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IS THERE a formula for the defense of this country that is not military, but nevertheless, vital and essential? I believe there is. Let me explain what I mean. As you know, there are three primary colors: red, yellow and blue. From these three come all the rainbows of delightful and varied display found in the spectrum.

All of this beautiful variety is built out of and radiated from these three basic primaries. If something should happen to these three primary colors or any of them, you can imagine what would happen to the paint industry and what would happen to all of the beautiful panoramic concepts that enter into your production and provide your great customer appeal.

There are primaries in every association, in every profession and in every business, and there are primaries in the basic business of Americanism, too.

The average American is apt to lose sight of these primaries in his preoccupation with details and ramification. But under it all there is a blueprint for this prized freedom. There is a basic simple down-to-earth specification for the preservation of the republic.

There are some encouraging things about the 1952 election aside from the Republican victory. It is encourag-
Clarence Manion, former Dean of Notre Dame's Law School, in an address before National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association says: "Our greatest defense against Communism is the integrity of our States Rights Constitutional System"

By CLARENCE MANION

ning to contemplate the great unprecedented interest manifested at the polls, the fact that so many millions stood in line for hours on end in all parts of the country in order to register their small voice in this tremendous decision, but there is nothing in this election result to act as an anesthesia, to serve as an excuse for a relapse into an apathetic conviction that the future of this country is now safe. On the contrary, there are very many disturbing portents in the election.

I am not at all convinced that the basic evils with which American business men have wrestled for twenty years were all defeated, last November 4. On the contrary, many of those difficulties have been underscored. Too many people on both sides of the political fence seem to regard those evils as a permanent part of our American life.

For many years past, the business man has been definitely on the spot in the United States. A great deal of your energy and your activity has been given over to a defense of what is called private enterprise, the life blood of the business profession in America. That battle for the defense of private business is not won by any means. To win it permanently you must get down to the basic primaries of Americanism. There is a mammoth educational job to be accomplished in this country with reference to those primaries.

Within the last twelve months I have been in every state of the Union and in some of them many times. I think I have felt the pulse of American opinion and I tell you that not one American in ten thousand suspects that the structure of freedom is built exactly like anything else is built; namely, from a blueprint.

Yet we all know that nothing comes off our assembly lines that is not carefully planned in advance. First there is a drawing board, and then a transition from the drawing board to the assembly line. After the thing is produced, if it is any good at all, it is painted.

Paint makes a thing look a lot better, but it doesn’t cure its essential basic defects in structure and mechanism. Don’t think for a moment that this country has been cured by the bright coat of political paint that was applied to it last November 4.

Basic defects in popular understanding are still there and until those basic defects are corrected, then there will be no peace for the American business man and there will be no real future for a free America.
The safety of our country depends upon the popular realization of the fact that the structure of freedom is produced exactly like any other great structure in America.

Many years ago where this hotel now stands, there was nothing but a vacant lot. Somebody came on to this vacant space with a pen, a pencil and a drawing board. He drew up certain specifications. He handed these over to the builders and eventually the building resulted. That basic blueprint took certain things for granted. The blueprinters knew that two and two is four. They confidently relied upon the multiplication table and from that basic pattern of mathematical certainty reflected in the blueprint, the hotel came forth.

Now, the American Republic is no different. Many years ago the founding fathers, the architects of this so-called American dream, came upon what is now the United States and found it a vacant lot. Then and there they proceeded to draw a bill of specifications for the Republic that has sheltered us all ever since and has now revealed itself as a shining symbol of hope, not for Americans alone but for the entire world.

I want to fix your attention upon that blueprint. I want to plead with you this afternoon to put it into the great channel of publicity that you have created in newspapers, Radios, magazines, billboards. Give this blueprint a few inches of that space now and then, because unless the public consciousness of this blueprint is revived, all of your advertising will eventually go for naught as the private enterprise system is engulfed in socialistic statism.

What was this blueprint for freedom that was drawn up by these founding architects in 1776? It was drawn with the first breath of the new life of this Republic in the American Declaration of Independence. Here is the plan. Here is embodied the mathematics of American freedom. Here are the basic, primary colors that go to make up the presently colorful panorama of American life. And here are the basic essentials without which America cannot endure in spite of all our work, desires and aspirations.

At the very outset of the great document the architects of America declared "We hold these truths." Truths! Here are not matters of opinion; here are matters of fact. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," the Founding Fathers said. Here is the "Two and two" of freedom.

Number one—we hold this truth to be self-evident, "That all men are created—" let's pause there a moment. Here is the number one postulation of official American certainty. Not a matter of opinion, not a matter of argument, but a matter of fact—there is a God. Under the first of the four cornerstones of this Republic, God's existence is stipulated as a mathematical certainty.

We now move on to the second cornerstone. We hold this truth to be self-evident, number two, "That all men are created equal." Here is indeed a truth to ponder over.

Misconceptions and misconstructions of this tortured matter of human equality is at the root of all the dis-
urbance in the world today. How equal can men be? What is the possibility for equality in human nature? This is a basic question.

The communists propose to produce human equality. Well, what kind of human equality is possible? Here in the blueprint, we see a reference to equality in precisely measured terms. The blueprint says that all men are created equal. All of us are equal in God's sight, in other words, and unequal in every other way on earth. Every man in this room is unequal to every other man. Every one of you is different. Your fingerprint is not the only distinctive and individual thing about you. Your personality is different. Your ambition is different. Your capacity is different. If we should go out of this chamber over to the darkest corner of Africa, and line up all of the billions in the human family in a single file from that dark corner of Africa to the brightest corner in Chicago, every individual in that long line, man, woman and child, black, brown, and white, every one of them would be different from every other one. All the king's horses and all the king's men, can never eradicate the personal difference that exists from one human being to another. That is the natural law of God's creation.

You are equal in God's sight and for that reason, you are made equal before the law of this land. Let us reconcile ourselves to the fact that beyond that, no equality is possible on earth.

In our basic blueprint of freedom that condition is stated as a matter of fact.

Now, let's go to the third cornerstone. Here is the third self-evident truth. We hold this truth to be self-evident that "all men are endowed," it says. Not by Truman or Stalin or General Eisenhower or the Bill of Rights. No, all men "are endowed by their Creator" with certain unalienable rights. Among these rights are life, liberty and the right to pursue happiness. These things are God-given to each person at the time of his creation.

We will all admit that life is important. Murder is a heinous crime. But, what about liberty? It says here that liberty and life are equally important. God gave you liberty, too, and that is also unalienable. Liberty like life is an unalienable attribute of the human being.

Here now finally is the fourth cornerstone, and here we find more confusion than anywhere else. Here the specifications for the Republic mention government for the first time. What is government for? Where does
it come from? Well, it says right here, “To secure these rights, governments are instituted among man, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

Government, in other words, is a tool fabricated by man for the purpose of preserving God’s gift to man. Men are God-made. Rights are God-given. Equality is before God and the law, but government is made by man. Government is propelled by man. Government is financed by man. Government is created by man as man’s appliance for the preservation of God’s gifts.

Now we brush the drawing board clean of all the super-structure that has resulted from it. Here are the basic primaries of Americanism. These are the things without which the Republic will not stand because here are its supporting cornerstones. Here are the concepts that must be burned into the consciousness of the American people before you shall be free from the be-devilment of socialism, statism and communism. Of first necessity is the proper popular conception of what government was designed to do and what government therefore can be expected to do.

Certainly not very many. And yet, we are a tool-conscious nation. Nearly everybody understands about tools; the farmer, the mechanic, the housewife. Even I know something about tools and devices.

I went with my wife some months ago to purchase an electric dishwasher. I really went to resist the purchase, between you and me. We have had it now for about six months. It has been a Godsend. It is everything they said it was. You just put the soiled dishes into the dishwasher, close the lid and press the button. Some sort of a noise then emanates from the machine, splashing and rumblings—the operations are entirely secret—at a given point the lid pops open and the job is done. Just take the dishes out, put them on the cupboard shelf and go about your business.

At the moment, we are making eyes at a garbage disposal unit. I have maintained a safe distance in this case however. But, from that distance I have observed the garbage disposal unit is not unlike the dishwasher in appearance. It makes the same kind of noise, also operates in secret, and automatically stops when the job is done. It also costs about the same amount of money.

It has occurred to me that we might save the cost of this additional investment by taking the dishes out of the dishwasher when they are clean and then put the garbage into the dishwasher. The dishwasher could then dispose of the garbage.

Well, I can’t even get a single vote on that in my household. Even my six-year-old son screams with laughter when I mention my plan to have the dishwasher dispose of garbage.
Nobody will ask a dishwasher to dispose of garbage because everyone knows in that way you would destroy the dishwasher and you wouldn’t dispose of the garbage. Yet practically everybody will toss every conceivable problem that besets him from the cradle to the grave into the hopper of government; and expect the government to turn out the solution of this problem economically without corruption, without destruction, and in a completely satisfying manner. You know, that any tool or appliance in your plant is destroyed when it is used contrary to its nature and contrary to its designed purpose. You can explain that fact to any unskilled laborer in your factory. Now, why can’t we explain this governmental tool to this same man? Why don’t we try? Why don’t we show him this blueprint and tell him that this government was designed to do a special job? That it did that job well for 150 years; but if you try to pervert it into a thousand uses for which it wasn’t designed, then American government is going to be destroyed.

In spite of the unmistakable language of this blueprint I find that practically nobody now thinks of American government as a tool.

I find there is a prevailing misunderstanding about government in this country today. Until it is clarified all your battles for private enterprise are going to be lost. The average man and woman in this country today doesn’t regard government as a tool at all. They regard government as a self-created, self-propelled, self-subsisting, self-financed institution; a benevolent thing, like a cow. Not a bull mind you, but a cow. A tremendous cow that stretches across the sky with its head in the clouds, eating stratosphere, I suppose, while it grows a big fat teat for everybody on earth.

There was a teat for Tito, another one for Churchill. We even offered one to Stalin, but he was having vodka that day and didn’t want any milk.

The cow concept is the prevalent notion of American political science, and until you discredit the cow concept of government, don’t waste any time trying to save private enterprise.

You will meet stiff sales resistance when you start to work on this unfortunate misunderstanding. It’s a tough job to wean just one calf but you will have to wean millions of them. They will say, who is going to do these jobs if the government can’t do them? If you narrow government down to this simple task of restraining men from injuring one another, what about all the list of things we want done in and for our society?

That takes us back to the blueprint again. The men who made this blueprint were afraid of govern-
ment. They didn't love it, they feared it more than anything else on earth. George Washington said, “Government is like fire, a dangerous servant, a fearful master.”

I saw a gentleman light his cigarette back there. A moment ago he used a flaming match. After he used it, he didn't throw the match over his shoulder into the lap of the person in back of him. He put the match out, put his foot on it, just to be sure, because while fire is useful, it is also a dangerous thing. It has to be watched and guarded. Whenever you see fire, whether it is in a cook-stove or blast furnace, you see it watched and controlled behind iron walls. Fire is a dangerous thing. A useful thing, but a dangerous thing; a literally terrifying thing when it is on the loose and out of control. And Washington said that government is like fire, a dangerous servant and fearful master. When you study this blueprint you will see that all of the Founding Fathers felt the same way about government.

And what did they do with this fire of government that they lighted in the Declaration of Independence — this dangerous flame? They immediately contained it behind the iron walls of the newly constructed American Constitutional system. They hemmed government in and penned it up. They checked and balanced it. They gave a part of it to the governor, another part to the legislature and another part to the judges, and later they sent a part of it to Washington. But, every part of it was tied down and walled in, with the Bill of Rights and countless prohibitions against the invasions by government of this field or that.

This iron-walled containment of government is what we call the American Constitutional System.

That is why our Constitutional System was invented, to hold the fire of government. This is the first and only historical instance in which the dangerous fire of government was caught and firmly secured against the possibility of tyranny. Here in the blueprint, implicit in these specifications, I find a deep fear of government. Not a love of government, but a distrust of government, in all of its branches and phases.

Somebody asked the father of the Federal Constitution, James Madison, “How do you expect this thing to work? You have tied it down and barb-wire entangled it. No institution is going to work under those circumstances.”
And Madison replied classically, "What is government after all, but the greatest of all reflections upon human nature?" He said, "If men were angels, no government would be necessary, and if governors were angels, no restrictions upon their power would be necessary." But, unfortunately, men are not angels, so we must have government, and governors are not angels, God knows, so we must stem them in.

Then Madison added this, and here is what we have really forgotten. He said, "We have staked the future of our American political institutions" not upon the power of government, far from it. We have staked the future of our civilization "upon the capacity of mankind for self-government."

SELF-GOVERNMENT—you say, well that means politics, voting. No. Madison meant what he said. Politics and voting are all right, but Madison said that the future of this country depended upon our capacity to govern ourselves, to control ourselves, to restrain ourselves, under the Ten Commandments of the Creator. That is what self-government means.

In the United States where government is tied down, restrained and restricted, the individual citizen, in order to be worthy of the liberty that only a restrained government will permit, must grow in moral stature, self-restraint, self-control, charity and morality, if you please. This is what Madison said was an indispensable prerequisite to the future of the United States. We have lost sight of that, too.

Here is the necessary complement to the restrictions upon government which our Constitutional system establishes. Self-government, by each and every individual, is essential if we are to keep the state restrained. One hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was written, William Penn, a pious Quaker down in Pennsylvania said this: "Those people who will not be governed by God will be ruled by tyrants." Penn was right. Those people who will not govern and restrain and control themselves under the moral laws of God will be controlled by a despot.

Go back and stand where William Penn stood in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, in the seventeenth century. Look back to Herod and forward to Hitler and Stalin. You see no exception to what Penn said because when personal self-control under God's Commandments goes out of the heart of any people, a vacuum is created which sucks in a tyrant who takes God's place. It will be so with us. It is being so with us, if you please. When the state swells, the people are shrinking. There is an inescapable ratio between the size of the citizen and the size of his government. Big government is for little people. Wherever you find big government invariably the people are small.

It takes big self-controlled people to enjoy the luxury of small government. Our government was designed to be small and restrained and contained upon the presupposition that the American citizen would be God-fearing and self-controlled; self-governed, in other words.
If you can keep your hand out of your neighbor’s pocket, and your elbow out of his ribs, if you can love your neighbor as yourself, because God told you to—if you do those things, then you are going to have very little contact with the police force. Have you ever thought of that?

Primarily the coercions of the police are for the bad. The police state—complete police control, exists where people are unself-controlled—demoralized, in other words.

OUT in Iowa some months ago a man came up to me after a meeting like this. He said, “Manion, it’s true, I keep my hands out of my neighbor’s pockets and my elbow out of his ribs.” He added, “I think I love my neighbor, too, reasonably well. And come to think of it, I have never been arrested. I have never had any trouble with the police, but” he said, “now will you tell me, please, how am I going to avoid the tender mercies of the F.T.C., the O.P.S., the I.R.B., the W.S.B., X.Y.Z., and their ten thousand federal agents, who are coming through my key hole and over my transom and taking up three-fourths of my working time?”

That, my friends, is the $64 question. Moral self-government and self-control will not dissipate the incursions of the alphabetical agents with which we have been plagued like the lice of Egypt for many, many years. What are you going to do with them?

Why, you are going to look at these specifications, to see what government was designed to do, compare that with the millions of things that government is now trying to do. You will immediately observe that government is now perverted and distorted, corrupted and on the way to being destroyed by being forced to do a hundred thousand things that it never was designed to do at all. If you found a machine in your shop that was being thus perverted, corrupted and denatured, you would change the operation immediately if you wanted to save the machine. Do the same thing with your government.

Please don’t relax now, because you have a new paint job on the face of American government last November 4. Go to work more manfully than ever before and see that these hundreds of thousands of federal agents who now hold your business in the hollow of their hands are dispersed and their jobs destroyed.

Many years ago Lord Acton said that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. If you want to know what and who is responsible for the scandalous corruption of American government today, put the blame where it belongs. Put it upon the concentration of power in Washington. That is the seed of great corruption.

REMEMBER, that the man who is President of the United States finds in the hollow of his hand more power than is in the hands of any executive on earth outside the Iron Curtain.

Think of that. The thing to do with that power is dispense with it. The thing to do with that power is to send it back to the local communities and to the individual self-governing citizens in an attempt to regenerate the self-control and self-respect, the
kind of self-control and self-respect upon which our founding fathers relied for the future of this country. There is just one short simple definition for freedom. It was paraphrased by Woodrow Wilson 40 years ago when he was running for the Presidency of the United States in 1912. That was just about the twilight zone of wide-spread proper understanding of government in this country.

Wilson said then what was commonplace in those days, but which shocks this generation. Wilson said: “The history of liberty is the history of the limitation of governmental power.” He went on to say that “when we resist the concentration of governmental power we are resisting the processes of death because an increase and concentration of governmental power is always what precedes the death of human freedom.”

Washington. The thing that Wilson predicted as presaging the death of human freedom has just about taken place. This concentration of power has sounded the death knell of human liberty.

Our people have lost not only freedom. They have largely lost the desire for freedom and the capacity of self-government; and the desire for the risks and responsibilities that go with freedom. All of this is a matter of education. I look at you manufacturers as I have looked at other groups like yours. I tell you candidly that if you would lock that door and put your heads and resources together here; if all of the manufacturers and all of the management interest in this country would do likewise, you would solve this vexed problem of private enterprise in thirty days. With the agencies of publicity which you employ through your newspaper advertising columns, through the Radio, through Television, through pamphleteering, you could bring the American people back to a patriotic understanding of what this blueprint specifies as the prerequisite for American freedom.

THE American people love the Constitution of this country. They have an ingrained, inherited devotion to it. Unfortunately they regard the Constitution now not as something to contain the fire of government but as some sort of a fence in the way of the gravy train. They hold the “cow” concept of government, and they are all reaching for their teat because they think it is their birthright.

"I've been fired from four jobs because he can't stay awake."

How is human freedom today, if you please? Feel its pulse. Diagnose its situation. Do you want to know the present health of human freedom in America? Look at the concentration of governmental power in
It is simply a case of wide-spread misunderstanding. That misunderstanding can be corrected because the people of this country, the rank and file of them in the shops and on the farms, they love this country just as deeply and as fervently as you do and as I do. They will not deliberately destroy it.

They simply don’t know the real America has had no voice in the last twenty years. On the contrary, practically all of the channels of publicity and advertising and Radio have been slanted towards the cow concept, towards the numbing of the American sensibility to freedom. Every time a new evil appeared in our society, there has been a call for more and more government to salve and suture it. This governmental medicine is a narcotic. Every dose you administer calls for two doses next time until the American people are drugged, numbed and helpless.

The pat answer to our plea for the Blueprint, is Russia. We are all properly concerned about Russia, and so the justification for this despotism says that we can defeat despotism in Moscow, only by establishing despotism in Washington. That is a self-evident falsehood.

In Moscow you have the climax of all-powerful despotic government. That’s all Communism is—completely unrestrained government. When we establish an unrestrained government here, we will not have defeated Communism. We will have surrendered to it, and nobody knows that better than the Communists.

How has Russia made her conquests? Within the last six years Russia has captured six hundred million people, and with those six hundred million people, fifteen separate nationalities have disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. This is the greatest conquest of humanity in all history. How did Russia do it—by dropping bombs and launching ships and marching men? No, not a man, not a ship, not a bomb. Russia took Czechoslovakia with Czechs. Russia took Hungary with Hungarians. Russia took Romania with Romanians. Russia took Bulgaria with Bulgarians. Russia took China with Chinese. Russia intends to take America with Americans, and Russia will succeed unless we galvanize ourselves into a firm protection of our Constitutional system.

At Notre Dame a half dozen years ago, a very wise, notorious and thoroughly repentant ex-Communist quite casually gave me the cue for resistance to Communistic advances. He said: “Never worry about conspiratorial Communistic conquest in America as long as you maintain your Constitutional system.”

Russia’s pattern of conquest, he said, is no top secret. First of all they get the police. Then after the police, they terrorize the ballot boxes and thus win the revolution by a great unanimous election. Since then, exactly that has happened in all of the countries, the roll of which I called just a moment ago. It happened just exactly as he predicted it would.

When the Communists come to the United States, they are frustrated, he said. Why? Because they find the police separately controlled in forty-
eight separate and independent states. They find the ballot boxes controlled in forty-eight separate, independent states. They find the land which they want to grab and redistribute in the interest of pseudoequality, they find that land controlled lock, stock and barrel by the laws of forty-eight separate and individual states. So the Communist conspirator in the United States finds he has to start forty-eight revolutions instead of one.

This clearly reveals that our greatest defense against Communism is the integrity of our States Rights Constitutional system. If this power is centralized in Washington, the power over the police, the power over the vote, the power over the land, the stage will be set for the traditional Communist "Revolution." Every step toward federal centralization is exactly according to the Communist blueprint because when all power is centralized, whatever the pretext or the excuse, the takeover of Communists will be short and simple and direct. If you want a short, swift, sure prescription for the resistance to Communism, you will not find it all in Korea. You will not find all of it in tanks or bombs or boys. You will find the surest and firmest resistance to the kind of conquest that Russia plans for this country in the strength of the Constitutional defenses built around the fire of government in this country by the founding fathers of the Republic. So enlist your energies to that end.

This will take courage. You can't resist the swelling centralized state by apathy, by complacency, by compromise. You have to fight that swelling relentlessly. A few months ago, I saw a 9 or 10 word cycle of human civilization.

Man, it said, is born in bondage. From bondage comes faith in God, and from faith in God, comes courage, and from courage comes liberty, and from liberty comes abundance, and from abundance, selfishness, from selfishness comes complacency, and from complacency, apathy, and from apathy dependency, and from dependency, to bondage; the full circle of civilization. At what stage are we poised on that vicious circle today?

We have experienced the abundance that is the consequence of liberty. We experienced the liberty that came of the courage that came of the faith in God, and now are we selfish, apathetic? Complacent? Are we ready to become dependent? Only the most militant kind of courage will reverse this cruel current.
Don't expect the poor unlettered fellow to wake up to this salient truth. You have an obligation for leadership in this matter, and you have the God-given obligation to exercise it courageously.

We sang the "Star Spangled Banner" here at the outset of these proceedings. I always thrill at the old line, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." How true. The land of the free is the home of the brave. The land of the free is not the home of the appeaser or the compromiser or the coward. The land of the free is the home of the brave man. You must resist the X.Y.Z. and its multiple alphabetical agencies manfully regardless of the fact that you might save a few nickels by compromising with them.

You must fight them. You say, "I can't afford to do that. I have too many financial risks." Like the man in my office last week. A good client—a paying client, for example.

He drew up a very involved trust fund, all balanced up with insurance and property settlements and gifts and whatnot. When we finished I said to him, "Now that you have done all this, what are you going to do for liberty?"

He answered, "Well, I will have to leave liberty to the politicians. After all, I am just a merchant. I have to make a few dollars to care for the wife and the kids." That is the short-sighted impression that so many business men have today.

I told him, and I tell you: Tear up your trust fund and throw away your insurance policy and forget your property settlements because, unless you leave your children liberty, you leave them nothing.

Ask the Jews in Germany what good their property did them and they had lots of it when Hitler took over. Ask the Kulaks in Russia, how much their property holdings helped them against the Communist dictatorship.

In time of tyranny, property buys only one thing and that is a ticket to the concentration camp. It will be so with us unless we decide to drive government back behind its Constitutional walls. That will take courage. That will take resolution. You will find that resolution and that courage, if you look into the eyes of your children. Gather them around you. Project them down the pathway of life to the point where you are now.

What kind of an America are they going to live in when they are as old as you are? Look them in the eye. You will find resolution there; a resolution that your legacy, not of property but liberty, to these children is going to compare favorably to the great fortune of freedom which the founding fathers left to us.
JAN found herself staring at the portrait again from the middle of the worn carpeted floor. From the first, the disapproving eyes of grandmother Whitney had drawn her gaze like a magnet. For a long time she had been promising herself that one day she would carry the offending painting up to the attic and turn its strangely beautiful face to the wall. Now she was stepping up the ladder, reaching out with both hands to take the picture down.

Then a slight frown concentrated her youthful features as she thought of Tim. "I can't do it," she whispered fiercely. "I just can't do it!" Her hands dropped away from the frame and she stepped back to the floor, glancing about the old fashioned parlor. This room had been lived in by Tim’s father, and by his father’s father. Tim was proud of it; he had intense pride in the whole house.

"LIVE Your Own LIFE"

She wanted to throw away the old furniture and take down the family portrait. But did she dare?

By ADDIE JO SHARP

How well Jan remembered the day when, hand in hand, the two of them first opened the massive front door, and Tim had swept her up in his arms and over the threshold in a laughing and sentimental gesture. Sinking into the depths of the ancient cherry-wood sofa, the girl lost herself in memory. Her childlike face with its frame of spun bronze was the sole note of brightness in the somber surroundings. Watching the shadows crowding each other into corners of the parlor, Jan shivered and pressed her ringless hands. There had been no money for rings . . .

Newly deprived of both parents by sudden tragedy, Tim Whitney had rushed his bride of a few hours to the old homestead. There they had dug right in, trying to salvage what they could of the family fortune. Pridefully
he had presented her with the treasures the old house contained. "All these things belonged to Gran. You would have liked Gran," he said, "She was a great lady."

"She doesn't like me," thought Jan. "She doesn't want me to have her house—her lovely things. She doesn't want me to have Tim. She can't imagine an ordinary creature having the effrontery to aspire to a place in the family..." Timothy Marsh Whitney was the last... the only one left to carry on the traditions of a hundred years of gentle living. Now there was no money left... only the old house with its collection of museum pieces, and the name Jan's children would bear.

For nearly a year, Jan had lived with the reproving eyes of grandmother Whitney upon her. She had said nothing to Tim of her feelings. Rather she had let the obsession grow. Something within her would not allow a moment's peace until the portrait was removed from above the marble-topped mantel. Today the bubble of unease had suddenly burst and she had gotten as far as the top of the ladder. Leaning against the mantel was a bright landscape she had found in the attic; dusted and cleaned, it was to have replaced grandmother Whitney. Then she had thought of Tim.

For nearly a year she had waited for him to suggest that they make some changes in the old house—changes that would make it Jan's instead of grandmother's. The suggestions had not come. Jan had done nothing, for she could not bring herself to move any of the sacred objects on her own responsibility, and besides, Gran's eyes were always watching.

Purposefully, Jan rose and crossed the room to the velvet draped windows. She'd call Bess Elliot next door to come over and lend moral support. Bess and Tim had played together as children, and Bess had befriended Jan with little acts of kindness. Jan pulled back the hangings. Beyond the garden, Jan could see Bess, long of limb, striding about among the azaleas.

The other girl raised a dark, close-cropped head in answer to Jan's call. "What's the matter, Chicken?" she queried, skirting the hedge that separated the two residences. "The little men after you again?"

Jan brightened. "Come on over, I need your advice."

The two girls looked up at grandmother Whitney, and Bess argued, "Why do you let that mouldy old painting get you down this way? If it bothered me that much I'd have had it down long ago, Tim or no Tim."

"She doesn't like me—I can feel it," Jan held out stubbornly.

"How could a picture like or dislike anyone, Goose?" Bess laughed. "You're always imagining things. Come on—get up there and let's take the thing down. I'll hold the ladder."

Slowly Jan mounted the ladder. She looked at the portrait. "Bess," she justified herself, "it's not that I don't like the picture and all the rest of these lovely old things. It's just that this way it isn't my home at all. It's hers. I keep thinking, too, about the difference in our backgrounds. Tim says she was a great lady. If she were
alive she would have wanted Tim to marry someone like you, someone with an old family name.” She reached up and with some effort lifted the large painting from the wall.

“Well you two—,” suddenly a masculine voice cut in from the doorway. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Both girls started guiltily. The portrait fell from Jan’s unsteady hands and went crashing to the floor. Grandmother Whitney glared up at the girl from the shattered fragments. Jan avoided the dark eyes of her husband, eyes so like those of the picture, as she managed in a small voice, “Why, Tim, dear, you’re home early. Aren’t you?”

The young Whitneys looked at each other for a moment. Then Tim spoke, “You know, I’ve been wanting to do that for a long time. I never did like that picture of Gran—didn’t do her justice.” His voice was thoughtful. “I’ve been thinking for some time that we ought to clear out a lot of this old stuff and fix the place up a little. But you’ve always seemed so crazy about antiques . . . Hey, what’s this?” He stooped and pulled a heavy brown envelope from behind the picture frame. “Why, honey, it’s addressed to you.”

From her tall perch Jan took the envelope from his hand. It was addressed in a fine Spencerian hand to Mrs. Timothy Marsh Whitney the Third. Opening it carefully she read:

“My dear:

“When you read this note, I shall be gone and you will be living in my house. If you are the kind I hope my small Tim will marry, you will not be long in taking my portrait down. I never liked it, but Tim’s grandfather would never allow it to be moved—like the rest of the things in this house. They were handed down from his mother, and I hope you will want to get rid of them as much as I did. Life belongs to the present, not to the past. Tim, I think, is like me. He will want you to be happy in your own way. The Whitneys’ way was never mine, as I was of the theater. I never was able to adjust myself to this way of living. Live your own life, my dear, and bless you.

“Agatha Whitney.

“P.S. In the envelope you will find my diamond. It will look pretty on your hand. I could never bring myself to give it to Tim’s mother.”
The Cream of Crosby

Eighteen times a month, the New York Herald-Tribune's radio and television critic erupts pungent little essays on life—life as seen on TV screens, heard on the radio. Swing cannot print all of them in our brief pages... but here are a few you'll enjoy!

By JOHN CROSBY

The Little Picture of History

We in the United States are rather short on panoply, our public functions running to boiled shirts and hamburgers rather than to powdered wigs and scarlet robes. But what the inaugural lacked in pageantry (by, let us say, comparison with the upcoming British coronation), it more than made up for in the sheer weight and grandeur of tradition which, I thought, the four television networks conveyed magnificently to an audience estimated at 75,000,000.

When you consider that the inaugural is—considering its importance—a very simple and brief ceremony, I had the feeling that the huge roster of cameras and commentators and technicians sent to Washington by the TV networks wouldn't have much to record. It didn't work out that way. What came across most clearly was—not the parade with its bands and marching troops which television always does well—but the faces of the outgoing and incoming leaders of our country.

There was nothing more impressive than the procession to the inaugural stand of Senators, of Governors, of Supreme Court Justices and Cabinet members and Joint Chiefs. For these were not just names of celebrated people, they were the people themselves—a smiling, assured Tom Dewey, an impassive General Marshall, an expressionless Dean Acheson remote as the moon. There was Herbert Hoover, ar-
riving on the stand early and looking even grimmer than he did twenty years ago when he rode down Pennsylvania Avenue with President Roosevelt. There was President Truman who seemed far more triumphant on the moment of his departure than at the moment of his arrival, listening with intense concentration to the speech of his successor and applauding faintly from time to time. There was Nixon shifting uneasily from side to side, seemingly uncertain which side he was to be sworn in from.

Television scored best on the little pictures of people ranging from the new President to a little Negro boy perched in a tree on the parade route which, while intimate, still carried the terrible authority of history. Not that the big picture was neglected. NBC, for example, with fifteen cameras, fifteen commentators and a total crew of 250, gave a performance which was an absolute marvel of coordination, jumping all over Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues with hardly a flicker of uncertainty. The public is likely to take television technical virtuosity for granted but this one, which took months of preparation, was remarkable even by television’s high standards.

General Motors has paid $6,000,000 to NBC-TV for a series of public affairs (the inaugural, the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and some football games) which NBC would happily have carried for nothing. Apparently quite alive to the possibility of public censure, the commercialization of the show (suspended entirely during the actual ceremony) was almost eliminated beyond an occasional mention and the rather startling legend flashed on the screen once or twice that this was “A GM-TV Key Event.”

G.M.’s best advertisement was the unbroken succession of Cadillacs, bearing the President and party to the White House. It must have been particularly galling to the Packard people who were sponsoring the show on CBS-TV and could hardly avoid telecasting Cadillacs to millions of viewers. G.M.’s only questionable activity was a half hour review on film of prior inaugurals in which the commentator pointed out how well the development of Cadillac had kept abreast and, in fact, well ahead of our expanding national history. It wasn’t offensive. It was just funny.

As to the parade, I have a private theory that television and parades are mutually incompatible. A parade, as I see it, should have a beginning and a middle and an end and the spectator, establishing himself at one fixed point, sees it in that order. But television, that electronic wonder, can keep right up with the denouement (in this case, President Eisenhower) so that instead of seeing him wave at you once which is what you’re waiting for, you see it again and again. You’re in the parade, not witnessing it. Actually, what we saw was the most of were the Secret Service men, mostly the backs of their heads, an inspired sight.

However, once President Eisenhower took the reviewing stand, the TV cameras resumed the role of spectator rather than participant. Did a perfectly wonderful job, too, on the marching troops and cadets, the bands, the floats, the tanks, and even the elephant.

Welcome Home

“TWO For The Money” is a show over which Fred Allen was to have presided. Then illness intervened and the doctors ruled Mr. Allen off the field for the time being. So NBC rushed in Herb Shriner from the bullpen. Naturally this changed the nature of the show. Mr. Allen takes a dim view of most everything mortal. Mr. Shriner is a quite different dish of tea.

He is introduced on this show as “the down-to-earth humanitarian and humorist” and that is a very apt description. He is certainly the most human humorist in the league just now. This is one of those quiz shows where the emcee tries to give away as much money as possible while making as many wisecracks as the Communications Act allows. Shriner, in short, is being asked to be an Indiana Groucho Marx. He does very well at it, too. The difference is that, while Groucho has to strain at being reasonably polite to the contestants (who, you feel, he’d like to strangle), Shriner acts as if politeness came to him naturally.

It’s nice to have Shriner back. His first show he opened with some remarks on
that subject. "Quite a lot of people," he explained in his davenport way, "have asked me when I was going to be back on television. Well, actually, it was my landlady asking me if I had anything lined up." He paused and considered life for a moment, then observed mildly: "Can you imagine a man just standing around giving away money? I don't know how President Truman can give it up."

He thrust his hands in his pockets a little deeper and added: "If we're going to give away money, we might as well give it away while it's still worth something." That led into the first contestant, a man who exports milking machines. The contestant had a female consort as is customary in these quizzes. "How do the cows feel about milking machines?" Shriner inquired. "After four or five times, they forget they've ever been milked by hand." "Shows how fickle cows are," murmured Shriner and plunged into the questions.

This particular game—I never thought I'd wind up in the newspaper business describing parlor games—demands that the contestants supply, say, the names of as many European capitals as they can muster before the bell rings. Well, this couple was hot as a pistol on European capitals and on a lot of other things. In fact, at one point, Shriner, who had furnished the couple with a carton of his sponsor's cigarettes as an opening inducement, declared meekly: "I think you better give us back those cigarettes, please." They'd won $585—and that was by no means the end. They went on to garner $2,384. Even by modern quiz standards, that's quite a score.

"Well, that's a wonderful start," said Shriner helplessly and passed on to the next contestant, a button manufacturer. "I hope you do as well as the other folks did. If you do, we'll have to make the cigarettes shorter." Whereupon he fell to interviewing the button manufacturer's quiz partner.

"What do you do?" he asked a lady who worked in a department store.

"We advise brides what to do."

"Department stores do that now? Their mothers used to."

That's the sort of humor it is. And Shriner, who has the most disarming face in this racket, delivers it so gently that you almost approve of him doing this sort of thing for a living. I still wish he had his other show which gave him more scope. His other show, a sort of "Our Town" in miniature, was really one of the most winning and original and—well—wholesome television shows ever put together. I mourn its passing.

In fact, when I stare into the bottom of a drink late at night, I get mournful over the fact that so many of our comedians are up to this. Groucho Marx, Fred Allen (if he'd stayed sound), Herb Shriner are always asking ladies from Kenosha what their husbands do for a living and why they settled in Kenosha. I can't help feeling they should be doing better things.

\[This Isn't a Bit Believable, Mort\]

I'm as interested as the next man in science fiction and sometimes a little more so. (That next man has been caught nodding over "Space Cadet," a heresy in science fiction circles.) There are more things in science fiction than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio.

One of them was little Glenn Walkin, age seven, a cute freckle-faced urchin who not long ago appeared on "Tales Of Tomorrow." A tough job of acting for a seven-year-old or—for that matter—for Bette Davis. It was little Glenn's job to play the role of a sphere from another planet—a small round pulsating object which moved, had a superior intelligence
and could communicate to us earth creatures by means of small horn-like objects on its head. (Head? That's a head?)

Well, naturally, an assignment like that would tax the ingenuity of a Maurice Evans or maybe even of a Humphrey Bogart. So I dispatched my operative over to see just how well Glenn did. (I'd have gone myself, but seven-year-old boys terrify me even without small horn-like objects on their heads.)

Operative X-1 walked right into a big union problem. What was Glenn Walkin exactly—a prop, a costume, a piece of scenery, an actor? Glenn's thirteen-year-old brother held that he was an actor and added vehemently: "Oh, you always get the good parts!" The union eventually strung along and Glenn was paid scale rates with a bonus. The bonus: the sphere which he activated. He was enchanted with it and is even now frightening the wits out of all the little boys in his neighborhood.

The Brooks Brothers people—the costumers of show people, not of Madison Avenue executives—ran up the sphere which was a canvas bag about the size of a beach ball. It had a foam rubber exterior rough as the moon and it was painted a mottled green. The original idea was to zip little Glenn inside and have him roll around as living spheres from other planets are likely to do. This proved impractical on a number of counts. For one thing, it didn't ring true. For another, it gave little Glenn a very limited emotional range in which to act. For still another—and most importantly—it was hard on little Glenn who never knew which side was up.

So they unzipped little Glenn and pulled out his legs. Instead of rolling around, he walked around—a concession to practicability which would have horrified Jules Verne. The general idea of this script (called "The Quiet Lady") was that these green spheres were frightening us earth folks into fits and there was a nasty rumor running around that they were spreading a disease. Well, Una O'Connor, who was, so to speak, tuned into their antenna, got to hashing things over with one of the spheres (little Glenn) and found out that they weren't trying to spread the disease at all; they were trying to teach us stupid earthlings how to cure it.

During rehearsals little Glenn Walkin grew so fond of his sphere that he'd crawl inside it and sit there between scenes. When Operative X-1 arrived, he was sitting inside it—just his head showing—drinking homogenized milk through a straw. The day before he'd crawled inside, zipped himself up and fallen asleep.

In little Glenn's big scene, John Conte walks into a room and opens a closet door. Out waddles the green sphere. It just stands there, pulsating, then staggers back into the closet. "Pretty scary sight," reported Operative X-1. Conte slams the door and yells for another actor and asks him to shoot the thing. But just then Una O'Connor gets a message from him and shrieks, "No, he's trying to tell me something."

They ran through it three or four times. When it was over, Glenn had quite a lot of trouble getting out of the sphere. He rolled over a couple of times, kicking and flailing his arms. Finally he crawled out, grinning and soaked with perspiration.

A cameraman turned to the director and shook his head. "Mort," he said, "this isn't a bit believable."

The 700th Concert

Radio is still winning handily in one department, that of music. On Jan. 11, one of radio's greatest programs—the New York Philharmonic symphony—was broadcast for the 700th time, which is a lot of times. The Philharmonic has become that rare thing, a radio classic. That is, it has acquired such enormous prestige than any changes in its structure are greeted with a roar of protests as if the network were proposing to monkey with the United States Constitution.

In the 1950-51 season, for example, the symphony was recorded and broadcast at 1 p.m. (EST) Sundays in place of the normal time at 2:30. Recording, of course, has become such a high art that even sound engineers can hardly tell the difference. Still, listeners from Boston to Houston were outraged at the very thought that their beloved concert was coming to them out of a can rather than out of a
concert hall. The following year, the Philharmonic went back on the air live and it still is live. It’s doubtful that anyone will monkey with it any more.

Last December when the Philharmonic performed its 5,000th concert, it had attained such eminence that “Life” hailed it as the “greatest single institution in musical history,” noting particularly that it had pioneered in the broadcasting of symphony music. Curiously enough, it took some doing to get on the air in the first place.

The symphony broadcasts were the brain child of William S. Paley, who had just acquired control of CBS. In 1930 when he dreamed it all up, CBS was very much the junior network to the older, larger and infinitely more powerful NBC. It was Paley’s thought that the broadcasting of a symphony concert on a regular basis would give his network a little prestige with which to combat NBC’s high position. His co-directors thought he was out of his mind, pointing out that there was no audience for good music. Paley retorted that he would create one. The Philharmonic has done just that. The first broadcast, October 5, 1930, a performance of Weber’s overture to “Der Freischütz,” was heard over sixteen stations by an audience which by today’s standards is infinitesimal. Today it’s broadcast over 194 stations to an audience that runs into the millions. Its national rating is 4.2. (In Kansas City, its November-December “Pulse” rating averaged 3.5.—Ed.)

It’s impossible to estimate how large a contribution the Philharmonic has made toward creating the present huge market for symphony records or for concerts throughout the country. The Philharmonic has even done a lot toward building an audience for rival symphonies which followed it on the air. The impact of good music on American culture can’t be measured in ordinary terms but it may be assumed that it has had a deep and permanent effect.

In fact, radio’s contributions in the field of good music only calls attention to its glaring omission in other fields. Radio, it seems to me, might have created an audience for great books, great plays and great minds just as it did for great music. But it didn’t.

The Philharmonic broadcasts have successfully disproved the old notion that symphony music appeals only to the upper crust. Fan mail, station reports, telephone calls and surveys reveal that symphony appeals to people in all classes of society and in rural as well as urban communities. Some of the Philharmonic’s most devoted fans are soldiers situated in God-forsaken spots in the world. This December, the orchestra got a $5 contribution from an army private in Korea who wrote that the broadcasts which are heard in Korea were his only link with America. The symphony is also heard by troops in Hawaii and Alaska. Today more people listen to the Philharmonic on a single Sunday afternoon than have attended the concerts at Carnegie Hall in the orchestra’s 110-year existence.

James Fassett now does the ten or fifteen minute intermission talks and interviews and these bring in quite a lot of mail. These range from talks with musicians to tape recordings of musical events done on the spot around the country and sometimes in Europe. Fassett has made these tape recordings in Waukesha, Wis.; on Boston’s Beacon Hill (where the Beacon Hill Bell ringers played carols on bells), and at Grandma Moses’ home in Eagle Bridge, N. Y. On this one, Grandma Moses told about the first Christmas she remembered when she was four years old, eighty-eight years ago.

UP IN Albany, N. Y., Sen. Thomas C. Desmond is engaged in a private crusade to purify the air, specifically of liquor and beer commercials. (If hard liquor has ever been advertised on the air it’s escaped my attention. It’s been banned by the networks for decades.) Desmond objects even to the sponsorship of baseball games by beer companies which are far and away the biggest baseball sponsors in the nation. Children, says Desmond, now sing “Piel’s is the beer for me” instead of Mother Goose rhymes. Shucks, Senator, you should have heard the jingles I sang as a child. They weren’t Mother Goose rhymes and they weren’t half as mild as “Piel’s is the beer for me” which isn’t a bad jingle at all.

At the age of five or thereabouts, one
of my favorites was the Georgia Tech song:

"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer.
Like all jolly good fellows
"I drink my whiskey clear."

Just possibly it had a permanently damaging effect on my character, Senator, but I doubt it.

"Now see if you can guess what this tune is."

A Sensible Approach

It HAS always been my contention that children would survive television as they have survived the other cataclysms like the invention of the bathtub. Not entirely unscathed, but reasonably in possession of their faculties.

This moderate view is not susceptible to much editorial indignation and is not especially popular among parents, some of whom like to ascribe everything including measles to the malign influence of a piece of furniture in the living room. The case for the opposition—there is one—has been made, rather tellingly, I think, by the health officer of Oakland, California, Dr. J. C. Geiger.

"The more insecure an individual or parent may be about the realities which surround him, the more anxious and vociferous he or she will be about the radio, television or moving pictures. In many cases a parent who becomes fearful about the influence of television programs on his child is actually anxious about its effect on himself. In other instances, a parent may become anxious because he senses the fact that he will not be able to control this new ogre. For example, parents who are controlled by their children fall immediate heir to this anxiety and fear."

My own highly unscientific and slightly crotchety observations bear this out. To put it in the most matter of fact language I can muster, the type of parents who worry about television are likely to worry about every damn thing. I don't mean to impugn the common sense of every parent who has ever muttered into his martini about the persistence of "Space Cadet." There are certain legitimate complaints to be made about the children's fare on television. The noise rate—to take one very small example—of "Howdy Doody," for instance. They conduct that program at the tops of their lungs as if all the children were three rooms away, which frequently they are.

Parents, Dr. Geiger points out, have no real reason to fear all the shooting that goes on in the cowboy epics or the prevalence of the gun in their own living room. "The amount of influence that a television or radio program has on a child is directly related to the adjustment of the child in his family and to society in general. If the child has a secure relationship with his family and with his outside social environment, he will be able to take the 'Hopalong Cassidy' adventure or the 'Dick Shane' detective serial in his stride.

"Such a child will always be able to regard the program as a make-believe story and view it from that standpoint. He may act out the cowboy story in his play the very next day; however, he will always recognize his play acting as fantasy which may be cloaked with excitement but devoid of abnormal fear or anxiety."

"The maladjusted and insecure child who has an unloving relationship with his family and who is fearful of his social environment may be influenced personally
by television programs. He may see his own fears and insecurities magnified on the television screen. A child who feels unwanted and threatened by his own parents may react very fearfully to violence and brutality on the video screen. Because the maladjusted and insecure child is markedly confused about the realities in his own home, it is not unusual for him to confuse reality with fantasy as they are portrayed on the various programs.

This seems to me to be a remarkably sensible approach to a matter about which an awful lot of wild statements have been made not only by parents but also by doctors. Recently "The American Medical Association Journal" ran an editorial deploring "the mental, physical and social consequences" of radio and television on children. At the same time, "The Journal" admitted there has been "astonishingly little research on the medical and psychological impact of television on children." In spite of this "The Journal" closed by advising the industry to clean house before Congress did it first.

Frankly, I consider Dr. Geiger's solutions more apt. "By becoming furious at the television stations and at the programs they represent, parents are literally barking up the wrong tree. Actually all effort should be mobilized and directed at the basic problem; how can the community provide facilities for the tremendous number of maladjusted adults and children. If we can provide this help we would have no need to fear the spectre of the video set."

**A Long Winter But a Merry One**

LET'S FACE it, kids, the whodunit is going to be very much with us from here on in. We'll just have to get used to a lot of the old situations, the old dialogues. I seem to have a little list on me here somewhere of plots and lines which, I bet, you'd have trouble avoiding in any one night with the TV set.

There is—to pick one at random—the young comedy couple, just married, who through a series of wild coincidence find themselves trying, between kisses, to figure out who killed old Mrs. Throckmorton. Just after they have the murderer safely stowed away, the bride whispers to the Inspector tremulously: "My husband always told me to keep my nose out of other people's business. After this, I will." You'll see quite a lot of these people.

You'll also see quite a lot of Cafe Royale (or Cafe Zanzibar or Cafe Madagascar) which is right square in the middle of Berlin within easy reach of the Russians. "We know Cafe Royale is the center of the Soviet espionage ring," says old Colonel Higgins of Intelligence, "but how do they get the information out of the cafe? How?" My hunch, one supported by years of experience at this sort of thing, is that it's the zither player who is tapping out his dreamy melodies in Morse code to the shifty-eyed character at table three. You'll meet dozens of zither players this winter in dozens of Cafe Royales. Don't take your eyes off any of them.

Just as a guess I'd say Ralph Bellamy this winter will slip through the Iron Curtain at least fourteen times in search of an Allied spy known simply as I. Fodor. Every blessed time, I. Fodor will turn out to be a girl, a very pretty one. Romance and suspicion will bloom in about equal quantities. Is she really a Soviet spy or isn't she? You can easily tell. The Soviet spies will be heavy-lidded temptresses; the others will be dewy-eyed maidens. In the end, when the good ones lead him back to the frontier and he tries to persuade her to flee with him to safety, she'll shake her head: "My people need me."

So much for Ralph Bellamy's winter. Now, as for Geraldine Fitzgerald, who had a rough time last year, I predict that at least a score or so times, she'll find herself alone in the old mansion way out in the country. Her husband calls: "Sorry, dear. Got to work late tonight. Be home about midnight." She just hangs up and the sirens wail. Seven convicts (or lunatics) have escaped from Dartstone. The rest of the half hour, she creeps around the house, being scared successively by the creaky shutter, the rising wind, the shadows on the lawn. When her husband finally get home, she (a) shoots him (b) goes mad.

Then there's the acting couple, the older man and the young wife; who by the most
The alarming trick of fate happen to be playing "Othello." His suspicions (quite baseless) about his wife's relations with the juvenile are at white heat when he steps on stage for the startling scene. His hands are around her throat when she screams and drops dead. No, he didn't strangle her, Inspector McGillicuddy tells us. She was shot by the lady playing Iago's wife who has long coveted the top role. There ought to be a round dozen backstage murders, only about half of them, I should guess in the middle of "Othello."

There'll also be the usual quota of frightened brides, full of nameless fears they won't let either us or their husbands in on. At least one of them, when confronted by the old house her husband just bought her, will say: "I have the strangest feeling I've been here before. I . . . I just have a feeling that behind that door there's a winding staircase with a red carpet. (There is, too) and over on this side is . . ." Well, she has it exactly right. Seems she was murdered there three or four incarnations ago—the bones are still mouldering in the mysterious locked closet—and would be murdered again under identical circumstances except that, having gone through it once, she manages this time to forestall it.

Then there are the inevitable lines: "We thought you might know who he's shielding?—" "I? (frightened stare into the wings) How would I know?"

Or: "D'ya think I'm crazy? That stuff's hotter than an atomic furnace. We'd have every cop in town after us."

Or: (As they recognize the dim figure at the bottom of the garden): "Why—it's Adam! What's he doing here?"

Or: "I don't get it. If Stokes is really Featherbottom's long-missing nephew who is legally entitled to his $4,000,000 fortune, why does he try to flee to South America?"

Or: (The private eye to the blustering Inspector): "Now don't get excited."—"Excited! Who's excited?"

Or: "Just what are you suggesting, Martin Kane?"

Or: (From the blonde who has freely engaged in smuggling, dope-peddling and arson): "I don't want to get mixed up in any murder."

A Soldier Complains

"DEAR Mr. Crosby:

"Have you ever made any kind of study of the effect of television on hospitals? It might be the answer to the problem of keeping bed-ridden patients amused over a period of weeks. It might also be the answer to how the Russians get all those people to confess all those things.

"The wards here at Indiantown Gap (United States Army Hospital, Indiantown Gap, Pa.) are long and narrow, much the shape of army barracks, with fourteen beds on a side. The machine stands at the far end of the ward and it runs from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. without even taking time out for meals. It is very much reminiscent of the George Orwell machine made famous in 1894, except that Winston could leave his room while the bed-ridden soldier can't.

"It's hard for a layman like me to gauge the effect of this constant video ray bombardment. Certainly more of the guys look at TV than read. Certainly they are so engrossed with it that they hardly know their neighbors' names. Certainly they complain when it is shut off.

"Yet, when I was so fortunate as to be moved for a few days to the one ward without a set, I found some strange reactions. The men did read. They played cards. They argued. They griped. They seemed to be alive.

"Coming back to the TV ward I ceased
reading and began to pay attention to this phantasmagoric monster which began to
obtrude itself upon me by constant day-
by-day pounding. It became impossible to
concentrate. The effect was more hypnotic
than pleasurable.

“You know what they were looking at?
Of course you do, but you don’t look at
these things every day. Grown men, train-
ing to fight for our country, watching
‘Ding Dong School,’ a program for kinder-
garten children. They let the lady who runs
this program tell them to fold pieces of
paper and cut out sections to paste on
cardboard. It’s loads of fun, the lady says.

“They, so help me, listen to cooking
recipes. The other morning the recipe was
for spiced beets. Now who in this hospital
or any other hospital is going to spice a
beet? Then there’s a program on which
people get married and a serial in which
a woman is paralyzed (her husband is
mad), thus keeping her sister from marry-
ing the man she loves. There’s been a lot
of hooting and hollering but the plot
hasn’t changed in three weeks. And the
quiz programs—what’s happened to them?
They are just like soap operas except that
all the people solve their terrible problems
by striking it rich and breaking banks.
And for a maraschino there is Howdy
Doody, Wild Bill Hickok, Rama of the
Jungle and a program in which girls dance
with girls.

“I ask you is it legal to subject our
soldiers to this kind of punishment? Aren’t
there narcotics laws? It doesn’t make much
difference to me. I’ll be home on conva-
lescent leave to enjoy a new kind of free-
don—freedom to shut off the Thing.

“Sincerely,
“Private (Name withheld)

“P.S. Reading this over, I find it has
no point. For all the effect it’ll have, it’s
like sending an eviction notice to the in-
habitants of Canada. The only purpose an
investigation of televised wards would have
would be to give the investigator some in-
sight into the world of the near future
when the ubiquity of the television set will
make it impossible for Man to escape.”

Well, I dunno, Private X. Last time I
was in the Army hospital there was only
radio to contend with. That was bad
even. Each bed had a headset. At night,
after the lights were out, the stay-aways
would listen to Bob Hope while the rest
of us were trying to get a little sleep. Sud-
denly the darkness would be shattered by
maniacal laughter at jokes we couldn’t
hear. Reason tottered.

And for the next war, progress will have
taken another stride. They’ll have the
feelies by that time. Dagmar will kiss each
and every one of us good night, whisper-
ing into each of our ears the reminder that
Clorets leave the breath kissing-sweet.

THese commercial announcers are be-
inning to wear me down. I mean the
men who look right at you, holding the
bottle of Pepto-Bismo, and grinning away
as if they’d never had an upset stomach
in their lives. The girls are much better at
it. They look as if they had not only heard
of the soap powder but had actually used
the stuff.

But these stainless steel, relentlessly
grinning announcers can’t convince me
they ever suffered from throat scratch or
headaches or any of the other ailments they
keep warning us about. I don’t know what
can be done about this exactly but I’ve
brooded about it quite a lot. My only sug-
gestion is that they muss ‘em up a little.
Disarrange those faultless neckties. Muss
up their hair a little bit. They don’t look
quite human.

Dangerous Corner

PERHAPS the most alarming single
thing about television at the moment is
the almost fatal conservatism that has en-
veloped it. Television is in grave danger
of succumbing to hardening of the arteries
at the tender age of five years.

Very little is being done to develop
either new ideas or new personalities. In
stead the old ideas and the old person-
alities are being exploited for all they are
worth and perhaps a little morc. George
Burns and Gracie Allen—to take only one
example—who were on every other week
last year are on every week this year.
Burns will tell you that the impact of the
show and the audience it attracts are so
very much less on an alternate week basis
that a weekly show is imperative. People
THE CREAM OF CROSBY

simply can't remember to tune in alternate weeks.

And since there are only so many hours of prime evening time available on what amounts in many cities to only two networks (NBC and CBS), this means that a very few entertainers and a very few programs are going to dominate a very large industry. Along with this shrinkage of talent, there is an equal shrinkage of the amount of money available for television.

“Sponsor” magazine reports a rather alarming new trend in this regard. Clients, says “Sponsor,” are getting more and more timid about launching anything new in format or personality. Instead, they are shopping around to buy into established shows which have a proven rating. A good many sponsors are discovering that their television shows—no matter how successful—are too expensive for their budgets.

Consequently, when a client approaches them with a proposition to share the billing and the cost, they are receptive. This is done in two ways. Philco Playhouse, for example, is now sponsored by Philco one week and by Goodyear the next. Same show but two sponsors. Buick has moved in on the Milton Berle show every fourth week. Here there are two different shows but the time slot—8 to 9 p.m. on Tuesdays—has been made so valuable by Berle that the Buick circus show is doing very well. And both Buick and Texaco, which sponsors Berle, are saving a wad of money.

“This stratagem,” the magazine declares, “has provoked such comments from critical radio-TV executives as:

"It's the finishing touch to any incentive for creating new programs." "If enough advertisers latch onto this sort of philosophy, the business will be in a position of actually consuming itself." "In due time most network advertisers would become glorified hitchhikers—riding on the back of what would amount to thirty or forty network shows." "It's bad enough that the area of experimentation has been constricted to almost nothing, but this chopping up into smaller sponsored pieces of what is already on the air can only lead to complete creative aridity""

This situation, I hasten to add, is not entirely the fault of timid clients. Television is getting to be a horribly expensive proposition and not all of this cost can be justified. Naturally, a client with $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 to spend on TV is going to look for what one ad agency executive called “a safe rut.” With that kind of money, he can't afford to gamble.

But costs never should have got so far out of hand in the first place. Union demands and union regulations in television are already fairly appalling. To get a piece of scenery from a warehouse into place on the set involves the high-priced services of four different union members. All sorts of featherbedding is beginning to crop up. Salaries of some writers and entertainers are swollen beyond belief.

Television, in short, is pricing itself into a dangerous corner. For the advertiser will pay out only what he happens to have on him. If he can't get silk, he will buy shoddy. Or he'll hitchhike on some one else's show. A few people will do mighty well both ratingwise and financially, but the industry as a whole will be the loser. The real loser, as usual, will be you and me—the members of the audience.

"Hello, Mr. Blake? . . . Mr. Blake this is 'PHONE QUIZ'. I want to ask you a question on behalf of my sponsor, The Bee Cee T. V. Co.—when are you going to make a payment on your television set?"
The Mickey Spillane Influence On Songs

The popular music scholars, an intrepid bunch of drinkers, have been turning a sour look on the contemporary songs. Too many tears, too much frustration. Arnold Shaw, who is vice-president and general manager of Duchess Music, complains in "Variety" that 1952 was the year that "sex-vec-wrecks" superseded "June-spoon-moon." It was, in short, the Mickey Spillane year in song-writing when "belting replaced crooning and singing."

This is a terrible thing. Time was when a man's heart's desire was his mother. Then it was his wife. Now, it's somebody else's wife ("I Went To Your Wedding"). As Jim Walsh points out, tears are not foreign to popular songs but there is a great difference.

"In the old days the guy nearly always got his gal but after some years of what has always been called wedded bliss, she died and was planted in the village churchyard. Our hero then spent his remaining years with a permanent case of sniffles recalling how happy he and Genevieve had been before she kicked off. Sometimes she died before the wedding rites could be performed but he still consoled himself with remembering their strolls through the meadow.

"Today on the other hand, guy is fated never to get gal. He sees her crushed in the embrace of another character; he loses his little darling while dancing to the strains of the Tennessee Waltz or he goes to her wedding and watches her square off with some other square—but she is never his, not even for a few brief months or years. Instead he rends his garments and mourns her as one dead while doing some plain and fancy booze-h'isting and hic-coughing that she'll always be his 'in-spuh-ray-shun'."

Walsh points out that the heroines of the old songs invariably died in the second verse, and were interred in picturesque spots. When the hero returned from distant shores to "The Girl I Loved In Sunny Tennessee" and asked where Mary was, her gray-haired old mother "pointed to the spot in the churchyard's little lot where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee."

Nell was buried "Where The Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way." Even the heroine of "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree" died in the seldom-sung second verse and was buried, naturally, in the shade of the old apple tree. "Frivulous Sal" died in the second verse too and "The Banks Of The Wabash" are chiefly famous as the last resting place of "angel Mary."

The death rate was awful among popular song heroines in those days but at least they left their men with some wonderful memories of a love that was true. Today, according to Arnold Shaw, love, in the accepted sense, is not what the guy has in mind at all. He or she is inflamed by a passion ("Kiss Of Fire") that would horrify angel Mary, Nell and even Frivulous Sal. The emphasis is not love—certainly not wedded love—but bodily possession ("Yours," "I'm Yours," "You Belong To Me").

I find this deplorable. Unless corrected and corrected soon, it's going to wreck all barroom singing. Your seasoned barroom tenor can really get his heart into "where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee."

Sentiment is his dish and your really good barfly can even muster up a few tears. But I never met a good drinking singer who could handle passion or, for that matter, could even sing about it with any degree of authority.

I can't, for example, imagine Mitch Rawson, one of the most celebrated of the midtown minnesingers, coping with a line like "hold me, thrill me, kiss me." He'd be drummed out of Bleeck's. As for
“Though I see the danger, still the flame grows higher. I know I must surrender to your kiss of fire.” I don’t think Jack Bleeck would allow it in the place. After all, it’s a family saloon.

Let’s have a return to decent, respectable sentiment, Tin Pan Alley, when a man could clutch his beer and really let go with “Why Did They Dig Ma’s Grave So Deep?”

Island Malarkey

“Four Star Playhouse,” the offshoot of a supercharged character named Don Sharpe, is one of the most ambitious dramatic efforts to come out of Hollywood. It is on film. It employs the high-priced regular services of such stars as Dick Powell, Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea and the occasional services of such people as Ronald Colman and David Niven.

It is produced with painstaking care by a bunch of real experts. Naturally, with so many little blessings in its favor, the results are pretty spectacular. Not necessarily spectacularly good (though it has been that). Just spectacular. Sometimes it is spectacularly bad and, to your real connoisseur, that has a degree of interest too. For when you seek a really terrible movie you have to go to Hollywood. We haven’t got the brains or the equipment or the know-how to do things anywhere near that badly here. We can turn out some punk movies. But if you’re after downright lousy movies, then Hollywood is the place. They can get them for you wholesale.

The movie the other night on “Four Star Playhouse” (CBS-TV 8:30 p.m. EST alternate Thursdays) was just such a movie. It had David Niven, an actor of great talent and tremendous charms. It was very capably directed and photographed. The dialogue was reasonably literate. And, in spite of it all, it was just plain awful.

Let me tell you about this movie. It is set on a South Sea island paradise where the natives grin all day and the drums beat all night. And Dr. David Niven, who obviously has a guilty secret of some sort, happily shoots penicillin into the sick children and is rewarded by the love of the natives and, maybe, occasionally a cocoa-nut.

Well, sir, into this paradise comes rich, nasty Mr. Masterson who owns the island and is exploiting the natives and getting filthy on copra. Right away Dr. Niven runs afoul of him. Brushes right past him without a hello because he’s on his way to shoot penicillin into a native. So Masterson tells him to pack his syringes and get out. He’s through. Not only in that island but in all the islands. (He owns the whole South Seas.)

Naturally, the natives are very sad and the drumbeats get very mournful. Dr. Niven starts to pack the syringes when a native beater comes rushing in to tell him to hurry, hurry. It’s rich, nasty Masterson, writhing in pain. Acute appendicitis. Has to be operated on immediately by the doctor he just ruined. No, that’s not the half of it. Wait. Wait.

The wind is rising. A big blow is on the way. And while the wind howls and shrieks around the flimsy hut, Dr. Niven slices away at Masterson’s innards by candlelight in a manner that would have made Hippocrates weep with joy.

“The master is going to send you away?” asks his wistful little native interne.

“Scalpel,” says Niven sternly, the wind howling like a banshee outside.

Next evening. The crisis is past. The storm’s over. Masterson’s lovely young wife comes out on the porch in the moonlight and finds young Dr. Niven staring off into the distance.

“Where will you go?” she asks.

“Who knows? Somewhere out there. Some little island. Somewhere where I’m needed.”

Well, sir, they fall to walking in the moonlight together and you know what that leads to. In this case, it leads to nasty old Masterson suddenly realizing he’d better be nice to his pretty young wife or he’ll lose her. “I’m not much for apologies,” Masterson says shamefacedly to young Dr. Niven. “But I did a lot of thinking last night.”

He wants to make amends. He’ll send young Dr. Niven anywhere—London, Paris, Rome. But no. Niven wants to stay right there where he’s needed. After the Mastersons have departed, the guilty secret comes out. Niven isn’t a doctor at all. Just
had a couple of years of medical school. He decides he’d better pack up, after all, and go back to get his degree.

“But why didn’t you tell Mr. Master-son?”

“And spoil the first decent thing he ever did in his life?” says Dr. Niven.

It’s a great line.

India, the Fred Waring show is music and pictures—pretty music and pretty pictures, each harmonizing and enhancing the other. It’s pure television.

One of the curiouser facets of our generation is our mania for watching people give things away on television. Now you take Groucho Marx who is a very funny fellow, a comedian and wit of great originality. Still, he may go down in show business memory as that nice man who gives away all that money on “You Bet Your Life.” You’d be surprised how many folks adore Groucho, not because he tells jokes but because he gives away money and therefore must be an awfully nice man—as dubious a theory as any I ever heard.

If that happens to be one of your enthusiasms—watching people give away dough—I suggest Herb Shriner who is also a very comical fellow. No one gives away money on television with such profligate gusto. All of us, I suppose, suffer a little from a Santa Claus complex but Shriner has it worse than most people. “Well,” he’ll say, rubbing his hands together with perverse glee, “we better give away some of this money. Got a lot of it here. Got it all baled up back there.”

They sure pitch it around with abandon on that program, some contestants walking off with as much as $1,200. The more they get, the happier Shriner becomes. It’s a strange vice—this giving away other people’s money—and I’m not at all sure it sets a good example for the children. How can you convince a child that 75 cents is adequate weekly recompense for a week’s school work when he sees a man walk off with $145 for remembering the names of four Presidents of the United States? Like as not the child can rattle off all thirty-three of them.

New minister: “Do you think they approved of my sermon?”

Deacon: “They were all nodding, any- way.”

“Brown looks glum. He’s been contest- ing his wife’s will.”

“I didn’t know she was dead.”

“She isn’t.”

Operator: “It costs $2 to talk to Bloom- field.”

Customer: “Isn’t there a cheaper rate for just listening? I’m calling my wife.”

One fellow boasted that he had driven a car for 20 years and never had a back-seat driver. He drives a hearse.

A long suffering school superintendent once remarked: When Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic alone it was a remark- able feat, but it would have been much more remarkable if he’d done it with a committee.
He’s Giving The INDIAN A BREAK!

By LARRY SPAIN

IN an ancient adobe out in Taos, New Mexico, Woody Crumbo, Indian artist and historian, is engaged in a project that is unique. It is Crumbo’s contention that if a nationwide audience could be shown Indian arts and crafts, the present precarious economic condition of the Indian would cease. Crumbo and a small group of full-blooded Indians are conducting one of the sanest programs for the rehabilitation of a race ever attempted.

Crumbo, a 40-year-old Pottawatomie Indian, is actually in the business of “discovering” Indians. “I’ve spent most of my life studying the Indian and his needs,” says he. “His biggest need is publicity. The apathy that has characterized general acceptance of Indian handiwork is due to widespread ignorance of its existence, and too few sales outlets.”

Every effort in the past to bring stability to the red race has failed. “And the reason,” says Crumbo, “is that most of those efforts were misdirected. The Indian does not want charity; he wants only to work in his chosen fields and sell his output for a modest profit. He wants education, a better way of life.”

Some months ago, Crumbo launched the campaign he believes will eventually give his people the publicity break they must have. His plan to bring recognition and security to the Indian took concrete form several years ago, when he began painting historical records of the red man. It resolved into four series of authentic Indian subjects, each series comprising 12 different scenes from his religion, rituals, wars, customs. It forms a complete saga of America’s first resident, a graphic account of a minority race.

At the time he began painting his series, Crumbo had evolved the plan which is now in effect—publicizing Indian arts and crafts. The original paintings are being reproduced in full-color serigraphic prints in his old Taos workshop. Most of the skills involved are supplied by Indians, who were trained under Crumbo’s supervision.

With all four series complete, they will be exhibited in the art classes of schools and colleges, in clubs, fraternal societies, youth and church organizations. It is believed that many sets will be purchased by these groups for art-history study mediums, and as home decorations. The student of early American history must have a firm grounding in Indian art and be able to interpret it faithfully, if he is to read the past of our ancient peoples.

Woody Crumbo’s ability to portray the whole gripping story of In-
Swing

dian life in line and color comes naturally. As a youth, while fulfilling the manifold duties around an Indian household, he studied diligently, from white men’s books and under the tutelage of the tribe’s wise men. The books taught him the rudiments of education; the old men inculcated in him the trilogistic pattern of true Indian living: courage, honesty, moderation.

Early in life, Crumbo knew he would be an artist. Long before he entered the Indian schools, and later the Universities of Wichita and Oklahoma, he had mastered the essentials of Indian art: Religion, dancing, song, history, folklore. He taught dancing to Indians, became one of the few exponents of the Indian flute, and eventually taught art to students of many races.

From that point on, fame came rapidly. In 1938 Crumbo was appointed Art Director of Bacone College, the only college for American Indians in the nation. Crumbo original paintings hang in such top-ranking permanent exhibits as the Philbrook and Gilcrease Museums in Tulsa; the Museum of Natural History in New York; the Universities of Wichita and Oklahoma; the Corcoran Art Gallery; the San Francisco Art Museum, and others. In 1945 he won the coveted Julius Rosenwald Fellowship, capping a six-year winning streak of 14 first prize awards, plus a half dozen scholarships.

Crumbo’s campaign to lift an entire race from oblivion and poverty is just getting underway, but already it has produced results. With only word-of-mouth advertising of his project, letters come in every day from points across the country asking for information about his plans, where the prints will be on sale, what other types of Indian-made articles will be available, and when.

Meanwhile, Crumbo is lining up top talent from various Indian tribes. He hopes to produce a diversified line of Indian products ready to introduce to a large public. Part of the proceeds from print sales will go for advance publicity of these items. A considerable portion will also go for educating and training his “discoveries” among the tribes. Several Indian youths he has encouraged show remarkable skill in art. With only a brief training period under their belts, they could, if they chose, obtain jobs in competition with the best professional silk screen overlay artists.

The publicity value of these “discoveries” for Indians in general is readily apparent. One or two in each tribe will bring recognition to other artists and craftsmen in the same tribe. Within a few more months, Crumbo hopes to have “discovered” at least a hundred deserving and talented Indians. Their creations will be shown to the nation, and they will be able to set up in business with a fair chance at success.

With good markets for the output of several artisans in each tribe, Indian economy should start looking up. With money in his pocket, the Indian will live better, dress better, send his children to school, and eventually “stand with his feet on the ground and his head in the sky.”
Silk-screen process painting is used by Indian workers in Taos to reproduce the original designs of Woody Crumbo. Above is his "Deer Family" (print size, 12 x 16 inches); at left, "Deer and Elements"; below, "Indian Dancer."
Thanks to WHB.
Local, States and National Candidates for assisting in our
"GET OUT AND VOTE CAMPAIGN"

Dr. George Benson, president of Harding College, addresses Junior C of C Bosses' Night meeting.

Don Sullivan's Western Band on WHB early morning, and at noon in "Neighborin' Time."

WHB NEWSREEL

Harry Fawcett
president
Kansas City Wine & Food Society

Big Western Show and Barn Dance sponsored each Saturday night by Tidwell Furniture over WHB packs crowds into the World War II Memorial Auditorium.

Win Johnston, Bruce Grant and E. J. Ashbaugh of Fred Harvey Restaurant celebrate Bruce's birthday with Harvey cake.

John Standley Tells WHB's "Oil" Wells it's "In The Book."
J. C. HIGDON (above), new president of K. C. Chamber of Commerce, broadcasts inaugural address over WHB.

BASEBALL is "just around the corner." Photo below, made at winter baseball meetings in Phoenix, Arizona, shows Casey Stengel, manager of the Yankees, with WHB Sports Director, Larry Ray, and Harry Craft, new manager of the K. C. Blues, the Yankees' number one farm team. Muehlebach beer will again sponsor baseball on WHB in 1953. Photo at bottom includes Parke Carroll (left), Blues business manager; Harry Craft; Larry Ray; and Lee Mac Phail, Yankee Farm Director.

FRED G. GURLEY (below), president of the Santa Fe Railways, is principal speaker at Higdon inaugural dinner. Mr. Gurley stressed the importance of Kansas City as a transportation center.
BOY IS FATHER to the Man—they say—and the story of John A. Moore, Jr., tends to prove the proverb.

At 48, handsome "June" Moore (the "June" is for "Junior") exudes boyish enthusiasm for whatever he attempts.

Like a boy, he loves sports—particularly golf and hunting. Like a boy, he is crazy about the animals in the Zoo he helped build as president of Kansas City's Park Board. Like a boy, he is enraptured with the world of theatre make-believe—a trait which led him delightedly through two terms as the first president of Kansas City's Starlight Theatre. And like a boy, June Moore still has the capacity to dream!

"I'm back in the real estate business 100% now," he says, referring to his prolonged career as a civic figure, holding office-without-pay. "And I'm dreaming up some dandy ideas!"

One such dream is the "Massman Building," to be constructed at the northeast corner of 13th and Wyandotte, on ground that is now a parking lot for The Kansas City Club. This projected twelve- to sixteen-story office-building will be the first skyscraper office building constructed in Kansas City since World War II. It will be a wonder-world of "modern" architecture and invention, containing all the latest push-button gadgets—swift elevators, and handsome rooms—air-conditioned, scientifically lighted, constructed for beauty as well as utility—a building to make citizens blink with envy in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Dallas or Tulsa! And it takes quite a bit to make a Tulsan blink! Gentry & Voskamp are the architects; and Moore hopes to begin construction soon.

Another dream is a luxury apartment development for Kansas City—"better flats," Moore describes it. Two-and-three bedroom suites with baths; a large living room combined with an adjoining dining area in one tremendous layout; a foyer; and the usual service rooms: kitchen, pantry, storage rooms and the like. June Moore wants to promote a building containing 100 of these units—for which purpose he has quietly been
studying the latest such buildings constructed in other cities. He feels that an apartment building of this type—with its conveniences, location, beauty and dignity—will appeal primarily to married couples who no longer require a large home because their children have grown up. Or that such quarters will be ideal for widowed grandmothers who want guest space for family visits. Or that elderly wifeless gentleman might find living in such apartments preferable to the accommodations available at their Clubs. The development will be a “luxury apartment” building, in conception and in fact.

These real estate activities Moore conducts as president of John A. Moore & Company, Kansas City’s oldest real estate firm, dating back to its organization as the Rieger-Moore Realty Company located at Sixth and Main Streets in 1879. The Moore of the firm then was John A. Moore, Sr., who was 50 years old when Junior was born, July 13, 1904. Senior’s father was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Albert A. Moore, who came up from Kentucky to settle in Wellington, Missouri, in 1820. He was a circuit rider in the days when ministers of the gospel rode horseback to serve a number of communities. The Reverend Moore was one of the founders of the Westport Presbyterian Church in Kansas City (when the town was “Old Westport”)—and a memorial window commemorating him may be seen in the present church building.

But there are more Moores in the story! Both sides of June’s family were named Moore.

June’s mother was Velma Moore, a blue-eyed, brown-haired beauty, daughter of John Jasper Moore. His father (June’s great-grandfather) was William Moore, a veteran of the Revolutionary War and a captain in the War of 1812 who moved westward to Missouri from Virginia to a land-grant homestead in Jackson County. The log cabin he built then is still intact. With him came June’s great-great-grandfather, Travis Moore. Out in Independence, Missouri, is a tablet to William Moore’s memory, as one of three revolutionary soldiers residing in Jackson County. June’s “Uncle Milton” Moore was a general of the Missouri Militia in the Spanish-American War, and president of the Kansas City School Board for ten years. His mother’s uncle, John W. Moore, was mayor of Kansas City in 1885-6.

The Moores on both sides of the family were all Gaelic-Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish descent, imbued with a deeply religious spirit which has continued in June’s activities as a youthful usher at the Linwood Presbyterian Church; as a young deacon
of the Westport Presbyterian Church; and, in later years, as a deacon and now a trustee of the Second Presbyterian Church. A friend and advisor to the family for many, many years was the late Dr. George P. Baity, minister of the Westport Church. "He married our parents; buried them; married us and christened our children," says June's beautiful wife, "Scotty."

Scotty's real name is Marjorie; June calls her "Marge." When you "talk family" with her she rightly claims, as does June, to be "really a native." Marjorie is the daughter of the late Charles L. Scott, for many years Kansas City general agent of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. He married Mary Coppock, daughter of Henry Coppock, whose mother was Mary Jane James, daughter of Thomas James. The early-day land holdings of the James family (not Jesse's) in Missouri included the site of the Herb Woolf farm and later the old Mission Valley Hunt Club, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Spencer.

Scotty's uncle, Ralph Coppock, held a parcel of 1,200 acres, some of which are now a part of the Mission Hills golf course and residential district. Her grandfather, Henry Coppock, gave an acre of his farm for the first Prairie School. Henry Coppock had to help build a schoolhouse! He had nine children. The old Coppock family mansion has just recently been demolished to make way for the Country Club Community Center being built in Prairie Village.

As a child, Scotty attended Bryant Grade School, Sunset Hill and Westport High. June had attended Faxon Grade School and graduated ahead of Scotty from Westport High in 1921. A friend of Scotty's was Mary Margaret Moore (June's sister, Mrs. Robert Milton)—and it was Mary Margaret who introduced June to Scotty when the girls were in the sixth grade. This was at the age, of course, when girls got in June's hair. The introduction didn't "take"—at the time, Scotty says: "He was a headache."

Scotty went on to attend Penn Hall School in Chambersburg, Pa., a fashionable school for girls which would move intact—faculty, students and servants—to Ocean City for a month each May. There followed a tour of Europe for Scotty; while June, after a semester at Kansas City Junior College, matriculated at the University of Missouri, where he studied General Arts and "campusology" for two years and became a convivial member of Sigma Nu. He left college because no courses were offered that directly taught the real estate business.

June was already working at the real estate business in these years. He began as a $4-per-week errand boy in his father's business—chased abstracts and kept insurance records—and graduated to selling. He has always been a great "planner"—has the ability to dream dreams, and then work to make those dreams come true.

Romance became part of the dream—with Scotty as its object. The couple had planned to be married September 28, 1929—a church wedding,
with a big reception at Mission Hills Country Club afterward. Jaccard’s had the invitations on order. Then, suddenly, August 24, only a month before the scheduled wedding date, June’s father died. And June, sorrowing from his loss, had to take over management of the business, at the age of twenty-five.

But Scotty and June were married, nevertheless, on the date they had planned—in a small ceremony, at Scotty’s home.

The year 1929, you may remember, was the final year of “Coolidge Prosperity”—climaxed by the fateful October break in the stock market which led into the “prosperity” that was always “just around the corner” as the great Depression of the 30’s began . . . and continued.

These were the years when the Moores were adjusting to married life—living in their first home together, on their own. Years when young June struggled to keep the family real estate business alive. The market break had wiped out their nest egg; and it was grim going. “I got my first white hairs that first year of our marriage,” says Scotty. June worked day and night, in a real estate market that was anything but active. That was when the “thrift and tireless industry” preached and practiced by John A. Moore, Sr., paid off. Dapper June Moore was not going to be licked by a mere world-wide Depression!

They built their first home in 1932, a Dutch Colonial at 642 Huntington Road, for which Scotty had planned the kitchen. She was a girl with ideas translated into clever cupboards, a compact and orderly working space for the housewife-cook, the newest in kitchen “gadgets,” and decoration of liveable, practical beauty. The Kansas City Star gave the kitchen two columns of description; and builders all over town copied the design and layout for years. Two daughters, Marilyn and Nancy June, were born to the Moores—in 1934 and 1937. The latter year the Moores became part of the “Romany Road Gang,” moving to a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse on Romany Road—where their neighbors were the new city manager, Perry Cookingham; Ray Conlin, Dan Nee and Kansas City’s present mayor, William E. Kemp. During World War II they all cultivated a community Victory Garden west of Ward Parkway.

The early years during which they lived on Romany Road were in the era when John B. “Jack” Gage was Kansas City’s “clean-up mayor,” following the defeat of the Pendergast city political machine. Jack Gage appointed June to the Park Board, of which he became president, serving from 1940 to 1945. Scotty has kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings from those days—showing June in a
homburg welcoming Lord Halifax to Kansas City; spading earth to dedicate new play-fields; initiating improvements at the Swope Park Zoo; forcing the Park concessionaire to reduce the price of pop from a dime to a nickel (nobody cares much that it is 15c a bottle, nowadays); installing a train as a kiddie-ride in Swope Park; putting baby ducks on the lake in Loose Park at Easter and giving them to Mercy hospital when fat and full-grown at Thanksgiving.

"Cleaning up" the lax business practices of Park Board machine-appointed employees was the first order of business—leading June into many a bitter fight. Under his administration, William Cully was appointed as Zoo-keeper, with resulting savings to the city of 50% on food bills for the animals. June had the idea for open animal pits and development of a veldt at the Zoo—ideas capably executed by Cully. To procure a modern swimming pool for Swope, Moore obtained a $250,000 W.P.A. appropriation, plus $25,000 of city money. He visited every big municipal pool in America to get ideas for design. Prior to the closing of the pool last summer as a result of race-problem arguments, the city had more than received its money back from fees paid by swimmers.

At Loose Park, there were difficulties about the picnic ovens, resolved only after Mrs. Jacob L. Loose, who gave the land to the city in memory of her husband, had changed her ideas and wanted to permit ovens on the grounds. Mrs. Loose loved that park; and the ducks; and the ovens—and used to keep a watchful eye on activities there with the aid of binoculars, from her apartment window in the Walnuts across Wornall Road a block away. If she saw a picnic she thought she’d enjoy, she joined the picnickers! Matters of conduct in the Park were discussed by the Park Board members at her apartment, over cocktails—with Loose-Wiles biscuits served as hors d’œuvres.

There were arguments with Park Board members and city officials over "playgrounds" and "play-fields," too. "A playground," says Moore, "is any place a supervisor supervises kids at play. A play-field is a permanent facility of ten acres or more, where children and their elders engage in sports of their own free-will, unregimented." Moore feels rather strongly about supervised play. "When it is not organized, it is recreation," he says. "When it is supervised, it tends to become regimented—and regimentation is the Nazi philosophy."

The story of Moore’s effort in behalf of the Starlight Theatre was told in Swing, June, 1951:

"As president of the Park Board, Moore got interested when the Board in 1943 wanted to build a $10,000 band shell in Swope Park. Moore brought Edward Buehler Delk into the picture as architect. And the first thing they discovered was that outdoor musicals were a bigger attraction in many cities than band or orchestra concerts. But you couldn’t stage such productions in a band shell! However, if an outdoor stage suitable for theatricals were built, a portable band shell could easily be placed on such a stage. That idea did it!

"When Moore resigned from the Park Board in 1945, he was made chairman of the outdoor theatre com-
committee on the Citizens' Planning Council; and subsequently, chairman of a like group on the Citizens' Bond Committee. He was disappointed when they cut the proposed outdoor theatre construction budget from $750,000 to $500,000. But he kept at it! 'He nursed it, rehearsed it and gave out the news.' And when Kansas City celebrated its Centennial in 1950, funds subscribed by citizens for an outdoor historical pageant made possible construction of a skeleton Starlight Theatre Amphitheatre, seating 7600 persons.

"No architect, meanwhile, had ever approached a professional task with greater zest than Delk. Talented and temperamental, he had built castles for Oklahoma oil kings; planned suburban shopping centers and store buildings that became models for real estate developers throughout the nation; he had designed memorial towers and public buildings. But the outdoor theatre was a dream assignment! In order to make it as attractive and practicable as possible, Delk visited every outdoor theatre of consequence in America, conferring with architects and theatre officials on technical details.

"The construction bill on the theatre amounts to $1,243,000 to date. At least $350,000 in additional funds will be included to add two more permanent buildings backstage and to build pergolas at the rear and along the outer aisles; so the spectators may find haven in the event of a sudden shower.

"Everything's been done with a bold hand. The electrical contractor tells you there are more than five miles of conduit, carrying 25.5 miles of wire of various kinds and sizes. A substantial portion of the conduit and wire may be seen in an underground tunnel that is four feet wide and six feet deep, extending from the stage to one of the pylons in the rear of the theatre, a distance of 300 feet.

"The backstage area is a city peopled with more than 200 artists, craftsmen, specialists and players—in the ballet and chorus rehearsal pavilions; dressing and wardrobe buildings; office; music library; shops; paint scaffold; transformer room; first aid station; and cafe.

The stage is occupied from morning until night, seven days a week. The production director has a large staff of experienced stage practitioners who whip together a new show for Monday night opening, each week from June through Labor Day weekend. The scenic designer has a crew busy building and painting sets that roll over the concrete slabs on rubber tire casters.

"One of the brick pylons down front houses the $64,000 dimmer board controlling banks of lights. On the light bridge suspended between the two rear pylons are spotlights with sufficient power to throw a white-hot light on a singer or dancing ensemble 250 feet away. Here, too, is the control board for the sound system with its ten stage microphones that will pick up even a whisper. A special feature is a tunnel underneath the stage used by orchestra members in taking their places in the pit; and by singers and dancers in crossing from one side to the other."

Moore served for the first two seasons as president of the Starlight, turning over the reins for the 1953 season to vice-president Herbert H. Wilson.
BUT of all the stories about June Moore, probably the best is what happened when he resigned from the Park Board in 1945. His friends, Mayor Gage, members of the Park Board, Park Superintendent J. V. Lewis, Secretary John Lacy and Zoo-keeper Bill Cully didn’t want Moore to quit. On Easter Sunday, when Scotty had the house freshly cleaned and dinner in the oven, the group suddenly appeared on Romany Road with three animals from the Zoo, bearing a sign, “Please Don’t Leave Us!” The animals were Bob-Bo the monkey, Barney the bear, and a baby lion named Tike. With their appearance, every neighbor kid for blocks around got the word and suddenly decided to call upon the Moores’ two daughters, Marilyn and Nancy June. Ten, then twenty, then thirty people—youngsters and adults—swarmed into the house. The party lasted several hours, while dinner was put aside and Scotty watched in dismay and delight as animals and youngsters created minor havoc with rugs and furniture!

The Moore daughters have begun to take more of father’s time and money in recent years. For one thing, with two teen-age daughters, the family needed a larger house. So they bought (in 1947) the former Herman Langworthy home at 810 West 57th Terrace. It, too, is a Pennsylvania Farmhouse, near Sunset Hill School for the girls; and designed by Edward Buehler Delk. “When I saw Delk’s design plate near the front door, I knew we had to have that house,” says June.

With college years for the girls looming ahead, the family toured the east last summer to inspect schools—through New England and the Cape to Boston, New York, Washington, D. C., and Williamsburg. They think they’ve about settled on a school in the east (after which Marilyn wants to go to a state university). In Williamsburg, Marilyn got material for a term paper she’s writing. In Washington, June called Mrs. Harry Truman, who invited them to the White House. The remodeling work had just been completed, and they had opportunity for a complete inspection. President Truman turned up to show them through his office and the cabinet room—and “presented” Nancy June with a miniature statue of Andrew Jackson (a replica of the Courthouse statue in Kansas City) if she would just pick it up and hand it to her father. Nancy June tried—but the replica weighed 1200 pounds!

From the time the girls were small, June has always planned vacations for his daughters to make travel a part of their education—with trips through Yellowstone, Grand Canyon and other national parks. Annually the girls attend Camp Kamaji at Cass Lake, Minnesota, where their mother herself had been a camper.

But for all the women in his life—wife, daughters, a sister, a widowed mother and mother-in-law, two elderly aunts—and a female dog—June is strictly a “man’s man.” He never misses a Saddle & Sirloin Club trail ride; he hunts duck and pheasant every fall; for years he shot golf in the low 70s and once toured the Canadian tournament circuit with a group of golf pros. He loves to play
pitch with the "boys" at 711, his "inner club" at the Kansas City Club.

On the family trip east last summer, June pursued his newest hobby, as he had done previously on vacations to California and the Caribbean. He has become a "Stereo-Realist" camera enthusiast—a sure-enough shutterbug!—and is "collecting people." His gallery of three-dimension photos includes practically every friend, relative and notable he has met since he took up photography!

PICTURES in the collection include members of the many organizations to which June belongs: the Sons of the American Revolution, the Native Sons of Kansas City, Sigma Nu, the Legion of Honor of DeMolay (an unusual honor, because Moore is not a Mason). Fellow club members in the Saddle & Sirloin, the 711 Club, the Kansas City Club (of which June is vice-president), the Mercury Club and Mission Hills Country Club. Rabid alumni of the University of Missouri; Chamber of Commerce and Y.M.C.A. co-workers. Church officials and "wheels" in the Park Board and the Starlight Theatre. Political pals (June describes himself as a Gage-Eisenhower Democrat). And there are hundreds of pictures of the children's friends, and the Moore relatives! Now, more than ever before in his life, June "belongs" to his family. He is determined to devote more time to them, and to his business.

His business has had its career rewards. He is a director and a member of the executive committee of the Kansas City Title and Trust Company, and of the Safety Federal Savings and Loan Association. He serves this year as president of the local chapter of the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers. For thirteen years, off and on, he has been a director of the Real Estate Board, and in 1946-47 was its president. In this he followed his father’s footsteps.

John A. Moore, Sr., was an organizer of the Real Estate Board and its second president. The Moores, Sr. and Jr., are the first father-son team to hold the presidency.

But June remembers when his father was not always civic-minded. "They begged him to run for mayor when I was a kid," he says, "and I got mad at him because he wouldn't. But he did serve on the Health Board for a while—cleaned it up—and then resigned. I didn't like it when he wouldn't stand for mayor. I have read a lot about the British theories of public service—and I feel that every man owes a debt of service to his community. He earns his living from that community, and if the
community is good to him, he should give something back to it in public service. Regardless of the fact that there is a tendency to work an old horse to death, on committees and in civic organizations, I don’t feel that any business or professional man in a community has a right to sit back, get rich and fat, and let everybody else do the civic work.”

HOW June’s associates in the Real Estate Board and the Starlight Theatre feel about him is best expressed by the handsome plaques with which he was presented after his years of service:

Resolution
Members of the
REAL ESTATE BOARD OF
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

From time to time have made magnificent contributions to the civic progress, cultural advancement and public welfare of the city.

JOHN A. MOORE

Distinguished past president of the Real Estate Board has added new luster to the name Realtor, and new prestige to our profession by his personal sacrifices and inspired leadership, in bringing to a most successful reality, the dream of a Starlight Theatre. During his administration as president of the Park Board, he laid the groundwork and caused to be developed the plans for this, the most modern and artistic outdoor theatre in the world. As president of the Starlight Theatre Association, he has organized the forces and talents in our community, to bring to full and complete fruition what may well be regarded as one of our finest civic assets.

Therefore, be it

Resolved that this resolution of appreciation, adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors July 3, 1951, be read at a general meeting of the entire membership of the Real Estate Board, as recognition of his outstanding contribution to the cultural and recreational life of our community; that this resolution be spread upon the records of the Real Estate Board and a copy be delivered to him to commemorate the occasion.

Attest.
(Signed) Carl B. Rechner
President
Frank J. Loren
Executive Secretary

(Dated) July 13, 1951

To the President of
Starlight Theatre Association of
Kansas City, Inc.
1951 and 1952

JOHN A. MOORE

In recognition of his modest and distinguished leadership throughout the first two years in the development and progress of the Starlight Theatre. It was his optimism and confidence that prompted the beginning of this outstanding civic attainment. He led it skillfully through its early stages of trial and endeavor. It stands now as a monument of good will for the enjoyment and benefit of all the people of Kansas City and surrounding communities.
As an indication of esteem and respect for John A. Moore and as a token of sincere appreciation of and gratitude for a prominent service notably performed, the Executive Committee of the Starlight Theatre Association deems it an honor and privilege to present to him this plaque. (Signatures — Executive Committee)

MOST personal of all is the inscription on an enlarged photograph of the Starlight Theatre which Edward Buehler Delk himself tinted in color for presentation: “To the Big Star of the Starlight Theatre—June Moore—From His Architect Friend, Edward Delk.”

A JOB OF THE HEART

WING-SECTIONS for B-47 jet bombers are being built at Ford Motor Company’s Claycomo plant near Kansas City, to a design by Boeing. The wings are attached to aircraft being built at three plants: by Boeing in Wichita, Kansas; Douglas in Tulsa, Oklahoma; and Lockheed at Marietta, Georgia. Each wing weighs nine tons and is 116 feet long. The B-47 has six J-47 turbo-jet engines and can carry a 10-ton bomb load. Its over-all weight is 185,000 pounds. 3,300 Ford employees are now building wings at Claycomo. Eventually, the plant will employ 7,600. Two years of planning, plant-construction and assembling produced the first wings ready for shipment Feb. 18, 1953—ahead of schedule. At a celebration of the first shipment of wings, to Marietta, L. D. Crusoe said:

“THE things that can be bought with money are relatively easy to get—brick and mortar, machines and material. But it hasn’t been the material things that have brought this job to its present state—it’s been the people back of those things. Here we are today, with completed wings, ahead of schedule. And more important than those wings: the ‘pipe line’ is full.

“This has been a job of the heart—not a job of the pocketbook. The things that have made it go can’t be bought with money. We’ve used a good American System here that has been one of the basic factors in the success of American industry. It’s pretty basic—and it rests on the fact that almost everyone of us in this country, down deep in his own heart, wants to do a good job of whatever he does, if he has a fair opportunity.”

—L. D. CRUSOE,
Vice-President, Ford Division,
Ford Motor Company.
LIKE TO TRAVEL? Then tune in WHB any Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m. for "Travel Time," presented by the Lee Kirkland Travel Bureau and Lee Kirkland Luggage Shop—now located in handsome new quarters downtown, across from The Kansas City Club.

Delightful music is background for a program of travel hints and vacation suggestions that will make you want to "go places and do things." Marcia Young of the WHB continuity department collaborates with Mrs. Kirkland and Ed Birr on the delightful scripts, under Mr. Kirkland's direction. Famous travelers and well-known travel officials from steamship lines, airlines, rail lines, bus lines, foreign travel offices and resorts appear for guest interviews.

ARE YOU A BARBERSHOPPER? The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America holds forth—"live" or on recordings—Sundays at 10:05 a.m., for 25 minutes, sponsored by Don Fitzgerald's Central Pontiac agency. In addition to the music, news of Barbershoppers' activities is broadcast. If you like to sing "the old songs" in harmony, get with it!

General Manager John T. Schilling wants to stay on the air all night Fridays and Saturdays. What enterprising sponsor would like to reach this night-owl audience?

EARLY-MORNING listeners, many of whom have been "Musical Clock" fans since the program was inaugurated July 12, 1931, have been writing WHB letters and cards of congratulation as a result of the lengthened time for this popular "service" program—now heard from 6:30 a.m. until 9 a.m., Mondays through Saturdays.

It formerly began at 7:15 a.m.—but since February 16, it starts ticking at 6:30 a.m. Two-and-a-half hours of tuneful, wakeup music... the correct time and temperature announcement every five minutes... and a five-state and local weather forecast.

Bruce Grant is featured as "Timekeeper," in a 22-year succession of "Musical Clock" announcers which has included George Hogan, Les "Sunny" Jarvies, Jack Todd, Norvell Slater, Jack Grogan, Dick Smith, Allen Franklin, Ken Heady, Lou Kemper, Jim Burke, Roy Engel and Bob Kennedy.

At 7 a.m., Charles Gray presents a 15-minute news report from the wires of the Associated Press and the WHB Newsbureau; and again at 8
a.m., a 10-minute news summary. The "Weatherman-in-Person" (another Radio feature originated by WHB) is heard at 8:10 a.m., direct from the weather bureau at Kansas City's Municipal Airport. At 8:15 a.m., Reuben Corbin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture tells housewives what fresh fruits and vegetables are available that day in their neighborhood markets. Gabriel Heatter tops it off at 8:55 a.m. with an inspirational story.

It all adds up two-and-a-half hours of cheerful music, time signals, temperature reports, weather information and news designed to "start your day with a smile and a song—and on time!" If you haven't formed the "Musical Clock" habit, try it for a few days and see if it doesn't help you get going in a better mood each morning!

\[\text{\textbf{A}}\]

I N MARCH, WHB celebrates the tenth anniversary staff membership of our only husband-wife team: Ed and Phyllis Birr. Ed became a salesman in the WHB Client Service Department ten years ago this month, followed by Phyl as Director of Women's Activities—when she spoke up one day and asked us why we didn't do something about the yackety-yak format for women's programs with which Radio was then deluged. Phyl adopted the name "Sandra Lea" when she took to the airways.

Result of the Birrs' unique collaboration is the Sandra Lea Program heard Mondays through Fridays at 9:30 a.m. Instead of solid chatter, listeners hear a daily program of "sweet" Guy Lombardo music, into which Sandra deftly inserts news of women's activities, fashions, health, home-making, child-care and other topics of interest to women—along with the commercial messages of her local sponsors "sold" by husband Ed. It has been a fruitful collaboration: Phyl gets a salary, Ed gets commissions and their advertisers (whom they serve as a "team") get results! Nine of the thirteen current active accounts have been on the program since it began!

Each week-day morning the Birrs leave their charming home at 8619 Holmes for the drive to the studio, where Phyl goes over the day's script, does her broadcast, and then spends

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**The WHB EVENING**

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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>&quot;Strictly From Dixie&quot;</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Operetta</td>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
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<td>6:30</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Little Symphonies</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>&quot;Enchanted Hour&quot;</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>Jellersonian Heritage</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Answers for Americans</td>
<td>Hour of Fantasy</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>N. W. University Reviewing Stand Panel Discussion</td>
<td>Futuristic Drama</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>&quot;Sixth Row Center&quot;</td>
<td>Bill Henry, News</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>John Thornberry</td>
<td>WHB Varieties</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>News-Sports</td>
<td>WHB Varieties</td>
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<td>Musical Comedy Selections</td>
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<td>Frank Edwards</td>
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<td>&quot;Serenade in the Night Music to Read By&quot;</td>
<td>Songs of the Services</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>WHB Night Club of the Air</td>
<td>News—Sports</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>WHB Night Club of the Air</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Guest Disc Jockey</td>
<td>(\text{Mutual News})</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
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<td>(\text{Mutual News})</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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several hours in service calls on sponsors, and in civic work. She is president of the Kansas City Radio Council; program co-chairman and publicity chairman of the Advertisettes, the distaff group of the Advertising & Sales Executives' Club; and a member of the Women's City Club, Women's Chamber of Commerce, Kansas City Musical Club and the President and Past-Presidents' Club.

On the air, she features a constant parade of interviews with "personalities" and women engaged in civic and charitable activities. Among recent interviews were those with Sarah Churchill, daughter of the British prime minister; Betty Swan of the K. C. Heart Association; Virginia Beagle on the Florence Crittenden Home; Margaret Phlson, head of the Michigan State College Food and Nutrition department. Upcoming in March are Mrs. David Sporn for the Girl Scouts' birthday; Mrs. George Widder for the Kansas City, Kansas, Concert Series; and "crusades" for the Red Cross, Seeds to Holland and Save the Children Federation.

Husband Ed is WHB's senior salesman. Prior to joining us, he was successively at Erwin, Wasey & Company, Chicago advertising agency; advertising manager of the Grand Trunk Railway; and a creative printing salesman for Union Bank Note, Rogers &

## PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P.M. to 1 A.M.

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<td>That Hammer Guy...</td>
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<td>Micky Spillane...</td>
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<td>Bill Henry, News...</td>
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<td>Big Seven...</td>
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<td>&quot;Twenty Questions&quot;...</td>
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| WHB Varieties... | WHB Varieties... | WHB Varieties... | WHB Varieties... | Big Seven... |
| Fine Albums... | Fine Albums... | Fine Albums... | Fine Albums... | Basketball... |
| Complete... | Complete... | Complete... | Complete... | Larry Ray... |
| Frank Edwards... | Frank Edwards... | Frank Edwards... | Frank Edwards... | "Your Date With Dixie... |
| Songs of the Services... | Songs of the Services... | Songs of the Services... | Songs of the Services... | Dixieland Jazz... |
| News—Sports... | News—Sports... | News—Sports... | News—Sports... | News—Sports... |
| Weather Forecast... | Weather Forecast... | Weather Forecast... | Weather Forecast... | Weather Forecast... |
| Serenade in the Night... | Serenade in the Night... | Serenade in the Night... | Serenade in the Night... | Serenade in the Night... |
| Music to Read By... | Music to Read By... | Music to Read By... | Music to Read By... | Music to Read By... |
| Mutual News... | Mutual News... | Mutual News... | Mutual News... | Mutual News... |
| WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... |
| Pop Records... | Pop Records... | Pop Records... | Pop Records... | Pop Records... |
| Rock Ulmer... | Rock Ulmer... | Rock Ulmer... | Rock Ulmer... | Rock Ulmer... |
| WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... | WHB Night Club of the Air... |
| WHB Signs Off... | WHB Signs Off... | WHB Signs Off... | WHB Signs Off... | WHB Signs Off... |
Co. and Greiner-Fifield Lithographing Company. When World War II began, he was operating his own business in Chicago, designing and manufacturing dealer displays. His advertising experience thus prepared him for Radio through his knowledge of publications and graphic media, direct-mail and point-of-purchase display.

Ed is a director and vice-president of the Business District League of Kansas City; a member of the Advertising Club; and during World War II served without pay as public relations director of the Office of Price Administration. His hobby is "barber-shop" singing; and he is a director of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America.

All together, folks! Let's sing out a word of greeting and congratulations to Ed and Phyl Birr on their 10th Anniversary at WHB!

A VISIT by Johnny "It's in the Book" Standley to Kansas City resulted in a fan letter to Roch Ulmer of WHB from Johnny's father, J. T. Standley of Oklahoma City. Seems Standley pere listens to the WHB "Night Club of the Air" every night! "Your commercials," writes Standley, Sr., to Roch, "are tops—the lead up, timing and body punches that really count. What I call a real sales talk. And you always have a good program." Father Standley is 76. He operates a tent show through Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas.
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*Operas from "Triangle D Ranch"—the Cow Country Club*

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*Direct From Stage at World War II Memorial Building*
IT DIDN'T seem fair, but that's the way it was. Some girls, like Ellen, were plain, colorless creatures with tawny hair, faded blue eyes, and a dejected manner. Others, like Crystal, were lovely—with dark, shiny hair, big brown eyes, long lashes, everything!

Ellen was young, only twenty-one, but already it was generally accepted that she would never marry. Who would want to marry such a homely girl when there were plenty of pretty ones angling for husbands? And if Ellen wasn't going to marry, why should she knock herself out trying to be attractive when it couldn't be done anyway?

She accepted her lot, not happily, but with a painful sort of resignation which some people mistook for contentment.

"Oh, Ellen's satisfied," they'd say. "She doesn't want much."

Maybe she didn't want much; but she wanted something. And she wanted that something very much indeed! It didn't matter if she wasn't the prettiest girl in the crowd. Or the most popular. Or the wealthiest. All she wanted was to be reasonably attractive and fairly intelligent, an average sort of girl with an average beau and friends.

All through high school she had been the one girl who had gone undated. Even the other girls had passed her by for livelier, more attractive friends. All except Crystal, who had found at least some place for Ellen in her scheme of things.

Oddly enough Crystal and Ellen, two extremes in personal appearance, had formed an attachment for each other which, after graduation, carried over into their rather casual ventures into the business world. Aside from the practical convenience of sharing an apartment, they somehow needed each other.

Ellen needed Crystal because she had no one else.

Crystal needed Ellen as a contrast to heighten her startling, youthful beauty. She found Ellen a comforting person, one she could trust. Other girls might have flirted with her beaus or won them away from her. Not Ellen.

Another thing. She could talk the way she felt to Ellen. They didn't have to pretend.

"I don't think I'm quite ready to accept Bob. Not quite," Crystal confided.

Ellen opened her faded-looking
blue eyes. Not ready to accept Bob Racement? Imagine being able to toy with a question like that! Why, any girl in town—any girl except Crystal—would have accepted him instantly! Tall, clean-cut, suave, intelligent, he was the kind of man a girl pictures in her dreams.

"I just don't want to make up my mind until—well, Harvey Slade is taking a cottage at Mountain Lake in August. Aunt Grace will open her cottage there about the same time. I ought to be able to wangle an invitation to spend two weeks or a month with her. After that I'll know better what to say to Bob."

"But surely—why, any girl—" Ellen began, then shook her head helplessly.

"Yes, I know," Crystal sighed luxuriously. "But Harvey's just as handsome as Bob—and a lot wealthier."

CRYSTAL was determined to go. Why not? There was nothing to lose. She could fix it so Bob would be waiting for her when she returned.

"Aunt Grace needs me," she told him shamelessly. "I—I'm going to miss you terribly, Bob. But you do understand, don't you darling?"

Bob understood. He dreaded the lonely weeks ahead; but he was glad Crystal, for all her bright gaiety, was a thoughtful girl, willing to sacrifice her vacation for an aunt who needed her. He wished there was something he might do for her.

"Just take care of Ellen," she said thoughtfully. "You know, Bob, she's a lonely girl, and it will be even lonelier for her when I go. It would be sweet of you to drop in once in a while and take her to a show or something." There, that ought to keep him from dating other girls. With Ellen he'd be safe.


The more he thought about it the better it seemed. He had scarcely been aware of the shy, quiet girl before, but now he wondered why he had not occasionally shown her some bit of kindness. It must be rather dreadful for a young person to be so lonely.

The next afternoon he stopped at the florist's shop and ordered a dozen roses for her. He tried to picture her surprise, opening the box and seeing his card tucked in among the flowers. Quite possibly she had never received flowers from any man before in her life. It gave him a warm, tender feeling toward the poor, neglected girl.

Now that he was aware of her, it seemed incredible that he hadn't thought of her before. He could have taken her to a show occasionally. It would have pleased her enormously, and he would have felt better, too! Like now.

Why not call her this very minute and ask if he might take her to a show, say tomorrow evening?

Ellen answered the phone immediately. "The roses—oh-h! They are lovelier than just roses could ever be. They are lovely like the kindness of a friendly heart. I don't know how to tell you, but they just make me happy!"

It was Ellen, and yet it was not Ellen. There was a vibrant fullness in her tone that he had never heard
before. It rounded into frank eagerness when she accepted his invitation.

Bob found himself looking forward with odd excitement to seeing this girl he had known so long and yet had never known at all. Her pathetic eagerness cried out to him, and he responded with a sort of protective fondness. He was surprised to find that he was even a little restless waiting to see her.

At last the hour arrived, bringing with it a surprise quite beyond all understanding.

Ellen’s eyes were not faded! They were blue—a live, sparkling blue that laughed happily and glowed from inside. A becoming blue dress gave them able support. The shoulders that used to droop so dejectedly were proud now, and straight. Even tawny hair can be utterly charming when it is treated right.

Bob stared, unbelieving.

“You're beautiful, Ellen,” he said slowly. He said, “You're beautiful, Ellen,” just like that, and it made sense. He didn’t say it easily, lightly, the way men do when it is expected of them. He said it soberly, with wonder, as if he had to say it.

"You're beautiful, Ellen." In the days that followed the words echoed and re-echoed through her mind. They were a bright thread that wove purpose and meaning into her life. They were true!

Each time she looked into the mirror she was astonished at what she saw. If she had not looked into the mirror at all she would have known something wonderful was happening to her. She could feel the happiness welling up inside to sparkle in her eyes and find its way into gay laughter that fell from her lips. And Bob told her again and again that it was so, that she was beautiful.

His eyes told her more. They told her unmistakably that he was beginning to care for her. Perhaps he would have loved her had it not been for Crystal.

Crystal. Suddenly Ellen knew she hated Crystal, hated her with an intensity that was frightening. She felt always she must have hated her.

Ellen saw now that the proud, selfish girl had used her as a foil for her beauty and her romance, never as a friend.

Crystal would be coming back soon, coming back to say "Yes" to Bob unless she had succeeded in her designs on Harvey Slade. This thought was the dark shadow on an otherwise beautiful new horizon.

Ellen thought long and hard. It wasn’t fair to Bob, she reasoned. Crystal was holding him in reserve as a second choice. If he knew—. She frowned.

Bob was beginning to care for her. Of that she was certain. But she was so new, so untaught in this strange game of love. Could she pit her resources against the experience of a schemer like Crystal?

Her problem lent a sort of gravity to her youthful beauty and made it all the more appealing. She could feel Bob’s tenderness reaching out to console her, seeking to share her thoughts. At times, when she dwelt too long on the dread of Crystal’s return, there were flashes of sharp anger in her eyes and a quick decisiveness in her
manner. This, too, added a strange new allure to the girl who had once seemed so spiritless.

As often as she had mentally rehearsed their next meeting, she was unprepared for it when Crystal suddenly arrived.

Ellen was expecting Bob. Her hair was drawn back bewitchingly from her brow and tied with a blue ribbon. Her face was alive, her eyes sparkling.

As she opened the door Crystal slipped in. Ellen’s face fell. Unconsciously she clenched her small fists.

Now—now! She heard a hateful voice like some strange, far away sound coming to her in a dream.

“Did I surprise you?” Crystal laughed lightly and glanced around the room. “Didn’t take time to phone you from the station. The nearer I got to home the faster I wanted to come. There’s so much to be done. I must see Bob and—”

She stopped, really looking at Ellen for the first time.

“Ellen! Is this really you? Why, you’re beautiful, Ellen!”

Beautiful. Even Crystal had been surprised into saying she was beautiful. It should have been a triumph; but what did it matter now?

The enchanted hour was over. Crystal was back to claim Bob, to take him from her, easily, naturally, without so much as even noticing that she cared.

She closed her eyes for a moment, and the beautiful, shining hours she had lately known seemed to fade slowly, merging into gray distance. Perhaps it had all been a dream.

No! No! She thought fiercely. Not that. It was real. I’ve had a few golden hours and nothing can take them from me. Nothing!

Slowly she opened her eyes as the sound of Crystal’s voice tore again at her tired mind.

“Poor Bob,” she was saying, “I suppose he’ll be hurt, but it is the way of love. A girl has to choose.”

Ellen stared for a moment, unbelieving.

“You mean—” she began.

“Of course.” Crystal sighed happily and displayed her engagement ring. “Harvey proposed, Aunt Grace gave us her blessing, and—but how can I tell Bob?” She caught Ellen’s hand and gave it a pleading little tug. “You must help me, Ellen. Help me make him understand.”

Ellen gasped a little and smiled happily.

“I’ll help you,” she promised.
One way to find out where the shoe pinches is to foot the bills.

Biggest worry of a doting father usually is a dating daughter.

If taxes continue to climb a fellow may have to work like a dog to be able to live like one.

What the average father would really like to say to his son at the dinner table is, "eat my spinach, Junior."

A woman seldom itches to marry a man who has to scratch for a living.

Bridegroom—A wolf who paid too much for his whistle.

The man of the hour is the fellow whose wife told him to wait a minute.

A low neckline is about the only thing a man will approve of and look down on at the same time.

Machines are so nearly human that they can do things without thinking.

The cost of living is not nearly so high as the cost of enjoying living.

Arguing with a woman is like trying to read a newspaper in a high wind.

Praise is something a person tells you about yourself that you’ve suspected all along.

It would appear that the economy plank in a political platform is usually made of slippery elm.

For some, religion is like a bus: they ride it only when it is going their way.

The trouble with wives is that they’d rather mend your ways than your sox.

The best kind of leadership is that which produces followship.

The soul would have no rainbow if the eye had no tears.
THE SAGE OF SWING SAYS

Why don't the owners of movie theaters finally face the facts and advertise their places as popcorn stores?

A survey shows that families live more harmoniously in rural areas. Probably because they can only pick up one TV station.

There is far more hunger for appreciation in the world than there is a hunger for bread.

Flattery is a splendid cure for stiff necks. There are few heads it won't turn.

The best way to break a bad habit is to drop it.

A generous man is grateful for a small gift. A stingy man is not grateful for a large gift.

When an idea cannot thrill, decay has set in.

The braver a man is the less need he has to prove it.

It seems near the place when a person killed in an automobile accident dies a natural death.

Remember way back when the largest grab at your pay envelope happened after you got home?

The people who want to go home and the people who don't want to go home always seem to be married to each other.

"Blessed are those who can give without remembering and take without forgetting." — (Elizabeth Bibesco).

A man who wants to lead the orchestra must turn his back on the crowd.

"Money may not be everything but it will have to do until everything comes along." — (James Campbell Hoot Agency).

I wouldn't object to the neighbor's dog crossing my lawn if he'd just go on and cross it.—(Paper Topics.)

Character is not made in a crisis, it is only exhibited.

Civilization is no longer at the crossroads. It's at the traffic light.

If inflation is with us much longer wooden nickels will be worth a dime.

Many a person is so narrow minded he has to stack his prejudices vertically.

Many a man marries a girl like a magazine cover and expects her to wear like a Bible.

It's easy to spot a person with lots of personality. He always reminds you of you.

If you think old soldiers fade away just try getting into your old army uniform.

An old timer is a fellow who remembers that the government was criticized for extravagance when it gave away free seeds.

Wallflowers usually have poor stems.

ABC's of attracting a woman—A Bale of Cash.

The only difference between theory and practice is that in practice you can't leave anything out.

"I'll see that your raise comes through, Edwards, so you can hire a decent cook!"
Happiness is like your shadow; you can’t get nearer by chasing it.

In the picture a child draws of the world there is always a sun shining—even on a rainy day.

A neurotic is one who believes the world owes him a loving.

Another fine thing about keeping your mouth shut is that no one will be able to misquote you.

Why should we worry about getting old? When we stop getting older, we’re dead.

The White House is a little bit like heaven. Everybody talkin’ about it ain’t going there.

Maybe our Federal tax collectors need a special kind of fountain pen—one that writes under hot water.

A taxpayer is a government worker with no vacations, no sick leaves, and no holidays.

There’s something to be said for living in Russia at that; you’d never lose an election bet.

The bad luck in meeting a black cat really depends on whether you’re a man or a mouse.

Try to be nice to everyone until you have made your first million. After that they’ll be nice to you.

In Julius Caesar’s time it cost seventy five cents to kill an enemy soldier; in Napoleon’s time the cost was $3,000. In World War II it had risen to $55,000.

It used to take two to make a quarrel, now it takes two to make a living.

Middle age is a period of life when you’d do anything to feel better, except give up what’s hurting you.

“Yes, Smithkins is a regular fixture here.”

In about ninety eight times out of one hundred, when a person tries to mix business and pleasure, pleasure rises to the top.

One of the things we’re fighting for is the right to send our children to the church of our choice, so that we can beat them to the Sunday comics.

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

Any home built at present prices truly is a home of the brave.

No wonder Shakespeare wrote so many plays. He didn’t have to answer the telephone.

Always remember, money isn’t everything; but you mustn’t talk that sort of nonsense until you’ve made some.

Two kinds of people are always in tough luck; those who did it but never thought; those who thought but never did it.

When you have nothing else to worry about these days, you can alway fuss about the country being in the red, or the Reds being in the country.
A communist is a fellow who likes what he hasn’t got so well he doesn’t want you to have it either.

The only way to achieve contentment is to tune your yearning capacity and your earning capacity to the same wave length.

The rest of your days depend on the rest of your nights.

Government is like your stomach. If it’s working right you don’t know you’ve got it.

Love is like a vaccination. When it takes you don’t have to be told.

Optimism—Planting a tree at eighty and expecting to sit in its shade with the next grandchild.

A pessimist is a person who is seasick throughout the entire voyage of life.

Prejudice is a loose idea, tightly held.

A hundred mistakes are an education if you learn something from each one.

Come to think of it, there is nothing so habit-forming as resting.

Few men ever drop dead from overwork, but many quietly curl up and die because of undersatisfaction.

The man who says he has never told a lie has made a very good beginning.—(Mark Allerton).

A scandal is a breeze stirred up by a couple of wind bags.

When his miserly old uncle died and left him a sizeable bequest Honore de Balzac wrote the news in identical notes to his publisher and friends—“Yesterday, at five in the morning, my uncle and I passed on to a better life.”—(Volta Review).

Apology: Politeness that is too late.

He was a very absent-minded lawyer. When he began to plead the cause of his client, the defendant, he said: “I know the prisoner at the bar. He bears a reputation of being the most consummate, impudent scoundrel in the county.”

There was a flurry in the courtroom and the lawyer’s partner hurried over and whispered, “Tom, it’s your client you’re talking about that way. You’re supposed to be defending him.”

Immediately the attorney continued: “But what great and good man ever lived who was not slandered and calumniated by many of his contemporaries?”

A teacher in Brooklyn said, “Joey, give me a sentence using the word ‘bewitches’.” After deep thought, Joe replied, “Youse go on ahead—I’ll bewitches in a minute.”

There are more homes with radios in the United States than there are homes with electricity.

A scandal is a breeze stirred up by a couple of wind bags.
An American boy and a Soviet boy were discussing their respective countries. "We have chocolate," said the American boy.

"But we have Stalin," the Soviet boy said.

"So what?" replied the American boy.

"We could have Stalin if we wanted him." "Ah," said the Soviet boy. "But then you couldn't have the chocolate."

An aged farmer from the Middle West was being shown around the Royal Conservatory in England. He was duly impressed.

"This clock," said the guide, rather pompously, "is the one from which all the world takes its time."

"You don't say?" the old man replied. Then deliberately he drew out a huge gold watch at the end of a 2-foot gold chain. Consulting his trusty timepiece, he observed, "Well, mister, your clock's pretty nigh five minutes fast."

He was a playful, middle aged wolf. Seating himself close to a cute little blonde on a bus, he leaned over and asked: "Where have you been all my life?"

She looked at him coolly and replied: "Well, for the first half of it, I wasn't born."

A Cal Coolidge type of character applied for Christmas work at the post office and was asked his reason for leaving his previous job. His reason was: "Done all the work." He had also served in the army and to the formal question, "Why did you leave the armed forces?" he replied: "Won the war."

A convict was brought up before the warden accused of beating up his cell-mate.

"I can't understand it," said the warden. "You and Jenks have been friends for three years. Why did you suddenly turn on him?"

The convict hung his head. "Well, Warden," he replied, "he tore a leaf off the calendar and it was my turn."

A story being told to a little boy concerned another child who had exciting adventures. When the story was finished the lad asked, "What about the mother?"

"The story didn't mention the mother," said the story teller. "Maybe she was dead." The listener thought and reacted dramatically. "I'll bet she was killed in a nervous wreck."

A tailor suffering from insomnia finally agreed to try out the old remedy of counting sheep. Next morning he turned up for business more tired than ever. "What a night," he confessed. "I counted 3,000 sheep. Then I figured that as 8,000 yards of wool. That would make 2,500 suits. How can a man sleep worrying about where he would get all that lining?"
A girl showing her aunt around an art gallery pointed out, “Here is the famous 'Angelus' by Millet.”

“Well, I declare,” commented auntie. “That feller's copied the picture on a calendar that hung in my kitchen twenty years ago.”

Personnel manager: “Your application says you worked for your previous employer for 60 years, yet you are only 50 years old. How do you account for that?”

Applicant: “Overtime.”

Male patient: “I certainly have a good nurse. Just one touch of her hand cooled my fever.”

Another patient: “Yes, we heard the slap all over the ward.”

“My husband plays tennis, bowls, and plays golf. Does your husband exercise?”

“Yes, last week he was out seven days running.”

Detective: “I'll need a description of the bank president. Is he tall or short?”

Bank director: “Both.”

Young thing: “I'd like a perfume that would help me in conquering the men.”

Clerk: “I have just the thing. It has a chloroform base.”

Father: “How did these flies get in?”

Movie Minded Daughter: “They passed the screen test.”

“It's nice that you and your son carry on the business together.”

“Yes it works out pretty well. I run the business and he does the carrying on.”

Visitor: “Was that your wife or the maid who came to the door?”

Householder: “Oh, come now. Would I hire a maid that ugly?”

Photographer: “Why don't you ever get to work on time?”

Girl: “I'm a late model.”

“Why all the new sawdust on the floor?” the cowboy asked the bartender as he walked into the Wild West saloon.

“That ain't sawdust,” replied the bartender. “That's last night's furniture.”

Two honeymooners walked arm in arm along the beach. In a burst of romantic eloquence, the groom exclaimed: “Roll on, you deep and restless waves, roll on.”

The bride gazed trance-like at the water for a moment, then cried, “Oh, Gerald, you’re wonderful. They’re doing it.”

A woman with a reputation as a man hater announced that she was about to be married.

“Good gracious,” said a friend, “I thought you despised all men.”

“Oh, I do,” replied the bride, “but this man asked me to marry him.”

Housewife: “I don't like the looks of that codfish.”

Storekeeper: “Lady, if you’re buying a fish for looks, better get a goldfish.”

A teacher wrote to the parents of a little boy: “Your boy, Charles, shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and try to correct it.”

The next morning she received a reply from the boy's father, saying: “I don't exactly understand what Charlie has done, but I walloped him tonight and you can wallop him tomorrow. That ought to help some.”

All the animals boarded Noah's ark in pairs. All except the worms—they came in apples.

In Hungary a commissar halted the owner of a textile mill. “How much goods are you turning out, Comrade?”

“Under our glorious leader in far away Moscow, Joseph Stalin, our mill is producing material so fast that if it were piled high it would reach to the feet of God.”

The Commissar glared at him, “But there isn't any God, Comrade.”

The mill owner shrugged his shoulders. “There aren't any textiles either.”
"Well, you wanted it half-full, didn't you?"

Standing outside the gate of his house was a small boy dressed in an obviously new cowboy outfit—chaps, hat, belt with holsters and so on. As a bus approached the cowboy drew his guns pointed them at the driver and said, "Stick 'em up."

The driver drew the bus into the curb, jumped down and approached the cowboy with his hands up, at which the youngster dropped his guns and ran howling for his mother.

A three-year-old had been painstakingly coached in her duties as a flower girl at a wedding.

All went well on the eventful day until, half way down the aisle, the little girl made a sudden detour and squeezed into a pew beside some wedding guests.

Later the bewildered mother quizzed her offspring. No, the child wasn't ill; she hadn't turned an ankle; no dire calamity had befallen. "I just sat down," she said simply, "cause I ran out of petals."

At the cost per ounce the average woman's bathing suit sells at, it is estimated that a man's overcoat would cost $795.63.

A burglar, needing money to pay his income taxes, decided to burgle the safe in a retail store. On the safe door he was much pleased to find a sign read;

"Please don't use dynamite. This safe is not locked. Just turn the knob." He did so. Instantly a heavy sandbag fell on him, the entire premises were floodlighted and alarm bells started clanging. As the police carried him out on a stretcher, he was heard moaning; "My confidence in human nature has been rudely shaken."

A nation must make up its mind before it can make up its morals.

The optimist may be wrong more frequently than the pessimist but he's a darn sight happier.

The individual who is willing to admit faults has one less fault to admit.

Just praise is a debt, and must be paid.

A small boy came home from school one day proudly exhibiting a book, which he said he had won for accuracy in natural history.

"However did you do that?" asked his mother.

"The teacher asked us how many legs an ostrich has and I said three."

"But an ostrich only has two legs," his mother answered.

"I know, but all the rest of the class said four."

After Sunday morning service a woman stayed to chat with a friend, leaving her purse on the seat. When she returned it was gone but she soon found it in the possession of the pastor himself.

"I thought I had better hold it," he explained. "You must remember that there are some in the congregation who might consider it an answer to a prayer."

In a little mining town there was an old man who had lived in the same house for fifty years. One day he surprised all his neighbors by moving into the house next door. Reporters were sent to see why he had moved. When they asked him, he replied,

"I guess it's just the gypsy in me."

A porcupine gets no petting.
Even a Stradivarius needs tuning occasionally.

Reasoning with a child is fine, if you can reach the child’s reason without destroying your own.

A vacation usually starts several days before you leave your job and lasts several days after you get back.

The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good natured one.

Love making hasn’t changed much in 2500 years. Greek maidens too used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre.

**IT MAKES SCENTS**

Why reeks the goat on yonder hill
Who seems to dote on chlorophyll?

Campaigning against profanity, the vicar of Pendeen, England, wrote in his parish magazine that one mother in his flock told him: “My child swears, but I don’t know where the hell he gets it from.”

If the Russians were really proud of their Communist experiment, instead of an Iron Curtain they would put in a Plate Glass Show Window.

As an experienced executive recently put it, “A conference is the confusion of one man, multiplied by the number present.”

Paternity is a career that is imposed upon a man one fine morning without any inquiry as to his fitness for it. That is why there are so many fathers who have children, but very few children who have fathers.

This was an exasperated wife’s advice to her erring husband: “The night before last you came home yesterday and last night you came home today. If you come home this afternoon tomorrow, I’ll go home to Mother.”

You have to be little to belittle.

It is especially important in these times to know how to get along with people, because you just have to get along without money.

When you get rid of the idea that your mission is to regulate other people, you are in a position to improve yourself.

Sweet are the uses of publicity. It builds prestige and inflates the ego.

When the time comes for the meek to inherit the earth, the taxes will probably be so high they won’t want it.

If a man takes off his hat in an elevator, it means he has manners and hair.

It is twice as hard to crush a half-truth as a whole lie.

In their own way and at their own levels, executives are as ardently in quest of security as any other class.

Patience is often simply not being able to think of anything to do.

"But why go on and on? Not only are you unable to sell them—you can’t even give them away!!"
The PAUSE THAT REFRESHED B.C.

WHAT was the “pause that refreshes” B.C. . . . before colas and soft drinks?

It took years of inventing to produce today’s bottled beverages, and until cheap ice and mechanical refrigeration skyrocketed the industry, cooling drinks were made at home. Without ice, at that, unless you were fortunate enough to have some cuttings from frozen ponds stowed away in your ice house.

Next to the perennial lemonade, a frothy cherry flip was perhaps the favorite cooler-offer of great-grandpa’s day. To make it, fruit juice, raw egg, a small amount of sugar and maybe a sprinkle of nutmeg were “flipped” or shaken in a glass jar.

Fruit shrubs were also highly favored, combining juices and syrups from any of the great variety of sweet pickled fruits and preserves that embellished the tables of the times.

Just as popular was “switchel”, a combination of ginger extract, molasses and sparkling cold well water “switched” in a stone jug. Farmers working in sun-parched fields found this a quick pick-up conveniently drunk straight from the jug.

Yet another pre-pop refresher, a tall glass of Yankee mead, was prepared by stirring together sassafras, molasses, water and sugar.

“Receipt” books of the 90’s also mentioned “raspberry vinegar” . . . half crushed fresh berries and half sweetened vinegar.

Although these old-time drinks may sound amusing to our ice cube age, thirsty people “clutched at straws” as eagerly then as we do today when we can step to fountain or refrigerator and choose from a bewildering number of jewel-colored thirst stoppers!

Margaret O. Kelley

MONEY

MOST people want all of it that they can get . . . just never allow it to “get” you . . . We do have to listen when it talks . . . just don’t let its metallic monologue shut out the songs of the world . . . People were once buried with coins on their eyes—and today some go through life with “coin” in their eyes, seeing nothing else . . . An honest dollar for honest work is most certainly part of the formula for self-respecting living . . . Yet the road to happiness isn’t marked with $ signs . . . For while money is an essential part of life like baths and exercise and fresh air, it’s still not the most important . . . The basic ingredients for happiness are found in a wife’s cheerful song . . . in the clear eyes of children . . . in simple, gracious living . . . Money is a useful servant like oil, gas, and electricity . . . But be careful to keep it a servant . . . don’t let it become your master.

—Roscoe Poland
WHAT DID HE DO...?? ?? ?? ?? ??

By LOIS SNELLING

In fiction people have occupations, just as they do in real life. In the two columns below, can you connect each character with the right job?

1. Ichabod Crane    A. Boatman 1-D
2. Long John Silver B. Aviator 2-S
3. Faust C. Planter 3-F
4. Bob Cratchitt D. School-teacher 4-J
5. Arthur Dimmesdale E. Barber 5-L
6. Simon Legree F. Chemist 6-C
7. Pagliacci G. Personal servant 7-K
8. Charon H. Weaver 8-A
9. Charlie Chan I. Ship’s captain 9-M
10. Silas Marner J. Clerk 10-H
11. Friday K. Clown 11-G
12. William Bligh L. Preacher 12-I
13. Basil Lajeunesse M. Detective 13-P
14. Friar Tuck N. Sculptor 14-T
15. Shylock O. King 15-R
16. Icarus P. Blacksmith 16-B
17. Pygmalion Q. Chimney-sweep 17-N
18. Macbeth R. Money lender 18-O
19. Figaro S. Cook 19-E
20. Tom, the Water Baby T. Robber 20-Q

REHEARSE THE VERSE—

The couplets below are all from well-known poems. The trouble is, the second line of each is attached to the wrong first line. If you can straighten them out, you should be eligible for a poetic license.

1. He who walks in love may wander far
   Along with Captain Gooding
2. Laugh and the world laughs with you
   Just for tonight
3. I have a rendezvous with Death
   Every morning just at nine
4. In the fell clutch of circumstance
   They taught me all I knew
5. Father and I went down to camp
   And thereby hangs a tale
6. A light! a light! a light! a light!
   A sword, a horse, a shield
7. And with a stronger faith embrace
   With those deep and tender eyes
8. And she sits and gazes at me
   When Spring brings back blue days
   and fair
9. And hour by hour we rot and rot
   But God will bring him where the
   blessed are
10. I had six honest serving men
    I have not winced or cried aloud
11. Make me a child again
    For there are those who trust me
12. Drove she ducklings to the water
    It grew, a starlit flag unfurled
13. I would be true
    Weep and you weep alone
14. I feel like one who treads alone
    Whence all but him had fled
15. The boy stood on the burning deck
    Bozzaris ranged his Sullote band
16. At midnight in the forest shade
    Some banquet-hall deserted

1-9  5-1  9-5  13-11
2-13 6-12 10-4  14-16
3-8  7-6  11-2  15-14
4-10 8-7  12-3  16-15
HERE ARE SOME good articles you may have missed! Ask your librarian:


A review of the old type of methods used in relations between management and labor, with the suggestion that emotional re-education is needed by both groups.


The Chairman of the Board of American Brake Shoe Company points out that the development of management opportunities is not enough; all executives in a firm must be prodded to capitalize on them.


A detailed account of how an industrial consultant could study the executive relationships of a large engineering corporation and effect a solution of top management disputes.


An interesting checkup chart by which you can rate your ability to manage yourself, your job, and your subordinates.


A brief but pertinent article illustrating how good supervision and personnel techniques can result in employment of satisfactory workers.


Two articles dealing with the "Guided Experience" approach to executive development—on-the-job projects carried on with the guidance and counsel of each executive's direct superior.


Suggests methods proved successful by many companies for discovering employee attitudes.


A clear statement of what communication is and specific suggestions as to how the administrator may effectively employ it with his workers.


Qualities of good leadership and how they may be developed through the Personnel Institute's Management Achievement Program, are analyzed in this article.

*Railway Age* p. 38-40, Apr. 9, '51. "Giving a Supercharge of 'Know-How' to Rising Managers."

Many large industries . . . are assigning promising officers to intensive training in modern managerial technique to improve leadership and, consequently, company results.
GENERAL E. C. WHITEHEAD before Chamber of Commerce, urges increase in jet aircraft output.

HARRY C. MURPHY, Burlington railroad president, addresses Chamber of Commerce.

WHB NEWSREEL

OPENING United Fund Drive at Hall Brothers plant (below), John Thornberry is shown with (left to right) Ed Goodman, vice-president; Joe Kipp, director of planning; O. E. Brown, assistant treasurer; J. C. Hall, president; R. W. Hall, vice-president; W. F. Hall, treasurer; W. P. Harsh, personnel director; C. S. Stevenson, vice-president, and Basil Taylor, personnel.

JOHNNY MONGE, polio victim, will have operation as result of sales of Deb Dyer song, "The Lord Will Help You." With Jimmy, John G. Gaines.

JOYCE C. HALL, president of Hall Brothers, interviewed (right) by Prof. Everett Hendricks on WHB for "Sixth Row Center." John Thornberry (at microphone, below) has become narrator of program, since Prof. Hendricks' illness.
LARRY RAY as toastmaster gets things off to a fast start. Sammy Dubin at left; Larry at speaker's stand. Sparky Stalcup, Missouri basketball coach, joins Tom Van Cleave, Jr., in gag.

Football coaches DON FAUROT, Missouri, and J. V. SIKES, Kansas.

'NIGHT OF SPORTS' DINNER

Sammy Dubin, at speaker's stand. To his left, Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director. Sparky Stalcup, Missouri University basketball coach. "Phog" Allen, Kansas University basketball coach. Don Faurot, Director of Athletics, Missouri University; football coach. Dutch Lonborg, Director of Athletics, Kansas University. Dutch Zwilling, former Blues manager, now general manager, St. Joseph, Missouri, ball club. J. V. Sikes, football coach, Kansas
PHOG ALLEN, coach of K.U.'s Olympic basketball champions, is presented award as "Coach of the Year," by Larry Ray.


THE AMAZING PENTAGON

"Nerve Center of Defense" has parking lots for 6,000 automobiles. General Omar N. Bradley (right, below), confers with Rear Admiral Thomas H. Robbins, Jr. and Major General T. H. Landon. At left, Army clerks handling personnel records; and a view of Pentagon employees in courtyard at lunch hour. The clover leaf maze (below) sorts out traffic.
NO government building in history has achieved such great fame as quickly as the Pentagon, the world’s largest office building and the nerve center of this nation’s military might.

In less than a decade, the Pentagon has come to rank with the centuries-old Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Tower of London and the Louvre Museum as a world-prominent landmark.

One reason for the reputation of the huge five-story structure is the wide number of stories in circulation about it. A favorite is the one concerning the Western Union boy who came to deliver a message. But before he could find his way out, he had been made a colonel and equipped with his own private office.

Being confused and "lost" in the 17 miles of corridors within the Pentagon isn’t far-fetched in the least. The structure gives every impression of being a modern labyrinth. Actually, however, the Pentagon is of dignified, simple construction. But to make sure a visitor will discover the right exit before old age overtakes him, the corridors and intersections are lined with maps. And special guides are everywhere to steer the puzzled arrivals straight.

Built during the war, when the nation’s military force was being expanded at a great pace, the Pentagon was rushed to completion in 16 months (1943) although some of its offices were occupied and in use nine months earlier. In terms of real estate, the “house of brass,” as it is sometimes known, covers 34 acres and has three times the space of the Empire State Building. The Pentagon’s six million square feet of office space are contained in five rings of buildings spliced together by ten spokelike corridors. To get around the five sides of the Pentagon, you’d have to walk a mile.

Opponents of the huge center predicted it would be a white elephant; and termed it "Somervell’s Folly" after work was begun under the supervision of General Brehon Somervell. A bundle of energy, the general spurred contractors, cut away miles of red tape and bulldozed suppliers to get the project completed in far less than two years at a cost of about $65 million.

The building seemed to spring up out of nowhere in a maze which once was swampland. At one stage during the work, the government had 30,000 workers putting the Pentagon together.

The project provided a field day for "sidewalk superintendents" who watched day-by-day operations and marvelled at the speed of construction. The Pentagon, incidentally, is
situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac River; and is only two miles from the cluster of federal buildings on Constitution Avenue in Washington.

As a military headquarters, the Pentagon has no equal. It is home to the men who control military activities in virtually every part of the world, from the fighting front in Korea to fleet units in the Mediterranean and other zones. Close contact is maintained with key personnel everywhere through the famous “telecons.” Conferences can be held by telephone and teletype with participants in London, Tokyo and Berlin. Messages flow in and out between the Pentagon and its men on land, sea and air.

Little facts about the noted center tickle the public palate. For example, there is the $4 million a year telephone bill; the 7,370 windows; 17 miles of corridors; 4,000 clocks; the 10 tons of waste paper collected each day; the 68,000 miles of trunk lines which makes the Pentagon’s private branch telephone exchange the largest in the world; the four men whose only job is to replace the 600 light bulbs which burn out each day.

With the exception of electric power, which it purchases, the Pentagon, with a population of 32,000, is as self-sufficient as any city. A visitor or employe may purchase anything from a button or a stamp to a suit of clothes or a television set, in the many stores lining the Concourse on the second floor. The Concourse, 680 feet long and 150 feet wide, is larger than that of the Pennsylvania station in New York City.

The Pentagon “inhabitants” are fed at ten snack bars, six cafeterias or at the outdoor pavilion in the five-acre central courtyard brightened by umbrellas of every color. A gymnasium, bowling alleys and handball courts provide for the recreational needs of officers and civilians.

The stores and service centers were added to the Pentagon’s facilities in order to lessen absenteeism resulting when employes wasted valuable time by shopping in downtown Washington during working hours.

A person entering the Pentagon for the first time is struck by what appears to be one scene of confusion after another, with high-ranking officers and important-looking civilians hurrying back and forth in an endless stream.

But in spite of its lack of apparent order, the Pentagon has come to be recognized as the most efficiently planned and operated office building anywhere.

And that brings to mind another favorite story about the Pentagon.

A new captain fresh from the field arrived to take up his duties in a Pentagon office. After a couple of weeks, he noticed that no matter how hard he worked, his desk always seemed to be stacked high, while that of an officer of similar rank was forever clear.

“How do you manage?” the puzzled captain asked.

“Simple,” the other said, with a laugh. “I just mark everything. ‘Captain Brown should see this.’”

“You blankety-blank,” the newcomer roared. “I’m Captain Brown!”
A MONG fifteen cities of the United States, and thirty-four communities elsewhere in the world, Kansas City is unique in that it has a "branch" of the Wine & Food Society—an organization of gourmets and would-be gourmets formed with these objectives:

1. to bring together and to serve those who believe that a right understanding of wine and food is an essential part of personal contentment and health, and that an intelligent approach to the pleasures and problems of the table offers far greater rewards than the mere satisfaction of appetite;

2. to raise the standard of cookery by organizing periodical dinners and luncheons at different hotels, restaurants and clubs, when the fare and wines will be happily partnered, and when deserving Chefs will be accorded a fair measure of articulate appreciation;

3. to promote a wider knowledge of the wines of the world and a more discerning appreciation of their individual merits, by means of periodical tastings and visits to various vineyards;

4. to maintain a library of manuscripts, books and documents relating to the art of good living which shall be accessible to Members of the Society.

5. to provide reliable, practical and entertaining information upon the history, production, preparation and enjoyment of wine and food, through the distribution of the Quarterly Magazine, published by the Parent Society in London, as well as other books and pamphlets dealing with every aspect of the art of good living;

6. to provide at each function of the Society a description of the foods and the wines which have been served; so that all attending may have knowledge of the preparation of the dishes and the affinity for those dishes of the accompanying wines.

In the United States, the Wine & Food Society has branches in:

- Baltimore
- Beverly Hills
- Boston
- Chicago
- Honolulu
- Kansas City
- Long Beach
- Los Angeles
- New York City
- Phoenix
- Riverside
- St. Louis
- San Francisco
- Santa Barbara
- Washington, D. C.
Headquarters of the organization are maintained by President Andre L. Simon and Secretary Marjorie Fletcher at 30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W. 1, England. Elsewhere abroad are the following "branches":

**ENGLAND**
- Bedford
- Birmingham
- Blackpool
- Bolton
- Bradford
- Brighton
- Bristol
- Cambridge
- Charnwood Forest
- Cotswolds
- Liverpool
- Manchester
- Middlesbrough
- Norwich
- Oxford
- Preston
- Southport
- Wolverhampton

**IRELAND:** Dublin and Limerick.

**SCOTLAND:** Edinburgh and Glasgow.

**WALES:** Cardiff.

**AUSTRALIA:** Ballarat, Geelong, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney.

**BRITISH WEST AFRICA:** Kano, Nigeria.

**SOUTH AFRICA:** Cape Town and Johannesburg.

**ANDRE L. SIMON,** founder of the Society, in London in 1935, is a world-famous gourmet — an authority on wines and foods — and publisher of "Wine and Food", a gastronomical quarterly, issued by the Society. He is also the author of many books on these subjects, including his latest, "A Concise Encyclopedia of Gastronomy", just published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. It is a classic work of 816 pages, by a man who is not only one of the great gastronomes of the world, but an accomplished writer.

Simon visited Kansas City in June, 1946, at which time a banquet in his honor was arranged at the Hotel Muehlebach. As a result, the "Kansas City Branch" of the Society was formed. Simon pronounces it "Kawn-sas Ceety Braanch."

The original membership was limited to 50. There is no thought of snobbishness in this limit since very few of the Society’s Branches, spread over the entire world, have more members. The reason is inability to find establishments able and willing to carry on the highest culinary tradition demanded by our menus. With the membership thus limited, there is usually a waiting list of as many applicants. From six to eight affairs are held annually, to some of which the ladies are invited. The menu of the first Kansas City Banquet follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vichyssoise</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ripe Olives which have been marinated in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oil and Garlic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filet of Pike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amandine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Asparagus Hollandaise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Served as a course with)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melba Toast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tournedes Bordelaise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato Suzette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celery Victor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melon Richelieu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small Cakes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demitasse</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With which was served:
- Dry Sherry
- Neirsteiner 1937
- Maluneey Madeira

"Extracurricular affairs" are interlarded with the more formal banquets. These have taken the form of a corned beef and cabbage dinner at a local brewery; a barbecue at the home of one of our members a hundred miles from Kansas City; and a dinner on dining cars of one of the railroads serving Kansas City. But the bulk of the affairs are strictly formal, and mostly stag. Where facilities permit, members are privileged to invite guests.

Has the Wine and Food Society left its imprint on Kansas City culture? Well, only a few years ago one man-about-town told a Maitre d’ that he would have a bottle of sour wine with his dinner. Sour wine was also known to most of his companions as "Dago Red." Perhaps the Wine and
Food Society had nothing to do with it, but the other day the same gentleman called up his club and ordered a Burgundy wine for a dinner at his home, specifying that it must be "Macon" and of the 1947 vintage. One of our members confides that his purchases and sales of dinner wines have increased 400 per cent since the Wine and Food Society first spread its gospel in our community. One banquet at one of our fine hotels was repeated for non-members of the Society, not once but on three different and separate occasions.

The simple rules of the Society as to no smoking during the service of meals, no ice water, and no controversial subjects discussed, have marked each of its affairs with dignity; and have made its members proud to belong to this organization, which has no thought of gain except as the community might gain through its being. The last Annual Meeting Banquet occurred at the Town House in Kansas City, Kansas; and it is surely no disparagement of our sister city when we say that the holding of such a banquet in Kansas City, Kansas, would have been an impossibility without its beautiful, modern Town House hotel. I like to think that perhaps even that great community venture itself was influenced by the cultural advancement of our community since the Wine and Food Society first functioned. The menu of that affair follows:

Tortue Claire Aux Xeres
Celeri Olives
Truite Filets En Papillotte
Filets De Pintades, Robin Hood
Riz Sauvage
Laitue Bibb
Cerises Jubilee
Cafe Noir

With which was served:
Sherry—Pedro Domecq—Amontillado
Graves—Cruse 1945
Macon—B. & G. 1947

Nina Wilcox Putnam has said, "The grape absorbs the sun, the wine puts the sunshine into men's hearts; without it the world would begin to look for vice to take the place of conviviality."

One of the more profound pronouncements was that of John Hay, American writer and diplomat who died in 1905. Mr. Hay said, "Wine is like rain. When it falls on the mire, it makes it all the fouler; but where it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom."

Let me quote also from one of our contemporaries—the operator of New Orleans' most famous restaurant, Roy Louis Alciatore of Antoine's: "Don't make the mistake of ordering a good meal and then expect to enjoy it with ice water as a beverage. A rich meal without wine is like an expensive automobile equipped with hard rubber tires. The whole effect is lost for the lack of a suitable accompaniment. Rich and heavy foods which are unpalatable with water can only be appreciated with a suitable wine. Wine warms the stomach and hastens digestion."
"You're sure no white man has ever fished this spot, Wimble?"

WHEN the Katy Railroad, during the depression era, was liquidating assets to cut overhead, Clyde Hunser, inveterate fisherman, recalled that many years ago, a deep spring-fed gully had been dammed near Mokane, Missouri, to provide water for the Katy's engines.

"We'll buy that old lake you got near Mokane," exclaimed the doughy angler, rushing into the office of Judge Jack Blair.

"Yeah, what with an' why for?" shot back the Judge, eyeing Hunser suspiciously, and sniffing the air.

"Give you a hundred dollars for a lease!"

"How long a lease? Cash, mountain scenery or jawbone?"

"Cash—er, that is, mostly cash," amended Hunser hastily. He remembered sadly that winter coal bills, club dues, possibly a new overcoat and Christmas were fast approaching. "Make it ten years!"

"Sold!" grinned Judge Blair, "Sold to the baywindowed, astute businessman and sucker, Clyde Isaac Walton Hunser. And what will you do with it, miles away from civilization and accessible only by rail? Probably you didn't know that the Katy is going to stop stopping its trains there!"

Clyde batted his eyes. "Gimme a map! You fix up the papers! There must be a road somewhere nearby or dammit, I'll build one!"

"Just like that!" chuckled Blair. "It sure is too bad they've already built the pyramids or you could take over that job some Saturday afternoon!"

Hunser was studying the map. "Holy Smokes," he sighed, "if all these circles and curlicues on the map are contours and if contours are what I think they are, there's nothing but hills all around the lake. We'll need an airplane!"

Judge Blair was scanning a long typed page. "By the way, Mr. Hunser," he drawled, "Do you suppose
you'd be interested in a couple of ex-president's private coaches? The interiors are good as new but the wheels and trucks are condemned and we have to remove them."

"How much do private cars cost?" ventured Hunser.

"Well, a new car, such as either one of these was fifteen or twenty years ago, would cost a mere fifty thousand. However, inasmuch as you are one of our lessees, clients, or customers, so to speak, I'd let you have it a bit cheaper!"

Hunser was still studying the map; but from force of habit his mind unconsciously had to submit a bid.

"I'll give yuh a hundred dollars!"

"You're nuttier than you look!" exploded the Judge. "What the 'ell do you want with a couple of private cars?"

"I made you an offer—take it or leave it! Make up your mind!"

"Sold!" chuckled Blair. "We were going to burn the cars for scrap iron anyhow. At fifty dollars each the company saves labor and worry."

"Fifty apiece? OK—I meant a hundred apiece! But I'll accept your figure!"

"Smart, eh youngster? Now that you own a ten-year lease on a puddle of water and two private cars—let me slip you some bad news. You have just thirty days to get those cars off the siding or we charge you five dollars a days each demurrage thereafter. Also . . . I want your check right now for two hundred dollars."

"Gee," mused Hunser thoughtfully, "I thought Blair was an Irish name! Shucks, I'll bet some Caledonian blood crept in somewhere! You're tighter than a new pair of shoes."

TWO weeks later, footsore and weary, the good natured and perspiring Hunser limped back to Mokane after a trip to the lake. Joy bubbled in his heart. Not a footprint nor a wheel track had he found near the little sheet of water nestled away in the hills. No empty tin cans, milk bottles nor newspapers! The water was clear, cold and sparkling. Hundreds of early ducks were already zooming down out of autumn skies as if into a sanctuary. Virgin timber lined the shore. Squirrels had chirped defiance at his approach. Back up the valley he had found an abandoned farm where broad acres, long since overgrown with brush and scrub oak, would provide excellent cover for whirring coveys of quail. Turkey? Maybe not.

At the old farm, he had stumbled upon an ancient road that led back along the ridge into a farm-to-market road, and then to paved State Highway Forty! A few loads of gravel, some culvert pipe . . . a little labor and then—

Between Mokane and Tibbets, Hunser spotted a road contractor in his natural habitat, mud. Two huge 12-ton tractors were grunting and raging in tandem as load after load was moved away. Soon the ground would freeze and work would be halted.

Hunser and the contractor went into a huddle. A Pullman coach, stripped of its trucks, brakes, vestibule and steps was unwieldy, but—two tractors could pull the Statue of
Liberty if you could only put the old girl on wheels, and keep the ground solid!

Hunser next visited a St. Louis house-moving concern. Yes, for a nominal sum they would rent four solid iron-wheeled couples that could be mounted under heavy oak timbers. A week later, following a bitter cold spell that froze the ground solid, Hunser ordered the railroad to spot the cars, on successive days, on a siding near the farm-to-market road; and to free the coaches of all wheels and underpinning as per contract.

The contractor, crew now idle, felled saplings here and there and with caterpillar tractors and dynamite removed larger stumps and rock ledges along the old farm trail. The coaches were gently eased off the rails by skidding them on greased planks. The huge jacks were lowered and the first Pullman coach, looking strangely like a gigantic roller skate, was ready to go.

People in Mokane still talk about the day when a Pullman coach appeared in the heart of town and slowly, ponderously, like a huge turtle, crept through the streets. Autoists drove hastily off the highway, cleaned windshields and promised to sign the pledge when they glimpsed what appeared to be a train, backing up along the right of way. When the second coach was launched even the rural school turned out.

A week later both private cars, now mounted on rock foundations, stood like sentinels on the little bluff overlooking the lake. In their wake was a well defined trail, which the indomitable Hunser soon converted into a road, most of which was on railroad property covered by the lease. An easement through an adjacent farm cost twenty-five dollars and a promise to buy butter, eggs, milk from the farmer.

Towards the end of May, when busy business men feel that urge to sneak away to streams and woodland glades, irrepressible Clyde Hunser again visited Judge Blair’s office.

“Sorry, Clyde,” grinned the Judge, “we are all outa junk today. Nothing to sell . . . unless of course we might dispose of an old locomotive or two . . .”

“Oh yeah? Listen, Jack, do you realize that the fishing season opens Decoration Day!”

“Yes, I do,” admitted the august member of the Missouri Bar. “As a matter of fact, Buck Pershal was in only yesterday and tried to pry me loose—Jim Newell is a damn nuisance. Every time we have a Board meeting he spins a fool yarn about a fisherman’s paradise!”

“Maybe there is such a place,” whispered Hunser softly. “I know of a spot which is a natural duck sanctuary. Squirrels and quail!—well, did you see Harry Mueller’s picture in the Globe last fall with the bag he got? Listen—”

“How’s the fishing? That’s what I’m interested in!”

“This place hasn’t been fished in since twenty years ago when it was stocked with small mouth bass and crappie. Here, lookee these snapshots! It’s alive with fish!”
Clyde spread a series of pictures over the Judge’s desk. Practically every snap showed the broad-faced Hunser mounting guard, like a happy Billiken, beside a string of fish.

“Humph! Did you catch these yourself?” inquired Blair.

“Absolutely,” lied Hunser.

“Then I guess anybody could do pretty good! Where is this place?”

“And listen, Jack... there’s real beds at this place, electric lights from a little Delco plant; even toilets and shower baths and—”

“Oh, I see... a regular tourist camp full of squawling brats and bathing beauties and outdoor motor boats,” exclaimed the judge disgustedly.

“Nope, this is entirely private and cut off from all the outside world.”

“Probably five hundred miles away, down in the Ozarks, where an auto can’t get within ten miles of the place!”

“No, you’re wrong again—this place is not much more than a hundred miles from Kansas City—less than a hundred from St. Louis—I measured it on my speedometer.”

“You mean to tell me, Clyde Hunser, that there’s such a place, where hunting and fishing is good... where there’s modern conveniences... and where there’s privacy... all within one hundred miles? Why I’d buy in on that, sight unseen!”

“Now you’re talking,” beamed Hunser. “I’ve got Buck and Newell and Mueller and Jake Walker and Gale Johnson lined up. That makes five—and with yourself and myself, that’s seven. Will you kick in one hundred smackers for a ten-year membership!”

“Gladly,” exclaimed Judge Blair... “if all you say is true, which it probably isn’t. Why, it’s worth a thousand! By the way, where is this place?”

“Better make out a check,” reminded Hunser... “and if you don’t exercise your option in thirty days, I’ll charge you five dollars a day, demurage, I believe you called it.”

“What are you talking about? Here’s your check but—”

“Gimme that map showing the Katy right of way,” replied Hunser. Judge Blair pushed the blueprints across the desk, puzzled.

“Right here is the place,” said Hunser putting his pencil on a curve near a siding.

“Why... you poor nut... that’s the old watering place near Mokane that I unloaded on you nearly a year ago,” the Judge exploded, “Just an old creek that was dammed.”

“And for which you just paid me a hundred for a mere seventh interest,” chuckled Hunser. “But at that you’re a mighty lucky man. It’s the best fishing hole in Missouri.”

“Well I’ll be—!” breathed the Judge.

“The fishing season opens next Saturday,” tempted Hunser. “Money back if you don’t catch the limit! Betcha I get the first strike!”

There was a glint in the Judge’s eye. A soft, caressing breeze wafted the scent of spring violets in through the open window. Judge Blair was not thinking of leases, right of ways, damages or legal matters. Clyde Hunser tiptoed quietly away.
A FEW weeks ago I received an invitation from a friend of mine to attend a small get-together at his apartment. There, occupied with cocktails and small talk, someone suggested a game of cards. Because of the ladies, I expected bridge or Canasta or, at long odds, some style of rummy. Imagine my surprised delight when the wife of the host said: “Why not play draw poker?”

That affair led me to an investigation which unearthed that, despite such fads as gin and Canasta, poker is still America’s top indoor sport. But, shades of Gentle Annie!, the ladies have stolen this once great he-man game! It is no longer the exclusive property of men-only clubrooms, pool-hall backrooms, cellar sanctuaries and other spots long glorified by draw, straight stud, seven-card stud, and such varieties of poker as are indulged in by the male element alone. No, no; for the ladies have brought poker to the parlor.

But take heart, friends and fellow sufferers, for what was once our exclusive property may well come back to us because the femmes are failing; they can’t or won’t learn the language of the game, without which the color is gone. So the fair lassies may soon be the outcasts of flat poker!

LET’S go back to the evening that started all this. Draw poker, five-cent limit, and I had little luck for several uneventful hands. On the next deal my cards turned out to be four spades and one heart. The pot was opened, I played along, and drew one card: the King of spades, giving me a King-high flush. Betting progressed, with several raises engineered by myself and the hostess who, likewise, had drawn but one card. Finally, it was the two of us, and I called.

The lady put her cards on the table, face up. “I have five diamonds, with the 10 high,” she said, “That’s a flush, isn’t it?”

It was a flush. Mine, King high, topped hers. I spread it out before me,
saying "Mine are all blue, King high." I reached and raked in the chips.

"But I have a flush," the hostess interrupted.

"So has he," intoned her husband, "and his is better than yours."

"But he said something about 'all blue'," she protested.

With the type of patience usually reserved for constituents, my friend explained to his frau: "In poker, dear, spades are very often referred to as blue, and when he said his hand was all blue he meant that he had five spades, which is a flush. His highest card is the King, yours is the 10, so his is the better hand."

"I understand about the King and 10; but why call spades blue? We girls don't do that."

"You could have called your hand all pink," I interjected.

"That's the color of diamonds," she said, "but spades are black."

We let that logic go and returned to the game.

It IS nonetheless true that in the language of poker, hearts and diamonds have been given no nicknames. And with all my research, I've been unable to find any reason for this. Spades, wherever men play poker, are never spades, but spuds or blues. Oddly enough, there is an exception in this suit, the Queen always being termed the Black Widow.

All Aces are bullets or bulls for short. Kings are bulldogs, K-boys or cowboys. Queens are ladies or dames; and Jacks are bucks or knaves or hooks. Tens are casinos. In spades, then, the Ace is the blue bullet or bull; the King the blue bulldog or cowboy; the Queen, of course, the Black Widow; the Jack the blue hook, blue buck or spud buck; the 10 becomes the blue casino or spud ten; and the 9 is the spud or blue nine.

Clubs are clover or puppy tracks, with the Ace the puppy foot and the Queen the queen pup. Often, in this suit, the exception to the general terminology is the King, which here becomes the constable. Hearts and diamonds are just known collectively as pinks.

Among male addicts, terms for worthless cards and hands far outnumber anything else. "Rags," "hash," and "fruit salad" all designate poor hands of unrelated cards. "Trash," "junk," and "a palooka mitt" are likewise. And, in various localities, other localized terms which generally derive from something worthless or rundown in the specific neighborhood are applied to such poor hands as five unrelated cards all under the 10. With the exception of "powerhouse" and "mess of gravy" there are very few generalized terms for good hands.

Terms for specific hands are rife, however. "All blue," and "all clover," "all pink" for flushes, "stair steps" for straights, and a combination of the terms for straight flushes. A full house can be a "full shanty," "crowded cottage," "no vacancies" or "everybody home." "Four bullets," "four cowboys," "four ladies," and "four hooks" are easy to understand, as are three of any such card. "A pair of K-boys," "pair of hooks," ditto. Sometimes a simple pair is referred to as "twins."

One of the most widely used and most misleading expressions of poker is "sweetening the kitty." When a
player is asked to "sweeten the kitty," he is actually being requested to put his ante into the pot, whereas the "kitty" itself is not the pot but a portion or percentage of it, taken from each hand, as a house fee or, if by the host at home, to defray such expense as food or drinks served, or to pay for the cards used. "Get your feet wet" is interchangeable with "sweetening the kitty" and is reaching wider use.

Even possible hands have their special designations. A four-card sequence that can be added to at either end is generally, and logically, a straight open at both ends. But such a possible sequence of five cards, with the middle card yet to be acquired, is called a "loophole straight," "lame straight" or "criple," "one open in the belly," or a "split week." This last term spread through the game after first having been used by theatrical adherents of the pastime. Straights which can be extended in only one direction are known as "dead ends," or, specifically, one that can be filled in at the top only is a "barehead," and one that can be added to only on the lower side, a "barefoot."

In stud poker the card dealt face down, usually the first card dealt to each player, is the hole card. A player getting the same value card on his first card up as that which he has in the hole, has a pair "wired." And such player, with bulls or hooks wired, might "take a breather" and "chip along to spot the power," then "bump" to "sandbag the shoe salesmen." Translated, this better English means that the player with Aces or Jacks paired up might pass up his first chance to bet, thus feigning a poor hand; pay into the pot only the amount needed to keep him drawing cards until he noticed if any other player raised the bet, thus indicating a strong hole card for that player; then raise the ante to scare out of the hand the holders of only fair hands who might, if allowed to stay in the hand cheaply, assemble winning cards. Holders of weak hands are always either "shoe salesmen" or "ribbon clerks."

Most of the terms used by rugged he-men in their bouts with the pasteboards are lost in a maze of contradictory stories or in their very antiquity. A hand holding the two-pair combination of Aces and 8s is generally known as the "dead-man's hand," as it is reputed to be the hand held by Billy the Kid at the time he was shot to death. Any truth to this is clouded by the application of the same story, of the same value hand, to at least a dozen other famous or infamous citizens of America's early wild and wooly West.
Such poker slang, however, is not to be confused with some of the more serious, but far more rare, terms of the game as applied in certain locales. These terms are for special hands recognized in various parts of the country but which are illegitimate as far as Hoyle and the majority of poker players are concerned. Poker in the Deep South adds the "blaze" as a good hand, it being any five picture cards; and it beats two pair but loses to three of a kind. The "tiger" is another Southern addition, a hand with the 7 high and the deuce low, without pair, straight or flush, and it outranks a straight but loses to a flush.

The "skip," which is a hand of all even or all odd cards in sequence, such as 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10; or 5, 7, 9, Jack, King, is accepted in some places. In the South it beats any hand up to and including the "blaze." In the Pennsylvania mining country, where it has several local nicknames and is the only legitimate extra hand, it beats two pair but loses to three of a kind.

A S Hoyle, or any other authority, does not list such added hands; the rule of the house or host where the game is played must be taken as the final authority. One inveterate poker player found the meaning of such rule to his everlasting chagrin.

The clubman, visiting in the South, sat down for a game in the back room of a neighborhood saloon in this certain Southern town.

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

LOLLAPALOOZA 2-4-6-8-10 BEATS ANYTHING.

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

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

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

(Only One A Night.)

But the ladies, well, they just refuse to learn to speak bettor English. And so, I repeat, man to man, I'm sure the grand old pastime will come back to us from its present place in the parlor, back to our back rooms and hideaways where we can call our cards as we see fit. Meanwhile, the ladies don't fear to call a spade a spade!
A soft-spoken young real estate salesman from Kansas City has chalked up $3 million in sales in three years with methods pop-eyed veteran salesmen are scrutinizing.

By JACK STARK

Biggerstaff Sells

A MILLION A YEAR

IF Bill Biggerstaff is an enigma to the J. C. Nichols Company’s sales staff, it’s because in a few short years he’s sold more real estate and broken more records than any other salesman in the company’s spectacular 48-year history.

And “spectacular” is the word for the Nichols Company—developers of the world-copied and much studied Country Club District of Kansas City, where 60,000 people live in 12,000 houses in 50 subdivisions. The area is a masterpiece of residential city planning, with winding boulevards and picturesque homes. A $500,000 outdoor collection of rare and imported art objects—sculpture, columns and fountains—is used majestically to adorn the District. There are churches, schools, neighborhood shopping centers and golf clubs strategically placed throughout the parklike areas. Effective street planting makes the “Country Club District” one of the most beautiful residential areas in the nation.

In an organization which created such beauty, and established some rather sensational sales records, Bill Biggerstaff started from scratch four years ago. In each of the past three years, he has sold more than a million dollars worth of real estate a year.

There are certain factors that make a salesman “tick,” and Biggerstaff is no exception to the rule. Salesmen’s betting odds were that Bill’s first “million dollar sales record” was a stroke of luck, personal charm, sex appeal, voodooism and working almost exclusively on new small houses. But “the Kid,” as the old veterans termed him, turned around the next year when new home building was drastically curtailed and did it again.

After that he became as much scrutinized as the Hope diamond. Even more experienced salesmen hoped that some of this “Biggerstaff charm” would brush off on them.

To Missouri-born Bill Biggerstaff who stands six feet, two inches and is a 1940 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight city boxing champion, three consecutive years of selling a million dollars in residential property is not a miracle.

“It’s work and applied human psychology,” he claims. And by “human
psychology” he means his own home-spun, self-fashioned, human relations “rules of thumb” by which he works and gets people to buy homes. What’s more, he makes friends doing it and they constantly call him back to give him new leads.

What are these magical rules that have never been published? Remember they come from an uninhibited salesman who started out not knowing any selling rules, and fashioned these out of his own observations of people and their reactions. You are not reading these out of a book. They are fresh, original in most part, adaptable to every salesman and power-packed in the results they bring.

Some of the following eleven main points most salesmen will identify with their own work. Others may appear as a startler, possibly be questioned. But, remember . . . sometimes Bill throws out his own rules to make a certain sale.

But here’s how he tells it in his own words:

1 “I’m instinctively shy. My earliest brush with selling was in insurance training (one year) and I was too embarrassed to stand up before the class and make a graduation speech. Thus, I tend to hold back with a new prospect and get his feelings on what he wants. I still keep pretty much within myself until I find the house I think he’ll buy. Then I lose my shyness.

2 “Enthusiasm! I have a great deal of enthusiasm for my work and really build up an excitement over saleable homes. Especially when I have sounded out my prospect and know what he and his family wants. He’s married, has a couple of grade school kids, does a lot of his work at home and needs a den for privacy. When I realize his needs and I have such a home listed, I begin getting that pins and needles feeling, that is closely associated with selling, big game hunting, or deep sea fishing. You know you have the right bait to dangle in front of the big one. From here on I go all out and my enthusiasm is taken up by the buyer. Find homes for people instead of just making sales. Try it!

3 “Uninhibited is what a certain Kansas City columnist pinned on me. But, by uninhibited I don’t mean getting brash. That is the very opposite of my nature. To me uninhibited (if I really do have that quality) is luckily having started out selling without too much ‘do’s and don’ts’ preached at me and not too many sales barriers strewn in my way. I am like the cub reporter who went out and interviewed the recluse multimillionaire and got a national newspaper scoop because he didn’t know any better. The wise old timer who put him up to it knew it couldn’t be done.

4 “I try saving time. A lot of salesmen I have observed are spinning their wheels. Too often I have heard a salesman answering the phone tell a brand new prospect he’ll meet him on the corner in thirty minutes and show him some houses. All this without any preliminary to finding out what he wants, or even what he can afford. I save a lot of time by finding out all the details first—including how much money he can put down—then I select homes in his bracket. On hard-to-get-out prospects I use this system
effectively. I find out exactly what it is he needs by getting real specific. Then I eliminate all houses but one that seems to fit him most and call him. I'm anxious to show it to him. It's terrific. I have exhausted the whole book and this one is for him. We go out. I know that this man is tired from having been shown too many houses by real estate salesmen who wanted to take him on the "tour." Not many were concerned to find him ONE house that suited him.

5 "Another thing I try to do in making a sale is to point out the differences in a home ... its good features as well as the bad ones. If the back yard is triangular and piece-shaped plus a little cramped, tell him so right off. If that third bedroom is really too small and would make a better sewing room—tell his wife that too. This builds up his confidence in you and soon the buyer is leaning on you for advice instead of looking for things wrong with the house. In time I am able to eliminate all but one home and when I do I sell him that one. (Sometimes the buyer buys a home over Bill's objections to it and later finds out Biggerstaff was right. This buyer can't send him enough prospects from then on.)

9 "I always try to take the husband and wife out together to look at homes. I have found out in my few years of real estate selling that even though the husband likes a home, the wife has to approve it. This makes two trips! Why not cut it down at the beginning?

7 "I always try to take any reasonable offer to the seller. A lot of salesmen miss this point. A house is priced at $19,500 and the prospect I am showing it to likes it and offers $17,500 tops. Some sales-people let that go and begin showing them more homes. I make sure to take this reasonable offer to the seller and tell him I have sold his home for $17,500 and would he like to buy it back and try to sell it at a higher price. For that is actually what he is doing when he turns down the offer. Sometimes, not all the time, you make the sale.

8 "Never get into an argument with the customer. This is a rule every salesman knows, but I still hear my colleagues argue a customer down 'because I know real estate and don't tell you how to make bottle tops in your factory.' This is a 'maybe' approach I use with a good deal of effectiveness when a customer points out some minor detail which he seems to feel is important. I always say: 'Mr. Bell, that may be true as you have pointed out. However, I wonder if you have considered ... .' and we flatter him first for having seen something he is proud of having discovered. Then we switch his thinking for him.

9 "I always check with the salesmen around our main office to learn what they think of a home before I ever show it. This may sound like a lack of confidence in my own judgment, but I have always found I learned something from discussing a house's points with the rest of the staff. The Nichols sales staff knows I do this constantly as I first told them at a sales conference where I was invited to speak and discuss my sales methods. Then, after I have learned all about the home, I'm ready to show it to a prospect. But first I tell him
that I have found a perfect house for him . . . and what’s more, several of our sales staff have said it was the outstanding buy in this price bracket. Immediately he thinks ‘How can I go wrong?’ The switch from what I think of the home to what 25 sales experts think of it, helps make the sale.

When I call prospects to show them a home, I always load myself with plenty of good points about the house to overcome any objections they might have against it. The buyer might not like the rear porch. I mention the closeness to high school (he has two teen-age daughters), Lutheran Church (he’s a Lutheran, I found out), and wonderful community shopping center. His wife may think it a too-busy street. I mention the three family-size bedrooms upstairs and the paneled recreation room in the basement; the quiet, fenced-in rear yard; good transportation along that very same street. Also I never open a phone conversation: ‘Mr. Jones, are you still in the market for a home?’ That’s bad. Tell him you have found a beautiful home for him with what he needs and get enthused about it. If he’s bought, he’ll tell you. If not, you have a hot customer again.

I never get to that cold point where all talk bogs and only the contract signing is left. How many deals are lost here! I close most deals by knowing my customer well (I have spent a few hours with him and asked him lots of personal questions). Then I play up those points that are his favorite likes . . . and I talk. His family, his children, his needs for a den, a quiet neighborhood, nearness to a country club (he shoots in the 70’s),

out in the country where he can rent a pasture for his horse—all these make my closings easy for me. Soon he is reaching for a pen and asking if I have a contract ready. Then I use the short form which is quick, sure, safe, and painless.”

With his modest enthusiasm Biggerstaff says: “One of the most important things is good decoration and good condition. A prospect can rarely visualize what fresh paint and paper could do. By putting homes shipshape before they are shown, the sellers can profit handsomely by a better price. Sure, the wife of the buyer may want to do it all over again to suit her taste; but if it hadn’t been clean and attractive in the first place she wouldn’t have given it a second look.”

It may be encouraging to timid souls to know that you don’t have to be an extrovert, a back slapper, the life of every party and a jolly good fellow to sell a million dollars annually in residential property. At any party Bill Biggerstaff is conspicuous only because of his size and his blond
wavy locks. Otherwise he's the quietest man in the room.

One of Biggerstaff's most amazing sales was accomplished by letter. It bears repeating because it illustrates his friendly manner, knowledge of prospect, an uninhibited nature, enthusiasm, list of sales points and checking with the sales staff.

This potential buyer was being moved to Kansas City from the east, and had looked at several good homes with Biggerstaff—including one that Bill was convinced he should buy. The man needed two bedrooms and a den, a nice neighborhood, and price was not a factor. The home shown, which Bill knew instinctively the man should buy, had three bedrooms (one could be made into a den) and was in lovely Indian Hills subdivision. But the man turned it down and returned to New York.

Biggerstaff figured he had done a bad selling job and chalked up his loss to a breakdown in enthusiasm plus not giving the man enough reasons why he should buy. Then, one day, along came a letter from the man requesting that Bill buy two license plates for his cars; so he would have them when he arrived in town. His New York plates had expired.

Acting quickly, Bill had some plans redrawn of the home; showing exactly how the spare bedroom could be made into a den. He listed also 17 points why the home was perfect for the New Yorker. Then he told him how

He had checked with the entire sales staff to justify his opinion; and they all agreed the home was still the best buy on the market.

He also pointed out in the letter that in order to buy the local plates the man needed a Kansas City address. He asked him why he didn't buy the home (it still puzzled him)—and a contract was enclosed if he should change his mind with all this new information.

A week later back came the signed contract—and the deal was closed with an $1,800 commission! The man also got his license plates.

You could end such a modern success story right there. But Bill flaunts tradition in still another way. In a departure from most of his real estate contemporaries he bought the most expensive car he could find—a yellow Cadillac convertible—and began showing homes from $10,500 upwards. Now that is inviting the buyer to say: "Heck, this guy's getting rich offa this stuff. He's not for me!"

Could be.

But Bill went on to sell his second and third million and is now driving his second Cadillac.

One kind of motorist who never seems to run out of gas is the back seat driver. Among other things that do not turn out quite as you expect are people who drive cars.
Sports Personalities gather once a year to honor the men and young men of the area who devote their hours of recreation to Youth.

By JOHN R. THOMSON

Nite of Sports

ONE of Kansas City’s most pleasant traditions is an annual dinner attended by leading figures in the sports world from this area—in honor of the hundreds of men who organize, promote and support amateur sports of all kinds; and particularly, those men who work with youth, giving of their time and effort to create and maintain year-round sports programs.

Mushrooming to ten times its original size, the eighth annual “Nite of Sports” dinner held February 8 at the Town House Hotel overflowed into the junior ballroom as the greats of all sports in the Kansas City area accepted invitations to Sammy Dubin’s annual party. It was a fitting tribute to the silver-thatched sporting goods salesman who launched the tradition eight years ago with a dinner for forty-eight people. Now Sammy is worrying about what to do when the party outgrows its present home!

Dubin picked up the check; but it was underwritten by business and professional men who laid $2,000 on the line so that none of the six hundred guests would have to buy tickets! In fact, tickets are never sold at Dubin’s Doings.

Although they ask nothing in return, the sponsors of the dinner this year will receive an album of photographs taken that evening. This year, also for the first time, there was a surplus in the treasury. At the suggestion of Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director and the master of ceremonies for all eight “Nites,” the sponsors were each sent a refund.

Dubin, one of the original organizers of the “3 & 2” baseball program during the war, thought it was only right that some recognition be awarded the men who gave of their time and talent to teach youngsters how to play the national pastime.
The “Nite of Sports” (when it was begun in 1945 by Sears, Roebuck—Sam’s employers at the time) originally was confined to coaches and managers in the “3 & 2” program. But the idea was too good! Gradually other groups were invited, until now every sport and every sports figure in the area is represented around the festive board.

Forty-eight guests attended that first dinner; and Larry Ray was the master of ceremonies. Sam admits there weren’t any big shots there: “Just managers, me and Larry” he says.

Next year the party moved to the Hotel Continental. In 1947 the Ray-Dubin combination took the party to Kansas City, Kansas, and there it has remained. The past two years the party has been held in the new Town House Hotel.

Dutch Zwilling, the likeable Dutchman who managed the Kansas City Blues in 1927-32, hasn’t missed a party; and according to Dutch, “I don’t intend to.”

Sparky Stalcup, the Missouri basketball coach, is another regular and perhaps the most popular speaker on the long list of personalities. Sparky for two years has been the final speaker of the evening and twice he has proved the hit of the program.

Although the list of distinguished guests has grown steadily, Ray has never let the program deviate from its original patter: “No long speeches, everything in fun.”

Cynics say Dubin does all right. Maybe so; but we happen to know Sammy, who incidentally is the father of Vera Lynn, the songstress, has changed jobs five times in the last eight years and had to sign a note to pay the deficit on past parties. This year was the first and only time the underwriting has exceeded the expense, thus permitting refunds to those who contributed.

Ray summed it up when he said, “Sammy will wear out your right ear and then your left ear. He does a magnificent job; so who can criticize? Not only that, the guy’s terrific and as big hearted as the Texas plains.”

How about Sammy? What’s his attitude?

“I just want everybody to have a good time, get acquainted. This party is for everybody. Negro, Jew, Catholic, Protestant. They’re all welcome.” They were all there, too!
All of them enjoyed the favorite stories of the eighteen speakers—and it was with a start that the assemblage realized it was eleven o’clock when the party broke up!

If there was a central theme it was the presentation of three citations: To Ernie Nevel for his no-hit, no-run game in the final game of the Kansas City Blues season; to Al Conway, William Jewell halfback who led the nation’s small colleges in scoring; and to Forrest C. “Phog” Allen, the nation’s No. 1 basketball coach last year.

While the theme was friendliness and a good time, there was the serious side. It included a moment’s silence for those sports figures who left the sports scene in 1952; a moving description by Allen of the Olympic games; and the report that Charles “Kid” Nichols, Kansas City’s only entry in Baseball’s Hall of Fame, was very ill at his home.

The list of distinguished guests was impressive. (See photos on page 70 and 71.)

Well-known golf pros represented their sport. Steve Aleshi, who has won just about every fly-casting championship there is to win, was present; and the press and radio had a table.

Take it from those who have attended sports parties all over the nation, there is nothing quite like Kansas City’s “Nite of Sports.” Take it from his friends, there isn’t anyone quite like Sammy Dubin!

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

A certain clergyman was known for his shrewd and humorous expressions. In the pulpit he maintained a grave and orderly manner. Occasionally, if emergency required, he introduced something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his listeners. Seeing that his congregation was getting sleepy one Sunday he paused in his discourse and said: “My dear friends, you haven’t any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in foreign lands. The mosquitos in the tropics, for instance, are terrible. Some of them are enormous. A great many of them weigh a pound and they get on logs and bark when missionaries come along.”

This aroused the people. When he had finished his sermon members of his congregation called him to account for telling fibs in his pulpit.

“There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound,” said one member.

“But I didn’t say that one of them weighed a pound,” replied the minister, “I said that a great many of them weighed a pound, and I believe a million of them would weigh a pound.”

“But you said they barked at missionaries,” the member persisted.

“No, no,” the minister replied, “I just said that they would get on logs and bark. Logs do have bark on them you know, and while we’re on the subject, Brother Smith, is it possible that you got your dreams mixed up with part of the sermon?”

—Louis J. Mihalich

Wifey was at it again. “I gave up everything when I married you,” she said. “The heck you did,” replied her harried husband. “You didn’t give up talking.”

“Tell me,” said the sweet young thing, as she tripped up to the bank teller’s window, “how do I make out a check so it comes from my husband’s side of our joint account?”
APPLE-POLISHING, BACK-STABBING, AND OTHER SPORTS

By JOHN CROSBY

Shepherd Mead is vice-president in charge of television copy at Benton & Bowles advertising agency, an excellent vantage point to study the predatory habits of that curious and alarming profession. From these observations he has spun out a number of books including "The Magnificent MacInnes," a merciless ribbing of the survey and research racket, and "Tessie: the Hound of Channel One," a satire on television which he described as a wonderful medium which jumped straight "from infancy into senecence."

In his latest, Mr. Mead has broadened his field of fire to take in the whole field of business, though I rather suspect that the practices of which he writes with such consummate authority are more extensively practiced in the advertising dodge than anywhere else. The name of the latest opus, "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," is a pretty fair indication of the contents which are highly immoral.

It is a perfectly wonderful compendium of the methods used every day to get ahead without the exercise of brains or hard work, by clever credit-grabbings, back-stabbing and apple polishing. Mead covers the whole field thoroughly from how to get the job right on to elbowing the old man aside and stealing the business from him in wonderfully abbreviated and witty sentences. I'm especially captivated by the helpful bits of suggested dialogue for all possible occasions.

How, for example, explain that you'd just got pitched out of your last job on your ear. Here are a few of Mead's suggestions. "I felt I had outgrown them." Or: "Let's face it. They're not up to you people." Or: "Well, it's an old outfit. I want to work with young men." (If the interviewer is young) Or: (If he's old.) "Somehow they seem a bit callow. I want a shop with experience."

Once you get your feet in the door, Mead recommends a merry ruthlessness. The chapter on how to be a fair-haired boy, for example, pretty well covers the field. Cultivate the boss's hobbies, says Mead: then some bright day in the elevator, fire your opening gun:

"Got to hurry home, sir. The little devils are whelping."

"Whelping, Finch. Don't tell me you're a mongoose man!"

"Are you, too, sir? We are a rare breed, aren't we? Tell me, do you favor snake meat or kippers?"

Your really brilliant apple-polisher isn't even above adopting the old man's school. "A few days spent at Old Ivy State Teacher's Normal will supply you with all the necessary information and equipment... A good opening wedge may offer itself on a Monday following Old Ivy's disastrous defeat by a traditional rival."

Sidle up to the old man and mutter:

"Sorry, sir. Not myself today. Rarely touch a drop, but I did belt off one strong one yesterday. Those damned Chipmunks!"

"Chipmunks?" (His nostrils begin to quiver.)

"Oh, beg pardon, sir. You can't be expected to know. The old school took quite a drubbing Saturday. Old Ivy."

"Old Ivy? You're not an old Ivy Man, uh... ."

"Finch, sir. Old Ivy '24."

"Well, by God, Finch! Old Ivy, by God! Well, we'll get the damned Chipmunks next year, won't we?"
"We did it in '27 and we'll do it again, sir, if we ever get Ozymanowsky off the sick list."

Mead offers a full course in how to get a reputation as a hard worker while doing as little as possible. One dodge: drop in at the office on a Saturday a half hour before the boss drops in to pick up his golf clubs. Tousle your hair. Litter the desk with empty paper coffee cartons and fill the ashtrays with hundreds of cigarette butts: "Oh, working this morning, Finch?"

"Is it morning already, sir?"

"Great Scott, been here all night?"

And so forth. The whole book is a sorry, though hilarious, course in lying, conniving, legal theft, character assassination (of rivals), and assorted skullduggery which brings Machiavelli up to date. In fact, so heinous (though widely practiced) are Mr. Mead's methods of success that Simon & Schuster were a little nervous about publishing the book, fearing that their imprint might be mistaken for endorsement of these practices (which it isn't).

Well, just one more, then. Mead suggests that it's wise to act like a commuter, even if you aren't one. If, for example, you show up hours late:

"Damned Long Island Railroad!"

"Oh, train late again, Finch?"

"Almost two hours."

"Funny. Mine was on time."

"But we're on the spur you know. Always a bottleneck."

And, if you want to slip out early:

"Have to run, J.B."

"Now? It's only three-thirty."

"Trestle. Blazing like hell this morning. Lucky if I get home at all."

Soap Opera in Three Dimensions

TELEvised soap opera is still relatively an infant. But it's coming up fast and may eventually devour the afternoon air as it did radio's. First of the genre was "The First Hundred Years," which proved to be a wildly optimistic title. It lasted only 22 months. It was sponsored by Proctor & Gamble which also sponsors another TV soap called "The Guiding Light," the first and only radio soap to embrace television. One day a P & G executive noticed that "The First Hundred Years" cost $12,000 a week to "Guiding Light's" $8,000. That ended "The First Hundred Years."

Cost is the great bugaboo of the TV soaps as it was the great and virtually only virtue of the radio soaps. Recognizing this, Pat Weaver, NBC's vice-president, bent his mighty brain to the task and came up with what may be a solution. NBC has come up with a block of four soaps set back to back called "Hometown." There will be four separate stories all set in the same town and sometimes the characters will wander from one soap to another. NBC will build a whole village in its Brooklyn studios. The town will be the background for the separate woes of the town surgeon, an elderly couple who run the grocery store, a lady personnel manager of a local plant and the town seamstress. The permanent settings shared by four shows will cut costs, it's estimated, by 80 per cent.

At present, NBC-TV has only one soap opera, "Hawkins Falls." CBS-TV has three, "Guiding Light," "Love of Life" and "Search for Tomorrow." Where the general outlines and hysterical atmosphere of the stories haven't changed an awful lot from radio days, the technical problems are vastly more complex. Radio soap opera acting, for example, used to be one of the cushiest little rackets on earth. The actors stood in front of a microphone, script in hand, and emoted vocally—which for the veteran was no work at all.

Television soap acting is almost as tough as radio soap was easy. The actors have to remember their lines through all the noise and confusion of which there is a great deal and in spite of the continual interruptions for camera direction and boom direction. They are usually forced to act in terribly close quarters cause there isn't much space and the settings are fragmentary. They do it five times a week and almost never blow lines.

Rehearsal for "Love of Life," a typical one, starts at 9 a.m. and continues till 11:45. At 12:15 they're on the air for the fifteen minute show. Rehearsals for the next day's show start at 1:30 and continue for a couple of hours. After that the actors
go home and study their lines. Still, being an optimistic breed, they thrive on it and many of them feel they’re getting valuable experience which is what an actor says when he isn’t making much money.

Their mutual problems have welded the cast and crew into a close-knit and happy team which has a good deal of the old college try spirit about it. They like problems, having surmounted so many, and they get bored when things run too smoothly. Both cast and crew get a good deal of amusement out of the soapier dialogue, and are likely to burst right out laughing at a passage like:

“I believe that the core of love that was there has now changed entirely to hate and that you are now being devoured by it —devoured wholly and entirely . . . And you, Meg, you went to see Sandra Gamble only to torture her. You want to refuse Charlie his divorce from you only so you can torture him.” . . .

The actor who had to say this shrugged good-naturedly at the snickers of the camera man. “I know,” he muttered. “What can you do?”

Even the announcer, Don Hancock, gets into the spirit of things and loosens up his tonsils with: “Hello, everyone. Bad breath speaking. Welcome to ‘Love of Life.’ I’m so eager to do this chlorophyll commercial, I love it so. I’ll be all right if I just don’t mention the wrong product.”

As a cost-cutting device, “Love of Life” has borrowed Albert McGeary’s no-scenery techniques. Sets are suggested by something like an unattached door set six to eight feet from a cyclorama which registers black on the screen. Walls are suggested by simply hanging a picture right from the ceiling. There are no walls. A lawyer’s office was created by a desk, a couple of chairs, two pillars, a bookcase and an unattached door.

One thing that hasn’t changed between radio and television soap opera are the commercials. They average three minutes and ten seconds on “Love of Life,” and sometimes they go on for five minutes which is an awful lot of commercial for a fifteen minute show.

The important thing about televised soap opera, beyond wringing the heart, is (a) to save money, (b) to stretch out the plot as thinly as possible over the most possible episodes. John D. Hess, who writes “Love of Life,” has a lot of little tricks to accomplish this. One is the telephone. A lawyer character consumed half of one installment on the telephone, expostulating first to Meg, then to Charlie, to get the two into his office. The next installment they got there, all right, but they spent much of it trying to stalk out—but not quite leaving. Most any episode finds one character, his hand on the knob, threatening to walk out—forever.

Another soap adage, never violated, including this case, is that men, either the good ones or the bad ones, are essentially weak, women, both good and bad, essentially strong. Hess not only follows this rule but has garnished it with the following observation as expressed by Meg: “I know that when all’s said and done that a weak man needs a strong woman and a strong woman needs a weak man.”

Hess is not primarily a Radio or TV writer. He writes short stories and has written a play. Once in a while his current chore, his first writing for TV, gets a little too much for him and he sticks his tongue out at himself in print. One episode, for example, ended with a stage direction which read:

“She closes the rest of the gap with near violence, kissing him with the same violence with which she had slapped him . . . hands around his neck and, as our rating goes up three full points, we . . .

“Fade out.”


Presidential Tour

WHATEVER imprint President Truman may leave on history, he has certainly left his fingerprints all over the White House, and it was a wonderful experience when he succumbed to the universal urge to show us around his celebrated, newly decorated domicile on a television tour. The President proved to be a relaxed and knowledgeable guide, and the three networks, which pooled their resources, covered him with some of the slickest camera work and direction I've ever seen.

The telecast started quietly. There was a shot on film of the White House and grounds, taken from the Washington Monument. Then shots, still on film, of the rear and the front of the dwelling. In a miraculous bit of camerawork, the film changed to live television so subtly you couldn't tell the difference. The camera panned up to the front door, then took us inside. Inside another camera crept across the foyer and peered upstairs. Presently, down the stairs came the President, unheralded and unsung and in perfect taste. He greeted three newsmen, Walter Cronkite of CBS, Frank Bourgholtzer of NBC and Bryson Rash of ABC.

"Whenever you're ready," murmured the President and the tour began. Cronkite and the President walked down to the ground floor—as opposed to the main floor—the downstairs camera picking them up at the precise moment the upstairs camera lost them. While three cameras scurried from room to room, the President dis coursed. He explained why he had decided to take the Great Seal out of the floor and put it over a door, "because I didn't like to see people walking on it," and another sensible undertaking—his decision to fill the diplomatic reception room with paintings of some of the handsomer First Ladies of the land.

The White House is no ordinary home, but much of his spiel had the familiar wistful ring of any homeowner. At one point he declared: "We hope to obtain all the old kitchen utensils that went with those old fireplaces." Even after a $5,000,000 redecoration job, no home—not even the White House—is ever quite finished.

There are always the small aspirations—the copper pot one needs for the fireplace, the wing chair that needs recovering. It's nice to know the next tenant of the White House will have something left to complete.

"Do all the clocks run, Mr. President?" asked Mr. Cronkite.

"Yes, they all run. We have a special man to wind all the clocks every Friday," This astonishing bit of information prompted quite a lot of speculation in my circle. This clock-winder, is he Civil Service? Or does he change with the Administration?

A good deal of the President's chatter was pretty startling, notably his observation that the Capitol would some day fall down, a remark that cries for amplification. At one point he remarked that he didn't know the history of a certain bottle. It was virtually the only thing he didn't know. Here are a few of his running stream of comments. Of the East Room: "One of the Wilson girls was married here. Also Alice Roosevelt and one of the other President's daughters—I don't recall which." Of the Red Room: "We have some wonderful pictures here. That painting of Theodore Roosevelt is by John Singer Sargent. It's the most expensive painting in the house."

Of the Blue Room: "The furniture in this room was purchased by James Monroe in Paris when Jefferson was President. It's the only real antique furniture left."

He told the old one about John Quincy Adams taking a swim in the Potomac and a lady office-seeker sitting on his clothes until he promised to give her one; he revealed that the Washington Monument is 160 feet east of where it was scheduled to be built and that he liked to watch the kids play baseball in the park through binoculars, tried to join them once and only broke up the ball game.

Most celebrated single bit of the fifty-minute tour was Mr. Truman's rendition of Mozart's Ninth Sonata on a ballroom piano—easily the TV scoop of the year. Mr. Bourgholtzer conned him into this very cleverly by asking: "Do you mind if I show the audience what it sounds like?" "I'll show them what it sounds like," said the President. And sat down and played.
City Station in Stress

THERE is some loose talk flying around, most of it out of the mouth of New York City Comptroller Lazarus Joseph, of closing up WNYC, the nation's only non-commercial municipally-owned and operated radio station, because it costs $315,000 a year to operate. This is the most deplorable economy suggestion I've heard this year. The way they throw money around at City Hall, $315,000 is peanuts, and the people of New York get an awful lot of pleasure and profit for their little outlay.

What other radio station, for example, has a Shakespearean Festival which, in addition to full length Shakespearean plays, ties Shakespeare into its whole schedule? (The food program discusses food in Shakespeare's time.) What other station, after turning the shop over to Shakespeare for a week, courteously invites in the Baconians to utter their sharp little cries of dissent?

Well, WYNYC does that and a lot more. Its audience is small—400,000, which is tiny by New York City standards—but terribly devoted, especially to WNYC's fine musical programs. Many of the former devotees of WQXR, once a pillar of culture and good music, fled to WNYC when WQXR succumbed to crass commercialism. WNYC hasn't any commercials at all, a blessing which alone is worth $315,000 a year.

The station has been threatened with extinction before. The late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia considered the station such a total loss that one of his campaign promises was to close it down. Under the urging of his present director, Seymour Siegel, La Guardia not only changed his mind but became the bright star of the program department, his shrill imprecations against the money-changers enlivening the New York air as it hasn't been enlivened since. When New York's newspapers were shut down by a truck strike, he read the funny papers to the children, an unforgettable experience.

La Guardia is gone, but his philosophy still dominates WNYC. Since it can never reach the entire audience, WNYC reaches out for (and gets) the opinion-makers in the community. It never underestimates the intelligence of its listeners and consequently it reaches the intelligent who are almost unavailable to other broadcasters. La Guardia told the folks where their tax dollar went and WNYC still does.

La Guardia also had an old womanish desire to change everyone's eating habits to what he considered the proper foods. WNYC still does this. The City Food Guide tells what is plentiful and therefore cheap in the markets. Because of this program, vegetables like kale which were once spurned by the housewives have become popular.

Its most popular programs, though, are music programs, and the music lovers are devoted to WNYC's David Randolph who is the music connoisseur's connoisseur. Randolph gets so esoteric that sometimes no one but himself knows quite what he's up to. Once he dug out the ten most esoteric records he could find—some of them didn't even sound like music—and asked the audience whether they liked them. That drew 2,000 letters, many of them very esoteric, too. Randolph regularly pulls 400 to 500 letters per program (and, incidentally, Comptroller Joseph, he works for exactly nothing.)

WNYC frequently employs what Siegel calls "a circus technique," scrapping its whole regular program schedule for some big flashy affair like its American Art Festival, or Opera Festival, or Great Play Festival, or Children's Drama Festival, or Book Festival. They're crazy for festivals over at WNYC.

The station proudly boasts that it has carried more United Nations coverage than any other station in the country (600 hours last year), that it devotes more time to public health than any other in the nation. that it's virtually the only station that has one special program for doctors and another for lawyers. All this for $315,000. It's a bargain.

Postscript: In the future lies television, too. The City Planning Commission has set aside $379,000 to build a municipal TV station. If WNYC (which is safe until July 1) is eliminated, there probably wouldn't be any city TV station.
Some Small Complaints

ALWAYS on the alert to guard that citadel of American culture—the popular song—I'm sounding the tocsin right now against a practice which I consider subversive. You know what television producers are doing to blues songs? They're putting happy endings on them. I seen it with my own eyes.

The other day on "The Hit Parade," a young lady, conceivably Dorothy Collins, was moaning that popular lament that she wished he were here because they were painting the sky a different color this year or some such nonsense. At the end of this anguished cry, he showed up, the answer to a maiden's prayer. A little while later, another forlorn maiden was shown singing "Somewhere Along The Way." She hoped she'd find him somewhere along the way and damned if she didn't. As I say, I consider this tampering with the fundamental intent of a songwriter un-American.

When a songwriter writes about a girl sitting alone by the telephone, he darn well wants her to be alone. Heartbreak is the most precious element of the songwriter's precarious career. If I were a songwriter, I'd rise in revolt against these TV producers who are trying to mend the hearts he has shattered in song. Next thing you know some singer will be shown singing "My Buddy" out in No Man's Land over the body of his fallen comrade and the corpse will rear up and proclaim that it was only a flesh wound.

MY South American intelligence service, normally a somnolent operation, came to life briefly the other day. At any rate, the mail packet brought a letter concerning television in Rio De Janeiro. "We are the proud possessors of one TV station. It works from 5 to 6 each afternoon during which time they show old Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy pictures—at the end of which a trailer clearly states, in English, that the picture is not licensed for TV.

"The second period of television runs from 8:30 until about 11 P. M. It can't go on longer than this because the transmitter (not the studio) is located atop Sugar Loaf mountain and the last cable car from there is at midnight. So if the program runs any longer, all technicians are marooned on top of the mountain until the morning after.

"As to the programs, there was one unforgettable version of 'Othello' in which the opening sentence was Nao entrai simply because the fool in charge of the script didn't know enough Portuguese to realize it should be nao entréis. That's like saying 'Is I in love, I is,' no less. On top of that, Othello was the only actor in the entire cast you could positively swear had no Negro blood in him whatsoever.

"Our picture is never sharp except in the background or foreground. This isn't too objectionable since it always seems to be seen through waves of gelatin, and focus wouldn't be appreciated anyway. Another thing the TV people like to do here is to stop a picture right in the middle, run off an ad and then go on to another program. I find it frustrating. However I get back at them by calling the station and, after they answer, leaving the phone off the hook (after explaining why) for half an hour. Our phone system is so constructed that their phone cannot make nor receive calls until the calling phone (in this case mine) is replaced on the hook."

SO we take leave of romantic, sun-drenched Rio and return to New York, where there is an early morning weather-
man on WNBT named Charles F. McCarthy whose weather chats pulsate with such wondrous prose that some of his listeners dive right back into bed and pull the covers over their ears.

"Here in midtown Manhattan," Mr. McCarthy is quite likely to say, "it's a rare and lovely November morn. An enchantingly beautiful robin's egg sky with a lacy pattern of woven wisps of wondrous white. A glowing golden gleam from Old Sol adds the touch of a picture post card sky. The air is savory and delightful. All makes for a topdrawer four 'S' day—succulent, sunny, semi-summery."

Now, look here, McCarthy. There hasn't been any savory air in Manhattan since the Indians owned it. As for those "woven wisps of wondrous white," if you look again you'll notice that lacy pattern spells out Pepsi-Cola. It's an ad, son. Enough of this succulence, McCarthy. How cold is it outside?

Chaos in Suburbia

"Trouble In Tahiti," the second in the monthly NBC Television Opera series, opens with a deliciously ironic paean of praise to the American Suburbia ("Parks for the kids. Neighborly butchers. Less than an hour by train.") which is written and sung in the style of a singing commercial.

The trio sings it deadpan with only the faintest hint of a dry smile, suggesting that life in Suburbia is not quite so enchanting as the lyrics proclaim. It's a sort of very modern Greek chorus in jazz rhythms, and the lines, innocent appearing in print, are extraordinarily pointed and malicious when sung.

"Up to date kitchen, washing machine "Colorful bathrooms, and 'Life' magazine . . ."Real solid silver, wine in the soup; "Two-door sedan and convertible coupe . . ."Vitamin B chlorophyll toothpaste "Who could ask Heaven for anything more? "Lovely life, oodles of culture "Over TV, Book-Of-The-Month Club . . ."

And so on. Apart from this chorus which is just a trio, there are only two characters in Leonard Bernstein's opera—a man and wife who are about as miserable a married couple—the up-to-date kitchen, notwithstanding—as you can imagine. We first encounter them quarrelling, an old, old quarrel, over the breakfast table. An accusation of infidelity. Who first raised his or her voice the night before? Why can't he make Junior's school show? All the little disharmonies, which reflect the immense barriers between the two, come out in short staccato sentences which are, I suppose, Bernstein's way of interpreting the tempo of life in Suburbia.

SAM: You lead your life
And lead me to mine.

DINAH: Oh, but you're selfish
SAM: And we'll get on fine.

The next scene at the office shows Sam ("You marvel of a man" sings the Greek chorus) besting a friend in business, then loaning a less fortunate friend some money. ("Oh, Sam, you're an angel, you big-hearted man" sings the chorus.) The scene shifts to the psychiatrist's couch where Dinah sings of her dreams of "harmony and grace" as opposed to the blood-curdling competitive drives of her husband.

If I understand Bernstein correctly, this wolfish competitive drive of modern society, which is consuming the wife, is the theme of the piece. It is best summed up, and frighteningly so, in an exultant song by Sam about the men "who never, never, never will win" and the other kind (of which he is a representative):

"The winner is always a winner! "He never will have to worry "About his dinner. "He never will have to think "About getting thinner. "Cause he's a winner, a nature boy!"

The title "Trouble In Tahiti" is pure irony. It's the title of an insipid movie the wife goes to see to escape from her torments and then sings about the plot in a wonderfully funny lyric which should make any movie producer squirm with embarrassment for his art.

Bernstein's work was not conspicuously successful when it was tried out at Tanglewood this summer and I think I know why. It is an intimate opera, far more attuned to the intimacy of a seventeen-
inch screen than to a huge stage. This contrast between the American drama of material plenty—the little white house with all the latest gadgets—and the psychic havoc caused by bowing low before that materialism is perhaps as vital a theme as any you'll find in American life today, and I applaud NBC for having the courage to put it on—biting the advertisers' hand that feeds it in the process.

"Trouble In Tahiti" is much too witty and provocative to be allowed to lapse after only one performance. I hope they'll do it again.

**Victory at Sea**

"VICTORY At Sea," a monumentally ambitious enterprise of NBC television, is an attempt to tell in motion pictures the history of sea warfare from the outbreak of the war in 1939 to the day before yesterday. At the command of the producers was some 50,000,000 feet of film, $200,000, lots of time, the services of Richard Rodgers who composed an original score, and—at least, as originally planned—the writing talents of C. S. Forester, conceivably the greatest living writer of the sea.

Somewhere along the line, Mr. Forester and "Victory At Sea" parted company but the fruits of the rest of the labor are now on view. Sea warfare, for my money, is the most absorbing, the most photogenic, the most intricate of mankind's destructive preoccupations and this series can hardly fail to capture your most earnest attention.

Still, considering the time, money and intellectual resources that went into this effort, it is a little disappointing, conceivably because I expected too much. I have seen only two of the twenty-six episodes—one on the convoy battle of the Atlantic, one of the battle of Midway. Now, the battle of Midway is one of the most important sea battles of all recorded history. It was here that Admiral Spruance led what was left of the American battle fleet against a larger Japanese fleet, here that America won her first decisive victory after a series of unbroken and humiliating defeats.

The actual battle is magnificently portrayed, not only on our own film but on captured Japanese film which shows the Japanese planes taking off from their carriers. The grim early part of the battle, in which our bombers failed to score a single hit, our torpedo squadrons were wiped out without causing any damage to the Japanese, is shown in heartbreaking detail. Then came the incredible two minutes when the whole tide of battle changed, three Japanese carriers went to the bottom, and the Japanese fleet scampered for home, leaving Midway still in our hands.

Richard Rodgers has deleted all the ordinary battle noises from the film and substituted music. So skillfully is this done that you never miss the gunfire at all. The music suggests it instead. The Rodgers score is a beautifully descriptive job of writing, but here again, I think, it does not—in the episodes I saw—quite rise to the sweeping grandeur of the sea and of sea warfare. A sea battle is a majestic thing and the music, captivating as it is, is not quite up to it.
Also, the victory at Midway, it has now been fairly well established, was to a large extent made possible by the fact that we had broken the Japanese code. Admiral Nimitz probably wouldn't have dared pull all his battle units out of the South Pacific and throw them into Midway if he hadn't known where the Japanese fleet was. This fact isn't even mentioned, an odd omission.

The film devoted to the grim battle of the convoys over the Atlantic was studded with breathtakingly beautiful shots of sea and sky in which the ugly freighters were almost an intrusion. Convoy HXO sets off from New York for Britain and we see the vigilance of the escorting warships, the air cover which was hideously inadequate for long stretches of ocean. On captured German film there are glimpses of the inside of a submarine, the commander spotting the convoy, the deadly trail of the torpedoes through the water, the explosion in the night.

"Dawn," says the commentator. "A few random traces in the indifferent sea show a convoy has passed, a submarine has struck."

The commentary verges into rather stiffish, overly dramatic prose from time to time, which seems unnecessary. The war was dramatic enough without embellishment. Also the voice of the narrator gets a little sticky with portent which I found annoying.

On the whole, though, "Victory At Sea" is a rewarding and gripping experience, a vast panorama of living history that shouldn't be missed.

**Singing Commercial**

The high point of "Ruth Lyons 50 Club"—to me, at least—was Miss Lyons and her sidekick singing the commercial for A-1 Sauce. I've heard love songs before but never such passion as this. They sang it as if dedicated or—a much larger possibility—as if they were afraid of losing the account. After that rendition, I don't see how A-1 could move elsewhere. That's her song. "My Man" belongs to Fanny Brice, A-1 belongs to Ruth Lyons. (Now I suppose you all want to know what my song is. Well, sir, stand back while I give out "If God Can Forgive Me, Why Can't You?")

**Great Show**

"OMNIBUS," the Ford Foundation's hour and a half essay into serious experimental television programming, opened with an excerpt from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado"; an original playlet by Maxwell Anderson, "The Trial of Anne Boleyn" starring Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer; an original play by William Saroyan, "The Bad Men"; a Haitian witch doctor dance; and the interlocking commentary of Alistair Cooke.

My only sizable complaint against this show, which was on the whole magnificent, is that it wasn't especially native American or breathtakingly original. While Mr. Anderson is indubitably American, he has been mauldering these many years about the conscience of dead English kings, and his stars, the Harrisons, are as violently British a young couple as you can find. Mr. Cooke is a transplanted Englishman. Gilbert and Sullivan are pure Empire and Haiti is also non-resident. That leaves Saroyan who is unquestionably a local talent though even he is slightly seasoned by his Armenian ancestry.

Notwithstanding all those English accents, "Omnibus" was an earthy, competently produced, showmanlike essay into a level of culture which its executive producer, Robert Saudek, absolutely proclaims to be middlebrow rather than high-brow. Its sole venture into the truly avant-garde, I expect, was the prize-winning film of the Haitian witch dance in which a witch doctor drove the sin out of a young girl, a fearsome, convulsive affair which went on much too long. (It couldn't be cut, the producers explained.)

The chief charm of the program and greatest innovation was its total disregard for the ordinary tyrannies of time. Each disparate element was accorded what it deserved—eight minutes or twenty-four minutes or whatever. The program as Mr. Cooke observed at the outset was going to be "exceedingly various" and this variousness, which might have given the viewer intellectual indigestion, was knit together and smoothed over by Mr. Cooke's urbane, literate and extremely relaxed comments. His presence added immeasurably to the coherence of the proceedings. In fact, there wasn't really enough of him and
in the future we are promised some Cooke features of his own which ought to be highly entertaining.

"The Bad Men," which probably took the individual honors of the afternoon, had Mr. Saroyan's fingerprints all over it. It dealt lovingly on a couple of vaguely intoxicated Indians who were the bad men of the title but actually the good men of life. The theme, I gather, was that all men should love one another, a theme with which Mr. Saroyan has toyed before and finds inexhaustible. It was marked by that childlike grace and manic charm which is Mr. Saroyan's special gift and it was thoroughly delightful.

Mr. Anderson's playlet was completely different in mood and substance, full of Mr. Anderson's heavily costumed poetry. Fortunately it was graced by those two professionals, the Harrisons, who can bring a measure of authority to even the most tree-ripened of the Anderson blank verse. ("Her lips were an over-eaten plate.") It was a passionate piece and the Harrisons acted it with passion and eloquence and great subtlety. There has been a little too much of Anne Boleyn's mis-handling by Henry on television of late and I couldn't help wondering why they picked this one for the opening show.

The production was impressive but far from flawless. Shadows from the microphone boom were visible a good deal of the time. Some of the audio was pretty bad. In conclusion Mr. Cooke recited a verse from Ecclesiastes as a rather unusual salute to Armistice Day. It was a beautiful bit of prose but it was horribly disfigured by the use of some of the most hackneyed still pictures I ever saw—the rows of white crosses, the marching men, the breaking waves.

Still, "Omnibus" was on the whole a splendid and remarkably rapid hour and a half of television.

Harpo and Chico

Harpo and Chico Marx have been belting around the television circuit separately and not entirely successfully. But they teamed up on the Colgate Comedy Hour to give some of the younger members of the class—Martin and Lewis, let us say—a lesson in advanced lunacy of the sort that won them fame and fortune in the '20s and '30s.

As lunatics go, Martin and Lewis are funny people, all right, all right, but they haven't anything in their bag of tricks quite like Harpo's stolen silverware routine. This is the one, you'll recall, where a cop shakes Harpo's hand to congratulate him on his honesty. A cluster of spoons drops from his sleeve. His face remains a study in innocence. Another handshake and more silver cascades to the floor. It keeps coming, a drumfire of stolen silver, until Harpo is up to his ankles in the stuff. The contrast between the se- raphic faces and the preposterous quantity of boodle is what makes this one of the funniest bits I know.

Harpo's is a wonderful face anyhow, alternating with the speed of light between unimaginable evil and total innocence, a combination of a small boy and a satyr. His mute act doesn't do well by itself, more's the pity. Harpo needs Chico's expert assistance; the face needs a voice to respond to and make grimaces at. Together, the two assaulted a piano in a hilarious duet and created some large scale pandemonium in a sketch in which Harpo impersonated the worst bad man in the southwest. This bit has seen heavy service on TV, but somehow Harpo and Chico endowed the thing with more polish and finish and sheer maniac hilarity than the rest of the boys. The comedy team seems to be a big thing on television these days, so I don't see why the Chico and Harpo team shouldn't be perpetuated. Alone they're not much. Together they're terrifc.

The Prop Laugh

On comedy shows this season there's an awful lot of what I can only refer to as the prop laugh. The prop laugh, kiddies, is when a comedian is suddenly convulsed by some miscue which isn't apparent to the rest of us. He then turns his back and shakes with laughter while you and I wonder what the hell is the matter. It's a private joke, and I don't think private jokes ought to be allowed on national networks. They're a terrible waste of time.
...this issue
You're Swinging with—

JOHN CROSBY, radio and television critic for the New York Herald-Tribune, syndicates a column four times a week to a long list of American newspapers. A native of Milwaukee, he attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale—then began his "real education" as a newspaper reporter. There's a "double dose" of Crosby in this issue: beginning on page 18, and again on page 94, where we publish some "hold over" that was just too good to omit!

HARRY FAWCETT, whose article on the Wine & Food Society begins on page 75, is manager of The Kansas City Club. His expert knowledge of wines and food is the result of a lifetime spent in Club management. As a former member of the Chicago Branch of the Wine & Food Society, he was instrumental in formation of the "Kawansas Ceety Branch."

JAMES L. HARTE, author of "Better English" on page 82, is a Pennsylvania-born ex-newspaperman. A free-lance writer who has appeared in more than 300 magazines (including America, Nation's Business, Readers' Digest), he has also been a heavy contributor to the pulps. While specializing in non-fiction magazine articles, he is now writing who-dunits for the pocketbook trade. He has published eight books.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON, who wrote "Safe with Ellen" on page 54, is a clerk with the Veterans Administration and spends her spare time as a free lance writer and collector of historical oddities and Americana. She has written essays, fiction, verse and book reviews for leading newspapers and magazines.

CLARENCE MANION, former Dean of the School of Law at Notre Dame University, is now on the "lecture circuit," appeared recently before the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, sponsored by the American Legion. His article, "Blueprint for Freedom," page 2, was delivered as a speech before the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association.

JOSEPH PAPARA, whose article on the Pentagon appears on page 73, is a member of the Wausau (Wisc.) Record-Herald sports staff. He began free lance writing early in 1946 after 42 months' service with the Army in World War II, 25 months of it in the South Pacific.

ADDIE JO SHARP, author of "Live Your Own Life," on page 15, is an ex-school teacher and retired business woman. She writes her own page for Baking Industry Magazine ("Between Us Girls"); has published articles in several trade magazines and newspapers. In 1950 she won an award in the short-short story contest sponsored by Writers' Digest.

JACK STARK, who wrote "Biggerstaff Sells a Million a Year," (page 86) is a freelance writer and real estate salesman. Born in New York and brought up in Florida, he has a background of newspaper work, publicity, advertising and public relations in the south, east and middle west.

LARRY SPAIN, whose article "He's Giving the Indian a Break," begins on page 31, has lived in the American southwest for some years; and knows well the Indians of Santa Fe and Taos. He sent Swing the interesting photos on page 33.

JOHN R. THOMSON, who wrote "Nite of Sports" on page 91, is sports editor of the Kansas City (Kansas) Kansan for ten years. A member of the Football Writers' and the Baseball Writers' Associations, he says the biggest thrill he has ever had was the night he appeared as guest Disc Jockey on WHB's "Night Club of the Air."

JOHN K. WALSH, who wrote "Virgin Water," on page 78, is Director of Personnel for the Missouri State Penitentiary. He is an ex-Field Artillery Major and was a mining engineer in South America. He has served as a member of Board of Curators of the University of Missouri. His two favorite hobbies—short story writing and fishing—are happily combined in this current contribution to Swing.

OUR COVER GIRL (front cover) appeared in national magazine advertisements placed by the Susquehanna Waist Company, 1350 Broadway, New York City—makers of "Ship 'n Shore" Blouses. Mervine and Jesse Levine, Inc., are the advertising agency; Mervine Levine, the account executive. Swing expects to continue using color plates from interesting advertisements. Does your firm have a set of plates you'd like to suggest as suitable? Two-to-one they won't be like this month's "Ship 'n Shore" plates—with the "S" already built-in where we need it!

YOU BASKETBALL FANS in the Kansas City area can get set for the climax of the season when the National Collegiate Athletic Association "playoffs" and "finals" come to Manhattan, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, in March. Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, will broadcast every game, play-by-play—and if there's Television, you can look at the TV picture and "listen to Larry" on WHB. March 19th, Larry leaves for Florida to cover the Kansas City Blues spring training activities; broadcasting direct from Lake Wales each weekday night at 6:15 p.m. You'll be listenin', we hope!

[Signature]
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

And the November-December, 1952 Pulse Survey shows why:

Sunday Afternoons, for example:

- WHB  27.0
- Station "B"  17.0
- Station "C"  18.0
- Station "D"  17.0

Monday through Friday during the WHB "Night Club of the Air" with Roch Ulmer as Master of Ceremonies:

- WHB  10.3
- Station "B"  8.3
- Station "C"  5.8
- Station "D"  7.5

For, last year's Football Games, Play-by-Play by Larry Ray:

- WHB, Larry Ray  33.4
- Station "B"  24.2
- Station "C"  13.6
- Station "D"  26.9

10,000 Watts in Kansas City

Represented by
John Blair & Co.
Spring has Zing on WHB

WHEN the newsie at the corner puts up the flaps of his cap... when crocuses push up through a patch of late winter snow... when you look with new and impersonal passion at someone who isn't your wife or your true-love... and at last forsythia butters the Plaza... then, brother, watch out! It's spring! You open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you've a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoe, a wing gets in the way.

HAPPLY, along streets crowded with noon, you wander lonely and ecstatic, hearing over the dissonance of traffic the willow buds open. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens! Any old miracle! Your own private miracle!

BUT here in Kansas City there's another sure sign of spring: the arrival of the Blue baseball players, home from spring training in Florida. And suddenly it's April 15, Baseball Opening Day at Blues Stadium! Larry Ray of WHB is on the spot to do the play-by-play broadcast, as he'll do for 153 consecutive games thereafter... through the pleasant summer days and nights right up to Labor Day! With baseball, our new spring schedules start on WHB—fascinating Radio programs for which we've been planning all winter. We hope you'll be with us—as a listener, or as an advertiser alert to the best way of reaching the most people at the least cost.

Via WHB, of course, of course!
PLAY BALL!
Kansas City "Blues"—154 Night and Day Games
PLAY-BY-PLAY BY LARRY RAY
WHB • AT HOME AND AWAY

FOR the fourth consecutive season, WHB exclusively broadcasts all games played by the N. Y. Yankees' No. 1 farm team, the K. C. Blues. Muchlebach Beer and Kroysen Beer, for the fourth straight year, sponsor these popular broadcasts.

THE 1953 "BLUES" SCHEDULE (Day Games in Italics)

GAMES AT HOME

Apr. 15, 16, 17 Minneapolis  
Apr. 18, 19 St. Paul  
Apr. 26, 27 Louisville  
May 8, 9, 10, Toledo  
May 11, 12, 13 Indianapolis  
May 14, 15 Columbus  
May 16, 17 (2) Charleston  
May 18, 19, 20 St. Paul  
May 21, 22 Minneapolis  
June 12, 13 Charleston  
June 14 (2), 15 Columbus  
June 16, 17 Indianapolis  
June 18, 19 Toledo  
June 20, 21 (2), 22 Minneapolis  
June 23, 24, 25 St. Paul  
July 2, 3, 4 (2), 5 Louisville  
July 17, 18, 19, 20 Indianapolis  
July 21, 22, 23 Toledo  
July 24, 25, 26, 27 Charleston  
July 28, 29, 30, 31 Columbus  
Aug. 20, 21 Louisville  
Aug. 22, 23 Columbus  
Aug. 24, 25 Charleston  
Aug. 26, 27, 28 Toledo  
Aug. 29, 30 Indianapolis  
Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, St. Paul  
Sept. 3, 4 Minneapolis  
Sept. 5, 6 Louisville

GAMES AWAY

Apr. 21, 22 St. Paul  
Apr. 23, 24 Minneapolis  
Apr. 28, 29 Louisville  
Apr. 30, May 1 Indianapolis  
May 2, 3 (2) Toledo  
May 4, 5 Columbus  
May 6, 7 Charleston  
May 23, 24 (2) Minneapolis  
May 25, 26, 27 St. Paul  
May 29, 30 (2), 31 Louisville  
June 2, 3, 4 Charleston  
June 5, 6 Columbus  
June 7, 8, 9 Indianapolis  
June 10, Toledo  
June 26, 27, 28 (2) Minneapolis  
June 29, 30, July 1 St. Paul  
July 7, 8, 9, 10 Indianapolis  
July 11, 12, 13 Charleston  
July 13, 14, 15 Columbus  
Aug. 2 (2), 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 (2), 10, 11, 12, 13 Indianapolis  
Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17 Charleston  
Aug. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 St. Paul

AT THE "BLUES" SPRING TRAINING CAMP • LAKE WALES, FLORIDA

The 1953 Blues played 17 exhibition games—won 15, tied one and lost one. In photo below, left to right: Bill Skowron, Harry Craft, Jerry Lumpe, Larry Ray. In photo below at right, Lee McPhail of the Yankees; Ernie Mehl, sports editor, K. C. Star; Parke Carroll, Blues business manager; Harry Craft Blues team manager; Larry Ray, sports director, WHB.
Wilbur Phillips 106 Citizen Truman at the Bridge
Mary Brown 110 How to Take a Bath
Shirley Sargent 115 25th Anniversary—A Story
Robert A. Slayman 118 The Man Behind the Indianapolis Winner
Elizabeth Scott 121 Under the Ginko Tree
H. C. Bonfig 126 Television Today and Tomorrow
Erna Clark 131 Hidden Beauty in Stones
Frank Rose 134 Fire at Your Fingertips
Don Davis 140 The Man of the Month—Raymond W. Hall
Larry Ray 153 The Clown Prince of Baseball
Husband R. Cash 158 That Auto Trip You Can’t Afford—To Miss
Bruce Davies 162 Drumm Institute
Louis E. Tappe 165 A Study in Jazz
Philip Ferry 168 The Nuggets of Wheelbarrow John
Whit Sawyer 177 Sermons Under Glass
Charles Hogan 181 Make Me a Boy Again
Jules Archer 185 They Span the Pacific
Lester Kroepel 193 The Gusher
John Crosby 195 Radio and Television Reviews
HARRY S. TRUMAN is in the position of a man being chased by another man's dogs. All he wants is to be let alone but the dogs have other ideas.

Every day until his departure for a vacation in Hawaii, his Kansas City office was overrun with a strange assortment of well-wishers, plain pests, and “dear old buddies”—some of whom the ex-president never knew.

Vivian Truman says his brother's jangling telephone brings him a barrage of questions—“What did the former president do with File Cabinet X?” “What did he do with the Irish wolfhound somebody gave him in 1951 and what is his opinion of dogs in general?”

All of this leads the ex-president to pine for privacy which he can't expect to attain. Like all of America's ex-presidents, Mr. Truman finds it impossible to step back into the peaceful anonymity of a private citizen.

BUT there was another year when Mr. Truman had every reason to welcome even a portion of the attention which is now a part of his daily life. And most of all he could have used some adulation on a certain moist, windy day in the fall of 1929—a day on which he was overshadowed by a panda bear, a disheveled young lady, and a high-flying rancher, in that order.

The potent amount of lah-de-dah and scene stealing that reduced Mr. Truman's position at a bridge dedication to that of a supernumerary was preceded by a real life drama that almost—but not quite—blew the roof off. The cliche is intentional—for some 1,500 people felt themselves as irresistibly drawn from Mr. Truman as if they were iron robots against a gigantic magnet.

They had gathered high above the murky, erratic Missouri River, at the center of the Independence-Liberty Bridge, three or four miles northwest
of Mr. Truman’s hometown. They were to witness simultaneously demonstrations of four ways of transportation. In the river below, a steamboat was to pass under the bridge, tooting a fog horn. Along railroad tracks on the west bank, a bunting-decorated engine and cars were to idle along while huffing the sky full of heavy, acrid smoke. For awareness of a third means of transportation, the celebrators had only to look to their cars—including in those days, the square-shouldered Maxwells, Chandlers, and Essexes—which they had parked at the approaches to the bridge. But it was the airplanes—the wild blue yonder—that had the crowd’s most earnest attention.

High above the comparatively tiny, skeletal, child’s toy of a bridge, high above the thin, brown ribbon of a river—higher than the blossoming smoke from a ridiculously energetic little engine—daring young men in airplanes were to zoom through the sky! In fabric-covered flying machines men who seemed no bigger than gnats would nod their goggled, helmeted heads and wave their almost microscopic hands. From the lead plane, Ruth Mix, daughter of cowboy Tom Mix, would drop dahlias in the general direction of a thoroughly aroused blue-sky-gazing crowd.

Except the sky was not blue! Instead it was a leaden, brooding grey, full of threat of wind and rain. And there was a doubt rampant in the crowd that a certain Col. Art Goebel would brave so portentous a sky, would dare to lead a formation of nine putt-puts in swooping flight over the celebrators. The prospect of a cancellation of the flight was disappointing to a people who were full of “Lucky” Lindbergh’s flight to Paris and aware of America’s entrance into the “Air Age.”

Independence, where County Judge Harry S. Truman lived with his wife Bess and daughter Margaret, was bustling, full of life. In automobiles that would be museum pieces today, country cousins poured into the town, as though deliberately out to burst the small community at its geographical seams. All week before dedication day, aunts, nieces, and grandmothers sewed red, white, and blue bunting which the men folks suspended from the bridge superstructure. One tall, well set-up, thin fellow tried on an Uncle Sam suit which he was to wear at the bridge.

Promptly at ten o’clock of dedication day morning, a band commenced to tootle and blare the brass from a truck parked on the town square—the parade was on its way to the bridge! Two cars carrying dignitaries swung out from the square. Mr. Truman rode in the second car. Immediately behind his car was a “float” bearing a panda bear that had been borrowed from a carnival act. And immediately behind the bear came more “floats,” with their smiling, toothy, scantily clad girls. Spectators along the parade route “oh’d”
and "ah'd" as the bear was swept past, and they appraised the girls with critical eyes. But there is no record of anyone paying more than desultory attention to the dignitaries or Harry Truman.

MINUTES later, dignitaries and celebrators alike parked their cars at the approaches to the bridge, and strode to a platform on the bridge, hoisted along a little by the band’s zestful rendition of a Sousa march. It never could have occurred to the band to play “I’m Just Wild About Harry.” Harry at that time was merely a friendly guy whom people liked—a warmly-cordial fellow who beamed a great deal at the dedication and shook hands with city officials from Liberty, Mo., the other town adjacent to the bridge. Polite and respectful, he listened attentively as the ranking dignitaries displaced volumes of air with ripping, snorting, old-fashioned oratory.

Missouri’s Gov. Henry S. Caulfield, a free-wheeling oratorical spellbinder of the old school, was among the last to ascend the speaker’s platform. His ascension only slightly preceded drops of rain which the governor seemed to accept as a challenge to his showmanship, a test sent from powers above. The heavier the rain fell, the stronger the wind blew, the louder the big, florid governor trumpeted. He stomped his feet and pounded with his fists as though wild with anger, but actually his words were silken with promise. Of course, his oration could carry no hint of the great Wall Street stock market crash which was less than a month away.

But the governor set spines in the crowd a-tingle as he described the untimely rain as “tears of joy.”

Forty-nine minutes later, Governor Caulfield’s jaws clamped shut, only to open once more to let fly an explosive “amen.” The governor took a backward step that was almost military in its precision, just as Harry Truman stepped out from the ranks of bigwigs. Mr. Truman was scheduled to speak at a noon luncheon of the dignitaries at Independence, that was certain. And he appeared to be bent on saying a few words at the bridge before brunette Miss Laverna Foley, Queen of the Bridge, scissored a ceremonial ribbon that extended from two of the bridge’s tallest girders.

BUT the crowd never knew what Harry Truman had in mind—for that was when the big wind came!

Miss Foley’s girlish giggle was the first outward reaction to the abusing blast—a piercingly high giggle followed by a series of antics resembling
the throes of a young lady in a hot-cha climax of the Charleston. Bringing her knees tightly together, pigeon-toeing her feet, Miss Foley wrestled mightily with the hem of her short, pleated, pink skirt while the wind lifted her hat—a bonnet that resembled nothing on earth so much as a World War II helmet liner. While Miss Foley fought the battle of hemline and hat, Harry Truman was seen to snatch at the ceremonial ribbon as though to sustain himself against the blast. Howling and shrieking like banshees on the war path, the wind charged past the bridge's girders and stirred the river far below.

The crowd let out a roar and a groan and turned its collective back to the wind—just as a brown speck was seen to fall out of the sky! An airplane was falling! People who still regarded airplanes as novel and uncanny were about to see one crack up!

With a loud splashing of feet in a frenetic dash up the bridge's concrete roadway, people surged, slid, fell and slithered toward their parked cars. They were soon dashing down a country road toward a "bottom country" farm where the wind-tossed little airplane had plummeted. Harry S. Truman stood almost alone, certainly unobserved.

Minutes later the crowd reached the ripped, broken airplane and watched in bright-eyed wonderment as a daring young aviator shinnied unhurt down a tree. On the ground again, the aviator looked up at the fragile, flapping craft and answered his interrogators as if neither he nor they were a part of his private tragedy. He told members of the crowd that he was George Leightener, a Wyoming cattle rancher.

Was he one of Col. Goebel's daring young men, spokesmen wanted to know. Was he part of the bridge dedication?

The answer was a drawly, emphatic Hell, no. He had purchased the single seater only that morning, after selling his cattle on the Kansas City livestock market. A pilot of less than 30 hours solo-time, he was flying the river route home to Wyoming when the sudden wind upset him, his plans, and his plane. He had never so much as heard of Independence, Mo. He was as unaware as the crowd itself of the high position Harry S. Truman was to attain.

Whatever former County Judge Truman had in mind to say to his disappearing audience was lost on that windy day, but there may still be ears for his belated remarks. The remarks might make an interesting page in former President Truman's forthcoming story of his life.
A BATH is more than a tubful of bubbles, a long-handled back brush. It has therapeutic value that has never been properly explored nor exploited. A tubbing not only erases the dust from your epidermus, it also peels off mental scales, chases nervous tension and brings magnified troubles to pin-point size where they belong. It is a mild form of psychiatric treatment because it performs, at least temporarily, a painless, pleasant mission of restoring you to the person you should be.

1 To get the most out of your bath mentally and physically, you must first of all want to take it. You must groom your mind to the point where your bath is positively the beginning of you. A bath is the beginning of poise—beauty—health. So gather up your long-handled brush and your short-handled ears and hearken to this—a way to get the most out of your bath and prepare yourself for health and beauty . . . and a daily adventure. If you are stubborn and think it won’t clear your mental cob-webs—the worst that can happen to you is that you will be scrubbed clean.

2 Long before you let the water run in your tub, you must select the right soap to pamper your body. Before your bath, make a mask of that soap, spreading tiny bubbles of it over your complexion. Beauty begins with clean, healthy skin—and if your skin isn’t clean, it isn’t far from being sick. Droopy discolored skin isn’t difficult to correct; but it needs the right, constant care you would offer a flower to preserve its lively petal complexion.

The loose lather of your soap helps
Lady:

YOU THINK YOU KNOW to TAKE A BATH?

"Scrub yourself from curls to cuticle every day," advises a beauty expert. "Beauty should end where YOU end, not your chin bone."

make it an excellent beauty mask... and child-easy to use. Just wet the soap and flip the cake sidewardsthent run it over your face in a rolling motion. It doesn't matter whether you run it up and down in strips or sail it around on your face like a boat in the breeze. It will achieve the same results so long as the lather touches your skin.

Then soap your fingers and add a second coat of lather by hand to the tiny suds that are clinging to your face already. Work it in with your fingers and relax with it on your face... and you don't have to waste a minute while your "Mist Mask" is on.

Step into your tub and let your "Mist Mask" remain on while you are taking your bath. Let the heat of the tub fold its warmth over your face in penetrating waves.

3 Don't be afraid of warm water. Any temperature your toe can stand, the seat of your pants can sit in—and it needs it. Your seat gets rough wear and little exercise so don't be afraid to give it a friction rub before taking care of any other part of your anatomy.

4 The water should be high. Two inches of wet area at the bottom of your tub won't give you more than a damp dip. Slide into your bath and let the water nuzzle your chin. Then relax. No matter what's bothering you — relax — because everything passes. Everyone's been broke at least once; we've all been in trouble up to our hair-ribbons; everyone's had a blow from which she thought she couldn't stagger back—but she did! And remember, whatever is worrying you won't be a problem this time next week.

After you have let your mind slip off to a zero you will feel so thor-
oughly without bones—so relaxed—you will have a job to fight off dozing. But surely as you sit there with suds hugging your shoulders and water lapping at your arms you will feel not only the grit and grime of the day scaling off but your cares will go, too. There just won’t seem to be anything important enough to worry about.

5 Remember the four hidden horrors... your elbows—your back—your heels—and your soles.

Your elbows need all the help you and your bath can give them. Soap them well and use your nail brush to scrub them into smoothness. (Don’t forget to rub your surplus face cream onto your elbows each time you cream your face—it will keep those crinkles away too.)

Your back—I guess it is as easy for a man to deconsecrate his heart after seeing an ill-cared-for back, as it is after seeing greasy hair. With backs exposed to raw sun on the beach all summer—on tennis courts—in full view at evening events all year... a back with a shine that doesn’t come from soaping is a hopeless beauty liability. Scrub your back into spanking-clean beauty, too. Don’t settle for a quick dunking and hope. And this is where your long-handled back brush comes in. Soap it and then use it free and wide. Rake it across your back and make sure it takes with it the scales and oils that accumulate so quickly in that area.

Your heels—Use your nail brush or the nubbiest wash cloth you can find and soap your heels well, scrubbing them to rout the scaly, static skin into smooth baby-soft pinkness. Nothing looks worse through cobwebby hose than heels that are pointed with scales.

Your soles—Don’t hesitate to use your hand cream on them every time you can, especially before you tuck them into your bath or your shoes. You walk on them all day and the punishment is acute. People who take showers instead of baths are frequently victims of foot callouses because poor, abused feet don’t have time in a brief shower to soak rough treatment off themselves.

And your little pink ears—ah those little p. e.’s! Make sure you carve the outline of your ear as you go over it with your soapy washcloth. The exposed areas of your ears should shine like a baby’s toe—and the inner area should be whistle-clean.

6 Use a rinse water after your soaping bath. You wouldn’t think of pulling your head out of your shampoo water without rinsing it—then why leave the curds of your bath on your skin? Rinse yourself thor-
oughly because the soap has baked onto you during your steamy bath and the outer skin needs to be stroked smoothly and glassy after its soapy treatment. Why not use your shower as your rinse? Its quick spray will brighten you up like a shined copper penny. Or . . . run another tub for your rinsing—and drop your favorite fragrance or bath cologne into it. You'll leave your tub really groomed from your skin out. It's charming to have your body cologne match your perfume.

TAKE a hot and sopping wet wash cloth and lay it on your face to help it move off the lather of your "Mist Mask."

Rinse out the cloth and apply the hot, wet cloth again over your face, patting it over the areas the "Mist Mask" covered. Rinse again and sponge off the last traces of the soap. Then give it hot—then cold—then hot—then cold, repeated rinsings. Your face will look prettier and pinker than it has ever looked and your skin under your make-up will gleam like glass.

After your tub, rinse off the soap in your shower!

And dry your pretty self with the deepest-pile towel you can afford!

7 Use a towel with pile up to your first knuckle if you can get it. The idea of trying to dry yourself correctly with a string of tea towels is ridiculous and leaves you with a chapped complexion all over. Even if it means learning to be an acrobat, make sure you are completely dry . . . and the stretching will do you good. Then . . . pat generous puffs of dusting powder over your body, especially over those areas where your girdle should slide. Pulling lingerie on over damp skin is always a tug-of-war. Make the most prosaic part of your grooming program a pleasure . . . and a quick and easy pleasure at that.

AND, lady dear, that's how to take a bath the pleasant way that rids you of cobwebs and starts you on the road to poise (because you know you...
are skin right). And beauty (because you have dug down and dug deep with soap and your skin is as smooth and soft and baby-pink as nature will allow). And adventure—(because no female on earth who has poise completely lacks personality). Your crisp cleanness has put a sparkle in your eye as well as on your epidermis! Nothing will attract adventure faster than soap and water that looks like a woman!

And you might try these:

Before you bathe do that easy exercise so good for your circulation—so easy on your tired body...
The Bicycle Exercise. It rolls off pebbles on your upper thighs—it subdues your stomach bulges—and it takes lumps off your hips. Just lie down on the floor, cross your arms over your chest, then roll over to the right balancing on the back hip area and start cycling away. At first do it ten times on one side; then ten times with the weight on the left hip—then increase the bicycling motion to 25 each side and then 50 each side.

Do this before you step into your bath at any time...do it in the morning...do it at night—and watch those muscles firm—see your tummy tuck in, your hips roll away as your thighs turn silken smooth. It reads like a lovely dream, doesn’t it? But it can come true—try it for a week.

Learning Spanish—French?—Put your book on the bath rack in front of you with your soap and washcloth and gabble away...or just turn the phonograph record on and let the language pour into your ears. Talk with it or sing with it—you CAN learn a new language while you strip off the scales of your old skin.

It’s really Fun to take a Bath!
Altogether, four children—two of them with families of their own. Altogether, seven grandchildren. Not bad for a couple of forty-five! For our wedding anniversary, they give us a picnic. A short story.

BY SHIRLEY SARGENT

"YOUR wedding anniversary's coming up, pop," Georgie says.

Mama she smile at me not to get irritated, but Georgie he love to tell and I don’t like to be told. "I’ve been thinking to take your mother out to dinner."

"But, pop, it’s your twenty-fifth anniversary."

"So? I'm gonna take her to a show, too."

"Silver wedding, pop, don’t you know about that?"

Now if ever a son made a father roll, Georgie is the one. Not like our other two boys who had the sense to marry early. Self-appointed authority, this one, but mama wants that I should keep my temper. "I got the date marked. Only happens once in twenty-five years."

"Don’t tease him," mama laughs and—finally—our last-born gets the joke.

Now he swell up, act important. "Pop, the family is proud of you. We’re giving a picnic for you—in your honor."

"So?" A picnic, I understand, especially the family variety in the mountains. "Mama can make the beans."

"Absolutely not," Georgie’s red in the face that never sees the sun except by accident. "It’s in your honor. You and mama aren’t to do anything; Joe, Franklin and their families, Marie and I will take care of everything." He puts a hand on my shoulder, "You and mama enjoy yourselves for once."

For once! Mama and I have more fun on a so-called quiet evening than Georgie does on a party. But it’s settled and we feel kinda proud that we’re to be guests of honor. Though mama looks wistful, when Georgie command she can’t even make their favorite cookies.

We’ve got the family all right—from Joe who’s twenty-four to Georgie just nineteen. Altogether four children, two of them with families of their own. Altogether seven grandchildren for a couple of forty-five. Not at all bad. On my head I got plenty black hair to keep the barber busy—the robber—and mama, she got the figure, the looks, and the same sweet smile she had when we were married.
Swing

Comes the Sunday of the honor picnic and not a lick of work have we done.

Mama offers, "Just a salad, I could make eyes closed."

Georgie grins, bossy-firm though. "No salad, mama, no nothing. Sit back and relax."

Does Georgie make the breakfast? Or do the dishes? Or help me mow the lawn? He calls out the window, "Relax, pop, this is no day to work."

"Grass grows every day," I wipe the sweat off my forehead that's browner than Georgie's morning coffee. Catch him working in the yard! The other boys now they're not afraid of work, but they've got the wives to keep them at it. Since Georgie pays board, I can't make him. I manage to finish cutting the hedge by the ready to go time.

Georgie says, "I'll do the driving, pop. You just relax."

"Relax? With you driving? Let me have that wheel." Enough is all I'm taking and mama she look relieved too. That Georgie—what a fancy kind of driver—with more tickets in a month than I collect in a quarter of a century.

"Okay, okay, your car, but from now on, you do nothing, see?"

See? Where was he when I was hedge-clipping? Mama winks at me and I notice how proud she's wearing the silver set I gave her. Matching ear rings, necklace and bracelet. We think together, I bet, on the trip we're going to take—all alone. Like I said, the day is hot. A real scorcher to make you long for the mountains.

The car's taking a hill when we round a curve to find Joe stalled.

"That's our Joe," mama cries, worry quick in her brown eyes.

I step on the brake and Joe comes over. "Just a vapor lock, pop. Go on ahead and we'll be along later."

Now Joe's a good boy but here he is bossy too. "Let us take the children," mama says, "they look so hot."

Joe looks like saying sure, fine but Georgie says, "Nothing doing. Five children—that'd be some rest on the folks' day."

Mama starts arguing for, Georgie against, Joe in between and I'm about to shake son Georgie, good intentions and all, when Marie's motorcycle sputters up. Marie's our only daughter and a 1-A mechanic.

"What's all the fume and fuss for? I can fix that vapor lock in no time."

Like we're proud of Joe, we're proud of Marie. She's a good mechanic, he's a good contractor. "You get along," she orders, "Franklin and Fran are probably there already."

Pretty soon, mama says, "There's Franklin's car."

"So?" He's stalled near the top of the last hill and I have to shove him over. A vapor lock is his trouble too. I'm telling you this day is hot!

Franklin and Fran's two youngsters yell, "Happy 'versary," but Franklin he tells us to go along. Marie'll help him when she comes. He's that determined, I roll my shirt sleeves back down and start off again. Georgie's making a lot of talk about dumb
drivers but I know we’d been vapor locked too if he’d driven.

Then we’re at the picnic area in a fine big lot of pines. People about but Georgie spots a good place. Nice, all right, with a fireplace, tables and faucet water close by.

Georgie jumps out, sniffing the cool air like a puppy dog. “Ah! Here, mama, I’ll get you a blanket or do you want the hammock?”

Mama winks private at me. “The hammock, please.”

It takes Georgie two minutes and five yelps of protest before he sees they’re not in the back seat. He groans, “I forgot! Here, mama, you read the paper—lucky I brought it.”

I unlock the trunk and bring out the folding chairs, the hammock and blankets and Georgie looks redder all the time. The paper with the funnies he wouldn’t forget anymore’n his dark glasses, but he’s sorry-shamed so I skip it.

Along comes the family now. Soon the picnic is taking shape, big and noisy and fine with seven grandchildren in seven kinds of mischief and four children all confusing each other trying to do the job mama always directs.

Marie calls, “I didn’t realize how efficient you are, mama. Our organization is lousy. Now, don’t get up.”

Disappointed, mama sits back. I take her hand and laugh a little. Already we’re sick of taking it easy. The grandchildren want me to play; their parents say, “Don’t bother your grandpa or grandma either. This is their day to take it easy.”

“Have they got a fire permit?” mama half-whispers.

“I should know?” I shrug my shoulders, sounding like Georgie, “sit back, relax, do absolutely nothing.”

We laugh harder though I’m itching to see did Joe remember the horseshoes and mama’s dying to take hold. Two, no three, grandchildren whisper they know a secret, what we’re going to get.

Pretty quick along comes the fire permit man with the green ranger suit on. “Got your permit?” he asks friendly, remembering me from other picnics. You should hear the silence.

“Georgie,” everybody hollers at once, finding him reading the funnies. Georgie grumbles, but goes off with the ranger.

Joe’s maddest. “That kid! He was supposed to put the tire swing up for the children.”

“I’ll do it.” I’m up and ready but everybody’s saying, “Sit down.”

“I’m sick of sitting.” I roar, sounding like a father again, “so’s mama. You think that’s any fun when you’re all tasting?”

Now it’s daughter-in-law Fran that speaks. “I’m no cook like you mama, and I’ve got an extra apron . . .”

Mama she flies up to the fireplace, face all a smile. And I’ve got the rope for the tire swing.

Joe shrugs, “Well . . .”

“So? Let us share in our own picnic; Georgie can do the resting for both of us.” There’s a great shout of laughter and no more argument. Everybody’s happy, the way it sounds—a very fine honor picnic.
This Memorial Day at Indianapolis as the winning car roars past the checkered flag there will be a dirty but very happy man in coveralls in the pit area, who will slip a stop watch into his pocket and start putting away tools and engine parts. Although few, if any, of the spectators and newsmen will notice this tired and grimy individual, he will be as responsible for the car winning the 500-mile purse of about $40,000 as the man behind the wheel. This man is the invaluable head mechanic.

Almost anyone old enough to drive a car will readily recognize such names as Wilbur Shaw, Rex Mays and Mauri Rose. But, it is doubtful that even most racing fans will do more than frown in a puzzled manner at the mention of such men as Cotton Henning, Lou Moore, or Pete Clark. Yet these men are often in the “mechanics winner’s circle” and consistently handle the sleek mounts of the speedway’s top drivers.

Many of the more rabid railbirds who have been coming to the Hoosier classic since the days of Ralph DePalma will tell you that the 500-mile grind is really won in the pits, not on the track. They usually base this statement on the belief that since many of the top drivers are of almost equal ability, the deciding factor comes from the men in the pits. The pit area is a section on the inside apron of the main stretch of track where the mechanics are stationed; and where the cars stop for refueling and repair.

Rabid railbirds say the Memorial Day Race is won in the pits.

By ROBERT A. SLAYMAN

Each driver’s pit crew usually consists of five men who are experts at accurate diagnosis and split-second repair work. It’s not uncommon for these mechanical wizards to pump 45 gallons of fuel into a racer and change a pair of tires in 60 seconds. Ace mechanic Riley Brett probably holds the record for the fastest tire change. He once changed a wheel on Wilbur Shaw’s powerful Maserati in 7-2/10 seconds.

In 1937 Shaw won the first of his three Speedway victories by streaking past the checkered flag only 2.16 seconds ahead of veteran driver Ralph Hepburn. Although Shaw had made two pit stops his total time in the pits was less than three minutes. Here, again, the lightning-like work of the pit crew had spelled the difference between first and second place, or dollar-wise, a difference of about $10,000.

One of the most successful of the recent Indianapolis figures is Lou Moore, original owner-mechanic of the twin Blue Crown Specials. Lou, a former driver and mechanic, managed to scrape up $66,000 to buy these two smooth-lined power plants and soon found his investment paid off in a big way. Mauri Rose and Bill Holland placed first and second in the cars in 1947 and 1948, and in 1949 Holland pulled down the win-
ner's purse after Rose had been forced out of the race.

Although many of the top-flight mechs hold down regular jobs in engineering plants throughout the country, some of the boys follow racing the year-round on the dirt and midget tracks. Work for the coming year's race might be said to begin the day after each Memorial Day. They break down the highly intricate and temperamental motors to work and rework them for the next year's grind. The car wizard will receive the frenzied cheers and lucrative purse as the "golden boy" of next year's race receives hundreds and hundreds of long tedious hours of patient grooming.

A n unusual figure around the Indianapolis oval is Murrell Belanger, wealthy Lowell, Indiana, auto and farm implement dealer, who is the owner and chief mechanic of the sleek, four-cylinder Belanger number 99 in which Lee Wallard won the 1951 Indianapolis race. Seldom do owners have his practical mechanical skill; and even less frequently do mechanics find themselves as wealthy as Murrell. Attesting to his patience and skill is the fact that only eight cars from among the 33 starters in 1951 were able to follow the blistering pace set by winner Wallard and finish the 500-mile grind.

Wallard clipped off the first 100 miles at the record-shattering average speed of 130.625 MPH. Wallard's only pit stop came at the 125-mile mark when he pulled in for fuel and two new tires. He was back on the track again in 75 seconds. Before the start of the race Belanger had disconnected the dashboard dials showing gas, oil pressure and temperature because he felt there was too great a danger of mechanical failure in one of the gauges; and he didn't want Wallard to worry about anything except keeping the car on the track and winning the race.

Several years ago Mauri Rose lost valuable seconds during a pit stop when gas spilled from the refueling hose onto the red-hot exhaust pipe and his car burst into flames. To insure against anything of the sort spoiling his car's chance of winning, Belanger installed the gas tank opening on the left side—away from the exhaust.

B ECAUSE of the tremendous speed and distance of the Indianapolis grind the driver's race is planned in advance and he drives on signals from the pits. He watches for blackboard messages from the pit as he flashes by the straightaway at about 150 miles an hour. These messages tell the driver whether he is maintaining his predetermined average speed, what position he is in, and when he should come in for a pit stop.

Occasionally a pit crew slips up in its work; but not often. In 1946 Danny Kladis was driving a good race until the fifty-second lap when he pulled into the pits for refueling. One of his mechanics forgot to reopen the shut-off valve on his gas tank when he started back onto the track. Kladis stalled on the back stretch and was disqualified when he was towed to the infield. However, things like this seldom happen, especially among the better drivers and pit crews.
Most railbirds regard Cotton Henning as the dean of racing mechanics. Master-mechanic Henning, who has been around the Speedway since 1921, has had four drivers in the winner’s circle; Peter DePaolo in 1925, Wild Bill Cummings in 1934, and Wilbur Shaw in 1939 and 1940. One of Cotton’s best-known feats of mechanical magic occurred in the 1946 race. Ted Horn glided into the pits with a dead motor and told the master what the motor had sounded like before it had konked out. Henning promptly diagnosed the trouble as a bad magneto and installed a new one in a little more than six minutes, time enough for Horn to get back into the race and capture third-place money. Henning now owns his own Maserati but he’s still directing operations in the pits.

All of the master mechanics have their own secret fuel mixtures and they guard their formulas jealously. Most are a mixture of alcohol and ethyl of varying blends. The alcohol is used because it is a cool-burning fuel.

The cars start arriving at the track about three weeks to a month before race day and the crews are usually working on them constantly until the big day arrives. They balance and rework the delicate motors until there is an almost perfect agreement between driver and machine. After many trial runs the head mechanic and driver decide when the car is ready to take its qualifying runs, which begin about May 15. These qualifying runs are a serious job because they not only bring cash awards, but they determine the car’s starting position in the big race Memorial Day.

An example of a pit crew’s last-minute work occurred in the 1948 race. Handsome Pete Clark decided the night before the race that Rex Mays’ famous Bowes Seal Fast Special needed a new set of piston rings. The pit crew worked the entire night and next morning, right up to race time, installing the rings. When the car was finally rolled into its pole, or first place, position shortly before the start of the race at 11 a.m. the mechanics were still making minor adjustments.

With each year’s winner establishing a new record, it seems likely that the ’53 champ will finish the 500 with something better than Troy Ruttman’s 1952 record of 128.922 MPH. And unless engine sizes are reduced or other mechanical restrictions imposed, the inventiveness and year-round hard work of the men in the pits will continue to furnish new records for the railbird.

The year 1946 marked the establishment of the Edward Stomper Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the head mechanic of the winning car. It represents the first formal recognition of his very vital role. Hours and hours of hard work and grief are experienced by this mechanical man-behind-the-scenes; but he is always working and hoping for that heaven-sent moment when his charge, the car he has nursed so carefully, is wheeled into the Indianapolis winner’s circle a little after 3 o’clock some Memorial Day afternoon.
UNDER THE GINKO TREE

Some say: "Ginkgo" or "Gingko." It's an ornamental tree with fan-shaped leaves, quite common in Japan. This is the story of an American recreational hostess at an enlisted men's service club.

By ELIZABETH SCOTT

I LEARNED all about Japan in Miss Willis' seventh-grade geography class. Japan is an island composed of the Mikado, cherry blossoms, and rice. Thirteen years and one war later there were some changes made. I hung like a wilted rose over the deck rail of a U. S. Army transport. There is no sun so hot as the sun of Indian Summer in the Orient; no harbor so tightly jammed with transports, freighters, and native sampans as Yokohama Bay. Fishermen flashed gold-toothed smiles over their nets. Black-eyed, raven-haired children swarmed like flies on the dockside, and screamed "Herro" as 1300 Americans, including myself, slid down the gangplank. This was land, and after sixteen days in a converted hospital ship on a storm-tossed sea, land looked good.

The hotel to which I was assigned was the largest billet for American women in all of Tokyo. There wasn't a vacancy, but since it is against Occupation regulations for American women to sleep in the streets, I was assigned a cot between two beds in a narrow backside room. I knew only the names of the occupants; they weren't at home when I arrived. Introducing myself in a pencilled note, I undressed and went to bed.

The next morning, my roommates stared icily. They both were of the opinion that the room being so small, and myself and luggage being so large, it would be best for all if I were to unpack elsewhere. I agreed, rubbing the misplaced vertebrae in my spine. Three hall-boys dragged trunks, suitcases, a portable typewriter, and
Swing

varied assortment of boxes from underneath my cot. The canvas sagged to the floor, and the legs groaned with a kind of blessed dignity.

The next room, in which I lasted for an entire year, with three different roommates, was on the top floor of the same hotel. The wide windows gave a magnificent view of the Imperial Palace, its moat, and a Japanese ball park.

My good fortune was short-lived. This was the only spot in the city where one could be awakened regularly at six o’clock each Sunday morning by the cry of “Play ball!”

Earthquakes became weekly events, rollicking to say the least. “Only the pranks of subterranean catfish!” explained the natives. I secretly wondered if my hotel was breeding colonies of catfish in its muddy bowels. Weekly, I was thrown out of bed, the furniture slid to starboard, but my first roommate, a veteran in the Orient, kept reassuring me: “The horizontal swing is always safe. Don’t leave till you’re tossed vertically; that’s when the quake is right under you.” I tried to calculate the velocity at which I might be hurled through the roof, but since mathematics is not one of my aptitudes, I stopped figuring.

The evening of the second day I left a message with the desk clerk to be awakened at eight the following morning. I awoke shortly before noon. A note on my vanity read, “Excuse, pease, Madam, eight o’clock.”

Maids are provided to all American personnel and there never lived another like Mitsisan. She was the rare jewel that I hated to leave behind.

Upon our first meeting, she grinned like an old friend, and asked, “Ohayo gozai masu, ikaga des ka?” (Good morning, how are you?)

“Arigato, genki des.” (Very well, thank you) I replied.

I was eager to say something more, but swallowed my enthusiasm. All that I could remember from the wartime guidebooks to Japanese was “Halt, who goes there?”

Having now tested my linguistic ability, Mitsisan assumed my ignorance in all things. My personal business was personally hers. She learned my working hours, knew how I should dress to go to work, how I should fix my hair, when I would have a date, when it might rain, when I wanted a formal pressed. She could have made more money as a clairvoyant than as a chambermaid. In addition, she had latherphobia. She never permitted me to wear a garment long enough to dirty it. In a matter of weeks all the clothes I owned had been scrubbed to a cobweb consistency. My skunk jacket survived the soapsuds, but bristled under a hot iron; my nylon stock-
ings melted—"just pf-f-f-f-f," hissed Mitsisan, throwing up her hands to explain.

The same ritual for cleanliness and sterility was extended to the room itself. Each morning the bed, the vanity, and the occasional chairs (so called because the more occasionally you sat in them, the more you appreciated them!) were evacuated to the hallway. Mitsisan and a crew of giggling barefooted friends, all with heads tied in yards of colored bandana, lugged mops, brushes, and buckets into the room. One screamed "Mizu" (water) and dumped a gallon of water over the floor. Bucketful after bucketful was poured until a floating level for mops and brushes had been established. Then the grinning maids splashed feverishly, all the while chanting a sea song about fishing in the salty brine. This ability to accomplish a hum-drum chore with the maximum of pleasure seemed to me to be a philosophy of life worthy of imitation.

If I happened to be asleep during the scrubbing and disinfecting period, that didn't matter either. Mitsisan was as considerate of my welfare as she was of her own work schedule. The first morning that I awakened in my bed in the back hall, close to the freight elevator, I buried my head like an ostrich and tried to think my way out. Window washers brushed by, their wet rags dripping close to the place where my face should have been on the pillow, bell hops hopped with jugs of ice water. The elevator doors slammed and a man's voice bellowed "Oraaanges!" I wanted to peek to see whether the oranges were getting off at my floor. The next night I wondered when I might awaken inside the elevator, and whether I might pass into the mess hall as a side of beef!

On my first day of work as recreational hostess at an American enlisted men's service club, the staff of 150 Japanese bowed into the office to be introduced. There were Okado, the plumber; Suzuki, the clerk; Watanabe, the tailor; and a chorus line of gorgeous young girls in flowered kimonos.

"But, you all look alike," I complained to Hirata, the interpreter.

"Oh no, Miss Beth," he retorted, "Americans all long noses, fuzzy hair; very hard to tell apart."

While I was eager to see a lot of Tokyo, I was not so anxious to get ensnarled in the local transportation network. I felt the plunge would be suicide. After studying the situation through field glasses from my hotel window, I tabulated the system. Upon the onset of the traffic jam, only one rule applies: full steam ahead! A rickshaw runner can usually beat a slow-moving beast of burden, such as the ox, which plods its weary way across main thoroughfares every hour of day and night. An Army jeep can beat a rickshaw and even an animal, if given enough room on the street. An Army bus, cumbersome in size, has no chance at all. Only a bicycle, even with a trailer load of concrete blocks behind, can weave safely and speedily between knots of pedestrians and vehicles. One exception to this order of precedence is the general's staff car. Upon the appearance of this olive drab machine, all other vehicles, pe-
destrians, and animals hunt the nearest curbing.

Since I didn't have a friend in the Motor Pool, nor sufficient rank legitimately to acquire a staff car, I spent endless hours locating an American with a very small bicycle. To my knowledge, a young corporal from Iowa and myself set a commuter's record that has not been equalled. With his pedaling and my balancing on the crossbar, we covered the fifteen blocks from my hotel to the service club in one-and-a-half minutes, with green traffic lights, a good tailwind, and deafening applause from the native police force!

"DEMOCRASSIE" was in full bloom when I reached the Orient, the English language finding new converts daily. My dressmaker in Yokohama invites Western women with this shingle over the door to her shop: "American ladies have fits upstairs." In the next block, a souvenir shop calls itself "House of the Real McCoy." Tokyo's busiest barber advertises: "Heads cut off here—10 cents."

Opportunists thrive on every American holiday. On Fourth of July there is usually a convoy of cyclists peddling miniature American flags. Signs hanging from the handlebars read

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER!

Young girls are trading their kimonos for skirts and tailored blouses. No less incongruous a sight than the bow-legged Oriental in short skirts is the blonde female of the West loping down the streets in flamboyant kimono!

One day on the bus corner by the Army Post Exchange I spotted an American co-worker dressed in a cherry red happi coat, a knee-length silk jacket. Across the back of the coat several characters of the Japanese alphabet had been embroidered in white silk thread. Native women turned to stare and a group of children at play started to snicker, as my friend, as much at ease as one can be in a flowing garment, boarded the bus. I was curious. The next day I borrowed the coat, asked Mitsisan about it. She looked at the beautiful embroidery work. Then, with admirable tact and a poker face she announced slowly, "Miss Beth, it is the name of a fertilizer company."

Months later, on a main-floor counter of the Post Exchange, a huge stock of cherry red happi coats was offered at half price.

PEOPLE back home frown when I mention desiccated fish heads drying in open market stalls, "honey buckets" (wooden pots of human manure) that are transported on rattling wagons to the farmers, the mo-
notonous clacking of geita (wooden clogs) on hard pavements.

But one subject brings warm smiles—the children. They are everywhere, sprouting like budlets out of the earth. Their laughter is as contagious as the measles. In winter their cheeks are beet-red and their noses drip like leaking faucets. They bounce like colored rubber balls, whether they are playing hop scotch in baggy pants or grandpa's underwear drawn up tight under the armpits, or riding astride mama's back as fat sleeping gnomes cradled in thick layers of bunting.

On my first Christmas Eve in Japan, our service club had scheduled a concert by a group of twenty children from a local Christian orphanage. They were thin, tired little children, their eyes filled with the tiredness of the war years. They had been scrubbed clean, their cheeks glowing like newly burnished copper. The boys wore long trousers and jackets whose frayed cuffs protested further alteration. The ebony hair of each little girl had been greased heavily with foul-smelling pomade, and tied on top with a bright bow. Garters, peeking from beneath hems of drab calico, made feeble effort to support the once-white stockings that bagged at the knees.

The children minced to the far end of the ballroom and joined hands in a semi-circle by the base of the Christmas tree. The GI audience read magazines, drank coffee, and smoked. A few soldiers yawned, "Just another bunch of kids."

Tomiko, a portly gentleman of 6, marched to the head of the choristers. Facing the audience, he bowed three times, his snub nose almost scraping the floor. The baton was raised, the song came forth, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so . . ."

I watched a GI fold his newspaper; another close his magazine.

Colored lights from the tree danced on the hair ribbons and a gold stream from the highest star gilded the calico. The smallest baby in the front row squeezed her rag doll so hard that the stuffing poured out—a thin stream of sawdust settling at her feet.

There was no snickering, no laughter, only a silence of holiness. The chaplain, scheduled to speak during intermission, never spoke. No one spoke.

After the performance, a blustery paratrooper sauntered to my side. "Damn it," he said, "you may never love these people, but it's hard to remember to hate."
ONE of the most significant, one of the most habit-jarring developments to come out of an electronic laboratory is Phonevision, a name which designates various systems of subscription television. It is television entertainment for which the home-viewer pays "admission."

There is no doubt that subscription television has amazing benefits to offer to set owners ... to manufacturers of those sets ... to broadcasters ... and to advertisers who use television as a sales medium for their products.

The principle of subscription television is "pay-as-you-see." Seated in his living room, the home-viewer decides whether he would like to view—in his home, on his own television set—a certain pre-scheduled "first run" movie, a stage show, a football game, or perhaps a championship prize fight.

A Phonevision broadcast when transmitted from a television station appears on the television screen as a jittered or scrambled picture. If the home viewer wants to enjoy this program, the jitter has to be eliminated and to achieve this, Phonevision has available a number of different techniques.

The set owner can, for instance, call his telephone exchange and request that a "correcting signal" be sent over his own private telephone line to his television set. This signal will immediately clear up the scrambled picture. The telephone operator keeps a record of those calls which will form the basis for a monthly bill.

Other Phonevision systems enable the subscriber to pay his fee right in his living room by means of a coin

"Pay-as-you-see" television is the answer to the industry's economic problem, says the sales manager of Zenith Radio Corporation, who is active in promoting "Phonevision."

By H. C. BONFIG

box device which perform exactly the same function described in the first method. Again, another technique employs vending machines in drug stores or local supermarkets. The subscriber can indicate on the vending machine his choice of program and subsequently the machine will sell him a card on which a number is printed. Arriving home, the viewer dials this number on a small instrument connected with his television set which again will clear up the scrambled picture on his screen.

Thus, the set owner, his family, and others assembled in the home are enabled to see the program. Those in other homes who do not "pay-as-they-see" get only a "scrambled" broadcast signal which is unsatisfactory.

It is estimated that the average cost per viewer may not amount to much more than ten cents per program. Would each member of your family pay a dime to see a first-run movie, in the comfort of your living room?

The technical workings of subscription television are so complicated that we at Zenith have prepared a 20-minute film just to explain how it works. But, in essence, you "pay-as-you-see" something you want to see.

ZENITH'S subscription-television plan is known as Phonevision. We cling firmly to the fact that all of us want television to be even more
dynamic . . . even more profitable to all than it has been and is today.

We have plenty of support for that premise—from advertisers, sports promoters, educators, broadcasters and the like.

Even time has lent a hand to help.

The rapid march of events has demonstrated that the commercial establishment of subscription television—and Phonevision—can do more to insure a strong, continuing demand for television, more to expand television to a nation-wide audience, more to underwrite the future of the set-manufacturing industry than any development on the horizon today.

The reason is fundamental.

The public buys television receivers in order to see programs in the easy comfort of their homes. The more and better the programs available, the greater audience there is for advertisers and of course, the larger demand for television receivers.

Since the Federal Communications Commission in 1952 announced the melting of the years-old “freeze” limiting the construction of television transmitters, hundreds of new applications for stations have poured in. The establishment of each new station means a greater market for an advertiser’s message and an additional reason for people to purchase television receivers.

Unfortunately, this type of expansion cannot go on forever, and there are two developments looming on the horizon which more than ever indicate the absolute necessity to your business and mine of subscription television.

The first of these developments applies to every television market. That development is theatre television, aided and abetted by the fact that home television is a world’s champion wrecker of box offices at stadium and theatre.

Already some of the choicest programs have been taken from regular television and shown exclusively at theatres. The large boxoffice of a handful of movie houses enabled them to outbid sponsors who would otherwise have presented these events on sponsored television. Among these sales-stimulating programs have been the best championship fights of the past year or two; and the Metropolitan Opera, which vanished from home television two years ago because its cost of telecasting outran the sponsor’s budget.
But with subscription television—Phonevision—those great events can be restored to home television viewing. And even more: the Broadway plays can be made available to armchair audiences—as well as the fine new films and the celluloid classics that our up-and-coming generations have not seen; the best in spectator sports; and other fine programs of an educational nature which the public has never seen at home.

All of us can recognize how many more viewers this will bring to television in the established markets.

But what of the smaller markets?

One thing that made radio truly national was the hundreds of small stations rendering local service and bringing first class presentations of network programs under conditions when even clear channel stations could not be heard dependably. That is why the major networks have included in their radio service hundreds of low-powered local radio stations that are theoretically within the regions blanketed by high-powered AM.

Television presents another picture.

There are no clear channel television stations because television's range is limited to an approximate of 50 to 100 miles. Applicants are fighting for television grants in urban areas; but in smaller cities the story is quite different.

Most of our smaller cities have two, three, or four radio stations operating profitably, giving good service to the community and contributing to the surprising strength that the radio market has shown.

Not so, television.

Although television channels have been allocated to 887 cities in these United States that have a population of 25,000 or less, there have been applications for television grants in only 83 of these cities. Thus, in more than 800 cities that enjoy splendid local radio service there is today no indication that there will be local television.

The reason for this reluctance to apply for television in small-town markets is one that is very clear to small-town broadcasters. But the public does not understand. The public fails to realize that television costs are enormous. The public does not know that the best economists in the broadcasting industry believe national advertisers will not be able to buy more than the top 100 to 125 markets for their network programs. As a result, broadcasters in the small cities will be able to present network programs only on a "bonus" basis.

This means that the only income they would receive from these network shows would be the sale of spot announcements, chiefly to local advertisers. But there just isn't enough advertising money in the small markets to enable broadcasters to operate on this basis or even pay the line charges of bringing in network programs!

This leaves the small broadcaster with the problem of programming his entire television station at costs far greater than local advertisers can pay.

The only way most small markets can enjoy local television service of any kind is through the establishment of subscription television; so that these stations can devote part of their broadcast day to presenting pay-as-you-see programs.
In a flood of letters Zenith has received from small town broadcasters outlining this situation, one expressed it well when he said, and I quote: “In the small market television situation there must be some well-heeled godfather to foot the bill, but since none exists in broadcasting, it falls upon John Q. Public to pay for pleasing television fare.”

The income from Phonevision, added to the income from sponsored programs sold to local advertisers, could finance the profitable operation of television stations in hundreds and hundreds of small markets that must otherwise depend upon the vagaries of fringe area reception, or do without entirely.

If television is to serve the broad public interest of the nation and not just a segment of it, the small town as well as the major markets must have the new medium.

Here is what it means in terms of people:

On the basis of present indications upwards of 20 million Americans will have virtually no television service, or be without a nearby station, unless subscription television is established to finance small market stations. With subscription television, virtually all of these people could within a reasonable time enjoy excellent reception of fine programs.

TURNING to another phase of television’s puzzling economic problem:

It is apparent that a home box-office can furnish an economic assist of magnificent proportions to colleges and universities—many of whom are even now wondering how it is financially possible to make use of the special television channels that the FCC has assigned to them.

Using Phonevision and its TV metering systems, the educator can charge a “television tuition fee” for certain courses of instruction, to enable students to earn college credits at home. This would make college degrees possible for thousands who can’t afford four full years in campus residence. With a few hours a day of pay-to-see-it television, our educational institutions could finance many additional hours of free programs that go far beyond the scope of the printed page and the confines of classroom or laboratory presentation.

NOW I do not mean to infer that an advertiser would lose any part of his audience to subscription television. On the contrary—the limitations of average family entertainment budgets plus the choices that would prevail between “fee” television and “free” television would mean that the average family would spend only two to four hours a week watching Phonevision programs. The rest of their television times would be watching regular sponsored programs. And this leaves plenty of elbow room for the I Love Lucy’s... the Toasts of the Town... Meet the Press... Jack Benny, Imogene Coca and all other programs that have a special significance to American audiences watching a lighted television screen, to play to the much larger over-all audience that Phonevision could develop.

And I would like to advance this thought: I believe that the healthy competition between all types would raise the level of both pay-to-see-it and
sponsored television. And that, I contend, is a real plus for everyone concerned.

I believe also that Phonevision's system of opening up the great reservoir of premium programming not yet seen on home television, and distributing it to the grass-roots-level of America would be an economic shot-in-the-arm for our shrinking theatrical arts. The legitimate theatre could then afford to cater also to the tastes and pleasures of the minority—which with Phonevision, would involve an audience of millions.

With a home delivery service that would make our products of entertainment available right at the armchair for as low as one thin dime per viewer, we open an entirely new vista of public service.

The entire concept of subscription television and Phonevision leaves me with a profound feeling that such a commercial service is not only "in the public interest" but that it also provides an entirely reasonable and logical assist to television as a medium for advertising.

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Report On Radio

OF THE 43,849,460 radio homes in the U. S., 44 per cent use two or more radio sets in the home, according to the first nation-wide measurement of multiple-set ownership, says Arthur C. Nielsen, president of A. C. Nielsen Company.

A correlation between television and multiple-radio ownership was noted in the fact that families with three or more Radios are more likely to have TV sets than families with single Radios.

It was revealed that there were 70,175,670 radio receivers and 17,706,930 television receivers in operation in U. S. homes, as of June 1, 1952, when the field work of the Nielsen study was completed. In addition, 22,630,820 families owned one or more automobile radios.

Constituting what is believed to be the most up-to-date and complete measurement of multiple-radio ownership in the history of broadcasting, the Nielsen analysis shows 56 per cent of radio homes with single sets, 32 per cent with two sets, and 12 per cent with three or more sets.

Mr. Nielsen pointed out that the study, using a personal interview technique and a 100,000-home sample located in all 3,072 U. S. counties, was predicated on definitions based on industry needs. It therefore excluded from consideration in its home-radio count automobile sets, portable not used at home, FM-only sets, sets that were out of order and not soon to be repaired, and sets in business establishments and public places.

Allowing for these exceptions, it included all radio sets in the home, all radio sets in barns, garages, workshops and other outbuildings, combination AM-FM, AM-TV and AM-phonograph receivers, portable used in the home and sets used by servants, guests and roomers.

"Thus," Mr. Nielsen stated, "every set counted is actually delivering an audience."

On the subject of automobile set ownership, the survey revealed a total of 33,581,870 car-owning families, of which 67 per cent, or 22,630,820 families, have one or more car radios.
HIDDEN BEAUTY in STONES

EVEN hunt for geodes? It might be a hobby you'd enjoy!

By ERNA CLARK

Yes, it's fun to—

hunt them! polish them!
test them! wear them!
lick them! show them!
cut them! THRILL over them!

What? GEODES of many kinds!

Until I saw my first geode I had never even heard of the word. Then, when I started collecting them, I became a full-fledged "rock-hound."

A rockhound is described as follows: instead of having four legs like the usual run of hounds, a rockhound is a mortal with two legs, who hunts along beaches and over desert hills and mesas with nose and eyes to the ground. Suddenly he swoops down upon a geode, agate or rock . . . . removes it from its setting or home where it has been resting in peace thousands (or even millions) of years . . . . then takes his geologist’s hammer and bats off a corner . . . . then, finally, licks it with his tongue (like a hound) and tests it to bring out the color or promise of what might be inside when cut. Selah! He has found a good rock!

It is taken home "to bury" or to polish. Then the rockhound shows it off to fellow rockhounds who didn't find quite such a "nice bone". If it isn't too too heavy the rockhound will wear it as jewelry—perhaps on the finger or the watch-fob, or carry it in his pocket for good luck. And keep hundreds of other similar finds on shelves at home!

My good fun started when a geode turned the key to a new interest in life for my husband, who had to retire from his profession because of ill health . . . . Chasing geodes on outings in the pure air of the desert soon helped him.

Of course, neither of us knew what a geode was until a civil-engineer-friend showed us one which he found while surveying land on the Mojave Desert. It was a rounded nodule with a translucent and crystal-lined center . . . . about six inches in diameter. However, one finds geodes from the size of an English pea to apples, Irish potatoes, cantaloupes and pumpkins—even larger!

A geode is usually formed by volcanic activity, as we were told. They start as "volcanic gas bubbles" in hot lava or trap-rock or volcanic ash. In subsequent years (ages) ground-
water minerals in soluble-form enter the cavities by osmosis, or through a point of infiltration. Then they harden, precipitating as calcite, agate, or quartz crystals lining the original cavities.

Thus Nature makes a geode! (Actually there are other theories as to how geodes are formed; but the above explanation sounds logical and is good enough for me.)

WHAT fun we had—from the time we found our very first geodes! Many of the geodes remind me of scintillating jewel boxes. When we cut them in half and polish them, the cutting reveals their hidden beauties. Some are filled solid with chalcedony and have colorful patterns. These are referred to as nodules and when they are without matrix they are called agates. Some have flower designs just like flowers of our fields. Occasionally we find some with “scenic pictures” inside.

There is no end of variety and fun with geodes . . . to fashion them into unusual book-ends, paperweights, ash trays, lamp-bases and coffee-table tops.

We joined a rock and mineral club which has monthly meetings and lecturers—just to study about rocks! The membership consists of bankers, bakers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, mechanics, carpenters and engineers. Wives enjoy it as much as the husbands. The children enjoy rockhunts too; and we call them our “pebble-pups.” You, too, can join in this fun-hobby, by contacting a local or nearby Mineral and Rock Club, or the Earth Science class of a nearby college. The instructor can probably direct you to a society of rock-collectors and lapidarists. The latter cut and polish rocks to bring out their hidden beauty.

WE EVEN bought a new station wagon with four gear shifts; so we could explore sandy canyons off the beaten path . . . just to collect more rocks!

Then we traveled to ever-new fields—into other deserts, and other states throughout the nation: to the Dakotas, Idaho and Montana for agates and beautiful rose-quartz; to Florida for agatized oyster shells which can be cut and fashioned into lovely jewelry; to the New England states for purpleite; to New Jersey for the unusual fluorescent rocks; to the west for jade in California and Wyoming; to Washington and Oregon for agates and fossil woods; to Texas for rare plume-agate; to Utah and Colorado for fossil woods. We found jaspers and petrified-palm-roots from one end of the great Mojave Desert to the other; and beautiful geodes in Iowa and Tennessee. There probably are pretty rocks in every state in the union if you start out to seek, to find, to track down new fields.

By now our garage walls (fitted with shelves) were bulging with rocks. The prettiest ones were displayed on our mantel. Even the books on the library shelves were replaced by colorful rocks.

ON A MONTHLY FIELD TRIP our caravan of rockhounds stopped for gas at a desert village after a highly successful geode hunt
in the Chocolate Mountains. Cars as well as rockhounds were dusty and grimy looking; but the happy collectors were a jolly bunch, full of conversation and enthusiasm.

An eastern motorist who also had stopped for gas was taking it all in. He was so puzzled by what he saw and heard that he asked a native: “What in thunder are all these folks doing here on this God-forsaken desert?”

“Oh them’s been hunting ‘joddes’,” replied the dry-skinned bystander.

The Eastener looking even more puzzled; questioned, “The what?— the what?”

Nonchalantly the native quipped, “Jodees”.

“What is that?”

“Oh them’s is hollow rocks they dig for!”

By this time my husband nudged me and said in low voice, “Both green-horns.”

Then the easterner, shaking his

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“Where is your other arrow Dear?”

head and still puzzled, commented as he started off, “I always heard the desert heat was bad on folks, but I didn’t think it caused them to look for hollow rocks . . . I’m getting the hell out of here and drive on to the coast yet tonight!”

It is special fun to hunt for magnetized lodestones—out there on certain desert hills and mesas where there are millions of black rocks. But they are not all magnetized. We hunt them by tying a string on a stick (like a boy’s homemade fishing pole)—with a hair-pin or nail tied to the end of string. As we “fish” about on the dry desert sands, the line suddenly draws towards a piece of black stone. We have “caught another fish”: a specimen of lodestone which is also known as magnetite.

If people watching us did not know what we were doing they would surely think we are NUTS!

But they don’t know how much fun we are having!

Try it sometime!—at least until you have found a few specimens!

Geodes may be the enjoyable hobby you have been seeking!

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A small boy was left inside a motor car while the mother shopped. To amuse himself he was twisting the steering wheel and uttering motor-like sounds. A man watched for awhile, then leaned over and put his head into the window and said: “Sonny, you’d better stick your arm out when you go around corners or you’ll get into trouble.”

The small boy regarded him scornfully. “Look,” he said, “you stick your arm out of a space ship and you’ll get it ripped off.”
FIRE at your FINGERTIPS

Twenty-five billion match books a year! You get them free because a Philadelphia lawyer saw match book covers used for advertising by a traveling opera company.

By FRANK ROSE

PEOPLE are fond of speculating how impressed George Washington would be by airplanes, automobiles and other major wonders of our modern machine age. He would indeed marvel at these achievements, but the chances are that he would be most impressed by the simple magic contained in an ordinary book of matches.

The creation of fire in Colonial days was a laborious process of striking flint and steel together until a spark ignited a piece of tinder. On a damp day this clumsy method often required a good half hour's work. Today, with a flick of the wrist, fire is at our fingertips in a second.

We take matches for granted now, but it was not until 1826—58 centuries after the earliest record of fire making—that an English pharmacist named John Walker invented and sold the first match. It consisted of a three-inch wooden splint tipped with sulphur which emitted sparks when rubbed on sandpaper. It was crude and undependable; but it was a vast improvement over the cumbersome tinder box.

In 1830, Dr. Charles Sauria of France improved the match by substituting easily-ignited phosphorus for the sulphur. However, these matches were dangerous and caused a lot of fires because they lit too easily. Two Swedish scientists finally solved this problem by developing the safety match, which ignited only when a certain material in the match
head was scratched against a special composition in the striking surface.

In 1892, Joshua Pusey, an American patent attorney, looked into the future and foresaw the need for book matches. Deciding to capitalize on his idea, he dipped 50 thin cardboard strips into a match head composition which he brewed on his office stove. Then he folded a small piece of cardboard for the cover, painted on a striking surface and stapled the strips inside. Unluckily for Pusey, his talents ran to inventing and not selling. No one wanted to buy his newfangled fire gadgets, so he finally sold his patent to a match company.

At first, this organization enjoyed little more success than Pusey in selling the public on book matches. But when they hired Henry Traute, a gifted Philadelphia lawyer, to handle the sales job, things began to happen. He quickly put the American flair for advertising to work and started the industry skyrocketing toward its present volume of 25 billion books a year.

He picked up the idea of match book cover advertising from a traveling opera company. The manager of the Mendelssohn Opera Company bought hundreds of the blank books and used them to promote a New York performance. He had his singers and musicians letter a message on each, starting with the phrase, "Wait—we are coming." Tiny photographs of the leading lady and man were pasted on each cover. This unique advertising scheme caught the public interest and the New York performance was jammed.

Traute immediately seized upon the idea. He had a Milwaukee brewer’s advertisement printed on several match covers as a sample. Then he took them to Wisconsin and launched his sales campaign. When he wired back an order for 10 million match books, officials of his company called an emergency meeting. Their whole match book production staff consisted of six girls, each capable of turning out only 300 books an hour. At that rate, they figured it would take them two years to fill their first order. They decided they either had to go out of the match book business or expand without delay to keep up with their ambitious salesman. The scent of larger profits ahead overcame their

"On the contrary, boss, I think this is the time to ask for a raise!"
caution and they increased their force and equipment overnight.

WITHOUT waiting to find out if his company could handle the order or not, Traute went right ahead with his selling. He called upon a large tobacco firm and was just getting warmed up to his spiel, when he was hustled out of the office and practically thrown down three flights of stairs. Undaunted, he got up, limped over to a rival tobacco company and landed an order for 30 million more match books.

Traute proved himself an all-time sales "great" when he talked William Wrigley, the chewing gum king, into signing a contract for one billion books. Wrigley listened patiently to all of Traute’s persuasive arguments, then stated flatly that he was not in the least interested.

"In that case," said Traute, "I’m going to buy a million boxes of your chewing gum and give them away to promote match book sales."

Wrigley groaned. "I know when I’m licked, young man," he said. "No one would buy my gum if you were giving it away free." He placed an order for a billion match books to promote his chewing gum.

In spite of this spectacular success, Traute was not satisfied. He wanted everyone to be able to get book matches free. He chose a New York City street intersection with tobacco shops on each of the four corners. He convinced one proprietor that a free match book with every purchase would beat competition. The idea worked and the man doubled his business. Before long, all four shops were giving away match books. The idea spread until it is now an accepted practice.

Today, twelve and a half billion match books are given away free with tobacco purchases or as good will gifts. In addition, thanks to Traute, tens of thousands of businesses ranging from the small corner store to such industrial giants as General Electric and United States Steel use match book covers to make their names and products familiar to the public. Clubs, schools, politicians and even churches are among those who carry their messages to the public in this manner.

Yes, it is safe to assume that Washington would be impressed by our match books. He would be amazed to learn that the United States uses 57 million matches an hour and 500 billion a year. He would be even more amazed to learn that half of these are given away free.
Voting Machines for Kansas City? Charles Gray (left), WHB newsman, interviews John Oliver, president, and Paul Van Osdol, Jr., secretary, of the Jackson County Board of Election Commissioners. WHB broadcast series of panel discussions favoring the installation.

Sarah Churchill (above, left) speaks before K.C. Women's Chamber of Commerce and is interviewed by Sandra Lea of WHB.

Betta St. John (below) is soon to be seen in M-G-M's 'Dream Wife,' co-starred with Cary Grant.

Guest Disc Jockeys are Percy M. Franks (above, left) and Harry Denni, photographed in the WHB Studios.
President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Laurence F. Lee, was recent Kansas City visitor, photographed (right) as he spoke before the K.C. Chamber.

George Fiske (left, above), retiring General Electric official in Kansas City, and a prominent civic figure for three decades, is given set of recordings of speeches made at testimonial dinner in his honor, by Harry M. Gambrel, president of the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity.

Wild Bill Hickok (Guy Madison, left) and Jingles (Andy Devine) continue their search for bad men via WHB and Mutual.

'Books Bring Adventure' is weekly Junior League program Thursdays at 1:15 p.m. over WHB. Members of the radio committee (below, left to right) are Mrs. Arthur B. Church, Jr.; Mrs. Grant Cowherd; Mrs. Ralph Hill, president of the Kansas City Junior League; and Mrs. Richard Newlin pictured at Junior League clubhouse.
RAY HALL learned from his father an intrinsic truth which has guided him all his life: "A man can do anything he wants to do, if he has average intelligence and an intense desire to do it."

Over his study desk at home is this motto in Old English type:

"Konsider the postage stamp, My Son.
Its usefulness konsists of its ability
to stick to one thing until it gets there."

As a boy, Roy determined to be a lawyer. He stuck to it, and his many-faceted career since young manhood has always been connected in some way with the law.

JUDGE CHARLES D. HALL, Ray’s father, was a big-scale farmer and banker in Weston, Missouri. He and Mrs. Hall, who had been Laura Brown Williams of Weston, believed in raising a big family. Along with seven brothers and a sister, Ray attended the one-room Hazelwood School taught by Miss Honora Allen at Weston, across the road from the family farm.

The brothers would form a team to play baseball against the rest of the school—or they’d gang up in schoolboy fights. The Halls vs. Everybody Else. Everybody Else, that is, except one little chap who was always on the Halls’ side: another “Bee Creek Boy” named Albert F. Hillix, who was later to become president of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce and of the Kansas City Country Club.

When Ray was about fifteen, his father became probate judge of Platte County, with offices in Platte City, the county seat. Ray’s older brother, Decatur, liked horses and the farm; so it was taken for granted that he would be a farmer. But Ray’s father decided Ray should work as a clerk in the judge’s office. This he did, for two years, until he went to Columbia, Missouri, in 1908 to finish high school. Weston High was not then an accredited high school; so Ray attended University High School at Columbia in order that he might gain admission to the State University.
ATTENDING M. U. meant that he could join a college fraternity. With a year’s residence in Columbia during which to look the fraternities over, the banker’s son from Weston decided to join Phi Gamma Delta. He wrote his father about it, and the judge replied: “I’m glad, son. I am a Phi Gamma Delta myself.” The elder Hall, who came from Front Royal, Virginia, had graduated from Roanoke College in Virginia and joined the fraternity there.

The fact that Ray became a “Fiji” began a tradition in the fraternity, because four of the younger Hall brothers later became Phi Gams, too: Warren, who manages the Hall orchards, farms and tobacco warehouses at Weston; the late Elmer Hall, who died in April, in Kansas City; Glenn, who is president of the First National Bank of Birmingham, Alabama; and David, who is a merchant in Weston.

Of Ray’s two other brothers, Charles is treasurer of the Price Candy Company in Kansas City; and Marshall manages the Columbian Hog & Cattle Powder Company farms out of Hiawatha, Kansas. The sister, Mrs. Reeta Hall Brill, lives in Weston.

At the University of Missouri, Ray took his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1913, and his Bachelor of Laws in 1915. He has always been a patient, courteous, conservative person, thorough in his studies and in his work. These qualities attracted the attention of Judge John D. Lawson, Dean of the M. U. School of Law, who depended upon Ray to teach his class in Contract Law on days when the professor was forced to be absent.

At this time, Dean Lawson was writing his books on “American State Trials,” condensing the text of famous trials held in every state of the Union. He employed Ray to assist. Ray could do it, not only because he was a law student, but because in high school he had mastered shorthand and the touch system of typing. Ray still remembers the typewriter keyboard; and today can type a letter or a speech blindfolded!

During summer vacations from college, Ray worked on the farm and in the family bank at Weston, except for one summer spent selling books from door to door in Minnesota. In the little Minnesota towns he found selling a book for $13 tough going. Three weeks without a single sale! A friend in the crew, Lester Wyckoff, advised him to try the farmers—so the next day Ray took to the country lanes. Perhaps it was because he felt more at ease on the farms, or perhaps it was because the farmers recognized him as one of their own people—but that first day in the country he made five sales, and during the summer he earned $250 in commissions. In those days, that was money!

Al Hillix recalls that when Ray was a senior at M. U., Al and eight other boys from Weston, accompanied by their fathers, all arrived in Columbia by train to enroll the boys in the University. Quite a group—eighteen people in all, carrying suitcases and trudging along Columbia’s tree-shaded streets, gawking at the sights. Ray met them at the station; helped them all find quarters in rooming houses; showed the boys where and how to enroll. “That’s how
kind and courteous Ray is,” says Al. “Other seniors would have thought such attentions to mere freshmen beneath their dignity.” In the process, Ray pledged his brothers and Al to Phi Gamma Delta.

Graduated from Missouri and ready to begin the practice of law, Ray settled in Kansas City, although advisors told him there were already 1500 lawyers here and most of them weren’t making a living. Nevertheless, he took a desk without pay in the firm of Austin and Davis—and there he worked during the years 1915-16-17 as Europe flamed with the battles of World War I.

His father brought him his first case, from Platte City. The next week, a friend of his father’s came in with a case. Gradually, many of the Platte County people he had known in his father’s office or in the Weston bank came to him with their legal problems. He tried his first jury case in Platte City, with Guy Park, later a Missouri governor, as the opposing attorney.

By this time, the United States had entered World War I. Ray enlisted in the Army; and served at Camp Lee, Virginia, returning to Kansas City in March, 1919, as a First Lieutenant. He became a charter member of William T. Fitzsimmons Post No. 8 of the American Legion—a thriving post with 1670 members—and in 1921 he became its commander. Kansas City’s Liberty Memorial was built at that time. For its formal dedication, Ray was a member of the American Legion committee which welcomed to Kansas City and entertained General “Black Jack” Pershing, commander of U. S. A. forces in World War I; Admiral Lord David Beatty of England; Marshal Ferdinand Foch of France; Lt. General Baron Jacques of Belgium; and General Armando Diaz of Italy. Opposite Kansas City’s Union Station, likenesses of these World War I leaders are preserved today in bronze at the Station Plaza entrance to the Liberty Memorial.

If you remember World War I, you’ll recall that during those years the federal government first devised a new form of taxation known as the “income tax.” Ray’s brother Charles at that time was a revenue agent. His experiences convinced him that there was an opportunity for lawyers who would become experts in the field of income tax law. Among other things, the law allowed deductions for “depletion”—and its terms were then little known and less understood by some of the biggest oil companies in Texas! Charles persuaded Ray to become one of the first tax attorneys to practice in Kansas City, and with his brother Elmer, Ray began a tax practice. They office
Gam from the University of Chicago, Attorney John S. Wright.

Meanwhile, up at Fort Leavenworth, a man from Virginia named Colonel Claude Miller had arrived to teach at the Staff and Command School of the Army War College. Back in Virginia, Ray’s father’s sister, Mrs. Elwood Douglas Jackson, of Front Royal, wrote her brother that Colonel Miller’s cousin from Lynchburg was coming out to Fort Leavenworth to visit—and would the Halls please have one of the boys call on her? All of the Hall boys at home pictured this unknown lady as a grey-haired contemporary of their aunt’s. The assignment to go to Fort Leavenworth, therefore, was definitely in the category of a “duty call.” Ray, considerate as always, volunteered for the task.

Upon his return, he gave scant details of the call to his brothers. For the lady turned out to be the petite, young and charming Ann Miller Woodroof of Lynchburg . . . pretty, and younger than Ray! He kept her age and her beauty a secret until a romance was well under way. Ann “visited” out here as long as she dared (6 weeks); and then returned to Lynchburg.

Tax-lawyer Ray Hall suddenly found that his practice required more-and-more-frequent trips to Washington, D. C.—from which it is only a three-hour trip to Lynchburg. The couple become engaged, were married June 6, 1924, and honeymooned in Bermuda.

They have one son, Douglas Jackson Hall, age 22, whom they named for the aunt who introduced them. Young Doug attended Pembrooke-Country Day School and had a year at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, before he enlisted in the Air Force. He is stationed at Luke Air Field near Phoenix. His hitch has a year to go from next October.

A portrait in oil of Doug in his Air Force uniform dominates one wall of the Hall’s dining room, in their charming Georgian home at 6710 Tomahawk Road in Johnson County, Kansas. An interesting screen in that same room, made by Mrs. Hall, reveals the Virginia background with photographs of buildings and scenes in her ancestral native state. Like their house with its central circular stairway, overhead skylight and carriage-lamp fixture, the Hall garden is a bit of Old Virginia, too. Low, serpentine white-brick walls copied from the University of Virginia at Charlottesville enclose an outdoor terrazzo terrace. A box hedge of Japanese Yew, designed by Hare & Hare, repeats the pattern of the walls.

But let’s flash back to Ray in 1924. Married, and with a growing law practice, his knowledge of tax matters attracted the attention of officials at Kansas City’s First Na-
tional Bank. Chairman E. F. Swinney had been an old friend of the Hall family; and president Harry T. Abernathy and vice-president Carl Allendorfer of the First were giving attention to their growing trust department. They needed a tax expert to handle it. Ray was approached, and decided to accept the job.

In those days the bank’s trust department assets were small. From June 1, 1926 to January 1, 1943 Ray served as trust officer of the First National, during which time its trust department assets increased to the extent that it became not only the largest in Kansas City, but ranked first in the entire 10th Federal Reserve District. Included among those assets were such estates as the Carrie J. Loose fund of 3-1/2 million and the Ina Calkins estate of 1-1/2 million. Ray’s quarters in those years increased from basement space where there were five employees to an impressive third floor layout with a staff of thirty, using the basement space for vault and record storage.

A SON OF PLATTSBURG, MISSOURI, Gavin Leedy, meanwhile had become president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, at a time when the Bank needed a new general counsel. Ray Hall was chosen for this position—and resigned from the First National to become a vice-president of the Federal Reserve on January 1, 1943. Robert B. Caldwell was then serving as chairman of the Board of Directors, with Robert J. Mehornay as deputy chairman. Ray served as Federal Reserve Bank general counsel for two years, at which time he resigned to become vice-president of Hall Brothers, makers of Hallmark Greeting Cards. He is no relation to the three brothers in the Hallmark concern, Joyce C. Hall, Rollie and Will.

Then, when Robert B. Caldwell resigned effective January 1 of this year as chairman of the Federal Reserve, Ray was chosen to succeed him. It is a “part time” job, and doesn’t interfere with his work at Hall Brothers, where he is still active.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK is not owned by the federal government—and that big 20-story building at 10th & Grand is not a government building, even though former President Harry S. Truman is one of the office tenants. County and city real estate taxes are paid on this building just as on all privately-owned buildings. The member banks of the Tenth Federal Reserve District own the capital stock and participate in the operation of the Federal Reserve Bank and the building, with directors elected by their own members to a board which governs the bank’s operating policies.

In addition, there are three directors chosen by the board of governors at Washington—from commerce, industry and agriculture in this district. Ray Hall is one such director. As chairman, Ray is one of twelve Federal Reserve officials (one from each of the nation’s Federal Reserve Districts) who meet with the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System in Washington and help to decide the country’s monetary policies.
Together, the boards of directors of the Reserve Banks and the board of governors do such things as raise the rediscount rate in order to make credit easier; or they will require increased reserves from member banks, which has the effect of making less money available for loans. Lowering of reserve requirements means that the member banks have more money available for loans.

Also, they buy and sell government securities to increase or decrease the amount of funds that member banks have available for lending and investing. The theory of the Federal Reserve System is that the fight against inflation or a too sudden deflation can be carried on by the concerted effort of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks with the Federal Reserve Board as the coordinating agency.

As board chairman, Ray is also the Federal Reserve Agent at the Reserve Bank. In such capacity he has responsibility for currency matters in this area under the supervision of the board of governors in Washington.

RAY'S CIVIC AND COMMUNITY JOBS make a long list. He is the former Treasurer and now a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Kansas City. He is on the Board of Governors of the Kansas City Art Institute. And he is president of the Chi Mu (for Columbia, Missouri) Scholarship Fund of Phi Gamma Delta.

Through the years, in addition to being commander of William T. Fitzsimmons Post No. 8 of the American Legion, he served on the City Central Executive Committee. He was on the Finance Board of the Women’s Christian Association, which operates the Armour and Gillis Homes; a Trustee of Pembroke-Country Day School for Boys; and Treasurer & Director of the Kansas City Country Club.

As a director and chairman of the advancement committee of the Boy Scouts, he was given the Silver Beaver award. He has been a director of the Boys’ Club. He served as a trustee and treasurer of the Council of Social Agencies, and on various budget committees. He was director of Community Studies, Inc. In business, he was a director of the Employers’ Reinsurance Corporation; the Johnson County National Bank and Trust Co.; and is still a director of the Kansas City Life Insurance Co.

His biggest civic job was as general chairman and organizer of the Citizens’ Planning Council of Greater Kansas City, in 1944-45, to prepare and integrate an area plan of postwar programs. It was, and is, a citizens’ movement to stimulate full employment for our citizens, and to provide the finer things of living for the entire area. It reviews and coordinates the work of all groups (business, industries, agencies), to eliminate waste and overlapping effort in mapping the area’s future. Concrete results of this activity, which expanded to a Board of Governors of 101 people and committee memberships of 942, then increased to 3,000, are such achievements as the Veterans’ Information Center operated after World War II; building of the Southwest Trafficway; the
Starlight Theatre; and a new bridge across the Missouri River. On the docket are twenty such major projects for greater Kansas City, including an inter-regional system of express highways; a new stadium-armory; a new public library; a Jackson County library with branches in all towns of the county; plans for the economic development of the area; and thirty or more other projects under study.

But what about this fellow Hall as a person? Well, he's certainly one of the most modest, friendly people you'll ever meet—a good listener, loyal, sympathetic. His quiet sense of humor delights his friends and golf partners—one of his hobbies (work is first!) being golf. During the football season, he and Ann manage to get down to Columbia for most of the Tigers' home games.

Back in the mid-twenties, when the old Shubert Theatre on 10th Street had a new road-show play or musical comedy every week all winter, three front-rows of Phi Gams had tickets together in "Peanut Heaven" (the top gallery) every Thursday. The young-married Halls never missed a show! Though he was trust officer of the First National Bank at the time, it never occurred to Ray Hall that he might appear undignified in a top-gallery theatre seat.

Their travels have taken the Halls to Hawaii, to South America and to Europe. Ray is a Rotarian; and on a trip to Lima, Peru, he carried along a Kansas City Rotary Club flag to present to the Rotarians of Lima. Aboard his ship were two young senoritas who had been attending school in Gulfport. Although Ray had spent several years learning Spanish, and had clients in Mexico, he wrote out his flag-presentation speech in English; and the beautiful young senoritas provided a Spanish translation, then rehearsed him in it.

In Lima, the president of San Marcos University suggested to Ray that if he wanted to get a real burst of applause, he might add a paragraph saying that he liked San Marcos University so well that he would like to send his son there to school. This Ray did. The speech was a tremendous success; and the applause was as predicted.

Ray learned other Spanish, too—he can dance the rhumba, the samba, and the mambo. "Ray's a conservative, but not an old-fashioned dancer," say his partners.

The Hall's European journey last summer had three magnificent highlights. They dined with the Honorable and Mrs. Winston Churchill at No. 10 Downing Street; visited General Eisenhower at S. H. A. P. E., and were received in audience by the Pope in Rome. Switzerland is Ray's favorite European country; and he likes the city of Lucerne best of all.
From girlhood, Ann has always been a painter—water color and oils. Out at Rancho Santa Fe in California in 1948, she persuaded Ray to attempt an oil painting—and he has pursued painting as a hobby ever since. His first primitive attempt hangs in their home, as does a view he painted later of the rail-fenced entrance to the Kansas City Country Club—a truly difficult problem in perspective, well done!

Another Hall hobby is the collection of paper-weights, of which they have a case-full in their living room. Many are quite rare—all are beautiful—and the acquisition of each one is a reminder of some happy moment or occasion in their life together. When Ray was appointed chairman of the Federal Reserve, for example, Ann gave him a bouquet—in a paper-weight.

A

Swing the Dial 10

Three new University of Kansas City programs are now heard on WHB. At 8:15 Sundays “University Forum” is broadcast. It features a discussion of current problems in the news by a professor and several of his students from a different department each week. Dr. Edgar Rosen of the history department led off with a discussion on the problem of European unification.

At 1 p.m. Sundays, “University Showcase” is heard weekly. The show consists of performances and compositions by students and members of the faculty of the music department.

Compositions by Gerald Kemner, senior, were heard on the opening program; vocal numbers by Hardin Van Deursen, associate professor of music, and Dorothy Clay. Albertine Baumgartner joined Kemner in playing his piano compositions.

The “University International Review” presents an analysis of current international news by four professors at 7:30 Saturday nights. Speakers are Dr. Samson Soloveitchik, expert on Russian civilization, Dr. Edgar Rosen on European affairs, Dr. Ernest Manheim on Africa and the Middle East and Dr. John Hodges, economist.

Henry Mamet, director of the radio department acts as moderator.

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<tr>
<th>TIME</th>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>Chicago Theatre of the Air</td>
<td>“Strictly From Dixie”</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Operetta</td>
<td>Larry Ray, Sports</td>
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<td>Gabriel Heatter</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>Vignette</td>
<td>Fulton Lewis, Jr.</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>News, Cecil Brown</td>
<td>“The Falcon”</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Crime Doesn’t Pay</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>True Detective</td>
<td>Futuristic Drama</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>Mysteries</td>
<td>Bill Henry, News</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Dear Marry,</td>
<td>Tunes Till Baseball</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>It’s Murder</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Nick Carter, Master Detective</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Northwestern Univ.</td>
<td>Baseball Scoreboard</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Reviewing Stand</td>
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<td>9:30</td>
<td>Sixth Row Center</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>K. C. Calendar</td>
<td>Weatherman In Person</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>Serenade In</td>
<td>Person</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>The Night</td>
<td>Mutual News</td>
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<td>Person</td>
<td>Weatherman In Person</td>
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<td>10:50</td>
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<td>Person</td>
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<td>11:05</td>
<td>Mutual News</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>WHB Night Club of the Air</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Pop Records</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>Lew Kemper</td>
<td>Rock Ulmer</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
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A NEW weekly radio series and a country-wide concert tour are on MBS personality Lanny Ross' schedule during the spring months. The popular tenor began his new Mutual network LANNY ROSS SHOW programs March 1—WHB, Sundays at 12:15 p.m.

Lanny's Sunday series is devoted to popular songs of the day and romantic melodies requested by his listen-
ers. Al Fanelli's quartet supplies the musical background.

JOHN WEIGEL, Mutual's newest disc jockey, lives in by-gone days as far as his new ALLSWEET MUSIC BOX program is concerned—WHB, Monday through Fridays at 11:25 a.m. His show features songs of the roaring '80's played on the popular old-time Regina music box—a living room fixture of great-granddad's days.

The discs used by Weigel are all-steel platters and the collection consists of several hundred melodies. He first became interested in this enter-

**PROGRAM SCHEDULE • 6 P. M. to 1 A. M.**

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**KANSAS CITY BLUES—AMERICAN ASSOCIATION BASEBALL**

Play-by-play by Larry Ray—At Home and Away 8:15 Nightly
101 Regularly Scheduled Night Games—
Monday through Saturday—April 12 through September 12

**Baseball Scoreboard**
Titus Moody
Frank Edwards
Weatherman In Person
Mutual News
**WHB Night Club of the Air**
Pop Records
Roch Ulmer
**WHB Signs Off**

**Baseball Scoreboard**
Titus Moody
Frank Edwards
Weatherman In Person
Mutual News
**WHB Night Club of the Air**
Pop Records
Roch Ulmer
**WHB Signs Off**

**Baseball Scoreboard**
Titus Moody
Frank Edwards
Weatherman In Person
Mutual News
**WHB Night Club of the Air**
Pop Records
Roch Ulmer
**WHB Signs Off**

**Baseball Scoreboard**
Titus Moody
Frank Edwards
Weatherman In Person
Mutual News
**WHB Night Club of the Air**
Pop Records
Roch Ulmer
**WHB Signs Off**

**BASEBALL**
or
Dixieland Jazz Band
Weatherman In Person
Mutual News
**WHB Night Club of the Air**
Pop Records
Lew Kemper
**WHB Signs Off**

**WHB Signs Off**

1:00
The WHB DAYTIME PROGRAM SCHEDULE
5:00 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Swing

entertainment medium when he saw an antique Regina on display in a museum.

Weigel began his radio career in Ohio, while still attending high school. He met his wife, Virginia, also an entertainment personality, while attending Ohio State University. He interrupted his career to join the Army Signal Corps during World War II. He was assigned to the University of Minnesota for a special training course. His roommate at school was William Oatis, the A.P. newsman interned by the Communists in Czechoslovakia.

Following his discharge from the armed forces, Weigel settled on a farm in Libertyville, Ill., and became a popular figure in Chicago radio circles.

Extensive research by Weigel, whose patter is also in the vernacular of the roaring '80's, permits him to tell unusual anecdotal stories about each melody aired on the ALL-SWEET MUSIC BOX.
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<td>Queen For A Day.</td>
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Don Sullivan, Pokey Red, Bruce Grant, and Don Sullivan's Western Band in Saddle Soap Opera from "Triangle D Ranch" — the Cow Country Club

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<th>WHB Neighbor In Time.</th>
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WHB DAYTIME PROGRAM SCHEDULES

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<td>Pop Records.</td>
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<td>Old Standards.</td>
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<td>The &quot;Top Twenty Tunes&quot;.</td>
<td>The &quot;Top Twenty Tunes&quot;.</td>
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<td>Eight Afternoon Games between April 15 and Sept. 9.</td>
<td>Eight Afternoon Games between April 15 and Sept. 9.</td>
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<td>Drama.</td>
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<td>Bobby Benson Show.</td>
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<td>Drama at Bar-B.</td>
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<td>Wild Bill Hickok.</td>
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LIEUTENANT Zebulon Pike and the men of his exploration party gazed with uncontrolled awe at the majestic, 14,000-foot peak. They had seen many awe-inspiring sights as they travelled over the uncharted course into Indian country, but this was the greatest.

"We shall climb it!" Lieutenant Pike exclaimed suddenly. "From its sides we may be able to see passages which will save us much time." The men were enthusiastic about this idea.

The young army officer had been assigned the mission of travelling to the headwaters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers to begin peaceful negotiations with Indian tribes. Only a year before he had successfully searched for the source of the Mississippi River. Now, in 1806, the army had chosen him to learn more about the great area known as the Louisiana Purchase.

They had gone, on foot and on horseback, overland to Pawnee country, due west from St. Louis and up the Missouri and Osage Rivers. But, as yet, they had not found the headwaters of the Arkansas because the river became narrow and shallow as it wound through the Colorado Mountains. From the summit, which became known as Pike's Peak, they hoped to view the headwaters.

Greatly encouraged, they began the arduous and dangerous ascent. But, the mountains had deceived them. The peak they climbed looked as though it were part of the 14,000-foot summit, inasmuch as it blended into it. Men have been fooled many times in the same way. When Pike and his party reached the high-point, Pike's Peak still loomed in the distance. They had climbed what is now known as Mount Cheyenne instead!

"Some day I'll return and climb it." Pike declared resolutely, seeking to hide his disappointment. "We must continue our search."

A bitter winter almost wrecked the brave exploration. Men and animals were near exhaustion. The food supply ran perilously low. Then, one day, they came to the banks of a frozen stream. "This," Pike said, in desperation, "must be the Red River!"

Again he was wrong, and he learned his mistake when Spanish cavalry rode up and took the entire group as prisoners. They had trespassed on Spanish territory and the stream was the winding Rio Grande. Pike and his men were held captive in Mexico for several months, and then released and deported through Texas.

Pike, himself, had been weakened by the rigors of the exploring and by the months in captivity. He died a short time after being returned to America.

His maps and charts, even though there were many errors in them, still were very valuable to those who followed the trails into the Louisiana Purchase.

Pike's Peak stands as a monument to his valiant efforts, but he didn't realize that one ambition. He never climbed it!
The CLOWN PRINCE of BASEBALL

Seventy million people have seen him "in person" during the last 28 years... and he was the "most requested" male entertainer to appear before our GIs in World War II.

By LARRY RAY

It happened in the ninth inning of an International League game between the Buffalo Bisons and the Jersey City Skeeters in the early 1920's.

The score was tied. Two men were out, the bases empty, and the next batter was the pitcher—comparatively, a little fellow—perhaps too small for baseball. He'd already won for himself the sobriquet "The All-American Automatic Out," but his real name was Alexander Schacht, and things looked none too bright for the Jersey City nine.

The opposing pitcher, over-confident, became careless, and the Skeeters took fresh hope when Alexander went high-legging it to first with a base on balls. A moment later a snappage from the angered Bison pitcher caught the runner napping off base. In a desperation head-first plunge to get safely back, Schacht upset Wiltse, the first baseman, and the play at the bag was lost in dust. When Wiltse got to his feet, however, the ball seemed to be lost, too, and he looked wildly around to find it. Schacht corralled a split second in which to appraise the situation, brushed himself off and streaked for second, where he hooked the bag in a near-perfect slide, got up, dusted himself off again, and, while pandemonium broke loose in the enemy infield, cut the grass for third. Poor Wiltse, meanwhile, was being driven to madness by the frantic shouts of his team-mates for the ball. If the runner scored, it meant the ball game.

Standing on third like a young leprechaun, while the fans were screaming in glee or anxiety, and the players of both benches were on their feet, jumping up and down, Al tucked his head low and bolted for home, where he maneuvered another sensational, dust raising slide.

"Safe!" roared umpire John O'Brien. And Al leapt to his feet shouting, "We win!" But at this point the umpire spied the ball as it rolled innocently away from Al's feet. "Oh, yeah?" the umpire moved his scarlet and navy blue bulk to a posi-
tion looking down upon the wilting Schacht. "Now how do you reckon that ball got there?"

Quickly Alexander's hand went for a hip pocket. And his face became suffused with red as he sheepishly stammered, "Aw, look ump. I was just fooling."

O'Brien boomed, "Well, you're out for interference! And I ain't foolin'! I'm going to report this to President O'Toole, an' that'll probably cost you fifty bucks!"

Al paid the fifty. But that was the last time it ever cost him money to clown.

This cut-up, Alexander Schacht, is the same Al Schacht who was Number One on the list when Yanks in every theater during World War II were asked to name the male entertainer they would like best to perform for them. And during the war, Al visited almost every front. One night in Africa he had the stolid British soldiery and their distinguished general, Sir Bernard Montgomery, doubling with laughter on the eve of the Sicilian invasion.

This is the same Al Schacht whose performances have been witnessed by some 70,000,000 people during the last 28 years. For more than two decades he has been the most seen-in-person star in comedy entertainment history. When considering the fact that in a single World Series, Al does his stuff for something like a quarter of a million fans, it is not difficult to account for the over-all figure. Some leagues offer records to prove that their attendance figures tripled when the Clown Prince of Diamonds was in their parks.

To ask what makes him great is like asking what makes people fall in love. Neither can be analyzed satisfactorily. As to why people laugh at him; it isn't too hard to understand when you picture a man of fifty-odd years in a black cutaway coat with a bright red lapel, an emerald green baseball uniform and a much-in-disrepair top hat. Add to this the somewhat Indian-like facial characteristics, marvelously expressive eyes and a rudder-like profile. And if you laugh yourself sore at his baseball buffoonery, don't worry about it. He did the same to Christy Mathewson, Honus Wagner, John McGraw, Ted Williams, Bob Feller and Hal Newhouser.

Schacht does not resort to theater tactics. Showman that he is, he uses very few props and sticks resolutely to baseball. He loves the game and all the good Americanism it stands for.

"I was nuts about baseball," Schacht wrote in his book Clowning Through Baseball, "from the first time I heard the crack of batted balls as they echoed up from Harlem. The Polo Grounds was only a stone's throw, or a short swim from my house. And there was no thrill in the world for me like seeing the game's
heroes coming through the clubhouse door."

"Al, old boy," he used to say to himself as a youngster, "you've got to forget about being a fire chief. You've got to be a ball player when you grow up . . ."

He went on to star at the High School of Commerce — where Lou Gehrig later starred. And the fact that he held the International League record for shutouts, and on four occasions was called upon to pitch both ends of crucial double-headers, is proof that he realized his boyhood dreams. Later, he decided to take a flyer with the Cincinnati Reds. But Clark Griffith signed him and farmed him back to the International League.

The game between the Buffalo Bisons and the Jersey City Skeeters was not the first clowning incident for Al. His first act in organized baseball is said to have come off in 1914, when he came riding bareback into the ball park on an old plug mare at game time. He was preceded by a tiny colored boy in livery. The fans went wild — so wild, in fact, that it pleased the management. Indeed, everyone was pleased with Schacht that afternoon except the opposing batsmen who had to try to keep their eyes on his fastball.

Schacht went to the Washington Senators in 1916. But an accident halted his pitching career in 1919. Still it marked only the beginning of his fame, for after a period of coaching with the Senators, he turned full-time comedian. Having never in his life earned more than $7,500 a season as a pitcher, his gloom-busting antics have paid off at an estimated rate of $30,000 a year. And augmenting this income in the "off-season" is the famous Al Schacht's Restaurant in New York City, run and personalized by Al himself.

Proof of his love for the game is the fact that only once in his career has his act departed from a general baseball background. And this was during a World Series — in 1922.

A man named Rudolph Valentino was hero of a picture called Blood and Sand. Al burlesqued the toreador act in the picture. He had a goat stand-in for the bull, put it in a taxi and sped to Yankee Stadium. Al wore the customary emerald baseball suit, and a bullfighter's hat, red sash, and all. His pockets were filled with cabbage leaves and this enticement kept the "bull" busy with no ifs nor ands, but butts. Armed with a wooden stave instead of a sword, he staged a first class "bull fight" and, needless to say, got the goat in the end.

Wherever baseball is discussed they still talk about that one—along with a hundred other unforgettable antics of the amazing Al Schacht!
PICTURES without WORDS

SWING • WHB
KANSAS CITY
THAT AUTO TRIP

YOU CAN'T AFFORD
-TO MISS!

By HUSBAND R. CASH

TODAY, all the wonderful places in America are as near as your automobile door. And your distant relatives and friends live just around the corner. Unfortunately, many families are unaware of the fact that long auto trips can be inexpensive, and needlessly limit their vacation trips to short week-end excursions.

Many travelers budget their trip expenses at this rate. The first time the author’s family tried the two-cent-a-mile system, the cost was exactly sixty dollars for three thousand miles. The following summer, by profiting from our previous experiences, the identical three thousand mile trip was made for fifty dollars.

Here are a few tips on how to join the two-cent-a-mile travelers.

To Save on Gasoline

1. Have car properly tuned-up. For example, if your ignition points have seen too many miles, a new set will pay for themselves in the first few hundred miles. After that, they will pay you.

2. Know your route. Many oil companies have services to help you plan the best and shortest routes (and indicate interesting places to see that you might ordinarily miss). Have the entire family know the route well so they can assist the driver to stay on the correct route.

3. Maintain as even a speed as possible. Don’t “floorboard” the throttle when passing. Every time you depress the accelerator, the carburetor pumps gasoline into the motor.

4. Drive conservatively. Ask your mechanic to estimate the cruising speed of your car. Then plan to stay at or below this speed. Gas and oil consumption per mile increase rapidly at higher speeds.

5. Buy wisely. Regardless of what brand of gasoline you prefer, the price varies somewhat from state to state due to taxes and transportation charges. Ask your travelling friends about the various prices. Naturally, don’t estimate your gasoline needs too
closely in attempting to reach a state line.

Mile after mile, the gasoline saved will surprise you. The fifty dollar-three thousand mile trip mentioned earlier in this article was made in a light car that averaged twenty-eight and a half miles to the gallon of gasoline on the trip. And every mile-per-gallon saved, when multiplied by thousands of miles, puts money in your pocket.

**To Save on Food**

1. **Plan picnic lunches.** Take along the essential parts for several lunches. Then buy fresh milk and perishables at the super markets along the way. (Many travelers avoid last minute confusion by preparing the sandwiches the previous day and storing them in the freezer unit until time to leave.)

2. **Include plenty of oranges and other fruit.** For between meal snacks and thirst quenchers.

3. **Eat in small town restaurants.** Two-cent-a-milers feel that as one-stop strangers in town they are in no position to gamble on the assorted restaurants and prices in a large city. (Nor do they have the gasoline to waste looking for a suitable restaurant and a place to park.) In a small town, any resident can usually tell you which of the few restaurants in town serves good food at moderate cost.

4. **Or, cook your own meals.** Either at auto courts that have cooking facilities or make use of that old camp stove for some delicious outdoor meals.

Fortunately for the budget, a little food goes a long way on a trip. Because of the limited exercise, large heavy meals should be avoided. Light meals with an emphasis on salads and fruits are the traveler’s friend.

With a little planning, your trip budget for food should not be much more than the food allowance for the same period on your regular budget. Two-cent-a-milers generally allow about fifteen to twenty percent for extra food costs on the trip.

**To Save on Sleeping Costs**

1. **Stop driving early in the day.** By stopping early in the afternoon, while there is still an assortment of vacancies, the traveler can usually find suitable accommodations at a reasonable rate. Later in the day, vacancies become so limited that a choice has to be made because of necessity without regard to finances. (Stopping early and starting very early in the morning will also give you better driving conditions—another saving on gasoline.)

2. **Know your stops and rates.** The AAA and other organizations furnish helpful information about rates and accommodations. Also supplement this information by inquiring among your friends who have recently traveled the route.

3. **Try sleeping in small cities and towns.** If you are unable to plan suitable sleeping accommodations in advance, give the motels in the smaller cities and the hotels in the large towns a trial.

And a final tip on tips. If you sleep and eat in the small towns, don’t tip excessively—it’s not expected.

Good luck and good driving. We’ll be looking for you at the picnic spots and motels to swap bargains of the road!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

*Vacation's more fun if you make your plans well in advance... provide for emergencies and contingencies... and have with you everything you'll need, except the supplies you expect to purchase en route. Here's a handy Check List to tick off before departure:*

**YOUR JOB**
- Check Vacation Dates with boss and business associates
- Leave copies of Itinerary, where to be reached in Emergency
  - With Boss or Partner
  - With Relatives
  - With Closest Neighbor

**THE CHILDREN**
- Take 'em Along
- Stay with Relatives
- Engage Nurse or Sitter

**THE PETS**
- Arrange for Care at Home
- Arrange for Boarding

**THE HOUSEHOLD**
- Stop Milk Delivery
- Stop Bread Delivery
- Stop Newspaper Delivery
- Stop Mail Delivery
- Arrange for Mail Forwarding
- Arrange for Parcel Deliveries during Absence
- Arrange for Yard Care
- Check Water Taps
- Check Toilets Running
- Put Refrigerator “On Vacation”
- Empty Refrigerator of Spoilables
- Turn off Radios, Phonograph, TV and Appliances
- Arrange Trash and Garbage Removal
- Leave Light Burning to guard against prowlers
- Put Porch Furniture Away
- Lock all Windows
- Lock all Doors
- Lock Garage

**THE NEIGHBORS**
- Leave House Key with Closest Responsible Neighbor and Friend
- Arrange for Them to Pick Up Circulars, Parcels, Deliveries
- Care for Flowers and Plants

**YOUR FINANCES**
- Pay Upcoming Insurance Premiums, Bills, Taxes, due during Absence
- Arrange for Payment during Trip
- Arrange for Bank Deposits during Absence; of checks due, etc.
- Credit Cards
- Club Cards
- Travelers' Checks
- "Mad" Money
- Letter of Credit
- Check Book or Blank Checks on your Home Town Bank

**YOUR BAGGAGE**
- Overnight Supplies for all members of party in one case, to facilitate overnight stops
- Supplies Needed Enroute in one case, to provide ease of handling
- Principal Baggage for use at Destination stored in car trunk
- Baggage Tagged, for identification if lost or misplaced

**CHECKING THE CAR**
- All-over Lubrication Job
- Motor Oil
- Battery
- Tires
  - Spare Tire
  - Wheels Balanced and Aligned
  - Rotate Tires
- Spark Plugs
- Motor Tune-Up
- Brakes
- Tools all O. K.?
- Jack
- Chains
- Tow Rope
- If convertible, does top work O. K.?
- Cover for convertible top.
- Auto Club Identification
- Drivers’ Licenses
  - State
  - City
- Car Licenses up-to-date?
—Swing’s VACATION “CHECK LIST”

YOUR SUPPLIES
☐ Camera
☐ Film
☐ Flash Bulbs
☐ Camera Equipment
☐ Notebook
☐ Pencils and Pen
☐ Calendar
☐ Sun Glasses in Glove Pocket
☐ Paper Napkins
☐ Paper Towels
☐ Kleenex
☐ Extra Reading Glasses
☐ First Aid Kit
  ☐ Band Aids
  ☐ Mercurichrome Bandage
  ☐ Chigger Remedy
  ☐ Mosquito Remedy
☐ Extra Razor Blades
☐ Sun-Tan Oil
☐ Spot Cleaner
☐ Flashlight
☐ Road Maps
☐ Guide Books
☐ Touring Information
☐ Portable Radio
☐ Portable Typewriter
☐ Portable Phonograph and Records
☐ Scotch Tape
☐ Writing Materials
☐ Post Cards
☐ Carbon Paper
☐ Traveling Iron
☐ Sewing Kit
  ☐ Thread
  ☐ Needles
  ☐ Thimble
  ☐ Scissors
☐ Paste
☐ Safety Matches
☐ Books
☐ Magazines
☐ Supplies for Knitting, Crocheting, Embroidering, etc.
☐ Cigarettes
☐ Cigars, Pipe Tobacco
☐ Playing Cards
☐ Games for Children

YOUR FOOD
☐ Packaged Lunch—Snacks
☐ Fruit
☐ Box in which to carry supplies purchased en route

YOUR BEVERAGES
☐ Thermos Bottles
☐ Supplies
☐ Mixer
☐ Bottle Opener
☐ Can Opener

SPORTS EQUIPMENT
☐ Canoe—Boat
☐ Outboard Motor

☐ Tent
☐ Tent Light
☐ Fishing Equipment
☐ Golf Clubs
☐ Tennis
☐ Baseball—Softball
  ☐ Ready-to-Go?
  ☐ Advance Repairs?
  ☐ Packed

YOUR CLOTHES
☐ Bathing Suit or Trunks
☐ Beach Slippers—Moccasins
☐ Bath Robe
☐ Water Robes for Children
☐ Sun Hat—Visor Cap
☐ Sports Outfit
  ☐ Shorts
  ☐ Slacks
  ☐ Shirts
  ☐ Sweaters
☐ Summer Tux or Formals
☐ Rain Coat
☐ Rubbers—Overshoes—Waders

HEALTH SUPPLIES
☐ Medicines
☐ Health Garments
☐ Toilet Kit
☐ Seat Pad or Pillow

FREE! Reprints of this “Check List.” Send request on your letterhead to Swing Magazine, 1121 Scarritt Building.
KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI
Have you suggestions for additions to list?
IN these days of endless solicitations, it is gratifying to know that one private institution is building character for Kansas City boys without asking for a penny from the hard-working public.

The Andrew Drumm Institute, southeast of Independence, Missouri, receives very little publicity. It quietly goes about its daily task, providing a home and school for about fifty boys who deserve a chance, but have never had the opportunities of the average student.

The school was founded by the late Andrew Drumm, a livestock agent at the Kansas City Stockyards. Major Drumm, as he was called, made a fortune in the cattle business in the early part of the century, and his dream was fulfilled when the Institute officially opened in 1928. This coming June, the school will "harvest" another crop of boys who have been trained in Vocational Agriculture, in addition to the required credits taught at East High School in Kansas City.

The Drumm Institute is not a correctional home . . . in fact, has no room for delinquents. Usually, boys who apply for entrance have lost one or both parents, or are from other broken homes. They are accepted on a sixty-day approval after their character has been carefully studied. Financially, the school is very sound, subsidized by a rich endowment from oil and cattle land in the Panhandle. Though the operating costs are high, the boys slaughter and process their own yearly supply of beef, pork and lamb from livestock right on the farm; and they can or freeze all their

By BRUCE DAVIES
own fruits and vegetables. A complete packing shed is provided for this purpose, with one of the finest freezer lockers in this area located in the basement of the main dormitory.

The Institute is not a "show-place," but a practical farm that is paying off, mainly by hard work. The boys learn by doing. The school cooperates closely with the Missouri College of Agriculture and follows many improved farming practices. It was one of the first farms in the community to learn the benefits of soil conservation and wildlife preservation.

All of the students are active in 4H and FFA projects, and each year the community 4H Fair is held right on the grounds. Definite approved practices are carried out each year. During the drought years, for example, the boys surveyed and terraced two 40-acre fields that were eroding; constructed a spillway dam and farm pond; and erected more than twenty soil-saving dams that by now have completely filled gullies in pasture land.

Work in the field consists of cultivating corn, haying and harvesting small grains for their Shorthorn cattle, Duroc hogs, and Hampshire sheep. For their own dinner table, the boys grow strawberries for the freezer, dig potatoes, hoe sweet corn and cabbage, and plant onion sets in the chilly air of early spring.

Knowing that too much work makes Jack a dull boy, the Institute has a broad recreational program. Keen interest is displayed in their own baseball team. In the fall the lads suit-up for a rugged football schedule, and they are fanatic on the subject of basketball. Each year, an extensive vacation trip is planned, and the boys rough it in pup tents and consume gallons of Mulligan stew while on route to Yellowstone Park, or Washington, D.C., or any place the majority vote will take them. Once a year, each boy has time-off for a visit with friends or relatives, and they are active the year round with school parties and church functions.

Individually, the boys are honest, rather shy, and very polite. Each one has had unpleasant experiences early in life that need to be forgotten, and they are proud of Drumm in spite of the usual share of griping that always follows a rigid pattern of institutional life.

Take the case of one boy who graduated in 1940. Cancer took his mother's life when he was three years old,
and he was reared by his grandmother till illness forced her to give him up. The lad, then aged twelve, was recommended by an intimate friend of the family for admittance to the farm. Tom was accepted by the Institute on a trial basis. He had a difficult time with the readjustment . . . learning to work and live with others, and trying to become a man instead of a baby. The boy showed an aptitude for public speaking and took part in many scholastic contests. He was president of the FFA Chapter; and in his senior year, was elected vice-president of the Missouri State FFA. He is now engaged in agricultural work with a radio station.

Another lad, George, spent most of his early years in various orphanages, shuffled back and forth because of various age requirements of the homes, and he finally wound up at Drumm. He had a keen, analytical mind; and determined to make a career of engineering. After honoring his school with a brilliant record in the Navy Air Corps, he completed his schooling, and is now engaged in atomic research with a major electrical firm in the East.

Dale took up farming after attending the University of Missouri; and he now owns and operates a 200-acre turkey and broiler farm near Jefferson City, Missouri.

Another graduate showed remarkable ability in sales, and he now owns a motor car agency. Along the same line, a slightly-built but aggressive lad has shown real talent in business administration. This chap is an assistant manager of a large farm hardware store, and he has done it in less than ten years.

MOST of the credit goes to the manager of the school, Harry R. Nelson. Nelson is a former newspaper man, and is known in agricultural circles over the state. Tough as nails, but never profane, he has constantly hammered certain ideas into the minds of the boys, and they are obviously paying off. He is extremely proud of the record the Drumm boys have made, and he keeps in touch with every graduate. His basic philosophy is the belief that everyone can succeed if he works hard; but Drumm boys must work faster and get a head start in life.

Harry Nelson asks for no contributions for the Institute. He asks only that prospective employers weigh the qualifications of each of Drumm's graduates; and give them the needed confidence necessary to make leaders and citizens.
A STUDY in JAZZ

Jazz is an utterly respectable lady today—but underneath she has the same old rowdy, carefree manner that dominated at the beginning, and still does. From New Orleans, via the river boats up to Memphis and St. Louis, this music spread until it was heard 'round the world.

By LOUIS E. TAPPE

She was a sleazy sort of lady—the lady called Jazz—down there at the beginning in New Orleans. She shuffled amid the dank cellars and along the murky docks. Traveling northward to Memphis and St. Louis, her laughter rang with disdain and bravado. Bold and adventurous, with push and flamboyance, she never was a timid gal. She never was an ambitious gal, either, and had no yen for the paeans of culture. Like Topsy, she just grew in spite of herself—and the plaudits, acclaim and homage of the intelligentsia all came along in good time.

Like any lady who’s going places, Jazz had those who snipped at her skirts with cattish demeanor. Some side-glanced with phrases nasty or pretty in turn, while others deigned to cast a flirtatious eye. A huge segment took her into its arms and twirled her around and around in bacchanalian high-jinks that were nothing less than a real gone love affair.

Many still clearly and vividly remember the first birth pangs, which were not pangs at all but something akin to utterly exciting freedom and lack of inhibition. We recall the first Chicago hullabaloo. The midwestern metropolis, ever a wonderful, wild sort of place, did much for the development of Jazz. New York was a “Johnny-come-lately,” and took the nod from the South and West. When it hit Manhattan, finally, there was a crash that has not ceased to reverberate to this day.

Now Jazz is an utterly respectable lady, styled in high fashion, rouged and bejewelled, but underneath is that same old, basic,
rowdy manner of carefree flair that dominated at the beginning and still does. A lady who has bowed at court can look up at royalty without humility, or down on the peasantry with cold arrogance.

To describe Jazz—well, you just don’t—you feel it! You like it or you don’t, and today most of us do! As the renowned Louis Armstrong, the great trumpeter, says, “If you don’t know what it is, don’t mess with it!”

Forgetting stuffy, pedantic scholarship, some of our greatest composers and musicians long ago enthusiastically gave Jazz whole-hearted endorsement. They have utilized the medium time and again. Among others are America’s great Aaron Copland, Paul Bowles, Norman Dello Joio and Kurt Weill; and in France, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc and Erik Satie.

THERE were the first times Jazz invaded the sacred concert hall. Lincoln’s birthday, 1924, is regarded as an important pioneer step—when Paul Whiteman gave his program of “American Music” at Aeolian Hall, including the premiere of Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue” as orchestrated by Ferde Grofe.

But as early as 1914, Jim Europe, a Negro jazz band leader, had directed a concert of ragtime in Carnegie Hall. November 1, 1923, the singer Eva Gauthier included jazz music by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and George Gershwin in a song recital, with Gershwin himself as her accompanist. Carl Van Vechten suggested that “we get up a torchlight procession headed by Paul Whiteman to honor Miss Gauthier, the pioneer.”

Stealthily Jazz slipped down the sacrosanct aisles of Carnegie and exploded on the stage while many a dowager dropped her lorgnette and ran for cover. To the consternation of everyone, it took its place right up there on the podium. It had arrived! But all this is elementary and factual, just as was the enormous success that followed in Europe. From the very start, France and Germany were hotbeds for development. Jazz was a shot in the arm to their music. Parisian composers went wild. You might have thought that they invented le
Jazz hot themselves. Holland and all Scandinavia enlisted in the crusade.

While America shimmied and Charlestoned, Jazz, like any sort of art, quickly and readily, amoeba-like, developed from ragtime into diverse forms and formats. Blues, bounce, boogie-woogie, swing and jive, Dixieland, barrel house, be-bop and the rest... all are component parts of Jazz. Each took on specialized coloration. Each had its experts, artists, enthusiasts, sycophants and those who disagreed. All spoke with eminent authority. If all the arguments that have echoed and re-echoed about Jazz over the years were gathered into one conglomeration of debate, it would be the biggest mixture of words since the babel that took place 'neath the tower.

After all, other musical forms met with violent opposition. Even Bach and Wagner, Stravinsky and Brahms went through the same trial by fire. It has been said that it takes people forty years to catch up. Jazz is not much older than that, even now, yet is ripe and luscious with maturity. We might easily say that Jazz occupies an honored place in the world of standard music. But no one knows, for if the men from Mars finally arrive, they may bring something with them that will knock all our ideas of music and art, in general, into something more than an old battered cocked hat. After all, vogues come and go. As an example, some of the outstanding and once popular English literary writings of the 18th century are now as defunct as last year's Thanksgiving turkey.

Our great bands, large and small, of course, actually did more than anything else to bring on the development of Jazz. There was a demand for such music; so it had to be created and written. The composers followed along. Some of it was contrived... some of it improvised. Almost always it is the arrangement that counts, rather than the tune itself.

Heaven forbid that Jazz ever gets ponderous or stuffy. Let Jazz remain spontaneous, full of verve and many moods. And let the lady never cease to be her real self!

Radio listeners in the WHBig Market can hear outstanding examples of American Jazz nightly, Monday through Friday, at 6 o'clock on WHB. The program called "Strictly From Dixie" presents the great Dixieland bands of all time—from the music of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (of the era 1916-1923) to the modern groups of today, such as Henry Levine's Dixieland Jazz Band; the Firehouse Five Plus Two; and the present-day organization of Red Nichols and his Famous Five Pennies.

And when you grow up, this is where you'll probably get your block knocked off.
Hangtown Gals are lovely creatures
Think they'll marry Mormon preachers
Heads thrown back to show their features
Ha! Ha! Ha! Hangtown Gals!

To church they very seldom venture
Hoops so large they cannot enter
Go it, Gals! You're young and tender!
Shun the pick-and-shovel gender!
—GOLD RUSH SONG

The NUGGETS of "WHEELBARROW JOHN"

"I came to California to mine gold, not to build wagons," said young John Mohler Studebaker. But the $8,000 he saved in five years, building wheelbarrows and repairing stage-coaches, provided the fresh capital needed by the young firm of H. and C. Studebaker to become the world's largest manufacturer of wagons and carriages.

By PHILIP FERRY

By no stretch of the imagination would there appear to be any connection between the birth of the automobile industry in the United States and the California gold rush of 1849.

Yet, a small stake accumulated in the placer diggings of the Mother Lode was the means of launching one of America's pioneer industrial fortunes. In the California gold fields a young man named John M. Studebaker accumulated an $8,000 nest egg that enabled the Studebaker brothers to branch out from the family wagon-building business and venture a timid foothold into the carriage business. From the latter, it was a natural transition into the manufacture of the "horseless buggy"—the first Studebaker "electrics" and gasoline-powered cars.

The Studebakers were of pioneer stock. As early as 1736, Studebakers had migrated from Holland to the state of Pennsylvania, thus becoming some of our first "Pennsylvania Dutch." Even at that early day the Studebakers were wagon-makers and blacksmiths. Around 1835 a considerable migration took place to the Ohio country. The restless Studebaker pere, like so many others with wanderlust in their veins, succumbed to the "western fever" of that day and set about building a Conestoga wagon. In this covered wagon, with its characteristic boat-shaped body
The party left South Bend in March of 1853. Five months later the caravan rolled into Hangtown, the notorious camp with the inelgant name. It is now known as Placerville. It was first found to be a gold producing center in 1848, and for a time was known as "Dry Digging" because of the scarcity of water. In 1849, because of prompt action in enforcing the miners' code, it was given the name of "Hangtown."

Hangtown was the first important camp reached by the wagon trains after crossing the Sierra over the Carson Valley route. Situated on the main immigrant road into California, it was the most accessible of all the camps; and as such was the magnet for great numbers of immigrants. Here Studebaker's party resolved to stop.

When the wagon train from Indiana pulled up in the town's main square, a throng of the curious gathered around. The newcomers were anxious for news about the diggings; and the miners were even more eager for news from "back in the states."

While all this conversational hubbub was going on, one Joe Hinds, the camp's blacksmith, stepped forward and inquired if there was a wagonmaker among the new arrivals. John's
companions pointed him out, whereupon the smith offered the young man a job in his shop.

“I came to California to mine gold—not to build wagons,” indignantly replied the proud youth whose entire fortune was a fifty-cent piece he carried in his pocket.

After the disappointed Hinds had departed, a stranger stepped up to the cocky boy and said in a polite manner: “Will you allow me to give you a little advice? Take that job—and take it quick!” The stranger went on to explain that mining was an unpredictable gamble, while the offer just made was a flattering one for a stranger to receive.

THOUSANDS of miners were concentrated in and about Hangtown and Studebaker worked hard and long turning out wheelbarrows, being paid ten dollars per vehicle. The tools at his disposal were poor and the material was unseasoned pine. A legend has grown up that Studebaker’s first barrow was so cumbersome as to require the full strength of a strong man to push it over the trails. John was two days making it.

When it was finished at the end of the second day, Joe Hinds looked at it with a puzzled expression and asked:

“What do you call that?”

“I call it a wheelbarrow,” Studebaker answered.

“A hell of a wheelbarrow,” was Hinds’ comment. And he was correct, for as a matter of fact the wheel was a little crooked.

“But,” countered Studebaker, “you asked me if I was a wagon-maker. I...
said I was. I did not say I was a wheelbarrow-maker. However, with better tools and an improved design I believe I can do a satisfactory job.”

Provided with other tools, the boy went to work on a design of his own and was soon building wheelbarrows the equal of any in the mines. For five years he turned out wheelbarrows that brought him the respect of the miners and a nickname as well. These rough miners, who could give their roaring camps such fitting names as Hell’s Delight, Whiskey Gulch, Jack-ass Flat and Hangtown, could be counted on to dub a fellow worker with an equally appropriate label. Young Studebaker was nicknamed “Wheelbarrow John.”

JOHN did not devote his talents entirely to turning out wheelbarrows. He managed to do a little mining on the side, working a small claim on the American River from which he took several hundred dollars in coarse gold, a poke he preserved as a memento of his days on the Mother Lode. He also made picks and pick-handles for the miners, cribbage boards for the gambling-saloons, and did various jobs on the stagecoaches that passed through the camp. These stages ran over the rough mountain roads between Sacramento and the camps along the American, Feather and Yuba rivers. Occasionally a coach put in with a broken wheel or other damaged part. These required immediate attention, because the coaches maintained a rigid time schedule; and John frequently worked the whole night through in order to finish a rush job and have the wheels rolling by six the following morning.

While the golddiggers were prospecting every ravine and creek bed, Studebaker stuck to his wheelbarrow making. Soon he had the satisfaction of observing that although the hordes of grubbing miners who swarmed over the diggings like hungry locusts made hardly enough to cover their bills at the grocery stores, those who stuck to steady jobs made out very well indeed. Like all shrewd observers of the gold rush period, he was not long in noting that most of the fortunes in the mines were acquired by the keen-witted business men and merchants who, sooner or later, garnered most of the gold into their tills.

The story is told that when Studebaker had accumulated a stake of $4,000, fate nearly robbed him of his hard-earned poke. A rumor reached Studebaker and Hinds that the local express company which served as bankers for the small community was about to close its doors that night. Resolved to save their deposits, the two hid themselves in a spot where they could see if the cash reserve were removed during the night. After a vigil that lasted until dawn, they spied the bank’s officers removing the currency and gold to the vault of a nearby hardware store. The two obtained an attachment on the safe and
were able by this stratagem to recover their money while others less fortunate lost their entire savings. Fate tried once again to cheat Studebaker of part of his savings. In 1856, a series of disastrous fires swept Placerville. When his cabin burst into flames, Studebaker rushed into the burning building and dragged out a trunk containing his wardrobe and some gold specimens. He made for the hills; but the flames forced him to abandon the trunk. But not before he removed the gold to the safety of his money belt! Later, Hinds and Studebaker buried their money under the floor of the shop, for Hangtown was a lawless place.

MEANWHILE, John corresponded regularly with his brothers back in South Bend, keeping them informed of the demands made upon wagons undertaking the punishing overland crossing. Acting on his advice, the brothers steadily improved the design of their wagons. About this time the Indiana Studebakers began the building of carriages; however, their resources and credit were not sufficient to finance an expansion of the business and they came on hard days. They had few tools; their materials were purchased as needed from a local hardware store; and money was so scarce that frequently they took payment for their wagons in stock and crops. The brothers finally persuaded John to return to South Bend and add his savings to their struggling business.

In 1858, after five exciting years in Hangtown, John bade farewell to the Mother Lode and took passage to New York on a windjammer. Strapped about his waist was a leather money belt containing $8,000 in gold dust and nuggets, the proceeds of five years of wheelbarrow-making and frugality. This fresh capital proved a momentous boost to the young firm of H. & C. STUDEBAKER. In the course of the next thirty years, they became the world’s largest manufacturer of wagons and carriages. With the advent of the automobile in the 1890’s, they began experimenting with “electrics”—and then with the “gasoline buggy”—a field in which their success was to be even greater than in the business of manufacturing wagons. They sold their first electric in 1902; their first gasoline car in 1904.

In the summer of 1912, after an absence of half a century, the aged and no longer poor Studebaker paid a visit to historic Hangtown. At a reunion dinner tendered by the old settlers and friends of his youth, Studebaker labeled Hangtown “the place where I made the stake which enabled me to begin business for myself.”

Today a bronze plaque commemorates Studebaker’s sojourn in old Hangtown.
THE FIVE STUDEBAKER BROTHERS

and the Plaque

commemorating John M.'s residence in Hangtown. At left, samples of gold from John M.'s early life's savings in California. Below, Hangtown in 1849.
CIVIL AVIATION Conference

brought aviation leaders and airport officials from the U.S. and abroad to Kansas City for series of business meetings and aviation operations exhibits. WHB broadcast addresses by the principal speakers.

DR. WALTER BERCHTOLD, president of Swissair, Zurich.  
RALPH S. DAMON, president of Trans World Airlines.

MAYOR WILLIAM E. KEMP of Kansas City, Missouri.  
THOMAS E. BRANIFF, president and founder of Braniff International Airways.

'GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES'
is new 20th Century-Fox production employing the photogenic services of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell. For further details, see page 176.
GRAND OPERA

in Kansas City

With the 80-piece K.C. Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Schwieger 'in the pit' and famous singers on stage, Kansas City's Opera Festival produced by Dr. John Newfield of the University of Kansas drama department presented 'La Boheme,' 'I Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Jan Peerce of the Metropolitan (above) sang leading roles.

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IRMA GONZALEZ (left), soprano of the National Opera of Mexico, who sang 'Mimi' in 'La Boheme.'

J. CHARLES GILBERT of the Chicago Civic Opera is interviewed by Sandra Lea of WHB from the Music Hall.

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KANSAS CITY SINGERS in 'La Boheme' included Margaret North, understudy to Likova, interviewed backstage by Dick Smith of WHB.

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— and 'THREE D' MOVIES

At right is JOAN VOHS of Columbia Studios, appearing in 'Fort Ti' opposite George Montgomery—the first 3-D action film in Technicolor. The rulers are to indicate her three dimensions.
Sermons under Glass

Inspired by the wayside shrines of Europe, an American minister had the idea for "syndicated sermons" to be posted outside your neighborhood church.

By Whit Sawyer

An unemployed, disabled and despondent Korean veteran stood on a river bridge in a big midwestern city. Nothing seemed worthwhile. "Why not take the final jump and get it over with?" were the words running through his mind, he later admitted.

Suddenly something clicked off the switch of his suicidal mood. It was a short one-line sermon he remembered reading that same morning as he had passed his neighborhood church. It was a sentence posted on a "Wayside Pulpit," like thousands of others which dot church lawns from coast to coast. It read: "When you come to the end of your rope—Tie a knot in it and hang onto it."

Perhaps you've never stopped at a Wayside Pulpit to read its message. Each poignant sermon is printed in bold face letters of not more than four lines, on white paper 32 by 44 inches and displayed under glass in an upright frame. The "sermons" are readable from across the average city street.

It is estimated that at least five million Americans pause momentarily each day to read and ponder these non-sectarian words of wisdom and sage philosophy, such as: "Taking the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and some men so crooked."

Many of these punch-line sermons are culled from the Bible, while others are taken from the sayings of great men in the past and the present.

The daily congregation reading these capsule sermons is never asked to drop a coin in the box, join in singing a hymn, nor listen to a long-winded service. The effectiveness of the message of the Wayside Pulpits is demonstrated by the testimonials coming daily into the office of the American Unitarian Association on Boston's Beacon Hill.

From that office, the headquarters of the Wayside Pulpit idea, weekly sermon messages are mailed all over America to churches, schools and industrial plants. Many go to far off South Africa and China, many more
to Canada. They give the readers a conscience-prodding piece of advice, or a worthwhile thought from the world’s greatest philosophers.

These punch-packed messages are read by people from all walks of life; the lowly, the humble, the high, and God-fearing. One municipal street laborer who says he never goes to church remarked: “I always go out of my way to read those little sermons. They keep me on guard against the evil in the street; they keep me out of the gutter!”

BREVITY is the soul of the message, according to the editor of the Wayside Pulpit sermons at Boston Unitarian headquarters. All have universal appeal, all are strictly nonsectarian. The idea originated some years ago with the Rev. Henry H. Saunderson, now retired, when he was traveling in Europe.

He was impressed by the continental wayside shrines. Arriving home, he decided to do something about the dull, drab bulletin board at his church.

Why not make it a shrine with the written word? He observed that the bulletin board at his Boston church was either empty, or that it merely announced the time and date of the next service. Often the announcement was of an event long past.

Rev. Saunderson conceived the idea of putting a different one-or-two-line message outside his church each Sunday night with a pithy appeal to all, and readable from across the street. Soon he discovered many people of all creeds stopped to read his “sign.” He thought the idea might have greater usefulness, perhaps national appeal.

He followed up the thought by presenting his plan to almost a hundred different clergymen, asking for their opinions. Their decision was unanimous. They agreed to erect similar “signs” of the same size, and to share the expense of having uniform sermons printed on a uniform-sized card.

SINCE then the idea has grown and multiplied, and even with all the other means of bringing inspiration and uplift everywhere, the unique Wayside Pulpits cast their words of wisdom in almost every state.

Most “sermons” express some religious ideal with a common denominator, or an ideology of life acceptable to all. But few sermons are ever repeated. One exception which is an annual event is a wish for a Happy New Year to those of the Jewish faith. This one is used each year, written in actual Hebrew letters: “L’Shanah Tovah Tikusaivoo.”

The size of the card adopted to carry the sermon message limits its length. The signs cannot utilize more than four lines of twenty words each. Most are confined to two lines. Many sermon suggestions come from Unitarian clergymen, others from laymen, and still others from clergymen of other faiths. The Unitarian headquarters staff selects and edits all sermons.

In nearly every community where there is a Wayside Pulpit, it is a habit of the people to read each sermon as it is posted weekly. The
THE WAYSIDE PULPIT

To survive we must deserve to survive and to be free we must deserve to be free. —Wiley B. Rutledge

Wherever souls of men have worshipped, there is God. —Herbert D. Gallaudet

Hell begins when God grants us a clear vision of all we might have achieved. Gian-Carlo Menotti

The only basis for a nation’s prosperity is a religious regard for the rights of others. —Isocrates

Without adventure civilization is in full decay. —Alfred North Whitehead

The truth which has made us free will in the end make us glad also. —Felix Adler

Courage means using our utmost energies to secure worthwhile ends. —Morris Raphael Cohen

Whatever ennobles man and lifts him above his little self — that is religion. —Hu Shih

Knowledge is the antidote to fear. —Emerson

All hopes of stability which do not rest on the progress of the many must perish. —William Ellery Channing

God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth. —Acts

No one can have more peace than his neighbors will allow him. —Chinese proverb
messages have a popular appeal, as they usually express a conviction all know and believe down deep—such as: “Character is what you are—Reputation is only what men think you are.”

Many of the thought-provoking sermons are taken from Washington, Lincoln, Shelley and Shakespeare, among others. “Liberty knows no race, creed, or class in our country, or in the world,” was said by Harry S. Truman and used as a one-line message.

EVERY three months the weekly cards for the coming twelve sermons are mailed out from Boston in heavy pasteboard tubes. In addition, the Unitarian Association makes available blueprints for building and erecting a Wayside Pulpit.

Busy American adults and hurrying school children today are getting a round-the-clock capsule inspirational lift, or a homespun piece of sage advice from the world’s best minds—all because of the humble idea of a Boston cleric.

A recent typical Wayside message was taken from the words of the noted scientist and mathematician, Albert Einstein: “If two per cent of the world’s population were determined for peace, war would be impossible.”

Gabbledegook
Women mostly chatter
Over things that never matter.

Note on Purity
Reformers have a flair
for sanctimony, utter.
With their noses in the air
and their minds in the gutter.

Rhyme of a Roue
Go on and lead your old life of rigor
And annoy me with your disgusting vigor,
I know that my innards are practically ruins
Because I won’t eat vitaminish pruins.
I’m wasting away
Inach by inach,
For I will not devour
Carrots and spinach.
Your heart ticks on with an oily hum
Because you eschew all traffic with rum.
But after all, my spartan friend,
Where does it get you in the end?
For it’s sad but true that both of us must
Become the same insipid dust.
—Charles Hogan
“Make Me A Boy Again
—Just for Tonight”

_Hogan is peevy about teevy. The plots are naive, the commercials are gruesome . . . and John Cameron Swayze’s hair is more than it used to be in Kansas City!_

By CHARLES HOGAN

**SCIENCE,** which is chucking too darned many miracles at us these days, has more than answered this fervid plea for our lost youth. If you don’t believe it just consider television. At the flick of a finger, teevy can transport us spang back to the days of our childhood; and those frabjous nights when Ruth Roland was leaping onto cayuses and ca’booses with equal abandon.

Nothing has been changed. Even the scenery for interiors has the same weary flimsiness that once provided backgrounds of a sort for Pearl White and Fatty Arbuckle. The “flats” of those days were flats by name and flats by nature. They still are. In fact, so cunning is the illusion that many a senescent dodderer like me can’t tell whether four decades have actually elapsed—or Dustin Farnum really rides again!

All the magic of my childhood nights has been preserved. The pictures skitter wildly all over the screen, just as they did in the good old Bijou and Gem Theater days. Plots of today’s cliff hangers are just as meager and loose at the seams as they ever were in that dim long ago. Be-whiskered rascals lurk behind the very same boulders that shielded them so many years ago. They’re a bit the worse for wear and weather, these boulders, but withal they’re my old friends down to the last rock. The mangy varmints in human form behind these stone ramparts mean no good to the vapid heroine. She will come plunging into what passes for a plot in the very same runaway buggy she used in 1918.

Or, for dramatic novelty, the scripters of today will have the bevy of villains waiting to rob the rackety stage coach a-comin’ any minute from the Golden Nugget mine with a chest of gold dust. These naive teevy dramatists play up this theme con-
stantly, obviously laboring under the delusion they’ve got something red hot in the way of novelty along this line. Poor tykes, little do they realize that Messrs Hoot Gibson, Eddie Polo, Buck Jones and William S. Hart were galloping to the rescue of the luckless lass, or the stage to Cayuse Bend, long before the present authors were even a tentative project in the eternal cosmic scheme of things.

IT IS reassuring to observe that television hasn’t deviated one tittle (whatever that is) from the good old streaky originals. The picture jitters and wobbles all over the screen with commendable fidelity to tradition. There are pleasing moments when the film runs completely amok and the audience is treated to an eye-slash ing barrage of flickering black lines. These unfortunate lapses never seem to come at moments when somebody is trying to sell me something. Instead they hit just when things are livening up; and the western hero is emerging spotless and serene from a frenzied chase through the sagebrush, or a bitter free-for-all in the Last Chance saloon.

But a genuinely radical departure has been achieved by the electronic wizards in the matter of what to do when the picture goes clear off the deep end. In the nickel-show era, when the picture began fan-dancing and then zoomed up into the stratosphere, the operator crammed a crude slide into the projector which read “One moment please, while the operator changes reels.” This usually appeared upside down. It gave the kids in the front rows another excuse for erupting into an organized bedlam of foot-stomping and ribald sneering.

When calamity overtakes the drama on teevy, an artistic message replaces the crackled slide. The public is informed that due to technical difficulties our heroine’s battle for her honor may be heard but not seen. Then one sits and stares at the blank gray rectangle which glares back just as blankly. The dialog booming out of the vacuum produces a jolting illusion that one is hearing menacing voices in a haunted Scottish castle.

Nobody stomps his feet or indulges in jeering catcalls. Mocking a video tube is like looking down a well—there’s not much future to it.

THOSE commercials! Radio, with age, has achieved both dignity and decency along this line. But on teevy, fantasy runs rampant. Coffee cans swirl out of space, cartoon figures cavort madly out of medicine chests and baked bean cans; rockets zoom to burst into a grinning pitchman who is strictly a flower from a old bouquet.

This character is as sleek as an eel in a swamp. With his too-too sharp double-breasted suit, often embellished by a discreet flower in the lapel, he somehow manages to resemble a moderately successful boot-
legger or an old-time vaudeville hoofer "at liberty" but trying to fool his fellows. Or, possibly, a brilliantined bond peddler oozing his way into the hearts and pocketbooks of simpering widows in the hectic days that preceded the bust of '29.

To add a still more devastating touch of grue, the video commercials reek with sex-appeal. Lady announcers pop out of infinity constantly to gurgle weird sales talks on everything from the only laundry soap containing chlorophyll to the only streamlined steam-roller on the market today. It goes without saying that their commands to quit whatever you're doing, and tear down to the steam-roller store this very minute, leave one in a sort of hypnotized haze. Somehow, the sight of a shapely young waffle, "making with the teeth" in an enticing grin, lacks the ring of verity when she is jibbering about some such thing as the innards of a Dynablast carburetor or the element of torque in the ne-eu-w Atom-esh transmission.

In the same way, the commercials lack any semblance of reality when the gal is dolled up in a Schiaparelli apron, spotless to the last pleat, to sell some harried housewife the myth that mother can look just as enticing while doing the family wash. Provided, that is, that "hubby" has dug down for the ne-eu-w "miracle washer that makes MONday FUN-day!"

If the moment ever comes when some advertiser shows wash-day as it really is, with the laundry drudge slithering through the sudsy water on the basement floor, her stringy hair falling over her eyes, one will know that teevy copy writers have finally come out of their dream world and faced the facts of life.

Besides the general sappiness of video commercials, they have as few manners as some women at a bridge party. They interrupt the action on the screen with cloying monotony and disgusting frequency — usually, just when the plot is beginning to quicken. For example, we start off with a stark drama of marital love. The love burgeons to the point where mom decides not to shoot her old man but to poison him when, WHAM! — the suave pitchman with educated tonsils rockets into the picture, threatening us with a jar of peanut butter and cajoling us with honey-talk about the product.

This pestiferous peddler doesn't even wait for a between-acts break. He just bursts on the scene to simper sly words to the point of yawndom every few minutes during most any half hour.

There is a variant on this ruse in one of the detective operas. In that one the brilliant sleuth and his addle-pated stooge puff solemnly on pipes as they gaze down on what is left of some old codger who is lying in his library with a paper knife rammed through his ribs. And what do you know? We next see the pair strolling into a cigar store to banter with the proprietor.

There, sprightly chit-chat goes more or less like this:
"Why hello, inspector, how are things going?"
"So, so. Behind quota for the week, though. Three stranglings, an ax
murder and an alleged guzzling. By
the by, I need a packet of Berrigan's
Burley."

"Yes, sir, inspector—we're sure
sellin' a heap o' good old Berrigan's
Blended Burley these days."

"Naturally. That's because good ol'
Berrigan's Blended Burley has that
richer, snappier, that smo-o-o-ther
blend of the finest tobaccos with im-
ported chlorophyll—"

"Precisely. Why, inspector, Ber-
gan's Blended Burley is hand-cured,
leaf by leaf, by Colonel Berrigan him-
self, to give you smokers a ne-eu-w
smoking thrill."

Then, probably, in bounces a pair
of shapely feminine gams disguised
as a king-size package of Berrigan's
Blended Burley. They tap out the
theme song—"It's never too late,
It's never too early,
To buy a bag
Of Berrigan's Burley."

This is topped off by a smiling
female who waves her gleaming
teeth at us, twitches her pert little
snozzle and sighs: "Um-m-m! And
that zoomy aroma simply sends me,
but natch."

This is supposed to give a fellow
the delusion that just a puff of smoke
will transform him into a Poor Girl's
Errol Flynn. The shamus puffs back
into the plot and the mystery is thus
doubly confusing.

The mystery yarns, baffling as
they are in themselves, are only
a segment of other curious phenome-
na which permeate the wondrous
world of teevy. There is the curious
problem of how they ever managed
to drag out and dust off all those
unicycle riders, sword swallowers,
patter teams and crumbum comics
who were optimistically believed to
have vanished when vaudeville ex-
pired.

There is the enigma of why every-
body is presumed eager to buy a cer-
tain razor because some muscle man
of athletic renown woodenly declaims
a pretty little speech to the effect
that it sure "gives me, faster smoother
shaves, yes sir!"

But the king-size mystery of all
is the Curious Case of John Cameron
Swayze's Hair.

Those of us who knew "Swoz"
or "Pete" as he was lovingly called
in Kansas City during his salad days,
are plain bafflezed by this baffler.
In that era Mr. Swayze galloped
frenetically from the federal build-
ing to the city hall, the calaboose and
the court house in Kansas City, to
tarry a few flitting moments in the
respective press rooms. He was
gathering up the news from the news-
gatherers who reported to him the
results of their hours of toil each
day. Then, back he'd hurry to the
Journal-Post studios, for his noon
newscast over WHB.

What there was then of Swayze's
hair consisted of some tawny colored
strands down the middle of a nobly-
high forehead. Now, Swayze's hair
turns up on teevy as a rich ebony
glory—and there's almost enough on
that distinguished noggin to outfit
a Russian Rassler!

Has "Swoz", like laundry soap,
been enriched with something par-
ticularly teevyish—possibly chloro-
phyll? H-m-m?
They Span the Pacific

When Hawaii becomes the 49th State, it will be because the Matson Line helped place the star in our flag.

By Jules Archer

It was the worst tragedy that could befall any honeymoon couple. They had sent their big trunk ahead by rail to the S. S. Lurline, docked in San Francisco. But it was still nowhere in sight by the time the gangplank was pulled up. The honeymooners sailed for Hawaii with their wardrobe the clothes on their backs.

But when they reached Honolulu, they found to their amazement that the trunk was there, waiting for them. It had arrived at the Matson Line pier after the Lurline had pulled out. The Matson officials, touched by their plight, had flown it to Hawaii by air express as a goodwill gesture to romance.

The Matson Line has a heart for sweethearts because much of its cruise business to Hawaii and the South Pacific hinges on the search for and celebration of love. During summer vacations, an estimated one-fourth of Matson passengers are single girls. The very blue Pacific gives them the romantic background so persuasive to the eligible males they meet at ship's dances, cocktail parties and deck games. Cupid is also quietly abetted by Matson deck stewards, who are trained to be discreetly blind when the stars come out.

Because Matson, perhaps more than any other steamship line, depends so much on a purely pleasure trade, it goes in heavily for personal service. No request floors a Matson official. A duchess sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu insisted that her state room be completely redecorated for the four-and-a-half day trip. She handed Matson the color scheme she wanted, and the revamped stateroom was ready for her when she boarded ship.

One man boarded a Matson ship with several crates of live chickens. "I can't eat anything but fish and fresh-killed chickens," he told the purser. The chickens were placed on the upper deck, near some dog kennels, and dispatched as needed for two days. On the third day at sea, the dogs got out of their kennels and polished off all the chickens. Thereafter the dietary faddist was fed chicken out of the ship's refrigerator —without alarming him with this news—and he left the ship in beaming good health.
Although Matson is best-known as the steamship line which specializes in romantic cruises to the Hawaiian Islands, it has played and still plays a much more important role in the American economy. Its founder, William Matson, helped Hawaii’s sugar planters boom their Pacific outpost into a modern American territory soon to be a state—a state which supplies a sixth of our sugar, 80% of the world’s pineapple, and $200,000,000 a year in American trade. It was Matson who also developed the trade and tourist links between our nation and Australia and New Zealand.

Finally, it was the Matson fleet which carried our troops and supplies into the South Pacific—as well as the Atlantic—in the crucial four years following Pearl Harbor. Immediately after the outbreak of war, four Matson passenger ships—the Lurline, Mariposa, Monterey and Matsonia—were hurriedly stripped of their luxurious fittings and transformed into troopships. Forty-five Matson freighters became Army and Navy cargo carriers. Matson helped us get there fastest with the mostest, and with no let-up until after their final wartime chore—bringing home the troops, war brides and war babies.

The man who made all this possible was Captain William Matson, a barrel-chested, mustachioed Swede with a passion for ships, trade, fine clothes and trotting horses. He worked his men hard, but paid the best wages and fed the best food. He could make old sea-dogs wince with a salty and profane tongue-lashing, yet was so smooth a diplomat that for several years he was Consul-General of Sweden, and also President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.

Matson was born in Lysekil, Sweden, in 1849, the year of the California gold rush. Left an orphan at the age of four by an accident which killed both his parents, he grew up without any strong ties for the land. When he was only ten, he went to sea on a sailing ship as a “handy boy.” He attended school between voyages until he was fourteen, and then shipped out on the Aurora, a Nova Scotia vessel bound for New York.

Here he heard so much excited talk about the fortunes in gold to be found in California that he signed on the Bridgewater, a sailing ship going to San Francisco by way of the Horn. But when Matson reached the city which was to be his home port for the rest of his life, he found that the gold fever had ebbed considerably. With Swedish prudence, he got a job on a schooner carrying coal from Mt. Diablo across the Bay to the Spreckles sugar factory in San Francisco.
By the time he was twenty-one, he was master of the schooner, and also keenly interested in the possibilities of the sugar trade with the Sandwich Islands, which later became Hawaii. After taking a trip to this Pacific kingdom ruled by King Kalakaua, Matson became firmly convinced that a great future lay ahead in trade between Hawaii and the United States. Why not build a schooner and get in on the ground floor?

The cheapest he could build one for, he found, was about $20,000. He didn’t have that kind of money, nor know where such awesome sums were to be found in one piece. So he followed the custom of the times and divided the ownership into twenty shares of $1,000 each. When the Emma Claudina was built, he had over a dozen partners in the 300-ton cargo schooner. But this little ship was the cornerstone of today’s Matson Line, whose net worth is estimated at $63,000,000.

Matson sailed the Emma to Hilo on her maiden voyage in 1882, carrying general merchandise for Island merchants. He brought back coconuts, hides, sandal wood, tropical fruit, railroad ties, and a large cargo of sugar. It was Matson who sold the Hawaiians on the idea of cutting their native woods into railroad ties for the railroad-building boom going on in the West, so that he could gain an additional valuable cargo.

His trade prospered. But the limited capacity of the Emma irked him, because it couldn’t carry all the sugar offered him for the insatiable American market. So he turned to his partners with the plan that they sell the Emma and build a 640-ton brigantine. They agreed. Matson raised the money for his new project by splitting the shares into thirty-two portions of $1,000 each. When the new Lurline was ready, Matson proudly boarded her as Captain and 8/32nds owner.

By 1891 things were going so well that Matson decided he might as well start to build a fleet. He bought the wooden bark Harvester, which carried ten passengers and a crew of thirteen. This was followed by the purchase of the steel bark, Santiago, and the sailing ship, Rhoderick Dhu, into which Matson built the first cold storage plant and electric lights ever to be carried by a rigger. With the Rhoderick Dhu, he set a speed record of nine days and three hours between San Francisco and Hilo.

The more Matson’s trade expanded, the more ships he bought. The more ships he bought, the more his trade expanded. His ships were now in the one-thousand ton class, and all selected with an eye for speed. A fast ship which could make four trips to a slow ship’s two, earned twice as much profit by moving the planters’ sugar to market twice as fast. That was why Matson wasted little time in maudlin sentiment when the old sailing ships were abruptly challenged, after the turn of the century, by steam navigation.

Matson signalized his acceptance of the change by incorporating his fleet in 1901 as the Matson Navigation Company. He and his partners went into a huddle about the practi-
cal aspects of changing over from sail to steam. There was one major obstacle—the price of building a steel steamship. One of Matson's partners suggested a way they could get into steam navigation through the bargain basement. A Spanish steamship had been wrecked off the Atlantic Coast. It could be bought at auction, salvaged, rebuilt, registered and operated as an American vessel.

Other steamship companies had the same idea. The bidding was stiff, and took Matson past the top price he had been authorized to bid by his partners. But Matson, a stubborn Swede, was determined that the ship would be his. He topped every other bid, and let it be known that no one else would have it, no matter what price he had to pay. Bidding stopped, and he had his first steel steamship. The rebuilt ship, which he named the Enterprise as a tribute to the partners who had supported him, was finished in 1902.

Matson was waiting on the dock for her at San Francisco when she steamed in with her quota of 22 passengers. Eyeing her 3,620 tons deadweight, he observed, "We're going to have to work hard to get enough cargo to keep her full." He worked hard. In a short while the Enterprise was so full that Matson added three more steamers to his fleet.

MEANWHILE, Hawaii had made enormous strides. In 1898 she won annexation as a Territory of the United States. Hawaiian sugar production doubled and trebled, thanks largely to the energy of Matson in building a fleet which could take it away to the American market as fast as it was offered. The steady runs of the Matson Line inevitably increased tourist traffic to Hawaii as well.

Matson refused to let well enough alone—a trait which characterized his career and accounted for his rise to dominance in the Pacific. Realizing the growing importance of the Hawaiian tourist trade, Matson built a second Lurline to carry 51 passengers and 8,000 tons deadweight. Its arrival in San Francisco was a memorable day. The President of the Chamber of Commerce marvelled at the "daring of the man who risked so much." But Matson was only starting to warm up.

Two years later he followed the new Lurline with the Wilhelmina, which boasted eleven bathrooms, appointments that rivaled the luxury of the Atlantic ships, a motion picture show—and carried 146 passengers. Then came the Manoa, the Matsonia and the Maui, each bigger and better. These four Matson ships became the mainstay of Hawaii's tourist industry, working on a schedule of regular weekly sailings to and from the Islands.

Every step of the way, Matson proved that he was as much of a
rugged pioneer as the men who had opened the West. He was the first major figure on the West Coast to pin his faith on oil as a fuel to replace coal in steamships and industry. Despite jeering along the waterfront, he converted his first four steamships to oil, the first on the Pacific coast to do so. He then convinced Hawaiian plantation owners that California oil would give them cheaper fuel than Australian coal.

With oil contracts under his belt, Matson promptly organized a company to produce and transport oil from fields around Coalinga, California. This later developed into the Honolulu Oil Company, one of today's big producers. Matson converted some of his sailing ships and a steamer into tankers, to carry his own oil to Hawaii. He was disturbed by the high freight cost of getting oil from his fields to the waterfront. So Matson became the first American to hit upon the idea of a "big-inch" (it was four inches) pipeline. He built it, and oil transported itself from his wells to a seaport refinery.

The Hawaiian plantation owners were grateful to Matson because his cheap fuel meant cheap electricity, and lower costs in making sugar. So were the California public utilities that switched from coal to Matson's oil. But for Matson, his oil venture was simply another shrewd stroke of good business. He made a profit on every barrel he sold, and another nice profit in freight for every barrel delivered by his ships.

Matson also pioneered on the Pacific in wireless communication. All most as soon as it was proved practicable, he installed an old spark set on his S. S. Enterprise. It became the talk of the shipping industry, and other ship owners soon followed suit. Matson had instantly recognized the value of ship's radio in keeping in touch with his ships and being able to tell his shippers when one would arrive.

It was Matson, too, in 1917, who installed the first steam turbine on a Pacific ship. Turbines were risky, ship owners felt—they would "strip," and repairs couldn't be made at sea. Matson ordered the Maui to be built with high-powered, geared turbines. They proved so reliable and economical that all Matson ships built thereafter were equipped with turbines. Other ship owners hastened to follow suit, embarrassed by Matson's enjoyment of their discomfiture.

MATSON had built well and wisely—perhaps more wisely than he himself knew. When World War I broke out, 100,000 American troops were transported to the European battlefront by Matson ships. Other Matson vessels were used as fueling ships, cargo carriers and for general purposes. Every Matson ship won a plaque for meritorious service, bestowed by a grateful government.

But Matson never saw the plaques. He never even saw the fleet he had built up from the 300-ton Emma Claudina go into action in the service of his country. Worn out by his strenuous life, he died of a sudden stroke at the age of 68 on October 11, 1917.
His place was taken by E. D. Tenney of Hawaii, who guided Matson destiny until the late twenties, when he was succeeded as Chairman of the Board by William P. Roth, Matson's son-in-law. Under Tenney and Roth, the Matson Line continued to operate in the bold traditions laid down for it by its founder. A freight service was opened between Atlantic ports and Hawaii, via the Panama Canal. Faster-running passenger ships were built, to cut the time of the regular runs in half so that Americans could fit Hawaii into the regulation two-week vacation. New luxury ships were added in 1932 to link Australia, New Zealand, the South Seas and America into a full-fledged trans-Pacific service.

When World War II rolled around, the Matson Line once again had a powerful, this time bigger and faster, fleet to put at the service of the War Department. Its 45 freighters became the elephants' backs for our Pacific war effort. Its four passenger liners traveled one-and-a-half million miles, and transported three-quarters of a million troops.

Following the war, the Lurline, Mariposa and Monterey were completely reconditioned into fireproof luxury liners for the Hawaii run. The worn-out old freighters were scrapped, and replaced by a modern fleet of cargo liners, linking Atlantic and Pacific ports with the entire South Pacific.

EVERY Matson ship is searched for stowaways before it sails. Whenever one is found he is courteously but firmly escorted to the gangplank. Not all stowaways try to conceal themselves. Some openly mingle with the passengers. But a high percentage of these are spotted by keen-eyed Matson officers, whom long experience has taught to recognize by guilty mannerisms and expressions which give them away. Stowaways who are discovered at sea are placed under technical arrest, and shore authorities are notified by wireless.

It often happens that a man seeing his friend off to Hawaii joins him in one too many in his stateroom, where both fall asleep before sailing time. Although his trip isn't intentional, the man who forgot to get off the ship is technically a stowaway, and must alter his status by paying passenger fare. He usually does. Not long ago three girls, each about 21, "forgot" to get off a Matson ship when she sailed. It was quite obvious that they had decided on stowing away as a lark. They were so vivacious and charming, however, that the passengers adopted them and took up a collection to pay their fares and buy them sport clothes at the ship's store. Once in Honolulu, they had themselves a wonderful time, and then wired their parents for money to come home.

Passenger lawsuits are also an occasional headache to the Matson Line. A favorite suit is for injuries received while falling down stairs. One prize suit was by an indignant mother who claimed that her boy cut his lip in the ship's playroom when the ship stopped suddenly at sea. After the complaint had been made legally, Matson's attorney
softly explained to the woman’s attorney that it is physically impossible for a ship to stop suddenly at sea. The suit was dropped.

Most Matson passengers are well-behaved, but there is always a small quota of men for whom a little liquor goes a long way. Matson bartenders have orders to refuse requests from passengers who have obviously had enough. If a passenger gets difficult about it, the bartender summons a ship’s officer, who takes the offender on deck for persuasion. If the drunk starts swinging, they lower the boom, and he finds himself in the ship’s brig until he promises to be a good boy.

Rich college boys, sent to Hawaii by their indulgent fathers as a reward for not having flunked out, sometimes make life difficult for Matson stewards. One group celebrated the voyage by smashing all the drinking glasses on board, necessitating the substitution of paper cups for most of the trip. Their fathers were told about it, and presented with a stiff bill for the broken glassware. It was paid without comment.

Mischiefvous small boys are often an equal problem. Recently one seven-year-old got into the ship’s print shop while the printer was having lunch. He did a carefully neat job of scrambling the type case. When the printer returned, he set type for a dinner menu, without looking at the type as he withdrew the letters out of each compartment. When he stared at the proof he pulled, he wondered if he had gone quietly mad.

On one of the older Matson ships, with reduced bathroom facilities, a nine-year-old boy once showed an amazing genius for getting a whole ship in an uproar. Just before breakfast he gathered several pairs of his father’s shoes and took them to the men’s room. He put one pair in each compartment, so that the toes showed beneath the door of each, which he locked. Then he crawled out from under the last compartment.

After breakfast the men passengers began to file into the men’s room. They waited impatiently, eyeing the shoes under each locked compartment door. Finally one man could wait no longer and fled toward the ladies’ room. He bumped into a woman just coming out, and she screamed. The scream brought passengers, stewards and ship’s officers running. There was utter confusion, and for a while no one knew what was happening.

The hoax was finally discovered, along with its perpetrator. The ship’s captain was so thoroughly provoked that he lost his temper and warned the ingenious boy’s parents if they didn’t restrain him from any future experiments of this kind, Junior would be tossed in the clink.

With more than 700 passengers on board each trip, it is obvious that one or more are going to provide a unique problem for the ship’s personnel. On a recent trip of the Lurline, a dining room steward began to miss one of the passengers, a nice quiet young man. He went to the passenger’s cabin and found the door locked. Worried, he phoned the bridge and an officer came down to investigate.

They forced the door open and found that he had unscrewed every-
thing unscrewellable with a bottle opener. He was sitting on the floor in the middle of the cabin, holding in his hands the circular plate he had unscrewed from around the porthole. "Hello," he said amiably. "Tell the Captain not to worry. I'm steering the ship into port. I'll get us in, all right!"

WHEN Hawaii becomes the 49th State of the Union, it will be the Matson Line, more than any other factor, which placed her star in our flag. Hawaii will never forget William Matson for helping it grow from a tiny Polynesian kingdom to an important power in the Pacific.

It was Matson who provided the Pacific bridge for Hawaii’s sugar—now produced at the rate of 1,000,000 tons each year—and her pineapple, which as both fruit and juice sells 20,000,000 cases annually. It was Matson who built luxury liners to encourage tourist travel in Hawaii; and then built the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to cater to the Americans he carried there in the Pacific’s first air-conditioned ships. And it was Matson who gave Hawaiian sugar plantations oil as fuel to replace prohibitively expensive coal.

If Matson was Sweden’s gift to America, he was also America’s gift to Hawaii. The world is a smaller, better and richer place to live in today because of a fourteen-year-old Scandinavian boy once sailed around the Cape to find his career and fortune in San Francisco.

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**Chanel Crossing**

Lipstick is a substance
Destructive of elan.
It won’t stay on a woman
And won’t come off a man.

---

**About Any Zoo**

One could hardly look for gratitude
In a trapped creature’s attitude.

---

**Pure Love**

It is better to have loved and lost
Than to have won, to face the cost.

---

**Limerick to a Loved One Who Is Gone, Alas, More or Less**

There was a young lady named Frances
Who was troubled with antses in pantses
"Til she lit a blowtorch and crawled under the porch,
Pouf! No more antses, no pantses, no Frances.
—Charles Hogan
The Gusher

If she's a gracious and Simon-pure gusher, go ahead and say anything that occurs to you! Nothing will register.

COCKTAIL parties bring together all sorts of people . . . the intense, the bashful, the bored—but for sheer delight, nothing quite equals the gusher. She is usually very pretty and for this, nature insists upon compensation.

When you meet a gracious, Simon-pure gusher, one born to gush, you can throw all bounds of probability aside and say the first thing that comes into your mind, certain that it will meet with an appreciative burst of enthusiasm. Her attention is always on something else, perhaps on the dress of her neighbor, perhaps on the reflection of her pretty face, but never on the conversation.

You are presented to her as:
"Mr. Mnnnnnn."

She is, "Delighted."

She smiles ravishingly. As yet you don't know she's a gusher, though her first remark, the animation of her face and the farawayness of the eye makes you suspicious, so you test her.

"I happen to have six children."

"Oh, how perfectly wonderful! How old are they?"

Quite sure that she is engaged in mental evaluation of the dress on the woman who has just entered the room, you answer:
"Each is five."

"Oh, how nice!" She looks you in the eye, unseeingly. "Just the right age to be companions."

"Yes, all but one."

Her eye has wandered to another part of the room but the sympathetic voice says, "That's a pity."

"Yes, isn't it? But he's quite healthy."

It's a game you're enjoying now.

"Healthy, you say? How nice. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly. We live in the Holland Tunnel under the tulip trees."

"Oh, how perfectly idyllic!"

"We have all the advantages of the city with the comforts of the country. The children bathe in the sewer when it's cold enough."

"Oh, how charming. How many children do you have?"

"Just seven. The oldest is five and the youngest is nine."

"Just at the interesting age. Aren't children fascinating?"

Again the vivacious smile and the roving eye.

"Yes . . . indeed. My oldest . . . He's thirteen and very original . . . says that when he grows up he doesn't know what he'll be."
“Honest? How cute. How old did you say he was?”

“Just seventeen and very effeminate for his age.”

She nods and murmurs in musical, sympathetic tones.

“That’s an adorable age. Did you say it was a girl?”

“Yes, his name is Myrtle. He’s a wonderful help to his mother.”

“Little darling.”

“Yes. I tell them of city advantages but that they’d be better off in the penitentiary.”

“Where did you say you were?”

“New York Central freight depot. You see, with only one child, Mrs. Jones is naturally anxious that it should grow up healthy.” Her absent minded nod indicates full attention. “He plays with tarantulas and drinks great drafts of ale.”

“Oh, you’re quite a poet!”

“No, I’m an artist.”

This sharpens her attention.

“Oh, do you paint? How marvelous, darling. Do you allow visitors in your studio?”

“I’m so afraid it will bore them that I’ve never asked any, though I’ve never prevented them from coming.”

“Oh, how could anyone be bored at anything?”

“Your enthusiasm isn’t a common asset, Sam. My studio is over a vacant lot and no one always comes there.”

“Oh, then you’re not married?”

“Dear no! A man who is married to his art can’t commit bigamy.”

“How clever.” Again she is ap-praising a hair-do. “So you’re a bachelor.”

“Yes, but my wife keeps me company. We’d be delighted if you’d drop in on us some Saturday between four and six a.m.”

“I’d be delighted!” Her eye now catches an acquaintance just coming in and you say:

“Hope you don’t mind a bit of unconventionality, if we have coffee made from morphine, served with jelly beans and sugar, the Egyptian fashion?”

“Oh, I think it much better than cream. I adore unconventionality.”

“You’re glad you met me, I’m sure.”

“Awfully nice of you to say so.”

Anything goes at a cocktail party, but no one goes home.
"La Boheme" in English

The final curtain of Howard Dietz's English version of "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan Opera which was broadcast over ABC radio last Saturday, was greeted with shouts of "bravissimo." In other words, while Dietz had contrived very skillfully to translate the Puccini opera into English, he didn't manage to translate the audience into English, too. (The proper ejaculation of approval for an English language rendition of opera is not "bravissimo" but "just great.")

The same spirit that prompted the "bravissimos," it seems to me, settled heavily on the music critics who viewed the Dietz libretto with something less than wild enthusiasm. There was considerable muttering in print that he had cheapened the opera and changed the spirit of it. Of course, among traditional opera lovers, a crusty bunch, some of this could be expected. There was a certain amount of initial resentment that Howard Dietz, a Broadway character who co-authored "The Bandwagon" and "Inside U. S. A.," and Joseph Mankiewicz, a Hollywood character who directed among other things, "All About Eve," were permitted to lay their hands on Puccini in the first place. Opera is generally a closed artistocracy and outsiders, particularly such crassly successful ones as Dietz and Mankiewicz, were regarded with grave suspicion.

My own decidedly amateur opinion is that the Dietz libretto was an immensely ingenious, gay and singable interpretation of one of the most beloved of all operas. There were some violations of the mood of the opera but then it's hard to see how any major works can be transformed from Italian into English without it. After all, there are certain irreconcilable differences in the language.

Dietz's version had a jauntiness and simplicity and sheer singability that is sorely missing from the only other English version I ever saw (that of W. Grist and P. Pinkerton). The first entrance of Colline, for example, when he returns from an unsuccessful visit to a pawnbroker, his opening words—in the old version—are:

"Surely miracles apocalyptic are dawning
"For Christmas ever they honor by allowing no pawning."

I don't know how anyone can sing such a thing. The Dietz version:

"He was born in a manger
"In sorrow and danger.
"A merry Christmas to all
"Except the old money-changer."

The Dietz version throughout made an alarming sort of sense which, I guess, was a little too prosaic for the critics. Dietz, thank God, banished some of the dust of centuries which had settled at least on the prior English translations.
"Bright eyes as yours, believe me,
"Steal my priceless jewels.
"In fancy's storeroom cherished
"Your roguish eyes have robbed me
"Of all my dreams bereft me
"Dreams that are fair yet fleeting."

This sort of dusty velvet poesy was replaced with:

"My gold and silver song words
"Porcelain jars of long words
"My tiaras of poetry—
"Necklaces made of dreams."

This sort of slick lyricism outraged a good many people but I find it infinitely preferable to the other type of thing. In fact, Dietz's very skill as a rhymester seems to have got him a lot of undeserved censure. Musetta's first entrance, for example, in the old version goes like this:

"Look, 'tis Musetta.
"She, Musetta
"'Tis she, Musetta.
"Yes, yes, 'tis Musetta."

The Dietz version is again slick as a silver whistle:

"Here's
"A
"Thing
"To
"Trim the tree with.
"It's Musetta.
"Who is she with?"

Is such formidable coherence a bad thing? I don't think so. If opera is to be in English, let's have it in English, not in second-rate Maxwell Anderson. Now if we could just find singers who could sing English as if it were my native tongue!

Streamlined and Sponsored

In the old days, just about every Academy Award winner unloosed a speech and it was always pretty much the same speech. "I want to thank . . . " and then came the list—the producer, the director, the wardrobe mistress, the head cameraman, the second assistant cameraman, Max Factor and just possibly Max Factor's mother.

But then NBC moved in with its filthy money ($100,000) and the great affair was streamlined which took some of the fun out of it for your afficionado of "thank you" oratory. The recipients—all except two, Cecil B. De Mille and Shirley Booth—were restrained to simple "thank yous." No elaboration. The two award winners, whose mouths were briefly unbuttoned, followed the classical tradition, Mr. De Mille extending his thanks to thousands who helped him make "The Greatest Show On Earth." I believe that's a world's record for Academy Award winning "thank yous." "I am only one little link in the chain which made this picture," he declared. Truly a fine line.

The Academy Awards are for the best performances in pictures during the year. It is my custom to hand out awards for the best performance at the award ceremony. Over the years there have been some truly splendid exhibitions and this, the first sponsored ceremony, was no exception. The Crosby Award for the most triumphant swagger down the aisle goes without question to Gloria Grahame, the best supporting actress, who looked as if she could use a little support herself at the moment.

The Crosby Award for the most overdressed woman is always close. For these affairs the girls bring out all the spangles they own. This year, I should say Ginger Rogers won out by an eyelash over Mary Pickford and Joan Fontaine. There was also a nip-and-tuck contest for the best reader of names off slips of paper. Ronald Colman, I thought, was easily the most suave name-reader.

There are, of course, a great many technical awards and always these are glamorized by getting a screen name to hand them out. The most glorious marriage between glamor and technology was the award made by Ann Baxter for "a device to measure sound distortion"—a phrase she read in pear-shaped tones more suitable to a boudoir than to the laboratory.

Now for award speeches, a branch of oratory almost as formalized and rigid in tradition as "thank you" oratory. Well, sir, Dore Schary did a fine upstanding job there. "The writer," he said, "is a lonely man. But they make of their aloneness a credit to their craft." After this salute to the lonely fellows, Schary
awarded the award for the best screenplay to three men who wrote "The Greatest Show on Earth." In Hollywood, two's company; with three you're alone.

The Crosby Most Interesting Pronunciation Award, which ranks in stature roughly to that award for devices to measure sound distortion, goes unequivocally to Walt Disney. Reading off the list of nominees for music, he contributed the names Geeno Carlo-Menotti and Frank Looser (a fellow I've thought of as Frank Loesser all these years).

This is essentially a Hollywood show so it's understandable that the New York crowd jammed in a theater at Columbus Circle should be given short shrift. And short shrift it was. The picture would jump 3,000 miles from California, a miracle of communications, and there would be Conrad Nagel saying, "Well, we're still here but we've been told to keep it brief, so take it away Hollywood." And we'd be back in Hollywood.

Frederic March swam into view from New York and said: "We could tell some bad jokes but we must keep it brief—so back to California." Coming right on top of Mr. Robert Hope, who had made a passel of bad jokes, it was a pointed remark.

I don't know that awards will ever make very interesting television for the simple reason that awards are always local affairs, of interest only to those who might win. Still, I hope they keep televising them if only to keep me abreast of "thank you" oratory. I have only one other observation. If "The Greatest Show on Earth" is the best movie of 1952, my critical judgment ought to be retooled from head to foot.

New Sage from Baltimore

GERALD JOHNSON, who has a program called "Viewpoint" on Baltimore's WAAM, is both a democrat and a Democrat but, I should say, he puts the interests of the first ahead of those of the second. A remarkably lucid, sane and sensible man, his commentaries are marked by a historical perspective almost wholly lacking among other commentators, few of whom, for one thing, are endowed with his remarkable education.

He takes the long view on democracy about which he remains incorrigibly optimistic. His greatest service, though, is in reaffirming the older values which are likely to get lost in the hurly burly of day-by-day politics. Once he belabored the Baltimore politicos for loading the ballot box with referendums on matters the politicians should have made their own decisions on without bothering the busy electorate. Yet, he pointed out, when a politico did make a decision on his own "there is a terrific howl about dictatorship and undemocratic methods."

And he had some wise words to say about that: "We can't get through our heads the difference between pure and representative democracy. We are still wrapped up in the town meeting idea which was pure democracy and workable only in a very small group dealing with very simple problems. The democracy of ancient Greece blew up because it stuck to the town meeting idea too long. In Athens everybody voted on everything and in the end it destroyed Athens and gave democracy a bad name that lasted a thousand years."

Johnson has a great gift for putting contemporary events into their proper historical framework. He has had more to
say about our current passion for witch-hunting than about any other subject and possibly his wisest words were in answer to a man’s letter, asking: “Do you mean to say that to defend free speech we must allow a lot of subversive talk?”

“I am sure it never crossed that man’s mind that his question was a lot more subversive than the worst Communist gabble because it suggested the abandonment of the very mudsill of American liberty.

“A brief glance at any history of the United States will show you that more straight-out sedition was uttered in the administration of Thomas Jefferson than in the hundred years following. Nor was it confined to riffraff. Overthrow of the government, if necessary by force and violence, was openly advocated by clergymen, college professors, and newspaper editors. Yet this is precisely the period in which our form of government became genuinely democratic, and the loyalty of its people was firmly established.”

Not that Johnson endorses all speech, no matter how foolish. He feels that this republic, like the Philistines who tangled with Samson, “may yet be slain with the jawbone of an ass.” He is shrewd enough to recognize that irresponsible gab and irresponsible secrecy (to cover incompetence in high places) are equally dangerous. “The jawbone of an ass is a fearful thing, whether it is flapping loose or bound by lockjaw.”

Johnson is a great one for the narrow but important distinction. Praising a Maryland judge for the quiet and orderly way he handled the sensational Grammer murder trial, Johnson declared: “A Maryland judge is accountable to the public but not accountable to the mob. There is a difference, a whale of a difference. If a man does a thing that is unpopular, the mob will tear him to pieces even though his act was essentially right. Yet if it was really right, in the end it will be popular. So protection from the mob means allowing time for the heat to cool off.”

Again and again he uses history as a guide to the present. For those who think that the end of the Korean war will mean peace everywhere, he warns wryly: “We can rely on it that if we do get Korea quieted down, trouble will break out elsewhere. That is the bitter price of world leadership. We talk about the period from Waterloo to Sarajevo as the ninety-nine years of peace; but the British army was fighting somewhere in practically every one of those ninety-nine years.” And the task of policing the world, he pointed out, was now ours, not Britain’s.

Few are as politically astute as Johnson. On Eisenhower’s landslide, for example: “Millions came out to vote for the hero but did not vote for other Republican candidates. These were the sentimentalists and sentimentalists are the most cruel people in the world. They will expect miracles from Eisenhower and when he produces none they will turn on him with a fury equal to their adulation at the moment. Within six months Eisenhower is going to be blamed for everything from the wickedness of Stalin to the foulness of the weather.”

Agree or not, Johnson’s is an astringent, perceptive, deeply knowledgeable voice and it’s a pity he’s heard only in Baltimore.

Ode to a Copy Writer

On the subject of commercials about which I occasionally wax pettish, I have a kind word to say for a change. Incredible as it may sound, I have become passionately fond of a particular advertisement writer, fellow by the name of Jack Goodman. Goodman is executive editor of Simon & Schuster, a frustrated writer (but not frustrated often enough), and the man who writes those crazy book ads for S & S.

Goodman’s specialty might be described as the “For heaven’s sake, don’t buy this book” gambit. His ads may start out with the startling admission that S & S has been bludgeoned into publishing a book of which they hopelessly disapprove. He’ll warn the reader that the book will shock him to the marrow or bore him to distraction or utterly demoralize him. The piqued reader instantly buys the book to find out if any of these crazy claims are valid. They never are. But the device sells books, showing how contrary people (or at least readers, who are a specialized branch of the human race) are.
One of Goodman's latest and finest outpourings concerned a book called "The Unfair Sex" (which won't be in the book stalls till late April). It started: "Simon and Schuster is in a delicate position. Only you—the male booksellers of America—can help us. In an unguarded moment—and moved only by the innocent notion of making some money—we signed on a little book called 'The Unfair Sex.' We'd read a chapter or two and thought it very funny. When the entire manuscript came in, we realized that this seemingly innocuous book was actually a ruthless expose of the human male in his relations with the female, by a writer who had shrewdly veiled her identity under the nom de plume of Nina Farewell.

"What we had, we discovered to our acute dismay, was a book that was to woman, in her eternal battle with man, what Mahan is to sea power and Machiaveli to the art of politics. The book exposes all the top secret strategies that have enabled men, for centuries, to be first class powers.

"Naturally, as men, we cannot condone or promote such a book."

If that won't sell books to both sexes, I don't know what will. (I've peeked into it and it's a pretty funny book. There's a chapter advising girls never, never, under any circumstances to go to a man's apartment. Next chapter: what to do when you get there.)

Probably the worst shellacking any author ever took in advertising was Bob Hope concerning his book "So This Is Peace." This was an almost unreadable collection of gags—and don't say you weren't warned by the ads. One of Goodman's ads ran: "Buy this man's new book! Some people will laugh at anything, and you may be one of them." Another: "Those ghosts you hear groaning this Halloween did not write Bob Hope's new book. They just read it."

Some of Goodman's finest and most insulting prose was lavished on S. J. Perelman's "Westward Ha!" One ad ran: "Once in a blue moon, there comes a book so patently a work of genius, so brilliant in scope and thrilling in execution that it oozes greatness at every pore. But in the meantime publishers have to keep on publishing books they think people will enjoy reading anyway. Books like this one."

Much of Goodman's stuff is simply a spoof of all the advertising fraternity. (Goodman is essentially an editor and would be horrified at the idea that he's a paid up member of the same fraternity.) One ad for a book called "Merely Colossal" which is about the motion picture business was adorned with the cartoon of a bosomy female under which was the legend in huge type: "WHAT WAS HER STRANGE SECRET THAT DROVE MEN mad!" The body type started out prosaically: "We really haven't the slightest idea. But since all movie ads start like this, we thought it would be a good way to lead into an announcement that the new book 'Merely Colossal' reveals the whole unlikely truth about The Industry."

I was especially taken with the candor of an ad about Walt Kelly's book "I Go Pogo," which read:

"NO BIGGER!  
"NO BETTER!  
"(But new)"

"That fellow didn't even look at us! I've got a good mind to walk right back and pass him again!"
I keep wondering what would happen if Goodman started advertising something else, like toothpaste. "Avoid it at all costs," I can see in my mind's eye. "It contains rium! Your teeth will be so gleaming white it'll frighten the children into hysterics." It'd be kind of fun for a change.

**Fifth Birthday for Johns Hopkins**

In its five years on the air, Johns Hopkins Science Review, the oldest educational program on the air (and virtually the only network show), has attracted a polyglot audience of surprising variety. "During the past three weeks," said Lynn Poole, its producer, "those who have personally mentioned the program to me include the following: a banker, taxi-driver, at least fifty parents, an airline hostess, a waitress, many children, an elevator operator, the building superintendent, and a number of school teachers." Truly science in these grim days is everyone's business.

The variousness of the audience is more than matched by the variousness of the things it has seen—some of them fascinating, some pretty dull, some pretty funny. I think the most absorbing thing I ever saw on the program was motion picture film shot seventy-six miles above the earth, showing the curvature of the earth, the great cloud masses surrounding it, and the dense chilly blackness of outer space. A frighteningly lonely experience, it was.

The duller ones, to my mind, have been those in which science turned matter-of-fact and practical. How to harden the surface of a table, for example. That is for the women's programs. I prefer science in outer space or grappling with atoms. The funniest one was a bird expert who reminded me strongly of that old Robert Benchley short about the sex life of the amoeba:

"I think—uh—there are fifteen million nesting birds in this country," said this man whose name eludes me. "I—uh—don't think anyone can challenge that—uh—estimate. We can thank the Audubon Society for—uh—counting. . . . Birds don't just sing for the—uh—functional thing. It's—uh—well, the male summoning the female. Some times, it—uh—means 'Stay out of my territory.'" He demonstrated some bird calls. "The rose-breasted grosbeak sounds like a robin who has—heh heh—taken voice lessons." He ended the lecture with the words: "Good birding!" which, I guess, is the rallying cry of all good bird-watchers. Good birding to you, sir!

The show runs the science gamut from A to Z (astrophysics to zoology, in case you didn’t know science ran such a gamut). There is a studious attempt to remain on top of the news. Two years ago when volcanoes were erupting all over the place, there was a demonstration of how and why volcanoes erupt. Krillium, the new soil conditioner, was on the program almost the moment it got out of the laboratory. Sometimes, the professors modestly claim a real news beat. They claim the first official discussion and scientific demonstration of biological warfare, much of which had been withheld from the public up until then. In fact, about the only scientific marvel left strictly alone by Johns Hopkins is Christine Jorgenson.

The scientists refuse to be intimidated by the normal network taboos. A series on cancer employed such words as cervix, uterus, vagina, breast, testes, and ovaries, and also used drawings of many of those regions. There wasn't a single squawk from the public. In fact, the program was complimented for not pussyfooting around, indicating a degree of maturity not often suspected in network audiences.

After the cancer series, one man wrote that he and his wife had watched a program on breast cancer. "Upon the conclusion of the program, my wife checked herself for 'lumps' and found a growth in her left breast. Surgery, which was performed within a few days, revealed the growth to be malignant. The growth was still in an early stage and the malignancy had not spread too far. There is no reason why my wife should not completely recover. I am sure that had we not watched your program, the malignancy would have gone unnoticed until it reached a stage where surgery would have been of no avail."

After that letter the staff felt its program was indeed educational.
Joy Scouts, Television Neck and Perfumed Ink

NATIONAL Smile Week, it says right here in a press release, begins Monday. Well. Well. How time flies! It seems like only yesterday that it was National Smile Week and here it’s rolled around again. No speeches, no parades this year, says the National Smile Week Committee. Just Joy Scouts, going around spreading sunshine.

“And who are the Joy Scouts? Well, a Joy Scout is anybody who smiles and helps others to smile.” Everyone straight on that? Well, I’m all for National Smile Week, provided it be counterbalanced by a National Non-Smile Week, this latter for pitchmen and pitchwomen only. Just one week a year, it seems to me, those pretty young ladies who demonstrate the green-glo shampoo, the spray deodorant, the easy-spin washing machine, the men who talk with such gusto about toothpaste and cigarettes and embraceable wrist-watches, ought to unpin those smiles—if only to get the creases out of their faces.

Just one week a year they ought to try snarling at the toothpaste instead of regarding it with such unstinted adoration. It would restore their sense of proportion and I think we’d all feel better. Speaking of upper case Weeks which are weeks dedicated to higher purposes like smiling, you’ll all be happy to learn that Wife Week slipped by unnoticed. During Wife Week, husbands and children were urged to take over the housewifely duties of cleaning, washing, cooking and homemaking, heaven forfend. You can come out from under the bed, men. It’s all over.

Wife and Smile Weeks are just a couple of the big news stories that have been piling up here, unvented for lack of space. We’ll try to get rid of all of them at once. In the realm of invention, a designer named Paul Laszlo has come up with a teevee set suspended on a monorail. It can chase you all over your own house—the living room, bedroom, kitchen and I presume even the bathroom. Kate Smith will be right at your heels every minute, nagging you into buying her particular brand of canned orange juice. Nobody will dare use anything but Lipton’s. Arthur Godfrey will be right there staring over your shoulder reproachfully like an electronic conscience.

And in the field of medicine, Dr. William Kaufman, an expert on musculoskeletal disorders, has this to say in the “Journal of the American Medical Association”: “Recently I have observed a clinical syndrome in persons who, in watching television programs, maintain strained postures of the head and neck often for prolonged periods. The manifestations of this syndrome, which for want of a better name can be called television neck, include measurable increased limitation in ranges of neck movement and pain or discomfort in the posterior nuchal region.”

In laymen’s language, television neck is caused by staring up at or down at the TV screen or twisting the neck to see it. The remedy: look at it head-on and raise or lower either your chair or the set so that it is at an approximation
of eye level. Or turn it off and go play with the children.

There have been a good many honors and distinctions of various sorts which have escaped the attention of the press. One of the most decorated ladies around is Doris Day who, among other things, received from soldiers of Korea the titles of "Miss Close Support of '52" and "Miss Heavy 30 Calibre of '52." So much for honors. Now as to contests, of which there have been a great many, the most ignored (with good reason) was WMGM's contest concerning the proposition: "If you could invite anyone you wanted to Christmas dinner, whom would you invite this year?" The winners in a neck-and-neck tie: Adlai Stevenson and Marilyn Monroe.

The only other item we have around is that a new side of that many-faced man John J. Anthony has been uncovered. Mr. Anthony, the well-known marital counsellor, author and non-objective painter, was—when last heard from—working on the development of a new ink called Springtone Perfumed Ink. Smells like flowers. Fine for breach-of-promise cases, notes left by wives who have just absconded with the chauffeur, or, at very least, for writing Mr. Anthony to ask his advice about your wife-beating husband.

**Soft vs. Hard-Selling**

I SUPPOSE of all the complaints that pass across this desk the one that comes most often, year in, year out, is the noise level of the commercials. "We get our set adjusted to proper volume for comfortable listening," writes one reader, "only to have the commercials come in loud enough to blast us out of our chairs. It seems to me this is unnecessary and simply a matter of poor management in the control room."

No, it isn't poor management. It's a deliberate (and, in some ways, understandable) attempt by the sponsor to make sure you don't get any free entertainment without paying the price of listening to his pitch. This is a violation of the Federal Communications Commission regulations which insist that broadcasters maintain a consistent level of volume. Still, violations occur every half hour on most every radio and television station in the land and nothing is ever done about it.

I don't imagine anything ever will be done about it unless the folks themselves express their disapproval by patronizing those sponsors who use soft rather than hard-selling techniques. There is a trend in this direction. One of the most effective of all salesmen on the air is Arthur Godfrey, a man who never raises his voice much above the level of a hearty chuckle. Faye Emerson sold Pepsi-Cola by the boxcar, all in a dulcet whisper. You don't have to shout at people.

Not long ago, "Sponsor" magazine, which makes more sense than any other trade magazine, declared: "There is a growing number of broadcasters and advertisers who feel that the radio and TV audience is fed up with high pressure commercials.

"Listeners and viewers, this group contends, are either gripped by an immense boredom or are restraining themselves from bopping station executives over the head with their own microphones every time they hear shouting announcers and other hard-selling techniques.

"The group is small as yet and no one among them will stake his reputation on the opinion that they will in time become a majority. Indeed, some broadcasters are having a hard fight right now convincing advertisers that soft, cool, extra-mild commercials are good for the ears.

"Among those trying hardest to convince advertisers are the classical music stations. It seems to be axiomatic so far as audiences are concerned that Beethoven and painless commercials go hand in hand. Some stations like WQXR, New York, have gone through the mill and find advertisers pre-sold on the advantages of non-irritating commercials. Others, like WBMS, couldn't sell the listener and therefore couldn't sell the sponsor.

In other words, the irritating, shouting, jingling commercial will continue as long as it is successful. And it will continue to be as successful as long as you folks buy the stuff—so that the ultimate responsibility rests with the viewers. You can
hardly blame the advertiser for trying to attract attention. There is a fairly painless way of doing this, which is becoming increasingly popular.

That is by using a personality who is presumably attractive enough to win attention without yelling at us. Westinghouse has Betty Furness, probably the pioneer in this line of work. Amident has Dick Starr; Autolite (among others) has Rex Marshall; Lucky Strike has Dorothy Collins. They're all doing so well that many other sponsors are seeking attractive personalities who will be associated with their products.

The plain fact is that the popularity of a TV show is not always reflected in the sale of the product. The most popular show on the air right now is "I Love Lucy"—but Philip Morris which sponsors it is not selling cigarettes to nearly as many of the 43,000,000 people who are supposed to look at "Lucy" as they had hoped. Other shows, whose ratings are minute next to "Lucy," do much better at moving the stuff off the shelves.

**Time Marches On**

"The March of Time," which disappeared some time ago from the nation's theaters, is back again, this time on television. Instead of the old once-a-month films which the "Time" people considered a fairly rough schedule, they are now being turned out weekly which once would have been considered practically impossible. It just goes to show what television can make men do simply because they have to.

The series has hardly been an unqualified success. Some of the documentaries, notably one of the Eisenhower Cabinet in which the men who had barely arrived in Washington uttered a succession of platitudes about responsibilities they seemed to know very little about, were real dull and not a little pointless. On one of the more recent ones about Levittown, the completely planned city of 70,000 persons constructed by the Levitts in southern Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the boys really hit their stride.

Levittown was entirely planned by the remarkable Levitt brothers before a single house was built—planned along the very latest sociological, sanitary, engineering and mass production lines. Everything was planned for except the cussedness of human nature which may disappear altogether under the weight of Levittown's uniformity. Portrayed first were the charming old Bucks County houses as they were dynamited and burned and bulldozed to the ground to make way for the shiny new edifices.

Up sprang Levittown—and sprang is exactly the word. "Time" showed one really extraordinary sequence in stop motion photography of the construction of a house in one day. Speeded up to hundreds of time normal, the workmen swarmed over the building, resembling Keystone Kops in the Old Mack Sennett comedies. Then there was a shot of one of Levittown's new residents, a woman, watching a tractor bore, in the space of seconds, a hole in the ground. Moments later, men appeared and plopped in a tree which the Levitt brothers can plant with much efficiency and speed.

The cameras then roamed through the schools, the churches, the nearby factories and even the police station. The cops cope with an occasional lost child or stray dog but there is no crime, no crime at all. While socially this is altogether admirable, I found even this civic wholesomeness a little depressing. The amateur actors are
no less amateur in this series than they ever were and this may be the fault of the film’s director and producer.

At least, Edward R. Murrow on “See It Now” has shown that amateurs can be very moving and effective if handled properly. Recently, “See It Now” showed a meeting of cattle farmers debating governmental controls. The lined, rugged faces of these cattlemen were studies in conflicting and vivid personality, almost a lesson in Americana. The “March of Time” amateurs, on the other hand, seem rehearsed and ill at ease. I have a hunch that the difference stems from the fact that the cattlemen were speaking their own thoughts on a subject they felt deeply about and that the Levittowners were emitting lines put in their mouths by someone else.

My principal complaint about these documentaries is that they need a little bite, a little social commentary, a little less whole-hearted approval. Levittown is an imposing monument to American ingenuity but it does raise some disquieting thoughts. What, I kept asking myself, happens in a town where every blessed house has two bedrooms, no more, no less? Suppose somebody wanted to have seven children? What do they do—curb their parental urges? Or move somewhere else? Or what about the population pressures that are bringing about these vast boarding houses?

The series could use a touch more humor and—for want of a better word—some of the humanity that Murrow injects into his shows. It is admirably photographed on 16 mm. film which, in spite of dire predictions to the contrary, has the appearance of 35 mm. “March of Time” is now seen (at various times and days) in seventy-three cities, giving it one of the largest circulations of any television show.

Songs

ONE of my readers, knowing my passionate interest in the popular song art, has been browsing through BMI’s two catalogues called “Performindex” and has unearthed some examples which ought to be passed along to the rest of you.

“I have barely skimmed the surface of the second of these books but already my life is richer, fuller. Where else, I ask you, could you find nuggets of philosophy such as ‘When You Face the Sun, the Shadow Falls Behind You’ or ‘Where There’s a Will, There’s Relatives.’ (I am particularly fond of that repetition.)

“Then there is the request song. ‘Let Me Be Your Sidetrack’ and ‘Take Your Cold Feet Outa My Back.’ Nothing can touch, of course, the rounded beauty of ‘Turn Your Head Sweetheart—I Can Still See Your Face.’ There is the torch song ‘You Blacked My Eyes Once Too Often;’ the love ballad ‘When I Saw I Love U’ (a difficult bit of enunciation, I should think) and the happy thought for today ‘A Woman’s Place Is in the Groove.’

“I also liked what might be called the information songs: ‘When Grandpa Sat on the Mousetrap’ (I’ve been unable to look that one up and discover the outcome) and ‘It Bruised Her Somewhat’ (some harrowing experience or other, I’ve no doubt). Yes, I strongly favor your study of these books and even the ASCAP catalogues—it broadens one’s outlook considerably.”

“What does Harry’s date look like?
Not that it matters.”
But, Doctor, You Must Go On!

“CAVALCADE of America” is more or less dedicated to the glorification of America’s heroes, of the American dream. This, of course, is a splendid intention but then television, like Hell, is paved with good intentions not all of which work out very well.

After eighteen years on radio, “Cavalcade” has now invaded television where in all likelihood it will continue forever. There is a lot of material, I’ve heard quite a passel of “Cavalcades” on radio and seen a few on television. A pattern emerges which is clearly indestructible and almost unassailable.

In the opening scene, a man is discovered at his microscope. The door opens and in comes the scientist’s best friend, also in white smock. “Six more cases, Bill,” he says, slumping into a chair. “And we’re no nearer a solution than we were two years ago when we started the work.”

The scientist pushes the microscope away and paces a bit, muttering: “Ah, I’m sick of it all! Just death, death and more death! I’m sick of the sight of death! I’m ready to give it all up and go back to New York and marry the rich widow Wenceslas and settle down to a prosperous practice on Park Avenue. That, I am.”

“But, doctor, you can’t do that! We must go on. And on. And on.” (A little “Go on” music here, professor.)

But young Julius is still mutinous until the girl—a nurse, of course, comes on the scene. She has a dedicated look in her eye and is also kind, competent, neat, trustworthy, brainy, lissome and staggeringly beautiful. Also, unselfish, unstinting, and blond. And dedicated.


“I must,” she says simply.

So he hangs around, still grumbling, while more patients die of yellow fever. And eventually he comes down with it, too. Then she casts herself into the breach and volunteers as a human guinea pig, thrusts her arm under a mosquito, comes down with the disease and dies in her doctor’s arms. That gives him the resolution to go on. And on.

This simplified version of the American success story is followed fairly faithfully week in and week out. At the man’s elbow, there invariably stands a woman and just as he is about to give the whole thing up, she spurs him on. And on. Eventually he invents the waterwheel or revolutionizes double entry bookkeeping or discovers electricity.

While in sympathy with this raking over of reasonably authentic and usually obscure pages of American history, I get mighty tired of the black and white characterization and the sort of predestined plots. In any works of this kind, you get what I can only describe as the Fate-Has-Brushed-Against-Me type of acting. That is, an actor stares off into space and, when his cynical chum tells him there have always been maggots in beef, he says: “Well, maybe there won’t always be.” And he goes on to discover refrigeration.

This sort of thing, which I like to think of as “Maybe there won’t always be” gambit, was followed faithfully in the last “Cavalcade” to pass my stricken gaze. On this one the young dedicated girl, her eyes aglow with hindsight, declared, “Maybe he won’t always be a common tailor.”

She was right, too, as the women always are in these things. She taught him to read and write and he grew up to be Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. She had to cuff him into it, of course. There was a bad moment there when he wanted to quit it all and go back to Tennessee. The fact that he was also the only President to be impeached and missed conviction by only one vote was, of course, omitted entirely.

American heroes are pure hero on “Cavalcade.”

The films are usually well produced and reasonably well acted, though. “Cavalcade,” too, is a pretty nice show and would be a lot better if they occasionally injected a spark of humor. And an even better one if the actors could avoid the self-consciousness of genius. But then it’s awfully hard to get an actor, who is acutely conscious of being Benjamin Franklin, to relax and act human.
The Customer Isn't Always Right

COMPLETELY apart from the principle, the affair George Kaufman ought to act as some sort of useful guide to sponsors' conduct in future occurrences of this sort which are bound to take place. It ought to but it probably won't.

The principle involved in the original ousting of Mr. Kaufman, who has sensibly been reinstated by the Columbia Broadcasting System, is a very simple one. But it is, I think, dangerously wrong not only on moral grounds but also on practical ones. It is that a sponsor is trying to sell his product to all the people and cannot afford to offend any of them. Therefore any program or personality which offends any minority must go. Now that, from a businessman's point of view, is very sound doctrine—if it works.

But in radio or television broadcasting it very conspicuously hasn't worked. There's hardly a radio or television program that doesn't offend somebody. But the reactions vary. Some people just turn the darn thing off. The more militant ones write or phone. This is usually a fairly small group of malcontents but a highly aggressive and sometimes highly organized group. While it is as entitled to its opinion and to the right to protest as anyone, this group is hardly qualified to act as arbiter of taste for all of us. Their private discontents are not necessarily the discontents of those quieter members of the community who don't rush to the telephone or to the writing desk the moment their sensibilities are ruffled.

However, purely as a practical matter, there is another graver objection to this way of doing business. Every time one of those cause celebres has arisen, whether it be Jean Muir or Philip Loeb or George Kaufman, there has been an uproar in the press. Two or three hundred people get upset about something—and let's not, for the moment, worry about what upsets them—and so the sponsor either cancels a program or fires an entertainer.

Then the uproar begins. The original handful of protestors is now joined by hundreds of thousands of others, most of whom will take sides one way or another. I didn't hear Mr. Kaufman make his now celebrated remark about "Silent Night." I read about it. So did thousands of others who would never have heard about it if Kaufman hadn't been fired. A very tiny tempest suddenly blew up into a great big one. If the idea is to keep out of trouble with the customers, this is one hell of a way to do it.

Messes of this sort spring up, it seems to me, because of that old precept that the customer is always right. This philosophy works very well in a department store where each man's problems are dealt with separately. It doesn't work at all on radio or television where millions of people, with conflicting opinions and tastes, are in the front row. You can't just fire the saleslady in this case. If you do, you mollify one customer and outrage a hundred others.

In other words, the idea of yielding to every small bleat of anguish from the listeners is not only morally indefensible but practically unworkable. No one was appeased by the Kaufman ousting and his subsequent rehiring. Far from solving the problem, the timidity simply created one. I bring it all up at this date because this sort of thing has cropped up time after time and, sure as God made little apples, it'll happen again.

The most hardheaded way to settle the next batch of letters that come in is to throw them in the wastebasket and settle the issue on its merits. Sooner or later, popular opinion will force the sponsor to do this, anyhow.

Let's Repeat the Good Ones

I WAS having lunch one day with Groucho Marx at the Hillcrest Country Club in Beverly Hills and Marx was raving about one of the Martha Raye shows. Everyone at the table—there were ten of us—had heard what a great show it was. But when Groucho counted noses, we found that only two of the ten at the table had seen it.

"That's television for you," remarked Groucho. "They pour eighty to a hundred thousand dollars into a show. Martha beats her brains out giving a great performance. And then the show is dead. Why don't they repeat the great ones?"

It's a very sound idea. No matter how
much a show is advertised, no matter how loyal the star’s audience, there are certain nights when we’re all out of the house, quaffing strong waters or singing the old songs. Just at that moment, they sneak over a great show on us and it’s lost forever to a great segment of the populace. Actually, that two-out-of-ten ratio is high. Of the television audience, estimated at 60,000,000 persons, it’s a lucky thing if one out of twenty sees the fine shows.

The Martha Raye show in which she teamed with Rocky Graziano, Cesar Romero and Rise Stevens in one of the funniest dinner parties on record, could be repeated without altering a single inflection. Another show that ought to be redone without changing a line was the first Ray Bolger show on Colgate Comedy Hour, one of the most exuberant hours television ever provided the customers. Bolger had been on TV only once before, as part of an all-star lineup for the opening program on WJZ-TV in New York.

On the Colgate show just before Christmas, he had the hour practically all to himself and he filled it like a Christmas stocking with his boundless charm, laughter, his boneless dancing, songs and gayety. From the opening bit when he fell out of a revolving door to the closing when he danced off into the shadows after singing a Christmas song to some children, there wasn’t a dead spot in the show.

In between he did some of the best routines he has built up over the years—“The Old Soft Shoe,” his crazy manual of arms, and his great song “Once in Love With Amy” which is a triumph of pure showmanship. Twice—in “Once in Love With Amy” and again in the Army routine—he got the audience to join in the fun with him and they seemed to be having the time of their lives. There was also a very funny skit with Bolger and Betty Kean demonstrating the home life of a department store window dresser, one of those things that could have been embarrassingly bad but was, under Bolger’s skillful fingers, both charming and hilarious. Altogether it was one of those shows that leaves you feeling good for hours afterwards.

There have been a good many other shows that afforded me great pleasure and that I’d like to see again. It would be nice to see Tallulah Bankhead run through her subway routine again, one of the funniest things ever seen on TV. I’d like to watch Donald O’Connor, one of the brightest new talents on television, do his parodies on Mack Sennett once more. Or Sir Caesar and Imogene Coca’s magnificent take-off on “Streetcar Named Desire,” which may ultimately become more famous than the original play.

A good many of Edward R. Murrow’s “See It Now” programs could easily bear repetition, but the one I’d especially like to see again was his film report on a mock bombing of New York which showed up the glaring inadequacies of our plane spotting system. Of the “I Love Lucy” series, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have yet to top their opening show wherein Miss Ball struggled hopelessly with a candy conveyor belt.

Among the hundreds of dramas I’ve seen, three stand out in my memory—“The Paper Box Kid,” a really superb short story on “Danger;” Fletcher Markle’s first production of “Studio One” called “I Am Jonathan Scrivener;” and Robert Montgomery’s recent “The Closed Door” featuring a really fine performance by Charlton Heston.

Two of NBC’s television operas ought to be repeated and almost certainly will be—the Leonard Bernstein opera of frustrations in the suburbs called “Trouble in Tahiti” and Benjamin Britten’s “Billy Budd.”
JULES ARCHER, author of “They Span the Pacific” on page 185, lives in Pine Plains, New York, at the corner where Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York state meet. He received his formal education at C. C. N. Y.—but learned most from a four-month bike jaunt through Europe. He has published several books and is a contributor to many magazines.

HENRY C. BONFIG, a former Kansas Citian, is vice-president and director of sales for the Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago. His article on “Television—Today and Tomorrow” on page 126 was delivered as a speech before the Advertising Club of Boston.

MARY BROWN, who tells us “How to Take a Bath” on page 110, is director of publicity for Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Inc. She really is “Mary Brown,” a native New Yorker who loves New York! She has written poetry, articles, short stories—and is currently working on a couple of books for children. Confidentially, the soap she recommends is Pears’ Soap!

ERNALD CLARK, author of “Hidden Beauty in Stones,” page 131, is a collector of rare stones from many parts of the world. She writes about her rock-hobby—and lectures before many organizations. She is an active member of the National League of American Penwomen and social sponsor of Beta Sigma Phi sorority in her home town—Redlands, Calif.

JOHN CROSBY, whose Radio and Television criticism reviews are a regular feature of Swing, was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, and passed a couple of years in the freshman class at Yale before beginning what he considers his real education—newspaper work. His material is syndicated by the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Crosby left in April for a month’s trip to Europe, his first vacation in several years.

BRUCE DAVIES wrote “Drum Institute... A Helping Hand with a Closed Palm” on page 162 from firsthand knowledge of the Institute. He attended the same school from 1936 to 1940.

PHILIP FERRY, author of “The Nuggets of Wheelbarrow John” on page 168, is a free-lance writer whose specialties are history, travel, exploration and adventure. His travel pieces have appeared in the New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, Chicago Tribune and in all the automotive magazines. A native Californian, most of his material is secured in that area.

CHARLES HOGAN, who pleads “Make Me a Boy Again” on page 181, is a newspaperman who worked on the late Kansas City Journal-Post, the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Chicago American, and for International News Service.

LESTER KROEPFL, author of “The Gusher” on page 193, is a mechanical draftsman by profession who turned to free-lance writing ten years ago. He writes articles, short stories and some radio material. While mechanical engineering and writing are his main interests, he likes reading, dancing, television, radio—and girls!

WILBUR PHILLIPS, whose article “Citizen Trueman at the Bridge” appears on page 106, is a native Kansas Citian whose sole aim in life is to turn out better writing—for a living and for fun! He has published in national magazines, particularly in Fawcett Publications; and has written many newspaper Sunday-supplement articles.

ROBERT SLYMAN, author of “The Man Behind the Indianapolis Winner” on page 118, is a graduate of the University of Illinois. He worked as a retail advertising salesman for newspapers in Watseka, Ill., and in Des Moines, Iowa, until he entered the army. After 19 months in Korea, he was discharged as a sergeant. He is now at the School of Journalism, Northwestern University, working for a master’s degree.

LOUIS TAPPE, who wrote “A Study in Jazz” on page 165, is a native Kansan who has been in radio for 20 years, starting with NBC in New York. He has served as announcer, program director and continuity director; and has written and produced many network shows. For the last four and a half years he has been with Sesac, Inc., in New York. He is considered an authority on jazz music.

SHIRLEY SARGENT, whose story “Twenty-fifth Anniversary” appears on page 115, is an engineer’s daughter who attended thirteen schools, living in three western states, four national parks and three national forests. Now she lives in Pasadena, Calif., nine months of the year, where she runs the Topsy-Turvy Nursery School. But she still has “mountain fever” and is concentrating on her “Cabin Fund” with which she wants to build a cabin just outside Yosemite.

WHIT SAWYER, whose article “Sermons Under Glass” appears on page 177, is a Yankee by birth, a cosmopolitan by choice. He studied journalism at the University of London, and law at De Paul in Chicago. After 30 different jobs in 30 places, he returned to writing several years ago and has contributed articles to several national magazines. He is a columnist for the Worcester, Mass., Telegraph.

ELIZABETH SCOTT’s article “Under the Ginko Tree” on page 121, has an authentic background. She was program director in an enlisted men’s club in Tokyo while on a year’s assignment with the Special Services Department of the Army. Now married to an analytical chemist, she lives in Manhattan, Kansas, where she is working on a master’s degree in English at Kansas State College.

OUR COVER GIRL appeared in national magazine advertisements placed by Fuller Fabrics, 1407 Broadway, New York City. Marcelle Feybusch is advertising manager and promotion director. The dress is in Everglaze cotton designed by Jocel Walker. The advertising agency is Hockaday Associates—art director, Al Chereshkin.

The illustration of the couple in the swing on this page is used courtesy of The Lennox Furnace Company.

[Signature]

This Issue, You’re Swinging with
Missouri Associated Press-Radio News Coverage Award for 1953

**Dick Smith**

For Outstanding News Coverage for **March**

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**First place award for outstanding news coverage during March, 1953, was awarded by the Missouri Association of Associated Press Broadcasters to Dick Smith of WHB.** On March 12," reads the AP summary, "Smith did an outstanding job of covering an accident near Lone Jack, Missouri, in which five persons were killed. He gave the first tip, followed in fast and had his information in fine shape—an outstanding job."

WHB's eye-witness reporting of the Eyssell Court apartment-house fire April 1, in which five persons died and fifteen were injured, was another outstanding example of WHB radio reporting. Charles Gray hurried to the scene as soon as the blaze was reported; witnessed the searing tragedy as it developed; and made four telephone reports on the air between 4:12 p.m. and 5:52 p.m. Usual WHB programs were interrupted for his on-the-scene bulletins. At 8:30 p.m., Smith and Gray broadcast a complete "wrap-up" of the story, with a special tribute to the gallant firemen who died fighting the fire: Don Nastasio, Melvin Kurtz and Joseph Cooney.

Exciting and disturbing as these events are, their careful and complete reporting is "routine" for the WHB Newsbureau.

**WHB • KANSAS CITY**
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

... And Alert Advertisers are Swinging with

WHB Musical Clock
6:30 to 9 a.m., Mondays thru Saturdays. Tuneful wake-up music ... time signals ... temperature announcements every 5 minutes.

WHB Neighborin' Time
11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Mondays thru Fridays. Western music and noon news.

“Blues” Baseball Spots
Available before and after play-by-play broadcasts of K. C. Blues games.

Club 710
2 to 4:45 p.m., Mondays thru Fridays: Top Twenty Tunes, with "Oil" Wells, d.j. and the nation's most popular music.

WHB Night Club of the Air
11 p.m. to 1 a.m., Mondays thru Fridays. Kansas City's most popular late show with Roch Ulmer as m. c.

Ask Your John Blair Man

New York—Chrysler Bldg. East 150 East 42nd St.
Murry Hill 2-6900
Chicago—520 N. Michigan Ave.
Superior 7-8659

Detroit—521 Book Bldg.
Woodward 1-0130
St. Louis—134 Paul Brown Bldg.
Chesnut 5689
Dallas—702 Rio Grande Bldg.
Riverside 4228

Los Angeles—6331 Hollywood Blvd.
Granite 6103
San Francisco—3012 Russ Bldg.
Douglas 2-3188-9

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CBS TV comes to Kansas City on channel 9.

Join the Swing to WHB-TV. Keep your eye on Channel 9.

Pictures and stories of the new CBS TV programs.

A Picture History—"THRU 31 YEARS WITH WHB."

The 1953 Season Starlight Theatre. 25¢
CBS Television Come

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Hubbard 2-3163
St. Louis — 1307 Paul Brown Bldg.
Chestnut 5688
Riverside 4228
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710 KC, 10,000 WATTS
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CALL LETTERS

Represented nationally by
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WHB-TV
CHANNEL 9 BASIC CBS-TV.
KANSAS CITY

Represented Nationally by
BLAIR INC
AUGUST, 1953, will long be remembered in Kansas City as the date on which WHB-TV and KMBC-TV began joint operation on Channel 9—sharing time equally to bring television viewers of the area the network programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System, plus the favorite radio personalities developed on the two AM radio stations.

With a jointly-owned transmitter . . . using maximum allowable power, 316 kw visual, 158 kw aural . . . with a thousand-foot tower to transmit from a height above average terrain of 1079 feet . . . with the full schedule of Columbia Network TV programming, Channel 9 in Kansas City is really something to see and hear! Interim operation beginning in August is from a transmitter and mast atop Missouri's tallest office building, reaching most of the 300,658 television homes in the Kansas City market—including the metropolitan trading area of Johnson, Leavenworth and Wyandotte counties in Kansas; and Jackson, Clay and Platte counties in Missouri.

This issue of Swing devotes thirty pages to the fine CBS-TV programs now seen (many of them for the first time) in the Kansas City area. And we have reprinted, from our Anniversary issue of last year, the story of the 31-year service rendered by Radio Station WHB—23 of those years under Cook ownership and management.

Your comments will be appreciated.
The Great GODFREY

ARTHUR GODFREY'S millions of morning television fans now have a total of three and one-half daytime hours every week to enjoy the Old Redhead Monday through Thursday over the CBS Television Network... in Kansas City on Channel 9. His TALENT SCOUT show has maintained a consistent "top five" rating since its debut on the Network, making it one of the most outstanding television offerings on your dial. ARTHUR GODFREY AND HIS FRIENDS has established a fabulous record for showmanship in past seasons, featuring his "little Godfreys": Janette Davis, Lu Ann Simms, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Mariners, and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.

HI, HO, COME TO THE FAIR!

Godfrey Leads His Friends through a Spirited, Country-Style Number.
MODERN MAGIC CARPET
Dan Seymour uses his flying saucer to transport him to strange places and foreign lands in his quest for interesting personalities on the program "Everywhere I Go," which brings faraway places to CBS-TV audiences through ingenious special effects.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE
Emcee Todd Russell indicates the fabulous wheel featured in CBS-TV's "Wheel of Fortune" series, which provides an opportunity for beneficiaries of good deeds to reward their benefactors.

ED SULLIVAN'S TOAST OF THE TOWN
HOUSE PARTY
Art Linkletter, one of Hollywood's most ebullient hosts, huddles with some young, enthusiastic visitors to CBS-TV's Art Linkletter's HOUSE PARTY, a lively entertainment series. In rear is Martha Proudfoot, teacher in charge of the program's "Kid's Department".

BRIDE AND GROOM
A typical BRIDE AND GROOM wedding was that of Korean War veteran Henry Needham and Joyce Newman. Needham, 22, with five Purple Hearts and seven official citations, is one of the nine United Nations men alive after storming "Suicide Hill".

MEET MILLIE
J. R. Boone, Jr., backs against the wall as his girl friend-secretary, Millie, tries her feminine wiles and her mother eavesdrops, on CBS-TV's comedy series, MEET MILLIE. Elena Verdugo, left, plays the title role. Boone is played by Marvin Kaplan; and Millie's mother by Florence Halop.
**MY FRIEND IRMA**

This fast-paced comedy show co-starring Marie Wilson and Cathy Lewis, is still what television critic John Crosby called it: "a very funny ... thoroughly professional show . . . (which has) . . . incorporated the very best features and eliminated the worst." Its cast includes Gloria Gordon as Mrs. O'Reilly, Sig Arno as Professor Kropotkin, Sid Tomas as Al, and Brooks West as Richard Rhinelander.

**JANE FROMAN'S USA CANTEEN**

Starring one of America's first ladies of song, famous for her magnificent work in entertaining the troops during World War II, U.S.A. CANTEEN is drawing raves from critics and viewers in its star-spangled salute to our Armed Forces. The program features Miss Froman's songs, a chorus, dancing and Henry Sylvern's orchestra, plus famous entertainers and talented amateurs now in service.
Captain Braddock of the RACKET SQUAD

RACKET SQUAD, the dramatic series that exposes the workings of confidence men and women and warns citizens of dangers from "get-rich-quick" schemes, is based on actual cases from the files of police and business protective organizations. The program stars Reed Hadley as Police Captain Braddock. His investigations reveal the workings of confidence schemes uncovered in all parts of the country.

IT'S NEWS TO ME

John Daly, host and emcee of CBS-TV's popular news quiz program, tells the show's permanent panel members, Anna Lee, John Henry Faulk and Quentin Reynolds, of their high rating with TV audiences.
AMOS AND ANDY
Alvin Childress (left) plays the lovable little Amos, down-to-earth family man and taxi driver. Spencer Williams is Andy, brown-derbied, romantic, and eternal fall guy for the Kingfish's schemes in CBS-TV's AMOS 'N' ANDY.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW
This dramatic and absorbing daytime serial commands one of daytime television's largest audiences in its presentation of the trials of a widowed young mother preyed upon by ambitious in-laws. Dr. Ned Hilton, through his deep friendship for Joanne, produces an intriguing conflict of values in the mind and life of this young heroine. Joanne Barron is the featured star.
STRIKE IT RICH
The beaming faces of these elderly newlyweds are typical of the happy contestants on CBS-TV's STRIKE IT RICH. They are 80-year-old Adolph Dettmers and his 76-year-old bride, who won $200 to help them set up housekeeping. Warren Hull (right) is host and master of ceremonies.

THE WEB
To avoid stereotyped performances, THE WEB, realistic CBS-TV mystery drama series, frequently casts talented people not usually associated with the acting profession. Here, for example, vocalist Jane Morgan and Leon Tokatyan are co-starred in a typical telecast of this very popular program.

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY
A contestant shows emcee John Reed King (standing) the special interest that earned him the right to vie for prizes for himself and members of his family, on CBS-TV's novel audience participation quiz, THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY. The five-times weekly program rewards contestants whose kin are proud of their accomplishments.
MY LITTLE MARGIE
Gale Storm as the title figure in CBS-TV's MY LITTLE MARGIE continues to delight audiences with her zany adventures.

ALAN YOUNG
TIME TO SMILE returns the brilliant young comedian to television in an entirely new role. Starring him as a well-meaning bank clerk with an amazing aptitude for complicating any and every problem. Lovable but vague, Young possesses an uncanny talent for stumbling into difficulties. His millions of TV fans know how well developed that talent is.
**I LOVE LUCY**
Number One in popularity on all major rating services, week after week, attracting an average of 29-million estimated viewers each week—more than double the number of people who see the average Hollywood "A" film during its total domestic first run. *I LOVE LUCY*, the story of an uninhibited couple and their neighbors, co-stars Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz and features William Frawley and Vivian Vance.

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**OMNIBUS with William Saroyan**

Marking the first time he has ever written for television exclusively, William Saroyan, distinguished American playwright, presented his one-act play, "The Bad Men," and appeared personally as narrator on the premiere of OMNIBUS, an hour-and-a-half series on CBS-TV. This outstanding show has never been seen in Kansas City prior to the debut of Channel 9.
HELEN O'CONNELL
Vivacious songstress Helen O'Connell is teamed with vocalist Bob Eberly and bandleader Ray Anthony on the CBS Television Network's thrice weekly TV'S TOP TUNES.

THE BIG TOP
The full-hour weekly circus extravaganza, THE BIG TOP, is a children's favorite and also has a huge adult audience. With Jack Sterling as ringmaster, THE BIG TOP originates in Convention Hall in Camden, New Jersey, with a vast studio audience and more than 200 people taking an active part before the TV cameras on each show.

THE RED BUTTONS SHOW
is a popular CBS-TV drawing-card full of bounce and enthusiasm. Here Red Buttons, at the mike, is on view with Mitch Miller.
JACKIE GLEASON
The veteran comedian of screen, radio, television and stage, in the role of the Timid Soul, one of the famed characterizations which he presents on the CBS-TV JACKIE GLEASON SHOW, a program which combines the sure-fire elements of glitter, spectacle, beauty (feminine) and laughter. Gleason himself presents such memorable characterizations as Rudy the Repairman; Reggie Van Gleason II; and Joe, a philosophical bartender.

THE GUIDING LIGHT
Principals in the CBS-TV family drama, THE GUIDING LIGHT, first daytime radio serial to have its counterpart on television, are shown enacting one of the daily video episodes. They are (left to right): Herbert Nelson, as Joe Roberts; Jone Allison as his wife, Meta; Susan Douglas as Joe's daughter, Kathy; and Lyle Sudrow, as Bill Bauer.
OUR MISS BROOKS
Comedienne Eve Arden as high school teacher Connie Brooks tries to convince her stuffy principal Mr. Conklin, played by Gale Gordon, that she has nothing to do with the latest shenanigans in her classroom, in a typical program of OUR MISS BROOKS.

SUSPENSE
Producer-director Robert Stevens (right) directs John Baragrey and Olive Deering in a sequence packed with tension on CBS-TV's SUSPENSE.

LOVE OF LIFE
is a sparkling and warm-hearted drama about a family's fight for happiness and dignity. Jean McBride is seen in the role of Meg, the heroine's sister, in the drama.
LUX VIDEO THEATRE
One of television’s top dramatic series, bringing audiences outstanding television plays starring such famous Hollywood actors and actresses as Miriam Hopkins, Celeste Holm, Raymond Massey and Pat O’Brien.

BETTY FURNESS
Known to housewives the nation over for her adroit demonstrations of products for the home, lovely Betty Furness discusses clothes, charm and homemaking on CBS-TV program, MEET BETTY FURNESS.
THE FRED WARING SHOW
Recipient of many top awards in musical programming, delighting viewers with memorable moments of music, comedy sketches, choreography, and spectacular production numbers, and featuring Fred War- ing, the Pennsylvanians, the Glee Club, and dancers Nadine Gae and Mark Breaux.

JACK BENNY VISITS "PRIVATE SECRETARY"
Jack Benny brings his droll humor and his famous fiddle to the CBS-TV comedy program, PRIVATE SECRETARY, starring Ann Sothern. Don Porter as her employer, Peter Sands.

THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS
Sam Levenson, witty panelist of THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS, tries a tune on a famous fiddle as owner Jack Benny, and Levenson's colleagues, George S. Kaufman and Clifton Fadiman, look on with mixed feelings.
PLAYHOUSE OF STARS
Beautiful Irene Dunne, one of Hollywood's top film personalities, is hostess of CBS-TV's PLAYHOUSE OF STARS. She introduces the cast of film stars who appear in the Playhouse drama every week.

MAMA
continues as one of television's most consistently popular dramatic shows. This famous character (center, below) made her debut in the Kathryn Forbes best-selling novel "Mama's Bank Account," widened the scope of her popularity with the Broadway play "I Remember Mama," and then set box-office records as a motion picture under the same title. Peggy Wood as Mama.
WHAT'S MY LINE?
Television's gayest game, WHAT'S MY LINE? has consistently been among the top-rated programs on the air and has received numerous awards as video's most popular quiz game. Regular panel members include Dorothy Kilgallen, Bennett Cerf, Arlene Francis, and Hal Block.

LAMP UNTO MY FEET
The unsympathetic innkeeper stands forbiddingly at the door of his inn during a scene from "The Good Samaritan," one of the filmed Biblical parables using marionettes for actors, on CBS-TV's LAMP UNTO MY FEET.

MR. AND MRS. NORTH
Pam and Jerry North—delightful detective duo known widely through their appearances in novels, movies and radio continue their adventures through the medium of television on the CBS-TV mystery-comedy series starring Barbara Britton and Richard Denning.
THE LONE RANGER RIDES AGAIN—on Television

The Lone Ranger and his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, prepare to embark upon another of their exciting adventures on THE LONE RANGER program over CBS-TV.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COWBOY—GENE AUTRY

Gene Autry, star of the GENE AUTRY SHOW, is the hero of millions as he brings law and order to the West in the roles of sheriff, U.S. marshal, ranch foreman, cattleman, and happy-go-lucky rider of the sagebrush trail. His thrilling television programs will be seen on Channel 9 in Kansas City.
THE KEN MURRAY SHOW
features one of America's favorite comedians, long famous for his ability to produce top-notch musical-comedy revues. His productions blend showmanship, comedy, music, dancing and big-name guests. In photo with Ken above is Laurie Andrews.

RANGER JOE —
Jesse Rogers of WHB
Jesse Rogers, star of the righ-rated RANGER JOE Western series, poses with his horse, Topaz. Rogers, an Oklahoma cowboy and cousin of the immortal Will Rogers and of yodeler Jimmie Rogers, has built up one of the biggest juvenile audiences in television. Well remembered by WHB listeners in the Kansas City area, he appeared on the WHB FARMER'S HOUR show now called WHB NEIGHBORIN' TIME, featuring Bruce Grant and Don Sullivan.
GENERAL ELECTRIC THEATRE
Broderick Crawford stars in a typical weekly dramatization of the GENERAL ELECTRIC THEATRE, the summer replacement for THE FRED WARING SHOW, on CBS-TV.

MAN AGAINST CRIME
Ralph Bellamy, noted Broadway and Hollywood actor, plays the role of private eye Mike Barnett on the CBS Television Network's MAN AGAINST CRIME.

ARTHUR MURRAY PARTY
BERT PARKS
Bert Parks, ebullient quizmaster who doubles in comedy as well as question- ing, is starred in DOUBLE OR NOTHING, a fast-paced, half-hour quiz program on the CBS Television Network.

Musical Companions on
STUDIO ONE
Producer Montgomery Ford and his wife Celia Ryland (rear) are the composers of original lyrics and melody for the J. B. Priestly love story, "The Good Compan- ions," which was presented as a musical drama on "Westinghouse Studio One Sum- mer Theater." It co-starred Edith Fellows (on keyboard) and Hamish Menzies.
I'LL BUY THAT

CBS-TV star Mike Wallace (rear) is moderator of a team of quiz experts consisting of (left to right) Albert Moorehead, editor and games authority; TV actress Robin Chandler; Hans Conreid of Broadway's "Can-Can"; and Vanessa Brown of "The Seven Year Itch," or I'LL BUY THAT, five-times-weekly daytime series.

BURNS AND ALLEN

It's nice to have a man of science around the house, so Gracie, with the pure reason of genius, invites one to dinner. Here we have Dr. Gireaux (Maurice Marsac) being introduced to George. Needless to say, the situation explodes, on the GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN SHOW.

PERRY COMO and the FONTANE SISTERS

Perry Como and the Fontane Sisters have as much fun performing on CBS-TV's PERRY COMO SHOW as the audience in viewing the performance.
The GARRY MOORE SHOW

is a half-hour session of music and informal good humor, starring the easy-going comedian with a group of talented assistants, including vocalists Ken Carson and Denise Lor and announcer Durwood Kirby. All three regularly participate in the games, stunts and sketches included in the Moore program.

THEY'VE GOT A SECRET

Beautiful Jayne Meadows whispers her own secret to emcee Garry Moore of CBS-TV's popular panel program I'VE GOT A SECRET. Miss Meadows, well known for her Hollywood films, is now a permanent member of the show's panel and along with the three other panelists on the program, tries to guess the secrets of the guests.
SPORTSCASTER
Russ Hodges (left), veteran sportscaster, comments for the CBS Television Network on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Bouts every Wednesday night.

SPORTS SPOT
Mel Allen (below, right), shown here with one of Sam Snead's golf clubs, is host to sporting greats on SPORTS SPOT, a fitting nightcap to the Wednesday night Blue Ribbon Bouts. The informal sports program immediately follows the fight broadcast.

YOU ARE THERE
Walter Cronkite, chief Washington correspondent for the CBS Television Network, is narrator of the series, YOU ARE THERE. This exciting program re-creates and reports great events of history as if they were actually happening now.
SEE IT NOW
Edward R. Murrow's SEE IT NOW, which many critics consider the greatest half-hour of television on the air, developed from the widely-acclaimed "I Can Hear It Now" record albums, and has been honored with the Peabody Award for "television news and interpretations."

SUNDAY NEWS SPECIAL
This fifteen-minute preview of Monday's headlines brings a complete picture not only of latest news around the world, but also emphasizes the highlights of the preceding week. Don Hollenbeck, CBS-TV newsman, edits the program.

DOUGLAS EDWARDS
was the first radio newsman to make the full-time switch to television. His DOUGLAS EDWARDS WITH THE NEWS, now in its fifth year, is seen every night, Monday through Friday.

CHRONOSCOPE
Frank W. Taylor and Henry Hazlitt, co-editors of CBS-TV's weekly discussion of world history, talk over some of the issues to be considered on the program.
BIG PAYOFF PARTNERS  
Former "Miss America" Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman co-star in THE BIG PAYOFF, popular five-times-weekly audience participation program on which men win gifts galore for their ladies.

FOUR ★ STAR PLAYHOUSE  
Dick Powell, Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea are members of a group of stage and screen stars who take turns headlining FOUR STAR PLAYHOUSE, CBS-TV dramatic series on the air on alternate weeks. A different name star is presented every fourth week, to round out the quartette of top-ranking lead players.

DICK POWELL  
CHARLES BOYER  JOEL McCREA
GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
"The Soldier's Servant" was the first of three dramas to be seen on the award-winning religious series, THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD, on the CBS Television Net.

FREEDOM RINGS
John Beal, star of stage and screen, heads the CBS-TV program, FREEDOM RINGS. The program combines comedy and audience participation with telephone contestants and studio audience members vying for prizes.

BALANCE YOUR BUDGET
Bert Parks dubiously studies a young visitor to his CBS-TV program, BALANCE YOUR BUDGET.
DANGER

features taut fictional mystery-dramas with casts composed of television’s finest players. Each week’s presentation is characterized by an attention to realism and detail that create a suspenseful thirty minutes of thrills. The show is produced by Charles Russell.

BEAT the CLOCK

Bud Collyer, host and emcee of BEAT the CLOCK, watches two contestants go through one of their assignments on this popular CBS-TV show. The problem here is to pick up a bottle with their bare feet from a tub of water. Guest contestants attempt to perform breath-taking and hilarious stunts while hurrying against a time limit.

CITY HOSPITAL

This exciting and informative series depicts dramatic moments in the lives of doctors, nurses and patients in a big city institution. Melville Ruick (left) is starred as Dr. Barton Crane, medical director. The dramas profile the medical profession, with each complete story dealing in medical and psychiatric problems. Mysteries with a psychological twist are also presented.
STORK CLUB
The Stork Club in New York City, crossroads of the sophisticated world, is never without its coterie of glamorous personalities. Here is a typical scene at the world-famous rendezvous of smart folk—movie star Dorothy Lamour chatting with host Sherman Billingsley on the CBS-TV show. The programs originate directly from the Stork Club itself, via specially constructed studios equipped with complete telecasting facilities.

ADVENTURE—from the Museum of Natural History
This series, from the American Museum of Natural History, proves that more drama, humor and suspense is hidden in the wonders of science than was ever contained in fiction. Here Charles Collingwood, CBS-TV newsman and anchor man of the program, examines an interesting museum exhibit with two young visitors.
Senator H. Alexander Smith (left) and Senator John J. Sparkman (right) discuss the Japanese Peace Treaty with Stuart Novines of CBS Public Affairs, in the first network special broadcast from San Francisco concerning the treaty.


CBS-TV NEWS COVERAGE of SPECIAL EVENTS

WALTER CRONKITE
CBS-TV newsmen, being tailored to cover the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey.

CRONKITE
in mobile television transmitting unit used to cover President Eisenhower's Inaugural Parade.

CBS-TV ELECTION NIGHT HEADQUARTERS
CHANNEL 9 IN KANSAS CITY BROADCASTS CBS-TV from Atop Missouri's Tallest Office Building

Photo at left shows the new Channel 9 transmitter mast, after its completion July 28, 1953. Below are action photos made the Saturday before, as steelwork for the transmitting equipment was hoisted to the top of the Power and Light Building—seven hundred feet above the average terrain. Henry E. Goldenberg, WHB-TV's chief engineer, watches progress of the work.
WHB's First Towers

are shown in photo above, when station was located in the old Sweeney Building on Union Station Plaza (now the BMA Building). At top of page, the towers and transmitter house erected for WHB when Cook Paint & Varnish Co. purchased WHB in 1930. These towers were used until the present transmitter building (opposite page) was built in 1948, near Liberty, Mo.
Through 31 YEARS

with

JOHN T. SCHILLING
HENRY GOLDENBERG
DON DAVIS

THE STORY IN PICTURES
Sweeney Radio Phones and Loud Talkers Will Be Used Tonight in the Following Parks
Swope Park, Shelter House and Dance Pavilion
Penn Valley Park
15th and Benton
Budd Park
Troost Park
Parade
Homes Square
Observation Park
Spring Valley Park
Mayor Cromwell's Address on Civic Pride Will Be the Feature of the Evening

AUGUST 15, 1922 this full-page advertisement in the Kansas City Star heralded WHB's new 500-watt Western Electric set (its second transmitter) as "equal to any in the United States, expected to go from coast to coast." The program above was given "as an educational demonstration of what can be heard by radio."
THE SWEENEY ORCHESTRA. First "staff orchestra" heard on any radio station! "Real music by best artists obtainable—all professionals. Finest in America . . . these men are paid straight salaries so that they can devote all their time to practice." Led by Louis Forbstein, "formerly musical director of the Royal Theater", now known in Hollywood as "Lou Forbes."
ARARAT SHRINE SERENADERS — 1926. First "string band" in radio. Fred Kammer at upper right; Alex Adkins with accordion. They're still together in 1952 (with Pookey Lucas) as "The Strolling Troubadors."

AT WHB IN "THE OLD

WHB became known by the '30s as the station "Where Headliners Begin." Pictured here are names familiar to every early-day crystal-set owner. Ramona graduated from WHB to Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Paul Tremaine, saxophonist in Th Sweeney Orchestra, became a CBS conductor. Leath Stevens composes in Hollywood; wrote music played by Artur Rubenstein and New York Philharmonic in "Counterpoint."

RAMONA. Pianist and vocalist, began her career at WHB.

PAUL TREMAINE (right) and his Columbia Recording Orchestra (below) of the '30s.
WENDELL HALL
"Red-Headed Music Maker"

WOLFE & TOLLINGER
"Monometer Oil Twins"

SWEENEY DAYS"

"GOLDIE" (right) is nickname for Henry E. Goldenberg. As a lad he helped build first WHB transmitter. Has been WHB chief engineer ever since graduation in engineering from University of Illinois.

LEATH STEVENS (upper right) was a pianist at WHB; now writes music for Hollywood films.

"ARKANSAS WOODCHOPPER"
(far right). Henry Ossinbrink was pioneer "hill billy" singer-guitarist.

MARTIN & TAYLOR, popular "harmony team" of the '20s. Sam Martin, today a dairy products magnate, still strums a rhythmic uke; enjoys entertaining friends with songs and card tricks.

RUTH YOUNGE was featured in her own piano program; later led staff orchestra on studio programs and the "Jones Radio Revue."
GOODMAN ACE — "THE MOVIE MAN"

Around the K. C. Athletic Club, back in the 1920s, a young and sarcastic player of "Down-and-Out Rummy" named Goodman Ace was distinguished by three things: (1) A "literary" look sharpened by an immense pair of tortoise-shell glasses. (2) An intense dissatisfaction with the status quo of anything. (3) A habit, late in the week, of carrying around the current issue of Variety, trade paper and "bible" of show business.

Published in New York City Wednesdays, Variety never reached Kansas City before Fridays. There exists a feeling among Ace's intimates of those days that one reason he wanted to make the eastern "Big Time" was to read Variety on its publication date.

He made the "big time", all right!—as creator, writer, producer and director of "Easy Aces" in which he played "Ace". His first Chicago sponsor was Lavoris. Later the program originated in Manhattan for a succession of big moola advertisers. While in Chicago, Ace hired a school teacher to act one of the supporting roles, "Marge." This was Mary Hunter, now a successful stage director of Broadway plays.

"Easy Aces" ran for years. Goodie, more of a calculating business man than old Athletic Club pals might suppose, was wily enough to keep perfect recordings of all his live broadcasts, while also retaining the copyrights. Later he packaged these "Aces" in re-issue form, as transcribed shows; and collected an additional $75,000 a year on his files.

With the demise of "Easy Aces", Goodie showed up at CBS as a high-priced executive in the program department. Seldom has there been such an executive. Typically he presided over a motley circle of strange characters known as gag men—many of them semi-literate but possessed of a wild genius for twisting normal comments into crazy jokes. Ace was the boss genius. More recently he has been the man behind Tallulah on NBC's "Big Show"—chief wag and gag washer. On the side, he's the erudite TV-Radio critic for The Saturday Review of Literature.

An enthusiastic horse player quick to pursue those fast bucks, he turned out a filmed version of "Easy Aces" used as movie shorts and
His newest radio show, "Jane Ace, Disc Jockey," stars his wife Jane, a Kansas City girl whom he married in 1922.

At that time Ace was a columnist, movie and theatrical critic for The Kansas City Post, the newspaper described by Gene Fowler as "the Bonfils and Tammen shimbun which since 1909, has daily startled Kansas Citians (circulation 190,000) with its crime news and blood-red headlines." In 1922, multi-millionaire Walter S. Dickey bought the Post for $1,250,000, and merged it with his Kansas City Journal. Ace developed as a member of the Journal-Post editorial "stable" which included Ed Cochrane, Eddie Meisburger, Earle Smith, Tom Collins and John Cameron Swayze.

Ace did his first broadcasting on WHB as "The Movie Man", talking about movies and answering questions. Then he created "Easy Aces", which Don Davis (at that time an advertising agency partner in the firm of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen) sold to Arthur S. Bird for Bird's Drugs, Inc., retail drug chain. Blackett-Sample-Hummert took the act to Chicago; and Ace began reading Variety Thursdays.

Ace writes: "Congratulations, Don Davis, on the 30th Anniversary of enterprising WHB! The first time I ever knew a microphone well enough to speak to was at WHB in the old Sweeney Building. My roommate, Jane, who used to help me out at WHB claims now that I dragged her up there when she was a child of two. But she does remember you fondly as the man who got us our first big sponsor when we started 'Easy Aces' in Kansas City. However, I personally remember you most fondly for those delicious girls on the WHB swing. All our love and continued prosperity."

GOODMAN AND JANE ACE
P.S.—Ace now reads Variety on Wednesdays.
NORVELL SLATER
"The Cook Painter Boy"

NORVELL RECALLS the '30s when his duties as staff announcer included sweeping out, filing phonograph records, running the control board and selling time. He also did a one-man show as "The Cook Painter Boy," at 10 o'clock every morning — beating the piano, singing a few ditties and giving commercials for Cook's Paints. One morning he received a call from the Foreman & Clark store; rushed over with rate card and contract; and to his surprise signed the advertiser for a schedule of spot announcements. Suddenly he realized that in his excitement he had completely forgotten about his radio program. But he was glad to get the advertising order!

IN THE "HOTEL BALTIMORE" STUDIOS

DARK DAYS and silent nights descended upon WHB in 1929, when the station lost its full-time license coincident with the decline in the fortunes of Emory J. Sweeney, its founder. With 500-watts power, WHB was assigned a daytime license on 860 kilocycles. When Mr. Sweeney sold the Sweeney Building, studios were moved to the Hotel Baltimore (which formerly occupied the block on Baltimore Avenue between 11th and 12th Streets.) Here, working selflessly, John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg kept the station on the air and struggled to save its license; while the courts negotiated a sale. But the station remained popular with listeners! Every Saturday afternoon 800 of them would crowd into the "Pompeian Room" of the hotel to witness the "WHB Staff Frolic."

THE BALTIMORE STUDIOS were in one large room of the hotel. Behind a glass partition was the layout shown above. Control panel and record turntable occupied closet.

BUSINESS OFFICE was at other end of the same room. At desks: Lou O'Connor Wilche; John Schilling and Jack Glover; Al Stone Norvell Slater; and Margaret Barnum Coo
Lou, (above) today, at the Hammond organ in her Stamford, Conn., home. Not shown: son Charles; daughters Cindy Lou and Jennifer; husband, Jack Wilcher. At right, as Lou O'Connor in 1931.

— COOK’S PAINTS ACQUIRE WHB

The late Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company, was a music-lover to whom the idea of owning a broadcasting station appealed greatly. He was encouraged by one of his young executives, John F. Cash, later to become a vice-president of the Cook organization. Although radio was not yet “commercial” (it was taboo in those days to mention the price of an advertised article over the air), Mr. Cash envisioned broadcasting as a great advertising medium, as well as a combination of theatre, concert stage, public forum, schoolhouse and town crier. Mr. Cook was persuaded to purchase the old Sweeney equipment, and advance funds for the erection of a new broadcasting plant in North Kansas City. The WHB license was transferred to Cook’s April 15, 1930.

Louise Wilcher
Organist—“Staff Frolic Pianist

Lou’s Memories Include: An age-long silence when a remote-control bell from the Baltimore Studios failed to ring in the Jenkins Organ Studios, three blocks away, as her signal to begin her program... The day a repairman, stranded in the organ pipes when a ladder fell, was forced to remain there during 30 minutes of music. He was deaf for hours afterward!... And the time Lou was arrested for speeding en route to the studios, then marooned in an elevator which got stuck. Lifted out over the operator’s shoulders, she arrived with five seconds to spare. The program: “Daydreaming At The Piano—An Interlude for Relaxation.”

NEW TRANSMITTER was erected near Cook Paint factory in North Kansas City, in 1930. A 1,000-watt Western Electric set; licensed to operate daytime only with 500 watts.

ORGAN STUDIOS were in the Jenkins Music Company Building. Here Lou O’Connor Wilcher and S. F. Rendina played organ-piano concerts still remembered by listeners.
1932. "WHB GREETS YOU FROM PENT"

In May, 1931, Cook's decided to enlarge the WHB Staff by employing an advertising executive. Don Davis, who was then a partner in the advertising agency of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen, had in 1927 plunged with both feet into radio. As an agency man, he was writing European travelogues given on WMAQ in Chicago for The Travel Guild by Bill Hay, the Amos & Andy announcer. He had sold "Easy Aces", at that time just becoming known in Kansas City, to Arthur S. Bird for Bird's Drugs. For Loose-Wiles Candy, he produced in Hollywood one of the earliest dance band transcription programs, by Earl Burtnett's Orchestra from the Hotel Biltmore, featuring the Burtnett Trio and Jess Kirkpatrick. For Cook's, Davis had launched "The Cook Painter Boys" orchestra.

Outdoor Studio (right) on Scarritt Building Roof. The K. U. Band plays a concert.

Penthouse Grill had a soda fountain, tables for twenty, and did a thriving business with studio visitors. This room now houses WHB Newsbureau.
STUDIO “B” (right) was the “big” studio, home of the “Staff Frolic” (Below) DON DAVIS in ’32.

HOUSE STUDIOS” in the Scarritt Building

COOK'S INVITED Davis to become president of WHB—and he began by employing Ed Dennis, just out of K. U., as a salesman; and by negotiating a lease for new studios. James Free, of the firm of Free & Steiner (now Free & Peters), a Scarritt son-in-law and a pioneer radio station representative, found WHB its Penthouse in the Scarritt Building. Remodeling began; alternating current was brought in from the new Fidelity Building; and WHB occupied its “new” studios in June, 1932. Space on the floor below was added as the staff grew in numbers and the complexities of programming and station operation increased. "Penthouse Serenade" became WHB's theme song, played at sign-on and sign-off . . . with special WHB lyrics by Jack Wilcher.

JENKINS AUDITORIUM STUDIO (left) was home of the "Kansas City Kiddies Revue." Saturday mornings, two complete performances were often given, to accommodate crowds. First performance was broadcast.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE was also used as studio.
July 12, 1931, WHB brought the "original Musical Clock" to Kansas City. Halloween Martin of KYW (then located in Chicago) trained GEORGE HOGAN (above) to broadcast program.

GEORGIE PORGIE BOYS • CHORUS GIRLS

Sensationally popular on WHB in the early '30s were Cranberry Bill, Jack Savage and Doc Hopkins, shown above with their "fiddler", Shep. They advertised "Georgie Porgie Breakfast Food" in 30-minute programs twice a day—with such success that rival cereal makers wondered what had happened to their market in Kansas City!

Because of its daytime license, WHB was unattractive to the networks as an outlet. (This condition continued until Mutual accepted WHB as a daytime outlet in 1936.) Prior to that date, WHB could carry no network dance-band "remotes". Hence, "Day Work In A Night Club"—an ingenious broadcast of rehearsals from the Avalon Supper Club floor show.
CAPT. W. G. MOORE

Another "pioneer" of the '30s was the late "Bill" Moore, ex-pilot in the RCAF of World War I, who began his radio career on WHB as a hockey reporter. While a captain in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, he and Bob Burtt originated "Jimmie Allen"; and Moore wrote "Howie Wing" sponsored by Kellogg's on CBS. Don Davis was Moore's personal manager.

THE "COOK TENOR"

Shortly after WHB occupied its Penthouse Studios, John Wahlstedt joined staff, singing as "The Cook Tenor" and serving as a salesman, then as program director. He was featured with Lou O'Connor at the organ (and later Alberta), in a half-hour daily program.

A. M. HAMRICK

"WEATHERMAN-IN-PERSON"

Kansas City offices of the Weather Bureau at this time were located in the Scarritt Building. June 24, 1932, A. M. Hamrick, official government weather forecaster, made his first broadcast over WHB—believed to be the first weather man ever to broadcast official weather forecasts.

JOHN WAHLSTEDT
CHARLES LEE
with RICHARD McGEHEE
his "Stooge"

THE KANSAS CITY
"KIDDIES' REVUE" Produced by CHARLES LEE
A half-hour weekly stage-show and broadcast that ran for 520 performances over a period of ten years was the result of a friendship between Lathrop Backstrom, now president of Cook Paint & Varnish Company, and Charles Lee Adams. Backstrom and Adams were members of the 356th Infantry, 89th Division in World War I.

Adams turned up in Kansas City in 1932, thinking perhaps his years of stage experience might be useful in radio. Backstrom sent him to WHB. There was no "job" open—but as usual, when promising talent appeared, Don and John set out to create an opportunity for the applicant. They persuaded John W. Jenkins III and Frank Howard of the Jenkins Music Company to sponsor a weekly program which Adams created and titled the Kiddies Revue.

Adams auditioned hundreds of small fry, built an orchestra of child performers, enlisted the aid of Kansas City's dancing schools, planned routines, suggested costumes, wrote a theme song and each week's scripts—and for eight years produced a weekly show which he emceed as "Charles Lee." It carried on for two years after Adams left WHB . . . but no other producer could quite make it "click" as Adams had done. He was a marvel of ingenuity, patience, kindness and diplomacy—dealing with jealous mothers and child performers who often displayed unexpected twists of temperament. Each week, out of chaos and bedlam, Adams turned in a smooth performance and a finished "production." An entire generation of young Kansas City performers learned stage technique from "Charles Lee."

Outstanding among them is Vera Claire McNary, of the Kansas City Philharmonic, whose "Marimba Co-Eds" are a flashy new sensation in the entertainment world, touring the United States, Canada and the Caribbean.
NELSON RUPARD (below) operated recording equipment, wrote programs, and "pinch hit" generally. Now operates KIND, Independence, Kansas.

JACK TODD (above) announced, sang hymns, was program director. He now manages KAKE in Wichita, Kansas.

"MOUSE" STRAIGHT (above) was first WHB Continuity Editor, wrote famous 1933 Year Book. Is now Advertising Manager, Spencer Chemical Co.

KATZ' First "Million Dollar Sale" RADIO SHOW

The scene below is in Kansas City's "Convention Hall", now razed to make way for its $6,000,000 Municipal Auditorium. The occasion was the climax of Katz Drugs' first "Million Dollar Sale" in 1930. Attractions were an auction sale of Katz merchandise and "WHB Radio Show". Les Jarvies was master of ceremonies. The crowd was almost too big for police to handle. Evolution of this idea is annual "Katz Concert" in Municipal Auditorium, presenting Kansas City's Philharmonic Orchestra and world-famous guest artists.
GLENN STEBBINS (above) was Secretary of K. C. Livestock Exchange; broadcast daily market reports.

“BELLE NEVINS” (below) was radio “stage name” for Mrs. Cliff Johnston, popular vocalist on daily program.

TOMMY WRAY (above) succeeded Stebbins; was popular livestock market reporter for several years.

THE NORTH SIDE MUNICIPAL COURT

To provide a morning half-hour of “public service” programming designed to reduce traffic accidents, WHB conceived the idea of broadcasting court proceedings against persons arrested for speeding and other traffic violations, by remote control, direct from the courtroom. With Judge Tom Holland on the bench and Prosecutor Tom Gershon the broadcasts proved sensational; cut traffic death rate 44%; and were imitated in 26 American cities.

EDDIE AND JIMMIE DEAN (above) shown here with Mel & John presented half-hour programs for Crazy Crystals. Duo later scored success in Hollywood.

THE "JONES RADIO REVUE"

Sales promotion manager of The Jones Store, J. V. Hopkins, had idea for a daily noon hour of free broadcast entertainment for store's customers—presenting the "WHB Farmers' Hour" and a variety show titled the "Jones Radio Revue." For almost two years, an average of 1400 people daily attended broadcast in store auditorium.
FROM NEW YORK CITY, where he is program manager of NBC's flagship stations WNBC and WNBC-FM, John M. Grogan wrote on WHB's 30th birthday:

"Six of WHB's 30 years—from 1934 to 1939—represent some of my happiest and most productive. The twelve years, 48 states and eight countries I've gone through since haven't dimmed my memories of wonderful people and experiences I knew while on the staff at the old Alma Mater.

"Every day was a new experience—some startling, some screwball, some tragic, some hilarious—but most of them unforgettable. I remember a March day in 1939 when I was the first male ever to broadcast from the swimming pool of the Y.W.C.A. . . . Y-double-yuh, that is!

"And the characters who crowded into our 'Man-on-the-Street' mikes at the Midland Theatre—the merchants, housewives, judges and bums who all wanted to get their two-cents-worth said! Like the kindly, sweet-faced, white-haired old lady who latched onto the mike and flailed a local politician in language qualifying her for membership in the Truck Drivers' Local.

"I remember the WHB Christmas Cupboard programs where we pulled in carloads of canned foods for needy families. And broadcasts from the 'glass bowl studios'—window remotes from John Maguire's store on Grand Avenue, with crazy, wonderful Les Jarvies! I remember

with DIXIE'S LUMBERJACKS

"But I remember best the spring day in 1934 when my home telephone rang, with Jack Todd calling to tell me I was to start at WHB next week, on the staff! It didn't matter that it was for $10 a week . . . or that I was to make my air debut as 'Melody Mike and His Mountaineers' . . . or that the sponsor was Feenamint. At last I was a radio man and my future lay brightly ahead of me! Thanks for everything, and an even happier sixtieth anniversary!"

Charles Lee and the Kiddies' Revue . . . the 3,971st Staff Frolic . . . and the incomparable Virge Bingham. First-timers to the Frolic were hard to convince of Virge's blindness because he was so uncannily at home on the 12th floor, and never fumbled or stumbled . . . And the American Royals we covered!—the parades—the sports—and special events of every hue and color!
THE HARL SMITH ORCHESTRA

Perennial favorites in Kansas City and on WHB, Harl's orchestra has been at Sun Valley, Idaho, since the world-famous Union Pacific resort opened in 1936—was "staff band" at WHB in 1931-34. Photo above shows the original group at The Kansas City Club in 1933—photo at right, in 1952. In Ketchum, Idaho, Harl (photo at left) operates the Chrysler agency; "Brute" Hurley sells Chrysler cars; Paul Bragg is Utoco gasoline distributor; Hap Miller has an appliance and record store.

POSTER below heralded Harl's appearance at Hotel Bellerive and over WHB in 1944.

"I'M LIVING MY LIFE FOR YOU"
Band's theme was written by Harl and Nick. A Hal Kemp recording is now a collector's item.
Harl’s memories of “the old days” at WHB recall when the band broadcast by remote control from Hap Miller’s apartment at the Coronado—“Studio Z of WHB”—to save the boys the trouble of making a trip to WHB each afternoon! Of the time they offered to give away six-week-old kittens found by Peg Smith—and had 407 telephoned requests. Harl had announced that Nick McCarrick would deliver the kittens in person! Fan letters suggested the band should have a girl singer. The boys built it up—said they had selected one—and that she would appear on a certain date. The day arrived and Nick’s little girl, aged three, sang a chorus of their theme. “And I never heard it done better,” writes Harl. Photo below shows the orchestra in 1944 on outdoor terrace at Sun Valley Lodge. In the background is the skating rink. At Sun Valley, they skate all summer.
“RED” NICHOLS

FROM THE Muehlebach Grill in 1933, Red Nichols and His Orchestra began a dance-band parade which for many months included Isham Jones, Henry King, Freddy Martin, George Hamilton, Gus Arnheim, Ben Pollack, Barney Rapp, Nye Mayhew, Paul Pendarvis, Dell Coon, Benny Meroff, Carl “Deacon” Moore, Earl Burtnett, Boyd Raeburn, Carlos Molina, Herbie Kay (with Dorothy Lamour as vocalist), Art Jarrett and Eleanor Holm, Henry Halstead (Clarence Rand, vocalist), and many others.

THE SONGCOPATORS

Vocal trio organized at WHB, who later joined “Red” Nichols and were on Kellogg’s NBC show from New York.

JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

became WHB’s featured newscaster in 1935, broadcasting a quarter-hour three times daily from the Journal-Post.

JACK WILCHER

who wrote lyrics for WHB’s Theme Song. Now a New York agency executive, he writes commercial jingles and popular songs; is a Radio and TV producer.

RUSS CROWELL  GEORGE BACON  JACK WILCHER
“Pete” Swayze recalls a muffed remote control signal, when he blew his nose just as his WHB mike was cut in. “Listeners heard what sounded like a tremendous Bronx cheer,” he says. “It was one of my most embarrassing moments.” This photo is of Swayze, the Camel News Caravan TV newscaster of today.
DICK SMITH
Joined WHB staff in 1933 as announcer. Produced hundreds of commercial shows; became newscaster, War Program Manager, Chief of Newsbureau, Program Director.

JIMMIE ATKINS
A "crooner" who plays his own guitar. At WHB two years, leaving to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul. Later with Fred Waring; now a producer at KOA, Denver.

COUNT BASIE
Featured on WHB for three years. "WHB is just wonderful," the Count writes. "I will always remember that you started me. Any time I needed cash, John would send me to Jenkins and that wonderful organ. At times when there wasn't a spot open, Don would still give me the good cash. . . ."

LES JARVIES
ALLEN FRANKLIN
NORVELL SLATER
JACK TODD

SOL BOBROV
and the
KANSAS CITY CLUB ORCHESTRA

On his first "job," Bobrov, a violinist, became WHB Musical Director after graduation from K. U. In his memorable orchestra pictured below are three to-be members of the K. C. Philharmonic; Lois Kraft, harpist; Ralph Stevens, cello (bass); Herb Johnston, drums. Connie Morris played piano; George Morris, trumpet; Frank Wagner, saxophone. Jimmie Atkins played guitar. He and Zerlina Nash were vocalists.
BOB CALDWELL, JR.  
Bob came to WHB from the University of Missouri in 1933; established the Newsbureau when WHB's exchange news arrangement with Kansas City Journal-Post was dissolved in 1937. Broadcast news and special events.

LINDSEY G. RIDDELE  
Lindsey was a resourceful member of WHB's engineering staff; left to join WDSU, New Orleans, where he is now chief engineer of AM, FM and TV operations.

VIC DAMON  
Vic installed and operated the WHB recording laboratory, Kansas City radio's first, at the Penthouse Studios in 1935. Night-time Mutual programs were transcribed for daytime broadcast until WHB secured full-time license.

"BUBS" BOYLE  
Harold A. Boyle, from Northwestern University, joined WHB as a salesman. He is best remembered for his K.U.-0, Notre Dame-80 football play-by-play broadcast from South Bend; and as "The Irish Reporter", WHB's first "Man-On-The-Street."

SUMMERTIME ON WHB's "MARINE DECK"
THAT TIME-WORN old cliche, one big happy family, isn't a cliche at all when I think about those old days at WHB. And I'm lucky enough to relive them often here in New York when I run into Jack "Sonny" Grogan and Kay Storm and Jack Wilcher and Lou O'Connor Wilcher and a lot of other ex-WHB-ers.

The first thing I always think of is my first show, "The Gadabout." I was scared simple. Bingham and Wells, the two blind pianists-singers, were on the show with me and the boys knew I was in the throes of a terrible case of mike-fright. Just before airtime, Virge turned around and "looked" at me and said, "Honey, if you get scared, just look at me and I'll wink at you." That shocked me back to normal and, I think and hope, the program went over. At least it stayed on the air all the time I was in Kansas City.

Virge always fascinated me. He knew every one of us by our steps. He'd call out the phone number you had just dialed. He could remember everybody's key—even on "Staff Frolic." I used to tag around after him to watch him amaze others as he did me.

As a matter of fact, it's a wonder I ever wrote all those thousands upon thousands of programs and announcements. I don't see how I ever had the time because I was so busy watching and listening to Harl Smith's band and begging Loru Bailey to sing "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and asking Sol Bobrov to play "African Lament" and shooting the breeze with Vera Cottingham at the switchboard and playing "battleship" with Mouse Straight and Ann Campbell and listening to Dick Smith's newest stories and dreaming up tricks to play on Russell Pratt.

But write 'em I did—and was on most of the programs I wrote. I well remember the night at the Muehlebach Plantation Grill that Don Davis introduced me to a Major Glueck. "You're our new home economist," said Don, "and this is your sponsor." In no time at all, I was wearing a longer dress and a hair net and lecturing to three hundred women on how to boil water! "Mrs. Bliss and Her Magic Kitchen" was the program's legit title, but nobody but nobody at WHB ever called it anything but "Mrs. Blitch and Her Magic Kissin'!" And I learned to cook, by gum!

The memories come in flashes...one of the "Girls of the Golden West" who always wore gold sandals to the studio...the day...
prise, as he sang "For You" ... WHB's Ad Club show at the Kansas City Club when De Wolf Hopper did his wonderful "Casey at the Bat" and Russ Pratt, in the guise of an English radio man, preceded Ed Kobak's fine speech with the most sensational half-hour I ever heard ... that hillbilly woman singer who put on complete stage make-up including beaded eyelashes for every performance ... Cec Widdifield's wonderful French accent on a Lucky Tiger hair tonic program ... Jack Todd's fan who wrote him passionate love letters every day and signed them, after pouring out her undying love in every line, "Yours Truly." ... Blanche La Bow and her songs ... ethereal Belle Nevins ... the Northside Municipal Court broadcasts and the laughs we had over the characters—including all the "John Does" who were pinched in a Chesterfield Club raid.

"The Story Behind the Song" was a brain-child of mine and, I understand, went on for years. And "Kitty Kelly" and "Montgomery Ward's Christmas Lady" and all those others I used to write and announce. I should probably be proudest of a slogan I coined for the Gorman Furniture Company—"B. Gorman-wise, Economize." Yipe!

There weren't singing commercials then, but we sang 'em! Any of us—including salesmen—pinch hit when an announcer didn't get to the microphone on time. Even Goldie and

THE "JUBILESTA" OPENING * 1936

BRYCE B. SMITH
DICK SMITH
DAVE RUBINOFF
GEORGE GOLDMAN
BEN BERNIE
HENRY F. McELROY
BOB BURNS
RUSSELL LUGER
JOHN CAMERON
SWAYZE

WAUHILLAU LAHAY
"THE GADABOUT"

John T. Schilling used to be heard occasionally.

And those parties Charlie Cook used to give for us! WHAT food! John Wahlstedt always sang and Lou O'Connor played and the whole gang entertained.

Doggone it, Don and John, can I come back?
PERSONALITIES, programs, push and promotion led to Variety's award in 1936. Among the "personalities" were Eduardo Hellmund, WHB Travel Man, now living in Caracas, Venezuela, who with Don Davis staged Kansas City's first amateur "Skating Carnival" and its first "International Travel Show". Jess Kirkpatrick, now a radio, TV and motion picture actor in Hollywood. "Chuck" Gussman, now of Bucks County, Pa., radio writer. Dr. Russell Pratt, now an advertising agent in Pittsburgh. The late Virgil Bingham, sensational blind pianist, vocalist and arranger. Herb Cook, composer and pianist who organized and trained the "Three Little Words" appearing with Phil Spitalney.

ICE CLUB "SKATING CARNIVAL" AT PLA-MOR ARENA
STAGE ATTRACTION at Travel Show, produced by Charles Lee, and presented twice daily for a week, featured numbers by "Red" Nichols and His Five Pennies, the "Songcappers" and Jess Kirkpatrick . . . specialties by members of the WHB staff . . . and dancers from the "Kiddies' Revue." A bathing beauty contest, won by Dorothy Quackenbush, provided a "line" of show girls. Script for the production was written by Arnold Isenburg and Al Stine.

From Hollywood, Jess Kirkpatrick writes: "My first and fondest memory of WHB is that it is the station of opportunity. Many of us in the radio and TV field here in Hollywood got our start at WHB. Everyone was so wonderful that I shall always treasure the friendships I made there."

Vernon Hoyt, Variety's Kansas City correspondent, presents "Showmanship Plaque" to Don Davis for WHB.

"INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SHOW" AT AUDITORIUM
TIME FLIES!

... and America's Third Major Network
Brings Superlative New Program Thrills
To Kansas City's Pioneer Radio Station!

WHB was great pioneer, founded in May, 1922, by the Sweaney Automobile School and built by the man who is still its general manager, John T. Schilling.

Purchased in 1930 by the Cock Point & Varnish Company after it had lost its nighttime franchise, WHB began a sensational climb upward to resume its pioneer position of leadership in listeners' favor. By 1934, although not a 'network' station, it had become known as Kansas City's Downtown Dinner Station - with a staff of nearly 100 employees and programs which attracted as it is a steadily increasing percentage from alien advertisers.

When WHB joined Mutual, a new chapter began in the history of Kansas City's pioneer station. You're invited to tune in and hear the greatest schedules of day-time programs heard from any station in America.

WHB is the great partner, the companion, NBC and CBS...to bring you the Mutual Bandwagon-The Greatest Dance Band Names On The Air!

860 Kilocycles - 1000 Watts
KANSAS CITY'S
DOMINANT DAYTIME STATION

"THIS IS THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM"

WHEN WHB CELEBRATED its 15th Anniversary in 1937, Kansas City's downtown streets were decorated with flags and banners. For Bob Landry of Variety, WHB even had elephants! The staff gathered for a birthday party at a favorite spot, the Savoy Grill... and WHB fed Mutual the first coast-to-coast broadcast ever to originate from the new Municipal Auditorium... 15,000 people, responding to invitations broadcast only over WHB (no newspaper publicity) jam-packed the Arena to see the WHB show. "Great heavens!" exclaimed George Goldman, the auditorium manager, "how did all these people find out about it?"
ERNIE SCRUGGS and the WHB STAFF ORCHESTRA

STUDIO ORCHESTRA

ALBERTA BIRD

Staff organist of WHB "Frolic" and accompanist for John Wahlstedt, the "Cook Tenor." Featured on the Duff & Repp program.

VERNON WATERS  KENNETH KAY

KATE SMITH

Pictured, left, is the incomparable Kate, "Songbird of the South," with her manager Ted Collins and accompanist Jack Miller, on a visit to WHB. Friendly, informal and a seasoned showman, it is WHB's guess that Kate will always be there whenever "the moon comes over the mountain."
PART OF THE FUN of working at WHB—then, now and tomorrow—stems from visits to the studios by actors, actresses, singers and composers; producers, directors and writers; names famous in phonograph recording; band leaders, beauties and dancers; explorers, lecturers and "men with a message." When they arrive, the word goes out and work stops. The staff gathers in the studio or huddles at studio windows. The late Ben Bernie kept WHB in gleeful turmoil for a solid week, as m.c. of the "Staff Frolic" every afternoon. "Yowsah," said he, "WHB is the Besta."
WHB "CHRISTMAS CUPBOARD PARTY" at Music Hall of Municipal Auditorium. Admission: a jar of canned fruit or packages of canned foods for needy families. Charles Lee produced the stage show, which WHB broadcast. In photo above may be seen Les Jarvies and Jack Grogan at left; Charles Lee, Norvell Slater and Dick Smith at right.

FRED WARING
POLEY McCLINTOCK

MILDRED BAILEY
and "RED" NORVO
THIS PHOTO of Sally Rand and the irrepressible Grogan was made in 1938—five years after Sally had startled the nation with her “fan dance” at the Chicago “Century of Progress” Exposition in 1933.

Jack Wilcher recalls the story of blind Virge Bingham “seeing” Sally at the Chicago fair’s “Streets of Paris.” Virge was in a front row seat, two feet from the runway, as Sally paraded by—clad in moonlight, a fan and perfume. Bingham inhaled a long sigh “Boy, she is beautiful, isn’t she?” was his comment.
COINCIDENT with the success of "The Songcopators", WHB busted out all over in the mid-thirties with vocal trios. Outstanding was a feminine group organized and trained by Herb Cook; booked by him with Phil Spitalney's "Hour of Charm." Frances (Mrs.) Cook, Fern Griggs and Opal Swalley were the trio—with Mrs. Cook replacing Marguerite Clark, who had sung on WHB with the other two girls as "The Missouri Maids." Photos above and at left show what happens when satins and high heels replace a simple cowgirl costume!
ON DECEMBER 8, 1941, WHB proclaimed: "From this day forward ... until Victory is won ... WHB can best serve the public interest, convenience and necessity by doing everything within our power to help win the war. We should do this not by the dedication of mere radio facilities to the War Effort, but by devoting our hearts, our minds and our especial skills as radio showmen to the War needs of our Community and our Nation. Specifically, it is our job to integrate a vital means of mass communication with the many-sided problem of winning the War."

Tense months followed ... with visitors refused admittance to studios, guards on constant duty at the transmitter, voluntary censorship, discontinuance of weather report broadcasts and man-on-the-street interviews. Rehearsals for black-outs and air raids. Enlistment campaigns for the armed services, for WAVES, SPARS, nurses, war-workers ... Civilian Defense. Rationing and ration points explained ... group-riding clubs organized ... people urged to save fats and waste paper ... to buy bonds and war savings stamps.

The Kiddies Revue became a War Bond Show—the Staff Frolic with orchestra, singers and interviews was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. WHB presented series after series of war programs over the Kansas State Network (organized by WHB), linking Emporia, Salina, Wichita and Great Bend.
The "MAGIC CARPET" covers the FIRE POWER CARAVAN in demonstration to recruit war workers. Lindsey Riddle is adjusting antenna.

AL STINE took a hand, too!—before going off to become a flier, bail out at 9,000 feet and wreck his stomach. Photo above shows Al at Foreman & Clark's with a dart game he devised to sell war bonds and stamps.

To August 14, 1945 • WORLD WAR II

These were hectic years—made no less easy by frequent staff changes. In the armed services lots of WHB folks won deserved promotions. Here at home we constantly adapted old formats to wartime needs and conditions.

And what a schedule of broadcasts! . . . the skill and speed and realism of war reporting by radio . . . morale building, selective service information, gas rationing, save old rags, support the U.S.O., share the meat, save tin cans, don't spread rumors, rubber conservation, war industry training, benefits for servicemen's recreational funds, rent ceilings, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, first aid instruction, coast guard recruiting, fats salvage, conserve household equipment, price control, air raid blackouts, manpower announcements, women in war work, foods for victory, save electric power, buy coal early, doctors and nurses needed, merchant marine recruiting, understand our allies—Britain, China, Russia! Army-Navy "E" and "A" awards . . . To stimulate blood donor recruiting at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that day's quotas—and made the quotas!

WHB listeners still recall the doom-laden voice of William Lang describing the Atom Bomb on the morning of August 6. V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August were occasions for world-wide celebration—and radio never performed a better "coverage" job.
KANSAS CITY CELEBRATES V-J DAY...
AND WELCOMES RETURNING HEROES!

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER faces a battery of microphones and a crowd of thousands at Liberty Memorial, following Kansas City's great parade in his honor upon his return from Europe.

GENERAL ENNIS C. WHITEHEAD, commander of the Fifth Airforce on Okinawa, is greeted in Kansas City by his wife and daughter.

GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY at the Leavenworth Command and General Staff College graduation.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL. His arrival here was planned with the utmost secrecy; but there was Dick Smith and the WHB Magic Carpet!

GENERAL NATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT

"IKE" AT LEAVENWORTH

ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. HALSEY
The death of President Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, was doubly significant in Kansas City because of the elevation of Harry S. Truman to the Presidency. The following day, April 13, WHB originated to Mutual a special Truman

THE BIG HOMECOMING, June, 1945. President Harry S. Truman stands before old friends and new, in a new role. Behind him are Mrs. Truman, Margaret and Mrs. Roger T. Sermon, of Independence.

WITH WHB’S “GOLDIE.” This was at Hotel Muehlebach, on the night of Truman’s election as Vice-President. But when F. D. R. didn’t broadcast, Truman didn’t either; although everything was ready!

1934—JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE DEDICATION. Here, with Margaret, Judge Truman participates in dedication ceremonies with Colonel (now General) E. M. Stayton and Frank C. Marqua.
"home town program", interviewing his old neighbors, associates and friends. When the President returns home for visits, Kansas City becomes a hot news spot frequented by radio commentators, newsmen and photographers.

AS A SENATOR, WITH SAM GUARD Occasion was a livestock and agricultural meeting in Kansas City. Mr. Guard is publisher of the Breeders' Gazette; interviewed Senator Truman on farm problems.

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY Harry Truman relates informally how he managed two years of law school in a busy career as soldier, farmer, retailer and politician.

LISTENING TO WHB-MUTUAL. Even a President has to relax once in a while. In the home of Mayor Sermon of Independence, Harry Truman listens to WHB's broadcast emanating from the next room and going out over Mutual.

MARGARET TRUMAN AND BOB KENNEDY in a studio interview by WHB's popular disc jockey regarding her career as a singer, and her new phonograph record album.
THIRTY thousand women listeners to "Queen For A Day" made the dates April 11 and 12, 1946, memorable in Kansas City by mobbing the Municipal Auditorium Arena for "personal appearance" broadcasts by Jack Bailey and his Hollywood troupe.

A week’s announcements of the event deluged WHB with 40,000 advance requests for tickets. On broadcast days, crowds began assembling outside the Arena for hours before the scheduled broadcast time. Seventeen motor buses chartered by Mutual stations brought "fans" from Emporia, Salina, Wichita and Great Bend in Kansas—from St. Joseph, Sedalia, Joplin and Springfield in Missouri. The party from Great Bend had left there at 4:00 a.m. in order to reach Kansas City in time for the broadcast. A near riot ensued the first day when
COMES TO KANSAS CITY

these special groups were ushered to front-row seats reserved in advance.

But masterful Jack Bailey quelled the "boos", won the audience with his sincerity and his comedy—and turned in two spectacular broadcasts on each day of the two-day Kansas City appearance.

Chosen as Queens were Mrs. Esther Turner and Mrs. Mayme Deacey.

Then followed the usual hair stylings and beauty treatments... the elaborate suites in leading hotels... meals at such swank spots as Fred Harvey's "Westport Room"... transportation by limousine—and, in the case of one Queen, her request for a ride on a special street car to the Pla-Mor Ballroom! One Queen was given her request of a new bathroom for her home; the other, a trip for herself and husband to the Grand Canyon.
ADVERTISING & SALES EXECUTIVES CLUB, Co-operators' (Sertoma) Club, Mercury Club and other civic organizations congratulated WHB at luncheons like one pictured above, showing speakers' table at Ad-Sales.

WHB "SWING GIRLS" held a reunion at party for advertisers and agencies. In the Swing with Schilling and Davis (at right) are Pauline Phillips, Lenna Alexander Gilbert, Mary Gibbs Karosen.

COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST from "Cowtown, U.S.A." was originated by WHB to Mutual; staged in Atkins Hall of Nelson Gallery, with orchestra and chorus directed by Graham Hamrick.

MAN-OF-THE-MONTH FRA-TERNITY presented station officials with plaque shown below, now displayed in Studio lobby.

ROY ROBERTS, ARTHUR WAHLSTEDT AND DEAN FITZER of "The Star" and WDAF entertained Kansas City broadcasting executives at dinner in honor of WHB's "full time."
FORMAL CEREMONIES of WHB's 10,000-watt Transmitter Dedication were broadcast. Frank H. Backstrom, mayor pro tem of Kansas City, the Right Reverend Claude W. Sprouse, Sidney Lawrence of the Jewish Community Center and the Right Reverend Monsignor James N. V. McKay participated to re-affirm the station's duty and responsibility to the community. Shown in photo above receiving the Charge from Reverend Sprouse are Don Davis, John F. Cash, John T. Schilling and Henry Goldenberg. John Thornberry was master of ceremonies.

THE CHARGE: "You officials of WHB (naming them) are hereby charged with a grave responsibility. Into your hands is committed a tool calculated to minister to the mental and spiritual needs of countless persons. You will need prudence, justice and charity. Will you undertake to be faithful, zealous, sincere and humble in fulfilling this responsibility?" . . . REPLY: "I will."

PRAYER OF DEDICATION: (By Reverend Sprouse) Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose eyes are ever toward the righteous, and whose ears are ever open to their cry; graciously accept, we pray thee, this instrument of service which we now dedicate to the public good and to the welfare of all Thy children. Grant that here love, wisdom and charity may unite to make bright the pathway of truth and justice. And we beseech thee, O Lord, to strengthen these thy servants who here dedicate themselves to those offices of fellowship and good will in which Thou art well pleased. Grant that those who are ministered to over this airway may attain pure minds, upright purpose, and steadfast endeavor to learn and to do Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BANQUET TENDERED BY FRIENDS OF WHB

THE STATION had broadcast for eighteen long years, from 1930 to 1948, with all the handicaps of daytime operation, signing off at sunset—after its initial eight full-time years, 1922 to 1930. Now WHB was "full-time" once more, its pioneer heritage at last happily restored! The occasion called for celebration—and the banquet was a good one! At speakers' table were John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg, E. W. Phelps, Robert D. Swezey, A. D. Eubank, Don Davis, L. Perry Cookingham, and John F. Cash.
A broadcasting station consists of technical mechanical equipment—PLUS PEOPLE, in action! Here are some of the lively personalities whose appearances before WHB microphones have given WHB programs color, life and sparkle. They are part of that vibrant surge which is WHB's flying forward progress.

In June, 1935, Fortune magazine described radio thus: "Nothing like the broadcasting business ever happened before. To the uninitiated it seems to be the craziest business in the world. Falling down the rabbit hole of..."
the broadcasting studio one is in a land of Mad Hatters and White Knights, who sell time, an invisible commodity, to fictitious beings called corporations for the purpose of influencing an audience that no one can see.

And that is exactly what a radio station does! Of course, to sell time, a broadcaster must first attract audience—and the appearance of “personalities” on WHB is one way of doing it.

These folks are stimulatingly interesting people!

Esse lasky  Patti page  Bob Crosby  Arbo
SENATOR JAMES P. KEM addresses civic clubs on a swing through Missouri, February, 1952.

JACK HORNER, President of United Aircraft, operators of the great Pratt & Whitney aircraft plant in K.

“MR. REPUBLICAN” addresses a party rally at the American Legion World War II Memorial Building, November, 1951.

CHANCELLOR FRANKLIN D. MURPHY of the University of Kansas

“OUR TOWN FORUM” is one of WHB’s public interest programs, conducted by John Thornberry as moderator, designed to present discussions and to encourage listeners to think about problems of community, state, nation and the world. This broadcast was from the University Women’s Club.

“IT PAYS TO BE SMART” is series of quiz shows, presented by WHB in co-operation with the school boards and the University of Kansas City. Honor students in high schools answer questions prepared by the University and asked by Dick Smith. Savings bonds are awarded by
“THE DAMMED MISSOURI VALLEY” (published by Alfred A. Knopf) is a book all mid-westerners will find fascinating. It is by Richard G. Baumhoff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Millions of dollars and millions of man-hours have been expended in local, state and federal effort to pin down topsoil, prevent floods and drought, raise the standard of living and allow the Missouri Valley to fulfill its great potentialities. Some leaders in this effort are shown in photo at right, interviewed by WHB on the Missouri River during an inspection trip: Gov. Andrew Schoeppel, Kansas; Gov. M. Q. Sharpe, So. Dak.; Maj. Gen. Lewis A. Pick; former Mayor John B. Gage.

W. AVERELL HARRIMAN addressed the graduating class and the radio audience at University of Kansas City June, 1951.
THE STORY OF SWING MAGAZINE

Mix music, paint and magazines—and you get this Issue No. 3, Volume 9 of a dual-purpose, pocket-size magazine. This issue, celebrating WHB's inauguration of television with WHB-TV on Channel 9 in Kansas City, combines a photo-review of CBS-TV programs with a picture history of WHB—plus a section on the "Starlight Theatre."

Swing magazine was launched as direct-mail follow-through on a WHB trade-paper advertising campaign begun in 1943 which has as its theme: "The Swing Is To WHB in Kansas City."

WHB makes music. And WHB is owned, as you know, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company. Cook's make paint. Together, Cook's and WHB have made a magazine. This is it. WHB swings the editorial typewriter and Cook's swing the censor's pencil. See where the name "Swing" comes in, again?

The original idea for the publication as a WHB "house organ" was to preserve in print some of the many fine things WHB broadcasts. Send the little magazine to advertising executives, sales managers, time buyers and account men in advertising agencies. WHB does that.

The first monthly issue was published in January, 1945, edited by Jetta Carleton and with Donald Dwight Davis listed as "Publisher."

One day at the paint factory, Charles Stoner, Cook's executive vice-president, was reading Swing. "Hey!" he said. "Why not put a Cook ad on the back cover—and send Swing to architects, painting contractors, owners of large properties which require painting, industrial users of paint, Cook Paint dealers and Cook stockholders?" Just like that he said it. So we did. Charlie must have liked the magazine.

You can tell whether you're listed as a Cook customer (or prospect) or a WHB customer (or prospect) by the ad on the back cover of the issue you receive. Of course, if you're a Cook Paint customer and want to buy some WHB radio time or a television program on WHB-TV, that's dandy! And if you're a WHB customer and want to buy some Cook's paint, let us give you editorial assurance that "Cook's Paints Are Best For Beauty, Wear and Weather." Come to think of it, that's the safest thing for you to do anyway—paint with Cook's and advertise on WHB and WHB-TV.

To resume, Jetta Carleton was our first editor—and a dandy! Used to pin reminders on herself to herself with her Phi Beta Kappa key. Most of them said: "Get Swing out on time this month." To resume, Jetta was our first editor. Then she married a chap named Gene Lyon; and when he got out of the Army they decided Gene should use that good G.I. money to take his degree at the University of New Mexico. So they moved to Albuquerque, where they built a house...
on a sand dune. It was so small they called one room a demijohn . . . But that's another story—

David W. Hodgins then became Managing Editor of Swing; but we persuaded Jetta to continue as "Editor" and write at least the "Foreword" every month. (She writes the best Forewords in the business.) And she did, too—until she got buried writing a novel. Dave, meanwhile, up and moved to Shawano, Wisconsin, where he runs the Leader and Radio Station WTC.

But along came Mori Greiner, just out of the Navy, a facile writer eager to win his editorial spurs—and with an extraordinary sense of organization. He encouraged our writers and artists (two of whom have since been published in The Saturday Evening Post)—he harried the engraver and printer—and brought each issue out on time.

Then came an economy wave. "Let's publish six issues a year instead of twelve" was the word. So we do. And have, since July-

August, 1949. This was discouraging to Mori. When the Rogers & Smith advertising agency offered him a job he liked, mid-year in 1950, he took it.

That's three editors in 59 issues. So they said at the paint factory: "Don Davis, you do it." The 60th issue was the Kansas City Centennial number (now a rare collector's item—a few copies still available at 50c each). But for awhile we thought it would take another 100 years to get that Centennial issue in the mails!

Then along came Charles "Chuck" Rosenfeldt, to be Assistant Editor in 1950-51. When he left us early in 1952, David Etheridge, fortunately, had been assisting long enough to swing a real hand! Dave is the lad whose fine drawings you have been seeing in Swing since the Centennial Issue. Writes well, too! But he left us to edit a house organ for Butler Mfg. Co., so Dorothy Fox took over . . . At the paint factory, Fred Timberlake gives understanding cooperation—so all of us are optimistic about Swing's future! This year, you will probably receive the December issue before Christmas!

"Meanwhile," says Don Davis, "this whole thing has been quite a chore for me—and a bit of a comedown. Listed as 'Publisher Donald Dwight Davis' I would feel pretty important when I called on Oliver Gramling at the Associated Press in New York City. Was ushered in to see him right away, too! Now that I'm merely 'Editor', things will probably be different there. But of course, I don't get to New York very often any more, anyway . . . since The John Blair Company began to sell so much time on WHB—and now on WHB-TV—to national advertisers.

So that, ladies and gentlemen, is the Story of Swing and How It Grew!
PAULINE PHILLIPS, of Kansas City, WHB’s first Swing girl, was featured in the WHB trade journal campaign begun in 1943—and as Swing cover girl in 1945-46. Current photo of Mrs. Phillips shows her with sons Robert, Jr., 11; William, 6, and daughter, Paula, aged 5.

WHB SWING GIRLS ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEIR LOVELY CHILDREN

LENN ALEXANDER GILBERT, of Kansas City, was second Swing girl, appearing in WHB advertising and as Swing cover girl in 1946-47. She is shown with her two children, Stephen, aged 1 yr. 4 mo., and Joseph
MARY GIBBS KAROSEN, of Kansas City, became Swing girl in 1948. Current photo, at left, shows her with daughter Valerie, 2½ years old.

SIBBY DURANT, formerly of Wichita, now living in San Diego, was Swing girl in 1950-51-52. As Joan Durant, she was "Miss California" in 1951 "Miss America" Pageant; and is unmarried. Photo shows her with Governor Earl Warren of California.
WHB 'SWING GIRL' VERA MILES appears in her first Warner Brothers movie 'THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER'

WHEN Vera first posed for WHB's "Swing Girl" photos, mid-summer of 1948, photographer Harold Hahn predicted: "That lovely kid is headed for Hollywood." Her name then was Vera Ralston—just out of high school in Wichita, Kansas. Later that summer she appeared as "Miss Kansas" in the "Miss America Pageant" at Atlantic City. She missed by a narrow margin being chosen "Miss America"—but the movie scouts saw her and early in 1949 she went to Hollywood. There she appeared in "For Men Only" and "The Rose Bowl Story"—got married to a law student—and had two children. Warner Brothers subsequently signed her.

... and as Mrs. Robert Miles LIVES HAPPILY IN HOLLYWOOD with two fine babies
NOW, in three-dimension Natural Vision photography and in Warner Color, Vera's curves get adequate treatment in her first Warner Brothers picture for early release.

VERA plays the role of Jennie McKeever, a white girl captured by Cheyenne Indians. "She becomes a Cheyenne in all but blood" (says the scenario); "and is about to marry their chief, Thunder Hawk." When the U.S. Cavalry rescues her, she rebels, preferring to stay with the Indians. At the picture's climax, "her body, riddled with arrows, is found next to that of the dead Chief Thunder Hawk." This is no way to treat our Vera!
COMMISSIONER THOMAS F. MURPHY of New York City’s Police Department was the first non-resident of Kansas City elected to Honorary Membership in the Fraternity. Here to address the Crime Commission’s annual meeting, he was the Fraternity’s luncheon guest, and gave members the “inside” story of the Hiss case, in which he served as prosecutor. Photo above was made at broadcast of his Crime Commission address that evening. He is now Judge of the United States District Court, New York City.

In Memoriam:

MARSHALL  MEHORNAY  NICHOLS  HASKELL  PHELPS

Unique among civic clubs or groups anywhere in the world is this Kansas City organization. It has no membership fee, no initiation fee, no dues. Sponsored by Swing and WHB, its new members are chosen by the present members after nomination in writing— as recognition of outstanding service to the community. Six new members are elected annually. The Fraternity has become a “civic honor society”, similar in significance to the senior honor society at a University—on a community basis.

There is an impressive initiation ritual; and the Fraternity meets for luncheon when new members are admitted. Speeches follow, with “off the record” reports by members or guests on topics of current interest—affairs of community, state or nation.

The organization stemmed from Swing’s series of articles on “The Man-of-the-Month.” Former president of Kansas City’s Saddle & Sirloin Club E. W. Phelps suggested the idea of the Fraternity at a dinner held in honor of Albert F. Hillix, who in 1947-48 served as President of the Chamber of Commerce. Prior to that date, Swing had selected the men to be profiled in the magazine. Now, the Man-of-the-Month Fraternity elects the man—and Swing publishes his life story.

Five former members are deceased: Lee Marshall, a one-time bat boy for the Kansas City Blues, was board chairman of Continental Baking. J. C. Nichols built Kansas City’s world-famed Country Club district, and was internationally known as a city planner. Robert L. Mehornay was a prominent civic figure for three decades. With Mr. Nichols, he helped establish the Midwest Research Institute. Henry J. Haskell was editor of the Kansas City Star. E. W. Phelps was manager of Swift & Co., active in the Saddle & Sirloin Club, the Kansas City Museum, countless other civic enterprises.
H. F. MURPHY of Sears, Roebuck, Chicago, was made Honorary Member following initiation of Marion A. Reno. Murphy gave illuminating talk on economic situation.

THE MEMBERS

H. Roe Bartle
David Beals
W. E. Bixby
R. B. Caldwell
L. Perry Cookingham
Harry Darby
Donald Dwight Davis
Clarence R. Decker
William N. Deramus
E. M. Dodds
George Fiske
John B. Gage
R. J. Gardner
W. T. Grant
Joyce C. Hall
Raymond W. Hall
J. C. Higdon
Albert F. Hillix
Lou Holland
Ernest E. Howard
Clifton J. Kaney
L. Russell Kelce
James P. Kem
William E. Kemp
James M. Kemper
R. Crosby Kemper
Fred M. Lee
Milton McGreevy
John A. Moore
Harry B. Munsell
Franklin D. Murphy
Elmer F. Pierson
Marion A. Reno
Elmer C. Rhoden
James J. Rick
Nathan Rieger
Roy Roberts
Louis Rothschild
John T. Schilling
Kenneth A. Spencer
Edward W. Tanner
Frank Theis
N. T. Veatch
A. R. Waters
Frank E. Whalen
Joseph C. Williams
Herbert H. Wilson
Kearney Wornall

DINNER IN HONOR OF ALBERT F. HILLIX sparked the idea of a formal organization, in March, 1948. In photo are R. Crosby Kemper of City National Bank; Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City; and Mr. Hillix.

Sustaining Members
Lathrop G. Backstrom
John F. Cash

“Working Press”

GEORGE FISKE
President, 1951-52

JOHN W. GAGE
President, 1949-50

(E. W. Phelps, President, 1948-49)

CLARENCE R. DECKER
President, 1950-51

HARRY GAMBREL
President, 1952-53

Kearney Wornall
"LUNCHEON ON THE PLAZA"
ran for almost two years as mid-morning audience participation show, at Plaza Cafeteria and later at Sears’ Plaza Store. Lou Kemper was m.c.; zany Frank Wizarde was "Keeper of the Crazy Hats."
WILD BILL HICKOK
is played by Guy Madison (left) welcomed at WHB by Roch Ulmer, Andy Devine, Hoby Shep, Uncle John, Don Sullivan and Bruce Grant—all wearing Devine’s neckties.

THE ARBOGAST SHOW
Wackiest troupe ever to batter WHB’s wavelength, for twelve memorable months, was this trio of lads Don Davis “discovered” in Tucson, where they were GI students at University of Arizona. Bob Arbo gast was featured comedian, with script by Paul Sully; production and sound by Pete Robinson. From WHB they graduated, sans Sully, to WMAQ in Chicago.

ARBO with Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. Interviews frequently sparked their “Club 710” and “Arbo gast Show” disc jockey sessions.
THE WHB "SWING" TO SPORTS

Down in Kansas City wrote Radio-TV Mirror of August, 1950, "there's a sportscaster gifted with the qualifications of three big sports personalities in radio: the rapid fire of Bill Stern, the suaveness of Ted Husing and the knowledge of Red Barber. Yet he is completely himself, and he is setting mid-western sports fans by their ears. WHB's Larry Ray is so good that television fans, when witnessing a game that is televised and broadcast simultaneously by rival stations, turn off their TV audio and tune in Larry on WHB."

New York has another boy in sports broadcasting, too—Mel Allen. Mel's specialty is "bleeding"—he groans, writhes, grimaces and contorts himself in mortal agony when his team (the New York Yankees) falls behind. Larry Ray can't do that. For one thing, Kansas City is "the biggest Kansas town in Missouri"—with thousands of loyal Missouri U. and loyal Kansas U. fans in the WHB audience. Particularly when reporting contests between these two schools, Larry must view the plays with impartiality and describe them with detached objectiveness. It's not so bad in baseball with the Kansas City "Blues", our Yankee farm team. Everyone in the area is "for" the Blues—hence Larry properly can be sympathetic to the home team when things go wrong.

Ray broadcasts a continuous schedule: 154 regular-season baseball games of the "Blues" each summer, plus play-offs and the American Association championship series when
PLAY-BY-PLAY
by Larry Ray

TIS BRYAN, president of Georgeuehelebach Brewing Co., baseball spon-

or, and Larry.

"DYNAMITE" ALEXANDER, Kan-

City general agent for the Union

Jrific, participating co-sponsor of

Larry's 6:15 p.m. Sports Round-Up.

LARRY RAY CONGRATU-

LATES DR. FORREST C.

"HOG" ALLEN OF K. U.

the Blues get "in." And the "Little World Series," we hope! 

. . . Then follows football—ten games in ten weeks in the

Big Seven Conference. Then Big Seven basketball, 57 games

in 1952, which took K.U. all the way to the Olympic Play-

offs, and WHB mikes from Kansas City to Seattle to Mad-

ison Square Garden within ten days. Larry got a few brief

days of vacation then—in Florida, at the Blues' spring train-

ing camp, from whence he "phoned in" his nightly 6:15

p.m. Sports Round-Up. Last year he traveled 80,371 miles

covering sports for WHB.

Always sports-minded in its coverage of special events,

WHB made the swing to play-by-play sports in 1950, when

opportunity arose to buy broadcasting rights to the Blues

baseball games and secure Larry Ray's services as sports-

caster. Now WHB is "Your Mutual friend and Sports

Station in the Midwest." And Larry is ready to repeat on

WHB-TV!
Whipped into action by Herb Wilson, Dan Fennell and Karl Koerper, 4,000 local, amateur "actors" participated in a great historical pageant—nightly for more than a month. It was "Thrills of a Century", forerunner of today's magnificent stage shows at the Starlight Theatre. Broadcasts on WHB covered all facets of the Centennial, as prairie schooners, saddle horses, buggies, ancient trains, bicycles, automobiles and the air-

planes of today depicted a saga of transportation. Clara Belle Smith was acclaimed Queen of the Centennial by John Hilburn; and Gloria Swanson with Mayor W. E. Kemp and his goatee opened the Industrial Exposition. There were bicycles built for two, motor cars powered by steam, gas and electricity. And everybody grew a beard, wore pioneer clothes and a smile!

15,000 PEOPLE participated in Square Dance Fiesta at Auditorium.
CENTENNIAL SUMMER of 1950 meant parades, pageantry and the re-enactment of the "Thrills of a Century." 350,000 people watched the day and night-illuminated parades on downtown streets. Four thousand men, women and children gave their time, effort and talent to presentation of a nightly historical pageant in Swope Park, from June 3 through July 10. Indians danced among the downtown skyscrapers.

KANSAS CITY'S CENTENNIAL
THE "STARLIGHT THEATRE"

Out of it all came the magnificent "Starlight Theatre" in Swope Park, formally opened in summer, 1951. A $1,593,000 plant, it seats 7,600 people nightly; produces ten attractions each summer at a cost of $550,000 for the ten shows pictured on pages 321 to 335.
FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE WHB VOICES

DON SULLIVAN  ROCH ULMER  DEB DYER

WALTER BURKS  DICK GILLHAM  WAYNE STITT  POKEY RED
YOU HEAR AT 710 ON YOUR DIAL

LOU KEMPER
EARL WELLS
JACK LAYTON

SANDRA' LEA
CARL FRANKISER
CHARLES GRAY

H. L. JACOBSON
J.S. Weather Bureau

B. JAY
JIM HAVERTN
REUBEN CORBIN
Traditional at WHB is the annual picnic— for staff members, alumni and their families — held at "Kilocycle Acres", the lovely suburban home of general manager John T. Schilling. This collection of snapshots records scenes at various gatherings through the years. The background is always the same: tree-shaded slopes of the magnificent lawn; the barbecue oven sending up savory aromas; the shouts of participants in darts, table tennis, croquet, badminton, horseshoes and bingo; the hopeful application of chigger repellent; the noise and chatter and happy laughter. Through the years, the people change—and the kids grow up. But "The WHB Family Spirit" never changes—and it is a spirit! A group friendliness, a station esprit-de-corps, people tell us, that is refreshingly different. Photo at right evidences this spirit: a welcome by the staff to the K. U. basketball team, returning in triumph through Kansas City to Lawrence after winning the Olympic playoffs at Madison Square Garden in New York. Left to right in this photo: Jackie Farris, Ann Thornberry, Edna Lee Crouch, Barbara Thurlow, Georgia Prapas, Liz Henderson, Marcia Young, Betty Orendorff, and Lorraine Learndard.
PICNICS AND PARADES—THE STAFF AT PLAY

U. OLYMPIC ASKETBALL HAMPIONS RE WELCOMED IN DOWNTOWN PARADE

WHB WELCOMES KU
SPEAKERS' TABLE AT BANQUET HONORING SCHILLING AND GOLDENBERG, held May 10 at Saddle & Sirloin Club. City Manager Perry Cookingham makes notes for his usual fine WHB speech; Goldie (before portrait of American Royal Queen) eyes the

WHB CELEBRATES ITS 30th ANNIVERSARY

May 10, 1922, is the date upon which WHB was assigned its formal license and call letters—the oldest call letters in Kansas City. Actually, the station had been on the air, testing, several weeks previously. John Schilling and Henry Goldenberg (along with Sam Adair) were employed by E. J. Sweeney to build it. A banquet May 10, 1952, honored Schilling (still general manager, after thirty years) and "Goldie", chief engineer.

Speeches traced the history of WHB through its original ownership by the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School; and its operation, since 1930, by the Cook Paint & Varnish Company. In the audience were personal friends of John and Goldie; friends of WHB; and officials of Cook's. The honor guests were presented with identical desk clocks and engraved silver tea services.

A "warm-up" for this banquet was a staff party, April 24, at which the staff presented John and Goldie with identical fishing rods and tackle boxes. Photo at right, below, was made at staff dinner.

"Public" celebration of the 30th Anniversary was at an Electrical Association luncheon, Hotel President, May 20. Photo at right.

BASEBALL was the topic discussed by this foursome: John Powell of Swift & Co.; Leo Barry, president of the Blues Fan Club; Parke Carroll, business manager of the Kansas City Baseball Club; and George Selkirk, manager of the Kansas City "Blues", farm-team of the New York Yankees.

E. J. SWEENEY AND JOHN SCHILLING reminisce about the beginnings of WHB, 30 years ago. Schilling was a pioneer radio engineer, trained by "the Father of Radio" Dr. Lee de Forest.

GROUP AT STAFF PARTY includes (left to right): Don Davis, Henry Goldenberg, John F. Cash, John Schilling. Fishing tackle was gift of WHB staff to "Goldie" and John.
E. J. Sweeney listens to Toastmaster Wells Macdonald who does a “double take” in conversation with John Schilling. Mayor Kemp of Kansas City talks with Dave Kelley, banquet chairman. Paintings in background were unexpected but welcome loan from Kansas City Art Institute.

ELECTRICAL ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON May 20 at Hotel President was “public” celebration of WHB 30th Anniversary. Featured in the entertainment presented by WHB were Harl Smith and the Sun Valley Orchestra; the “Strolling Troubadors” singing songs popular in 1925, when they were the first string orchestra ever heard on the air; Don Sullivan, the International Singing Cowboy; and Hoby, Harold and Jimmy, the “Cowtown Wranglers.” Larry Ray was master of ceremonies. At speakers' table (not shown) were two of WHB's Swing girls, Mary Gibbs Karosen and Pauline Phillips.
The WHB client service department is composed of the four salesmen pictured above, assisted by John Schilling and Don Davis; supported nationally by The John Blair Company. The Continuity Department, organized like an advertising agency, services local accounts. Betty Orendorff supervises Traffic; and Ray Lollar, Accounting.

**THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF FAITH**

"THE WHB TRADITION"

Thirty-one years ago last November, radio broadcasting was born. Thirty-one years ago this past May, WHB was formally licensed in Kansas City—a pioneer station, with the community's oldest call letters.

In thirty-one memorable, dazzling years, radio has become one of the most potent agencies of mass communication to have been developed since the printing press, and Radio Broadcasting has become the "Fifth Estate." Anning S. Prall, former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, described radio as "an ultra-modern combination of journalism, the theatre, the public rostrum and the school house."

To WHB staff members, these instructions are paramount: "The listener is your boss. Your efforts to please him make you a part of the WHB Tradition for friendly public service. Live up to that tradition by making sure that you do your best—always!"

WHB's "Corps of Engineers" at Sunday dinner at "Goldie's". Left to right: T. A. TINSLEY, consulting engineer from Shreveport, La.; PAUL TODD, BOB EARSOM, LEW BAIRD, WARREN MCFADDEN, RAY BROPHY, ED HALL, and HENRY GOLDENBERG. Four engineers at left missed the party.
Yesterday is past—today is the only day that counts, and right now is the time for you to give the best you have!

It is by giving of our best—persistently, through thirty-one years—yesterday, today, and again tomorrow—that WHB goes forward with flying Father Time.

Flawless physical transmission is part of it. Programming is the heart of it. Sales are the mart of it. To be successful, a broadcaster must sell much of his time. To sell time, he must first attract audience. Upon his success in audience-building depends his success in selling advertising; and advertising is the foundation of the American system of broadcasting.

WHB pioneered as a station serving local merchant advertisers. Proved its worth, day after day, year after year, by ringing advertisers’ cash registers. Attracted important national and regional advertisers because of the station’s ability to deliver results. The latest technical equipment, and skilled engineering personnel, transmit a flawless signal heard clearly in parts of five states. Alert programming attracts a responsive audience.

Intelligent, dependable sales service to sponsors and advertisers yields the revenue needed for constant expansion and growth.

Now we’re beginning again! Before us lie the uncharted paths of Television. And we look forward, eagerly and confidently, to the excellent service WHB-TV is to bring its great audience on Channel 9.

...AND BRING US, EAGERLY, TO THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW SERVICE

TELEVISION
February 9, 1948, WHB made application to the FCC for a license to construct a TV station in Kansas City—and was caught in the subsequent "freeze" of TV construction. Subsequent applications, filed in June, 1952, and June, 1953, led to WHB's share time grant on Channel 9, operating jointly with KMBC.

WHB-TV will erect the most modern and efficient television plant yet devised by the industry's leading engineers. Our site is ideal; our plans, provocative and practical. In Television as in Radio, WHB will set new patterns and new standards. Its service to the TV audience will bring new delights . . . and stimulating new experiences in education. On Television, WHB will "hold the mirror up to nature" with varied, instructive service and entertainment programs—planned and produced with professional skill to suit the time of day and night at which they are broadcast, and to fit the living and viewing habits of the people in the Kansas City area.
JOINED the WHB staff in 1934 "just out of my cowboy boots and off the ranch in Nebraska. Naturally," (he writes) "I'd never dined in a place as elegant as the Savoy Grill, where Dick Smith took me for my first meal in Kansas City. Couldn't read a thing on the menu—thought 'a la carte' meant the food was going to be brought in on a two-wheeled sulky. Everything went fine, though—I used each fork and spoon Dick did—until they brought in brass finger bowls. Forgot myself, and started drinking from mine! . . . "Another time," (Jimmy continues), "Don decided his Nebraska crooner should sing with Paul Pendarvis' band at the Muehlebach Grill. Atkins shows up with tux and brown shoes. So we run out, and buy some new black shoes—but I just couldn't get to feeling comfortable in them, and a fried shirt! So I told Don if I had to get dressed up fancy like that every day, I didn't want to sing with any band." . . . But Jimmy did! He left WHB to form a trio with Ernie Newton and Les Paul; later joined Fred Waring for several years.

OF HIS DAYS AT WHB, Jesse writes: "I remember announcing I intended to build Jesse's Barn (for square dancing); and wanted to have it up in fifteen days. I plugged for carpenters; and so many men wanted to help build the Barn that the place was up and we were ready to roll in less than 10 days. Leave it to WHB for the best and fastest results! Opening night we had to call State Troopers to help with the crowd. Cars were lined up all the way down to the main highway. For another quarter-mile all you could see was cars parked everywhere, and people walking to get to Jesse's Barn . . . I still get lonesome for old Kansas City. I married one of her fair daughters: Sally Starr, who has her own 3-hour Hillbilly DJ Show. I have been in all the 48 states; but have never found friendship and hospitality such as I enjoyed in Kansas City. Here's wishing WHB the continued success it so richly deserves."
KANSAS CITY TELEVISION HISTORY IS MADE AS WHB AND KMBC JOINTLY AGREE TO BRING VIEWERS CBS-TV ON CHANNEL 9

NEW YORK CITY, June 25, 1953, was the scene of a meeting with tremendous meaning for television viewers in the Kansas City area. On that date, officials and attorneys of the WHB Broadcasting Company and Midland Broadcasting Company (KMBC) met to sign contracts with Columbia Broadcasting System for the Network’s first full-time service to the area, on Channel 9. Only a few hours before, the Federal Communications Commission had granted the applications of WHB and KMBC to “share time” on Channel 9.

With a jointly-owned transmitter, using the maximum allowable power, WHB-TV and KMBC-TV will operate on Channel 9 for eighteen hours daily—bringing viewers the full TV program schedule of the Columbia Broadcasting System, plus smartly-produced local TV shows presenting WHB’s and KMBC’s outstanding AM Radio personalities . . . as well as locally-important special events, forum discussions, talks, interviews and news. WHB and KMBC will each operate from their own respective TV studios, with separate staffs—except for the transmitter, which will be staffed jointly.

A GREAT DAY!

Handclasps, congratulations and mutual pledges of co-operation were the order of the day as happy officials of both broadcasting companies and the network met to sign and celebrate!

Photo at left: DON DAVIS, President, WHB; FRITZ SNYDER, Station Relations, CBS; GEORGE HIGGINS, Managing Director, KMBC.

Photo below: JACK VAN VOLKENBURG, President, CBS-TV; ARTHUR B. CHURCH, President, Midland Broadcasting Co.; DON DAVIS, President, WHB Broadcasting Co.; HERBERT AKERBERG, Vice-President, CBS, in charge of Station Relations.
—AND JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE ADDS CONGRATULATIONS!

Former Kansas Citian John Cameron Swayze, who began his radio career as a newscaster for the Kansas City Journal-Post, and in his salad days was heard on WHB and KMBC, visits celebration party to congratulate Davis, Church. Photo below: Davis, Swayze, Church.
"America's Sweetheart"
sells U.S. Bonds again

As she did in World War I, Mary Pickford toured the nation this spring, selling Defense Bonds. In 1918, they were "Liberty Bonds." WHB broadcast her speech delivered to employees of the Bendix Aviation plant. In photo below Miss Pickford is shown on speakers' stand with her husband (back slightly to camera), Charles "Buddy" Rogers, formerly of Olathe, Kansas.

Movie Stars appear for American Cancer Society

Front row: RALPH H. ERICHSEN, president of the Society's Jackson County chapter; NAT HOLT, producer of "Pony Express.

Forrest Tucker  Jan Sterling  Dick Smith
Rhonda Fleming  Tony Romano
Dick Shannon  Corinne Calvet
Naval Aviation Leaders Inspect Olathe Air Base
Brig. Gen. FRANK H. LAMSON-SCRIBNER, Commander Marine Air Reserve Training; and Rear Admiral DANIEL V. GALLERY, USN Chief of Naval Air Reserve Training.

WHB NEWSREEL

Guy Lombardo in Kansas City, with Bill Gillmor, Gillmor Motors
WHB has broadcast daily recorded programs, by Guy Lombardo, and by Bing Crosby, for 22 years . . . daily! Guy posed for this WHB photo on occasion of concert appearance last spring.

FARLEY GRANGER is interviewed on WHB

"CLEAN UP-PAINT UP"
Campaign leaders appear on WHB: STANLEY HOUSTON, K. C. Contest Chairman; Dr. FRANK MONAGHAN, Director of national campaign; ROBERT HARRIS, Chairman of K. C. Beautification Committee.

HOME FEDERAL SAVINGS
used window display (below) in new account drive spear-headed by daily WHB "Musical Clock" program announced by Bruce Grant. Since using radio, company has grown from 5,000 savings accounts with seven million dollars deposits to 16,000 accounts totaling fourteen million.
Ex-President
Harry S. Truman
emphasizes "Power for Peace" in Armed Forces Day address at Fairfax Airport. With him is William Hillman, Mutual network political reporter and author of "Mr. President"—a book dealing with Mr. Truman's experiences in the White House. It is rumored that Hillman will collaborate in writing Mr. Truman's memoirs.

Lillian Murphy
"home town" soprano, in WHB interview prior to her appearance as star of first Starlight Theatre production.

His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman
of New York City dedicates new faculty building on Rockhurst College campus. Left to right, seated: Mayor WILLIAM E. KEMP; the President of Rockhurst, the Very Reverend MAURICE E. VAN ACKEREN; and the Archbishop of Kansas City, Kan., the Most Reverend EDWARD J. HUNKELER.
Starlight Theatre

KANSAS CITY • 1953
The Administrative Staff

A Group of Vice-Presidents
Starlight Theatre Association
Some of the many civic and business leaders who take an active part in the Starlight Theatre. Left to right, front row: Herbert H. Wilson, president; Henry J. Massman, Sr., vice-president; Paul L. Willson, production; Paul M. Fogel, box office; J. S. Lerner, personnel and administration; back row: Frank Spink, theatre plant; D. L. Fennell, concessions; Karl R. Koerper, promotion. Not present when photograph was made: W. N. Deramus, vice-president; L. Russell Kelce, finance.
LILLIAN MURPHY

June 22 - 28

THE STUDENT PRINCE

The bittersweet romance of a young prince at Heidelberg University. Such lilting Sigmund Romberg tunes as Golden Days, Deep in My Heart, Student Life, Drinking Song, Serenade, Just We Two. The cast:

Prince Carl .... Glenn Burris
Kathie ........ Lillian Murphy
Lutz .......... (to be announced)
Toni .......... Maury Tuckerman
Gretchen ...... Violet Carlson
Hubert ......... Nat Burns
Duchess ...... Elizabeth Watts
Princess Margaret .... Eileen Schauler
Dancers ...... Melissa Hayden and Andre Eglevsky

The dancers: ANDRE EGLEVSKY, MELISSA HAYDEN, EILEEN SCHAULER
June 29 - July 5

THE WIZARD OF OZ

A giddy whirl into the Land of Make-Believe, for youngsters of 6—or 60!
Favorites: Over the Rainbow, The Witch is Dead, We're Off to See the Wizard, Munchkinland, If I Only Had the Nerve.

The cast:

- Dorothy . . . . Jo Sullivan
- Scarecrow . . . . Lou Seiler
- Cowardly Lion . Richard Wentworth
- Wicked Witch . Elizabeth Watts
- Oz . . . . Joseph Macaulay
- Dancer . . . . Nirska

LOU SEILER

JO SULLIVAN

RICHARD WENTWORTH

ELIZABETH WATTS

JOSEPH MACAULAY
July 6 - 12

THE MERRY WIDOW

A gay, delightful bonbon of life in Paris. Exciting cancan numbers and the Franz Lehar music of Maxim's, Vilia, Women, Merry Widow Waltz, and others. The cast:

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<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mme. Sonia</td>
<td>Jean Fenn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prince Danilo</td>
<td>Ralph Herbert</td>
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<td>Baron Popoff</td>
<td>Billy Gilbert</td>
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<td>Natalie</td>
<td>Eileen Schauer</td>
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<td>Nish</td>
<td>Joe E. Marks</td>
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<td>De' Jolidon</td>
<td>Glenn Burris</td>
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<td>Nova Kovich</td>
<td>Joseph Macauley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dancers</td>
<td>Harrison &amp; Fisher</td>
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HARRISON & FISHER
July 13 - 19

BLOOMER GIRL

A rip-roaring story of the fight for women's rights—and romantic troubles caused by wearing 'bloomers.' Jam-packed with Howard Arlen's wonderful tunes—among others: Evalina, Sunday in Cicero Falls, The Farmer's Daughter, When the Boys Come Home, Right as the Rain, Grandma Was a Lady. The cast:

Jeff Calboun . Jim Hawthorne
Evalina . Kyle MacDonnell
Horatio . Joseph Macaulay

Daisy . . Nanci Crompton
Serena . . Mabel Taliaferro
Dolly Bloomer . Edith King

Pompey . . Avon Long
ON YOUR TOES

Something's gotta give when a 3-a-day vaudeville hoofer mixes in the Russian ballet. It does, to the throb of Rodgers and Hart's On Your Toes, Slaughter on Tenth Avenue, There's a Small Hotel, It's Got to Be Love. George Abbott helped with the book. The cast:

- Junior
- Frankie Frayne
- Vera Barnova
- Peggy Porterfield
- Sergei
- Sidney Cohen
- Ray McDonald
- Pauline Deniston
- Maria Karnilova
- Jen Nelson
- Joseph Macaulay
- Jim Hawthorne

Slaughter on 10th Avenue — it's terrified!
Production conferences like this at left result in smooth teamwork for a wide variety of preparations...painting and constructing scenery...engineering batteries of lights and sound equipment...designing, sewing, altering costumes that must be carefully fitted for the well-tailored look of Starlight Theatre productions. The dancers are among the hard
LIMPSES
Starlight Theatre

best workers, for they must keep in top condition while rehearsing long hours to a fine point of group coordination. There is individual work with every member of the cast, from principals to chorus. Altogether, a huge task, repeated ten times for ten big shows—but splendidly justified by the glamorous spectacles which result, such as this at right.
UP IN CENTRAL PARK

A spirited colleen, Tammany Hall politicians, and an earnest young reporter, all mixed up in civic affairs to such Sigmund Romberg tunes as Close as Pages in a Book, The Fireman’s Bride, It Doesn’t Cost You Anything to Dream, When She Walks in the Room.

The cast:

Danny O’Cahane
Timothy Moore
Bessie O’Cahane
Rosie Moore
Thomas Nast
Boss Tweed

Walter Burke
Alan Carney
Dorothy Keller
Betty Ann Busch
Richard Atikison
Joseph Macaulay

July 27 - August 2
August 3 - 9

**NEW MOON**

Swashbuckling action, intrigue, danger, romance in Old New Orleans. Oscar Hammerstein produced it. Some of Sigmund Romberg's finest: Lover Come Back to Me, Softly as the Morning Sunrise, One Kiss, Stouthearted Men, Wanting You, Marianne. The cast:

- Robert
- Marianne
- Phillippe
- Vicomte Ribaud
- Alexander
- Clotilde
- Julie
- Dancers

- Walter Cassell
- Victoria Sherry
- Richard Atikison
- Joseph Macaulay
- Colee Worth
- Nina Olivette
- Dorothy Keller
- Landre & Verna

Dancers: Landre & Verna

Nina Olivette
August 10 - 16

**KISS ME KATE**

But contrary Kate sings I Hate Men, and Cole Porter takes it from there with sprightly hits like Why Can’t You Behave, So in Love, Too Darn Hot, True to You in My Fashion, Wunderbar, Women Are So Simple. The cast:

- Fred Graham
- Lilli Vanessa
- Bill Calhoun
- Lois Lane
- First Man

John Tyers
Helena Bliss
Rudy Tone
Trude Adams
Coley Worth

A rehearsal break for the stars of the show
August 17 - 23

BLOSSOM TIME

The story of a song, a love, a girl—of Franz Schubert in gay old Vienna. Glowing with music which Sigmund Romberg based on some of Schubert's best loved melodies—Serenade, Song of Love, Three Little Maids, Ave Maria. The cast:

Mitzi Kranz
Franz Schubert
Baron Schober
Bellabruna
Christian Kranz
Novotny
Count Scharntoff

Lillian Murphy
Walter Cassel
Donald Clarke
Helena Bliss
Jack Norton
Colee Worth
Joseph Macaulay
ANNE GET YOUR GUN

Annie couldn't miss—nor get her man—till they jimmed her gunsights. Neither did Irving Berlin miss with Girl That I Marry, They Say It's Wonderful, Show Business, Sun in the Morning, Who Do You Love I Hope, Doing What Comes Naturally, plenty more. The cast:

Annie Oakley .... Janis Paige
Frank Butler .... William Shriner
Charlie Davenport .... Arthur Barnett
Dolly Tate .... Ruth Gillette
Buffalo Bill .... William O'Neal
Pawnee Bill .... Joseph Macaulay
Winnie Tate .... Mary Ann Niles
Indian Dancer .... Rudy Tone
... and our new 'phone number tells the story: BAltimore 7109. 710 for WHB's wave-length, in kilocycles. 9 for WHB-TV's Channel 9. BA for Baltimore Avenue in Kansas City, where the TV studios are located, atop the Power and Light Building. Sometime early next year we hope to merge Radio and Television studios in one big WHB and WHB-TV Studio Building, which will house both the radio and the television operations.

Agreement with KMBC-TV to share time was formally signed June 17th, following which application for a share-time grant was filed with the FCC by the two stations. The favorable decision of the Commission was announced June 25th; and on that date, in New York, representatives of WHB and KMBC signed affiliation agreements with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Television Network.

Simultaneously, the race began to get the new Channel 9 Television station on the air by August 1, our target date. From DuMont, the transmitter was shipped to Kansas City by special truck. From RCA, all of WHB-TV's studio equipment was rushed to Kansas City—some of it by air freight. Engineers worked day and night to install the Channel 9 plant—and on August 1, the test pattern was first broadcast. Regular programming began Sunday, August 2... to reach full schedules as the fall programs return to CBS-TV and local shows begin from our studios.

Television viewers in the Kansas City trading area report excellent reception. This includes some 300,658 television homes (statistics from the Kansas City Electric Association) in Johnson, Leavenworth and Platte Counties in Kansas; and Jackson, Clay and Platte Counties in Missouri. But well beyond this radius, 'phone calls from delighted viewers in St. Joseph, Missouri, Lawrence and Topeka, Kansas, and many smaller communities out-state in Missouri and Kansas have reported fine service from the new WHB-TV on Channel 9.

From J. L. VAN VOLKENBURG, President of CBS Television, came this wire: "On behalf of all of CBS Television, allow me to extend a warm welcome to KMBC-TV and WHB-TV on joining the Network. You and all of the Officers and Staff of WHB-TV and KMBC-TV are to be congratulated on the miraculous work you have done to bring greater television to the people of the Kansas City Area. As an important part of the CBS Television Network we are looking forward to a long and pleasant association. We salute you all!"

WHB-TV's promise is that this is "Only the beginning, folks—only the beginning! ..." So keep your eye on Channel 9.

MEANWHILE, in Radio, WHB shapes up with a wonderful fall and winter program schedule which promises to make "This Fall The Greatest of All on WHB." Outstanding will be our coverage of the Big Seven Football season—play-by-play by Larry Ray—direct, each week, from the "hottest" game in the conference. For the third straight year, Hallicrafters Television and Radio will sponsor
For Third Consecutive Year, Hallicrafters Sponsor Play-by-Play Big Seven Football

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE — 710 ON YOUR RADIO DIAL

Sept. 19—K. U. vs. T. C. U. at Fort Worth or Maryland vs. M. U. at Columbia
Sept. 26—M. U. vs. Purdue at Columbia
Oct. 3—M. U. vs. Colorado U. at Boulder
Oct. 17—K. U. vs. Oklahoma U. at Norman
Oct. 24—Nebraska vs. M. U. at Columbia or S. M. U. vs. K. U. at Lawrence
Oct. 31—K. U. vs. Nebraska U. at Lincoln
Nov. 7—K. State vs. K. U. at Lawrence or Oklahoma U. vs. M. U. at Columbia
Nov. 14—K. State vs. M. U. at Columbia or Okla. A. & M. vs. K. U. at Lawrence
Nov. 21—M. U. vs. K. U. at Lawrence

RADIO NIGHT AT BLUES STADIUM was attended by 7,368
Larry Ray fans—with the K. C. Blues (No. 1 N. Y. Yankee
farm team) in fifth position in the American Association,
and a city-wide construction strike then in its third month.
The paid attendance was one of the biggest crowds of the
season. Muehlebach and Kroysen Beers
sponsor Larry Ray’s play-by-play base-
ball broadcasts of 154 Blues baseball
games. Fred Harvey girls presented
giant cake to Larry Ray.

WHB • KANSAS CITY
THE SPORTS CALENDAR—WHB. Mutual’s play-by-play coverage of the World’s Series, National Tennis Matches from Forest Hills, Sept. 6-7. Larry Ray’s nightly Sports Round-Up at 6:15. Monday through Friday—plus the wind-up of the K. C. Blues baseball season, play-by-play, and the Big Seven Football season.

FULTON LEWIS, JR. Back on WHB at his old time of 6 p.m., Monday through Friday, after Sept. 1. PERRY COMO SHOW on WHB at 6:45 p.m., beginning August 31. DIXIELAND BAND CONCERT every Saturday night at 9 p.m. . . . “10 on Your Radio Dial.

WHB SUNDAY NEWS COVERAGE at 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., by WALTER BURKS, who will also be heard each night, following the baseball season.

NEW VOICES ON WHB include WAYNE STITT, long-time favorite K.C. disc jockey on “Matinee Date” from 2 to 3 p.m. weekdays; and the “Top Twenty” from 3 to 4:45 p.m. JIM LANTZ, just returned from Hollywood, has been signed for both WHB and WHB-TV.

In Kansas City, ask our Client Service Representative for desirable commercial availabilities. Nationally, “Ask Your John Blair Man” about WHB . . . and Blair-TV, Inc. about WII-B-TV.

'PHONE BALTIMORE 7109
"SEVEN-TEN . . . NINE"
(WHB’s Kilocycles) (WHB-TV’s Channel)
TELEPULSE Kansas City Report for December 1-7, 1953, confirms what many of us had already suspected:

That John Thornberry's nightly quarter-hour TV newscast, heard Mondays through Fridays on WHB-TV at 10 p.m., is the most popular locally-produced newscast heard on any Kansas City television station. More than that: Thornberry's "Let's Look at the News" is within 1.5 rating points of being THE most popular newscast—local OR network—on Kansas City Television! The leader (1.5 points ahead of Thornberry) happens to be a former WHB Radio newscaster you may have seen on a national network—fellow by the name of John Cameron Swayze.

We call them John I and John II. Adjacent to John II on WHB-TV are some excellent spot availabilities you might latch onto if you call your Blair-TV man right away. In Kansas City, 'phone our Sales Service Department at BAltimore 7109.

WHB-TV SALES SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES
Ed Dennis           Win Johnston
Ed Birr             Jack Sampson

Clay Forker
General Manager
JOHN T. SCHILLING
President
DON DAVIS
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THE graduates today come from all walks of life—from many different colleges, schools and localities. That is as it should be. The Navy has a definite place for real Americans with your personal qualities and educational backgrounds who want to join up with us with the idea of accepting the training and indoctrination which will form the basis of your officer education and your particular specialty.

You have been taught many new things here, and I trust that in this nautical environment you have acquired some seagoing language that will identify you with your newly chosen work—expressions that will show you to be young men with some salt in your veins—and even a semblance of a web between your toes. That is essential even for officers in the specialist corps. You’re in the Navy now. And if I may elaborate on that just a bit—I would like it understood that my meaning of seagoing language is definitely of the parlor variety. Profanity is not part of a sailorman’s language. It went overboard a long time ago—and it is no longer an identity of the seagoing man, any more than the tattooing of his body.

I am sure, however, in your instruction here, and in the contact you have made, you must have gained the distinct impression that the Navy is making a sincere effort to retain the traditions, the high standards and ethics which have been the basis of our long years of creditable history. Naturally, I would be the last one to say that everything which was good for John Paul Jones is good for us today. And, of course, I would never even attempt to propound that the training in the Fleet today should be in preparation for another battle of Jutland. Certainly there is no intention that we retain obsolete accounting, business and engineering procedures. That would be just as foolish as trying to say that we would never put guided missiles on battleship hulls, or have atomic propulsion in ships and planes.

But it is a fact that there are fundamental principles, sound and
**Year’s Resolutions**

*from a Naval Commencement Address*

1. Gear your performance of duty, and your personal conduct and relations so that you may always enjoy and be proud to live with yourself.

2. Learn to distinguish the difference between being popular with and being respected by those with whom you have official and other dealings.

3. Be able to stand unashamed and unafraid before your shipmates.

Deep-rooted traditions, high personnel and material standards, which are just as essential in the Navy today as they were in the old Navy. Of course, we must modernize the Navy—we dare not stew in our own juice—we must have the new developments built into our ships and planes. Our tactical, strategic, business and research concepts, our planning and thoughts must be geared to modernized requirements. We do not, however, need to destroy the basis of our greatness in the modernization process.

Good relationship between officers and enlisted men, for example, is traditional in our Navy. There is no organization in the world, in my opinion at least, where this understanding relationship prevails to the degree that it does in our Navy. The cheerful good morning, the respectful, and willing salute, the human understanding between a good division officer and his men, the close and helpful association that prevails in a good ship’s company—these and many others are examples, which regardless of how completely the Navy may be modernized—we must and want to retain, because they are traditional. They are the right things to do even in a modern Navy.

It is traditional that our ships are always clean—that our personnel are the best dressed, best trained, best fed, best behaved men in the world. It is traditional that the material in our ships is the most efficiently operated in any military outfit, and that our personnel know how to and want to keep it that way. It is traditional that we have sound accounting and modern business administration in our supply systems. It is traditional that our ships shoot faster at longer ranges and hit the target more often than ships of other navies. They steam farther and faster. It is traditional that we have high standards of conduct and ethics in all our relations with our own and other service personnel, and the civilians with whom we come in contact. That an officer is a gentleman, has been an accepted fact since the Navy was established. These are naval tradi-
tions. You can modernize all you want to—but you dare never even think of destroying these traditions and standards. If you do, you won’t have a U. S. Navy.

I MENTION this because of the apparent tendency to throw tradition, fair competition, and even ethics overboard in so many of our present day concepts. The press, the radio, carry daily evidence of the apparent decline of the moral, religious and ethical standards within government, business and professions. Too many people are conveniently increasing the acceptable elasticity factor of their own conscience in order that they may be personally benefited. You dare not become a party to such concepts—you’re in the Navy now!

All of you here today, I am sure, have some appreciation of the communistic effort in this country and the world. I do not know if you have a complete realization, however, of its degree and extent. I can assure you that the military is not excluded from their fields. Talk ideologies, isms, or what not—you must have an appreciation of the fact that when you boil this whole thing down to plain, cold, hard realities, the communistic effort is directed toward the weakening of our war-making potential. If they can weaken the military, by the destruction of those principles which have contributed most to our success, they will have accomplished a big part of their mission. We must be on constant guard against this. You are graduating today—you become part of the team—the Navy’s first team. It is up to you, individually, to insure that these red termites cannot bore into our naval traditions, standards, and ethics to weaken them and thereby make us lose our effectiveness.

DURING your course here, you have undergone extensive training. Let me be frank with you, and tell you that just as long as you stay in the Navy, you will be under training. That is a never-ending job. You will have to continue your own training, and you will have to qualify yourself to train others. The Navy lives on training. You are a part of the Navy. That is the way you will have to live. There is not a ship or station in the Navy that has a “Free-Ride” sign on it. Every officer and man has his place on an oar and a seat on the thwart in the boat. You have got to know how to pull your weight in that boat, and you can’t catch a crab when you do. I know this training is going to be arduous for you—some of it may seem futile and repetitious. Long years of experience form the basis of Navy training methods.

The peace time Navy just must be a quality Navy—whether our personnel totals 500,000 or 100,000. They must be well trained. Numbers as such mean nothing, unless they represent trained personnel. You can’t put out a fire with an empty fire extinguisher. You can’t man ships
and stations with untrained men. War time expansion does not permit the meticulous training that is possible in peace time. The quality of the Navy is bound to be initially diluted by such an expansion. It is factual, however, that the stronger the quality of the peace time Navy, the less that quality will be diluted in the initial war time expansion.

And I can assure you that the present training efforts and methods in the fleet and schools ashore today are geared to that concept. We must be trained if and when war should come. We may be justly proud of the Navy’s operations during the last war, and the same thing is true of what the Navy has done in Korea. The carrier task force operations—the amphibious landings—the fine gunnery performance—the almost unbelievable amount of cruising due to good engineering practices—the logistic support of the fleet and bases—all of these are the result of sound peace time training, doctrines and efforts. They didn’t just happen.

The same thing is true today, whether it be the course here at the War College or in Joint Colleges—the anti-submarine hunter-killer efforts—the guided missile program—the fleet exercises or anything else. They are all geared to the Navy’s concept of its war time missions, and we are conducting peace time training to be ready to fulfill these missions effectively in an emergency. You will be a part of this team. You will have to train yourselves and others to take their places on the team. The team can win only if all hands know their jobs. That is up to you and the men you command.

YOU have willingly chosen this seagoing profession. You must, therefore, gear your training concepts to the Navy. Naturally, there is a close relation between many civilian and Navy practices, but you must never fail to recognize the Navy’s interest, and your goal must be to benefit and serve the Navy during your entire service.

It seems fitting, too, that I should invite your attention to the fact that the Navy itself is part of the team for national security. We have unification today—and that to me means teamwork. The long-range bombers, armed with atom bombs, cannot by themselves win a war. The infantryman and his artillery alone cannot do so either. That is true of the submarine and the carrier task forces. But, put them all together, and combine them with the productivity, the ingenuity and the patriotism of our people—put that into a team, and you must have a winner.

You are a part of the Navy—and you must, therefore, know the importance of the Navy to the team. You must take time to learn about the part the Navy must play, the roles they must fill in the over-all mission of our military forces. It is important that you do this because in your contacts with civilian and other groups you must be informed in those matters and be able to explain the Navy’s definite place on the defense team. I mention this because in my contacts with younger officers I find that they are not too well informed on these
"I've had a fascinating time, Kenneth—let's try it again when you save up another $1.95."

First, I would suggest that you gear your performance of duty, and your personal conduct and relations so that you may always enjoy and be proud to live with yourself—note—I say with yourself.

Then, I would suggest that early in your career you learn to distinguish the difference between being popular with, and being respected by those with whom you have official and other dealings. I assure you there is a difference, and that the latter is more difficult to win.

And lastly, I would suggest as a goal, a sentence from a prayer which appears in the prayer book at the Naval Academy, and which I believe is applicable to one of any or no faith or creed. It goes like this: "Help me to stand unafraid and unashamed before my shipmates."

You will note that I make no mention of leadership, loyalty, attention to and performance of duty, etc. It is my own personal opinion that if you are proud to live with yourself, if you win the respect of others, and if you can always stand unafraid and unashamed before your shipmates, you just naturally must have the qualities that go to make you a success in the profession you have chosen—THE NAVY...
Should YOU Be On The NIGHT SHIFT?

By WILLIAM K. FIELDING

The true insomniac should sample the advantages of conducting his principal economic and social activities during the hours of darkness.

BEN FRANKLIN, besides being the first American to determine why-in-thunderation, could boast of inventing a non-smoking street lamp that “continu’d bright till morning.” In 1752, as throughout history, there were certain citizens who could not sleep o’nights. Or, at least, some who—like the street lamps—were designed to remain vivid until dawn’s surly light.

Today, more otherwise-normal people than ever are complaining of what medicine men commonly call a manifestation of neurasthenic exhaustion—namely, insomnia.

But why complain? May not there be a biological basis, an evolutionary record of nocturnal life, which would make it appear quite reasonable for many humans to feel stifled and repressed in the “little hours” that were the work-and-play period of a remote ancestor?

After considerable investigation in history and in personal subjective experiment, I have become thoroughly convinced that the true insomniac ought not to seek treatment to alter his condition; but, rather, that he should be led to sample the multiform advantages of conducting his principal economic and social activities during the hours of darkness.

In every phase of human consciousness, fear of all things unknown, unseen or obscure is a common denominator of behavior—and of emotion (sympathetic behavior). Therefore, we may well assume that any sound night-time sleeper during our formative racial antiquity must have been perpetually liable to mauling by members of the cat, wolf, rodent and reptile families.

For Primordial Man defied his own animal good sense, limited his chances of survival and left his mate, as well
as his food-hoard, unguarded whenever he slept by night.

Later, the dugout or cave—with hot embers in its one entrance—gave Man surcease from such hazard, as his rear and flanks were no longer exposed to attack. His night-sleep, if disturbed at all, was made safer by booby-traps and warnings to deter the enemy and arouse himself. Obscurity had been reduced, his tribe increased and the need for flock and field made obvious.

"Foggy, you’re beginning to pay more attention to our singer than your music—just like the guy you replaced."

But domesticated Man still felt a nightlong uneasiness, realizing that—on the prowl and alert—he had usually taken care of himself creditably. He worried, in spite of improved material prosperity, and occasionally exhibited specimens (throwbacks) so totally nocturnal in their instincts as to become neurasthenic—congenital insomniacs!

Inheritance of general characteristics has been a moot point, admittedly, throughout the annals of psychology. What is questioned chiefly, however, is less the fact of transmitted typical behavior than the various theories concerning actual nerve structures related to unlearned traits. Similarly, no adequate and final analysis has been done as to those elusive electro-chemical events in the ganglia which cause us to sleep. (Definitions of sleep will be found descriptive rather than scientifically conclusive).

Extensive university experiments wherein humans were controlled in work, diet, and so on, have shed much light on these matters. They tend to show that a person deprived of daylight (and further confused by clocks whose cycle marks a “day” of spurious length) will easily adjust his waking-sleeping routine to any supposed day. That nothing in fatigue and its relief by slumber is otherwise affected, has led the experimenters almost unanimously to deduce that sleeping all night every night is merely an acquired sociological convention.

Whether your particular case of wakefulness is due to a mild panic, aggravated by the prospect of lying dormant (and thus, vulnerable, in terms of vague and fantastic symbols etched deeply upon your psychic lineage) during Earth’s blackout; or, as an epitomizing and busy M.D. will possibly state, you have a “slight functional disorder of the nerves”—an answer may be found in a change of scene.

And where in the whole of geography can such an altered focus be attained so readily as by deliber-
ate turning night into day? You no longer encounter those associates whose personalities have been conflicting with your own. You will drive to work on roads free from the high tension of rush-hour traffic that has been tugging at your ulcer zone.

Add your pet gripes to the list: things that cloy and terrify by day. No doubt the comparison with midnight's serene world will disclose whatever has troubled your daytime life... A life that switching to the night shift may, "by opposing, end"

Yet, this alternative is no mere escape from reality. Quite to the contrary! You can make it an adventure in positive reconstruction of youthful ambitions, an opening of new avenues to peace and plenty, in every branch of your activity and emotions.

MIDNIGHT oil has lighted the chambers of energetic men in all generations of our present civilization. The creative mind, particularly, thrives best in silence. If you have unexpressed talents of this order, you might do well to note how respected and august a company of writers has produced its finest journals by artificial light.

The impact of night upon poets is easily observed. Gray's "Elegy," the rich impressions in Shakespeare, Goethe's sublime Hartz Mountains horror, Shelley's mystical "Indian Air"—all reflect keen awareness and appreciation of the World's shadowed side. Again, the familiar Milton:

"Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear..."

Few men have reported night as faithfully as Antoine de Saint Exupery. His descriptions remind you that Earth is at once relatively huge and circumnavigable, brutal and beautiful, to him who travels beyond the sunset.

Even astronomers wax poetical when speaking of the fathomless clusters in the great bowl of night. Simon Newcomb, for example: "I know of no way in which complete rest can be obtained for the weary soul—in which the mind can be so entirely relieved of the burden of all human anxiety—as by the contemplation of the spectacle presented by the starry heavens..."

Such mighty laborers as Beethoven and Edison have become so engrossed in their conceptions that they habitually simply persisted for days at a stretch, forgetting sleep until the immediate project was completed.

Columnist Leigh Mitchell Hodges' working day begins at midnight. At 75, he's still "The Optimist."
FOR the erstwhile non-sleeper with more prosaic aims, there are incentives in industry. Many "graveyard shift" operatives are paid eight hours' wages for seven hours of work, plus/or up to ten per cent additional bonus.

An all-night drugstore job offers the future pharmacist his necessary term of experience, with plenty of spare intervals for study that would be impossible in the same situation by day. Similarly, where evening-courses are available, the budding lawyer or accountant can go to class refreshed and clear-headed; after school is out, he devotes four hours to office records of one-desk businessman, or despatches taxis (or meets society at its least inhibited while driving a cab); then, after witnessing moonset and sunup through the window of an uncrowded homeward bus, he naps until breakfast, thereafter saunters to a quiet library for research and study, lunches ahead of the noon hustlers—and so to bed.

Late-hour workers, being fewer, have proportionately more supervision. That is to say, your chances of moving into a higher bracket of pay and responsibility are considerably better. There is a hypnotic intensity about this quarter of the clock which makes people work hard and rapidly, yet with a sense of being immersed in-time that is actually relaxing.

Trouble-shooters, also, have their moments all through the night. Detectives and their opposite numbers play cat-and-rat while the world (theoretically) is in slumber. Firemen play rummy, waiting for some rummy to play Nero. In the hospital and the laboratory, life, post-mortems and urinalysis must go on. Man's valuable goods require night watchmen; woman's stork summons ambulance-driver and intern; youth's elopements have to be intercepted, borrowed cars returned. Opportunity knocks insistently on the door of the repairman who works while his competitors tell the telephoners they will see him first-thing-tomorrow.

Disk-jockeys who might be anonymous in the afternoon find themselves automatically transmuted, overnight, into "personalities," talking aside by wire to hundreds of stay-ups, forced to improvise conversation and homely philosophy. They address radio directly to the heart of the individual, gaining a human approach which satisfies a healthy desire to be necessary to as many neighbors as possible. These boys are really living!

WHERE livelihood is concerned, most of us have been absorbed into the machinery of trades and professions not in line with our education, preferences, physical constitution and inherited capabilities. Employment difficulties rate near the top of the list of neurosis causes. Once we have implicated ourselves in the bog of false security called "seniority," we try stolidly to succeed in something that grows daily more and more repulsive to our subconscious code.

Vocational and mental-aptitude tests are more dependable than is generally realized. So, when baiting your trap for nighttime work, it would be wise to arm yourself with objective advice from career specialists (who may also
know of suitable dynamic bonanzas in which you could convert your late-blooming traits into a tripped income).

In a few cases, of course, no new set of favorable factors will restore health and happiness. Smothered childhood memories may continue to smoulder despite all the moonshine and roses bestowed upon present survivors of past traumas. For these, the answer lies only in surrender to long and exhaustive psychiatric cooperation.

However, the majority of psychosomatic and allegedly neurasthenic symptoms—including insomnia—are known to retreat when attacked in terms of immediate functional betterment. Sedentary wrecks become contented on a job that fatigues their muscles; people irked out of their wits by arbitrary orders are reborn in independent small businesses of their own; lonely farmers regain social articulation in factory, political club and urbane entertainments; while the jaded foundry-hand may have been unequal to noise and heat, but turns into a perfectly relaxed real estate broker.

The transition from daytime humdrum to nightly fulfillment is made easier by a one-hour siesta. If you are not in circumstances where a nap after lunch can be stolen comfortably, then just before (or following) supper will suffice. Compensate this hour—whether you have slept or not—with postponement of your usual bedtime by an equal period, gradually increasing it until you are able to "continue bright till morning."

Within about two weeks, you should find yourself rested by six hours, daily, of solid slumber. There are no rules for inducing this sleep; none are needed. Except for some first bland objections to your sudden rejection of orthodoxy, other members of the household will not disturb you. Resist any later tendency to catnap during darkness, or in excess of the six hours total.

Don't look for a miraculous, complete cure of all your personal problems. But, sure of the nature of your genuine hopes and talents, freed from innate fear of after-dark "unknowns," you should be able to rebuild your personality and aggressively exploit the fabulous realms of Night.

"Now tell your mother she's got just sixty seconds for her commercial."
MISS WILLOUGHBY sat very still. She wanted to hiccup, but she looked at Mr. Goodpasture and Mr. Bert and decided this was a dramatic moment. Miss Willoughby always hiccuped; but this time she swallowed.

Mr. Goodpasture was frowning. Miss Willoughby knew Mr. Goodpasture never frowned except on Mondays after he had spent the week-end at Goodpasture Acres with Mrs. Goodpasture or after he had taken Miss Holman to the Cabano for dinner. He always took Miss Holman to the Cabano for dinner, for although Mr. Goodpasture owned seven restaurants, the Cabano was the only one in town that served Spanish food, and Miss Holman tutored people in Spanish. So Mr. Goodpasture had bought the Cabano and now he owned eight restaurants.

But Miss Willoughby was surprised to see Mr. Goodpasture frown, for he only frowned about women. He had never frowned about her before. Mr. Bert always frowned verbally, and punctuated it with his cigar. He was growling now and his cigar was bouncing up and down.

Mr. Goodpasture went on frowning and Miss Willoughby wondered how long a dramatic moment was dramatic. In her opinion, it was about up, and besides, she wanted very much to hiccup. So she hiccuped.

Mr. Bert leaned across the corner of Mr. Goodpasture's desk and poked his cigar in her face.

"Cuba! For God's..."

"Miss Willoughby, you must realize that it would leave the office short-handed for you to take your vacation just now?"

Miss Willoughby hadn't thought of it just that way; that is, she hadn't realized that she was entitled to a vacation. She had missed only one day since she had come to the office eleven years before, and that was the day her Aunt Harriet had eloped with the minister of the First Baptist
Church. When they phoned her the message, she had thought that her mind was wandering and went to bed with an ice-pack on her head.

It had been bad to miss a day then, because Mr. Goodpasture was always going up to Goodpasture Acres for a week-end and then staying a week. One time he and Mrs. Goodpasture went to Bermuda and didn’t come back for two weeks. But now he always came back on Monday morning. But he didn’t frown as much then as he did now.

So Miss Willoughby decided that the vacation was a good point, and told Mr. Goodpasture that she thought she needed the rest. She had heard Mr. Goodpasture tell Miss Holman often that a woman shouldn’t work so hard. Not that she eavesdropped, but Miss Willoughby dined quite often at the Cabano, too. She had been in Cuba the year before she came to the office, and she always liked to see the Spanish names on the menu. Sometimes Mr. Goodpasture and Miss Holman happened to be dining there the same night she was, and they always sat in the booth next to the one where she always sat. She wondered sometimes if she ought to say some evening, “How do you do, Mr. Goodpasture?” but she never had, because Mr. Goodpasture always seemed so completely absorbed in Miss Holman. She had very blonde hair and dark eyebrows. Miss Willoughby was quite surprised the first time she heard her order in Spanish because her accent was so perfect. That is, judging by the Spanish she had heard while she was in Cuba, Miss Holman was pretty good.

Miss Willoughby observed that Mr. Bert had lost his temper. His face was quite red and his hair flopped in his eyes. Mr. Goodpasture was ignoring Mr. Bert. So Miss Willoughby mentally put Mr. Bert in the corner with his face to the wall and looked at Mr. Goodpasture again.

“Well, Miss Willoughby, of course you realize that no one here is supposed to leave on vacation before June.”

Miss Willoughby pulled a slip of paper out of her pocket and looked at it. Then she told Mr. Goodpasture that her plane was leaving at 2:00 p.m. and that she would be back at the office a week from Wednesday.
Mr. Bert said something very loud. Then he said something else very loud and slammed the door behind him. Mr. Goodpasture stopped frowning and raised his right eyebrow. Miss Willoughby remembered that that was why she had taken the job at such low pay at first; she had always liked people who could raise one eyebrow at a time.

"Miss Willoughby, you are breaking the traditions of this firm! But if you don't hurry you will miss your plane; it is 1:35 now. Have a good time and bring us back a surprise from Cuba."

Miss Willoughby started to smile, but just then she hiccoughed, so she told Mr. Goodpasture she would bring him a surprise and left.

When Miss Willoughby got back, she went straight to the office. She felt very proud of herself because of the nice surprise she was bringing Mr. Goodpasture. She stopped in her office and took off her hat and gloves and told Vargas to wait there... he was tall and dark and very Cuban. Miss Willoughby couldn't decide whether he was handsome or not, but his teeth were very white and his eyes snapped. She hadn't looked at him very much, to be quite frank, because he embarrassed her. He would smile and say, "Si?" and she would hiccough and look away. It had been that way all the way back on the plane, but she was sure he was a real Cuban.

She went into Mr. Goodpasture's office to tell him about Vargas. At least, she started in. She opened the door and then closed it and knocked.

Mr. Goodpasture didn't answer for a moment; so she knocked again. Mr. Goodpasture said, "Come in"; so she went in.

Miss Holman was sitting in the chair where the men sat who came to talk business with Mr. Goodpasture. Her hat was lying on the desk, and Miss Willoughby noticed the dark hair right at the part... just about the shade of her eyebrows. She was smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder. Mr. Goodpasture's right eyebrow flew up when Miss Willoughby walked in, but he only said, "Well! Miss Holman, this is my secretary, Miss Willoughby."

Miss Holman looked at Miss Willoughby. She looked first at her shoes; then she looked at her stockings; then she looked at her hands. By the time she had got to her shoulders, Miss Willoughby wanted to hiccough. She thought she ought to suppress it until she had said, "I'm so glad to know you," but when Miss Holman looked her in the face and she saw Miss Holman's eyes, she decided she wasn't in the least glad to know her, so she hiccoughed.

Then she told Mr. Goodpasture that she had rushed right on to the office because she had with her a Cuban whom she had hired in Havana to be a waiter at the Cabano. He had been a waiter in Havana for years; but he wanted very much to come to this city because he had relatives here. And she had known that Mr. Goodpasture would be delighted to have the man to lend atmosphere to the Cabano. And besides, this was the surprise he had asked her to bring.
MISS HOLMAN took a long drag on her cigarette and crossed her knees. She slid down in the chair a little more and laid her head back. Mr. Goodpasture didn’t say anything for a minute. He started to frown and then didn’t.

“Well, it looks as though you did have a nice trip, if you brought your Cuban back with you!”

Miss Willoughby was afraid she was going to blush.

“All right, Miss Willoughby, bring him in, if you have him here. We’ll look him over. Miss Holman can pass on his Spanish, can’t you . . .”

Miss Willoughby had already left the room. Vargas was waiting for her in her office. She rushed in to him and he smiled and said, “Si?” She stopped abruptly and looked at the middle button on his shirt as she told him Mr. Goodpasture wanted to meet him. She opened the door to Mr. Goodpasture’s office and shoved Vargas in first. She closed the door behind her and went around in front of him. Mr. Goodpasture was looking over Miss Holman’s head at him. Miss Holman’s back was to the door, and all that could be seen of her was the dark part in the blonde hair, the long holder between two red-tipped fingers, and the thin wisp of smoke trailing up from the cigarette.

“Mr. Goodpasture, this is Mr. Vargas.”

The ash suddenly dropped off of Miss Holman’s cigarette.

“Ah, Senor! For so long a time I have yearned to come to this city . . .”

Miss Holman had risen from her chair. Her dark red lipstick looked like wax on a white plate. Her eyes were very narrow now, and her nostrils dilated. Miss Willoughby decided she looked like a cross between a tiger and a snake.

Vargas suddenly became aware of the tall blonde standing there. He stopped in the middle of his speech to Mr. Goodpasture and stared at her.

“Ah! You are so good to me! You have found her for me and have her waiting here! Conchita mia, ah, why did you leave me, Estrellita? Oh, so much to thank you for, Miss Willoughby . . .”

But Miss Willoughby had already slipped back into her own office. There was something about reunions that always made her want to cry. And Vargas was so happy! She sat behind her desk until the door burst open. Mr. Goodpasture had squashed his hat on and was pulling on his top coat.

AFTER he was gone, Miss Willoughby put on her hat and gloves and walked out too. She put the night latch on the door so it
would lock after the last person left. The next morning Mr. Bert welcomed Miss Willoughby back. He bobbed his cigar up and down and told Miss Willoughby that things had been going exceptionally well at the office since she had been away. Miss Willoughby told him she was glad and continued straightening out the pile of work heaped on her desk.

About ten o'clock she went into Mr. Bert's office and told him he had better start looking for someone to buy the Cabano. Mr. Bert took his feet off his desk and sat up very suddenly in his swivel chair.

"What?" he barked, "Did Goodpasture say so?"

Miss Willoughby told him that Mr. Goodpasture had not said so; that, in fact, Mr. Goodpasture was not even in the office.

Mr. Bert’s cigar popped out of his mouth and he bounded to his feet. Miss Willoughby met him in mid-air with a telegram and he ripped it open.

"Well I’ll be damned! He and Mrs. Goodpasture are in Bermuda for two weeks! What in tarnation does he think will become of this business if he keeps flitting around with his wife?"

Mr. Bert’s face was red and his hair was flopping in his eyes. Miss Willoughby ignored him. She slipped back to her seat behind her desk and began to answer Mr. Goodpasture's mail. She picked up a glass of water from the corner of the desk and tried to drink nine sips without breathing. She never could take but seven before she felt faint; so she put the water down and hiccoughed.

JOHN BROWN, sentenced to hang for the Harper's Ferry insurrection:

"I am ready at any time. Do not keep me waiting."

DR. GEORGE BEARD, apologizing to colleagues gathered at his deathbed:

"I should like to record the thoughts of a dying man for science, but it is impossible."

SIR THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor who refused to legalize a marriage for Henry VIII, to his friend:

"I pray you see me safe up to the scaffold. As for coming down, let me shift for myself."

PAUL PASTEL, Russian revolutionist hung in 1826, when the rope broke the first time:

"Stupid country, where they don’t even know how to hang!"
Pocket-Size Books Sell America Overseas

$2.50 per set of 102 books!

By JAMES L. HARTE

THE American publishing phenomenon of 1953 is the increasingly booming market for paper-covered pocket-sized books. Original novels are leaping from the presses, as are reprints galore of the classics—in addition to the popular whodunits, Westerns, and romances. It is a phenomenon that is peculiarly American, with its birth actually almost a century ago, in 1860, when the first paper-backed novel to be published in this country appeared. That was Malakeska: the Indian Wife of the White Hunter.

An unheralded phase of this publishing boom is its value in selling America, in advertising the American way of life, to the rest of the world. The pocket-book industry, for its lurid covers and a small percentage of racy books, has been a target of Congressional investigation. The United States Department of State has likewise been such a target. Yet this industry and the State Department have collaborated on a most ingenious plan to “sell America” to other countries.

This plan is the international distribution of what is termed the Expendable Library. This Library consists of 102 pocket-sized books which tell the world about us, in a format which proves that in America one does not have to be rich to be cultured. And the cost to the taxpayer, for preparation and distribution of the Library is only $2.50 per set of 102 books! To get the Library started, the publishers donated several thousand books. Recipients pay 16c per book replacement charge. Each paper-bound book is considered to have a life of ten readings.

In India, for example, where America has been losing ground rapidly against sweeping Communist propaganda, 4,500 of these little libraries, each packaged in a handy, three-shelf cardboard carton, have been distributed. More have been requested by the Indian Government officials, and sentiment for America is again on the upgrade. The libraries serve a twofold purpose: they offer a sampling
THE project was initiated by the International Information Administration of the State Department. Guided by strict standards of suitability, along with the availability of titles within the pocket-book industry, the final 102 books were chosen which were deemed best to give a favorable impression of America. The result is an uncontroversial and well-balanced collection containing something for everyone—from expectant mother to philosopher. For the mother, there is Guttmacher’s Having A Baby; for the philosopher, there is Dewey’s Reconstruction In Philosophy.

Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, J. P. Marquand, are represented. There is a fair regional distribution of authorship, with two novels by Guthrie and one by Ernest Haycox on the West. Hold Autumn in Your Hand, by George Sessions Perry, typifies Texas. The South is illustrated by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings’ South Moon Under. The Midwest offers Sinclair Lewis’ Dodsworth.

Other modern novelists included are F. Scott Fitzgerald with The Great Gatsby, Edna Ferber with Saratoga Trunk, Ellen Glasgow with Vein of Iron, Paul Gallico with The Lonely, Pearl Buck with The Good Earth, John Hersey with A Bell for Adano, and Christopher Morley with Thunder on the Left. Mark Twain and earlier American writers are represented.

NOT all the writers in the collection are American. A few others were chosen because of their value in illustrating the democratic way, of proving the American cul-

of America’s most representative prose and poetry, and they refute the Communist canard, which has hurt us immeasurably, that first-class literature is not available at low prices in America and that our masses are fed only tawdry sex shockers that lead to crime.

The libraries have been widely circulated in Brazil, as well as in other South American countries where, heretofore, explanations and illustrations of our culture have been left in a rather apathetic state. Burma, among other Asiatic countries, has requested and received many of the library packages, as have European nations. Everywhere, where knowledge of and faith in American democracy has been at a low ebb, the Expendable Library has been circulated, containing an admirable and enlightened cross-section of some of the happiest aspects of western civilization. Accordingly, our prestige has increased.
tural taste, and of showing the American production know-how and choice in getting good literature to the American public inexpensively. Shakespeare, in the American edition edited by Mark Van Doren, appears, as does a second Englishman, George Orwell, represented by his powerful anti-communist novel 1984. And Messer Marco Polo by the Irish Donn Byrne is included to evidence American taste in romantic novels.

None of the titles in the selected 102 can cause any wrath, via the Congress, the ever-present witch-hunters, or from any other source. The books seem to confirm the opinion of the publishing industry, expressed by a spokesman, that if the State Department made any error in its choice, it was on the side of conservatism rather than radicalism.

For example, two American novels of unquestioned literary merit were rejected for the Library. These were Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*, and Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. Shaw's brilliant work, while illustrative of younger American writing genius, depicts too realistically anti-Semitism in the U.S. Army. Ellison's award-winning novel, while it is a tremendous indictment of Communist exploitation of minority groups in America, showed in too strong detail American anti-Negro discrimination.

"We could not," explained the International Information Administration, "send out books which show our faults when the Communists are telling the world about them, exaggerating them, all the time." It is this dastardly Red propaganda, of course, that the Expendable Library helps to defeat. So that the Library, for all the great merit of its choice, itself is propaganda rather than a collection of fine arts.

The libraries, in the countries which receive them, are set up in municipal libraries, student hostels, schools, labor union reading rooms, railroad stations, and other gathering centers. Formality of book-borrowing is reduced to a minimum. Upon borrowing the first time, a patron signs his name to a slip. Thereafter, a returned book acts as a library card entitling the holder to another volume. This program, little known at home, is succeeding in restoring American prestige abroad. Sentiment on behalf of America is on the up-swing wherever the libraries have been placed.

You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you.
## What Would You Add to these 102 BOOKS To “Sell” The American Way?

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CREEPING up on us for some time now is the idea of a “Start Retiring at 25” plan for everybody. We’re sort of serious about it, too, so please don’t stop reading.

The word “retire” has been kicked around a lot. Everyone seems to agree it means happiness, ecstasy, utter bliss . . . but a long way off somewhere. Middle-aged couples will tell you it’s “a one-story house where every month is June, and we have time for the projects and hobbies we’ve always postponed.”

Young marrieds can’t see retirement with a telescope—it’s so far off. But let them acquire kids, an apartment, or a house, and what they dream of someday is much the same. They crave time off someday from mountains of dishes, mountains of dirty clothes, hundreds of tedious tasks. The boring, irksome chores of life eat up valuable time.

So it would seem, then, that retirement ought to be defined as “enough leisure to do the things you want.”

Why not start then at 25—or any age? Time to play can be bought at the store. The bride can spend more time being beautiful. Her man can spend more time with his feet up.

Some philosopher someday will make a discovery. He will stand back far enough to see this electrical age in panorama. What will strike him as important is not how many and how varied are the gleaming white and chromium appliances that surround the home owner.

No, he will say, a man does not buy himself bits of copper and steel hitched to motors and wires. He buys himself hours and days of time.

He does not buy lamps of glass and wire. He buys hours of extra daylight to enjoy. He does not buy a washing machine. He buys needed hours of leisure. He
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

happy can you get?

does not buy air conditioning. He buys his family the energy and the well-being, without which leisure or work is impossible to enjoy.

This is no place to hint at how other products translate into time. What factories have done with motors to shorten a man's work and lengthen his production is a separate story. It is at home that a man most wants to trade the boring for the interesting.

The truth is that people have begun buying retirement as they go along. They may not realize it, but that does not keep them from enjoying the extra time for reading, visiting, writing that book, or riding that hobby.

Retirement is a state of mind we're trying to build into everybody's home. We think our engineers have come up with some wonders—but as you can guess, there'll be more to come. In making new and better products we may well be contributing to a social evolution that wasn't in our original blueprints. We hope so.—General Electric.
So you're a fisherman?—one of the twelve million males and three million females devoted to the ancient and honorable sport of angling. So you fish the country's inland waters, its streams, rivers, and its sparkling lakes, at every opportunity. And the beauties you hook, those finny fellows who gave you fight but finally finish sizzling in your frying pan, you thank bounteous nature for them, if you think about it at all. So you're due for a surprise, for those stirring catches cost you five million dollars a year!

Not just you; every taxpayer helps foot the bill. Because, if left to nature, the fishing in these United States would be pretty slim pickings. And so Uncle Sam, with help from several States, steps in. Each year, approximately five billion fish are planted in the streams and lakes of America, delivered from the 600 hatcheries located throughout the land.

One hundred of these hatcheries, where the fish receive care as tenderly solicitous as human small fry in a maternity ward of a hospital, are under the direct supervision of the Fish and Wild Life Service of the United States Department of the Interior. The majority of the remaining 500 are operated by the individual States, most of them in cooperation with the federal service. The annual bill to the taxpayer for the work of the hatcheries reaches five million dollars.

In areas where the disciples of Izaak Walton make their greatest demands upon lakes and streams, the fish services attempt to return to the waters one fish for every fish taken by an angler. Tank-trucks deliver to the waters both fingerlings and legal-sized fish of such varieties as trout, perch, bass, sunfish, and others dear to the sportsman's heart. Thus a constant cycle of grown and growing fish is maintained.

This fish-planting project is tremendous, yet it is but a small part of the national program operated by the hatcheries. It would take Dame Nature hundreds of years to restore to our inland waters just a portion of the catch taken from them yearly, not only because of the numbers of the catch but because Nature has more trouble than man in keeping up the health of the fish. And this health maintenance is the major portion of the hatcheries' work.
Surprisingly, fish are subject to almost as many ailments as are humans, and many of the piscatorial ills are more nearly akin to man’s troubles than is imagined. Fish are subject to common colds, to pneumonia-type ailments, and to tuberculosis. Some species are susceptible to a type of typhoid fever, and some to tape-worms! Many varieties suffer from vitamin deficiencies.

In addition to the hatcheries, the Fish and Wildlife Service maintains three major research centers where scientists study fish diseases and by their research evolve treatments. In connection with some of these clinics for fish, sanitariums are operated where diseased or run-down fish are nursed back to good health. Hundreds of millions of fish are treated annually. The Interior Department service reports, for example, a record of treating a million and a half fish for common colds in one morning. Treatment for this number, in the hatchery ponds where they are watched over so carefully, consisted of dusting medicine fixed with food onto the ponds.

For centuries, one of the most devastating ills visited upon fish has been what the piscatorial experts label furunculosis. In common, everyday language this means boils. Epidemics of fish boils occur periodically, killing off stock at an amazing rate. Uncle Sam’s scientific researchers, however, discovered that one of the sulfa drugs, sulfamerazine, applied along with fish food, provided a complete cure. Furunculosis is no longer the fearsome threat it once was.

Trout and salmon are two varieties which suffer, more than others, from anemia and vitamin deficiencies. Vitamin B has supplied the answer to the latter, while the former is successfully treated with mixed liver and dried milk.

Incidentally, to reassure fish-eaters, none of the diseases which plague the finny creatures can be contracted from eating fish flesh, if the fish have been properly and thoroughly cooked.

In addition to the diseases which strike them, fish are constantly subjected to another more singular horror. Wearing their gills, or “lungs,” on the outside of their bodies, they are prey to attacks from a number of organisms, ranging from microscopic in size to visible parasites. These pests frequently cause infections, and it
has been but recently that the guardians of our fish discovered a spray solution, a variety of commercial deodorant, that kills the pests.

The value of all this research and care can be understood if one realizes that an unchecked epidemic could wipe out a whole generation of fish in a matter of a few days, or weeks at the most. That would mean several years lost in the re-stocking of lakes and streams, a terrible blow to the nation’s fifteen million men and women anglers, and the tens of thousands more of youthful bent-pin addicts of the sport.

It could seriously damage, too, the food-fish industry, for, while the bulk of the work of America’s hatcheries is in behalf of the sportsman angler, the federal and state services also supply young fish for the American salmon industry and other commercial salt-water fishing.

It could also mean a dearth of both food supply and sport to the American farmer as, in the past five years, the Fish and Wildlife Service has stocked ponds on farms throughout the country with 40,000 pounds of fish a year. An acre pond on a farm brings forth between 200 and 300 pounds of fish yearly, offering the farmer a valuable food supply as well as providing him with sport in his own back yard. The fish are large-mouth bass and blue-gills, supplied free of charge to any farmer making the request.

The county agent or area Soil Conservation Service representative will aid any farmer to decide upon the best site for a pond on his land, and actually do the layout work. Such ponds, ranging in size from one-half to three acres, are easy to build at costs ranging from $300 to $1,000. Rain, creeks or springs supply the water. With the pond approved, Uncle Sam, of course, supplies the fish which, in one year’s time from the first stocking, are large enough to catch.

The Federal Fish Hatchery at Leetown, West Virginia, where this writer checked, supplies an average of 100,000 bass and 1,000,000 blue-gills to more than 500 farmers in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Southern Pennsylvania.

But, farmer or city-bred angler, the next time you get out rod and reel, enjoy fish at the dinner table, or wrapped in bacon and sizzling over an open fire, remember there’s a five-million dollar fish story behind that catch!
The FIGHTING DAYS of BASEBALL

In the old days, ball games were something to fight for—and the creed was "win by any means."

By LARRY RAY

TY COBB, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and other old-time baseball "greats" had one thing in common—they were brought up in a fighting baseball school. A school that had for its creed a "win by any means" spirit, an earnest conviction that a ball game was something to fight for. Many of their stunts would be considered unethical today; but these same stunts helped win them immortality.

A typical "fight" episode of the old days once started when a runner on first tried to steal second from the Baltimore Orioles. First of all he spiked the Orioles' first baseman on the foot. The baseman retaliated by trying to trip the runner. The runner got away, but at second Heinie Reitz tried to block him off while Hughey Jennings covered the bag to take the throw and tag him out. The runner evaded Reitz and jumped feet first at Jennings to drive him away from the bag. Jennings dodged the flying spikes and threw himself head first at the runner, knocking him unconscious. In the meantime the batter hit the Orioles' catcher on the hands with his bat so he couldn't throw, and the catcher trod on the umpire's feet with his spikes and shoved his big mitt in his face so he couldn't see the play. But the funniest part was the umpire's decision. He punched the catcher in the ribs, called it a foul ball, and sent the runner back to first when he regained consciousness.

In 1894 while playing third base for the Orioles, John McGraw, later to become the scrappy manager of the famous old New York Giants, evolved
the trick of hooking his hand inside the belt of a base runner on third when a fly was hit to the outfield. In this way he could prevent him from getting a quick start in an attempt to score after the catch. A lot of runners were thrown out due to the time thus lost. As there was only one umpire in those days, and he had to watch the play in the outfield, it was easy to get away with the trick. But one day Pete Browning of Pittsburgh put one over on McGraw. McGraw had slipped his hand inside of Pete’s belt, but as soon as the catch was made Pete broke for the plate and left McGraw standing there with his unbuckled belt dangling from his hand.

On that old Baltimore club they used to keep a row of files hanging on the wall behind a bench just outside the visiting players’ dressing rooms. As the visiting team came out to start its practice, the Orioles would be sitting there sharpening up their spikes. It was done for psychological effect, but to make it good, they would go tearing into a bag with murderous intent. As a result many a game was won before the first ball was pitched.

Another little artifice the Orioles practiced was building up the ground slightly between first and third-base lines to keep well-placed bunts from rolling foul, while toward first-base they created a distinct down grade to aid them in beating out their bunts. Still another trick was to soap the soil around the pitcher’s box; so that when the opposing pitcher picked up some to dry his perspiring hands, it made his pitching hand slippery and he couldn’t control the ball. Their own pitcher knew where the unadulterated earth was, or carried some private stock in a hip pocket.

GEORGE STALLINGS used fighting tactics in 1914 — and he drove his Boston Braves, with only one .300 hitter and a terrible outfield, from last place on Fourth of July to a world’s championship in October. Then, the opening game of the World’s Series in Philadelphia, he saw to it that all his players were sitting in chairs directly in front of the telephone booths at the Aldine Hotel. He came stalking in, apparently as mad as a hornet, and entered a phone booth, leaving the door open. They heard him call the playing field of the Athletics and ask, “Is this Connie Mack?” Then he said, “Well, I just called to tell you that you ought to be thrown out of baseball for even making the suggestion that you did to me.” He apparently listened a
while. Then—"All right, all right! My players will fight it out with yours—and you'd better tell that bunch of sissies of yours to keep out of our way if they don't want to end up in the morgue. That's all, you big bum." News of the quarrel even hit the papers. It stirred Philadelphia from one end to the other. The Braves went into the World Series with a fighting spirit that couldn't be denied; and won the championship in four games. But Stallings had had his hand on the telephone receiver hook all the time, talking into a dead wire!

CONNIE MACK, Stallings' unsuspecting victim that day in Philadelphia, was himself one of the trickiest catchers the game has ever known. In the days when a foul tip caught directly off the bat was out instead of being called a strike, he used to make a sound like a foul tip—striking the edge of his mitt sharply with the fingers of his bare hand as the batter swung at the ball. It fooled both the batter and the umpire. Connie got away with this repeatedly before it was discovered. Then in 1895 came the rule that the batter was out on a caught foul only when the ball went at least ten feet in the air or ten feet away from the plate.

Ty Cobb was the scrappiest player of them all. He was fiery, daring, cruel and brilliant. From the time he broke in as a rookie with Detroit in 1905 to his final day in 1928 he played every game as though it were a matter of life or death. He fought players, umpires, even fans, with his fists and his spikes. If a pitcher threw a bean-ball at Cobb, as many of them did, he'd regret it before the game was over. Ty would bunt down the first-base line, and when the pitcher moved over to field the bunt, Ty's 180 pounds of bone, muscle and razor-sharp spikes would collide with him.

Cobb had no mercy on rival players or on himself. During his flaming career, his legs were covered with scars, cuts and bruises from his toes to his hips. He never cried about the shocking punishment he took from other players. He hated sympathy. To him, baseball was a battle, winner take all. And it was just that grim fighting spirit that won him first place in baseball's Hall of Fame.

EVEN the fans and umpires were fighters in the old days. Let an umpire's decision be unpopular, and he would be sat on, spat on, punched, pummeled and choked. Rocks, black-jacks and knives would often come into play.

After one game at the old Polo Grounds, the umpire ran toward his dressing room. But a husky six-footer pounced on him under the stands. The ump planted an uppercut on his jaw. Then four men pinioned the ump's arms behind his back while a fifth kicked him in the shins. A glancing blow with a stone knocked him down, and soon hundreds of fans were milling around and shouting, "Kill the bum!"

Fists smashed into his face. One fan grabbed him by the throat and tried to strangle him, but he got a hand free and knocked him loose. Another fan took dead aim at his
head with a rock. But the ump feinted his head from side to side, and the rock finally crashed into his shoulder. He was almost unconscious, but still fighting, when the cops arrived and dispersed the mob.

Possibly old-time baseball would be a little too brutal to please the present-day crowds which take more pleasure in seeing the ball whaled out of the lot. Perhaps the rough-house tactics formerly employed have been outmoded by an advancing, gentler civilization. In the old days there never was any friendly chatting on the field, as is commonplace today. If one player jumped into an opposing one covering a base and knocked him flat, no apologies were offered, none were expected. Today, base runners actually apologize after colliding with a baseman! That's polite—but it isn't baseball as it used to be.

Larry Ray Talks SPORTS

Mondays through Fridays on WHB at 6:15 p.m. A complete "round-up" of the world of sports, plus a nightly sports story, in a fast-moving quarter-hour that is a listening "must" for sports fans in the WHBig Market.

Currently, Larry is also broadcasting the Big Seven Conference basketball season, play-by-play direct from the field houses at M. U., Columbia; K. U., Lawrence; K-State, Manhattan; plus occasional games from Nebraska or Oklahoma. On WHB-TV, he presents his "Sports Eye" Mondays through Fridays at 10:20 p.m.

Come April, he'll present the K. C. Blues baseball games, play-by-play, at home and away, throughout the 1954 season, on WHB Radio.
JANE WYMAN of St. Joseph, Mo., in Warner Brothers' "So Big."

ESTHER WILLIAMS in M-G-M's "Dangerous When Wet."

STAND OR SWIM.

They All Look Lovely!

JULIA ADAMS in Universal's "Wings of the Hawk."

KATHLEEN HUGHES in Universal's "It Came from Outer Space."
TALL TOWER is topic as WHB-TV officials discuss with John Costellow (seated, left) plans for 1025-foot TV tower being built for Channel 9, to be ready in summer of 1954. Seated, John T. Schilling, Henry Goldenberg; standing, Mori Greiner, Don Davis.

W. Stewart Symington, U.S. Senator from Missouri, addresses WHB audience.

RED CROSS AWARDS for Distinguished Service are presented by Milton C. Tainter (left) to Mori Greiner, WHB-TV, and Dick Smith, WHB-Radio.

Wayne Stitt, popular WHB disc jockey, has the easy life. Here he interviews two Hollywood pretties on his "Club 710" show.

Katz and Hallicrafters really merchandise their Big Seven Football schedule on WHB! Larry Ray, WHB Sports Director, seated. Standing, John Liss of Hallicrafters; Jack Sampson, WHB; Maurice Blond, vice-president of Katz Drug Stores.
Program Notes for a Recital by a Profound Pianist

WHB Alumnus Al Stine, now the Associated Press' Man-About-America, encounters Elliot Paul at the Cafe Paesano in Hollywood—and provides Swing with these program notes.

By ELLIOT PAUL

First Group
1. Hatiwok in Old Madrid, with Asleep in the Deep.
   This is lodge brothers music on a husband’s night out, from Bnai Brith to K. of C. Under the titles The Elks are Gents, Pythias, My Pythias, etc., it has been a clam-bake and whiskey baritone favorite with the Woodmen of the World, the Odd Fellows, the O.W.I. and the W.P.A.
   Gentlemen will not, others must not, spit on the floor. We thank you.

2. Italian Airs, with Three Cloves Only — Oi, Marie, Funiculi and Rigoletto.
   Rigoletto is one of the few operatic airs which has sixty-four boom booms (count ‘em) at the end. The pony was a hunchback by Verdi out of Cacciatore, an excellent murder. He might come in. Mr. Paul plays him straight across the board. They’re off! There they go!

3. Two Finnish Melodies.
   The first selection “The Pines” suggests the keening of the wind through Northern Pines. This is used at Polish weddings at least two hours before the patrol wagon shows up.
   “The Letter” reflects the timorous mood of a shy Finnish maid.
   Air Mail to Finlandia is about thirty-six cents.

   This is a conservatory piece, Rubenstein’s impressions of a Russian summer resort on the Baltic, where
the herring come from. This beach was a favorite with the Old St. Petersburg aristocracy, to whom mixed bathing in the nude was a common occurrence. Mr. Paul soft pedals all the passages which might otherwise be unsuitable for American taste.

Get with it, Comrade!

5. Tell Me A Story and Just a Song at Twilight.
The pistol shot heard when Junior persists in annoying Grandpaw proves fatal. The old couple, whose memories are pleasantly fading, enjoy their old love song before being questioned and absolved by the homicide officers.


6. The Basin Street Blues.
Basin Street in Storyville, old New Orleans, was one of the few streets in pre-war America where no copies of the Christian Endeavor World were sold. Josephus Daniels as Secretary of the Navy, closed all the joints in 1917; so the sailor boys could get back to the sweet, wholesome girls they were engaged to, without too much experience.

By the time War II came along, the youth of America had learned to put nothing in writing.

W. C. Handy wrote words and music of the Basin Street Blues, after cleaning both up for the family trade.

7. The Moulin Rouge Song.
Georges Auric, the gifted French composer, really ordered liver, then settled for heart because liver was $1.00 a pound. He left the heart on a bus going home, flagged the bus next trip and kept asking the conductor for his meat.

Thus, this touching song was born.

8. The Yancey Special — Meade Lux Lewis.
Jimmy Yancey, the great boogie woogie player and composer, had a job mowing the grass at the White Sox park, Chicago. His piano play-

ing, and especially "The Slow And Easy Blues" influenced all the jazzmen of his time. His disciple, Meade "Lux" Lewis (the "Lux" is for "Luxembourg," not the popular soap powder) is the original Mr. Five-by-Five.

Second Group

Every other number, i.e., 1, 3, 5 and 7 are famous Minuets by Beethoven in G, Mozart in E-Flat, Paderewski in G, and Henry the Eighth in G. G seems to be a good key for minuets, but Mr. Paul will stick to Mozart's text and play Mozart's in E. Flat.

2. Anna, the hit song from Bitter Rice.
This should really be played on a couple of zithers. The music is by R. Vatro, and the Latin Lyrics by F. Giordano. Silvana Mangano danced the number in knee britches. The Baiao beat, Mr. Paul complains, is so tricky that it is practically illegal.

4. Jada.
This piece swept into brief popularity just after the turn of the century. It may be what turned it. Let him up, Mr. Paul. He's all cut.

6. The Shiek of Araby with Cheeseburger, or Tenting Tonight.
It is customary while this is being played for gentlemen to fold their arms and look into the distance. If women fling themselves upon them while they are holding such a pose, both may lose their balance.

Ride 'em, Sheik!
8. **The St. Louis Blues**, in Al Ammons’ tempo and manner. Ammons, the great blues interpreter among the eighty-eighters, subordinates the pathos of the St. Louis Woman to the sturdy drag beat. What is one woman’s loss seems to be another doll’s gain. Or could there be a middle course? These philosophical questions keep coming up throughout the traditional number. All the answers may be obtained by telephoning Information.

**Third Group**

1. **Gavotte in A-major** by Gluck. Gluck was a sexagenarian before his genius came to full flower, which indicates Dr. Osler, who advocated mercy killings of all people over sixty, was all wet.

2. **Side by Side**. A swing ballad which starts out like “We Won’t Go Home Until Morning.” The development section contains some very close harmony, but the general trend is optimistic. Even singers, the author states, can get along if they make a real effort. In any event, don’t beat the poor girl, except in anger.

3. **The Pleasures of Love**, if any. This is repeated from last week by request . . . of a prominent physician.

4. **The Suitcase Blues**. Another repeat by request of a prominent hotel clerk.

5. **Moment Musicales in F-minor**, by Schubert. This was used by silent movie pianists whenever fairies tripped on the scene. It is just as good without fairies, however. Anyway, the hearty American audience prefers to settle for elves.

6. **Ballin’ the Jack**. All programs should contain an educational element. Guess what it is?

7. **The Gypsy**. Caravan music at its best. This is played by Mr. Paul to counteract the popular trend toward “I Believe,” “Tell Me A Story,” “Get Out of That Window, Little Dogie” and “That’s Not My Oboe, She’s My Fife.”

8. **The Boogie-Woogie Stomp**. Albert Ammons’ masterpiece he learned from Pine Top Smith, and improved with his great rolling bass. In the opinion of John Hammond, it is the best of all the boogies, strictly native, and free from European embellishment.

**Fourth Group**

1. **Espana Cani**. Bullfight Music from the Madrid ring. When the bugle sounds, the bull is released and rushes into the arena, dazzled by the sunlight. He sees a cape and charges. A bull can outrun any animal except the swiftest human sprinter for the first hundred yards. So stand well back.

2. **Shoeing Wild Horses** by Perry Como and Sea Biscuit. This arrangement included “Light Cavalry,” “The Anvil Chorus” and “Pony Boy.” Any resemblance to a beer advertisement is purely coincidental. Mr. Paul drinks Heinekin’s, when he can get it. And usually he can get it.

3. **Ai, Ai, Ai**. Another Latin love song, with long pants. Some of the melodies interpolated by Mr. Paul are of Phoenician origin and now are played on the Island of Ibiza. Tito Schipa made this song famous, but it has been current in Spain at least a hundred years.


5. **The Glim Worm**. This ballad has had an amazing history. Written in German by Paul Linke, in 1902, while the composer-author still was a mountaineer with ragged ears and dirty leather britches, it reached popularity in the U.S. five years later, during the panic of 1907. The Mills Brothers took it over last year, and swung it with their usual effectiveness. The Linke version has much more glim, and the Mills’ arrangement all the swing. Mr. Paul’s compromise included the best elements of both. The audience is urged to light cigarettes
during the execution, if they are in favor of it.

6. Waltz in A-flat Major, by Brahms. Customers are cautioned never to attempt saying "Brahms" while their mouths are full of meat balls and spaghetti, or even plain spaghetti. The waltz is one of the Hungarian master's lighter pieces, unlike his Rhapsodies which are tough on small pianos and last half an hour.

7. Over the Waves. One of the oldest and best American waltzes brought over by refugees from Germany in 1877. It is spirited and dreamy, very smooth, with a terrific bang. The intermezzo gives fast waltzers time to mop their brows with monogramed Kleenex, or any acceptable substitute. Kid Ory does scandalous things with this piece, in Dixieland style, and four-four time.

8. A Slow Boat to China, and Chinatown O'Rooney. This Oriental music with a barrelhouse beat proves that Kipling pulled a boner with that line that East is East, and West is West, and Ne'er the Twain Shall Meet. They not only meet in this arrangement, they click. Chinatown, My Chinatown, where the lights are low and the jive is lower still. Go down, professor. Descend.

"Better dredge the bottom—I'm sure we had six."

"I hear the Richmonds don't get along little dogie, get along!"
"Bottle Papers" enable skilled technicians to calculate the circulation of ocean currents, including their speed and direction of flow. But that's not all...

By FRANK L. REMINGTON

“Throw it overboard,” Captain E. R. Johanson directed, handing the mate a tightly corked bottle. Several moments later a glass container splashed into the water and disappeared in the ship's wake. Captain Johanson of the S. S. Marine Phoenix thus cooperated with the U. S. Hydrographic Office, a department of the Navy.

Among its other duties, the Office issues “Bottle Papers” to sea captains embarking on a voyage. Far at sea, the captain fills in the blanks of this special form with latitude, longitude, date, and name of his vessel. He slips the paper into a strong bottle, drives in the cork flush with the rim and covers it with sealing wax. Then he dispatches it to the ocean waves.

Perhaps the bottle bobs and pitches over the ocean for several months; perhaps for several years, or even longer. At any given moment, there are probably thousands of them tossing over the waves of the seven seas. Eventually, most of them float ashore and are picked up by a bather or a beachcomber.

Inside, the finder discovers the bottle paper. Printed on it are instructions in English and seven other languages. In the blanks provided, the finder fills in his name, the date, and the place of recovery. Then, following the instructions, he mails the paper back to Washington.

CAPTAIN JOHANSON hurled his bottle into the Pacific on March 27, 1948, in latitude 18° 21' N., longitude 144° 00' W. More than two years later it had drifted to Midway Island, some 2,400 miles distance. Mr. M. L. Thompson found it on July 4, 1950, and mailed the enclosed paper to the Hydrographic Office.

Back in Washington, skilled technicians go over the papers and make calculations on the circulation of ocean currents, including their speed and direction of flow. They thus amass a wealth of practical information and valuable statistics of value to all mariners and navigators.

Our government, however, isn't the sole user of floating bottles. Traditionally, it is the Hydrographic Office that issues the bottles, and the information they provide is used for navigational purposes. But now, with the help of modern technology, the information gathered from these bottles is used for a variety of scientific research and environmental studies. The bottles are still used, but the technology has evolved to provide more accurate and detailed data.
tionally, over the centuries, sailors on sinking ships have scribbled their last thoughts on scraps of paper, corked them in containers, and consigned them to the ocean post office. Recovered bottles have often furnished clues to the fate of long-lost vessels.

Rescued from a watery grave at the eleventh hour, some fortunate few live to recognize their notes when the bottles entrusted with their last thoughts are later recovered. In 1825, a Major D. W. MacGregor escaped the burning merchant vessel Kent in the Bay of Biscay. Rescue seemed remote when MacGregor hurled a bottled message in the sea which read: “Ship on fire. Elizabeth, Jonna and myself commit our spirits in the Hands of our Redeemer, Whose grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering Eternity.”

The survivors of the Kent postponed their entrance into Eternity when the ship Cambria rescued them. Eighteen months later a swimmer in the Bahama Islands found the bottle containing the hopeless death notice. MacGregor recognized it as the one he had written in his darkest hour.

Often, after marine disasters, hoaxers delight in writing spurious notes and setting them adrift. Consequently, a high percentage of bottle messages are frauds. The disappearance of the steamer Waratah in 1909 sprouted a crop of these deceptions. The liner carried 211 persons and within a year of her mysterious disappearance, five bottle messages, allegedly written by survivors, washed onto Australian beaches. Each proved to be a hoax. The Waratah’s fate remains a mystery to this day.

FLOATING bottles don’t always carry bad news; on at least one occasion a bottled message served as Cupid’s courier. A comely stewardess on an English liner met her future...
husband by proxy when her ship picked up a bottle along the coast of Australia. In addition to the photograph and address of a sailor, the container held a message which pleaded: “I am a mate on a freighter bound for the South Seas. I am a lonesome fellow and hope that fate will bring me a wife. Perhaps somewhere in the Commonwealth there is a girl not older than 30 who wants to write to me."

Several times the floating mail carriers have delivered the wills of marine disaster victims. A sealed jam-jar washed onto an Australian beach in 1943. The folded papers inside recorded the last thoughts and the will of Harold Douglas, a skipper of a missing vessel.

Perhaps the oddest case of a seaworne will involved a Boston lawyer who lost his mind upon the death of a wealthy client in 1911. The lawyer sealed the $30,000,000 will into a bottle, surreptitiously boarded an outgoing ship, and hurled the valuable document into the ocean many miles from shore. Subsequently, the demented barrister regained his senses and posted a $25,000 reward for the finder of the bottle. Three years passed before it again came into his hands. In the interim, the bottled will drifted to the far corners of the Atlantic and, among other misadventures, it had been swallowed by a shark and worshipped as a god by a pagan tribe in Brazil.

Soon after Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, a French dressmaker found a bobbing bottle near Saffi, Morocco, and came into a tidy sum of cash because of the peculiar whim of an American traveler. Apparently jubilant over the Lone Eagle’s daring deed, the American wrote a sizable draft on his bank and, along with a brief message, enclosed it in a wine bottle and tossed it to the waves from the deck of a liner. The terse note stated simply: “Hurrah for Lindbergh!”

FATE alone determines how long or how far a bottled message will drift or what strange destiny might eventually befall it. Disaster overtook Matsuyama, a Japanese sailor, in 1784. Before he died on a lonely reef, the shipwrecked Jap corked his tragic story in a glass container and committed it to the ocean post office. In 1935, after 150 years of constant drifting, the errant bottle came ashore at Hiratutemura, which by a strange twist happened to be the birthplace of the long lost seaman.

Another queer quirk of fortune involved a cocoa tin dispatched from an unlucky ship in 1933. Sailing out of Newfoundland to Port Talbot, the steamer Saxilby apparently vanished without a trace. More than two years later the waves deposited a chocolate container on the beach at Aberavon,
Wales. Within it, a tragic note briefly explained: “S. S. Saxilby sinking somewhere off the Irish coast. Love to sisters, brothers and Dinah.—Joe Okane.” The ocean currents in the best Robert Ripley tradition delivered the message to the writer’s own hometown of Aberavon and within a stone’s throw of his old residence.

VARIOUS private organizations and individuals carry on fascinating experiments in floating bottle lore. The International Bottle Club, for instance, keeps a constant stream of message-bearing containers journeying over the waves.

George Phillips, an evangelist of Tacoma, Washington, conducts one of the most unusual projects. Known as the “Bottle Parson” this enthusiast collects empty whisky bottles, fills them with religious tracts and sermons and tosses them into Puget Sound, from where they are carried to sea. Something like 15,000 of these pious parcels have been cast adrift by Phillips and his followers. At least 1,200 have reached a destination, for the “Bottle Parson” has received that many replies from finders as far away as Alaska, Australia and New Guinea. More than one of the recipients has taken a cue from the floating messages, repented and turned to God.

Walter S. Bint, a former seaman of San Francisco, carried on a somewhat similar though less pretentious crusade. He dispatched some 1,500 gospel-bearing bottles to the waters. One, set adrift in 1947, was recently recovered in Hokkaido—Japan’s northernmost island. It contained three copies of a Biblical quotation of 21 languages, including English, French, German, Japanese, Chinese and Eskimo.

What tidings bottle messages may carry in the future, no person can foretell. Perhaps some will shed light on the fate of long-lost ships and marine disaster victims. More important, though, these floating bottles will add valuable data to the Hydrographic Bureau’s knowledge of ocean currents and tides. Directly or indirectly, this information will contribute to the safety and comfort of all mariners.
There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the Little Brown Church in the vale.

The World's Most Famous BROWN CHURCH

By IRVING WALLACE

THE Little Brown Church in the vale, immortalized by the song, still stands in a ghost town surrounded by fields of Iowa corn! As many as sixty thousand tourists sign the register annually in the small church made famous by a hymn. The Little Brown Church has been the setting for as many as 1,550 weddings in a single year.

Marriageable folk outside the community didn’t seem to discover the Little Brown Church until 1920. The coming of the automobile and radio broadened the church’s parish from a few square miles to a nation.

Rev. F. L. Hanscom, the church’s 26th pastor, has married more than 12,000 couples since starting to serve the Little Brown Church in 1940.
Little wonder the green carpet before the pulpit has had to be replaced several times. Rev. Hanscom believes there are few divorces among those married in his church. "Most of them," he says, "are of an intellectual and refined type, coming from religious homes." If couples prefer to bring their own minister, it is permissible; but most seem to feel that a traditional Little Brown Church wedding would not be complete without the services of Rev. Hanscom and his wife.

Swing

When Rev. Hanscom finishes his prayer, while the newly married couple stand with bowed heads, Mrs. Hanscom sings softly, Our Wedding Prayer. As they leave the altar, she starts playing The Little Brown Church in the Vale on the organ.

The song, Our Wedding Prayer, was written by Mrs. Kate Noble of Denver, Colorado, daughter of the late Dr. William S. Pitts, author of The Little Brown Church in the Vale. Mrs. Noble wrote the song in 1945 for her granddaughter’s marriage ceremony, later giving the original manuscript to Mrs. Hanscom.

With the exception of the church and a few lonely landmarks, nothing remains of the town of Bradford—one a thriving frontier settlement. The Little Brown Church appears to defy the years, having gone through boom days, wars, drought and wind storms—yet still stands beside the road in the midst of a small grove of beautiful trees. The building is still painted brown, just as it was in frontier days. Brown paint was selected then because it covered fresh lumber best and was the cheapest.

BRADFORD was the first white settlement in what is now Chickasaw County. Travelers reached it by overland stage coach from the Mississippi River—almost a hundred-mile ride through Indian country. The first settlers arrived from New England in 1850, and soon the population reached 800. New businesses flourished. One of them, the Hazelbine Organ Company, was the first to make musical instruments west of the Mississippi River. One of their organs still stands in the Little Brown Church.

When the railroad came, it missed Bradford by two miles, to the bitter disappointment of the townspeople. Nashua was started on the railroad nearby and Bradford wasted away—until only the Little Brown Church remained.

Religious services of some nature have been maintained in the Little Brown Church since its erection. For years it was served jointly by the pastor of the Congregational Church in Nashua. Since 1937 a minister’s full time has been required. There are sixty members, the Sunday attendance ranging from forty to seventy-five. The church school begins at 10:30, and the worship follows at eleven o’clock. The rest of the day is taken up with marriages, as Sun-
day is the most popular day of the week.

The Sunday morning service closes with the congregation singing the famous hymn. The caretaker starts ringing the bell as they reach the third verse:

*How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning*
*To list to the clearing bell.*
*Its tones so sweetly are calling,*
*Oh, come to the church in the vale.*

PAVING the road to the church contributed greatly to its prosperity. Credit goes to Mrs. Nelson G. Kraschel, wife of the then governor of Iowa. Leaving the church on their way back to Des Moines after attending a Sunday morning service, Mrs. Kraschel frowned at the fog of yellow dust kicked up by the speeding car. "Just imagine," she exclaimed to her husband, "what people from other states must think of Iowa when they ride over a road like this!" It was not long until a hard-surfaced road was constructed.

Dan Cupid takes little cognizance of weather or of time. One day last June there were twenty-eight weddings. Later on, in September, the record was equaled. The Rev. Hanscom officiated at twenty-seven of them. He takes pride in giving each wedding a personal touch. There is nothing hurried nor casual about them, though there are from two to ten daily. Each one is truly a church wedding with ring ceremony.

Apparently people are not superstitious about being married on Friday. However, if it falls on the 13th, Rev. Hanscom knows that will be a day of rest. During the fishing season he digs out his old clothes and disappears for the day.

Only a marriage license issued in Chickasaw County can be used at the Little Brown Church. However, this raises no great obstacle; a license can be obtained without previous application or residence in the state, and the County Clerk can be reached by phone at any time—after hours or on Sunday or holidays—at New Hampton, the county seat.

There is a five-dollar charge for the use of the church for each wedding. The groom usually presents the minister a similar amount. If the two witnesses required by law do not accompany the wedding party, there is an additional fee of two dollars. It is customary to offer the organist a dollar or two when music is required. Dressing rooms may be had at a nearby farm house for fifty cents.

"The Marrying Parson of the Corn Belt," as Rev. Hanscom is sometimes called, reports that grooms are usually more nervous than brides. "When I tell a nervous couple that I haven't lost a bride or groom yet," he said, "they laugh and settle down. Many a groom has had difficulty in getting the ring on the bride's finger. When I tell him it's the third finger of her left hand, invariably he'll take the wrong hand and start counting the wrong way." Of the thousands who have stood before him, only two have fainted. In both cases they were bridegrooms, "We revived them," Rev. Hanscom smiled, "and went on with the ceremony."
Some days as many as 1,000 tourists visit the country church. On several occasions all 48 states have been represented during a single day. Visitors always find rice on the church steps, many taking a few grains for good luck. The caretaker, who uses the rice for chicken feed, estimates that several tons are used each year. Tourists don’t have to wait long to see an actual wedding. One day 700 people came from a neighboring town to see a couple married. It was necessary to hold the ceremony on the front steps. The percentage of local couples getting married in the Little Brown Church is small. Somehow the church does not hold the romanticism for them it does for those who live at a distance.

The history of the Little Brown Church begins in 1855, when a group started to meet on Sunday evenings and formed the First Congregational Church. They used the hotel dining room; or, if occupied, the blacksmith shop or livery barn. Times were hard and they paid their minister in farm products. One year he received only four dollars in cash.

During Bradford’s early years the sporting element built saloons and gambling houses. When a two-story frame building was erected on Main Street and dancing girls were imported from the Mississippi River towns, it aroused the ire of the church group, especially the women. When the sheriff wouldn’t help, the women decided to handle the matter themselves.

In front of the post office stood a muzzle-loading field gun, a memento of the Civil War, which had recently ended. The angry women met downtown after dark, loaded the cannon, placed a fuse in it and pulled the cumbersome thing down the street, pointing it at the brightly lighted house. The owners came from the building to laugh at the panting, tugging group of women. Tittering, painted girls appeared in the windows.

It was no joke when one of the women approached the cannon with a lighted match. The fuse began to sputter and the shot from the cannon tore through the building and wrecked it.

Around that time, Bill Pitts, an adventurous young man from Wisconsin, visited the Bradford community—and fell in love with the country. He decided he would go back home, finish his schooling, and return to the frontier town later.

While walking about the town, he passed a spot as yet untouched by man’s axe or plow—a setting of rare beauty. Young Bill Pitts liked music,
and this beautiful place inspired him to write the words of a song. He stored it away in his trunk and soon forgot it.

In 1859 John K. Nutting, a young circuit rider, took over the Bradford church meetings which had been organized four years. The young preacher was determined to build a house of worship. He acted as architect, men offered their labor, settlers donated trees, and a nearby sawmill sawed the logs. Work stopped during the Civil War, but Nutting resumed it later.

Rev. Nutting wrote “And so we finished the building” in his diary in 1864. He asked the new music teacher, Bill Pitts, to sing a solo at the dedication. The teacher recalled the song he had put in his trunk seven years before. It would be appropriate, he believed, because they had built the church on the very site about which he had written. And too, they had painted it brown—just like the church in his vision. His song won praise, and from that day the church has been known as “The Little Brown Church in the Vale.” Through the years the hymn won its way into the hearts of the people of the world. Almost everyone is familiar with the old song.

The Hanscoms derive much pleasure from numerous letters written by couples married in the Little Brown Church. It is not uncommon for sons or daughters to have their wedding at the renowned church where their parents had been married. Hundreds of couples whom Rev. Hanscom has married, have returned with their children to have them baptized.

The church’s bell was cast at the Meneely Foundry in Troy, New York, which made the bell hanging in Independence Hall at Philadelphia. Each Sabbath morning the bell calls to the countryside to “come to the church in the wildwood.” Several times daily it spreads the tidings that another couple has been married at the noted shrine.

After the wedding Rev. Hanscom follows the couple down the aisle and stops them at the bell rope. He tells the bride to pull the rope. It pulls hard, so he tells the bridegroom to help her. Then, of course it pulls much easier, and the old, old bell in the old, old belfry rings out. It is then that Rev. Hanscom gives the newlyweds this advice:

“Always remember the bell rope! You’ll find married life much easier if you both pull together.”

"You can talk plainer than that. Stop calling me, SLIPPING BEAUTY!"
SHOWMANSHIP Helps Salesmanship SELL HOMES

Let your house smile a welcome to folks who want to buy.

Your home is for sale because you want to sell it. With little effort on your part, this can be accomplished more quickly and at a better price. Arouse the prospect’s desire for your house by making it attractive. Here are 20 friendly tested tips to help show your home to its best advantage. Some of them may be applicable to you or your home. Efforts to sell are more successful when the stage is well set.

PREPARATION FOR SHOWING

1. First impressions are lasting impressions. An inviting exterior insures inspection of the interior. Keep your lawn trimmed and edged—the flower beds cultivated—the yard free and clear of refuse. Remove snow and ice from the walks and porch stoop in the winter time. (If it applies in your territory.)

2. Decorate your home—a step toward a SALE. Faded walls and worn woodwork reduce desire. Do not tell the prospect how the place can be made to look—show him by redecorating first. A quicker sale at a higher price will result.

3. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Bright, cheery windows and unmarred walls will assist your sale.

4. Fix that faucet. Dripping water discolors the enamel and calls attention to faulty plumbing.

5. A day with the carpenter. Loose door knobs, sticking drawers, warped cabinet doors and the like are noticed by the prospect. Have them fixed.
6. From top to bottom. The attic and basement are important features. Remove all unnecessary articles which have accumulated. Display the full value of your storage and utility spaces.

7. Step high—step low. Prospects will do just that unless all stairs are cleared of objects. Avoid cluttered appearances and possible injuries.

8. Closet illusions. Clothes properly hung, shoes, hats and other articles neatly placed, will make your closets appear adequate.

9. Dear to her heart is the kitchen. Colorful curtains in harmony with the floor and counter tops add appeal for the Lady of the House.

10. Check and double check your bathroom. Bright and clean bathrooms sell many homes.

11. For the rest of your life. Bedrooms are always outstanding features. Arrange them neatly.

12. Can you see the light? Illumination is a welcome sign. For after-dark inspection, turn on your lights, from the front porch on through. The prospect will feel a glowing warmth otherwise impossible to attain.

13. “Three’s a crowd.” More will lose the sale. Avoid having too many people present during inspections. The prospect will feel like an intruder and will hurry through the house.

14. Music is mellow. But not when showing a house. Shut off the radio—it distracts. Let the salesman and the buyer talk, free of such disturbances.

15. Love me, love my dog does not apply in house selling. Keep pets out of the way—preferably out of the house.

16. Silence is golden. Be courteous but do not force conversation with the prospect. He is there to inspect your house—not to pay a social call.

17. Be it ever so humble. Never apologize for the appearance of your home. After all, it has been lived-in. Let a trained salesman answer any objections that are raised. That is his job.

18. In the shadows. Please do not tag along with the prospect and the salesman. He knows the buyer’s requirements and can better emphasize the features of your house when alone. You will be called if needed.

19. Putting the cart before the horse. Trying to dispose of furniture and furnishings to the prospect before he has purchased the house often loses the sale. Proper timing is important.

20. A word to the wise. Do not discuss price, terms, possession or other factors with the customers. Refer them to the salesman. He is better equipped to bring the negotiation to a favorable conclusion with all due dispatch.

SHOWING THE HOUSE

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14. Music is mellow. But not when showing a house. Shut off the radio—it distracts. Let the salesman and the buyer talk, free of such disturbances.
"What program am I watching? Well, it's all about these rustlers and they rob the cattle and then Hoppy meets one of the varmints and Hoppy tells him where to get off, but the head rustler keeps rustling and . . ."

"If you want to be moll of this gang, you've got to smoke!"

"I don't care if she is a tiny little girl. Next time you hit her back!"

"Before I go home, can I come in and listen to your approach?"
“Boy! You-know-who is going to be mad as you-know-what.”

“I’m five, but I would be six if I wasn’t sick one year!”

“Hey, goody! Mom won’t be home and Dad’s making supper. You know what that means—hamburgers!”

“But he followed me home, Pop—most of the way.”
Beautiful
Unity Village

Ingenious and imaginative use of pre-cast concrete by Architect Rickert Fillmore creates a modern village with an old-world atmosphere.

By TIP BROWN

INCORPORATED as a town only a few months ago, the village of Unity, Mo., in Jackson County, fourteen miles southeast of Kansas City, comes to its town status with everything but a Main street. That will come later.

Contrariwise, little is lacking that attaches to a great metropolitan center in the way of sky-piercing buildings, paved streets, acres of lawn and flower filled areas, swimming pool, tennis courts, golf course, amphitheatre, church, school, apartments, and restaurants.

Several million people look to this place as a source of inspiration, yet the resident population is less than a thousand people. The material welfare of the community is buttressed by a farm-factory enterprise that produces, distributes, and preserves the seasonal abundance of peaches, grapes, apples, and vegetables grown on more than a thousand fertile acres of farm land in the project. Man-made improvements include water supply from a twenty-two acre lake reservoir formed by impounding surface water by concrete dam; electric current; telephone net-work; and the many labor saving conveniences that stem from these facilities. A spotless dairy, storage warehouses, and canning plant add to the abundance and quality of available food, and give employment to a considerable number of people during the year.

However, important as are food and shelter, the village owes its existence to things of the spirit. The broad foundation of growth rests upon service to humanity to which all of these things have been added as is frequently set forth in Holy Writ. Even the most sanguine can scarcely believe the extent to which this promise has been fulfilled at the Unity School of Christianity. The idea of Unity was originated toward the close of the last century by Charles Fillmore and his wife, Myrtle, as a result of Mrs. Fillmore’s recovery from an illness by faith which encompassed peace of mind, health of body, wisdom, understanding, love, and abundance for every human need.

A society was established in 1889 and flourished from small beginnings at Eleventh and Main streets in Kansas City, Mo. A printing plant early became one of the vital agencies for carrying out a program that even-
tually reached the far corners of the earth. The founders steadily pursued an idea of a place apart from a city location where workers and students could pray and work without distractions in ministering to human needs.

Rural Jackson County in Missouri, with its rolling hills and green countryside, seemed an ideal location for the future Unity City, "a service station of God." The first land purchase of fifty-eight acres was made on March 1, 1920, and steadily through the years, additional land was added until now there are 1,300 acres in the project. The first building was a club house and was completed in 1925. Silent Unity, a structure devoted to prayer and meditation by workers who handle the thousands of written and personal calls for help from people in distress, was finished in 1929. Several hundred trained and experienced Unity members are engaged in this work in an atmosphere of silence and calmness. An auditorium for meetings of both religious and secular groups is located in this building and seats three hundred people.

Erected at about the same period is a 165'-high Campanile tower whose upper reaches contain the water tank that supplies water to all parts of the area. The square outlines of the tower can be seen for miles on the approaches to the site; and the top story is an open lookout that commands four eye-filling viewpoints of the countryside as well as a superb panorama of the Unity development. An elevator from the ground floor carries visitors to this spot which holds never ending interest no matter how often it is visited.

Following the completion of the new Printing building in 1947, the headquarters of the Society were moved to the farm location. A battery of huge printing presses turns out more than four million pieces of literature monthly—booklets and magazines which find their way by mail to all parts of the world. Another milestone in construction was reached two years later in the new Administration building, a towering eight-story center rising above the neighboring colonnaded, red tile roof structures. It contains the mail distribution system and accounting offices. The peak of incoming daily mail at times reaches twenty thousand pieces; replies call for facilities for handling a similar amount. A large restaurant in this building provides excellent food in settings of fascinating views and the best of restaurant equipment. Seating capacity has been provided for 450 people.

Unity Farm is never without a building program. Progress is always geared to available funds and the great number of commanding buildings of English and Italian architecture with accompanying refinements of mirror pool, fountains, rose gardens, walks, and resting places, are all eloquent manifestations of the efforts to accomplish the idealism of the founders.

President Lowell Fillmore, Secretary Rickert Fillmore, Dr. G. Leroy Dale, school register, Mrs. Jessie Gable, editorial department, and Chas. Fill-
more, son of Rickert, are active in planning along with others; and they now constitute the municipal directorship of the new Unity Village.

The building program is in the hands of Secretary Rickert Fillmore who is gifted with original architectural and engineering ideas, and, in addition, is long-experienced in the purchasing and handling of building materials. Unity buildings represent the most advanced concrete construction and annually attract important construction people to observe new and improved uses of a material that gains strength with age and is limited in use only by man's ability to handle it intelligently.

From sidewalk to multi-storied buildings, cast concrete is in universal use. A concrete casting plant is housed in a concrete masonry and steel building, 176' long by 64' wide with 11,500 sq. ft. of working space. A flat panel casting bed of concrete is laid for 112' upon the floor. It is here that wet concrete is placed in forms and after the set has taken place and the forms removed, it is picked up by an overhead gas-electric crane and set upright in another part of the building for a steam curing bath lasting thirty two hours. The concrete is then ready for removal and placed in final position on the job.

Flexibility in the use of cast concrete is utilized to the fullest extent in the design of columns and wall sections. Freedom of movement of concrete under temperature extremes is governed by control joints under sectional erecting methods. Structural rigidity is maintained by joining of sections by welding. Walls are composed of inner and outer precast sections and space is allotted for air conduits, electric wiring, water pipes, and insulation. These are installed as the sections are placed. When the roof sections are set in place, the building is ready for the decorators. In some instances, portions of buildings are given painting coats or inside plastering coats prior to leaving the casting plant. This is a great time saver where it can be done practically.

Forms for intricate mouldings, and there are many required in Unity structures, consist, first, of a wood pattern into which concrete is placed and allowed to harden. After oiling, these become permanent moulds that can be used times without number. Many other unusual decorative effects have been employed to add interest to the construction. A "worm eaten" effect in concrete trim is obtained by tossing bits of mud into the forms at the time of placing of concrete and later washing out the mud pattern. Mosaics in concrete are used to beautify interiors; and for this purpose, special aggregates are purchased abroad. From the wood working and machine shops come many articles of unusual merit such as hand made doors and office furniture. In the reception room of the newest building, copper is used to create an original and handsome trim.

The concrete mirror pool, 35' by 330', between the Silent Unity and Administration buildings was precast in sections. It is an inviting spot in which to relax amid the shadows of the big building flanking it; and to enjoy the sight of still waters with a back drop of a massive concrete
fountain surrounded by a rose garden and terraced walks. Pipe organ music is relayed from the fourth floor of the nearby Administration building and broadcast to a rest center alongside the pool. Beauty has been added to utility here, as the waterway is an essential part of the air conditioning system.

Unseen by most Unity visitors is the amazing underground network of tunnels that connect the various buildings. They are of unusual size, the largest being 8' x 8' x 10'; and all permit free overhead access to the many pipes and conduits that carry heat, light, water, power, and communication lines. Repairs and replacements can be made with least possible effort. The unused spaces in these subways serve many useful purposes. Perfect storage is available for scarce and often perishable building materials. As an example, the walnut lumber which is used in doors and furniture is harvested on the farm and seasoned here in storage until needed. Impressive piles of this valuable product are on hand for use when required. Carloads of building supplies are purchased and held in this storage until needed. Favorable market advantages can be often secured by taking immediate deliveries. The protective element of having supplies available as needed in the construction program is another distinct advantage.

HOUSING of students and guests has created a program of building a number of precast multiple-housing units. Four complete living apartment units have been built thus far, to house thirty-two people each. A central section, 12' x 12', rising slightly above the roof line of each unit, contains the plumbing, combination gas heating and air conditioning, water line, fifty gallon hot water tank, gas and electric meters, and a small amount of storage space. Other units are in the plan stage as well as a building to provide complete hotel service. Unity Village will some day in the not far distant future join the procession of towns with shining Main street faces. This will take form at the intersection of Highway 50 and Colburn Road. The transition of unity workers from urban residences to the Unity location is under way and planning for a shopping area with adequate parking spaces is well advanced.

The benign influence that moves out from this tiny dot of earthy space goes far beyond the physical properties and creature comforts that have been so adequately developed. Unity welcome carries no hollow sound and there are no "Keep Off the Grass" signs anywhere to bewilder the stranger. There is no bar to any creed. People of varying religious affiliations find soul-refreshment in the shelter, food, recreation, music or meditation according to their individual desires. Thousands have a deep attachment for this bit of heaven brought down to earth and perhaps never better expressed for them than in the words of an old and well loved hymn:

"For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony,  
Linking sense to sound and sight;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grateful praise."
CALIFORNIA'S HIGHWAY FOR
80,000 "hobby horsemen" in California can soon ride on a 3,000-mile bridle path—from the Mexican border to Oregon's boundary.

"SEE California From the Saddle," may be the newest slogan to lure tourists to the Golden Bear State. A multi-million-dollar state-sponsored program is nearing completion which will give California the world's most stupendous bridle path—a 3,000-mile highway for horsemen that winds through the state from the Mexican border to Oregon's boundary. Shaped like a gigantic lariat with the noose looping through a dozen federal, state and county parks, the trail will be the most extensive project of its kind ever undertaken.

Eleven million Californians, with more than 5,000,000 autos in their garages, still spend much of their time in the saddle. Riding clubs, with memberships running into the tens of thousands, have mushroomed into unprecedented popularity in recent years. According to Equestrian Trails, Inc., an organization of 2,500 Southland riders, there are more than 80,000 hobby horsemen in the state with 82% of them in Southern California. It is estimated that more boots, saddles and other riding equipment is sold in the Los Angeles area alone than was purchased in the entire west a century ago, when horseback was the principal means of transportation.

Horsemen and horsewomen in every age group throng the few present bridle trails of the state and overflow onto highways in many areas, thus creating a serious traffic hazard which results in numerous accidents and delays for vehicular travel. The best paths often are privately owned with stiff toll charges—a hardship on riders in lower-income categories. Now, however, there is great rejoicing in the horseback-riding fraternity as its members anticipate grand sightseeing tours to every point of interest in California for the price of a few nosebags of oats.

THE State Beaches & Parks Division has been working diligently on the huge plan for years; but progress was slow until influential horsemen and an association of riding clubs exerted political pressure to speed up the lawmakers. As finally developed, the plan permits the horsey set to ride on every type of terrain—from deep canyons to mountain peaks, from seashore to desert country, without encountering a single motor vehicle on the entire trek. And there is no toll charge of any kind!

The route runs from San Ysidro on the Mexican border to the Tehachapi mountains above Los Angeles, then north along the Sierra Nevada range to the Oregon boundary, west to the coast range and back south to rejoin the main trail in the Tehachapis. Already constructed are nearly 800 miles of trail. An additional 2,200 miles of rights-of-way have been acquired, thus assuring early completion of the project.

More than 1,000 miles of this
HORSEMEN

By
DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

unique horsemen's highway lies within public land such as federal, state and county parks, forests and conservation areas. Running through 37 counties, the path also traverses many private land parcels. Some obstacles were difficult to overcome in obtaining permission to run the trail through private property, particularly in the northern part of the state. Three expert and highly persuasive state agents, however, gradually acquired the rights. Chief objection of some landowners to lease strips through their property concerned the frequent careless regard which the general public often displays for property rights adjoining public thoroughfares. Objectors feared widespread damage and unwarranted trespassing by horses and riders if the bridle path were permitted to cross fields or timber plots. Should this occur, cancellation clauses in the leases can be invoked in most instances; and the riding public thereafter will be barred from whatever private land has been violated.

MOST of the trail is of variable width, on a 20-foot right-of-way. Camping grounds are spotted at regular intervals about 40 miles apart. These are equipped with comfortable shelters, stoves, tables, sanitary facilities and horse barns. A mounted patrol, recruited expressly for the purpose, polices the entire route.

Already constructed or slated for early completion are a half dozen narrow suspension bridges over rivers and streams. Mountain trails with hairpin turns are being cut through the west's most beautiful scenic spots, some reaching lofty peaks never before traveled by horsemen. Though none of the path traverses perilous country, one suspension bridge is planned to hang high over the raging Feather River.

There will be a short over-water boat ride link across the Benecia-Martinez ferry.

One other problem concerns that part of the route which runs from San Francisco across the Golden Gate into Marin County. Only route for non-amphibious mounts to reach the Sausalito side is via the Golden Gate bridge—a structure on which quadrupeds are now strictly forbidden. "If necessary," determined proponents of the project declare, "we'll sling a horse ramp under the vehicular lanes from one end of the bridge to the other. Nothing is now going to stop California from having the longest bridle path in the world."
The SILVER SALVER
and the
LITTLE KNITTED SUIT

¿Habla usted español? No hablo inglés. And it's for not doing that, she's doing this.

By DEE HENRI

I'd forgotten to buy presents.
Our European vacation was nearly at an end. We were at the Wellington Hotel in Madrid, arranging plane reservations home, when it occurred to us that our relatives would be expecting gifts.

I had a day and a half to buy them.

As luck would have it, I found a dozen pairs of lovely gloves and ten silver bowls at once, a feat accomplished with ease because my husband helped me shop. He speaks Spanish. I don't. Moreover, he carries the money. We brought the package back to the hotel, later repairing happily to the bullfights.

Although the next day was to have been dedicated to Escorial, I had a splitting headache when I awoke and I announced I'd have to stay in bed, adding, "You mustn't miss the trip, dear. You go alone." Reluctantly, my husband left, promising to be back by five o'clock. And that was the day I got into such a lot of trouble with the little knitted suit.

Unreasonably, the headache lifted at once. I began to feel terribly stranded—high and dry on an Iberian reef, so to speak—with nothing to read except an old copy of a New York Herald Tribune, which I read carefully, down to the stock market quotations. This finished, I sank into a half-doze, brooding about the gifts in our suitcases. Suddenly, I sat up straight among my pillows.

I had forgotten Keith, my brother's baby.

Ridiculous, offering Keith a pair of gloves, or a silver bowl.

To me, Keith was the most important member of our clan. Roly-poly fat, butter-yellow hair, a gregarious nature, a gorgeous chuckle—I loved him. The thought of home-coming, empty-handed, entering my brother's house to confront Keith enthroned in play-pen, to face the family's accusing eyes as I admitted my defection—it was enough to crush a woman.

I dressed, and forged forth into the shimmering heat.

The doorman at the Wellington wanted to call a taxi, but I decided to walk. The Gran Via is only a five-minute cab ride away from the hotel, to the biggest shops, but I hadn't explored the other area, parallel to Retiro Park, where I'd noticed small, attractive-looking stores. Along the way I crossed a parkway like Barcelona's Rambla, where rows of tables and chairs were ranged invitingly under cool trees, and I stopped there
for a glass of the violent black Spanish coffee. Strengthened, I went on to store after store, to leave each of them in disappointment.

Leisurely salesmen, who spoke a bit of English, knew me for a Norteamericano, and exhibited fans, mantillas, leather bags. "No," I said over and over, "Something for a baby." Their only offerings were absurd jack-in-the-boxes that Keith could have crushed in moments. Cheap tin cars with no appeal. Painted wooden carts. Embroidered dresses in which no self-respecting American boy baby would be caught dead. Bulky stuffed animals. For two hours I trudged, panting, and contemplated silly eggcups decorated with turtles, and golden napkin-rings.

Despairingly, I turned back toward the hotel. Closing-time for the afternoon siesta was imminent; some of the stores were already barricaded by thick iron grilles, heavy padlocks on their doors. Then I happened to see a shop still open, a tiny sedate affair wedged between two larger buildings, with an infinitesimal display window in which responded a blue baby's bonnet. The name of the shop was "El Francesca."

I stepped in. I could see one abbreviated showcase full of baby bonnets, one chair, and one article pinned up on the wall, behind a pair of glass doors. A white knitted baby's suit.

From somewhere up near the ceiling, an electric fan droned, over a narrow mezzanine. Minutes passed, while I coughed, and shuffled my feet, and then a saleslady—thin, smart-looking, lipstick on, beautifully-waved black hair—descended carefully down a ladder-like stairway. As a preface, I began, "Do you speak English?"

She shook her head and smiled, a gorgeous smile featuring shining lovely teeth. I pointed to the white knitted suit.

She extracted it from behind the glass doors, to lay it on the showcase. Made of fluffy, fine yarn, the little thing was exactly what I wanted. It had the foreign touch, the style that would make it such a conversation piece, and so dainty!—with the rows of tiny yellow silk flowers parading carefully across the chest. The feet alone were puckered perfection, tied to look like little shoes, the ties ending in ridiculous puffs of yellow. And there was a cap to top off the outfit, surmounted with a huge matching yellow ball. The price wasn't bad, either. Six hundred pesetas.

After about five minutes of silent, minute scrutiny, I nodded with satisfaction, and the saleswoman knew intuitively I would buy. She beamed. I beamed.

Then I opened my purse.

I had only two hundred pesetas.

I had been stupid, that morning, not to have asked my husband for Spanish money, but it had never occurred to us that I'd attempt to buy anything except a paper, perhaps, or a lemonade, without his presence as interpreter. In disappointment, I showed the saleslady the pesetas, and in gestures I told her I hadn't enough.

She was far more expressive than I. Her shoulders fell at least three inches, her pretty red mouth drooped sorrowfully. As she sagged against
the showcase. I felt almost moved to tears. I excavated American money from the recesses of my purse, and pointed out a twenty-dollar bill.

Of course, she shook her head. She had to have pesetas.

We stared at one another. The language barrier certainly was getting me down. I wanted to say, “Put the suit away till later, until I come back with six hundred pesetas,” but I couldn’t, and I felt a brief pang that I hadn’t studied one of those handy little conversation books before I left home.

I explained it to her in English, but she could only look at me with those pleading brown eyes, and shrug. I was growing terribly hungry and impatient, so I snatched a scrap of paper and a pencil from my bag and printed “5:00.” I pointed to the clock, and myself, and the suit, and the floor. I also said loudly, “I’m coming back. With the pesetas!”

She brightened in understanding. Then she took my pencil, and printed “Senora ———.” Her eyes were an immense question. Of course, I could oblige. I filled in “HENRI” in big block letters, and for good measure, beneath this I printed the name of our hotel, “El Wellington.” I felt pretty pleased with myself, over that EL. We parted, with pleasant little murmurs.

With never a thought of the trouble ahead, I stopped at a news-stand on the way back to the hotel to select an American magazine, and went on up to my room, because the dining-room hadn’t opened. I settled down, hungry, weary of trying to buy white knitted suits, exhausted from Goya and Greco masterpieces, and matadors, and the Alhambra, to read an escape article. The door buzzer rang. I put on my shoes to answer it.

In amazement, I stared. A messenger stood before me, a tiny little fellow at stiff attention, in a resplendent uniform trimmed with yellow braid and shiny buttons. He bowed, holding toward me a silver salver, on which reposed a carefully-wrapped parcel decorated with gold stickers. Helplessly, I listened to his flood of Spanish, and then I saw the card, engraved “Francesca,” with small lettering below, “Senora Henri. Precio, 600 pt.” The knitted suit.

My impulse was to laugh, because the boy looked too ridiculous, holding the salver as though he were carved of wood, in terrible dignity. And then I felt alarm, knowing I hadn’t pesetas to pay him, knowing I couldn’t tell him to go away. I tried the latter with gestures, shaking my head, pointing down the corridor. Wildly, I prayed for my husband’s early return, while I attempted to act as though I weren’t Senora Henri, that the boy had the wrong room. Determinedly, he shook his head.

Then I remembered I did have dollars in my purse. With asperity, I beckoned the messenger to follow, and we descended to the lobby.

When I explained to the concierge, he said, “But certainly, Senora.” A nice person, Senor Correia. So understanding, so friendly, and he knew Americans, having served at the Waldorf-Astoria, he had told us. Moreover, he spoke perfect English. I
fished up the dollars, and he got out his pen and ink and printed forms, and a rubber stamp and pad, while the messenger hovered in the background, watching . . .

And the the concierge said, "May I have the senora's money declaration?"

In dismay, I remembered. My husband had taken my declaration along with his own to Escorial. When I communicated this fact, Correia sadly shook his head. Without the all-important form, an exchange of money would be impossible. I pleaded, "Couldn't you lend me some pesetas for three hours, if I give you dollars as security?"

I really think he would have done it, but then his eyes happened to rest on a huge framed picture of Franco, high on the opposite wall. "It would be unwise," he faltered, executing a beautiful Spanish shrug that compounded regret for the silly rules of the government with the hope that the senora would understand . . .

I turned away. Coldly, I said over my shoulder, "Tell the boy to return at five o'clock. My husband will pay him."

NOW the dining-room was open, and although my appetite had partially departed, I did eat some gazpacho, and a helping of cold lobster, and finished off with fruit. At the close of the meal, my smoldering resentment at the concierge, or at Spain, was not lightened when the little messenger appeared again. He was carrying the silver salver. He didn't say anything, he just stood there. "I can't pay you!" I muttered, through clenched teeth. I gestured toward the lobby.

He misunderstood, and went to stand in the lobby. He still was there, plastered against the wall with the salver, when I passed through. Helplessly, I considered him, and then I took the easiest way out. I simply left him there, and rang for the elevator.

Upstairs, I tried to write a letter, I tried to siesta, I tried to read. I kept thinking about the knitted suit. All of a sudden, I wasn't so sure I actually wanted the thing. White soils so easily. I remembered. I toyed with the thought that I could find something quite nice for Keith in New York before I got home.

At this point, the buzzer sounded. I answered, and the messenger extended the salver in pleading. Firmly, I shut the door in his face.

Now I was very indignant with this Francesca shop for rendering such determined delivery service. Admittedly, I'd contracted to buy the knitted suit, but I'm an illogical female. When the buzzer rang, five minutes later, I was prepared for a struggle of sorts between my and the messenger's wills. However, I opened the door to encounter what seemed a considerable crowd.

The messenger, of course—but he was flanked by two chambermaids. Behind him stood Correia and the assistant concierge, as well as a boy who'd collected our clothes for dry-cleaning the night we arrived, and a Madrid policeman. They all wore grim expressions. I felt trapped.

The situation called for desperate measures. To the concierge, I yelled
hysterically, “Tell the messenger the American lady has changed her mind. She doesn’t want the knitted suit!”

And I slammed the door that time, in their collective faces.

When my husband phoned from the lobby an hour later, saying, “Hey, seems to be some chap down here with a package belongs to you. Shall I pay him, and bring it upstairs?” I began to cry.

“Don’t you dare,” I wailed. “Come up here where I can explain!”

It took a little while for him to sort out the facts, but of course he was adamant, just what you’d expect of a husband. He went right down and paid the messenger six hundred pesetas.

The rest is anti-climax, and it might not even be of general interest, but I ought to record that when we got home Keith had grown four inches, and weighed nearly thirty pounds, and was wearing a size three shirt and some darling little western jeans trimmed with rivets. He isn’t a baby any more. We tried the suit on, but we could scarcely stuff his legs into it, let alone the rest of him. And anyway, his mother favors those orlon siren outfits for little boys. You just zip them off and on.

So if anyone is interested in a white knitted baby suit from Madrid, awfully sweet, but size O, I have one on the top shelf of my closet. You can have it for fifty pesetas.

—

"Why don't you try Hobby Lobby?"

"Am I to understand that this means we're through?"
What Makes A Man Great?

By BRUCE BARTON

A dean among American advertising men writes a personal tribute to Frederick Hudson Ecker.

FREDERICK HUDSON ECKER has built houses by the side of many roads, in cities as far apart as New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Surrounded by lawns and flower beds, equipped with every modern convenience, they should, and do, make it easy for any tenant to be "a friend to man."

Few of the thousands who inhabit the houses have seen him; many have never even heard his name. Even if they should meet him they would not be awed. They would say: "Why, he's so informal, so kindly; he's just like Uncle Ben." They would have to know him a long time and very and very well, as we do, to realize that he is great.

What is it that makes a man great? Abraham Lincoln was puzzled by the question. "I have talked with great men," he said, "and I cannot see wherein they differ from others."

Put a great man in a crowd of average Americans and his appearance would not betray him. He would not tower above the others; his voice would not dominate the conversation. He would more likely be discovered in a corner, quietly listening, than in the center of the room sounding off. A stranger, so discovering him, might very naturally exclaim: "Is that he? I never would have thought it."

Yet there are some traits and tokens by which true greatness may almost always be known. One of them is a
firm and patient fixity of purpose.

Frederick Hudson Ecker has stayed "fixed" a long time. He and the infant Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were born within seven months of each other. He made a couple of false starts before they came together—he was a clerk in a factory at $6.00 a week, and when this did not appear to give promise of the kind of future he wanted, he became an office boy for a law firm at $3.00.

"What salary do you expect here?" he was asked by President Joseph Knapp, when he applied at Metropolitan.

"I expect to do a little better than I am now," he answered.

His expectation was fulfilled by 33 1/3 percent. On the first Saturday night he found $4.00 in his pay envelope.

As mail boy and telephone operator at Metropolitan — he was the only individual in the little office who had mastered this strange new dingus — he met everybody and overheard something of every aspect of the business. Right from the start real estate fascinated him. Presently they were sending him out into the faraway sections of the city where no one else wanted to go; and before long they were saying that he "knew every doorknob in Brooklyn." By 1905 the Company's business had grown so large that there had to be a comptroller; he was it. At thirty-nine he was treasurer. On March 26, 1929, he was elected president.

In September of that fateful year he had a chance to reveal one of the other qualities without which no man ever becomes great—the gift for knowing intuitively and at the right moment what is the right thing to do or to say. The stock market was booming; the New Era was in full swing; from many self-appointed experts came insistent suggestions that "the staid old insurance companies" must put themselves in step with the times, must make certain their "share in the Nation's future"—must, in short, invest in common stocks.

An invitation to address that year's convention of the National Association of Life Underwriters offered the new president of Metropolitan a welcome opportunity. Said he gravely: "I am not prepared to advocate any substantial change in the limitations which now prevail in the laws of some of our principal States . . . . Buying equities, in the last analysis, is dealing in commodities and services, the business of buying and selling for a profit, but this is wholly foreign to the business for which a life insurance company is organized."

A month later the stock market crashed.

A wise and witty philosopher once remarked: "When I die, write this on my gravestone:

'Here lies a man who lived many years and learned only one important thing—there is no substitute for work.'"

Hard work is and always has been a necessity for almost every grown man. For the man of great achievement it is much more than a means of living; it is pleasure beyond all others—the secret of perpetual youth. Fred Ecker would rather be in the offices of Metropolitan Life than anywhere else in the world.
Said he, in reply to an editor’s question: “If I were to suggest a general rule for happiness, I would say, ‘Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!’”

Finally, there is in every really great man a deep-seated sense of obligation, an unspoken but compelling desire to leave the world a little better than he found it. This, more than anything else, is the real test. To talk about it like this would be merely to reiterate what every friend of Fred Ecker could say better; and the public mention of which would cause him acute discomfort. Metropolitan Life’s billions of assets, the many thousands of families housed in its homes, its policies enfolding within their protection so many million lives—all these are an enduring evidence of his vision.

In 1937 he reached the official retirement age. Unanimously and urgently, his associates importuned him to stay. He agreed on one condition: that he should receive no salary. This action, and the record of the succeeding years, which have included the major portion of the Company’s housing program, will say to all his successors more loudly than words: “This Company was built by a man who cared far less for money than for the opportunity to serve.”

A moment ago we remarked that inner greatness is not commonly clothed in physical bigness. Socrates was “stout not tall”; Alexander the Great “not taller than the common man”; Alexander Hamilton “below middle height”; Erasmus “short of stature.” Stephen A. Douglas was “the Little Giant,” and Napoleon “the Little Corporal.”

These bits of historical lore are dragged in not to advertise the writer’s wisdom, but to introduce a pertinent and little remembered incident in the life of Napoleon. After Waterloo he fled back to his palace for a few tragic hours before the allies sent him into exile. Outside in the streets crowds gathered and cheered his name, and called on him to form them into another army and lead them once more against his foes. Amazed and incredulous, he turned to the tattered little remnant of his once glittering entourage: “Why should they cheer me?” he exclaimed “What have I ever done for them? I found them poor; I leave them poor.”

Something very different will be said of Fred Ecker. He has guided the investment policy of his great Company into lines of maximum usefulness to the people of the United States and Canada. He has set a new pattern in the development of light, airy, tasteful apartments and homes for thousands of families. Of each of the splendid housing projects wherein so much happiness and comfort now dwell, it could be said, as is written of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul’s Cathedral: “Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.”

Bruce Barton

“If I were to suggest a general rule for happiness, I would say, ‘Work a little harder; work a little longer; work!’”
The Sage of Swing Says—

School Days are the happiest of your life. Providing, of course, your youngsters are old enough to go.

Juvenile delinquency: Modern term for what we did as kids.

A host and hostess are judged by the company that departs.

Most men like a girl whose life is an open book, especially if her lines are okay.

Nobody cares how bad your English is if your Scotch is good.

Early to bed and early to rise—till you make enough cash to do otherwise.

Race track—A place where windows clean people.

After all is said and done, more is said than done.

Statistics show there are three ages when men misbehave—young, old and middle.

You’ll know just what the little boy meant when he said to his mother: “Don’t say must; it makes me feel won’t all over.”

If you want to be a self-made man, don’t leave out the working parts.

If farm prices keep going down, pretty soon farmers won’t be much better off than the rest of us.

Glamor girl: A girl who has what it takes to take what you have.

No matter what side of an argument a man gets on, he always finds some people with him that he wishes were on the other side.

Television is really wonderful. Years ago it cost thirty-five cents to see Hop-along at the movies. Now you can stay at home and see the same picture for $297.

Every famous man’s wife must have an uneasy feeling that something will happen to open the world’s eyes.

Golfer: A guy who can walk several miles toting a hundred pounds or more of equipment, but who has Junior bring him an ash tray.

A pat on the back develops character, especially if it is administered young enough, often enough and low enough.

“Drop in some night,” said one Eskimo to another, “and we’ll chew the fat.”

Two drunks were looking at Hoover dam, when one leaned toward the other and said “Man, those crazy beavers.”

“Here I’ve been roasting over a hot stove,” complained Bridget to Mike, “while you’ve been spending all day in a nice cool sewer.”

An Instant; The length of time it takes for a super market cash register to reach $10.

Good example has twice the value of good advice.
Beautiful Unity Village
Unity School of Christianity, near Kansas City

is distinguished for its imaginative use of precast concrete to achieve beauty and structural stability at minimum cost. The Main Building is shown above. At left is a close-up of the main entrance, together with a rear view of the precast entrance set in place. Precasting is done in one large building in the Village, and the sections are later lifted into place as the buildings are erected. Engineering and architectural work is ably handled by Unity’s own organization, directed by Rickert Fillmore, son of the Founder. Below is an aerial view of buildings and tower.
DOING good for one's community is still more often preached than practiced; but to modest Fred M. Lee the concept of public service has always meant action and not words. Fred is modestly proud of his many achievements in business and community life, but doesn't talk about them. For he has always considered them as just part of the job—the job of living together with one's friends and neighbors.

As Secretary-Treasurer of Macy's, Kansas City, 72-year-old Fred M. Lee can look back over 53 years of retailing experience and say, "Methods have changed, but merchandising itself has not. You must still establish a pattern of integrity for any business operation." And that word integrity is a key to the manner in which he has approached all his activities, both business and civic.

"I have seen it proved time and again," Lee says. "Business men who have become successful, and more important, stayed successful, have all had three things in common: an honest approach, a sense of fair play, and a basic integrity in all their undertakings."

Slender, six-foot-two-inches tall, Fred Lee has a quiet unrushed manner, and speaks with the authority born of experience. But his eyes take on an added twinkle when he talks of his charming wife, Bess, their children, and five grandchildren.

Daughter Marjorie has three boys: David, Fred, and Robert. Marjorie is married to Dan Truog, partner in Truog-Nichols, a building materials supply concern in Kansas City.

Daughter Betty has a 2½-year-old son, Wylie, Jr.; and a nine-months-old baby girl, also named Betty, the fourth Betty in her line. Betty's husband is Wylie Mitchell, an architect for Hall Brothers.

And while the Mitchell and Truog families are frequent visitors at 1000 West 52nd Street, where Fred and Bess Lee have lived since 1929, grandchildren and grandparents alike, look forward to each summer when they all go to the Lees' summer cottage at Traverse Bay, Michigan. There, the three boys keep things lively with boating, fishing and swimming, and
Fred Lee relaxes with an occasional fishing trip, and, more frequently a round of golf.

Daniel and Alice Lee, parents of Fred M. Lee, farmed 640 fertile acres in Kankakee County, Illinois. And as farmer's sons, Fred and his two brothers, Benjamin and Harry, learned early the meaning of hard work. Respect for the law, and a sense of civic duty were virtues the three Lee boys also knew early in life. Their father took an active part in county affairs, and became sheriff of Kankakee County.

The boys' grandfather had moved to Illinois from the Catskill mountain area of New York, where the Lee family had farmed the rock bound hills for several generations. And one of Fred's fondest boyhood memories was of a train trip to the Catskills with his grandad to visit relatives. After arriving in Hoboken, N. J. he and his grandad rode a slow train up the mid-Hudson valley and got off at Glens Corner, N. Y. There they were met by his grandad's uncle John. On the slow wagon ride to John's farm they reminisced about their families, and John asked Benjamin Lee about his Illinois farm and whether there were many rocks on the farm.

Fred's grandad replied, "Why there aren't enough rocks on my 640 acres to fill this wagon."

With an astonished look on his face, John turned and said, "You may have some good land out there in Illinois, but I know there isn't a farm in the world that has that few rocks on it."

Fred and his two brothers attended grammar and high school in Mantino, Illinois. Once school days were over, all three boys wanted to leave the farm to go into business. As it turned out, their ideas were amazingly similar, for Fred, Benjamin, and Harry all found their careers in retailing. Ben, now retired and living in Washington, D. C., had a successful career in retail advertising, including a stint with Emery, Bird, and Thayer in Kansas City. Harry went into retailing boys' clothing, first with his own store in Independence, Kansas, and later in Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he still operates a store today.

Everyone who dreamed of success in business looked to Chicago, and many a young lad left the farm to try his fortune there. This was Fred Lee's particular dream, and a strong one it was. When he finished high school he left home at 8:00 a.m. the very next morning. He didn't even bother to stay for the graduating ceremonies at city hall!

Arriving in Chicago with not much more than his hopes and plenty of ambition, Fred Lee started looking for a job. Marshall Field's was already a famous store and Fred Lee headed straight for it. The general manager of Marshall Fields was Bobby Templeton, a salty Scotsman who was a hard man to approach for anything.

Fred Lee, a tall, lanky youth, managed to see Templeton and asked him for a job as a stock boy in the glove department. "Well you ought to be
able to lift glove boxes, you’re big enough!”, Templeton said. “I’ll give you a job as stock boy at four dollars a week.” Fred Lee looked at Templeton and said, “I’m too big a boy to work for four dollars a week, I want five.” Templeton was so astonished that he agreed to it. According to Fred Lee that was the first and last time he has ever asked anyone for a raise.

As a stock boy for Marshall Field’s Fred Lee got his first taste of retailing. While his only responsibility was to keep the shelves in the glove department filled, he carefully observed and studied the various salesmen on the floor. Within a short time Fred Lee knew that he wanted to become a salesman. Stock boys weren’t ordinarily allowed to sell; but he was able to make his first sale while still a stock boy.

With very little success, the glove department had been trying to move a lot of muleskin gloves. One day Fred Lee noticed an elderly gentleman looking at the gloves. He approached the old man with the idea of selling him a pair and in short time he had not only sold a pair, but the entire lot to the man!

This was Fred Lee’s first sale; and it whetted his interest in selling, more than ever. After less than a year as a stock boy with Marshall Field’s, he went to work again as a stock boy, for a wholesale millinery company in Chicago. The company’s peak season was a six weeks’ period in the fall. During these weeks the millinery house was so busy even the stock boys went out on the floor to sell.

“We would be out on the floor all day long selling,” Mr. Lee recalled, “and then we’d have to come back at night to take care of the stockroom. They paid us fifty cents a night to do this.” By this time he was making fifteen dollars a week.

More ambitious to sell than ever, young Fred took his first road job as a traveling dry goods salesman. He carried trunks of samples to small towns in northern Illinois, selling to village shops and general stores.

Fred Lee remembers his road job as a pretty discouraging life. “I was always on the move, and always lugging those two huge trunks by the best means available. Roads in those days weren’t what they are now, and a good part of my travel was with a team and wagon over miles of muddy farm roads.

“One night,” Mr. Lee recalled, “after a particularly discouraging day in a small farm town, I sat in a dingy hotel room thinking about where I was headed. I looked around the musty room and spied a huge piece of wallpaper hanging down from the wall. The sight was so depressing, I made up my mind then and there to get out of road sales.”

When he arrived back in Chicago, Fred quit his job and went to work in a store on Chicago’s south side, selling men’s furnishings. And while he was learning how to sell men’s clothes, his brother, Benjamin, was in Lincoln, Nebr., working as advertising manager for the
Herpolsheimer Department store. On a visit to his brother, Fred was introduced to "Old Man Herpolsheimer," the owner of the store. Impressed with Fred's experience, "The Old Man" offered him a sales job.

Thus Fred Lee moved to Lincoln and became a salesman for Herpolsheimer's. While in Lincoln his brother interested him in retail advertising and he decided to learn more about it by enrolling with the International Correspondence School and studying all the advertising courses they had to offer. His long hours of night work on the correspondence courses paid off three months later when Benjamin became seriously ill. With no one available to take over Herpolsheimer's advertising department, Fred Lee told the general manager about his I.C.S. courses; and was made advertising manager in his brother's place.

"In the early 1900's retail advertising was in its infancy," Mr. Lee recalls. "I look back on some of those ads that I laid out, and the broadsides we published, and I have to laugh at them." Fred Lee's advertising department was little more than a battered desk and a thread cabinet where he kept the electrotypes. The store's advertisements were long on copy with plenty of display type, and very short on illustrations.

Shortly after Benjamin Lee recovered from his illness, he was offered a job as advertising manager of Emery, Bird, and Thayer in Kansas City. Since Fred Lee was doing so well in Ben's old job, Ben left Herpolsheimer's for Kansas City, and the job with Emery, Bird and Thayer.

In 1902 Fred Lee visited Benjamin in Kansas City. One day while talking to his brother at the store, he was introduced to a salesman who had an account with the John Taylor store. The salesman said that John Taylor was looking for a new advertising manager. Acting on this lead, Fred Lee went over to the John Taylor store and met William Taylor, one of the brothers.

"We talked for four hours," Fred Lee said, "about everything except advertising." Eventually William Taylor introduced him to John Taylor, president of the store, and Fred told him he wanted to talk about the advertising manager's job. John Taylor replied, "That's funny, I've got a letter of acceptance in my pocket that I'm mailing to a young man who applied for the job, but I don't think I'll mail the letter, now."

After some more talks with the Taylor brothers, Fred Lee was given the job as their advertising manager. William Taylor wanted him to go to work right away. However, Fred felt he still owed a lot to Herpolsheimer's; and asked if he could have two weeks' time to help train a replacement.

He took the next train back to Lincoln and told the general manager he was leaving for a new job with Taylor's in Kansas City. Fifteen minutes later the manager came out of the "Old Man's" office and said, "Fred, you won't have to worry
about staying those two weeks. The ‘Old Man’ has fired you!”

After giving Fred this unpleasant news, he asked if Fred had any ideas about who might take over the advertising job.

Fred Lee suggested the “Old Man’s” son, who had just entered the business and had worked on some of the advertising campaigns. When told about this, “Old Man” Herpolsheimer changed his mind about the firing, and Fred spent a hectic two weeks breaking the son in on the job!

In 1904, the year Fred Lee came to Kansas City, Taylor’s advertising department, like Herpolsheimer’s, was a one-man job. “I laid out all the ads myself, wrote every bit of the copy,” Mr. Lee remembers. “No one dreamed of employing copy writers or artists, then.”

Illustrations were generalized, merely giving the reader a vague idea of what the merchandise looked like. The few illustrations used were supplied by the various wholesale houses doing business with Taylor’s. Fridays and Saturdays were busy days for Fred Lee, since he had to prepare the detailed full page ads which ran in the society sections of the Sunday papers.

“I always had the problem of finding ‘high sounding’ adjectives,” Mr. Lee said, “to appeal to the women who were avid readers of the society section.”

During Mr. Lee’s first year in Kansas City, Taylor’s completed construction of its Baltimore Avenue Building. This was a big event in Kansas City, and for a month prior to the opening, Mr. Lee had been planning full page institutional ads announcing the opening, and inviting the public to the grand opening ceremonies.

Opening day was scheduled for the first Monday in October. On the Saturday morning preceding the opening, John Taylor called Mr. Lee into his office and told him to forget about the institutional approach and to run full page ads merchandising the new goods that would be featured in the store.

All of Fred Lee’s plans were made; and he wasn’t going to be talked out of them. Knowing the full value of public relations and customer service, he envisioned a grand opening party with the public being greeted personally by the Taylor brothers, to the strains of a string ensemble. After two hours of arguing his point, John Taylor finally agreed to the Lee plan. It turned out to be one of the most successful store openings in the midwest. Thousands of Taylor customers visited the opening, and were met at the door by John and William Taylor dressed in white tie and tails. The ladies received flowers and the men, handkerchiefs.

Fred Lee progressed rapidly in the Taylor organization. He took over the store’s mail order department, which at that time was an important part of the store’s business. He delved into the Taylor mail order department, systematized it, and developed an annual spring and fall catalog for mail order customers.
Mr. Lee had been in Kansas City three years when a friend introduced him to pretty Bess Dimmitt. The Dimmitts had moved to Kansas City from Columbia, Mo., where they were related to the Samuels and the Garths, two of Boone County’s earliest families. Bess’ father was Edward Dimmitt. He had been a banker with the Garths in Columbia, and later opened a drug store in Kansas City.

Young Bess Dimmitt had just finished a private school in Kansas when she met Fred Lee. A large part of their courtship took place in Columbia where they visited her many relatives. Their good times together under the spell of Columbia’s southern hospitality ripened their friendship, and on a June day in 1907 Bess Dimmitt and Fred Lee were married. Their first daughter, Marjorie, was born in 1914 and attended the Bryant School, and later the University of Missouri. Betty, who was born in 1919, went to school in Kansas City and later attended Briarcliff College.

A tennis fan for years, Fred Lee took up golf in the early twenties, for relaxation. He shoots what he calls, “a business game,” in the 90’s. His greatest enjoyment, however, has been traveling to new places with the family.

The Lees’ first big trip was to Europe in 1925. For seven weeks they traveled through England, Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland. Mr. Lee remembers Paris as the high-spot of the trip, especially his tour through a top Parisian department store, the Galeries Lafayette. He found that the best stores in Europe—Lafayette’s in Paris, Herod’s and Selfridge’s in London—were operated in a different manner than American retail stores. The store interiors were lavishly decorated, and business was conducted in a quiet, almost hushed manner.

Other trips followed for the Lees. Bermuda in 1935, and most recently, a flying trip to the West Indies with stops at Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. Another favorite spot is Mexico, which they have revisited three times since their first trip in 1931. They both enjoy Mexico City, which reminds them of Paris. On their last trip, Mr. Lee was particularly interested in seeing the new Sears, Roebuck store there. He found the Mexican approach to retailing to be the same as the European approach.

FRED M. LEE gained more and more responsibility in the John Taylor store, becoming general manager at 30, and later treasurer and then secretary-treasurer. He always believed that the store and its executives should take an active part in community affairs. This spirited belief accounts for the long list of civic and business activities in which the name Fred M. Lee is synonymous with leadership.

Early in World War I, when civic groups did so much for the food and fuel conservation campaigns, Fred Lee found himself a director of the Chamber of Commerce, where he helped organize its many wartime activities. History repeated itself in
World War II, when he again became a director of the Chamber.

Mr. Lee is proud that he is one of the original founders of both the Kansas City Merchants Association and the Missouri Retailers’ Association. He was instrumental in organizing both groups, and served terms as president of the two associations. In 1927, Fred Lee was made a director of the Charities Campaign for Kansas City. This drive was the first successful forerunner of today’s Community Chest and United Fund drives. He has continued his association with many charitable groups and is a director of the United Funds committee and chairman of the Community Chest budget committee.

Fred Lee has devoted much of his time to the Second Presbyterian Church, watching it grow through the years. For six years he was treasurer of the Second Presbyterian and now sits on the Board of Trustees.

K EEPING faith with his ideal of integrity in business, Fred Lee has always supported the development of Better Business Bureaus across the nation. He was instrumental in organizing Kansas City’s Better Business Bureau, one of the first in the country. Mr. Lee says, “The quiet orderly work of these bureaus throughout the country, and certainly here in Kansas City, has virtually eliminated dishonest advertising and unethical business practices.”

In 1947 when R. H. Macy, Inc., of New York bought the John Taylor store, Fred M. Lee became Secretary-Treasurer of Macy’s, Kansas City. With 53 years of merchandising history and community service behind him, Mr. Lee feels that our basic ideals and concepts of doing business have not changed.

Mr. Lee says, “You must still establish a pattern of honesty and integrity for your store. Today, we read a great deal about the importance of customer relations and employee relations. These concepts are really nothing new. In my early days with John Taylor these principles were always carried out. We simply never publicized it. In the early 1900’s we provided a room for our employees to eat their lunch. This has grown into our modern employees’ cafeteria of today.

“In the early 1900’s John Taylor’s had already instituted employee group insurance, Christmas bonuses, and profit sharing. The profit sharing was discontinued during the worst part of the depression but is once more a feature of our program.”

Fred M. Lee’s philosophy has always been that a store is part of the community in which it does business, and depends for survival solely on the good will of its customers. He feels retailers must always inspire confidence on the part of the public, and that a customer should receive the same kind of treatment he would find in visiting a good friend.

Fred Lee’s motto is, “Truth in advertising and truthful sales promotion are the foundation stones for building a reputation for integrity and satisfying service.”
The COMET MAN

By DR. OLIN J. EGGEN

Remember Halley’s Comet, last seen in 1910? It’s headed this way again, to be due in 1985. Herewith some notes on its discoverer.

IN 1835 a great fire destroyed nearly the entire business section of New York City. Bubonic plague—the Black Death—swept over Egypt killing thousands of people. Cuba, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Argentina were scenes of bloody revolutions. Georgia Indians under Chief Osceola were massacring white settlers. And in the sleepy town of Florida, Missouri, Judge Clemens’ wife gave birth to a boy. The superstitious attributed all of these events to the bright comet visible that year.

Seventy-five years later, in 1910, the comet returned to a more peaceful world. A few days before the earth passed through the comet’s tail, Mrs. Clemens’ son—now better known as Mark Twain—died.

At the present time, 3,000,000,000 miles out in space, this same comet has just rounded an imaginary celestial buoy and is starting on its return journey to the earth. It will arrive in 1985 and the world will have another view of its most famous comet—Halley’s.

EDMOND HALLEY, mathematician, astronomer, physicist, statistician, geographer, hydrographer, navigator, diplomat, and man of the world, was born in 1656, the son of a wealthy London soap maker. At the age of 19 he left Oxford University and sailed on a privately-financed expedition to the southern hemisphere to make the first catalogue of southern stars. He revealed his flair for diplomacy when he traced a new constellation in the southern skies and named it in honor of the King of England, Charles II.

King Charles was so impressed with the results of Halley’s expedition, and flattered by the new constellation, that he commanded Oxford University to bestow a degree upon the young voyager without requiring him to finish his studies.

At the almost unprecedented age of 22, Halley was admitted to that august body of English science, the Royal Society. The first major problem he set himself to solve was to find the law that gravity must obey in
order to explain the motion of the planets around the sun. He was unsuccessful; but in his searchings he heard of an obscure professor of mathematics at Cambridge University who was interested in the same problem. The Cambridge professor, a sensitive recluse, was Isaac Newton.

Halley’s nature was as open as Newton’s was mysterious. He was sociable and friendly, although he occasionally shocked serious people by his jokes and his colorful language. Halley diplomacy, however, was a saving feature and he and Newton soon became good friends.

During his first visit to Newton, Halley was surprised and delighted to learn that his new friend had completely solved the problem of planetary motions. The solution involved the principle which we now know as the law of gravitation. The younger man recognized the great value of this work and he urged Newton to publish it. But Newton was modest and retiring and, having already had some unpleasant experiences with jealous contemporaries, he shrank from courting further trouble. Halley continued his urgings, however, and after much persuasion, Newton submitted, to the Royal Society, the manuscript of his famous book, the Principia. The Principia—the full title is Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy—is generally recognized as the greatest contribution to science ever made by anyone.

The Royal Society voted to have the book printed. However, that distinguished body was financially embarrassed at the time, having just published, at considerable expense, a History of Fishes which had turned out to be anything but a best-seller. Halley, who had already assumed the entire labor of editing Newton’s work, also generously offered to underwrite the whole cost of printing and publishing it. The financing of the book was a great personal sacrifice on Halley’s part, since he was then possessed of only modest means. His father had been found drowned only three years before and he was still involved in a lawsuit with his stepmother over the family estate. He was partially dependent upon his salary as Clerk of the Royal Society, and even this small amount was paid to him in books—50 copies of the History of Fishes per year.

There can be no doubt that Newton alone discovered the law of gravity but Halley discovered Newton and without Halley’s generous loyalty to his friend and to science, Newton’s work might not have been thought out; or if thought out, not written; or if written, not published.

In THE Principia Newton explained how to use the principles of gravitation to determine the path of a comet in the sky. Halley immediately set about gathering all of the records of comets that he could find. There were 24 comets, seen between the years 1337 and 1698, which were sufficiently well observed to permit him to compute their tracks. When he published the results of this study, he noted that the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 had orbits much alike. He concluded that these three comets were one and the same object that was re-
volving around the sun in an immense path in a period of between seventy-five and seventy-six years. He then made the daring prediction that the comet would return in the fall of 1758 or the spring of 1759. He advised astronomers to watch carefully for its reappearance, and with a patriotic pathos he added, "Wherefore if according to what we have already said it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman."

Halley died in 1742 but he was completely vindicated on Christmas day, 1758, when the comet which now bears his name was sighted by a keen-eyed European farmer. Since that time the returns of 1835 and of 1910 have firmly established the periodicity of this comet.

When it became certain that Halley's comet returned every seventy-five or seventy-six years, efforts were made to identify its previous visits to the sun and as a result its history has been traced back to 240 B.C. It was the "star resembling a sword which stood over the city" when Titus destroyed Jerusalem in 66 A.D. It was the celestial omen under which William the Conqueror successfully blitzkrieged England in 1066. And it was the "fan-shaped train of fire" that the Turks took as heavenly sanction of their war against the Christians in 1456.

All through the history of this comet its appearances were considered as prophecies of deaths of kings, famines, wars, pestilences, and other ills of mankind—and some of these appearances actually had an influence upon contemporary events because of the mental reactions of those who saw it. The value of Halley's discovery of the periodicity of the comet was not only to confirm the universal nature of Newton's law of gravity, but also to show that comets were regular members of the solar system and subject to natural laws.

Even if Halley had not been an astronomer he would still be remembered today as one of the fathers of physical geography and of meteorology, since he was the originator of graphical methods of representing on maps the geographical distribution of physical features of the Earth. He made the first meteorological chart (1688) and the first magnetic chart (1701)—the parents of a most numerous progeny.

The desire to improve his charts led Halley to request a commission in the Royal Navy. In 1698 he was put in command of a ship, the Paramour, and instructed to map and survey the southern oceans. One of his instructions was to search for Terra Australis Incognita — the suspected southern continent — but in this he was unsuccessful. It remained for Captain Cook to discover Australia nearly seventy years later. Halley sailed closer to the south pole than anyone before him; and was forced to turn back by Antarctic icebergs. On his return journey the First Officer of the ship objected to Halley, a "landlubber," being in command and insulted him before the rest of the crew. Halley had the mutineer put under arrest. Then, as a striking instance of his versatility,
he brought the ship home without the slightest assistance in navigation. This was the first sea voyage ever made entirely for the purpose of scientific exploration.

While in command of the Paramour Halley carried out a survey of the tides in the English Channel and gathered information that is still being used by the Royal Navy. Combining his navigation and diplomatic talents he was sent on several diplomatic missions to the continent of Europe to advise on improvements to the ships and to the harbors of several countries. One of his most outstanding diplomatic accomplishments was in winning the friendship of Peter the Great, of Russia. Peter and Halley had much in common.

Peter had a particular liking for Halley’s companionship. The compatibility of the English astronomer and the Russian monarch is illustrated by the tradition that during an especially convivial evening, Halley pushed Peter across ditches and through hedges in a wheelbarrow.

The scientific foundation of the life insurance business was established in 1693 when Halley published his Breslau Tables of Mortality. These tables, published under the imposing title; estimate of the degrees of mortality of mankind, drawn from curious tables of the births and funerals at the city of Breslau; with an attempt to ascertain the price of annuities upon lives, was the first application of statistics in the attempt to predict mortalities.

In the conclusion of this pioneering book, Halley sounded a modern note: “The strength and glory of a king being in the multitude of his subjects, I shall only hint that above all things celibacy ought to be discouraged, as by extraordinary taxing and military service. And those who have numerous families of children should be countenanced and encouraged by such laws as the Jus trium liberorum [law of three children] among the Romans; but especially by an effectual care to provide for the subsistence of the poor by finding them employment whereby they may earn their bread without being chargeable to the public.”

Improvements in the diving bell, design of optical lenses, the first application of the barometer to measure heights, a discussion of the place and time of the landing of Julius Caesar in England, explanation of the Northern Lights, contributions to gunnery and ballistics, an attempt to explain the cause of the biblical flood, and an estimate of the age of the earth by the rate of accumulation of salt in the oceans—these are only a few examples of Halley’s diversified interests and genius. These accomplishments will, perhaps, be forgotten; but at least once every seventy-five years his name will be remembered by all—and his comet will be in the sky for everyone to see.

Of all the comets in the sky
There’s none like Comet Halley,
We see it with the naked eye,
And periodi-cally.
The first to see it was not he,
But yet we call it Halley,
The notion that it would return
Was his origi-nally.
BATH at BEERSHEBA

Have a bath, or have a highball... water is the priceless ingredient.

By JAY WORTHINGTON

YOU'D think a place named Beersheba Springs would be bubbling with water. We thought so, when we bought a little shack on the Cumberland plateau, sight unseen. Now our city friends say "Yaah!"

The place is named for some gal named Beersheba—no, not Bathsheba—who tripped through these primevals more than a century back and found our first chalybeate spring. Beersheba said the spring dripped health, and a smart old promoter with dollar signs in his eyes built an inn on the mountain. Travelers came from miles, their tongues thick with three-ply dust, tooting their posthorns and hanging out of their broughams and unfringed surreys, panting for a dipper of the clear, cool waters.

But, as I say, my wife and I burned our bridges. Our "contact" had warned that there was no "plumbing," but wrote that previous owners used "a spring." We took this to mean that a health-spouting spring gurgled on our two acres.

But we heard no gurgle when we arrived; nor did we see anything except weeds around our little wood-frame, recently unpainted house.

"Take a little fixing up," said that agent, cheerfully.

"Yes," I said. "Where's the spring?"
"That-a-way."
I saw a white house about a hundred yards down the dirt road. I was suddenly thirsty.

"It's in the woods a piece," said the agent.

The piece proved to be another hundred yards down a precipitate path. There, sure enough, was a chalybeate spring. Chalybeate means "impregnated with salts of iron," our dictionary told us. We didn't need a dictionary after we saw what it did to our pots and pans.

"Certainly I know this is preserving time. That's exactly what I'm doing!"
We did need a big pail. I bought one that measured fourteen inches across the top, and after the first trip I said, "I wonder when it will rain."

We had made a great discovery. Water doesn't always gush from pipes, ready for drinking, bathing, and flushing toilets. Water comes from (1) the earth, and (2) the sky.

I can't say how healthy chalybeate water may be, because I didn't make that trip again for weeks. Instead, we corralled all the buckets, pails, and other liquid-retaining vessels we could lay hands on. We didn't take a bath for several days.

Then, one glorious afternoon, we heard thunder.

"Don't get excited," I told Kim. "It's a mirage."

But the rains came. They poured. Our roof gutter was well rusted, happily, and punctured like a sprinkler system. Kim set out an empty lard can, all other pails and buckets, her Dutch oven and biggest frying pan. Then she began to disrobe in the living room.

"Here I go," she chortled. "You keep watch!"

I stood sentry in shorts and a bar of soap. It was wonderful. We could hardly wait for the next rain.

The sheriff drove up during our second bath, and we had to skid soapily into the house. Maybe we looked like Communists or nudists; but it was all right because the sheriff was only canvassing votes for the next election.

Don't get me wrong. We love our little mountain home, and there's nothing like having health-giving springs around you. Drop in, if you find yourself driving through a place called Beersheba Springs. We'll enjoy a bourbon-and-water together, if we happen to have bourbon.

You bring the water.
The Newspaper That Christ Edited

By NINO LO BELLO

In 1900, the Topeka, Kansas, Daily Capital boosted its circulation from 15,000 to 367,000— for a week. Professor LoBello of the University of Kansas describes this experiment in journalism.

By what hocus-pocus abracadabra did a relatively unknown newspaper in the heart of America engineer such world-wide attention? The gimmick was a simple one. Publisher F. O. Popenoe had decided to put out for one week a newspaper edited as nearly as possible by the standards that Jesus Christ would probably use if He were publishing the paper.

To edit the Christ edition Popenoe summoned Rev. Charles M. Sheldon since Sheldon had earned a global reputation for himself as a “spokesman” for Christ. In fact, his book, In His Steps, had inspired the whole newspaper idea. Treating earthly situations as Christ would have dealt with them, the book appeared in 16 languages, sold 23 million copies and became the second best-seller of all time.

The time set for the experiment was the second week in March. Hardly anyone knew what to expect. Perhaps it would be the unique journalistic venture of all time. Even before the first issue came off the press, the normal circulation of the Topeka Daily Capital had boomed from 15,000 to a staggering 367,000.

From every state in the union orders for copies came. From all the South American countries, from Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, from cities as far from Topeka as London and Moscow samples of the Kansas newspaper were in demand.

In one day’s mail alone the Daily Capital’s circulation department received 100,000 new subscriptions from all over the United States and Canada. For six days press history was being made.
Sheldon, therefore, was a natural for the job. Refusing any pay for his services, he agreed to be Christ’s “city editor and blue pencil” provided the profits went for philanthropic purposes.

The announcement of the “Christ newspaper” hit like a thunderbolt. Criticisms poured in by the ton. Heaven forbid that Jesus take any part in material things like a newspaper! “Sacrilegious!” “Blasphemous!” Such were the charges hurled at the Daily Capital. To think that Jesus would be so irreverent as to participate in a sensational and stupid stunt to help sell newspapers!

Sheldon dodged these uppercuts and boxed back. His haymaker silenced many a critic.

“If Jesus could not take part in the publishing of a daily paper,” he retorted, “then He could not participate in any energy that we use in order to make a living. The greater part of His life was passed in a carpenter’s shop and the tables and benches in many a Nazareth home were doubtless made by His hands.”

Having outpointed his critics, Sheldon now shadow-boxed with other problems. No easy venture, this.

Because the Daily Capital’s press-run could only handle 50,000 copies—and then if coaxed to run day and night while swimming in oil—other newspaper plants had to be sought.

The Chicago Journal agreed to run off 120,000 copies from sets of matrices. The Staats-Zeitung of New York was cajoled to print a like number and the Westminster Review in London was persuaded to reproduce the remainder.

As editor, Sheldon was to have complete charge of the news room and business office. He posted a number of rules. For example, during the week there was not to be a single word of profanity nor could anyone smoke a pipe or cigarette on duty.

The word “news” was to be interpreted on the basis of how “news” was treated in the Bible. Thousands of dollars of questionable advertising were appraised and rejected.

Some 40 newspapers sent correspondents scurrying to Topeka. “The Newspaper That Christ Edited” was indeed hot news. Most of the reporters sent garbled accounts ridiculing and criticizing the project. Many felt obliged to write something startling, and, as a result, the stories contained more imagination than fact.

The first issue—dated Tuesday, March 13, 1900—was characterized as deadly dull and an utter failure as a newspaper.

But this was far from the truth. For people everywhere were scrambling for a look-see. In some places scalpers sold copies for as high as five dollars, and they became collectors’ items. Everywhere there was some opinion—pro or con—but an opinion nevertheless. On the first day the “Christ newspaper” accomplished something many journals never do in their entire history.

The front page lead story was from the Associated Press. It dealt with the famine in India. Sheldon printed it like this:
STARVING INDIA
Fifty Million People
Affected by the Famine

Conditions Growing Worse Instead of Better — The Urgent Need of Aid From Christian America.

The Capital knows of no more important matter of news the world over this morning than the pitiable condition of famine-stricken India. We give the latest and fullest available information of the progress of the scourge . . .

If every reader of this paper will give ten cents to a relief fund for this terrible Indian Famine, we may be able to save thousands of lives. Will you do it?

Let us all have a share in helping our brother man. For these starving creatures are a part of the human family which Jesus taught us to love when He taught us to say "Our Father."—CHARLES M. SHELDON

Sheldon published letters which he had received from missionary friends describing the plight of the people.

As a direct result of this appeal, readers contributed a trainload of corn and sent it to New York. They chartered a special ship and dispatched the cargo of grain to Bombay where clergymen distributed it all over the famine district. Letters later from India reported that this shipment saved the lives of thousands of starving children.

In addition to this, the Daily Capital continued receiving money contributions from all over the globe amounting to more than $100,000. All this in response to an appeal which had taken up less than two inches of space!

Later the British Secretary of State for India announced he would pay all transportation charges for any food sent from America. This statement brought in an additional $100,000 in cash and grain from everywhere.

Yet Sheldon never once patted himself or the paper editorially on the back. "Jesus never resorted to cheap boastfulness. So why should His newspaper?" he remarked.

Years later the clergymen-editor commented about the incident. "Sometimes," he said, "when people would ask if the paper were not a failure, as the press reports for the most part said it was, I have replied that if it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand Indian children from starving, I would always feel as if it were a success."

IN ITS masthead the "Christ newspaper" printed the names of the entire staff, from editor to galley-boy. Making liberal use of articles from other publications, it received essays and manuscripts gratis from the name writers of the day.

A remarkable series of articles by the Secretary of Agriculture in Kansas was reprinted in hundreds of journals the world over. Two nationally known artists contributed striking cartoons for which they asked no
compensation. And one associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court wrote an editorial that was subsequently read from many a pulpit.

The paper played down crime, scandal and other sensational items. Since the Bible reported crime briefly, that was the way the Daily Capital handled it. Omitted were stock and market reports. Editor Sheldon condemned these as gambling.

An unusual opportunity occurred during the week to sensationalize the suicide of the son of Senator W. A. Peffer of Kansas. But Sheldon merely published the story briefly with a note of condolence. This decision was based on the way the story of Jesus’ betrayal by Judas is told in the Gospel narrative in a space less than one-third of a newspaper column.

PROMINENCE went to social questions. Even church matters did not get special or undue attention. Sheldon, moreover, decided not to issue a Sunday edition. Instead, an extra edition “suitable for Sunday reading” was printed and distributed before midnight Saturday.

This played up articles on the rise of socialism, prison reform, banishment of war, woman’s suffrage and prohibition. The humor column sagaciously reminded readers that:

“No man has the right to abuse another for not seeing things as he does.”

And later on during the week:

“When a man sows a crop of wild oats, he invariably does the harvesting himself.”

Even the Sermon on the Mount was printed as a news item. It occupied less than two columns. Sheldon reported getting letters for months after from people who said they read in his paper the Sermon on the Mount for the first time. “It was certainly news to them,” he declared, “but it came as a shock to me.”

Years afterwards, when Sheldon was on a lecture tour in the interests of national prohibition, he spoke in every state capital. There was hardly a place in which someone did not come up after a meeting and say to him:

“We took the Capital the week you had charge of it. It was wonderful. I still have all the copies saved.” Or someone would say: “I subscribed to your paper but after I read it, the thing passed to so many hands it just disappeared.”

The one satisfying note for Publisher Popenoe and the staff was the fact that complaints ceased. After the experiment was over, letters of praise, however, still descended by the bagful.

SOME people asked if a paper along the same line could not be established permanently. Others would send in money orders, stamps, coins, French francs, German marks or Italian lire begging for a sample copy. It was months before the Daily Capital could cash these and send out the copies.

An immense amount of newspaper comment followed. Generally it appraised the Sheldon edition a failure as a newspaper. It became the first daily in America to print editorial comment below and above the news accounts. In view of later journalistic
practices, especially with reference to clean advertising, Sheldon's work was probably prophetic of valuable reforms.

One of the by-products of the Sheldon experiment was a burlesquing by a prominent Kansas editor. When the Daily Capital revealed it would be "edited by Christ," the oldest paper in Kansas announced it would publish for one week as the "Devil Would Run It." Except for the mild stir it created in Kansas, nothing much came of it nationally, and years later long after people had forgotten it, they still remembered the Sheldon edition. But it did provide editor H. H. Brooks of the Atchison Daily Champion with a chance to exercise his grass-roots sense of humor. The first issue appeared on the same day Sheldon's Daily Capital came out. The front page bore a three-column cartoon with the devil and some laudatory verse. It carried a feature column called "Devilinities," and some Kansans chuckled at the needling Sheldon had to absorb.

"I am proud to state that I have no reason to kick," His Satanic Majesty by-lined. "Four fifths of the world follow me, and I have done very little preaching."

And: "I never put to death a witch, nor crucified a God. I never erected a scaffold, nor tortured anyone at the stake. I have only one furnace."

Many failed to see any humor in the lampooning. Among them the great William Allen White. Since White more or less supported the Sheldon experiment, he roasted Brooks' devil sheet in his Emporia Gazette by commenting:

"The Atchison Champion will be run as the devil would run a paper. The Champion has been a h-- of a paper for some time, and I don't reckon it'll show any material change."

Brooks nevertheless audaciously wrote to Sheldon asking for a literary contribution. The clergyman returned the tongue-in-cheek request without so much as a scrap of acknowledge-ment. Later when reporters asked Sheldon about the paper, he blurted acidly:

"Apropos the infernal edition of the Atchison Champion, it might be remembered that the Champion has been going to the devil for the past ten years. It is a fair presumption that it has arrived at the end of its jour-ney."
THE NEW LOOK IN MOVIES

by SENN LAWLER

As it has upon occasion, Hollywood has jumped on several horses and ridden off in every direction in pursuit of a common objective—more money in the box office.

The race is following two general tangents, (1) three-dimensional pictures, commonly called 3-D, and (2) wide or panoramic screen processes, as represented by the widely publicized Cinerama and the more recently developed and less complicated Cinemascope. End result will be greater variety and diversity in screen entertainment than has ever before been possible. Here’s why:

Ever since its beginning the motion picture has been framed on the screen in an aspect ratio (relation of height to width) of 1 foot of height to 1.33 feet in width. Now, through the use of wide angle lenses and concave screens the aspect ratio is being extended. Cinemascope is believed to have attained the limit for all practical purposes with an aspect ratio of 1 to 2.35. At the same time, stereoscopic photography is adding depth to what has always been a two-dimensional picture.

Stereoscopic photography (3-D) dates back to grandfather’s day. Among the parlor furnishings one remembers the stack of double photos on cards and the stereopticon that pulled the two scenes together into one picture with depth and solidity. The Realist camera and viewer of today represent a modern application of the principle. In motion picture photography the process requires two synchronized cameras shooting the same scene on two separate strips of film. To show the films, two projectors must be interlocked to throw the two scenes on the screen, one slightly offset from the other. The spectator wearing polaroid glasses sees one picture with the right eye, one with the left, and the brain does the rest.

Involved in both 3-D and wide screen processes is the addition of stereophonic sound, which records sound at the various points of origin when the scene is being filmed and reproduces it from the same sources when the film is being shown, providing greater realism and variations in range from a whisper to an atomic blast. As many as four sound tracks may be employed in stereophonic recording, and anywhere from three to a dozen speakers placed strategically behind the screen or around a theatre auditorium for proper reproduction.

If, as described by some producers not sold on 3-D, the process is a short-lived novelty, then 3-D is the most profitable novelty in the history of motion pictures. On the strength of the record of “Bwana Devil,” “House of Wax” and “Man in the Dark,” at least 30 other 3-D pictures are in production, and if they do compare—even profitable—business, then 3-D can be considered as pretty well established.

Cinerama is both expensive and unwieldy. To shoot the scenes, three cameras are used, one shooting to the right, one to the left, and one straight ahead. Likewise, three projectors are required to put the pictures on the screen, which is a huge arc, upwards of 85 feet in width. Effect on the spectator is to be brought right into the picture.

Practical limitations of Cinerama are costlier production through the use of three cameras; costlier theatre installation with three booths and three times the number of operators; the difficulty of keeping the three pictures (all part of the one panoramic scene) lined up on the screen; and the reduction in the number of good viewing seats due to the space required for the screen. Present indications are that Cinerama’s future may be limited to large theatres in a few large cities; and that story material will have to be confined to spectaculars of “road show” caliber.

Twentieth Century Fox claims to have all the objections to both 3-D and Cinerama whipped with Cinemascope, which is regarded by many technical experts as a practical compromise in the wide screen and 3-D battle. Starting with “The Robe,” all future 20th Fox productions will be in Cinemascope. What’s more, 20th Fox will “lend” Cinemascope lenses to any studio to film a story they consider worthy.

What is Cinemascope? It simply is a method of extending peripheral vision to incorporate a scene approximating the range encompassed by the human eye. A very simple explanation might be to imagine replacing a single window in the end of your living room with a picture window that occupied the entire end of the room. This window is slightly concave, or bowed, so that instead of seeing only the house across the street, your eye can take in the entire block.

The Cinemascope process employs special wide angle lenses, both in filming and projectoring a picture, and a curved screen that is more than two and one-half times as wide as it is high. The so-called anamorphic lens when used on the camera, “reaches out” far beyond the range of the conventional lens and compresses the scene or image being photographed to the point of distortion on the single strip of 35 millimeter film used in motion pictures. In showing the film, a compensating lens is installed in front of the regular lens on the projectoring machine, and the scene is restored to original form on the theatre screen.

To a considerable degree, officials of the big MGM studio have elected to go along with 20th Fox. Other major studios are also experimenting with various aspect ratios in the field of extended vision. Warner Brothers, in view of the success of “House of Wax,” sees a big and profitable future in 3-D. And in the race for the new look in movies most producers are abiding in the philosophy of the fabulous Satchel Paige to not look back, “something may be gaining on you!”
PLANT PESTS

THE man who said the most expensive items in a farmer's budget are taxes and insects wasn't being entirely facetious. If he had included plant diseases as well as injurious insects, he would have accounted for about twenty percent of the value of farm crops. Insect damage in the United States is usually listed as $1,500,000,000. Loss due to plant diseases is nearly as much.

No one knows how great the insect damage might have been if efforts had not been made to control insects already established and prevent the entry of foreign insects.

Early in the century Congress began to realize the importance of keeping out insects from other countries, and about 1911 arrangements were made to prevent the entry of plants known to harbor dangerous insects or plant diseases. For more than forty years plant quarantine inspectors have constituted the front line of defense against foreign agricultural pests.

These scientists are on duty at all ports and at ports of entry into the United States. There they watch that no prohibited fruits or vegetables enter the country, check that all agricultural products requiring fumigation before entry are properly treated, and inspect incoming fruits and vegetables for possible insect infestation.

Ocean liners entering our harbors usually bring with them exotic vegetables and fruits. The inspectors check these, remove any which are obviously infested, and determine which may be used while the ship is in harbor. Shipping companies have cooperated with the inspectors, willingly allowing them to take samples of many foreign vegetables. These are carefully checked for insect damage in order to decide what new fruits and vegetables should be added to those already excluded from the United States.

Inspectors also check ornamental plants aboard ship and recommend treatment if dangerous insects are found to be present. The bay trees aboard one large vessel were found to be infested by the larvae of small butterflies not recognized in this country. When the insects were finally identified, they proved to be an economically important greenhouse pest which feeds on ornamental plants, flowers, and foliage of garden vegetables. The pest has been responsible for great losses where it has become common, and we definitely do not want it in this country.

THE most important part of the plant quarantine inspector's job is probably the inspection of passengers' baggage. Here they find the fruits and vegetables grown in backyards where insecticides and treatment against plant diseases aren't used. Repeatedly the inspectors pick up
Aren't Wanted Here
By GRACE PAUL

fruit which is infested by the dangerous fruit fly. Frequently they find potatoes which harbor pests not known in this country. Sometimes they find insects which have never before been seen in the United States.

One passenger was bringing some quaint cucumber-shaped squash from Persia. He had been assured there was no regulation against them, but was cooperative when the plant quarantine inspector checked them thoroughly. There were numerous peculiar brown pin-point dots on each squash, and he willingly consented when the inspector suggested cutting into the squash. Thus it was discovered that the dots were entry-points for the eggs of a dangerous melon fly which has wrecked the melon, pumpkin, cucumber and squash crops wherever it has become established. The man with the squash was heading for California! Thanks to the vigilance of the plant quarantine inspector the insects were kept out, and all similar plants from that region can now be excluded.

Not all people are anxious to cooperate with the inspectors who defend our borders against pests. Some attempt to smuggle fruits into the country because nothing here can satisfy their desire for foods with a distinctive flavor and texture unlike that of our native foods.

The inspectors understand this love of food from home, yet they know the protection of American agriculture is more important than the palates of our new citizens. Accordingly they watch constantly for the smugglers of foods from far places, the men who wear six or eight coats with all pockets filled with Italian oranges, the children who carry dolls which prove to be forbidden yams dressed in doll clothes, and the women with bulges in peculiar places.

The story of the bulges is one of the classics among plant quarantine inspectors, and even the man who sought to dissuade the smuggler now tells of his experience. When he spied the large-bosomed lady protecting herself from the jostling crowd he suspected that her figure didn’t consist entirely of human flesh. He moved closer and observed a number of revealing bulges which resembled the contour of mangoes in a cloth bag. In his most courteous Spanish he asked if she happened to have any fruits or vegetables which were not in her baggage.

The woman pretended not to understand, then she flatly denied possession of any fruit. The persistent inspector continued to question her until the woman became angry and forgot her precious bulges. At length she accidentally hit one and her contours changed accordingly. After sev-
eral hours, the woman finally admitted that she was carrying mangoes, gave up the contrabrand, and begged the inspector not to have her arrested.

Many passengers and recipients of packages from overseas are embarrassed by the presence of forbidden agricultural products. When incoming packages are found to contain plant products not allowed, a notice is put into the package explaining why the vegetables or fruit were removed.

Frequently inspectors receive letters like this: "Dear Mr. U. S. B. E. P. Q.—I am very sorry I broke the law, but you see, I didn’t know I couldn’t eat here what I ate in Cuba. My neighbor said you took the mangoes because they had bugs in them. Well, I’ve eaten bugs all my life, and they haven’t hurt me, but if you are afraid the bugs will hurt somebody else, I won’t ask no one to send me any more mangoes. I’m sorry, So I hope you won’t arrest me."

B. E. P. Q. refers to the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, that bureau of the Department of Agriculture which has to do with the study, identification, and control of insects, and the excluding of diseased plants and plant products. The inspectors are regulatory workers in this bureau, but they are also trained scientists with a professional and understanding attitude. These inspectors are very sympathetic with those who bring forbidden plants or soil into the country for sentimental reasons.

Recently it became necessary to forbid soil samples from much of Europe because of the damaging nematode which has sometimes destroyed an entire potato crop. This made it impossible for people to bring soil from the graves of relatives, or soil from the old country to put into cornerstones. So many people desired to bring soil from the homeland for sentimental reasons that one large airport bought a pressure cooker to sterilize soil samples for travelers who were willing to wait at the airport.

Some people do not recognize the absolute honesty of the Plant Quarantine inspectors, and attempt to offer bribes. These are always refused, but occasionally they cause a great deal of confusion and expense. A small New York merchant happened to purchase some vegetables and remove them from the ship before they were inspected. Thus it became necessary for the inspector to make a trip down to the merchant’s place of business. While the merchant figured how much he could charge for the Chinese cabbage and other delicacies, the inspector went about his business. The merchant became worried and frightened. He held out a bill to the inspector, and the government representative politely refused. The scared merchant watched the inspector more closely, hoping that he would be allowed to keep the beautiful vegetables. Finally he could stand the suspense no longer. The merchant stuck the ten dollar bill into the pocket of the inspector who was concentrating on his work.

The vegetables proved to be free from undesirable pests; the inspector passed them and informed the mer-
chant that they could be sold. Not until the inspector was back in the office did he discover the bribe. It was then time to catch the train for home, so he reported his experience to the inspector in charge. Next day, he gave up part of his noon hour to make a trip back to the little store where he explained to the merchant that he passed the vegetables because they were satisfactory.

TO MANY people, the regulatory officers are the government; and the United States Department of Agriculture can justly be proud of representation by Plant Quarantine Inspectors. These scientists are college trained men, most of them entomologists. They are studious, conscientious men who are eager and anxious to have a part in the betterment of conditions in this country. Some inspectors are plant pathologists who have studied plant diseases and their causes and some are botanists who are able to identify the thousands of different plants and plant products which are imported.

Almost all of the inspectors are specialists in at least two phases of the work. There are those who identify seeds and maintain an outstanding collection of domestic and foreign seeds. Some are artists who make models or pictures of infested fruits and vegetables. There are photographers who by their skill make it possible to maintain a permanent record of the appearance of infested products and of the insects which did the damage. Others translate foreign books, thus making it possible for all to know what damage has been done by exotic pests in their native surroundings.

Insects which are introduced into a new region usually do greater damage than in the original location because other insects tend to control destructive pests. The Bureau of Entomology has at least one representative who travels throughout the world locating insects which tend to check the population of insects which destroy crops. Some scientists have been loaned to groups engaging in international education, thus enabling our foreign neighbors to profit by the knowledge gained here.

Occasionally it is necessary to inspect bulbs and other plants before they are brought into this country. Importers have co-operated in paying expenses of inspectors who supervise the treating of plant material which is to be brought into the United States.

GOVERNMENT and merchants co-operate today to protect American agriculture. Inspectors work long hours, and serve faithfully in order that the front line of defense may be strong. Every effort is made to eliminate all plants and plant products which might harbor dangerous pests, and the inspectors watch intelligently to discover what plants may be potentially dangerous.
The present low state of American humor, not only on the air but—let's face it—almost everywhere, is not entirely the fault of the performers or of the humorists. A lot of the blame can be laid at the door of the public or, at least, certain broad areas of the public, which doesn't seem to want humor of the traditional sort or even to comprehend it.

In this connection, Jim Backus, who plays Joan Davis' husband on "I Married Joan", told me a story that was very illuminating. Backus had just been one of the featured entertainers at a big shindig in Cleveland celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Before an audience of some 11,000 people, Backus, whose home town is Cleveland, tried vainly to tell some jokes.

"But they won't let you tell a joke," he said. "I tried to tell that old one about the movie star. He makes $3,000 a week, has a beautiful home and swimming pool, takes Marilyn Monroe out every night and in twenty-five years he's a has-been. But look where he has been. Well, the moment I mentioned Marilyn Monroe, the audience went out of its mind. Screamed and yelled and applauded. I couldn't finish the joke. But no one seemed to mind.

"Then I started to tell some stories about my boyhood in Cleveland. I'd start out saying: 'I was walking down Euclid Avenue'... and that's as far as I'd get. At the mention of Euclid Avenue, eleven thousand people would start yelling. After that, I just dropped street names. I'd say 105th street—and the people would go crazy."

This is an inevitable extension of the deplorable habits studio audiences fell into at radio shows. If a line particularly tickled them, the audience would first laugh, then applaud. Then laughter was dropped altogether, as unnecessary, and the audience would just applaud. It has always seemed to me that applause is not a proper response to humor. If a man says something funny, I laugh. Applause is for other things.

Now, it appears, the audience is so anxious to get on with the applause that they won't tarry long enough to hear the joke. Just drop a street name or mention Eddie Fisher—and they're off. It makes things awfully easy for
the comedians—but what will future generations think of us?

In the passage of years, humor tarnishes more easily than any other form of writing but ours is going to be hard even to pass on to future generations. Take, as an example, Oscar Wilde's bon mot: "A second marriage is a triumph of hope over experience." Through the years, it has lost some of its savor but, at least, it still makes sense. Now, just supposing fifty years from now, some historian of humor started prowling through our current humor files. He would come upon Jack Benny saying "Rochester!" in a certain tone of voice. And there would be torrents of laughter. Or Mr. Backus dropping street names as thousands cheer. Our future historian is likely to conclude we were a nation of idiots.

Not to take too dim a view of it, there are still some very funny things on the air that frequently hit you in unexpected places. I rather like this one which was related by Arthur Godfrey.

"There once was a small boy of eight years who had a slingshot, a half-dozen marbles, a broken jackknife, a partly eaten peppermint stick, thirty feet of twisted and knotted kite string, a live frog and three well-used handkerchiefs in his pocket. His mother told him to get rid of the stuff. He did. He dumped it all into her pocketbook and she didn't discover it for three weeks."

Or Herb Shriner talking about the atomic submarine: "It only comes up once every three years so the boys can reenlist."

RED BUTTONS is the kind of button-eyed, ingenuous, slew-footed innocent who stems directly from the days of Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon. The things that happen to him—he stumbles into the gangsters' hideout and captures them all more or less by accident—are all the sort of things that used to happen to Lloyd and Keaton and Langdon. It was a kind of comedy that had its great day in the movies twenty to thirty-five years ago and then passed on.

And here it is back again to a whole new audience. (Well, almost wholly new. There are still a couple of us oldsters who remember the originals.) And, for my money, the stuff is as good as ever. Why did it ever disappear?

Largely, I suspect because the movies passed from an individual or performer's medium to a medium where the writer and director, especially the director, were the big wheels. Comedy of this sort demands that you give the performer his head. The material is secondary to the way
he handles it. Actually, Buttons has been engaged in some of the oldest wheezes in the world of farce and making them seem new or at least reasonably acceptable by sheer technique and charm.

(Red Buttons Show; CBS-TV Channel 9, Mondays, 8:30 p.m.)

Radio developed its own brand of humor of which the comedy of insult was the best. This sort of thing, for example:

Jack Benny: Gee, I wonder if the Colmans are planning to give a party for my homecoming.

Rochester: Could be. They gave a dilly when you went away.

The humor of self-disparagement, which is hardly new any more than the comedy of insults is new, was raised to a high level:

George Burns: Why don't you tell your wife you want to go fishing. What are you—a man or a mouse.

Harry Morton: I'm a man. She's afraid of mice.

And the switcheroo became a high art. "The last job I had was working as a waitress at a race track. You know one of those places where windows clean people," is a fine example of the sort of joke that is a little too clever for its own good.

For humor that sneaks up on you, I still like Herb Shriner, one of the gentlest of all humorists. Shriner was talking about shopping for toys for Christmas. "The tin soldier sets come with four tin civilians," he said. "They put the draft board right in the box."

Popcorn and Notre Dame

There has never been anything quite so passionate as the subway alumni of Notre Dame unless possibly it's a Dodger fan. A subway alumnus, as I suppose you all know, is a guy who has never been within 1,000 miles of South Bend but who still feels Notre Dame is his team.

Every Saturday, these devout souls journey either to the Century-Marine Theater in the far reaches of Brooklyn or the Century-Prospect Theater in Flushing, to watch Notre Dame maul the opposition on large screen theater television.

Notre Dame has been the greatest thing to happen to these theaters since double features. For one thing Saturday afternoon in the movie theater dodge has always been sacred to the small fry who pour in at 30 cents a head. For Notre Dame, the management charges $1 for a seat on the main floor and $1.50 for the balcony where
you can smoke—and is doing a turn-away business.

And not only is the box office thriving. As any fool knows, your movie theater owner is up to his ears in the popcorn and peanuts and soda pop business, which loom larger in his calculations than Ava Gardner these days, and the subway alumni are wonderful popcorn and pop imbibers. In order to give a kind of footbally twang to the proceedings, the Century-Marine Theater brought in a caterer to sell hot dogs one weekend. He made more money on food than the theater on theirs so he’s never been invited back.

The behavior pattern of a football fan at theater TV has not quite solidified, falling roughly halfway between that of a theater patron and a normal guy at a stadium. The guys yell and cheer just as they would in the stands but you hear a lot more applause, a theater reaction, than you would at a football game.

That irresistible but curious impulse which makes everyone leap to his feet on a long run operates in a theater at about half strength. The subway alumni will leap to his feet, then suddenly remember where he is and sit down again. When the cheerleaders are going through their gyrations, the theater fan yells along with them—but raggedly and a little self-consciously—where out in a stadium he’d be yelling his lungs out.

There’s never the slightest doubt, though, which side the crowd’s on. They’re for Notre Dame and they don’t care who knows it. If you’d dropped in on the Notre Dame-Navy game, you’d have heard loud cheers for Navy mishaps as well as for Notre Dame’s good ones. When Notre Dame did badly—as, for example, a missed point after touchdown—the theater was clamorous with silence.

At the end of the first half, as the curtain drew to a close, the announcer declared: “It seems to be established that Notre Dame is the No. 1 team in the country.” One of the fans, going up the aisle, stopped abruptly and bellowed a correction: “Number 1 team in the world!”

Theaters in thirteen cities are now taking the Notre Dame games, all under the auspices of a company called Box Office Television (BOTV, for short) of which Sid Caesar is a vice-president. The first game—with Pittsburgh—was a monumental flop. Ten theaters in ten cities took in a total of only $6,000. Then word got around that this was a good thing. The following week receipts jumped $14,000 and they’ve been going up ever since. And, of course, the popcorn business is terrific. During the first game, the theater management kept TV on during intermission with interviews and comment. Now they
turn it off and draw the curtain so the folks can get at the popcorn machines. Also the theater sells them tickets for the following week.

And this is just the beginning, BOTV hopes. The company mistily eyes a future in which they carry, to scores of cities across the land, Olympic tryouts, big fights, Barnum and Bailey’s circus, the Globetrotter’s basketball team, horse races, and college championship basketball games.

And the popcorn industry’s mouth fairly drools at the prospect.

British experts came over here to investigate our own crass commercial system. Invariably, they returned to London, properly horrified by our singing commercials, our dancing cigarette packages, our lovely Luxed ladies. That would end the threat of commerce—for awhile.

Now, at long last, Britain has succumbed. First they lost India. Then this! The Empah is indeed going to seed. Commented Eric Sevareid, after the first shock had passed:

“You have to realize that the British make a subtle distinction between the commercial life and commercialism. For two hundred years they were the greatest commercial nation the world ever saw and are still one of the greatest; but among proper Britons, commercialism is considered vulgar. What I mean is that the world’s greatest traders still insist that tradesmen come in at the kitchen door. What I mean is, it was all right for them to set the coronation at a time that would draw the most free-spending American tourists, and all right to sell window space by the square inch, but it was vulgar commercialism for American television to show the coronation along with advertisements.”

Everyone straight on that now?

It’s going to be interesting to see whether Britain can long enforce this “distinction between the commercial life and commercialism” on TV. The British say that the advertiser will be permitted no control of the content of programming, he will be allowed only to buy what in this country amounts to a spot announcement. Well, we shall see, we shall see. Whenever the advertiser has paid the
bills in broadcasting, he has had a way of dominating the program content. And his dominance has generally meant that the level of the program has gone down, not up.

That, at least, has been the American experience. Conceivably, the inherent British conservative taste may overrule the lust of the advertiser to sell goods. Or maybe it won’t. Most British advertising is a model of decorum and it’s doubtful that the worst excesses of American advertising will be repeated over there.

Take, for example, this advertisement which appears on the wrapper of that indubitably British product, Pears’ Soap. “With the fullest confidence, the Proprietors of Pears Transparent Soap recommend their manufacture to the notice of those not already acquainted with its long-established merits.” So long as the British advertising fraternity turns out copy like that, the British have nothing to fear about commercials on the air—except a tendency to put them to sleep.

The British Broadcasting Corporation will continue to be a government owned and operated TV network without commercials. Commercial television will be permitted on a separate competing network which will also be under strict government supervision. Thus competition will be introduced to British broadcasting for the first time and it will be very interesting to see what effect that will have on British programming levels, whether it will drive them up or down.

It was long the theory of Sir William Haley, former director general of the BBC and now editor of “The Times” of London, that competitive broadcasting would be “at the mercy of Gresham’s Law,” that good programs would inescapably be driven out by the bad. Sir William, I’m afraid, clung to the notion that the worse a program was the more popular it would be, a debatable proposition at best.

My own theory is that a little competition will stimulate the BBC rather than extinguish it, might drive some of the stuffiness out of British television and could very well be a good thing all around. It’s useless to speculate now, though. The British will soon find out whether Gresham’s or Crosby’s law operates in competitive broadcasting.

Mostly It Takes Stamina

The telethon is likely to be with us a long time. The reason is simply that the telethon, as a device for raising money for a charity, is almost unbeatable.
Right here I'd like to dispel the idea that the people who call up and pledge money are a bunch of deadbeats who don't pay off. This notion got abroad after the famous telethon for the Olympic fund presided over by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. About $1,000,000 was pledged. About $350,000 came in.

Today, because they know a lot more about how to run a telethon, the United Cerebral Palsy telethons sometimes collect $1.35 on the $1. People who call up and pledge $10 will get an attack of conscience and send $20. In Louisville, for instance, a Cerebral Palsy telethon attracted $150,000 in pledges and $171,000 came in. It doesn't always work that way, of course. Another UCP telethon in Salt Lake City got only $50,000 out of a pledged $69,000. But, after all, that's 71 per cent and quite a nice haul.

UCP presents all its telethons on the local level rather than on networks. They put someone like Garry Moore or Dennis James in, say, Little Rock. All night long, during hours the TV station would normally be off the air, Garry or Dennis present entertainment and also introduce all the local big wheels—athletes, local millionaries, mayors, and small, well-scrubbed children. The money goes to help cerebral palsy sufferers in Little Rock, not just everywhere.

According to George Lewis, who works on telethons for the UCP, the first thing you need is a terribly durable master of ceremonies who has to keep things moving sometimes as long as thirty hours. Dennis James, it has been discovered, holds up splendidly over the long haul and seems to have just the right combination of warmth, informality, ability to think on his feet and, of course, stamina. James, Warren Hull and Jane Pickens are favorite telethon people for UCP.

Not everyone can manage it. Robert Q. Lewis did a telethon in Jacksonville once and, toward the end, came apart at the seams. He was so pooped that a woman called in and said she'd donate $50 if Lewis, for heaven's sake, would just sit down for awhile. Garry Moore is another
JOHN CROSBY COMMENTS

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great telethon man, full of bright ideas to fill the long hours. In Louisville he sold all his clothes, piece by piece, and wound up in his bathrobe.

Warmth and staying power are far more important than talent to a telethon emcee. Even the most rock-ribbed ones can't do more than one a month, though. Longest telethon on record was a thirty-hour stint in Los Angeles presided over by Jack Webb. ("I just want the money, Ma'am. Just the money.")) It raised $500,000. Ralph Edwards also raised $500,000 on a shorter telethon in San Francisco. Others who do well at it: Bob Hope, Gabby Hayes, Jack Carson, Martin & Lewis.

While this is all great for charity, it is eating into the actors' own livelihood. Nightclub owners have protested for years that they can hardly be expected to lure customers to their clubs to see one big name act—if the customer can stay home and see thirty big names for nothing on television. Ronald Reagan, president of the Screen Actors Guild, points out that the unpaid benefit shows have practically destroyed the club date which was once a lucrative source of income for entertainers.

Acts, who are notorious suckers for any charity, are just competing with themselves every time they play a benefit. "Variety", for example, reports that an unnamed artist played the Hollywood Bowl recently at a $2.80 top. At the Bowl were placards advertising a benefit with this artist and twenty-nine others. So who wants to pay $2.80 to see just one artist?

But the charity people are not likely to give easily. In one year, sixteen local telethons brought the United Cerebral Palsy people $3,340,000. From November through March of 1954, seventeen more telethons are planned in various cities from which UCP confidently expects to pick up another $2,500,000. It sure beats ringing doorbells.

"Can't you put him outside? He makes me nervous!"
OUR COVER GIRLS are wearing Jane Irwill Sweaters. They originally appeared in the September '53 issue of Modemoiise magazine, in an advertisement by the Irwill Knitwear Corporation. That may be an old feature movie, they're checking—and if it isn't too old, it's for WHB-TV, of course, of course!

BRUCE BARTON, of the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn advertising agency, is a dean of American advertising men and an author of world fame. His tribute on page 299 was originally issued in booklet form; and is reprinted here by special permission.

TIP BROWN is a Kansas City free-lance writer who specializes in architectural subjects. His article, "Beautiful Unity Village," begins on page 288.

JOHN CROSBY is the Radio and Television critic of the New York World-Telegram, whose column (page 328) is syndicated to a long list of American newspapers. Last year he published a book, Out of the Blue, and at the moment he is working on a play.

WALTER S. DeLANY, Vice Admiral, U.S.N. (Ret.) delivered the graduation address (on page 238) to a class of Ensigns receiving their commissions at the Navy's Officer Candidate School, Newport, R. I. Admiral DeLany was then Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier. He is now with the Office of the Director for Mutual Security; and his address offers a fine set of New Year's Resolutions.

OLIN J. EGGEN, whose article "The Comet Man" begins on page 312, is an astronomer on the staff of Lick Observatory of the University of California. After circling the world a few times between 1942 and 1946 in the interest of the O.S.S., he took his doctorate in Astronomy from the University of Wisconsin in 1948. For the past five years he has lived on top of Mount Hamilton, California. His work has appeared in Science Digest, Popular Science Monthly, Sky and Telescope, California Monthly and American Heritage.

WILLIAM K. FIELDING, who wrote "Should You Be on the Night Shift?" (page 243), has just one interest—writing. His work has appeared in college quarters and in the pulps; and his interest in writing has survived half-assorted jobs in defense industries and the post-war real estate bubble. He does his work at night, too!

PENN R. HARDY, author of "Five-Million-Dollar Fish Story" on page 262, is a former newspaperman, now a free-lance writer living in Washington, whose work has appeared in various magazines and in the pulps. He also writes who-dunits for the pocketbook trade.

JAMES L. HARTE, who wrote "Pocket-Size Books Sell America" (page 253) is a former newspaper man, now a free-lance writer living in Washington, D.C. His work has appeared in more than 300 magazines (including America, Nation's Business, Reader's Digest). Harte is a heavy contributor to pulp fiction magazines; and has published eight books.

DEE RENNER, author of "The Silver Salver and the Little Knitted Suit," beginning on page 294, is a free-lance writer now living in California. Formerly, she was a member of McGraw-Hill's news bureau staff in San Francisco; taught high-school journalism

in the middle west. Her latest article "See Majorca" appeared in Sunset Magazine.

MARY LANGLEY, whose story "Miss Willoughby" begins on page 248, has now settled down to do the writing she meant to do ever since she was five. She spent a year in Germany with her husband while he was serving with the Army; then two years in Paris. She now lives in Nashville, where she writes and teaches high school French, while her husband finishes college.

NINO LO BELLO, author of "The Newspaper Christ Edited" (page 318), teaches Sociology at the University of Kansas. He is a former newspaperman and magazine editor who enjoys writing on subjects in the field of mass communication.

ELLIOI PAUL has won fame as a novelist, pianist and a mystery writer with a super-educated sense of humor. These program notes (page 271) were procured by AP-man Al Stine at the Cafe Pasanso in Hollywood.

GRACE PAUL, whose article "Plant Pests Aren't Wanted Here," page 324, is a native Kansas entomologist and medical technologist who writes in her spare time. At present she is employed in a Veterans Administration Hospital laboratory. Her articles have appeared in Life and Health, Trough Topics, various trade journals, and magazines for young people.

LARRY RAY'S "Fighting Days of Baseball," on page 265, is a reminiscence article by our Sports Director, at WHB and WHB-TV.

FRANK I. REMINGTON, who wrote "Ocean Free Delivery" (page 275), attends a journalism school under the G.I. Bill, and writes in his spare time. Most of his stories and articles to date have appeared in juvenile publications: Child Life, Boy's Life, Pioneers.

DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES, author of "California's Highway for Horsemen," on page 292, has been a free-lance writer since he was 15—when he sold a short-short to the old Everybody's magazine. Since that time his articles have appeared in 175 national, regional and class publications.

ED SCHULZ, who writes about Man-of-the-Month Fred M. Lee on page 305, is a graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism; and an ex-Public Relations officer in the Army Air Force.

IRVING WALLACE, author of "The World's Most Famous Brown Church" (page 279), is from Mason City, Iowa. His articles have appeared in many leading American publications—one of his latest being "A Doctor's Prescription For Family Unity" in the May issue of Better Homes and Gardens. His work has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Cosmopolitan, True and over one hundred other magazines.

JAY WORTHINGTON, who describes a "Rath at Beersheba" (page 316), met Gertrude ("Kim") Mallory at a writers' conference at Beersheba Springs, Tennessee, in 1951. After they were married, they found they couldn't forget the place. Now, when they aren't catching rainwater, he writes short stories and articles, while Kim specializes in verse.
KEY STORY about a KEY MARKET

DO YOU know how much 106,407 coffee can key-strips weigh? We do, they weigh exactly 507 pounds. We also know that people mail key strips tied up in neat curley cues, glued to postcards and wrapped in toilet paper. They send them in cigar boxes, in pretty Christmas wrappings, and stuffed in old pillow cases. We know a lot about key strips. In fact we’re experts on the subject since our terrific WHB-TV promotion for the Butter-Nut Coffee Christmas Club.

Butter-Nut sponsors the Shelby Storck Weather Show on WHB-TV Monday through Friday at 10:15 p.m. Each year they conduct a Christmas Club promotion for the benefit of orphanages and children’s homes. Donations of toys by the Christmas Club are based on the number of coffee can key strips sent in by viewers. With a hard-hitting promotion utilizing air plugs, direct mail, and a kids’ movie matinee, WHB-TV pulled 106,470 key strips for a new Kansas City record. This was more than three times the number of strips collected in 1952 by Butter-Nut with the same show and personality on another station, at that time Kansas City’s only TV station.

So take a tip from Butter-Nut. Join the Swing to WHB-TV. For effective TV programming and a promotion service that gets results ... for choice adjacencies and availabilities ... WHB-TV offers you unrivalled opportunities in Kansas City. Get in the Swing ... See your Blair TV man today, or phone locally in Kansas City to Balti-more 7109 for a WHB-TV Sales Service Representa-tive.

Ask Your Blair-TV Man —

New York—150 East 43rd St.
Murray Hill 2-5644
Chicago—520 North Michigan Ave.
Superior 7-5580
Detroit—524 Book Bldg.
Woodward 1-6030
Boston—Stalter Office Bldg.
Hubbard 2-3163
St. Louis—1307 Paul Brown Bldg.
Chestnut 5688
Dallas—Rio Grande National Bldg.
Riverside 4228
Los Angeles—6331 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood 9-1156
San Francisco—3010 Russ Bldg.
Yukon 2-7068
Jacksonville—1306 Barnett National
Bank Bldg., Jacksonville 6-5770
Less than six months in Television, and already WHB-TV has four of the first ten locally-produced shows seen on all five local TV stations! CBS-TV network, the national favorite, is rapidly winning first place honors in Kansas City on WHB-TV. And topping it all, the Butternut Coffee Weather Man now on WHB-TV out-pulled, 106,400 to 30,000, his Christmas Club key strip promotion of a year ago when he was on the city's only TV station.

You'd think this would cause us to wonder whether Radio is still the basic medium... the economical, mass medium. But what happens? Home Federal Savings, a three year Radio client on WHB, gives up its TV show on another station because WHB Radio was outpulling Television, by three to one! In one single month, Home Federal opened 5.08% new savings accounts... and, says Federal, "We attribute a large part of our growth to the selling job WHB Radio does for us."

Want somebody to carry water on both shoulders? Chances are WHB Radio and or WHB-TV can do a terrific selling job for your store, goods, or services. Ask our national rep office, or a local Sales Service Representative at BALtimore 109.

BRUCE GRANT, WHB "Minute Man" and WHB-TV emcee, with birthday cake presented him by 101 fans at a surprise party. Truly, WHB and WHB-TV are Kansas City's Favorite Neighbors!

Sales Service Representatives

Radio and TV
Ed Dennis
Ed Birr
Win Johnston
Jack Sampson

Radio Exclusively
Bob Sharon

TV Exclusively
Clay Forker