has given tentative approval of the Tokyo meeting, providing the economic situation is straightened out by that time. Dumont’s NBC has $35,000 set aside in a special fund to underwrite the expenses of the Western Hemispheric winner for such a trip.

No nation is affiliated with Dumont’s program until the NBC commissioner in charge is satisfied that the sponsoring body is a responsible group and that administrative and other matters will be handled so as to foster proper growth of the game in that nation.

Dumont’s global operations are laid out, as is his United States program, with NBC commissioners in charge of sandlot baseball. The NBC has commissioners in Alaska, Argentina, Canada, China, Cuba, Ecuador, the Far East, Guatemala, Hawaii, India, Jamaica, Japan, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama and the Canal Zone, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and the Virgin Islands.

The horizon of the dream Hap Dumont had less than 20 years ago has not yet been reached. Dumont, in his middle forties now, believes a baseball bat can be made into one of democracy’s greatest tools.

One of the junior attorneys in the office of the Washington legal firm of Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson and Shorb phoned the Treasury Department and asked the young lady who answered about getting a certain government circular. The Treasury girl was astonishingly cordial once she got the matter of his identification through her head and said she’d personally see that the document was mailed right away. As she took his address, she painstakingly spelled back the name of each of the partners. She wanted to be absolutely sure, she said, that she had all of them right.

“Thank you,” said the lawyer gratefully at the end.

“Thank you,” said the girl. “Until you called, my whole family was simply groggy trying to dig up enough names for a litter of pups that just arrived.”

The producer was planning a war movie. “This will be an extravaganza to end all extravaganzas,” he purred. “I’m going to use full armies—4,000 men on one side and 5,000 on the other.”

“A total of 9,000 men in one movie?” exclaimed the director. “How can we afford such an enormous cast?”

“Easy,” replied the producer. “We’ll use real bullets!”
Horse America Loved

The fabulous achievements of Man-o'-War are turfdom's greatest success story.

by MARVIN KENDALL

He was an honorary citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, and an honorary colonel of the First Cavalry Division in Tokyo.

Two million people fought, bribed, begged and threatened to get near him and touch him—just for luck.

His birthday each year was the signal for a national ovation, marked by orations, floral tributes, elaborate dinners and broadcasts—but the guest of honor munched hay.

This was Man-o'-War, the nation's most beloved horse, who grew from an ungainly and coarse-haired colt to a world-renowned champion of the turf.

When he died in 1947, thousands of persons who had seen and remembered "Big Red" cried openly. Other thousands to whom he was a remarkable legend mourned also, for Man-o'-War's prowess was a treasured memory handed down from father to son.

At his funeral, 2,500 friends stood with bowed heads as a derrick lowered his big casket into the earth. Over the casket were his famed racing colors of yellow and black. As newsreel cameras ground away and reporters' pencils scribbled furiously, Big Red was buried on a November day in 1947—full of years, pride and love.

When Man-o'-War was born, nobody shouted the glad tidings. Sired by the famous Fair Play, the little colt was an awkward, dull-looking animal with a pinched face and forked legs.

His disappointed owner, Major August Belmont, quickly sold him along with a parcel of other horses not considered promising material for the great Belmont stables.

Man-o'-War was sold for what later developed to be a mere pittance
—$5,000. His new owner, a textile manufacturer named Riddle, thus acquired the four-footed asset which was to become more valuable than a vault of gilt-edged securities.

Riddle had no idea that his new horse had racing possibilities. He planned to use him as a hunting steed. But a veteran trainer named Louis Feustel talked Riddle out of the idea.

"Let me have him for a while, Chief," Feustel begged. "He's got possibilities, I'm sure."

Riddle, who had plenty of horses, shrugged at this whim of his trainer but allowed Feustel to have his way. Training Man-o'-War was a chore. He tossed exercise boys, was erratic in his performance. Several times he caught dangerous colds, once almost perished after a bout with influenza.

But by June of 1919, Trainer Feustel said the big red horse was ready. Immediately, the horse with his tossing head and bright defiance caught the crowd’s fancy. Though they had never heard of him, people rushed to put their money on the huge stallion. Some said he had personality; others said he exuded championship.

That first race was memorable. Man-o'-War acted as if he were jet-propelled. Other jockeys almost fell off their horses in amazement, when Man-o'-War’s rider, Johnny Loftus, piloted him home as a winner six lengths ahead of the number two horse.

From then on, Man-o'-War was a sure shot in every race. It was a dull day for bettors when he was running. Only country bumpkins who had never heard of him dared bet against the red stallion. At one time, in the Belmont Stakes, he commanded odds of 1 to 100.

"This horse is as good an investment as a United States bond issue," a famous chalk-eater of that day told his friends. He promptly bet $100,000 on Man-o'-War in order to win $1,000—and Man-o'-War captured that race by 20 lengths.

As a two- and three-year-old in 1919 and 1920, Big Red won 20 out of 21 races. He earned $250,000 in his brief turf career and was clocked to five world’s records. His United States record for the mile and five-eighths, and his world record for the mile and three-eighths, still stand untouched.

The most famous Man-o'-War race was his duel with another great horse, John P. Grier, on July 10, 1920, at Aqueduct. Before this race, Man-o'-War had been sure of his reign as monarch of the turf. No rival ever approached his flying heels.

But John P. Grier was made of stuff almost as good as Man-o'-War. Neck and neck, the two great horses plunged down the home stretch. Men who had bet huge rolls on Man-o'-
Man groaned. It looked like the end of the king’s reign.

But his jockey did the unprecedented: he gave Big Red a flick with his whip. The result was a jolting shock to the onlookers—Man-o’-War jumped as if he had been given a hot foot and licked John P. Grier by a length-and-a-half.

Oddly, enough, this race brought fame and honor to the loser. For John P. Grier was headlined everywhere as “the horse that almost beat Man-o’-War”!

By this time, Man-o’-War had been the hero of movies, comic strips, editorials, books and magazine articles galore. Little statuettes of him sold by the thousands. His picture hung in the parlors of thousands of horse lovers.

Foreign news services sent over their crack reporters to “interview” the monarch of all horseflesh. Movie stars begged their press agents to photograph them with Man-o’-War. And children were excused from schoolrooms to visit his paddock and see the prancing fellow in the flesh.

Man-o’-War left the track forever in 1920, after beating Sir Barton, the fastest horse ever bred in Canada. As usual, Man-o’-War was far ahead—seven lengths—and was good for plenty of reserve speed had his jockey been willing to push him.

Owner Riddle retired his horse early because—to handicap him and give competitors something like a fair chance—Man-o’-War was being loaded with increasingly heavy weights. There was danger of injuring his back.

Riddle rejected an offer of one million dollars for the great red stallion and advertised him at stud. At a fee of $5,000 Man-o’-War serviced ten to twelve mares a year.

The nation’s finest painters and sculptors journeyed to the Riddle stables to immortalize Man-o’-War in the closing years of his life. The great horse, for all his temperament, seemed to get a big thrill out of having his picture snapped or his portrait painted. He was a cooperative model, quiet and proud.

When the horse died, owner Riddle—a man in his 80’s—was overcome with grief. He couldn’t attend the funeral. But over Man-o’-War’s grave at Faraway Farm some day soon a mammoth bronze statue of the indomitable horse will be placed.

Even at night, searchlights will illumine the statue so that pilgrims who arrive after dark can see the likeness of Man-o’-War—the greatest of them all!

Men and Supermen

In Hamburg, Germany, a Dr. Theodor Herr performed a successful appendix operation on himself recently—using only novocaine as a local anesthetic.

In Macon, Georgia, a 38-year-old man fell from a scaffold 75 feet high, landed on his head—and lived to brag about it.

In Fort Worth, Texas, the physical handicap of a broken right leg failed to stop one fellow from indulging in his favorite pastime—golf. He toured the course in a small red wagon, which was pulled by a caddy.
"Do like me... Switch to Hots!"
WHEN the last group of summer tourists leaves Cape Cod this year, a forlorn figure in frayed 17th Century garb will watch their departure with momentary regret. For with them goes the main source of income for Amos Kubik, America’s last Pilgrim.

Then, with continued enthusiasm for the unusual profession he has followed successfully for two decades, Amos will try to forget the tourists and their ready pocket money. He will set about drumming up trade as a Town Crier and begin thinking about ways to capitalize on the coming of Thanksgiving and its memories of honest-to-goodness Pilgrims.

A native of Czechoslovakia, Amos first settled in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he indulged in a marriage which unsettled his life and caused him to scamper out to the tip of Cape Cod. There, 20 years ago, he latched onto the beat-up, old, hand-ringling bell; the knee-breeches; big buckled shoes; flowing cape and conical hat of his present trade.

Amos, for a fee, will call anything—a grocer’s sale, a firemen’s dance, carnival, boat excursion trip, a playhouse program or you name it. Cross his palm and outline the palaver, and Amos will sound off on every corner of that long and slender community.

Amos’ reign has not been unbroken, his difficulty being an illness which clouted him low about the same time his native land was plagued by an unwanted visitor named Hitler. The summer vacationers were about to start parading in, and the town’s selectmen couldn’t be without a Town Crier. It was too long to wait for Amos’ recovery.

Lurking on the mainland, available (on purpose, Amos thinks to this day) in his moment of frailty, was an old Broadway hand of Shakespearian antecedents, Frank Andrews, who was snatched up by the city for the summer.
Andrews, done up circa 1620, delighted Provincetown by adding the zingo of a professional, trained voice, the flair of the stage, and considerable study and rehearsal to each announcement. He made a "snapping turtle" (village description) out of Kubik.

But Andrews only lasted that season. Kubik took enough pills, nostrums and stimulants the following winter to have warded off bubonic plague, so he would be in shape, come spring, to jangle the bell and clog the corners. Even today, mention of the intervening Crier sends him off muttering.

Kubik, during his 70 or so years of batting around, has finally become secure enough as a professional Pilgrim to be sent for from points all over the United States. He takes off in costume to lend the flavor of history to civic celebrations. He's a natural to attract publicity and make good newspaper art.

One of these trips a few years ago gave Provincetown a tizzy. The occasion was an affair in Washington, D. C., and Kubik took with him Provincetown's traditional and original bell, an old brass one which had survived the centuries. A highbinder in the nation's capital, who had a far greater appreciation of antiques than Kubik, prevailed upon the unsuspecting Amos to allow him to do something nice for his home town as a "favor."

"I'll trade you even," the kind man said. "I'll give you a brand new bell for that old one." Kubik, with the best interests of Provincetown in mind, swapped, and came home with a bell thought suitable by the townspeople for only one thing—to be tolled for his locally arranged demise.

Partly for this reason, and some others, Kubik has been frowned upon by enough of the selectmen that he is no longer on the city payroll. He works by the job, collects from each sponsor. He also collects from each amateur photographer who raises a camera at him when he's in his regalia.

"The Indians ruined him," says one of the local scoffers. "One tourist told him she had to pay a quarter to take a picture of a Navajo on a trip west, and that was all Kubik needed to get up his price list for Cape Cod."

Another ventured that he wouldn't be surprised if Kubik isn't the reason why the original Pilgrims went on to Plymouth—they wouldn't pay Kubik's price to land.

Amos' costume is faded, jaded and unkempt, and once it prompted the townsmen to do something about its retread and repair. A collection was taken up among the business citizenry to refit him; and he was given the money, a round trip boat ticket to Boston and the address of a costumer who would outfit him. Kubik
marched off, the town serenely confident that its historical landmark would come home in full polish.

Kubik, instead, feeling money in his jeans, gathered up some bibulous companions who had short-rationed the hard winter. Going the way of the profligate, Amos squandered the whole of the money in nearby Hyannis on bottled goods which he, and friends, surrounded in great glee.

Provincetown found out about the whizzer only when Kubik, with watery eye, came to work the first of the season in his old and decrepit garb. To date, Provincetown has shown marked apathy in bankrolling him again. If any visitors comment on his shabbiness, they get the answering retort, "Oh, he's not supposed to be a just-off-the-Mayflower Pilgrim. He represents a survivor of the second winter!"

Kubik frequently teams up with a writer, Harry Kemp, who among the local art and writing colony is known to toss off an ode to either a fish-hook or a lady's girdle at the drop of a quill pen.

Last fall, Kemp's idea was to be landed in a rowboat at the spot and on the anniversary of the arrival of the Pilgrims. Kubik, who had talked much of his seamanship, was to do double duty. He was to be in costume, complete with bell, and would row the boat in which Kemp would stand as they came to the shore. Once hitting the sand, Kubik was to ship his oars, step out, ring the bell, sound a normal complement of "Hear Ye!" befitting such an occasion, and be followed by a solemn Kemp who would read a commemorating poem he had composed for the anniversary.

The day, unfortunately, was too typical of the original landing. The harbor was choppy and rough, the wind blew strong from the north, and the two doughty re-enacters were being drenched. Making it even worse, Kubik lost distance with every oar-stroke; the sea was mastering him in spite of a manful struggle.

After an hour of this, a kind mariner drew alongside in a motor launch, fastened a towline and hauled the two dampened Pilgrims to safety. The poem went unread, the bell unrung, and Kubik's seamanship brings tears to the eyes of old salts as they laugh about it today.

Kubik's latest troubles are attuned to a set of bargain false teeth, of questionable fit and mooring and given to leap on words of his spiels beginning with the letter "P."

Scoff though they may, Kubik can throw back in the teeth of his fellow townsman that he is about the only near-authentic "hear ye" left in a New England which rallies around preservation or restoration of tradition. And tabbing the tourist trade for two-bits before allowing photographs isn't much considering costs of upkeep of person and costume, Kubik believes.

However, there is no indication that any of the two-bitses have found their way to upkeep of the latter.

A liberal is a radical with a wife and two children.
“Nice band!”
The disabled, the handicapped, are fighting an uphill battle at Kansas City's new Rehabilitation Institute.

In Kansas City, the heart of America, there is a young man named Linza who is just now learning to read and write though he is already 20 years old. Linza's head was injured at birth, causing him to lose all normal muscular sensitivity and regulation. When he opens a door he has to think hard about relaxing to turn the knob, about pushing forward and then, without tension, releasing the knob. Linza's face twists from side to side when he talks. His mouth cannot form full sounds, especially hard vowels. His arms move in grotesque patterns because the muscles in them are tense and strained at every joint.

But Linza's future is not going to be one of helpless dependence on others. For today, he is busy learning how to earn his own living and to adapt himself to a normal life in society. He is one of many handicapped persons who are finding a new reason for living from their training at the Kansas City Rehabilitation Institute.

Before Linza entered the Institute, he had never held a job. He could not go to school in the small Iowa farming community where he was reared because the only school, an ordinary elementary school, could not cope with a student seriously hindered by severe cerebral palsy. When his mother died a few years ago, Linza, fully unable to support himself, came to Kansas City to live with his brother's family. His attempts to work were useless; employers said he was mentally incapable.

But psychiatric tests given Linza at the Institute showed him to be mentally superior—far above average. His learning ability, divorced from physical malfunction, was high; his aptitudes were well-established.

In a matter of weeks under Institute guidance, Linza was writing his name and had almost mastered the alphabet. Soon a startling new world of written words, hidden from Linza for over 20 years, was gradually opened to him, revealing mysteries most kids unpuzzle at the age of five or six.

Several mornings every week Linza receives treatment, prescribed for him.
by a doctor, in the Institute’s physical therapy ward. Under the guidance of a trained therapist he is taught to walk upright and to carry himself without waving his arms and moving his head. Day after day he practices stepping over the rungs of a ladder lying on the laboratory floor. This teaches him to lift his legs, instead of dragging them, when he walks. There are some simulated stairs, weights, parallel bars and other control-building devices for his use.

He spends a few hours each day with an instructor in penmanship. He learns multiplication tables, spelling, basic history and geography. A great deal of time is spent drawing and playing checkers because those activities require exacting muscular control. It is very difficult for a cerebral palsy victim to set a checker down in a 1½-inch square.

Part of his time is occupied with learning how to handle power tools. Someday Linza wants to go back to his family’s home in Iowa and earn his own living by repairing farm buildings and doing other jobs with tools.

The balance of the day Linza spends in the Institute’s curative workshop to earn money to pay his brother, who has a family of his own, something toward the household’s expenses. Linza is one of the dozens of handicapped workers who package handkerchiefs, address envelopes, sort nuts and bolts, box merchandise or tie bundles so that they can take seven or eight dollars home at the week’s end and know that the wages were earned.

Linza is but one of the scores of physically handicapped patients that the Institute has handled since its beginning in 1947. It is the only organization of its kind in the Middle West and is sponsored by eight Kansas City charitable and medical organizations that recognize the drastic need for such a center.

The Institute has come a long way since that first day in November, 1947, when the present director, Mrs. Vivian Shepard, formerly with the Missouri Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, sat at a lone card table in the old cobwebbed building on McGee street anxiously awaiting the first patient. The initial $10,000 working fund, donated by various charities and clubs, went so fast she had hardly to dip her pen a second time to write checks. But Vivian Shepard and the newly born Institute were old-fashioned enough to believe that if the will were strong enough, anything was possible.

Determination and perseverance won. Today, Mrs. Shepard has a permanent staff of three—an occupational therapist, a physical therapist and a workshop director—and a large group of volunteer workers. She and her helpers minister to an average of 40 patients a day. Elderly men and women with deformed or missing limbs, spastic teen-agers who have almost no muscular control, malformed children, disabled veterans learning to use artificial arms and hands—all come to the Rehabilitation Institute for therapy. Whatever the disability, none is refused help.

In many cases, the Institute’s first job is helping the handicapped patient become accustomed to the stares of
shoppers and pedestrians on the street who cannot refrain from showing their sympathetic curiosity. The patient must become mentally adjusted to his handicap before he can begin receiving effective therapy. At the Institute, patients experience a new relationship with people. The young woman working at her loom forgets about her disabled foot because everyone else does. The dark-eyed lad at the circle saw is unaware of his shriveled arm; no one notices it. The patients feel on an equal footing with their co-workers; eventually Rehabilitation will build their confidence so that they will feel equal to those who are physically whole.

Almost every patient has a history of neglect and heart-breaking attempts to earn a living in a world of fast-talking, fast-walking disinterested people.

A Negro, once desperately despondent with his helplessness from the loss of two legs above the knees, cheerfully learned to walk on artificial limbs at the Institute. He became interested in weaving in the workshop and studied hard during vocational training courses. After several months at Rehabilitation he found a job in a small tailoring shop where he reweaves torn fabrics. He walks to work and climbs short flights of steps with his new legs.

A 17-year-old boy stricken with polio when he was 11 could hardly move from the elevator to the second floor physical therapy ward. He could not seat himself without the help of others. When he left the Institute weeks later, he walked unaided out the front door, stepped down the outside curb and walked across the street. Now he was ready for vocational rehabilitation, provided by the State of Missouri.

Not long ago, an ambulance brought a middle-aged woman to the Institute. She was carried into the building on a stretcher. Since the removal of a spinal tumor, she had lost the use of her hands and could not walk. Today she is walking unaided, signs her name and soon will return to normal, healthy activity.

Although the De Lano School in Kansas City has excellent facilities for crippled children, there is no room for charity treatment of the many adults and adolescents felled each year by epilepsy, tuberculosis, polio, traumatic lesion, arthritis and a dozen other crippling diseases. The Rehabilitation Institute fills this grave need. Occasionally, unusual child cases are brought to the Institute. Such was the case of a one-armed two-year-old who needed special exercises to strengthen his good arm. His mother brought him to Rehabilitation for several weeks to learn the necessary exercises not offered elsewhere.

Most of the patients are financially destitute, but the Institute is about 20 per cent self-supporting. A small part of the revenue earned in the Institute Workshop is retained; the rest goes
to the patient-workers as wages. The confidence they receive by actually earning dollars and cents is an important part of mental therapy. A large part of the income is supplied by insurance companies that send industrial accident cases there for paid treatment. Many of these are amputees who require considerable training in the use of artificial hands, legs and arms before they can return to their old jobs. Several of the patients at the Rehabilitation Institute are veterans. The Institute is recognized by the Veteran's Administration.

But the bulk of the handicapped receiving help are supported directly through charity—drives, campaigns and even door-to-door pleading. Several Kansas City social groups contribute regularly to the funds. There are distant promises of more money. If the Kansas City Community Chest goes over its goal, then the Rehabilitation Institute may be added to the list of contribution-receiving charities.

The money required for needed additional equipment approaches an unbelievable figure. Although volunteer workers make up a good-sized part of the staff, trained therapists are needed—and their salaries are high.

The original building on McGee Street was fitted by donations from organized labor, contractors and merchants who gave materials and fixtures. But the lease on that building was lost this year. The new site on Gillham Plaza will be adequate only after extensive and expensive remodeling. In the meantime, the group of disabled coming to the Institute for help grows and grows.

The unselfish interest and aid which so many have given to support the Institute truly comes from the heart. For patrons have seen what the Institute means to the people it serves. To some, it means a release from years of the bondage of inactivity and helplessness. To many, it means an escape from humiliating dependence on others; most patients have earned their first and only wages in the curative workshop. And to all those receiving help, the Rehabilitation Institute opens the door to renewed hope and interest in living. It is this motivating force that will keep Kansas City's Rehabilitation Institute a going concern—an aid station where the accent is placed squarely on potential ability, not present disability.

Practical Telepathy

THE Norwegian composer Grieg and his friend Beyer were out rowing one day, when Grieg suddenly got an idea for a melody. He wrote it down on a piece of paper, which he laid in front of him. Soon after, unnoticed by Grieg, a puff of wind blew the paper into the water. Stealthily Beyer fished it out and looked at it. In a little while he began to whistle the melody.

Grieg looked up, startled. "What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, just a little tune that popped into my head," answered Beyer nonchalantly.

"Amazing!" Grieg burst out. "I got that very same melody myself only a few minutes ago!"
The career of a Hollywood stunt girl is a breathtaking business.

Such little chores as dropping from an airplane, leaping into the ocean from the top deck of a burning ship, or crashing an automobile through a plate glass window are all in the day's work for Mary Crane. She's used to it, enjoys it, and gets paid well for it. For Mary Crane is Hollywood's top-notch stunt girl.

This hair-raising career of cinematic calamity began in Tampa, Florida, when Mary was barely 15. At high school she had already been putting all the other girls' noses out of joint with her fancy self-taught diving stunts, but she dropped her amateur standing when a traveling show came to town and offered the local mermaids a chance to show off.

This was Mary's big moment. She covered herself with so much glory that the manager offered her a contract making her diving act the show's star attraction for the next two years. All of which was very nice, of course. But if a girl is accustomed to disporting herself in the Atlantic ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, she just can't accept a portable tank as a permanent substitute. Besides, sooner or later, all bright little girls go to Hollywood, and Mary is nothing if not bright.

Therefore, just as soon as that first contract had been fulfilled, Mary trekked to the film capital. And in the exciting, thrill-packed years that have followed, neither Mary nor Hollywood has had cause to regret it.

"Being a stunt girl isn't so very dangerous," says Mary, flashing a smile that would easily make her a glamour girl instead of a stunt girl if she wished. "Of course, a girl's got to know her business. I've been called on to do all the stunts in the repertory, but I've only been frightened twice in my life. Once was when someone had shifted my diving platform out of line with the five-foot tub of water 86 feet below me. I had to twist in the air in order to hit the water. I struck the tub as I hit, but I made it.

"The other time I got nervous was when I was doubling for the star in a big desert simoon scene. I can double for people but not for their voices, so dialogue always makes me nervous. In that sandstorm scene, I
had to scream the star's dialogue while being blown literally off my feet by 34 huge wind machines. It was almost too much for me. As I screamed, the speed of the machines increased until their force swept me through the air and into a big net that was just out of camera range. It wasn't actually half as dangerous as most of the other things I've had to do, but I worried myself almost sick over it, beforehand.

"I like aquatics and aviation work best. I enjoy wing walking, parachute jumps and high diving. I don't like working with horses, because one never has the same horse twice, and there's no opportunity to get used to your mount beforehand, I do like motor crashes. Incidentally, I'm the only stunt girl in Hollywood who is able to turn over an automobile. Lots of us can skid a car beautifully—and this pays even better than a crash—but very few of us can do an effective crash.

"Men and women stunt performers are equally courageous, but there's one thing no producer will permit a stunt girl to tackle, and that's a plane crash, either aground or in the air. Nevertheless, it's the one thing every stunt girl is hoping some day to do. If the performer lives through it he makes big money—and I do mean big—for a neat little mid-air crack-up brings $2,500 and up! Modern audiences are now so familiar with everything pertaining to aviation that such thrills can't be faked; they've got to be real. But only an expert can do them and live."

Stunt girls can't afford to get hurt in their work because they cannot carry insurance. To compensate, their fees are very good. Thirty-five dollars per day is the minimum wage for relatively easy work such as swimming, riding, being caught in storms or earthquakes and the like. Being blown through the air in explosions or storm scenes pays $250. A parachute leap pays $125. Skidding a car brings $75, but a crash pays only $50. For turning a car completely over—with the driver inside—the fee is $500. For diving or driving off cliffs the price varies according to the height. The standard rate is $1.00 per foot up to 35 feet; $2.00 per foot for each foot over that, up to 50 feet, and $1.00 per inch, from there on.

Mary says that only once has a producer changed the rates on her. "I told him I would dive off a 40-foot cliff for $50. I was over-charging because it was a dangerous dive. We argued for ten minutes, he insisting he would pay $1.00 per foot and not a penny more. Finally he reluctantly agreed to my terms.

"Well, something went wrong every time. Not with me or my dive, but with the camera or the sound equipment. I made that dive seven times before the director was satisfied, and I certainly felt that I had earned my precious $50. But when I got my check I almost swooned! Instead of $50, the check was made out for $350, thus paying me for every one of the scenes that had gone wrong, as well as for the perfect 'take!'

"I've been very lucky and I know my work so well that I've never had any but minor injuries—excepting once. That once was while I was on vacation, and I was not paid for it.
It happened near my home in Florida. I was swimming in the old swimming-hole where I had first learned to dive. I blithely tried the five-foot diving board, struck my head on the bottom in a half gainer—and broke my back! I was in the hospital on a stretcher-board for the next 12 weeks.

“I like the color and excitement of working in pictures, plus the remuneration. Of course, a stunt girl does not work steadily, but with the present vogue for outdoor pictures most of us have all the work we can handle. Moreover, much of the work we are called on to do is not dangerous at all, such as when we double for stars in scenes which they could just as well do themselves. For example, we often do scenes that call for stair-way falls, being dunked in a pool and other trivial accidents. The stars are not allowed to do these because if they should twist an ankle or strain a ligament, the whole production would be tied up indefinitely. Since such delays cost the studio a prohibitive sum, it’s simpler and much cheaper to use a stunt person as a double.

“A few years ago our group formed the Riding and Stunt Girls’ Association, which has proved a great boon to producers. The group is composed of 50 stunt girls, each of whom is an expert in her line. Heretofore a producer usually took quite a chance on stunt girls because there are always a few who are not at all qualified but who do not hesitate to try. Such girls have frequently caused serious delays in the film’s ‘shooting’ because of their inability to do the work for which they were hired. To protect themselves the experts formed this Association. It excludes the incompetent girls, has stabilized the scale of fees, and in case of sickness or emergencies, offers financial help to the girl who needs it.

“S’funny and almost incredible,” says Mary in conclusion, “that of all the stunt girls here in Hollywood who are qualified for difficult and dangerous things, only two are good at trick and fancy roping, and less than half of us are adept at such games as soft ball, golf, tennis or bowling. I guess it proves once more that you can’t have—or do—everything!”

Sign Language

Sign on the ceiling of the Washington and Lee University’s gymnasium—directly above the wrestling mats: WHEN YOU CAN READ THIS—YOU’RE IN TROUBLE.
On the office door of the “Sex Squad” in San Francisco’s police headquarters: BIRDS AND BEES DETAIL.
Sign on a San Francisco barbershop: CLIP JOINT.
In a Lexington, Kentucky, drugstore: CIGARETTES—18c A PACK; TWO PACKS FOR 37c.
Sign in Detmold, Germany, food rationing office: DON’T BANG THE DOOR EVEN IF YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN REFUSED.

The person who throws mud isn’t standing on firm ground.
SEPTEMBER MEANS “MISS AMERICA”

ALL summer long it was happening all over the nation. Scores of beautiful girls in bathing suits were parading before groups of gentlemen judges. The girls were singing, dancing, smiling, walking back and forth exuding personality and their most attractive manners. In between glances, the judges were conscientiously jotting down numbers in little notebooks and busily figuring out percentages—25% for talent; 25% for personality; 25% for appearance in evening dress; and 25% for bathing suit contours. The cause of all this activity was clear. One of these beauties would receive the coveted title, “Miss America of 1949,” a $5,000 scholarship, possibly movie contracts and, of course, fame.

In Kansas City, the fate of “Miss Kansas” and “Miss Missouri” was decided in the crowded Pla-Mor Ballroom where Dick Smith of WHB acted as master of ceremonies. After a couple of hours of shifting their spectacles, squinting at curves and balancing percentages, the judges were ready with their decision.

Miss Jane Stone of Jefferson City became “Miss Missouri.” She is a 19-year-old ash blonde whose picture appeared on the cover of Life magazine, May 9th, in connection with the Smith College-Missouri University controversy. Jane is a member of Chi Omega Sorority at M. U. and an avid fan of coed life.

Miss Shirley Hargiss was crowned “Miss Kansas.” She is a tall, hazel-eyed, 22-year-old brunette from Topeka, and her beauty is bolstered by an impressive musical talent. She was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma at Kansas University and received her music degree from Northwestern. The girls were crowned with daisies and roses and presented gold trophies in the midst of glaring flash bulbs and crowding admirers.

In early September, Miss Stone and Miss Hargiss, accompanied by Don Davis of WHB, Missouri and Kansas state chairman, will go to Atlantic City for the national finals.

The pictures on the opposite page reflect highlights of the bi-state preliminary Pageant.


3. The judges enjoyed being critical. Left to right are Harold Hahn, photographer; Landon Laird, Kansas City Times dramatic critic; W. T. Grant, chairman of the judges; Leo Mullin, of the Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce; and John Quinn, correspondent for Variety. Not shown is the sixth panel member, Wallace Rosenbauer, director of the Kansas City Art Institute.

4. The beaming winners pose with armfuls of yellow roses and golden loving cups.

Centerpiece

RECLINING on Swing’s center pages is sultry Audrey Totter, the versatile radio actress who became a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sensation. Currently, she may be seen in Tension.
... presenting W. T. GRANT
Swing nominee for
MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

WHEN the stage play named Gaslight was made into a movie a few years back, it was a painful experience for Tom Grant. Friends were puzzled, and even more so later when he avoided radios and juke boxes all of the time that The Old Lamplighter, a dance tune, was in vogue.

For Grant, a fabulously successful insurance executive, both of those titles revived unpleasant memories nearly half a century old. It was in 1901 that Grant took a flyer in the gas lamp lighting business, only to learn the hard way it is easier to buy gold bricks than to sell them.

The story really begins in Lawrence, Kansas, where young Tom Grant was working his way through the University of Kansas law school as an afternoon bank teller and part-time insurance salesman. One day a stranger entered the bank and approached the assistant cashier. "I'd like to turn on your lights," he said, gesturing to a long rod in his right hand. "Is it all right?"

"Sure," answered the banker. "With that thing?"

"Yep," said the stranger, reaching up with the rod to touch a gas lamp. Miraculously, the lamp lit.

"No climbing around on ladders," the stranger was saying. "No monkeying with matches or tapers. Dollar and a half buys it."

The banker was convinced. Tom watched him trade a bill and a half-dollar for the magic wand, then slipped outside for a chat with the salesman.

"How much did you make on that sale?" Tom asked.

"Seventy-five cents. I buy the lighters for six-bits and mark them up 50 per cent. Got a little battery in them."

"How many you sell a day?"

"Oh, six or eight. On a good day, ten."

Tom whistled. Seven-fifty a day! He earned six dollars a week at the bank. Not much, when you stacked it up against a gilt-edged proposition like this. "Do me a favor," he asked. "Tell me where you get these things."

When the school year ended in June, Tom bought a hundred lamplighters, in order to get a quantity discount, and headed for Colorado. That was to be the scene of his big triumph.

A solid week of noes changed his mind. The batteries in the lamplighters burned out after four or five usings. He was constantly dipping into his reserve supply to keep himself in demonstrators.

When the lighters wouldn't move,
he cut the price. Finally he was trying to peddle them at cost, but with no luck.

He ran an ad for lamplighter salesmen, and turned up a bunch of down-at-the-heel characters without two nickels among them to invest in the enterprise.

In desperation, he approached a hardware store. “Let me leave these gadgets here,” he propositioned. “Sell them whenever you can, for whatever the traffic will bear. We’ll split the profit.” Then he walked away, fast.

He never returned to the store, for fear they’d try to give the rods back to him. Even today, he is wary when in Colorado. There are a hundred lamplighters around there some place, and he doesn’t want to get involved with them again.

In spite of that early failure, Tom Grant was born to sell. It was a matter of finding the right product. From the hardware store he went to an insurance agency. He got a contract, and by fall was doing so well he couldn’t afford to return to school. In the years since, he has sold either directly or through his agents several billion dollars’ worth of accident, health and life insurance. He has organized and operated his own company, and has held the three highest positions in the entire insurance field.

The outstanding feature of Tom Grant’s personality is his genuine fondness for people. He is extremely gregarious, and puts off such solitary hobbies as reading until sometime after the rest of the world is down for the night. As long as there are people around, he wants to be with them.

He loves to entertain, and in the eyes of his wife, Tom Grant’s greatest fault is his long-established habit of inviting friends or even chance acquaintances home to dinner on the spur of the moment. “Come on out to the house and bring the family,” is his favorite line. Mrs. Grant sometimes doesn’t learn of the invitation until the guests arrive. So for her, the keeping of a well-stocked larder is almost a full-time job.

Occasionally, the Grants do run out of food. There was one evening, for instance, when so many last-minute guests arrived for dinner that Tom had to go out foraging. All stores were closed, and he ended up at his country club, paying the steward a fancy price for several chickens and additional supplies of other items.

W. T. Grant was born in Middleport, Ohio, a small town on the Ohio River which takes its name from the fact that it is halfway between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. While Tom was still a baby, his family moved to Ellinwood, Kansas; so at an early age he fell heir to the chore of milking 25 cows, morning and night.

Tom didn’t think much of that assignment, but he was 19 before he could slide out from under it. Then, with a high school diploma and a clean white shirt, he went to work in the town bank for five dollars a week.

In time, young Grant learned he could augment his income by selling accident insurance on the side. That was an important discovery because a bad wheat year wiped out his raison d’etre at the bank.

Looking back, Grant thinks the loss of his bank job was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to
him. He began selling insurance in dead earnest, and in the first six weeks earned more than his teller's job would have paid him in six months.

He was so successful, in fact, that he took off for Europe with an Ellinwood friend named Jim Barrow. By riding a cattle train and later a cattle boat, the two boys got from Kansas to England and back to New York for nine dollars apiece. Tom left home with $150, and after two months on the Continent he had more than half of it left.

Back in America at the Christmas season, the boys split up. Jim went back to law school at K. U. Tom saw the century turn in Boston, then toured Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburgh. He stopped in Middleport to see his grandmother, and met an attractive neighbor girl there, Francis Downing. She was 14 years old, so it wasn't much of a match. Not then. But seven years later he met her again at a Middleport wedding, and asked her to marry him. Not knowing how much he loved extra company at the dinner table, she accepted.

The Grants have four children. Their daughter Frances is unmarried and travels a great deal. She has just returned from Venezuela, and is busily working out the itinerary of another trip. Lucy is now Mrs. Clarence C. Cather. She lives in Larchmont, New York and has two daughters. Esther is Mrs. Douglas Williams. She lives in Kansas City, and has a son. Bill Grant, the only boy in the family, is back from five years in the Navy as a destroyer officer and Lighter-Than-Air pilot. With his wife and daughter, he too lives in Kansas City. He is in charge of the re-insurance department of the Business Men's Assurance Company.

That company, the Business Men's Assurance, is a concrete example of what can be accomplished by one man with ambition, ability and vision.

On a morning in 1908, Tom Grant sat at his desk in the office of Grant & Barrow, life insurance agents. A circular in the morning mail caught his eye. It announced that the Interstate Accident Association was making memberships available to business and professional men at the rate formerly offered only to travelers. In effect, it was a $25 policy for $10. The circular suggested that life insurance salesmen might find it a profitable sideline.

Tom lost no time in giving it a try. He crossed the hall and accosted a friend. "If you could get an accident policy on the same terms as a traveling man, would you take it?" he asked.

"Sure," said the friend, "but I can't get one."

"Yes, you can!" Grant told him. "Sign here."

In the next few months, Grant experimented with the accident policy. His success was phenomenal.

Years later, the president of Interstate told a group of friends about Grant. "We sent him one application blank with our original circular. We
got it back—filled out—in the next mail, with a request for more blanks. We got those back in a week, with another request. We kept sending more blanks and getting more applications. In asking for his fourth batch, Grant sent us a letter. ‘What’s the matter,’ he wrote, ‘you fellas running out of blanks?’

It didn’t take long for Grant to realize the accident field was a good one. He was newly married and tired of traveling the far reaches of Kansas and Missouri. So he organized his own company.

He sold 531 applications at $10 each, satisfying the state insurance regulations. Then he selected his officers and board of directors. Astute enough to realize that his foundling company would be unable to point with pride to capital assets or long tradition, he picked his “letterhead” with infinite care. He persuaded the town’s number one banker to serve as president, and the president of the Board of Trade to accept the vice-presidency. As directors, he enlisted a state senator, the president of the Livestock Exchange, and several other men who were known throughout the Kansas City area. On the first day of July, 1909, the Business Men’s Accident Association opened its doors.

Ten years later, B.M.A. was the largest company of its type in the United States, so it decided to broaden its activities, and became one of the half-dozen insurance companies offering life, as well as health and accident, insurance. At that time it was re-incorporated under its present name.

Mr. Grant served 11 years as secretary-treasurer and as general manager. He became a vice-president in 1920, president in 1922, and chairman of the board in 1945.

On the last day of last year, B.M.A.’s financial statement showed assets of $72,581,955.97; life insurance in force of $365,596,686; and a premium income from accident and health of $9,928,642.

In the optimism of youth, Tom Grant, once predicted an annual income for B.M.A. of a million dollars a year. The present income exceeds two million dollars a month, and Grant has the candor to admit he would never have believed it possible.

While building his business and his personal fortune, Grant has not neglected the community. He has served as president of the Chamber of Commerce; general chairman of Allied Charities (now the Community Chest); and president of the Conservatory of Music. At the present time he is a director of seven business corporations, of the Life Insurance Association of America, and of the Midwest Research Institute. He is a trustee of the Kansas City Philharmonic Association, the Art Institute, the Young Women’s Christian Association, the University of Kansas City, and the Kansas City Museum. He is a governor of the American Royal Association and chairman of the board of the Conservatory of Music.

Within the insurance industry, Tom Grant holds a unique position. He is the only person ever to serve as president of all three of the great insurance associations; the American Life Convention, the Health and Accident Underwriters Conference, and

(Continued on page 69)
On the steppes of Russia, a Kansan discovered a precious secret.

by CHARLES WAYS

ONE man truly can be credited with having saved millions of people from starvation during the post-war years. That man, however, is practically forgotten today. He was a modest government worker who died in obscurity more than 20 years ago.

But he gave this country an almost priceless gift. His foresight made it possible for the United States to become the greatest grain-producing nation in the world. His unselfish work was in large part responsible for this country's record-breaking production of 1,360,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1947; followed by another near record crop of 1,200,000,000 bushels in 1948.

This year promises another great harvest at a time when short crops in other countries threaten a new world food crisis. Approximately half of all the wheat produced in the United States comes from just five prairie states. In 1947, about 286,702,000 bushels of winter wheat, or more than one-fifth of this country's total production, was grown in the state of Kansas alone.

But our prairie states could not always boast such sensational wheat yields. Just 50 years ago many farmers, after grim experiences, believed that wheat could never be raised profitably in the extreme climate of our Midwestern states. Many of them, weary from fighting the biting cold and blistering heat, were ready to pull up stakes and leave this plagued land forever.

In 1893, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Oklahoma had suffered crop failures for five years in a row. Any number of things happened to their wheat. Black rust killed it. The drought and hot burning sun seared the young shoots. In the winter, winds and ice storms often leveled the crops to the ground. Extremely low temperatures frequently would freeze the little remaining wheat.

It was amazing in those years that wheat was able to mature at all. But even in the worst years most farmers did manage to get a few meager bushels to the acre. Today, the aver-
age crop in the prairie states yields from 15 to 19 bushels to the acre and in many instances considerably more.

This amazing change was brought about by the work of the modest, little-known wheat pioneer, Mark Carleton; a man with a passion for his native plains and for the soil.

The story of Mark Carleton’s discovery of a hardy, disease-free wheat begins with his boyhood. When he was ten years of age, his parents moved from Ohio to the flat, hot plains of Kansas. That was in 1876, the Centennial year, 100 years after the Declaration of Independence. But the pioneer wheat farmers on our Western plains did not feel especially independent. They were too much at the mercy of the elements.

Mark Carleton as a boy saw wheat, lots of it. And he saw it destroyed. Still, the farmers kept trying; kept planting and harvesting what was left of it. Some years weren’t too bad. The winters were a trifle milder. There was rain, enough of it for a fair crop. The wheat grew and miraculously escaped the black stem rust. A reasonable harvest in a good year kept the lean, leather-tanned farmers trying through all the bad ones.

But their average was not good. During the decades before the turn of the century, many of them kept getting poorer.

At 21 years of age, in 1887, Mark Carleton graduated from Kansas State Agricultural College. He had grown into a tall, rangy Kansan; energetic and muscular, with an intense enthusiasm for his work. Shortly after he graduated, Mark took a position with the State Experiment Station at Manhattan, Kansas. Much of his work and experimentation there concerned wheat.

Six years later, Mark Carleton made an important discovery. He proved that each type of grain had its own particular type of rust which could not be transmitted to any other species of grain.

This achievement brought him widespread recognition and an appointment by the United States Department of Agriculture as head of all government work on wheat. It seemed a distinguished appointment for a young man of 27, but Carleton’s staff consisted merely of two assistants and a woman clerk—a meager group to solve a problem that was costing this country potentially millions of dollars in destroyed crops.

From his experiments on the problem of growing a hardier and disease-free wheat at Manhattan, Kansas, Carleton had achieved little real progress; but he had a hunch. A small percentage of wheat always survived; therefore, he reasoned, some variety, somewhere, must exist that could survive 100 per cent. But where could it be found? The world was a big place to look for it.

Carleton plunged into this huge task by sending for varieties of wheat from countries all over the world. He
received specimens of grain from Germany, Italy, Russia, and unique varieties from countries like Japan and Australia.

After a brief tryout in Maryland, he planted these various species of wheat, a thousand altogether, on the windswept soil of Kansas. Then, while they slowly grew to maturity, he scouted around the prairie states, studying the soil and climatic conditions.

About this time, Carleton ran across a small number of Russian immigrant farmers in the West who had been growing wheat successfully there year after year. They were Russian Mennonites; members of the Protestant sect that still can be found in certain parts of Europe and the United States.

Amazed at their success, Carleton questioned these farmers, examined their wheat. Even in the worst years, when other farmers harvested nothing, the Mennonites produced about 20 bushels to the acre. Under favorable conditions, the yield even reached 30 bushels an acre.

These Russian immigrants weren’t getting poorer. They prospered and built themselves fine homes.

"Where did you get this wheat?" Carleton asked, noting the peculiar hard, reddish kernels of the grain.

“We brought it with us from the Crimea,” they told him. “Each family brought about a bushel of the grain as seed. It has always been grown in south Russia by our people.”

This “Turkey wheat” was a tough winter wheat with kernels like little nuggets of red gold. But even though this grain had thrived in its new home since 1873, it remained practically unknown for many years. In northwestern Kansas, it was scarcely heard of as late as 1890, although the Russian Mennonites were growing it right in that region.

Carleton was elated to find that the results of his experiments with the thousand different species of wheat from all over the world corroborated his theory. After two typically severe Kansas winters, most of the sample wheat specimens had been destroyed—except for the sturdy Russian hard wheat varieties.

To Carleton, however, the experiment involving 25-foot rows of wheat offered neither proof nor the complete information he felt was needed. He was convinced that it was imperative to go to Russia and study conditions there. Only in this way could the hardiest wheat be found.

It was one thing, however, to convince himself and another to persuade the very practical officials in the Department of Agriculture. Carleton was a broad-shouldered, hard-working Kansan, but not a particularly glib salesman. Finally, however, his own contagious enthusiasm and deep faith in the project helped to convince the most skeptical of his superiors.

He was detailed as a special agricultural explorer for the Department. From July, 1898, until his return in February, 1899, he carried on an intense investigation “of the cereals of Russia suitable for introduction into the United States, especially those adapted to the rigorous conditions of the arid West."

His search was primarily for two general types of wheat. One was a
drought-resistant, disease-free spring wheat that would be suitable for raising on the semi-arid, western fringes of our prairie states. The other was a winter wheat that could stand the severe Kansas winter, with whipping winds, low temperatures and little snow.

His search took him eastward into the heart of the Russian steppes, hot, dry regions where the sun blazes down on flat, arid tableland. At a point deep in the Kirghiz steppe, Carleton found Mohammedan tribesmen raising a hard wheat called Kubanka. It was a tough grain that pushed bearded stalks up out of the hot soil and reached maturity with as little as eight inches of rain during the growing season.

The Kubanka wheat is planted in the spring, but it is not a spring wheat. It is a distinct species—a Durum wheat. Carleton quickly recognized the Durum wheat’s exceptional qualities—its high resistance to drought and rust.

When he returned to the United States, Kubanka was his most prized find, even though he had secured 22 other varieties of cereals. Along with the Kubanka, he brought back a number of related Durum Wheats, such as Pererodka and Arnautka.

He had not been as successful, however, in finding a hardy winter wheat. It took a second trip in 1900 to discover the sturdy winter wheat in the Starobelsk district, called Kharkof wheat. Back in the United States, the new Russian varieties were sent for first-hand observation to the various agricultural stations in the Midwest. Soon reports came in that these unique grains were turning in record performances.

In South Dakota, the experimental hard Durum wheats withstood a drought and yielded 20 bushels more to the acre than the old standby wheats. Similar reports came in from many other sections. Carleton’s wheat theory, which many agriculturists had considered a fantastic dream, was working out as he had predicted.

The next job was to get farmers to grow it. Mark Carleton had feared this would be an extended educational project, but the farmers had suffered so many reverses that they were more than willing to give this new, untried grain a chance. Soon Durum wheat was seen on many prairie farms.

Then a snag developed which threatened to jeopardize the entire program. The difficulty arose because Durum was such an unusually hard grain. It was so hard, in fact, that American millers couldn’t grind it. Their machinery was not designed to do the job.

Farmers who grew it were left without a market. No one would buy grain which could not be milled.

Every effort was made by Carleton and others to convince the millers it was worthwhile to install new equipment and machinery in order to grind the new hard wheat. But they resisted this new, upstart crop and sarcastically called it bastard wheat. Many of them strongly criticized Carleton for introducing it.

Nevertheless, farmers grew Durum wheat as an insurance crop. For every acre of Durum they raised an average of about two acres of the Standard Fife or Blue Stem. Unknowingly,
they were setting the stage for a highly dramatic experiment.

In 1904, one of the worst plagues of black stem rust hit the Midwest. It swept across entire farms and wiped out thousands upon thousands of acres of Fife and Blue Stem. More than 60 per cent of the regular wheat crop was lost.

But right alongside all his havoc, the fields of a new, golden grain stood, healthy and unaffected by the plague. In the showdown, Durum wheat had proved indisputably its superiority as a hardy grain.

From then on the Durum wheat crop grew steadily in acreage year after year, and the millers did learn how to grind it. Just three years after the rust epidemic of 1904, the farm value of Durum wheat came to about $30,000,000—which was about 3,000 times the original cost of introducing it into this country.

Today, the original Kubanka variety which Carleton brought from Russia in 1899 is still grown on a large scale in the Dakotas and Minnesota. In recent years, it has been replaced to some extent by similar, but newly developed Durum varieties such as Mindum, Stewart and one appropriately named Carleton.

While the Durum spring wheat was being dramatically established as a new American crop, the Kharkof winter wheat was gaining a quiet but rapid acceptance in Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska. It could survive the most severe Kansas winter without a trace of winter killing. Along with the Turkey wheat of the Mennonites, Kharkof soon established itself as the leading variety of winter wheat in the Midwest.

Although these basic winter wheats, like the original Durum wheats, have been partially supplanted in recent years by new varieties, they are still planted over a wide area of the Midwest. In 1944, Kharkof and Turkey wheats totaled more than 8,290,000 acres.

The value of both the Durum and hard winter wheat discoveries of Mark Carleton, however, cannot be estimated solely by the acreage they occupy today. These grains brought a new, golden era to our prairie farmers. These first new wheats eventually led to the introduction of other improved varieties which changed millions of acres of semi-arid desert into rich farm lands.

By turning our once-barren prairie lands into the most fertile bread basket in the world, these grains made it possible for the United States to feed millions during the world-wide famine following World War II. The golden grain on our Western plains, stretching as far as the eye can see, stands as a monument to a modest Department of Agriculture worker—Mark Carleton.

General Robert E. Lee once discovered an army surgeon standing in front of a mirror, admiring his reflection with great satisfaction.

"Doctor," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in the world."

"Why do you think so?" asked the startled surgeon.

"Because, sir," replied Lee quietly, "you are in love with yourself, and you don't have any rivals in the whole world."
“All right, Hogan, get in there and mug!”
There's no answer yet to the terrifying death that moves in from the sea . . .

Tide of the RED

by MARY PRINCE

A FIRST COUSIN of the world's deadliest poison may hit you where it hurts this year: right in your food bill. It also may bring temporary discomfort and the loss of jobs to hundreds of coastal fishermen.

The poison, which curdles ocean water to a dull red, piled up an estimated 200,000 million pounds of edible fish on Florida beaches only two years ago. Fish has always been an inexpensive meat substitute; and if the deadly "red tide" spreads, as science says it can, the resulting scarcity will send sea food prices up.

The murderous red tide put in its first major appearance on Florida's west coast about November 20, 1946. Patches of red and brownish water, laden with dead and dying fish, began to show up a few miles offshore. Quickly the red tide swept northward, leaving a wake of poisoned fish that washed up on the beaches at a rate of 100 pounds per foot. Nearly 80 per cent of the area's edible oyster crop perished. Then, without warning, an odorless gas filtered across the fish-strewn sands, sending residents scurrying from what they believed was poison gas. Sensations of strangling brought on by the gas attacked the whole population of Captiva and other nearby islands.

Doctors in the area were deluged with frantic calls from patients wracked with spasmodic coughs, their eyes, noses and throats burned raw from the irritating blanket of gas. For almost a week they fought a losing fight against the cunning enemy. Then, as mysteriously as it had come, the choking gas lifted. The death-tide slowly receded and workmen finished the weary job of scraping the beaches clean with bulldozers.

When experts from the United States Bureau of Fisheries arrived to investigate the costly effects of the red tide, they found a hundred wild
theories waiting for them: tons of poison gas had been dumped into mid-ocean after the war and had drifted to the coast; physicists were emptying atomic wastes in the water; a submarine earthquake had liberated poisonous vapors from the earth's interior.

But scientists, after a quick look at specimens of the red tide under microscopes, tossed out the poison gas guess. They pointed out some delicate, swarming organisms in the water that would have been the first to die under an attack of poison gas. Also, they reported to the unhappy fishermen, this was not the first time the red tide had showed up. The great Charles Darwin had found evidences of it, on a smaller scale, along the coast of Chile in 1832. During a voyage, Darwin had collected a jarful of brackish pink water, subjected it to examination, and noted in his black notebook that the water was infested with “minute animals darting about and often exploding.” More recently, reports had come from Japan, where scientists had tried without success to save priceless oyster beds from the scourge of the red tide. One thing was sure, the fisheries men said: each time the red tide was spreading over larger areas, killing more fish.

Investigation by Bureau of Fishery experts showed the red tide is overcharged with plankton — a drifting, microscopic life form that is also responsible for mussel poisoning. During certain months, mussels are man-killers. Why? They feed by filtering gallons and gallons of sea water through their systems, keeping as part of their diet the tiny organisms that inhabit the water. Although the organisms are poisonous, the mussel manages to store them without harm to itself.

But if you eat a bad mussel, it means almost certain death, for the stored-up poison is the deadliest known to science. The poison is odorless, tasteless and has no antidote. In men and animals, a slow paralysis squeezes out life in from two to twelve hours. First your lips and tongue become numb. This is followed by loss of coordination and—finally—death, because you can’t draw air into your lungs.

Thus, almost the same killing effect, science believes, disposes of tons of fish that swim unwarily into the red tide. The tiny organisms simply suffocate their prey. But, experimenters have made no definite predictions about why the tide is accompanied by the irritating gas, and what the long-range effects of the gas may be. The top-priority problem now is to uncover methods to control the killer tide, for when the loss in commercial fish is translated into dollars-and-cents it hits every food budget.

The first step is to understand more about the cause of the red tide, and to foresee its appearance along our coasts. In theory, observers say that chemicals can be used to combat the murderous plankton, since telltale patches of red can be spotted from the air. But if the killer tide ever spreads over several hundred miles of ocean, and fails to disappear as it has in the past, scientists have little hope of rescuing the millions of tons of fish that should end up on America’s dinner tables.
RECENTLY, a crowd of news-hawks gathered at Cornell University to watch a curious experiment. A scientist had promised to drop a fresh egg from an 11-story building without breaking the shell. As observers flinched, expecting a shower of egg yolk, the egg hit a black spot on the pavement and bounced merrily 25 feet in the air—unbroken and unharmed.

The black spot was a new kind of super-rubber—a cellular type containing 250,000 nitrogen-filled bubbles per square inch. Any object hitting this super-rubber is immediately cushioned and protected in the bed of air bubbles. The new product is another miraculous result of constant research in the laboratories of rubber wizards who are striving to make life safer, easier and more pleasant for all of us. Here is what cellular rubber means to the motoring family.

The car of tomorrow will be lined inconspicuously with cellular rubber as a safety measure. Should you have a collision, the chance of injury will be minimized by the new rubber which can absorb intense shock easily. Hitting your head against it is like falling into a feather pillow.

Already, a research center is studying its uses in aviation. They envisage the day when the death toll from airplane accidents will be greatly reduced, because all plane interiors will be trimmed with the safety rubber.

Boxers and wrestlers who have tried the new cellular coverings for gymnasium floors are enthusiastic about the miracle rubber. Body slams and airplane spins cause little damage when a wrestler is hurled onto a rubber which immediately envelops him like a mother’s arms!

Formerly, shippers of delicate radio tubes, television tubes, gyroscopes and glass instruments shuddered to think of the punishment their valuable wares would take in rattling freight cars. With the new cellular rubber as a lining for packing crates, their worries are over. The most talented bag-
gage-smasher could toss the crates around without the slightest chance of injuring its delicate contents.

On a spring day at Chicago’s vast Soldier Field, a small knot of spectators peered anxiously at a speeding sedan which was whining across the field at a rapidly increasing speed.

“He plans to hit 65 miles an hour, run over those knife-like spikes, and come out alive!” said a traffic cop nervously. “How can a guy be that dumb?”

As the car’s speedometer approached 65, the driver deliberately steered for a cluster of $3\frac{1}{2}$-inch knives embedded in a metal plate in the roadway. His intention was to ride over the knives, allow them to slit open his tires, and coast to a safe stop while the air hissed out gently.

That is just what happened. There was no jerk of the wheel or side sway, no tendency to leave the road or over-turn. A gentle application of the brakes brought the car to a neat stop—with two slashed and mutilated tires which normally might have spelled death for the driver.

The answer to the demonstration—it was not a stunt—is a rubber “tube-within-a-tube,” which allows only a slow release of air through a puncture.

Another amazing type of non-blow-out tire has just been perfected and placed on the market in small quantities. It is a tubeless tire containing a sticky, gooey rubber compound inside the casing. When a sharp object punctures the tire, this soft rubber mass immediately fills and seals the hole so that air cannot escape.

Both types of tires should spell new safety from blowouts to millions of motorists.

But it isn’t only automotive safety which interests rubber engineers. They are mindful of the fact that each year 27,000 Americans are killed in falls in the home. Of these accidents, many could have been averted had rugs been anchored in their proper place.

But slipping, sliding rugs—even on highly polished floors—soon will be a menace of the past if the discoveries of the rubber magicians are harnessed commercially. They have perfected a rubber pad which maintains a bulldog grip on the floor, no matter how slippery the surface. Even a 200-pound man, running and stopping suddenly on a rug secured by such an anchor, can’t move the rug an inch.

Ever heard of rubber paint? Rubber wallpaper? Rubber clothing? They have been produced in the laboratory, and some day soon will be modified for their introduction into the stores of the nation.

Motorists who groan when they have to pay $15 to remove a crease from a glossy metal fender will be heartened to learn that rubber fenders are on the way. They will look like metal but will spring back to their original shape after that lady driver ahead of you backs into your fender!

The wizards are making soft rubber and hard rubber, rubber that conducts electricity and a variety that doesn’t. Before long, you will be able to order automobile tires in blue, brown, red, green or mauve. Up to now, colored rubber was impractical because carbon black injected into the rubber during its processing made the tires dark. But
a substitute for carbon black has been tested successfully, thus opening the way to rubber products in many gay hues.

Riders of postwar cars are enthusiastic about the new foam-rubber latex seats. But the rubber people responsible for this development in sheer creature comfort have their eyes on your home and office, as well. Before long, you will be re-upholstering your office chairs, dining room seats and benches with the plushy stuff, which always springs back into shape and never lumps or wrinkles.

A new type of rubber spring, which will cushion the shock of everything from a locomotive halt to a skidding baby buggy, is being readied for the market. It took years of effort and experimentation to come up with a practical rubber spring, but they have it now. Your lawn mower, wheelbarrow, bicycle seat and carpet sweeper—to mention but a few items—will one day be equipped with durable, tough rubber springs which never need oiling or replacement.

Now that the rubber technicians have generous supplies of both synthetic and natural rubber with which to work, the lads with the drawing boards are dreaming of hundreds of amazing jobs for rubber to accomplish quickly, economically and safely.

Tricked out in gay new colors, given undreamed-of bounce and toughness, molded like plastic or hammered like steel, rubber soon will become one of the most useful building blocks of the universe, thanks to the resourcefulness and persistence of our American rubber companies which believe in making a good product better.

There Are Always Two Sides!

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
A man is never too old to learn.
Out of sight is out of mind.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
He who hesitates is lost.
Look before you leap.
Don't put all your eggs in one basket.
Jack of all trades and master of none.
When poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window.
Love lives in cottages as well as in courts.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
Hitch your wagon to a star.
Do not attempt the impossible.
Two heads are better than one.
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Opposites attract.
Birds of a feather flock together.
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.
Never give a sucker an even break.
Remember When?

All of these interesting things occurred in a single year. Can you name it? You'll find the answer on page 63.

William Randolph Hearst offers $25,000 for the best plan to repeal the 18th amendment.
Whippets sell for $535; Chandlers, $895; Hupmobiles, $1825; Auburns, $995; Chryslers, $1040.

Tex Rickard, fabulous promoter, dies.
Punch observes: "A return to feminity is advised by a fashion authority. This is a startling prediction laps are going to be worn again."

Ruby Keeler leaves Ziegfield Follies to join her husband, Mammy Singer Al Jolson, in Hollywood.

Billy Rose marries Fanny Brice.

Trotzky is believed spirited to a Turkish retreat.

Will Rogers substitutes for Fred Stone in Three Cheers at the Globe.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd discovers and maps a vast new territory in the Antarctic; names it Marie Byrd for wife.

W. B. Seabrook's Magic Island is the talk of literary world.

The Marx Brothers appear in Animal Crackers at the 44th Street Theatre.

Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan star in a movie named The River; Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky, in The Rescue; Emil Jannings, Ruth Chatterton, Barry Nortin, in Sins of Father; Gary Cooper, Louis Wolheim, in Wolf Song.

Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, international playgirls, return to New York from London.

King Amnullah promises reform as revolution rages in Afghanistan.

Philadelphia Athletics mow down Chicago Cubs in World Series four games to one.

Heleen Wills becomes engaged to Fred S. Moody, wealthy young San Francisco business man.

Charles Lindbergh flies first air mail to Panama.

Tommy Hitchcock, polo star, marries a niece of Andrew Mellon.

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees wow crowds at Manhattan's New Vienna.

Eugene O'Neill's Dynamo opens on Broadway.

Jack Sharkey defeats Young Stribling in Miami in a ten-round decision and is declared to be the best of the heavyweights.—Harold Helfer.

Dr. Lee DeForest, who broadcast the first music ever heard on the air, didn't even know he had a listener until he saw it in next morning's paper. One evening in 1907, while showing a young concert singer through his New York laboratory, the inventor stopped before a maze of tubes and wires, snapped a switch, pointed to a tin horn that served as a mike, and asked the diva to christen his new gadget with a song. She obliged with I Love You Truly. Over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard an astonished wireless operator, taking down a dot-and-dash message, heard in his earphones "angels singing in the air." So ran the report in a Manhattan newspaper, which gave it a cautious inch or two on an inside page.
In St. Louis, the animal urge is strong.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

A UNITED STATES senator, scheduled to make an important speech in St. Louis, arrived in that city one morning and mysteriously disappeared. While city officials and newspapermen frantically searched for him, he was having himself a big time, as he explained when he turned up later—just in time to deliver his address.

"I spent the day at the zoo," he said. "Everybody has told me about the animals in Forest Park, but this was the first chance I've had to see them for myself. They're a darned sight more stimulating than the members of the committees I'd have met if I'd stayed in my hotel room!"

More than 2,500,000 people share the senator's viewpoint, for that is the number of annual visitors who find the zoo St. Louis' stellar attraction. The unusual zoo is no collection of smelly cages, somnolent animals, and bored keepers. It is a menagerie displayed with imagination and expert showmanship. Visitors experience the combined thrills of the circus, carnival and African jungle—all for free!

The zoo's antelopes, rhinos, elephants, camels, zebras, and a giraffe inhabit areas cunningly disguised to provide the illusion that you are meeting the beasts face-to-face on the African veldt. In the mammoth bird house, no annoying wires obstruct your view of rare birds with Technicolor plumage: they are behind plate glass, and you see them with scarcely a reminder that you are in the heart of a city instead of the forest primeval.

On a Sunday afternoon, several thousand people press in to see the famous zoo elephants play baseball, bowl, dance and cut other capers. And whenever wars sputter out or there are no horse races to cover, newsreel cameramen head for St. Louis to take shots of the zoo's famous chimpanzees—near-human creatures which convulse young and old with merriment, whether the audience views them in the flesh or on the screen.

Kids visiting the zoo may play with
lion and leopard cubs frolicking on the broad lawns. Plenty of rest rooms, benches, and printed information about the animals make visitors happy and bring a smile to the short, restless man responsible for the most successful zoo operation in America.

He is George Phillip Vierheller, a stubby white-haired man of 65 who still retains the enthusiasm and wonder of a nine-year-old seeing the elephants for the first time in his life. Before Vierheller came to the Forest Park Zoo, it was the usual dreary place with sad-looking specimens, odorous cages, and a budget just large enough to permit the purchase of a handful of rabbits.

Vierheller applied the principles of salesmanship and publicity to his job. He called in the zoo architect and asked that the old cages be scrapped and that the original natural environment of the animals be simulated. The alert new zoo director decreed that he wanted a tropical swamp installed in a heated building—and got it. Rare birds and animals were placed in the swamp, separated from the public by a low railing. Visitors got a thrill out of being no more than a few feet from the animals.

Vierheller used publicity to sweet advantage in building up Harry, a three and one-half ton rhino with a minuscule brain and a staggering size. Vierheller dickered with animal hunter Frank Buck for Harry, landed him at the bargain-counter price of $8,800.

Then the zoo director induced the Pennsylvania railroad to lend a special baggage car with a tank to Harry so that he might travel in comfort.

While a fast train rushed Harry to St. Louis, Vierheller phoned every newspaperman, radio reporter, and photographer in the area, giving facts and figures on his valuable behemoth and urging the publicists to be present at Harry's coming-out party. By the time Harry was unloaded at the zoo, 25,000 people were straining against the barriers for a glimpse of the brute, and a nationally famed orchestra leader and movie idol then visiting St. Louis remarked sourly that a wet rhino evidently held more allure for the masses than did a real celebrity.

Once, when a newly acquired parrot started cussing the proverbial blue streak, worried keepers told Vierheller about it. To their surprise, the zoo director rubbed his hands and emitted pleased sounds as he listened to the profane bird.

"I merely sent out a story to the newspapers that anxious citizens had asked us to get rid of the parrot because his language was unfit for genteel ears," recalls Vierheller with a grin. "Human nature being what it is, the zoo was packed the next day with folks desiring to be insulted by the cussing parrot. One old man showed up with an ear trumpet so that he wouldn't miss a word!"

WHEN large snakes go on a hunger strike, zoo keepers usually fume and have a rough time forcing nourishment into the reptiles. Vierheller capitalized on the frequent hunger strikes by advertising that pythons would be fed forcibly before the public. Now, thousands of curious adults and children flock to the zoo to watch six men hold a threshing
snake while food is stuffed into its mouth.

The zoo even maintains a trainer who has a magic way with restless lions and tigers. He is Jules Jacot, admired by tens of thousands of St. Louis youngsters for his fearless demeanor and his quiet efficiency with animals. Because some dim-witted people frequently shout at the big cats and try to infuriate them, Jacot gives all his instructions and commands in Spanish. The lions and tigers are indifferent to English but respond quickly to a murmured command in Spanish from trainer Jacot.

Many trade conventions are held in St. Louis because tired businessmen have a yen to visit the zoo. Daily, busloads of children from St. Louis and rural schools are unloaded at Forest Park. Vierheller and his aides pump facts and stories into them, so that, as one teacher exclaimed, a visit to the St. Louis zoo is worth ten classroom lectures in natural history.

Animals dealers the world over have standing orders to get in touch with George Vierheller when they come across chimpanzees with IQ’s in the Quiz Kid bracket. Vierheller’s brainy chimps are internationally renown; they ride bikes, hop pogo sticks, bake cakes, play musical instruments, dance, and perform acrobatics in ludicrous costumes on the backs of galloping ponies.

Right now, animal-loving George Vierheller is dreaming of a philanthropist who will step forward and buy the St. Louis zoo an okapi or two, strange creatures from the Belgian Congo which look like something in between a giraffe and zebra. So if you run across an okapi, better drop Vierheller a line. He can use it in his municipal jungle!

It Happened in America

"BLIND TOM" and "Blind Boone" were musical miracle men . . . Both were Negroes . . . Tom was born a slave in Columbus, Georgia, about 1838 and Boone was born at Warrensburg, Missouri, in 1864 . . . Tom was born blind, while Boone became blind at the age of two . . . Neither ever saw a piano or a sheet of music; neither possessed much education or more than average intelligence. Yet each could perform the world’s most difficult piano compositions after a single hearing . . . Some of the great musicians of his time put Tom’s genius to severe tests, but he always triumphed . . . He was brought north in 1860, and made his first public appearance at Hope Chapel, New York, January 15, 1861. Later he toured America and Europe . . . Boone was brought to Columbia, Missouri, in 1880, where he attended a recital given by "Blind Tom" in Garth Hall . . . He was invited to the stage, and on the spot he executed every number played by "Blind Tom." His ability amazed everyone present . . . He, too, later engaged in concert work. He gave recitals for 37 years, and died on October 4, 1927.—Louis O. Honig.

Answer to Remember When? on page 60. All these happenings took place in one year—1929.
Radar on Your Range

SOMEDAY, you will be able to prepare a whole dinner—baked potatoes, broiled steak, vegetables and dessert—in less than three minutes. That's because busy scientists have taken time out to think about the poor housewife and have come up with a revolutionary change for the kitchen of tomorrow.

The amazing answer to the longed-for speed cooking is the new kitchen radar range, already in use on an experimental, leased basis at some of the Statler Hotels in the East.

Radar ranges are operated by electronic heat in the form of dielectric heat. Each molecule of the food is heated at exactly the same temperature. Ordinary types of heating reach the surface of the food first, often burning it while the center is yet uncooked. In radar cooking, the center of a cake, for example, is permeated by heat of the same intensity as that on the outside. Every particle of food is stressed by a high voltage field; the rapid movement of the particles occurs at such a high rate that the temperature rises immediately throughout the food.

This new discovery should be a special boon to the career wife who makes a mad dash home from work every evening to prepare dinner. Because of the rapid, even heat, steaks, chops and even lobsters can be broiled in one to three minutes. Custards cooked in specially designed glass dishes will be piping hot and ready to serve in about two minutes, although the dish itself remains cold.

Youngsters will be delighted with the tricks the radar range can perform for them. The magic formula is simple: take a cellophane bag, add some corn kernels, a pat of butter, sprinkle with salt, seal the bag, place in the radar range—and presto—a full bag of popcorn! And think of hustling up a batter of cookie dough and having a fresh batch of cookies baked in 75 seconds!

Frozen foods also are in for a new lift with electronic heating. A major problem has been the considerable length of time required to defrost packaged frozen foods. The radar range defrosts frozen foods instantly. This helps to retain the natural flavor and color of the fruits and vegetables. And from the health standpoint, quick defrosting is important, since the food is exposed to the air a shorter time.

Radar offers many possibilities in other phases of the food industry. Another interesting development is the use of radar in the sterilization of packaged foods. In passing through an electronic heating machine, insects, insect eggs, bacteria and other foreign matter which has a higher moisture content than the food will be destroyed inside the containers.

At present, of course, radar ranges are still too expensive and complicated to be used in the home. So you'll have to wait a few years for this miracle of science. And remember, even in 1970, radar cannot help a bad cook.

Little Jimmy's father found him in the barn. He was shaking his pet rabbit and saying, "Five and five. How much is five and five?"

The surprised father interrupted the proceedings. "What's the meaning of all this, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Oh," said Jimmy, "teacher told us that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this one can't even add."

A young woman took a job as a governess, then suddenly left it. Asked why she resigned, she said, "Had to. Backward child, forward father."

The '49-ers of a century ago struck gold. The 1949-ers just strike.
ONE day in 1937, Professor William Bradley Otis looked up from a lecture stand at the City College of New York to find a ten-foot snake staring him in the eye. Being a reasonable man, Otis scooped up his lecture notes on American literature and ducked quickly behind a desk.

This is probably the only moment in his 44 years at City College that has found the voluble professor speechless. In that span of years, Otis has divided his time between waging front-page feuds with political higher-ups and playing Dutch uncle to future movie stars, song writers and Washington brain trusters. When he retires from his teaching post this summer he will leave behind a record for winning friends at a faster clip than anyone since the beloved Will Rogers.

But the resemblance between the cowboy and the professor does not end there. A tall, leathery-faced man who speaks with a crisp, cracker-barrel flavor, Otis could pass as a double for the late Oklahoma cowboy. Like Rogers, he has a vigorous, down-to-earth quality, typified by a handshake that sends you buckling to your knees.

Asked how he ever managed to make so many friends, Will Rogers once remarked, “I never met a man I couldn’t like.” Otis accounts for his amazing popularity with students in much the same way. “I like young people, and they know it. I guess they feel obliged to like me back.”

That snake incident is a prime example of how Otis’ students “like him back.” As a matter of fact, it is a leaf from the professor’s own youthful book.

Back in the fourth grade in Des Moines, Iowa, he once brought a small reptile to class, fondling it under the cover of a geography book. Approached by his teacher, he quickly concealed the snake in his lap.

“And what have you there, young
man?" the dour-faced schoolmarm asked, holding out her hand.

Young Otis smiled wanly and shook his head.

"Let me have it," the teacher demanded, a hint of violence in her voice.

The boy gulped and placed the squirming serpent in her hand.

Thirty years later, the unfortunate woman was re-introduced to Otis at a professional gathering. Recognizing him, she began to shriek hysterically and bolted from the room.

Hearing of the incident, one of Otis' students—who later became a famous reptile curator—playfully decided to bring a ten-foot snake to school in a gunny sack and release it under the professor's nose. He wanted to be sure, the student said, that Otis would never forget him.

Somehow, Otis has managed not to forget a staggering number of his ex-students—without the benefit of snakes. During the war, he kept up a steady stream of correspondence with more than 200 of them, and his cubbyhole office at the college is a veritable mecca for returning alumni, ranging from street cleaners to supreme court judges.

Not long ago, the professor received an envelope with two $6 tickets to the hit musical, Finian's Rainbow. Tucked in with the tickets was a note from E. Y. Harburg, composer of the play.

"The electric spark which ignited me in your classroom," Harburg wrote, "has a direct connection with Finian's Rainbow and how it came to be written. Do you remember reading a parody of mine in class one day? From then on, I knew what I was going to do. Take these tickets and come and see your handiwork."

Otis is one of those rare teachers who does some of his best work outside of the classroom. In 1923, a young sophomore named Borrah Minnevitch came to him. The boy was almost in tears. His father had just died, and he was forced to leave college to look for work. But what kind of work could an untrained youngster get?

"What do you like to do best, Borrah?" Otis asked.

"Play the mouth organ," the boy answered glumly. "But who'd pay me to do that?"

"They'd pay you," Otis answered, "if you could play the best mouth organ in the world. They might even ask you to perform at the Metropolitan Opera House!"

Carried away by his desire to be helpful, Otis later had misgivings about his enthusiasm. But three years afterward, Minnevitch came back to City College in a Rolls-Royce.

"You were right, Doc," he said happily. "I've just finished a tour of Europe, and next month, I'm going to play at the Metropolitan Opera House."

But, the professor is no sweet-tongued Pollyana. From time to time, he has engaged in sizzling feuds which have distressed some of his stuffier colleagues and delighted his admiring students. Perhaps the most colorful of these has been his five-year vendetta with Lionel Trilling, a literary critic.

In 1943, Trilling published a destructive review of Otis' Survey-His-
professor replied angrily, in an open letter and later in a two-hour debate over a nation-wide radio hookup, "can best be preserved by guarding against intolerance and regimented thinking. It is a pity that, in urging others to study the United States Constitution, the directors of the League have forgotten the most precious guarantee in that immortal document: the right of free thought and free speech."

Shamefacedly, General Robert Lee Bullard, president of the League, apologized. And Otis "boys" went on to vindicate him by forming the largest voluntary reserve unit in the United States.

Otis traces his strong feeling of kinship with City College's tuition-free students back to his own struggles to get through school. Born of a poor family, he worked his way through Grinnell College in Iowa by sewing tents ("St. Paul's trade," he relates proudly) and slinging hides in a slaughter house.

He was originally appointed to City College in 1904 by a fire-eating old Tammany judge, noted for his indelicate handling of young teachers. When the young Iowan came before him, the judge glared and asked his name.

"My name is Otis," he replied.
"And your first name?" the judge growled.
"William."
"Do you have a middle name?"
"Bradley. My middle name is Bradley."
the judge repeated slowly, letting the words roll critically off his tongue.  

“What’s the matter?” Otis asked angrily. “Don’t you like it?”  

“Like it?” the judge cackled. “I think it’s a fine name. You pass.”

From this peculiar start, Otis worked out an equally unusual method of teaching. The first day of school, he recommends four or five good books on the subject at hand. Once rid of these formalities, he spends the rest of the semester glibly expounding on marriage, baseball, science, trout fishing and anything else that comes to his mind. Few students take notes in any of his classes, but some of his classroom nuggets have turned up in such remote places as the editorial columns of the Tokyo Times.

“Grinds”—students who scramble for high grades—are among Otis’ pet peeves. “Bookworms usually never amount to much anyway,” he says. “They miss all the fun in life.” Accordingly, he promises high grades to all of his students from the start. This procedure makes Otis’ probably the most relaxing classroom in the world.

Among Doc Otis’ successful non-bookworms are novelist David Davidson, author of The Steeper Cliff; Judge Irving Levy, of the New York State Supreme Court; Samuel Rosenman, one of Franklin D. Roosevelt’s key wartime advisors; and Edward G. Robinson, the cinema toughie.

Robinson has been corresponding with Otis ever since one day in 1913, when the actor read Mark Antony’s speech over the dead body of Julius Caesar in the professor’s class.

“He stood there,” Otis recalls, “gripping the arm of his chair. His knuckles were white, and there were tears streaming down his face. It was plain that that boy was going to be a great actor, or bust.”

Oddly enough, Robinson did make a hit as Caesar, but it was the role of movie gangster, Little Caesar, that touched off his skyrocket career. Tough as he is on the screen, Robinson has never managed to work up the nerve to address a group of students at his alma mater. “I’d be frightened to death,” he once admitted to Otis.

Another of Otis’ predictions which Fate has whimsically distorted concerns radio announcer Ben Grauer. As a student, Grauer worked his way through City College by buying and selling rare books. One day, Otis sold him an ancient volume for $50. Grauer came to class the next day beaming broadly.

“I just sold your book for $100,” he announced happily.

“Ben,” said Otis, admiringly: “you’re going to make a great salesman.”

These days, Grauer is a salesman of sorts, vending everything from cigarettes to high-powered automobiles over a national network.

But Otis’ fame is not confined to the 10,000 students who have been hypnotized by his classroom conversation over the past 44 years. Recently, he received a copy of a new book by Irwin Edman. On the inside cover, the famous philosopher had written, “To William Bradley Otis—one of whose students I was jealous for many years, because I was not one of them.”

At 70, Otis is reluctantly leaving
City College under New York’s compulsory retirement law. He expects to write a few books, play golf, and feed the pigeons in Central Park. But even these occupations are too mild for the spry professor, who was recently elected an honorary alumnus by the college’s senior class. Right now, he is busy buttonholing members of the college administration.

He wants them to set up a series of emeritus lectures, to be given without pay by retired professors.

“It’s a shame to be cut off from all my friends after so many years,” he says, puckishly. “We youngsters of 70 have to keep in touch with other young people, or we’re liable to grow middle-aged.”

**MAN OF THE MONTH**

(Continued from page 48)

He still has a violin which he plays now and then. He considers *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* to be his best piece.

But in all, Tom Grant’s favorite hobby is people. The ten-story B.M.A. Building stands opposite the Kansas City Union Station, its name a beacon and landmark for cross-country travelers. Inside, Tom Grant hustles about from one floor to another. In the elevators, in the actuary department, in the stockrooms, in the publicity office, he greets every employee by first name. This is a point of pride with him, and it is a source of great embarrassment to stumble for even a little second over the name of any one of the more than 600 home office employees.

In his business, his home, or outside in the city, wherever there are people, Tom Grant wants to be with them.

If every statesman in the world suddenly began speaking the truth, we wouldn’t have war. We’d have chaos.

Arguing with a woman is like going into a shower-bath with an umbrella. What good does it do?
YOUR LIFE AND THE ATOM BOMB

(Continued from page 10)

and neither will protective clothing, for the material works by its invisible radiation which will pass through a solid wall. We have the knowledge of such materials ready and waiting, as exhibit A in our chamber of horrors for World War III.

Even that is not all. When the bomb is exploded high in the air, the poisonous radioactive materials are dispersed by the stratosphere winds. But when the bomb is exploded under water, those poisonous materials are caught in the water. You have seen pictures of that tremendous geyser of water, ½ mile in diameter and 3/4 mile high. But did you know that every drop of it is lethally poisonous? We know from the Bikini experiments that if a bomb were to be dropped in New York Harbor, with the wind in the right direction to carry that radioactive water as rain and spray over Manhattan, at least five million people would die. And the atomic bomb that wreaks this terrible destruction could be carried in the smallest and most inconspicuous tramp steamer, and we would have no way of detecting it.

How about the military applications of atomic power? No one now alive knows exactly how atomic power will be used in the next war if it comes, but if H. G. Wells were alive today, he certainly would call this “the shape of things to come.” Atomic power may propel long-range weapons of unbelievable destructive power, either under the water or in the air. It will certainly be used as a super-explosive, and certainly with greater destructive power than the “makeshift” bombs of World War II. In addition, radioactive by-products may be scattered from the air on crowded cities as a new kind of diabolical poison against which we have practically no protection.

Those dire forecasts are not just the notions of this author. Listen to the voices of men who really know. Dr. A. H. Compton, one of the top three men of the wartime project, has said, “Because of the enormous advantage of surprise, Pearl Harbor tactics will be used. Rockets with atomic warheads will be sent without warning against each of the enemy’s major production centers. No city of more than 100 thousand population will remain as an operating center after the first hour of the war.” For a war like that, what chance will we have to raise armies, develop new weapons and build new factories? For many of us, before we know the war is on, will be dead. Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, who directed the Los Alamos laboratory and knows more of the effects of the atomic bomb than any man alive, was asked by a United States Senator, “Is it a fair statement to say that 40 million Americans could be destroyed overnight in metropolitan centers in one single atomic raid?” Oppenheimer’s calm but grim reply was “I am afraid it is, sir.”

Some will say that it can’t be that bad and that we will develop counter-measures. So far, no counter-measure to an atomic explosive is known, and there is none in sight. General Groves, wartime head of the whole atomic program, has said “The only
counter-measure is not to be there when it goes off.” But will we have that choice? Others may say that we here in free and enlightened America will never use such terrible weapons. If our enemy uses them against us, again we will have no choice.

These brief facts will give you some slight idea of the grim situation in which we find ourselves today. It will help you understand why statesmen and scientists and diplomats do not sleep well at night. They know all these things and many more, and much of it is frightening and terrible. Man at last has the power to destroy himself utterly, if he is ever foolish enough, or wicked enough, to use his power that way.

The present picture is indeed grim, but it need not always be so. This discovery is our own brain-child, and if we had brains enough to create it, we should have brains enough to control it. We are stumbling and groping our way, but man now knows enough of the extent of his new-found power to have a wholesome respect for it, and this respect—fear if you want to call it that—may lead us to a sensible system of control.

What of the future? Persons now adult will very probably live to see the day when ocean liners will go back and forth across the seas, with no coal in their bunkers and no oil in their tanks, but powered by an atomic pile deep down in the vessel’s hold. This pile will be surrounded by massive shielding to protect against death-dealing rays, and will be controlled by highly skilled technicians. The pile will drive the vessel across the seas with a negligible consumption of nuclear fuel.

It is probable too that some person now adult will live to see the day when at least some of the electric power on our power and light lines will come from splitting atoms in distant and well-protected atomic pile. That power may warm your breakfast coffee, may light the school in which your child studies, and drive the machines in the factory where you work. Atomic power is unlikely to supplant power from conventional sources during the lifetimes of any persons now living. However, it may well supplement power from conventional sources. It may become a major source of power at certain remote places where no fuel or waterpower is available. It may be a major source of power in connection with the atomic plants which will manufacture materials for peacetime scientific use, as well as material for still more terrible weapons of war.

But some of the things that are written about today will not come to pass, at least not in the lifetime of persons now living. They may not come to pass at all, unless radically new discoveries are made. Some folks tell you “don’t buy a new car—wait for the uranium-powered car which will run for a lifetime on a piece of uranium the size of a pea.” And they say we will heat our houses with a piece of uranium the size of a walnut. Those things are not impossible, but they are extremely unlikely. They are theoretically possible, because the requisite amount of energy is contained in such small bits of uranium. But it is almost certain we will not use the energy that way; the stuff is
just too potent and too dangerous. Would you want a heating plant in your basement which had to be surrounded with a hundred tons of shielding, and which, if it ever got out of control, might blow your city off the map? And do you think we will put this stuff under the hoods of automobiles for 18-year-old kids to ram into telephone poles and spew the poisonous contents out over the countryside? I am sure we will not.

So, it is almost certain that atomic energy will not be applied to some of the spectacular purposes for which has been predicted, even though such use is theoretically possible. But other uses, even more spectacular, some day may be realities. If we learn how to apply atomic power efficiently to flying missiles, we could send rockets to the moon and back. We could use atomic heat to melt the polar icecap and thus to change ocean currents and modify the climate of whole continents. We could pump a dump of the Pacific Ocean over the Rocky Mountains and irrigate the great plains. These things may seem wild visions, but their accomplishment merely involves terrific amounts of power, and the power of the atom gives us just that. With this power, generated safely from cheap and abundant materials, we could literally make the desert bloom.

But all of this concerns the use of atoms as sources of power. Actually, our first uses are in a very different direction, and it is quite possible that the greatest revolutions wrought by our new knowledge, will be in directions very different from power applications. It is the by-products of atomic research, and the by-products of atomic operations, that are occupying the center of the peacetime stage, and that may open doors in the future that could not be opened with any other key. These peacetime applications have come slowly, for we are living in a war-frightened world. Although four years have passed since the first atomic bomb was dropped, most of our money and most of our work have gone into the development of new and more terrible weapons. The development of peacetime uses of atomic energy are just beginning, and the really great developments will not come until the threat of war no longer hangs over our heads.

In building our great atomic plants, we developed many new things with peacetime uses. There are new machines, new processes, new materials that we never dreamed of before, and which can accomplish near-miracles. Take as one small example, the field of plastics. We are apt to think of plastics as rather impermanent materials, easily damaged by heat or chemical action. And yet we are now manufacturing an organic plastic that will withstand the temperature of molten lead, that is not attacked by aqua regia which will dissolve gold, that is not affected by concentrated sulphuric acid which will char a piece of solid wood. Ten years ago, any competent chemist could have told you that such a material was impossible, it was contrary to then-known chemical principles. Now we are making the stuff on a commercial basis.
But it is in still another field that our present developments are coming. In our atomic piles at Hanford and elsewhere, we produce automatically a great variety of unique radioactive substances. They are counterparts of common elements, but have the property of giving out invisible but powerfully penetrating radiations, like radium. Many of these substances are extremely useful. They are commonly called the “tagged atoms.” In all chemical processes they behave like commonplace elements, but due to their radioactivity, we can trace them and follow them through the most complicated processes, detecting them and measuring their amount, regardless of the intricate chemical combinations they have entered into.

The industrial use of these materials has just begun, but their use in the research laboratory is already widespread. These “tagged atoms” and the “tracer” methods that employ them, are already solving problems that were impossible of solution by previously known methods.

In the industrial field, some of these materials are already being used to measure the thickness of very thin materials like cellophane, or soft materials like rubber, without any physical contact whatever. Other radioactive materials are being used for such widely diverse purposes as measuring the level of molten iron in a foundry cupola, or the location of various underground strata in oil wells. Just recently, a prominent oil company sent a set of automobile piston rings to Oak Ridge, where they were put in the atomic pile and made radioactive. They were returned and put in a test engine, which was then run for a few minutes, the lubricating oil drained out, and the radioactivity of the oil measured. By this means, wear on the rings, as small as a fraction of a millionth of an ounce, could be detected. A different oil was then introduced into the engine, the engine again run for a short time, and the lubricating power of the new oil measured. In this way, a series of tests that normally would take many months or perhaps a year, was run all in an afternoon.

But the most exciting applications thus far are not in the industrial field, but in the field of chemical theory, of biology and medicine. With radioactive materials injected into the bloodstream, we can measure the exact rate of circulation of blood in the body. After an accident, a doctor can tell by this means whether there is enough circulation left in an injured limb to save it, or whether it must be amputated. Radioactive iodine is today accomplishing cures of simple goiter without surgery. The same material has achieved some spectacular results in cancer of the thyroid. Radioactive phosphorous and radioactive gold are being used to treat leukemia, the so-called “cancer of the blood.” Thus these materials are already saving lives, but at the same time are adding new knowledge as to just how diseases injure the body, and just how drugs attack disease. This new knowledge will save many more lives in the future.

If, by hooking some of these radioactive materials on to the proper foods or hormones or vitamins or
drugs, we can control cancer, that one by-product alone will save many, many more lives than the atomic bomb ever snuffed out. That will more than balance our books.

We have come a long way from Becquerel's observation 53 years ago, that salts of uranium would blacken a photographic plate. We have come to man's greatest intellectual achievement.

We Americans, with our technical and material ingenuity, will surely solve its technical and scientific problems. But will we solve the human problems, the problems of getting along with people? For it is in that realm that the answer to atomic power must come. We cannot take it from a slide rule or a test tube or an electric meter. None-theless, the answer was given long ago in a piece of basic morality that has not changed with the centuries. Through all of mankind's troubled existence on this planet, centuries filled with cruelty and oppression, with warfare and bloodshed, we still hear ringing across the world the cynical retort of Cain when he said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The only answer to the tremendous challenge of atomic power lies within that sentence. In a world in which clumsy and bungling mankind has in its hands the power that makes our sun shine in the sky—for that is what we have, for good or for evil—everyone of us, regardless of political beliefs, religious creeds, nationality, race or color, must in this sense be our brother's keepers—if we want to live!

The Critical Pen

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: To see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

EUGENE FIELD: The actor who took the role of King Lear played the king as though he expected someone to play the ace.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: As long as people will pay admission to a theatre to see a naked body rather than to see a naked brain, the drama will languish.

ROBERT BENCHLY: Perfectly Scandalous was one of those plays in which all of the actors unfortunately enunciated very clearly.

DOROTHY PARKER: The House Beautiful is the play lousy.

PERCY HAMMOND: They may be encouraged by the suspicion that John Barrymore's Hamlet was not so interesting as Hamlet's John Barrymore.

GILBERT GABRIEL: (The Woman.) One can get the same effect by sticking a finger down one's throat.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN: (Tonight or Never.) Very well then. I say never.

DOROTHY PARKER: Miss Hepburn runs the whole gamut of emotions from A to B.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less noise they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.—Alexander Pope.

One man in a thousand is a leader of men; the others follow women.
Platter Chatter...

Smilin' Jack Smith now is teamed with Margaret Whiting, who replaces Martha Tilton on the new fall show. Jack spent last summer vacationing across the Atlantic in Europe... Tommy Dorsey and Company—including their star trumpeter and vocal man, Charlie Shavers—continue to bring in the paying customers at Dorsey's own Casino Gardens in California... Harry James has lost his vocal group, the Skylarks. The spot will be left vacant until a new combination can be found... Decca has signed a new femme singer, Carol Richards, formerly with Russ Morgan and guest on the Bob Hope Show. She's a pert songstress who should prove to be an immediate hit... Paul Weston, the Capitol band man, has signed to conduct a series of 26 radio shows to be aired soon for the United States Naval Reserve... Victor's star quartet, the Deep River Boys, are wowing the tea trade in jolly England with ten weeks' bookings on Great Britain's Theatre circuit... Watch for the new Damon platter featuring Ken Smith and a socko tune titled The Birds and the Bees. It should make the nickels cascade into the jukeboxes... Frances Langford and hubby Jon Hall will sub for Dick Haymes, who has cancelled his coming engagement at the Palladium in London. The reason probably is an extended honeymoon with his new bride... Milt Buckner, pianist and arranger for Lionel Hampton for seven years, now is fronting his own band. He just completed new waxings for MGM... Buddy Rich is grabbing $475 per week for beating the skins as the new drummer for the Les Brown crew... Betty Hutton is jumpin' with joy at the word that she's to have the lead in the new film, Annie Get Your Gun... Red Nichols and his little band are reportedly more popular these days than anytime in the past ten years. Red and the boys will be seen in a forthcoming movie with Betty Grable. It's entitled Wabash Avenue... Jack Carson took time off from movie chores to cut his first sides for Capitol. Tunes included are That Was a Big Fat Lie and Give Me a Song... While in sunny California, Russ Morgan, Decca's waltz king, will make a band short for Universal... Jimmy Atkins, former WHB Western star, makes his wax debut on Coral records with The Handout Song and Silver Dollars Tinkling Down.
lightly Recommended...

ECCA 24678—Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. There's Yes! Yes! in Your Eyes plus Twenty-Four Hours of Sunshine. Carmen scores again with two songs that are going places. In the first, the maestro sets a bouncy, lively tempo with catchy lyrics handled by the ensemble. The reverse is a new waltz-tempoed melody. The band performs smoothly, with vocal honors going to Bob Lido, the Cavaliers and ensemble. For good listening or dancing, you can't go wrong with this one!

ECCA 24655—Evelyn Knight and the Four Hits and a Miss with Sonny Burke's orchestra. Be Goodly Good to Me and Don't Ever Marry For Money. These new Knight ditties are as fresh as the autumn breeze and tailor-made for Evelyn's talents. There's strong rhythm on the first side with solid background by the vocal group. It's rousing from the first to the last groove. The words of wisdom on the flipover carry the moral, "You must marry for love," and such advice is more than welcome, especially when it comes from Miss Knight, the Four Hits and a Miss, and Sonny Burke. Top tunes—top talent!

COLUMBIA ALBUM C:186—Burl Ives with guitar accompaniment. The Return of the Wayfaring Stranger. Burl Ives, America's best known and most beloved ballad singer, sings nine of his famous songs in one wonderful, nostalgic album. You'll spin again and again such favorites as On Springfield Mountain, Lord Randall, Bonnie Wee Lassie, John Hardy and many others. It's pleasurable listening for every member of the family, and Americana at its best.

COLUMBIA 38519—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Take Love Easy plus I Could Get a Man. Here's a sentimental pair by the old master. Both are in easy dance tempo, with a touch of Ellington blues. The first opens and closes with some fine alto sax ramblings behind Dolores Parker's vocalizing. The back side is a torchy blues lament with some out-of-this-world trumpet solos. Fans—here's your boy Ellington at his blues best!

CAPITOL 57-620—Betty Hutton with orchestra conducted by Joe Lilley. I Wake Up in the Morning and Where Are You Now That I Need You? Bouncing, buoyant Betty is back again with her first waxing after a long absence. When you hear this terrific platter, you'll wonder how you managed without her for so long. Both sides feature the bombastic vocal pyrotechnics that her fans love. Background music by Mr. Lilley is ideally suited for Betty's talent. Hutton hits a new high—and it's high time you bought this one!

CAPITOL 57 70013—Julia Lee with rhythm accompaniment. Tonight's the Night with After Hours Waltz. Here's that ton of fun—Kansas City's own Miss Julie back with two jaunty sides. They're strictly for adults—and should add zing to any party. The first is a fancy ballad done in the relaxing Lee style. The reverse is a clever take-off on the famous jazz opus. After Hours. Plenty of rhythm!

VICTOR 20-3476—Tex Beneke and his orchestra. Lavender Coffin and A Kiss and a Rose. You'll find music in the smooth, familiar Beneke style when you spin this one. The first is a new novelty that's far from dead or dying as the title may suggest. Tex and the Moonlight Serenaders give it a peppy treatment that's definitely in the groove. The reverse is an enchanting tune with the vocal warbled dreamily by Glenn Douglas. This is a mellow double feature.

VICTOR 20-3492—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Dream of You plus Pussy Willow. Another solid T. D. special with a balanced coupling of a vocal and an instrumental. The Dream side is a new one on an old theme written by Sy Oliver. You'll like the sparkling vocal by Jack Duffy with even rhythm in the background. The flip has a fine rhythmic kick sparked by an up-tempo beat that ought to drive T.D. fans wild. It's that typical danceable Dorsey music.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri, VI. 9430.
Watts That?

Suddenly all the lights went out in the radio studio where an orchestra was broadcasting a concert of familiar tunes. There were still ten minutes of the broadcast left, and the show had to go on. But the only piece the orchestra could play without music was The Stars and Stripes Forever, so they played the tune over and over in the darkness.

At last, 30 seconds before sign-off time, the announcer switched on his mike and said, “Harlan Jordan and his orchestra have just played The Stars and Stripes (pause) FOREVER.”

The control operator at Berlin noticed that an airlift plane was a minute ahead of the tight landing schedule, so he told the pilot to do a full circle of 360 degrees and lose a minute.

“I can’t do a 360 in less than two minutes,” the pilot answered.

The operator’s reply, “Hell, then just do a 180 and back in!”

During an interview on Mutual’s Meet the Press, genial draft director General Lewis B. Hershey was asked whether he thought college men should be deferred until they finish school.

“No, I don’t,” he replied emphatically. “Just because a man is fortunate enough to have his parents send him to a university is no reason why he should receive preferential treatment.”

“But wouldn’t the draft get him anyway, after he finished school?” he was asked.

“I don’t know,” smiled the general. “The way some young men attend school, they might be over-age by that time.”—Hollywood Reporter.

### CURREN’ MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### CURREN’ AFTERNOON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB-FM on 102.1 megacycles new broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.
**Programs on WHB — 710**

### Morning

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
<td>Don Sullivan, Songs</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>AP News — Dick Smith</td>
<td>Musical Clock</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>G. Heatter's Mailbag</td>
<td>Against the Storm</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>Lunch on the Plaza</td>
<td>Against the Storm</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>Lunch on the Plaza</td>
<td>Against the Storm</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
<td>Lou Kemper</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Afternoon

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
<td>Boogie Woogie Cowboys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
<td>Missouri-Kansas News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
<td>Queen for a Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
<td>Lanny Ross Show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Club 710</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
<td>Cottonwood Ranch Boys</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Evening schedule on next page**
## CURRENT PROGRAMS OF

### EVENING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Helzberg's Telo-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Telo-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Telo-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Telo-test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Falcon</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
<td>Gabriel Heather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Mediation</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Gregory Hood</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Air Force Hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Guest Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Musical Interlude</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Smoke Rings</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Count of</td>
<td>Murder by Experts</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Meet Your Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Secret Missions</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Meet Your Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Count of</td>
<td>Secret Missions</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>Fishing &amp; Hunti</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Monte Cristo</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td>News Roundup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sheila Graham</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Twin Views</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of News</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Network Dance</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Kracklin'</td>
<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Band</td>
<td>Amer. Forum of the Air</td>
<td>Korn's A-Kracklin'</td>
<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
<td>This Is Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Network Dance</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>K.C.—John</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thornberry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Network Dance</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night News</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night News</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Band</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>00</td>
<td>Billy Bishop</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orch.</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>George</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Winslow's</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orch.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Henry King</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Orch.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SIGNS OFF</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**GUM 14**

**GUM 14**
EVERY day is ladies’ day over WHB, where there’s an interesting schedule of programs designed especially for the housewife. She does her breakfast dishes in tune with the Musical Clock, hears a preview of the day’s weather, and checks her grocery list with the fruit and vegetable report. At 9:15 Martha Logan’s Kitchen helps with meal planning, and by 9:30 she’s ready to jot down shopping hints from Sandra Lea, Plaza Shopper. Kate Smith Sings at 9:45 makes a pleasant background for dusting or making beds. Later, a bit of drama enters the home with two enthralling serials, Second Spring and Against the Storm. Then, by 11, the busy housewife is ready to relax and chuckle with Luncheon on the Plaza, the laugh-filled audience participation show, or to work at puzzling out the riddle that holds the key to the big Plaza Jackpot of prizes. That’s morning on WHB—a refreshing antidote for “housewife blues.”

That popular “animal, vegetable, mineral” game is a family affair when it’s played on Twenty Questions over WHB at 7, Saturday evenings. The quick-witted family trio—Fred Van Deventer, his talented musician wife, Florence Rinard, and their young son, Bobby—along with a fourth panel member, Herb Polesie, are rarely stumped even when emcee Bill Slater gloatingly numbers question 19. Famous guest stars often join the regular panelists in their question barrage.


KANSAS CITY Ports of Call

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ N A N C E ' S CAFE. The name Nance's has been synonymous with good food for over 45 years. The three spacious dining rooms are always filled with people enjoying Nance's splendid cooking. You may even catch a glimpse of a visiting celebrity here who has followed Duncan Hines' advice. Roast beef, steaks, seafood and special dishes like stuffed pigeon are modestly priced—and so good! In the evenings, the Biscuit Girl wanders among the tables with her fragrant, tempting wares. If you're a coffee lover, try Nance's for some of the best coffee in town. The delicious food and quick service are a noon hour pleasure for business men from all over the city. Nance's pays your parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ PUTSCH'S 210. Fashionable elegance effectively balanced with friendly hospitality typifies Putsch's 210. What could be more impressive than dinner by candlelight in the midst of the gracious New Orleans French Quarter furnishings! The distinctive menu features rare aged steaks, roast beef, broiled live lobster and fresh mountain trout air-expressed from Colorado. The barroom with cozy wall seats and little, low glass tables is a very popular meeting place both early in the evening and after the theatre. That flood-lighted glass mural over the bar is something to see. Brilliant piano music provides a pleasing background. 210 West 47th Street. LO. 2000.

★ SAVOY GRILL. When Kansas Citians wish to do something special for out-of-town guests, they usually bring them to the Savoy for dinner. That's because the atmosphere here so perfectly captures the spirit and memories of Kansas City's past. The dim, quiet Grill Room has remained unchanged for almost five decades; its old, dark, wood paneling, pio murals and deep, green-cushioned booths. A touch of the modern has invaded the Savoy in the luxurious Imperial Room with its up-to-the-minute design. In both rooms, the food is memorable. Almost any seafood you name—however rare—will be served graciously by the courteous waiters. The Savoy filet mignon is a delicacy! Just look for the sign of the lobster up on 9th Street. 9th and Central. 3890.

Something Different . . .

★ KING JOY LO. Here's an atmosphere that's as alluring as the unusual Canton delicacies that are prepared by skillful Chinese cooks. Heavy carved and inlaid tables, private enclosed booths, handle cups and other Oriental touches create a perfect mood for the enjoyment of chow suey, chow mein with tender bean sprouts and egg noodles, dry fried rice, egg rolls, young and other fascinating dishes. In the strictly American taste, a second menu tempts with excellent steaks, chicken and seafood. Don Toy makes sure the service is swift and attentive. It is an interesting place for luncheon as well as dinner. 8 West 12th Street (Second Floor). HA. 8113.

★ S H A R P ' S BROADWAY NINETIES. There is nothing like a rollicking evening of old fashioned, relaxing fun at Sharp's. This is the place where everybody is friends with everybody else. The management provides the song sheets and the piano player, but the clientele provides the voices for wonderful, old-time song fests. The drinks are man-sized—over the bar or with friendly table service. The
UNITY INN. This attractive latticed room done in a pleasing shade of green is familiar sight to many business men who know where to find good food for luncheon. You might even consider turning vegetarian after an excellent meatless meal in this bright little restaurant, efficiently run by the Unity School of Christianity. You'll have to be careful not to overload your tray as you slide it along past colorful vegetable plates and big fruit and vegetable salads decorated with nuts, cheeses and dressings. For dessert there's rich, flaky pastry or creamy homemade ice cream. The speedy cafeteria style is planned especially for busy people who can't afford a long wait for a table. Closed on Saturday. 901 Tracy. VI. 720.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

UPTOWN INTERLUDE. Here's a midtown spot that offers the tops in big-me entertainment. Popular, nationally known singers and musicians are booked here for short engagements—and the crowds keep coming. Other attractions are crisp fried chicken and thick, juicy steak dinners; tall, smooth drinks at the bar or with table service; and the satisfying, inexpensive luncheons for business men and shoppers. Dale Overfelt is the man responsible for the continued popularity of the Interlude. You might make a mental note that the bar here is open after midnight Sunday for the quenching of that week-end thirst. 3545 Broadway. WE. 9630.

ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT. If you've never had smorgasbord, you have a new adventure in eating awaiting you. And Adrian's is the place to try it. Colorful—and often unrecognizable—Swedish foods are spread in a mouth-watering display for you to choose. Smorgasbord may be had as a complete meal, or—for the hearty eater—merely as an introduction to a full-course dinner. A superior menu lists seafood, chops, roast beef and the notable 16-ounce sirloin steak that has made Adrian's famous. The decor is sleek and modern—a perfect complement to an outstanding cuisine. The adjoining cocktail lounge makes a short wait for a table a pleasure. Free parking. Merchandise Mart. VI. 6587.

To See and Be Seen . . .

PLAZA RESTAURANT. Every morning, crowds jam this attractive, modern cafeteria to watch the antics of Frank and Lou in the laugh-packed WHB audience-participation show, Luncheon on the Plaza. Most of the women plan to continue their morning's enjoyment by staying on for a delicious luncheon here. The foods are excellently cooked and displayed in a tantalizing array. This is a grand place to take the whole family for dinner. A restaurant-bar upstairs offers full table service and makes a convenient meeting place for afternoon cocktails. The pastries from the bakery are well-known for their tender freshness. To complete the picture, a neat snack bar and soda fountain provide sandwiches and soft drinks. Certainly, a restaurant styled to meet anyone's taste! 414 Alameda Road. WE. 3773.

PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. There's a cosmopolitan atmosphere here, bolstered by a smart clientele and a striking mural of the New York skyline over the bar. The decor is lush, with a thick rug, overstuffed booths in wine upholstery and a sort of natural wood mosaic on the upper walls. An outstanding menu provides a wide choice in excellent meats—steaks, filets, roast beef—and expertly prepared seafood. Special musts are the tossed salad with oil dressing, French fried onions and the dry martinis. You'll know it by the gaudily uniformed doorman waiting outside a brass-fitted glass door on Baltimore Avenue. Music by Muzak.
makes a soft and restful background for your evening’s enjoyment. 1114 Baltimore. VI. 9711.

★EL CASBAH. There’s a sophisticated, polished air to this elaborately designed, multi-mirrored room, where a superb cuisine is served with a Continental flourish by nattily attired waiters. Gourmets delight in the menu which features such masterpieces as the dinner of the flaming sword or chicken in a coconut. The entertainment is in accord with the elegant surroundings. Top night club entertainers from all over the nation and the best in dance orchestras are engaged for the enjoyment of El Casbah patrons at no cover charge and no minimum. El Casbah truly lives up to its name of “the Midwest’s smartest supper club.” Hotel Bellerive Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★TROCADERO
Here’s the perfect place for late afternoon or evening cocktail sippin’ Bob Ledterman, the cordial manager, makes everyone feel at home immediately in this popular neighborhood spot. The decor, cleverly done in a South Sea island motif, adds to the gay, informal atmosphere. For dancing or as background for table conversation there’s soft piano music. The line of drinks is complete; any drink you name will be quickly supplied by barmen who really know their business. Incidentally, the Trocadero is in the midtown area—perfect for dropping by on the way home from the office. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

Good Samaritan

WHEN Bob Burdette, one-time humorist of the Burlington, Iowa, Hawkeye, became a preacher, he was very popular for three things: he used his sense of humor liberally, his sermons were only 15 minutes long, and he seldom mentioned money.

Once, in Los Angeles, he did mention money, but with his characteristic sense of humor. Taking a quarter from his pocket, he said, “You know, I was looking at this quarter and it seems to me that it’s a bad thing to have. There are 13 letters in ‘quarter dollar’ and in ‘E pluribus unum, and there are 13 stars around the eagle’s head and 13 around the coin. And the eagle seems to have 13 feathers in each wing. Now, maybe there’s nothing to it, but there’s no sense flying in the face of bad luck. Personally, I don’t think it’s a good idea to have one of these coins around. If any of you want to dispose of these bad luck omens, the ushers will be around to help get rid of them.”—Bob Downer.

If the entire population of the earth were gathered into one area, standing shoulder to shoulder and breast to back, they would occupy an area less than 11 miles square.

Age is the best fire extinguisher for flaming youth.

An epigram is a wisecrack that has lived long enough to acquire a reputation.

Civilization is man’s own vision of his endless possibilities.

Man is a creature who has to argue down another man’s opinion before he can believe in his own.
General Omar N. Bradley congratulates a new officer at the Leavenworth Command and General Staff College graduation.

R.C.A. Victor star Fran Warren warbles for listeners of Bob Kennedy's "Club 710" session.

Wallace F. Bennett, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, addresses the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce.

George Jessel, flanked by beauties Nancy Guild, Barbara Lawrence, Coleen Gray and Joan Altman, jests before a WHB mike.
Listeners

SWING TO WHB FOR

SONGS BY DON SULLIVAN, K
City's outstanding cowboy star
tured in two great shows daily.

LUNCHEON ON THE PLAZA, the
happy audience-participation pro-
playing to a studio audience of
women daily.

THE WHB MUSICAL CLOCK, a
mendously popular rising-time fe-
since 1931.

CLUB 710, a daily, fun-packed
hours of telephone games, 
laughs and prizes.

YOUR NEIGHBOR WITH THE N
from across the street, the nation
the sea; reported nightly by frie
John Thornberry.

Advertisers

SWING TO WHB FOR

- Increased sales
- Five-state coverage
- Lower rates per thousand lists

Client Service Representatives
Ed Dennis    Win Johnson
Ed Birr      Warren Bowman
            Tommy Thompson

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
The Balloon that Never Came Back
Arctic wastes hold the clue to one of the strangest mysteries of science... Page 7
by Bradley Robinson

Night of the Terrible Comet
The world had nine months to prepare for Judgment Day... Page 33
by Paul Warren

II-Length Articles
Heroes of the Light Brigade... Robert Stein 3
Uncle Sam—Salesman... John Kenton 11
Bearings—Modern Spheres of Influence... Theodore K. Landau 13
How My Brother Got a Job (short story)... Martin Field 17
Funny Money, Bye, Bye... Frank Bristol 21
Home Was Never Like This... Jhan and June Robbins 25
He Makes Mountain Music... Betty and William Waller 29
Guinea Pigging Pays Off... Robert D. Link 37
The Biggest Christmas Tree... Derek Carter 51
Wraiths Over Washington... James L. Harte 53
Our Growing Laundry Bundle... Charles Ways 57
Dawn for the Sightless... Lee Harris 71
America's Hardware Heaven... Lew Raines 73

Special Features
Man of the Month... 45 Swinging the Dial... 81
Swing Session... 76 Tom Collins Says... 82
Current Programs on WHB... 78 Kansas City Ports of Call... 83

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THAT STRANGE STATE OF MIND CALLED KANSAS
Colorful, provincial Kansas awakens once more.
By Kenneth S. Davis... Page 65
WHB News Reel

In Kansas City for the Midwest premiere of *Fighting Man of the Plains*, five Twentieth Century Fox stars register as members of *Club 710* (2 to 4 p.m., Monday through Saturday).

1. "Gabby" Hayes
2. Mary Stuart and Joan Taylor
3. Victor Jorey (with Frank Wziarde)
4. Dale Robertson
HEROISM is compounded of character, training ability, and opportunity. War is the most fertile field for bravery. But the man who sacrifices his reputation, his fortune, his personal privacy or his security for a cause in which he believes is no less a hero than the one who risks physical oblivion in battle.

This fall we have seen the rise of two new heroes. They wore uniforms, but they were quiet, family men, leading reasonably secure lives in a period of momentary peace. Their names are Crommelin and Denfeld.

Few civilians understand the inflexible code which governs our military caste. An officer builds his career with patient care by boyhood. He directs those below him according to regulation. He obeys those above him according to regulation. He works tirelessly to create his own professional reputation. Above all, he conforms.

But this October, two did not conform. In a pair of calculated—perhaps foolhardy—acts, Captain John Crommelin, USN, blew the lid off the fermenting pot of inter-service political pressures which has been gall to the Navy for many months. And mild Admiral Louis Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations, publicly supported the angry charges made by a parade of high-ranking Navy officers during the ensuing Congressional investigation.

Each of them willfully, knowingly, sealed his own professional doom. Each of them washed his entire lifetime down the drain.

Perhaps they were in error. Perhaps they accomplished nothing. But these two, Denfeld and Crommelin, are heroes nonetheless. Each of them kept faith—with himself.
Tasty, Too!

An attache of a foreign embassy in Mexico City discovered at the end of a taxi journey that he had only ten centavos in change over and above his five peso taxi bill. He tendered this as a tip to the driver, whereupon he was subjected to a vituperative tirade of language such as only a Mexican cab driver can unleash. The passenger listened for a moment, and then replied in perfect Spanish, "But my dear man, I am sure that ten centavos will be quite sufficient to buy your mother a bone."

America's Strangest Bank

In the little community of Joshua Tree, California, on the Mojave Desert, is the strangest bank in the United States. It issues no banknotes, keeps no records, pays no dividends nor interest, does not advertise for depositors. It maintains night club hours and keeps its total assets in plain sight.

Despite these things, it has several dozen depositors, most of them tourists, all of whom have requested permission to deposit money.

The bank is the rear wall of a tavern called Below's Bar and Grill. One night about three years ago, a traveler said to Dewey Below, the proprietor, "You know, I'd sure hate to be out on the desert with no money." A thoughtful look came into his eyes. "I'm loaded with dough now," he said, "but I may come through here broke some day. Would you mind keeping this five dollar bill for me?"

"All right," Below said. "Sign your name on a slip of paper for identification."

But instead of keeping the bill in the cash register or a drawer, Below thumb-tacked it to the wall behind the bar, where he already had a collection of odds and ends that would put many a museum to shame.

Later, another tourist saw the bill and asked about it. When Below explained what had happened, the tourist gave Below another bill to keep. Others followed suit, until now the wall is literally papered with money that customers have given to Below for safekeeping.

As a business builder, the idea has been phenomenal for the little tavern on the 29 Palms Highway, a hundred miles east of Los Angeles. Word-of-mouth publicity brings in tourists. Depositors return constantly.

But aside from its importance to Below, the little tavern bank is a tribute to the trust of American people.—Bob Downer.

Classy Classifieds

From the London Times: "Wanted, responsible appointment, minimum work and four-figure salary with unlimited expense sheet; will travel anywhere in luxury only; if really essential, can supply references."

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "Man wanted. Must be a salesman, expert driver, talker, liar, hunter, fisherman, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker and golf player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, authority on palmistry, dogs, cats, horses, blondes, brunettes, and redheads. A man of vision and ambition, after-dinner speaker, night owl—work all day, stay up all night and appear fresh next day. Must be a man's man, a ladies' man, a Democrat, Republican, New Dealer, Old Dealer, technician, politician, mathematician, and mechanic, to represent established chemical manufacturer."
Blizzards, floods, fires, lightning, hurricanes, explosions—all in a day's work.

by ROBERT STEIN

LIGHTS flickered weakly in homes all across central Colorado on the night of December 31, 1945. Outside, one of the worst blizzards in Rocky Mountain history was clawing fiercely at light-and-power lines. And in an office of the Colorado Public Service Company in Denver, 11 volunteer maintenance men listened intently as the chief E. V. Stuart outlined their grim New Year's Eve job.

"The Hagerman Pass circuit is breaking down," Stuart explained tersely. "We'll have to get up there and fix it."

An hour later, the 12-man crew, swathed in storm clothes, piled into a truck and started on the first lap upward to Hagerman Pass, a 12,200-foot-high pin point in the Rockies—the highest power line station in the world.

... Bewildered motorists braked their storm-shrouded cars as Denver street lights suddenly dimmed, blacking out their view of the road...

Bucking cyclone-force winds, the repair crew's truck plodded slowly up the 40-mile, snow-banked valley of the Frying Pan River. Then, 12 miles from the pass, it sputtered to a dead halt.

Abandoning the snow-bogged truck, Stuart and his crew quickly unloaded their supplies. Each man swung a pack of equipment over his back as Stuart and his assistant, Eldin Larsen, moved ahead to break trail.

... In a mental institution high in the mountains, inmates huddled in terror as their dining room lights began to flicker. Worried doctors and orderlies hurriedly blockaded the doors...

Fighting off exhaustion, the repair crew plodded slowly up the mountainside toward Hell Gate—a narrow, slippery shelf of road carved into the side of a cliff towering 1,000 feet above a canyon floor. One by one, the men began to edge their way around the thin rim of the cliff.
A young surgeon looked up anxiously at the fading lights of the operating room. "I've got to have more light," he mumbled to himself in panic...

Two hours after they squeezed their way past Hell Gate, Stuart and his crew staggered into a cabin just below the apex of Hagerman Pass. Quickly, they unloaded their equipment and went to work on the wind-lashed power station. With the thermometer at 30 below zero, they untangled snarled steel cable. They soldered broken lines, improvised splints and braces for crumbling towers. Every few minutes, they stopped to thaw out their stiff-frozen work gloves with blow torches.

When the crew marched wearily back to Denver eight days later, every man was suffering from severe wind scald and frostbite. But throughout the blizzard they had managed to keep vital electric power pumping through the lines to hospitals, factories and homes.

Like Stuart and his crew, thousands of men regularly risk injury and death to keep your gas and electric service uninterrupted through blizzards, floods, fires, hurricanes and other major disasters. And in less spectacular circumstances, they brave danger daily to safeguard your family's health and comfort.

To shed light on these little-known exploits, the Edison Electric Institute and the American Gas Association each year present valor awards to heroic gas and electric men. Their records tell hundreds of dramatic stories about the men who casually read your gas meter or splice a broken wire in your basement.

On his way to inspect gas lines near Mitro, West Virginia, Frank Botkin stopped to watch a 12-year-old boy chopping wood with a double-edged axe. As Botkin looked on, the blade suddenly caught in a clothesline over the boy's head and came crashing down on his skull.

Quickly, Botkin raced over to the fallen youngster. Pressing his temples, the gas man managed to stop the spurting blood. Botkin shouted to attract the attention of a nearby farmer who helped lift the unconscious boy into the gas company car. As he drove Botkin shouted hurried instructions over his shoulder. Following his orders, the frightened farmer ministered to the youngster's wound. Half an hour later, a grateful country doctor told Botkin that his quick action had saved the boy's life.

On a rainy summer morning, Somerville, New Jersey, George Creely gazed dreamily out of his office window in the local gas company. Suddenly, Creely was jolted out of his reverie as a lightning bolt hit the huge gasoline tank next to the company building and ripped open a six-foot seam at the top. Catching fire, the escaping fuel set off a train of flames that began to creep slowly toward 216,000 gallons of gasoline inside the tank.

Recovering from his initial shock, Creely grabbed a suit jacket and raced out of the building. Without hesitating, he scrambled up a slippery, four-foot ladder at the side of the tank and began beating out the fire. Two mo-
utes later, the last of the flames disappeared under his flailing jacket— inches away from setting off an explosion that might have wrecked half the town.

Bravery takes a hundred forms in the everyday actions of the men who guard our gas and electric lines. To safeguard our homes, they wade through flooded cellars, swim icy rivers, beat their way into burning buildings. Records of their exploits read like the pages of a blood-curdling dime novel.

In Neosho, Missouri, Raymond Marshall paddled a canoe through flood waters during an all-night search for an emergency gas valve. Rowing past tree tops, he finally found the valve, stood in neck-deep water to turn it off and restored service to his hometown and a nearby Army camp.

When firemen accidentally broke a gas valve during an oil refinery blaze in Oakland, California, Michael Keane of the local light and power company donned an asbestos suit and walked into the flames. As firemen played hoses about him, Keane calmly shut off a gas line burning at the base of a drum containing 4,000 gallons of oil.

In Greenville, Mississippi, an ex-

football player named Charlie Elam saw a fellow linesman unwittingly reach for a 13,000-volt connection. Elam saved his life with a flying tackle that knocked him clear of the live wire.

Many of the heroic deeds performed on your behalf go unheralded because they take place miles from your home. In an Astoria, New York, gas plant, a freak explosion threw John Holoubek 12 feet in the air and dropped him unconscious over a railing. Coming to, Holoubek found his clothes on fire. He beat out the flames with his bare hands and stumbled to his feet—only to faint again.

Somehow, Holoubek managed to regain consciousness for a second time. Painfully making his rounds, he discovered tar gushing through a broken gas line. Quickly, he shut off the valve. Farther on, Holoubek found that the plant’s water pumps were out of order, threatening to flood the building. Wincing with each movement, he climbed into a deep pit and opened an emergency valve. For the next five hours, Holoubek stayed on duty, helping a maintenance crew restore the plant to normal. Then, he limped over to his foreman.

“I think I could use some first aid,” he said quietly.

Examining him, amazed doctors found that Holoubek had been going about his work with second-degree burns and half a dozen rib fractures. They kept him flat on his back for the next 19 days.

Quick thinking as well as courageous action is a mark of the gas and electric man. During a recent Columbia River flood in the state of Wash-
When a recent flood swept over Pittsburgh, two telephone operators in the city's power company—Margaret Daly and Margaret Gross—started out for work in a rowboat. Two hundred yards away, they had to get out, clamber up a ladder and scurry across a line of rooftops. But they managed to get through to their switchboard. And for the next three days, they stayed there—relaying vital messages that helped the company keep power flowing throughout Pittsburgh's flood emergency.

Courage seems to be just as much a part of the average gas and electric man's equipment as the tool kit he carries. During the past ten years, dozens of power company employees have received Carnegie Hero medals, the nation’s highest award for peacetime bravery. Typical of these heroes is Ralph Gentile, lineman for a Rhode Island power company.

Gentile was perched high on a pole outside Westerly, Rhode Island, watching a Navy fighter plane swoop gracefully by. Suddenly, the plane went into a spin and plunged earthward. Gentile scrambled down the pole and with another bystander, Benjamin York, sprinted across a meadow toward the fallen plane. As they approached the burning wreck, they were startled by strange poppin noises. Suddenly, they felt a rush of air. Gentile pushed York to the ground and dropped beside him.

"Bullets . . . exploding," he shouted.

Crouching, Gentile raced toward the flaming fuselage. Without hesitation, he crawled into the blaze and

(Continued on page 15)
In some respects Andree was far ahead of his times. Today, it is doubtful if a North Pole expedition would be considered without the use of air transportation. Yet that was a weird notion a little over 50 years ago when Andree set out to do just that—explore the North Pole by air.

Of course, Andree had no plane. He used, instead, a balloon, but no ordinary balloon. The Eagle, Andree's ship, was rigged with a set of steering sails and long guide ropes that trailed from the gondola, and dragged over the ice. With this unique design, he had demonstrated in early flights that he could gain, to some degree, dirigibility unknown in the common free balloon. So when Andree announced that he was going to make the first aerial attempt to discover the Pole, his plan was quickly supported by the enthusiasm and money of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, and by King Oscar of Sweden.

In July of 1897, Andree took off in The Eagle, with no less than five tons of equipment, from Dane Island, Spitzbergen, a location some 475 miles north of Norway. With him were two companions, Knut Fraenkel and Niles Strindberg.

Two long days passed before a carrier pigeon returned to anxious watchers at the home base. The message said that a gentle wind was carrying The Eagle northward and all aboard were well. After that—silence. The world waited expectantly, but there was no further word.
Then late that year, a sealing vessel reached port to tell the story of having heard cries of distress coming from across the ice in the vicinity of Spitzbergen. Hurriedly, a rescue party was sent out. They found nothing. Refusing to give them up as lost, King Oscar and Nobel sent another searching party in 1898, and a third the following year, but no trace of The Eagle or Andree's party was found.

Two years later, a battered buoy from The Eagle turned up on the coast of Iceland. Examination proved it had been dropped shortly after the take-off; it carried a laconic message that all was well. A year later a second buoy washed ashore on Norway containing a similar message. And then silence again. Gradually, hope of ever finding Andree's expedition or of learning their fate diminished with the passing years, and the disappearance of The Eagle became a baffling and unsolved mystery of the Arctic.

Thirty-three years later, in 1930, a Norwegian sealer anchored off the southern tip of little-visited White Island. Two crew members went ashore and returned with the startling news that they had uncovered an old canvas boat half buried in a snow drift. And in the boat they had found a piece of equipment stenciled "Andree Polar Expedition." Stirred by this information and eager to unravel the Andree mystery, scientists descended on White Island. There they stumbled onto the final camp site of the ill-fated expedition.

But the mystery of Andree's party was not entirely solved. Among the ruins of what had once been a hut of wood and balloon silk were the skeletons of Fraenkel and Andree. The had died within six feet of each other and the thin rags covering their bones indicated they had been lightly dressed. Nearby were two sleeping bags and a table with an overturne bowl bearing evidence of having contained food. Between them was a small, single-burner kerosene stove, the tank of which still contained fuel. Scattered about the camp area were the bones of seal and bear, and close by a mound of rocks marked Strindberg's crude grave.

The tragic account of The Eagle flight was pieced together from the journals the three men had left behind. Mouldy and half-devoured by time and weather, the journals told grim story of failure and an 80-day battle to reach land against the exhausting odds of drifting ice, cold and starvation. Strindberg's photographs plates, exposed and dormant 33 years, yielded pathetic pictures of The Eagle floundering on the ice, its great bag coated by the ice of Arctic storm. There were scenes of the men dragging their heavy sledges over the drifting ice in a desperate attempt to reach solid land.

At the point where the party gained the safety of White Island, the journals became difficult to decipher. The few legible words mentioned finding game, establishing camp, a storm, and the collection of drift wood. But there was no mention of Strindberg's death. And what happened to the other two on White Island became the greatest puzzle of all. The Strindberg died, possibly from illness, before Fraenkel and Andree is ob-
us. But how did the two survivors meet their death?

They could not have died from starvation, not in the face of evidence of ample food. They could not have frozen to death. The fact that their remains were lightly clad indicates warmth in their shelter. If they were freezing they would have at least sought the protection of their sleeping bags. And the strongest disproof of his freezing theory is their stove and its supply of fuel.

It was the stove which prompted Vilhjalmur Stefansson to expound a theory which may be closest to the solution. From the position of the two bodies it was apparent both men met a common death. It was, Stefansson said, carbon monoxide poisoning. Asphyxiation from a kerosene burner similar to Andree’s was not uncommon in Arctic expeditions. It had killed two survivors of the Karluk disaster in their sleep and it very nearly killed a member of Admiral Byrd’s Little America party.

Since a fatal quantity of carbon monoxide is odorless and difficult to detect, it is very likely Andree and Fraenkel succumbed to the lethal gas without being aware of its presence. Such a situation would mean the hut was without ventilation, even a small draft. If this was the case then why did the stove not burn itself out? Was it possible that one of the men fainted, thus warning the other, who grasping the danger, got up and released the pressure of the stove, letting the flame die? Why didn’t he rush to the door and flood the room with clean air?

Had that small tank on Andree’s kerosene stove been empty, the solution to the problem would be obvious. But the tell-tale presence of fuel makes the strange death of the two explorers a mystery that will never be solved.

A Tongue for Profit

The major was buying a horse. The slick-tongued dealer paused before one of the animals. “This one, sir,” said the horse trader, “would be an excellent buy for you. Why, this horse has been bred in the best military traditions.”

The major was impressed and bought the horse. A few days later he furiously returned to the dealer.

“This animal is nothing but a stubborn nag,” he shouted. “I thought you said that this horse was bred in the best military traditions!”

“So he is,” replied the dealer. “He’d rather die than run.”

Silas, the handy man, was well-known about town for his skill in the art of dunning. He would gladly assist in any odd job, but if payment was not prompt, he resorted to his own ingenious methods.

One day, when he had finished mowing and trimming a lawn, he went to the house for his pay. The lady who had requested his services, absently dismissed him with a “that’s a fine job, Si, thank you,” and started to shut the door.

“Just a minute, ma’am,” Silas said slowly. “Mind endorsin’ that so they’ll cash it at the bank?”
Banking for the Blind

Today the problems of money-handling and banking for the blind are being solved in a large way. A year ago, the first checking account for a sightless depositor was opened with the check partially printed in Braille.

This notable innovation in banking started in Omaha, Nebraska, through the efforts of Eugene R. Oglebay, a teller at the Omaha National Bank. The system is yet in its infancy, but appears to be on the way to national acceptance.

Oglebay read about the Radio Engineering School for blind students conducted by Lavon O. Peterson, who is himself blind. He went to the school to observe the activities in Peterson's unusual classes, and became so intrigued with what he could see, and with what the students could do who couldn't see, he decided to give his time and energies to devise a check for the blind: a means to make their financial affairs less difficult.

Following an exhaustive study of the subject—and after consultations with bank officials, a manufacturer of rubber stamps, a printer, and the FBI—a satisfactory check and banking plan were evolved. Since the opening of the first account, many new advantages are being extended to the blind business men and women of the country.

Oglebay's check is standard size, with lines for the date, number of the check, payee's name, amount, and a line for the maker's signature in raised Braille lines. There are two raised lines forming rectangles on the right for thumbprints. The blind person puts his right thumbprint in the upper rectangle at the time he gets the checks. When he is ready to negotiate a check, he places his thumbprint again in the lower rectangle and affixes his signature over the line. At the extreme right of the check are four raised numbers, $5, $10, $25, and $100. The maker indicates the limit of the check he is writing, either by placing his thumbprint over the limit, or by drawing a circle around the number.

This check is designed for a blind person who cannot sign his name, but if that person can operate a typewriter, he can make out the entire check with no assistance. The use of the thumbprints reduces the danger of forgery to a minimum. If the depositor can sign his name, he may have checks identical with these, except that the raised oblongs for fingerprints have been removed.

Officials of the insurance companies who carry forgery insurance for banks have been consulted, and they have approved the checks as being protected by their national blanket forgery policies. The checks have been copyrighted by the Omaha bank for the purpose of affording help to the blind, but the bank will give permission to any other bank to use the checks, with the expressed stipulation that the bank using the copyrighted checks will make them available to blind customers without charge.—Whit Sawyer.

The Notre Dame defense was befuddled. Every time Mehre called a defensive signal, Army ripped off a long gain. Mehre kept looking toward the bench, expecting a substitute to come in with the magic word from Rock, telling him what to do.

Finally the sub came running in. He couldn't talk on the next play, of course, and Army gained about seven yards.

Mehre turned toward the sub and said, "Quick, what did Coach say to do?"
"He said," the sub panted, "to hold 'em."
ONCE upon a time there was a young railroad telegrapher who thought perhaps he could sell some job-lot watches by mail to fellow railroaders along the line. He spent five dollars on stamps, wrote some earnest letters extolling his "bargains," and within several months found himself the proprietor of a thriving mail-order watch business.

The man was Richard W. Sears, founder of Sears, Roebuck, whose idea is as sound and profitable today as when he pioneered in mail-order salesmanship 60-odd years ago. Thousands of individuals with king-sized ambitions but modest capital are selling by mail everything from frozen shrimp to electric clocks.

Consider the case of the Midwestern woman whose printer husband died, leaving her 10,000 beautiful but out-dated calendars. At first, she intended to sell the odd lot for junk, but on second thought she cut off the calendar portion and sent out 1,000 letters offering "12 examples of modern American art—a bargain for $1.00." Within six months, she had sold all 10,000 sets at a net profit of more than $5,000.

A Californian, Russ Nicoll, made a desultory living hawking fruit to passing motorists. He did a little better when he concentrated on dates. But the highway was moved and Nicoll was left stranded with plenty of bills and plenty of dates.

Luckily, he had jotted down the names and addresses of former customers, and now he wrote sales letters to them, offering to ship the dates to any part of the country. The idea of fancy dates, wrapped in bright foil, caught on, and Nicoll quickly found himself making more money than he thought existed in the world. Today he fills mail orders from all nations, and credits Uncle Sam's postmen as the unpaid salesmen who built up his fabulous date plant near Thermal, California.
There is no magic formula for making money by mail. Many costly campaigns in which thousands of dollars were spent on fine photography and fancy artwork have flopped ignobly. Other campaigns, less artful and more down-to-earth, have brought a high percentage of orders for everything from potted palms to Indian-weave neckwear.

True, the American people are accustomed to mail-order buying, and if convinced that the product is good and the price is right, the orders will be forthcoming. But this entails a shrewd job of salesmanship. Everything depends on the seller’s sincerity, persuasiveness, and his own conviction that it’s cheaper to buy by mail.

Most successful operators, from the big-timers down to the occasional mail-order merchants, purchase specialized mailing lists from brokers who sell names of prospects. A man desiring to offer a new type of battery for hearing aids wouldn’t pick his names out of the phone book. He would buy a list of deaf people who own such aids, paying as much as $25 per thousand names for “live” leads. If his offer is a good one, a three per cent return might amply repay him for paying such a high rate for his mailing list.

Some mail-order businesses are started by accident. That’s what happened to John Blair, a Warren, Pennsylvania, man who once was a traveling salesman for a raincoat company. While showing his coats to a storekeeper, a local undertaker dropped in, asked for a black raincoat, and gladly purchased the one black garment Blair carried in his sample case.

“It’s terribly hard for undertakers and ministers to buy somber men’s furnishings,” he confided. “The stores just don’t stock black suits, coats, and jackets.”

That gave Blair an idea. He assembled a list of 10,000 morticians and wrote them, offering his “undertaker’s raincoat” at a fair price. He got 1,200 orders from that one mailing. From then on, Blair was in the mail order business and in time built a multi-million dollar company catering to morticians and clergymen.

Specialization is the key to success in mail-order plans. Yet countless men and women fritter away their modest capital each year trying to sell products by mail on the slim chance that somebody can use them. That’s as idiotic as selling refrigerators to Eskimos, yet the hopefuls keep on trying and keep on going broke.

Specialization was the key to the success story of another mail-order amateur in Chicago, who tackled the business after her husband died leaving her a few hundred dollars. This woman, a prize-winning canner of jams, began making a product with greatly reduced sugar content for diabetics. She bought a list of hospitals and wrote an earnest letter telling why her jams and jellies wouldn’t hurt a diabetic.

She received enough orders after two mailings to open another kitchen and take on additional help. Today she has expanded her mailing lists to cover doctors, nurses, and sanitariums. The business grows each year, yet her overhead and promotional costs are small, indeed.

(Continued on page 16)
In an effort to rekindle pride in their home industry, a British magazine planned a cover picture showing ball bearings floating in the clouds. Sheffield steel ball bearings, the editors reasoned, would be the world's finest example of precision manufacture.

The picture was made by throwing a handful of ball bearings into the air and photographing them as they fell.

When the picture was developed, the phrase "Made in the United States" was visible on almost every bearing!

Today, America dominates the world's bearing industry. American factories produce 250 million bearings a year. They are made in 30,000 different sizes, ranging from tiny spheres, 1,000 of which weigh less than an ounce, to massive quarter-ton rollers.

Having increased its output over our times during the war years, the bearing industry had to find new markets in peacetime. In the past four years its engineers have turned industry upside down looking for new uses for bearings.

In the almost forgotten era dimly brought back to mind by the phrase "prewar days," even the best of our passenger trains started with a jolt. Riders' complaints were to no avail; the jolt was engineered as carefully as the brake adjustments or the wheel alignment. Friction on starting a train was so great that the locomotive couldn't move the train as a unit but had to start each car rolling separately. To do this, loose couplings joined the cars so that each one would move a short distance before the couplings' slack was taken out and the next car jolted into motion.

Today, however, this spine-jarring starting motion is being as carefully removed as it originally was built into the trains. By nesting moving shafts in roller bearings the train can skate forward effortlessly, and starting friction has been cut 900 per cent!

Publicity men being what they are, one took advantage of this to photograph four scantily clad models pull-
The principle of the bearing was known thousands of years ago; it has been forgotten. An ancient Babylonian stone tablet shows men rolling building blocks forward on round logs—a primitive bearing. The Greek...
used bearings in their war machines, though the ordinary native carts continued to use crude fat-greased wheels rotating directly on wooden shafts.

Bearings disappeared with the fall of the Roman Empire and were not rediscovered until the 19th Century when a nameless Michigan bicyclist made a momentous discovery. Coming home late on Halloween evening, he parked his bicycle outside his house and raced up the stairs. As he leaped onto the front porch he skidded, then fell.

"What happened!" he exclaimed. His sister laughed as she stood in the doorway. "Some of the boys must have spilled buckshot on the porch."

Late that night the bicyclist awoke with a start. His bicycle was stiff to pedal; suppose he put some buckshot between the wheel and the hub? Maybe the wheel would slip more easily around it.

The idea worked. As the news spread, backyard mechanics began making bearings and local builders began to put them into their bicycles. Then, when Henry Ford learned about bearings and put them into his Model T, the bearing industry was born.

Today, the use of bearings has entered many unusual fields. A ballet dancer has one in the toe of her ballet slipper and now glides effortlessly across the stage. A recently developed decoy duck flaps its ball bearing-balanced wings in such an amorous manner as it floats over the waves that even the most knowing and cynical old drake sidles over with romantic intentions. A ball point perfume applicator, similar to ball point pens but with a larger bearing, is now on the market—containing a sealed-in, many-months' supply of perfume.

On Rhode Island, a man invented a "pigeon shaker." It consists of rollers mounted on ball bearings to be placed on the ledges of pigeon-haunted houses. The luckless bird, after a neat landing on this perch, finds itself spilled ignominiously into space.

An American watch is being tested which has high-priced accuracy but low-priced ball bearings replacing the expensive jewel pivot.

The world-wide dependence on American bearings perhaps is best shown by the experience of a young Illinois exporter, Christopher Janus. He recently bought from a Swedish industrialist the five-ton Mercedes-Benz that had been Hitler's private limousine. It wasn't American money, though, that paid for the car; it was bartered for a shipment of "American Quality" ball bearings.

(Continued from page 6)

dragged out the unconscious pilot. Under the steady fire of the exploding machine gun bullets, Gentile carried him across the meadow to safety.

The next time you turn on your stove or flick a light switch, the chances are a million to one that gas and electric service will respond to your touch. And as long as our heroic gas and electric men remain on the job, it is a safe prediction that America's homes will continue to run smoothly and safely.
UNCLE SAM—SALES MAN
(Continued from Page 12)

Arthur Murray, the internationally famous dance instructor, has made really important money by selling dance courses through the mails. After his first offer, he was swamped by 40,000 eager dance aspirants, and discovered that mail-order selling was as suitable for vending fox trots as for hawking baby chicks or spark plugs.

The stamp business, a multi-million dollar field, is conducted chiefly by mail. Sending stamps “on approval” to customers they never see has brought dependable profits year after year to more than 3,000 full- and part-time stamp merchants.

A Southern man and woman buy up used correspondence courses and advertise them at bargain rates. The demand for their courses, on everything from horseback riding to journalism, far exceeds the supply!

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it will not produce profits if you enter an already-crowded mail-order field. To achieve success, you must determine what product or service is not readily accessible to potential customers—and then tell those customers by ads and letters that you are the supplier.

That’s what a Texas man did after he ruefully surveyed the thousands of cactus plants on his ranch and wondered how to dispose of them at a profit. A month before Christmas he addressed a letter to 5,000 Northern business men, soliciting their orders for cactus plants as gifts for their customers and employees.

Though you couldn’t get a dime in Texas for a whole trainload of the prickly stuff, his letters to the North brought results: so many orders that he has built a successful mail-order business with a product he couldn’t give away in Texas!

Let There Be Light

WHEN Lanny Ross bought a farm up in the Berkshire Hills, he decided to get right in and belong to the community. Among other things, he joined the local fire department.

One particularly pitch-black night, the alarm clanged and Lanny rushed to the fire. The firemen had gathered at a small house a couple of miles down the road and were leisurely unloading the old-fashioned fire equipment. Lanny grabbed the hose and rushed to the front line. It was too dark to see much but he could smell plenty of smoke. “Quick,” he shouted, “turn on the water!”

“Easy there, fella,” said the bearded old chief. “Let the fire burn up bright before we go to work on it. Cain’t see what we’re doin’ in this dark.”

A Broadway playboy who was in a barbershop getting a haircut and shave was making a play for the luscious manicurist. “How about letting me show you the town tonight, baby? Dinner and a musical and then dancing on the Astor Roof.”

“I’m married,” said the manicurist, demurely casting down her eyes. “Well, ask your husband,” said the playboy. “The jerk will probably be honored.”

“You ask him yourself,” smiled the girl. “He’s shaving you.”
ONE day during summer vacation my kid brother Herbie said he was going to get a job with the telephone company because it was the biggest company in the world. In such a company there was plenty of room for advancement. At this time, Herbie was 16 and very smart mechanically for his age. At 12, he built a steam engine, using a 40-quart milk can for a boiler. At 14, he put together a shoulder-type helicopter that enabled him to stay in the air 15 minutes at a time and made apple picking a pleasure.

After all, Herbie pointed out, next year he was graduating from high school and it was time to think of the future.

“All right,” I said, “go down and apply for a job.”

“No,” he said, “I’ll make them come to me.”

“How will you do that?” I said. I was positive he was rocky.

About this time, the telephone company had opened up service between Catalina island and the mainland through the use of high-frequency radio. The newspaper announcements said that by using scramblers, the conversations were assured of privacy. In other words, before they broadcast the radio waves, they would chop them up and then put them back together again at the other end.

Right after Herbie said he was going to get a job with the telephone company, he disappeared into the tent in our backyard that he used for a workshop. For three weeks I saw him only at breakfast and supper, looking dreamy-eyed.

Then one day he called me out to his tent and invited me inside. A
mess of equipment was on a long table in a corner; it looked like a radio set gone haywire, with about 20 tubes and all sorts of frequency coils and dials strung on wires. Above the table, on a separate shelf, was a square loudspeaker.

Herbie grinned. "Listen," he said. He snapped a switch, the radio tubes began to glow, and from the loudspeaker came voices: "I can't make it this week end, honey. I got stuck on a deal. No, not my wife! Please, will you be reasonable?" . . . "Darling, I can hardly wait till you come. I've been curled up all day with a book and I'm so bored!" and a lot of stuff like that.

"What station is it?" I said.

Herbie scowled for a second. "That's no station. That's people talking to Catalina." He snapped off the voices and said proudly, "Some entertainment, huh?"

"But you're not supposed to listen in," I said.

He got sore. "I don't know why I bother with you," he said. "You don't understand anything."

"All right, all right," I said. "Don't get so hot. But I still don't get the idea."

"You will," Herbie said, "you will." That's all he would say.

The next day I went to the backyard to roll the garbage cans to the front of the house when I noticed a couple of fellows hanging around in front of the tent. I went over. The tent was crowded with boys and girls, all of them listening to the people phoning Catalina and laughing and giggling like crazy. Herbie saw me. He pushed his way through the jammed tent and came outside.

"Hey, what is this?" I said. "A convention?"

"No, a show." Herbie took his hand out of his pocket and I saw money—dollar bills and silver. "Twenty-five cents apiece to listen in. And more customers than I can handle." He yelled into the tent, "All right, all tickets with green crosses have to leave." A boy and a girl backed out of the tent, hating to leave, and two of the fellows who'd been waiting outside ducked in. And three more boys came up the driveway, heading for the tent.

"You haven't got a job yet," I said. "All you've done is go into business for yourself."

"All right," Herbie said disgustedly. He looked me up and down and I could see his calculating machine was working. "You can help me out for 25 per cent."

You see, already he was acting like a boss. I took his proposition. In one week my 25 per cent came to $20, and of course Herbie made $60. Figuring like a corporation, what with equipment costs, labor, utilities and depreciation, Herbie almost succeeded in coming up with a loss.

"A good job is better," he said.

The next day it happened. Two strange men came up the driveway. One man was red-faced and big; the other man was tall, thin and stoop-shouldered. Detectives always travel in pairs, I knew that. The red-faced one gave me a dollar. What could I do? I gave him 50 cents and they went into the tent. I watched them. They stood and listened and whispered to each other, shaking their
heads up and down as they paid particular attention to the stuff Herbie had rigged up. Then they came outside. I went stiff, ready for anything. "You the boy who set this up?" said the stoop-shouldered man politely.

There was no use lying about it; I had to tell the truth. "No, my kid brother Herbie," I said. "Your kid brother?" said the red-faced man, his voice going up. "He's 16—I'm 18." Just then Herbie came out of the kitchen where he'd lunched on cream of corn soup, his favorite food. "Here he comes," I said.

I tried to signal Herbie to stay away, but he kept sauntering over to us, his hands in his pockets and his air as cocky as could be. He came to a stop before the two men. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Would you mind answering a few questions?" said the red-faced man. "Not at all," said Herbie cheerily. The red-faced man jerked his head toward the tent. "How long has this been going on?"

"A week."

"Where'd you get the set-up inside?"

Herbie tapped his forehead. "From here, mostly. The rest is second-hand parts."

"Who helped you?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody?" said the red-faced man, hard.

"I did," I said defiantly. I wasn't going to let Herbie take the rap all by himself. "And where's your warrant?"

"Marv helped me sell tickets, he means."

The stoop-shouldered man said to me, "We're not detectives, son. We're from the telephone company."

Herbie nodded wisely, "I knew you were."

I hadn't, so I just felt foolish. "So let's get down to business," said the red-faced man. "The company invested a lot of money to make sure people could talk private. Then you come along and unscramble the messages. There's a law against listening in on private conversations."

"Is there?" said Herbie innocent-like.

"You know darn well there is," the red-faced man said angrily.

"How would it look," said Herbie quietly, with a gleam in his eyes, "for the whole big telephone company to pick on a little guy like me?"

The red-faced man didn't say anything for a while; he simply got red-der-faced. Just as he was about to open his mouth, the other man said, "Wait a minute. Let's not lose our tempers. You're a bright fellow, Herbert. How would you like to work for us? After," he added, "we've sent you to C.I.T. or M.I.T.—take your choice."

This was what Herbie had been working and waiting for. So what
did he do? "I don't know," he said doubtfully. I was so amazed I couldn't talk.

"You can pick the hard way or the easy way," said the red-faced man. "Makes no difference to us. For instance, that dollar bill I gave your brother is marked. Selling tickets without paying a federal tax. We could get you on that, too."

"Be smart, son," said the other man. He was pleading.

Herbie seemed to be thinking hard. "All right," he said finally. "You got me, fellows. I'll tell you what. I'll keep operating till you can get the contract ready."

The stoop-shouldered man smiled and reached for his inside pocket. "Here's the employment agreement all ready. You can sign now."

Herbie's pen was in his hand. "That's what I like about your company," he said. "Efficiency."

I'M PRETTY busy these days. Now that Herbie's away at engineering school, I'm working in his tent on a new carburetor that'll give any car 75 miles to the gallon. I'm getting myself a job with an oil company.

Centigrade or Fahrenheit?

TWO traveling men were complaining about the limited facilities of small town hotels. "You know," said one, "I once stopped at a little town up by the northern border of Idaho. The radiators in my hotel room were so cold they could have been used as refrigerators. And the water dripping from the faucet made icicles."

"That's nothing compared to a place I hit up in Frozen Bend, Minnesota," scoffed the other. "Why, there wasn't even a radiator in the room, although the thermometer stood at 32 degrees below zero. All I found was a bottle of dark-reddish liquid on the table near the bed.

"On a card pinned to the wall was this instruction: 'Take one teaspoon of the Tabasco sauce after you get into bed. If you require a great deal of heat, take two teaspoons.'"

Mrs. Suburb, who had lost the key to the kitchen clock, went with her husband to the jewelers to get another. Mr. Suburb waited in the car while his wife went into the shop. In a few minutes she came out. "Got it?" he asked.

"No," said his wife. "Why not? Didn't they have clock keys?"

"No, it wasn't that," explained his wife. "Mrs. Van Swagger was in there buying pearls, so I just inquired how long it would take to clean a diamond tiara, and left."

She was beautiful, blonde and bored. Her escort was trying in vain to interest her in the Old Masters at the art gallery.

He paused before Velasquez's Christ at the House of Martha. "Now here's a magnificent painting!" he exclaimed fervently. "Look at the marvelous character in Martha's face, the perfection of detail in the still life on the table, the miraculous modeling of those eggs in the foreground . . ."

The blonde gave the picture a swift, comprehensive glance, turned away, nose up-tilted, and said, "I don't like eggs."—Time and Tide.
IN Rochester, New York, a kindly, white-haired man in a cluttered laboratory is thinking up new ways to protect the money you carry and the checks you write.

His name is Burgess Smith, and around the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, Treasury men will tell you that Smith is the nearest thing to an indispensable man in the nation's economy.

For the elderly Mr. Smith—he's 74 years old—is a self-taught former printer's devil who has become America's top expert in producing checks and currency that the most resourceful crooks can't copy or duplicate.

Before long, most banks will be using a small, inconspicuous machine designed by Smith which virtually will holler copper if any "queer" checks are presented for payment. The teller will take a check, hold it momentarily over a small beam of light from the gadget, and the sensitive machine immediately will detect any erasure or alteration in the paper. If the check has been tampered with, the machine will flash in warning red letters: VOID. And the passer of that check will have some tall explaining to do.

Smith has saved American businessmen untold millions of dollars by his development of a check which is alteration-proof. This achievement was racked up in 1918 when the Todd Company of Rochester, the world's biggest manufacturer of checks, became distressed at the widespread check-raising and alteration reported from coast-to-coast.

Crooks were having a field day erasing original amounts and typing in new and greater amounts on the faces of company checks. Others used ink eradicators in "raising" checks. And not a few simply manufactured their own "company checks" which were brazenly passed in stores and banks.

Within two months, Smith—who had holed up in a laboratory like a
hermit—came forth with the answer to check jugglers and forgers. His new type of check was called the Protod Greenbac, which used well-established camouflage principles adopted by the Navy for its ships in war time.

Smith had printed in minuscule letters the word "void" thousands of times across the check in invisible ink. Then the check was re-printed with thousands of dots, followed by a third printing of more dots. Any bleaching or erasing of the paper removed the dots and caused the frightening word "void" to spring out in the paper.

So well-regarded is this Smith development that the Todd company numbers each check and insures each one for $10,000 against forgery or counterfeiting. In 30 years, the firm has never had to make good on a Smith-invented check, and American business and industry has reduced its forgery and counterfeiting losses by millions of dollars.

Though most of today's laboratory specialists have an imposing string of university degrees, Burgess Smith is

“It's not that I don't love you, Beatrice—it's just that we have too damned much in common.”
During World War II, Burgess Smith developed foolproof identification cards and passes for workers in secret plants and atomic installations. His newest card for the government and the armed forces is one which resembles an unimpressive business card when examined in normal light. But place it under a fluorescent light and a United States shield emerges in all its majesty and authority.

Another card, when scratched lightly with a fingernail, reveals a cryptic code word that certifies the bearer.

Though Smith-invented check paper, gadgets and protectors are used in countless banks, insurance companies, post offices and business houses, crooks still manage to get away with $400,000,000 a year, due largely to carelessness and laxity on the part of those who handle money.

To reduce the huge loss, Burgess Smith offers this counsel, "Be careful about how you handle money! Know the people to whom you entrust your money. Better still, use every scientific method available to make your checks foolproof. You pay plenty of attention to your car so its repairs won't cost you money; the same amount of attention to your checks, bonds and cash will save you infinitely more!"

When the new minister came to the little town, the congregation naturally was interested in learning all about his former life. He mentioned vaguely that he had been in business, but refused to discuss it further. However, the townspeople had only to wait until the Sunday service to discern his former occupation. For at the end of his sermon, the clergyman made this moving appeal:

"The Kingdom of Heaven awaits you today! And there's room for each and every one of you. Yes, this is your golden opportunity. It may never come to you again. Remember, this is your last chance! Friends, what am I bid?"—Wall Street Journal.
Big hotels are treating patrons to all the luxury money can buy.

In the troubled year of 1777, a traveler stopped at a wayside inn near Cambridge, Massachusetts, and asked for accommodations for the night.

“For self and horse,” he specified.

“We have a room for you,” the innkeeper replied, “but no stable for your horse. However, if you don’t mind waiting an hour or so, my son and I will build one.” And they did.

The celebrity who commanded this impressive attention was General George Washington. Since then, all American hotels have tried to make their customers comfortable even though there is no similar incident of annex-building in hotel history.

Today, however, many of America’s better hotels are fast returning to this Revolutionary service standard. If you dial room service in any one of hundreds of our luxury hotels and ask the voice that answers to provide a portable garage for your trailer, you may get it. Certainly hotels these days are going to every other extreme to gain and keep your patronage.

Howard F. Dugan, chairman of the board of the American Hotel Association, representing 5,800 hotels in the United States, Canada and Mexico, promises that nothing that man can imagine and money can buy will be left undone to attract tourists, business executives, salesmen and guests from the surrounding community. “We have modernized, expanded, altered and improved our decor, services and entertainment,” he said recently. “Thus far we have spent two billion dollars, and this is only the beginning.”

The wartime crowds that jammed hotels to the eaves from coast to coast left pleasant memories for hotelkeepers whose previous experience with the phrase “a full house” had been limited to the poker table.

“We’d like to see those crowds
again,” one Pacific Coast hotel host remarks wistfully, “and we’re doing everything we can think of to rope them in.”

“Everything” includes, literally, everything from girly-girly shows in the night club and pheasant under glass in the kitchen to free nightgowns and pajamas, styled to suit your individual taste, in the bedroom.

An enormous competitive stimulus to hotels throughout the Southwest has been the opening of Glenn McCarthy’s 20-million-dollar Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas. Bursting profitably at its streamlined seams since its first bid for business last March 17, the Shamrock is an eyeshatterer. The rate for one of its single rooms begins at $6 per day and rises to astronomical figures for the transient or semi-permanent rental of its three- and four-bedroom apartments with terrace. But the advantages would seem to be worth it.

The hotel itself is faced with marble-like granite of a deep shade of carnelian red. Within, walls are paneled in mahogany, hung in silken satin, and studded with rhinestones and other convincing replicas of precious gems. The massive doors that guard the entrance to the main ballroom are cut of a solid piece of dark green lucite and look like the gates to the Emerald City in The Wizard of Oz. Television receivers are available at a fee for any room, every mattress is of deep, bouncy foam rubber, and the air conditioning units may be adjusted individually.

The chief entertainment attraction, in addition to two night clubs and four eating places, is a shell-shaped swimming pool fringed with luxurious cabanas. A passageway from the grill room enables guests who need a cold plunge to go directly from the bar to the swimming pool or, presumably, vice versa. Another feature with vast possibilities for entertainment is the Shamrock Room’s “black” light which can be turned on at the request of any guest who happens to be wearing a fluorescent gown or tuxedo and has a yen to glow in the dark.

The Shamrock, too, is one of the few hotels in this country to offer its patrons two different kinds of food. The main kitchen is staffed by several deft, imaginative chefs who can turn out a dream of a stuffed pompano or baked Alaska. Another, smaller kitchen is run by two ladies who do not pretend to be chefs but produce the kind of dishes known as good home cooking.

Hotel men everywhere watched anxiously as the Shamrock opened its doors, settled back with relief when it became obvious that the folderol was going to pay off. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars is the average renovating expenditure undertaken by other hostelries, and all are hoping for a quick return. The bulk of this sum has gone to replace time-scuffed furniture, paint, rugs, drapes and push buttons.

There was a day when the average hotel room had just two pearl-tipped electric push buttons, one for ice water and the other, usually, to summon the fire department. Now, there may be as many as a dozen, strategically scattered. Many hotel rooms are furnished as sitting rooms and show no signs of being sleeping quarters until the pres-
sure of your finger brings a bed sliding out of the wall. Full-length mirrors are also engineered to appear and disappear in the same way. These, of course, offer no hazard, but more than one nervous guest has already baffled a night clerk by asking, "What happens if I reach out in my sleep, push the button, and my bed, with me in it, goes sliding back into the wall?"

Other push buttons control doors and windows, which may be opened without leaving bed, or enable you to tune in soothing music if you need a lullaby. The new Terrace Plaza in Cincinnati, however, while it provides the ultimate in luxurious service, is not willing to leave everything to the guest’s choice. The clerk at the desk downstairs has his own push button which arbitrarily turns on your radio if there is anything important that he thinks you ought to hear.

Interior decorators have had a field day in hotels during the past year, and you can no longer tell approximately where you are by the trend in your decor. The stolid, substantial Muehlebach Hotel, for example, located in center-of-the-country Kansas City, has several rooms that are exact duplicates of the Bohemian quarters encountered in Parisian Montmartre. Another room at the Muehlebach is done in red leather and black cork, a third is red and green burlap hopsacking, while a 19th Century English boudoir is available for those who long for the good old days.

Similarly, the famous La Fonda hotel in Santa Fe is so exotic and foreign that guests hesitate to offer American money. There are antique beds and chests that followed the conquistadores from Spain; floors framed in Mexican tiles; wicker chairs from Poland; and silks, hangings, rugs and spreads from China, Morocco, Persia and Egypt.

Hotel men know from long experience that decorative sensations of this kind will not only please the guest’s eye but may, occasionally, tempt his acquisitive fingers. In the past, such depredations have included room-size rugs, mattresses, curtains and even a bathroom sink.

Many managers have turned to unusual entertainment programs as a less expensive way to attract guests. In Arizona, the Gadsden Hotel invites you to go lion hunting. The hotel will provide you with horse, pack mule, gun, ammunition and guide. If you fail to get a lion, the hotel absorbs the guide fee.

A milder sport is offered at the General Oglethorpe in Savannah, where Saturday night turtle races in the lobby stir up excitement.

A few weeks ago all the hotels in Palm Springs leagued together to make the famous desert resort into a paradise—for skiers. The project will not be completed until 1952, but work has already started on an aerial tramway that will whisk you in 12½ minutes from the floor of the desert to a point 11,000 feet up in the San Jacinto mountains. Thinking of every angle, one Palm Springs hotel man has already warned his colleagues to start
enlarging closet space. “Everyone will want to bring both summer and winter wardrobes,” he prophesies.

Less active vacationers have found a hostelry in Reno, Nevada, which provides another kind of spell-binding scenery that demands no effort at all from the beholder. It is a “whiskey-fall,” located in a popular cocktail lounge, where pure bourbon whiskey cascades from a marble fountain 24 hours a day.

Tourists, ever the darlings of both metropolitan and resort hotels, will be pampered more than ever this year. Several hundred hotels have hired a troop of uniformed auto hostesses. Needing to be agile as well as attractive, an auto hostess leaps on your running board, if you have one, while the car is still rolling, directs you to the automatic parking machine, and rushes you and your family through a private entrance direct to the registration desk so that you will not have to parade through a swanky lobby in wrinkled shorts or bedraggled slacks.

Five hundred other hotels think tourists will be more appreciative of their signs, which read, “Your dog is welcome.” Special kennels are provided. A competent dog handler will care for your pooch by day, double as a baby sitter at night. Regular staffs of baby sitters are provided by nine out of ten vacation hotels.

Such grand-scale super service is new to most hotels but to the gigantic Broadmoor, located at Pike’s Peak near Denver, it is an old story. The Broadmoor was built in 1918 by a prospector named Spencer Penrose who saw an easier way than digging to get gold out of the locale.

From the beginning, the Broadmoor, which is almost a self-supporting city in itself, has had its own 300-animal zoo, a railroad, a cable car system, an art museum, a 75-piece symphony orchestra, a polo field, a day nursery with a corps of child guidance experts in attendance, a swimming pool entirely enclosed by a glass dome, and a hog farm. The hogs are scarcely decorative but highly practical—each year they root out $10,000 worth of silverware from the hotel garbage. Guests enjoy watching them do it.

The Broadmoor also has churches of several denominations, a non-sectarian chapel and a shrine dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. Chapels, or other small places set aside for worship, are characteristic of many hotels throughout the West. Marriages take place in them frequently. Runaway Hollywood couples are often wedded in the Two Hearts Chapel in the Ranchinn at Elko, Nevada, while the Last Frontier in Las Vegas has a minister and organist on 24-hour call to perform marriage services in the hotel’s Little Church of the West.

Another highly personal service is offered at the Mapes Hotel in Reno, most of whose guests have come to that city for the usual reason. When a Mapes Hotel divorcee is ready for her day in court, she is offered an orchid for her morale and formally escorted before the judge by the assistant manager of the hotel. He—and who should know better—testifies that the lady in question has resided for six weeks in the state of Nevada and is therefore entitled to her freedom.

(Continued on page 32)
HE MAKES MOUNTAIN MUSIC

by BETTY AND WILLIAM WALLER

They propped him up in bed when he insisted. He was in a Nashville hospital, recovering from an emergency appendectomy, but still he wanted to go on. They handed him his battered old fiddle, and he sawed away as he had thousands of times before. He sang two songs into the mike. Then he settled back with a contented smile on his homely young face. "T'ain't nothin'," he said.

The indefatigable convalescent was a Tennessee performer of mountain music, considered by many to be the outstanding exponent of folk songs in America today. He has a repertoire of about 1,500 tunes, many written by himself. His recordings have sold in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 to date. His personal appearance tours always are marked by S.R.O. signs wherever he appears. He has starred on perennially popular radio shows, both on local stations and nation-wide networks. Now he's a movie star, too.

Today, he is making musical West-
able, too. When he appears in Nashville's biggest auditorium, which seats 5,000, the house always is sold out weeks in advance, and crowds are turned away at the door. People from all the 48 states and Canada write in for tickets.

His popularity, which by no means is confined to backwoods areas or his home state, even extends to major cities. Acuff has filled houses in Louisville, Baltimore, Dallas, Houston and other big towns, and the crowds never fail to give him an enthusiastic reception.

The members of Acuff's troupe, known as the Smoky Mountain Boys, are just as illiterate, musically, as the maestro. They all had little schooling, took plenty of hard knocks, and still cannot read from printed sheet music. Roy himself uses a $12 fiddle, but produces music that "sends" his considerable audience.

After years of wooing the citizens of Tennessee by song, via radio and in-person tours all over the state, Acuff is a familiar and well-loved personality. Politicians impressed by the vote-getting appeal of such folk tune specialists as ex-Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana and Pappy O'Daniel of Texas—to say nothing of Glenn Taylor, senator from Idaho and recent vice-presidential candidate on the Progressive Party ticket—decided to make capital of Roy's talents.

Back in 1944, Roy's friends entered him as a candidate for governor. A Republican, Roy had been a little too busy to vote for six years, but was on the ballot in both Republican and Democratic primary races. Boss Crump of Memphis opposed his candidacy, and the two traded verbal punches. Finally, Roy decided not to run. His loyal fans, however, gave him a write-in vote in a couple of counties which exceeded the combined votes for the other candidates.

Last fall, Roy went into politics in earnest, running for governor of Tennessee on the Republican ticket. With his running mate, B. Carroll Reece, Roy put up a bang-up fight. The pair energetically toured the state like a couple of happy mountain minstrels. They drew huge crowds, many of whom, no doubt, were attracted by Roy's music. But, according to a national magazine, an audience in one town pelted them with fruit during an appearance. Not that they hated the candidates, some of the hecklers said, but because they were music lovers!

If Acuff had been the winning candidate for governor, it would have meant foregoing a sizeable part of that $200,000-a-year income. He was prepared to make the sacrifice, but Tennessee is traditionally a Democratic state, and it stayed that way. Acuff, perhaps fortunately for him, went down to defeat. Shortly afterwards, he accepted a contract to make pictures.

When Roy was growing up in the highlands of east Tennessee, he never dreamed that someday he would be a Hollywood celebrity. His father, a Baptist preacher, had a hard time making ends meet, and Roy had no more than a high school education. During boyhood, his greatest pleasure was baseball, and he dreamed of becom-
ing a big league player. Then one day, on the ball field, he suffered a sunstroke.

While convalescing in bed, Roy listened to records of mountain music which his father brought him. His interest aroused, he tried to play the tunes on the fiddle. By the time he was out of bed, he had mastered a number of hillbilly songs. Soon after, he got a job playing the fiddle and doing a blackface routine with singing and dancing in a medicine show which was touring in the vicinity. He learned the basic lessons of show business then—experience that provided the foundation for his future success.

Roy struck out on his own by forming a little band of hill country musicians who specialized in playing fiddles, jugs, guitars, mandolins and jew’s harps. He soon found it tough going. He and his boys welcomed occasional jobs at a Knoxville radio station where Roy would get anything from three dollars to nothing at all for a performance. A bit later, he moved to Nashville, married a girl from back home and settled down to living in a trailer outside the town. Meanwhile, he tried to catch on with a successful hillbilly show which was broadcast over a local station, WSM.

His first efforts were a failure, but when he began singing in his natural, unaffected style, fan mail began pouring in at a terrific rate. Before long,
in addition to his radio chores, he was traveling around in a station wagon, playing to large and eager audiences. In time, the station wagon gave way to several cars and a truck to carry the instruments. Frequently, Roy and his boys on the road would hop a plane to get back in time for a Saturday night broadcast.

Some of Roy’s best song ideas have come while riding around the country on personal appearance tours. One of his tunes, Precious Jewel, was inspired as he watched the country scenery along the roadside. It was a tremendous hit on the air.

His income from all sources rose so rapidly that Roy purchased a big home in the city. But when crowds of fans kept dropping in, he decided to move. He now lives in a large log house in a less accessible—and much more restful—spot.

Ever since Roy broke into the movies, he’s been following a hectic schedule. He has made almost a dozen pictures, the last a musical for Columbia called Home in San Antonio. Whenever time permits, Roy likes to slip away and go coon-hunting. His other passion is for handpainted ties decorated with banjos, fiddles, guns, fishing reels and other objects that strike his fancy.

Roy is a religious man and close student of the Bible. This streak extended even to his political activities. During the campaign for the governorship, he refused to sling mud, much to the consternation of many of his followers. Roy simply said, “I have no hatred for anyone. If I have any enemies, I don’t know it.” Of his rival, he said, “I know him, and I have nothing to say against him.” Such utterances, perhaps, were not conducive to political success, but were in keeping with Roy Acuff’s innermost convictions.

The king of hillbilly performers, as he has often been called, may duplicate his radio and vaudeville success in the flickers; but on the whole, he doesn’t enjoy movie work. In typical fashion, Hollywood has tried to make him over into a leading man for cowboy films. Roy would feel far happier in his usual role—that of a mountain minstrel singing sad songs about the girl who lies deep in her grave, the vanished face and sad memories, the simple tunes declaring that old-time religion. Those are the songs he loves best, and always will. Besides, no one knows better than Roy Acuff that thar’s gold in them thar tunes!

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 28)

All over the country, hotels are baiting their welcome mats, and their managers are prepared to provide anything you demand, from a sterilized container for your false teeth to watermelon in January. Significantly, too, most hotels have removed from their lobbies and letterheads that time-honored slogan, “All the comforts of home.” They are already doing much better than that.
They had nine months to prepare for the end of the world.

by PAUL WARREN

WHAT would you do if you honestly believed that the world would come to an end on a specific night? Would you seek relief from tension and terror in unbridled revelry and dissipation, or would you gather your loved ones around you and pray? That question was not merely an academic one for the world’s inhabitants in 1909-1910. For many fright-filled, rumor-studded months, professors, scrubwomen, tycoons, statesmen, actors, farmers and laborers made frantic preparations for the world’s end. Newspapers published lurid accounts of what was in store for the earth’s population. Clergymen begged their flocks to reconcile themselves with God—for the dreaded Halley’s Comet was coming, and all scores had to be settled and moral debts paid before a gaseous hell devastated the world.

There were dozens of suicides throughout America as minds broke down under the strain of waiting months for the killer comet. New mental patients admitted to hospitals babbled piteously about the coming end of the world; in the psychopathic wards old-timers—stimulated by the excitement permeating the land—became unruly and violent.

Even the president of one of the biggest steel companies in the nation gravely summoned associates, friends and relatives to his luxurious home. “The comet is coming and probably will wreck most of the world,” he announced quietly. “This is no time to hang on to your investments. Liquidate, put everything in cash—and get ready for Judgment Day!”

This great tizzy which reached global proportions was touched off by a little-known German astronomer named Max Wolf on September 11, 1909. Professor Wolf excitedly announced that he had located Halley’s Comet, a periodic visitor every 76 years which was known to the ancients of 2,000 years ago.
The world's leading astronomers agreed with Wolf that the comet would brush near the earth on the night of May 18, 1910. But something new was added: several astronomers proclaimed that on this visit, the comet's horrid fiery tail would brush across the face of the earth, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Then another astronomer told the newspapers that his spectroscopic examination of the comet's tail showed beyond doubt that it was filled with cyanogen, a poison gas which was lethal if inhaled—and inflammable, to boot.

From then on, the field was wide open to quacks, charlatans, con men, evangelists, crusaders, scientists, prophets and anybody else who wanted to sound off about the impending doom.

Newspapers, instead of calming the people, added to the frenzy by publishing every scrap of horrendous information or conjecture on the world's end. Sunday supplement writers had a field day penning prose scary enough to upset the most phlegmatic reader. Magazines jumped on the bandwagon with fear-inspiring sketches showing buildings bursting, people fleeing in panic, homes on fire and the skies choked with flame and gases.

In St. Louis, an elderly spinster was bilked of $100,000—her late husband's entire fortune—by a glib gypsy who gave her in return a “charm” which would ward off evil on the night the comet destroyed all other living things.

Rural bankers refused to make loans, saying that it was folly to lend money on a building or farm which was likely to be scorched out of existence by Halley's Comet.

Factory foremen had trouble with workers, who laid down on the job. Drinking and carousing in mines and offices were frequent. The excuse was, "If the world is coming to an end, we want to have a good time now and try to forget our doom for a few hours."

A famous stage star refused to sign a new contract, though she commanded a regal salary and was the idol of New York theatre goers.

"Why try to act when the greatest drama of all time is just around the corner?" she asked. "I am going into seclusion and wait for the comet."

Of course, during this incredible period there were sane heads who called on the people to use self-restraint and show more composure. Some reputable scientists differed with Wolf and the other prophets of doom.

The great Percival Lowell, astronomer for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made light of the scary headlines and the "scientific foundation" for the conviction of millions that they would be destroyed. But he and others made hardly a dent in the mass hysteria which slowed down business, increased immorality and robbed people of self-confidence and objective reasoning.

The famous French author and ghost hunter, Camille Flammarion, didn't help matters when he announced, "In addition to fire, the fumes which will sweep the earth will be of the laughing gas variety. The end will not be painful; all of us will be choked with merriment, laughing hysterically, as doom rushes on us!"
His prophecy touched off a new wave of wild stories and perfervid imaginings about what was in store for the world. A group of Chinese coolies, hearing of doomsday, revolted and killed their overseers. The subject of Halley’s Comet was debated hotly in several parliaments of the world. Small children wept as older school-mates taunted them about the great searing death that soon was to destroy all living things.

As the terrible day approached, people devised odd stratagems to foil the comet. Thousands of housewives started packing the cracks of their windows with old newspapers and rags, hoping to keep out noxious fumes. A New Orleans shop did a sell-out business in “anti-gas” medicine, guaranteed to render the comet fumes harmless to the imbiber.

A New York banker secretly ordered 100 tanks of oxygen stored in a specially built subterranean vault on his Long Island estate. At the other end of the world in Asia, the rumor spread that salvation would be achieved by immersing one’s entire body in a giant barrel of water when the comet passed over. Barrel makers did a land office business building drums large enough to hold a human body.

Came the dawn of May 18 and work stopped in thousands of stores, factories and farms. Bleary-eyed people thronged the streets, expecting a fiery sky and rumblings from the comet.

But nothing happened. This day was like any other day. People said, “Ah, but wait until tonight. The comet will sweep across the sky and destroy us all!”

By nightfall, people were praying in the streets, the churches were jammed, and night clubs were doing the biggest business of all time, thanks to revelers who wanted to leave this world in a pleasantly hilarious state.

The rumor swept New York that the comet would do no harm to those patrons standing on bridges over water at the time of its passing. By evening, every bridge was filled with a shoving, screaming crowd of human beings. The Williamsburg Bridge alone, leading to Brooklyn, bore a capacity throng of 25,000 people wedged tightly against each other.

All through the night, millions of hushed watchers throughout the world scanned the skies anxiously. But nothing happened. Very few people saw a faint trail of the comet. Sheepishly, the people trudged home with their kids and belongings.

The great Halley’s Comet binge was over.

For years Grandpa had been stubborn and crabby. No one could please him. Then, almost overnight, he changed. Gentleness and optimism twinkled about him. “Grandpa,” he was asked, “what caused you to change so suddenly?”

“Well, sir,” the old man replied, “I’ve been striving all my life for a contented mind. It’s done no good, so I’ve decided to be content without it.”

The most utterly lost of all days is the one in which you have not once laughed.
"We have to cut down on our personnel—but where?"
Guinea Pigging

Pays Off!

The consumer is still boss!

by ROBERT D. LINK

If you see a brisk young business man unconcernedly carrying a brief case and wearing one brown and one black shoe, don’t mentally tick him as a psychopath or exhibitionist.

It’s a better-than-even chance that he’s one of 25,000 Americans who serve as volunteer guinea pigs for manufacturers hoping to market new products which will appeal to buyers. Those mis-mated shoes, for example, may be worn for months to test the resistance of a new leather to sun, rain and snow. The young man may receive as much as $25 a week for the regular reports he submits describing the wearing quality of the shoes. Not all testers of new and unmarketed products can be spotted so readily. That friendly Jones family across the street—which always seems to have a new radio, exciting “functional” furniture, and intriguing kitchen gadgets—may be serving as a panel for a group of manufacturers. They receive money and the products tested in return for their honest evaluation of merchandise.

The families who agree to become testers must promise to keep their duties a secret. That’s because research departments don’t want their volunteers’ opinions affected by offers of more money or costlier products from rival firms. Also, there’s always the chance that a competitor may sniff out a new product and jump the gun by rushing to market with a similar item, thus skimming the sales cream.

Such panels of average American families are responsible for the introduction of $75,000,000 worth of new products each year. Equally important, their down-turned thumb on a new floor wax or auto tire may save a manufacturer several hundred thousand dollars if he agrees to abandon plans for making an item foredoomed to failure.

Here’s what happened when one enterprising cereal magnate decided that his laboratory’s synthetic coffee would supplant the authentic Brazilian bean quickly in the hearts of coffee lovers.

“It can’t be distinguished from the
real thing!” he proclaimed. “It’s bound to click.” Fortunately, survey-minded associates prevailed upon him to hire 50 interviewers at eight dollars a day plus expenses. These men and women distributed 10,000 free samples and questionnaires to homes, restaurants, hotels and lunch wagons.

After three months of coast-to-coast checking, they came up with a firm opinion: resistance to the synthetic drink was solid, and it might take five years and $5,000,000 to give the new drink a favorable name. Confronted with the survey which had cost him only $10,000, the manufacturer wisely shelved his ambitious program to put coffee out of business.

One time, a refrigerator company conceived the idea of a transparent icebox which would enable housewives to see its contents without having to open the door. When drawings of the proposed glass box were shown to “consumer panels,” the company heads were startled to learn that 70 per cent of the women turned up their noses at the idea.

“We don’t want our nosey neighbors to know what we’re going to have for supper!” was the general criticism. As a result, the transparent box was forgotten and a $250,000 failure was averted.

Surveys cost anywhere from a modest $300 to $50,000. A manufacturer may pay from 25 cents to $10 for each opinion or questionnaire. In most cases, this is the cheapest and soundest investment he can make. One crockery maker, for example, thought that square dishes would be a blessing to housewives with small kitchens and tiny cupboard space. He was prepared to spend $100,000 in marketing the line before he was persuaded that a $500 survey should be conducted before the new dishes went into production.

To his amazement, an overwhelming number of women laughed at the idea of square dishes—and even the men said they preferred a round plate.

“It goes to show,” sighed the crockery king, “that the big idea we business men launch may founder on the hard rock of public opinion. In the end, the customer is still boss in America.”

Despite the gibes hurled at poll-takers after the last national election, advertising agencies and large companies have no reason to doubt the reliability of their non-professional consumer panels. Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public are quite honest and vocal about their likes and dislikes. If a new orange juicer has an undetected “bug” in it, its maker is certain to receive a speedy rejection from the 1,000 housewives who may test it for a month.

Women testers far outnumber men for several reasons: they like to earn small amounts of money for their services; they want to keep the products tested; they have a keener feeling for style and color—important factors a man may overlook.
"Women are natural-born samplers," says a Chicago market research specialist. "They feel a deep responsibility for reporting honestly and fully on any new product, whether it's a baby bottle or a new club car for a railroad."

Indeed, the New York Central Railroad depends heavily on the votes of its passengers before introducing a new car or color scheme to the traveling public. General Motors, too, sets great store by customer preferences: everything in a GM car, from tail-light to radiator ornament, is submitted to a large number of motorists for their opinions before the production line rolls.

Did you know that you might sell a new tapioca in Massachusetts but you couldn't find takers if you gave it away in many Southern states? That lemon-flavored dessert will sell rapidly in Los Angeles and probably flop in Omaha? That a new hand cream can succeed in Kansas and fail dismally in New England?

These curious facts and a thousand more—gleaned from many years' questioning of women—have saved fortunes for cautious business firms. The inventors and designers may go all-out for their brain children, but if the gals say "no!" in significant numbers, their word is heeded by advertising agencies and their clients.

If you've ever been handed a free sample and asked for your opinion of the product, you have served as a guinea pig for American industry. If your phone once rang and a voice asked, "What type of shaving cream do you like—lather or brushless?" you may be sure that your reply was valued and duly considered.

Surveys frequently turn up many surprise uses for new products. A firm which made disposable paper handkerchiefs offered modest prizes for letters telling of new uses for its product. At the end of six months, the company had discovered 185 hitherto-undreamed of uses. Then they exploited those uses diligently in their advertising. Sales soared 85 per cent.

On rare occasions, the consumers' verdict can be woefully wrong. Such a costly mistake occurred in the early 1920's, when radio was throwing off its swaddling clothes and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was interested in the medium as a possible source of revenue.

Through its advertising agency, A. T. & T. cautiously asked hundreds of householders this door-to-door question, "Would you listen to the radio if advertisements were given for the sponsor who paid for the production of a program?"

The majority of people huffily replied that they would turn the damned gadgets off if radio went commercial. Intimidated by the public opinion sample, A. T. & T. put the idea of sponsored programs in moth balls and the whole field of network big-time shows was delayed for five years!

The difference between collegiate and professional football is that the college players take home the goal posts while the professionals take home a good part of the gate.
WHERE There's a Will

"WHEN you make your will," a leading psychologist recently observed, "you are preparing to leave a picture of your character." And what pictures some people leave!

"To the spinster, Eva Boileau," willed M. Colombie, a Paris merchant, "I leave, in heartfelt gratitude, the sum of 1,200 francs for having, some 20 years ago, refused to marry me, thus enabling me to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

John Rudge, of Trysull, England, took a posthumous dig at his pastor by willing, "20 shillings a year to be paid to a man to go about the parish church, during the sermon, to keep people awake—"

A French disciple of the great chef, Savarin, directed that a new cooking recipe be pasted on his tomb every day.

"Should my wife remarry within two years after my death," Richard Tucker, a rich English farmer, willed, "she is to receive £10,000 instead of £5,000. I know this is contrary to custom, but I double the amount out of consideration of my possible successor. He will deserve it."

Henry Budd divided his property equally among his sons, to be held by them as long as they did not wear mustaches.

After a visit from a thieving relative, a Boston man inserted in his will: "To my nephew, Harry, I bequeath 11 spoons. He will know why I have not left him a dozen."

A doting father bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one-pound banknotes. The elder received £51,200, while the younger, who was a wee bit heftier, was rewarded with £57,344!

A Mr. Sanborn, of Medford, Connecticut, leaving his body to Harvard University, directed that his skin be made into two drumheads, and that upon these his friends beat "Yankee Doodle" every year at a ceremony at Bunker Hill.

In compliance with the provisions of his will, the body of the distinguished author, Jeremy Bentham, was embalmed, respectably attired, and seated in his old arm-chair. From thence it was removed from time to time to be placed at the banquet table of his friends when they discussed philosophy and philanthropy.—Adrian Anderson.

Words for Our Pictures

1. Maurice Tobin, Secretary of Labor, addresses a huge crowd and a vast radio audience at the new International Brotherhood of Boilermakers' Building in Kansas City, Kansas.

2. Another prominent speaker at the dedication ceremony is Governor Frank Carlson of Kansas.

3. William Green, President of the A. F. of L., calls the beautiful new edifice "a milestone in labor history."

4. Frank Wiziarde, the nutty emcee of Luncheon on the Plaza (11 a.m., Monday through Saturday), chats with Crazy Hatter Ruth Ann Smith, whose doughnut hat ushers in National Doughnut Week. The delicious chapeau is made from 52 whole doughnuts.

5. At a buffalo barbecue, Gene Autry swaps Western stories with Don Sullivan, WHB cowboy star.

Centerpiece

On Swing's center pages you'll meet appealing Ava Gardner, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most talented young stars and a great public favorite. Currently, she appears with Gregory Peck in The Great Sinner.
With the approach of the holiday season each winter, money becomes an increasingly desirable commodity. The average individual swears on a sprig of mistletoe that next year things will be different, as—for what he is sure is the last time—he hurries to the savings window of his bank for Christmas cash.

Bankers smile at this recurring phenomenon and go, in turn, to their bank.

Top man on this complicated financial totem pole in the Tenth Federal Reserve District is Robert Breckenridge Caldwell, chairman of the board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City. As fiscal agent of the nation’s second largest Federal Reserve District, the long-titled Mr. Caldwell regulates the flow of currency in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, and parts of New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Missouri. He has his finger on the economic pulse of the entire area, and finds the increased tempo of money transactions each November and December to be a sure symptom of another merry Christmas for the business world.

Strangely enough, this banker’s banker is primarily an attorney. As senior partner of the large law firm of Caldwell, Downing, Noble and Garrity, he is well-known for his trial work and his special ability in the field of corporation affairs. He serves as a director and as general counsel of Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company, C. J. Patterson Company, and Standard Steel Works. He is chairman of the board of directors and general counsel of Cook Paint & Varnish Company.

In addition, Mr. Caldwell acts as general counsel of the Mehornay Furniture Company, Macy’s of Kansas City, Black & Veatch, Long Construction Company, Western Auto Supply Company, Fred Wolferman, Incorporated, and many other manufacturing, business, and insurance firms.
"If I had to characterize Bob Caldwell with just one adjective," a lifelong friend remarked recently, "I guess I'd choose 'energetic' — the energetic Mr. Caldwell.

"He's been on the go since early boyhood. He started busy, and he gets busier every year."

Caldwell's busy beginning was on a farm near Vandalia, an eastern Missouri town with a present-day population of 2,672. He was second oldest of the five children of moderately prosperous parents. His parents were Baptists, and a geographical coincidence intensified the religious atmosphere of their home. The Caldwell farm was located midway between Vandalia and the Spencer Creek Baptist Church, an over-all distance of five miles. That made it a convenient stopping place for visiting ministers, who usually arrived Saturday noon and departed Monday morning. The time between was devoted to discussions of religion.

To most young boys, this would seem an unfortunate arrangement, and for a long time that was the way Bob Caldwell felt about it. Now, however, he admits it was a good thing, because it enabled him to get all of his religion at once, so that now he is able to play golf on Sunday morning with a completely clear conscience. This he does on the well-groomed links of the Kansas City Country Club, in the company of a broker and a well-known industrialist.

The ministers who visited the Caldwell farm convinced Bob's father that any college was a good college, compared to the University of Missouri.

Bob, however, had his heart set on the state university, and that's where he went. Out of deference to his father's feelings he worked his way through school. "I couldn't accept his money," Bob says, "knowing what he thought of the place."

To foot the bill, Bob arranged to lease some land near his home. He farmed it for several summers, turning a tidy profit each year. School jobs, including the grading of English papers, completed the financing of his education.

Young Caldwell went to Columbia with the idea of becoming an engineer. But when the dean of men refused to honor a high school physics credit, he switched to liberal arts and later took law. Although the decision was forced upon him, he has never had cause to regret it.

At Missouri, Bob Caldwell was what the collegians of today would term a "big wheel." He edited the Savitar, university annual; was a staff member of the Independent; was elected to QEBH, senior men's honorary; and served as president of Kappa Sigma.

He received his A.B. degree in 1903, and spent a year at the St. Louis World's Fair as assistant to the Commissioner to the Foreign Press, preparing news releases for translation and distribution to newspapers throughout the world.

The following year he entered law school, and in an experience reminiscent of John Alden, found himself general manager of athletics at the University of Missouri. He went to an influential trustee to speak in be-
half of a friend and ex-roommate who was qualified to handle the business affairs of the athletic association and very much wanted to do so. He came away after pleading his friend’s case for half an hour, only to learn the next day that he had been given the job himself.

Through the years, Bob Caldwell's interest in his alma mater has grown. He spearheaded a fund-drive for a new Kappa Sigma house, and was honored by the fraternity for his success. He has served as an officer of the Kappa Sigma alumni group, as president of the Kansas City Alumni Association of the University of Missouri, and as president of the National Alumni Association of the University of Missouri. He has been officially honored by the university for his success in the business and professional world, has been designated an honorary member of Order of the Coif and Phi Beta Kappa.

He has maintained close contact with athletics at the university, too, seeing many of the football games played in Columbia. He still attends the games with Eula McCune, the pretty coed he dated at school. Only her name is Eula Caldwell now, and has been since the year Bob received his law degree.

That was a fateful year for Bob Caldwell and, as things have turned out, for Kansas City, too. Upon graduation, the young man went home to think and worry. Where would he practice? How would he finance his start? He wanted to get married, and he wanted to locate in a community that offered a future.

As he pondered, a letter arrived from Columbia. A printer there, whom Bob had come to know through his work with college publications, asked whether Caldwell would be interested in acting as his Kansas City agent for the state’s official court reports.

It was a perfect opportunity. The agency was already established, and was profitable enough to be attractive to any young lawyer. So Caldwell moved to Kansas City and went to work for the law firm of McCune, Harding, Brown, and Murphy. A few years later he became a member of the firm, and in 1915 he and Judge McCune (no relation to Eula) organized McCune, Caldwell, and Downing.

As an undergraduate, a law student, and an alumnus, Bob Caldwell put far more into his college than the ordinary student. As a result, he has gotten far more out of it. He still cherishes the warm friendships he developed in Columbia, and is understandably proud of the manner in which many of his college mates have distinguished themselves. Four have been federal judges; one, a governor
and United States Senator; and others are leaders in business, government, and the professions.

In turn, Caldwell's friends are proud of him. He is exceptionally well-liked and highly regarded, and his forceful, straightforward personality leaves a single, clear-cut impression in the minds of all those who come to know him. He steers a fixed course. He has no moods of depression or elation. He is calm and unexcitable. He moves on an even keel and in a direct line, accomplishing a great deal with amazingly quiet efficiency.

Caldwell isn't given to loose talk. When he makes a statement, it is because he has something to say, something which has been thought out carefully. This quality prompted a friend to observe, "I don't know anyone who talks less, says more, and is so widely listened to."

When Caldwell does speak, it is in a frank Midwestern accent without final g's. He has a deep voice, a little rough at the edges, which helps him achieve a friendly appeal with no loss of natural dignity. People meeting him for the first time are apt to consider his speaking manner abrupt because of his habit of expressing concisely what is on his mind, and then stopping.

Associates agree that his greatest asset is his level-headedness, his rational—almost intense—practicality.

One client who has retained Caldwell more than 30 years has often come to him with apparently insoluble legal problems. "As I talk," the client says, "laying before him an utterly bewildering mass of details and complications, Bob's mind is running like a well-oiled thresher. It discards the chaff and gets right to the kernel. When I get through, he has all the facts sorted out in perfect order, and is already concentrating on the single, important nut of the matter."

In the courtroom, opposing lawyers find it difficult to introduce irrelevancies into a hearing. With unblinking logic, Caldwell brushes aside all but the salient facts.

The Caldwells have a married son and daughter, two grandsons and two granddaughters. As a grandfather, Bob Caldwell is just as proud as the next man. The children adore him, and call him "Pop." He reads to the smaller ones, whose favorite literature at the moment is the story of Donald Duck's terrible temper.

For himself, Caldwell prefers mystery stores, in novel form or on the radio. But Mrs. Caldwell, who finds detective thrillers somewhat less enchanting than her husband does, is sometimes forced to turn off the radio in self-defense.

Such a move would never occur to her husband, who is able to close his mental ears to any distraction. He often works with the radio going full blast, apparently with as much efficiency as ever.

He spends many evenings with a dictionary or encyclopedia, checking facts and augmenting his already vast store of miscellaneous information.

For many years, the mountain-loving Caldwells have summered in Colorado. They used to ride horseback and climb mountains, but now
confine themselves to golf and to card games on the veranda of the Broadmoor. Bob Caldwell is no card fanatic, but he plays an extremely deft game of canasta, bridge, and gin-rummy. Poker players confide that he is also a formidable opponent at either stud or draw.

The talents of Bob Caldwell have been much in demand by his profession, city and state, as well as in the business world. In the early 1920's, he served on the Kansas City Board of Election Commissioners. He has worked on the Red Cross and Community Chest; been a member of the Missouri Board of Charities and Corrections, a director of the Chamber of Commerce and Kansas City Art Institute and president of the Swope Settlement.

Before the war, he served as chairman of the Defense Savings Committee of Jackson County, Missouri, and he continued throughout the emergency as chairman of the War Savings Committee. His leadership was partly responsible for Missouri over-subscribing its wartime savings bond quota by 201 per cent!

Caldwell is a member of the American, Kansas City, and Missouri State Bar Association, and of the Kansas City Lawyers Association. He served as president of the Missouri State Board of Law Examiners for 16 years, and is widely credited with yeoman work in raising considerably the Missouri standards for admission to the bar.

At present, he is a member of the advisory council of the University of Kansas City, and a trustee under the will of the late William Rockhill Nelson.

Bob Caldwell's character is written in his face. One glance at his countenance reveals determination, intelligence, tremendous moral and physical strength.

"I can sum him up in just three phrases," John B. Gage, Kansas City's famous "reform mayor" boasted recently.

"Bob Caldwell is a good citizen, a good lawyer, and a good friend!"

It Happened in America

ONE way to rank the popularity of American statesmen is by the number of counties now bearing their names. 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, then come James Monroe with 17 and Abraham Lincoln with 15.

ACCORDING to the record of the Navy Department, the last salvo of World War II was fired off Honshu, on August 9, 1945, by the heavy cruiser St. Paul. The St. Paul was taking part in her first major operation and got off the last three rounds of a 19-gun salvo at the moment the cease-firing order was issued.—Louis O. Honig.
So They Say

Henry Morgan says the new French bathing suits are creating a sensation in the USA. A girl friend of his bought one recently and had it delivered. It came wrapped in a summons.

Daniel Boone was once asked if he had ever been lost in the woods. “Never got lost,” Boone countered. “But I was bewildered once for three days.”

“Will ya gimme a dime for a cup of coffee?” asked the hobo of the plain-clothes man. 
“Do you ever work?” asked the plainclothes man. 
“Now and then.”
“What do you do?”
“This and that.”
“Where?”
“Oh, here and there.”
The detective took him to the police station. “When do I get out of here?” wailed the hobo.
“Oh,” growled the officer, “sooner or later!”

The oldest inhabitant had just celebrated his birthday, and a reporter from a local paper was sent to interview him.
“Tell me,” he said chattily, “what would you do if you could have your time all over again?”
There was a long silence, while the old timer appeared to be deep in thought.
“I think,” he said seriously, “I would part my hair in the middle.”

Everyone in the dean’s office in the local law school was very busy. It was the beginning of the school year. The dean was the busiest of all. The phone rang, and when the dean answered, a sweet young voice said, “Is this the Gas Company?”
The dean roared, “No, this is the Law School!”
To which the sweet young voice replied, “Well, I didn’t miss it so damn much, did I?”

John Crosby claims a small boy on Long Island went rushing into his home the other day, considerably excited. “Mother,” he exclaimed, “the Yardleys have the funniest television set! You just hear the voices. No picture!”

Two hollow-eyed, bleak-looking Scots were discussing a wild party they had attended the night before. “D’ye ken,” said one of them, “that Mac fell in the river on his way home last night?”
With some effort the other Scot focused his thoughts upon this dreadful intelligence.
“Ye dinna mean tae say he was drooned?” he inquired fearfully.
The other shook his head, slowly and painfully, “Na, na,” he replied, “not drooned—but sadly diluted!”
THE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS TREE

by DEREK CARTER

THIS is the story of a tree and a tradition, a Christmas story that each year thrills hundreds of thousands of spectators, young and old alike.

The story of the tree, called the biggest and perhaps most gaily decorated Yule tree under any roof, can be told simply. It’s the same story of “putting up the tree” that takes place in every American home, only on a much more spectacular scale.

The story of the tradition, that of “lunch under the tree at Field’s,” is another matter. It can be glimpsed only in the faces lit with wonder, the shining eyes that surround the tree each holiday season. It is the story of a department store that has the heart, the warmth and sentiment, that is the very spirit of Christmas.

Getting the tree from the north woods to a seventh floor tearoom in a Chicago department store is only the beginning.

Each year, before the first fall of snow, Marshall Field & Company sends a man up to the vicinity of Lake Superior to shop for the tree that is the centerpiece, during the holidays, for its world-famous Walnut Room.

The tree shopper heads for Paul Bunyan country, fittingly enough, for his Bunyanesque fir. With timber cruisers, he looks for a perfect specimen, 70 feet tall.

He picks a big one because, when the snows have come and the tree must start its journey to Chicago, only the top, choice, 48 feet are lopped off the fallen tree.

Before loading, the big branches must be tightly bound with wire, and the base of the truck packed in peat moss to keep the tree fresh on its long journey to Field’s.

The trip is an adventure in itself. A bulldozer plows a path from the tree to the nearest logging road. Horses and sledge drag the tree to a waiting truck, which hurries its tangy cargo to a railroad siding.

A special flatcar carries the tree to a siding adjacent to Chicago’s Loop. When Field’s closes to begin a November week end, the tree is carted at night, through roped-off streets, to the store.

Once a set of revolving doors has been removed to make way for the tree, the big fir is trundled inside. Within 48 hours, it must be lifted seven floors, installed in the tearoom, and decorated.

The rush against the clock starts with a block-
and-tackle boost up a store “well” to the seventh floor. Moved across the restaurant floor to its final resting place, the tree is no sooner straight and tall before a scaffolding is erected around it.

A designer in the store’s display department, months before, has prepared a sketch of the finished tree. Armed with copies of this, decorators swarm over the scaffolding to place, each according to the plan, every ornament and bit of trim.

The ornaments are a story in themselves. In proportion to the towering tree, the ornaments are huge. They are especially designed and manufactured. It is a job of months to assemble these king-sized baubles. Some 3,000 go into the trimming of the tree, many, of course, saved from year to year.

Just hours before the store re-opens to start the holiday season, the scaffolding comes off the big tree, and it can be seen in its entirety for the first time.

The work of many days and many hands, it makes its debut to those visitors from all over the country who are accustomed to come to the store for lunch beneath this biggest of all Christmas trees.

It is, of course, but one of the store’s famed Christmas features.

The windows along State Street tell the adventures of Uncle Mistletoe, who is also featured on a television program for children.

The main aisle of the store sparkles with thousands of ornaments, and features each year a new scheme of Christmas decoration. Throughout the store, particularly along the escalators, display spots show the colors and the spirit of a Christmas decor.

The toy floor, of course, is a wonderland in which Candy Cane Lane is main street for toy-minded youngsters.

And, finally, Santa Claus—who is house guest of Uncle Mistletoe in a gay Cozy Cloud Cottage—is on hand to greet the children.

But, in the minds of many, it is the giant Christmas tree in Field’s that lingers longest as the highlight of the holidays.

There is a magic about this tree, they insist, that sets it apart from other trees and keeps bringing them back each year. It is the Christmas tree that keeps growing, year by year, in the hearts of those who see it.

The Super Pump

BENEATH your shirt front beats quite an organ—your heart. It weighs only ten ounces, yet this little pump which is only the size of your fist ejects about six ounces of blood at each contraction. This adds up to approximately 5,000 gallons—or 20 tons—every 24 hours. During periods of great stress the heart can pump as much as 50 to 100 tons of blood in a 24 hour period. If yours is the average heart, you were allotted a minimum of 3,000,000,000 heartbeats to round out your life span—with perhaps another billion thrown in for extra strains.

Your heart is the closest thing in your body to an automatic, tireless engine. Every other physical organ can slow down. Hold your breath for ten seconds and the lungs will pick up where they left off. But except for the occasional miracles we hear about, if the heart stops for ten seconds it never starts again.
A surprising number of intelligent people still believe in ghosts.

Wraiths Over Washington

by JAMES L. HARTE

ONE afternoon last April there was unusual merriment on the floor of the Senate of the United States. The Senate majority leader, Democrat Scott Lucas, had just completed a lengthy speech on the now-famed filibuster fight. Gleeful, chortling Republicans were heckling the many errors and inconsistencies unusual to an average Lucas address. The heckling, barbed and pointed, reached its pinnacle when respected Senator Arthur Vandenberg took the floor.

Lucas, in his talk, had denounced the Michigan Republican for having made “an impassioned speech against the anti-filibuster measure.” And Vandenberg, solemnly, in grave tones that underscored the previous gibes at Lucas, said, “I made no speech, impassioned or otherwise, against the anti-filibuster measure.”

As Maine’s Senator Brewster observed, Lucas’ “ghost” was in great error.

This was very unusual, for the wraiths of Washington are noted for their accuracy in the words they put into the mouths of others. Errors and misstatements mean a loss of clients and are generally avoided. A more frequent “accident” of the ghostwriting business is exemplified by the one which occurred during an early war-year session.

Both Virginia’s Senator Byrd and Nebraska’s Senator Burke, on the same afternoon, delivered a stirring address before the Senate. Their brother dignitaries failed to notice, until the speeches appeared in the black-and-white of the Congressional Record, that not only had they spoken the same day on the same subject, but that they had said the same thing—word for word!

The legislator takes the chance of such an accident when purchasing a prepared oration from any of the many agencies which infest the nation’s capital and make a lucrative business of ghosting for Congressmen, Cabinet members, and other execu-
tives of the government who are too busy to do their own research and writing. But, duplicated or not, the buyer does expect his material to be accurate.

Ghosting, particularly in Washington, has become a profession, a far cry from its lowly beginning which, legend has it, was in the sports department of a New York City newspaper one long-gone day. It is said that a circulation-minded editor hit upon the idea of signed personal articles by the baseball heroes of the day. He assigned a reporter to write the stories, then get the signatures of the sports stars as by-lines. “You needn’t tell them,” the editor cautioned, “what they’re supposed to have written.”

Today, at least a dozen agencies flourish along the banks of the Potomac. At fees of five to ten dollars for a five- to ten-minute speech, these agencies offer a mass-produced, stereotype oration prepared in advance on popular topics for which the agency anticipates a demand. Orders on such subjects are quickly, and too often identically, filled.

Late in 1948, three Army generals were invited to address a convention being held in New York. The three officers, each unaware of the others, sought the same ghost-writing service. They turned up with identical speeches, and warlike wrath pervaded that meeting!

However, for fees in excess of ten dollars, the ghost digs into his subject and produces a fairly decent arrangement of words for the average speaker. The 15-, 20-, or 25-dollar fee covers, in general, the immediate topics that are popular and timely, such as atomic energy and un-American activities, and the speaker gets an address of from 15 minutes to an hour’s duration. Congressmen, representatives of various government departments and agencies, even businessmen scheduled to appear before club meetings, can get satisfactory speeches in this price class.

Popular subjects are the ghostwriter’s delight. He does not have to do a great deal of research to earn his fee, for information on timely subjects is readily available in the daily papers and current magazines. The ghost, for example, delving into the daily news stories on atomic energy, the pamphlets and reports issued by the Atomic Energy Commission, the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, easily comes up with a speech that sounds as fine as one written by any scholarly nuclear physicist.

But while the agency business is flourishing and lucrative, it is only a small part of the ghosting profession. A large percentage of Senators and Representatives employ an executive secretary or administrative assistant, whose duty it is to prepare the employer’s written and spoken word, to incorporate his tricks of phrasing, expression and mannerisms. In a number of cases this is done so skillfully that the personality of client and ghost become as one. The late Congressman Gerlach of Pennsylvania once delivered an address before a home-district gathering and was told that he sounded like his newspaperman-secretary. And the secretary, called upon for some remarks at a meeting in Washington, was after-
ward advised that he “sounded just like Congressman Gerlach!”

Indiana Congressman Forest Harness, then chairman of the subcommittee on publicity, House Expeditures Committee, two years ago reported that there were about 45,000 publicity employees in the various departments of the Federal Government whose work was 99 per cent ghosting, and whose annual collective income exceeded $75,000,000. Estimates in the fall of 1949 bring the total to 50,000, and the income to $85,000,000.

The minute percentage of these workers who are not strictly ghostwriters is accounted for by the research specialists who establish facts and figures for departmental reports and pamphlets, releases and papers. Their work substantiates department requests to the Bureau of the Budget and to the Congressional Appropriations Committee for funds necessary for the maintenance of a particular department or agency.

The ghosting profession is often criticized, but not often so savagely as it was a year ago, when the president of Boston University spoke out against ghosts and characterized any client of ghostwriting as “dishonest, morally threadbare, too lazy and too dumb (to do his own writing).”

In contrast, men who are themselves masters of words have openly used and praised the work of ghosts. The late President Roosevelt, a fine weaver with words, used such ghosts as ace playwright Robert Sherwood and intellectual Judge Samuel Rosenman. Strange as it may seem, the fact that FDR employed ghost-aid once helped elect a member of Congress in opposition to him.

It was during the 1944 campaign, and a Republican candidate for Congress in a certain Ohio district employed a veteran newspaperman to draft and gild his campaign oratory. The Democratic incumbent gleefully heckled the Republican as a moron unable to write his own material. The GOP candidate took the needling in stride during the early days of the campaign and then, as it waxed to a heated close, he exploded his bombshell: FDR employed ghostwriters. Therefore, if a candidate for Congress who did so was a moron, by simple amplification, what was the President? Was not the Democrat smearing his own “chief”?

The voters thought so and, while Roosevelt carried the district, so did the Republican candidate for Congress.

In the neatest journalistic trick of 1949, the Washington Post proved that a ghost is often a blessing. The newspaper, with a wire recorder, took down an address given by one of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the three-man governing body of the Capital, and then printed the speech verbatim in its news columns. Time magazine hastened to reprint the article, accentuating the hems and
haws, the ers and ahs, the stuttering, second-grade grammar of the address as given. The obfuscated oration went on and on saying nothing. The use of a ghost in such a case would have won the approval of all who heard and read.

Ghosts are not confined to politics and government. Robert Tate Allen, once church editor of one of Washington’s morning newspapers, has built a lucrative business as a ghost, preparing press releases and editorials for many men of the cloth. And a well-known Catholic religious leader and educator, famed for his contributions to the sectarian press, has systematized his method of creation. He is not an Allen client. He makes voluminous long-hand notes, then hires a public stenographer to whom he dictates, from the notes, the original outlines of his articles. He blue-pencils the typed copy here and there and then turns it over to a member of the working press—his ghost for many years—for polishing and editing.

So the profession flourishes and grows. Ghosts write books and ghosts build fame. One alleged, believable, but unauthenticated ghost story is that James A. Farley paid a ghosting fee of $25,000 for the work done on the Farley autobiography. The figure, if true, represents an all-time high for a single such fee. And whether or not the yarn is entirely true, the book did add to the Farley legend and fame. Such fame is typical of many men in the public eye and ear who employ the unsung mechanics with words, the wraiths over Washington.

With his wife sick in bed, hubby—and pandemonium—reigned supreme in the kitchen. The husband was having trouble finding the tea. He looked high and low, and finally called to his wife, “I can’t find the tea, dear. Where do you keep it?”

“I don’t know why you can’t find it,” came the peevish reply. “It’s right in front on the cupboard shelf, in a cocoa tin marked matches.”

The groom seemed slightly confused. Hesitantly he said, “I was asked to buy either a casserole or a camisole. I can’t remember which.”

“That’s easy enough,” answered the clerk. “Is the chicken dead or alive?”

At a Florida casino, a husband gave his wife, who had never before played roulette, $200 with which to gamble. She asked a woman friend what number she should play, and was told to choose her age number. So the lady placed $100 on 28, only to faint when the pill came to a stop on 32.

A clerk in a Hollywood studio, a girl with an attractive face but a rather slight figure, had been given a small part in a Technicolor picture. When she came on the set, the friendly director said, “You look nervous. I hope you don’t feel like a lamb going to slaughter.”

Blushing, she replied, “I feel more like an expense account going to the boss—all padded up.”

Lowell Thomas, well-known radio news commentator, recently quoted his father’s definition of a good public speaker, “Somebody who knows how to make more than one friend at a time.”
America's "keep clean" mania is a boon to the folks who wash the nation's dirty socks.

When an incoming bundle is shaken onto the sorting table in a laundry plant, practically anything, literally speaking, is apt to come tumbling out of it.

At a Mississippi laundry, a young car-hop took a bundle from a drive-in customer and nonchalantly tossed it on the receiving counter. He was startled out of his composure, however, when a loud yelp came from the bundle as it landed. Opening the bundle, attendants found a frisky puppy who made good friends with them before his owner came back to pick him up.

In Virginia, a black kitten was not so lucky. She spent almost two days in a laundry bundle and had to be fed a saucerful of milk to revive her after this harrowing experience.

Cats and kittens seem to have a special fondness for laundry bundles, perhaps because of the soft comfort and warmth the linen offers. Classic example of the cat that went to the laundry is the tabby that gave birth to four kittens en route. It happened in Brooklyn.

In Milwaukee, a man stuffed $632 into a pillowcase for safe-keeping. Later he forgot about this and sent the improvised vault to the laundry with the rest of the family wash. The bills went completely through the washing cycle before being discovered. All of them were returned to the owner completely clean—and dried. Large bills, totaling $17,000, were found in another pillowcase in the laundry of the Hotel Plaza in New York. They were returned before the owner even realized the money was gone.

A gold ring with a diamond valued at $500 was found by a laundry near White Plains, New York, and returned to its owner. And a two-carat
diamond ring lost by a woman in Ohio was found and returned to her by a local laundry. In both instances, the rings were discovered in the pockets of garments.

Jewelry and money are among the many items found in garments by sorters in laundry plants who make a point of emptying out pockets to avoid damage to clothing, as well as for the purpose of returning any misplaced valuables to their customers. A lipstick left in the pocket of a dress, for instance, can ruin many hundreds of dollars worth of clothing. Razor blades or broken glass can tear shirts and linens. The laundry manager of a hospital in California once exhibited a large collection of such things as hypodermic needles, broken glass tumblers, medicine bottles and scalpels which had been deposited in linen hampers over a period of just a few months.

Laundry bundles also have been known to contain toys, shoes, eyeglasses, books, negotiable bonds, social security cards, love letters, pencils, fountain pens, watches, compacts, false teeth and babies’ milk bottles filled with milk. One laundry plant even had the unusual experience of hunting for a pair of white mice belonging to a customer. The mice got out of the bundle and an all-out effort by the laundry employees was necessary to round them up. The rodents finally were caught and returned to their owner.

Such bizarre events, however, do not disrupt the carefully planned work schedule of a laundry plant. The heavy flow of linen, shirts and other clothing going through the laundry must be processed rapidly and without interruption to be ready for customers on time. The steady flow of production also is essential to keep costs down and profit possible. Typical large city laundries handle from 35,000 to 50,000 pieces a day, and some handle more. One large city laundry does about 10,000 men’s shirts alone in a day. All of these shirts are finished or pressed by 36 girls working in teams of four each with the most modern equipment. Each girl averages about 35 shirts an hour.

Modern laundry plants are highly mechanized and set up on an assembly line basis for smooth and efficient work flow. Plant layout is usually carefully designed to eliminate extra motion and back-tracking. Many plants use belt conveyors, overhead cables and chutes to carry laundry from one operation to another.

Equipment in a laundry includes washwheels, extractors, gigantic flatwork ironers, drying tumblers, shirt presses and many other specialized pieces of equipment. The large washwheels are usually self-loading and unloading, and capable of handling hundreds of pounds of linen at a time. Many of these machines are push-button controlled with the formula pre-set, and the injection of soap, sour and bluing taking place automatically. Extractors, large cylindrical, tublike machines, spin around at 800 revolutions a minute, removing all the water from the linen and clothing by centrifugal force. Huge flatwork ironers can dry and press sheets and tablecloths at the rate of 900 an hour.

When a bundle comes into a laun-
dry, classification is the first step. The bundle is emptied on a table and the pieces sorted according to color and type of fabric. All laundries do not follow exactly the same breakdowns, but in general there are more than a score of classifications and sub-classifications.

White cottons, for instance, are separated from colored cottons and from all types of silks, rayons, nylon and woolens. The dark colored items in the various materials are separated from the others. Then both light and dark colored materials are broken down into even more specific color groupings. In addition, there are specialty items which are separated into such classifications as wool blankets, curtains, greasy overalls, pillows, and wash suits.

After the segregating is completed, the laundry is marked for easy identification. Frequently, it is placed in net bags with large numbered pins or key tags attached. One customer may have several different nets—one for each wash classification. But the pin or tag on each of these nets will have the same number. After the nets are placed in the washwheels, they receive the proper wash formulas and water temperatures for their respective classifications.

All white cotton materials in the average family bundle receive four suds baths—including one bleach bath—of several minutes each. This is followed by about four hot and cold rinses, a sour bath and a blue bath. In formulas for woolens, rayons and nylon as well as for various colored fabrics, the bleach and blue bath are eliminated and lower water temperatures are used.

At the end of this washing procedure, the laundry is so clean that some enthusiastic workers claim the water in the last rinse is good enough to drink. It is safe to drink, certainly, for health departments have reported that the last rinse in power laundry plants is bacteria-free. This ideally sanitary state of affairs is difficult, if not impossible, to achieve in home laundering.

After the last rinse, the nets are unloaded from the washwheels and go to the extractors. There all excess moisture is removed. Unless the customer has asked for damp wash service, the laundry goes on from the extractors to the various pressing or finishing departments. Shirts go to the shirt pressing units, dresses and other washable apparel go to the garment presses, sheets and tablecloths to the flatwork ironers. Bath towels, face towels and all items receiving fluff dry service go to the "tumblers"—ovenlike cylinders which
tumble the linen and dry it with hot air. There are also special blanket dryers, sock forms and handkerchief finishing machines.

After all the laundry is completely finished, it is reassembled, checked according to the key or identification number, wrapped and placed in bins for delivery by the routemen.

Sometimes, of course, an item is lost. A customer usually makes a quick and testy complaint when this happens. Yet an efficient laundry loses a very low percentage of the immense volume it washes; as little as a fraction of one per cent. No general standard throughout the industry exists for settling claims, but most laundries are quite reasonable in order to retain customer good will.

When a garment is damaged, the laundry usually attempts to determine the cause of the damage. Sometimes this requires laboratory testing. If the damage is due to an unserviceable fabric or faulty construction, the laundry will attempt to have the customer take the item back to the store where it was purchased. Sometimes the laundry will contact the store directly. But, if the damage is due to improper laundering procedure, most laundries will make good quickly and without question.

Today’s laundry plants, with their rustproof, stainless metal washers and scientifically determined formulas, present a dramatic contrast to the first crude power laundries of the last century. Early power laundry plants were cumbersome affairs with heavy, wooden, clanking washers and inefficient roll wringers.

This year is considered by many people in laundry circles to be the 100th anniversary of the power laundry industry in the United States. Members of the American Institute of Laundering, holding their national convention in Kansas City early in November, are in a sense commemo rating the centennial of the industry.

The first power laundry in the United States actually was born out of the needs of the prospecting ’49ers. With the sudden stampede to the gold fields, most of California became a land of men without women. Washing was done by Chinese who conducted individual laundries along creek banks, and some of the ’49ers even sent their clothing to Hawaiian women maintaining this business on a six-month delivery basis.

On an Oakland, California, hilltop district at this time, the Contra Costa Laundry was started. All linen and clothing in this laundry was done by hand until the owner, a man with an inventive and mechanical turn of mind, got an idea. From a ship captain, he purchased a ten-horsepower donkey engine. Then he had a carpenter build a 12-shirt washing machine, which he hitched to the engine. His ingenuity created the first power laundry in the United States a laundry which is still operating.

But, although the first power laundry was built in Oakland, the commercial laundry business actually has earlier origins in this country. It ca
be traced to a Troy, New York, housewife, Mrs. Hannah Lord Montague, who invented the detachable collar for men’s shirts about 1827. Two years later a retired Methodist minister, Ebenezer Brown, began manufacturing these detachable collars in Troy. Other manufacturers entered the field, and soon there was a demand for professional laundry service to restore the soiled collars to their original smart appearance.

As a result, manufacturers in Troy established laundries, and customers began mailing in their soiled collars. In 1845, detachable cuffs began to be manufactured. In time, the popularity of these two items became so great that collars and cuffs by the hundreds of thousands of dozens came to Troy from all over the United States and even from foreign countries. The laundries gradually spread from Troy to many other cities.

Power driven equipment, however, did not enter into the picture until the California Gold Rush. After the Contra Costa Laundry set up its engine-driven washer, others began to experiment along similar lines. In 1858, Joseph Hall of San Francisco and later of Virginia City, Nevada, began operating washing machines with steam power. During the 1860’s power-driven plants sprang up throughout the country, and soon laundry machinery was sold on a commercial basis.

But, although they grew rapidly, laundries did not get a substantial share of the nation’s family laundry until after 1915. Up to that time, it had been mainly a “shirt, collar and cuff” business. Then came a new type of service—known as wet wash or damp wash—which merely extracted the excess moisture from the clean laundry and returned it to the housewife ready for ironing.

Prices had formerly been on a piece basis, but wet wash service was offered at a very low cost per pound. This helpful service at an economical price resulted in a big increase in family laundry customers. World War I added further impetus to this trend and, in time, many of these damp wash customers asked for more complete service.

Today, most laundries provide about six types of services, offering customers a wide range of prices. All of them, however, are based on the following four basic services:

(1) The damp wash. This does not include ironing of any kind. (2) The thrifty service. All wearing apparel is returned damp and flatwork is ironed. Shirts are sometimes finished at an extra charge per shirt. (3) The fluff dry service. All wearing apparel is returned tumbled dry and flatwork is ironed. Shirts are finished at an extra charge per shirt. (4) The family finish service. All flatwork is ironed and all wearing apparel pressed.

Most laundries add variations to these four basic services and call them by a variety of names. All services are charged for by the pound, except the custom-finish or de luxe service bundle in which every item, from socks to bedspreads, is individually priced.

During the years of World War II, sales volume for laundries throughout the country spiraled upward about 80 per cent, reaching an all-time high for the industry. In 1946, laundry sales among the country’s 7,200 power
laundries came to about $732,238,000. In 1948, these sales totaled nearly $900,000,000.

But, even though it has shown a healthy and steady growth during the last hundred years, the laundry industry still serves only a small percentage of the nation's families. According to a recent nation-wide survey, conducted under the joint sponsorship of the American Institute of Laundering and the Procter & Gamble Company, only about 37 per cent of the nation's urban families use laundry service.

The survey indicated that about 24,500,000 families live in cities and towns of 2,500 or more. Only ten per cent of these families send all of their apparel and linen to the laundry regularly, or about every week. Another 27 per cent use laundry service for only a part of their washing, or do not send it regularly.

These 9,065,000 families send their laundry out on an average of 27 times a year, although many customers, of course, send it 52 or more times a year. The best customers spend an average of $200 a year on their laundry; the most infrequent customers, about $50 a year.

But 63 per cent of these urban families, or 15,435,000 potential family customers, have their laundry done by some other means. Many people, of course, use automatic washing machines at home.

The home washer is considered a serious competitor by some laundry men, but others believe that it is only in part a competitor. They believe that it can never offer the housewife what the commercial laundry offers: complete freedom from drudgery and a superior finished product at a relatively low price. They point to the fact that although the home washer has been sold since the first World War, and in heavy volume for a number of years, laundry sales have continued on a sharp upward trend. Most owners of home washers, it pointed out, do not wash their entire laundry at home. Shirts and heavy flatwork, for instance, are usually sent out because the housewife does not like to iron any more than necessary.

A more recent competitor is the self-service laundry or launderette store. Here again, opinion in the seriousness of the field is divided on the competition.

Some laundry owners are concerned about it, although no serious effect have been felt by the industry as yet. Some believe that the launderette could actually be a means of bringing new customers to the power laundries, as have opened self-service stores next or near their plants.

Many laundry men, however, believe that the launderette is primarily a post-war inflation baby, with price its only drawing card. They say that with just a slight reduction in present high laundry labor and sup- costs, and hence prices, the family power laundries could beat the self-service stores without even trying. Even now, the cost of doing the entire family wash in a launderette is much less than damp wash service. And, laundry men add, the customer doesn't get the wash as clean as the power laundry gets it.

Besides the family market, pow
laundries serve many other types of customers. All of the nation’s restaurants, barber shops, dentists, hotels and other institutions require a tremendous amount of clean linen. Factories, garages, filling stations and machine shops need a regular supply of clean overalls, uniforms and aprons.

And not to be overlooked is the relatively new diaper service—which has grown rapidly into big business proportions. This popular service starts a baby off with innumerable diapers a day. Then the supply gradually tapers off until the baby receives his dry diploma.

To service these varied types of customers, there are special linen supply laundries, coverall laundries and diaper service laundries, although commercial family laundries also have special departments which get a share of this trade.

The modern laundry has made revolutionary progress in the last 100 years, but it evidently can look forward to even more surprising technical advances in the future. It has been predicted that the laundry of the distant future will not use soap, water, or liquids of any kind. Instead, sound waves will be used.

Clothing and linen simply will be placed in a bombardment tank and the sound waves passing through it will shake all dirt loose by vibration. But this piece of apparatus still exists only in the realm of high theory. Laundry men expect that plain water and suds will do the job for many years to come.

**Just for the Record**

If you’ve been wondering what to do with that stack of dusty old records in the attic, here’s the answer: **clean ‘em up, catalogue ‘em, and cash ‘em in.** For there’s a new and rapidly growing hobby in America—the collecting of old operatic records, made during the Golden Age, the era of Caruso and MacCormack, Galli-Curci and Nellie Melba. Some of these bear strange labels, and fetch strange prices—as much as $200 to $300—from rabid collectors. For example, a Caruso record with the Zonophone label is worth about $200 in anybody’s collection—or attic.

The records are, of course, all acoustic recordings, and may sound strange to an ear unaccustomed to them. But however strange the orchestral backgrounds may be, the voices shine through in a way that leaves no doubt about the greatness of those old artists.

The value of a record is determined by three factors: 1) the excellence of the performance; 2) the scarcity of copies; and, 3) the “curiosity” value of the disc. The last factor is important in such records as the one by Patti in which the great diva may be heard indulging in a bit of *sotto voce* swearing, occasioned by her tripping over a chair as she stepped back for a high note. Or the Caruso-Farrar duet in which prankster Farrar interpolated the line, referring to Caruso, “Methinks he’s had a highball!”

Aside from the rare and precious discs that are valued at over a hundred dollars, there are many more common ones that range in value from two to ten good, crisp one dollar bills. Some of the Caruso records, and many of those by Farrar, Melba, Gluck, Journet, Ruffo, and Chaliapin fall in this category. They’re less valuable only because large numbers of them were originally issued. It’s to be expected that the passing of time will increase their scarcity and value. And in the meantime, it’s almost certain that if you have any records by these artists, they’re worth something to you. So put down that phone and forget about the Salvation Army. Your next-door neighbor may be a collector!—R. M. Beaugrand.
"Sure I want to meet them - after Christmas!"
That Strange State of Mind Called KANSAS

by KENNETH S. DAVIS

KANSAS—that geographic heart of our nation which often has been the focus of national attention, grave or gay—today is presenting an interesting spectacle. The spectacle actually began last year when, after a campaign reviving some of the fanatical fervor of Carry Nation's heyday, Kansas in November gave the lie to one of William Allen White's most famous prophecies, "They'll vote dry as long as they can stagger to the polls." Instead Kansas went soberly to the polls and repealed state prohibition by a 50,000 majority. Even Carry Nation's home town of Medicine Lodge was among those voting to repeal the amendment which had been in the state's Constitution since 1881.

This done, Kansas' Legislature had to replace the bone-dry law with some sort of legal control. So a bill for state monopoly was promptly introduced. But also introduced was a bill permitting privately owned package stores, and the legislators were in a quandary. On the one hand was the Puritan desire to mitigate evil. A state monopoly would provide more effective control of liquor. On the other hand were the commitments to private enterprise and profit. A state monopoly smacked of "socialism."

We Kansans "solved" the problem by passing, at last, a measure in which profit, on the whole, overcame Puritan scruples. Privately owned package stores were legalized, but liquor sales are permitted only in communities that voted wet in November or in special referenda.

The ink was scarcely dry on the Governor's signature before business men in communities voting dry last November were petitioning to place "local option" on the ballot in the spring municipal elections. The very thought of all that liquor business going to neighboring wet communities was a breeder of nightmares. And when the first Tuesday in April came, only seven of twenty-five allegedly dry communities rejected home-owned liquor stores. By mid-May, some thirty-five communities voting dry last November had reversed themselves.

Thus the pocketbook triumphed over the sense of sin.

To what extent is all this significant of the state's personality? Does

Reprinted from the New York Times
the state really have a distinctive personality? The latter question can be answered at once. Kansas does have a distinctive if often self-contradictory personality—being in this respect like Texas, or Maine, or California—and proof of it is the stereotyped (and unflattering) impression of herself made on the national consciousness.

The stereotyped conception of the physical Kansas is a flat, treeless plain reaching endlessly under an enormous sky, swept by scorching winds in summer and bitter blizzards in winter, tormented by tornadoes in spring and fall, and plagued often by grasshoppers that eat every green thing. Each element of this picture has some basis in fact, but as a composite view of the state it is highly inaccurate.

Part of Kansas is flat and treeless, but most of it is not, and the blue-stem country of the eastern third of the state has a rock-ridged tree-dotted landscape as lovely as any in the Middle West. Kansas experiences extremes of hot and cold, but the climate by and large is one of the most pleasant and healthful in the nation. Tornadoes do visit Kansas, but their incidence per square mile is less than in Iowa. And Kansas did have a grasshopper plague back in the 1870's, but hasn't had anything like it since.

The most significant thing about the unflattering stereotypes of Kansas is that they are largely of the Kansan's own making—a fact revealing a most peculiar temperament. Other states boast of their advantages; Kansas boasts of her ills. Other states speak loudly of their blessings and softly (or not at all) of their misfortunes; Kansas does the reverse. She spreads abroad tall tales of her anguish: the worst droughts, the dreariest landscapes, the biggest winds, the smallest potatoes, the most voracious grasshoppers. She displays a masochist's delight in suffering or a tough guy's pride in being able to "take it." Consciously or unconsciously, Kansans have encouraged the popular view of their state as 82,000 square miles of monotony so boring and dull as to be in itself a sufficient cause of religious and moral excesses.

Actually Kansas, her physical self and her distinctive personality, is a composite of at least three quite different Kansases. The eastern third is a section of limestone hills bounding broad rich river valleys, a diversified farming area containing coal, lead, and zinc mines, and more than half of the state's total industrial wealth. The central third of the state is sometimes called the Low Plains; wheat is a major crop, though farming is diversified.

Oil and airplanes are pivots of industrial life around Wichita, and salt is of major importance to Hutchinson.

The western third of Kansas is the High Plains area, the immense tableland whose topography is mistakenly deemed by most non-Kansans to be the topography of the state as a whole. This is short-grass country, semi-arid and thinly populated. It was once a mighty cattle range, and portions of that range still remain. But for the most part western Kansas has been planted to hard red winter wheat, introduced by Mennonites from Russia in 1874 and vastly im-
proved since that time by plant breeders. Here, too, is oil.

With these differences in economy coincide differences in cultural pattern, in historical tradition and temp-

The Author

Kenneth S. Davis lives in Manhattan, Kansas, and is an authority on the history, traditions, and idio-
syncrasies of his state. Both a bi-
ographer and novelist, Mr. Davis wrote the widely read book about General Dwight Eisenhower, Soldier of Democracy.

In eastern Kansas, the dominant cultural pattern was first set by New England abolitionists who came in the 1850's, armed with Bibles and rifles, to fight it out with Southern pro-
slavers for possession of the territory. They had an importance in shaping the state's traditions out of all pro-
tion to their numerical strength. They were men and women of fiery conviction, profoundly committed to human freedom and hence passio-
ately hostile to slavery. But since their respect for human personality derived from that personality's dependence upon a stern God, they were sometimes inclined toward a tyranny of morals.

THIS Wild West tradition had little to do with godliness and moral rectitude, but it placed great emphasis on self-reliance, on fighting and gambling courage, on physical toughness, and on the skillful use of tools and weapons. It bred an un-
compromising economic individualism, and it certainly had more in common with the Cavalier traditions of the South than it had with the New England that had triumphed east of the Flint Hills. It mingled in uneasy
truce with Puritanism on the Low Plains, but it became actually dominant west of Salina, the semi-arid region with its gambling economy of cattle and wheat and oil.

Thus the character of Kansas was formed, originally, upon a tension between cultures alien, and even antagonistic, to one another. It was a tension which, for the first five decades of the state's existence, made for the rise of a number of vigorous and colorful personalities like John Brown, Jim Lane, John J. Ingalls, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Mary Ellen Lease, Ed Howe, and William Allen White. During those years Kansas was widely regarded as among the most progressive of all states: a community of practical idealists in an environment hostile to complacency.

For example, a Kansas Legislature, in 1883, braved cries of "radicalism" to establish a board of railroad commissioners with authority to fix rates and regulate working conditions. Kansas adopted an eight-hour labor law in 1889. Kansas was among the leaders of the nation in the establishment of compulsory education, the limitation of child labor, the setting up of a juvenile court, and the establishment of standards of sanitation for packing and other industries.

Kansas' "blue sky" law, regulating and supervising investment companies, was imitated by many states. Kansas extended complete suffrage to women in 1913 when only six other states, none of them lying to the east, had already done so. Even the adoption of prohibition in 1881 could be considered bold, progressive legislation at a time when liquor interests were powerful and corrupting influences in politics.

And so, in 1922, William Allen White could boast: "When anything is going to happen in this country, it happens first in Kansas. Abolition, Prohibition, Populism, the Bull Moose, the exit of the roller towel, the appearance of the bank guarantee, the blue sky law... these things come popping out of Kansas like bats out of hell. Sooner or later other states take up these things, and then Kansas goes on breeding other troubles."

But alas, there was equal truth in the far different view which White took of his native state in 1934, when he contributed a piece called "Just Wondering" to that year's Kansas Magazine. He wondered where Kansas had lost her vitality and her creative state pride, why Kansas no longer produced "rugged Shakespearean characters."

Certainly something departed from Kansas after the death of the Bull Moose in 1912. The great wild-eyed idealists were mostly gone by 1922.

Their inheritance was seemingly dissipated among the earnest advocates of petty prohibitions (even cigarettes were legally banned in the '20s); their roles of leadership were given up to men who apparently kept all their values in cash registers. The state
began to seem as flat psychologically as she is deemed to be topographically.

Her newspapers and public spokesmen, once creative, vital personalities, became so uniformly mediocre, so solidly committed to the same trader values and politics, as to create a dead level of conformity. The old vitalizing tension between Puritan and Wild West relaxed. Only a pale echo of it could be heard in the recent tumult over liquor, in which a Puritan willingness to legislate private morality was counter-balanced, and finally overcome, by the Plainsman's insistence on a laissez-faire economy.

WHAT had happened, and why?

An explanation lies in the persistence, in Kansas, of an agrarian economy while the country as a whole was wrestling with industrial growth and problems of which the average Kansan had slight knowledge: labor relations, foreign relations, monopoly, corporate taxation, city management. Inevitably the average Kansan translated these issues into terms of his own rural experience. But his concepts, up to date, even progressive in a rural society, sometimes became hopelessly reactionary when applied to an environment of giant corporations, slum-infested cities, and overt or covert class struggle.

And as the rustic Kansas voice continued to preach "rugged individualism" and to stress the early Protestant-capitalist virtues of sobriety, frugality, prudence, and self-denial—all in the expectation of heaven (or large dividends on investments)—that voice ceased to command a national respect. Indeed, it became a focus of irreverent humor. And this led many Kansans to exaggerate the very traits which stirred others to laughter. They increasingly selected as spokesmen and leaders the respectable, mediocre men who could be trusted not to criticize or upset the existing order. Thus what had been a bold, creative state pride degenerated into a half-ashamed provincialism.

But this year's struggle over liquor may indicate that Kansas, in 1949, is again changing her ways. If there is a sad significance in the excessive energy expended upon what today is so peripheral an issue as prohibition, there are many in the state who called the issue a "phony," designed to distract the attention of voters from Kansas' deplorable tax structure, her need for highway improvement, her need for better educational facilities—and it is significant that the last Legislature dealt with these later items to somewhat better effect than any other recent Legislature has done.

ANOTHER trend with pleasant significance is seen in the fact that Kansas, once notorious as a "hotbed of isolationism," now expresses on the popular level a burgeoning internationalism. The Kansas response to UNESCO, for example, has been so remarkable that the State Department issued the other day a special popular bulletin on it—a far departure from the department's usual run of publications. All over the state these days one hears sharp condemnation of isolationism and warm commendation of the idea (as goal, at least) of a world federal government. No doubt this internationalism has been sparked by the presence in Kan-
sas of Milton S. Eisenhower, president of Kansas State College and chairman of the United States National Commission for UNESCO. But if combustible materials had not been present, the spark could never have caused flame.

Eisenhower himself speaks of an "awakening Kansas," and points out that the event may be of world significance, inasmuch as Kansas, geographically and spiritually, is "at the heart of our continental power." Balanced halfway between the America facing Europe and the America facing Asia, the state, he says, can keep her perspective and may have a decisive strategic position for determining national policy.

Certainly, if he is right, Kansas can make valuable contributions to a nation well on the road to a "welfare" government. For the very fact that Kansas did not become swiftly and highly industrialized means that there have not developed, to the degree one finds in other areas, the snobberies, envies and guilt complexes which an economic class structure inevitably produces. No state has retained with a greater purity the concept of the individual person as a moral, responsible being—the basic unit of a self-governing society. Even the liquor furore reveals the Kansas commitment to and concern for individuality. This, properly guided, may hold values for the nation as a whole—and I think it will be guided into useful channels as the state, slowly but surely, expands her industry.

In other words, the very "backwardness" of a revitalized Kansas might help us retain, as a nation and within the "welfare" framework, that concern with right and wrong, and that emphasis on individual self-reliance without which no truly free society can be maintained. While most of the nation stresses collective rights, Kansas might stress individual responsibilities, and the emphasis could be a healthful one for democracy everywhere.

Mark Twain's Town

If Mark Twain could walk down the streets of Hannibal, Missouri, today, he would find himself operating a confectionery, a hatchery and feed store, a produce company and two beauty parlors. He is a printer and jeweler, in addition to running a cleaner's establishment and school.

Tourists who visit the old Clemens home and the Mark Twain museum adjoining it can stay in the Mark Twain Hotel, eat at the Mark Twain Dinette and ride in a Mark Twain taxi to the Mark Twain Cave made famous in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. And if they take the local bus, they will buy a token stamped with the well-known profile of the town's most famous son.

Some of Samuel Clemens' favorite characters appear to be doing a thriving business, too. Becky Thatcher's book store, just across the street from the Clemens' home, sells souvenirs. Near by is the Tom and Huck Motel. Tom, as always, is a bit ahead of Huck, for he can boast of the Tom Sawyer Theater.

Spanning the Mississippi at Hannibal is the Mark Twain Bridge. From the top of a hill in the town park overlooking the river, his statue towers as final evidence that Hannibal is truly Mark Twain's town.
A LADY who became agitated when her radio conked out and caused her to miss a favorite program became even more agitated when the radio service man came to her house.

"Heavenly stars—you're blind!" she exclaimed. "How could you fix my radio without seeing what you are doing?"

"Try me and see for yourself," replied LaVon P. Peterson pleasantly. Swiftly but deftly, his sensitive fingers felt for wires, switches, and tubes. The woman almost fainted as he heated a soldering iron and touched the glowing point to a silvery bar of solder. But within 30 minutes Peterson had her radio purring once more — and Peterson himself was thinking hard about teaching other blind men to achieve the financial independence and mental ease which was his through acquiring a radio technician’s skill.

Today the 29-year-old Peterson is one of Omaha’s proudest exhibits, thanks to his unique Radio Engineering Institute, which trains blind students to become skilled radio repair men. Peterson graduates are warranted to be as competent, or more so, than their sighted competitors.

Naturally, if a student knows Braille, it become easier for him to take notes on the lectures given by Peterson and other blind instructors. But lack of skill with Braille is no insuperable obstacle; Peterson and his fellow instructors will take on students who have sharp memories.

“One of our most important first assignments is learning to use the soldering iron,” says Peterson, a sturdy, pleasant fellow who calmly exudes self-confidence and warmth. “Many students are fearful of the red-hot iron, but when they find out that they can handle it safely if they use caution, they feel ready to try anything.”

The soldering is done by first locating with the fingers the spot to be soldered, then guiding the iron to the spot, removing the fingers quickly and applying the iron.

Peterson has contrived a whole toolbox of new instruments adapted for blind radio and electronic service men. Consider the tube-checker, for example—an indispensable device for any
radio repair man. The usual tube-checker has a needle which reveals whether a tube is alive or dead.

But Peterson and his blind students can’t see the wavering needle. Instead, they use adapters which give off varying sounds as the needle changes its position: if the sounds in one direction are strong, it means the tube is okay. If the sound is of another intensity or quality in relation to the Braille dial, it signifies that the tube is dead and must be replaced.

“Blind people are helped by nature’s law of compensation,” says school director Peterson, who has graduated more than 75 sightless radio technicians. “Take away one sense and you cultivate another. In our case, sound is a good friend. We value our ears in this work!”

Peterson’s success in teaching other blind youths to be self-reliant dates back to his graduation from high school in 1939. That year he started his first radio repair shop.

Until then, he had been a singularly successful radio “ham,” who stayed up half the night keeping in wireless contact with air friends in London, Bombay, Shanghai, Nome and countless other cities. Avidly, Peterson pounced on every bit of scientific news culled from the magazines and textbooks his mother read to him.

Peterson’s radio store was a success from the start. He asked no odds, sold things at fair prices, and repaired sets swiftly and economically. But the young man met other blind individuals who hadn’t been successful like himself. They sold brooms, hand-woven rugs, and other items tradi-

tionally assigned to the blind in order to give them something to do.

By 1942, the nation was at war and Peterson volunteered to teach GI’s to make emergency repairs on very delicate electronic equipment.

“The repairs generally had to be made in total darkness—on battlefields or aboard ship,” he recalls. “I was able to teach 800 soldiers and Marines to do this intricate kind of repair work. If sighted men could learn to do their work in complete darkness, I reasoned, why couldn’t the men who live in perpetual darkness learn to do related things in the electronic field?”

Canvassing the Omaha banks, Peterson got plenty of encouragement but no cash. His proposed school for sightless civilians and veterans was laudable but foolhardy, the bank officials told him. They couldn’t take the risk of a loan.

But one business man who had been pleased by Peterson’s repair work on his home and car radios backed up his good wishes with cash. Five thousand dollars, to be exact. Later, he confided to friends, “If that lad Peterson could teach electronics to 800 sighted men, he should be a natural with blind men like himself. This is no gamble—it’s an investment.”

The school started modestly in the fall of 1945 with a scant three students. Peterson wasn’t disheartened. He threw himself into the task of making those three blind boys as competent as he was in taking apart, repairing, and re-assembling radios, phonographs, dictaphones and other recording devices.

Within a few months, ten more

(Continued on Page 75)
Manhattan, six stories of gadgets.

by LEW RAINES

F you've ever bought a chrome-plated gadget guaranteed to open beer bottles, trim your fingernails, it open envelopes and drive tacks, then you'll feel blissfully at home in a store on New York's Sixth Avenue which caters to thousands of gadget-minded folks like yourself.

You'll be in good company at Lewis & Conger's six-story building which is jam-packed with everything from whistling lawn sprinklers to diving boards in pastel colors. Since 1835, the venerable firm has done a thriving business in luxurious, non-essential articles which somehow make the beholder gasp and yearn to own them.

You can buy a $200 picnic basket at Lewis & Conger's, or a classy velvet jacket for your cocker spaniel. A noted New York judge one afternoon was found slumped on the sidewalk, heat victim, still clutching a heavy package bearing the Lewis & Conger label. When he was revived, he gave a sheepish smile and opened the bulky parcel, revealing a portable stove for picnic use.

"I saw it during my lunch hour and it looked so blamed attractive I just had to buy it," he confessed. "Couldn't wait for them to deliver it, so I tried to carry it myself!"

The judge was but one of the 100,000 people who each year feel their sales resistance melt away when they enter the wondrous showrooms of America's best-known hardware store. Fred Allen loves to prowl through the building, as does actress Helen Hayes, a United States senator, and several ambassadors. In addition to celebrities, open-mouthed tourists by the score daily troop through the building, admiring the 86 different varieties of pots and pans and counting their money to see if they can afford a chronograph for Uncle Willie or an eight-bladed knife for Junior.

Not a few visitors are drawn to the old firm by the presence of a large number of elderly clerks who preserve the courtly manners and gallant attitudes of pre-Civil War gentlemen. Nobody is in a hurry to make a sale at Lewis & Conger's— for speed is impossible when one is crowding 70 years.

Lewis & Conger has aplomb and social assurance, born of its long history in purveying knick-knacks and
gewgaws to blase New Yorkers. Two clerks—the original Lewis & Conger—bought control of the store in 1868, and since that time descendants of men for whom the store is named have played an active role in its management.

Four gentlemen named Lewis—sons of the original Lewis—are still at work every day to unveil new and more impressive gimmicks in the famous Lewis & Conger show windows. Robert Lewis, a canny hand with a display window, thinks up some dandies to stop passersby cold in their tracks.

There was the July day, for example, when Mr. Robert decided that he could sell electric blankets despite the heat and the humidity. He created an artificial snowstorm in the street window which made sweltering pedestrians murmur "Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!" and yearn for the comfort of an electric blanket—in 98 degree weather! So alluring was the display which cooled by suggestion that the police firmly asked Mr. Robert to call off the snow so that traffic could get rolling again.

Exterminating household pests becomes a pleasure if you do it the Lewis & Conger way. A Long Island millionaire, whose mansion was ransacked by mice on nightly forays, confided his troubles to a white-haired clerk in the old store.

"The mice just don't fall for any traps," said the tycoon. "They're too darned sophisticated."

"We'll lure them," said the clerk. "Here's our best trap—it plays sweet Viennese waltzes to bring them close, and we supply imported cheese as additional bait. This trap will catch the most suspicious mice in the East!"

It worked, just as he promised, though it cost as much as a good watch.

On any day, you'll see magnates, truck drivers, school teachers and business men pausing in the Lewis & Conger Spice Shop for a nostalgic whiff of some odor which has pleasant associations for them. The delicate odors of herbs, perfume and aromatic products of the Orient always hang over the shop like an impalpable veil. On hand is a library of more than 100 cookbooks containing exotic recipes calling for rare spices which can be purchased only at Lewis & Conger's.

Open to the public also is the store's coffee research section, where trained coffee sippers search perpetually for that golden dream—the perfect cup of coffee. As dozens of bystanders eagerly participate in the tests, sampling innumerable cups of coffee, the Lewis & Conger officials artfully introduce the latest coffee maker models. From simple percolators to intricate machines which would confound a Rube Goldberg, the ways to brew coffee are endless in the store's coffee salon.

One rich lawyer brought in his own coffee and asked that it be brewed for him. He drank several cups appreciatively, exclaiming, "I pay a cook $75 a week and her coffee tastes like mud. I'm sending her here for an elementary course in coffee brewing!"

The old store is beloved by insomniacs. Its world-famed Sleep Shop is a mecca for those who turn and toss during the night, yearning for the complete bliss of sound, undisturbed...
lumber. This “sleep clinic” is the idea and responsibility of a Mr. Norman Dine, who is unendingly curious about the sleep habits of his fellow citizens.

Mr. Dine will take your measurements, give you a quasi-psychoanalysis, inquire into your dietary habits “Do you eat barbecue at midnight and then stay awake?” and then supervise the construction of a bed designed exclusively for you. One man said he slept better when the bed was lumpy; Mr. Dine obligingly put in some permanent ridges and furrows. Another wanted classical music to lull him; a built-in phonograph playing carefully selected records was the answer to his slumber problem.

If a husband wants a hard mattress and his wife insists on a soft downy resting-place, this dilemma doesn’t mean that twin beds must be installed. The Jack Sprat mattress—a Lewis & Conger specialty—is the Sleep Shop’s answer to married couples who plaintively ask how each of them may have the kind of sleep he desires. One half of the Jack Sprat mattress is silky soft; the other is firm and unyielding. Some of the noisiest quarrelers in New York have been silenced by this contribution to domestic felicity.

If you’re a chronic snorer, and your wife threatens daily to go home to mother unless you stop your wheezing, there’s hope for you at Lewis & Conger’s. This hope resides in the Whistling Snore Ball, secured by a pin to the pajamas in the back. If the snorer rolls over on his back—the best position for a nocturnal symphony—the ball digs meanly into his spine and a whistle sounds discordantly in his ear. When he rolls over to a non-snoring position, the discomfort ends and everybody is happy!

DAWN FOR THE SIGHTLESS

(Continued from Page 72)

students enrolled, and then Peterson began to get mail from every state as others heard of the unique course and asked to be counted in. Another blind man was hired as an instructor, and Peterson turned his attention to special classes for other handicapped persons—spastics and paraplegics who, though blessed with sight, were destined to spend their lives in wheel chairs or beds.

Today Peterson has the satisfaction of knowing that the majority of his graduates are earning their own way, asking no quarter and doing jobs of which sighted men could be proud. A large number of them own thriving businesses.

It was LaVon’s quiet insistence that other blind men were as adaptable as he that won him the 1948 United States Junior Chamber of Commerce award as one of the nation’s ten outstanding young men. But honors and compliments mean little to Peterson—he’s much too busy helping others win their independence in a competitive world.
Platter Chatter . . .

CONGRATULATIONS are in line for Guy Lombardo. He's getting his 25-year pin in the entertainment business, and incidentally is also celebrating his 15th year as an exclusive Decca artist . . . Elliot Lawrence, on Columbia, has signed the Gerry Mulligan Quintet as a regular feature of his band . . . Tram man Jack Teagarden, who planned to leave the Louis Armstrong group, has said he'll stick for at least another year . . . In the field of revivals, the latest of the oldies to get a dusting off is The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round . . . Danny Kaye and Patty Andrews have waxed a special version of last year's Christmas novelty, All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth . . . A cheerful note to would-be composers comes from Billy Whitlock, who has been writing songs for 50 years. Finally at the age of 80 he has a hit, Hop Scotch Polka . . . Jon and Sondra Steele, the My Happiness twins and originators of the current vocal-duo rage, have recently signed with Coral records . . . Juanita Hall, who portrays "Bloody Mary" in South Pacific, has signed a recording contract with Victor and has cut her initial releases, Love's a Precious Thing and Don't Cry, Joe . . . Charlie Spivak has changed record labels—from Victor to London . . . Ray Anthony, a former Glenn Miller trumpet star whose band was picked as "most likely to succeed in 1950," is playing to packed crowds at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans . . . Sarah Vaughan is now touring the country on another successful concert tour . . . Joining the Decca fold is Louis Armstrong, who has some choice new vocal and trumpet sides on the record shelves now . . . MGM Records have taken over a batch of masters—including releases by Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Artie Shaw and others—from the defunct Musicraft label . . . You'd never believe it, but Sammy Kaye has waxed a bop tune. Its title is Belmont Boogie, and it was written by Sammy himself . . . Bing Crosby has a smooth new ballad for Christmas entitled You're All I Want for Christmas, featuring the Ken Lane singers and Victor Young and the orchestra . . . Mercury has a new competitor for Autry and Rogers in Rex Allen and his latest release, Arizona Waltz . . . If Frankie Laine's That Lucky Old Sun keeps climbing in sales, it might equal his record of That's My Desire.
SWING SESSION

Etchach Didn't Know . . .

. . . The song Stardust is now marking its 20th anniversary. The first recording of the tune was made by Isham Jones on the Brunswick label in 1931. To date, approximately 300 recordings of the Car- michael melody have been made . . . The current Western novelty, I Never See Maggie Alone, has been popular before—back in 1926, in fact . . . Ever wonder how old singing commercials are? In the late '20's a London firm offered free hymnals to a poor church in return for inserting a musical commercial in the books. Here's how the early singing commercial went:

Hark, the Herald Angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on Earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

. . . Paul Weston formerly arranged for Tommy Dorsey . . . The Four Knights, a singing quartet, are all in their twenties, all are married, all have homes in Los Angeles, all are mad for baseball. . . Ken Smith, now with Damon Records, formerly played with "Nature Boy" in Chanute, Kansas . . . The Three Suns got their name from Al (guitar-playing) Nevin's mother. She called the boys, "my three sons"—and they changed the billing to "Suns."

Highly Recommended . . .

COLUMBIA 38572—Frank Sinatra with the Double Daters, If I Ever Love Again plus Every Man Should Marry. Frank really strikes pay wax with If I Ever Love Again. Reminiscent of the all-time favorite, I'll Never Smile Again, this sequel is an equally beautiful song, done superbly by Frankie. The flip is another new number that is definitely the type for Sinatra. Moris Stoloff supplies the smooth background. Both dream stuff for sure!

DECCA 24752—Russ Morgan and his orchestra, Makin' Love Ukulele Style and California Orange Blossom. In view of the rising popularity of banjos and ukuleles today, this timely song calls for public approval. Russ sings, assisted by the Morganeses, and a whistling chorus adds variety to the neat and clever ar-

rangement. Perhaps its catchy rhythm will be instrumental in your wanting to learn to play the "uke." The reverse is a salute to the sunshine state in much the same vein as the past Morgan hit, Sunflower. Both feature "Music in the Morgan Manner," a phrase becoming synonymous with top waxings.

DAMON D-11227—Jo Ann Tally and Ken Smith with Warren Durrett and the orchestra, The Birds and the Bees and In the Same World With You. Here's a great new novelty featuring some of Kansas City's choice talent. Jo Ann Tally tells of learning certain "facts" about the birds and the bees, while Ken Smith, playing the shy country boy, seems to be willing to go along with the lyrics. However, there's a surprise ending to bring an added climax to the musical story. The underside is a new waltz ballad with strong hit possibilities, smoothly sung by Jo Ann Tally, who is ably supported in the background by Durrett and the band. It's a double feature bound to please.

VICTOR 20-3556—Tony Martin with Skip Martin and his orchestra, Toot Toot Tootsie Goodbye plus You Call It Madness (But I Call It Love). A superb coupling by Tony and perhaps one of his best releases in months. You'll enjoy, with toe-tapping effect, the Tootsie side as Tony swings into this old favorite with good results. On the backside is an old standard with the Martin pipes coming through in top-notch order, and with the Aristocrats lending Tony their best assistance. It's hard to pick a favorite side, so take your choice!

Recommended for Christmas . . .

DECCA 24748 — The Andrews Sisters with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Merry Christmas Polka plus Christmas Candles. Here are two new Yuletide melodies that are destined for top popularity by the time ole St. Nick drops around. The Polka side is a moderately fast-tempoed number with an air of gaiety pervading from start to finish. The reverse is done at a slower pace, full of nostalgia and sentiment that will appeal to all. Grand family entertain-

(Continued on Next Page)
COLUMBIA 20606—Gene Autry. He's a Chubby Little Fellow and Santa, Santa, Santa. You'll want an introduction to these two new songs by Gene Autry, right in the Here Comes Santa groove. Gene sings the lyrics describing Santa and his holiday activities in a way that will have tremendous appeal for the children. The flip is a red and green package of Christmas in which Gene is assisted by the Pinafores and Carl Cotner's orchestra. Double-barrelled entertainment!

VICTOR ALBUM P-161—Perry Como Sings Merry Christmas Music. If you haven't already purchased this excellent album of standard Christmas favorites, you'll be wise to get one before supplies are exhausted. You'll have that Good Feeling glow as you listen to such old favorites as: That Christmas Feeling, I'll Be Home For Christmas, Oh Come All Ye Faithful, Silent Night, Winter Wonderland, Santa Claus Is Coming to Town, White Christmas and Jingle Bells. In each number Perry is assisted by the chorus and Russ Chase and the orchestra. It's a holiday merry-maker.

DECCA ALBUM A-715—Christmas Greetings Album with Bing Crosby. Here's a glorious musical tribute to the Yuletide season sung by the master crooner, Der Bingle. Two of the selections are the popular, You're All I Want For Christmas and Here Comes Santa Claus. The other four sides are carols with special charm and gifted interpretation by Bing. A must for Xmas!

* Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, Kansas City, Missouri. VI. 9430.

A New York youngster, who was more accustomed to man-made wonders than to the marvels of nature, was treated to a vacation in the country. There he saw his first rainbow.

Gazing upon the gorgeous phenomenon with wonder and perplexity, the child finally exclaimed, "Mother, it's beautiful, but what does it advertise?"
**PROGRMS ON WHB — 710**

### MORNING

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
|          | Town & Country Time | Weather Report | Livestock Estimates | Don Sullivan, Songs | Don S
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
<th>WEDNESDAY</th>
<th>THURSDAY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Treasury Varieties</td>
<td>Helzberg's Tele-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Tele-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Tele-test</td>
<td>Helzberg's Tele-test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
<td>Falstaff Serenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Treasury Varieties</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>The Saint</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Johnny Desmond</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>It Pays to be Smarter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Straight Arrow</td>
<td>Count of Monte Cristo</td>
<td>Can You Top This?</td>
<td>Fishing &amp; Hunting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meditation Board</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td>Fishing &amp; Hunting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Peter Salem</td>
<td>Official Detective</td>
<td>International Airport</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td>Bill Henry News</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Enchanted Hour</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>55</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Opera Concert</td>
<td>Murder by Experts</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td>Comedy Playhouse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Murder by Experts</td>
<td>J. Steele, Adventurer</td>
<td>Scattergood Baines</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Concert</td>
<td>Child's Hour</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Child's Hour</td>
<td>Mysterious Traveler</td>
<td>Family Theatre</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Twin Views of</td>
<td>I Love a Mystery</td>
<td>I Love a Mystery</td>
<td>I Love a Mystery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>News</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Congressman Reports</td>
<td>I Love a Mystery</td>
<td>News—John Thornberry</td>
<td>News—John Thornberry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Mutual Newsreel</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Reports</td>
<td>Behind the Story</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
<td>News—John Thornberry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mystery</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My Hobby</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Network Dance</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Band</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
<td>Serenade in the Night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
<td>News</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>Bobby Bishop's</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orch.</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George Winslow's</td>
<td>Network Dance Band</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Orch.</td>
<td>Serenade</td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Midnight News</td>
<td></td>
<td>Deems Taylor Concert</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>WHB SINGS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SINGS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SINGS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SINGS OFF</td>
<td>WHB SINGS OFF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIME</td>
<td>FRIDAY</td>
<td>SATURDAY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Hibberg's Tele-test</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:15</td>
<td>Patti Reno Serafina</td>
<td>Hawaii Calls</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>Force Hour</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Force Hour</td>
<td>Quick as a Flash</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>Morgan Show</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>Morgan Show</td>
<td>Twenty Questions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>By Duchin's Orch.</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>By Duchin's Orch.</td>
<td>Take a Number</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Henry, News</td>
<td>Meet Your Match</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Meet the Press</td>
<td>Lombardo, U.S.A.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Live a Mystery</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>Mural Newsreel</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>End the Story</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Nesh—John Thornberry</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>On Parade</td>
<td>Lombardo, U.S.A.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Work the Band</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Swing Session</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Bird in the Night</td>
<td>Lombardo, U.S.A.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>K has</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>Wasky Ranch</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Sun Session</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>SWB Signs Off</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>SWB Signs Off</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of Air</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Gabby" Hayes, bearded and loquacious comedy star of the Roy Rogers Show, visited the Penthouse Studios of WHB recently for a personal chat with his friends and fans in the Kansas City area. He’s proud of the fact that the popular half-hour is now carried by 523 Mutual stations in the United States and Canada.

The show is transcribed in segments, so that every minute of it is technically, musically, and dramatically flawless. The instrumental music is recorded first, then songs, then narration with musical accompaniment. Then the musicians go home, while Roy, Dale, "Gabby" and the supporting players transcribe dialogue. The smooth and completely entertaining result is heard at 5 p.m. Sunday evening over WHB.

Kids from eight to eighty eagerly await the hour from five to six o'clock each weekday evening, for it promises the tops in action and adventure programs and keeps youngsters glued to the radio and on hand at suppertime.

From out of the Big Bend country in the Lone Star State come Bobby Benson and his B-Bar-B Ranch boys each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:00 p.m. over WHB. Thrills abound as they thwart rustlers from over the border. After that, at 5:30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Tom Mix and his Straight Shooters ride across the Western plains, digging up mysterious clues and bringing the lawless to justice.

Shadows on the trail, a blaze of dust, and the sound of galloping hoofs herald the adventures of Straight Arrow, each Tuesday and Thursday at 5:00 p.m. Astride his palomino steed, Fury, this brave Comanche warrior struggles to curb injustice in the reckless West. Sky-high adventure and dare-devil flying follow immediately with Captain Midnight and his Secret Squadron at 5:30 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday over WHB.
A man is that irrational creature who is always looking for a home atmosphere in a hotel, and hotel service around the house.

Marriage in Hollywood has progressed to the place where the brides keep the bouquets and throw away the grooms.

Flattery is the art of telling the other fellow precisely what he thinks of himself.

Women used to say “Me, too” and tag along with their husbands, but now they say “Go to—” and go out by themselves.

Nightclub: Where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din into dinner.

Quota: A Latin word meaning, “Boy, will we be surprised if we get anything like that much!”

Some phonies can be so cheap that the wool they pull over your eyes is half cotton.

A Washington war is one in which everybody starts shooting from the lip.

The Alabama election board was counting ballots. A straight Republican ticket showed up. Not finding anything wrong with it, the board put it aside as suspicious only. After several hours, a second Republican ballot appeared. “This is going too far,” the judge exploded. “The son-of-a-gun voted twice. Throw 'em both out!”

You'll never get a level head by butting in.

The first thing to learn about driving an auto is how to stop. The same thing applies to making a speech.

America is the only place where Communists can lie above ground.

People argue to win, not to clarify their thinking.

Until the time comes when a man can get alimony by crossing his legs and showing his garters to the jury, equal rights are only a snare and a delusion.

Success demands sacrifice. For instance, two men set out to achieve fame. One succeeded. The other lived.
KANSAS CITY

Ports of Call

Magnificent Meal . . .

NANCE’S CAFE. One of its three
ancient dining rooms, pictures of celebrities
who have enjoyed the
current food at
ance’s line the walls.
Juncan Hines is among
them, for he has placed
his stamp of approval
here. But for over 45 years Kansas
Citians, too, have been familiar with the
avory dishes offered at Nance’s. Tender
sired pigeon is a special delicacy, and
t roast beef and steaks are equally good.
You'll welcome the “Biscuit Girl” who is
always nearby with a basket of flaky hot
biscuits. Nance’s wonderful coffee doesn’t
hit long enough, but you’ll find there’s
always more. The back room behind the
filled gate is reserved for private gatherings.
For travelers, Nance’s is conveniently
located on the Union Station Plaza. 217
Pershing Road. HA 5688.

PUTSCH’S 210. The warmth and
charm of the old New Orleans French
quarter is recreated at Putsch’s 210. Here
rought-iron grillwork, roses and deep-
shaded walls produce an atmosphere of
fashionable elegance, coupled with real
southern hospitality. Dinners of rare
steaks, roast beef, broiled lobster and
Colorado mountain trout can be enjoyed
late as midnight by the theatre crowd.
Soft piano music in the background adds
the pleasure of leisurely dining. A
popular meeting place is the adjoining
bar room with its low glass tables and
odd-lighted glass wall mural. 210 West
9th Street. LO 2000.

SAVOY GRILL. Here in the old Grill
room—where dark-paneled walls, deep
pathe booths, pioneer murals and tiny
pained glass windows retain the memories
of early Kansas City—guests are served
by kindly old colored waiters, many of
whom have been with the Savoy for three
decades or more. However, you’ll find
the same traditional dignity and courtesy,
as well as the same delicious food, in the
Savoy’s modern Imperial Room. Here
large scroll mirrors and soft lighting pro-
vide luxurious surroundings for quiet, ele-
gant dining. Whichever you pick, you’ll
enjoy the Savoy specialties—seafood of
every sort and, of course, superb filet
mignons. Remember the sign of the lob-
ster. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

Something Different . . .

★ KING JOY LO. Alluring shades of
Old China pervade this spacious restaurant,
where heavily carved and inlaid tables,
deep enclosed booths, handleless cups and
chopsticks welcome the lover of food pre-
bred by skilled Chinese cooks. The
varied menu offers such Oriental delicacies
as chow mein with tender bean sprouts,
dry fried rice, baby shrimp, egg foo young,
and rich almond cookies. However, strictly
American food—broiled lobster, excellent
steaks and chicken—can be found on a
second menu. Don Toy supervises the
attentive service in this Oriental setting
located in the midst of Kansas City’s down-
town area. 8 West 12th Street (Second
Floor). HA 8113.

★ S H A R P ‘ S
BROADWAY
NINETIES. An even-
ing of good old-
-fashioned relaxing
merriment is waiting
for you here at
Sharp’s. Formality is
completely forgotten. Everybody’s friendly,
everybody sings, and everybody has fun.
Song sheets are passed out, and as a tire-
less piano player swings into old-time
favorites, the room rocks with voices.
Drinks are man-sized—over the bar or
with pleasant table service. An authentic
antique tandem propped above the bar
realistically recalls the gay nineties, and
the atmosphere provides a good time for
all. Broadway and Southwest Boulevard.
GR 1095.

★ UPTOWN INTERLUDE. There’s al-
ways a crowd of enthusiastic steak and
chicken lovers at this midtown spot special-
izing in top big-time entertainment. Cur-
Currently, as they enjoy Dale and Charley Overfelt’s long, tall drinks, entertainment is provided by Kansas City’s own Jeanie Leitt, whose mirth-provoking songs are done in a delightful manner that is distinctly Jeanie’s. Visitors to Kansas City will want to join the regulars who frequent the Interlude. The bar is open after midnight Sunday for the start of a gay new week. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

**To See and Be Seen . . .**

★ EL CASBAH. A smart sophistication is reflected in the many mirrors of this fashionable room, where a magnificent cuisine is elaborately served with a Continental flourish. The enticing menu offers to the gourmet such superb dishes as the dinner of the flaming sword or chicken-in-a-coconut. In keeping with this elegant atmosphere is the entertainment offered by the El Casbah. From points all over the nation, outstanding night club performers and top-rated dance orchestras are engaged to provide extraordinary entertainment for which there is no cover charge and no minimum. You’ll agree that the El Casbah is “the Midwest’s smartest supper club.” Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFE-TERIA. Each weekday morning there are crowds on hand in this smart modern cafeteria to help Frank and Lou laugh through WHB’s audience-participation show, Lucrece on the Plaza. Most everyone is having such a good time that he just stays for lunch here, where steaming food is displayed temptingly. There’s French onion soup to remind you of that you had at dawn in the Paris city market, and chicken pot pie, an example of real American cooking at its best. Table and bar service are offered in the attractive Alameda Room, where the bartender is particularly proud of his double Martinis. At the bakery counter are fresh, fragrant pastries to take home. And to complete the picture, private rooms are available for special parties. Certainly, here is a restaurant suited to everyone’s taste. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. When a gaudily attired doorman helps you out of your car on Baltimore Avenue, you’ve secured your first taste of the cosmopolitan atmosphere at Pusateri’s New Yorker. Inside there’s a splendid extra-dry martini waiting for you, a thick, juicy filet (roast beef or seafood, if you prefer), french fried onions and a special tossed salad with oil dressing. You’ll relax under Daniel MacMorris’s Manhattan skyline mural, and listen to the soft background music created by Muzak. And, of course, Gus and Jim Pusateri will be mingling with the congenial clientele, making sure that everyone is enjoying himself. 1143 Baltimore. VI 9711.

**Words for Our Pictures**

**K** ANSAS City’s largest annual social spectacle is the American Royal Coronation Ball—a pageant, crowning ceremonial and dance attended by thousands of enthusiastic townfolk each autumn. Two orchestras, five movie stars, and a cast of over two hundred entertained the throng this year. One hundred and twenty-five brightly uniformed Texas Cavaliers, from San Antonio, were special guests.

Lower left—Miss Janeice Bryan of Lawrence, Kansas, is crowned queen of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show by Harry Darby, president of the American Royal Association. Forty-nine girls from six Midwestern states competed for the crown.

Lower right—Shirley Ward, one of a dozen Kansas City debutantes designated “Belles of the American Royal,” has the first dance with her escort, Mason L. Thompson, Jr.
American Royal Coronation Ball
3,500,000 listeners swing to WHB for top-notch entertainment and reliable buying suggestions.

120 counties in 5 states constitute WHB's Golden Marketland, a pulsating center of transportation and distribution, industry and agriculture.

27 years of WHB experience advertise, promote and merchandise your product.

1 program or "spot" schedule—admirably adapted to do a selling job for YOUR business — is available NOW.

3,500,148 reasons why the Swing is to WHB!

Client Service Representatives

ED DENNIS WIN JOHNSTON
TOMMY THOMPSON
ED BIRR WARREN BOWMAN

10,000 WATTS IN KANSA

WHB AM FM

Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & CO.

MUTUAL NETWORK • 710 KILOCYCLES • 5,000 WATTS NIG